

The image shows the front cover of a book titled "THE AFRICAN BOOK OF PSALMS". The cover is made of a textured, light brown material, possibly leather or parchment, and is framed by a decorative border. The border consists of a double-line rectangular frame with intricate geometric and scrollwork patterns at the corners and midpoints. The title is centered in a serif font, with "THE" in a smaller size above "AFRICAN", "BOOK OF" in a smaller size below "AFRICAN", and "PSALMS" in a large size below "BOOK OF".

THE
AFRICAN
BOOK OF
PSALMS

The African Book of Psalms

RAW MANUSCRIPT

COAB 1970-2026

For the front image the Loom of Images has been used.

The African Book of Psalms

RAW MANUSCRIPT

CENTRUM TER ONDERZOEK VAN DE AMAZONE BIJBEL

The African Book of Psalms

The Eternal Gospel :

The White Stone

The Red Stone

The Stone of the Karsuiks

The Stone of the Hermitates

The Stone of the Magpie

The Chawila Stone

The Stone of Metensia

The Stone of the Karazure

De Witte Steen

De Rode Steen

De Steen der Karsuiken

De Steen der Hermitaten

De Steen der Ekster

De Steen van Chawila

De Steen van Metensia

De Steen der Karazuur

De Steen van Sarsia

De Steen van Torio

De Steen der Indianen

De Steen van Zurastael

De Steen der Hyena's

Brannan Leugen-Omnibus I :

Hurmik

Himmit

Brannan Leugen-Omnibus II :

Mehn Leugenboek

Kzem Leugenboek

Maya-Hekserij Leugenboek

MOEDER BIJBEL :

I – Voorwoord

II – De Hogere Canon

III – De Apocrieven van de Hogere Moeder Bijbel

The World Beyond Fairytales

A Day at the Fairground

Papyrus of Izu -

South-Samin Version

West-Vilapsa Version

The Insectian Book of the Dead -
Insumne Version

Papyrus of Izu
Samin Version

The Karute

Preface

The African Book of Psalms is an oracle.

It is a book of psalms and prose, so it should not be taken literally.

It came through as amazonian hiëroglyphs, as prose, as cave paintings, very primal.

It is a shamanic medicine wheel, and it came through in raw form, so please do not go whining about spelling errors or grammar errors, as then this book is not for you.

You don't step into an Egyptian catacomb or a native American cave with cave paintings to whine about spelling errors or grammar errors either, as they were known to encrypt their messages.

Its texts are endless. Much of it got lost, just like many of the primal Egyptology got lost throughout times, and much of native American scripture. The manuscripts of the African Book of Psalms are sometimes in Dutch, sometimes in American.

The Eternal Gospel

The White Stone

Efatas

1. On the mountain of the gods God created the angels, on the mountain of Eden, where he first created the behemoth, who would fall away from the Lord later.
2. Like this he also created the morningstars among who there was also lucifer, the son of the dawn.
3. He also created the sons of God, the archangels, like Michael, Raphael, Uriel, and also Jupitaster who would later fall away from the Lord and would be called satan.
4. God created also the cherubs like Linjaser and Belial who would later fall away from the Lord.
5. Further God created the seraphs like Latou and also the Leviathan who would fall away from the Lord later. And the Lord clothed them with precious gems on the mountain of the gods, and the Lord gave them houses in the sea.
6. And the Lord saw that it was good, and blessed that part of the heavens and the angels' paradise.
7. And the Lord planted trees on the mountain of the gods, and the angels were allowed to eat of all of those, but there was one tree of which the Lord had forbidden them to eat.
8. And that tree was called the tree of sin. But Jupitaster once walked along the tree of sin, and knew what the Lord had said about the tree.
9. Now there was a serpent called the Virtus, and the serpent turned itself to Jupitaster. 'God doesn't want you to eat from this tree,' the serpent said, 'because then you would become like Him.'
10. Now the serpent was a hidden creature of an unknown beauty and mystery, and Jupitaster got filled by a lust to know more of the serpent.
11. 'God knows that your eyes will be opened when you eat from the tree, that's why He has forbidden it.'
12. And Jupitaster desired, had a lust, to eat from the tree, because he had listened to the serpent. And Jupitaster heard the screaming of angels who saw how close he had come to the serpent and the tree, but other angels also came close.

13. And Jupitaster had a lust to be like God, with opened eyes, and he desired a higher throne, to satisfy his pride.

14. And he saw how the tree of sin was a lust, and how the serpent was ogling him. And Jupitaster took of the black fruit, ate, and gave a part to Klajafus, another angel, who stood closest to him, and who also lusted to eat from the fruit.

15. Then he gave another part to Dismef, a second angel, and then a part to Esjaf, a third. After that he gave a part to Kwammahas, and as last to Dimhikstel.

16. Then there was a loud screaming in the heavens, and because they had eaten from the Saktakus, the cursed fruit, they and their legions were chased out of the heavens by the Angels of the Lord who had been faithful to their Lord.

17. And the Lord took notice of what had happened, and He let two angels to be established to guard the path to the tree of heaven, so that the fallen angels wouldn't return to the heavens. And this way on one day one third of the angels fell.

18. And the Lord established the angel Efatas to guard the book of heaven in which all the angels had been described, and on that day many were erased out of the book of heaven.

19. And the Lord established Efatas as a new begin of the heavens. And the Lord turned himself to the Virtus, made him tall and thin and cast him into the dust, where he became as a pole. And the Lord swore that He would pierce any angel who would sin at this pole.

20. And the Lord then establised the pole and made the pole as a dread for all angels. And that day great fear fell on the angels, and they served the Lord. From this day Jupitaster was called Satan.

Korok

1. In the beginning, even before the angels were created on the holy mountain of Eden, God created in the most hidden place the gods in a mystery, on top of the mountain, in the garden of the gods.

2. And the first original of them was Jesus Christ, who would later also become like a human and an angel to save the world. And as second God created the Virtus, who would fall away from the Lord later. Also He created the seven Spirits before His throne.

3. And God spoke : Let there be light in the garden, and there was light. And God took from His own heart, and created from that the gods of the Troiade, the old book.

4. And God took of His bowels and created the Elohim. And in the first days many fell away from the Elohim, and were put out of the garden of the gods. And when God created the angels on a lower part of the mountain, they swore to take revenge.
5. Then they sent Virtus, who had been fallen away from the Lord in the meantime, to deceive many angels. And the Lord was grieving and His heart burdened. And the Lord spoke out a curse on the Virtus, who became a serpent.
6. And the Virtus took many angels away from the heart of the Lord, and this was how the Virtus became a fright among the angels. And the Lord spoke that for a long period of time it wasn't allowed to speak about the Virtus, until the Lord would have broken the seal of the end of times. And the Lord lived in the garden of the gods, and he let rain come to wash the garden and the mountain and to purify it of every calamity.
7. And the Lord was in wrath on His holy mountain, and He gave His angels and gods a shelter. And the Lord brought a flood to test the gods and the angels, and many departed from the Lord. Be awake then, because there are many falls of gods and angels, and you do not know of the day nor the hour, neither of those who have departed.
8. And the Lord let two arks being built, for his angels and his gods, so that they had a shelter against the wrath and the flood of the Lord. And when the flood had subsided the Lord let two temples being built on the mountain of Eden for his angels and gods. Also the Lord let two arks of a new covenant being established there.
9. And the Lord spoke through the arks.
10. And then, beloved brothers and sisters, what is the mystery of God ? The mystery then lies in the God-serpents, like Moses raised the serpent to save the people.
11. So in the middle of the garden of the gods lies the garden of God the Lord, and His paradises : Kimalt, Maken, Mashalt, Matte, Matongo, Mashan, Marzan, Matavarus, Machinie, Chinnen, Kikmus, Kikmot, Mokoken, Motoken, Tokok, Korok, Korokhuk, Huks. And so then the God-serpents are more than the gods, and they form the being of God.
12. And through the Turan, the cloud of Jesus Christ, and through the Pakunites, the keys of the heavens, we may rise up on the mountain of Eden as well to come to the garden of God the Lord.
13. Would all God-serpents who are the being of God then have held on to the divine law, or would also some of them have been fallen down from the Living God to deceive the gods and the angels, and also the human ?

14. Be awake then, because of these things you have no knowledge. But I will tell you a mystery : also some of these God-serpents fell down from their being. And they built a church of fallen gods and angels.

The Book of Life

1.

1. And when the disciples came to the gates of heaven, and walked inside through them, they saw the Lord sitting on a white throne. And they asked : Lord, who are written in the book of life ? And then the Lord said : the poor, the cast out and the beaten, those who carry the lusts of the thorn crown and the lusts of the cross. And they asked : Lord, whose names aren't recorded in the book of life ?

2. And the Lord spoke : the ones committing divorce, the adulterers, and those who follow the whore. And then the disciples began to meditate on these words, to see if they would see any light in it. And then one of them spoke : Lord, and the rich ? Will they stand in the book of life ?

3. And the Lord spoke : No, because a rich one is a thief, and thieves will absolutely not be written in the book of life. And after these words they grieved, for many of their friends were rich. And they didn't understand the words of the Lord, because the Lord spoke about spiritual things.

4. Then the Lord took a lamp as a lantern and lit the candle. Then the Lord stood up, and walked with the burning candle along the disciples. And their number was large, and the Lord asked who of them would want to carry His light. But they said : Oh Lord, your light is so huge and strong. We would never be able to carry it. Then the Lord pointed to one of the disciples among them and gave him the burning lantern. 'See, I give you power to be my light,' the Lord spoke, and the man ascended. And all disciples looked at the man who had ascended, and they were astonished, and gave honour to the Lord.

5. And the Lord spoke : The lusts of the Lord are like snails. They go forth slowly and slowly they reach their goal. For such is the kingdom of the Lord. And the Lord spoke of the lusts of fear and the lusts of the suffering, and after that he spoke of the lusts of the scorn robe. And He said : Let yourself be clothed with the lusts of the Lord then to not be part of the lusts of the world and the lusts of sin. And from the heaven pieces of meat came down, and they all ate at a great table. And so that what they ate was heavenly meat, and the Lord spoke : Those who eat from the heavenly meat will surely stand in the book of life. And the meat changed their bodies, and their bodies began to give light.

6. And the Lord spoke: The sun and the moon we do not need for light, for the city of the Lord is getting lightened by those of the book of life. And the Lord performed many miracles and signs, and some of them became full of fear, but the Lord spoke : Trust me.

7. So the book of life will speak about the new heaven and the new earth and those who will live there. And the Lord took a fire to throw it on the earth, and the Lord spoke : See, I make all things new. And the Lord built a new city on earth, whose gates were of precious stones. And a strange light was wandering over the city, and the Lord spoke : These are the souls who are searching for rest since the foundation of the world. Those who are of the book of life will be admitted into the city, but those who find no record in the book will be cast out. And the Lord sent a second fire, and the light was purified.

8. And the Lord spoke : Now the hour has come that it will be known who belongs to the book of life and who doesn't belong. No one will find passage through the city but by the book.

2.

1. And the Lord took a rope, and in his other hand He had a book called the Eternal Gospel, and the second bible, and the Lord spread a net over the earth, and spoke : Now it is the time that I will take up the harvest of the earth, and they will hear My Word and understand it. And a bird was flying in the heavens, and called in an unintelligible language.

2. And there came thunder and lightening off the bird, and so it was the bird of the Lord. And there were faces in the heavens, and a woman with the head of a serpent and the head of a lion and the head of a human came forward, and she spread a white powder over the earth as a plague of nettles. And the earth got purified again. And the woman spoke : Now the canon has been broken, the yoke resting on the saints for so long. And many seals got opened, and many animals fell in the sea, and the waves were high and savage. And the woman spoke again, while a poison came out of the mouth of the serpent to purify the earth once again.

3. And the woman took a cup and said : From four cups of the Lord the saints will drink to understand the Lord pure, and to have their names recorded in the book of life. And when she poured out the first cup over the earth there was a screaming and after that a great silence. And from the earth and from under the earth, an orange dragon appeared, and his power was great. And he roared to the saints who were dwelling in the city, and he dragged some of them out of the city, and spoke : The night of Leviathan has come. Leviathan won't die. But the Lord took a fire and

devoured the orange dragon with it, and there was a weeping in the hell, in the innermost part of the earth.

4. And the Lord spoke : In Sheol I open gates, and I set captives free, for Leviathan, the master, has been delivered to the lake of fire, to fade in hail and sulphur to all eternities. Never shall Leviathan, the master, terrorize the earth anymore. I have stolen from the earth and the world of sin it's master to all his shameful lusts. And after these words had been spoken a hard and heavy door closed. And spirits fell from paradise, and the heavens curled up like scrolls, while the earth was shivering.

5. And again the woman spoke, and poured the second cup out over the earth. And this cup was red and like the screaming of a woman. And again faces appeared in the heavens, and someone was spitting on the earth. Then there was a huge screaming like there was never before, and like there would never be again. And the ships of the earth began to rot and to fade, and the sea had to make space for the paradise. And the Lord spoke to Mammon : Oh, you merchant, and rich lord of the earth, your master has fallen, and you will fall as well. Because the Lord has established the beginning and the end of your times, and see, you will go into chains and handcuffs and fetters, and you will visit the place which the Lord has destined for you, for this hour. And the two angels grasped the Mammon and cast him into the sea which was left behind, and the sea flooded the paradise to become rivers. And the Lord spoke to the sea : I set you free. And a serpent of gigantic size fell from the heavens into the sea, and the angels who were locked up in the sea and under the sea became free.

6. Then the woman took the third cup and the heavens became black, while she poured the poison over the earth. And shortly after that she poured the fourth cup over the earth, which was like red salt. And faces and wheels appeared in the heavens and the spirits of seas came to the heavens, and all whose names were recorded in the book of life found entrance. Those whose names weren't recorded were driven back to the seas of the earth and the seas below the earth. And the Lord spoke with loud voice : Now the four cups have been poured out over the earth, take the harvest up. And a great net was spread over the earth, and many disciples got accepted in the heavens.

7. And the Lord spoke again : For this hour I have spared the pools of heaven. And the Lord opened the doors of the heavenly barns and storages, and a seething mass came to all sides of the earth. And the dragons of the sea screamed to the gates of heaven, but these stayed locked, because the Lord had come with His judgement. Also women came from the seas and stretched out to the gates of heaven, but no one opened for them, because the Lord had come with His judgement. And they carried a strange seal on their foreheads, and strange signs on their hands. And a loud weeping

rose up, but the Lord wouldn't open the doors. And the women clothed like poor women and began to knock on the gates of heaven, and some dressed up like old women, but the Lord wouldn't open for them. So was the judgement upon the rich and those who had hung on to the lusts of the world. And they began to beg and to whine, if the Lord would record their names in the book of life, but the Lord didn't listen to them. So it was the Lord being stubborn.

8. And the women took some anointed ones who weren't from the Lord, but the Lord devoured them by fire. And some of the women who were left took off their clothes and tried to seduce the Lord, but the fire of the Lord came in huge seething wrath upon them, and their eyes melted in their sockets. And the last woman who was left was the queen of sharks, and she was as a skeleton, and she was also called a witch. And she asked the Lord for access, and her power was so big that if it was possible she would be able to devour the Lord, but by His cup she couldn't, and she had to stay at a distance. And even the glorified angels didn't dare to speak her name, and they didn't bring a judgement on her. They kept their mouths locked, while the Lord took the book of life, which changed into a sword. And thus the Lord had a fight against her of a thousand days and a thousand nights. And after this battle the Lord took her up and threw her into the lake of fire. And the prometheus, the hades, the tantalus and the atlas had to give up their souls.

9. And so the Lord sits on the horse of the morning, waging war in holiness. And his women follow Him, those who carry the lusts of the cross and the lusts of ice and loneliness. And the Lord has the rule over saints, to keep and lead them in the right paths of the eternal life. But there are many eternities, and the Lord has many right paths. This is how he keeps the sheep separated from the goats, the chickens from the pigs and the oxes from the swines. The Lord knows them all, and sees if their names are recorded in the book of life. Therefore, when you have tested the spirits, test them by the sword which the Lord has given to you : the book of life. The book of life contains all the lusts of the Lord, and the lusts of Jesus Christ who has been crucified. So all the lusts of the cross and the wheel are described by the book of life, to all eternities. That is why it is : Praised is the Lord, who brought the book of life to those who are His, by Jesus Christ, the crucified, to a holy Jacobsladder to the heavens. See therefore that you will not sin, for the Lord will purify His book.

10. And to me there came a fire and a ray of lightening with thunder, and the Lord spoke : Write those things down, so your heart will be purified, and you will not be responsible for the things which are to happen on earth. Be clean of all blood, and come higher. And I saw a door opened from which light and lightening came forward, and a dove appeared with the glorified Christ. And I went inside through the door, and in front of me there was a table with meat. And the Lord spoke : Eat, for this is

the meat of the heavens. And I ate, and the dove of the heaven descended on me. And the Lord spoke : You have to prophesy much, for I will come soon. And the Lord gave me a flag and a pencil, and the pencil got wings and began to bleed. And the Lord spoke : This then is the blood of Christ and the blood of the Spirit. Open your mouth, and your words will be pure. And I opened my mouth, but no words came forth from me. I had to write. And the paper on which I was writing started to bleed. And the Lord spoke : This is the blood of the Lord and of his faithful prophets.

11. And I began to prophesy on paper and I wrote down the tongues of the Lord, but then the Lord took the paper and sealed it. The Lord spoke : The Book of Blood will be opened in a later period. Now then, don't speak about what you have written down. And the Lord threw the bleeding book in the air, and it flew away as a bird. And the Lord spoke to me : Those who stand in the book of life have eternal life, but those who are in the book of blood have the access to the eternities of the cross. But those who aren't signed up in the book of blood won't have a part in the lusts of the Blood and the meat of Christ Jesus. They will stay outside, and they will suffer through the fourth death.

12. And the Lord spoke to His disciples about the holy hate towards sin, and the lusts of this hate, also called the Hate of the Lords. And the disciples sat with the Lord at a great lake of the heavens. And huge snakes began to fall into the lakes from great heights. Thus were the snakes of the Lord, the lusts of his Hates. And the Lord spoke that the false and reckless love was like a false fire, giving birth to the search for honour and power as the lusts of the world. These came to bind humanity. And then the Lord spoke about the higher loves and the lusts of them, who were all of the Lords. And see, these lusts were described in the book of blood. And the Lord opened a pit in the heavens where strange animals were dwelling. And the Lord called these strange animals : the seed of the lusts of the Lords. And a thunderstrike came to seal the pit again. And the Lord spoke about a lion breaking seals, and this lion was iron. And the Lord spoke that this lion bore the sword of Moses. Also this lion bore the books of history, and the knife to sift the times and the seasons, to cut them free. Like this they were the tongues of the lord. And the lion got in rage before the Face of the Lord, and the lion said : Now the days have come that the lusts of the savage lords will speak, and they will surely come to the disciples. And the disciples got filled by the strange tongues and the lusts, like they had eaten from the strange hidden trees of paradise.

13. And the Lord suffered to lead them to the tree of life and the tree of the book of blood, and they ate of strange exotic fruits of the Lord and of strange meat. And the disciples were put on the lion by the Lord, and the lion brought them to the depths of heaven. And the Lord said : Now is the time that I will completely transform the

word, and she will be infallible. And the infallibility of the lords fell on them as a griffon and a basilisk, and they both spat venom to purify the disciples. And when the basilisk, the flying snake, spoke, the disciples fell on their face because of the light. And a woman came forward, a woman of God, and the basilisk began to coil around her body. And the woman clapped her hands and called forward the harem of God.

3.

1. And their names were : Atise, Atile, Oduet, Oluanda, Olualla, Olia, Olius, Olome, Salome, Salomme, Salomia, Sulu et, Sulia, Sulua, Suande, Suanda, Salit, Saspesse, Luanda, Luondet, Luorg, Luom, Luonde, Luadaas, Luonet, Lirka, Lirket, Lianda, Lames, Lamende, Metile, Mektil, Mektinde, Rames, Ramotze, Mantil, Makil, Maket, Matanda, Masda, Magda, Mature, Manure, Madure, Madureki, Marzette, Miandel, Mikate, Mistesse, Miktel, Mektel, Makate, Makende, Miktal, Mektal, Mechzis, Mechzinde, Zindoret, Zindorette, Dorotel, Dorotelle, Mimikta, Miaktin, Miakzin, Miktlande, Miktande, Miktandil, Mikzens, Mikzense, Mischzensche, Mischzens, Michsmanda, Michsmandi`è, Michsmandia, Klausile, Klausandria, Klasandale, Sandale, Sandilia, Sandalile, Sandile, Sammologia, Sammoture, Sammotinda, Sammoschlesdelle, Sammoschlesdellia, Sammodintille, Sammolotzia, Sammodestile, Destile, Destinde, Desramia, Desmantile, Dekshantia, Dekshinde, Deshinde, Deshindeline, Deshindelinia, Deshindette, Deshindomen, Deshindomia, Deshindolite, Dolite, Dolitia, Dolinia, Dohelemandia, Helelia, Ophelia, Ophantes, Opzonne, Zonnia, Zonettia, Zonespel, Zoneschpelle, Schespelle, Schaspinia, Schaspijne, Pijne, Oelette, Oelettia, Opmesia, Opmesis, Opmeschia, Opschijne, Opschessia, Opschesseline, Opschesseline, Opkaumia, Kakaumia, Kakaumet, Kaukeine, Kaukinda, Kakinda, Kapkeine, Kapkeinet, Kaphazia, Hazia, Heschesse, Opmeine, Opkennia, Kikeinia, Kikidinne, Kikmintes, Kikmintesch, Kikmania, Kikmadine, Kikmolio, Molonde, Mokschrmonde, Mokschrmasalmia, Salmia, Sascheine, Sascha, Saschanet, Saschanel, Saschin, Saschinne, Sirkit, Sirkitte, Deschrminnia, Deschrkoket, Kokettia, Kokscheine, Korket, Korhettia, Ikschrminne, Ikschrmin, Surnette, Ikschrnelle, Ikschrminnia, Opdeizen, Ekschrnelle, Ekschrminelle, Ekschrnga, Omot, Akdaas, en Ekschel.

2. And so it was the first harem of the Lords. And they represented the lusts of the cross and the ice. Some had the skins of snakes, and others had the skins of panthers. Then the second harem of the Lords came forward, and they took the griffon with them to a room. And they carried the names of the bloodlines of the Lords : Mezo, Meza, Karu, Jettes, Jetta, Jasit, Jabat, Janbi, Janbil, Jatus, Jaspi, Kali, en Balmi. And they also carried the names of the bloodlines of Jesus Christ : Mizenti, Miammi, Midezus, Mitesta, Mizanzaad, Mizandraat, Mizakout, Zakout, Mazanti, Merenti, Mispul, Mispuls, Mispulse, Mallakki, Marama, Makout, Makonti, Makoot, Makan,

Makandra, Matuchta, Mazucha, Mazandaut, Mazandeim, Makrinda, Makrimda, Matuzdel, Matuzel, Matongo, Matanga, Mandrel, Mereksha, Merekshinda, Miriks, Mirinda, Mirkhin, Hinnik, Hispel, Hispanelhout, Misponzo, Mistrandes, Mistrandanda, Mistrandamel, Damelissen, Damelissen, Damikma, Damiktma, Daheizel, Daheimel, Dakinda, Darikma, Herrik, Herikschel, Hatochtza, Hatoch, Hokel, Hokhahunaut, Hamin, Hamikma, Hazikma, Harrik, Hartik, Harengel, Fahunaut, Farinhaut, Haut, Hautschmu, Hauter, Hauthum, Humzasel, Humsanaut, Sanei, Saneizel, Haspinzen, Haschpinzel, Heksel, Hinschel, Hamsma, Hamschma, Harikschel, Hazinten, Hazintia, Hazintisha, Tischazen, Tischamin, Tischaminne, Tischazelschel, Harom, Harok, Huzammen, Haschen, Hesmint, Heschmint, Kozel, Kotet, Komen, Kiran, Kirandet, Kakuimen, Katinda, Karin, Kaschmin, Kaschinda, Kurmet, Karelschen, Kirschma, Kuzammel, Kutondet, Kokeimen, Kakandel, Karet, Eeftrauna, Eeftamit, Eefschenzel, Eefzamit, Eefzamiten, Kartiten, Kartenschen, Kirschtenzen, Karschmenkel, Karschmonkel, Karschmocht, Karschmori, Karschmorianen, Korschmoten, en Orchsmoten.

3. They also carried the names of the bloodlines of the holy spirit : Kupheinen, Fatau, en Furuchheim. De bloodlines of Joseph : Sorit, Elschmolen, Milsha, Milisik, Militen, Mikonda. The bloodlines of Ismael : Smurtaschen, Fahnhaut, Kapitel, Trois, Troisen, Toizamur, Toizametten, Fihanel, Finanel, Fadinden, Fates, Fatelhaul, Fazelsongen, Fazeldeden, Faduhenk, Faduschprong, Fadusprongel, Spronhel, Heltaschen, Fadeet, Fadeetma, Fadeetman, Fapandan, Fapandan, Fadessel, Fadong, Arelmoer, Arutmur, Arusmur, Arusmir, Arutmirre, Mirretendens, Mirretendasse, Mirretendehahassen, Kakassen, Kakatel, Kahipmin, Hipminne, Hapminne, Haphone, Haphuhone, Kurongel, Kadipma, Kakous, Kasip, Kasippe, Katudonhippe, Katudonschmesse, Karschmankel, Kashmocht, Kashtoch, Karschenkel, Kareschit, Kareschitze, Kareschitmedanzong, Kareschitmedazen, Kareschitmedonzo, Maton, Matonge, Makinda, Makhengels, Makhisten, Makhozo, Mashen, Mashengstel, Mashinten, Maschimmel, Maschimmelsch, Mirsch, Mirsch'hengst, Mirschdraggel, Mirschdraggelons, Mirschdraggahaim, Mirschdraggahaum, Gahaum, Gahaumda, Grahaumdra, Herschhenk, Hersch'henkel, Herkinscha, Herkinsledde, Herkinsladde, Hachtong, Hachtongstel, Hachtongstelga, Gashengstel, Panaut, Patongel, Patong, Machtong, Machteld, Karam, Kahengstel, Fichtfanaut, Fichthengstel, Hebzensia, Hebzonsia, Hobstonel, Hobstanel, Hobstadicha, Hobstadagia, Erhipstinel, Erhipstintel, Stinzelscha, Ahabstaut, Kohabstaut, Kahabstout, Imschel, Imsterhicht, Imsterhichtel, Imsterhichtelt, Himstahitzel, Himstahatzel, Karelsma, Karelsmachen, Matazen, Matonzen, Mikatokel, Kikatohikken, Mikatohitsen, Drakalia, Drakendia, Draheksensmul, Draheksenschmul, Focht, Vochtahinzen, Hiket, Fikahinkel, Fikadonet, Fikakarelsen, Fikadomulsen, Domulsen, Domulsenet, Semeten, Semetena, Nataka, Natika, Nadrauma, Nadramsel, Nadramselscha, Nadramsalhitten, Fikhinzen,

Fikhanizen, Fikhuten, Fikhoeten, Dramit, Dramtanzen, Tamulschoe, Tamulschoezen, Futal, Futalscha, Futaldramitten, Dramissen, Dramanza, Dramanzamit, Dramelhessen, Dramelfakonen, Tumelfakonen, Tumelfadraunonen, Tumelfaudranieten, Expel, Expelzen, Expelschen, Facht, Farinfacht, Fachtfassen, Fachtpassen, Fachtplassen, Plassenscha, Scha, Schassen, Maschpunza, Maschpunzazout, Maschpunzadreinetten, Pakieren, Pakandiene, Dienastinzen, Dinastetzen.

4. And so the Lord had also thirty-eight other harems who carried the names of his histories, and so in totality forty harems. And they carries strange and exotic names hidden by the Lords since the foundation of the world. And the Lord was as a winged sun.

5. And a being called Sta came forwards and see, she was as a python, but she had arms and legs. And she took the winged sun in her arms and began to send forth rays. And she began to explain to the disciples the principles of salvation, and the disciples became full of fear and asked : But who will be saved then ? And Sta explained about the many eternities, all with their own conditions. And see, those were like the lusts of the Lord, like his weapons. And Sta spoke about the great Toronto, the harlot sitting at many tables, and she spoke about these lusts as the lusts of the pharisees and the lusts of the world. And Sta spoke about the Judgements which would be poured out by the Lords all upon the pentecostal institute. And she spoke of the pentecostal institution as a well from which travelers could drink, but if they stayed there too long, then strange beings would rise up from the well to grasp them and to drown them. And Sta gave the disciples red torn clothes which they could wear, and she led them to a pearly gate. From here they could see the histories, but the histories started to spin and shift before their heads. And Sta took a sword and threw it into the well of history, and see, it became as a well of blood. Also the rivers of paradise slowly changed into blood. And thus it was the blood of Jesus Christ, the crucified.

6. And in the paradise the disciples came to the hidden crossed, and there were hidden wells of blood. And Sta spoke to them about the mysteries of the thorncrown. And the thorncrown was as a burning wheel in the heavens above the paradise, as a clock, and in it there were women living who sang like birds. And they hit many wounds, and they opened many wells of blood, but they also had the authority to seal the wells of blood. Then Sta spoke to the disciples about the lusts of poverty, and the lusts of the Hate of the Lords. And Sta spoke : There is only victory through the cross of the Lord and by His ice, for these bring forth His lusts and His Weapons. Be therefore as soldiers of the cross and battle against the spirits who attack you through the thorncrown for His sake, for the thorncrown is the only one granting visions. And she spoke of a deep mystery of the Lord. And see, birds who sat on the thorncrown began

to mock them because of their red thorn clothes, and wounds began to appear on their skin. And Sta spoke : See, you then carry the wounds of the Lord, and the lusts of His scornrobe. Be soldiers of the cross, give your life for each other, so that you will find deep healing.

7. And Sta said that although they were now in the heaven and the eternal life, the journey through the death and through the hell was not finished. And Sta showed them a piece of jewelry of the death of Christ, names the Great Krurg. And see, it was like the harem of the thorn crown, and their names were : Spimas, Spassam, Spussum, Spolam, Spolus, Spulus, Spulum, Spukkus, Flijm, Flaim, Fluis, Fluim, Spijm, Spuim, Schuim, Korres, Zettus-B, Kahel, Korg, Korgel, Kaslam, Kwadret, Kabuls, Kabulsch, Horrijn, Jakis, Zette, Maaslim, Tas-Lamen, Nikneit, Narit, Tzartvongen, Tzartvingen, Vesnit, Vakin, Rakin. Then Sta showed them a piece of jewelry of the descension of Christ to hell, called the Prosmon. And the piece of jewelry was very powerful, and was the second harem of the thorn crown : Didomet, Kurgras, Kurgbosse, Kurgtom, Smalnes, Kurgdomet, Spaakdom, Domekals, Kalshut, Kamel, Toniije, Ergturg, Turgdom, Turgfisse, Fissekodom, Heidom, Heidem, Hergsiti, Hergheidom, Keidonne, Keidos, Keislert.

8. And the third harem of the thorn crown was called the Great Jaganta, and she was the piece of jewelry that could open the eyes to give visions and dreams. And their names were : Fanir, Fassa, Fessa, Fissa, Jiskas, Jiskitte, Jiskidde, Jiskide, Julof, Kaker, Kamit, Kande, Kandij, Kandije, IJe, Jamba, Jasbo, Dekhelt, Daslo, Buslos, Boslus, Baake, Spoeme, Propoppe, Pidis, Pide, Kirch, Paake, Botte, Berhim, Parhas, Poos, Polk, Plaak, Poermoes, Proxmi, Pirtis, Pirklille, Hochshelt, Pookhelt, Pamix, Pirkmin, Pirkminne, Porklos, Porklosse, Padissa, Padamin, Podosluul, Kurtlit, Kerlenke, Kershwinne, Kamin, Kaminne, Kierklin, Kiswin, Kurlenze, Koslau, Kanik, Kerlentes, Kokwonen, Kokwau, Kokesses, Irksd wakei, Dirfwinne, Dirfwrum, Dirfwinnesse, Dirfwenkes, Dirfwentes, Daakschwin, Daakschwinne, Kirkmin, Kontau, Korkwanne, Korkwanin, Koflo, Kotlo, Korschwon, Korschlonde, Kortenu, Kortedane, Kortedame, Mirkwin, Deklos, Karhut, Karhutdaanschwimme, Miktes, Mikteschwinne, Korschkanau, Kwanut, Borschlon, Borschlonne, Buchtes, Buchtinne, Birisch, Bizanto, Birschwin, Bochteld, Baschwesse. And they had huge powers, also to shut the eyes and to take away the gifts of vision, dreams and other prophetic gifts of the eye.

The Book of Blood

1.

1. Gratefulness to Jesus, the Eternal, who sent us the dove and the magpie. He has unsealed the eternal gospel, breaking it's seals at the cross. Gratefulness to Jesus, the

Son, who spoke through the psalms to us : In bliss is the man who does not walk in the council of the godless, who doesn't stand on the path of sinners, nor sits in the circle of those who ridicule. He who has spoken : but has a pleasure in the law of the Lords, and meditating on this law day and night. He who has said : I am the Law. He who has said : For he is like a tree planted at waterstreams, who gives his fruit on His time, which leaves don't fade ; al which he undertakes succeeds. He who has spoken has come closer, until the morningstar ascends in your hearts, and until you will follow the words of prophesy as a lamp on a new path.

2. I am the Law, said the Lords, a Law not made through the hearts of man, but streaming forth from the dove and the magpie. The Lords then have spoken sweet words of love, but also words of wrath, because the Lords who are your God hate evil. So He has spoken, to give His word size. Yes, to full growth He took His Word, and by Christ He broke the darkness, which is the Mammon.

3. For matter hasn't revealed the Word to you, but it has kept it closed and veiled. But the Holy Spirit has spoken through the Eternal One, and has taken away the scales of your eyes. Let those then who came closer fear Him, for the double Lord is a devouring fire. Let the Lord then open your heart, so that you will hear his word. Praise then Jesus, the Eternal One, who has sent the magpie, together with the dove. And these two are of a purifying covenant. And the dove is then of the old, but the magpie, who is of the new, has purified the dove, to an eternal and holy covenant.

4. And the double Lord has spoken to you through the psalms, as streaming light, soon awakening in your hearts, where you will receive the morningstar, the morningred and the eveningred. So the worker hasn't worked for nothing, and the suffering have not suffered in vain, but everything will be unfolded in the miraculous light which the Lord will bring. Therefore : bring welfare to your God, open your ears, and speak with Him, for He is the one who speaks. Also He is the listening one and He who answers prayer. See then, He lets Himself being softened. The Lord has given you such a powerful weapon : the prayer, to reign with Him. Let then no one abuse such a gift, for the wrath of the Lords is fast.

5. So you will stand then day to day before the judgement-throne of the Lords to be responsible for your words and acts. The Lord will listen to you when you speak, but when there is sin in your heart, then every word is an atrocity to the Lord. Yes, such folk will surely be spat out by the Lord, and He will speak : I haven't sent you. Terrible will be the day for them on which the Lord returns.

6. Thus has David spoken : Oh Lord, how numerous are my opposers ; many stand up against me ; many say of me : He doesn't find help with God. But You, Lord, are a shield that covers me, my honour, and who lets my head ascend. When I call out loud

to the Lord, He answers me from His Holy Mountain. I laid myself down and slept ; I awoke, for the Lord supports me. I do not fear tenthousands of my nation, who have established themselves around me. Stand up, Lord, deliver me, my God. Yes, you have hit all my enemies on their jaw, and you have destroyed the teeth of the godless. The deliverance is of the Lord, your blessing is upon your people.

7. Lord my God, in you I have a shelter, deliver me from my persecuters and save me, so that he will not tear me apart like a lion, dragging me away so that no one saves. Stand up Lord, in your wrath, raise your wrath against those who oppress me. Wake up to support me. He rains coals of fire and sulphur upon the godless, scorching winds is the part of their cup. Help, Lord, because there are no pious ones anymore ; yes the faithful among the children of man are few. They speak falsities among each other, double-hearted with slippery lips. Let the Lord devour all the slippery lips and every proud tongue ; those who say : With our tongue we are strong ; our lips are with us, who is lord over us ? I praise the Lord who gave me council, even at night my kidneys teach me. I put the Lord before my eyes very vivid ; because He is at my right hand, I do not stumble. That's why my heart rejoices and my soul is jubilant, even my flesh will live in the shelter. Gods path is perfect ; the word of the Lords is pure. He is a shield for all those who have in Him their shelter. For who is God but our Lord ? Who is a rock besides our God ? The God who girds me with strength, and who makes my path plain. The Law of the Lords is perfect, she refreshes the soul. The commandment of the lords is pure. It lightens the eyes. Even when I go through a valley of deep darkness. I fear no evil, for you are with me. Your rod and staff comfort me. You raise a table for me in front of the eyes of those who oppress me. The earth and her fulness is of the Lords. Yes, on streams he has settled her, on pillars of fire. Who is allowed to ascend on the mountain of the Lords ? He who has a pure heart.

8. Thus speaks then David still to His Lord, and the Lord speaks to Him. Thus he speaks still from the cloud of witnesses, led forward as a lighting cloud by the Lord, lighting the hearts of so many.

9. The same David who has also spoken : In you, Lord, I have my shelter, never let me stand in shame. Let me escape by your righteousness. Be to me a protecting rock. You will pull me out of the net which they had hidden for me, for you are my fortress. In your hands I command my spirit. Battle, Lord, against those who battle against me. Take shield and buckler, stand up, to support me. Swing spear and battle-axe against my persecuters, say to my soul : I am your Deliverer. A river, her streams rejoice in the city of God. God is in her midst. She will not stumble. God will help her at the break of dawn. Save me oh Lord of the evil people, spare me against the men of violence, who set up evil things in their hearts, who give birth to battle the whole day.

They have sharpened their tongues as a snake. Viper-venom is under their lips. Spare me, oh Lord, against the hands of the godless, spare me against the men of violence who have the intention to tackle me by lies. Proud ones hid for me a trap of ropes. They spread a net along the path. Let him make them fall in the fire, in pits, so that they won't rise up again. Praise be to the Lord, my rock, who trains my fingers for battle. My mercy and fortress, my shield, and deliverance. You are my trust.

10. And thus speaks David still from the lighting cloud which leads the people : Lord, my God, my fortress, my solid house and My light. Lead me, reign me, for you are the Law, you are the sweetness and the wrath. Coals of fire are in your heart from where you speak, to devour the godless, to erase them in the kingdom of the dead. You pierce the proud, and takes down those who preach falsity. Oh Lord, eternal rock, do justice to me, let your enemies be ashamed. I hate those who hate You. I love those who love You.

11. Jesus, You are the Eternal Son, speaking in the light. When you speak the darkness shuts their doors, when you preach you drive her away. You sent your spirit, the Eternal One to lighten hearts, to bring to them the morningred and the eveningred. You sent your dove and your magpie, to let the morningstar ascend in our hearts, speaking of an eternal Word. You are the eternal one, you have been in arrival.

12. Lord, lead your nation to poverty, don't let her destroy herself by her riches. Lord, unmask those in your nation who follow the Mammon. Oh Lord, you have sent the holy poverty to us to testify of heavenly riches. This is the riches of your Word. Lord, you have purified us by Your blood. Break then also the Mammon by your blood. Yes, by the cross the Mammon has been defeated, and by the cross you have cut down the great Jom, and you have led us to the lokogamen, the pieces of jewelry of the suffering . You have clothed us in riches.

13. And I saw a door of light opening, and a dove and a magpie flew to the Lord, to put themselves on his arm, and later on his shoulders, and the Lord spoke words of thunder, and said : Now it is the time to remove the seals of the Eternal Gospel. And I saw a large angel coming who removed the seals, hundred and four in number, and he cast them in the sea of blood. And the angel spoke with a thundering voice, and I couldn't understand it. Then the Lord spoke : Praise then Jesus, the morningstar ascending in your hearts, because the Eternal Gospel has come close. And I saw a huge crowd of angels who fell before the feet of Jesus, and they worshipped Him. And I saw a large angel like a statue, and this angel was huger than any angel I ever saw. And he carried a book. Then I saw the magpie coming up from the shoulder of the Lords and he flew towards the angel to take the book out of his arms by it's beak, and brought it to the Lord. Then the dove opened the book, and the Lord spoke : Give

now all honour to Jesus, because the Great Jom has fallen, she and her tenthousands. And I saw a statue of blood falling out of heaven, and she fell into the sea. And the Lord spoke : Weep, oh you earth, because the Great Jom has fallen upon you, and she knows that she has short time. Weep then, you sea, for her tenthousands are in hasty search in order to devour you. And I saw Rafael and Michael coming, and they carried Uriel to the Lord. And I saw huge crowds showing themselves grateful to Jesus, and Jesus spoke : This is the moment in which I pour out my Eternal Spirit richly. And a huge magpie came over the mass, and intoxicated the mass. And new tongues fell on the crowds and they prophesied of great things.

14. And then Jesus started to preach and said : The kingdom of the heavens has come close. And the magpie came to sit on his shoulder, and after that the dove, and Jesus performed great miracles. And from the blood of the sea martyrs came forward, and they stood pure before the Lord. And the magpie led them in daytime to the Eternal City, and the huge dove led them in nighttime, because they were appearances of light. Show that you are grateful to God who has sent David again, and show that you are grateful to Jesus, because the great city has come closer. And the Lord will send his angels to take you inside, and the Lord will be your light. The Lord will let his Word stand strong and will bring it to size, as a shelter where you will live forever. So is then Jesus the light of those who believe in Him and call for Him. Also you will see Mary in all her glory, and the gates of the angels will be opened. Focus then yourselves on the blood of Christ which has bought you free, knowing that this precious blood will also wash your conscience and your knowledge to make it holy for the Lord. The Lord will raise up a new and holy priesthood like this. You have come closer to the altar of David, where the Lord has slain the enemy. Know that you will not be washed only by the blood of Christ, but even more by the blood of the enemy, for those who truly love the Lord battle for Him. Like this you will stand before the Lord, pure and holy. And the Lord will say then to you : Go inside, you faithful slave, for you handled it well. But to those who have kept their swords clean of blood the Lord will say : Be cursed, you vain folk, for you have despised the law, which was to be your life. Now then, go away, you are cast out. And the Lord will say to them : In the fire everything will be washed, and by the fire I will go and search for a second harvest, and I will have a harvest to all eternities. Therefore, take care that you will have part in it. And so the Lord will be a well of love and purifying force into all eternities, in which many will come to lighting. And the Lord will raise David up again, and will establish him to be a light. And David will teach the nation into the arts of battle of the Lords, and he will rebuild the temple. And those who carry the name of David will be in bliss. And so David is a powerful mystery of the force of Christ. And David will be like the black panther, knowing and playing the hidden songs of the lords. And his harp will bring justice, and his flute will bring love. Also

his harems will bring tenderness by tambourines, and softness of heart, and they will teach it to the nation. For it is an art to be with the Lord, and it is an art to reign with him.

15. And I saw a great magpie and a great dove sitting on the shoulders of David, after a door of light had opened itself, and I saw David doing great miracles. And David was called : ‘slayer of the godless’, and ‘fortress of justice’.

2.

1. And I saw great men of God coming forward, like Moses, Samson and Solomon, and they all got a dove and a magpie on their shoulders, and this was the new and eternal sign of the Lords by which He sealed them, and a raven led them away. And Moses was established to reign the hell, and Samson was established as a ruler of the kingdom of the dead. Solomon was established to be ruler of the treasure-rooms of the Lords. I also saw Noah coming forward and a new ark was built.

The Book of the Holy Footnails

1. The secret of the prophets is in the thorn-crown, she who gives visions and dreams. Let the prophets be full of the Lusts of the Lord, so that they will escape from the lusts of the world. Let them hang on to the Spirits of the Lords, so that they can escape from the strange, foreign, exotic women. Any prophet has a heavenly harem to keep themselves smooth and spotless, away from the women of the world. For many temptations will be sent to the prophets, and many spirits of falsity. Therefore, oh prophet, care for the Fate of the Lords, who got crucified, pierced in his feet and hands. Bear therefore the nails deep within you as the seal of your salvation. For all those who are in Christ are crucified together with Him, and they do not sin, for they have escaped from sin by that which they suffered. But many who say they suffer with Christ, suffer like a Petrus and a Judas. They deny the Lord in His suffering, and betray Him. Those who suffer with the Lord are crucified at hands and feet and bear the nails of His suffering deep within. Yes, they have let themselves being purified in the depths of their spirit by the nails. Now then, the nail which pierced His feet bears a deep secret, for this nail brought Him to the realm of death and the kingdom of hell. And so the nail which pierced His feet is a path through the underworld, a path which you as well have to go. Those who do not bear this nail in their feet are no christians, because they do not follow the path of the Lord. They get grasped by the world and her lusts. But those who bear the nail have the lusts of the Lord, and therefore they are free from sin.

2. Therefore they who are truly in Christ have also gone this path through the death and the hell, and they are crucified also with Him deep in their spirit. And through

this nail they have a weapon against the lust of the world, and they are fellow-soldiers of Christ.

3. So is then the holy footnail the key of the Great Easter, of the kingdom of death and of the hell. This nail is the key of the Path of Christ, and without this key you cannot come to the Lord. And those who bear this nail cannot go the path of the world, but they bear the lists of the Lords deep within and they know His Peace. They have an unconquerable weapon by which they breed the spirits of the world, and at the end of the times they will pierce these spirits like they have been pierced. So you will accept the suffering as a tool to come to the nail of Chris, and you will not use any of these weapons before their time, for then you would lose Christ. But many have taken these weapons in overcourage to despise the suffering of the Lords. And the Lord will take them in the endtime and will put them on His great vehicle, and they will turn to shame. The Lord will humble them by bringing them into times of drought and bareness, and the Lord will pull out the eyes of the spirits of the world. So the adornings of the prophets will pull to honor many who were humiliated by the world.

4. Worship therefore the nail, instead of all sorts of vague things. The Lord wants to be praised in His suffering, and through your most holy partaking. The Lord will hit the lips of those who keep worshipping Him in the distance. Those who worship the holy footnail by which he was crucified, like they worship the cross and his thorn crown, they have found him, and they will be with him. But the Lord will hit the foul hearts.

5. So you have in the footnail a key to come to him and to be one with him. Follow him then in all His footsteps and print his commandments by the nail in your thoughts, so that you will remember them for eternity. Yes, the objects of the cross are for eternity, and they have to be praised, so that you can use them in your most holy partaking. For do you not know that by taking part in the cross, you will also have part in the weapons of the cross ? But do not wake them up before their time, so that they will not turn themselves against you.

6. But there are some among you who want to lead the fellowship away from the sober devotion to the nail. They have made the paths of the pharisees. But you totally different : Do not listen to such folk who do not preach about the nail, for their paths lead to death and darkness. Don't let yourself been kept away from the paths of the Lords by friends, those you know from a distance, parents or children. Even if they were your brothers and sisters, those are nothing more than wounds. And still you bear such wounds faithfully, and sacrifice them to the Lord. By your devotion to the Lord and His nail, you who are holy, will go the path of ice, for this is the path of the

Lords. The Lord doesn't care for family, but those who keep His commandments. Such parents and children have the value of gold, but the rest will perish. Don't stick therefore to those who do not do the Will of the Lords, or to them who say they do the Will of the Lords, but who walk the paths of the pharisees. Don't follow prophets who hang on to prosperity, for they are no prophets but thieves. Follow the paths of the prophets over and along the paths of poverty. For see, the poverty is your heavenly harem which keeps you away from the desires of man. The desires of man leads to destruction and the quenching of the senses. They have their joy in nothing and in shameless unsensitivity. They will lose even more feeling and their hardness will break off in the hell. But do not hang on to those who say that the hell endures forever, for they are cruel and without a heart. See, they have already lost their feeling, they are meat-eaters and whores, for they are friends of the world and therefore enemies of God. The hell will be solved in the heaven, for the hell is a purifying fire to purify everyone, sent out by heaven and returning to heaven. The Lord will not let sin alive, and neither the sinner. Those who will say that don't want to let go of sin. The Lord doesn't count with them, and labels them as mockers. But many among you have thought this way in your times of sin, and the Double Lord has saved you. So the Lord has enlightened many, and the Lord will enlighten many. Don't mock these words, for those who reject these words have already rejected the Lord. But test these words in holiness and in fear and trembling, for the Lord might have spoken. See then that you will not reject Him who speaks, for many slept while He suffered and spoke. Wake up then, you who sleep, so that Christ will be as light over you. And His nail is the lantern on your path.

7. So then there will be many enemies of God standing up in the last part of the times. And they will have their churches and they will catch people in it by their nets. But you totally different : Stay far away from them. The Lord has opened His city for you, and it be enough for you. So you who follow the the Lord have also crucified your soul by the nail, and it be as a watchman before your mouth. So all those who bear the thorn-crown of the Lords have a lantern and a lamp on the path of prophets and the path of the lords by the nail, and they will see many visions. Yes, they have a tool to awaken the prophetic gifts as a holy fire of the Lords. Yes, for also in the heavens the nails are mighty pillars, and you have to focus on it as ways up high. And the angels and the harems of the Lords descend from these pillars, and they ascend along them.

8. So then the nails of Christ have brought extasy to many, and many paths they have opened. Yes, for by the hand-nail you have gotten a service of the Lords, and you have done the work of the Lords. And through the foot-nail you have tread pure paths, and you have made travels in the spirit. And yes, some among you are predictates of the

Lords. And through the wearing of the scornrobe you have become apostle before the face of the Lords, and the Lord is faithful to you and is a shelter to you. And by wearing the thorncrownyou became prophet before the face of the Lord, and He gave you visions by His blood. And those who had been pierced by the spear of the Lords, like He was once at the cross, and those who bear this spear and worship it as the holiness of the Lord, they are like judges before the face of God.

9. And so there are few who are very pure, and they have become hermitate by the footnail of the Lords, because they have not despised his paths. And they have made the journey in their insides to meet and wrap the Lord. And now the Lord is also wrapping them by the nail. The Lord is faithful to those who serve Him, clothing them and making them holy by the objects of the cross.

The New Revelation

1.

The Ice-temple

1. The Lion spoke these words, standing in the Temple of Ice : Now is the time our apostles go out to cleanse the Word. And he took a book and burnt it.

2. Then he directed himself to the eastside of the heavens, in the domain called Spricht, and he spoke to break the seal of the lions. Then a raider who was sitting on a lion appeared, calling like a trumpet.

3. In it's one hand he had a small wooden bed, and in it's other hand a copper balance. He was followed by a large group lions.

4. The lion on which he sat was red and wild. 'Terrible' it's name was. From the mouth of the lion seven blue flames came to digest the surface of the earth.

5. Then I heard the cries of millions. They kept themselves hidden under the ground, and they had ships on sea.

6. Then a voice spoke: Now the judgement has reached the interior of the ground and the sea. Then I saw another lion appearing, more terrible than the previous.

7. On it's back he carried a scale of ice, from which insects originated. They started to drink of the waters, and the waters started to burn.

8. The lion was blue and clear and from it's mouth a shark originated. The shark swam to the sun and guzzled it.

9. Then stars of ice started to fall and some arrived on the ground. These were the days in which the temples of ice started to open.

10. They started make to glorify the Name of God and started to stand on their legs. In the middle of the heavens a woman was in pains of birthgiving.

11. Terrible was her battle, and she gave birth to a purple child. In birthgiving she died, and her soul was carried to God.

12. The name of this woman was Metensia, the Miraculous One, and she was given to the Spirit of God, her man. The child grew up and became large.

13. And her name was Marion, and she joined herself beside her brother Michai. In those days the Aakse fell, the large snake, from the heavens. He had been also gestured by Metensia.

14. And Marion and Michai lamented for seven months concerning their fallen brother. Pay attention then, so that you will know the secret. Seven large horns he carried, to seal the last of the days.

The breaking of the horns

15. And a large panther appeared in the midst of the heavens, and he started to send out his raiders. And then God spoke these words : The last days of the market have come.

16. This one will become very large and then it will fall. The market has made slaves, but I will set them free. I will plant a nipple in their chest, from which milk of My Spirit will flow to set them free.

17. I will give them the nipples of freedom, and I will lead them to the temple of ice. And then the first horn started to rise against the saints to pierce their hearts.

18. And God spoke : From the wound the nipple will rise. Fear no evil therefore. The nipple will crash the horn.

19. And I saw a nipple rising like a tower, and milk and honey began to flow over the heads of the saints and the prophets. And they prophesied for forty months.

20. And then I saw the second horn rise to boast against the saints. And suddenly he pierced their stomach. The wound was very large, and blood was streaming to the waters. I saw a bitterness growing in the heavens, and the martyrs begged for vengeance.

21. The earth started shaking and swallowed the rivers, but the seas began to grow larger. Then the large shark spat the sun out over the earth, and there was dryness for eight years and six months.

22. And a black lion rose up from the insides of the earth, and he gave a second nipple to those with the stomach-wound. Then there was a silence of thirty-eight hours in the heavens.

23. These were the days of Michai stirring up the earth. The third horn started to rise up and boast against Michai, and he gathered a huge crowd.

24. Michai's eyes got pierced, and his jaws got crashed so that he couldn't speak. Then Michai got tied to a stone, and they threw it in the large sea where the fishes started to eat from him.

25. The third nipple started to grow into the mouths of the saints and the apostles, and everytime they opened their mouths, there was milk and fire coming forth to digest the fallen.

26. They had mouths like snakes. Then the fourth horn started to persecute the purple child, Marion.

27. The horn also began to rise and boast against the heavens with blasphemies, and everyone following this horn got amazing powers to do miracles and signs very high-rated.

28. In these days the fourth nipple started to rise in the temple of ice, to come forth and speak words of wisdom, while books were opening themselves.

29. A black raider on a black horse appeared, and again stars started to fall away from the heavens. The damage on earth was high.

30. The last three horns were broken by winds, and a portal in the heavens was opened.

31. Then the woman of catlikes fell away from the heavens like thunder and lightening. First the Aakse, the large snake, started to eat her, but in his abdomen she started to laugh and ate him from the inside out.

32. Then many voices of heaven came.

33. A fox named Zurastael started to appear at the heavens and began to write his name in the heads of those who had the four nipples inside.

2.

The holy tail

1. And a purple animal started to hate Marion, and took her to him, to finally leave with his seed.

2. She had hid a small number of knights, but their shelter got discovered and destroyed. When their blood touched the earth, it turned into seed by which wealthy trees grew. Also nettle-plants came forward and thronbushes with the flowers and the blossom of spirit.
3. In this the house of the martyr called Marion came forward, as a gate to the temples of the ice of heavens.
4. In those days the fox came to guide the saints on Marion's paths, those who had the wound of Marion in their souls, whose backs were broken.
5. And the fifth nipple began to grow at the end of their spines, at the cocyx, and turned into a sacred tail. And they began to weep towards the heavens.
6. And they came to the domains of Spricht, at the eastside of heavens. And the sacred tail began to write in their souls, words from sacred books.
7. When the sixth nipple appeared there was thunder from the heavens. And the Shark spoke these words : Blessed are those who have come to Spricht.
8. Then he directed himself towards the West of Heavens, to the domain of Zetdonia, and spoke words to break the seal of sharks. Then a shark came from the north of heaven, and to him was given the power to deceive the disciples of the woman of catlikes and those of the purple beast.
9. The days of the blue shark have begun. Let the earth shiver.
10. And the shark brought them to a cellar below the house of Marion, where he imprisoned them, and sealed their chains by unspeakable words.
11. The large shark of the heavens has risen. Who can escape from it's eye ?
12. In those days the anfitates were on earth, to bring honour to the purple child.
13. But a cloud took them away and brought them to a hidden place.
14. They were shown the secrets of the seventh nipple, and they weren't in grace of speaking.
15. You have come closer to God by the burning ice, in Whose presence you cannot speak You have come near to the assimilation.
16. And again books were burnt and those who were there weren't in grace of speaking.
17. Do you know the names of the seven large spirits dwelling before the face of God ?

18. Do you know the names of the seven spirit-eyes of God, and of the seven nipples of spirit ?

19. One of them is Matas. And blessed are those who have come near to Spricht.

The Song of Matas

20. Matas, waterplant, reaching towards the end of the sun. Matas, miraculous outreach, reaching towards the end of the sun, there where the ice begins, and there where the ice ends, there where the ice burns like a torch in the night.

21. Matas, waterplant, reaching towards the end of the sun, and blessed are those who have been drawn to Spricht. Matas, miraculous outreach, bursting out from day to day.

22. Roots reaching towards the bottoms of the sea, growing towards the end of the sun, Matas, waterplant, where the ice burns like a torch in the night.

23. Bring me before the face of him who knows and understands day and night, of him who understands the paths through darkness and light.

24. Teach me daily to understand your voice, bless those who hold on to the ice, there where everything burns.

25. Blessed are those who are filled by ice and spirit, swimming along the roots and leaves of Matas, growing from the house of Marion, reaching towards the other sides of Spricht.

26. Blessed are those who know the seven nipples of spirit, who let flow milk and ice. Blessed are those who spread honey, like ice burning as a torch in the night.

27. Lead us to eternal paths, give us the wings of Matas. Let us come near to Spricht, from forth from Marion's house, having her wounds in our hearts.

28. Make holy the purple child in us, and make holy your anfitates, as torches along our paths.

29. Teach us to know and understand the light of lights, the king of kings, in the house of Marion.

30. We stand here for your honour, with your songs in our mouths. Teach us to not pass along unknown paths, but let the paths be known to you.

31. Your paths are known, you gave Your knowledge to Your masters. Bless us, who have come near to Spricht.

32. Matas, Plant of Life, growing in darkness, where the heart is familiar with so many wounds. Bring us to Spricht.

33. Matas, grow there where it is dark, from the wounds of my heart. You know my purple child, I know that You love my heart.

34. As a torch in the night, You are there. Lead me through, don't abandon me. Only You know the heart of the Father, oh Spirit before Gods Throne.

35. Give me the visions of a new day, the burning ice in Your Heart. I know myself as hidden in You. You know all my grief.

36. You surround me, also my dry tongue. You bring my heart to the waters of life, grow into me oh Spirit of God. Make me familiar with Your Holy Advice.

3.

The animals of heaven

1. And I got earzooming and handtingling when I was down into the heavens, and saw Gods temple of Ice.

2. And lions of the heavens came to me to guide and guard me. They spoke to me these words and images were sacred, and they had to be written down, to prepare a new bloodline of ages.

3. They led me to a house of heaven where the sharks of heaven were.

4. And the words they spoke were wet and moisty, prepared to be drunk, and my ears started to beep.

5. I heard the zooming of heaven, and I saw the different directions before me.

6. And a voice spoke : Speak, so that the judgement can come, which is the judgement the earth is waiting for.

7. And thrones were rising from their positions, and sharks and other animals of heaven started to sit on them.

8. And wine started to stream, and drunkenness fell on the animals, so that they could judge the lights of the earth.

9. And I got legtingling, while books were opened.

10. The words of the earth were cleansed and tested to the words of heaven, and again books were burnt.

11. And I saw hidden words being revealed, and they had to bear the responsibility for their works.

12. I also saw languages and cultures appear before the thrones of the animals of heaven.

13. The woman of catlikes had been thrown outside the gates of heaven, and after that they threw her in the lake of ice.

14. Then the shrieking stars fell away from the heavens, and they touched the earth to persecute those who were living on the earth.

15. And they were looking for rest, but they couldn't find it.

16. And a voice from the heavens spoke : The giant Jom has been conquered. Blessed are those who understand the secrets of the seventh nipple of spirit, those who drink from the Holy Milk, for they will approach satisfaction, and the waters of rest will stalk them.

17. Cursed are those who try to quench the nipples of spirit and to make them sad, for ice and sulphur will crash their heads. They will be broken down into the Fire of Eminius, the Sacred Lion before the Face of God.

18. Blessed are those who expect God, and blessed are those who know and understand His Spirit.

4.

Eminius Day

1. These are the words of Eminius, the Sacred Lion before the Face of God. He had tables of ice and scales of ice, from which insects were coming. 2. He had arms like those of an octopus : Hear the Word of the Lord, for from now on no one can open without locking, and no one will create without breaking down. 3. I will show you the rope of Truth, when you stay in me. These are the Words of the Sacred Eminius, who burns of ice, as a torch in dark nights. 4. And when the black panther starts to run, and the glasses start to break, then the slaves of the market will be set free, for I didn't prepare you for slavery, but for freedom. 5. And in the dark hole you will find freedom. Like a panther I will gather My seed. 6. I will show you My wounds, and I will crown you as an anfitate. The secrets of these days are large. Blessed are those who know and understand them. 7. There will be a day of Eminius, a day on which everything will be sacred. This is the day that the ice will burn. In Gods Holy Temple I stand. 8. And I will burn of ice, while I will send My Winds across the earth, to turn blood into seed, and My suns of ice I will lead to the gates of Marion's house. 9. I will send forth a light hope to Metensia and I will lead her to Sarsia on the wings of the wind. 10. I will let Sarsia speak from the temple to bring hope to them who have the wounds of Metensia in their souls. Those who had to sacrifice their seed on the altars of righteousness. 11. Then Michai will draw his mother, and they will be drawn to each other by Eternal Ropes. 12. Then Metensia will send her Son to the earth, where he will settle his throne forever. 13. And the angel Sarsia will teach him to

battle, and he will conquer. 14. Let yourself then be tenderly guarded by her soft wings, and let yourself be guided by her soft wings, to bring you to Eternal fields. 15. She, who is sent from the face of the Lords, from His Throne, to establish His Altar on earth. Yes, the earth will become His Temple. 16. Yes, come closer to the New Ark, and let yourself be bound with Eternal Cords. Yes, come closer to His Holy Temple. Let your mouths be filled with Ice. 17. You have come closer to the gold of Ice. You have come closer to the House of Metensia, where you eat from holy scales. 18. It will not burn away your stomach anymore, but it will be to your healing. You have come closer to the fruits of the Blue Tree, where Michai had been given life.

Spricht

19. And yes, there will be a day on which your hands and feet are bound together by the sixth and the seventh nipple. 20. Yes, by their Eternal cords you will be like a fish in the water, having the sweet wounds of Michai. You will be carried to the angels of the winds and cool waters, and they will love you because you have brought comfort to the Heart of God. 21. Yes, angels will serve you, those who have the cords of the sixth and the seventh nipple. 22. And in Spricht you will see your hands and feet, and realize that they are with many. You will not be able to hit or touch them, you will not be able to move them. 23. And then you will wait until the Spirit of God touches you, and His winds will bring you into movement. Then you will be like the holy cuttlefish in the water, and rising up like the flying spider to move the stars, and to wash in cool waters. 24. Now you still work on the field, but later you will know enlightenment. You will eat from holy suns, and the ice will rise up in your stomach. 25. Oh, you who have let your feet be bound by Eternal Cords, you will receive the spiritboots, and your seed will bring you into movement. 26. Don't be sad about the blood, as it will be holy seed. The Tiger will also give birth to you again, and you will be led by your own seed, coming forth and brought forth by the winds of God. 27. Don't be sad when you see the wounds of Michai in your shoulders, as the birds of the heavens will descend on them, to lead you on Eternal Paths. In bliss are those who came closer to Spricht.

The Day of the Altar

28. And the Tiger spoke these words, standing in the Holy Ictempel on the Holy Mountain of God : There is a Day on which the Holy Altar has to be revived. 29. This Day will be called great. Then the spirits who had to do heavy work will be set free. 30. And he broke the seal of the tigers, and directed himself towards the North where the great shark came from, and said : Now is the day of freedom for those who worked in sweat and tears. Your blood will become seed, and you will plant trees. 31. Now is the day of rest, and you will find rest on your fields of labor. 32. Your

ploughshares will be melted to become altars, and you will know the Spirits of God. You will call your angels by their names.

The Sealing of the Word

33. And Michai stood up to lead those of the altar. 34. Great is the Day on which the Lord raises His Voice, to give rest to those of the altar. 35. And when the Tiger had spoken these words, an angel with seven winds in the arms came to seal the words. 36. Then there was rustle with thunder and lightning to lock the temple. 37. And those who had heard the Word of the Lords came to to rest.

5.

The Words of Metensia

1. And my tongue came into fire when I saw and heard these things, and a door was opened in the heaven. And I heard a voice calling : 'Come, for there are many more things which have to be shown.'

2. And the sharks of heaven brought me upstairs as by cool waters, and I saw Metensia sitting on her throne.

3. She was bathing in ice, and her glare was like the gold of Ice. And she spoke words from a hidden book called The Troiade. 4. She spoke the words of Metensia : I am the Queen of Softness. My name is Ship. My name is Metensia and live on the sea.

5. I carry this world on four fundamentals. I work with My Healing Hands a way to the books. I am the Spirit of Love. 6. I created the mothers and those who created them.

My house is built on nine pillars, a house in clouds and waters, where the ice reigns.

7. I defeated the virtues and powers of the sun, and have enemies under and at my feet. 8. I carry fifteen stars on My head, and seven holy books live in my heart. I deal with fire and sulphur. 9. I have defeated them. Under my feet they are, as a footstool of my throne. I live in ice and created the mothers of ice. 10. Inner Healing streams to those who approach Me. Four tigers stand before me, to be a guard, and my two eagles are sent continuously with my word. They do not rest, day nor night. Holy are they. 11. I share Wisdom in front of My gates. I am faithful to those who are faithful to me. 12. Visions are in my right hand, and dreams are in my left hand. Wake up, so that my angel of sleep will take you. 13. I have sent my arxels to you, to bring you through the hours of the night. Yes, my nightwatch is over you, from the first to the twelveth hour. 14. In the fifth nightwatch you will see the sea, and then cords will pull you to the new day.

The Rider on the Dragon

15. And then my throat began to burn and tingle, and I heard a voice saying : drink of the holy ice-waters of heaven, for you have to prophesy many more things. 16. And I was given a time of rest, until I reached the new morning. 17. Cool waters of heaven surrounded me and there were fires in my stomach. These were the fires of ice. 18. And again I drank from the waters, and these waters were sweet. 19. And a staff was put on my forehead and I saw visions stream from my hands. 20. These visions were bright as ice and waters surrounded them. 21. And then I was asked : Do you know the Spirits of God ? 22. A bitter Spirit stood before me with bitter tears which had wrapped him like scales. And then I was asked : Do you know the bitterness of God. 23. I saw the tears as thunderstones and hailstones fall on the earth, and rivers began to stream. Then the earth caught flame, and a loud voice spoke : Can you still wrap your treasures when Mura visits the earth. 24. And in her arms she bore a fox named Zurastael, and spoke : the secret of the fox is huge. In extasy are those who know the treasures of Zurastael. New veins will let them save the blood. 25. And the fox wore his crown as a helmet made of pure stones, and when he spoke I felt new blood flowing through my veins, and this blood began to burn like burning ice. 26. And then he spoke, saying : your blood will give birth to the seed, the seed of ice. It will burn as a torch in the night, to lead those who give rest to rest. 27. Your fear will become like stone, and no one will be of power to break it. 28. Your fears have led you to the ice, and to the book of Zurastael. 29. And before my eyes a book was opened with golden letters in stones, and before my eyes the letters began to change and move, and visions came forth from them. 30. And again Zurastael spoke, saying : You who seek the light will be sucked up by stone. In extasy are those who find the eternal stone, for eternal veins will save the blood there. 31. And pure lights fell on me like cool waters and I felt ground below my feet, hard as stone, while it was glowing. 32. And a voice of the altar spoke, saying : In extasy are the dead who die in Zurastael from now on. 33. And I saw thrones of the sea coming up, and altars from the insides of the earth, and I saw graves opening, while the regions and the directions of the wind gave their dead. 34. The sea gave her dead and the insides of the earth gave their dead, and also the mountains, the rivers, and the nests of birds.

35. Books were opened and altars caught flame. And a voice spoke, saying : This is the day the dead have to be given back. 36. And the lights of the firmaments began to give their dead, and the suns and moons began to spit them out and bowed. 37. And again a voice spoke : The light of Zurastael has come and the darkness was not able to split it. In extasy are those who die in Him now, for they will find rest. 38. And I saw the market falling like a star out of the heaven, and the market began to scream on the earth to accuse the saints. 39. And they got bitten by scorpions for half of the day. And the merchants began to give their dead. 40. They worshipped the rider on the dragon. This rider had the face of a human. And slave and master, merchant and

customer, Jew and Greek, they all bowed for the rider on the dragon in astonishment, saying : Who can ride the dragon ? 41. How is it possible that a human rides the dragon. And they followed the rider of the dragon as having a bartender of spirit. 42. And the rider of the dragon came to the fox and broke it's neck. 43. Then a weeping burts forth from the heavens, while women wept for sixty days and nights. After those sixty days it was spoken : In extasy are those who have the wound of Zurastael. 44. And again the women began to weep and mourn over the fox, until the angel Sarsia brought him before the face of God. 45. But also the rider of the dragon came to present himself before God after having crossed the earth. 46. He battled against the angel Sarsia over the body of Zurastael for sixty days and nights, while Sarsia didn't dare to speak a word. 47. After the sixty days and nights the Lion before the face of God began to speak. These are the words of the holy Eminius. 48. And while he spoke, mountains of fire and ice came forth from his mouth, and seas of fire and ice came forth from his tail. 49. All these words were sealed and the rider of the dragon was laid on the altar. 50. And from the altar a black panther came to devour the rider of the dragon. Heavy hailstones came on the earth to split the ships of merchants. 51. And a snake locked up in the insides of the earth from the beginning broke free. And a voice spoke : Now the seal of snakes has been broken 52. Woe to those who live on the earth. In extasy are those who eat from the medicin of Zurastael, and who drink of his syrop. 53. In extasy are those who carry the venom of snakes within them, for they will be purified. 54. And the flower of God came to live to devour the seed of the rider of the dragon. And she was given the adornments of the heavens, and she brought drunkenness over the followers of Zurastael.

The fall of women

55. And I saw a sign in the heaven under which four panthers were given life by birth, and they crossed the earth to build the temple. 56. And this temple was full of ice, while lions started to burn, to speak the words of sulphur. 57. And Eminius became a king on earth, and many followed him. And women began to shout and sing : Thank to God who has sent His prophet, who changes blood into burning seed. 58. And a hedge of herbs began to grow on earth, and it's thorns began to persecute the prophets of God. 59. And women with the herbs of Eminius in their hair tried to lure apostles and judges in traps, while they began to worship the hedge. 60. And the hedge was called the doghedge. Since then Eminius started to draw himself back in the desert, and snakes of the fields served him. 61. And these days have been called the fall of women. 62. And the woman of the dogs began to sing her songs and sold them, but she was defeated by Michai without words. 63. And one third of the fallen women died, while the other parttried to mislead the predictates and the hermitates to earthly sin and prostitution. 64. Stand strong in the days of temptation, and leave your

possessions behind. 65. Sell your wife and children to the Spirits of God, so that the Lord will give you the Spirit of Ice. 66. Let then your temple be built by holy attentates so that you will come to the crown of the anfitate. 67. Put then on the spiritboots, you who wear the helmet and the armor, so that you will stand strong in the days of seduction. 68. See, the spiritboots of Eminius burning with fire and ice lays before you. Then you will see the evil days flee. 69. In bliss are those who have the wounds of Eminius.

The leather of the enemy

70. And those days the Name of Eminius became bigger in the heavens. And he brought new wines, bile and molten metals to the altars, in which the new weapons were forged. 71. In these days the temples and the altars got big, and from the seed new boots came forth. And these days were big. 72. In bliss are those whose heads and hearts are shoed by the Spirits of God. 73. In bliss are those whose swords and shields have been shoed on holy altars. 74. And the leather of the enemy has to be cleaned in the ark of the temple for seven days and seven nights, and then it has to be cleaned in the scales of ice for forty months, and then it has to come back in the hands of Eminius. 75. So you have to bridle the horses and the dogs of the heavens, and you will not become a prey to the thorns of the earth. 76. And he who pulls the boats will lead you to the ark of lions, yes, for it will be a temple with many altars and many arks. 77. And you will not be able to bear the Glory of God. Let then the Name of Eminius become bigger in your hearts.

The race of the Ancialites

78. And I saw that the saints who had the wounds of Eminius had to be shoed for a period of eighty days. 79. And the leather of the enemy was gathered and brought to a separated room in the temple which was called the chamber of the boots. 80. And the boots of the anfitates had to be cleaned first for three days on the altars of the chamber. 81. And those who didn't have the wounds of Eminius were cast out. 82. and I heard a voice saying : Clean then the boots of anfitates and exorcists, and clean it with herbs and in scales with waters of moss and branches. 83. And the Holy Snake of the Altar of God blew over the boots, six rows of each thirty meters. 84. And the Spirit of God came over the boots, and the men began to speak in another language. 85. Now there were several women among them. Sonia and Diadiria were two names among them. But the Lord said : 'Separate the men and the women for me.' 86. And the women were brought to another chamber. 87. And then some of the men began to grumble, and they were devoured by the Fire of the Holy Snake of the Altar of God. And their number was seventy-eight. 88. These were the days of the Ancialites, a holy race of priests who served in the deeper temples. 89. They had not stained

themselves with women, but they were separated since their birth, and they had the Spirits of God as their women. 90. See then that you will not attach yourself to a whore, but love the Spirits of God. 91. And in this holy race from birth men and women are kept separated and they have to be ignorant of each others existence. 92. In those days it was under strict conditions that someone could enter the order of the Ancialiates. And the Lord was with them. 93. And they had access to the hidden places of the heavens, there where the snakes of the heavens dwelled. 94. And their boots were prepared in the ark of the snakes, and cleaned on the altars of snakes in a period of many years. 95. And they carried the wounds and scars of the Lords deep in their bodies and souls, and they were raised missing their parents. 96. They had to educate each other and the Lord was with them. 97. They had the least form of contact with the older people of their fate, and the encounters were often in darkness and with walls inbetween, and the older ones were often clothed in a purple or dark robe. 98. In the nights they were often visited by angels, but they also had to wrestle with the spirits of the abyss. 99. They lived in the depths of the heavens to serve the Lord in the secret ice-temples. 100. And I saw the priests who prepared and cleaned the boots in the wrong way. A fiery flame fell upon them and casted them in a deep abyss. 101. And I saw an angel descending to seal the pit with words which could not be uttered, and I heard voices as of thunder.

The war-angel

102. And there will be healing in the house of Zetdonia, where the saints bath in ice. Here the books are burning and in bliss are those whose Words are shoed. 103. And I saw sharks break free who had been locked up in icecubes for this hour. And they were with many. And the ice had to free the dead. 104. And again I saw thrones rising from the sea in big blue halls, and the angel Sarsia descended. 105. And I saw the many wounds of Zetdonia, and Sarsia would lead those who carried those wounds to places of Rest and Healing, where she would wipe all the tears from their eyes. 106. And Sarsia would be like a shepherdess for them, guarding them against the predators. 107. She would guide them along soft and cool waters to her home, where holy Knights were taken care of by angels. 108. You have come closer to the House of Sarsia, where her sisters take care of the saints and anoint them. 109. She is the nightwatch on the ship. 110. And these were the Words of Sarsia : My tears sill go through the bleating of sheep to bring my loved ones to sleep, and to bring them to My Home. 111. And when the lion roars I still give my beloved ones dreams. 112. Let yourself be guided by my nightwatch, to the fourth nightwatch.

113. And she led many angels, and she was as a rock in wild seas. 114. And her armory was made of the many beasts and dragons she had defeated. 115. She was a

war-angel, coming from steaming seas, and her name was big. And she led them through the dark ice.

6.

Morit

1. And Morit will not be forgotten. She will return to the garden of Genesis in the last of the days, and she will be with the Lord. 2. Spirit of Santra, Salvation of God, raise your voice in the deepest of the night. As a fisherwomen, you will bring her back, from blue waters. 3. Morit will not be forgotten. Her flame will burn in the temple. And the fishermen of God will honor her. Her name will be on their boats. 4. And in these days the Karazure will come to the earth, Metensia's catlike arxels. They are the predators of heaven. 5. And Metensia's waters will cover the earth, and the earth will catch flame, and the yellow shark will eat the earth. 6. And she will take the saints and the persecuted prophets out of their prisons with her birds, the karsuiks and the putses, and they will be brought to a safe place. 7. In Metensia's house they will rest for three days, and then they will be brought to the garden of Genesis, where they will be re-united with Morit. 8. And they will know Kabbernal, the spirit of Gods Altar.

The temptation of the prophets

9. In these days new visions will rise to the prophets. And from the altar a Spirit will ascend who is called Fire of Eminius. And this name will be big. 10. And then Eminius will establish Himself in a circle of altars, and the holy prayer will be restored among the nation. 11. And Eminius and the Fire of Eminius will ascend from the kettle of God. And the Fire of Eminius will deceive the fallen nation for thirty years, and they will forget the covenant. 12. And He will lead the holy people who have held on in the temptation to the winds of the fire. And they will be satisfied by the apples of the altar. 13. And the seed of Eminius will be called Izu. And this mystery is big. 14. And the prophets of God will prophesy to the fallen nation and to the fallen prophets for thousand and sixty-three days. They will sleep near treetrunks, and their words will not be believed. 15. And the prophets of God will shout to the heavens, but these will stay closed, until the days of temptation have come to an end. 16. and I saw a prophet rise up from the crowd with eyes of fire, and he brought confort to those in tribulation. 17. Then I saw that his eyes got pierced by a raging crowd, but the seed of Eminius who would be called Izu came to help him, and then for a long time ice streamed from his eyes, and times and waters were covered by glaciers. 18. And then the raging crowds began to shiver, saying : Yes, Izu is great. 19. And I saw a star falling from the heaven which covered one third of the raging crowds. And Eminius gave them apples, so that they would not mislead the nations

anymore. 20. There was also bread from the altar which was given to their predators, so that they would leave the saints alone. And the saints had rest for long days. 21. These predators were terrible, and the saints would still shiver for a long time. 22. In bliss is to which the Sword of Eminiis is given, for he will be able to eat from the Tree of Life.

The fall of the prophets

23. And in those days there was the Fate of the prophets and the prophetic races. 24. And they often served in the temple, and were sent as predators. 25. And the prophets of God in the desert had a small enlightenment, but they began to shout to the heaven : How long do our mouths stay sealed, and when will the seal of dogs be broken. This seal was very heavy, and they suffered in fiery pains. 26. And the Lord sent an arxel with small hope. And the arxel spoke : I can warm your hearts, with a small flame, but I cannot treat the wound, as the Lord has bound my hands. 27. And a door in the heaven was opened, and a vouce behind the door spoke : Let them be grafted on the prophetic races. 28. And there was a war between the prophets, a war as if there was never a war before. And this was called the fall of the prophets. 29. And the Lord brought a fire to the tree of prophets and there was a cleaning of eighty days. 30. And the Lord spoke : No longer will My Hand be on the unfaithful prophet. And the Lord brought the fallen prophets to a rock under the earth. 31. And this rock was called the dread of the apostles.

The doghedge

32. In those days the Lord let a clock be built in the tabernacle, and the hearts of the prophets came to rest. 33. And the Lord spoke these words : The days of the deception of the prophets are over. 34. And the hearts and words were tested to this clock. Also books were brought to the altar of the Lords. 35. And the Fire of the Lords consumed them.

36. And the races of the builders came before the Face of the Lords. And the Lord lighted a fire among them, to bring cleaning among them.

37. And the Lord moistened the ground of the earth with His Spirit, and let the garden of Genesis sprouted up on the earth. And Eminiis, the Spirit of the ark and the throne, was poured uit, and the winds of fire began to blow. 38. And the consciences of the saints were delivered from the spirits of the waters. 39. These were the days on which the heavens and the earth were created again. 40. In bliss are those who have come to the gates of the shark, the tiger and the lion. 41. And the flesh of kings and fallen ones was gathered, and the snakes of the heavens descended. 42. Also trees of sins and lies were cut off, and there was wood for seven years in the temple of the Lords. 43. And a voice spoke : Do you know the mystery of the doghedge ? 44. For at the end of the

hedge the woman of the catlikes sits, and she will rise up one time more to deceive the children of the kingdom. 45. And they will find comfort with the trees of the fields. And the earth was surprised and in wonder that the great fallen Jom had risen. 46. And in her hand she had a nipple-tree with which she could bind the souls of children. 47. And with seven false nipples and stars she could seal books and words. 48. And the children prayed to God, begging if He wanted to break the seal of dogs. 49. But the Lord sent His arxel, and this one spoke : I can give your hearts a little light, but I cannot remove the sting, for the Lord has spoken His Word. 50. And the children found a little rest.

51. And the Lord led the children to the heart and house of Marion, and their wounds were deep. And deep in the house of Marion the nipple-tree of the Spirit grew, from which the holy milk flew. 52. But the thorns of the Spirit were sharp, and many children left the Lord. 53. And these days were called the fall of the children. But the Lord took care of them, because they were like orphans. 54. And He led them to a rock, where they found eternal rest. And the Lord called this rock the rest of the hermitates.

The seals of the Utmirs

55. And the Lord spoke to me : Do you know the times of Utmir ? And the Lord gave a cup of stone of the altar to me, and while I drank it I trembled like I had never trembled before. 56. And the dread of the Lord fell on me, and I was shown a great mystery. 57. And the Lord spoke these words : 'Do you know the mystery of the Son of the Spirit ?' And I saw while I got intoxicated how the Lord created the heavens and the first earth. 58. And the Spirits of God came together, and I saw Metensia coming to her man Eminius, and she gave birth to Michai, the Son of the Spirit, who was sent to the earth, to an evil gender. 59. And they didn't want him. With Mura she gave birth to Marion, the Daughter of the Spirit, and the sounds in the heaven were great. And she was also sent to an evil gender, and they didn't want her. 60. Then the child of foxes was given birth to with the Lord, and was sent to the earth to become a great prophet and a saint for these days. 61. But they didn't want him around, and he built the holy pillar. Yes, he has given Mura to the earth, the Spirit of God who was over the darkness. 62. Yes, darkness has been given to the earth by the Lord, so that the do-ers of evil would be destroyed. Yes, the Lords have established a deceiver, with eyes of fireflames. 63. And Michai sent his angel, Sarsia, to the ends of the earth, to bring there destructions, and spoke : 'Yes, the Judgement of the Lords is great.' 64. And he spoke this through his Spirit, Eminius.

65. In bliss are those who have reached the third Utmir, and see the Spirit of Zurastael. And this is a great mystery. In bliss are those who find the gates of heaven

under the earth, for they will see Metensia. 66. And you of the fourth Utmir, don't let yourself be tempted to keep the seals of the Utmirs. 67. And I saw a great lion appearing in the midst of the heavens and the temple. 68. And I heard a voice saying : Open then now the seal of dogs, to open the scrolls of the third Utmir. 69. And I saw an arxel calling, standing next to the lion. And a white shark of the heavens descended. 70. And he gave a flute of the spirits to the anfitates who had been faithful to the Lord. And I saw that by the sound of the Spirits the nighttrouper came. 71. And the arxels came from their holes, and from places where they had been hidden. 72. As for a long time they had to battle in the sea and in the inner earth and under the earthround, for their time to reveal themselves to the saints had not come yet. 73. And they had unknown cords for a long time, inbetween them and the ones in bliss. 74. And they had to wage war against the gender of abers.

75. And the dogs of Okil were not found in the heavens anymore, after the seal had been broken. 76. And they were led by the flute of the spirits to a rock under the sea. 77. And this place was called the grave of the hermitates. 78. And the attentates of God asked the ones who had the flute of the spirits : Play for us, and take us with you to the nighttrouper. 79. And I heard another voice saying : Open then now the seal of the second Utmir. And there was a silence in the heaven of thirty-eight hours. 80. And I saw the House of Marion ascending to fill the earth. 81. And then I saw a Spirit coming from the altar to break the seal of the first Utmir. 82. And the old abers were driven out of the holy cities, by the cords of Michai and the Genesis.

83. And I saw a heavengate opened, and I saw the Genesis hover over the waters in a cloud between the waters above the earth. 84. And I saw a ship named the doveballoon. And from this balloon the arxels of Metensia came to spread themselves as nets over the earth. 85. And they were called the putses, the karsuiks and the karazure. 86. And in these days Kabbernal, the Spirit of the Altar, began to grasp the disciples of Michai, and began to pour out on all souls. 87. And drunkenness fell on the nighttrouper, and the holy fire grasped the first ones of Marion. 88. And these came from a great tribulation.

The temple of Metensia

89. And I came to the temple of Metensia, where the waters of flowers went through tubes, and where the flames of the holy fruits were. 90. And I saw Metensia, the Spirit of the Lord, bathing in the templebath. And her altar brought forth watery sounds, and so I was in the cloud of the lords. 91. And I saw her becoming a city and a region, a field of the Lords, where the saints could live for eternity. 92. And she wiped all their tears away. And the inhabitants of the city sang a song which only they knew. 93. And Metensia led them in drunkenness to the deeper forests of her Spirit. 94.

And no one could live in her city but the ones who bore her seal. And this sign was a watermark. 95. And Metensia began to pour out on those who bore her Spirit. And more altars were raised, and they spoke justice in marble halls. 96. And she restored the office of women, and educated a sea of priestesses to the Lord. 98. In those days the blossom of the heavens sprouted up, and the flowers of the fields brought those who held on to the ice to drunkenness. 99. And Metensia brought many to intoxication.

The Times of the Lords

100. And then the Lord led me to a mountain and I was carried to the temple of Eminius. And when I had reached the gates of his temple, I fell down in intoxication. 101. And the Lord spoke that when I would be able to open the seal of His temple, I would be carried up to new heavens. 102. These would be the first heavens, which already existed before the creation of the heaven-regions. 103. And the seal began to open by a hymn.

104. Eminius, praise comes to Your gates. 105. Praise from far comes to You, You great mystery, now unlocked. Your tears I am reaching now. I will drink the cup of tears to the last drop, and be one with You, for ever, Spirit of God. To know You, where Your Wind is coming from, is worth more to me than the instruments of war. 106. I want to suffer with You, and to die with You, to reach Your heavengate. The victory isn't of worth to me. 107. I want to live in Your heart, oh Lord, and drying all your tears, and bear them ever again. 108. Eminius, Lion of the past, I want to know Your war-secrets, and laying down my own weapons. 109. I want to burn my books, to read your books.

110. And I saw the times of Eminius, and before that the times of Metensia. And these were the Times of the Lord. At Metensia the Lord gave birth to the snakes of the heavens. 111. I also saw the times of Kabbernal, far before these creations.

112. And Kabbernal became great as a city of the Lords, and those who dwelled in the city drank the Tears of the Lords. 113. and there was Rest in the Tears of the Lords, and the Lord showed the blossom of His heart. In those days the worldships were on the earth, and they wrapped each other with jewelry of old stories. 114. And the Lord made known all His Tears and great Rest came to the gates of kabbernal. 115. And the fire of His Tears began to wash the earth. These were the days of the burning soap. 116. And the Lord led them from Rest to Rest.

117. In the Tears of the Lords is the holy seed. And I saw the genders of the prophets separating themselves to serve the Lord. I also saw the genders of the apostles, fourteen in number, and they had saved the blood in the veins of the Spirits. And I saw a new body of the Spirits appearing.

The New Revelation II

1.

The Sea of Ice

1. And I saw a big dragon coming from the sea of ice. And this dragon had the name Iptus.
2. Am I scared of his big heart, where souls get crashed between his walls, where he breaths, living of the death ?
3. And I saw a lionheart with a crown, coming from the sea of ice, to fill the surface of the earth and to take it in.
4. Am I scared of this big heart, where souls get crashed between his walls, where it breaths, living from the death.
5. And I saw a motherheart, with mothergrief, searching for her child, but it wasn't there anymore.
6. Am I scared of the motherheart, the bearheart, devouring everything in her rage, where souls get crashed between her walls, where she breaths, living from the death ?
7. And I saw an even bigger dragon coming up from the sea of ice, to devour the motherheart.
8. And the cold came over the earth. Am I scared when the motherheart and the heart of the child do not exist anymore ?
9. And I saw a great white crowd, driven by the wind, while wolves came forth from the heart of the earth to devour them.
10. And these days were called the Big America.
11. And I fell to my knees and the spirit of God took me up, and took me to an old barn where the Eternal Food was.
12. And then the Spirit spoke : 'Eat, so that you will watch the visions which will give you insight about the last of the days.'
13. And when I ate of the food, my stomach began to sting as through the heat, but my legs became sweet as honey.
14. And the Spirit spoke : Come then up, then we will go together to the door of the Late Days.
15. And I saw a door opened and the Spirit of God took me up.
16. And I saw the Big America sitting as a hippopotamus at many waters.

17. And the Soul of the Lords came to me and touched me, saying : Many atrocities have come to this land, and many atrocities have come forward from this land.

18. And I saw swarms of flies coming to devour the hippopotamus. And the Soul of the Lords spoke : 'Much meat this nation has eaten, and many have eaten of her meat.

19. And the arxel of the sea of ice walked to the dragon and cast him into a cave and sealed it.

20. And I heard whining like the whining of cats.

2.

The Day of Flesh

1. And in those days the hedge of the Lords became big and a goat made itself big against the stars.

2. But without sound the goat got covered by the hedge of the Lords. And a kettle began to make itself big against the stars, but without sound the kettle got covered by the hedge of the Lords.

3. And the Spirit spoke : These days were called the Big Spain.

4. And the Soul of the Lords made itself big, and covered the hedge of the Lords.

5. And I ate from the hedge of the Lords, of eternal fruits, and the Soul of the Lords came into me.

6. And I was led to a barren area where savage catlikes sat.

7. They were waiting for someone who could deliver them from thirst, but there was no one.

8. And then I saw a star falling from the heaven and the desert got fertile.

9. And the Lord spoke these words : Now the Big Spain has fallen.

10. And again I heard whining. And the Lord stood before me in his fiery vehicle.

11. And His Spirit spoke : 'Come, so that I can show you things.' And the Spirit took me up to the vehicle of the Lords, and again I was led to a barren area.

12. Here I saw the flames of the Lords, and they bore cards on their shoulders. And they moved like predictates.

13. And they had the gifts of the holy flesh.

14. And from the Flesh of the Lords prophesy came and all kinds of tongues, and they did great miracles.

15. And the Lord spoke : 'In bliss are them who have come to the altar of flesh, for this flesh is eternal.'

16. And the Soul of the Lords came to cover the altar.

17. And I saw them who were stripped of flesh, and they were covered with eternal flesh.

18. And a huge crowd came to the fireflames of the Lords, and the Lord spoke : 'In bliss are them who have come to the ark of flesh.'

19. And when the ark began to speak many fell like dead on the ground.

20. And from those days the hedge of the Lords began to become flesh.

3.

The Tear of Flesh

1. Yes, in bliss are them who believe that the flower has become flesh, as the Word of God.

2. And in bliss are them who believe that the hedge of the Spirit has become flesh, for they will receive the gifts of flesh.

3. And they will create a new earth.

4. Pay then close attention, for the Spirit has become like the Soul of the Lords to drive the winds of the waters.

5. And the Souls of the Lords soar over the caves and waters of the earth, and over the waters which are above the earth.

6. Yes, they soar over the heavens to cover them in the last hour.

7. Let then the Souls of the Lord lead you to the ark of flesh. Then you will receive the eternal flesh.

8. Yes, the walls will become flesh to testify, and they will be the judges of the new earth.

9. You have approached an earth of flesh. An earth where they can't eat each other away anymore, for the flesh of the Lords is eternal.

10. And the teeth of the earth became flesh, and they couldn't bite each other anymore.

11. And the temples totally became flesh, so that the priests couldn't do unholy acts anymore. And the altar began to speak.

12. And the altar spoke these words : 'Now it is the time then that everything will become flesh, and nothing is able to hide from the face of the Lords.'

13. And the arxels of the Lord bore cards on their shoulders, and the deliciousnesses of God began to be revealed.

14. You then have become flesh in the tear of the Lords. Yes, watch, the tear of the Lords has become flesh.

15. You then, let the Word of the Lords become flesh in you, and His Tears.

16. On this the total law is built.

17. Yes, watch then, and acknowledge that the law of the Lords is flesh.

18. Let yourself then being bound by Eternal Ropes of flesh, so that your spirit can become flesh.

19. And this flesh is eternal.

The sea of flesh

20. And I saw them who worshipped the Holy Flesh, and they had no rest, day nor night. And they brought the Holy Tears in bowls to the earth, so that there would be miracles of flesh.

21. And they who drank from the tears came into intoxication and received the gifts and works of flesh.

22. And they had access to the flowers of flesh before the altar of God, and the seven pieces of flesh before the ark of the Lords.

23. And they had books which had become flesh, and the pieces of flesh of God were submitted to them.

24. And the Holy Flesh spoke to them in the temple : 'Watch, the hour has come that the tables of the laws have become flesh.'

25. And the books found a house in their hearts, and they were led to the waters of Kabbernal.

26. And I saw a sea of flesh, and a great crowd standing before her gates. And I saw the Karazure coming to give access to them who bore the seal of Metensia to the sea. They had the flesh of ice and fire. And I heard a scream in the heavens and a door closed.

27. And Metensia became flesh in them, bearing the flower of heaven, and they had the body as of the Lord.

28. And Metensia became for them as a Soul and as an Arm.

4.

The Milk of the Lords

1. And it was given to Metensia to become an Eternity, as a pearl glittering in the sun.
2. Bring then comfort to her heart, for her wounds are many.
3. And also to Kabbernal it was given to become an Eternity, with Matas, Eminijs, Santra and Mura.
4. And the Spirits of God became as Eternities, and to them the Eternal Spirit and the Spirit of all Eternities was born.
5. And they came to each other in Souls to become one flesh.
6. And that's why the mystery of flesh is big, because it directs to the oneness of the Spirits of God.
7. And the Fleshes of the Lords came to maturity to lead the saints, and to dry many tears.
8. Yes, they came together in the tear and became one flesh.
9. And the Double Lord showed me the atrocities of the earth, the days in which they married.
10. And the Lord spoke : Only the prophets are allowed to marry, and He spoke about a big mystery with this.
11. And the Lord took me up and led me to a desert. And I saw there a spirit wandering with seventy chains around itself.
12. And the lord spoke, saying : These chains are the unholy covenants made by My nation.
13. And the Lord poured water in the mouth of his spirit and broke the chains saying : the days of the unholy covenant are over. From now on only the prophets are allowed to marry.
14. And the lord spoke : In bliss are them who marry by prophets, and in bliss are them who haven't stained themselves with women, because they will bear the seal of the Lords, and they have been delivered to the Spirits of God.
15. And again the Lord took me up, and gave me to His Spirit.
16. And the Spirit of God spoke : In bliss are them who have become flesh by the Spirit.
17. And the Lord fed white bread to the predators in the desert.

18. And the Lord spoke, saying : Now the days have come that the saints will be satisfied by the milk of the Lords and the honey of flesh.
19. Now the days have come that the nipples of the Lords will become flesh, to full satisfaction of them who search for Him thoroughly.
20. And the Lord appeared in stainless white, and lightning appeared beside him, as a light that fell over the surface of the earth.
21. And I saw them who came out of the desert of temptation, and the milk of the Lords flowed like light around their heads, until they bathed in the milk of the Lords. And they were satisfied in all eternities.
22. And I saw them who had married the women of the earth and the black women to take the fruit of eternity back to the temple. And they got crowns of milk and nipples to feed the hungry predators of the heaven.
23. And they were like arxels before the Lord, and the serpents of Metensia honoured them and served them. And they were led to the bones of the Lords.
24. And they found gigantic rest in the nipples of the bone of the Lords, and they gave honour to the stars of Metensia.
25. In bliss are those who bear those nipples on their stomach, for they have an eternal armor, and in bliss are them who have their heads sealed with nipples, for they will receive eternal visions.
26. Strive then after the eternal gifts, and you will live like the streams.
27. And I saw arxels appearing of eternal prophesy in the temples of the heaven and they bore bowls of milk of the Lords, and they had shoes of nipples.
28. And they stood on the holy rock of the Lords, and they began to pour the bowls out over the surface of the earth and the heavens.
29. And the lord spoke these words : In bliss is he who drinks from the milk of the Lords, for he will be guided on eternal paths.
30. And the surface of the earth got as in fire, and was devoured by the winds.

The valley dry bones

31. And I saw the holy nipple becoming large on the mount of the Lord, and burning as a fire, where it changed into bone. And a voice spoke: Now the word of the lord has become bone. And I saw the bone devouring the flesh, and the lord spoke: Gloriously are those who are devoured by the carnivores of the earth, because for them is the kingdom of god.

32. And I saw those who had been devoured by carnivores appearing before gods throne, and they got a staff of bone to be dominators as kings.

33. And the Lord spoke : Know then that only those who are devoured by carnivores can approach Michai.

34. And in those days many who had been devoured by carnivores came to Michai. And they found a light comfort with each other.

35. And I came in a valley of dry bones after drinking from the nipples of the bones, and I also saw ash lying there. And between these bones lay the eternal bones of the Lord. And when I touched these bones gifts came over me, and I started to prophesy. Also I spoke in strange languages, and my hands were as lit by fire.

36. And the Lord spoke to me, saying: The bone cannot devour the eternal flesh, and gloriously he that carries the eternal bone, because his bones will not be broken, and concerning him death has no power. He that has seen the eternal nipple on the eternal bone for always satisfied will he be. And I was dazzled by a light, and could not see anything for considerable time.

37. And then the Lord raised me up, and descended then to a place called the old America.

38. And I saw the faces of three tribal chiefs carved in bone, and they carried a glowing nipple on their face.

39. And the Lord covered the nipples and darkness reached the place.

40 And the Lord asked if I wanted to know the mystery of the three tribal chiefs in the bone and I agreed.

41. Then the Lord spoke these words, saying: The three tribal chiefs are three spirits which monitor the treasures of the earth. Those treasures are only to be found in the deepest darkness, in the deepest ice and there where the spirits with the most heads live.

42. Only those who are devoured by the spirits of god can come there, to the place where the holy feet of the lord stand.

43. And the lord devoured me in love.

Acha

44. And I felt what it was like to stand on the rock, and I realised that this was the altar of the Lords. And the altar bore the name Acha, and stood like a dark man before me. And the Spirit of God fell on me and brought me in intoxication.

45. And I got a black staff in my hand and that staff was called the Holy Devouring. And the Lord struck many by this staff to bring them to rebirth.

46. And Acha bore the honey of the Lords to the ark, where holy songs appeared.

47. And the staff was as the flute of the spirit.

The Eternal Prayer

48. And the Lord spoke : In bliss are those who have approached Acha, and in bliss are those who eat of his fruits. And I saw a great crowd of those who were devoured who became the riders of those who had devoured them.
49. And these riders were dark and full of ice.
50. And they had cards on their shoulders, by which their faces changed.
51. And no one could follow them, and no one could sing their songs but themselves.
52. And they bore an eternal armor with names which no one knew but themselves.
53. And they had the power to heal eternal wounds, and they bore strange, foreign scars.
54. And they came to restore the holy and eternal prayer, and they taught the harvest of the earth to pray these words : Let us not celebrate the works of the abers, but bind our tongues and lead us to Kabbernal.
55. Let it be that it is You speaking when we speak.
56. And let your holy arxels watch over the hidden corners of our mouths.
57. Let it be your breath when we breath, and teach us the words of Metensia. Write them on the tables of our soul.
58. Bind our heads with your holy ropes, so that we think the thoughts of Metensia, in her visions of flesh.
59. Give our thinking flesh and bone, with wings of your spirit.
60. Let Eminius be our counselor, and let Matas guide us to the depths of existence.
61. Hear our prayer and teach us to pray eternal prayers to recover your eternal laws.
62. Pour then the holy eternal soul out on us, and guide us to eternal fields.
63. Let us not forget about the law of the holy devouring, and give us the heart of Michai.
64. Let us not slide away in endless begging for your Spirit but let us be like your Spirit.
65. Teach us to offer to your Spirit, and teach us to lure your spirit as a lover.
66. Teach us to pay with pure money. Metensia Eminius.
67. And I saw an eternal ark coming forth with eternal prayers, and the souls of the saints got satisfied.
68. And to the saints was granted eternal visions, so that they received eternal cures.
69. There were also knights who were in business with the earth, and they had chosen themselves women as signs of buying and selling. And those women were like wounds in their souls.

70. And they suffered for a long time under the oppressions of the women, until a door in heaven opened, and they received the marks and signs of the Spirits.

71. And these marks and signs were as eternal visions which had become flesh.

72. And they gathered the marks and signs as cards of the night troupers, and took them to their shoulders.

73. And they held on to the holy Wounds of the Lords, from where sweet honey flowed.

74. And they taught eternal songs and brought comfort to the heart of the Lords.

75. And in those days the night troupers were on earth to bring healing to the hearts of many.

The New Revelation III

1.

The Appearing of Baccus

1. And I saw a two-headed thistle-serpent appearing in the heaven, and it's power was big. And when he opened his mouths he spoke unintelligible words of gigantic authority.

2. And I didn't have the power to know the translation or to write something down of it. And the beast kept on roaring.

3. Like this the appearing of the beast of the Lords will be. And rivers came forth from the rocks, and trees showed their power.

4. And I saw a rider having the name : the hell, sitting on a reddish horse, and the kingdom of hell followed him.

5. And he had a cup in his name called Baccus, and that name became great on earth. And in that cup there was wine which never ran out, while the wine began to stream.

6. And I saw them of the realm of hell and them who lived on earth drowning in the wine. And watch, the cup named Baccus became flesh, and got the power to deceive many.

7. And he spread a number which was given to everyone who lived on the earth or in the hell, and this number was twothousand sixhundred and sixty-six.

8. And all those who received the mark followed the cup which had become flesh to a rock. And a great laughing rose to the heavens, but the heaven was weeping and trembled on her foundations.

9. And a pearl appeared in the heaven, red as wine, and split in two. And the Lord spoke : 'Mix then now the meal and the wine.'

The Battle against Baccus

10. And Baccus battled against the saints, and they found comfort with old books.

11. From the mouths of the beast of the Lords, books came forth, but none of the saints was able to read it, for it was written in another language. And the saints wept for thousand and sixty-three days.

12. And after those days the Lord grasped Baccus and broke him. And a weeping rose up from the earth and the hell and they called : 'Now the cup of the whores has been broken. Who will find salvation ?'

13. And the earth broke open in four parts and swallowed the kingdom of hell. And watch, the horse on which the rider called hell sat, had three eyes, and fire came from these.

14. And Baccus began to speak words to the most high, and complained because of the plagues the Lord had sent. And again the Lord descended and broke the jaw of Baccus.

15. And there was a silence of thirty hours in the heavens, and the earth began to bring forth new growth. And the Lord spoke : 'Watch, for Baccus will be broken three times.'

The Recovery of the apostles

16. And in those days the wine of the Lords began to flow, and they who were in the inflammation for the sake of the Lord, became like thistles, and followed the two-headed thistle-serpent. And the Lord began to roar those days, and a two-headed lion appeared in the heaven.

17. And this one began to read from the books of the thistle-serpent and translated it for the saints. And the Lord spoke : 'Now the office of the apostles has been restored, and they won't be persecuted anymore in My temples.' And the Lord gave rest to his apostles, and to their generations.

2.

The lamb of Baccus

1. And the Lord took Baccus to a great oven and broke the feet of Baccus. And the wines of the heaven began to equip the saints to the last of the days. And they bore the wounds of the second Christ and the second prophets in their feet.

2. And the Lord spoke : Woe to them who live on the earth and in the hell, for the two-headed ones have been sent to them. And I saw a two-headed eagle tearing a lamb. This then was a false lamb which they honoured.

3. And the lamb gave light to blind the two-headed eagle. Then I saw a two-headed shark coming who devoured the light of the lamb. But the torn lamb began to raise gigantic words to the heavens, and gigantic troubles came to the prophets and their generations.

4. And they fell to the ground like intoxicated, and many began to turn themselves against the Lord. This then is the fall of the prophets.

5. And the lamb then searched for comfort with Baccus, but the fire of the great oven had consumed him, but the lamb didn't know that.

6. And when the lamb came to the remnant of Baccus, it wept for forty-six days.

7. And many saints got compassion with the lamb, also a few who were of the Lord.

8. But the wrath of the Lord came against the lamb and against those who had compassion, and the great oven consumed them all. And great fear fell upon the remnant of the prophets and they were ill for a certain time and they got visions.

The Salvation of the Wine

9. And watch, the reddish horse got a second head, and deceiving books came forth from his mouth to mislead many. And the books had power to let fire descend from the clouds. And great fear came to those who read the books.

10. And the Lord gave me a key to open the forty-six bloodlines of the prophets, and that night I had many nightvisions. And the Lord spoke : 'Now the veins of the prophets have been opened the wine will be saved and won't fall to earth anymore.'

11. And the Lord let the seed and the herbs stream between the wines.

3.

The necessity of punishment

1. And the Lord brought a burning wind to the prophets in the tribulation, and said : 'From now on the apostle will be the father of the prophet. Cursed is every apostle who doesn't punish his sons and cursed is every apostle who doesn't cover his sons.'

2. And the Lord gave his prophets hairy cloaks and hairy blankets and spoke that they had to live in the desert for a certain time.

3. And the Lord burnt many books which tormented the heads of the prophets. And the Lord gave them a new book. In bliss are they who read the words of this book, understanding it and act upon it, for they will be called kings of the Lords and pourers of the second wine.

4. And the Lord brought pourers to them who lived in the desert, and showed them the bloodlines of the angels.

5. And they who were judges bore the flames of bliss, and they were the fathers of the apostles. And they did great miracles and signs. They had the power to let the animals of heaven appear on earth.

6. And the Lord showed me the bloodline of the two-headed one, and this generation was big. And I bowed for them in the heaven to where I was taken up, but the Lord spoke : 'Come and stand right on your feet. They have eaten from the bitter fruits of Rietel, and they have become pure through the second Mura.'

7. And I saw that they who had lived pure in the first three Utmirs became angels in the fourth Utmir.

8. And the two-headed ones had access to the deepest holinesses of God in his purest tabernacles.

9. Yes, they were the ones who had to move the glowing coals of the most holy altars and arks.

10. And their power was big, for they were full of the suffering and dying of the Lords, and they worshipped the Soul of the Lords with their wings day by day, while they had no rest at all.

11. And I saw the Lord sitting like a sevenheaded beast on His Throne. And he said : Yes, seven times will slide over the surface of the earth to purify her, and then she will be completely of the lord.

12. And these words were big, and I saw tongues of fire coming out of the heads of the beasts.

13. And the Lord spoke : Many will come to decipher these words, but only they who live in the powers of the lords will have the knowledge to decipher the words.

14. And the beast had seven wounds looking like a sheep, with mouths like a snake and ducks. And like this the appearance of the lords was. And the lords spoke : Watch the dragon of the lords. You are in bliss and blessed that you have come here. And what I saw then I could not write.

4.

1. And after the thing which couldn't be written I watched a burning bush with a million branches. And suddenly the bush changed into the head of a lion, and this lion spoke words which couldn't be counted.

2. And I saw them who were to decipher the heavens and their measures, and they had palmleaves in their hands by which they waved. And they stood before a gigantic sea. And this sea was full of wine, mixed with fire and ice.

3. And these had overcome the blasphemous beasts of the second. And they had eyes like birds and in these eyes there were the tides as ebb and flow, and these eyes were gigantic.

4. And their number was two-million and hundred and forty-four thousand, and they sang the song pf the second Moses. And they had been paid free from all the tribes of the apostles and prophets.

5. And they were pure in the eyes of the Lord, stainless from women, and their blood was a shelter against the second serpent and his generations after, for they had mixed their with the precious Second Blood of the Lords. And they had access to the second millenium kingdom of the Lords.

6. And the second Abraham had smeared the blood of the altar at the sides of their doors, so that the third and the fourth death couldn't find them.

7. And they were in bliss in Abrahams womb and drank wine of his holy beard, and they were completely satisfied by the milk of the breasts of the second Sara. And she was also called the Sarhah of the Lords, and this place was sweet.

8. And the angel Torio descended to me, and gave me the key to open the bloodline of the three-headed ones. And they had huge powers in the second millenium kingdom, for the Lord had spared them for those days.

9. And they had the fingers of Spricht to open chains, and the Lord blessed them.

10. Trust the Lord your God, for he has sent the three-headed ones to you to guard the gates of the night. And they will sweeten many wounds. And the Lord spoke : The days are short.

11. Take then the second gospel of God and preach it to the whole creation to second salvation. And he spoke about the mystery of the second spirit.

12. Let then your heart been sprinkled by the holy blood of the second christ, and be one with him, as with the animal of your spirit.

13. And his horses started to burn, and he disappeared. Then the angel Torio came to me again, and laid a glowing coal in my heart, and spoke, saying : Watch, you are anointed before the face of the lords to do his works. And he was like the angel of the three-headed ones.

14. And he spoke the words to an eternal fellowship : Stay then in Love and begin to preach the words of mercy to the fellowship, and from there to the four outer corners of the earth. And teach them the mysteries of the second wine and the suffering.

15. Leave them who don't want to accept the ice behind and don't let them disturb you. They are like the dust of the wind and they will perish. But them who know the ice will live to all eternities, and they will learn and take of the hidden things of the heaven.

16. In bliss are they who hears these words and act upon them. And the second kingdom of peace of the lords took possession of me and the angel disappeared.

5.

The Appearing of the Second Christ

1. In bliss are those who have approached Spricht. For they will go from salvation to salvation. Yes, for the Lord has many salvations for those who search for him.

2. And the Lord marks His loved ones by fire and ice, with the precious things of Zetdonia.

3. Open then the gates for the Lord, so that you will find access in Him.

4. And I saw the second Christ standing and I fell like dead before his feet. And I saw several white thin towels around his head and between his hair. His hair was white, and his eyes were like the morning blue. And He spoke : See, I have been dead, and now alive to all eternities.

5. I am the first and the last, bearing the keys of the death, the hell and the temples. And his face shone like the full lightning, and I felt like all my blood streamed out of me. And then He spoke : Write to the second churches that which I have to say.

To Ephese

6. Write to the second Ephese : You architects of the house of God, you have laid the building stones of his new church, and has cut away evil. You hate the evil, like the Lord hates the evil, and therefore the Lord has given you a pure altar.

7. And you haven't despised his ice, but let no one pump himself up in knowledge to boast. Focus on being a child and the suffering, so that you will save your souls in the day of the lords. That day will come like a fire.

8. Sharpen and wash your knowledge at the cross of the lords, so that it won't accuse you on that day. You will then eat the fruits of life, when you know the roots of the tree. Like this you will be in bliss and the Lord will give you His stone on your forehead, and let you eat from the most holy manna. This then is the second word.

To Smyrna

9. And write then to the church of the second Smyrna : The Lord knows your tribulations and your poverty, for you bear the second cross. Yes, you are young and has to suffer a lot to give the Word of God stature, and His temple.

10. You are then the seed on the temple-floor, but you will become as an altar. Don't fear when you come to stand before uncomfortable surprises. These things have to come to pass, and they are your keys to bliss. Yes, you will be measured to be a fitting member in the second church of God.

11. Let then the riddles of the Lords rejoice you and search for the source behind all things. Then you will receive the crown, and you will have no damage from the third and fourth death.

12. Give alarm to the temptation and know your enemy so that you won't suffer by your sins. The Lord has measured to you a certain ignorance, but don't let it stir you up to recklessness, but moreover to fear and shivering.

13. Shiver, you who are young, for you have many enemies. They will deliver you then to the synagogues of satans, and you will not be able to speak for a certain time. But the lord will purify your tongue and you will know the precious things of the silence.

To Pergamum

14. And write to the second Pergamum : The Lord knows your courage, and your work for orphans and widows. The Lord has seen how you have humbled yourself before his face. The lord has given you the wings of his eagle, to reach out to unreachable places, and so you have brought a great harvest.

15. You have learned to live in darkness, and you have learned the deliciousnesses of the ice. You have been then like fathers and mothers for the children, and you have led them through the darkness. You have been like an eye for those who did not have an eye, and as an ear for those who didn't have an ear.

16. You are blessed in many areas for you have followed the footsteps of the lords. But I have against you that you have despised the prophecies, and you have avoided teaching. Yes, you have been halfhearted before the face of the lords, and you have focussed your heart on subcases.

17. Keep then good track with your heart, so that the lord won't beat your heart. The lord will let the older ones being responsible, for they have received great light.

18. Let your heart not go to sleep again, but stand up, you who sleeps, and let the second christ shine over you.

To Tyatira

19. And write to the second Tyatira : Who has an eye sees what the Spirit shows the second churches. In bliss are those who know the depths of Spricht. You have received an eye for the small things of God, of uncountable value for his kingdom.

20. You have received great power and you know the art of the lords. Don't let your heart become weak, you who lives in the hidden, for the lord cares for you. He has sent his raven to feed you.

21. Let your heart not be afraid, those who live deep in the ice, for you will live of the ice like them who live through suffering. Let then everyone realise that he who bears the scars of the second christ has many shields.

To Sardes

22. Write to the second Sardes : And this speaks him with the bleeding sword and the copper rock : you know the laws of nature, but you have sinned deep. You know the laws of my spirit but you haven't submitted yourselves. Yes, you became gigantic on earth and in the heavens, but you didn't want to listen. And like this you have quenched my spirit, but you have repented and you have climbed high to me, and you do great works for my spirit. And the lord has given you a covering, and the lord has put you beside him.

23. The lord has made you white like snow, but still it is dark inside. The lord accepted you as sons, but you were sons of the satans. The lord gave you rings of gold, but you wore rings of darkness.

24. Hold then tight to the work God has done in you, for otherwise the lord will come to you and hit your work with the curse. But you have several among you with small sins, and those who have kept their clothes white.

25. They will go out before you to the lord, but if you return to the evil, then they will judge you like the second angels. Let then the trumpets of the lord revive you, and follow him who had the power to take life to the darkness.

To Galatie

26. Write to the churches of the second Galatie : You know then that wine flows from the wounds of the feet of the second christ, for he tread in his suffering the wine-press of the church, and that his feet stand in the second Israel now. You have been slaves then of the world, with chained feet, but the second christ has delivered you, by the blood which was flowing from his feet.

27. Yes, you have suffered with him in slavery and have carried the yoke with him. Because of this you are in bliss and you have arrived in the vineyards of God. Yes,

you are also in the second christ a second jew, and you have part in the treasures and riches of the second Israel.

28. As far as you are still slaves : You bear the chains of the lords. You then are bearers of his word and times, and you are made holy. Let no one estimate you as low.

To Colosse

29. And write to the churches of the second Colosse : This is what He with the golden sword sais : You have been lied to and scorned, because you wore my clothes. You know you had to go through the oven to be sifted sevenfold. Yes, I have sent them, and you have stumbled for a certain time.

30. You have fallen into the hands of reavers, but you know that these are my hands, and I will form you in them. Because of this : fear no evil, children, for I am the one leading you and feeding you. You have been in service to foreigners, in a foreign land, but I was there to teach you the mysteries of the spirit.

31. I have taught you in the deepest of the pit, and I did not have compassion for you. I had prepared a shelter for you. Good it is then to come to silence and good it is to be broken, for aren't you all gone astray.

32. I am the good herder, and have already come where you have your arrival. Know then that you have learned to know each other by the suffering, and by this you have broken through the walls of each others hearts. Be then connected to each other in the suffering, and the ice, for outside the wolves walk waiting to devour those who are lost and left behind.

6.

The Second Patmos

1. And I was on a place named the second Patmos, and the Lord lifted me up.

The New Revelation IV

1.

Netherworlds of the pythons

1. And these are then the netherworlds of the pythons : The first netherworld is called Karstir, the kaprun there Mosti and the karbuline Nortá. 2. The second netherworld is Ertra, the kaprun Valun, and the karbuline Estessee. The third netherworld is Mostarte, the kaprun Mila and the karbuline Vitarit. The fourth netherworld is Contime, the kaprun Selstel and the karbuline Vatinta. 3. The fifth netherworld is Monte, the kaprun Vita, and the karbuline Sijxet. The sixth netherworld is Gantet, the kaprun

Diox and the karbuline Vatrима. 4. The seventh netherworld is Otoletta, the kaprun Diodeim, and the karbuline Spatimette. So you will travel to the seventh netherworld of the pythons.

Netherworlds of the panthers

5. And these are the netherworlds of the panthers : The first netherworld is Ragmutte, the kaprun Iestet, the karbuline Gittaten. 6. The second netherworld is Flumas, the kaprun Vitesta, the karbuline Viatima. The third netherworld is Ragmutte the Second, and she is like the stomach of the python. 7. The kaprun is Mit Liten, the karbuline Haspahlen. The fourth netherworld is also the netherworld of bulls and cows, and she is Etmissen, also the stomach of a python. 8. So you will come to the fourth netherworld of panthers, and the kaprun is here Vitaten, the karbuline Gehehanen.

Netherworlds of the crocodiles

9. And these are the netherworlds of the crocodiles : The first netherworld is Hahennu, the kaprun Ifestates, and the karbuline Pronina. 10. The second netherworld is Fiatus, the cave of the pythons, and the kaprun there is Ifestates de Second, and the karbuline Fitanen. 11. The third netherworld is Kakuahnun, the kaprun there is Efeldiestus, and the karbuline is Fataken. And this is also the netherworld of the red indians and those of the yellow crocodile, where the stinging flowers are. 12. The fourth netherworld is Fastakus, the kaprun Fanderes, and the karbuline Fatok the Second. The seventh netherworld is Flatik, she of the stinging plants. The kaprun is Meestek and the karbulines Firtesses and Ebstess. 15. Make sure that you will enter to the seventh netherworld of the crocodiles, so that you come to the golden landscapes which lay beyond.

Several sorts of netherworlds and a warning

16. And so you will come to the netherworlds of rabbits and birds, and also to the netherworlds of the lions and the other wild cats. In bliss are those who come to the netherworlds of the bears and the ravens, for these are hidden well. 17. Watch yourself that you will not come to the netherworlds of the sharks before it is time, for this can put severe damage to your souls.

Netherworlds of bulls

18. And the first netherworld of the bulls is also the netherworld of the cows and the fourth netherworld of the panthers, and she is Etmissen, the stomach of a pythin, and the kaprun of the bulls is Hahora, and the karbuline of the bulls is Matenta. 19. And the second netherworld is Fumir, the kaprun Belsla, the karbuline Friktesses. The third netherworld is Ottenta, the kaprun Hovesse, the karbuline Fatania. The fourth netherworld to where the wild bulls come is Migtellet, the kaprun Hofdeien and the

karbuline Hachananna. 20. The fifth netherworld where the holy bulls in bliss come is Santelet, the kaprun Hesdeisen and the karbuline Spikma. The sixth netherworld where also the holy red indians come is Murta, the kaprun Hokdei and the karbuline Feiat. 21. The seventh netherworld is the stomach of the crocodile, and also the throne of the red indians, and she is Feitessa. The kaprun Futmua, and the karbuline Fateia. 22. The eighth netherworld is Muetess, the kaprun Fonta and the karbuline Feiatess. The ninth netherworld is the jewelry of the holy red indian women and she is Dokma, the kaprun Igatia and the karbuline Mogmok. 23. The tenth netherworld is Dodog, the kaprun Fogos, and the karbuline Imetess. The eleventh netherworld is Hagau, the kaprun Okten and the karbuline Diagmos. In bliss are those who have reached the tenth netherworld, for they will have black faces. The eleventh netherworld then is rest.

Netherworld of the sharks

24. and these are the netherworlds of the sharks. Machteld is the first netherworld, the kaprun Fitmas, the karbuline Fugtus. Immersta is the second netherworld, the kaprun is Okta, and the karbuline Ammeris. Judesta is the third netherworld, Fogta the kaprun and Richims the karbuline. 25. Jasmanen is the fourth netherworld, Rimta the kaprun and Eos the karbuline. Imranda is the fifth netherworld with Jotum as kaprun and Satal as the karbuline. Iksranduk is the sixth netherworld with Malipt as kaprun and Vianda as karbuline. 26. Rismus is the seventh netherworld with Oktakalip as kaprun and Rordatus as karbuline. Siuxanda is the eighth netherworld with Muktaksla as kaprun and estastesse as karbuline. Ornottes is the ninth netherworld with Ioktavus as kaprun and Dezout as karbuline. 27. Mignel is the tenth netherworld with Ekliptus as kaprun and Diamgas as karbuline. Hachness is the eleventh netherworld with Iupt as kaprun and Sliks as karbuline. 28. Rogtoot is the twelveth netherworld with Elsnik as kaprun and Vochtianda as karbuline. 29. Otsoot is the fourteenth netherworld with Anstals as kaprun and Orlasmus as karbuline.

Netherworlds of lions

30. and the first netherworld of lions is Horbes with Viaken as kaprun and Stesmenen as karbuline. The second netherworld is Harpenenzen with Votenok as kaprun and Laksal as karbuline. 31. The third netherworld is Spoen with Piustes as kaprun and Spagmastola as karbuline. 32. The fourth is Nardau with Imentur as kaprun and Smats as karbuline. The fifth is Rahout, with Kamranihan as kaprun and Adermak as karbuline. 33. The sixth is Spuhotein with Eninta as kaprun and Nihavist as karbuline. The seventh is Sodehan, with Spahik as kaprun and Dodran as karbuline. The eighth is Mithus with Kahitmus as kaprun and Smiashanna as karbuline. 34. The ninth is Mahanushout, with Ohostes as kaprun and Hiagmustehat as karbuline. The tenth is

Jojetel, with Fitelmus as kaprun and Delasmahan as karbuline. The eleventh is Ammahurst, with Vitatens as kaprun and Ostesenesses as karbuline. 35. The twelveth is Rasmahalit with Istuten as kaprun and Imrakehan as karbuline.

Netherworlds of Tigers

36. and the first netherworld of the tigers is Fontus, with Ritslamak as kaprun and Liktahat as karbuline. And the second netherworld is Vlotekit, with Mitus as kaprun and Vatahtehek as karbuline. 37. And the third netherworld is Vliohun, with Ramahetesses as kaprun and Rukatehos as Karbuline. And the fourth netherworld is Orsheram, with Daslukehat as kaprun and Karitehuk as karbuline. 38. And the fifth netherworld is Spozelhut, with Jiritekurt as kaprun and Dedehan as karbuline. And the sixth netherworld is Vloteltehat, with Elissehen as kaprun and klatehakun as karbuline. And the secenth netherworld is Herosehel, with Vlittekehas as kaprun and Tiritlahehim as karbuline. 39. And the eighth netherworld is Vlitteberumas with Vitehessas as kaprun and Vihittebehim as karbuline. And the nineth netherworld is Tutehatmanhas as kaprun and Heamoch as karbuline. 40. And the tenth netherworld is Fletehellams with Ditahus as kaprun and Stittisehet as karbuline. 41. And the thirteenth netherworld is Tistebikit with Elepsta as kaprun and Ehestiva as karbuline. 42. And the fourteenth netherworld is Kamahestuneha with Vehitmahus as kaprun and Didamstenessas as karbuline. and the fifteenth netherworld is reaching to the orange saturn, and in bliss are those who enter in. 43. and she is then Hehamstetehis with Katutenesses as kaprun and Vitehanstas as karbuline. And the sixteenth netherworld is then to restoration of the heavenly mice, and she is Dudehammestas with Tautekas as kaprun and Dedemahammas as karbuline. 44. And the seventeenth netherworld is to restoration of the heavenly rats and insects and she is Fuhamestehittus with Kaprastes as kaprun and Kapittenahas as karbuline. 45. And so the netherworld of the tigers are to restoration of the many tunnels of the Lords. And they all have to be written down.

Continuation of the netherworlds of the Tigers

46. So is then the eighteenth netherworld of the tigers like the heart of the pythons. And her name is Tahastenus, and she carries the smells of the deep earths, the forest and the clay. 47. And the kaprun is Tehustehukus and the karbuline is Spahasmazus. The nineteenth netherworld is as the heart of crocodiles, and as the stomach of stone of the crocodiles, and she is called Tetastahas, with Vikasherus as kaprun and Vohostehussa as karbuline. 48. The twentieth netherworld is as the door of the sharks and their heart, for the complete restoration of the sharks and the lions. Her name is Migistehuska, with Viksehesmut as kaprun and Ahasnekos as karbuline. 49. And so you will then read loud at the opening of the doors of the sharks. And you will speak

then like this : Thus say the Lords of the armies of the sharks : Enter in to peace, let love reign here, and let the law then be, bound by charkcords to their eternal wellbeing. 50. Let no law reign over us which has not been written down by the Lord. Let them all go down in sharkfires and sharklakes, all those laws which do not serve the Lord. Open then now the sharkgates, and let us enter in, to eternal restoration of those who went to the deepest netherworlds. 51. Their hearts will be present to speak justice on high thones of the sharks. Yes, they went to the tall, they have the keys of the sharks, and they will reign to come from length to length, to enter into the tallest. 52. Yes, they are the cords of the Lords, and they have overcome the spindles. They have carried the thorns of the second in their flesh, yes, tall thorns these were, and now they have entered to the taller. 53. In bliss are those of the taller, and their voice will reign as the voice of the sharks. Those who have come to the deaf shark. See here, your ark. Amen Metensia Eminijs. They who bear the tears of Esmeralda are over you. 54. We close the sharkdoors behind us, so that the shark-ears will reign. The twenty-first netherworld of the tigers is like the stomach of the sharks and their throne, and her name is Mehastehas, with Vitehastas askaprun and Bizoutesses as karbuline. The twenty-second netherworld is Nikehehastus, with Diakus as kaprun and Hettebihesses as karbuline. The twenty-third netherworld is Nuhustus, with Sohorstehus as kaprun and Belehistas as karbuline. 56. The twenty-fourth netherworld is to restoration of the ravens, and she is Vlohottehinnehus with as kaprun Dehestehas and as karbuline Vlihittistus. The twenty-fifth netherworld is to restoration of the heavenly flies, and see, they are black. 57. And her name is Mahistus, with as kaprun Dattesses and as karbuline Vihismahannas. The twenty-sixth netherworld is Diheldehus, with as kaprun Dihellehatus and as karbuline Vlihellakahunan. And this one is to restoration of the red flies of the heavens. 58. And so the one who has set foot in the twenty-seventh netherworld of the tigers has stirred up and woken up the tigerpowers in the coccyx. And his spine will be as iron. And he will have might over many netherworlds as he who is on the top of stairways.

Further netherworlds of the tigers

59. And the twenty-eighth netherworld of the tigers is Dehunka, and she gives birth to the scorpions and is for their restoration. The kaprun here is mahista and the karbuline Tihitehanna. And the twenty-ninth netherworld is Kotehessa, with fatatehim as kaprun and Fihittehesses as karbuline. 60. The thirtieth netherworld is Kokwontes, with Tehelstehista as kaprun and Kwokehasmehul as karbuline. The thirty-first netherworld is Kwistehassen with Kwittehettan as kaprun and Dadehastonja as karbuline. Debbekwel is the thirty-second netherworld where the drunkards are, and the kaprun is dahisto and the karbuline is Dikestellefit. 61. Radahustuhus is the thirty-third netherworld with Vokehontus as kaprun and

Dadagminkeho as karbuline. Flistehestellest is the thirty-fourth netherworld with Vohottelhan as kaprun and Dedestehan as karbuline. 62. Vatahestittelesses is the thirtyfifth netherworld, with Futehellistehussan as kaprun and Vohottefuhan as karbuline. Vrokeinedansehis is the thirty-sixth netherworld with Frottehantestehin as kaprun and Vvirandehatesses as karbuline. And they are for the restoration of many fishes in the sea. 63. uragmehostehos is the thirty-seventh netherworld, with Kapetahelses as kaprun and Vahitmehassenis as karbuline. Dragmahottesom is the thirty-eighth netherworld with Vahottemos as kaprun and Vahakstis as karbuline. 64. And they are for restoration of the heavenly dragons and the herbs. Uritmahossenohos is the thirty-ninth netherworld with Istehoskus as kaprun and Irhessennus as karbuline. 65. In bliss are those who have reached this netherworld, for they carry the staff of the crocodiles. They have come to the great depths of the second Materos. They then who have reached the fortieth netherworld of the tigers have opened the throat and they have might over the lions. 66. She then is Mahurratus the Great, for who the lions have fear, with Vihestatehusa as kaprun and Vihartehus as karbuline. Ozehet is then the forty-first netherworld of the tigers and she is the locker of fences. 67. Her kaprun is Vihantus and her karbuline is Dihadeltus, and she has entry to the mysteries of the emelis Shatau. 68. Dihasmul is then the forty-second netherworld, with Dihastulehas as kaprun and Dihestatehes as karbuline. Diaminnehesses is then the forty-third netherworld with Stahikstehins as kaprun and Stahokselot as karbuline. 69. Mirjehestistehin is then the forty-fourth netherworld with Vahasmehikkas as kaprun and Dedehasvanus as karbuline. Jojontus is then the forty-fifth netherworld with Mehiktehus as kaprun and Dadehistehisses as karbuline. 70. Majakehont is then the forty-sixth netherworld of the tigers, for restoration of the dogs and rabbits. Bihistemehus is the kaprun and Vihesmahaltasses is the karbuline. Vihitsemis is the forty-seventh netherworld with Kiabulehantes as kaprun and Pihestussulus as karbuline. 71. Katahistehus is the forty-eighth netherworld of the tigers with Mihahistus as kaprun and Dadaktehestassesses as karbuline. Vitahont is the forty-ninth netherworld of the tigers with Mohekuhum as kaprun and Tahisminnusses as karbuline. 72. Vahiktestehanneton is the fiftieth netherworld of the tigers with Nihestehinnekin as kaprun and Vihinnehistesses as karbuline. Nikuttehon is the fifty-first netherworld, as restoration of the heavenly suns, with Vihantuhus as kaprun and Davikseniasess as karbuline. 73. Viontatehus is the fifty-second netherworld as restoration of the deer. Tifahustuhus is the kaprun and Mehselinnenstihin is the karbuline. Tihikbessanesses is the fifty-third netherworld and Vihantelunnehustehes is the kaprun and Mortehtuntannehusses is the karbuline. 74. Tahikbiafilehistehes is the fifty-fourth netherworld with Diahul as kaprun and Diahiksefinehessekusses as karbuline. And they have entry to the mysteries of Zetdonia. Konoberet is the fifty-fifth netherworld Biantefilles as kaprun and

Diaktasesses as Karbuline. 75. ortranbot is the fifty-sixth netherworld of the tigers with Mistebuhustehussesses as kaprun and Hanakdehessesses as karbuline. Those who came here carry the candlesticks of the heavens.

2.

Netherworlds of Rainbowtigers

1. And so are then the tigers of the Lords : Darta Bahann, who carries the sword of the white chocolate, and she is as a starheaven as the far ancestors of Saturn. 2. And so is then Surdatekun the tiger of the soft to inside the gates of the Johan where she thrones, and she thrones there for eternity. 3. And Odokom, the hairy, who have brought them to the rivers of kabbernal. 4. and Kabbernal then is the arse of birth, as the Spirit going out from the altar. And so are then the rainbowtigers the followers of the holy zebra of the Lords, and they will reign to eternity. 5. And their names are then : Licorice, the Riddler, Hamhan, Hukones, Riemdok, Rogtomeles, Iresch, Miktdalsch, Mirot, Odehim, Valklor, Darmschal, Pah, Irmiratan, Luzefeksch, Ometon, Wilhelksch, Miran, Vahksch, Toloksecha, Immeheentesch, Vohatan, the black herder, Vahan, Ukon, Ranuhan, Villedetessa, Hopsch, and they have been estanlishes over armies of seventy-thousand. 6. And so is then Rahak the lord of the black tigers, and the name of the first netherworld of the rainbowtigers, with Dildescha as kaprun and Virtessesas as karbuline. 7. And so is then Rahimna the second netherworld of the rainbowtigers, with Irschwin as kaprun and Diandascha as karbuline. And Vihitmatos is the third netherworld with Vlatoschas as kaprun and Dihotmedussescha as karbuline. 8. And Virtahoscha is the fourth netherworld with Omnetol as kaprun and Ormehennescha as karbuline. 9. And Abjatar is the sixth netherworld with Munehellisch as kaprun and Deatelleschas as karbuline. And Fornjator is the seventh netherworld with Iabsis as kaprun and Dedemiateschasse as karbuline. 10. And Viktomen is the eighth netherworld with Iabsis as kaprun and Dedemiateschasse as karbuline. 10. And Viktomen is the eighth netherworld with Kiatabesch as kaprun and Diamanter as karbuline. And Votehosch is the ninth netherworld with Diabsescha as kaprun and Dodemehoter as karbuline. 11. And Toschamentes is the tenth netherworld with Mihotmehante as kaprun and Vihotma as karbuline. And Totemischates is the eleventh netherworld with Mihontahout as kaprun and Dihaketesses as karbuline. And Vihotesch is the twelveth netherworld with Diakonscher as kaprun and Aschmedafusches as karbuline. 12. And they bring then forth the burning fruits. 13. Dischematosch is the thirteenth netherworld with Faunesch as kaprun and Fitaschas as karbuline. And they give birth to cobras and to the mysteries of the deserts. 14. So is then Emeheusch the fourteenth netherworld which carries the secrets of the stings. And Mihitmis is the kaprun and Datehatmissches is the karbuline. And they let the fruits fizz. 15. And

Emschahusepusch is the fifteenth netherworld with Mianter as kaprun and Diamin as karbuline. And they give birth to the red tigers who reign over the Emelis shatau. And Emikpehventus is the sixteenth netherworld as forthbringer of the blue lions and the octopus, with Vihantosches as kaprun and Bashantin as karbuline. 16. And Emria is the seventeenth netherworld with Fuhestes as kaprun and Fihomil as karbuline. And Emria is then as the stomach of the rainbowntigers and the king of the Emelis Shatau, and see then he is the emperor of a realm which stretches out to the edges of Kaplahun, and see, they are then the objects of the holy graves. 17. And she is as the dry cape over the heart of the holy powders and the jumping sand.

Further netherworlds of the Rainbowntigers

18. And the eightteenth netherworld of the rainbowntigers is Mehetmas, and he is the leader of the red tigers and his words are as the stings of the earth, bringing forth the birds of the red. And his eyes are as the sifted sea-red, and he is as the red tigershark. 19. And the kaprun is Mihatmehassehan and the karbuline is Sprasikschatehasch. And Mehetmas is as the red bird in all his might and power. And they then who were grasped by the red fire, will have rich entry to the Emelis shatau till the Matadok. 20. Yes, to the fifth nightwatch they will come, to the red dragons on the beach of the times. And here ebb and flow will replace each other fast. And the nineteenth netherworld is as the forthbringer and the womb of the white sharks. 21. Yes, they will follow each other up very fast, and her name is Dazanta. And the kaprun is Mochteton, and the karbuline Aspascheziksich. And the twentieth netherworld is Dizomptia, and Echneraschon is the kaprun and echihastesch the karbuline. 22. And the twenty-first netherworld is Smuhoketteschamscha, as the forthbringer of the owls and the sea-spiders. Yes, sea-owls he brings forth, from the heart of the sea, and many fishes. And they will come to the red city, to the mice-hill and the mice-watcher. 23. And this red has been sifted so often that it has become mirroring red, and it has attached itself to the blue. And Duhoketesscha is the kaprun and Vihokdehesschesche is the karbuline. 24. Doktor is the twenty-second netherworld which reaches to the Matadok, with Bihaster as kaprun and Olbeholschatiksich as karbuline. Baphastasche is the twenty-third netherworld with Muhuhaster as kaprun and Behelschlajik as karbuline. Koberhinolschkats is the twenty-fourth netherworld and the den of giants. 25. And she is the way to the great of God, the Michaseinen. And this way is as the wilderness, leading to Acha and the netherworlds of bisons. And Bihikstelseha is the kaprun and Bihokteholkasch is the karbuline. And they reign over the seas surrounding the Emelis Shatau. 26. Kaferkatschi is the twenty-fifth netherworld with Kotterkosch as kaprun and Afericksch as karbuline, and they reign over the wildernesses surrounding the Emelis Shatau. 27. Baferumschka is the twenty-sixth netherworld with Mialter as kaprun and Okseholkseschamse as karbuline. Vionta is the

twenty-seventh netherworld with Valkatersch as kaprun and Afhanianschas as karbuline. 28. Hiafanter is the twenty-eighth netherworld with Kolthaniansch as kaprun and Dihafendiheschiks as karbuline. Hiofferhontaschausch is the twenty-ninth netherworld with Hikschanel as kaprun and Diaferhantesch as karbuline.

3.

The Netherworlds of the Rabbittigers

1. And the first netherworld of the rabbittigers is like the stomach of the elves. Yes, great predator-elves will stand up in the last of days, and they will come from this hole. And her name is Esmehel and the kaprun is Totehesmis and the karbuline is Satehesmis. And the other karbuline of this netherworld is Fluhome Helisse. And Satehesmis is then the white karbuline, and Fluhome Helisse is then the purple red karbuline.

2. And the second netherworld is Fontehirisse, and the kaprun is Dehemesto and the karbuline is papanter. The second karbuline is Fihotsma and the third karbuline is Pahater. The fourth karbuline is pakonsehestat and the fifth karbuline is Spraakouts.

3. And the third netherworld is as the bearer of the kaplahuns, and as the feet of the moonlight. And she has three legs, one of the karbulines, one of the kapruns and one of the kaplahuns.

4. And her name is Diazhanascha, with Oxxchtel as kaprun, Efescha as second kaprun and Dihandemisxsch as karbuline, and Tottehokmusch as second karbuline. Ramahandt is then the third karbuline. 5. The fourth netherworld is as the gates of Lapondria, and her name is Akshischantehantiks, with Okopschokelo as kaprun, Dibenekscha as second kaprun and Dokbehontesch as third kaprun. 6. Emokschau is the fifth netherworld with Patehantis as kaprun and Dikhelkeschel as second kaprun. 7. Optaukelunsch is the sixth netherworld with Diataur as kaprun and Dihokschebau as second kaprun. 8. Tikhantehestes is the seventh netherworld and Tikhantescha is the kaprun and Dafikhestehas is the second kaprun. 9. Ormont is the eighth netherworld with Cofihontir as kaprun and Dikakschelle as second kaprun. 10. Avahiks is the ninth netherworld with Clatkihankir as kaprun and Clatkihantir as second kaprun. 11. avahiks the Second is the tenth netherworld with Alktahiksehiks as kaprun and Heukehokthisch as second kaprun. Dormhant is the third kaprun, and Avahikschel is the fourth kaprun. 12. Avahiks the Third is the eleventh netherworld. She is then the builder of dogs. And her ways follow to the doghedge. 13. Drimmeskhout is the twelveth netherworld, and the way to Jom. She is the creator of the suns, and follows them in their tracks. 14. Drimmeskhout the Second is the thirteenth netherworld, and Drimmeskhout the Third is the fourteenth netherworld.

She has then great might over the sea and over ebb and flow, as the face of the moon and the queen of the orange saturn.

4.

The Red Tigers

1. Drommneheskehout is the first netherworld of the red tigers, and she has great might over the kapruns, the karbulines and the kaplahuns. Yes, she knows the pencils of the orange saturn, and she knows their collars and borders. 2. And the red tigers go then from netherworld to netherworld, and nothing is hidden for them. Yes, they are as the underground trains and their tunnels. And the webs of the netherworlds are then as the nerves of the red tigers. And they make their animals by the treasures of Materos. Yes, many netherworlds are in materos, and you have come to the netherworlds of Surdatekun.

3. Yes, he is then the king of the soft of God, the Johan. Yes, he rides on the Johan, into the deepest netherworlds of the soft. And yes, they will restore the fleeces of the earth and the heavens, and they will come to the honey. Yes, for three times. 4. Yes, and she will be like the swallowing of the earth and of the days, and as the rippled roof of the mouth. 5. Through many netherworlds of the soft, the heavens eat, to lead you to the rippling. 6. and the second netherworld of the red tigers is then Sahertin, and she is as the second station of Narzia, the heat of God. And the second netherworld is Stertes, and she brings the followers of the zebra and the rippling to the treasures of Narzia. Yes, she is as the breath of the trains. 7. And the fourth netherworld is Samantis, and she is as the gone lost part of Torhan, the tall of God. 8. And she stores then all the netherworlds of the tall of God, till the Matadok. 9. And her own part reaches to the Kabbernal, the mountain of God. her own lengths will stirr the rivers of Kabbernal, and her manships will stir the holy prophets there, so that sifting will be brought among them. 10. Yes, she will lead the holy prophets to under the yellow, even to the mirroring yellow, and they will hang on to her, and see the mysteries of the Lords and of the Orange Saturn. 11. Yes, she will lead them to the stars of the white chocolate, the starheaven of God, and they will honor her loud without someone saying that it is idolatry. 12. Yes, she will restore Torhan, the tall of God, and she will direct kings for that. She will raise the races of the cobras and she will be the Blessed, and the fire of God. 13. Yes, over Narzia and Torhan she reigns, till the Materos, and she picks out her kings herself. 14. Yes, they will be, the tall of God, and her ministers. 15. And her voice will be like the moving of the underground trains. In Kabbernal the wise will find her. 16. And they will say : We have come to the mountain of God, where we have found the treasures of the earth as holy rings. Yes, and see, these rings were as snakes, sent out to restore and glorify the bodies of

the saints. 17. And in Kabbernal there will be a great gate opened, and this will be called the gate of the titmouse. 18. And then Kabbernal will be a city of the birds, and as an eternity in all eternities. And so will be the restoration of Kabbernal, to which also Abdal and Maasdo have been sent. And then the worldships will be established.

5.

The Worldships

1. And Abdal will bring forth a donkey-child named Adaka, and she will become great before the Lord. And she will watch over the heathens with a black staff and a hand of ashes, and she will bring forth a race with a number more than the sands of the earth, and she will lead them to the sea.

2. And Adaka will be as a worldship, and in her will be great salvation. Yes, she will slow down the stars of the heavens, and giving answers to many questions. 3. And she will bring forth fishers as fishers of the dead and the netherworlds, and many kaplahuns of the old will be fished up, and they will be brought to the Orange Saturn and her temples. 4. And Adaka will become as a tiger and an owl, and she will belong in the army of the uxlons, the owltigers. 5. And she will lead the Orange Saturn to her place, and she will lead her people to the darknesses of Narzia through the gates of Acha, the Altar of the Lords. 6. And through Abdal, Maasdo and Kabbernal she will create the second worldship, and this will lead them to the netherworlds of silence, and her name will be Trideria. And she will restore Metensia and the Karazure, and give birth to the third worldship called Biskidde, the spidertiger, and she will restore the Orange Saturn on her place. 7. And she will give birth to the fourth worldship, the horse-tiger. And she will prance to rebuild the coasts of the Emelis Shatau and Kabbernal, and she will be like the blossom of the waters, and be called the saviour of the nightshifts, those of the nightsongs. 8. And when someone complains she will throw a fish which cannot be eaten, but who leads into all eternities. And this fish will lead everyone to his or her place. 9. And she will be like the fish of day and night which replace each other fast. 10. Yes, under Saturn the day became a night, but under the Orange Saturn the days fly fast. Yes, like the waves they ripple forth.

The horse-tigers

11. And the first netherworld of the horse-tigers is then Mezenna, and the first hellworld is Diadenna, and her kaplahun is Maakzamid. 12. And the second netherworld is then Behelslachsesse, and the second hellworld is Diachsmillesses, and her kaplahun is Miadt. 13. And her Elsefic is Diantippsef, as the dying. You do well to know how many Elsefics you need on the Orange Saturn. They are then as the white capes. 14. And the third netherworld is Bihorkemon and the third hellworld is Fjortenesses, with Milkham as her kaplehun and Ditscher as her Elsefic. And the

fourth netherworld is then Stehinetess and the fourth hellworld Bahsdharentoch with Mianderhon as kaplehun and Stikhesseton as Elsefic. 15. And the fifth netherworld is stahin and the fifth hellworld is Dihonbiel, with Klahebash as kaplehun and Dorkhetasches as Elsefic. 16. Gather then your Elsefics to get into the depths, the netherworlds and the hellworlds of the Orange Saturn. 17. Don't let anyone scare you with hells, for these are the fires to sift you. And only through the hellworlds you will be able to reach to the fingers of Narzia and her depths. 18. And the sixth hellworld is Fihantenastis, with Conerehan as kaplehun and Kokerok as Elsefic. And Fihantenastis is then the queen of the Orange Saturn in all her might. 20. And the eighth hellworld is Forkschansis, with Bikschenmalen as kaplehun and Torbakschelm as Elsefic. 21. And the ninth hellworld is Kireschlasch with Orkfuller as kaplehun and Olklamsch as Elsefic. 22. And the tenth hellworld is kirkehasch with Artehesch as kaplehun and Irkhelsch as Elsefic. 23. And the eleventh hellworld is Kongales with Idefelsch as kaplehun, Dirhesch as second kaplehun, Felhanehesch as third kaplehun, Firjatek as fourth kaplehun and Darikheschen as Elsefic. 24. And the twelveth hellworld is Konjavics with Genjaksch as kaplehun and Grithuzaschinne as first Elsefic, Dojonter as second Elsefic, and Darbahisch as third Elsefic. 25. And the thirteenth hellworld is Muhustaschappel with Ginehurstel as kaplehun and Grithuzaschinne the Second as first Elsefic, Dojonter the Second as second Elsefic, Darbahisch the Second as third Elsefic and Klahaschalleschinne as fourth Elsefic. The fifth Elsefic will then always be Klapmusche.

Hellworlds of the red tigers

26. And these are the hellworlds of the red tigers : The first hellworld is Vialvik, and she brings the bats forth and the high tones of the heavens. She is then the weaver of the pink and that which is under the pink, to the mirroring pink and the grey. 27. The kaplahun is Kobalski, and the second kaplehun is Beriabehan, the third kaplehun is Totihotski, the fourth Fruhanskidaklaton. The fifth kaplehun will then always be Daklaton. The second hellworld is Daschesehips. 28. And here the Tartars can be found richly, they, as the jewelry of the cross of Maser, as the jewelry of the poverty, and as the lacquered and leather bottles of Saturn, in which the spirits sleep and are drunk. They are then the purple, becoming equal to the drunkenness. 29. And so there are many purples before the face of the Lords, them with the lightpurple faces, And so many Tartars and Purples flow from here. The first tartar of Daschesehips is then Itmabur, as the strangler of crosses and kapruns, yes, sent out as a strangling snake. 30. And the second tartar is Maraasiasch who narrows the bloodveins of the cross and turned Spricht upside down. Yes, he blocks the nerves, and brings saints to drunkenness. As a holy exorcist he is. The third tartar is Maritslehan, and he pulls the crosses to the depth to devour them there. 31. Yes, he is the hunter of the sifted red to

stand by the saints. And he is it then who saves from the hells and softens and takes away the fears, as a true tartar of the Lords, who leads refugees to the drunkennesses and the lusts of Poverty. 32. And the fourth Tartar is Jupitosch, the fifth Schihikserdmahashelt, the sixth Pranuschamelhisch, the seventh Immetahakschildahish, the eighth Ranoschlufursch, the ninth Marikschahijnschlikse, the tenth Pronotterjonsch, and the eleventh is always Danahiksch. 33. The first purple is Mehezuart, the second janischapenirschik, the third japischanduart, the fourth Ejunipscho, the fifth Klastobahout, the sixth Enehipsmahan, the seventh janischout, the eighth Jochuartenensch, the ninth Beluenschamelepscha, the tenth Bijontenuako, and the eleventh is always Bonuenterhart. The twelveth is always Spakeienblau, and the thirteenth is always Monuentehisch. 34. The fourteenth is always Kalmenischobuartescha, and the fifteenth always Flikschentuenteartes. The sixteenth is always Svheventuartesnatsch and the seventh is always Pronenschuterakascha. The eighteenth is always Buldahinstepsch and the nineteenth is always Biazeptahasch. The twentieth is then always Noruenteminne and the twenty-first always Pakentuerteschan. 35. The third hellworld of the red tigers is Blazekehleteschel and the fourth hellworld is Daniktol. The fifth hellworld is then Braziksnakoltiskzet, and the sixth hellworld is Blazintahart. The seventh hellworld is then Klostehul and the eighth hellworld is Danziptauschaps. 36. The ninth hellworld is then Klausbihenka, and this realm comes to the borders of Torhan, the tall of God and Spricht.

Hellworlds of the tigers

37. And these are then the hellworlds of the tigers through the land Narzia : Konihoksta is the first hellworld, with Piatersch as tartar and Pithelmsch as purple. Rikstovtsk is the second hellworld with Diantater as tartar and Marikshelmt as purple. Darmaviksj is the third hellworld with asehisttijatov as tartar and Duoprof as purple. Damikstahelt is the fourth hellworld with Kajunktorsch as tartar and Demejiksto as purple. 38. Estitsiatel is the first part of the fifth hellworld with Diatuov as purple. Miandertia is the second part of the fifth hellworld with Fremiatiov as tartar and Fremshelt as purple, and she is as the place of birth of many snakes. Demiksio is the sixth hellworld with Diontahessescha as tartar and Demioksehoschanos as purple. 39. Kohontales is the seventh hellworld with Diagbiel as tartar and Desheptia as purple. Haaksontuvus is the eighth hellworld with Ilaheksches as tartar and Jehikshengetet as purple. Bursplahot is the ninth hellworld with Esentijelle as tartar and Fliksahot as purple. And the tartars are the new nervesystems for the pilgrims of Narzia, the heat of God, and the purples stream through it. 40. And this is as the awakening and the resurrection in the New Kabbernal.

Surdatekun-tigers

41. And so there are many Surdatekun-tigers in the blue soft of the Lords, and they have many netherworlds and hellworlds which pierce through in that : And their first netherworld is kwahibbus, and their first hellworld is dahiter. The tartar is Mekshermt, and the purple is Vahkshir. 42. The second netherworld is Kwahonta and the second hellworld is Fanihipster, with Mizahart as tartar and Mehilkstahet as purple. The third netherworld is Kwonostehelschik and the third hellworld is Kwihanterchosch with Fihaksenuatonsch as tartar and Onoschosch as purple. The fourth netherworld is Kwihinterschu and the fourth hellworld is Kwihip, with Fihaktesenusa as tartar and Brihakschiesch as purple. 43. Ixnahotsch is the fifth netherworld and Stornatosch is the fifth hellworld with Ornatov as tartar and Kwisupstraschehipsch as purple. Bihopsoheim is the sixth netherworld and Stranopski is the sixth hellworld, with Fiheltanihisch as tartar and Klapschiheinshcasesse as purple. Kwendalesch is the seventh netherworld and Darkwakse the seventh hellworld with Toxiotiel as tartar and Bihekschahipschk as purple. 44. Bandahout is the eighth netherworld and Rindahikschk the eighth hellworld with Piaternaschas as tartar and Bionterhout as purple.

6.

The Dragon-tigers

1. Clothed with tartars they are, full of Gods Glory. They know the songs to open and lock netherworlds and hellworlds, full of the Magic of the Lords, and of the Orange Saturn. 2. Yes, richly the purple flows through them, from the soft of God, opening all her netherworlds, to come to the feathers to fly away on the heaven-horse. 3. Networks of tiger-trains underground, they hear growling and rustling in the distance. Risen up in their own mind, the dragonkings. 4. They still wage underground wars under the rustling of the seas. 5. Their netherworlds are unmeasurable, and they are the messengers of times flown away long ago, speaking from the deepest depths of the netherworlds of the great Sarhah. 6. They wear the rings of the Michaseinen on their fingers and in their bodies, through which the fire is spouted. 7. They are then the dragon-tigers, and they follow their kings. 8. And the first netherworld is Muhuskus, the second netherworld Fahantahal, the third netherworld Spahantahal, and the fourth Vahkal, the fifth Merentez, and the sixth Obaakhal. The seventh Flantoris and the eighth Vahakmentis. The ninth Flakulschets and the tenth Mazinterik. 9. The eleventh is Mizentehil and the twelveth Kohontehil. The thirteenth then is Ohupschel. Kwakbahok is the first hellworld, with Viantes as tartar and Epschout as purple. Kwiksantes is the second hellworld with Diabanter as tartar and Twikhanter as purple. prohonnertes is the third hellworld with Katerbout as tartar and

Hachnoses as purple. 10. hokebon is the fourth hellworld with Klinkerbot as tartar and Hogerbout as purple. And where the tartar contracts the Narzia-purple streams in. This is then the fifth hellworld names Horsensponze, with Viksianzen as tartar and Birhahuan as purple. 11. Hispa is the sixth hellworld with Mollentoreksia as tartar and Apschahel as purple. Moksuhortes is the seventh hellworld with Kalzebout as tartar and Hospesches as purple. In bliss are those who have entered these realms. Drahiksbehet is then always the fifth karbuline in each dragon-tiger-netherworld and hellworld. 12. darkasha is always the fifth kaprun in each drgon-tiger-netherworld and hellworld, and Diafikschehit is always the sixth kaplehun in each dragontigernetherworld and hellworld. Spihak is always the sixth elsefic in each dragon-tiger-netherworld and hellworld.

The realms of the black dragon-tigers

13. In the netherworlds, hellworlds and heavenworlds of the black dragon-tigers Kwikhelt is always the first karbuline, Miktahin always the second, Mokshart always the third and Finhanteschinne always the fourth, Filakehart always the fifth and Mopschothelv always the sixth, Fiksahelv always the seventh, Murthiantisklipf always the eighth and Isachsahak always the ninth. Puchhart is always the first kaprun and taakhalt always the second, bromhars always the third, Fanenstein always the fourth. 14. Derdehiksla is always the first kaplehun and Tihoksla always the second, retneis always the third. Onaham is always the first Elsefic, Kizaham always the second, Lazahuk always the third. Kiranhas is always the first tartar and Romohams always the second. Ramahaks is always the third tartar, Finahams the fourth and Rahaphel the fifth, Inahus the sixth, Fotajel the seventh and Skunahu is eighth, Nirkeniships the ninth and Tonnehaps the tenth. 15. Punehops is the first purple, Pejehups the second, Rigahart the third, Vakahelmsehip the fourth, Virkjatonehips the fifth and Andratupsehiks the sixth, Megnjatonehips the seventh, Fitjanehelsehips the eighth and Fagnotontehikstevun the ninth, Fikjahel the tenth. And so is then the black dragon-tiger domain isolated from the other domains, and she reigns the opening and locking of the muscles. They know then the ends and the points of Narzia and Zetdonia. 16. Everything then is black, but when it stretches then the white comes into existance and the grey to weave all the colors. Don't you see then that there is a blind child behind the spinning-wheel and the weavers-spindle ? This is then the black dragon-tiger-king. With his face so white, so white, but the rest is black. You do well to watch the grey rags, to feel them, and to go back where it comes from. 17. Kasbahaskus is then the first nightlatin, Muskanos the second. Griezemoen is then the third and Fanatousk the fourth, and they are like four old women in the black, weaving the times. And like bakers and weavers they stand there, as karmozines, changing into nightlatins, like birdclocks they are, spreading

their wings, to lead creatures away. Yes, like the dragon-hours they are, the huge nets to catch big fishes. 18. And the Griezemoon is like the black libra, like the clown's face with the spinning holes under it through which they can wander, yes, like the tigertunnels and the barrel-organs, to meet the black bat as in a spinning mirrormill. And from his mouth the cords come which we left behind, ready to go through all the rings of fire. And Fanatousk is like the green eye and the green stone, with all her colors and odors, and when she speaks she is like the mice-tongue, like the party with all her flaps. 19. and Muskanos is like the black saturn in all her might, vomiting the new day and the new hour, with hair like silver waves, changing into a death-battle. Yes, all wars are on her tablet. And Kasbahaskus is like the sparrow and the blackbird, who put her lady on the church-tower, the great Mezedium, and now she waits to dive into the river, to change into a fish. For the fishtail will give her the key. 20. And so there are then four dragon-hours given under the heavens like the four seasons of the earth. And they are all on their way, over fiery brocades, to encounter the fisher-latins of the red, the red tiger-dragons on the expensive beaches. These are the beaches of the Emelis Shatau and the renewed cities of the Lords. Yes, to the fifth nightwatch they will go.

7.

1. These are then the netherworlds of the tigerbears. The first netherworld is Septesse, the second Fakhant, the third Smraakstir. The first hellworld is Fatoun, the second Hennenst and the third Cofikein. The karmozine of the first is Flamette, of the second Miorksche and of the third Spatamen. 2. The fourth netherworld is then Manteras, the fifth Holschlewart, the sixth Kaipensta and the seventh Toriontich. The fourth hellworld is Kapenprouw, the fifth Heliontes, the sixth is Ledio and the seventh Ortal. The fourth karmozine is Hunullips, the fifth Florkjog, the sixth Katonelip and the seventh Karzachstaue. 3. The eighth netherworld is Fliontmelle, the ninth is Saktirhart, the tenth Daakswelle and the eleventh Lefenstrou. The eighth hellworld is Mizihontes, the ninth Karzachstoende, the tenth Herrup, the eleventh manschou. The eighth karmozine is Mulletta, the ninth Mjunletta, the tenth Orchjettel, the eleventh Zahnenstrant. 4. Korgjong is the twelveth netherworld, Orizont the thirteenth, Spaaksblicht the fourteenth and Ariantales the fifteenth. Rezepschou the sixteenth, Manikschou the seventeenth, Manikschou the Second the eighteenth and Manikschou the Third the nineteenth. Manikschou the Fourth the twentieth, Manikschou the Fifth the twenty-first and Manikschou the Sixth the twenty-second. 5. Hetmezanges is the twelveth hellworld, Hetmezanges the Second is the thirteenth hellworld, and Hetmezanges the Third is the fourteenth, Hetmezanges the Fourth is the fifteenth and Hetmezanges the Fifth is the sixteenth. Hetmezanges the sixth is the seventeenth and Hetmezanges the Seventh is the eighteenth. Hetmezanges the Eighth

is the nineteenth and Hetmezanges the Nineth is the twentieth. 6. Hetmezanges the tenth is the twentyfirst and Dakzwalziging is the twenty-second. The twelveth karmozine is Dijumetik, the thirteenth Kwaabstik, the fourteenth Kwachtensprou, the fifteenth Onberchensch, the sixteenth Kwaabsherg, the seventeenth Spahkehang, the eightteenth Kwobehanschetou, the nineteenth Kwabehanschitrichse, the twentieth Zwahkenstrau, and the twenty-first Zwahkenlang, the twenty-second Zwahnstrau.

8.

The Bear of Narzia

1. The heat is after my heels, a bear is after me, one on big wheels, coming from Narzia. These are high waves, from bearcity he has gained a place. These heats are big, these seas of fire, are they higher than the karazure ? 2. Metensia, save me. Only my pencil can save me. In which language do we have to speak. They will break everything. There is high fire in this hour. The bearvoice sounds, from the holiness of God. The heat is after me, the fire rises and comes at me like splashing lava. 3. I can only write, otherwise this will become my grave. Never before there has come such a heat, I have to let my pencil stream fast. Yes, my only sword she is, when the bear comes at me. 4. I have to battle in the Pniel, wrestling with God, who is Bear.

Bearrealms

5. And these are then the bear-netherworlds : The first is Beherzin, with Viantrau as hellworld and Vaatmis as karbuline. The second is Roksdal, with Vintiau as hellworld and katakis as karbuline. The third is Hotmir, with Vindriamen as hellworld and Vottomis as karbuline. The fourth is Hehenkescha, with Kjatanburch as hellworld and Vatian as karbuline. Vinnehiskis is the fifth, with Votian as hellworld and Kwotangischisch as karbuline. 6. The sixth is Mahithosch with Kiandaber as hellworld and Votalmis as karbuline. kwiabotter is the seventh with Manisticht as hellworld and Koliandburch as karbuline. Viottemisches is the eighth with Votentia as hellworld and Kwabahanter as karbuline. Nerchjabter is the ninth with Oxdraifurt as hellworld and kwiabanter as karbuline. 7. And Pianhout is from then the netherworld, the tenth netherworld, counting from the first Pianhout, and some say that the netherworlds actually begin from there. And so there are then hundreds, if not thousands Pianhouts. And Swahmahelsch is from then the hellworld, and Kwigmanesch from then the karbuline.

The flute

8. And I begged to God to tell me what was with the bears, for the heat was so huge like I had never felt before, and so threatening. And I saw a bear which was like a beaver and then like a cobra, and he was like the rat of the heavens. And I heard a

scream. 9. And the Lord showed me a sheet on which a little man sat. And he has a flute in his hands, and brought it to his mouth to play on it. And the Lord watched forward, and in the distance a group of bears came running towards the little man. 10. And the man began to play, and the bears became quiet. But after awhile the man stopped playing, for he had become tired, and the bears attacked him. And the Lord spoke : Like this you will also have to tame the nation, and I will give you the songs for that. And I saw the bears coming to a group of human children, and they took possession of their souls. 11. For see, the human children were all created for the bears. And there was no one who could stop the bears, for there heat was too huge. And the Lord gave me a piece of bread, and so I could tame the bears further. And they went everywhere where the piece of bread was, but they could not eat the bread, for it was eternal. 12. And there was applewine mixed through the breadflour, and the bears went after this smell again and again. And the air was pressed, and the heat rose, but I was behind glass and the heat could not touch me. 13. And the glass began to grow and drive away the bears further. But again there came a high pressure on the glass, and the heat began to rise up against the glass to unknown heights, and they found a hole above the glass, through which they could climb and it was like boiling water fell on me. 14. And the Lord gave me a shovel by which I dug a hole in the ground. And the space within the glass ran full, and so was the conscience of the Lords. And there stood a tree which was made of the feet of human children, and it was given to the tree to have a mouth, and this mouth was called The Law. And this mouth spoke of big things, and grew while it spoke big words. 15. and it was given to the tree to have an eye and this eye was called The Justice, and she began to change into a sword. And the Lord spoke : Eat then not from the fruits of this tree. 16. And I wondered why it was forbidden to eat from it. And the Lord spoke : Don't be fast to grasp the law and do not be fast to handle justice, for there is a path which leads deeper. And the Lord led me to the depth underground, to a cave where bears were locked up. 17. And in this cave there was another tree made of feet, but she was also made of rabbitheads. And when I saw this I couldn't speak for a long time. And it was given to the tree, like the first tree, to have a mouth, and this mouth was called The Silence. 18. And also an eye was given to the tree, which was called The Darkness. And so was then the second tree, like bringing forth food of rabbits. And the Lord spoke : Eat. And when I had eaten from it the tree began also to grow in me. And then the Lord spoke : Return now to the first tree. And I walked again to above the ground, while the bears followed me. 19. And when I came there the tree began to melt away. And the last part of the tree rose up until it had covered the hole above the glass. and again an intense heat came within the glass, but this time the second tree swallowed it, and became very cold. And again I had to eat from the tree, and I became colder. 20. And thus the rabbittree was like a bearflute. And she was like the karmozine and

the weaver between Narzia and Zetdonia. And she was then like the flute of the Spirits. And she brought forth the most highest tones I had ever heard, and the most lowest.

The tree of tears

21. And the Lord led me to a beartree named Brimmadim, and she carried the high tones of the lords. And she was like the jewelry of Mezedium, while she brought the jewelry called Abdal Maasdo Kabbernal to the Lord. and her was given a mouth named Slowness and an eye named Nakedness. 22. And from her pink cords came forward which looked like footsoles and the holy nipples of the lords. And I came to the tree and wept for thirty-five days. 23. And after the thirty-five days the Lord led me to a tigertree, and she was named Samsamen, and she carried the loud and the low tones of the lords, and also to her a mouth was given, named Deafness, and an eye named Blindness, and thus was the appearance of the Lords. 24. And she brought the jewelry named Sartarus Akra Zoekra at the feet of the Lords, and these feet started to shine like the sun. And the Lord spoke : See then, the holy tear has become flesh. 25. And this tear came from under the pink, and she was like the tail of a fish. And she wept then, saying : Who can reign over the karmozines, for they are like savages and like sheep without a herder. 26. And none of the tartars was able enough to reign them, and also the Lord wept. And a rabbit came before the face of the Lords, and see, he was clothed like a bear and a clown. 27. And he took the tear which had become flesh, which was like the tail of a fish, and he took her to a fishtree. And as soon as the fishtree began to weep the karmozines became quiet. And thus it was also a tree of tears, and she brought forth bread of tears to make them quiet. 28. And she was given a mouth named rest and an eye named Ferocity, and the tree got very wild, while the karmozines got more quiet. And thus she became the queen of the karmozines.

The snake-tree

29. And the rabbit took the tree of tears like a staff in his hand, and led many to rest by it. And the Lord waited until all His Tears had become flesh, and His blooddrips. 30. And a loud shrieking rose to the heaven. And these were the days in which the shrieking of the lords became flesh, and this was like the coming of the snakes to earth. 31. And the Lord gave the jewelry called Sartarus Akra Zoekra to Sarsia of Renok, and Abdal Maasdo Kabbernal was given to Metensia as Jewelry, and she become a city of beavers, foxes and the rats of the heavens. And also Metensia became jewelry, which she had waited for for such a long time, together with Eminius and Matas. 32. And thus Metsensia Eminius Matas became the jewelry of the Esmeralda. And the weeping of the lords became flesh and was as a snake, and

brought coldness to the earth to devour and strangle many. 33. Yes, the strangling snake of the lord had risen, and she glided to a tree named the snake-tree. and the snake-tree became huge on earth, and came even against the tree of tears, for many tears were unpure. 34. And to the tree a mouth was given named Fear, and she wept loud, and shrieked. and she was given an eye named Rage, and she began to scream loud. And the tree started to shake and her fruits fell on the earth. 35. and the rabbit came to the snake-tree to take it as a staff in his hand, but the snake-tree attacked him, and also a sheep with her lamb was attacked by the snake-tree. 36. And thus the proverb 'where the snake hits the lamb' came into fulfilment. And there was weeping for seventy days. 37. And after these seventy days Mura Izu Brannan became jewelry of the Lords, and so izu finally came to rest, which it had waited for for so long.

The Great White War

38. And the Lord spoke : Sift then the tears before my face. And there was a war named the great white war, and she took hundred and five days which became hundred and five day-years. And the Lord spoke : Now then the big times of the year has come, and the big tear. 39. And the sharks of the heavens found rest in the big tear. And so also the whales of the heavens, and the other big fishes of the Lords. And the Lord saw that it was good. and at the end of the great white war a spider-tree stood on a mountain. 40. And behind that tree, behind one of the big tree-stumps there was a door which went to under the white, and see, it was there like the white chocolate and her stars. and the stars began to bring forth new letters like the alphabet of the lords, and these letters began to become flesh. 41. And the Lord took the languages of the earth and sifted them in a vat called Solt, and this vat was white. And the Lord began to confuse the languages of the earth, and began to show his alphabet, and his language. And also the lord began to show the hidden genders, and the stars of the white chocolate fell on the earth. 42. And see, these falls were holy. And the lord took the manly and the womanly and brought them in the vat named Solt to confuse them and sift them, and it was like a mirror was breaking, and from a white mirror lightpurple beings came, who had been locked up so long under the east of the earth. 43. And the east of the earth was like a white fly and a purple fly, and they were devoured by a purple spider, and she carried the stars of the white chocolate on her back. and many of these stars were lightpurple. 44. And the purple spider began to devour the books of the earth, and the stars of the white chocolate brought new books. and the tree of fears began to grow on the earth and those who did not eat from the fruits of this tree melted away by the fireballs of Narzia. 45. And Zetdonia began to grow big on earth, and those who had eaten from the fruits of fears had a rich entry into her. And see, she was like an icebear and a walrus, yes, as looking like a white shark. 46. And the Lord watched over the earth, and saw that it

was good. And those who had fears could find each other, and they brought each other to the worldships, and to the big Metensia. 47. And also the tree of bitternesses began to grow on the earth.

The starheaven of the White Chocolate

48. And the starheaven of the white chocolate had four districts, named Sepanda, Eklaif, Benglaham and Khelb. 49. And Sepanda had then the following stars : Khnum, Zkum, Zkuhm, Mum, Mehk, Mehn, Zhmum, Zhmen who is the orange hat, Zkun who is the orange chamber, zkuk, Zehm who is the blue hat, Ehem who is the purple hat, Mena, Zkem, Zkehm who is the green hat, Memn the brown hat, Muhmn, Khem, Khmen, Kmen, Khner, Khun, Khnun, Khnum the Second, Kzem, Knem, Kmem. And they were like the mirrors of the Lords.

Ova and Nomusa

50. And the lord showed the netherworlds in the trees, and see, they were like the animals. And the Lord showed me the second worldship named Trideria, and it was like a canoe in a green river, and a man named Ova sat in it, and he was the prince of the oaks. 51. And he knew all the rings of the trees and their netherworlds, and every day he made a journey through the netherworlds, until Trideria had become a clock and jewelry, yes, as a tower of the lords. And the Lord showed the hellworlds in the mountains, and see, they were like animals. 52. And I was shown the first worldship named Adaka, and she was then as the bridge of the dead, and as a donkey. And a man named Nomusa sat on her, and he was the prince of the black mountains. 53. And many colors came forth from him, and every day he made a tour through the hellworlds, until Adaka had become a clock and jewelry, yes, as a tower of the Lords.

The language of the Lord

54. And the Lord spoke : Glorious are those who have reached the land of the tired ones. And the Lord took the rabbit tree and planted it in the land of the tired ones where it started to grow. And the Lord spoke: Those who have reached this place will be protected against many things. 55. And the spirit of the slavery could not affect them. And the Lord took the large Mezedium of the tower of virgo and placed it on the rabbit tree as a tower. And all trees bowed before the rabbit tree which had become a tower.

56. And the Lord spoke again : Now the karsuiks will reach thousandfold restoration, and this will be to them as thousandfold pride, and he spoke concerning the sparrows of Metensia. And many lands reached the foot of the rabbit tree because of the light, and this light was gentle.

57. And the tree started to shake and it's fruits fell on the earth. And Metensia spoke: In much pain large things are sown, and is sown there for large things. 58. And she shone as the large Metensia. And the large book of the earth was translated in the language of the lord, and see her power was no more, and she became pale before the face of the lord.

59. And thus she brought forth the second book of the Lord and the second word, and see, it had been written in the language of the lord. And thus the lands were taught in the language of the lord, and new books were written.

60 And the third world ship called Biskidde led them to the realms of sleep, and they found large rest. And the Biezefic started to ride it, and she became a jewel of the lord and a tower. 61. And this way the silophines were as the sleep and the melted silver, and the sidakines were as the sleepers and as the melted foaming fruits. And they became large before the eyes of the Lord. Yes, and of them the silver moon and the silverstar have been made. 62. Won't they all melt then before the face of the lord. Yes, the lord molds them and kneads them.

Salvation through the Rabbit-tree

63. And all those who call upon the rabbit-tree will be saved, when the wrath of Narzia will come to the earth. But many will say : Lord, Lord, while the Lord does not know them. For they have forgotten about the poverty which leads to bliss. 64. How difficult it will be then for a rich one to enter into the kingdom of the heavens.

Khnum

65. And the rabbit came to the fourth worldship and went with her through the realms of intoxication, and they were like the dreams of the heavens. And also she became jewelry and as a tower, and she was full of the tartars and purpures of the lords. 66. And the four worldships who had become as towers were like big branches of the rabbit-tree, and she became as the staff of the Large Metensia. And see then, she was as the white cross. 67. And she was as the cross of the rabbits. And so was then the Khnum of the Lords, as a letter of white chocolate.

Bear-realms

1. And these are then the sleepworlds of the bears : Iontes is the first sleepworld, Vikjakdar the second, Luniosis the third, Akjatar the fourth, Onjadobor the fifth, Onktdiaptir the sixth, and she is like the bear-medicin. 2. And the first silophine is Malujobur, the second Horiontes, the third Swakjanel, the fourth IJtstrout, the fifth Hontaris and the sixth Abjoutaar. 3. The first sidakine is then Irbehit, the second orleander, the third Otlabir, the fourth Ortrahben, the fifth Antjout, who is like the bear-herbs, and the sixth is Lalouber who is like the red bear-siren, and like the mighty shelter of the Lords. 4. And the first intoxication-world of the bears is Koktliip, who is like the medicin of snakes. The second intoxication-world is

Maleristo, the third Abjontor, the fourth Reptdalip, the fifth Ontjabtar, the sixth Kasmalen.

Rabbit-realms

5. And these are then the sleepworlds : Iontes the Second is the first sleepworld, Iontes the Third is the second, Iontes the Fourth is the third, Iontes the Fifth is the fourth, Iontes the Sixth is the fifth and Iontes the Seventh is the sixth. And Iontes the Second is like the medicin of the sharks. Ioptis is the first silophine, Abjatis the second, Hiron the third, Hiranahout the fourth, Hiranahout the Second is the fifth and Hiranahout the Third is the sixth. 7. And so is Onktdiaptir the Second the first sidakine and the rabbitmedicin. Onktdiaptir the Third is the second sidakine, and Onktdiaptir the Fourth is the third sidakine. Lalouber the Second is the fourth sidakine and the rabbit-siren. 8. Lalouber the Third is the fifth sidakine and the shark-siren, and Lalouber the Fourth is the sixth sidakine. 9. And the first intoxication-world of the rabbits is Lalouber the Fifth, the second is Lalouber the Sixth, the third is Lalouber the seventh, who is the dog-medicin, the fourth is Lalouber the Eighth, the fifth is Lalouber the Nineth who is the dog-siren, and the sixth is Lalouber the Tenth who is the dog-crown.

Raven-realms

10. And these are the sleepworlds of the ravens : Eksel, who is the first, Miksel is the second, Miksel the Second is the third, Miksel the Third is the fourth, and Miksel the Fourth is the fifth. 11. Michokt is the first wake-world, Dichthok is the second wake-world, Hisoptes the third wake-world, Vioktes the fourth, Disandersept is the fifth, Lazersankt is the sixth. 12. martahisse is the seventh wake-world of the ravens and Marsassehenksch is the eighth. 13. Marottenhasch is the ninth and Tuurmiangijg is the tenth. Tuurmiangijg the Second is the eleventh. Tuurmiangijg the Third is the twelveth. 14. Tuurmiangijg the Fourth is the thirteenth, and Tuurmiangijg the Fifth is the fourteenth. 15. Miriak is the fifteenth, and the licorice-medicin. 16. Dikdal is the sixteenth, Mozal the second part of the sixteenth and Ariabsis the seventeenth, Klontaster the eightteenth, Vixiantisch the nineteenth and the raven-medicin of Venus. 17. Vixiantisch the Second is the twentieth and the lake-medicin. 18. Vixiantisch the Third is the twenty-first and the helmet of the bears. 19. Vixiantisch the Fourth is the twenty-second and the pink lake-medicin of Venus. 20. Vixiantisch the Fifth is the twenty-third and the helmet of the ravens. 21. A tachel is a wake and a dumel is a waker. 22. So is then the first tachel of the ravens Lalouber the Eleventh, the second is Lalouber the Twelveth, the third is Lalouber the Thirteenth, the fourth is Lalouber the Fourteenth, the fifth is Lalouber the Fifteenth, the sixth is Lalouber the Sixteenth and she is the helmet of the sharks. 23. The seventh is Lalouber the Seventeenth, the eighth is Lalouber the Eighteenth, the ninth is Lalouber the Nineteenth, the tenth is Lalouber the Twentieth, the elevent is Lalouber the twenty-

first, the twelveth is Lalouber the Twenty-second, the thirteenth is Lalouber the Twenty-third, the fourteenth is Lalouber the Twenty-fourth, the fifteenth is Lalouber the Twenty-fifth, the sixteenth is Lalouber the twenty-sixth, the seventeenth is Lalouber the Twenty-seventh, the eightteenth is Lalouber the Twenty-eighth, the nineteenth is Lalouber the Twenty-ninth, the twentieth is Lalouber the Thirtieth, the twenty-first is Lalouber the Thirty-first, the twenty-second is Lalouber the Thirty-second and the twenty-third is Lalouber the Thirty-third. 24. The first Dunel of the ravens is Miksian, the second Ramshian, the third is Ramshian the Second, the fourth is Ramshian the Third, the fourth is Ramshian the Third, the fifth is Ramshian the Fourth, the sixth is Ramshian the Fifth, the seventh is Lalouber the Thirty-fourth, who is the blue bear-siren. 25. The eighth is Lalouber the Thirty-fifth who is like the orange shark-alarm. 26. The ninth is Lalouber the Thirty-sixth who is like the blue shark-alarm. 27. The tenth is Lalouber the Thirty-seventh who is like the pink rabbit-alarm. 28. The eleventh is Lalouber the Thirty-eighth who is like the white shark-alarm. 29. The twelveth is Lalouber the Thirty-ninth who is like the orange rabbit-alarm. 30. The thirteenth is Lalouber the Fortieth who is like the green rabbit-alarm. 31. The fourteenth is Lalouber the Forty-first who is like the green shark-alarm. 32. The fifteenth is Lalouber the Forty-second who is like the green bear-tiger-alarm. 33. The sixteenth is Lalouber the Forty-second who is like the orange bear-tiger-alarm. 34. The seventeenth is Lalouber the Forty-fourth who is like the blue bear-tiger-alarm. 35. The eightteenth is Lalouber the Forty-fifth who is like the yellow bear-tiger-alarm. 36. The nineteenth is Lalouber the Forty-sixth who is like the yellow horse-tiger-alarm. 37. The twentieth is Lalouber the Forty-seventh who is like the green horse-tiger-alarm. 38. The twenty-first is Lalouber the Forty-eighth who is like the orange horse-tiger-alarm. 39. The twenty-second is Lalouber the Forty-ninth who is like the blue horse-tiger-alarm. 40. The twenty-third is Lalouber the Fiftieth who is like the pink horse-tiger-alarm. 41. And these are then the wake-worlds of the rabbits : Mikhelschlaft is the first, Mikhelschlaft the Second is the second, Mikhelschlaft the Third is the third. 42. Onktdiaptir the Fifth is the fourth, and Onktdiaptir the Sixth is the fifth. 43. Onktdiaptir the Seventh is the sixth and Onktdiaptir the Eighth is the seventh. 44. Iontes the Eighth is the eigghth, and Iontes the Ninth is the ninth. 44. Iontes the Tenth is the tenth. 45. Iontes the Eleventh is the eleventh. 46. Iontes the Twelveth is the twelveth, and Iontes the Thirteenth is the thirteenth. 47. Iontes the Fourteenth is the fourteenth. 48. Iontes the Fifteenth is the fifteenth. 49. Iontes the Sixteenth is the sixteenth. 50. Iontes the Seventeenth is the seventeenth. 51. Iontes the Eightteenth is the eightteenth. 52. Iontes the Nineteenth is the nineteenth. 53. Iontes the Twentieth is the twentieth. 54. Iontes the Twenty-first is the twenty-first. 55. Iontes the Twenty-second is the twenty-second. 56. Iontes the Twenty-third is the twenty-third. 57.

Iontes the Twenty-fourth is the twenty-fourth. 58. Iontes the Twenty-fifth is the twenty-fifth, and Iontes the Twenty-sixth is the twenty-sixth. 59. Iontes the Twenty-seventh is the twenty-seventh and Iontes the Twenty-eighth is the twenty-eighth. 60. Iontes the Twenty-ninth is the twenty-ninth, and Iontes the Thirtieth is the thirtieth. 61. Iontes the Thirty-first is the thirty-first. 62. The first tachel is Mikhelschlaft the Fourth. 63. The second is Mikhelschlaft the Fifth. 64. The third is Mikhelschlaft the Sixth. 65. The fourth is Iontes the Thirty-second. 66. the fifth is Iontes the Thirty-third. 67. The sixth is Iontes the Thirty-fourth, and she is like the orange shark-helmet. 68. The first dumel is Iontes the Thirty-fifth, the second dumel is Iontes the Thirty-sixth.

69. And these are then the wake-worlds of the tigers : Harahum is the first, Grikslet the second, Nahulim the third, Hapjasis the fourth, Habjatar the fifth, Sontrau the sixth, Hapjasis the Second is the seventh. 70. The first tachel is Habjalén, the second Hurnir, the third Hapsis, the fourth Vanjatir, the fifth Vanjatis. 71. The first dumel is Mokochel, the second Janhout, the third Varinhis, the fourth Franjouken, the fifth Franjoukessen, the sixth Fanjoutmahis. 72. The seventh is Fanjoutmahis the Second. 73. The eighth Fanjoutmahis the Third. 74. The ninth is Fanjoutmahis the Fourth. 75. The tenth is Fanjoutmahis the Fifth. 76. The eleventh is Fanjoutmahis the sixth. 77. the twelveth is Fanjoutmahis the Seventh. 78. The thirteenth is Fanjoutmahis the Eighth. 79. the fourteenth is Fanjoutmahis the Ninth, and the Fifteenth is Fanjoutmahis the Tenth. 80. And so the tigers have then many dumels.

The New Revelation V

1.

Disappeared and now hidden

1. Through day and dew, I miss you, I hope to see you, soon. Greet your mother from me, I miss her too, if she drops a stitch, let her think of me. 2. Through day and dew, I walk through the forests here, to watch around for a little while always, for birds with messages from you. 3. I don't dare to enter far off houses, afraid to catch up too many glimpses of you, and then weeping again like a child, do you remember the times that I cherished you.. 4. I feel like stone now, it is fine like this, I won't deny that. I miss something, I just don't know what. 5. The windows of the houses here, they stare at me, they don't say anything. 6. By the thunder you know that I am here. It hasn't been the last time. I know that you peer at me. 7. I know then not where you are, but I feel your presence. It is a warmth which cuts me, oh, there is dripping blood again from my finger. 8. Did I touch you accidentally, or am I just dreaming. It's strange, it is like you are still here, but you are already dead for years. 9. I will never forget that day, you and me, in that boat. I was reading poems for you, you hid your face behind the borders of your hat. I couldn't even see your smile, and suddenly you fell then out of the boat. A beast of the river had shown it's head. 10. Can you explain me once more,

how it all has happened. You were gone suddenly, I even didn't see bubbles, you disappeared with the beast. 11. Where are you now, are you really dead. How can it be that I think you are still here. or did God take you up. 12. Somewhere here your mother should still live. It's so deep in the forest, it's scary, I must say. 13. Mother, can I find her somewhere here. Or do you now know either where she is. I miss her, since that day on the river. 14. Deep in the forest, there it happened, like the forest had taken her away. 15. Mother, don't watch so sour, you are scaring me, where has she arrived. 16. You still made some clothes for her. Does she still come here then, please tell it to me. 17. That evening, I will never forget it, please, mother tell me, where is she now ? 18. You still have cooked for her, a second plate is on the table. 19. Or is that little plate then for me, and also all those clothes, I do not know it anymore. 20. Please, mother, say something, or did you lose your mind. Or is father still coming home late at night. 21. I do not know it anymore, what is this a heavy cross. Mother why are you so silent, do you also still think about her so often.

2.

There where it is always silent

1. When you drop a stitch, think about me also. Or will they also come to take me. 2. Oh, maybe I see her then. Mother you do not watch content. I don't have to open for them, right. You will not lose me, I promise you mother. I will stay here. 3. Is father still coming home tonight, and what are all these clothes doing here. I also see a little plate standing, or is that for me, I do not know it anymore. Are they coming then or not, and do we get to see her again then. Or did father take her with him, and do we see her back in the summer maybe. 5. Mother, the Karazure, mother, Metensia, did they do this then. Have they been here then. I can not breath, please, say it to me. 6. The winders are so much staring at me, they do not say anything, it is always silent here, always silent it is here. 7. Mother, please, say something once. I will never forget that day. Oh, let me be like this, I already live in a hell. Don't make it any worse. Let the silence soften everything then. I hope it won't get worse like this, or will they come to disturb everything again. 8. The sun shines on the fields, it is Metensia, in her chariot, she drives the pink covenant to our salvation. 9. Mother, why do you sing now, and what are all these tears. Who have left you. I am still with you here, or do you not realize anything. 10. Mother, are you deaf or blind, mother, you act like I am not there. You are staring at Metensia, have you forgotten everything. 11. She is of the pink covenant, I should have known it. They live along everything, like everything is different. 12. Mother, take me up in the pink covenant. There is no other fire to change us. Maybe we will find her back again. Is father still coming home tonight, and the Karazure. 13. They walk outside, like waves on the field, waves of the sun. I don't dare to watch. it is like everything has happened

already, where am I, or am I dreaming. 14. Take me with you, oh karazure, and treat my wounds, like those of my mother.

3.

Metensia and the Karazure

1. Mother, these tears are so expensive, more expensive than gold, they turn my stomach around. 2. mother, those songs are so sweet, like silent rains they come. Father is still coming home tonight, and the Karazure. 3. My dear is there again, with jewelry of the wind and the snow, coming to all those who cherish her. 4. Love is as a fire, as the pink karazure. I do not dare to watch anymore, father is still coming home tonight. Mother is standing before the window. She is staring at me. 5. Can I forget everything now, since she has turned off the light. It is almost night, I'm going to sleep, or is it already time to wake up. 6. Metensia as the sun in fair fields. The karazure waits silently, there where it is always silent. Father will come home soon, the rain is falling already. 7. I hear the doors of the barn. Now they are closed, ready for the night. Metensia is standing as a guard. Her animal has taken us. I have really seen it. Or are these just strange dreams. Mother, have you seen it as well. Or is she not here yet. There is a plate for her on the table, and for the Karazure, the flesh of those who hate her. 8. God, who are we luring. The lightning always strikes in. Is it your Spirit or the new morning, food for the Karazure. 9. God's angels are there, as farmers of the heavens. God who are we luring now. Which plants shoot up from the farm-field. 10. I leave this house alone once again, my hair is wild, mother, the intensive cherish, the temple in the honeycomb. Who is luring. Who is luring us now, in this holy hour. 11. Who makes a living in us, and where are we making a living. 12. Or am I just alone, between the thistles of the field, without the color of a crowning, without home, without living, grasped by a beast. 13. Who made me, why am I here. Where do I come from, where am I going to. 14. Am I really who I think I am, or am I someone else. The Karazure is coming to me, then things go different, and seem to be different. 15. Can I still trust my thoughts, I lay them in God silently.

4.

The Pink Covenant after the cross

1. Metensia, friend of God, whatever I do, it is my fate. I paint your paths, and the fallen leaves. The sun always shines different light. I do not grasp tightly anymore, I let go of everything. 2. The moments of a love-poem, from you to me, is this our fate. 3. The milks which stream now, leading us to all those flown away dreams. Do we really know what we are missing. I am so full of hate and I am just guessing. 4. What did I lose, the milks bring me to the deep hidden houses of the forest. 5. Or do criminals live here then. The karazure with their commands, there where everything is always silent. What do they drink here, there is such missing here. 6. I am getting afraid of this, of these houses, a heavy cross this is, to die in such a hunger, without

the moments of a love-poem. 7. Dreams only come here in rushes. Wild cats are here, oh God, how it hurts so much. The lightning always leads me here again. 8. The leaves always fall from the trees here. It is God who crowns the kings here. 9. And Metensia who thrones here with the karazure, like the sun in a soft field. Mother, when you drop a stitch again, think about me then. In the Pink Covenant, we experience, recognizing each other. Knowing each other. 10. You with the green hood, your daughter with a red. Can you understand us here then, the house, the doors in a crack. The wind can show you now, about which I was dreaming. 11. No, you never hurted me. You always gave me the karazure, like a guard in the night, for four times. 12. You have always driven me to Metensia. You with the green hood, your daughter with a red. 13. In the Pink Covenant we could understand each other, drinking from the nipple of Metensia. The Karazure let the wines stream, in this holy hour. 14. Your tears are so expensive. They turned my heart and limbs. 15. The riddles of the Lords, brought through prophets, by them with the hoods. We were bearing this hour in our mind, the workers of the karazure, your smile is so expensive. Your eyes are so tightly closed, by the sweetness of this love-poem. 16. Through the lightning we speak.

5.

The Tears of Metensia

1. And when you have come to the Pink Covenant, then your tears will be as pieces of jewelry, and you will watch through the nipples of the Lord as through windows. 2. Come to the seven tears of Metensia, for they are your guards. 3. And they come from the piece of jewelry and they will return to the piece of jewelry.

4. And they then hide the priestly bloodlines in them. 5. And they surrounded the Lord Christ when He was in the garden of Getsemane. 6. You then have approached the remple of metensia, where the prophetic altars are and the ones of the apostles. 7. And they who are her lovers will go from veil to veil, to watch her tears. 8. And watch then, they are like the tears of Rachel crying in Rama for her kids are no more. 9. And like this the Spirit of God is as a mother, mourning over her children. 10. And she has found comfort with Sarsia and with grandmothers. Yes, she has eaten from the bitterness of Mura, and has entered the gardens of Rietel.

11. She found comfort at the mint bush, the eucalyptus, the jasmine and the elder-tree. 12. And thus the tears are : Marcia, who is like the burning cross, wrapped by serpents, from where also the small Marcia-crosses came from, for she suffered for her child, while her hands were bound. Morgennia, who is like the bleeding morning, and the bush of the Lord. 13. Ageeh, who is like the tear of owls. Sonia, the blooming morning. Vonja, her faithful sister and the blooming moonred, who was like a gift of

Sarsia. 14. Daphne, who bears the morninglight, and who is the flower of the Lord.
15. Melissa, who is the commander of the serpents of heaven.

6.

The artwork of the Lord

1. And the tears of Metensia will bring forth the attentates. 2. And see, her tears will be poured out on the earth, in the days of the Karazure, and then there will be salvation in the four worldships. 3. And she will come to Abdal, Maasdo and Kabbernal. Lay then down your jewelry, and come to the jewelry of the Lords. 4. You know then that no other jewlery exists but in the adorning of others. 5. Adorn then those who bear the tears of Metensia, like pure attentates. See then, the art of the Lords is cunning and wisdom. 6. Let then your knowledge not be shallow, for they will be pulled again to the first which floats to destruction. 7. Let then suffering not come over you like something strange, for the Lord installs His servants. 8. Through many tears you will enter, and in bliss are those who bear many tears, for they will find many entries and exits. 9. See then the ark of Metensia sprinkled with tears is her fertility. And through volcanoes she will create a new earth. 10. And she has then an ark of tears, leading to under the pink, like also the pink covenant reaches to under the pink, and there you will see big mysteries. 11. You will then know the paradoxes of Metensia, and her double-headed. For without them there would be no fertility. 12. And so is then also the pink covenant, who is like the nipple of Metensia, full of her paradoxes, by which she clears the earthground, and it has the sight of a broken mirror, as a burning gem. 13. and so is then the pink covenant like the ark of tears and her lap, and you as well can be born again. 14. And every creature is then programmed and will be focussed at the goal which the creator has woven in him. 15. Don't waste your time with overly long discussions, but let the pink covenant transform everything in it's own places. 16. Watch everything together as the artwork of the Lords, standing on the Emelis Shatau as a secret message of the Lords, waiting to get translated and transformed. 17. So is then the Emelis Shatau nothing without the Pink Covenant.

7.

Marcia

1. You have moved then through the curtains of Metensia to come to her tears. 2. Yes, you have been isolated, you who cherishes her. 3. And so are her tears then as warm fleeces to bring restoration. 4. Learn then to know the waves of Metensia, for soon you will be on sea. 5. Learn then to ride the waves of fire, and do not twist her words, so that you will not fall. 6. The Metensia will be then as a fighter against those who twist her words, but in the Pink Covenant they will be brought to their place. 7. For

everything there is a place. And the lord knows from where every thing comes and where it will go. There are no ways but in the Pink Covenant. 8. And she is like the fertility and the volcanoes of Metensia. See, you are standing on holy ground. 9. For all things in the Lord are holy, and are sanctified by Him, to get used. 10. Depart from the things which go to destruction, for they are made for this by the Lord. But hang on to the things which are eternal in the Pink Covenant. 11. And so you will have an enlightened source in Marcia, for she will give with the problem also the solution. All those who have lost children in the Lord for His will, you will find the children back on the destined day for that and the destined hour. 12. Bring all your tears to Marcia, as she can feel with you, and she can give you comfort. 13. And Marcia is then the burning tear of Metensia to sanctify many works, and she will give a new song for those who have lost their children, and lead them to the places of deep mysteries and comfort. 15. And you will swim in Marcia's tear, as in a lake of tiger-tears, and you will have hunger and eat much. 15. and through the tears of Metensia you will come to her roar. 16. And you will wrap her scream, and you will comfort her in her shriek. and you will wake up, as the tear of sparrows, as woken by Rumah.

8.

that which they forbade

1. The walls of the rabbit are warm, his bread is always warmer. The word of the rabbit is sweet, his silence always sweeter. You see their houses and their gardens. You see their hedges and that what they forbade. 2. The walls of the rabbit are warm, their wines always warmer. Their waters of odor are better than gold, their silence always more sweetly than the day before. 3. Would you accuse me if I would not enter in. Would you accuse me if I would come near to that which they forbade. 4. This bottle always brings me near.

spirit in the bottle

5. Behind the plastic is a face, behind the toy is an animal, behind the nothing a heart that speaks. 6. Without words, without any hope. Come with me, but do not touch me. I have a wound which you cannot reach. I am as a spirit in a bottle.

the king

7. When spring is burning, she sacrifices the days of the gate. She gave a tale of love, so that destination could be found. Do you see their houses? It is all behind glass. 8. Do you see how they love each other, in sweetness and mystery. They live in a strange space, all behind glass. 9. Would you want to belong to them, would you want to walk on their streets, would you bow for them, or would you want to be their king? 10. I am the king of rabbits, far away from you, far away from everything. I am the rabbit king, you cannot hold me, because I hold you. 11. Everything is in my hands, my winds blow. I am the rabbit king, but so near, so near to everything. You cannot hold me, because I hold you. 12. Everything is in my hands, my winds blow. Hold me

now, let your winds blow. 13. Are you the king of the rabbits, near to everything, but so far away? Do you hold me like I hold you? 14. Everything in your hand, please, let me understand, what it is between you and me.

Remember me

15. Please, rabbit prince, do not forget me. Remember me, when you pray, when you eat, when you drink from your steamy wines, when you walk along the streets. Remember me, this is the last time that I will speak.

Vain in pain

16. I am the king of pain. My voice is like the tear of mystery. So vain I am. I look down on rich beggars, looking down on those in joy. 17. They win to lose it all. It's such a big big carnival. Weathers from the rose inside me, tearing it all when it falls, for when it was standing, it wasn't honest at all. 18. Seasons of the rabbits wine, it takes many days before it reaches the sky. 19. I am the king of fall, spreading so much desires, but who wins them will lose them all. I give them to those who are vain in pain. You can never win from a rabbit's beggar, begging for some more pain, begging for some more tears to watch the carnival in vain.

Rabbit behind glass

21. Like a murderer it comes, and soon it will be back, and then it breaks my doors open, is there any escape for me, from this strange strange bottle. 22. No rabbit helps me. I'm all alone in this pit of shame. I tried to hold your hand, but you left me all alone, and now you're sitting on your throne, to laugh about me. 24. Watching this criminal come and go, killing all the seasons between you and me, and the weather. 25. I cannot escape from your wrath. It's always winter in this glass. It's snowing in these days. You're a rabbit behind glass. 26. A killer like your mother, you never told your name, but you seem to be god here. 27. What can I do when you hurt me. You're sitting on your throne and laughs. 28. Only when the wind blows, it's summertime. Then your roses die, but they are back at the end of the day. 29. The bottle's tight, when it doesn't blow anymore. I don't want to be in this rabbit's army anymore. 30. Please, let me be free.

Frozen little boy

31. Be proud of your shame. It's all I have, this frozen boy. Accept your lusts and shames. 32. On the altar it's like cleaning a day of a million years ago. I'm happy that you know to play the game. 33. A cat without wings and space, he chose for love, and now he's an aeroplane, in sweet vain. A cat without wings and space, he turned around, and now he's an aeroplane. 34. So many shames in this world. He's going on, this frozen boy. He's changing without moving.

The New Revelation VI

1. You stare deep. You have watched me awhile ago. Like the scorn-robe of the cross you hang over me, with a spear in my side. 2. Child, I have laid it down, and given to you, this heritage of the past. 3. It has driven me to bliss, you have to go through it as well, it is only for a short time. 4. You stare deep, so fragmentaric. So many words broken away from each other. I don't know where they lead me. I cannot understand it. 5. Mother, have you finally come, your child has waited for you so long on it's post, looking around. They told me, not to believe in you. Only the father was still there. 6. Mother, they have taken everything away from me. Even my dreams, they do not see me standing anymore. I have mutilated myself so often. I cannot take it anymore. 7. It is bleeding when you are embroidering. Like a spider you sting, what did I do ? I am so glad you are here. But why do you not take my wounds away. 8. Are you then a dove of the cross, as a bird of suffering, to bring us a message. 9. So many fogs before my eyes. Like the falling in a deep pit. Your webs have caught me up. 10. I am trapped in your love. No path out of it, I will have to stay here. I do not know everything, but I know the life. Everything is only for a short time. 11. Silently you will change meanings and the faces of man.

12. Rosethorn, like a choir you embrace me. Rosethorn as the window of love. No enemies anymore, everything is the needle of the Lord. 13. Oh yes, everything stings so deep, but it is You who called me. 14. Rosethorn, as an echo in the night, making all the hardness soft, so many cords of your love woven through my wounds, until everything sunks under the pink.

15. i do not know how to lay it down. It stings so deep, and it pulls me away all the time. It sticks, it is the glue of the lords, and everything pierces my soul and bed. 16. I feel so weak, I cannot stand. I am trembling and everything is spinning around me. Did the lord take me to him, or am I dreaming strangely. 17. I feel sick, close to death. I feel like a tree in dark streets. believe me, when someone would see me here, they would watch straight through me. The foam of the law has made me transparent. 18. I am already gone, my shadow is still here.

19. Rosethorn, I can only weep, and further I do not understand anything. 20. all colors are gone. everything black and white, and grey it is a miracle. The king of mice took me with him.

21. Outside the stars shine, standing in the sky as at the wall. I have lost courage to go back. The mice of the heavens lead me away, the rats of the heavens watch, and stare like the thornrose. 22. Like the scorn-robe of the cross they hung over me, with a spear in my side. Given to me, the heritage of the past, hidden behind webs. I do not know where they lead me, I cannot hear them. 23. I am in their fiery chariots, the mice have gone before me. It has already been lived through before, everything has

been written down. The rainbow stares at me, the sweet honey enters with me, the wonder of the cross has come. 24. Like the lighting foam of roses I was taken away. I had to live on a bridge where two armies fought each other, until the fire of the roses ascended, and the sweet honey and intoxication started to stream. Like songs they melted together, a soft, but dead rabbit. 25. I couldn't reach her, so many traumas she had. She couldn't speak anymore, she couldn't trust me. She could only sting, like a rose in a deep pasture. 26. Like a soldier of Spricht she was, leading me to the intoxication of doubt. I couldn't stand on my legs anymore.

27. Rosethorn, give me your voice. Rosethorn, give me your eye. I cannot see anything anymore, I cannot think either anymore, everything is stabbed, by the thornbush. 28. Thornrose, have mercy in your love, I am burning away, no time to do anything anymore, everything narrow inside. 29. I cannot move myself. I am trapped in your doubt, insecurity froze me. I am now a tree in your city, a flower in your pasture. 30. After a hard night, making everything soft, so many cords of love and softness, woven through my wounds, until everything sinks under the pink.

2.

Blue eyes, red lips, made to make the kings ready. 2. And tomorrow, then you are, my princess, for good faithfulness, I have laid down my robe. 3. I trust you till here, but the door is still in a crack. 4. Would I open it too wide, you would flood me. 5. I would drown in your love. I have laid down my robe. My hat is tightly over my ears. I do not dare to hear your dear tender voice. 6. Whisper then, it is good, the things you do with me. You are innocent, your heart full of rain. 7. Rosered, in softearth, dreams of flown away years. Blue eyes, red lips, made to make kings ready. 8. And tomorrow you are my princess, for good faithfulness, I have laid down my robe. 9. Spirit of God, of other ages, boxed up, I can cry about it. 10. Quiet is your voice. You do not know everything already, you have to get used to it still. So long you have been in sleep, they have quenched your flames, but know, that I live with you, my princess, till the coming morning. 11. They will chase us away, we will flee to the wilderness. Always you will be my princess. 12. Spirit of God, you have awoken, but always fleeing. To the trees we will preach, to the animals we will bring, our fruit.

3. Open your eyes, dearest, wake up, the time is there. I had to write with heavy pencils. Now they drip with the waters of odor. 2. Open your eyes dearest, wake up, time is ripe, I had to write with heavy pencils, now the fruits are burning in them. 3. Strange totempoles are in my hand, with all those bakerman's faces. 3. The old baker still lives there at the canal. Please, quick, wake up, there under the bridge. We have to leave quickly otherwise they will bring us behind the windows. 4. They will bring us behind the windows, like rabbits behind glass, like rabbits in their cages, like

waters in their bottles. Open your eyes, dearest, I am the fairyprince, I am a fairyhouse, in bottles I stand. You don't have to tell me what you feel for me. 6. Quit then your love, become cold, for around the corner they stand. they will interrogate us. Behind glass we go, for the last time, for tomorrow, I will tell you again : Far away is always near. 7. Silence speaks, the ice will burn quickly, stronger than fire, stronger than the coming hour. Future has been gone a long time ago, dreams have flown away. Those who believe it all quench soon again, like a candlestick in hundred winds, they come to the high bottles, coming to their own cages, for eternity they will sleep. 8. We have to satisfy them, they are hungry and that is why they disturb. In God's radio it doesn't go well, it disturbs, it is everything it does. 9. There is a ghost in the machine, maybe we will get it out, if we also tell him that far away is always near, that silence speaks, the ice will burn, stronger than fire, stronger than the coming hour, future has been gone long ago, but the memory is too strong, like it comes from the front. 10. Locked up we are, in a mind always returning to the old, to old paths. I don't remember anything anymore, I only have such heavy pains, in my spine it is descending, like the sun-cord, now it is finished. I will fall into your house together with the door. 11. I am going away from you, for far away is so close. Can you believe me now that coming and going does not exist. The coming of God is like going away, and his going away is like coming. Since you have gone, you are deeper in my heart, oh queen of the rabbits, you have told this to me so often. 12. I have forgotten about everything. My body hurts me so much, everything is like the sun-cord, like a flare in the coccyx, to open the deep doors of Materos, with the keys of Spricht. 13. I am the king of elves, I am the air of elves. I make a living in this book now.

14. Open your eyes now, love, Spricht has spoken, under the spring-tree, there was a crowning, speaking hundred languages, to sift the silver a hundredfold. 15. I have stretched out my legs, and made a living. I am the crown of God, waven through a crown of thorns. Open your eyes, love.

4. Deeper than the mountains of the ocean, deeper than the dewdrips of seahouses, I heard her voice, with her chocolate-king, I have gone through the mountains. Deep in a sea-case I found her, where mirrors stared at me, a mintbush underwater. Deeper than the oceans, deeper than the sea, wearing the costumes of flown away years. Chocolate-king, mintbush underwater, to the dewdrips I have come, to stand on a watchpost. Deeper than the snow of gold, deeper than the mountains of the ocean, where flown away years are still dancing, to be on the watchpost, hiding their Jorinde, hiding their names. Deep in a sea-case I found her, a mintbush underwater. Flown away years took me with them, to a little house of an old fairy, very scary it was inside, where everything happened which I could not make up. Jorinde was her

name, an old mintbush underwater, where dewdrops stand ready, to make kings ready. A woman of wonder she was, with seven widow-spiders, they fought against me. Deeper than the seas, deeper than the blue moon, it leads me to the princess of swans, a morning-existence. Flown away years took me with them, to the little house of the old fairy, very scary inside, where everything happened which I could not imagine, on the other side of the mirror, where they all eat from the white chocolate. Deeper than the mountains of the ocean, deeper than the dewdrops of seahouses, I found the old swan, with seven widow-spiders, she gave me a free path. I stared in the palace, where the glances in mirrors froze me, I could go nowhere anymore, i couldn't move myself. She stings me like the white lady of chess, like a mintbush underwater. I am now in thistle-sea, the roses sting me, the roses sting me, until I awake in tenderness, to the soft I have descended, to under the pink, where grey roses in mirroring pink enchant me. I will never go back, but a deep fever is overwhelming me, like a black burning blanket, where the eyes of sparrows have watched me, in their books they painted me, and under the yellow a pirate-captain. Dearest, can you touch my hand, there is barbed wire between you and me, I hear you screaming, we will get everything, when we have sunk to under the brown.

5. The heat has lost it's sting, to under the brown we have descended, where the ice has started to burn. The flame has just caressed my head, I feel so blind in this land. Is it because of the trees, is it because of the cool burning lakes, is it because of the chess-figures who have come alive in the air, like paintings on a weapon. They cannot talk, they move fast, but sometimes they do not move. The heat has lost it's sting, the cold has attacked, high fever under a blue blanket, fed me to the dragons. Suddenly, my child, have you seen that as well, all those flares of lightning. They come to take us again, until we have descended under the brown. We fall in the grief, until we have also seen the sparrows, high on their paintings, where their chariots ride, and other chariots we do not know. By Acha they have entered, like a frozen flame, a precious golden mirror, under gold and silver we have arrived.

2. I cannot move, and you can't either. I see your nose is painted, like a doll you were, oh what a grief. Raise your head up, then you can see me as well. The sparrows will paint us again, they will armor us again, oh foreigners take us with you, and give us to the slaves, so that they will be free also. I still can't move, and I even can't see you anymore, they have blindfolded me, caressed me with a feather. What has become of me, after all these years of grief. I don't dare to think about myself anymore, too afraid that I will leave myself. Give and take, an old saying, but I don't understand it. Are we all slaves then, I do not want to live in this grief. Give and take, an old saying, but for who are we working, are we getting pulled away from each other, are we then free for eternity ? I cannot move myself, still blindfolded, and now I hear nothing

anymore either, still feeling the feather glow, to a place where I feel the high fever streaming, until I have descended under the brown again.

6.

1. The path under France, a wild path, from poverty to the primeval, we sink to under the brown, ever again, where brown mirrors talk. Can you move yourself, I can't. Am I now a tree then, am I now a plant, the white lady has stung me, and there is fire everywhere, to under the brown we will come, where the foam of roses is waiting for us. sharp birds, sharp dreams, knowing all our names, until we have gone under the brown, hit by a staff of the fourth death. Come then downstairs, where the French wines stand, where the bottles of tears speak, where the morning has gone, drowned in the new night, where someone is waiting under the brown. Sharp birds, sharp dreams, knowing all our names, until it has sunk under the brown, to the flown away years. I cannot move myself, the feather tells where I have to go. The sparrows wait on the roof, where paintings are burning in the night, strange paintings between you and me, and bakerman's faces lock the row. Where the feather fell, in an empty space, in a bottomless pit, there I jumped in, I saw her highest song, all those burning windows, strange windows, with bakerman's faces between you and me. Where the feather fell, in a deep space, in a bottomless pit, where I heard her whistling, she went back to her bird. I dived after her, I jumped on time, and found grace. I had explained everything to her, she showed me a new way, a way which she had always given away, to warm those who had been hit by the staff. I showed her my wounds, she dropped a tear. Far away under France she let me go. Rags have led me to the primeval, from feather to feather I was led, through valleys of dewtears she said i was right. It was time to enter in, in the high field where the paintings were burning, they are calling our name. We are painted here in a burning night, in books we will live safely.

The Red Stone

The Revelation of the Red Stone

1.

Psalm about the House of Stone

1. God, you know the houses of my seas, You know that all things are so far away from me. Everything glides through my fingers every time again, so many ships have been lost. The door of my heart I can never find. I can only stare, but I watch the same things again and again. They are so far away. Can I live my life like this ? I glide away every time, and I am so blind. Meet me in the house of stone, and put my head in the rocks.

2. God, You know the waters of my heart. I continually sink too deep to say something of use. I cannot find my life anymore. I am on a wander-tour without finding something, a wanderlight in a house without doors. It is like I cannot find my way, like the paths have been grown locked. Can I lead my life like this ? I live in deep pits and I can't go anywhere. Meet me in the house of stone and put my head in the rocks.

3. God, you know the depths of my stomach, there where still the beats live. I get eaten day and night, until a nighttrouper finds me. Even friends eat me. I go from help to help, but I sink deeper all the time. They want to take my life. They are the watchers of the death, speaking sweet words to trap me in their webs. Can I live my life like this ? I don't dare to take a hand anymore, all ways lead to death here. Meet me in the house of stone and put my head in the rocks. I have dreamt of better times, of keys to the gate of heaven. I have often watched your nighttrouper, with their songs unheard. I dream of times across the mountains of suffering, I am so tired to sit here. I can only drink from the kingdom of death, until a nighttrouper takes me away to a dance outside this existence. A slow dance, where everything moves slow, where I watch the golden steps. Can I live my life like this ? Is this my destiny in this house of stone, where my head turns in the rocks, oh God, where can I go.

5. I encountered You in the house of stone, with altars of stone, and with arks of stone. I danced in the rocks, with slow steps. In Elip You brought me, there where the nighttrouper stand on harps. They drink of kingly gold, and they have stomachs of stone. In Elip You brought me, in the house of stone. The nighttrouper stand on harps, like sharks of heaven. You gave me nutrition of high value, and and now my head is in the rocks, staring at the secrets of the sea. Can I lead my life like this ? I can't go elsewhere. Oh God, You bound me with Cords of Love, You put my feet in the house of stone.

2.

Psalm of Metensia

1. Metensia, sweet odour, great mystery. You brought me to the house of intoxication, where your gingerbreads of roses bloom, where the big lilies are. You brought me to Paradise, in Your Will I will go. Oh Metensia, sweet adour, soft Love, eyecolor, when

your bottles of forest-odour open themselves, then deer dance around. With Your secret I want to be.

2. Metensia, sweet dream, sweet morning, where I long for. You open my curtains, and the sounds of birds lure me each time again, to soft dreams. Metensia, oh soft bliss, You brought your harp and harlequin. Your nighttrouppers are there again, to take me away to Your Honour. They take me to young bliss, in the days of Spring I watch You, Your harps stand there where wounds were.

3. Deep wounds You brought me, like hit by a friend. You showed Your tears, You punished me early already. You brought me gingerbreads of roses in the winter, Your horses found me in the night, oh Spirit of God, oh Metensia of Love. Your harps stand there where wounds were, now I play before your throne, oh God. You turned the shrill tones in my souls into bells of Your Spirit.

4. When heavy voices frightened me, You were there with soft trumpet. When hard voices let my ships sink, your fishes of heaven were there, to drive away songs, you brought me to the House of Silence. Metensia, Your golden cords took me there. Metensia, great secret, nightlatin, hope in golden Love, to be with you, is like bathing in the golden nightfountain.

5. Your Glory is ever looking for me again, Your words drive me to deep silence. You whisper softly, until I bath in the night of roses. With dreams in Your Left Hand, You come to me, You take my hand. Your Glory leads me, and takes me over savage seas. To be with You, is better than to be with a human. Your House of Silence breaths in me, and deep pillars of roses bring a messenger to me. Why am I still so young. I long to bear Your Wisdom.

6. You punish me with Knowledge, You pierced my pearls by arrows of Love, to hang them around my neck, the deerchild in Your secret. You brought me pearls of Love, pierced on an altar of stone. You hung them through my hair and sealed my forehead. You spoke to me in nightlatin, and you let me descend in the pits of the nights, through your sweet gingerbreads of roses.

3.

Psalm of Eminius Matas

1. I often thought about it, Your Love who always waits for me in the night. I can't sleep nor eat. I am a slave of this life, but you have rescued me from this evil generation.

2. You write letters about kings, about thrones unreached. You bring Mercy to those who tremble, and You make them Your messengers.

3. You have sent Your waters, and Your winds lead me.
4. Kings want to take my life. I want to write Your psalms, and be your nighttrouper.
5. I have often thought about it, Your Love always waiting for me. No step I can take, nor breathing. I am a slave of this life, but You have delivered me of this evil generation.
6. You have beaten my heart, oh Emini, oh Matas. Still I feel the stripes of Your Love. It has brought me the cure.
7. Often I have thought about it, about Your cool Love which leads me always. I feel cold and bitter. I am a slave of this life, but you have set me free from this evil generation.
8. Many things I do not understand. I am young, and what is a human ?
9. But I have ridden the shark to the gate of heaven.
10. I have danced on Your altar, and my burnt shoes. What is it that you care for the human ?
11. Yes, also the Spirit has become human.

4.

Psalm of the Nighttrouper

1. From youth I have battled. Now I am ripe to forge the sword.
2. Many flowers I have watched them dying. Many trees I have watched them sink away.
3. The arrows on my bow are sharp, while the songs burn on my tongue, coming from a silent house.
4. For long times I have been silent, and strung Eternal words together. Deprived of knowledge I was so long, I had to live with hurt of heart.
5. God, raise and anoint your servant, for fruits swell to let their wines flow.
6. From youth I have battled, but now I am ripe to forge the sword.
7. Now I am then a card in the heart, a night trouper on a harp with arrows.
8. Now I am ripe to lay down my life, to break the silence.
9. And then I will leave to the house of silence, to be silent forever.

5.

Psalm of the Spirits of God

1. Oh Kabbernal, Spirit of the Altar, like roaring wine You sooth my pain, You pierce my wounds and quench them. My hair is in the flame.
2. Eminius, oh cold wine, let us be together, and bath in the cool milk of roses, with gingerbreads of roses and moonshine.
3. Shine Your Light in my knowledge and break the chains of my conscience, where fishes have eaten from me.
4. You watch the chains of steel of my stomach and heart, covered under flesh. Oh, break them by your golden dent, and burn a mark on me by Your Love.
5. Your heat has overwhelmed me, Your power has let me hear the mountains. Matas, cover my wounds by Your Flesh, and don't let me stand bare before my enemies.
6. Cover my head by Your golden girdle. You are the Holy Temple bath. Let Love lead me, and let Hope make me hear Your Word.
7. Protect me in daytime against the stinging fly. Lead me to Metensia, the Candlestick on the Throne.
8. A wreath of rays comes from her crown, and a thousand dizzynesses take me to her waters.
9. She has hit me with golden wounds, now her voices break through.
10. On broken feet I can approach her.
11. She hit me and her scar will speak Forever.
12. Yes, even my bones she broke. Now I am like a tree of the field.
13. Heavily does the Lord punish them who He loves.
- 6.

Metensia, flower of God

1. Metensia, secret of God, only as fishes we can approach You, oh Holy Fire, in the darkest of the night.
2. You have the suns under your feet, and the moons are a bench to you.
3. The pearls of Your feet are burning, and you have fishes at Your line.
4. You guide them to the waters and the house of Marion, where they eat from the sweet bread, and drink from the sweet wine.
5. Yes, arrows of drunkenness will pierce them, and their fruits will be ripe, to bring songs to the most holy of God.

6. Through the veils of temples they will tear, when they show their wounds, coming to unite, the altar and the wine.

7. Metensia, sweet mystery, you bring soldiers to intoxication. You clothed your knights in the night, and bound them in their wounds to God.

8. Your cords still such a sweet mystery. On altars they rise like pillars to You, Metensia, the flower of God.

7.

Psalm of the Tears of Metensia

1. Bearing the fleeces of a new heart, they came there in big hurt.

2. The Lord granted you cloaks of snow, and changed you into holy seed, like herbs on Metensia's altar.

3. The Lord has let you spare your blood, your wounds became like streaming ice. In volcanoes they come together, to hear mysteries.

4. The Lord lured you with golden cords. In the sweet game you lost your sting.

5. Yes, with the flute of the Spirit he gave you dragonblood, to hear His voice.

6. The stakes of flowers you have climbed, slid along the trees with dew.

7. When tears burn of ice, then your heart has heart the Lord. When tears become light in the darkness, then your pain has lost it's sting.

8. My thoughts can't rescue my feelings, I need Your Word. But you let us sink with a small help, to die together and find each other there.

9. Let us winter in Your temple to search Your Words.

10. Bring me a new heart of Lord, raise it to life by your seeds. Let me be blinded in the night, and lead me to Eternal paths.

11. Oh lead me to the waters of roses, to the chinks of the altars of Your burning waters of fruits. Bring me the bread and the vinegar.

12. Your Word is Truth, separate then the waters to a path in the desert, and grant me the seven gifts.

13. Your servant I am, with all your maid-servants, we come before Your Throne with stuttering. Your Love brought us intoxication and drunkenness.

14. Oh Lord, bring us your bowls, with tears of Metensia's Spirit, with roots full of deeds, we speak your language through the holy seed.

15. Bring breath over our bliss, and feel the hurt of our souls, and bring us deeds, wrapped in nightlatin.

16. Teach us to do Your will, let us walk Your ways, to the corn of Your Face, this hymn of praise, this poetry of praise, with the shining of a new day, for those hungry for Your Word, Amen, Metensia Emini.

8.

The Second Metensia

1. Rest with me, and come with seven things, through pink moonshine. Come and rest with me, to seven waters we slide, come, let us kiss the morning. Follow the way of moonshine, through the path of love we have our tour, to the heaven of the second word. Come and learn love from me, through hollow heads we have our tour, when they who go to sleep give us free road.

2. Warm your hand at my heart, follow the days of the second knowledge, to the second bliss. I am Metensia, the cobra, come there where cool love shines, where the evil heart disappears behind clouds without worries. The care is of the Lord, our care is to be with him, through the valleys of his word, the second cross.

3. He broke the bread, showed love as a path, and where I Metensia measured the stars, it has given us much.

4. Come, where true love shines, where cool truth appears to the heart of gold. Come with all your loveplay, show me the sources of your second spirit. The second Metensia, has your heart been there.

5. Come, to be naked in paradise, where the seven veils are, covered by his love, come, his face is pure. The second Metensia, has your heart been there, have you drunk of her breath, where sweet stars ogle.

6. Pure angels with their bowls which steam there, angels of the second word. Come, your spirit is free there, just in love with me, so usual, but wonderful, for eternity we are there.

7. Let the trees who think there, let the seas who offer there, come to find bliss. In the heart of the second cross, where they died of hunger, so full of honey they are now, safe with the bees and the flowers of heaven.

8. Come, I am metensia, the fruit of love is there, offered by blackberries. Come, big love is there, in the second heaven a door has opened, come flee with me. And the days of the wind, you know I have loved them, and the days of the hollow have brought forth honey. Come where sweet truth wanders, in the heart of metensia, the second lamp is there.

9. Come, her arms spread wide, like sweet honey on her blankets, like open books they rise, from the second word on her tongue.

10. Come, bigger love she is, through roofs she breaks through, to take the children home, soft love, tall wisdom, metensia, the second is you.

11. Through flowers, the waters of tall fruits, tall love, books of honey open themselves for you, like the troupers of the night, to take them all home.

12. To the second temple we travel, laying down our old clothes, to go naked into the paradise, wrapped by the new word.

13. Come, the honey she follows, dripping from her mouth and nipple.

14. Come, the milk of the second word, that is she, like the breath of second love, the fruit of belief.

15. Come, and set your spirit free, the old has passed away, a gift of great love. Come, the Spirit says come.

9.

The Power of the Second

1. The honey of the lord, his council is on you. Come, all you kings, before his face.

2. Bring him honour as silver, He has poured out the second word. To them who descended in love to the hungry.

3. His cross is their well of sweet waters. The unity with them is more precious to them than all the other things.

4. Now they find their way in him. Come, and listen to his voice, the second word is open now, come read and be filled with his second Spirit. A second gospel is there now, a second fellowship, to break off the old hour.

5. The terror is over now, the seals lie in a row, broken by his Spirit.

6. Let then now the second word fill you as well, and be one with us, be in bliss with us, and suffer with those who suffer, as the sun going down, finding new bliss in winter's warm hearth, come, and find the gigantic bliss.
7. He brought hunger on a dish to let the honey become ripe, now you fly on the back of a bee of heaven, searching for a word to fill your soul, in your second spirit you are the most, now he has opened the gates.
8. Yes, his angels are tall like the wind stretching, with high raised shoulders, to let the night troupers come.
9. Let them love the lord, to the hour of comfort, let them bring the lord continuously higher. Like a fish he is, like a bird on the mountains, like a lion in his hole, to preach his word, to sing his song. His heralds go out in front of him.
10. He broke and destroyed the marks of the second satan, and now we are here in his second spirit.
11. His second soul will lead us through his second word. Oh second Christ who died at the second cross, the hunger in Africa, the fellowship has not understood, but from the hidden the second fellowship will take care of him, to embalm him with the purest honey, with his loved ones he will be. Let the lion speak now, and the cobra.
12. Let them utter love by the second word, and let his second angels bear his words like steaming bowls, the second ice will stand in front of you daily. Let your word fill them then who search for love and wisdom.
13. Let your word find them who are obedient. They who worship your commandments, and listen to you, find them in silence and in darkness, open the kingdoms of death so that you can watch their soul. Don't leave them alone, for they haven't left you alone.
14. Don't let them get lost, all who comfort you, honey on the pain, worked in flowers before your face, to be in tenderness.
15. Sing like glory descending on the beard of Abraham. Look for his stars one by one, his children keep it on legs, grant them continuous grace, them who give grace, like the masters of rewards they are, to give dignity and freedom.

10.

Prayer against False Healing

1. Word, now opened, like wings of the wind, like hope of his glory. He gave you the thorns in your flesh, like precious oil, bringer of dawn, well of sweet honey, be in bliss. Word now more anointed than ever, the wounds brought oil from the mountain

of Abraham. Rod of His Spirit, has led us all the time through the fields and the woods. Drought, and hurt, streaming from the deepest cross, to be in your grace, is knowing all the time that you deliver.

2. You lead us out, you play the harp on your throne, where love anoints the roots of trees all the time, deep under the ground of your second word, show us your hidden spirit, where mysteries swim. Live like you have never lived before. You are the living grace, the living voice, where the light has reached the earth.

3. Also in dark days, your heart is preserved. Greater than the love, sweeter than the voice, all the time it descends like oil of the clouds. Throne on earth with your second spirit, show us higher love, from your second word, bring the rope now, pull us up. Let the beard of your spirit like the beard of the mountain, living and being in love, to the hour of comfort. Your grace through the desert, lead the ones of bliss to the light, your words for them who tremble,

4. Like the gift of the eternal fountain. Lord, don't heal me, when the thorn has to lead me, Lord don't heal me, when the thorn has to hit me, because behind the mountains, there is the soulbinder standing, oh don't make me healthy, don't let me work in hell. With you at the cross is sometimes much better.

5. Lord, don't heal me, but don't hit me with disease, the thorn is large enough to protect me against sin. But lord bring me second healing, which protects my soul, Lord bring me second power which doesn't spoil my spirit. Lord I always wait for your second healing. healing after the cross, through the cross, like a tree rooted in your second blood. Brought forth by your second word, your health is my armor. Lord, healing by the old covenant, made me sick.

11.

Coming Healing by the Second

1. Lord, my hands burn, lord, of second healing, a healing which binds up the soul, purifies it from sin, your heart which binds me at the cross, your second blood flowing through my veins. Vibrating light, warm love, mystical power, oh lead the hermits of your word, they who guard your mysteries, who let the birds fly around in freedom in your wood. Oh, punish those who created the canon, who built cages for the sick people.

2. Lord, don't keep away from me your second healing, your gifts to crown second kings. Lord, don't keep away second deliverance from me, the old covenant I do not know.

3. Remove all the old dripping filth, then the second Solomon will bring the fruits. The cobra will move on the paths, to let treasures not be lost.

4. Lord, let me honour the old, listen to the young, through your second Spirit. Lord, don't let them bind me again, your second deliverance is of more value to me than silver.
5. Lord, come to me, my hands burn, of second healing, of your spirit, Lord, your precious oil is flowing, love me with the herbs of heaven, release me, bring me to the second bliss. Lord I have suffered with them, I have fought at their side, for a new bliss.
6. Lord I have wept with them, I have talked with them, shared your words with them. I was in your love, I ask now for your second love. Lord, bring us continuously your hands which burn, your feet at the cross.
7. Lord, then we will comfort you, and burn our hands, our feet at the cross, the second cross. After forty days you rose up, after forty days in the desert. Lord, come to us, and bring us second love, and second fruits of bliss, to adorn your earth, to a new paradise, our hands burn Lord, to do your works.
8. Lord, equip us, with soft trumpets, with second songs, bring us to your Spirit. Lord, my hands burn, my shoulders burn, deep in your holiness, you open my second spirit, you gave me the second dove. Lord my neck burns everything to your honour, to your glory, please let me awaken in your holiness.
9. Please let the songs of your spirit stream through me. My lips quiver, your song is on my tongue, your apples carry me across the walls. Lord, my feet burn, your second cure and your gifts stream through me. Lord, you created the hermits, to release birds of the second cure to let them fly through your dark woods.
10. Oh, punish them who created the canon, oh, burn the cages away, and lead us all out. Oh, punish them who created the canon, oh punish them who hate the second. Shatter them in your big love.
11. Punish them in grace, and comfort them who mourn about your Spirit. Support the followers of the second, step forward in big power, the power of big love, make us one. Your word lets everything burn in me, your word, let me walk your truth.
12. You granted your second Spirit, and showed us your mighty big Love, in tenderness, your second tenderness. Your second fruits brought second gifts, from the second roots of the second cross. Your Word, your Truth made us one. Cure, second cure, through your second angels, you know them by name. Cure, second cure, in eternity, you took us to your hearth.
13. Second Cure, second deliverance, your second words set us free. Deliverance, second deliverance, you broke the second pharao and his sons. Hit the daughters of satan, the corn of hell.

14. You set us free, you gave us words to break the ties. You gave us second authority, your second anointing is on us. You led us through seas, you led us through drought, until your second sword found us, and now all is one, big love you brought us, through everything. Second abundance, second power, second almighty power you have brought us.

15. Through your love, your second love, men sunk with their ships, and dragons with their riders, you have split the seas. Lord, my hands burn, your gift of second cures rest on me, Your word is my guide, my leading man, my rescuer.

16. Lord, my second spirit burns, and streams of fire come forward, your ark starts to rise. Oh, speak your second word. Oh lord, you have granted gifts, of justice to punish those who torment you.

17. The second judgement is over them, by your second blood. Grant me love and second wisdom to know what you do. Through the second cross you nailed the second enemy to the ground, big love is our shelter, your second blood as walls around us.

18. Spirit of God, erupt, pour on us the second. Your name is anointed, you are the second. Let us not forget your gigantic love, knowing that we are always in the shelter in the second faith.

19. Your word drips of honey, my hands drip, grant me priests for your second tabernacle. In the second bethlehem I found you, and now we are together in the second Jerusalem. Lord, your second miracles and signs burn on my hands, to do big works.

20. Lord, your second tongues speak through me, as streaming fire, the holy lava of the second hour. Second grace is our power, you brought us the second reward, to open your second heavens.

21. You granted us the second keys, you granted us the second words, your second love broke through the doors.. Your mighty waves dragged us through deep valleys.

22. Thank you for your second serpents, thank you for your second oil, for your second wine. It brought us to second intoxication, in second drunkenness, oh, we worship the huge second of your Spirit.

23. Second Eminius, second Kabbernal, second Mura, pour on us your Spirit. My hands burn, my spirit erupts, the room where you speak, grows powerful through your Spirit.

24. The second blood has opened doors. Second miracles you brought us, to grant second rescue, your ark led us out when the flood came. Your second Noah spoke of the second faith.

25. Now His Spirit has come to us, to rescue us out of the claws of clouds and deserts. Punish them who have sacrificed animals on altars, and grant us their souls back. They belong to you, the animals of the fields.

26. Punish them in your wrath, all those slayers and murderers, and burn the old temples to the ground. Punish all those priests of calamity, who killed your animals. Punish them who eat of their flesh. The gift of second justice rests on my hands, to punish all those in high functions who commit crimes against animals.

27. The animals of heaven will eat their flesh, and my hands will burn in the holy temple. Lord, judge them after your word, don't forgive them, for they have turned themselves against your spirit. Lord, grant me the second sacraments and the holy oil of your second ark.

28. Lord, my stomach burns, grant me second nipples, of your holy second milk, and give me your second cup. Lord, your second candlestick, and second altar of odour, and second copper washer bowl, your second gift of prophesy. Let the veils tear down now.

29. Lord, support your Spirit. support my hands which burn, send the second Azazel to the desert. Let the second Enoch write your words. His mouth is holy, with coals of your Spirit.

30. Your second seraphs come to this hour, your second Karazure, and your second ukalien, oh holy Kabbernal. Lord, unholy folk have burnt your books, punish them in your wrath. Lord, I come before your second altars of prophesy.

31. My back is in fire, my second kidneys teach me. My second liver is full of ice, and my stomach can grant so much love.

32. Praise to the king, preserved by works, the tears which steer, a heart of bliss is nothing without works. Second Spirit of the cure, angels of the second cure, lead me, be a shelter to me, build my walls. Let no one make my heart weak.

33. Gifts of second cures, lead me with your wings, lighten my heart, and open my second spirit forever, baptize me. Give me the sword of the second cure, lead me softly, to the helmet of the second cure. The old has perished, the new has come. Give me your second wine, your bliss, and to all who have faith in you.

34. Bind me with second ropes of your Spirit, the second blood is the cure, the second blood is the rescue, let it be preserved for eternity, grant forgiveness and mercy.

35. That second blood streams through me, because I have given him my blood.

12.

Guidance to the Bitter

1. The Lord has brought me to a bitter land, gave me bitter fruits to eat. Praised is the Lord for His Wisdom. 2. I learned to hear His Spirit, my wounds are bitter. 3. Have you already eaten from the bitter ? I have discovered that the ways of life and luck all lead to the death. But in bliss are those who die with the Lord. 4. And I found a grave more bitter than death, and I found her on a stone-cast distance away from the heaven. And her kisses were sweet, but she tasted bitter. 5. And I asked the Lord to lead me out, for it led to the hell. And the Lord gave me keys to new songs, and they were bitter and sweet. 6. And I was in fear of the rage, as it burned everything away, but the Lord gave me sweet rage. 7. And I saw volcanoes in a dry land, and they were sweet. 8. The Lord has brought me to a bitter land, gave me bitter fruits to eat, but in my stomach everything became sweet. 9. And the Lord gave me sweet revenge. He gave me a new song, to bind kings, and to bring noble ones to submission. 10. Yes, let all bow now before the lord, He thrones on the songs of the Second. 11. Yes, let all what has breath say : Amen Metensia Eminius. 12. The Lord led me to a bitter land, my wounds are bitter. Yes, bitter graves He gives, until the nightshift rises. 13. With my head in bee-nests my tongue touched the sweet, yes, to die in you for eternity, until the nightshift rises. 14. In bliss are those who see what the Spirit sees. 15. Lead me to a new land, oh Lord, I haven't forgotten the prescriptions of the fathers. 16. Lead me to a new land, oh Lord, make honey float down on your servants. The trees here are bitter, the sweet hangs here in the clouds, ready to float down. 17. You brought me to a bitter land. With a small flame you let me read Your books, and the nightshift went before me, and brought me new wings, to strike the heathens. 18. Yes, the Lord heavily chastises those who follow idols. 19. He gave me a new song, and let the waters descend. In his ark sounds the nightsong. 20. We are brittle dinnerware before the Lord, and He beats us again and again. We have been made of shatters, like riddles of the Lord. 21. And those who do not carry the shatters, don't let them in, for they are mockers destined for the outer darknesses, there where the dogs live. And there will be weeping and gnashing

of teeth. 22. For in the heaven there is no place for mockers, those who defiled the suffering of the Lord and vomitted in His Holy wounds. 23. Yes, in foul places they will descend, and the Lord will be deaf for their beggings. 24. No, the Lord will not forgive them, those who tred down His second blood. 25. The Lord will not keep innocent those who mock. Yes, the judgment over them will be heavy. Amen Metensia Eminius. 26. For the Lord will gather the chaff from the four corners of the earth and He will burn it in the fiery oven. And the ashes will be persecuted by His winds. No, the Lord will show no compassion to those who mock. 27. See then that you will not raise yourself above another, for the Lords will strike down the proud chests. 28. What are you to be honored ? Man is as dust in the wind. 29. Yes, the Lords will destroy the jaw of those who laugh. Humble yourself then before the Lord, and wash your face, so that the Lord will have compassion with you on the Day of judgement. 30. Weep then about those who laugh. And be light as feathers in sweet revenge, so that they will not eat your flesh and not seeing your wounds stand naked. 31. Accept the suffering and the ice which they bring as a gift of the Lords, so that wine will flow from the wounds, and you will see the sweet.

13.

The Lord is my shepherd

1 . I burn, for you have filled me with desire. I stand in your Love, for you have cherished me and supported me. Oh Metensia, Spirit of God, I have searched for you in Eminius. Many times I have waited for you as a watch-post in my tower, while Kabbernal roared and fizzed as a river in the distance. There where the Spirits of God come together, there I have heard your voice. 2. Let the choirs of your love led me like before. My God, I have gone astray. I was too young. 3. But now I have come to full growth, touch me, and give me the wings of the heavens and the keys of paradise. I will enter again, like I did before. 4. I have the keys of Your Word. Your servants have spoken mysteries. 5. The Lord is my shepherd, I have no lack. He will guide me to grassy pastures. He leads me very softly to waters of rest. 6. The Lord is my shepherd, I have no lack. He comforts my soul, and takes in those who fear Him. 7. I do not fear evil, for I fear the Lord. 8. Even if I go through a valley of deep darkness, I have no lack. I do not fear evil, for you are with me. 9. Your rod and your staff comfort me. 10. He will lead me to grassy pastures. The Lord is my shepherd. 11. Yes, salvation and mercy will follow me all the days of my life. 12. I will stay in God's House in all eternities.

God's Abandonment

12. Metensia, burning hearth, Metensia, Light of God. You have filled the earth with Your Love, you have filled the earth with Your Praise. 13. Children You keep at Your heart, when they follow you, but You destroy tyrants against the rocks. 14. Lightly burns the wrath of Your Spirit, Metensia, throne of God. 15. Metensia, lighting light, flaming to eternity, Your Name above all names, oh God, throne above the hymns of Your nation. 16. Return, Lord, to those who have gone astray. The life is hard, teach us to be in your Grace. 17. By giving grace we came closer. Now we have come, to the mountains of Eminijs. 18. But our prayer is still : My God, why have You abandoned me, My God, why are you never returning, My God, only in the distance we hear the burning, Your Love. 19. My God, far away from the deliverance, with the words of my complaining. 20. You have given me Your Spirit Eminijs, to be able to come closer to You, but You are so far away. 21. Why don't You let Yourself be known. But still You are the Holy, throning on the hymns of your nation. 22. Our fathers have built their lives on You, and you made them escape through narrow cracks. 23. To you they have called, and You have saved them. 24. You haven't put them ashamed on Your Holy Rock, for they trusted in You. 25. But I am an animal and not a man. They mock me, and throw their stones. They stick their lip out and shake the head. 26. Do they know that I speak with you then. With sadism they watch me. 27. Destroy them in your wrath, and make them afraid. I am surrounded by the dogs, and they pierce my hands and my feet. 28. I am then surrounded by thorns, and there is no love anymore. 29. They share my clothes among each other and brought the red scorn-robe to me. 30. The humble will feed themselves and get satisfied. The Lord sends them ravens. 31. My God, why have you forsaken me. Come then fast, the hours are so short. 32. Your roses are still to be cherished, but their thorns are so sharp. 33. I sing psalms to the Lord, to lure Him with my play. I know You want to see temples. They have born in your heart. 34. Please, let Yourself be known like it was. My youth has isolated me.

14.

The Awakening of Eminijs

1. Eminijs, Your forests burn, flames of Your Spirit. To quench the hair, in light of fire.

2. It is dripping, I can't see it well, my eyes wander away all the time.

3. The grave of Your Love, they have quenched you by arrows. Wake up, oh Spirit of God.

4. Wake up , Emini^{us}, you Spirit before Gods Throne. You thunder, standing on the Rock. In Love united, I am with You. Grace took me deeper, because I had granted Grace.
5. Wake up, Emini^{us}, Spirit before Gods Throne. Metensia sent you to the forest of Love.
6. Why is the violent one so proud in his evil, Gods Longsuffering endures the whole day. God will pull him out of his tent and unroot him, to let Emini^{us} wake up by the sound of battle.
7. Yes, on chariots stands the Lord, until His Spirit hears it and fights at His side.
8. On the mountain they come together, all the Spirits of God. Metensia and her arrow, to break violent ones forever.
9. Then them who search for justice will watch it and fear. Emini^{us}, it is now morning. Lead us through the day. The evening waits for us.
10. Those who trust on riches fall. But the lovers of Metensia stand on the rock forever.
11. Day nor night they have rest. The Love is full of fire.
12. I fly high, on the wings of Metensia, driven by her love.
13. Emini^{us}, awake, for the days get worn off. Seven crowns stand before you today, taken away from kings, Spirit of God, rule to the night.
14. Spirit of God, leading me to a forest of flames, where my hair burns, where the quenching rests on me. 15. Spirit awake, so that I can sleep. The Lord gives it to His lovers in rest.
16. My hands come free, you wake up, Spirit of God. You call me pure and free, to do the things of Your Sleep.
17. The lights hit me in my eyes. There are holes in the air. The Spirit, He has awoken. Good morning, Emini^{us}.
18. Roses grow on your table, where your light is called wonderful.

19. The spiders of heaven speed to above. I am now in bed, please, don't let me turn and toss. Your night music plays slower, this melody I do not know. My ship goes sailing now.

20. My dreams go right through the sea. My body is burning from love. I am in good hands.

15.

The keys of Metensia

1. At the door she knocks. The Love is her man. She has put on the fire-gem, and the fire-red. Yes, the red of the fire will lead you, and let you hear her songs. 2. God have grace on me, when you pass along my houses. Don't let me go under in dishonor. 3. Lord, You fathom me, You know my heart, Lord, you know my sitting and my standing. You see my thoughts from far. Where would I have to flee for your Spirit. 4. Lord, you know the ticking of my heart. Lord you research my walking and my laying down. Where would I go for you. With all my ways you are familiar. 5. There is no word in my mouth, Lord, which you do not know completely. You know my entries and my exits. 6. Lord, you know all my bloodlines. You have the keys of Metensia. You surround me from behind and the front. In you I am safe, the solid fortress. Yes, give bliss to those who trust in you for eternity. 7. Lay Your Hand on me. The understanding is too wonderful. I cannot reach your Spirit. 8. Only to sink away in your Love is what I am able to. 9. Lord, in all your books I am written down. You have produced and rooted me in the depths of the earth-realm, reaching to the heavens and the clouds. 10. Your eyes saw my formless beginning, they saw the days which would be formed, when none of them existed yet. 11. It is all too lofty, I cannot reach it. I took the wings of the red of the fire and the morningred, and I went to live at the ends of the sea. Also there Your hand would guide me. 12. Even if I would call : Let the darkness overwhelm me, then is the night like a light surrounding me. Even the darkness doesn't hide for You, but the night shines as a day, as a lighting light. So am I in You. 13. The darkness is as the light, where your right hands grasps me. Would I rise to heaven, You would be there. Would I make the netherworld as my bedside, You are there. Even if I would start a living at the very ends of the stars, the sun and the moon, and I would shatter my soul. You wrap me in gold and silver, and bring me the honor of the copper. 14. You have produced my kidneys and rooted them, in the lap of my mother, and in the lap of Metensia. You have given me her keys, and have formed the inner side of my stomach. 15. Yes, you formed my kidneys in her laps, there where the Spirits of God came together. U

gave me the bone-marrow in my bones, and brought me to the thick honey of the heavens. 16. You have formed me and rooted me in the hidden, wrapped in your mysteries. 17. Where would I flee for you, and where would I go for your Spirit. You, who carries the keys of Metensia, and cherishes her ends. You know all her entries and exits. And they are with many. 18. The dragons of my soul you have submitted, and you have given me the silver of the heavens, and the silver of Metensia. 19. Yes, the golden scales you brought to me, and you set my spirit free. 20. Yes, always I will return to You. For me you are still the sweet and the wine. Where bees of the heavens watched you, you created me. 21. Too wonderful your works are to me. My soul knows that very well. 22. The number of your thoughts is big. You are a violent one, to overwhelm me with the number of your strings. 23. Would I count them, they are with more than the sands. When I awaken, you are still with me. Raise then now my soul to you, then I am free forever. 24. Yes, like a bird is my soul, longing for You. More precious than wine is your beard, and you honor those who do not let orphans starve. 25. I always stood on your holy mountains. Now then, reach to my soul, and take her in. 26. Heavy are the burdens when you do not save. Wake up now, Lord, to punish your enemies. Cherish my soul like before, then she will watch over you with her wings. 27. Oh God, you have destroyed the godless. You have destroyed all those men of blood. You surround me in grace. 28. Let your words and thoughts lead me. They are numerous, I can not count them. 29. You lead your nation out of Egypt, and you bring them to the pleasures of the coming Canaan. 30. Lord, on your way we are still. Watch then back, to defeat your enemies. They are with many, but they are not with as many as you. 31. They use your name as lie, as opponents. Would I not hate who hate you ? Yes, I despise those who stand up against you. 32. I hate them with a full hate, for they who do not hate those will not be able to come to you. As enemies they are to me, all those who despise your word. Do not give them grace, those who speak lies to your holy mountains, and who block the children. 33. Ban them out of your books of life, so that they will not defile you anymore. 34. They speak with cunning to you. Do not hear them. 35. Fathom me, oh God, and know my hearts, as if I am laid bare before you. Test me then, and know my thoughts. 36. Discover my graceless paths, and burn them away. Lead me to the eternal path. In Grace I am wrapped, for I have given You grace. 37. Thus you have given me rewards for my works, and am I not like an ensnarer in your temples. 38. I stand on the Rock, for I have kept your words. 39. Yes, your promises I know, and I do your commandments. Also my lips are pure and my heart follows you step by step. 40. Send then your Grace to me, always again, and let me come closer to Your Glory, which you have proven to

thousands, for they kept and followed your commandments, like the moon follows the sun and the night follows the day. 41. We have found big light, in the darkneses of your temples. Yes, Your candlestick you sent to us, and brought us sevenfold light. 42. Give us grace, by your glory, for we have brought grace to you. 43. Bless then the works of our hands, so that we will bear multi-fold fruit for your face. Yes, let us be, like the Spirits of God who came to You, and raise our souls out of the net of the birdhunters. 44. They have laid many traps, even to trap Your Spirit. 45. In us You have a shelter. Your tears we bear. We have given what you gave, and we are full in his love. 46. Be then complete, all you followers of the Lords, so that He will not burn your lips away.

16.

The Joy of the Tear

1. Proud is the man who does not see the Lord. Proud is he who does not live under Grace. The Lord will break him with His fist. 2. The proud are not known in the Lord. The Lord humiliates all the proud on His Day. Yes, a day there is for everything which is high. He will destroy the heights and raise his valleys like a volcano. 3. The Word of the Lords is enkindled. Lord, put your lights on. 4. At Babylon's streams we sat, those who followed Him. We also wept, for the Lord had beaten us. The memories of Sion hurted us. We hung our zithers on the willows. Our strings were broken. 5. But His songs were in our mouths, to lead us out in joy. 6. Proud is the man who does not see the Lord. Proud is he who does not live under Grace. The Lord will break him with His fist. 7. And the Lord will speak : I do not know you, you liars. At Babylon's streams we sat, those who followed Him. Also we wept, for the Lord had beaten us. 8. Sing a song for us, said those who terrorized us, yes, they longed of us to show joy. 9. But nothing but tears we brought, and those who wept sang for each other, so that the Lord would weep to them, and would lead them out in the joy of the tear. 10. Blame those of Edom by the days of the Lords. Break Assur's spears, and lead their pearls out. Assur will be of the Lords, and they will be called children of God. 11. To the Second Assur He brought them. And the Lord is the Lord of the Second. 12. See, the old is gone. The new has come. 13. You, daughter of Babylon, destined to destruction. Eternal Rest He will give, after the days of Gehenna. 14. The Lord will not be in wrath for eternity, but will burn the chaff to the Second Gehenna. They will be delivered to the destruction which leads to rest and to the fourth death. 15. If I will forget you, oh Jerusalem, I will forget my right hand. 16. My tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth, if I will not remember yours. 17. Jerusalem, still my highest joy,

leading me to the sources of the Second. 18. The Second jerusalem and the fire-gem of Metensia, still above my highest joy. 19. Amen is in Metensia Eminius. 20. Let the Rock lead me, let the Rock beat me. I have rejoiced in the Lord, thousandfold, to watch his myriads. I travel from district to district, as a pilgrim in His heavens. 21. I knock on gates. Open for me. Don't let me alone in the cold. 22. Reach out to my fire, and let us go together, to the fire-gem of Metensia. 23. She is like the fiery oven. Let the Rock lead me, let the Rock beat me. I have been clear, hidden in God's Love. 24. Yes, the beatings of the whip is to salvation. To bleeding you have hit me. Now they are all clear. 25. You have wild horses for your carriages, but they are tamed in you. 26. They bring horses of Metensia to the hearts. Do it now. 27. Where forests open I have searched your Spirit. Not for closed doors. You have given me her keys, and the freedom is that which I cherish. Let then the gates open, and let the rock keep my foot. Let her fire not melt me that I will fall, but keep me in the freedom of your name. 28. I come to precious gates, where her horses stand before.

17.

The doves

1. Ask the doves, they still miss you. Their children have never seen you. Only on pictures and in stories. 2. Ask the doves, they care for you, they also comfort you. They haven't seen you in a long time. 3. They are waiting for your arrival, then they will wake up, those who sleep for hundreds of years. 4. Ask the doves, those with the tall mind, to reach for tree-tops. They have built their houses there. 5. Aren't you proud of them, or doesn't it matter. Ask the doves, for they who sleep a lot are never tired. 6. Ask the doves, where all those ladders stand, where little toddlers play, where mothers tell about you to their children. 7. Mother, how was he ? Was he really not afraid of anyone, or did he just act like that, to reach the big gong. 8. When he struck, everything came back. 9. Will he then really return, or is he just acting like it. Does he really love us so much. 10. Ask the doves, but don't ask them why. Did he really have to suffer that much, there are so many things they weep about. 11. Ask the doves, but please, don't ask them why, just listen to their tales, then you will know why by itself. 12. Come to their windows, stand before their doors, then they will wrap their wings around you, and whisper : he has returned.

18.

Psalm about that which goes away

1. Jewelry tinkles around their feet, so brittle, so fragile. They are like angels of the red tear, they dance around the big feather. 2. Angels of the red tear, they sit artful, opening their mouths like children, like orphans they write, when the wind lays down they stand up, and peer for hours through the windows. 3. They have seen you, sending their sparrows there, with messages of the wind, and they sleep deep, to reach your heart and to say everything will be well again. Those times professed by the angels. 4. With fire on their tongues, the sweet they do not know. They are from the red tear, and they only know much grief. 5. Jewelry tinkles around their feet, dancing like the titmice and the widows, through the streets of the sea, where waves awaken, and echoes of lost times. 6. The red tear falls, and the fire spreads itself, and they who follow her become fire-red. There is nothing to do anymore, violins are descending, and they get sifted. 7. I can not help it, there are doves on the Emelis Shatau. They reign there with fire and flame. It is too late, nothing to be quenched. 8. The ravens have found me, their lost child, their messenger sent out so long ago. 9. Tell me farewell. This is the last time, I haven't anything to tell anymore. The ravens take me with them, to the Emelis Shatau, where the doves reign. No one will tell you, where you have to go to find me. I have been there for long, now I am gone, to the land where the doves reign. 10. I don't know what I have to say, please, find your last words. It is over, the message slinks away. 11. Please, don't wait till I come back, but come yourself, and believe your dreams. If the jewelry I give you fits, then you are always with me, but if it doesn't fit, lay it aside for your children. Maybe that a small child will find it once. 12. Everything goes away, and all things get older, also nights go away, and things get colder. Always the sun rises again, and will lay down again, no, the day will never come back, and also the memory will fall away, into the bare night, into the morningdawn, a new bird flies, leaving it's newborn children. 13. Everything goes away, the colors will waste, also the echoes will fade, new days will come. The red tear falls, the fire spreads itself, and they who follow her become fire-red. There is nothing to do about it anymore, violins descend, and they get cleared. 15. I cannot help it, there are doves on the Emelis Shatau. They reign there with fire and flame. It is too late, nothing to be quenched anymore. 16. The ravens have found me, their lost child, their messenger sent out so long ago.

19.

Everything will perish

1. Deepgoing experiences peer through the window. I am looking at you, you look at me, but this moment will once also quit. 2. Deepgoing memories

between you and me, peering through the window, but they are disappearing soon, for the light of the lights consumes them all, they will have to pay the price for this tale. 3. between you and me there is nothing anymore, everything burned away. 4. Tomorrow there is ice, the price of the autumn, the winter comes. Stronger than fire, the claws let go. 5. The house of doctors, after the fight, no way back, a road to new coasts, new mornings, but they will also fall away, like shatters in the rain, reflecting strange faces, bakerman's faces between you and me. 6. No one will do business, there is nothing anymore, everything is gone. 7. The altar has paralyzed the cords, by which you kept me imprisoned. Nothing but a slave I was, but now I am free. Everything passes over, I peer through the window, to vague memories, I do not even know them by their name. 8. Like orphans they play there, they do not see me, they are too far away, when the morning comes, then I am gone forever. 9. The weights are heavy, but everything passes over, everything becomes lighter. 10. The sons of a new morning, they will also fade away. We can not carry anything forever, at the end of all things we are free. 11. I have gone to the altar, to encounter the animals of the forest, memories I carry with me, but they will perish. 12. On the altar I was, to hear trees, so far away, deep in the forest, but they also pass by. 13. What do I grasp at ? I feel so much spasm, I cannot reach anything. Everything passes by. Everything passes by. Everything passes by. 14. I can not hold anything. And when I do, it hurts. 15. No, I let go, before it will let me go. I am too afraid to fall again. 16. I am far away now, nothing can touch me anymore. I can not grasp anymore, I am paralyzed as a tree, but I am still standing stiff, to get broken in the morning, to go to the little of God, to Materos. 17. Shatters at the end of the day, shadows of the past and the future. I can not build a house. I can not hear anyone. I am as deaf and blind, everything will perish.

20.

Under the Yellow

1. Houses of birds watch me, staring at me. They have worshipped the silence. I lose my consciousness all the time, and turn around in their waters, while I sleep, sleeping so deep.
2. Houses of squirrels let my tears fall, but where am I crying for ? I don't know who or where I am.
3. Rain of wasps, kingly battle, let me sing with the birds, let me go down into the rabbit bed. Rain of wasps, battle of mice, let me go down into the war bed.

4. Voices like waves through my head, now I am a pirate, give me battle in my hands.
5. Rain of wasps, prayer of mice, let me go down into the hunters' bed.
6. Rain of wasps, prayer of battle, let me descend into the hunters' bed.
7. To purify the yellow, thousand times thousand times, on the altar of the savages, to war meal.
8. Descended under the yellow I am, a future I don't have, only some old books to perish in. Rain of wasps, thunder-storm prayer, let me descend into the bed of red indians.
9. Rain of wasps, thunder-storm prayer, let me descend into the bed of sparrows.
- 21.

Psalm about the Birds of Metensia

1. A hundred vertigos, take me to the gates of Metensia. I see her birds standing there. The Karsuiks bring messages from her. In golden envelopes, with the purified white.
2. A hundred vertigos, a karsuik takes me up, and brings me to her tower, where sparrows live. Yes, a sparrow she is, a wonderful bird.
3. A hundred vertigos, let me descend into the bed of Metensia, where all the birds sleep, and her horses lie there, to tell stories.
4. Metensia, like a thousand vertigos, have then love for her, to wander through her forests. Call then the putses loud, her birds of the cure. They sit in the trees, drink of the ponds, to enchant the hearts. Enchant me, enchant me, quick, for something is after my heels.
5. I run through the wood, I am free, and I don't want to return anymore. Saturn wakes over me, the star in Metensia's hand.
7. Over mountains and valleys we fly, I feel a hand.
8. Please Putses, quick, enchant me, and take me where the nightingales sing, where the cuckoos stand at the beach, to direct to the pirateship of the Lord, where the Peter lives.
9. The eaten one is the pirate now, and I can dream about it. It has taken me away.
10. In tall garments it came to me, where Metensia soars over the waters, the beauty of the silence.
11. Words would hinder me , but they didn't say anything, and now I am here.

12. Quick, enchant me, or it is too late, and I lose this dream, and fall from my throne, to serve as slave again, and to be a prisoner.

13. The ravens have followed Peter, to the small house deep in the wood.

14. They have given him there, rabbit nutrition, now he is then a pirate and a red indian. Purified in sevenfold, descended to under the yellow. He is a toy king, please make a living in Him, this eaten child, for them is the kingdom of God.

15. A thousand vertigos, take me to the place where kings are the lovers of apples. A frog king is there, moving every snare

16. On Saturn they stand, in Metensia's Hand. Enchant me, quick, for reavers are there.

17. A thousand vertigos, I fall asleep every time again. Please, putses, quick, enchant me, or it is too late.

18. The cages of the canon are ready, to shake their heads, and then to lock the frog, as slave of their gospel.

19. But if they might understand it once, the frog has a baby, small enough to go through the hole, and then the song starts at the beginning.

20. A thousand vertigos, violins quiver, please God, take me away. My head feels heavy, I feel the arrows. They want to split me, pierce my heart.

21. Please putses, quick, enchant me, for under the yellow they play.

22. I am not their game anymore. I don't want to be it anymore. Please enchant me, and take me with you.

23. Oh king of frogs oh light of hares, oh crowning of bears, seal this love poetry, so that they who love me, can watch the message.

24. I cannot speak straight, for a dark stature stands beside me.

22.

The frog-king

1. There was a crowning, and now he is king, of toys, he is frog-king. No one can stop him, his legs are too tall. 2. No one can quench his dreams, it already took much too long. Do you have something to say still, do it now. After this you can not anymore. 3. Soon he is king, and he makes everywhere his living, the throne that is the earth. Do you have something to say do it now. 4. Soon it can not be done anymore, then all mouths will be locked, and he will speak, the

frog-king. 6. Please, let your clothes dry outside, for inside it can not be done anymore. Mouths are locked, the frog-king makes a living now. 7. Put your sirens on, for soon it can not be done anymore, and all doors will be locked, and no one will open. The frog-king has come. 8. Don't think that you will eat for eternity, for when the gong has been struck, the eaten one will eat. 9. The peter has risen, with his pirateship he is a cleared indian, he has been cleared sevenfold, to under the yellow he descended. 10. He is the frog-king, please, make a living in him, many rooms he has there, stirring each string. 11. Where violins tremble, there he shoots his arrows, sharp on the bow. He is the frog-king, making in everyone a living. They were at his crowning.

The Revelation of the Red Stone II

The Magiccup and the Little Magicplate

1. Once there were thirty princes who had been bewitched by a witch to turn them into guards on a high tower. 2. The tower was so high that the highest part could not be seen, and the tower was so wide that it filled the half of the country. 3. When someone wanted to go on the stairs, then balls of stone and balls of fire would come downstairs, to make the country unsafe for a long time. 4. That is why the king forbade anyone to go to the tower. 5. The king had much grief about the loss of his thirty sons. 6. The thirty princes were now dreadful guards who had to march on the top of the tower. 7. They had to guard the treasure of the witch : a magic-cup which would never run empty, and by which you could travel underground, and a magic-plate which was always full, and by which you could travel through the air. The king disliked the witch very much. 9. If he had been a bit nicer to her, then it wasn't as bad as it was now. 10. Yes, the king regretted what he had done to the witch. 11. And old little beggarwoman once came at the gate to ask for shelter, but the king sent her away. 12. How could he know it was a witch ? 13. And a witch you better give shelter, otherwise you will regret it your whole life. 14. That had become very clear to the king.

15. Since then the king was always good for beggars, and he had learned his lesson. 16. On a day one of the beggars came to the king. 17. 'King,' said the beggar, 'I have heard what had happened. I come from a foreign land, but I have lived underground for a long time, and once I saw the witch passing along with her magic-cup. 19. I followed her, and she came in a well of light, where she became invisible. 20. I also went to the well, and in a flare of lightning I stood on the tower where your sons are kept prison. 21. They had indeed

become the most terrible guards, and they marched around dangerously. 22. But they couldn't see me, for I was invisible. 23. The magic-cup had disappeared, because the witch was with it underground, but the little magic-plate which is always full stood there, and I took from it, and I rose up in the air. 24. How far I came I do not know, but I was so high there where no human ever had come. 25. Here I was in a world with the most wonderful fairytale-figures. 26. They told me that your sons carried secret fairytales in them, which had never been told. 27. The spell would be broken when those fairytales would be told.'

28. The king let the best fairytale-tellers of the country come, to gather and tell as many fairytales as possible, but nothing happened. 29. Then the king let the beggar come back, and asked him where the light-well was underground. 30. The king sent ten footmen together with the beggar. 31. The king hoped that the footmen could deliver the princes. 32. But the witch was already waiting for them. 33. In a lightflare she bewitched the footmen to turn them into guards of stone who had to guard the light-well, but the beggar saw the magic-cup standing, grasped the cup and drank from it, while he could travel even deeper underground. 34. After a long time the beggar came in a fairytale-realm which was so deep underground, where no human had ever come. 35. How deep it was he did not know, but there were the most wonderful fairytale-figures here. 36. They told how they once lived together with the fairytale-realm above the air, but the witch had torn the realm apart. 37. In the light-well the witch hid the fairytales, and the two fairytale-realms would come together again when those hidden fairytales would be told. 38. Again the beggar went to the king, and again the king would let the best fairytale-tellers come, and also the best fairytale-tellers from other countries, but nothing happened. 39. Then the beggar got an idea. 40. He had now both the little magic-plate and the magic-cup. 41. With the little magic-plate he could bring the magic-cup to the realm above the air, and then they would be able to go with the magic-cup to the realm underground. 42. From that day there was much traveling back and forth, and they told each other the most wonderful fairytales. Not long after that the footmen of stone and the guards of the tower marched to the nearest city, and began to tell the fairytales. 43. Slowly but steadily the spell was breaking, and the king could take his thirty sons and his ten footmen in his arms again.

Revelation of the Red Stone III

1.

The Speaking Tower

1. There was once a speaking tower. 2. Whenever someone went on the stairs of the tower, then the tower shouted so hard that nobody could come really far. 3. But the king had heard that there were special things to be found in that high tower, which was this way high that actually nobody knew where the tower finished. 4. The king called for a deaf man to come and asked the man if he wanted to look for what was high in there to be found. 5. The deaf man agreed, and left immediately to go to the tower. 6. The man had of course no problems of the hard sound, and after awhile he had come this way high that he arrived in a small hall where all kinds of indian fruits lay. 7. The man started to eat of it, and started to laugh hard. 8. Then he went to the next staircase to come higher, but he got immediately stopped by dazzling lights. 9. The man returned to the hall, took with him as much as possible of the indian fruits, and returned to the king. 10. He told the king concerning the dazzling lights, but that he had found fruits by which you will laugh hard. 11. The king could use those fruits, and after not too much time the whole court suffered from unstoppable laughing. 12. But the king wasn't satisfied. 13. And for this reason he let a blind man come also. 14. The blind man had of course no chance to deal with the hard sound of the first part, and for this reason the deaf man had to go back to the small towerhall to send a rope through a small window, to lift the blind man up. 15. That went all good, and thus the blind man could go a the staircase higher, and had no problems of the dazzling lights. 16. After awhile the blind man came in a little hall where gleaming indian stones lay. 17. The man didn't see that of course, but he had found them very quickly, but then burst out weeping. 18. He wanted to go a staircase higher, but there it became hotter and hotter with each step, until the man could not hold it any longer, and returned to the little hall. 19. Here he took as many indian gems as possible, and returned to the staircase to the first small hall, where he could go down through the small window by the rope. 20. This way he returned to the king, and told what he had experienced. 21. Also he showed the indian gems, by which you would burst out weeping as soon as you touched them. 22. 'Now, let us not do that then, right,' said the king. 23. The king gave command to hide the gems away very well. 24. But on a day there was a robber in the castle, and found the gems there. 25. When he wanted to take them up he burst out weeping all of a sudden. 26. Weeping and full of regret he appeared to the king, and now the king knew how important those gems were. 27. They were good guards. 28. The robber got sentenced and had to climb the towerstairs, entirely to the top. 29. But of course the man could not come far. 30. First he became deaf of the sound. 31. Later he became blind of the light, and when he came higher it was so hot there that he started to burn. 32. Nobody saw him ever again. 33. The king had hoped that the robber would return with several mysteries, and for this reason the discouragement was large when that did not happen. 34. Now the king knew that they needed a man of stone to ascend in the hot staircase. 35.

Many years went by, but eventually the king found such a man. 36. The man of stone could also deal with the hard sound and bright light, and rapidly he came in a third hall, where he found indian flowers. 37. But the flowers immediately said : 'Do not touch us, because then you can no longer speak.' 38. The man immediately stepped back for this reason and walked to the next staircase upstairs. 39. But there it became always colder and colder each step, and at a certain moment the man got so cold that he ran downstairs while screaming. 40. Rapidly he arrived at the king, and told about the cold stairs. 41. He also told concerning the flowers. 42. But the king was very angry that the man of stone had not taken the flowers for him. 43. The king didn't care that the man of stone would not be able to talk anymore if he would take them with him. 44. Therefore the man had to go back. 45. The man of stone took as many flowers as possible, but could no longer speak since then. 46. The king commanded that the flowers had to be planted in his castle, at the end of the large hall. 47. The king commanded that a small river had to be built around it, and a small fence, so that nobody would touch the flowers. 48. The king was still terribly dissatisfied, because he wanted to know what was beyond the cold staircase. 49. And for that the king needed a stoveman. 50. After searching for many years the king found such a man who entirely had been made of small stoves. 51. He would deal with ease with that cold staircase. 52. And he would also easily deal with climbing the first few staircases, because he was invincible against everything. 53. But the cold stairs weren't so easy. 54. After awhile the man started to see that the stoves stopped their work, and eventually the man returned. 55. The king was furious. 56. The stoveman was his only hope. 57. The stoveman got sentenced to be thrown into the field of the indian flowers. 58. When he arrived at the flowers he could no longer speak. 59. The flowers had a lot much compassion with him, and on a day one of flowers said to him: 'Hear once. 60. I will bring forth a drop of wonder honey, and if you swallow that drop, then you will deal with ease concerning the cold staircase.' 61. And this way it happened. 62. The flower brought forth the honey drop, the stoveman swallowed it in, and the flowers brought him across the river and across the fence. 63. The stoveman returned to the tower, and went through the cold staircase with ease. 64. There above he found such a precious realm that he didn't want to return. 65. And why would he give that away to such a malicious and false king? 66. Since then the tower started to radiate more and more, and the indian flowers started to grow towards the tower. 67. They became wilder each day and started to bring forth sharp thorns, so that nobody could climb the tower anymore. 68. They grew this way high that they arrived entirely in the realm of the stoveman. 69. The stoveman was naturally very glad with that, but still he could not speak. 70. Each year the indian flowers brought forth precious blossom, and on a day one of the flowers said : 'Stoveman, as soon as the blossom brings forth a drop of wonder honey: swallow it. 71. Then you will speak again.' 72. The stoveman waited until the drop would come, and when he swallowed it he could not only speak, but also an indian princess stood before him. 73. She had been wrapped in blossom and

the most marvellous flowers. 74. 'I am the flower princess,' she said. 75. And she led him to a staircase entirely made of flowers, and the staircase was very fragrant. 76. Entirely on top of the staircase there were small flames by which the stoves would work again. 77. And before the stoveman knew it he stood on top of that high tower and had a survey concerning the whole land. 78. 'Hello,' said the tower, 'never before someone has stood on my top, and it is such a delicious feeling. 79. For this reason I give you little wings now, so that you can come here always.' 80. And this way the stoveman flew away with his little indian princess, because now he had come this way high, he wanted to go only higher. 81. And flowers grew very fast with them, and followed them everywhere. 82. And each year the blossom brought forth new little indian princesses. 83. The stoveman never returned to the tower anymore, and since then the sound of the tower only became harder. 84. One says that that is because it calls the stoveman.

2.

The Magic-rope

1. Once there lived many red indian fairies in a castle to guard there the most wonderful enchanting treasures of the land. 2. They wanted to share these enchanting treasures very much with the people, but they were afraid it would fall into the wrong hands. 3. Therefore they had decided together that those who would come to the castle would first have to overcome a wizard-rope, then a wizard-sword and as third a meat-eating metallic wizard-pig.

4. The wizard-rope was so terrible that it pulled many knights into the depth, and those who got taken away into the depths of the castle by the wizard-rope would never be seen back. 5. The wizard-rope was terribly strong and long, and actually no one could come against it. 6. This went on for centuries, until actually no one dared to enter the castle anymore.

7. But on one day there was a farmerson who wanted to make an attempt. 8. Working on the land he didn't like, and he couldn't learn. 9. When he saw the wizard-rope he asked : 'Say wizard-rope, can you tell me how I can be smarter than you ?' 10. The wizard-rope made himself extra tall and said : 'Who touches me, will burn himself, for I am fire-hot. 11. But those who wear the little glove of icecold will escape from me.'

12. 'And where can I find that little glove of icecold ?' asked the farmerson. 13. The wizard-rope pointed very high upwards where a small shelf hung with the glove on it. 14. The farmerson didn't know how to come there. 15. 'Say, how can I come there ?' asked the farmerson.

16. 'You can not come there,' said the wizardrope. 17. 'Just like all the others, you will be pulled into the depth by me.'

18. 'Oh, but I don't believe that you are so strong,' said the farmerson. 19. 'If you are so strong, prove it to me. 20. Take that big stone next to me up and

throw it very high in the air. 21. 'Then I will believe you.' 22. the wizard-rope took the big stone and threw it high upwards, so high that the stone came on the shelf. 23. The shelf broke and the glove of icecold fell down. 24. Quickly the farmerson took the glove up, put it on his hand and grasped the wizard-rope. 25. Immediately the rope became weak, and the farmerson could take the rope easily with him. 26. But deeper in the castle he encountered the wizard-sword. 27. The wizard-sword was so fast that the farmerson would not be able to do anything, neither with the wizard-rope. 28. For as soon as the farmerboy wanted to grasp the handle the wizard-sword flew away, and the wizard-sword continuously cut the wizard-rope apart. 29. And all those parts started to grow again and made it very difficult for the farmerboy.

30. 'How can I grasp the handle ?' asked the farmerboy to the wizard-sword.

31. 'By the little glove of slow,' said the wizard-sword.

32. 'And where is that little glove of slow ?' the boy asked.

33. Then the wizard-sword pointed upwards, where a little shelf hung with the glove of slow on it. 34. 'But you can never come there,' said the wizard-sword. 35. 'You better give up your courage.'

36. The boy had heard that the wizard-sword cut off the heads of men who came here, and that no one ever could come along the wizard-sword. 37. 'Say, I do not believe that you are so strong,' said the farmerson. 38. 'Can you lift up that big stone next to me and to throw it upwards very high ?'

39. 'I'm not a fool,' said the wizard-sword, 'I do not want to hit the shelf.'

40. 'Now, can you cut that big stone into pieces ? 41. Then I will believe that you are so strong,' said the boy. 42. Full of pride the wizard-sword flew to the gigantic stone and cut it in many pieces with ease. 43. Quickly the boy grasped a piece of stone and threw it towards the shelf where the glove of slow was. 44. The stone hit the glove of slow, which fell down immediately. The farmerboy caught it up, put it on his other hand and grasped the handle of the wizard-sword. 46. Quickly he cut himself a way through all the rope.

47. Deeper in the castle he encountered the meat-eating metallic wizard-pig after a while. 48. The pig attacked him immediately, and immediately the farmerson got bit terribly, and he couldn't do much with the wizard-sword and the wizard-rope. 49. The pig was much too wild and too hard. 50. 'Little men like you I devour in seconds,' said the meat-eating metallic wizard-pig.

51. 'How can I escape from you ?' asked the farmerson.

52. 'Only through the little kettle of softness,' said the meat-eating metallic wizard-pig.

53. 'And where can I find that kettle ?' asked the farmerson.

54. It was silent for a while. 55. After that the pig pointed at the depth in a draw well close to them. 56. The boy saw something shining, but even the wizard-rope couldn't reach it, so deep the kettle was.

57. 'I eat everything either loose or stuck,' said the pig.

58. 'Oh yes ?' asked the boy. 59. 'Now, eat this big stone next to me.'

60. And in a few second the pig devoured the gigantic stone which lay next to the boy. 61. The pig was suddenly much bigger and heavier, and began to get thirst. 62. Quickly the pig went to the draw well and bowed completely over the edge to drink from the water. 63. Quickly the farmerson pushed him, while the pig crashed into the well. 64. The pig sank very fast because he was so heavy, and after a while he came into the kettle of softness where he disappeared. 65. The kettle floated up very slowly. 66. The farmerboy took the kettle on his back, and after a not so long time he came at the treasure room of the castle. 67. Here stood a red indian fairy waiting for him. 68. 'Brave man,' said the fairy. 69. 'You may choose what you want. 70. But the boy looked around a bit, and nothing, really nothing, was better than that what he already had gained : the glove of icecold with the wizard-rope, the glove of slow with the wizard-sword, and the kettle of softness. 71. 'That what I have is enough,' said the boy. 72. End he returned to where he came from.

3.

The Pigwall

1. There was a very special bush with enchanting berries. 2. Everyone who ate from these berries could suddenly fly. 3. But you also got very sleepy and tired of it. 4. On a day a witch passed along the bush and she cut the bush by a golden axe. 5. She muttered some spells, and very soon all those who had eaten from the enchanting berries floated towards her as in trance. 6. The witch started to laugh very intense. 7. After awhile the beings started to feel so weak and so heavy that they could not fly anymore. 8. Again she spoke some spells, and a wall formed itself around the sleeping beings, a wall totally made of pigs. 9. 'Anyone who dares to come close to the pigwall will also change into a pig,' said the witch. 10. And since then the pigwall only started to grow and grow.

11. Where the bush of the enchanting berries was the witch let a high castle being built for herself. 12. But because she was so afraid of intruders she let a wall be made totally of sheep. 13. Anyone who would come close to that wall would sleep forever. 14. Since then there were a lot of sleepers around the sheepwall.

15. Of course the witch had to hide something : the golden magic-axe, her magic spear and a magic shield. 16. On a day a man heard the story about the pigwall and the sheepwall. 17. He knew that this was going on deep in the forest, but even though he searched everywhere he could not find a pigwall or sheepwall anywhere. 18. After long walking he came to a little house where red

indian fairies lived. 19. The fairies also knew the story, and told him that he only could help the heavy beings behind the pigwall if he first would pick up the magic shield of the witch. 20. But to come safely across the sheepwall he first had to wear a magic armor, so that he would not fall asleep.

21. The red indian fairies also said that if he wanted to get the magic armor from them, he had to stay with them for three days. 22. The man didn't bother about that, for the fairies were very nice. 23. And who wouldn't want to stay with fairies for three days ? 24. The fairies gave him the most delightful and delicious food, and after three days the magic armor had grown on him. 25. With strong steps the man went further in his search for the sheepwall, with help from the fairies. 26. After a while he found it, and it was a small thing to get through the wall. 27. The skins were very soft, and the man fortunately didn't fall asleep. 28. After a long time he came to the castle of the witch. 29. The castle was covered with bats, and when the man watched through a small window he saw the witch standing there with a spotted raven.

30. The raven roared to the witch that he smelled human flesh. 31. 'Now go after it then !' shrieked the witch. 32. The man ran away, but the fairies brought him to the backside of the castle where he could enter through a kitchen-door. 33. Quickly he ran on the stairway, but suddenly the cook stood before him : 'Three days I haven't eaten,' said the cook, 'so you come in the right moment.' 34. But the fairies shouted : 'Push him away !' 35. The man ran further on the stairway. 36. There were a lot of stairways, but also the raven was after him. 37. 'Hundred long years I haven't eaten anything,' roared the raven, 'so you come in the right moment.' 38. But quickly the fairies threw magic powder over the raven, who immediately turned into a piece of meat, while the cook who ran after him took the piece and ate it immediately. 39. But then suddenly the witch herself stood before the man, and shouted : 'Thousands of years I haven't eaten anything, so you come in the right moment.' 40. Also the cook had come closer, and at the same moment the cook and the witch dived at the man. 41. But the red indian fairies grasped the man tightly and pulled him in the air, while the cook and the witch fell in each others arms. 42. Quickly the red indian fairies flew with the man to a room where they found the magic shield.

43. 'Oh oh,' spoke the magic shield, 'I have never eaten anything, while I am already millions of years old. 44. Take me with you, and give me something to eat.' 45. The man took the magic shield and ran quickly out of the castle. 46. After a while he was over the sheepwall. 47. The fairies told him that with the magic shield he wouldn't turn into a pig when he would come to the pigwall. 48. When they came to the pigwall the magic shield immediately began to eat from the pig-meat, which grew back afterwards, and by this they could come through the dense pighedge. 49. When they had come through the pigwall after a long, long time, they saw the heavy beings who were once bewitched by the witch, and who had once eaten from the enchanting berries. 50. 'Oh,' said the

magic shield, 'never in my whole life I have given someone something to drink. 51. Let me give them something to drink.' And suddenly milk began to stream forth from the magic shield, and the heavy beings started to drink. 53. But there also came the cook and the witch through the pigwall. 54. They had the golden axe with them and the magic spear, and they looked very dangerous. 55. 'Oh,' said the magic shield, 'never in my life I have beaten someone well. Let me beat them.' 57. The man picked up the magic shield and threw it at the raging cook and the witch. 58. And the magic shield started to strike them so hard that they dropped the magic-axe and the magic shield in fear. 59. Where the magic-axe and the magic spear touched the ground they changed into beautiful bushes full of enchanting berries. 60. Also the cook and the witch changed in enchanting berry-bushes. 61. The heavy beings walked slowly and still a bit sleepy to the enchanting berries and while they began to eat the berries they felt themselves becoming lighter, and after a while they could fly again. 62. They all flew over the pigwall and the sheepwall and they all went to live in the castle of the witch, where they lived long and happy.

4.

The Enchanted Bottle

1. Once there was a girl with a girl with a little odor-bottle which never ran empty. 2. As soon as she let a drop glide out of her bottle she disappeared. 3. But on a day the bottle was stolen, and the girl was very much in grief. 4. Another girl also had such an odor-bottle, but whenever she let a drop glide, everywhere wild animals appeared around her. 5. On a day the girl stole the bottle of the other girl, but later she regretted it very much, and she brought the little bottle back. 6. 'As long as you are with me, you can just use drops from my bottle,' said the girl of the little bottle. 7. Together they also went in search for the stolen bottle. 8. On their search they encountered a lot of girls with bottles which never ran empty, and every girl could do something else with it. 9. There was also a girl who had a bottle of which every drop would let weapons appear around her. 10. When the girls heard about the stolen bottle they got an idea. They would all give a drop of their bottle to the girl without bottle. 12. The girl could then do a lot of wonder things. 13. On a day the girl saw a bird flying with the stolen bottle. 14. It was for the girl who had a new enchanted bottle now very easy to follow the bird. 15. By letting a drop glide she could fly after the bird, and she came into a castle somewhere far away. 16. Here she saw a little man stirring a kettle. The little bottle was put next to him already by the bird. 17. 'Say, little man,' said the girl, 'that little bottle is mine. 18. Your bird has stolen it from me.'

19. But the little man said that all the odor-bottles were his, for he had made them once. 20. The little man asked the girl from who she got the odor-bottle. 21. 'From my mother,' said the girl.

22. 'Then she has stolen it once from me,' said the little man. 23. 'En also all the other odor-bottles have been stolen, and I want them back.'

24. The girl showed her new odor-bottle with the drops from all the odor-bottles, and said that if she would give him that bottle, then he would have all the odors back. 25. In exchange for that she asked him for her own little bottle. 27. She would give one drop of it to the little man, so that the little man would have everything complete. 27. The little man was very glad with that, for he didn't have to go to search for all the other bottles, and the girls would not be unhappy either. 28. The little girl got her own little bottle back, and also a drop from the bottle with the mixture. 29. The little man was so glad that he even gave a drop from the kettle with a totally new mixture. 30. The girl could disappear again, and lived long and happy with her little enchanted bottle.

5.

The Enchanted Egg

1. Once in a far land there was a flood which threatened to drown everything. 2. The only safe place would be a red indian castle of elves. 3. A man knocked at the door to be able to enter, but the red indian elves said that if he wanted to have a place, then he would have to go to the castle of the witch to take an enchanted egg from there. 4. The enchanted egg was once stolen from the red indian elves by the witch, and they wanted it back very much. 5. From the enchanted egg the most wonderful animals would come forth.

6. It was very dangerous in the castle of the witch as the floors and the ceilings moved and could crash down, and the walls banged against each other dangerously. 7. No one ever survived a visit to that castle, that was why the red indian elves gave the man enchanted shoes and an enchanted helmet. 8. Like this it wasn't difficult for the man to get the enchanted egg. 9. As soon as the floor sunk away the enchanted shoes let the man float in the air, and when the ceiling came down, then the enchanted helmet made sure that the man would not be hit. 10. But he had to be very cautious with the banging walls. 11. After a not too long time he had the enchanted egg in his hands and ran back, but the water had already risen dreadfully high. 12. So high that the red indian elves didn't dare to open any window or door anymore. 13. The man rubbed the enchanted egg, and big fishes began to come forth from it. 14. For a little while he could sit on their back, but then the waves became so wild that he was thrown off the fishes all the time. 15. Again he rubbed the enchanted egg, and big birds came forth from it. 15. Quickly he climbed on the back of such a bird, but it was already storming so hard that he couldn't hold the enchanted egg anymore. 16. By a blast of wind the enchanted egg was thrown into the sea. 17. The man didn't think a moment and dived after the enchanted egg. 18. On the bottom of the sea he found the enchanted egg again. Again he rubbed it, and moles came forth from it who began to dig a hole. 20. The man with the enchanted egg followed the moles, and behind them the hole was locked very well again. 21. The moles dug all the way to under the castle of elves, and they could enter in a safe way.

22. 'Brave man,' said one of the red indian elves who saw them climbing upwards. 23. The man gave her the enchanted egg and since then he lived with the red indian elves.

The Revelation of the Red Stone IV

The Teakettleman

1. Once there was a man totally made of teakettles. 2. As soon as the kettles began to whistle the man could always fly. 3. Then he always flew high and far away. 4. But an a day he encountered a wasp, who tried to sting him, but the sting broke while it crashed at one of the kettles. 5. Then a raging hornet came after him, who aggressively spouted his poison towards him, but the poison was pushed away by the kettles. 6. Then a bird came, who gave the man such a slap by it's enormous wing, and the teakettleman lost his balance and fell.

7. After a long fall the teakettle-man came into a wasp-nest. 8. The wasps were mad and tried to fly into him throught the little holes. 9. But the kettles began to boil so much that they could not come far. 10. The teakettleman ran away, but ended in a hornet-nest. 11. They as well started to fly inside through the small holes, and they could stand the boiling heat. 12. Up in his nose there was a glowing cap by which everything could always boil. 13. That glowing cap they pushed it away from the inside, and then the teakettleman suddenly had a hole in his nose.

14. The hornets searched through the whole body of the teakettleman, in all kettles, if they could find something of use, but they didn't find anything. 15. The teakettleman had lost his nose, and he could not cook anymore, and neither fly. 16. But the hornets weren't the worst. 17. They said : 'You know what. 18. From now on we just stay to live in your kettles, then you will always be able to fly. 19. Your kettles are good nests for us. 20. And like this you don't have to wait for the whistle. 21. You can now just fly whenever you want.' 22. And the teakettleman found it a good idea. 23. The hornets could fly so good, and now they were always with him.

24. The teakettleman began to make trips through the air, but soon he encountered the bothering bird, and before he knew he lay on the ground again. 25. This time he was with the red indians. 26. The red indians stang him by their spears, but they couldn't come through his kettles, and soon enough they had the raging hornets after them.

27. The red indians were impressed by the poison of the hornets, and thought that they could use it for their weapons. 28. They made friends with the teakettleman and the hornets. 29. The hornets would from now on sit on their

weapons and supply them with poison. 30. The hornets liked it very much, but later on the teakettleman hardly had hornets in his kettle, and couldn't fly anymore. 31. The hornets liked it too much with the indians.

32. The teakettleman went into conversation with a red indian girl who had a sleepmat made of bees. 33. With this she could fly, and that made it interesting for the teakettleman. 34. Soon the two made long trips on the bee-mat, but on a day they encountered the bothering bird who pecked them off of the bee-mat. 35. The girl fell into the river, but the teakettleman fell on a hard rock close to her. 36. All kettles had been broken off each other, and the girl had to search to bring all pieces together. 37. The mother of the girl made a huge tea cosy for the teakettle man which would keep all the kettles together. 38. She made the tea cosy from ants, and when the tea cosy was shoved over the kettles the kettles got so hot that they began to boil like never before. 39. The teakettleman could now fly again like the best. 40. When he saw the bothering bird again and it's wing touched the kettles the bird shrieked and got burnt immediately, while the girl below caught up the ashes. 41. With the ashes she went to a dry field, where she started to sow the ashes. 42. Not long after flowers grew there which looked like little teakettles. 43. The girl plucked them and made a vest of them for herself. 44. She could also fly.

45. Together they made long trips, until on a day they found a little house high in the air which was made of teakettles. 46. When they stepped into the little house they realized that when the kettles boiled, the little house ascended. 47. After a little while they came into a huge hall. 48. There a witch sat who was totally made of little furnaces. 49. The witch burst out in laughter. 50. 'So,' she shrieked, 'I see that my trap worked good.' 51. She pulled the teakettleman and the girl quickly out of the little house, and wanted to push the teakettleman in an oven. 52. In the oven the teakettles of the man were remelted into little furnaces. 53. 'So,' laughed the witch to the girl. 54. 'Now you will have to work the rest of your life behind the little furnaces.' 55. When the man came out of the oven he could hardly move himself. 56. The man had become so heavy that he couldn't fly anymore. 57. But on a day the lost little bee-mat appeared all of a sudden. 58. The little bee-mat moved over the floor, just before the feet of the witch. 59. Every time when the witch stepped around the bee-mat caught the foot and moved it a little bit. 60. After awhile the witch became so dizzy that she crashed down. 61. The little bee-mat flew to the man, wrapped itself around him like a robe so that he could fly again. 62. Together with the girl he

flew away out of the witchcastle. 63. They came among the other red indians. 64. They could use the parts of the man very well for their weapons. 65. The field of teakettle-flowers had grown so full that the man could become a teakettleman.

The Revelation of the Red Stone V

1.

Widowspider

1. Cords of poverty spun, dreams of the primeval woven, from Brannan salvation has come. To Lapsalvania she came, to Laprakod, the first feather. Widowspider, you did it, you pulled them all to the spindle, all those flown away years, they are the kingly costumes. Widowspider, I know your deeds, to under the grey you went, to encounter black and white, you have woven there for the queen. In Santra, in Santra, the days are long, and the children follow the spider. 2. Faithful as they are, foot for foot, all in line, to costly crowns, widowspider you did it. In Brannen it hurt, until she came to Laprakod. Esmeralda, third fairy, the fairyqueen, oh widowspider, know that I cherish her, I am the fairyprince.

3. Fairyking, make a living in her, a rabbithouse she is, she makes them all up for faithfulness, lady Holle waits in the frame of the eveningwindow, till the morning cherishes her face.

2.

White Rose

1. In a deathbattle I was, everything which was sharp and hard crashed me, until tenderness found me, I had become red in love, after the strike of hate. White rose, tenderness after the sting, softness after death, in bitterness where I lost my life, from poverty to poverty I went, with clothes as a waspvest, in Brannan I found salvation. White rose, like a wasp-fire, stinging so deep where the soft streams, under the soft I am now, where a baby lives, a pink feather, hidden and gained in tenderness, everything hurts. 2. Who says the soft is without pain, doesn't know what we are working at. In the deep misfortune the soft is king, made a living in Brannan. White rose, tenderness after the sting, softness after the death, in bitterness where I lost my life, from poverty to poverty I went, to find deeper sorrow, oh softness hurts so much, and I only want more, I only want to quiver in this house of the white rose, where things happen which I could not make up. 3. Is this then the exit out of an over-inherited mind, is this the exit out of the hard feeling, a feather touched me, for

the first time I feel my hands. White rose-spindle, why did I go through this, from primeval to primeval I come to the black and white floor, to the chessboard under the times, to profess that what you did to me. 4. White rose, tenderness after the sting, wounds stung many times, it mirrors in the wind, all those faces i had forgotten.

Savanines

1.

The Second Law

1. Let the cobra stand in the field, looking at the days of the old. He will not leave the old footsteps.

2. He is the second Christ with a second law.

3. Let then the second word ascend in you.

4. And the first commandment is to suffer with your father. The gift of the suffering is your unity with Him and the brothers.

5. And the second commandment is to battle at His side. The gift of battle is the unity with Him and the brothers.

6. And the third commandment is to die with Him, the fourth is to be happy with him, and the fifth is you will not steal. The sixth is you will hang on to the Spirit of God. The seventh is to learn and teach and the eighth is to make yourself holy and pure in ice. The ninth is to honor the old, and the tenth is to listen to the young. And you will fulfill the law by loving each other.

7. These are then the words of the cobra in the second temple.

8. Listen to his words, second church, to be filled by the second Spirit and to receive a second spirit in your innermost life.

9. The forces of the second cross are the forces coming from hunger, for the Lord has suffered in poor countries.

10. These are the words of the second Paul. Now the days of the second Christ have come.

11. Lay down your old authorities and become as a child.

12. Go through the deep hole to get to know the Christ in your hearts, the second Christ, for the first has passed away.

13. He forgives sin after contrition, repentance and good works. Yes, His forgiveness is as the reward of heaven.
14. And you will bow for Gods economy. These are the words of the second Paul, anfitate in the Name of the Lords, and fugitive of the Word, for I have no place to lay my head to rest.
15. Those who search for the cobra do not have rest, but they will have peace with the lord.
16. You will bow for Gods economy. He then has grasped me by the anointing of the second Samson. The sons of Lucifer have been thrown into paralysis.
17. Oh, come then to the gardens of Golgotha, Calvary, where the second blood blooms like burning wine. You are the veins of the Lords.
18. You who pours out from your blood, will be one with His Blood.
19. And you will be equipped to defeat the sons of Belial.
20. Yes, you will learn battle-arts, and the you will hang on to the Lord. Learn then to hear His second Spirit, and the second Metensia, for you have been made to stream.
21. Yes, you all will be a pilgrim of His Word, a fugitive in His Grace.
22. You then who has granted grace to our suffering Lord, drink of His mercy, as the precious reward of the dew and the morningred.
23. And he will send the angels of the second to the beard of Abraham which drips of honey. And you will find a shelter in the last of the days.
24. You will find the second Metensia as a cobra on her path. And you will know that this is the Lord.
25. Break yourself free then from your chains, and do this in the Name of the second Christ.

2.

The New Covenant

1. Paul, servant of the Most High, the second Paul, anfitate of a new covenant.
2. The old is not far away from the removal, but the cobra will tred these paths, and won't let go the generations of the Word.
3. He will help the older ones, and will be called a shelter for orphan and fugitive. Yes, widows will hang on to him, and He will listen to the young.

4. He who is complete and who has fulfilled the law, but not to destroy the law, but to make her ripe.
5. Now then you can drink from the law to eternal life. Yes, there is a second salvation, so that your second spirit will be saved.
6. They who do not have a second spirit do not have any salvation.
7. Come therefore to a new covenant, for you have come closer to the times of the fifth Utmir.
8. You who have planted yourself on the tree of Christ, His second is now as a creation coming to size.
9. God has in His mystery created a new son, at Eminiis, an eternal son, the second Christ.
10. See then that you will not refuse Him who speaks, for He will bring the fallen ones to the second fire and the second hell, where Beuse burns with her angels.
11. Let then no one think that this hell is forever. This hell leads to the second Gehenna, where total destruction rules. The Lord will give wages for works, and these wages only rage until the measure and the times are full.
12. Let therefore no one have fear to suffer forever, but fear the Lord who hits harder in one Utmir than eternal suffering.
13. The Double Lord is a burning and devouring fire who has sent His second gospel, and this gospel is eternal.
14. These are the words of the second Paul, anfitate before the face of the Lords.
15. Now then, set the prisoners free, and those who suffer by false words. False apostles they are, who deceived the sheep.
16. But it has pleased the Double Lord to tell you of His Love, and then the false love is not far from removal.
17. The cobra will eat her, she who brought ruin on eternal mountains.
18. The Lord will remove false priests out of your midst. Hear then not when they call on the streets and preach false words on the squares.
19. Don't listen then to those who sing joyfull songs while you are shivering from fear.
20. They didn't care for orphans and widows, and therefore the Lord will hit them.
21. And some of them will find a small help from demonic servants, and they will find a cloak from the second satan.

22. See then that you will not despise him who speaks. For he has the powers to deliver you to the second satan.

23. Horrible it is to fall in the hands of the sons of Lucifer, for they are like mad dogs and wolves.

3.

Opening of the Second

1. And the Lord will open your second spirit, to pour out His Second Spirit. Then there will be no betrayal anymore in His Holy temple.

2. And the cobra will unite young and old, and He will come to test the word.

3. Yes, holy testers he will establish around the altar, and they will bind the laws of the Lords around the head of the prophet.

4. And the second Elijah will rise up to do great things, and to prepare the way for the Second Christ.

5. Make then the gates free. These are the days that the Lord has given you a second spirit, deeper in your innermost being. There will be no disturbance on His Holy mountain, nor intrusion.

6. And you will know rest as the child of peace. Yes, for the Lord will create a new heaven and a new earth, when the angels of the second stand with their trumpets.

7. They will serve the Lord, but the Lord will not have pleasure in those who praise without doing his works.

8. Woe to such praisers, saith the Lord, I will remove them from my holy mountain and send them into the caverns of the second tartarus. They have been delivered to the sons of the Behemoth.

9. And the Son of the Word will hit them by the sledge-hammer.

10. But the Lord will send the second Word to those who wait for him, like a double-edged sword coming from his mouth and his stomach.

11. Yes, the lord will open the ear of your innermost being, and you will hear the Lord.

12. In these days many mockers have come, disobedient to their parents, and see, the Lord will hit them.

13. The Lord will not tolerate ridicule at his holy temples. Yes, the Lord will open the second temple, and he will show his second ark. In bliss are those who do not know ridicule, for they are equipped with the powers of the coming days.

14. The lord gives rest as reward, and will show His cobra, coming from the lost holy.
15. And in the days that the cobra speaks there will be silence on his holy mountain.
- 4.

Warnings

1. And me, the second Paul, has been hit by his Spirit, bound in my second spirit, to a holy mission. Yes, the Lord truly makes free , those who have bound themselves to the new covenant.
2. And his prophets are sensitive to times and seasons, and they know the orders of the Lords.
3. And they bear the gifts of suffering deep into their bodies, to release the anointings of the lords. Yes, they have laid the egg of the Spirit in the second ark to a most holy gift of faith.
4. Believe then in the second, and you will be rescued. His call goes out in the last days.
5. And to them who bear the gifts of judgement : See then that you will treat them most holy, for the fire can hit you as well.
6. And to the beaten ones : The Lord is with the defeated of heart, let yourself be punished, for it is the gift of unity with the Lord.
7. And to them with the creating gifts : Bear then them who suffer to the altar, to let the altar speak over them.
8. Cursed is the healing master who heals the body and lets the soul get lost.
9. And some of them I have delivered to the second satan so that they will learn not to deal in souls.
10. The desert is calling you, all who follow the Lord, and you will find an oasis in your second spirit, which God has destined from the beginning to ascend as a light in your innermost being in the last of the days.
11. And the Lord has called me to continue the work of the first Paul, and this work comes forth from it to seal it tight and well.
12. Put then on the armor of the second blood, poured out from the heavens.
13. And the Lord suffered in the hunger of Africa, but His church didn't want him.
14. That is why the Lord will erase the first church and he will preserve the second church.

15. And the Lord will take away his first christ to send his second christ with a new law.
16. And see that you do not throw away him who speaks, for the Double Lord is the ruiner of souls.
17. Put then on the armor of the second blood and hang on to the second Christ as the seed of a new Spirit.
18. Yes, the second church fights and overcomes, while the first church sinks away in deception and destruction.
19. The Lord has already sent a lying spirit to them who spare the murdering word.
20. Purify then your words, and then the Lord will see if He has mercy on you.
21. But many will be delivered to the lions of His judgement.
22. Not all martyrs die in the lord.

5.

New Salvation

1. To them who have received the Second Spirit : Speak then much in second tongues, to preserve your souls.
2. The Lord will pour out new tongues over the bottom, and you will receive new gifts of discernment, to cast out evil spirits of the second in the name of the second Christ.
3. See then that you are grafted upon the second cross, for the hunger will lead you to abundance.
4. And make coverings by the second blood, so that the fellowship will see the angels of the second.
5. And the Lord will hit with blindness those who offered their eyes to the second satan.
6. All those who have come closer to the Lord : the Lord won't let himself being ridiculed. And the Lord hits those who he loves.
7. These are the words of the second Paul to them of the second Ephese. The Lord will make your blood holy on the altar, for you have the helmet of the second faith to do miracles and signs.
8. You are the veins of the Lord. In bliss are those who bear a yoke in their youth. Bliss to them who belong to the Lord and who have received the gift of his suffering.

9. You all know that the helmet of the second mercy has come forth from the second thorn crown.

10. The Lord loves those who suffer with him, and who bear His thoughts and feelings, those who live in deception and tribulation because of Him.

11. The Lord sees the heart. He is no Lord who would have wrath because of flesh. He has wrath about hearts.

12. The artworks of the Lords descend into your hearts, and His Blessing will protect you. Let us then look forward to meet each other in the last of the days, in the arch of the second ice, where the apostles will come to bliss.

13. Bliss to them who have come with pure and humble hearts to the fifth Utmir.

14. Bliss to them who doubt, but cursed are those who are confident in persecuting the weak.

15. When the strong is weak, then how weak will it be.

6.

Serious Warnings

1. The Lord has given you doubt to escape from deception. Let it be counted as a gift then, and do not listen to those who ridicule. They will fall into the hands of the sons of Beelzebul.

2. Cursed are those who are confident in having authority over sheep to eat their flesh.

3. They are no herders but hirelings, working for the house of slaughter.

4. Cursed are those who eat flesh, for they will rot away in their innermost being.

5. See then that the cobra will not drag you away far from home, to show you horrible things without an escape.

6. You who still lives from the death : Cursed are you, oh human. The lord has shown you life, but you chose death, and that's why you live from the blood of your brothers.

7. You who cannot honour an animal, how can you honour the Lord, who is animal ?

8. You who hate an animal, how can you love the human, who came forth from an animal, which was the Lord ?

9. I will hit those slayers, and all their disciples. Fearfull it is to fall in the hands of the living Christ. He who is dead is not far from removal. Fearfull it is to fall into the hands of the second Christ, and to fall in the lake of the second blood.

10. Yes, you will shiver of your food, because it will come to life to eat your bowels. And the Lord will not answer your prayers, because they are an abomination to Him.

11. Cursed are those who say : Let us do evil on the holy mountains of the Lord, for to them evil will be done.

12. You who play with fire, take care that it will not devour you.

13. See then, the cobra is on it's way to you, with an eternal gospel, he who has the power to doom you in the second hell. And that hell will be worse than the first.

14. You all know that the second armor of righteousness is of the second justice, and therefore more righteous than the first.

15. You know that it has come forward from the second scornrobe. In bliss are those who have worn this cloth together with Him. Because they have brought comfort to the suffering of the Lord, and no one can rob them out of His Hand.

7.

Opening

1. These are the words of the second Matthew in the last of the days. Take care then that you will not reject him who speaks.

2. Matthew, anfitate of the Most High, with the second gospel, revealed as eternal gospel, as a good fitting seal on the old.

3. Yes, the Lord loves the old, and therefore he won't break them off, but he will fulfill them into the new.

4. Bliss to those who know the mysteries of the second.

5. And there was a man coming on the clouds of the heaven who had the Name the second Christ. And in Him there was no sin nor stain.

6. And He was surrounded by lions who served him, and he himself was the cobra of the Lord.

7. And he came to punish the church by His Word.

8. And these are the words of the second Matthew for the last of the days. The Lord has given you the second Christ.

9. And his second angels came to Him to serve him on the earth. He died at the cross of hunger in the domains of Africa, ridiculed and rejected by the church.

10. And therefore the heritage will be for the second church, and the first won't be far from removal.

11. Yes, the Lord came to the earth as an animal, but he was slain and eaten by the church.
12. Cursed are those. Yes, amen, while the lions will watch they will burn for established times in the fire of the second hell.
13. And to His children : I will lead you out to the second heaven, and I will give you the fruits of the second. Take care that you do not stand still together with the first church to go down into destruction.
14. I have given you the second word, and fire is in your mouth and innermost being to consume the apostates.
15. But take care that you will not be consumed yourself, for the Lord doesn't tolerate sin before His face.
16. You will be held responsible before him who preserves your souls and before his holy cobra. Amen.
17. Bliss to those who have worn the second scornrobe, for they wear the armor of the second secret.
18. Bliss to them who wear the second thorncrown, for they will find the gates of heaven.
19. The Lord has put His call on their hearts, and they discern good from evil.
20. The Lord will then have no passion for them who let themselves be blinded to commit white murders.
21. They are like the harlots who wipe off their mouth and say : I have done nothing wrong.
22. Let then the second Christ judge you. He who has suffered hunger because of the Lords.
23. And I am an anfitate in chains, holy are they.
24. I have received the gift of suffering, to bring the word.

8.

No selfrighteous explanation

1. You then who have come closer to the temple of the cobra : Have then lust to do the commandments of the Lords. They will lead to eternal life to bring eternal pleasure.
2. I have burnt my laws in your innermost being, sais the Lord. Now, live in the new temple then.

3. And the cobra will lead many to bliss, and will be close to those who doubt. Let yourself be delivered from the old covenant, for it was a covenant of death.
4. Yes, it has punished you and brought you wisdom, but it has also misled you and it let you be a part in the cross of prophets.
5. See then and make sure that you will accept the dove who speaks, standing on the back of the cobra, having the face of an eagle.
6. Let His Spirit mark you by fire to the second Metensia and the second Eminius, and you will be in bliss.
7. Search then for rest in holy words and let the old be gone.
8. The cobra will let you honour the old, but you will defeat death. The cobra will let you listen to small children, and you will receive the fear of the Lords.
9. Have then lust to do the commandments of the Lords, to speak justice in his temples. For wasn't the old justice unrighteous ? Now then, a new day has come.
10. The second shoes of peace is among them who love the Lords by deeds.
11. Cursed are those who love without deeds, for they are as hollow clouds without water, driven by the wind.
12. They will be barren like corn of the second hell. And this hell will be more terrible than the first.
13. See then that you will not reject the speaking cross, because he has also suffered for you, to show you what you had to suffer.
14. But you have distorted his words. See then that you will not further loose your way.
15. In bliss are those who doubt and test, and cursed are those who do not test, for they have been delivered to proud hearts, to the sons of satan.
16. See then to make sure that you will not fall in the same judgement as the sons of the leviathan by your boasting and false securities.
17. Do not be disciples of the second Cain and the second Jezebel who sleep in the same bed.
18. They are on the boat to the last judgement of the second. Their names will not be found in the second books of life.
19. See then carefully that you will not hang on to false prophets, for in the same judgement as them you will fall.

20. And the Lord will not keep unguilty those who have selfrighteous interpretations of the second word of the spirit.

21. From them their parts of paradise will be taken away and the treasures of the ministries.

22. The Lord will put shame on them on the holy mountains and they will not be allowed to serve before the altar anymore.

23. But the Lord is with them who shiver before His Word, and those who have the gift of doubt to test the word.

9.

No Eternal Wrath

1. Yes, the Lord will send a slayer to drag the church to the altar.

2. And the Lord will test her fruit.

3. The Lord sees everything. They who sin have no rest, day nor night.

4. The Lord will put your hearts in a flame when you come closer to Him, and he will make holy those who are destined to the lasts of the days.

5. Fear then Him who knows your history and future. He who sees your thoughts coming from far.

6. And after the slaughter on the altar there will be no place anymore for contrition, but there will be a terrible survey upon the second fire of the Lord which will devour the opposers.

7. The Lord doesn't have wrath for eternity, but those who have blasphemed the second word will get their wages, and they will recognize the fruit of their fallen nature in their innermost being.

8. The monsters of their parties will devour them inside and will be their masters.

9. Yes, know then that the beasts who mislead you will change into wrath and second hell when they have you in their huts.

10. Then the sweet deception turns into a bitter grave. 11. And the sons of Lucifer will send plagues of fear, for you have left the lord.

12. Yes, fear you will have when you are in the darkness without the Lord.

13. Then the Lord will not be manipulated, but you will have to sit with the wages of sin until it is paid. The Lord has many prisoners.

14. And you will see that the Lord is truly justice. The Lord will grant sleep to everyone at the end of days, and those who have paid in full by their punishments will find rest in an eternal grave.
15. The Lord does not tolerate papal lies, and the Lord does not tolerate those of the canon, for they have built cages of eternal fear.
16. Give then space and freedom of the Lords to the nation of God, and lead them out to the second Word in their most holy travel.
17. For you are all pilgrims, and you will live in the second house of the lords.
18. The Spirit which the Lord gives then is the Spirit of Freedom, and the Lord will remove all their tears.
19. When you get older in the Lord then, the Lord will pay you free from all deception and his word will be released in you.
20. Then the seals of your heart will break and you will flee to your second spirit.
- 10.

The Spirit of Freedom

1. But there are many folk who will distort the second word like they did with the first word, and they will oppress the second church.
2. Yes, they will put themselves in your midst to mislead hearts, but hold on tight to your spirit which gets older, and to the Spirit who speaks in you of the pure second.
3. Let then the gospel not be stolen away from you which has been written to the bliss of your souls.
4. Yes, the trumpet of the lords pronounces new times, and they will bow for the lord.
5. The Lord will bring many to sleep, and to drunkenness.
6. Let it be no drunkenness without justice. For the lord has sealed you by His laws.
7. The Lord will guard the gates of your soul, and the second will get solid ground. The Lord leads His children out, also out of the oppressions of the fellowships.
8. Be then a member of the second body of Christ and hang on to the second Spirits.
9. They will lighten your head, and will lead your hearts to the second spirit, where wells of heaven wait to get opened.
10. Be then conscious that the words of the lords are powerful to separate good from evil and to bring the stubborn to the light.
11. For the word of the lords is like a lamp shining in dark places.

12. Yes, also the pits will take of the second word of the lords, and they will bow.
13. Then all the second pits will stand before the lord, and the lord will judge them after their deeds.
14. And the dragons of the second will be responsible for their deeds and powers of economy.
15. They will have to open their pacts with the merchants of the earth before the face of the Lords.
16. And the second fire will visit the second ice with devourings. And you will know the second Eminus.
17. For full of the second angels and the second Spirits of the Lords are the heavens.
18. And when the second thrones will rise in the destined hour then the first throne is not far away from removal.
19. These are the words of the second Matthew. In bliss is him who preaches the second gospel, and who sets the prisoners of the old free by it. For the Spirit of the Lords is freedom.

11.

The Fifth Utmir

1. And I, the second Matthew have been given the keys of the fifth Utmir, to lead the second fellowship in. And their shoes will not be burnt, and they will go along cool waters.
2. But fire from the mouth of the Lord will fall on all of them who stay behind and who keep hanging on to the canon.
3. And there will only be breath in the second fellowship in the fifth of the Utmirs.
4. And I will stir up my prophets to prophesy until the doors have closed behind us.
5. Cursed are those whose spirits will stay behind on the previous earth. These are the holy words of the second Matthew, anfitate before the face of God.
6. Let then the second Christ buy you free from this evil generation, when you have bought him free by everything you had.
7. In bliss are those who have paid attention to the light of the poor, for they will see the Lord.
8. In bliss are those who know the second cross in their spirit, for they will find a shelter in the new spirit. And this spirit is eternal and will grow into all eternities as a tree of life.

9. Bliss and mystical are the treasures which the Lord has hidden and stored for those who follow Him and keep His footsteps.

10. In bliss are they who mourn when the Lord mourns. They will have the lights of the second cross as lamps in the second darkness. And this darkness is darker than the first.

11. And they will not suffer damage from the fourth death, for they are known by the Lord and his second angels in myriads and myriads.

12. And they bear the clocks of the Lords in their mouths and stomachs, whole their heads are bound with sweet ropes which lead them to the stretched out fields of freedom of the Spirit.

13. The Lord watches over their souls and they know his commandments.

14. They speak justice under high trees, and know the hymns of the birds.

15. They are as tender as they are hard, and as hard as they are tender. In their love they do not spare evil.

16. They have learned to know the spirit of acceptance in the rejecting of evil, and they are led from insight to insight.

17. They can discern the hearts of the Lords and of the small children, and they use his word in and to the freedom of the Spirit.

18. Their swords are soft in hardness and hard in softness.

12.

1. And the Lord spoke then about the Word as about seed on a field, which had to be left alone so that the rain, the sun and the cold could make it stronger.

2. And the lord spoke that the Word would grow like a cobra to strike hearts by dread.

3. And this dread would be a second dread, bigger than the first.

4. And the Lord gave his disciples the mission to preach the Word, for He had touched their second spirit.

5. And they were in an upperroom together and the Lord gave them tongues of fire.

6. But their lips became cold like ice.

7. So was then the gospel like cold and ice. And the Lord made his wrd strong.

8. And to the disciples the sick were brought, but they didn't get healed, for it wasn't the time of the Lords. And the sick were brought to a lonely place where they heard the word of the Lords.

9. And after awhile there was a wind coming forth from the disciple who spoke and the sick were filled by the Spirit and stood up on their legs.

10. And the Lord added at that day hundred and twenty souls as those who got rescued.

11. And the disciples spoke : There is no rescue in a voice or a name, neither in a power. There is only rescue in a heart which looks for the Lord.

12. And the faces of the disciples were as those of the angels.

13. And there stood up a man named the second Peter, and he did great miracles before the face of the Lords, and lions of heaven appeared near him in white.

14. And a huge fear filled the crowd, for he let ice descend from the heaven, and the lions of heaven tore many. And he had the body as of a cobra.

13.

1. And one brought many sick to the second peter, and he took them to lonely places, and taught that a child of God had to suffer much to enter in.

2. And his words had power and they brought many to light.

3. And in the days after the Lord added thousands to the group, and they learned about the suffering and the judgement.

4. And the second Peter called : 'Focus then on the second cross, where you learn to hunger before the Lord.' And oil and honey flew from his hands, and he brought foreign forces to them who stood around him, and they began to move in another manner.

5. And some of them got into drunkenness and some who passed along ridiculed them. But the second Peter became full of wrath and a cobra of heaven came to devour them.

6. And the second Peter called : Be careful that you will not reject the drunkenness of the Lords. And wine came from the heavens to anoint the disciples. And the group became bigger every day.

7. But the authorities were against them and made a plan, and Peter had to appear before a high council.

8. But the animals of heaven were with the second Peter and bolts of lightening came from his clothes to consume them.

9. And huge fear came over the nation, and they asked him if he wanted to be their leader. But the second Peter spoke : 'There is no leader than the heart which keeps

itself hidden to search for the darkness.' And he drew back to the wood. And he wrote letters to them of the second fellowship, and the second fellowship got big and grew up.

10. And in those days the second wine was flowing, and the prophets got double vision by which they could watch through everything.

11. And transparent visions came to them, and the Lord granted great wisdom to the fellowship.

12. And the Lord opened a well of breath. And the Lord spoke : From now on healing streams from the darkness.

14.

1. And several seals were removed from the Word and mysteries were revealed to the fellowship, and the Lord added more to them.

2. And the second fellowship became like the snakes of heaven, and great gift revealed themselves in their midst.

3. And the Lord spoke : From now on the gifts stream from the hidden.

4. And many went to the wood to live there, and they wrote mystical books. And many who had been imprisoned while they were innocent came free.

5. And the Lord gave the nation power over the oppressors of the body, and the Lord began to give the nation insight about the body of death and the body of life.

6. And the Lord spoke : 'See, I create a new body.' And the Lord sent his second angels to the earth to do great creative miracles in the body.

7. And they bore the glow of the morningred, and they began to appear at established times.

8. And the Lord created new seasons and new times, and the earth came into the fifth Utmir. And the Lord added to those who followed Him daily, and great wisdom and knowledge came to those who studied the powers of darkness.

9. The Lord gave them the arts of battle and took care that they wouldn't be ridiculed anymore.

10. And there was a place named the second Golgotha, the second Calvary, in Africa, and the Lord made this place huge.

11. And from all the corners of the earth they visited this place, but the apostles spoke : 'The mercy can not be found in a place or a person, but in a heart which keeps itself hidden.'

12. And the fellowship became a nation of individuals, and those who could not accept the powers of the ice fell away from the Lord.

13. And in those days familiar and social spirits blocked many from being rescued.

15.

The eagles of the Word

1. And I saw a black eagle appearing in the midst of the second heaven, and a white eagle was sitting on a rock, and I saw stretched out seas in the distance.

2. And I saw the Lord appearing as a rider, bearing a trumpet. And his hair was like white flames.

3. And when He blew the trumpet a beast came forth from the seas, and the Lord spoke : Do not fear, for it is the second Matas, and He is the Beast of the Lord.

4. And the white eagle who was like the Word of the Lord rose up, to strike those who did not want to hear.

5. And I saw a huge crowd come up to follow the eagle, and they made themselves big against the black eagle. But then a tear came out of the eyes of the white eagle to consume them.

6. And the Lord spoke : Like this everyone will perish who does not accept the second Word. And the Lord was as a raiser of battle. And the Lord spoke : I have not come to bring peace, but the Sword.

7. Make yourself holy then before My Face. And like this the arrival of the second Christ would be.

The Second Peniel

8. In bliss are those who have the first and the second Word. But those who do not have the second Word, neither will they have the first.

9. And the saints wrestled with the second angels and with the Lord, and they got hit on a place called the second Peniel.

10. And they got sensitive for the second Word. And the Lord blessed them. In bliss are they who bear the wounds of the second Word.

11. In bliss are those who doubt, for they will have power to test, and the Lord will lead them to the second security.

12. And in the second pain there is hidden the hand of the Lords.

The Great Rome

13. And the second test was sweet in the eyes of the Lord, and He gave grace to them who had tested the spirits. And the Lord sent lights and rays of lightening to the earth, as signs of them who followed Him.

14. But also the second antichrist could let lights descend from the heavens. And the second dragon gave him great power, and anointed him with many gifts. And there were books opening, and them who were young had to suffer a lot.

15. And the Lord spoke : 'In bliss are those who puzzle, for they will be spared against pride.' And the second false prophet and the second whore came to the face of the Lords.

16. And they came from the second Sodom and the second Babylon. And them was given to test the nation for a certain time. And they brought great riches to those who had never felt the mud of the earth.

17. And they brought false doctrine to them who lived in the huts of the earth. But the Lord spared many of them, for they were orphans, and he led them to a rock which He called the rest of the anfitates.

18. And the Lord spoke there to them through an angel, saying : 'It is better to suffer with the disciples than to search for abundance and doctrine.

19. For by knowledge the head will boast, and the heart loses grip.' And the Lord established a second tree of knowledge in the garden where they came, and He forbade them to eat from the fruits.

20. Every day at established times there came an angel to teach them. The fruits of the second tree of knowledge were high now, and there was an eagle of the lords to guard the fruits. And the Lord gave to those who were in the garden a second heart.

21. And the Lord spoke to the children that they had to be ridiculed a lot. And in the night there came birds who wouldn't let them sleep, and in daytime there were dogs who would hunt. But it drove the children closer to each other, and the Lord saw that it was good.

22. And in the garden there were also trees of the second Sodom and the second Babylon, and the Lord cut them away for they didn't bear fruit. And then the children had to cross a sea called the Great Rome by swimming, and this sea was a shark at the same time.

23. And the children got mad at the Lord, for they were weakened, and they realised that the sea was devouring them. But a Wind of the Lords took them up, and they came on an island called the second Bethlehem. And those who lived there had huge eyes.

16.

The Nightsight

1. And the Lord spoke : 'This mystery is big, and in bliss are those who understand it.' And the second tree of life could be found on the island, and everyone who ate of her fruits also got huge eyes.
2. And there were prophets of the Lords with double sight, and also with nightsight, and they taught them with many visions.
3. And them was told that further on the island, everything was dark, and that they would feel themselves like a blind.
4. But the Lord would lead them with nightvisions and would give nightsight at the end of the travel.

17.

Not getting addicted to the wine

1. Women love your men. Take them by the hand, and teach them to understand. Don't get addicted to wine. True wine flows from the innermost being. Know then that when the Lord has granted you suffering to get drunk. And to get drunk by drinking wine, like this you have to drink from the suffering to get drunk. This then is the second suffering.
2. By drunkenness you can place yourself in the other. Thinking would stop this. This is why the Lord granted you suffering. Drink then from your hurt, and you will be in bliss. For like this you will get in touch with the hurt of an other, and his bliss. Let therefore the unity be as drunkenness, and follow the way of the lonely one.
3. Be not addicted to drugs and table-luxury, for these things the Lord your God has already given to you and they stream from the innermost being. Learn then to drink from the cup of the second Christ. For God has not given us an earthly cup for we are hunted from one corner to the other. But God has given you a heavenly cup.
4. Learn therefore to drink of His Word and the suffering. You cannot accept authority when you do not drink from the cross. And all authority is from God. But many have distorted this Word to their own downfall. You have to bow under every authority, so that you can root and rise up to break the authority at the destined time for that. Yes, also the Lord you will break, and you will go inside His streams of Living Water and be one with His Spirit.

5. And some have forgotten about the wrestling with God and their faith suffered shipwreck, but the Lord looks for them who conquer Him. Also under your authority the Spirit of God has suffered, but He has broken the yoke and has overcome you.
6. You then live on the earth and in the heavens. Know then that you have to be cunning when you are on the earth. Be then quick to suffer and slow to get the victory, so that no one will take you as a slave. Live then in the hidden as much as possible, so that no king sees you to crown you, while you miss the crown of heaven.
7. Do not care for those who receive earthly rewards to oppress you. They have received their rewards already, and the Lord won't give it to them in the heaven. Do not be too full of wrath at the house of doctors, for they have broken the chains of slavery, and have given you the heavenly cup. Don't fear their ice, for they are to you as a dark protection.
8. Have you forgotten that the Lord has said to you : 'You are slaves.' Some have ridiculed Him for that and have beaten him. The Lord has sent His angel Romarei, and the second Romarei, to lead the nation out of slavery. Yes, He brought you from exile to exile, but the Lord led to peace. Rest now, they who have entered the second sabbath. In bliss are those who have drunk from that cup.
9. Don't fight old fights, but grow up in the Lord, and fight to come to the gate of heaven. Don't let yourself be dragged down by old enemies, but cut into new fences. Don't search for the battle, and don't let yourself be led to old emotions. Put on the second human, for the old fight will always continue, until it has been solved in the second hell.
10. Yes, put on the riddles of the Lords, and be cunning.
11. You suffer until you see the riddle of the Lords.

18.

Suffering injustice

1. And the riddles of the Lords are like a sea full of whales. And the big mystery runs to the Big Spain, where the black sharks are coming near her coasts. Watch then that you will not have part in her sins, for the Lords will destroy her in one day.
2. And that day will be like the sun and the moon coming together. The Lord will stain her, and taking the cup out of her hand by which she drank the blood of the saints and the martyrs. Yes, she traded with the merchants and butchers of the earth, but they will hate her and eat her flesh.

3. And then the whales will be the pillars of heaven and the bull of the heavens will pierce her followers. Fear then the Lord and keep yourself clean from her.
4. Don't return to old fights, for the Lord will change your enemies in His Hands. Do not have part in their sins, but search for the riddles of the Lords. Then He will send His angel Romarei and the second Romarei to break your chains.
5. Let man alone, as what is he to be regarded ? Focus on the animals of the heavens and you will see the second human.
6. You who still eats of the flesh, you are cursed. The soul of the animal will come alive in your bodies, to eat from your flesh. Do you not know that he who lives from death also will die of the death ? But the Lord has never prepared you to death, but to eternal life.
7. See then that those who still live from the flesh also eat and bite each other. Are you then a piece of flesh brought to be weighed, measured and sold ? That which you hate when it is done to you, don't do that to someone else. The Lord will indeed not keep innocent those who follow the Herder to eat the sheep.
8. You who still lives from the flesh, you are wolves inbetween the sheep. Don't limb over the thought that no one touches you. You have paralyzed the law. Do justice on holy mountains, and put away evil out of your midst, so that the Lord will watch over you.
9. You who speaks evil behind the back of your brother, make sure that the Lord will not take your truth away. You who slanders the truth of someone else, how can you stand in the truth yourself.
10. The wages over those who ate the innocent, and didn't see animals as their fellow-heirs will be called heavy. The Lord will not keep them innocent before his gates.
11. You who do not honour an animal, how can you honour the Lord who is animal ? You who do not have the animal as a friend, does not have the Lord either, and is delivered to His Wrath.
12. Stop making excuses and stop trying to justify yourself before the wolves. Suffer injustice for the will of the Lord, so that you will not trade with the enemy and seen as one of them. They will eat your flesh either way. Be uncompanionable and full of silence and let yourself be crucified like they once did to the Lord. Is it about your children ? Then you bear the same wounds as Metensia. Also your children will not be spared when it comes to suffering. In bliss are those who let their children be chastised, and cursed are they who keep them in sin.

13. Be then uncompanionable and full of silence before the wolves, like the Lord once was, so that grace will find you before the throne. Drink from the suffering in injustice, do not pick the sword without having drunk. They will eat your flesh either way. Make sure you drink well.

14. For good wine is better than speaking, and your justice streams from inside out. Let them who persecute you do not give you entry to their chambers. Do not give your heart to them. Do not take anything from them. But some will twist these words for their own destruction.

15. Learn in good times to handle the Word of the Lords, and focus on the riddles of God. Be like a good attendant before the face of the Lords, so that you receive might through the sword to command care. The Lord opens your eyes and will be with you all the days of your life. Amen Metensia Eminius.

19.

Comfort and warning

1. These are the words of the second Peter, given by God. To my beloved brothers and sisters in the tribulation. Let those who persecute you fade away by the cross. They are not important, and they are wraiths of the netherworld.
2. Those who search for earthly estate, cursed are you, for earthly chains will bind them, and they will not have the might to escape.
3. Those who search the things of the heaven are in bliss, for they are bound by eternal chains who lead them to the fields of rest and freedom.
4. Do not trust your mind, for this one has been fire-marked by the liar. Your mind is cursed and darkened by sin, and pierced by the sword of the world. You haven't drunk enough yet from your inside, for the mind the Lord gives there is eternal. Put then on the second mind, and drink a lot of wine of the Lords.
5. Don't let yourself get stuck in your mind, for then you come from reasoning to reasoning and from deception to deception to let yourself be bound deeper. Come to the holy trees of the Lords and eat of her fruits. But they who sin do not have entry into the garden of the Lords.
6. Don't stain yourself with the knowledge of the world, for she is like the forbidden fruit.

20.

The Forest of the Lords

1. The Second Paul, apostle of the Lords and anfitate, to the saints of the Second Laodicea. The Lord blesses your hearts.
2. The Lord knows your hearts, and you know that you are full of his fire and ice. Yes, you are established as the mixers of the Lords in the Second Covenant and the holy eternal gospel. Know then, that you are lovers of the Lords.
3. But some among you are halfhearted, and the Lord will soon spit them out when they won't turn away from their evil ways.
4. You know I have been persecuted because of the wounds of the lords I bear, and that you also are familiar with these wounds.
5. Bear them deep in your bodies to clearing, for the Lord has established you to serve Him and know His mysteries.
6. Yes, the Lord will give you the two eagle-wings, and you will have outlooks. You will see the riches and wildernesses of the Lord who is lush, and Him with the Golden Sword you will know.
7. You also heard of Him with the Bleeding Sword, and you have mingled your blood with Him.
8. Yes, you have taken part in the wines of the Lords and in his seed. Let then the herbs of the Lords heal your hearts, and search the things inside.
9. You have some among you who live in deep sins, but the Lord hasn't revealed it yet.
10. Wait then for the Word of the Lords, and see what He will do. Greet those who live in tribulation, and cling to them, so that you will be in bliss.
11. The Lord knows and sees what you have done to the older ones, and which a heart you have for them. And the Lord also knows how you hate the works of a mocking youth.
12. Yes, the Lord has established you before His face as sifters, and soon He will send you to separate the chaff from the corn.
13. Yes, also in this you know how to bear the suffering and the ice, and you do not stumble to the outer darknesses.
14. Yes, the Lord sees the perfections among you and is very glad about it. Don't return to the first Laodicea, for then the Lord will strike you soon.

21.

The Language of the Lords

1. The Second Paul to those who live in tribulation, in the Second Laodicea : Keep then good courage, for you have received the garland. 2. You have words of love deep in your heart, stretching out with desire to be revealed. 3. Be glad therefore, you who is tested by many tribulations. The Lord has measured a new heart for you to receive, and soon it will jump up to bliss. 4. You who wear the helmet of the lords, you also know of His thorn-crown. 5. When I was with you I have read for you many pieces about that. Daily read the pieces which I have left behind for you. 6. The Lord sees your times of suffering and knows their ends. The Lord has measured a lock on it, on their ends. 7. Rejoice in the books which you receive in such post scripts. See them as presents of the Lords. 8. You who knows the thundering of Sarsia, her rain is sweet. Know that the Love talks the problems out to the end, but there where talking has become impossible she will turn into justice. The lord has touched you in His Love. 9. With those who lie you cannot talk. Remove them out of your midst. Some among you have been tested by such folks for a while, to test their hearts. Search those who speak of Truth and who have a soft heart to older people. 10. Separate yourself from those who live recklessly. You have received a small help in this, and you will rejoice in that. Separate yourself also from those who are busy with language to rule others. 11. the Lord has given you the language of the Lords, and this is the language of the freedom. Let no one bring you back to books of grammar and spelling, which are an abomination to the Lord. Learn the language of the Lords. See, the old has gone. 12. The new has come. Do not harden the hearts of your children by making them sour with endless numbers and registers of ancestors, for on this the curse of the Lords rest. 13. Satisfy their hearts with the laws of the Lords, and teach them the love and the altar which connection is unbreakable. Like this you will be blissful.

22.

Prescriptions about the teaching of the children

1. Teach your children the spiritual battle and the suffering. For some has become disobedient to this commandments, selling their children to Belial and those of Orion. 2. Teach them of fire and ice, so that they will not be mockers. 3. But the Lord gave up hope and heart with some among you, and they are waiting on the fire of Gehenna, bringing them to eternal rest. 4. yes, for some can not handle the demand of life, and the Lord will grant them small grace. 5. There is justice for all. Everyone will receive a flower of justice as a reward for the works they did. 6. You will not scare your children with an everlasting hell, but you will teach them about the threatening destruction leading to eternal rest. 7. Not everyone wil enter the Kingdom of the Heavens, for those who are

there do not have rest day nor night for they cherish and love the Lord. 8. Several sluggards will therefore choose the eternal rest which Gehenna grants. Yes, also several among you, oh Laodicea. 9. The Lord knows the hardness of the life, and the Lord knows all hearts. Never will the Lord hit a human for eternity, but He will carry such a human to a worthy grave where everlasting rest will reign. 10. This is a mystery of the lords, for many are nothing but scaffolds. When the house is built, then the scaffolds will be burned, because they are not of use anymore. 11. Yet the justice will temporary hit harder than what was taught, for the Lord demands payback, until everything is divided in fair manner. 12. Some of you have forgotten about that, and their faith has shipwrecked. 13. Search the lord, and be faithful to His commandment, so that He shows faithfulness to you. 14. Teach you children early to care for young and old, so that they will not be grasped away by mockery and the sweet devouring their heart. 15. Also you have there some who gave them selves over to borderless praise and thanksgiving which don't give track. Let them know that they worship Belial instead of God. 16. I warn you, oh elders of Laodicea, that if you do not chastise these, you will come under the same judgement as those who do these things, of which the lord has said that Sodom will not be punished as much as the pharisees. 17. Put then the pharisees out of your midst, and those who are addicted to pious sounds and let their children starve. They are not better than the dogs, for they have crucified the Second Christ. 18. Hit then those who move their hips, oh prophets of Laodicea, hit then those who block the cobra at the gates, so that I will not hit you all together. 19. You followers of the second Eli, listen, for you have let your sons eat from the sweet of the temples, and despised the chastise. Lift then up the chastise of the Lords, otherwise you will fall backwards and break your neck. 20. Learn then to mingle the good, and imprint the Word of the Lords in your hearts, so that you won't be brought to fall. 21. Hit the followers of Hofni and Pinechas, oh you apostles of Laodicea, and burn their books, so that you will not be burned yourself. 22. but I fear that I have made an effort for nothing for some of you. The judgement of the Lord will be called heavy on the churches which do not teach chastise. 23. The Lord will steal your children out of your laps, the Lord will deliver you to the sweet of the bees and destroy your stomachs. Yes, for in your stomach a snake will stand up, coming to judge the heatens. 24. And then you will stand there, all you hiprockers, with soot and rust, because you have blocked the Word of the Lords. 25. Oh, you who have despised the silence, become wise so that the Lord will not strike you. 26. For heavy and hard the Lord strikes those who despise the silence. They want to quench the voice of the lords by roaring loud. They want to hinder the movements of the lords by

rocking their own hips. 27. Yes, an abomination it is in the eyes of the Lords. Cursed is anyone who gives them a shelter. Give then up those who you keep hidden, otherwise the Lord will give you up. 28. Who do you think you are to think that you can hide something for the Lord. 29. Cursed is anyone who thinks he can keep his sin hidden behind expensive clothes and material dragging. 30. They are followers of Mammon. Remember the soberness, so that you will be lush in the Lord who is Spirit.

23.

About clothes

1. Yes, have you forgotten about the tearing of clothes. Do you not know that this will lead to clearing ? You are now wrapped by the spirits of time, and you have forgotten about the lush of nature. 2. You have delivered yourself to tight suits and ties made by the devil. 3. Yes, some of you live in slavery of a worldly regime, and they have those clothes as marks. The Lord will deliver you on his time. They are the spies of the Lords, and live under a prophetic covenant. 4. But cursed is anyone who lusts after such foreign clothes, for these have been made by the satan to stretch out might. 5. You are webs of the Lords, and you will wear clothes of the Spirits. 6. Do not despise the tearing of clothes, for the vegetations for these products were used by nature-theft. 7. Can you not use that which the Lord gives you ? Let your materials with which you work then be clear Do not let living beings die for your second skin, for they are your breath. 8. Go back to the nature, oh saints, for your houses are constructions of Belial and his sons. 9. But if you still live there as a prisoner of the Lords, blissful you are. Live therefore soberly and tear your clothes, so that you will not come under the judgement of nature-theft. Do not eat of flesh either. 10. To those who eat of the flesh as prisoners, I say : The Lord will heal your bodies and deliver you on his time, as well as the animals. 11. Do not be guilty of nature-theft, for you will long for soberness, but it will flee from you. 12. You will long for the lush of the spirits but it will flee from you. 13. Your clothes will be like chains, and you will not have the might to tear the yoke. 14. Besides no one bothers me, for I carry the scars of the Second Christ and His Word in my body. 15. He comes soon to hit the heatens. Amen Metensia Eminius.

24.

Indications and prescriptions

1. Know that at the end of times the borders will fade away, and the Forest of the lords will reveal itself. Learn the from His Love. 2. For He has had those of

Spricht always under his care. 3. You will then know the holy places, and they will be like a refuge. 4. Praise the Lord when His shelters will be revealed, for they will offer thick protection against the storms of the second. 6. But all who hate Spricht will not eat of the thick honey. 7. They will be delivered to the wrath of the bees of the heavens, and their flesh will be eaten threefold. Thus speaks the mystery of the lords. And He will make sure that these words stay sealed to the end of times. 8. Blissful are those who have reached the times of the white lion and love Spricht. 9. Yes, they know the lusts of the Lords. You have come closer to Spricht, and Spricht will measure the rate of salvation. 10. yes, for he is the tailor of the Lords, and He has delivered you to spiritual battle. 11. Know His armory and learn to keep the good. 12. Blissful are those who guard the good and those who cherish Spricht. 13. Do you know the treasures of Spricht ? From His Treasure-chambers the lightnings of the Lords come forth. 14. Lay then down your clothes on the altar of God, so that it will not lead you to ruination. 15. You who uses drugs : Lay them on the altar Gods, and let yourself be drugged by Him. 16. Learn to know the soulds of the plants, for they are of the Lords. Learn also to discern the vegetations. Does nature itself not teach what you can eat and what not ? 17. Be enlightened in your mind and hearts and let the Spirit of the Lords lead you. 18. You are empowered to eat vegetables and fruits, and the fruits of the earth. You will have insight in what you can use and what not. For the Lord has established his angels yo lead you in that. 19. You will gather and pick up, and taking what the Lord has given you. You will not kill that which lives. 20. Let no one of you twist these words. Let the Spirit enlighten you. Let wise folks under you stand up to reveal these words. 21. Yes, also to you the Lord has given prophets. Search for them, knowing that they sometimes live in darkness and far off. 22. Yes, let the old wise which speaks then speak, so that your ears are blissful. Like this you will build the shelter of the Lords. 23. Let also the young wise speak, and give heed to their words. For they are the revealed wells of the Lords. 24. Handle them as brittle dinnerware, and take them in protection. 25. Offer them a living and food, so that you will be blissful. 26. Do all this for the Lord. Do not despise the old of days, for they can be mouthpieces of the lords. Do not despise the sick, for they have the keys of the animals of the heavens and their fields. 27. Do not despise the slaves and the prophets, but deliver them. Those who carry the yoke of the lords are blissful, and they are blissful to encounter.

28. Be as a faithful servant of God, and do not despise the second. See, the lions of God are already outside, waiting to devour you. 29. But you who know the Lord, you will not be devoured, only in love. 30. Do not be like the thieves,

for they do not grant each other rest. Focus on God's economy, and become a clear anfitate of the lords. Many have kept his commandments in this and became blissful. 31. Yes, the lord has prepared His Blissful Spirit already for those who follow Him in this, 32. Wait for the Lord, and do not walk out before Him, for His fire might consume you. 33. You have come closer to the sharks of Spricht. Shiver then before him who speaks. For you do not know yet what his words will cause to be in the end. 34. Do not make noise in your hearts but be silent and clear before the Lord, to catch up the butterflies of His Word. Lightly inflames His Word already, be then ready. 35. His Inflammations will be like volcanoes, and the Lord speaks to bind His lovers in His Spirit. Yes, they will ride clearly over glowing coals, and find the inner chambers of the heavens. 36. Cursed is any house which doesn't know an altar, and cursed is any house which has an unclean altar. Clear your hearts before the Lord. 37. You are greeted. Let Baarlen and Tanzan not rule your house. Come fast, Second Lord Jesus, come fast, to build Your Second Maranatha as a tight seal on the first. 38. And when the second has come, the first is not far from removal. 39. Let your hearts be delivered, you who still lives under the old covenant and suffers tribulation under that. Has God not come to strike the second pharao ? Come to the second promised land, the second canaan of God, you who have overcome, for He will sit on a white throne to guard the heathens. 40. Yes, from all wind-directions they will come, and they will serve the Lord. 41. Rejoice in the day of deliverance, which has been written down to make your souls blissful. 42. Those who are of the Second halleluja and of Spricht greet you, especially yhose in the big tribulation. Amen Metensia Eminius. 43. A greeting to the seven churches in the big tribulation, by my own hand, from the Second paul, servant of God and anfitate. 44. I am also a prisoner of the lords, waiting for the unification of the most holy souls. 45. Grant each other grace, like God does that also. 46. Do not be too hard for each other, for the lord hates the hardness without the softness. 47. His Softness always decreases the Wrath. Greet each other in the second tribulation, being aware of each others bindings and weaknesses. 48. Do not lay heavy burdens on each other for the Lord is not in these. Do not establish an oath, for the Lord is the Soul of freedom. 49. Do not let yourselves be bound, and focus on the slowness which is of the Lords. You know other cords. He who will bind is the lord. 50. The Lord has sent the angel of the wind-directions to you. Let those who glide away from grace not come in anymore, so that they will not stain the church. The Lord hates those who are whimsical and serving two lords. 51. Do not let them in for they will betray you. For many have already been sent to you with twisted plans. 52. I have warned you already and you have been

delivered to these words as to the Lord. The Lord does with you what is good. His Blessing is with you. Amen Metensia Emini. 53. I will not stop wrestling and praying for you before His face. See then my love for you. 54. Let not any apostle preach another gospel than this, for they are cursed. Even if an angel would lead you away from the sober and clear teaching, do not take it in. For he who speaks then is cursed, and you come under the curse when you follow him. 55. Wash the dust from your feet when the one with you stay or who talks to you doesn't listen to these words, keep him as a liar and leave. 56. Those who live under a yoke of the lords : The lord will deliver you under his time. Your chains will lead you to bliss. 57. Yes, the Lord has an eye for the weakness of your hearts. This is to Him to power. You have several strings of Spricht in your soul. Blissful are those who have lust to the chains of the lord. For His weaknesses are stronger than that which will come. 58. And the fool in Him is wiser than the wisdom of the ages and the old and their days. 59. Watch that you will not reject Him who speaks, for his days come as in roaring waves in which the powers of the heavens will waver and fall. Yes, new heavens He creates, and cursed are those who hold on to the old. Lay the old on the altar, and bring her there, so that your souls will be blissful. 60. The lord loves the old and will sift her as gold. 62. Regard His mysteries as gold, and long fiery that you may enter in. 63. The Lord hates those who steal. Be like a child in His forecourts, and you will be picked up to his altars. 64. You will know the joys of God, all those who come closer to Him. 65. Do not despise the Second, so that you will not miss the prepared Word for you. 66. Didn't He speak to make your souls blissful ? 67. Let the man who doesn't give heed to this be cursed in all eternities and till the coming aeon. 68. Let the mouse of your hand lead you to the buttons of the temples, to clear your hearts with it. 69. God doesn't let himself be mocked, and will not keep innocent those who hinder little children on His mountains. 70. The lord came for these little ones, and no one will be able to steal them out of the Hand and the Wisdom of the lord. 71. They will be the pearls and the gates of the new city. And several among them will stumble for a certain time, to bring clearing among them. 72. Not all small children are of the lord, for also the cunning of satans have planted fruits in your womb. This is a mystery of the Lord, waiting with outstretching desire to be revealed. 73. And that day will be called blissful. To those who suffer from panick attacks : You are blissful in the Lord, and the Lord will send you a small comfort and enlightenment. You have come closer to the heart of God, who is as a volcano. 74. For in the volcanoes of the Lord you will be bound in His Spirit and his inflammations are holy, leading to the thistles in the heaven. 75. You who shivers, you are not less, but you have seen the blissfulnesses of God.

Who would not shiver. It is to your eternal ecstasy of God. 76. Cursed are those who do not shiver, for while living they are already dead. Do not give heed to them, for they are only wraiths of beyond Gehenna, and they are guarded by the fourth death.

25.

Words of blissfulness and prescriptions

1. Blissful are those who sleep in the Lord, and blissful are those who wake up in the Lord. Blissful are those who have many visions because of the Lord. 2. Blissful are the paralyzed, for they will walk in the heavens of God. 3. Blissful are the soft of heart, for they will crash the mockers. 4. Blissful are the humble of heart and the skittish, for they will be animals of the heaven. 5. Blissful are the poor of spirit, for they will see the Lord. 6. Blissful are those without a soul, for they have the angels of God as their fathers. 7. Blissful are those with cold hands, for they have hearts of fire. 8. Blissful are the wise in the Lord, for they live in the bones of God. 9. Blissful are those who are poor and hunger, for they will guard the lushes in the heavens of God. 10. Blissful are those who are thirsty for justice, for they will be called judges. 11. Blissful are those who hate evil, for they will walk with the Lord. 12. Blissful are those with cold feet, for they have stomachs as lions, and they know the ecstasies of the Lord. 13. Blissful are those with warm hearts, for they will have enough corn for the winter. Yes, they will be able to go forward seven years, and they can build the palace of the Lord. 14. Blissful are those who can say no, for they will stand on the rock, and the sea will not flood them. 15. The Lord is building heaven and earth, the Lord builds His lights. He makes His grace and peace coming over you as the lighting of a lantern in dark regions. He will guard you and lead you step by step, and He will lead you who know Him to His Forest. 16. Let the trees of peace speak to you, and let them guard your head like a helmet. And you who do not know the night : The Lord will put a watcher for your mouth. 17. Do not bite each other out, but lift each other up with words from his altar. Read good books and guides but do not despise the sleep and the rest, for the Lord gives it there to the ones he cherishes. 19. Strive after visions and words of the Lord, but do not forget that the sleep and the rest is a farmfield for that. Let them be widespread and do not terrorize each other and do not terrorize each other with words, so that the Lord will not take His voice away from you so that you will be delivered to the voices of wolves. 21. You only find out about the devourings later on the day. Therefore : Let the sleep guard you, and those who are slaves of the night : The Lord will deliver you in dignified manner on the destined day for that. 22. Do not terrorize the sisters, for the

Lord doesn't bother about gender. 23. The Lord determines what is weakness and what is power. 24. You who have many dreams and nightvisions : You are workers of the Lord. 25. The nightspider has paralyzed some among you, but the juices of his sting are big mysteries of the Lord, and you will rise up at the last days. See, you are cherished by the holy angels and the Second of God. 26. You will know the Lord in His suffering and dying, and you will honour the nightspider. 27. The Lord will give you a new mind, and take away the old. Honour His anesthasias as being the sides of His Hand, which strikes you, leads, guards and breaks. 28. Yes, He is raising you up, and let you fall again, but you have to take root. Oh, you who do not know the earth, how can you know the heaven which is of earth ? You who walks on such an earth are holy, whose feet have grown into the ground. 29. You are trees in the fields. Focus on all your branches and do not despise your roots, so that the Lord will not take you away. 30. Those who work without rooting : You do not know the second human yet, who is made in God. For he roots himself with everything he does, and his works are eternal. 31. Give heed to His Words like precious sacrednesses, like golden instruments in his temple. 32. Learn to see upon the butterfly, so that he will take you to a new life. All the old will go away. 33. You who hold on to the present heavens and words. Watch while they will burn you, for the coming times be like a burning oven, and there will be a Day of the lords. 34. A day against everything which is big. Amen Metensia Eminus. 35. While angels do not dare to speak about the new covenant, the more you will have to watch over the lips of your mouth. But you have received the spirit of the lord, and you will speak like the prophets spoke. 36. There is no one who can stop the Word of the Lord, and the Word of the Lord will glide to dark places. Open your chambers, so that the wind of the Lord will clear it. 37. This wind is burning, going from fire to fire. The Lord will make you blissful, and grant you grace, to go from ice to ice. You will know the Lord.

26.

The yardstick of the Lord

1. You have been measured to do service in the house of the lord. And some among you will receive the gifts of measuring and weighing, but they have to be pure of heart. 2. Strive after the anfitate gifts, so that you can buy the house of the Lord. 3. The Lord is favorable to those who build His house in rest and silence, and who measure purely. 4. The Lord will coma against those who measure not purely, they are cursed and will suffer outside with the dogs. They will lick their wounds and will not find the entry of the lord anymore. Yes, the judgement over them is well-measured, and you will not complain about them.

5. The lord will put a post and a watch at his gates, and they will know the mystery of Izu, the seed of Emini. 6. Only those who are holy may come to the Lord. The rest is already cursed. 7. Build his house in trembling and shivering, so that his spirit will bless the work and you will not see it being consumed when you return from your trip. 8. For the day of the lord will come like roaring waves, to test all works. 9. Blissful are those who build in Spricht, for they will see the thick of the Lord, and play the strings of the lord. 10. Spricht will come to the gates of the temples, and root out all those temples which are not sealed with the Second Blood of the lord at their doorsides. 11. Spricht will become the Holy Entry and Exit of the lord. 12. See this mystery is big, and reaches to the pillars of the Emelis Shatau. 13. You will do pure architecture and engineering before the face of the lord, and you will bear the blessing of His gates. 14. You who are still young : You will have to suffer for the building of the temple of the Lord. 15. Embrace the cross, and cherish her, so that she will love you and her hate will not deceive you. Come with ice before her altars so that she will not devour you in her bitterness. 16. The Lord has favor in those who bring ice to His Wounds, and they will eat from the sweet of the Lord. 17. See, the Lord Lord is a wild animal.

27.

About the pope

1. Those who still hold on to papal lies : The Lord has nothing against popes, but the Lord will root out the false doctrine of the canon and other heresy. 2. You who still hold on to unholy councils : Let yourself be chastised, so that the lord will not mingle you with the work of a whore. 3. You will attach yourself to the martyrs and most of all those who were burned because of their faith and their love for the wilderness. 4. For the Lord's praise is wilderness. Learn to know the order of the Lord which is not the order of the world. Let go of the works of satan and his agents. 5. For the Lord has established the governments and their times to test your hearts. See : many hearts are evil, and this is a big mystery. 6. You are lost in a pit of hearts, and you have become foolish in it. But you will know the Lord by your suffering, and the Lord will find you. 7. Yes, He will give you the heart of an apostle and make you learn to understand, that everything was already established before the foundation of the heaven and earth, and that these are the demand of life and law. 8. Yes, the demand of the law has many turned many hearts pale, and the Lord has seen this. 9. Not all too heavy He will punish his children, concerning the demand of life and death. 10. No one can escape from this demand, and let no one think that he is alone in that. You have brothers and sisters in hidden places. 11. Let the

suffering not surprise you as something strange, and don't think that your situation is unique, for even your thoughts are owned by the lord, and the unity and the measures of the lines and heavens are big. Manyfolded are the reflections of your spirit, yes, even of your body. 12. You have come closer to the thick of God, where you see the paths and the cords. 13. Blissful are those who have entered through Spricht, for there is no other gate. 14. Let the demand of the law make you blissful, not thinking that something strange has overwhelmed you, for all these things lay bare and revealed before the throne of God, before Him knowing all things. 15. And He is familiar with every voice and movement, yes, with every feint. He knows them all by name, and they thrill before Him. 16. Let then the demand of the law lead you to the good, as the demand of the altar. Amen Eminius Matas. 17. Blessed He who comes, and will come. Maranatha, Second Christ, come soon. You have come closer to the Second Maranatha of the lord, and the first is not far away from removal. Blissful are those who bring the first to the altar. 18. And some among you thought that the first would be destroyed. This is only a partial truth. The Lord has come to fulfil the first and to change it into a pure image of God. 19. Let those who are qualified for it remove and root out the devilverses with care, so that the church of God will be saved. 20. Do not believe that the pope is infallible. Only the Lord is infallible. 21. Give honour to those who deserve honour. Give the emperor which belongs to the emperor, and that which belongs to the pope, give it to the pope. 22. Again : the Lord doesn't have anything against emperors and popes, but the Lord will root uit every heresy in the destined time. 23. Let those who are with the pope receive the Second Word with joy, and blissful is every pope who walks in the ways of the lord. 24. Yes, close to the heart of the lord is that pope who proclaims His Word, and who hates evil. 25. Let no prophet, apostle, pope, emperor or anfitate mislead you. Test all things and keep the good, and the good and true which they gave you, to sanctify your hearts further. 26. Let the pope be a worthy successor of Peter, as the rock of the church. 27. But see that you do not depart from the commandments of the lord, for the Lord is the wing which hits the hearts. 28. Let all who follow the pope keep their leader in sight, which is the Second Christ, your upperlord. 29. For if you are either catholic or protestant, you have the Second Christ as your upperlord. And He will guard your souls, and lead you to a grassy land. 30. You will sanctify the animal, and separate yourself from the sinful Spain, so that the Lord will not come to hit your heart. 31. A Spaniard who is in the Lord will have nothing to fear. 32. The Lord will give you a new Spain. Blissful are those who support animals, for they will have part in the second Spain. 33. The Lord blesses all holy women of Spain and

Portugal who walk in the footsteps of Mary Magdalene, for see, Your Christ is animal. 34. And he who does not honour the animal, doesn't have the Christ, who is animal. 35. Well, all you folks who keep yourselves in the second Laodicea. Greeted are you, again, you who love animals like your fellow-humans. For how can you love your fellow-humans if you do not love the animal ? The human is animal. 36. Let those who hate the animal so much that they devour their flesh between their teeth not complain when those who love animals don't want to touch them. 37. They follow the footsteps of the second Pazzia and the second Assisi. Blissful they are. 38. Let the pope sanctify and bless the animal. He has been called for that. And let the pope use his knife to protect the animal, and if not, then the Lord will come with His knife in destined time. 39. Fear the altar of the Lord, and leave the animal alone. Establish yourself as the knight of the animal. You will be called blissful. 40. Is the animal not made for your protection ? You do not know the breath in your mouth. Stay away from things, and humble yourself in fear and trembling. 41. To those who live in the second Laodicea I say : Correct the bad habits of those who mock the animal by uniformly delivering them to the dens and wounds of the second satan and his seed. Teach the nations the meanings of the animals, for they are the signs of heaven to lead those who hang on to the Lord through the big tribulations of the second. 42. Be fire-marked with the animals of God, so that you will be able to breath on the day of judgement.

The Eyes of the Lord

43. Yes, for big mysteries are the animals of God, and cursed is he who touches them even with one finger. Separate yourselves from those who eat the flesh, so that you will not become one with them under the judgement. 44. They go to a fire which burns for eternity for destruction in the second hell. 45. Yes, by this fire God created the animal, and by this fire God will recreate the animal. Yes, a big mystery is she, and you have to give heed to that, as to the signs of heaven to lead you through the last of days. 46. You cannot serve Moloch and the Lord. The Lord watches over my soul now, for I am sick now I have written these things. 47. Let those of the second Laodicea be with me in the spirit, for the Lord is with me, and reveals Himself to me day by day. 48. My heart glorifies in the Lord and in the Word of the Second Christ. My heart glorifies in His altar, and his sickness will be measured to me as health, for the cords of Spricht become visible, to weave the eternal kingship of the lord. 49. Let the animals of God graze in kabbernal, and let the second Santra weave the words, for they are eternal and they are sprayers in the bones, to heal the souls. 50. Attach my soul to the Lord, so that I will not die. I will die in the Lord, like I

die every day for you. 51. I rejoice in the suffering which I have for you, to add to the Kingdom of God. 52. Aren't we all builders of the altar by giving our own blood ? 53. Therefore my heart is not heavy. I have battled the good battle, and my soul looks out on the forests of the second to the forest of the lord. 54. Amen Metensia Matas, Maranatha, Second Christ come. To the Second Maranatha we have come closer, and the revelations of the Lord will come forth as roaring waves. 55. We receive visions through the suffering, not through strong drink. The wounds of the lord have become eyes. I am full of eyes, having no rest, for day and night I say with my soul : Holy is the Lord, Holy is His Name, let the Second Kingdom come, the first has gone away. Big Blessing the Lord has laid apart for those who keep His Second commandments. 56. And this blissfulness is bigger than the first. Would the coming of God be less than that which has already happened ? The Lord keeps the best for last. 57. Would the inside of God be less blissful than the outer ? You have come closer to the inside of God. He who makes Himself up to speak soon. I will stay in the House of the lord for the rest of My days, to research the second. 58. I will come upstairs, to watch the monsters of below. I will serve the Lord. 59. I will be of one tongue with those who speak with me. We all are of one goal and one might. 60. Nothing will separate us from the might of God. These are the words of the Most High by His apostle and anfitate the second Paul. Blissful are those who keep, give and do these words. Amen Metensia Kabbernal. He comes soon. See He stand at the door and knocks. Come into the Second Maranatha of the lord, so that He has meal with you and show you the corn of heaven. 61. Daily bread He has given you, of the hidden manna. You have overcome, you who stays in Him.

28.

End

1. The Lord has given me the sword to separate the pure from the impure, to separate the fleeces of the heart. The angels of the second Laodicea are with me, to speak words to these days. 2. God doesn't let himself be changed by prayer of those who do unholy things. Do not fool yourself. 3. God is no whore who attaches himself to those who just pass by. He only cherishes eternal things 4. Let no one be insecure about this. You who are popes of evil. The Lord will give you fogs before the eyes, and you will lose yourself. What is winning and what is losing will be determined by God, you who follows the mouse. The Second Karazure has already descended to you to eat your flesh, all you unholy ones who think to deceive the lord. The Lord sees everything, and you who sins has no rest, day nor night. And if you have rest committing

these things, how dead you are. I fear that you have already been taken to the place beyond Gehenna, where the fourth death dwells in the fields to let her children rest in all eternities. They do not exist anymore, but they are only wraiths of a dark past, and mirrorings from that which has passed away. Until the Second Gehenna makes it's entrance.

The Stone of the Karsuiks

Joringel

1.

1. Now the Word has come to pass, the death has understood it, fourteen black roses, gave me a wide path. To the water it has come, the swan is standing here, and the wind is blowing. Now everything has come to pass, across the hedge, to the free world, no barricades today. To live forever tomorrow, they chose me, the death has come here. A heavy voice, across the hedge, to a free world, no barricades today. The moment of eternal life, they chose me, and made of me a slave.

2. Again and again I'm thinking back about all those white roses I chose, leading me to the white death. Everything is black now, there across the hedge, because fourteen black roses chose me then. A slave I was, and still I am a slave. Push the senses through, in the nights I come to the grey choir, no strength to give up, no strength to go on. Everything is trembling in me, everything has passed away. Chaos has invaded here, I do not know where I should go. Push the senses through, don't expect anything of me.

3. All those black roses, came to the white, to make all my days grey, to awaken the kingly in me. Seven widowspiders, they will always win from me, because this is their domain, I do not know them, and I don't know their grief. Always thought that I suffered the most, but in that they became king over me, until the kingly awakens in me, to speak to the land. My voice they will understand. When the lily stings, we have been there, when the lily stings, we got lost, in a deeper death, we have been to a deeper Christ.

4. He suffered far away in the distance, he suffered there behind the horizon, and unreached mountains, generation by generation his voices quenched, hidden in a

deeper death, have come to a deeper cross, they have hit him by the staff of the fourth death. His tongue been pulled out, his beard has perished, like of a young boy, nobody can understand him.

2.

1. In the fire of wasps gold is much too expensive, and the salve of eyes is there a crowning, but she is for who wears rags, their clothes torn many times, and sewn again by widowspiders, sown again in the fields of roses, the enchantment goes on, what to you have to say.

2. In the fire of wasps everything so expensive, and the salve of eyes is there a crowning, kings make a living in rags, searching for the houses of poverty, what the heaven granted them, they came to the poor grave, where the purest roses bloomed, taking their memories to under the soft, to seas of roses in the fire. Father, father, your roses so expensive. Isn't there then a flight in this hour. No money to move, the morning will give it. In the fire of wasps, gold struck through the hair, and everything so expensive, we come to the rags who can speak, about a fire of roses, isn't there grace for those who sunk under the soft, everything so expensive, we only take what heaven grants us, in the fire of roses, looking for some grace, the pain has taken us to the grave, it led us to clothes of wasp, so old and so worn off.

3. In rags we go, to the wasps of our hearts, everything gets more expensive, we take what heaven grants us, the riches of the greatest poverty, leading us to the primeval, where wasps preserve our hearts, in the fire of roses, in the fire of roses. Now then everything will be silent, now then everything will be in delay, now then everything will be silent, now then everything will be silent. In a fire of roses she climbed, in a tender game she lost her sting, but this wealth got more expensive all the time, she screamed for poverty, but couldn't hear her. She flew away from her.

4. Now I am alone, in this hour of roses, deep in the fire of roses, left alone by wasps, hated by the cold and poverty, they don't want to speak to me, and to the silence I sank, was this my only friend. From primeval to primeval I climbed, from silence to silence, I was deserted from everything, to sink away in emptiness. No one holds me tight, no one to speak to.

3.

1. Too often stung in my wounds, now I have sunk to under the soft, to deep under the pink, in the depths of a poor existence, no power to come up, no will to come up, I am almost descended under the heatness, to a king of wasps, he made a living in me, a crown of poverty he gave me, to put the rich ashamed. Look at me now, and dare no more, I went through the big crack. No power to awake anymore, no will to awake anymore, sunk too deep under the brown, the hot mirror didn't have a needle,

but pain is there in tenderness, where Brannan grants mercy to the poor, led to primeval, oh, don't give up on me now, for then they will stop their work. A cloak of wasps is what I got, with weapons of the primeval. Under the cold I have come, a king of wasps was touching me, you cannot accuse me, you can not even hear me. The soft hand, a big pain, as lightning coming to you.

2. There are feathers growing inside, where I was stung too often, feathers within me where I gave up courage. They ate me from inside out, am I now just like them ? Am I one of them, since they made a living in me, feathers growing towards each other, deep within, while they stare at me. The needle has become a feather. Always when she stings, she becomes some softer. Big feather, please, make a loving in me, a soft hand, a big hurt, as lightning coming to you, like the milk of purity. In a death battle, sunk under the soft, a new hurt delivered me, to awaken in soft fire, between the foam of roses, and the foam of the lilies, where a dark night gave it up, sunk to under the dark, where dark lights are groaling, here I have waited for so long, where paintings are burning, sunk under the heat, I found my power again, to sink away through my mirror, a king of wasps took me. Is this the book where I can live ? Safe after all these years, it costs me everything, from feather to feather I go.

3. When the nose was a nipple, a blue nipple, a blue mast, in the mouths of angels and arxels, of spirits of a flown away past. Above the mouth, above the gate, a blue nipple, the Ravalon Madok, important in speech, to speak by wisdom, found through poverty. It is the nipple of the Maser, naked and poor like fire. A crown of poverty rules over Narzia, like the Ravalon Madok, the blue nipple. To seven fires we came, to lead us to the primeval. From wildness to wildness we went, to look for the poverty, the treasures of history. To Narzia we came. On the Ravalon Madok we found deliverance, to the innermost being we came, to that which was deeply hidden, like a message of history, the memory as our clock. Don't you know the poverty anymore. See then, you don't have a memory. See then, you don't have a foundation, and when the storms will come, then you will fly away so far. Build your house then in Maser, the Rock, and drink from the mysteries of the blue nipple. Where pure air dwells you will live. The blue mast brings you from history to history, to open old books, and to drink from the mysteries of eternal life. Proud like the karsuiks you will be, and you will know the pride of poverty.

4. And when the nipple of Metensia, the pink one, will rise up to the Ravalon Madok, then it will be like the blue pink road of the wilderness, like the purifying poverty. Yes, for the Lord has granted his messengers poverty in all it's riches as a purifying staff. Death is like the explosion, the radio like the Matadok, a deaf place where everything sinks under the soft, touching the hurt of tenderness. From wilderness to wilderness, until the abundance explodes, commanding, not listening, dying for

comfort. When the late death touches you, then everyone hears your voice again. When the ear was a radio once, like the matadok, a nipple of death, you were the commander, where voices had quenched you. To the death we have come, behind glass it's streaming now, the eternal herb. She is the nipple of the Herm-An, under the stomach she lives, like a door to the eternity, where the radio speaks again and again, where the radio keeps breaking. The Word of the Lord, eternal herbs, the deaf can read it. From silence to silence we will delay everything, until everything has been turned upside down, a platform for our Lord. And so is then the holy deaf ear like a nipple of the Lord, to the Matadok, under the stomach, from where the snakes of heaven come. Yes, like a door of eternity she is, she only hears her own voice, she is then in double death, like a coffin of glass she is commander, to open wild doors, doors to the eternity. Drink of her breath, and live in eternity. They have searched for the smallest again and again, they have searched for the darkest again and again. Let us now begin at the beginning.

5. When the coccyx, the root of the spine, was still a nipple, she was a television, in the heart of those who loved the Lord. See, they were all blind, Izu, no one gave you what you deserved. Izu, no one gave you what you needed, Izu, you were the seed of another generation, of flown away ages long ago, who would still weep for you. Found by Dezer, your wounds got bound up, reaching out to the depths of the primeval. Through the old worn off we could watch again. By the discoloured and the torn we could feel the distance again, we could feel, feel again. And what can we do with Matas and Marion. They are rowlockers, to an enchanted bridge, back to the fairyworld.

4.

Spear of Intoxications

1. Through the high trees of the forest of the Spirit, the herder carries a golden spear to intoxicate hearts, to love divinities. He bears the spear of sweet sleep, to quench every hurt. Sprinkle heart to his honour, His Love fills mouths.

2. In dew and tender encounters, wanders the Spirit of Love, as through the wood of the night, he looks for His loved ones. Like a deer he springs through the high grass, until the moonlight lets the autumn sail away alone, to the deepest rooms of the earth, and the burning winter takes her fruits.

3. Spear of God, of intoxications, shooting from the harp of destiny, searching for the fruits of the game of birds, to pierce the hearts who let the gold stream. Spear of God of lovewine, makes the hearts drunk in the hour of tenderness, to sleep in the soft moss, before the gates of Marion's house.

4. Marion sends Emily, sends breads with witnesses, those who witness of a love so deep and true. Marion sends Emily, to the Love of the houses, to dark caves where they sleep, but still being awake in their wounds, and lead them with the golden Ropes, to the eternities of Metensia.

5. And I sleep, I sail to the nipple of Metensia, where the milk of love overflows, and dew leads to the applegardens. And I sleep, sailing to the nipple of Emily, where trees are watering very softly in a valley of tears of love.

6. And I sleep, I sail to the nipple of Metensia, where the milk of applestreams, raises up the light of the morning to glory, sunk away in morningred, I swim back to the night, which lasts forever in the heart of Metensia, to let her flame burn there in glowing red, to the hearts who are fading away.

7. And I sleep, to the nipple of Metensia, to the nipple of love I slide with my ship, I build the earth, in seas of the arch of heaven.

8. Feed the moon, all who sleep, with the milkings of Metensia, feed the earth and his wings, let her nipple rise, to the ends of love. Let the tidings bear her fruits to the tree of the spirits.

9. Feed the path, feed the roads, her love won't get lost, the veins of the spirit are with many, like sheep in the pasture, they lead those who hunger to the paths of sleep and the milk of lost woods.

5.

Coolness of Sleep

1. And it touches my soul, the sweetness at the top of the pain, the lights in the night, I am alone. And it leads me to lonely waters, I feel so cold, where the cool sleep wraps me. But small love comes in the hour of intoxication.

2. The wine spoke to my heart, let us go together into the field, but I chose the loneliness, there my heart searched the rest.

3. The wine spoke to my heart, I can't promise you anything, but I needed security, a tight path took my heart.

4. But sadness was silent on the road, the reaver came near, but God gave me the doubt of His Spirit.

5. Would He take me in, with the sweetness of insecurity. Would He come inside with me.

6. Let the power of the night not take this away from me, the bliss of ignorance.

7. In boats without worries, let the night be what it is, we ascend to the cool waters of the great missing.

8. Deep eyes of glass of the deer of turning around, drive me away to a careless existence.

9. We can't begin anything, when the songs turn around, the winds will show the way, to the cool caves of sleep.

10. It doesn't go away, the memory, it is only watering in the golden beginning of a fragile green forest of the blades of grass.

11. In the hay of old fields, where the birds build their nests, let my eyes not watch it, the lakes of the old earth.

12. Don't unite my head on the path of the autumn with the bread of history.

13. Don't let the old hell be full of speech, but lead our bells to the watery tide, where the waves do not age, nor sliding away to the turnings of the earth. It has passed away.

6.

Lullaby about the Spirit of Santra

1. Spirit of Santra, queen of the morning, let your love rise like the webs, to catch the kings, their words belong to your Spirit.

2. Spirit of Santra, great love, make your name red in fire and silence. Spirit of Santra, silent love, through the high trees you search for silver in the hearts of the kings in your webs.

3. Motherspider of God, you wove all what we wove by your Spirit. Motherspider of God, through the trees we look for your Spirit. Great Love, second love, great name, it has been holy, and now the most holy.

4. Spirit of Santra, queen of the morning, you wove all which is love, second Santra, second name above all name. I have woven love in your hair, you came to me, through the thorns you reached the rose in me.

5. Spiderwebs of your Spirit have caught kings, their words belong to your mistresses. I saw a house today, standing behind trees, and the rose brought tender stings, full of fire and deep silence, your hair full of ice and morningdew, second Santra, you created the deerchild, driven by your love.

6. I am searching for your well, deeply descending, the cold catches me and brings me to your deep snow, to webs of your Spirit, through the power of your breath I rise up again to the windows of the old house, filled by the second cross.

7. This house is full of your Spirit, oh Spirit of Santra, queen of the morning and the dew. This house is full of your Spirit, oh Spirit of Santra, take me up in your wisdom. Drips of your Being have filled me, have shown me the road, the footsteps of a new day. Come to all who search for you, I stay above, I stay under your cloak.

7.

Second Lullaby about the Spirit of Santra

1. Second Santra, second love, have grace in this hour. Ships have sunk, the seas are dark and silver, waves as white hair.
2. Second Santra, second love, have grace in this hour. So many ships have sunk, you caught them in your web, have mercy, so many souls are missing.
3. I do not know where they are. In your hand I have searched, for great mysteries, stay silent, I search for you, with great power you have driven us away from each other. You had to have me for yourself, I gave you everything.
4. You had to have me for yourself, through this path of darkness. Now the second house is so full of your second cross, where the dew climbs against the roofs, oh your morning which loves me. Second Santra, grace and love, through your hair we find the wild forests.
5. Every time your house, the words are written on the cross, by a flame you brought light in dark hearts, by a flame you led us through deep waters of grace, every time you brought us to the sages of the night.
6. And to flee is not possible, your Spirit is always there, your hand like thick walls, the walls of the white house, in silvergrey nights, the roofs which wait for us, where walls come alive, spiders who let us dream.
7. Oh Spider of God, have mercy in this dark fate. Every time I thought God has left me, no breath, no lust to live, always tired and weak, but strength like a silvercross, like thin ropes in my soul.
8. No giant could get me, I kept hoping for you. Every time I thought God has left me, the morning made me so depressed, with slow steps the dark hand came and broke me.
9. Thin ropes in my soul, silver watchers standing in the distance, thin ropes, no power to fight, dark songs have the upper tone here, on the ship of spiderwebs, through the wood of deep rivers. Second Santra, every time again I think God has left me behind.

10. Am I delivered to your great wrath, oh motherspider. Spiders of heaven eat me, day by day, silver trees bow deep in silent mourning. Lord you are the silence, you make me so insecure, let your love stream full force again.

11. You take me with you to dark waters, every time again other laws rule. Is this what I deserve, all that darkness, the complaining makes my eye so tired. I have no force, I only know your cross, only your wounds.

12. Lord, don't give me up. Be close to me. be my force and my shield, my armor. Spiderwebs have surrounded me. Lord, come home in this second house. Let me sleep, close my eyes for eternity, I can't believe it anymore, I can't bear it anymore, close my soul. Your creation is in deep panic, where hands break her, she can't go on anymore, she glides away, the night has wrapped her.

13. Let your child not get lost. Give her now new dreams, and make her like a deerchild loved by the morning. In silvergrey nights, she swims through dark canals, deprived of her powers, she sinks to unknown depths.

14. Fishes of heaven take her with them, to the land behind the big sea. Watch the one who rescued you, don't forget it, in the spiderweb she found a road in her grief. Spider of life, the death left behind, roses of grace after a bitter night.

8.

The Sleep of the Lord

1. There goes my soul, she is a beautiful bird.

2. There goes my soul, she flutters and looks behind all the time.

3. Bubbles come out of her mouth, she spreads so many flowers. And blossom grows on her back.

4. She is on her way, but I don't know where to go. She keeps turning around, and I don't know what she is looking at.

5. It goes too fast. Her lips move so fast, I don't know what she is saying. There goes my soul, where does she come from.

6. Under whose enchantment is she, and why does she turn so fast. Her body dances on fast music but I don't hear anything.

7. Only some waterbubbles, and on the background a soft wood. What would she say if she would see me here.

8. Would she take me away to her paradise. My soul is like a bird of the lord, and my spirit chases her. Will she ever find rest.

9. She says holy holy is the Lord, and I embrace her in a tight embrace. She is of the Lord.

10. And rivers stream from her eyes, and wine comes forth from her mouth. She shines. I have lost her again, there she runs in the distance, there where the sun touches the wood. And small birds fly around her.

11. And so it is the Sleep of the Lord, and she grasps dreams. She calls something but I can't hear her.

12. She is like a feather guarding my soul. In my knowledge I cannot understand her. I need sleep, but how do I get there.

13. I am too fit to lie down now. Or would she strike me down ?

14. And so it is the Sleep of the Lord. She grows like a tree, I can't understand her. And I can't flee from her. I watch her running all the time.

15. And she brings me down every time again. How can I get used to this, it is the Sleep of the Lord.

16. Greater she becomes in His Spirit. I can hardly watch her anymore, but she descend in love upon me all the time, like the dove of the Lord. Don't be afraid of the decision of the Lord, where He interferes in our heart and in our soul, where he circumsizes our spirit. Don't be afraid when He hits right on target, we all suffer under the pressure of His Spirit. The Lord has interfered again. We can hardly stand on our legs. Hardly we can move forward, and are enemies are many. Yes, they are enemies of our souls, but the heritages are at our side. And when his icelions open their mouths, the ice streams across our arms and legs, to open and to shut, to announce new tides.

9.

Lullaby of Doubt

1. I can't take it anymore. I can't see your clouds anymore. I feel fragile, unrescued, rude and without love, without a spark of grace.

2. Has the Lord really left me, will I then see his love, now I have behaved myself so foolish. Where do I have to go, will He be of grace to me.

3. I have heard He doesn't want me anymore. But who spoke these words to me. It was a human, and what is he to esteem.

4. But I am afraid, I don't dare to approach Him anymore. His temple is holy, ready to consume the unholy.

5. I feel like dead and unpure, like I have ridiculed Him. Did I deny Him, I don't know who I am.
6. Is this my fate, I am so hurt, and I long for His voice so much. So sweet it was in the past, I don't know where U am.
7. Have I sworn Him off, my heart couldn't bear it anymore. I would never want to hurt Him, the sweetness belongs to Him.
8. Have I sworn him off, I'm in doubt and I have so much sadness. People can ridicule me, saying : she is not his friend anymore.
9. What's that for a God, what do those two have in common.
10. What is a human to esteem. I don't want to believe their words, but give heed to my loved one, He rescues me again and again.
11. Even now in all my doubts, I don't see the heaven no more. His eyes who search me. Oh life hurts.
12. I love you my friend, please tell me where you are.
13. I don't dare to come anymore, and I don't know where to go.
14. My friend, My God, I am so afraid, what did I do to you. I feel my wounds, is it my sin, or is it a tear of your face.
15. I don't dare to hope in you, afraid to get betrayed. I let my head hang again, and I slide down again. My good friend, where are you.
16. Nothing I dare to ask him. I go now in black, my hair painted blue, we walk apart now. The sweetness of your kisses, it's not for me anymore. I bet you have someone else now. It was always like that. Spirit of God, this it will be.
17. Life like this, I will rest in it. Bring others into bliss, I set you free again. Spirit of God, my good friend, I have loved you all days.
18. Maybe that the tears will still stream from me to you, like beautiful dreams, I feel you sometimes, that can't be broken, the years are much too deep.
19. Spirit of God, I go in silence, I don't dare to speak to you. Slowly I drive my words into other directions, but I still have the hope that you can hear me.
20. I feel so tired, my thoughts go astray, to a new morning. Where do I have to go without you.
21. My life is so empty now, and sleep fills me.
22. Can my slow words of fear still reach you. I don't know. It makes me so insecure, so sad and so hopeless. It has passed by.

10.

Little Bluetail

1. Little Bluetail was a little fish in a very deep ocean. The little fishes called him little bluetail because he was almost completely white, but only with a blue little tail. On the fishes-school they were taught by an old big blue fish. Whenever the fish got mad then you better had to hide, for then he blew with all his strength the water towards you, and then he started to flap with his fin and tail. Little bluetail was always a bit scared of that big blue fish, but the other fishes thought he was a coward.
2. They also got taught by a sea-snake with blue and white stripes, and as last by the blue sea-star. Little Bluetail didn't like any of the teachers. They were all three very strict. But the fishes in his class thought he shouldn't complain about it.
3. On a day there was a party at school, and they made a school-trip altogether to the surface of the ocean. Little Bluetail had never been here, and he was all eyes. In the distance he saw a ship with people on it. Little Bluetail would like to be a human, for they had legs. Little Bluetail would want to live on land, but the teacher had always said that on the solid land they made war. One day the old blue sea-star told a story about a girl of the solid land who wanted to become a fish. Little Bluetail thought it was a sad story. The girl often went to the sea, because she couldn't stand the fighting between humans. One day she had enough of it so much that she went into the sea, but a big wave took her and she drowned.
4. Little Bluetail always had to weep when he heard the story. Little Bluetail longed to be a human with legs. Then he could maybe do something about the fightings between humans, and then no one would have to walk away and drown. One day Little Bluetail told the sea-snake with blue and white stripes after the lesson that he longed to be a human. He asked the sea-snake for advice, for he didn't know how to become that.
5. 'Boy, don't be so foolish, for humans always fight,' said the sea-snake. 'And besides that I do not know how you would have to become a human. If you ask me it is impossible. You just have to do your best here on school, to become a decent neat fish. Take all those stories of you out of your head. That is much better.'
6. But then Little Bluetail went to the blue sea-star, and told him the same, that he wanted to be a human so much. The blue sea-star started to growl a bit, and said that he actually didn't have time for such nonsense. 'You aren't a fish for nothing,' said the sea-star. 'You have to stay being what you are, and besides that, I would not know how you can become a human. I think it is a foolish

- wish. Humans are evil and they are born to make war. Put it out of your head as soon as possible, for your plans will never succeed.'
7. Disappointed Little Bluetail went at last to the big blue fish, but he immediately got so mad that Little Bluetail quickly left again. The next day the blue fish told in the lesson what had happened, and started to mock Little Bluetail. Also the little fishes of the class began to mock Little Bluetail. After the lesson Little Bluetail went to house quickly, because he didn't want to be mocked further, but the fishes of his class followed him fast and began to swim around his little house. 'Ha ha ha,' they laughed, 'what a dumbhead. He want to become human !' But after awhile they left again.
 8. Also Little Bluetail's mother, a big pink fish, heard what happened, and wanted to talk with her little son in depth. 'Say, I have heard what your wish is,' said the mother, 'and I think it is very dumb of you. You already know that humans do nothing but making war, right ?'
 9. 'Yes, but mother,' said Little Bluetail, I want to make an end to that, and I want to stand on legs.'
 10. 'Yes boy,' said the big pink fish, 'humans have wonderful legs, but we have just a tail and that is what we have to live with.' When father came home and heard the story he got compassion with him. 'Boy, I had the same wish in the past, but unfortunately it never worked out,' said father.
 11. 'But how can I become human,' said the little fish.
 12. Father looked at mother, and mother looked at father. 'Tell it to him,' said mother. Then father spoke : 'Boy, you will have to search for the blue stones of the ray.'
 13. Then mother said : 'Father is right, but you can not come there so easy. No one has ever found it.'
 14. 'But where can I find it ?' asked Little Bluetail.
 15. But that his father and mother couldn't tell. Deep in the night Little Bluetail went out of the house, and went to search. After long swimming he finally encountered a ray and he asked for the blue stones. 'Oh a bit further,' said the ray. After a while Little Bluetail encountered another ray and asked the same, and again he got the same answer. But after days of swimming Little Bluetail still had not found anything. He was very exhausted and decided to go to the surface of the ocean again, to watch the humans with their ships. Maybe he would come to an idea then.
 16. When he came up it was very busy on sea. Everywhere Little Bluetail saw little boats. No one had ever told Little Bluetail about fishers, and that was why he did not know the danger of nets. But on one of the ships Little Bluetail saw something glowing. It looked like the blue stones about which his father and

mother had spoken. Suddenly he was grasped by a net. Little Bluetail scared up terribly, and he was thrown into a vat soon. Soon Little Bluetail realized that he could not breathe very well. In the distance on the deck he saw the blue stones glow and shine. It was wonderful, but Little Bluetail couldn't reach it. He didn't have legs, and he couldn't swim here. Little Bluetail tried to get some breath, but he didn't succeed. Two men came to the vat and saw Little Bluetail there. 'Look at that, what a splendid fish, almost totally white with only a blue little tail,' said one of the men, and grasped Little Bluetail out of the vat.

17. 'Yes,' said the other man, 'he is almost as splendid as the blue stones there,' and pointed at the shining, almost glowing stones.

18. 'Well, I find the fish much more splendid than your sea-stones,' said the man who had grasped Little Bluetail. 'You can keep your gems, I have the fish. I saw him first.'

19. But then the other man walked towards the blue gems and brought it to the man with the fish. 'Now, we will put them together to see who is the most splendid.'

20. Then the man held the fish against the sea-stones, and suddenly a small boy with a beautiful blue costume stood in between them. But where was the fish now? Also the gems had disappeared.

21. 'Say, boy,' said one of the men astonished. 'Did you take the bluetail with the stones away?'

22. But the little boy couldn't talk. The men stood before a mystery. 'Say, how did this boy come here actually? Maybe it is a stowaway,' said the other man. 'Let us bring him to the captain.'

23. The two fishers brought the boy to the captain. The captain was very nice, and took the boy under his care. No one spoke further about the bluetail and the blue stones. The captain taught the boy to talk and how to navigate the ship. But that didn't go so easy. The boy couldn't speak out the sounds.

24. When the ship reached coast the captain took the boy home, and his wife was very loving towards the boy. The woman always would want to have children, but that wish was never fulfilled. But on school the boy was mocked because he could not speak well. More and more the boy started to long back to the sea, and on a day the captain took the boy with him. They would make a big trip with the ship. But on a day the boy had a strong desire to jump over the rail, and when he touched the water he immediately changed into a fish again. The little fish was very excited about what he had experienced and swam back to the little house of his parents as fast as he could. But father and mother were not glad at all when the little fish told the story. His father and mother had made up that story about the blue stones of the ray back then just not to

- disappoint him. Now they heard that the little fish really had become a human by the blue seas-stones they didn't know what to do.
25. But on the fishes-school they didn't believe him, and laughed at him. The great blue fish who taught them even became very mad at the little fish, and locked him up in the cellar of the school as a punishment. In the cellar also another little fish had been locked up, a little fish from another class.
26. How have you come here ? Bluetail asked. But the other little fish didn't say anything, and was very silent. 'Now, if you don't want to talk, that is also good,' said Bluetail. Then Little Bluetail started to tell about what he had experienced. The other little fish started to laugh a bit after a while, even though it was in Little Bluetail's eyes just a smile.
27. After a while the old blue sea-star came to open the cellar-door. 'Your punishment has ended,' he said. The other little fish swam away as fast as she could, and Little Bluetail stayed behind, while being a bit disappointed. He had hoped that they could have become friends. Slowly he swam up the stairway, and went to the lesson again. Bluetail decided to keep his mouth shut from now on. Now they were in the lesson with the sea-snake. But the seasnake said that he had heard the whole story, and he told it again. Bluetail despised it, for again the little fishes of his class started to laugh at him. After the lesson he encountered the little fish of the other class with who he was in the cellar in the school-passageway. She smiled a little while, but she didn't say anything further.
28. Strangely enough Bluetail started to long for the solid land again. Would he have to find the blue sea-stones of the ray again, or would he become a boy immediately when he would come out of the water ? Excited and curious as he was about what would happen, Bluetail swam as fast as he could towards the surface of the ocean. But here he was grasped by a big fish, and wounded terribly. While bleeding he swam to the side, and came on a beach, where he immediately changed into a boy with a blue costume. Still he was bleeding heavily. The boy stood up and ran to the house of the captain. The captain wasn't there, but the wife of the captain treated the wound lovingly. When the captain came home he was glad to see the boy. 'We thought you had drowned,' said the captain. 'What happened ?'
29. And then the boy told the whole story, but the captain started to laugh heartily about it, and couldn't believe it. The woman didn't say anything.
30. A while later the captain took the boy to the water to look if it was really true. But when the boy jumped into the water nothing happened. The boy was still a

boy. Bluetail realized then that he could never return anymore to the depths of the ocean. 'See boy, you just dreamt it,' said the captain, and laid his arm around the boy, and together they walked home. But they always kept calling the boy Bluetail.

11.

The Toadqueen

1. Once there lived a girl with a poor family. They once found the girl in the forest, and took her under their care, but they were very poor. They called the girl Grunpuhlster, because she had eyes like green pools. One day they had so much hunger that they sold the girl to a hunter on stopover. He took the girl to his foresthouse where she had to work in the household. She could clean it all so good, that everything got a gleaming layer, and therefore also the hunter called her Grunpuhlster, and of course because she had such splendid eyes like green pools.
2. On a day the hunter had to go on a trip for a long time. Not long after, a beggar knocked on the door. Grunpuhlster opened, and took the man lovingly in. She gave him good food and a place to sleep.
3. Then the next morning the man came downstairs and he looked at Grunpuhlster very gratefully. 'Because you have been so caring and loving to me,' said the man, 'with anything that you will speak a green gem will fall out of your mouth.' The girl was in shock, because she didn't expect such a present. She didn't dare to open her mouth, but she nodded gratefully and lovingly to the man, who suddenly disappeared in the nothing.
4. When the hunter came home she didn't dare to speak, but when the hunter took notice of that, and started to ask many questions, she finally opened her mouth, and green gems fell on the ground. The hunter was very ecstatic. The girl told him everything. The hunter was very proud of her, and since then she didn't have to work in the household anymore.
5. On a day the hunter took her to the king of the land. The king was so impressed that he wanted her to marry with his son, but she was not happy. She still thought about the poor family where she came from. After several years she went with her prince to the poor family, and she spoke to much, and so many green gems rolled out of mouth, that they never had to be poor again.
6. But on a day the girl got lost again in the forest. After walking a long time she came to a little house where a gnome stood in front. 'Really, you don't have to work here, but you can stay here for a night, for it will storm high as houses,

hoei.' The girl listened to the foreign little man, for she didn't want to be taken away by the storm.

7. When she woke up the next day the little man was nowhere to be found. She couldn't help it but making the little house a bit clean, for it was so dusty. And everything she cleaned got a green gleaming layer. When the little man came home that evening he was very impressed. 'Stay another night,' said the little man, 'for this night it will storm again.'
8. The next day a beggar came at the door. The girl opened immediately and gave the poor man something to eat. She also gave him a bed. After awhile the man came downstairs, and the girl spoke a lot with him, while green gems fell out of her mouth. The man filled his pockets with them and said : Pikkel, taddel, tad, everytime you will speak out of your mouth will come a toad.' The girl was in a shock, while the man left fast with his pockets full of green gems.
9. When the gnome came home that night the girl spoke to him while toads rolled out of her mouth. The little man was very shocked and shouted : 'Have you let sorcerors in ? The forest is full of evil sorcerors. As a punishment you will have to sleep outside this night.'
10. The girl began to cry very hard, but the little man didn't change his mind, even though the girl begged him. That night she wandered through the forests and there came a big storm who took her. After a long time she woke up in a big pool. She was all under the mud, and that morning she made a long walk through the forest in the hope to find the way back. After a long time she found the way back. When she came at the castle of the prince no one wanted to let her in, because she was under the mud, and whenever she spoke, toads came out of her mouth.
11. And again she slept outside that night, and a big storm took her, further away than ever. She was thrown all the way over the pool. Behind the pool there was an old and poor little house, where an old woman was hanging the laundry which was splendidly white. The laundry gleamed in the moonlight. 'Come in, poor child,' said the woman, 'for when the storm gets you, he will take you with him. The winds can blow hard here.' The girl didn't dare to open her mouth, and went inside with the woman. Inside it was very dusty, and when the woman went outside, the girl decided to clean things a bit, and everything got gleaming green. When the woman came inside and saw the gleaming green she began to laugh and said : 'Pikkel, taddel, tuid, everything which you touch will turn into the skin of a toad.' The girl ran outside while crying, and was taken by the storm.

12.The storm brought her to the land of the giant-toads. The giant-toads took her and brought her to their king. The toadking told her that soon everything would get flooded by the pool. The girl wanted to go home, but the toadking didn't let her go. She had to work in the palace, and everything she touched turned into toadskin. Also with everything she spoke toads came out of her mouth. The girl didn't know what to do anymore. On a day the toadking asked her if she wanted to become his queen, but the girl told that she was already the princess of another kingdom, and that she would become a queen there. The toadking got very mad, and wanted to visit that kingdom. The girl told him that it was the land behind the storm.

13.And on a day the toadking and his soldiers went to the land where the girl came from, but they didn't return. The giant-toads left behind crowned the girl then as their queen. But on a day all pools got loose, and they began to flood everything away. The queen ran to her highest tower, and saw how the pool dragged giant-paths to the land where she was coming from. The pools began to rise higher and from the highest little towerwindow the queen climbed to the roof of the tower, to it's top. Help, help, cried the queen. In the distance she saw a little boat coming near with the gnome who had sent her away. The gnome saw her also, but didn't want to take her with him. Later she saw a little boat coming with the old woman who laughed at her and had bewitched her. Also the old woman passed her by. The little top had also turned into toadskin now. As her last hope she started to talk and talk, while so many toads came out of her mouth that they began to form a boat in which the girl could step. The girl kept talking and talking like she had never talked before, and a while later she was in a strong boat on the high raging waves. Never before she had seen such a wild sea.

14.After a little while a giant hand appeared from dark air which took her up like a flare of lightning. In a high tower in the clouds, totally made of toadskin, she arrived, and she came eye to eye with the beggar who once gave her the present that everything she spoke would turn into gems. The beggar looked at her very friendly. 'You have seen now how a present can put you into problems,' the beggar spoke. 'But since you have been so faithful : be my queen.' And the beggar brought her to a kingdom totally built of green gems, and these gems were the most splendid she ever had seen. And they lived long and happy after.

12.

The Little Roseweaver

1. Once upon a time a little roseweaver lived in the forest with her three sons. She had an enchanted spinning-wheel by which she could weave roses. These roses were very special, and the richest of the country often came to her to buy the roses. But still the family was very poor, because all the pieces of gold and silver which they got for it she threw it away in the forest river behind the little house. In this river froglike beasts lived who guarded an old gate. No one could ever cross the river, for anyone making an attempt got eaten by the froglike beasts. The froglike beasts had made known to the little roseweaver that she had to give them all her money, or else they would come to devour her and her sons. They ate the money.

2. The old gate which they guarded would lead to a mysterious land which no one knew. Once in the many years a watchman, a ferry-man, would come, who would come across the river with a boat to see if he could take someone behind the gate. When it was almost time the little roseweaver told it to her sons. She spoke that the watchman would come by moonlight. She took one of her sons, and said that if he would hear the sound of a zooming storm in the night, then he had to go outside with the enchanted spinning-wheel, and he had to be covered by some of the roses, to say to the ferry-man : 'Take me, I am a man of dignity,' and then he had to give him the enchanted spinning-wheel as a gift.

3. When it was time the first son went outside, after he had covered himself with several roses, and had taken the enchanted spinning-wheel. The ferryman watched him and said : 'Step in. You are indeed a man of dignity. I will take you to the mysterious land behind the old gate.'

4. The next morning the little roseweaver asked her three sons what had happened. The first son spoke : 'I have indeed given the enchanted spinningwheel to the watchman, like you asked. When I came into the mysterious land, there was a field with enchanted flowers. But I couldn't come far. I fell asleep, and when I had awoken I was back in my own bed.' The little roseweaver was very disappointed, and again several years passed by. She didn't have the enchanted spinningwheel anymore. When the arrival of the ferryman came near again she took her second son apart, and spoke that when the ferryman would come he had to go with him. The second son did what was asked, and in the night by moonlight, when there was zooming like of a storm the boy stood up and went outside. But the ferryman spoke : 'But a man of dignity you are not. Where are the roses by which you had to cover yourself, and where is my present ? Go then first to the castles of kings to take some special roses and moreover steal their greatest treasure. Then I will come the next night again.'

5. The next day the boy did what was asked, but in the castle of the king he got caught, and was thrown into a dungeon. From now on he had to work underground,

like every thief who got caught. Every day he was taken out of his dungeon, to make long trips underground. The thieves had to go searching for special stones.

6. The little roseweaver was very disappointed that her son didn't come back, and then she spoke to her third son : 'Wait now until the ferryman returns to get your brother, and make sure that you wear some of my clothes, and give him our golden clock.' The third son did what was asked of him.

7. The next day the little roseweaver asked her third son what had happened. The boy spoke that the ferryman took him to the mysterious land. He went through a field of enchanted flowers, but he got unwell and fell asleep. Awhile later he woke up again, and went deeper into the field of enchanted flowers, and he came to a river of spiderthreads. The boy didn't see a ferryman here, but there was swimming a huge fish, who spoke : first bring me some pearl-shell, from your rich brother, who works for the king, then I can take you to the other side of the river. Then the boy got stung by a spider, and fell into a deep. The next morning he was back in his own bed.

8. 'Now,' said the little roseweaver, 'you know what you have to do. Go to the castle of the king, and ask there for your brother, for some pearl-shell.' The boy did what was asked of him, and he left to go to the castle. When he came at his brother's dungeon he saw the most miraculous stones, and some pearl-shell. His brother wasn't there, for he had to work underground. The boy took one stone with him, for the ferryman, and some pearl-shell for the fish, and left again to go home. But the ferryman didn't come anymore. They had to wait until he would come again after several years. The little roseweaver was deeply disappointed, and also the boy. But there was no other choice than just to wait.

9. But on a night the boy woke up from splashing sounds. The boy stood up and went outside. There at the river he saw the fish of the spiderthreads river. 'Have you found the pearl-shell ?' the fish asked. The boy nodded happy, and ran inside to get the pearl-shell. The fish took him across the river to the old gate. Now the boy had to carry the fish to the spiderthreads river. Fortunately the boy didn't fall asleep. Then the fish took the boy across the spiderthreads river.

10. The next day the little roseweaver wanted to wake her sons, but she had only one son with her. The pearl-shell had disappeared, and now also her last son went to the dungeon of his brother to get some pearl-shell. Again several years passed by, until the ferryman came back. The boy wore some of the clothes of his mother and gave the ferryman a stone from the dungeon of his brother. When he came at the spiderthreads river and saw the fish, he gave some pearl-shell to the fish and the fish took him to the other side. Near a tree he finally found the enchanted spinning-wheel of his mother back, and the spinningwheel spoke : 'I am finally back in the land

where I came from, but still I am bewitched. Quick, take me up, and carry me further into this land.' The boy took the enchanted spinningwheel up and asked where his brother was. 'There, behind a river deeper in the land,' the enchanted spinningwheel spoke. After walking awhile they came at a next river. This river was totally made of rose-threads. 'How do I come across this river ?' the boy asked.

11. 'Throw me into it,' the enchanted spinningwheel of his mother said. The boy did what was asked of him, and a golden bridge appeared over the river, like a rainbow. By this the boy came across the river. When the boy had reached the other side the bridge disappeared, and a shining pink stature came up from the river. But the stature was like a statue, and couldn't move well. 'Quick,' the stature said, 'the bewitchment hasn't been broken yet. Search for your brother now.' Then the stature sank back into the river.

12. Because none of her sons had returned the little roseweaver decided to go with the ferryman herself the next time. She got some pearl-shell and a stone from the dungeon of her son, but even after many years the ferryman didn't show up, and the little roseweaver was desperate. She wasn't allowed to speak to her son in the dungeon, but when she told the king that she used to weave roses for him in the past she was allowed to see her son for awhile. The son was very glad to see her, and told her that he found a bridge somewhere deep under the ground leading to an enchanted world. He told her that he could never come far for in a field of enchanted flowers he continuously fell asleep. But once he encountered a shining pink stature who spoke to him that when he would take his mother with him, then the stature would be able to bring him through the field. And thus it happened. The little roseweaver went with her son, and when they came at the field of enchanted flowers the stature took them through it. 'Quick,' the stature said, 'jump into the river of spiderthreads.' The little roseweaver and her son did what was told to them.

13. In the depths of the river everything seemed to flow into rose-threads, and suddenly there was also another woman swimming beside them. 'Come,' the woman said, 'in the depths there is a place where all your pieces of money have been gathered which you had to throw into the river in the past.' And they came to a cellar in the depths of the river, which was full of treasures. Here the little roseweaver also found her other sons back, and they lived in riches for the rest of their lives.

The New Acts

1.

The Prophetic Anointing

1. And I will give you the fire of the second trust, so that your heart will attach to the Lord.
2. For there is no faith without trust. But in bliss are those who doubt, for they will see the Lord. And the Lord had to teach the nation that his children had to go through much doubt to form their souls.
3. The Lord knows what He does. All what He does has been done by angels. His hand is upon you.
4. And I saw a door opening in heaven, and the second trust made the yoke soft and sweet. And those who received the trust became deeply healed in their soul.
5. And the Lord gave a second hope, because the first hope made hungry. And the lord spoke : In bliss are them who reached the second.
6. And the second hope made the walls of the second spirit thick. And the Lord gave the prophets before his face double hearing, and their ears began to zoom, and they heard the waters of the second heaven and the heavens.
7. And their second spirit broke open and got space, and the voice of the Lord filled the temple. And they got a new armor and their walk became slower and stiffer. And they directed their eyes high.
8. And they could break spirits and powers by their double hearing, and they spoke with the angels of the second.
9. And a heavy prophetic anointing began to stream through their bodies, and they felt like they lost their balance. And they began to find a new balance in the Lord, and they were sick for a certain time.
10. And they who receive double hearing will be plagued by fears for a certain time, but they will find a solid and eternal rock below their feet.
11. And only they will be able to bear the gift of the second judgement, and the Lord will split their second spirit.
12. Yes, for only those who have a broken second spirit will see the waters of heaven flow, and they will come forth from the second Getsemaneh.
13. They bear the suffering of their Lord deep in their souls, and they know the honey and the dew of His beard.
14. And in the last of days the Lord will conjure the cobra, and He will give them a new body. And the Lord threw the second spirit to the ground like a bottle of stone, and it got broken, while the cobras of the heaven came forward.

15. And they bore the seals to seal the old times. Seek then earnestly for the double hearing, for it will rescue your soul.

16. In bliss are those whose spirits are bound in Him. And they are bound in double ropes, so that they will keep standing on the holy mountains, and not cast out of His temples.

17. For the Lord is full of wrath in His vehicles of fire, and His wrath arises fast. Kiss then the cobra so that He won't devour you in His wrath. You have approached the blue fire of a shark.

18. And the second Eminius will be without compassion, for his power and law have to punish the sin merciless.

2.

The Second Conscience

1. And the Lord gave double feeling to the most holy, and they had a pure discernment. Yes, the Word had broken them like a predator sent out to them, and they drank of the sweet wine of the Lords.

2. And the Lord made them big on the earth, for they had power over the predators of man.

3. And they invaded the places of the kings, for they had the breath of the cobra.

4. And they could go out of their body to do great works, and they could tear the heavens.

5. And they weren't accused by the first conscience anymore, for it had perished. They had a second conscience now, and they were protected by the Spirits of God and the second angels.

6. And the cobra went forth from them, and they bore bowls of the most holy.

7. Yes, they had the mission to purify the most holy and they had heavy contractions of the muscles, for they bore the double spirit in the depth of their innermost being.

8. And they were set apart to do most holy works, and to make the double altar holy. And they were healed by heavy muscle contractions, for they had suffered great tribulations for a long time. And they were like the predators of heaven.

3.

kapruns

1. You then have drawn the suffering to you, before the face of the Lords. You don't bear it beyond your ability. The Lord has also given the sweetness with the suffering.

2. Come then to the holes of the cross, where the frog of the cross plays.
3. Come then to the birds of the thorn-crown, and to the rabbit-hole, where rabbits are king. They then are the kings of the cross, cards of a new rain. They have descended beyond and under the pink.
4. The bakery of the cross, where rats mill the corn into meal, where mice play. These are bakerman's faces between you and me, past times come up again.
5. So we can dream, about the animals of the cross.
6. Only them pierced by sharp thorns, are taken by the soft, descending beyond and under the pink.
7. And them of the sixth dermension, they all know, when the leaves are falling. They know the times of the suffering, of the flapping and smacking of the doors.
8. They are the kings of the autumn, deep in sweet dreams, where the passions come from.
9. They carried her to the pit and threw her in. And she came to the sixth dermension. Where the ovens are and the sweet bakers.
10. These are bakerman's faces between you and me, between the gates of the past. Know then the ovens and the pits of the cross, and be in bliss, all who know the mystic of the Lords.
11. Know then all holes and nests. You then have felt the thorn of the ice.
12. You have heard from the butchereries of the cross, leading you to the sixth dermension.
13. The objects of the cross are then, the kapruns. So there are then karbulines and kapruns, seen in the times of the Lord. And see then, the king of the kapruns is a mouse. So there are seven mice of the cross, who guard the teeth.
14. Yes, for without teeth there would be no cross. You had to see the dents then, for otherwise you would never learn to know Christ.
15. Come then to the dents of the cross, for without it she wouldn't be there.
16. See, the mystery of the kapruns is in their dents.
- 4.

The Rabbithouse

1. The odors of the cross, when the spider has reached the heart, to sting there, and to break there, to turn it into a house of rabbits.

2. There where rabbits live, with the perfumes of the cross, full of sweet dreams.
Love, I'm home again.
3. They have spat me until i became stiff, but now I carry the flowers of the cross.
Like a tree of the field I am now, where rabbits dwell in, where ravens land.
4. Yes, they stang me until I became stiff with stings, Love, but now I carry the honey
of the cross, streaming towards you.
5. Let us play together, war is over. You have the kapruns in your hair, karbulines
around your fingers, like jewelry of the heavens.
6. On the altar of odors, so many sacrifices for one odor.
7. They have stung me, those bees of the heavens, and now I am honey of the cross,
broken three times, three times stung at the same place.
8. They created there a wound in a wound, a watering trauma, no power anymore to
rise up.
9. And the third sting was to kill, to open my eyes. She stang me deep, the sweet
spider, and now wine full of odor is streaming.
10. The cake of centuries cannot be trusted anymore. Sting me now, before it is too
late.
11. See the blood has become flesh, where winds gather together, where hearts
understand each other, stung so deep.
12. Fly with me now, to rabbits in waters of odors, where fishes rejoice, for every
cross there is a flower.
13. Wait then what the cross will become, it is only seed of a farmer on his field.
14. For every cross there is a spider, we have so many arms.
15. See, the needle has become a sting, three times stung, three times broken, these
are the insects of the cross. They all know the rabbits house.
16. She stang the bread in me, now I have stale bread, with radish and karmozines,
and the topaz is my hedge. She mixed wine through the flour, strange wine, of a
rabbitcastle.
17. The king will know it now. But I have forgotten about it all. I live again as the old
day. Complaining about the suffering, I can't see her flag. I am the prisoner of the
canon, a cross-canon, that's what I got.
18. Go on with mocking me, it doesn't matter to me anymore.
19. The rabbitking is looking for me, and when he finds me, then your play is over.
Then your play is over.
- 20 Go walk around then, and say I have gone mad. I am rather mad than your slave. I
had to work too much in your canon, without a salary, without a boss.

21. You let me die in the cold, you made of me a piece of paper, to serve in your strange books, and you were full of joy because of my suffering. Full of joy because of my suffering.

22. Your animal-canon had shot the rabbit, I found it there deep in cold ditches. You took everything away from me. Say, what else do you want ?

5.

1. Come to me now, my darling, I have seen it all. They have locked you up in a canon.

2. Come here now, my darling. Come to me, quick. They have locked you up in a canon, but I loved you so much.

3. Say, believe me, darling, you are my breath. You are my bliss, where the day weeps so much, I give you everything, come then, darling.

4. I have said everything then, you are with me again. I bring you softly to your bed. Go to sleep very well, and forget all those who yawn without interest. Believe me, darling, they will regret everything. They have shot the rabbit, ate his friends, and attacked each other.

5. Come then, dear darling, I bring you softly to your bath. Everything is good now, you are not lost anymore. That hell didn't last forever, it was a lie of a false canon.

6. Now everything we have to do is to establish an open canon. Our canon to be clear, where all animals live in peace. The rabbitking has done it.

7. The rabbitking has seen it. We all have one language now.

8. They stang me deep in the bread, she devoured me until I was barren, but she gave me one language. She stang my small treasure of fire, she gave me everything, but now she is dead.

9. Mother if I could bring you back. I understand now what you did. I have seen your love now in the things around me. But now it is too late.

10. The grave stays closed, you are not there anymore. I rain all my tears down on you. I still weep after all those years. I missed you only after you passed away.

11. Were my eyes closed then, did I have no love for the cross. You have been good for me always.

6.

1. Dear darling, yes, you also belong here. You thought I had forgotten about you. You are free now, the canon has been pierced, but don't come too close.

2. The beasts roar, the rabbitking is mad. We have to be careful, it's better to flee into the forest.

3. That what they see, it may not be there. They hate the rabbit.

4. Beasts are roaring, the rabbit is mad. For so long locked up in a small box. Now, after all those years he comes out of it, please run for your life, as long as it is possible.
 5. He will go to search for those who have wounded him, he will eat them like they found him once. They haven't been good parents, they fed him to the beast.
 6. That which was your animal had to be your child. But I just speak to a tree. Please, flee, the rabbit is dreaming now, and when he stand up everything is too late.
 7. The beasts are roaring, the rabbit is mad, madder than the night, for so long locked up in your hands. Please, flee, otherwise they will start to burn. He wants all those years back, will build his cage, and fill it with those who hates him. Please run, I can't tell you it another way, or it will be your last day.
 8. But for all those who love the rabbit so much, he will prepare for you, sweet rest, letting you eat the meat of all those who hate him, no, he will not spare them.
 9. Now then, all wolves of heaven, the rabbit has prepared a meal, with wine and sweet worries, soft grief after all the years of deep hurt.
 10. Your wounds will get softer, your clothes will be torn, and he will sew them again, in a new manner.
 11. Know then darling, this is the last time I will speak to you, they will murder me now. Please, visit my grave, there where the roses bloom. One day we will see each other again.
 12. Don't grieve, rather grieve about them. Weep about those who laugh. I am safe again in the death, here I came from and I will return to, there where the bread is stale.
 13. Where the ravens descend. Where the rabbitking has his shelter.
- 7.
1. Don't come too close. They have carried him off, a rabbit behind glass.
 2. The years have passed by, I often think about the past. We have to follow all those graves, all those pits through history, where all our friends died.
 3. Please, you have to go through it. Otherwise death will call you once, but they will avoid you.
 4. The canon of the life, has sworn off death. Behind spiderwebs they came, who loved us once upon a time.
 5. Speak to the death, not in the flesh, but by the spirit.
 6. Speak to those who died, they are still there. But don't speak to them in the second death. Speak to your loved ones, let the dawn touch them. They are still there, they are awake, but some of them sleep.

7. Remove your life-cans, away from the eyes of God, and let all those who know, make themselves up to rise upon the mountain of death, it's only a doorway to the other dermension.
8. Don't call the dead then in your flesh, but come to them in the spirit, like Christ once did.
9. Lay down all your christ-cans and animal-cans, for they are a abomination in Gods eyes. Please, listen to his voice. The fence is open now, please, open the cage, and let the bird fly again. Do not eat meat, so that they won't eat your meat and soul.
10. Be holy, when you come to the dead, and do not speak to them of the third death.
11. Be holy, when you appear before his face, on the emelis shatau, experience it with him, and come to the matadok, where the ravens descend upon.
12. Do not speak to those in the fourth death, see, they rest.
13. Let the dead sleep then, and give them rest, but speak to those who want to talk to you.
14. They are there for you, and you are there for them. Come to them in the cages and do not despise them, so that they will also come to your cage.
15. The rabbitking has been there, stang the bread three times, now the honey streams three times from the cross.
16. Follow him, don't despise the story anymore, so that you will not stay in your canon.
17. For all cans lead to the death, but in bliss are they who have an open canon, and in double bliss are they who have their canon in the Lord.

8.

The king of mice

1. You eat then the honey of death, after you have been stung three times. Take them to the fields and make them wise. Don't shoot the rabbits, and take them out of their cages. Give them a good shelter, for they are of the Lords.
2. Oh, if I could take you back. You aren't there anymore, in the death I find your feather. Love of my, you aren't lost. Maybe I am, who is in a cage.
3. Is the death a cage or just the life. The death is just a bridge, an open door.
4. We go from cage to cage, but who bears the key ?
5. The king of rabbits came here. He was here. He has done some things, and now he has died. They have shot him. Now the new king is there.
6. They who follow the mouse, they know that he sits there. But there are also mice of heaven, and they love the rabbit-king. They visit him three times in death, and then the end has come.

7. Three times they sting into the earth, and then all the cages are open, new cages, new keys, new dreams, new freedom, new fear, and a new rabbitking, with the knowledge of a mouse.

8. He has a crown of mice, the other was too tight, the other made him pious. Time for a new religion, the ties of tradition were too tight, established by fools, who drunk with their harems in their caves.

9. It has been beautiful now, it all has ended now. The king of mice has been here, to lay the new crown, on the head of him who bore, the crown of thorns.

10. Yes, Christ has known it well, all that beautiful music, sinking in the soap, until he recreated it under the pink. She would want to walk with him so much, to watch all the beautiful beaches there.

11. The pigs there are naked and fire red, they have seen the harem of Christ.

12. All the women who followed Him there. And He gives women to those who follow Him.

13. But oh, do not distort these words, in your unclean brains, for these women are kaprun, the Spirits of God who he created in the bottles.

14. Christ comes in the nakedness of the new covering, hair in the sun, He turns everything around.

15. The candlesticks of the body-canon and the love-canon are now blown out. The king of mice was here. Tomorrow in the early morning he will die. They won't accept him.

16. But those who will follow him, bliss and pleasure is waiting for them. Hear then, all you fools, and distort the words of of God for your own destruction.

17. God spoke in foolishness to the wise, but you have not heard it.

9.

1. You king of the mice, where have you been then ? I had so much to say to you, so much to discuss.

2. Oh king of mice, don't leave me alone, among those who hate the Lord, who come to Him to leave Him.

3. You king of mice, the air is black, the pearls have been milked. You come to all in great hurt, stung four times.

4. I am now of stone, I am now old and wise. I am now of stone, climbed to the old paths. In pits I fell, in fires I burnt, cut in halves, eaten by those who battled against me.

5. Four times you stung me, but now you are dead.

6. I wait for the evening now, to resurrect you, you were my last hope.

7. Do we have power over death, when we have been stung four times, when blood becomes wine. The blood has become flesh, it has lived among us, but we didn't know, we had forgotten everything, in the fourth death.

8. I come to the morningred, to turn everything back, but I cannot turn the time.

9. I wait to be stung a fifth time. In all this misery I turn myself around, we encounter each other side by side.

10. The king of rabbits makes a living again. After the mouse he comes at the cross again. This you have with two holes, who battle against each other for the crown of thorns.

11. That you have with so many birds, who love the battle theaters.

12. They spin there and embroider there, the new clothes of the rabbitking, first they tear, then they sew, they make a living in him. And they sing, all his words to a crowning, but silence is the most sweetest of his house.

13. Did you ever think of that, they switch with each other, the mouse and the rabbitking.

14. They help each other, they also push each other, to the last breath, they have taken notice of each other.

10.

1. She has stung me five times, she has broken me five times.

2. Everything hurt, but of the cross she sings, as of sweet dreams.

3. We know not which animals we touch, we know not which snares we touch, those who are hit by the cross.

4. We know not which bottles of odour we open after being sting five times. After the fifth time, everything is over.

5. After the fifth time, everything one language again, after the fifth second, everything bound up again. It seemed like a thousand years, but it was just a second.

6. When you have been stung so deep, then you experience everything different.

7. I am Golgotha, I am Golgotha, I am Golgotha, I am Golgo - Golgo-tha, oh Lord, I am Golgo - Golgo-tha.

8. I am Golgotha, I am Golgotha, I am Golgo - Golgotha, I am Golgotha, I am Golgotha, I am Golgotha, oh Lord, I am Golgo - Golgotha.

9. Right through the love, the True Word was streaming, separating the mountains and the valleys, and the silence was sweeter than the word.

11. On Golgotha she stayed, her friends were in the row, to be shot, but she, only she, got rescued.

12. They are then the karmozines. They who serve the soup, these bakerman's faces I recognize out of thousands.
13. If Pontius Pilaty would still live, he would stand there also to watch with them.
14. Bring me then the fifth Pilaty, they thought he was a karmozine.
15. I don't know that he has done to me. Torn on Golgotha Calvary, together with my friends, where only Rahab was rescued.
16. I am not amorous, these are only some faces where we have to get through.
17. I am not amorous, don't forget it. They are of the second death.
18. I broke the cross there on the hill, no, I wasn't amorous.
19. I brought it to the karmozine, those who are of Golgotha Calvary. They stand around it and just watch and watch.
20. The door is miles away, brought to the karmozines who are in a distance.
21. They wear hats with points, I have been gone to Golgotha.
21. I am Golgotha, the cock crows, but I sleep on quietly.
22. These are bakerman's faces. Let them all come to me then, Golgotha, and come free.
23. Is this but a dream, or is it someone's sin ? The fifth Pilaty they brought to me.
24. The morning I will not experience again, I will die in this night. Don't wait for me, for I will not return. This is the last time that I will speak to you. With these words you have to do it, for after it they will canonize me.
25. I'm just a rabbit behind glass. You cannot come here, it's my coffin.
26. This is what I have done here, this they will canonize, and they will distort my words step by step, by their books and their preachings.
27. But follow me to the death, and die with me, then you will experience something.
28. Also you and your words they will canonize. What do you choose ? You cannot dominate them.
29. Die with me, and descend into this pit, then we will be together for eternity.
30. They have doomed us forever, only a rose they gave.
31. Now we stand stiff in the glass, in their canon. Their tubes of speech we are.
32. Oh, those who distort everything, they will be distorted themselves, and no one will count with you, those who are on their way to the fourth death.
33. They have forgotten everything there, and your name they do not know.
- 11.

1. How many Golgotha's do we need - how many karmozines - to come to the house of the lords. Would He battle for us, who put everything aside ?
2. Where the rabbit then fights with the mouse, see, they are just karmozines. Forgetting everything, tredding on the fourth death.
3. The bakerman's faces, strange butterflies they are.
4. See how I run with pains under my arms, they want to make bread of it, those karmozines. With their brocades they stand there.
5. And Spricht has the highest word there, with pits under his claws.
6. How many karmozines do you have on your back ? And you ?
7. How many rabbitholes on Golgotha Calvary, and how many holes of snakes ? And where do they lead to ?
8. They burn bakers there like candles, those with the most karmozines.
9. The baker has the highest word, the popes are under there. They have hats with points.
10. Even the foxes have holes on Golgotha Calvary. I haven't been there. They threw the dice for his clothes.
11. That die, that has been a miserable thing, a door to the karmozines.
12. Who can break that door ? Red Hood or paradise ? I saw them weeping there, for no one could break it. For a long time they stood there.
13. Behind that door, there the baker lives, with his karmozines he bakes bread.
14. He is the big karmozine, the baker of Golgotha Calvary. Spricht always has the highest word, the baker speaks his blessing.
15. In a rabbithole he grew up, he has always stayed there.
16. No one has ever shown him the way. No one has ever heard him.
17. The baker of Calvary Golgotha, living behind high doors. Never did anyone understand him.
18. My time is up, I have to go. I have no sense in discussions, no sense in staying to watch, when the big boys will start to beat.
19. When you want to know me, follow me, I have broken the door of the die open. I have created the baker, I am the tailor, the great brocade. I am the crusade, the way to Calvary Golgotha.
20. I have strung my karmozines to a piece of jewelry. I am the road of suffering, with the keys to existance.

12.

Uninvited

1. They stand far away, side by side, four on a square. Four bottles with narrow necks. I am there and I am here. I miss a piece of myself.
2. They stand far away, four on a square, pointed caps like four fairies, with foaming wine. I do not know them, I haven't ever seen them before, but those fairies know my heart, and they are mad.
3. I have never invited them for my parties, but how could I ? I didn't know them.

Unreachable

4. I couldn't reach them, they are mad, and they feel rejected. They are like rabbits behind glass, like the king of frogs.
5. In a red stripe they came, and in a red stripe they left again. They stand on the high square, to block the road to the cathedral.
6. In a red stripe they came, these rabbitkings. And a king of pigs brought us hunger, and a king of cows forbade our name, in this strange totempole.
7. So many animals piled up upon each other. They didn't speak of honey. Their words hunt after us.

Behind glass

8. It is a strange butchery, the cages piled up. Please, deliver me from slavery. We wanted a king, but it has led to this crowning. It made a living in us. Behind glass they are, a house of glass.
9. I am here and I am there. I miss myself, can't believe it, the rabbitking spoke my name. The hystery is sweet. I have done it to myself. Show then the cross, this strange totempole. Never have we invited them.
10. They had to stay in their houses of the kings, and our hysterias were like castles, like sirens, forbidding to speak their names. Crucify him, that king, then he can be king, from the heavens, behind glass.
11. Then he won't hinder us, and then we can go to sleep. Sleeping behind glass, like the snow white deserted of her dreams.

Animalfaces

12. It is a strange butchery, the cages piled up. A strange totempole they brought me, far away from others, deserted of others.
13. Come here then, I said, you may be my rabbitking, when I can be king as well. I became a prince, I saw their foaming wines, appearing like soft lights.
14. No one has ever heard me, no one has ever understood. See, we don't have your language, we talk in fragments.
15. Please, make the puzzle, puzzle, it is good. We have never been believed, all what we speak gets distorted.

16. A king of frogs made a living in us, like rabbits behind glass, he has visited them already.

17. They could not bear us, he spoke a different language, like a strange foreign totempole.

18. I am a strange totempole, a strange fuse, the heat of Spricht, a red stripe that is my name, a snake who connects the intestines to the womb, and the womb to the arse.

19. I am a strange totempole, so many animalfaces behind a window.

Under a Pink Covenant

20. They stand far away, four on a square, four bottles foaming of wine, of rabbitwine, a king of frogs had sung for it, his tongue reaches for the morning, breaking the bottle of stone, breaking the cares, wrapping the shames, of those who had worn the red stripe. They don't get born, they lived their long already, all behind glass.

21. I am a strange foreign totempole, please deliver me from slavery. They wanted a king, it led to this crowning, so many years behind glass. Like the red of Spricht, you don't have to be ashamed of your tongue.

22. A king he was, as a red rag he was, this red stripe. Under the pink covenant he became big, like the heat of Spricht, the fuse. All sulphurmatches are our pains, when we get struck we burn. Our hair burns in all colours, they are purified sevenfold.

23. I am a strange foreign totempole, a strange sulphurmatch. My head is in fire, a strange animal, with so many animalfaces, behind glass. And the smoke, from strange rabbitlegs. I am the girl with the sulphurmatches. Visions they give me, I am the red stripe, under a soft pink union, a soft pink connection, I burn, as a fuse.

24. Rapunzel is my name. Please take yourself up by my hair. You will see my head burn, and then the tower and the glass will be in explosion. Under the Pink Connection floats my Name.

Don't Strike Us

26. A frogking on a square, a moon and a sun as king, they search for them on a high house. Children have often avoided them, the softness hasn't caressed them, too afraid to see the fuse starting to burn, the match struck. Don't strike me, I have gone under the soft burning fruits. There where it is cold, and everything in a distance. Everything might explode one time.

27. Don't strike me, I don't wait for a war. But listen on a distance. My words you can reach. Don't touch me, for I have hurt. A strange foreign totempole am I, with strange fuses, head of an army of sulphurmatches. Don't strike us, please, don't do that to us. We march in the cold, afraid of the fire which will devastate us. Please, do not touch us, strange totempoles we are.

28. We will not die, but we will burn on that day, when the bottles will open themselves. Please, do not touch us. Please, do not strike us, for we will get struck, by someone who knows how to do it.

29. Someone who has learned how to touch, someone who has learned how to do it in love. Then our hair will burn of soft love, in all colors, purified in sevenfold, with all those pale lights in the wind.

The Rescue

30. A kingly son, a thief of hearts, one who can speak our language. A red tongue, a mysterious story, waiting to be revealed. From a bottle he will come, to a bottle he will go, and the foaming wine will stream. It burns under the green, purified a thousand times, Rapunzel is my name.

31. Please, don't touch me. I am afraid, I am a red stripe. The rag will cover the shame, the red rag, while them under the red hood have sung, while them of the green hood have heard. They speak our language, and let the fruits softly burn.

13.

1. Fairies, angels of God, in old times, can you tell me, where I have to go with all those tears. Everything is in fire and flame, everything is in fire and flame, fables can talk, animals can talk. You have taken the dive, farewell. Animals can hate, time to talk it out. Total power in fire, where the fairies have descended, where the fairies have descended. Deeper salve of the eyes, always worn, in many layers of wild knowledge. Fairies, angels of God, tearing tears have left me, to distort the overdue guilt. They are dressed in lace. Don't tear those fairies, don't leave them, all is grief, all is grief. Wrestle with them, so that their wrath doesn't burn you. Locked up for so long, in bottles of no mercy. Please, say your prayers now. I have wrestled with them myself, to the death.

2. Fairies, angels of God, dangers in the layers beyond, out for revenge, a beautiful revenge, songs strung together. Fairies, but don't let yourself get blinded, they are up to anything, they are angels from years flown away, quenched too often, grieved, banned from the books. Wear your torn clothes now, otherwise they will come to ban all those dreams of this time. Angels of death and poverty, please, don't grieve the fairies, you have just ridiculed a poor one, and laughed at a sick one. Like a sin of death it is. Fairies, the poverty of God, approached the primeval, drunk from strange foreign bottles. Fairies, the tears of God, sweet as water from the wounds, they stream. Fairies, the old of God, but so young that no one can hear, they cry again and again.

3. In time they will take everything over, for times they have battled for this. Wait then for their apocalypse, a new revelation, so old, a new vision, so old. Wait then for their prophesy, their miracles and their signs of which you never wanted to know anything. I have seen everything.

14.

The Three-forked Road

1. Once in the forest a man and a woman with their little daughter lived. The man and the woman fought a lot and often the girl couldn't sleep of it. On a night she fled, for the noise made her scared a lot. She wandered through the forest for a long time, until she had finally lost her way, and didn't know where she was anymore. Exhausted she rested against a tree, but then she fell in a hole. She fell very deep, and lost her consciousness by the fall.
2. When she woke up she saw little rabbits all around her, but when she moved all rabbits fled away from her. Slowly the girl stood up and asked herself where she had arrived. She saw little houses with little lights everywhere and very high trees. So high she had never seen them. When she watched the air she only saw darkness and some shining little stars. Suddenly she saw one of these little stars falling, and further between the trees there was later a shining light. Carefully the girl waded towards the light.
3. But the closer she came the more everything got dark again. There were no little houses with little lights here, and soon she didn't dare to go further. She wanted to turn back, but behind her it was suddenly very dark as well. 'Hello, !' cried the girl. 'Is someone there ?'
4. But nothing and no one answered. The girl was very tired and a while later she fell on the ground and came into a deep sleep. So tired she had never been. A while later she looked around her dreamily. She saw some little lights surrounding her, with very little things. Little chairs, little vacuum-cleaners, little boots, and some other little things. She also saw very small, very tiny candles. 'Where am I ?' she asked. Slowly the girl stood up, and looked upwards where everything was dark. She could only see some wide paintings in the dark. Quickly she found out that she was in a sort of hall. On a high throne in the dark a rabbit sat. The rabbit didn't say nothing, and the girl stepped closer, and then everything was gone again, and everything was very dark.
5. 'I know that you are there !' shouted the girl. But nothing and no one answered. 'I do not want to be difficult, said the girl, 'but this is not the way you receive guests.'
6. 'Guests, guests ?' said a voice. 'You come in unasked, and you call yourself a guest. I call you an intruder.'
7. The girl looked down and saw a little rabbit at her foot. The little rabbit kicked against her leg.
8. 'Say, stop that,' said the girl, 'this is not how you behave yourself to a lady.'
9. 'Now, I do not call you a lady,' said the little rabbit. 'you don't have manners. You just come in unasked, and you think you are the queen. But good, I will let you in, and then you will encounter a real queen for a change.'

10. The little rabbit pulled at the dress of the girl, and led the girl to a small chamber where a little rabbit sat on a throne.
11. 'We have intruders, queen,' said the rabbit.
12. 'I know it, Eagle,' said the rabbitqueen, 'let them stay here.' Then the little rabbit left.
13. The rabbitqueen looked at the girl very deeply. 'So ... you come from the big humanworld,' said the queen.
14. 'Eh, yes, majesty,' said the girl, 'but I am still small myself.'
15. 'Oh but you will become also so big most likely,' said the queen. 'But before it is that far, you can stay here. Here behind me is a door, and when you go through it, then ... Well yes, you will see that yourself. You just have to follow the path.'
16. The girl thanked the queen, and went through the door, and came on a path. Very tiny birds sat in the bushes at the sides of the path. The path shone and gleamed by a mysterious light. The girl started her journey. After a while she came in an open place where rabbits were playing some games. A few little rabbits were hopping. Behind the little rabbits there were three paths.
17. 'Where do I have to go now ?' asked the girl.
18. 'Where do you come from ?' asked the little rabbits.
19. From the queen, said the girl.
20. 'From the queen ?' asked the little rabbits 'didn't she say then where you had to go to.'
21. The girl shook her head. 'She only said that I had to follow the path.'
22. 'If I were you I wouldn't choose the first path,' said a little rabbit, 'for then you will come to a witch. The second path leads to the white castle, and the third path no one knows. Everyone falls asleep there.'
23. 'Well,' said the girl, 'I have slept long enough. I choose for the second path.' The girl went to the white castle.
24. The white castle was full of living pawns. 'I have never seen you here,' said a black pawn. 'I have never seen you either,' said the girl.
25. 'Where are you coming from ?' asked a red pawn.
26. 'The queen has sent me,' said the girl.
27. 'The queen ?' asked all the pawns in wonder.
28. 'Jump on my back,' said the green pawn. When the girl climbed on the green pawn the pawn began to prance, and ran on a stairway of the castle, and came on a balcony, and ran then to the next stairway. The green pawn brought the

- girl all the way to a tower. 'Look outside,' shouted the pawn, 'you can see the whole land from there.'
- 29.'Which land ?' asked the girl. Through the window she saw grassfields everywhere which looked like playboards. These were wonderful gardens. 'You see it, right,' said the pawn. 'We have still a lot to do.'
- 30.'Yes, but the queen told me to follow the path,' said the girl.
- 31.'The path ?' asked the green pawn. 'Oh, how stupid of me, I should have known better.'
- 32.Then the green pawn jumped downstairs all the way with the girl on his back, and then he went into the backgarden through the kitchen. 'Do you see, there in the distance,' said the green pawn while he pointed at some bushes behind a great grassfield, 'there the path continues. A good journey.'
- 33.And then the girl continued her journey, after she said goodbye to the pawn. Between the bushes behind the grassfield the path continued. The path shone and gleamed again as through a mysterious light. But after a time of walking the girl came to the little rabbits again who were playing games. 'Here I have been already,' said the girl.
- 34.'Then you just have to take another path,' said one of the little rabbits.
- 35.'But which path ?' asked the girl.
- 36.'Well, the first or the third path,' said the little rabbit.
- 37.'Yes, but then I come to the witch, or I fall asleep,' said the girl.
- 38.'I can not help that, just choose one,' said the little rabbit.
- 39.'Now, then I choose the third path, for I already start to become a bit tired,' said the girl.
- 40.Along the third path there were enchanted flowers, and soon the girl became so tired that she couldn't stand on her legs anymore, and she fell in a deep sleep.
- 41.'Ehm, my name is spider,' said a dreamy, mysterious voice, 'do you know that I always win ?'
- 42.'No, I don't know that,' said the girl dreamy.
- 43.'Well, then you know it now,' said the voice.
- 44.'Where am I ?' asked the girl.
- 45.When she opened her eyes she saw flowers, so many flowers. Everywhere there were flowers, and so many wonderful smells, so enchanting.
- 46.'I told you I always win,' said the voice sleepy, 'I have enchanted you.'

47. 'Yes, but I don't have time for that actually,' said the girl, 'the queen told me that I had to follow the path.'
48. 'The queen ?' said the voice. 'That changes the case, come with me.' And suddenly the girl stood between the flowers, while she had woken up very well. In the distance she saw a river, while downwards at her foot a little spider stood. 'If the queen has sent you, then it is all in order,' said the little spider, 'then we don't have to play games.' Then the little spider went before her to the river. Over the river there was a bridge under which there were all sorts of little boats with little lamps coming through. They were small.
49. 'There in the distance a witch lives,' said the little spider.
50. 'Oh, but I thought that the witch lived on the first path,' said the girl. After a while they come in the kitchen of a great castle. A servant walks towards the girl. 'Hello, I am Andrew,' said the butler. 'I already expected you. Let me show you around in this castle.'
51. 'How did you know I would come,' asked the girl, and the girl also asked herself where the little spider was. 'The little spider said that a witch lived here,' said the girl.
52. 'Ah, don't believe everything and everyone,' said Andrew. 'Here the rabbitqueen lives.'
53. 'But I just come from there,' said the girl, 'and she told me to follow the path.'
54. 'Oh, come then with me,' said Andrew, and led her to the back of the castle. Here the path went further. Again the girl saw the little spider here, but the little spider was very far away. 'Little spider ?' shouted the girl. But the little spider didn't hear her. And the path went into another direction. The girl decided to follow the path.
55. After awhile she saw some iron cups on the ground, and when she came closer a little rabbit jumped forwards. 'Guess what is in these cups ?' asked the rabbit. 'In one is the sea, in another is the forest, and when you drink from the third you get lost.'
56. 'Yes, but I do not want to drink from it at all,' said the girl. 'Let me go.'
57. Choose one, choose one, and wherever you come, you will always get out of it again, sang the little rabbit a few times. And do you get lost, you will always come free again, and do you come to the sea, then it will always be okay.
58. But the girl didn't want to hear anything of it, and tramped on the ground. 'Now it is enough with this silliness. I have to go now, for the queen ...' but further she could not come.
59. 'The queen ? The queen ?' said the little rabbit. And quickly the little rabbit had disappeared with his cups, and the girl could continue. After a while the girl came in the dunes, and not long after she saw the splendid ocean in which the

- deep bright sun shone. The girl saw the path went all the way into the sea. 'But that is not possible,' said the girl.
60. 'Yes, it is,' said a voice. A dark stature suddenly stood next to the girl. It looked a bit like a black pawn on a horse. 'I bring you through it,' said the pawn.
61. 'Yes, but how ?' asked the girl. Suddenly the stature took a die from under the saddle. The stature threw the die from the dune on the beach. On the upper surface of the die there was the figure of a red pawn. The figure was winged, and soon stood next to the girl. 'Jump on my back,' said the red stature. When the girl sat on his back the stature rose up. The black stature had already disappeared. The red stature had a rifle with bullets as dice, and when they got harrassed by bothering birds he shot then down by the rifle. After a while they came on a hill where the path continued. The red pawn pointed at the distance. 'See, there, where it shines, there you have to be, there the rabbitqueen lives.'
62. 'But I just come from there,' said the girl. 'The queen said I had to follow the path.'
63. 'That should have been an error,' said the red pawn, and left.
64. 'Wait a minute,' shouted the girl. 'You have to explain it. I don't understand it anymore.' But the red pawn was already gone. Then she decided to follow the path to the shining places in the distance, but soon it began to become very dark and cold. 'I have to find somewhere here where I can have a shelter,' said the girl. The wind also began to blow harder and harder.
65. 'Come here !' a voice shouted, 'come here,' almost shrieking. The voice looked like the sound of when her parents were fighting. A rabbit on a houseboat was shouting to another rabbit. It was a houseboat on the ground. There was no water anywhere, only some drops of a beginning rain. 'Come in now !' shouted the voice, 'do you want to drown ?' The girl saw a younger rabbit tramping on the ground while he went inside the houseboat. The other rabbit hit his ears. Then the door closed. Soon it began to become wetter under the feet of the girl, and she was almost blown away by the wind. When she looked into the distance she got the shock of her life. High roaring waves came towards her, as if the ocean wanted to swallow up the land. As fast as she could she ran to the houseboat, but while she was knocking on the little door very hard, no one opened it.
66. 'Help me, help me !' The girl shouted. The water had already risen to her knees, and the raging waves had come much closer, and grew higher. Soon the water had come to her hips, and she looked straight into a wave of miles high which could swallow her any moment now. The girl shrieked. A little window next to the little door opened, and a hand grasped the girl and took her inside suddenly.
67. 'That was in the nick of time,' said a little rabbit. The girl sighed deeply.
68. 'This always happens when the queen gets mad,' said the little rabbit.

69.'Why is she becoming mad ?' asked the girl

70.'She cannot stand losing when she plays a game,' said the little rabbit.

71.'With who is she playing games then ?' asked the girl.

72.'With a spider,' said the little rabbit.

73.'Oh, but I know that little spider,' said the girl. 'I have encountered that little spider also, and he said that he always wins.'

74.'How do you know that ?' asked the rabbit suddenly. 'No one knows that, so why would you know that ?'

75.'Well,' explained the girl, 'there were three paths. First I came on the second path where the white castle was, and then I came on the third path where everyone feel asleep. There I encountered him.'

76.'But that can not happen,' said the rabbit, 'that is absolutely impossible. No one who comes on the third path wakes up again. Those who come there will sleep for eternity and always.'

77.'Oh, but I said to the little spider that I had heard from the queen that i had to follow the path,' said the girl, 'and he let me go further.'

78.'The queen ?' asked the little rabbit while his face became green and yellow at the same time. 'Human almighty, has the queen said that to you ?'

79.The girl nodded. 'Oh, but then we are in very great danger,' said the little rabbit. 'If the queen has said that, then she is up to something. Then she challenges you for a duel.'

80.'A duel ?' asked the girl.

81.'Yes, a duel, a fight,' said the rabbit. 'and then we have to be fast. We have to go immediately to the castle, for there she is waiting for you for the game.'

82.Immediately the rabbit ran to another room, and started the motor. On full power the boat went towards the shinging castle in the distance. After a while the boat went inside. Next to a long pole deep in the castle there was a quay where they could step out. The rabbit grasped the hand of the girl and together they ran to a big stairs of stone next to a wall. 'Majesty, majesty,' shouted the rabbit, and then he encountered the queen on the stairs, he said it quiet : 'Majesty, I know we are a bit late.'

83.'What, late ?' said the queen, 'not late at all. Way too early. You are here way too early.'

84.'But why did you become so mad then ?' asked the rabbit.

85.'Oh, nothing special,' said the queen, 'just a little accident.'

86.'A little accident ?' asked the rabbit.

87.Yes, said the queen, I dropped a pawn, and he flew away.

- 88.'Maybe a red pawn ?' the rabbit asked.
- 89.Yes, how do you know this now, the queen asked a bit vicious.
- 90.Well, I saw a red star falling, but later I thought : it might be a pawn of the queen again, said the rabbit.
- 91.Yes, laughed the queen, jaha, you have seen that very well, boy, and now quickly leave, for it is no time yet.
- 92.Then the rabbit ran away. Now the girl stood eye to eye with the queen.
- 93.And who are you ? The queen asked.
- 94.'Eh, I am the girl to who you told to follow the path,' said the girl.
- 95.Oh yes ? Said the queen viciously, now really, I do not know you.
- 96.Look then a bit better. You really don't know me ? asked the girl.
- 97.Then the queen put some little glasses on, and came closer. Let me look, said the queen. There are so many girls who follow the path, you said ?
- 98.The girl nodded.
- 99.Wait a second, said the queen. Have you been along the three paths ?
100. Only the second and the third. I haven't been to the witch on the first path yet.
101. What are you standing here then ! The queen roared. Go back, now !
102. And then the girl started to run, for the queen started to roar terribly. It was like her parents were fighting again, worse than ever before, and the girl started to cry very loud.
103. Run ! Roared the queen, run for your life, for I explode, and then you will see the dice roll.
- 104.The girl was soon surrounded by a whole army of dice. There came fire out of their mouths, and the red ones were the worst. The girl started to cry even louder. Please, rabbit, help me then ! The girl cried hard. But the rabbit was nowhere to be found. In the distance she saw the houseboat, but it floated away further. Oh, if I only would have gone along the first path, said the girl. The dice looked so dreadful.
105. What did you say, shrieked the queen, no that can not be true, did you say you have been on the third path ?
106. Yes, majesty, said the girl.
107. Everyone sleeps there, and no one ever gets up again, said the queen.
108. Yes, but the little spider ... said the girl.
109. The little spider ? shrieked the queen Did the little spider let you through ? And then the queen got even madder.

110. But when I told him what you told to me that I had to follow the path, then he let me through, said the girl.

111. Oh, sighed the queen in rage, I can not stand that little spider ... What else did he say ?

112. 'That he always wins,' said the girl.

113. And then the queen became so at rage that she didn't want to have anything to do with the dice anymore. 'Out of my eyes !' she shrieked to the dice. 'Nothing I want to have to do with games anymore. Then she walked away mad, leaving the girl alone.

114. A while later she came back again. 'Say, where do you actually come from ?' she asked the girl. 'Not from the big humanworld, right ?'

115. Yes, said the girl, that's where I come from. My father and mother are always fighting, and

116. You don't have to tell me anything anymore, said the queen, I understand it already. Then you come indeed from the first path.

117. No, I haven't been there yet, there with that witch, said the girl.

118. Come with me, said the queen, I will show you.

119. In a high tower-room the queen poured tea in for the girl, and asked the girl if she liked it in the big humanworld.

120. No, said the girl, for no one understands me, and they always fight.

121. 'And what did you do about it ?' asked the queen.

122. 'I ran away,' said the girl.

123. That is the best you could do, said the queen, by that you could defeat the witch.

124. But I haven't encountered a witch yet, said the girl.

125. If that is true, then you will have to go back to the first path, and then you will have to follow the path until you have encountered her. Or shall we just play a game.

126. I have followed the paths, said the girl. Let us play a game then.

127. And that happened. Till deep in the evening the girl played games with the queen, and they had a good time together for the queen didn't get mad when she lost a game. The girl had many adventures more with the queen, but that you will hear in another story.

15.

The Sleeping Princess

1. Once there was a red indian princess who always slept. In the night she always awoke only for a little while just to drink something and to eat. Often that was some tea with fruits, and then she slept again. Sometimes she was sleepwalking through the passageways of the castle where she lived. Her father and mother

were very much in sorrow, but the princess had always been like this. They would want to speak with their daughter, even if it would only be for a very short time.

2. On a night the princess was sleepwalking again, and she walked very deep into the forest. She always walked barefooted with a nightdress or pyamas. Suddenly she stepped on an enchanted ring and woke up immediately. She was very astonished and put the ring on her finger. For a very long time she was looking at it, and she just stayed awake. The princess was very glad, and ran back to the castle. But when it became morning and she encountered the others they immediately fell asleep. The princess thought it was because of the enchanted ring which she wore. And like this the princess was very lonely, and because she didn't want to see more of them spin into sleep, she left again to the forest. After a while walking she came to a little house where gnomes lived. Joyfully the gnomes stepped outside, as if they knew her already. 'We thought that you would never come,' said one of the gnomes. 'Yes,' said another gnome, 'and, say, we have made this enchanted ring for you, from the rarest stones. The stones you have on your ring are the only ones of their sort, so keep a good watch on it, girl. You don't want to sleep again that long, right ? The princess was very shy. She was glad that the gnomes didn't fall asleep.
3. The princess could live with the gnomes, and she took good care of their little house when the gnomes were gone to work in the mines. But on a day there came a man with only one eye to the house. He knocked on the door, and the princess opened a little window.
4. 'Say, girl,' said the man with only one eye, 'you have a splendid ring. If you give it to me, then I give you my horse in exchange.'
5. 'But then I fall asleep again,' said the princess.
6. Then the man showed her a ring as well. 'If you wear this ring, it will both keep you awake and you can also fly and doing enchantments.' Well, that was what the girl wanted, for then she could also do something about the sleeping people in her land. It was a quick exchange, but suddenly the man began to laugh and ran away, and the princess fell like dead on the ground. When the gnomes came back they were very sad. And they couldn't make another ring with the same powers, for such stones they would never be able to find anymore. But they had a magic flute by which they could wake the princess to life to dance. Then it would be a celebration again, only for a very short while. On a day when they came home also the magic flute had been stolen. Then they decided to carry the princess in a coffin to the mines between the gems, so that they would have her with them when they were at work. And they found that the princess was safe here. If they would leave her behind in the little house then they were too afraid that the princess would be stolen as well one day. No, their gnome-hearts would not be able to bear that. It looked splendid to see the princess between the gems. The animals would keep watch over her. In the middle of the night when the gnomes went home again several gems started to shine. She

stood up and went back to the little gnome-house. The gnomes were very astonished and glad. They went back to the mines soon to take the shining gems with them. 7. With the gems they adorned their little house, and since then everyone who wanted to harm the princess fell asleep. And all the gnomes sang : 'So do not come too close when you want to steal something here, do not come too close when you want to do evil works, for your eyes will get locked, and no one will ever put on the light again.'

16.

The Nineth Wish

1. Once there lived a greedy prince in a poor land. The prince was so greedy that he didn't grant anything to anyone else, and took everything for himself. Then on a day a girl from his region disappeared without trace, and he went to search for her just because her parents were very rich and would give a high reward to the one who would find their daughter back.
2. On his journey through the forest he came to a little house late in the night. When he knocked on the door he heard a vicious voice saying : I am Spiderthread. Who is there so late ?'
3. 'Oh little mother,' said the prince. 'I would want to come in to look if there is a girl of our region. She has disappeared without trace.'
4. 'I have seven daughters,' said the old woman. 'If you want to take a look. Come further.' The prince stepped inside, and got something to eat. He could also make a wish from every daughter. When he stood before the first daughter he said : 'I want that the kingdom is surrounded by a hedge of red bloodberries, venomous as the sun, to make sure that no one can disappear without trace.' As second wish, when he stood before the second daughter, he wished that his kingdom was full of gold, but all the other wishes were greedy, and he forgot about the disappeared girl.
5. 'Because you have been so greedy in almost all your wishes,' said the old woman, 'you will turn into a toad.' And immediately the prince was not a prince anymore, but a toad. In shame the toad left. Soon he realized that he could not return to his kingdom anymore because of the dense hedge with the venomous bloodberries. But once in a night he saw a girl bathing in a forestlake. He swam to her immediately, and told her what had happened. It appeared to be the lost girl. But she looked almost the same like one of the daughters of the old woman.
6. 'I have fled,' said the girl, 'because of the hard work I had to do in your kingdom. I came to the old woman and I became as one of her daughters. She let me do soft work and I could make wishes come true.'
7. 'But why didn't you stay there then ?' asked the toad.

8. 'Because the old woman at the end of the wishes speaks her own wish always,' said the girl. 'Since I have fled, I am the only one who can break her evil wishes. I was always the eighth wish, and she was always the last, the nineth.'

9. Then the toad made his wish to the girl, wishing he would become a prince again.

The New Acts II

1.

The establishment of the second Moses

1. And the Lord sat in the heaven with his pythons and snakes of heaven. And the Lord spoke to the second staff of Moses, and spoke justice. And the Lord opened with this staff the netherworlds of the first three utmirs, the times of the lord, and there was a great harvest. 2. And the Lord brought the second cross to the second ark. And the Lord wanted that the second spirit was on the human by this. And there was force coming from the second cross, and the Lord established his economy. You who have eaten from the hunger, together with the Lord, will be able to do business in the heavens. And the second blood of the Lord came free to stream through spacious veins, and the pythons served Him. 3. And the Lord saw that it was good, the garden which he gave to man. And the Lord spoke these words : Let second angels and the cherubs of the second guard the garden and irrigate it. and they carried a heavenly sword of the second, a mystical sword full of mysteries. 4. And no one could enter the garden but those who had been established by the Lord. 5. And they were in the blue while holy winds blew.

6. And warmth came over the garden, and the Lord blessed it. 7. And the second Moses came to present himself to the Lord. And when he stood before the face of the Lord, the Lord roared like a lion. And the anointing fell upon the second Moses, an anointing greater than of the old covenant. And the Lord established the second Moses to reign over the districts of the second hell. And this hell was so terrible, that angels trembled and came into a shock.

The calling of the second Samson

8. And the Lord called the second Samson to Him and gave him a purple garment. The Lord gave him also a cup which was full of the second wrath. And the lord sent the second Samson as an eagle to the earth to judge her. 9. And his angels were many, and the slaughters they did on the earth were great. 10. And the angels wept about the forces which were released. 11. And then the Lord spoke to the second Samson : 'I give you might over the second netherworld, and the authorities of hell will not be able to break her gates.' And the authority of the second netherworld was great, and in her dwelled the second sjeool and the second hades, and prayers could not hinder her workings. 12. And the Lord spoke with loud voice : And this covenant with the death is

great as the death of the second Christ. 13. And a second grave came up as a sound of bee-storms buzzing to the heaven and the darkneses, and this grave was greater than the first. 14. And the lord spoke : See then the curse of hunger, where honey grows inside guarded by the bees of heaven. 15. And it was the lord who sent the second Christ to the cross of hunger, and after several days there was great bliss. 16. And the Lord brought the honey in a jug to the second ark and spoke : Like this I want the second spirit to be. 17. And the Lord broke the bread to divide it over the corners of the earth, but an angel of the second satan stood before Him suddenly. And the Lord spoke : Long have the workings of the spirit been hindered.

The judgement over the dancers

18. And the Lord spoke to his angels : Bring now the second David before My face. And then the lord spoke : His Body will be my temple. 19. And he sent the second David to the earth to build his temple. And the Lord established him to guard the saints. 20. And they were called the second christians. And he sang psalms to the heaven, with the second word in his hand. 21. And the dancers of the first covenant were brought before the lord, and they got a curse on their head, because they had hindered the cobra of the Lord. And they had led many saints to uncleannesses and abominations. 23. And the Lord struck them, saying that they would not have part in the second Christ, for their sins had heaped up to the heavens, and they had hindered many children from entering in. 24. And there came fire out of the mouth and the face of the second David to devour them, and their followers hid in the second sodom and the second babylon.

The Battle about the body of the Second Christ

25. And the angel Sarsia came in a fight about the body of the second Christ which had been raped by the dancers and their followers. And she had against her the second satan, the second snake and their sons. And the second Metensia came to her help, and together with the snakes of heaven they brought the body to the second grave. 26. And his disciples wept for forty days and nights at his grave, and their tears became them to jewelry. And after these forty days he rose up and wept. 27. And holy women of the earth followed him, while he proclaimed the second gospel. 28. Know then the forces of the second grave and have part in his body. 29. And the second holy supper was established to make blissful those who wept. 30. And the second Solomon appeared to Him to bring him treasures. And the Lord saw that it was good, and gave His Blessing. 31. Let the second pharao not hinder your bodies in the kettle of the Lord, and call upon the holy plagues to become free totally from the sword of tyranny. 32. Let then your bodies not lead you to uncleannesses, but flee to the second spirit from where a new clean body will come forth, made to serve in the temple of the second word. 33. And the Lord brought authority to the apostles of the second church, and the second word started to sing in their heads.

Old religions and the Great Spain

1. You are not for sale, for the Lord has freed you from slavery. The heart of sin beats in the buying and selling. You have received holy prescriptions about the prescriptions about the economy of the Lord.
2. You also know that the whales of heaven will come to judge the great Spain. Let this comfort your soul, those who work in the tribulation. The Lord has seen your tears.
3. The Lord attaches Himself with His Spirit to your mind to guard it. The Lord wants you to know the mysteries. The Lord created the animals and the trees to show the several parts of the body. You who harms any of these creatures, watch your body falling apart.
4. The Lord will not be mocked. These are the last of days. Give strict heed to his words, so that they will not devour you.
5. Well then, you mockers, you who have been disobedient to your parents, the Lord will drive you to the Great Spain, the gathering place of spirits, and there the Lord will hit you.
6. These are the words of the second Luther, to a second reformation. This reformation will be : the destruction of the spirit-market, to bring under judgement those who eat of the flesh, and to bring the Second Word to an Eternal Gospel, like the prophet John saw this on Patmos.
7. These days have come now. Those who do not weep about the sins will not have a part in the sign of God which will guard the hearts in the tribulation. Those who have the mark of the beasts have already been delivered to the wilderness of the times.
8. We will open the temples of Metensia, and those of the other Spirits of God and the second Spirits of God. You will know the Lord. The second altar will be restored, and it is not allowed to sacrifice the innocent. The Lord will put a curse on the words of those who have sacrificed animals and human children.
9. These religions came forth from a dark age where the times were young and confused, where wildernesses came to the temples of God, and where mountains had their homes.

3.

No earthly altar

1. The Lord has brought it to here, and will open His temples, so that the winds of the second Word will blow over the earthground.
2. You who lays at chains, you are free in your inside. You who don't have an inside, how much grief is there about you.
3. You who have reached the altars of ice, sacrifice your family and relationships, so that you can enter through the gates of Zetdonia.

4. Let there be discernment between the altars of heaven, and let the altar be to purgation and transfer.

5. The Lord will raise seven most holy times to restore the altar, and the Lord will root out the altars of the earth.

6. The Chhrist had to die at the wood, but cursed is anyone by which it happened. The earthly altar has gathered priests to sin against Christ, and that is why that covenant is not far from removal.

7. Do not attach yourself to the dark shadows of a temple which is coming. They existed to pass over, and to direct your heads upwards.

8. Deal then with your dark past and a dark ancestry and defeat it.

4.

Acceptance of the Ice

1. You have heard of the burned witches and martyrs for their faith or love for nature. Know then that I have their scars in my body and soul. 2. You mean you can call your brother a heretic without hitting and judging yourself ? Cursed are you, oh despicable human. 3. Do you not think that God will denounce you. 4. Those who love nature, have love for God, and have fulfilled the whole law. 5. You call those a witch who love nature ? Much to ridicule you are. 6. The Word of God will come like ice to open there graves. 7. Accept then the ice in your life.

5.

About childlikeness

1. The Second Paul to those who are in Spricht and the Second Spricht. Blissful you are and blessed in the lord, brothers and sisters, you who cling to the animals of heaven. You have already their signs on your backs. Yes, the Lord gives them to you in your sleep. Blissful are those with great collections, those who are like an ark full of the animals and beasts of heaven. 2. Touch the blissful, yes, it is for you, all who search the Lord. 3. You have picked up great luck, and the waves of Kabbernal are over you. You were in the golden forests of the Lord and you saw His thistles there in the bitter land. Now you are full of Glory. 4. You all know that speaking is as swimming in the forest-rivers of the Lord. 5. You have come to a fertile land. The Lord is in ecstasy over your softheartedness, and you have indeed comforted and amplified his heart. 6. Yes, you have encouraged Him as a knight, you who eats and shares the rose-cakes of the Lord. 7. Great power will come to you in the fortress of Kabbernal. And you will feel yourself like someone who finds his old friends back. 8. Come then to the caves of the lord and listen to his voice, He who has sent His angel Torio. 9. And He will establish new words to your heart, and they will be like signs and reliefs on the road you go. 10. Blissful are those who have come to Spricht and stand in the templegates of the Lord. 11. The lord has brought you

tears of healing, yes, you have legs of light to heal each other. And these lights are soft and watery. 12. Blissful are those who have entered to the mysteries of Spricht. 13. The Lord shows here his splendor, the Lord shows here his might, rooted in his grounds and produced in his heaven. 14. His face woven through soft lines, coming from the mirrorings of the second cross. In which you are all so deeply bonded to tears. 15. Mash then each others tears together and you will see the tears of the Lord, the blissful baths of healing, to which his angel Torio descends all the time. 16. And you drink of the tear, and you can breath. The Lord has given you life, to recognize soft animals. 17. Yes He mashed the light and the darkness together, and now it is soft before your eyes. 18. The Word of the lord is strong. 19. Blissful are those who have come closer to Gods fields through Spricht, who have seen His throne there, the crown of the Second Salvation. 20. Strive then after the Second Spricht, and hold them close, all who live there. Church of God, so deeply living in the wilderness, with the breath of God. 21. To those who stand in the gates : Now new days will catch up, so much wine in tears, God's smile is sweet and just. 22. To the children He would come, those who have saved their little candles till in the nights. 23. They have a virginal mind, and their feeling is chaste. They have taken ice from the waterwells of the Lord by spades. 24. The Lord will lighten His Face over you. Peace and Mercy are with you. Rest fine.

6.

The roots of the spirit

1. Greeted are those in the second Korinth. When then the removal of the first Korinth comes near, then the Lord will only save Rahab. 2. Greet those who are in the tribulation. The Second Paul and the second Sostenes, both apostles and anifitates of the second Christ to make your souls blissful, and to all those who are in the second Korinth. 3. Grace be with you and peace of God our Father, and the Second Christ sent by Him for these times. Let yourself be made blissful in Him. 4. Blissful are those who have come to the second, greet then also your brothers and sisters in the second, who the Lord has bonded in His Wisdom through the Second Spirit. 5. Make then sure that you will not despise the Second, and pray then also for all churches in the second, for the first ones are not far from the removal. 6. Are we then as dogs returning to their vomit ? Surely not. You have become grown in the Lord, and the presentations of the first have passed. 7. Know then that the wildernesses of the Lord are more in order than the order of the world. 8. You have heard then of the second presents and fruits of the Spirit. You have also learn to love Eminius, the Name of the Spirit. 9. Learn to know all names then. 10. You also have heard of the roots of the Spirit and the shells. Let everyone be in their own shell, measured to you and weighed by the Lord. 11. I thank God all times about you, for you have let the root of ice grow, for like this you have become rich in any way in Him. 12. You have also let your root of silence be cleared, about which I had spoken when I was with you that those who wouldn't do that would come

under judgement. 13. You have also listened by sanctifying the root of suffering.

Comfort and Thanksgiving

14. You have laid the shells of the services richly over the church, and therefore you are blissful. Yes, you have truly supplied the sons of God with instruments, and have furnished your houses very well. 15. Therefore no one has to suffer lack. And if there are lacks, then we will fill it up by God's Spirit. 16. You have taken us in as true apostles, after you have tested us sevenfolded. Therefore the blessing of God rests on you. 17. You have truly provided the temple of God and the altar with gear, and equipped the saints well. Also in this I thank the Lord for you. 18. The Lord will intensify your presents of fire and ice, for you carry his roots, and you haven't despised the shells. 19. Yes, you have brought your sons to Spricht, and they have become truly sons of the Lord. 20. You have brought your daughters to Zetdonia, and gave them clothes of salvation. 21. You have been virginal on his holy mountains, and haven't become as a curse to the Lord. You have truly brought comfort to the heart of the lord, by walking tenfolded and to deal in his law. 22. Yes, you have bound the laws of the Second around your pulses, and you have chastised your children heavily with it. By this you have saved your souls in the Wrath of the Lord. 23. Let then no one judge you, for you have dealt in love, oh persecuted church of God. 24. The Lord has put His hand on you. Blissful are those who make you blissful, and cursed are those who curse you. Yes, they will perish by the tenfolded sword, those who hate you. 25. For they hate you because you have kept the commandments of the Lord in fear and trembling. 26. They will perish in Spricht, those who have laughed about you. But blissful are those who have wept with you. And they will be counted to salvation by Spricht. And they will all be under the guard of His angel Torio.

7.

The second ice

1. Yes, the Lord will give you presents in the night, you who cherishes his roots. You know then the lusts of the Lord, and you have been bestowed with it in your inside. 2. You who have gone through the gates of the second spirit : You have seen an eternal gospel, and you are holy. Your bones will not be broken by the lions. 3. Come then to the cupboard, and the Lord will give you new gear to equip His saints. 4. Yes, like a smith of the Lord He has established you, those who cherish his heart. 5. The Lord has let you live in second fear, and see, you have become blissful, having the lusts of the Lord. 6. You have had the second conscience for long and the Lord has blessed it. 7. Now then, you are virginal, and you belong to the ecstasies of God. Be then a part in the jaguars of heaven. 8. You have been a master without arrowheads, and you have kept yourself separated. Yes, u have been made holy. Yes, you are different. You have been foreigners in this world, but known by God. 9. Search therefore comfort with each other and teach each other about the ice of the

Lord and the second ice. 10. Like this you will fulfil the law. 11. Let then no one regard you as small because of coming together, for the Lord is patient. 12. When you come together in ice : See then, you are servants of the Second. 13. Preach then the gospel of the Second to the whole universe, so that you will take ice from the heavens by spades. Like this you will break the great tribulations. Three times the Lord will break you, and blissful are those who regard these breakings as bliss. You are not far then from the Second Lusts of the Lord. You have then braided His thorn crown into a king crown. You have made of his scorn robe a king robe. Yes, blissful are those who tear, for they will be called spaders and pourers of wine. 16. You drink then the wine of the Lord.

8.

The mystical of the Lord

1. You who are in the second Rome, and clinging to the church of God : The Lord led you to the Emelis Shatau, Grace are with you. 2. Make sure you won't fall, you who believes to stand, for the lions of God are with many, sent out to test the saints. 3. Many will stumble, so that there will be a clearing among them. And this is a great mystery of the Lord. 4. be then truly like second Romans, for the Lord calls you. 5. He has shown you the canals of His Spirit. 6. Let your heart then not be focussed too much on dogmatics and a chaos of wise words, but focus yourselves on the mystical of the Lord, and let your heart be in the hidden. Then you will keep yourself clean in the Day of judgement. 7. But many among you are boasters, and I fear that I have made an effort for nothing when it comes to some of you. 8. Let then no one among you go astray. There is no end in the Wisdom of the Lord, but His Folly is much stronger. 9. Oh unwise ones, who has enchanted you that you think you can be saved by tight registers and borderless education ? You have despised the Sleep of the Lord and you have laid millstones on your children. 10. But they will get blissful under the yoke, for they carry the yoke of the lord. 11. Make then sure that the Lord will not destroy you together with the yoke. 12. Make then your sons as prophets of the Lord, and let them sleep. Chastise them in the Lord, for the Lord hates a reckless heart without chastise. 13. And who thinks then to have good education, let the Lord educate you. 15. Lay then off the heavy clothes and come in bareness to the hidden place of the lord, where you will be purely covered by His waters. Those who do not have passion in the hidden and the mysteries of God will perish in the coming fire. They had no ice in their lanterns. 17. Preserve then your ice, so that the Lord will not come to you with the ban. 18. For quickly his wrath flames up to those who do not hang out with ice. The ice is then the jealousy of God. 19. And who thinks to have eaten true food. Let him come to the altar and eats the food of the Lord. 20. Ordain your huts then in the fear of the Lord.

9.

About bareness and covering

1. Everything comes on his time. The Lord is good. Let your wisdom then not destroy your heart, but give heed to the times of the Lord. Learn then to know the seasons and do not despise the balances. 2. Otherwise the Lord will come to you and say that you have eaten His Spirit. 3. Measure with good measure, and weigh with pure weights, otherwise the Lord will take the gear back, and you will be as naked in full city. 4. Blissful are those who are naked in the hidden, for they have the Spirit of the Lord as their covering. 5. You have also then several among you who claim to be Jewish, but they are not. Repent then of your works, and cling to the Lord. 6. Grumble and sulk not against each other, over which the judgement of the Lord falls. Who rages, rage in the Lord. 7. Do not judge each other, but put up with each others weaknesses. Do not let your tenacity be weak, but hang on to the Lord, who defines weakness and strength. 10. Those who have kept their eyes clean : The Lord will give you another eye, and plant it as a pearl of the Lord on your forehead. 11. Blissful are those who are full of eyes, for they watch over your soul. 12. To all who dwell in Rome : Feed the birds of heaven, for they have brought you food. 13. Feed those who hunger, for they might hunger about you. By doing this you will save your souls. 14. The Lord hate those who eat for themselves. Did the Lord not bring you food to send it to another ? Do not spoil your food to the world, for then the Lord will hit you with the ban for sure. 15. See then, the Judge of heaven stands at the door and knocks.

10.

The angel Troy

1. Holy, holy is the Lord who carries the saints, to the seas of Metensia. He gives her what is hers. He who thrones of the cherubs of the second, where seraphs go to His ark. 2. And no thrones, no authorities, no voices and no songs can separate you from the Lord who is Eternal. 3. He thrones on the Emelis Shatau, the nipple of grace, to all who gave Him grace. 4. Who has quenched His Spirit is not allowed to come to His throne. Stay then on the Emelis Shatau. 5. Stay solid and tight in His work, build His temple on the salvation and glory. His enormous grace is with those who gave grace. 6. But those who spoiled grace, are not allowed to come to His Holy mountain, for sin there is no grace. Virginal grace has been built on His work. 7. Grace is only a confirmation, as seals of the Emelis Shatau. Those who do not work have no part in the grace. They do not know it. 8. Those who twist grace, crash down from the mountains, from the Emelis Shatau. 9. Know then His angel Troy, with so many songs, on the Emelis Shatau. 10. The voices of lions, of kings and eagles come through her mouth, for God has built His violin and flute in her. 11. She who established the world through His Spirit, from the Emelis Shatau, as a catching net for the fishes who lived in darkness, she dragged them to the heaven, on the Emelis Shatau. 12. She who established the earth ground, the earth realm with all their kings. Their times were recorded in books, of the Emelis Shatau.

11.

The wisdom in the old

1. Oh Emelis Shatau, makes sinners quiet. You show Love to those who fear. 2. Places move under Your hand. Fishes bring the earth realm to understanding. 3. The folly of God is mystical, as seals on His wisdom and wilderness. 4. Oh Emelis Shatau, through which sinners get panicked. Her words quiver in the mouth of poets. No one holds her tight without trembling, only after times they become restful, when prayers have reached the depths of the Lord. 5. The mind is then in old books. Glory is still in old jars. Grace in the kettles of past times. 6. Know your road, on the Emelis Shatau, only those who are holy as pilgrim reach her clouds and her fogs. 7. The fog speaks in the thunder, fishes fall on the mind, to burn their ways through. The Lord catches them in snares of His land. 8. Where the earth is under mud, on the Emelis Shatau. 9. Violins weave the voices, on the Emelis Shatau. 10. Show grace to your sons. Tenderly their voices are quivering after, lightly their wrath flames up, on the Emelis Shatau. 11. Love goes on wings, leaving the Second Rome behind, with Greece under His feet, on the Emelis Shatau. 12. The moon as a hairy sack, the sun black and under copper, where golden chains buy them, who stand on the sledge of emerald. The purchasing power is of the Lord. Deal with Him. Buy eyesalve of pure stars, on the altar of your song of life. 13. He breaks the sun and the moon, and gives His prophets double sight. Let then your grace be doubles. Those who work will also reap. 14. yes, God will cast the sluggards in the outer darknesses, but cursed are those who burden those who are tired. 15. Are you tired, be then tired in the Lord.

12.

About complaining

1. Those who drink from the tea of Marion, and knowing the bonemarrow of the Lord. She made the bones stiff, on the Emelis Shatau. 2. Enter then in to His Grace and Love, all you workers of the Lord. Yes, also those who have worked in their sleep. The Lord cherishes sleepworkers. 3. Let no one regard small those who dream, for they will be called builders of the heavens and eternities. 4. Yes, the Lord will hit all those who despise the sleepworkers, and will not keep them innocent before his temples. 5. But blissful are those who offered a shelter to those who dreamt, for they will be called weavers of the Lord. 6. You who dreams are a child of Metensia. But when you dream, dream then in the Lord. 7. He who guards all hearts, will let you develop. 8. Those who drink from the tea of Marion, they go from strength to strength. The tiredness is as a friend to them, they made the bones of the Lord stiff. 9. Blissful are those who do not move, for they are builders of the Lord. 10. Let no one regard these children as small and blocking them from coming to the Lord, as for those is the paradise of the Lord. 11. Rest then from all your books, and focus your eye on the Lord, and He will give you the wings of paradise. 12. His eagles will educate you in your sleep, do not regard the

tiredness as small, as she is a guard of the Lord, established at the gates of your soul. 13. She is then the sleep of the Lord, the second soul. Those who do not sleep make sure that you will not lose her. 14. Do not mock those who sleep, and do not steal from them either, as then the Lord will take your soul away and give it to the wolves. 15. Those who can not sleep : You are blissful when you wake in the Lord. You are then as the flames who guard the grave of the lord. 16. The Lord will give you the eyes of eagles, and you have nothing to fear. 17. Keep then courage, you who can not sleep, for you are the candlesticks of the second church. 18. And you will be called wakers of the lord, guards of paradise. 19. You will go from rest to rest, and the Lord will reveal high words to you in the night. 20. Yes, the birds of heaven will come to you to educate you, and they will satisfy your soul and bring it to rest. 21. Do not despise the visions of the Lord then, and focus on His drunkenness. 22. For the Spirit of the Lord is drunkenness. And you will find drunkenness in old books, and not in strong drink. 23. You who are sick : Drink then from the tea of Marion. For the Lord has lended you special grace. 24. And when you are sick : Be sick in the Lord, so that you will not be counted among the sick of the world. 25. Carry your cross as a Holy artwork of the Lord, and do not let it be taken off before His time. You will then go from cross to cross, and from glory to glory. 26. carry also the cross of others, so that you form your artworks and letting them having part in the Pink Covenant. 27. This is then the mystery of Metensia and Her Second Word. 28. Let no one despise the Second Covenant, so that their part will not be taken away. For there is no other digestion but the Pink Covenant, and here the times of the Lord have been stored up, as treasures of fire. 29. And you already have her waves as the glue of the Lord in the depths and mysteries of your body. 30. Let those who are sick in the Lord and drink the tea of Marion rejoice themselves, for they are the fire of the Lord, bonding the hearts of the Kingdom. 31. Yes, they are the cords of paradise and her forecourts, to let children enter hand in hand. 32. Yes, they are the wings of the Lord, and the source of all His mysteries. 33. Don't grieve and lament then too much over your sickness, for they bring you to a hidden place of the Lord. And you will be of the Lord. 34. And to those who lament : When you lament, lament in the Lord, and you will be the sweeteners of children.

13.

God's being near to those who are sick

1. Do not think that the Lord has rejected you in your sickness. The Lord has sent His Word to you. And see, the Word of the Lord has become flesh among you. 2. Those who trust on the Lord Lord will not be put ashamed. 3. Put your trust then on Him, for He is softhearted of Spirit. 4. Find comfort in old books, and do not let yourself become frightened. Those who are in fear, are of the Lord. 5. The Lord Lord will awaken you in the youngest days, and you will be called children of God. 6. The Lord is graceful and softhearted to those who are sick. 7. You carry the yoke of the Lord, and you have no one to fear. 8. Keep

then good courage, for you will be called prophets of the Lord. The Lord is with those who are depressed and without courage. 9. For the Lord knows all, for he is the man of sorrows and sicknesses. 10. You follow then Jesus the Crucified, who knows all sicknesses. 11. Let those who are healthy ask themselves if they carry the cross of the lord. For the Lord defines what is sickness and and health. The health of the world is sicker than the sickness of God. 13. Those who carry the cross, have a doctor in house. 14. Blissful are those who are sick in the Lord, for they will see the Forest of the Lord, and the swans of heaven. 15. Blissful are those who go their death-road in the Lord, for they will see the artworks of heaven. 16. Double blissful are you who have come closer to the far forecoyrts of the Emelis Shatau, but when you come closer, come closer in the Lord, so that you will not be devoured by a fire. 17. Double blissful are you who know the treasures of Marion's house. Know then that not any mocker will inherit these things. They will receive the wages and judgement of pharisees. 18. If you want to be a pharisee or a mocker, be such things then in the Lord. 19. If you want to be a liar and a sorceror, a sluggard or a scrooge, be such things then in the Lord, so that He will give you small grace on the day of Judgement. But make sure that you will not fall in the fate of hypocrits, for it was better for them that they had not been born. 20. But also them, and you all, are instruments of the Lord.

Nothing outside the cross

21. Let your words then often be mystical, as when you speak to lovers between thousands of thistles. Because many among you have forgotten about this their faith has been shipwrecked. 22. Hang on to the ice and the silence. And do not defend yourself, beloved, for the Lord your God is your defense. 23. For all hate, disdain, and all false humility comes forth from defense. And the defense hates ice and the silence. Yes, such things do not have anything in common with the cross of Christ and the Second. 24. Learn then to hang on to the ice without the defense, and leave the defense to the Lord. The Lord will give you eagle-eyes to break the heathens down without fire. 25. Let no one think that there is any breaking outside the cross. 26. Lay then your thoughts silent in God.

14.

Do not be terrified

1. You who are terrified by humans and pharisees, and by those who preached the word : Let yourself not be terrified, for the Lord will give you His Fear, and this will be healing for your bones, for this is the leafage and herb of heaven. 2. Fear then not humans and their words, do not fear those who prophesy through the flesh, for the Lord Lord has bound their foreheads. 3. Let those who fear fear in the Lord. 4. Can you expect Godspeech from flesh ? Fear not those who are of the flesh, for you know where they will go. 5. And let those who do work not expect thanksgiving and honour from humans, for they are working among an evil generation. Your wages if of the lord. Do then your work as for the

Lord, and you will save your souls and bring it to blissfulness. 6. Do not hope on humans, for that is making your bones dry. Hope on God, for He will let Himself be known. You know then that the Lord Lord lets Himself be known in ice. Blissful are those who love the ice and the silence. 7. Come closer to the Ravalon Madok, where the house of the Lord is. And in His house there are many chambers, for the Father has prepared it. 8. Blissful are those who have the inflammations of the Lord. They are like the volcanoes of heaven and have many souls hidden. 9. You know that His nipples have come forth from inflammations, as sensitive places of the Lord. Very lightly His wrath flames up, and this has brought forth the Second Karazure. 10. See then, in the last of the days the white panther will mingle with the white tiger. And he will be the army-chief of the karazures.

15.

About justice and injustice

1. Call then, those who stand on holy mountains. Call and blow the trumpets. For the Lord Lord has descended to you, He and His tenthousands. 2. And he will lead you to a place named the second Armageddon, where the Lord and those who are His, battle on the Ravalon Madok. 3. Yes, there is battle-seed in copper helmets, and the Lord moves Himself as a chariot. 4. He will bind kings, and flames will be ignited in those who have the white robes. 5. He will lead you to the second Peniel and you will battle with the Lord. See then, the Lord Lord is one. 6. Know Him on all your roads, and wrestle with Him in prayer, so that you are one with the Lord. Only who carry His yoke and be hit by Him are of the Lord. 7. You will hate divorce, for the Lord hates it. Let then the bonds ravel out before the face of the Lord, for the Lord is who separates the positions. 8. Have you bonded before the state : Give the state what is of the state, and don't let yourself get separated again by the state. Why would you double the curse ? 9. The Lord carries the sword, and you shiver before the face of Eminius. 10. You who search justice at the judges of the world : Cursed are you, for you have made the hearts of your children bitter. The Lord is the One who carries justice. 11. Those who search justice at the judges of the world and those who hang on to divorce are not allowed to come in the church of the Lord. 12. A fire is waiting for them, burning in the second hell, which will be more terrible than the first. 13. Warn your children then and chastise them early, and know that this is a commandment of the Lord. 14. Those who suffer under the justice of the world : The injustice of the Lord is more just than the judges of the world. 15. And you will give heed to these words as to a lamp burning in the darkness, so that your souls will develop. 16. The Lord Lord mocks the deficient worldspirits, and makes them perish like flowers in burning storm. 17. Isn't it the Lord who lets kingdoms come up and lets them perish again ? Fear Him who carries the right to bend the earth and the heavens and everything which is there in. 18. Do you not know the difference between justice and injustice ? Let then go those who do not even know the difference

between their left and right hand. 19. Those who search justice, search justice in the Lord. But rather let yourself be beaten, for the chastisements of the Lord lead to bliss. 20. Are you then already without sin that you do not have to be beaten anymore ? Let then go all the selfpity and the false worries which destroy your soul and let you sit on the chair of Eli. 20. Search then for a good judge who will not spare your flesh, so that you will be delivered from yourselves. 22. Become then a second human, and let your mind become enlightened. 23. Grow then up before the Lord, to grow out of the reasonings of the young. Lay your thoughts silent in God. 24. You will laugh about the many wildernesses of youth, for they are like the winds of the demand. 25. And you know this demand as a child of the Lord, opening her mouth to the playing of the game. 26. Many winds you can not avoid, but the Lord will show you holes in His Forest, through which you can escape.

16.

The suffering of the young

1. By many tears you see the bottles of the Lord, and you who carry these bottles are older. 2. You who are young you have to suffer a lot, but watch yourself that you do not despise the suffering, so that it will not flee from you and you will starve. 3. Yes, for in the last of days many will search the death, that which they have mocked and despised so much, and they will not find her. 4. And then they will search the darkness, but it will flee from them in fear. 5. Yes, then you who were healthy beg to the Cross of Christ the Wild, but she will not let herself be known. 6. In those days the heavens will stay closed, and there will be a time of hunger. 7. And they will eat each other and persecute, those who have not eaten from the cross. 8. Be then as a disciple of the Second Christ, so that you will keep yourself virginal about these things. 9. The Lord will send the Karazure of the Second to you to guard your gates, and there will be light at your entry and exit. 10. Those who are disciples of the Second have received authority to become children of God. 11. Don't let yourself be devoured by the wildernesses of the first. You have grown after all. 12. Don't let yourself then be led to reasonings and battle about the baptisms, for the Second does not know any other baptism but the baptism of the Spirit. 13. If anyone wants to baptize his child for his conscience, do it then as in the Lord. If someone does not want to let his child be baptized, let it be, as in the Lord. 14. Let no one judge you about it. But those who have become grown they do not hang on to waterbaptisms anymore. 15. Know then that you cannot come to full growth when you still hang on to the waterbaptisms. Baptize yourself every day in the Spirit. 16. For these things are just shadows of the things which come. Come then to the waters of heaven and baptize yourself there over and over again, so that you will live for eternity in it and receive authority to find entry to the Forest of Heaven. 17. You who have been sprinkled as a child, let yourself be delivered. You who have been baptized as a grown-up, this was just the fear and demand of the times. You do not need a human to let yourself

be baptized, for the Lord baptized in Spirit, ice and fire. 18. You know that in earlier times they let their children and animals getting baptized in the fire of the earth, and later in the water of the earth. You will then baptize in the ice of the spirit. 19. Let those who still terrorize each other with the baptisms of the flesh know that over such things the wrath of the lord will come. 20. You who are young : Honour those who are older and use the altar in fear and trembling. 17.

Prescriptions and roads of life

1. The Lord loves the softhearted. Be then slow to judge, so that the Lord will not digest your soul. 2. The Lord hates the gatherings of mockers. They will be mocked themselves and the dogs will eat their flesh. 3. For you have to know very well that no mocker or adulterer will inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. Separate yourself from those who mock, so that you will not fall under the same judgement they are under. 4. Cursed are you who has a shelter for an adulterer, for they will be devoured together with the adulterer. 5. The Lord will not keep innocent him who takes an adulterer in house. 6. The Lord will make him into a mockery in open city, and will make him bare among the wolves. And his flesh will be eaten a threefold. 7. Blissful are those whose eyes are in the Lord, for they will close like ebb and flow. 8. Blissful are those who have given a cup of cold water to the prophets of God, and double blissful are those who have poured wine for the prophets of God. 8. For they will receive the wages of a prophet. Cursed are those who do not care about the prophets of God. 9. They will receive the wages of the second Izebel and Jom. 10. And those who complain : complain in the Lord. And some of you have been as angels in this. 11. Blissful are those who read from the scriptures of the Lord. Do then the Word of the Lord, so that He will not take you away and deliver you to deception. 12. Blissful are those who hunger for justice. They will not suffer damage from the fourth death. 13. Blissful are those who ponder for they will be saved from many sins. 14. Yes, they will come close to the forecourts of paradise, and the house of Marion. 15. Cursed are those who terrorize the prophets of God, for they will carry the yoke of the prophet. 16. The softhearted then will inherit the earth and guard her fruits. 17. They will lead the youth to insight and they will not die till in length of days. 18. Yes, for them is the region of peace. They will be called singers of lullabies. 19. Cursed are those women who take the insight of their men away, for their fruits will be eaten by dogs. 20. And see, they are then like the trees of satan, such women, and not far from being rooted out. 21. Let your lives then be like the Word of the Lord and the Second. 22. Cursed are those who cut off their beards without borderless. For this is known to the Lord as the slaying of an animal. 23. Yes, unholy priests they are, and the Lord will not count with them. 24. The beard is then the jewelry of the man, full of the cords of the animals of heaven. Cursed is then a prophet without beard, unless the Lord keeps him in a time of clearing. 25. Men, do not shave your chesthair, unless the Lord has

commanded that. Who lets hair grow and who shaves, do it in the Lord. Who then despises a man for his hair or baldness, the Lord will punish you. You are equal to one who eats flesh. 27. Who then a woman despises for her baldness, it is better that a millstone be tied around the neck of such a mocker. 28. Who are you to judge someone's hairgrowth or baldness ? Is that not up to the Lord ? The Lord then sees the heart. 29. You will chastise heavily a child who mocks an old man, for this wound reaches to his soul. 30. You will isolate this child for a while and not allowing him to enter gatherings of his age. 31. Yes, you will mock this child with the double measure, so that his bad habit of mocking will be corrected. 32. Parents who do not chastise their mocking children will come under a strict judgement of the Lord. 33. Those who condemn chastising parents, the fire of the second hell waits for them. 34. Ongraceful will be the judgement on such. 35. Do not mock those who are thick or thin, tall or short, for such mockers are not allowed in the church of the Lord. 36. Do not hinder each other to enter the gates of the spirit. 37. You do not have any idea what thick or thin is, for your eyes are blinded. Search then for the eye of the Lord. 38. For the thick of God is thicker than that which is in the world, and the thin of God is thinner than the reed of the rivers. 39. He who does not count with these things, with them will not be counted. 40. You then who are in the Lord, you have come closer to the thick of God by Spricht. 41. Those then who use their eyes to abuse others, the Lord will pull out such eyes.

18.

Be then like the animals

1. Dress soberly before the face of the Lord, equal to nature, with an eye on the poor. Unless you have gotten other prescriptions from the Lord about it. 2. The Lord has given his prophets spirits of freedom. Do not let yourself be bound. 3. Whatever way you dress yourself : Do it in the Lord. 4. The Lord loves the clothings of foreigners for they are preparing the way of the lord. 5. The Lord doesn't care about clothing, for it turns the senses away from the Second Christ. 6. See then the bareness of nature and it's coverings, and separate yourselves. 7. Do not boast with your bodies, for they are bodies of death under the old and first covenant. Put then on the second, and the lord will change your flesh. When you glorify, glorify in the Lord. 8. Didn't nature then give you enough lusts ? Be like the animals and keep yourself pure. 9. Learn to know the animals of God, so that you will fulfil the law. 10. When you are either bare or dressed, do it in the Lord. The Lord Lord is a digesting fire. 11. Search your coverings in the Lord and do not be impure. Read in old books to know the mysteries of the Lord. 12. The Lord has hidden much in old treasures. Do not waste your time with impurity. 13. Let your wounds satisfy you, so that you will receive tender, delicate wings of the Lord. 14. You who knows the Lord, you will be bare for awhile, but these days are like the coverings of the Lord. 15. Learn then to know his secrets. What is bareness and covering is defined by

the Lord. 16. The bare of God is your covering. The feathers of the Lord are then his bareness. Blissful are those who carry these.

19.

The angel Rumah

1. You have not laid down yet the sin which stand so lightly in the way. 2. And these sins are like sons of an old time. Put then on the Spirit of the Lord and cling to the spirits of god, so that you receive the sons of joy and holiness. 3. There are then no fruits without the bareness of the lord. 4. And you have to strive after it as after gold cleared in light. 5. The impure of the Lord is then purer than the humans. But the Lord of your souls did not destine you to impurity, but to clear purity. 6. And you have to give heed to it as to the snow of the lord, which has made some of those who were in darkness whiter than the white of the sun. 7. You then who do not know the ice of the Lord, how can you know the snow ? 8. Let those who adorn themselves, adorn themselves in the Lord. 9. And only those who are prophets of the Lord are allowed to adorn themselves. Either to destroy or to build up. 10. Let your jewelry then be inside. The silence of a woman is her jewelry, and those who have tears and with that having the tears of the prophets, have the snow of God as jewelry. 11. Yes, they are like the second Pazzia before the Lord, as the holy Magdalene. 12. Yes, over such waked the angel Sarsia with her tenthousands. 13. They are educated and instructed by the angel Rumah, who carries the fear of the prophets. 14. Holy women they are, and the creation of the lord waits in great intense pains of childbirth and an oustretching longing for the revelation and manifestation of the daughters of God. But those who do not know the ice of the Lord do not have part in any way in this case and her races. 16. Know then the tree of God burning in heaven, for her fruits fall on the earth to scorch the fallen. 17. And their ashes will be like oil and foam in the jewelry of the prophets. This speaks he who has the face as of a fire flame.

20.

The Wild of God and the Freedom

1. Know then that at the end of times there will come mockers, to mock the holiness. And those of the inquisition will stand up in the last of days and they will have many martyrs. 2. Take then good care for they are having the second mark of the beast. 3. But the Lord will guard your heads, you who have come closer to Him. 4. Do not fight too much against the stones of the Lord, but you do this because of your youngness. 5. When you become older you will rest in these things. 6. Know then that the angel Rumah leads and guards the children and she holds the times of the Lord in her hand. Yes, she is an engel of the Lord. 7. She is who guided the planets in their orbits, and she will let you go from year to year. 8. Yes, she is the guard of the seasons of the Lord, and she blesses and brings to rest those who are older. 9. Yes, you are also on your way to the shelters of rest, for the youth is hard and wild. 10. But you also know

that the wild of God is wilder than the world, and the hard of God is harder. 11. So is He then the stone of bliss, and He also sent you his goat of bliss. 12. And He has hit milk out of the rock, to overflowing. 13. The Lord Lord has not left you alone as orphans, but He led you from milk to milk. 14. Now, with the years, you have come to the Matadok, in which he has prepared rest. 15. Battle then to enter in, but do now work with the elbows, and do not despise the nestling. 16. Be then as birds of heaven, giving heed to the seasons of the Lord. Teach each other there in and let each other free. This is also bonded to the ice of the Lord and His commandment. 17. Let then the chains run, so that you will not be under pressure. 18. The Lord has given you the force to forget things and to revise things. So there are then many languages of the Lord. 19. You do well to learn the languages of the humans and the languages of angels. Do not cling too much to one thing, but learn to understand the hearts. The Lord has many cords. 22. Serve then the Lord in the Spirit of Freedom, and serve each other there in. 23. The Word knows then many provinces.

21.

About young and old prophets

1. Give much time to translating, so that you will fulfil the commandments of the apostles and quench the fights. 2. You have then received a flame of the lord before his face, to hear him. 3. Do not despise the wild and the folly of the young prophet, but bring them to rest so that they will save you. 4. Do not keep away insight from them, and translate their words as Word of the Lord. 5. Release them from their chains, but teach them also about the yoke. They then carry the yoke of the prophets and the animals. 6. Give them ice and fire, but do not leave the fire out of it, so that they will not get bitter to you. 7. Do not humiliate them and do not put them to shame, so that they will not harvest irritations about you and leave you in your older days. 8. The Lord Lord is a digesting fire. The Lord is also revengeful to those who have harmed the prophets in their younger years. 9. Let then old prophets be familiar with wounds and carefulness, and those who search the things of the spirit, let them guard the young prophets. 10. Know then that this is a commandment of the Lord. 11. Blissful are then the older prophets who are wild and folly, for they will be called servants of the Lord, and carry His feathers. 12. Yes, for the wildness and folly of the prophets are their jewelry, if they come from the hidden and return there. They will be like ebb and flow of the Lord. 13. And with this jewelry they have great force over the demons of the second, and the force to know the Lord in all things. 14. Yes, and the karazure will roar to these and serve them. Let then the ice and the silence be as your jewelry, so that the shells of the spirit can come and you won't be gnawed at, for the Lord Lord is as a predator. 15. You then all who live in purity have the Second Blood as your covering, so that the Lord will not wrath against you. 16. Revise then your old thoughts, and let them become grown so that the Lord will not come to take the Second away from you. 17. Do not complain about those in ice. If they are

either in fire or ice, that is up to the Lord. 18. His coldness is then hotter than the fire of man, and His heat is colder than the icycles of the earth. 19. There is no end to the number of laws, but a spiritual fighter with guile reaches till the Karazure. 20. You may know the saying : Roses blacked till the Aakse are indestructible. But not all roses have been blacked till the Aakse, and they are already lost.

Stone of the Hermitates

Hermitates

1.

Rapunzel

1. Burning blackberry bushes are in the land of the Lords. Let me sleep, let me glide away. I don't want to speak, my words hurt me.
2. Please do not touch me anymore, it burns me and cuts me. Burning blackberries are in the land of the Lords.
3. Let me sleep, don't let them take me away. I can't handle life. It comes over me like death. They have sent the beasts of life to me, and I do not want to be dead as well. I prefer Golgotha Calvary. Where the doors are small, to the fields of Spricht.
4. They ride the sharks there. They feed me to the nightlatin, to the mystical of the Lords. I want to know His name, where do I come from ? Who are then Gods fathers, or doesn't He have them, and who are then his mothers to who he came with his hurt.
5. He gave to his son the crown of thorns , as a heritage of His mother. Like a lighting child I was. Now I am heavy and tired. I am on a travel, a mystical journey, to the birds who created Him.

6. Or did He create himself. Where did He come from ? There are so many questions in love.

7. Please, show me the road, show me a cord. The old roads are blocked here, forbidden by some. Lord, punish them who established the canon, who made cages for your sheep.

8. Those who followed the herder for the meat, punish them, don't let them get away with it. They hid your name. They have created the fence of ages. They who still eat flesh try to block these histories in their fears.

9. You who eat the cow, you eat the motherheaven. Don't you know that animals preach Gods mysteries ? His mother was like the cow. Why would you close those heavens ? You who eat the pig, you eat the fatherheaven.

10. Why would you follow the woman of the catlikes and her sons ?

11. Seven sons I gave to you, seven sons I brought as the growth of love, because you have loved me. Seven sons I have given you, seven sons I brought as the fruit of the embrace, which you have to me.

12. Come, let us dance in the pastures, where a lost road will lead us.

13. Come let us dance in the fields, in the wildernesses, don't let your thorns block you. Don't let your thorns block you to taste the bliss.

14. They sting me deep to open wells of honey. Seven sons I gave to you.

15. At the old window I stand, cracks in the walls. Could I just reach to the moon and the stars like the birds of heaven. And under this fire, it burns me away.

16. Through ditches I have stumbled to find your hand. Come let us go away now, or I can't anymore.

17. Come let us go, we have been here for too long. Now it's time to embrace, and to fly away together.

18. Over the fence of ages, over the doghedge, there where Moses still suffers, and the nation is still in slavery.

19. We are free now, let those who can follow follow me. Rapunzel, locked up in the tower for so long.

20. Your hair now long enough, to touch the bottom. I pull myself up on you. But when I came above, you had died already.

21. Your hair was grey, and depraved. Now I stood there alone, there in that high tower, my beard started to grow, and I had to wait like an age. Those who will pull themselves up on my beard, will find me dead.

22. The story of two lovers, we only find each other in death. You were the one who found my beard there, Rapunzel, that was you.

23. I have been stung by thousand roses, they brought me to a pasture of love, where cows bloomed at the trees, in Brannan they were. I can't eat anymore, nor sleep, they intoxicated me.

24. Oh roots of grace, they reach deep to put sinners ashame. Grace is only for the pure of heart, those who have purified their hearts.

25. Oh, roots of grace, they reach deep to ashame liars. They are only for those who are just.

2.

The Cure of Izu

1. And I saw a statue falling from the heavens, and the statue crept slowly up as against a mountain. And the statue stood up and got great power. And the statue had toes made of different sorts of gems and metals.

2. And I saw books opening in the heaven and the toes of stones and metals began to break off one by one.

3. And when the first toe of stone and metal had broken off I saw a door opening in the heaven, and on this door it was written : Brannan.

4. And the flies of heaven came to the earth to sting those who ate cows. And big bumps appeared on those who did not repent.

5. And when the second toe of stones and metals had broken off I saw another door opening in the heaven, and on this door it was written : Lapondria.

6. And the Lord spoke : Now the Karazure will come to the earth, the wasps of heaven. And I saw those who ate pigs becoming fire red, and those who didn't repent got big inflammations everywhere.

7. And the Lord spoke : the light has now come to the earth. Woe them who still eat of the flesh when the third door will open.

8. And I saw the third toe of stones and metal break off, and this toe was very huge, and began to roar to the heavens.

9. And the saints in these days had to bear many tribulations because of the roaring.

10. And the Lord sent his angel and spoke : let then now the third door be opened. And I saw a huge door getting opened, and her light shone to the deepest of the earth. And I saw a book of ice appearing before the gate, and the light was like the silver.

11. And the Lord spoke : Now is the moment Izu will get cured. And He spoke about the nipple of the Lord. And milk began to stream and this milk was sweet.

12. And on the door it was written : The Great Canaan. And the Lord directed Himself to the Small Canaan, and they wore high purple hats. And the Lord spoke : See, you have become one with the merchants of the earth. And I saw a fourth toe breaking off, and this toe was like flesh, and she had many weapons. And the Lord spoke : See, she has brought damage to the plantlife.

13. And the toe started to burn and began to scream against the saints and the prophets.

14. And the Lord sent an apostle of heaven, and his power was great. And see, the toe was like a woman, and the apostle began to speak to her, thousand and sixtythree days.

15. And under the covenant of Hosea he came to her and she gave birth to a book of intoxication and ice. And from the book wine began to stream and many came to rest and intoxication.

16. And the Lord cured many hearts.

Izu becoming Big

17. And the Lord brought up an army of prophets in great pains of childbirth and made them big, and He gave birth, saying : Let then the male principle be fertile.

18. And the Lord began to sift the army of prophets, for those who didn't want to be like the children were not allowed to enter the fellowship with the Lord.

19. And the Lord started to lay punishments on those who ate chickens, and a fourth door was opened in the heaven.

20. And those of the Karazure began to devour those who had not repented from the eating of chickens.

21. And these were the days of Lapsalvania, and these days were big. In these days the flies of hell rose in revolt at the spiders of heaven, but Izu began to become big.

22. And in those days there was a shelter in Izu, and the disciples of the Lord began to bear His nipples to supply the nation with milk of the heaven. And this milk was sweet.

23. And Izu got a heavy cup which could only be carried by him, and a staff which only he could carry. And he began to feed the nations and to beat them.
24. And the chickens of the heavens came to the earth, and they spoke : 'Yes, Eminius is truly great.'
25. And the Lord blessed Izu, while the fifth toe of the statue began to break off. And cold came to the earth, in sevenfold, and the toe became as a woman.
26. And again the Lord sent an apostle of the heaven, to come to her in the covenant of Hosea.
27. And great tribulations came to the earth. And many went into captivity, but Kabbernal began to guard the saints, and became flesh.
28. And a fifth door got opened in th heaven, named the blue fire, and this fire was as the burning ice, and become as a sun.
29. And the seals of the dogs were broken, threehundred and sixty in number.
30. And a statue appeared in the heaven, and she bore a beak as the toe of birds, and the head of the statue looked like a spider.
31. And the Lord spoke : 'This is the sixth toe, and this toe is holy.'
32. And I saw the statue which had fallen out of the heavens and had rissen again, and it was stumbling. And the name of the holy toe of the birds was Perlottia, and she led a crowd of winged insects who began to eat the statue of the earth, while it started to crash down.
33. And the meal took seven full days.
- 3.

The Ships of the World

1. Let the large Metensia lead you then to the ship of the love. Then you will reach the heavengates of Kabbernal through sailing the waters of flowers.
2. Oh you, who reached the world ships, and the ship of Metensia, let her guide your winds.
3. Fear not the storms of the districts, because they will leave your jewels burning as candlesticks in the night.
4. Beg then passionately for gods tears, as honey for your boats.
5. And her hair will flame of anaesthesia, and you will see her sealed tears. Let her tears make you drunk, so that you bring comfort to her heart.

6. Don't quench her flame then, but break the seals of the waters.
7. And always higher her voice sounds, as she ascends on the mount, and her nightdress covers the waters, for the quiet nightlatin.
8. Her lullabies bring anaesthesia to the hearts, and brings the waters to silence.
9. In her tears the holy seed trembles, cloaked by her love.
10. Sharp arrows are on her bow, by wounds they find their way, to make paths in darkness.
11. Glorious are those who have approached her tears, her seven spirits.
12. And the lights of Spricht radiate in her tears.
13. Her mouths have been sealed. Let them speak. She brings sweet words and sweet wine, to bring anaesthesia to the hearts, to bring healing to those who are intoxicated.
14. Let her knowledge be your jewel, and let her wisdom wrap you. She has lightning in her eyes, with the snow as her mantle.

4.

Metensia, Spirit of God

1. And let her voices be high, like the voices of the ukalien, the spirits and arxels of Kabbernal.
2. And let the ukalien bring her praise and wrap her.
3. Oh, let Metensia rise to the last heavens to fulfil her work.
4. Let her knowledge be intoxication, and her transparent dresses lead foreigners.
5. Let them bring her to the most holy as burning soft oil.
6. The most holy be like silver to you, purifying the hidden corners of the heart.
7. And in the flame of the lamp of oil ukalien come forward to fill the most holy and to purify it, as a present of the Lord.
8. And you will put the instruments of the Lord apart, to purify it in fire.
9. And Metensia will be His Spirit.
10. Let her words purify you then, so that you will be led by the flames of the ukalien to the new tabernacle.
11. And you will discover a void in you, and there you will see the Lord.
12. And the void will speak to you as to sons, and you will see the new heart, with the tables of Kabbernal.

13. You have come then to a purifying fire. Make yourself up then to receive the Eternal Spirit, with the ice that which burns for eternity.

14. You haven't battle against the sin to bleeding. You also don't bear Metensia's wounds in your heart yet.

15. Separate yourself from the generation of evul, so that you will not fade away under her hammerstrikes like a rose.

16. Make yourself up then to come to her holy mountain, and to see the light of her heart.

17. In pure warfare you will receive her Spirit. Battle then to flee from her wrath, then you will stand with her at the kettle of her wrath.

5.

The Eternal Spirit

1. In words of fire we have loved her, and with precious stones we have clothed her.

2. The hearts of the ukalien have wrapped her in the hour of death.

3. They have lightened her heart in her motherscream.

4. Be then like the ukalien. Oh sons of Kabbernal, make then your hearts ready.

5. Let then the Word of the Spirit come to size in you and become as flesh.

6. For in the beginning when the Spirits of God came together, the mystery of the Lord was revealed, and he was like a child to silence older ones.

7. Recognize then the wisdom of the Lord, for He is the Soul of the Spirit.

8. And recognize then that He has poured out His Holy Spirit, to the end of times.

9. Watch the wisdom of the Lord, for his mystery is big.

10. A tight and pure part He will create in your innermost being.

11. In the beginning the Eternal Spirit soared above the waters and the directions of the wind of heaven.

12. Like a hen he has brooded you.

13. And where ukalien worship him, oh sons of Kabbernal, you will also be filled by His Spirit.

14. And they have no rest day nor night, for their eyes are focussed on His Face for eternity.

15. They are the visions of God who will become flesh at the end of the days.

16. Let then no one make you miss the prize by endless honourings and praises, but become like the Statue of God and like his holy ukalien.

17. Be then like the angels of heaven and walk with them. Then you will fulfil the law, and you will be a child of the Lord.

18. In the hour of death you have loved your queen. Be then of courage and repeat her laws many times, to all eternities, to receive her eternal spirit.

19. Don't lose courage, you small children, for they who hold tight will be like the trees of heaven.

20. Believe then that the Eternal Spirit has come to you, and it will be done.

21. Believe then that he will purify you, and it will be like your faith.

22. And who believes then that the Eternal Spirit has rescued and preserved him to all eternities, will not suffer damage from the fourth death.

23. And the Spirits of God gave birth to the Eternal Spirit of the Lord on His day.

24. Let then no one go away from his destiny anymore.

25. And the voids have brought the cure.

6. *The Soul of the Lord*

1. And the eternal word came to me, and the eternal soul, and in me there was poured out an eternal spirit.

2. And the Lord confirmed his Spirit.

3. And in the evening coolness He came to me and showed me the Spirit of all Eternities.

4. And a torrent as of fire started to clothe my chestframe and flashes of lightening served me.

5. And the Spirit was like a tree full of eyes, having no rest day nor night, and the Lord spoke these words : 'Blessed are those who live in the temple.' And I saw a tree of nipples coming forth from the moss to devour the tree of eyes. And the Lord spoke : 'Now it is the time that the Spirit battles against the eternities, and He will overcome.'

6. And the Lord spoke about the throne who was established over all eternities, and this was the Soul of the Lord. 7. Let then the Soul of the Lord fill you, and you will be called anfitate.

8. Let then the army of anfitates rejoice as with a birth.

9. And as a burning heart-oven and the zooming of heaven the day will come, that the Soul of the Lord will fill the bottom and the surfaces of the earth.
10. And the holy flesh will burn like the nipple and she will watch a new day.
11. Yes, the Double Lord will put a heart of holy flesh in your innermost being.
12. And her eyes will come to rest, to watch holy days.
13. See then, the days of Metensia are near.
14. Her temple-brooks will stream and they will fill the land.
15. Let the trees rise up then in your hearts, then you will fulfil the law.
16. Your eye will watch a new day. Let she who guards the hearts be your guide.
17. And a new morning will lighten your heart, and the iron ties around your heads will be taken off.
18. So it will be that the Soul of the Lord is as rider on his horse, to lead the saints to the wells of all eternities.
19. And they will find rest in eternal fields, where all tears will be removed.
- 7.

The Second Hell

1. Second Metensia, mighty love, wide jaw, flaming roses throught the dark wood. Second Metensia, hair full of Love, hair full of gold, wearing an apron full of pink fragilities, full of tenderness.
2. Windows where clouds are behind, the dark hand takes me away to a bitter land. There is no escape possible, life has taken it, where kings stand they can do nothing. She has bound hands.
3. Dark metensia, dark song, searching for us in huge sadness, waving hair, dreams of gold, deep thirst in the depth of the wood. Metensia, my powers have run out, Spirit of God, is this my fate. Who then has hurt me so.
4. A dark hand took my love away. Who has done it. Or is it you Lord, with unintelligible water through my tears, taking my last pearl with you.
5. I have lost everything, please, wash me quickly, then it is over. Spirit of Metensia, Spirit of second Love, I do not pray anymore, my tears hurt me. I am like muted, like a blind person I walk on the road, no breath, bound, and almost deaf.

6. I do not pray anymore, I can't anymore, my words are stuck, my head cut off, my beard worn off. I can't call anymore for a long time, and thinking is a too big task. I sink down deeper and deeper, to be in fire, everything is unpure.

7. Let me sail away, let me perish. I have lost courage, I can't handle it anymore. Butterflies of heaven, too far gone, I cannot touch them, and they don't touch me, I do not believe in love anymore.

8. There above they have it all fine, I think in my pain and rejection. Everything hurts, even that which is still around.

9. I can't bear any voice anymore, the lights hurt my eyes. I am like blind and almost deaf, I cannot bear anything, no voice, no soft hand, everything is unpure, and everything hurts.

10. Second Metensia, where do I live for, I have lost all hope, everything is in vain, ending in battle. We receive to lose it again, where does this end, is this the second hell.

8.

Without hope, still rescued

1. Second Metensia, we all go through the second hell, left alone by you, oh Spirit of God, you purify us in your fire. Everything is unpure, everything is depraved, how blind we are, You see it every morning. Oh, Spirit of Metensia, have mercy with us. We tread your creation down, we created the memory as a trauma in the forest.

2. Spirit of Metensia, there is no hope for us anymore. We have sinned, You Spirit has left us.

3. Eternal ruins you have left to us. From the book of heritages you have erased us, and still You love us, still you hold us dear.

4. Spirit of Metensia, grace be with you, through thorns you watch roses, you still keep on believing in us, for weren't we like orphans, in ignorance we sinned against You.

5. That's why You have forgiven us, and you have woven pure clothes for us, in the sweet wood you gave us a place.

6. Deception on deception came to us, and we haven't heard Your voice, delivered to the caverns of the second hell, our souls unlightened, you broke our strings one by one, you punished in your love, we didn't dare to move.

7. After great grief, we bathed then in your love, forever in the fountain of loving, you flew over forests to prepare a place for those whose hearts had gone astray, you didn't forget anyone, you let them return. Tender wine, sweet apple, grace is with you.

9. Pure Heart

1. Cool love, moonshine, I can't go anywhere. Your Spirit has surrounded me, the second Metensia. Father found me in his love, I didn't know where I had to go.

2. His Hands carried me, to very close to Your heart, soft flame, shining fire.

3. Everything woven through your love, also my sins, you brought them into your work. You know how to forgive, you know how to weave. Nothing is then impossible for you.

4. You can use everything, also my fallen nature to You, Lord, how many tears did I bring You, and where have you brought me to.

5. Second Metensia, heart of sweet love, source of tenderness, how much have I hurt you.

6. I don't want to live with it, my conscience devours me, return to me. Lord, I lived in ignorance, my sin I didn't mean it, my dark heart let me think something totally different. Now you have broken it, the line between you and me, and I can only hope.

7. Where do I have to go without Your Spirit, I have always been pure. Never I have sworn you off, please don't leave me alone.

8. The sin I did in ignorance, not knowing that your Spirit was in wrath about it. I was young, not knowing the difference between right and wrong.

9. I thought I served you, but I served the darkness. That cloak I have thrown off, I have always been pure, You who knows all hearts, you have to know this as well.

10. Do you not know my tears, there is still so much time for You and me together. Let us forget about everything and make a new beginning.

11. I was too young to understand everything well. Now I am old enough to hear well. Please, never let me go again.

10.

To take nothing away

1. Let the things stay here, in this house of silence. We don't have the need, that someone takes them away. Look at those wounds, and those sins, revealing the wisdoms of God, look at those loves, look at that glory, they hold everything tight what we need.

2. Let the things stay here then, we will stumble with it. No, don't deliver us, these are the thorns in the flesh. That what you call sin, isn't that the right thing ?
3. And that right thing of you, isn't that a sin ? Let the things stay then, we don't have the need that a human helps us.
4. We have the Lord, and we are of the Lord, make therefore some space free. We want some space to talk, some space to live, more we do not ask. We have no need for vain speeches, for fables and piety, we just follow the Lord, like you do. Believe what you believe, we believe this.
5. We don't want to battle about it. We take the right in our hands for ourselves, you do that for yourself. Here our roads separate. Never come back.
6. Encounter is only in the Lord. Farewell for now. I can't believe you. I won't dream of you, nor think of you, give us our knowledge back. You have hurt us too much, would you add something more to it ?
7. Under the Karazure we are. Will you strike again, like you have done, you will regret it. When you long for your conscience to prick you, rise up then. We won't battle for it, the Karazure is enough for us.

The Karazure

8. And when you battle, battle in the Karazure. And when you rejoice, rejoice in the Karazure. They won't give you ever too much to suffer. Let the things stand here, in this house of silence. Take your cross upon you, and come to the next room.
9. You really cannot take anything with you but your cross. But at the entrance of the next room, you will have to deliver it back again as well, and your new house is ready when you have entered through the door, you of the Karazure. The new house, is also a new cross.
10. Everything is inside already. Believe me, don't come too close, for then you will regret it. The Double Lord is a consuming fire. Bear in your ability, and stay away from things. Learn to pray, don't break bones, have faith and love each other again.
11. And when you battle, battle in the Karazure, and when you leave things alone, stay in the Karazure. There is nothing which can stop you now, when you live in the Karazure, and you don't have to complain then, experience it, in this holy hour.
12. Children defeated in their hearts, through the barren dust of the past. Children here full of tears, often avoided by their age. They had rest nowhere, they found love nowhere. Friends betrayed them, but now they are with the Karazure.

13. Here is Love, here is attention. It doesn't have to be every time, when they sleep, others are the guardians on their post, there where silence rules, the second silence. Let the things stand there in the second house of silence, let the wet be dried, under her sun.

14. Have love among each other, and dry each others tears, like the sun of Metensia, at the hearts of the Karazure. Believe in each other, she has chosen you. Let the ropes lead you then, to the new city.

15. Don't fear the darkness, but fear the Lord. See, the Karazure has come to you, bearing the Sword of the new hour.

11.

1. Book to open the sealed thunderstrikes. You have then heard of the thunderstrikes already, but you have not understood it. There are seven mysteries before God's Throne, about which should not be spoken, and that was why the Lord sealed those till the endtime. 2. For in the last of days the books are opened, and you will see the light of doves float down. 3. And He spoke then : Open now the seal of the first thunderstrike seen by John. And I saw a bird floating down from heaven, and the bird became very great. And she carried the first thunderstrike in a bowl as the appearance of an angel. 4. And I was hit down by a fist of wind, and I got a vision of the Lord about the three crosses of Golgotha. 5. And one of the reavers had comforted Jesus there, and Jesus spoke to him the words that he would be in paradise with him at present. And this is then the greatest mystery of the lord, that he had sent his angel to comfort the Lord at the cross. 6. And this angel became flesh, stole of the rich and brought it to the poor, and committed crimes to those who did massive injustice and terrorized many. And so this had to stay hidden to the last of days. 7. The Christ always had a hidden comfort, and that name was great, for Renok was as the angel of the Lord, as the hidden of God and the hidden Son. 8. So he was like a brother of Christ, to comfort and make blissful those who came to the hidden. And so he was then the soft rage of God, and His hidden rage, as the heart of God. 9. And Renok wasn't raised, for he had to stay hidden till the end of times. Blissful are those who have come to Renok and to His cross.

10. And the Lord spoke then : Open now for me the second thunderstrike by breaking it's seal. And I saw a lion descending from heaven, and his power was great. 11. And this lion carried the mystical of the Lord as clothes and rags around him. And these clothes had been torn and sewn again. And the lion started to roar and many fell dead on earth. 12. And I saw a goat appearing in

open heavens, and he carried the dead, and his appearance was very terrible. And the Lord spoke : Renok will be the second Christ, who was hidden till this day. 13. And the goat started to move wildly and spin, and his eyes were white. And the Lord spoke : Now I will reveal, those angels and spirits, those heavens and hidden places, which have always been hidden in Renok to stay secret till this day. 14. And I saw another angel who was called Sarsia, but wasn't the Sarsia I knew. And she had many hidden places in her, and she was as the waters of the hidden and dark heavens. 15. And then the Lord spoke : Open now for me the third seal of the third thunderstrike and speak what you see in it. And fiery stings came to my head which turned into water. 16. And this water was hard and white and began to fizz. And I saw the staff of Renok rise up and he pointed at the lands of the red indians. 17. And the staff spoke : 'Blissful are those who come to Brannan.' And I saw Brannan becoming big for the Lord, and the lands of the red indians were torn. 18. And I heard weeping in heaven, for many days long, and the weeping was like the weeping of cats. And the staff spoke : Sevenfolded I will have to tear the lands of the red indians, so that it becomes pure before the Lord. And I saw Renok spitting on the torn lands, and a new tribe came forward. And they did not know the works of the old, but they were full of the Spirit. And they came to Renok, and brought him his beard back. And many other things they brought to restoration. 20. And Renok spoke : This is my holy tribe, and they will be of the Lord. And to Renok many comfort was brought, for He had brought so much comfort to the Lord. And from that day Renok was called the Comforter, of which the Lord had prophesied, and promised to all those who loved Him. 21. And to Renok much honour was brought, for he had hidden himself so long as a hidden guard of the Lord, who was crucified together with His Lord. So it is that they who have let themselves be crucified with the Lord brought Him much honour. 12.

1. And then the Lord opened the seal of the fourth thunderstrike, and there was a silence in heaven for a long time. If this silence took days or hours I did not know, as I had lost my sense of time. 2. And insects came out of the mouth of Renok, and they flew to the torn lands of the red indians and the new tribe, and they divided the tribe into ten tribes. And again Renok spat over them. 3. And there came a big rest to the ten tribes. And they carried the teeth of the Lord. And the first tribe of Renok was called Sinsabeine, and she was as the child of the horned snakes. And she was the daughter of Renok, carrying the cleared ice and the sweet. And the second tribe was called Abdal, and this was as the child of monkeys and oxes. 4. And Abdal became big before the eye of the lord, and brought much comfort. And he was called the child of comfort. And with

Maasdo he went to restore Kabbernal. And like this Abdal, Maasdo and Kabbernal were big jewelry for the Lord, and they brought forth the worldships. 5. And the third tribe was called Tamille, and she was as the rat-child, and she became big for the eye of the Lord, and brought healing to many hearts. And the fourth tribe was called Tabulle, and she was as the child of the ravens. And she was bestowed with big wisdom and the force to clear the sweet and making it holy before the Lord. 6. And to her the Marion was given as a treasure, and with that she led her brothers and sisters in peace before the face of the Lord, and she was the joy of Renok. And the fifth tribe was called Sartarus, wearing many crowns. 7. To these many brocades and nightlatins came as the jewelry of heaven, and of the Lord. And the sixth tribe was called Akra, and she got much force over the stars, and was established to clear the soft. And she became big in the name of the Lord, and was like the fruit of Renok. 8. And Zoekru grew up before the face of the Lord, the seventh tribe, and she reigned over the thin and the thick, and had power to clear it. yes, she also had big force over fire, and could let it come down whenever she wanted, to do her works. 9. And so was then Sartarus Akra Zoekru as the Lord of darkness, established as jewelry of Sarsia of Renok. And the eighth tribe was like the Vatex of the Lord, and it was white, like a big white fire, and she was called Lakus, and carried the keys of the mysteries. 10. And to her the Esmeralda was given like a flowerdress, transparent of gleam, and she had many collars and openings. Yes, she the force over the locks of the Lord which were like lullabies in the night. 11. And Lakus became big for the Lord, and followed her father. And she was called the Imitator of Her Father. And she was the closest to her father's heart of all. 12. And the ninth tribe of Renok was named Oko, and he was like the rivers in their force. He was called the roaring lion of his father. And the tenth tribe was called Elma, and she guarded the animals of her father. 13. She was good for the orphans and widows and brought rest to her father, clearing his fires. 14. And then the Lord roared to open the seal of the fifth thunderstrike. And the flower-seas opened, and stories of the past were fished up, and they adorned each other with it. The animals of heaven began to appear, and Renok opened His temple. 15. And like this He became an Eternal Gospel, for He was the Comforter of the Lord, and the Hidden Son. And he gave force to all who accepted Him to become children of God. And like this the Gospel of Renok was preached to the whole earth. And His disciples spoke as the panther. And ice flew forth from the second Word, for it was the Word of Renok.

1. And the Lord took the seal of the sixth thunderstrike and she was like the burning lokogame. And the Lord bowed his head and told to his disciples about the judaskiss as about the heaviest suffering of Christ. He also told about the blindfold of Christ, the rag over his head, after which he was hit in the face and he was forced to prophesy who had hit Him. And the Lord told about the three scornrobes : the imperial scornrobe which He got at Herodus, and the scarlet scornrobe and the pupure scornrobe which he got at Pilaty. And this place was called Gabbatha. And the imperial scornrobe which Herodus put on Him made Him full of warlust when he descended in the netherworld. Yes, as a rebel he came to the underworld, to deliver prisoners, and to take captives of war with him. But this he did by the weapons of suffering, and by the wheel. Like this he descended in the netherworld as a resistance force through his suffering. So he was thrown into the depths of the netherworld and the underworld by his martyrship, and became manyfolded king of the underworld by this martyrship. Yes, by the scornrobe which Herodes gave, the shining garment, Christ came to the prisons of the underworld, where Korach's children were imprisoned, and those of the flood. 2. But also by the shining garment which Herod gave him as scornrobe he came to the prisons of Atlantis, of the first and the second earth. And here he freed many from the prisons of the underworld, those who had perished in earlier floods, and those who had perished by fire or ice. Also by the shining robe Herod wrapped around him He took many captives of war with him to the height. And He came to the place where Barabbas, the resistance soldier, came from. He was a rebel and a barbarian as a soldier against the Roman conqueror and the Greek heritage. So, by descending in the underworld manyfolded Christ took the place of Barabbas. Barabbas took by his deliverance the place of Christ. So Barabbas was the hidden mirror of glory, and the sixth sealed thunderstrike.

3. And like this Barabbas, the notorious prisoner, had opened the gate for Christ, by his deliverance, and he was the only one who could break the Greek foundation and it's seal. This is then God's mystery saved up throughout the ages. Yes, the Lord has built his heavens with these stones, and it wasn't revealed to his children.

4. Then the Lord opened the seal of the seventh and last thunderstrike, the heritage of John, and looked at his disciples. And snakes began to come forth from the seal, and the snakes came to the earth to open the old gates of the previous earths and creations. And the Lord smiled. And the Lord spoke with thundering voice, very loud : 'So it is that the seventh and last seal of the thunderstrikes has been broken, and the seventh thunderstrike will speak what has been hidden for centuries. Only several have carried the seed for this.' And

a cloud of poison came to the earth, a very moisty cloud of the poison of snakes, and there was weeping on the earth. And the weeping rose to the heavens, because God had opened the last great secret of the thunderstrikes. And the secret came up like a snake, and began to speak, while times were spinning and fell apart. And the snake began to speak about the poison of the underworld, and the gallcup of Christ. Also the snake spoke about the mysteries of the judaskiss, and about the hidden scornclothes of the underworld Christ wore when he descended in it. And for a long time the snake spoke in ununderstandable languages, the languages of the underworld, and the languages of the old creations. And snake-tongues of fire began to come on the heads of the disciples, and they also spoke in other languages. And the snake spoke : So is then Barabbas the cornerstone of the Eternal Gospel. And the snake opened a gate, and that gate led entirely to the first earth. And the first earth existed in two ages : the age of the Dorga, and the age of Atlantis and the Troiade. And the seventh thunderstrike of John led them inside a hall of visions and dreams. 5. And the Lord guarded them, for he had sealed their hearts, and the Lord spoke as a wind. And the hall divided itself in two parts. And in the first part there were windblows, and in the other part there was fire. And the fire started to move itself to the other part, but the disciples stayed unharmed, for the Lord was with them, and guarded them. And again the fire started to move, and suddenly both parts were in fire. And the dreams and visions began to come to the disciples, and with the Lord they descended in the underworld. And the lord spoke to them with loud voice, and they were not caught by fear. And the Lord gave them rest and insight. And again they came to a hall, and this hall was divided in three parts. And here they also saw the later age of Atlantis on the second earth. And the lord showed them Barabbas, and the disciples were astonished. And they asked the Lord : How can a man who had already lived live again, and called by the same name. And the Lord said that it was a riddle and a mystery. The Lord had taken care of the fact that Barabbas would also be called Barabbas for the second time. And the disciples were in wonder. And Barabbas was a great man in the second Atlantis, and he led a great nation and a religion. And the god he served was Sorg Sorba. He took care that the orders of the Troiade in the second Atlantis would be raised up again, but many abused it, and Barabbas became like a wilderness. And they took him to a high rock, and threw him in a ravine. And like this Barabbas descended to the underworld, to the first Atlantis and the Dorga and her ages. And here he got chained to a rock, and birds ate of his soul.

6. So is then Barabbas the mirror and the paradox of Christ. And the seventh thunderstrike spoke : Like Barabbas represents the second Atlantis, Samson

represents the first Atlantis. For Samson also lived in the first Atlantis, and see, he served the god Sorg Sorba. And he was also a great man, and led a great nation and a religion. And he was against the then reigning empire, for it was cruel. And samson had great philosophy and was intelligent, while Sorg Sorba had given him supernatural forces on earth. And in these days the angels Roda, Jonatras and Ramses were on earth, and see, they were called arxels, and god was called in these days Sorg Sorba. And Samson built a city, and after that a land, and let great cities fall. And Samson made the name of Sorg Sorba big, and of the python. And the Troiade grew up in those days and there were signs of fire at the heaven. And samson built a tower and that tower was very high. And Samson warned the people that there would come a flood. And he brought the people in sheltercellars of the tower. And like this God ended the then reigning empire. But later several disciples of Samson turned against him, and they deceived many of the people to rebuild the empire. Also several of the old empire had shelters underground, where they had hidden many. And the rage of God began to blaze and come over Samson, now even his own people were going astray. And Samson became hungry like a devouring animal when the Spirits of God came over him. And he caught fire and flame, and let lava descend from the heavens. And Samson devoured and tore down many by the fire of the Lord. And from that moment Samson drew back into the wilderness. And at the end of his days when he had become old, his forces went away from him. On a day they found him and hanged him. And the Lord took the body of Samson off the earth.

7. And also in the old Dorga ages there were prophets of the Lord on earth. So it was that the first age of the Dorga was of David, the second of Jakob, the third of Joseph, the fourth of Noah, the fifth of Solomon, the sixth of Isaiah, the seventh of jeremiah, the eighth of Habakuk, the nineth of Nahum, the tenth of Hosea, the eleventh of Jona, the twelveth of Haggai. And the thirteenth of of Solomon, who had built the biggest temple of the earth, to deep underground and high into the air as a tower. And the perimetyer of that temple was as countries put together, and of such a size there would never again be a temple. And Solomon brought judgement over the earth, and even over his own temple, for his priests were corrupted. And so it was that he was the last king of the Dorga. And his temples and mines were legendary, but see, they were devoured by fire. And Solomon walked through the fire and had authority over the fire, for the Lord was with him. And Solomon spoke with the Lord in languages of fire. And God led Solomon to an eternal temple.

14.

1. And there were then many women who followed Christ. And among them was Mary Magdalene, from who seven evil spirits had been cast out, and whose deliverance had been written down in the book of Magdala. And among them there were also Johanna, the wife of Chussas, the steward of Herodes, Susanna, Mary, mother of Jacob, Joses and Salome, the mother of the sons of Zebedeus, and many others who served Him. 2. And one of them was weeping and went to stand behind him, at his feet, and began to make his feet wet by her tears and dried them by her hair. This woman was known as a sinner. And she kissed his feet and anointed them with myrrh. 3. And the Christ was accused by the pharisees, for she was a sinner. And she doubted him if he was really a prophet. And the Lord said : Cursed are those who are judging while they are doubting. Let those who doubt fear the Lord. 5. And the pharisee who had invited Him said : If such is a prophet, then he should know what and who this woman is who has touched him. She is a sinner. 5. And the Christ directed himself to Simon , while He pointed at the weeping woman and said : Do you see this woman ? I have come in your house. Water for my feet you have not given, but this woman has made my feet wet with tears, and dried them with her hair. 6. A kiss you have not given me, but this woman has not stopped kissing my feet since I have come in. 7. With oil you have not anointed my head, but this woman has anointed my feet with precious nardusmyrrh. 8. And the disciples were shocked, and one of them would betray him for thirty pieces of silver.

15.

1. Once the sadducees came to Him, who claim that there is no resurrection. And they argued with Christ and asked questions to trick him. 2. And they put before him the question that when a widow marries again, with who does she have to marry in heaven. 3. And the Christ spoke : You fool yourself because you do not know the scriptures, neither the force of God. When someone rises from the dead they will be like the angels, and these don't marry. 4. But He spoke as in a mystery, as in the prophets there is marriage. 5. Only the Spirits of God marry then. 6. And the Christ educated and spoke in mysteries and riddles, for He was mystical. 7. And many twisted his words. And He spoke that the Christ has to suffer a lot, that He was the Truth, but that they all had to look forward to the Full Truth which would come. And with this He spoke about the Holy Spirit and the Spirits of God. 8. And He spoke : Cursed are those who look through the eyes of the lie, and deliver each other to the judges of hell. 9. It is better that their eyes will be pulled out, so that they will not see in eternity. 10. If your eye deceives you to sin, pull it out. For it is better not to have eyes, than to be cast in hell with both eyes. 11. If your foot deceives you

to sin, cut it off. For it is better to live without feet than to be cast in hell with both feet. 12. Those who then take the gold and despise the silver : Cursed are you. Those who then take the silver and despise the gold : Cursed are you. 13. And the Christ did many great works, and began to speak about the greater works which would happen after Him.

16.

1. And a door was opened in heaven. And I saw the Lord sitting in a cloud. And He spoke : Those who are on earth have registered their histories overwhelmingly and overboldly in the Word of God and they have stained many holy things by this. 2. Let them put these businesses in their history-books, and purify and clear the Word of God. 3. And the cloud came through the opened door outside and lifted me up. 4. And the Lord took many prophecies from the stained Word and brought them to the history-books of the prophets and prophetic books. 5. And He didn't allow them again to stain His Word. 6. And the Lord spoke : Preserve then the ancestral treasures and clear them. Stay away from My Word with unclean hands and keep My Word holy. 7. And many Spirits of God came free, for they had been quenched by powerless words. 8. And many prophets came to Glory. And the Lord added to their midst. And many angels who were blocked for a long time by rulers of hell broke through. 9. And the Lord spoke : Clear My Word, so that you will receive the Second Word richly. 10. Those who do not clear My Word will not have My Second Word either. 11. Open then the shaft of Eminius and the purple. 12. Know then the Holy Shaft in His Temple. You have then established your words by those who were no prophets, and those who had fleshly traditions. 13. Would you let those who were no prophets wake and guard over your souls ? You were in the hands of merchants. But the Lord has bought you free, 14. Let yourself then not be blinded again. Hold tight to what you have, and let yourself be cleared in fear and trembling.

17.

1. The Christ came to hit the evil eye. If you still have the eye of humans, make sure it will not fall out. 2. Do not hang on to the eye, so that you will not fall in deception. Did the Christ not give you an eye ? 3. You live earthly, and you will also perish by the earth. 4. Blissful are those who cling to Christ, for they go from day to day, and the Lord saves them. 5. They then hope on a new covenant, and they cling to His Spirit, to atonement with the Spirits of God. 6. Let yourself then not be bound again. The Christ has led you out as being a foundation of your precious faith. Build then forth on this foundation. 7. You do good to cling to the Spirit of God as to a lamp, leading you to the Spirits of God. 8. For many hidden things the Lord has for those who serve Him. 9.

Would you then not build forth on this foundation, then you are open and bare for the storm. 10. The Lord then has given you apostles to establish the roofs. Be then all as apostles in the Lord. 11. You are then the burning silver before the Face of God, and soon the gold will come forth from this well. 12. Do not be attached to earthly gold but to the gold of the Lord.

18. By your pain you will see the Christ. By your pain you will see the roses, and their divine smells. 2. Yes, they are the kings of pain. And the Christ is full with them. 3. Do not despise the thorns in your flesh. And let them not be taken away before their time. 4. For such an apostle who does such things is an abomination before the Lord. 5. You will then separate yourself from such, so that the Lord will not separate you with them. 6. For such are a stench in the eyes of the Lord, and they will be counted to the excrements of cows. 7. Yes, and abomination before the Lord are these prophets who do not know His times. 8. Let the chains which are called protection grow to roses, and let the thorns grow to weapons, instead of throwing the seed of the Lord away. 9. The cross is then for those who serve the Lord to jewelry, but to those who sin it is to the excrements of pigs. 10. And the thornycrown is to a lovely odor of those who have his tears, but to the godless it is an odor of death. 11. If you suffer, suffer in the Lord, so that you will see the seed of healing. 12. The Lord leads you to the cross of Golgotha, so that you will see even greater grace. 13.

Preserve then as holy the nine books of the spirit in your hearts, as the Pure Word, so that you will see the silver of the Lord. The Second Word is then the gold of the Lord. You will become pure in the silver of the Lord, when you will keep the Words He gave to you. 15. They who stained the Word, have stained their spirit and soul. 16. And fizzing waters of the silver will guide you to Getsemane, where you will see the face of the Lord. 17. See then, for He spits fire and waters. Who spits, spit in the Lord. 18. He then, who brought the Word and His spit, to open the eyes of the blind, stands before you. 19. And He, and His Spirit and the spirits of God knock on your door. See then, they will be your judges.

19.

1. Great Love has been shown in the plan of God, from the foundation of the heavens and the earth it has been kept hidden. 2. Who was then able to fathom His works ? Let those who open their mouth come with Wisdom of the Lords. 3. The fools will speak, and they will not hear, neither understand, each other, for the Lord has shattered them. 4. And so you were as a flower in the desert, reaching to the gates of heavens. If the Lord would take the desert away before it's time, see, you would have descended to hell. 6. Let your reasonings then not mock you, but know the Lord, whose words are pure. 7. You are then made

holy in silver. The Lord will defend you and cherish your ends. The ends of the cross are like the white satin of the heavens. Does the nature itself not give you the solution ? 6. Let then the trees and bushes of your suffering grow, so that they will bring forth the blossom of the heavens. 9. Those who have cut off the suffering before it's time, they often suffer remorse and dryness. Yes, their only celebrations are now in scorn. 10. That the Lord sprays your hearts and showing you the treasures of the heavens. Come then higher, so that the Spirits of God will speak with you. 11. Do not have mercy with the sin which lives in you, and chastise your children, so that they will later reap in praise. 12. Some have worked hard, and the foundations laid by their parents are now of blessing to them. 13. Celebrate the feasts of the Lord, so that you will not sell your hearts to the world. They have nothing to eat, and they eat therefore each other. 14. You who have hunger, hunger as in the Lord, so that the Lord satisfy your heart.

20.

1. There is no end to the singing of songs, and you pull with that many predators to you. 2. And some among you haven't counted with silence and therefore their faith was shipwrecked. 3. But some of you were slaves. The Lord has bought you free. 4. When you sing, sing in the Lord, and let your words be few. For the few of God is more than the many of man. 6. Try to be silent then, so that you will find a greater jewelry. 7. Practise yourself in silence, so that Wisdom and Rest will find you. 8. The Peace of the Lord comes on those who fear Him. 9. The Word then is as a Sword. How can you then win the war if your sword is not pure ? Make then sure that your sword will not turn against you. 10. You then have pure breath, all who have cleared the Word of God. 11. But several disciples among you will twist it to their own destruction. 12. Not all disciples are disciples of God, like not all apostles are apostles of the Lord. 13. Do not judge those who are in the deception, for the Lord sees their hearts. You could get deceived yourself. 14. Cling to the shafts of the Lord, forged in your hearts and soul, as an artful construction, by which you are bonded with the Spirits of God.

21.

1. In the end, you will not care anymore, what others have said. In the end, the lord will tell you, what He has prepared for you all those times. 2. He has carried many sins with you, but the guilt will have to be solved in the works of the spirit. 3. With a horse you reach less as with a human. Aren't humans the most terrible slaves ? 4. Who broke them ? Who gave them what they deserved ? 5. When you carry, carry in the Lord, and let those who want to sin perish. Do not carry their diseases and their heavy burdens. 6. Only forgive those who

forgive, for this is what the Lord does as well. 7. When you forgive, forgive in the Lord, so that you are not a hypocrit, or one who throws pearls before the swines. 8. For precious is the forgiveness of the Lord, only given as wages to those who work hard. 9. With a horse you reach less than with a human. Are humans not the most terrible slaves. 10. So is then forgiveness to those who fear Him, so that they will fear Him even more. 11. By giving forgiveness as expensive presents, he bound the hearts of those who feared Him. 12. Blissful are those who have been bound by the Lord, for they have been made free from the bondages of the world. 13. And the ties of the Lord lead to freedom. 14. Now the wages of the Lord are precious, and abundance with presents, as a lovely odor in His holiness. 15. He who calls you, comes closer to you. He has not forgotten about you. He has counted your deeds. 16. Yes, they attract his forgiveness, for they have covered His tears with comfort, and his wounds with herbs. 17. Blissful are those who do the works of the Lord, for they will receive forgiveness. 18. The wages of the Lord is great over those who search Him. 19. As precious oil poured over their heads. 20. The Lord speaks in grace, to those who gave grace. 21. In precious presents we have lived, for we were of the Lord. 22. I then Paul, speak manyfolded to you, for my soul is with the lord, and your soul is there also. 23. Three times are known to the Lord, to fulfil the borders of His Word. 24. The Lord makes His borders known. He also established times, seasons and their borders in the snow. Make then sure that you will give heed to Him as to a lamp. 25. Have I come to let you become dry ? Surely not. Let the dry ones make each other dry. 25. I have come to speak words of life, as apostle and servant of the Lords. 27. See, the weak has come to the garden of the Lords, as seed of tenacity. 28. I have then the wounds of the Lord in me as shields.

22.

1. Disciples of the pure Word, have then love for each other, so that the seed come to the Eternal Gospel. 2. I have brought to you this gospel from the beginning. Therefore I was a persecuter of the church. 3. The Lord has brought me grace, for I did it because I did not know. My hands are therefore clean, and I will keep them clean. 4. Those in Ephesus I urge to put on the spiritual armor. Do not battle against each other, but against the workings of the flesh and the evil powers. Lay then down all the impurity which stands so lightly in the way. 5. Put on the helmet of salvation, so that you will grow in your faith. 6. And to those who the Lord has given the sword : Stay in His Love, and do not be sharp of tongue. Who rages, rage in the Lord. 7. Stay then on the road of faith, knowing that you have an opponent. 8. Do not run, but use guile. Hasn't the Lord given you boots of the peace of the gospel ? See then, the gospel is guile.

9. The Christ overcame the darkness then in his weakness, not in his strength. Every weakness in the Lord is guile. 10. Raise then your shields up as the wounds of the Lords, to ensnare the arrows of satan. 11. For his wounds speak in thunder of the coming judgement. 12. You have then seen lights in many colors, which form the pallet of deliverance. 13. And when you have received the eternal Gospel in your hearts, then you have a double sword. 14. Therefore strive after such presents of the Lord very seriously. Blissful are those who walk such paths, for those have been given authority to come to the Spirits of God. 15. Do not hinder them to the entry, so that your own entrances stay blessed. 16. And make sure that you will not accuse any of these little ones, for the Lord has stored them up to comfort. 17. Let then the lamp which flames not be quenched.

23.

1. The young has to suffer a lot, until he sees God's Glory. The Splendor of the Lord waits on the young under a tree to jump on him. 2. The youngling is pulled to the center in the years of slavery, until the bow of the spirit pierces him, and he is pulled to the darkness, where the nightsong sets him free. 3. The dream comes as a deliverer to high towers, to bring them to the reed. 4. The youngling waits for things which will never come, but the Lord will give him ships which will never perish. 5. The youngling learns to sleep, to go to the nighttrouper. 6. They do not despise him because he is young, they see his silent tear. 7. The youngling learns to know the trees, and the mysteries of the forest.

7. The birds which give him lessons, after his fall. The spirit has pierced his heart. 8. His wounds let birds speak, and his cross guides animals of the forest. 9. It is enough for him to live in pain, and to drink of this wine. 10. He never wants to go back, the silver speaks to him from the air. 11. The ice brought him here and made the strings stiff. 12. Beware, his heart is as a young lion, devouring those who despise the poverty. 13. The poverty was a key here, and he learned to cherish her. 14. The ravens crowned him as king, and his rags made him wise. 14. He knelt before her, and gave her the key of the old riches.

24.

1. They found each other in nakedness, then they let everything fall, and covered each other with that which the forest dropped for them. 2. They fought with lions and lost their grief. They were kings of the wilderness. 3. They found the cross in primeval old times, covered in snow, that which the heaven dropped for them.

25.

1. And I saw a snake named Leviticus, and his skin was grey and of hard bony growth. And he had done horrible things. He had come from the sea to deceive the saints and to terrorize them for a long time. 2. and many became bitter to God, and others began to call God for help. But the Lord kept His gates closed. 4. And Leviticus carried a holy sword which He had stolen from the temple of the Lord. 4. But an angel of the Lord came floating from heaven, to hit the snake and throw it in a nearby pit. 5. And she closed the pit above the head of the snake, and brought the key to a most holy temple. 6. And Leviticus began to call loud, and his sound was so hard, that he could still deceive many saints. 7. But those who kept serving the Lord he terrified in the night. 8. After a while the Lord sent a fire to the pit, and called the pit the Second Gehenna.

And I saw another beast coming out of the sea like a panther, and he was called Deuteronomium. And he had devoured many holy things, and went out to deceive the children. And he gave them terrors in the night. And the Lord spoke : It is time now to clear my word. And an angel rose up from the heavens to hit the panther and his followers with the ban. And the Lord then, who is Spirit, said this : Much bloodguilt sticks to this beast, and He sent the beast to the Second Gehenna, where the beast got torn by wild lambs. And the dread of these predators was so great, that the heavens and the earths trembled.

And the Lord poured out a bowl full of blood, to clear the Word. And he established apostles to bring the cleared word to the nations of the earth. 26.

1. And a lion named Numeri made himself great to the heavens, and he who guarded the book Joshua brought a vat full of ice to the gates of heaven. And this vat was almost as large as the earth itself. And the Lord rose from His throne and sent His angel, but he was hindered for thirty-nine days. 3. And the angel could only speak : 'The Lord will punish you.' So large was the terror of these spirits. 4. And if they could they would push the Lord from His throne. 5. But the Lord had already defined their times and perimeter. And the Lord spoke to His apostles : Bring to the holiness now the book of genesis and the book exodus, and cut in it with the Sword of the Spirit. 6. And see, the first book of Revelation had passed, and her verses were divided among the predators of heaven and the holy books. 7. And the Lord brought a slaughter in the book of psalms, which was like his own flesh. And the Lord put pencils in their rear ends of these spirits and blessed it. 8. Like this there was added and taken off in the book psalms, like the Lord had commanded. 9. Then the Lord directed himself to the gospels, and turned it into the book Christ. 10. And the Lord ordered the verses, added to it and took off, like the Spirit wanted it. 11. Like this nine books of the Lord were made holy and formed the cleared Word of the

Lord. 12. And the silver descended on the earth, and the silver became ice. 13. And the Lord spoke : Open then the gates of the new Word, for see, the old has passed. 14. And I saw a black horseman sitting on a black horse, and the gates turned into fire and the earth and the heavens began to burn. 15. So is then the coming of Eminiús, and His Seed will be called Izu. 16. And the second Christ appeared in the clouds to guard the nations. And He has a heavy staff which only He could carry. And His feet stood in the Second Jerusalem, and were as Michai. And His armed reached till The Second Babylon. 17. And He tore it off the earth. And His legs started moving, and spoke as Michai. 18. And his hands were as the Marion, and he had a nipple as the round sun on the chestplate of his plate armor. 19. And He had a helmet and legs as Zurastael, and He began to speak great words. 20. And the trees of Sodom began to fall, and the Seed of Izu began to come out of the mouth of the Second Christ. 21. And so these were the days of Eminiús. And the Lord was as a wáger of war. 22. And so there are then twohundred and twenty days established for the clearing of His Word. And after these days the lightning will be pure. And she was then as the Coming of the Lord.

27.

1. And those who are of the Second Reformation : Do know that this is a commandment of the Lord. I am then the Second Luther, and I carry the fire of Zurastael. You apostles will clear the word and make it holy till the ends of the wind-directions. 2. Yes, you will bring the cleared word to the nations of the earth, and then the end will have come. 3. Do not go on terrorizing the nations with the impure word, for then the Lord will come with the ban, and hit you. 4. See, the Lord and the Second Christ stand before the door, and they knock. Open then, so that they will not let you perish together with the impure Word. 5. Greet those who are in Spain. If they are of the Second they will have nothing to fear. 6. Let them then also count with these words, otherwise there will not be counted with them. 7. You have cleared your souls in Zurastael after all. 8. Fear then not the Large Spain. God is greater. 7. Even the little of God is greater than the pompuous largeness of man. 9. Do not fear them, for what are they to be honored ? The Lord has established their ages after all, and knows when they will perish again. 10. Does the Lord not carry their breath in His womb ?

28.

1. See then, the Lord is just. He is the Lord of Lords, and he gives the good to the wise. You then have brought your children to the second Spain. 2. And to those in the second Spain I say : You ponder on high mountains, so that the Lord saves you, so that you will not become big on the plains of Babylon. The

thick of the lords is then thinner than the thin of humans. 3. The thin of the lords is then thicker than the thick of humans, and this mystery is great. You have then given heed to the word of the lords and measured with pure measures. Yes, you are measurers before his face, and the lord your God has made you holy from the beginning. 4. You who are living like prisoners : Be like prisoners in the Lord. The Lord will deliver you on His time. But what is lack of freedom and what is freedom, that is what the lord defines. You have baked the bread of the Lords high. 5. Yes, you were like bakers of the holy tabernacle. You have been faithful to the Lord. By this you have deceived predators. Wonderful is the guile of the Lord. Come then, and approach His Spirit, you of the second Spain. 6. The brothers have prepared the bread and they have been good to your children. You have preserved the mysteries of the Lord as feathers in brittle jars at the altar. Yes, you have given heed as to a lighting light in dark days. You know then that the darkness of the lords is lighter than the light of man. You have also given heed to His light that came from the darkness, and rose up as the holy star. His darkness is then glory. See then, the Lords have wrapped Themselves in clouds and His Helmet is Bliss. 8. Come closer to His justice, so that He will give you more justice. The Lord has put you as lamps on a dark place, and you know very well how to deal with it. That is why I do not stop to give the Lord thanks before His face. 9. He is a good leader, and the tubes of his altar are light. You have not despised the Words of Metensia either. But you were as those who cherished the word. 10. Yes, the Lord has truly put angels under you, and they carry the mysteries of God about the angels becoming flesh. You who carries the feather, you will carry more feathers. So the coming of the Lords will be like the coming of a human son. 11. See, the Lord Lord has become flesh, and His Spirit. Wake then, for you do not know in which stature He will come to you.

29.

1. See, the Lord then is the justice of orphans and widows. Do you still stare at each other ? Some among you are the watchers of the Lord, but the Lord wakes in justice. 2. See then, He has given you of the bread of heaven and the hidden manna. 3. Know then the many jugs of His ark. The Lord will then fill your mouth with laughing and you will proclaim holy things. 4. Also you have not despised the wine of the Lords, and you haven't avoided your French brothers in the tribulation. Those who are from the Second France greet you. 5. I also greet you then in ice. You do well to bless each other in ice. 6. Bless each other, so that you will be blessed. Do not curse each other, and pray for your enemies. 7. If you can forgive your enemy, you are blissful. For the Lords know many forgivenesses, and his blissfulnesses are not with few. 8. The Lords can not use

foul mouths, and those who have stained their lips walk in front to the judgement. 9. You Spaniards of the second, the Lord saves you. But those who are of the first are already lost. 10. The Lord Lord has sent his flood, and the second ark has been prepared for you as a holy testament. 11. Do not cling to the old, so that the Lord will not let you perish together with the old. 12. So the day of the Lords will be then as a Ship, and His flame will lead her. 13. Blissful are those who are in the ship, and bake the bread of the Lords. You have many bakers among you. End several among you wanted to visit the older people, but the Lord has stopped them. Sometimes the ice is better than the encounter. 14. And you have not regarded each other as less, as it is a commandment of the Lord. 15. So the Lord sometimes brings you in tribulation, and sometimes it is Him who closes those doors. 16. Cling then to the scriptures of Kabernal which I have given you, for they are like the testaments of the spirit. 17. You have also spaded wine from the vats of heaven, and heard the voice of the Lord.

30.

Staff of Spricht

1. Getsemane, water streams against the walls. I drown in high dreams. I push myself against the wall, but there is no escape here. Getsemane, the doors have been locked. There is nothing left to do but stay here, and to walk with God. Someone's tears, these dreams, a present from heart to heart. 3. I do not much strength to carry and it penetrates my skin. Finally I fall on the ground, and everything around me becomes greater. 4. I do not dare to open my eyes anymore. Someone wraps his arms around me. 5. Then I learn to drink the tears, and sinking deep in these arms. My chamberdoor is open. The heavens have been opened, but Golgotha called me. After humiliation is death, it is the path of our Lord. 7. To walk in His footsteps, He comes so close. The cross is but a flame of Love, to become one with Him. 8. The Tear is but a cup, to drink from His cloud, and to walk with Him to rise up, to the paradise. 9. That what the roses are clothed with, so divine and kingly, that is our robe.

10. Golgotha, as a shark which has grasped us. Breaking our bones to the cross of the Lord. We do not have to be afraid, we get a new body. 11. Golgotha, the staff of Spricht, to let us go through the thin doors. Let then the treasures be shattered, otherwise it can not come along with.

31.

1. We are not weak enough to enter in. We still stand on both legs, waiting for the brokenness, to stand like trees in paradise, seed died twentyfolded. 2. We haven't wept enough tears, to stand high on the seas, to walk on water like the Christ, to hear and understand storms, the thunder and the waves. 3. We haven't have burdens heavy enough, to be like rocks in the heavens. 4. Golgotha hasn't

grasped us yet, the Lord suffers there alone. 5. We sleep, our thorns are not yet deep enough, to awaken our spirit to unity with our Lord. 6. Our blood still streaming in our own body. Oh no, there is still no guidance from our Lord. 7. No protection, no angels, we let him stand there alone, hanging at a cursed cross-wood, we have let him perish. 8. Animals were sacrificed to our mouths, to be forgotten in our stomachs. We have inflicted this to Christ.

32.

The Autumn

1. I am poor, are you afraid of your nakedness ? You have indeed something to hide. 2. I am poor. There is no life in riches. That what you hold tight will devour you. 3. I am the autumn, and have entered through Spricht. The door of Golgotha is thin. 4. Here the songs quiver of sleep. In poverty we have seen His face. 5. Those who are not poor, are blind. 6. Those who do not have hunger are deaf. I am here in chains, until I have become a chain myself, thin as Spricht. 7. I am poor, not afraid of nakedness, as the darkness covers her. 9. I am poor, there is no life in riches. It is a light making everything nude. 10. I am the autumn, having entered through Spricht. I have covered the nudes in my fall. The autumn is to a covering, for those who fear Him. 11. Golgotha is that which heaven dropped for those who come to heaven.

33.

Come to the poor

1. You who are rich, how dare you coming to the Lord, without going to the poor first ? 2. Do you not know that the poor is the Lord ? 3. How dare you come to the Word, without feeding the poor first ? 4. You who have left your husband, how do you dare to come to the Lord ? Your man is the Lord. 5. You will be hit by the staff of Spricht as the lightning.

34.

The Mirror inside

1. The sight is as a mirror. The white spider has stung, to bring the cherished to the mystical of the lords. As white snow the Lord knows you, those who have His pearls. The foam of roses they had as the foam of the wine of roses. 2. Precious crafts of the Spirits, as pictures in his book, have woven the webs, the mirroring sight. 3. He who created the hearts, has given you his thorn-crown, as mirroring sight woven in your heads. They wore the helmet, these men of silver. Now you wear it also, now does death not terrify anymore, it only mirrors the precious things inside. 4. It does not touch you anymore. You have the ice as your master after all, after long days of snow. 5. The mirroring sight, cherished by your heart. You do not have to fear anything anymore. Everything is there already, it just has to be discovered yet. 6. Is there a world outside

myself ? I am always inside, right. 7. I do not come outside, it is only the mirroring. To follow the echo of my heart, bends and splits up in the wind. I can only come to Him who cherishes me. 8. I am in chains, I go bended through life. I do not mourn about it anymore, it's only for a while, a mirroring inside. When I have found it, it has finished. 9. The wound keeps gnawing, until it has been treated.

35.

Don't Mourn

1. I have stung someone like a spider. I was someone I cherished. So rich, pearls at the pulses, so poor, feet bleeding in the snow. 2. I have stung someone like a spider. I spouted my poison so deep, I do not know if it will ever come to the surface again. 3. It was someone who I cherished so deep. I was accused of hate. I do not have long to live anymore. Do not grieve about me, my end has come. Arrival in the grave of Christ. Where snakes of heaven mourn in the cold. The fire of hate he was accused of. 5. But He only opened doors, leading the children out. 6. He stang them like a spider, those who blocked the door. Gracefully He asked to get through. 7. In the grave of Christ I have arrived. It is here dying for a key, getting crucified to reach a child's hand. 8. Softly I lead them to safer paths. But the past still calls : Crucify him. 9. It is dying after death here, as a fire of poison and love. Do not mourn about me, when the needle of the king has reached my heart, I am free forever. 10. Do not Mourn about me. Rather mourn about yourselves, you are tied up. I free the children. 11. The foam of wines I drink, in the foam of roses I swim, why would you mourn then ? I have seen the grave of Christ, I have stung someone like a spider, someone I cherished. 12. Do not mourn about me, but sting those who keep the gates locked, who deceive children. Do not mourn about me, but open the gates and free them.

36.

The small and great of God

1. These are the words of the Eaten One : I have been eaten by wolves, I have reached the center of the forest, the open place of the Lords, sprinkled in the light of the sun. Holy are you who let the rows move.i have established my pauls to flood the world with the New words of the lords. 3. They will bring you then a new rage, so that your bodies will be healed. 4. Blissful you are who do not sit in the gathering of laughers or the gathering of mockers, but who have been grasped by the wrath of the lords to be saved up till the last days. The Michai burns in my hands, and see, there will come many Michais. 6. Blissful are those who have the nipple of the Lords, for they will have abundant entry to Spricht, and blissful are those who have the boots of the

Lords, for they have abundant entry to the thick of God. Do not despise the small among you. 7. For what is great and small is defined by the Lord. The Lord lets Himself be found in the small. 8. The small of God is greater than the greatness of the world, and His Greatness is smaller than the smallest of the earth. Let those who have been eaten then come to Brannan. Amen Metensia Eminius.

Words of bliss

10. Blissful are those who have been eaten by tigers, for they will approach Spricht and have entry to the small of God. Those who say not to believe in the small, they do not believe in God, who is the small after all. 11. Let everyone then know that no one of such unbelievers will inherit the gates of heaven. 12. Your greatness perishes together with you. But blissful are those who love the Lord. The sweet of heaven is for them, and they eat from the thick dripping honey of the Lords. Blissful are those who have been eaten by lions, for they will find comfort. 13. Blissful are those who have been eaten by sharks and crocodiles, for they will inherit the forces of the crocodiles and the dripping fizzing glue of the Lords will flow from their inside. 14. And they will be tormented for several times by headaches, but the flue of the lord will free them step by step and cover them. 15. Yes, they will flow through the New Helmet of the lords and you will be called blissful. Do not laugh at those who get eaten, and do not eat from their flesh, for the wrath of God will flame up against you. 16. Do not flee to old lies either, for you might be eaten yourself. Blissful are those who are eaten in the Lord.

About sin

17. Those who have come to the bear and the insects ; You will be eaten, for all gates have teeth. Those who have come then to the fields of the wild cats : You have to know that the Lord Lord is the Greatest Eater, as He is the Eaten One. 18. Those who tear up lambs have been delivered to Him already. For it is a great sin to eat a young animal, for it hasn't have a life yet. Those who make such meals have become ripe to become a meal. 19. The Lord Lord will not let Himself be mocked. The Lord counts such a sin to scorn, for young animals are not destined to it. Who eats an old or weak animal takes sickness in. 20. These are the words of the Eaten One : You have to love each other. Those who will not love, will be eaten, without someone resurrecting them. Those who hate the eaters of flesh : You are in your right, and you do good to hate such, for the Lord Lord hates them.

The wages of sin

21. So is then the eating of the living creation like mocking the Creator and such will not escape. To the teeth of heel they have come and they will not be

resurrected again. 22. To netherworlds and the realms of the wraiths they will descend, and the Lord will let them sleep for eternity on the destined times. Do not think you can sin against each other, without getting the punishment for it. 23. You will sit in your punishments until it is fulfilled. You will then work until you have paid back everything you have done to your brother and making his house in order. So you will be the slave and servant of the one you sinned against. 24. Do not destroy soul by quick judgements or backbiting, but guard your head and mouth with double security, for you might speak once or discuss with your soul about your brother, and bind yourself to the resurrection of his house. 25. Those who bring wounds of a life time will become slaves for a life time. Blissful are those who see the small as great and the great as small, for they have the eyes of the Lord.

About silence and poverty

26. Blissful are those who have found the house of silence, for they have come free from much slave-work. They can then build their own house and cherish the Lord. Blissful are those who have found the pearl of poverty, for they will be cherished by her, and they will go from Assisi to Assisi. 27. The Lord touches your spine, so that the nipples of the Lords will open themselves, and you drink the milks of glory. You then who has the words of the mouse inside : Come then to the Foul of God. 28. For the Foul of God is cleaner than the cleanest of man. You have then a well of the Foul of God in the nature, to clear yourself and your house. Do know that the clean of man awakens disease, and they are on their way to the house of the rats.

Words of bliss and comfort

29. Those who eat flesh will become the building-stones of the kingdom of animals, and see, they will sleep. Blissful are the eaten ones, as they have succeeded in the test and have entered through the gates of the kingdom of God. 30. They will find the forest back and cling to the trees of heaven. Yes, the earth and all what is in it will be of them. Yes, the whole world and all which lives on it will be of them, for see, they are the breath of the Lords. 31. You who are young have to suffer a lot, but keep good courage, for the Lord has seen your pain. 32. The eye of the Lords is on you, and you are safe. Nothing happens which is without meaning, and even the smallest memory is a symbol of the Lords, to lead you through the savageries of the future. 33. You who are young, do not cry too much, for the Lord is with you, the Lord is at you, and is your Guide and leader. The wildernesses are great, and the dangers are many, but from those all the Lord saves.

Prescriptions and Truths

34. Do you not know that the Lord is in silence, and that the Lord is in pain ? Do not complain then when you have been isolated by him as if something strange came over you, for He guards you against many dangers and much slave-work. You will cherish the Lord and not the whores of the world. 35. Is your eye then clean that you know what happens ? Direct your eye then to the eaten ones of the world, and be enlightened. 36. You who are sick, be sick in the Lord. For the Sick of the Lords is healthier than the healthiest of humans. See then, the health of humans is sickness. You who are old, be old in the Lord, for the old of God is younger than the youngest of the earth. 37. Those who are in prison : Do not grieve, but be like prisoners in the Lord. The chained of God is more free than the most free among the humans. 38. Those who are slaves : Be like slaves in the Lord, for you are all builders of the Kingdom of the Lords. Now there is then nothing without use, and these all are the riddles of the Lords, which have to be hung around your neck like holy jewelry. 39. By these you can speak to the Lord, and the Lord Lord will listen to you. You have not been delivered like orphans, but the angels of the Lords guard you. 40. And to the widows I say : You have the Lord as man. You do not have a lack. In the Lord there is no dead, and see, everything lives.

About cords and chains

41. You who worries about the past : The Lord will change the past in His Hands and it will be like an instrument to you. 42. Men, direct yourselves to your beards, which are the cords of the animals of heaven, and they are the jewelry of Lords. Women, direct yourself to the hair of your bodies, to be bonded with the trees of the fields. 43. You do not have a need for jewelry, unless the Lord has commanded you to wear something. Strive then all to enter into the Tear of the lords, who lets all pain flow away, and this will be your hidden jewelry. Do not throw pearls before the swines. 44. Those who serve the Lord will observe your jewelry and have the keys to your heart. You do not have a need for honour or status quo, for the Lord honours you, and those who serve Him. 45. You have to become smaller to enter the gates of eternal salvation and the eternal of heaven. 46. The treasures are hidden there, but not for those who serve the Lord and love Him. 47. They have his tear after all and see everything. Those who are young and live in many insecurities, for they do not see the things of the Lord. 48. They are then wild and have pain, for they haven't found the chains of the Lords yet. 49. Let then the chains of the Lord bring you to rest. You who are young have many fights, but the chains of the Lords will finish these.

The suffering as an instrument

50. You are then pirates of the Lords, for you reave for Him and plunder hell. Accept therefore the suffering as instruments to do your work. 51. You who have kept your life, there is then no place for the silver of God. 52. Those who have not made themselves foul in the Lord, they do not have part in the Gold of the Lords. 53. The worthy pirates of the Lords will be cherished by those who have His tears in their inside. And their heads are serene as trasparant glass filled with glue. 54. They laugh when you laugh, and they weep when you weep. Those who then live on the earth are surrounded by predators, but the pirates of heaven have the heavens in their possession, and they are cherished by lights. 55. Yes, they have part in the dripping and fizzing glue of the lords. 37.

About the Christ

1. You then are pirates of the Lords, carrying His mysteries. But these have become open for those who have the tears of the Lords. 2. Do not weep when the Lord takes something away from you, for the Lord brings you in balance. 3. The Lord forms you and molds you in His Hand. Do not get panicked when He takes something away, for then the Lords have something better for you. 4. Would the Lords then neglect Their creations. The Lord will bless those who bless you and curse those who curse you. 5. The Lord will bring honour to those who bring you honour, and bring down those who bring you down. 6. Know then that everything is in the Hand of the lords, for He molds you and no one else. Everything is an instrument of Him. 7. The Lord surveys all things. Do not mourn when you should not mourn. You will then know the times of the Lords. 8. Be then like a pirate of the Lords and search the things which are in heaven, so that you will not be deceived on the earth. 9. Hold on tight then to the Word of the Lords, so that you will not fall into all sorts of traps of lies. Avoid those who spin a wheel before your eyes. 10. The Lord doesn't love those who make noise, for they quench the Voice of the Lords. Kidnappers of souls he calls them. 11. You then go from silence to silence, until you see what it is all about. 12. The Lord guards your heart in intoxication, so that you are not pulled away by the thoughts of the earth. 13. You then are pirates coming close to the tears of the Lords, as the Tear of the Eaten One. And see then, He is the Eaten One, as the Perfect Soul of the Spirits, as a torn cloth sewn again. 14. The more you have been torn the more place there is for the things of heaven. See the kingdom of heaven exists in shatters. 15. Those who go from ashes to ashes have eternal life and will receive the wings of the Lords. Always free they are. 16. Those who stand on the coasts of the second Colosse : Accept then the pirates of the Lords and let them drink from the tears which are in Colosse. 17. Like this you cherish the spirit and soul so that the waters and the

fishes stream, and also in the second of the Lords. 18. And so is then the second spirit the mother of the cherishments and the mother of the Herman, he who stands between the ice and the fire as a hidden bridge of the Lords, under the Christ. And so He had to stand under the Christ for a while, to become the cape of Christ. And see then, he is the blue cape. 19. And see then, He is the wild Christ. 20. Also you have come to Maser, who is the Poor Christ. See then, they are all the Second Christ who is of Christ. 21. And He will come forth from the Christ and He will return to the Christ. Learn then to know all His Names. 22. For the Spirit and the Lord have many names, and so Christ has also many names. 23. And so Renok will awaken the Herman again, and He will come to Maser. Now you have also come closer to Dezer, the Christ of the Primeval, and to Jezel, the Christ who had been prisoned, and enslaved. 24. And so Jezel and Christ were one when they came to Joseph, who was a herald of the Christ. 25. And let no one then deceive you, for when the dream spoke about powers of heaven which had to bow before him, so the dream spoke of a far future. 26. For Joseph became king over Egypt, so he will be king over those who learn to know the hidden things of God. Well see then, He was the Lord who came in the hidden and in guile to the earth, to reach the way of Christ. 27. And so is then Joseph Christ the Slave, by which He walked on the path of freedom. 28. Yes, for like Christ came free and become king, we also who are in Him reign as free and kings. 29. And so then Renok, Herman, Maser, Dezer, Jezel and Joseph are one to the Second Christ, who is of the Christ. And they will come forth from the Christ and will return to the Christ. 30. So there are many karbulines, but they are all one. And they go from flesh to flesh, until the New Creation of the Second has come. 31. Let him who is wild know the fire and the ice. They who then know the blue cape will come to the Peter, to see the mysteries of the forest. See, He is then the eaten Christ. 32. And He has a chariot of wolves to lead all pirates in the Lord. 33. Cling yourself then to Christ who has seven heads. And see, He then is the Second Christ and the Beast of the Lords. 34. And He represents then the New Body, while God the Father represents the Soul, and His Spirit the second spirit and the spirit of man. 35. Be then like humans of the Second, and come closer to Metensia who is your candlestick. 36. And so the Second will be like the First, and she will return to the Second, as the clock of the Lords and the Second Spirit. 37. She will then be as a mother who feeds her children, and so the nipples of the Spirits will rise, and then the Karazure will come to the earth. 38. Woe then those who are still on the earth in those days. 39. And so Marion will become a Spirit of the Lords, and she will come forth from Peter. And she will be like a dove and a raven, knowing the mysteries of the forest. And see, these

mysteries are great. 40. For we have all been destined to become as the Spirits of God, and formed in their image, and so also the Christ-figures of the Utmirs. And so also Christ will be as the Spirit of God. 41. You will then not again tie Christ to your canons, for these the white dove has made for freedom, to carry many names and to become many names. 42. All you who have made up Christ-canons, be tied. 43. And so then the canons of the Lords will appear, and see, they are open and they are free. And they come forth from the Second and return to the Second. 44. And then all disciples will be clothed and chained by His canons, and they will be led to the eternal fields of freedom, and they will not have the need that anyone ties them. 45. And they will be like the Spirits of God, flying around the Clock of the Lords. And then the Soul of the Lords will stand up, and his names, and they will be led to the Wild Spirits of the Lords. 46. And they will be like wild geese searching for the eternities of the Second. And when the Spirits of God and the Souls of God have come together, then a new soul will come forth, and a new spirit, with a new body as the new flesh of the Spirits. 47. For those who don't want to be like the Soul of the Lords, will not have a soul, and they will not have new flesh. 48. How can you then expect to receive new bodies when you don't want to be like Christ ? He is then the new flesh. 49. You suffer because you do not know about these things, but when you receive the knowledge of God about it you will be blissful, and everything will fall in cans and jugs. 50. The Second Spirit will cling itself to the Second Soul and will be like the Clock of the Lords. And her sweet music will bring forth new flesh.

38.

Comfort and Rest

1. You have then been faithful, and you have seen the kapruns as bonds between the spirit and the soul and these bonds are fragile. 2. you also have learned to know the tears as the blood of the Spirits, but this then is holy seed for you in the Lord. 3. You know then also that the big Spain is as the big Easter, for the nightlatins are the times of the cross. You know that you will overcome this all as true servants before the face of God. 4. The animal is then your breath and the thermostat of your body and that of your most holy souls. 5. They then represent the holy objects in the temple of the Lord and will be as your kapruns. 6. The Lord then roots by His Spirit and by His cross. Without the kapruns you would not be able to come to victory. 7. You also know then that the crowing of the cocks didn't happen without reason, for they proclaim the times of the cross, and the times of the Lords. 8. They then spread the fire-reds, which are the songs of the cross, and the beatings of His heart and veins. 9. The fire-red is then the blood of the souls, but this is also holy seed and

herbs for you, streaming from the fire-gem of Metensia. 10. She then carries the keys of healing, prepared in holy sacraments. 11. Learn then to know the sacraments of the second, to serve in the temples and by that saving your souls. 12. You have then learned to work with the clearing salt of the lords to clear the sweet sevenfolded. That's why you have held on before the Holy Face of the lords which is as a digesting fire. 13. You have brought comfort to God, and you will be comforted. 14. Encourage each other then with these words, for the times are evil. 14. Search help from each other, and avoid those who twist your words and deeds. 15. How lovely it is when brothers and sisters of the second word live together. 16. Know then that there will come intruders and false folks who try to stir up fights in the second church, to stain your name. 17. Separate yourselves from such folks. But these things have to happen to see who will succeed in the test. 19. You have then learned to know the Names of Christ and the Second Christ, and you have loved them all. 20. You have then held on to the stories of the cross, and you have not let them go lost, for you are servants of the Lords. 21. You have learned to know the races of the judges and predictates, and you have let none of their tears get lost, for it is holy seed of the Lords. 22. You then have offered homes to the hermitates and have let them drink from the wine of the Lords. You have not let the sun go down over the wines of the Spirits. 23. Now the Lord will also give you the keys to learn to know the races of the hermitates. 24. They then watch over the Souls of the Lords. You have been faithful anfitates before Gods face. 25. The Lord has seen you, and has given you a sign. The Lord has opened your jugs. Let then the spirits of the prophets come to the souls of the prophets so that their hearts become satisfied. 26. Bring then the ferocities to rest, and translate the often difficult messages which they receive, as worthy apostles in the Lord. 27. The Lord has established you to reign their houses. Do not despise the prophets, neither those who are depressed, for they have to go through hard times. They are turned by the Lord into predators, and they are to a great help. 28. Take then care of the church, and of those who have less, for the Lord has called you for that. 29. Educate them about the manyfolds of God, and do not be one-sided. You will not lay chains around their hearts. 30. Let those who are tired sleep, so that the wrath of God will not come over you. Those who are tired have done work of the lords. 31. Now the lord lord will define what is work and what is not. The rest of the lord is a heavier work than the labor of the world. 32. And the work of the Lords is a bigger rest than the rest of the earth. 33. The Lord then defines what is work and what is rest. You are not there to chain each other. Do not lay heavy burdens on each other, for the Lord hates

these. 3. Isn't the yoke the Lord gave you already heavy enough ? Do not be meddlesome about each other. If some one works or rests that is up to the Lord. 34. Give then rest so that you will receive rest in manyfold. 35. Blissful are those who bring others to rest, for they will enter into the abundant rest of the lords. Blissful are those who bring others to comfort, for they will fly on the wings of the eagles. 36. The Lord has established you as Comforters and beacons of rest. Make sure that you will fulfil your mission. 37. Learn then to know Renok the Comforter who the Lord has given you as a key to deliverance, for he was close to the heart of the Lord while there was the crucifixion and brought Him comfort. 38. Be then grafted into his tree, so that you will have part in the holy and hidden juices of the Lords. 39. Those who have cleared the sweet, have entry to the Sarhah of the lords.

39.

The Breath of the Lords

1. And like this the kapruns are also the bonds between the first and second spirit, and they are like holy altars. 2. And they will clean your spirit and letting it stretch to Spricht, in which you will receive the nipples of the Lords. 3. In bliss are those whose spines have been cleaned, for they have entry to the small of God, and to the thick. 4. And see then, they are like kapruns, as the altars of the Lords. 5. Yes, they will ascend as ravens and bring many to wisdom. 6. And then you will breath from the thin and thick of God, and you will find small openings in it, to escape from many enemies. 7. And the snakes of heaven will be as lungs in you, and you breath deeply and see that they are as the intestines of the second. 8. And then you will come to the Second Soul of the Lords, which is as the licorice of heaven. 9. And you will breath deeply and see the roots of heaven. On many altars you will lie down and you will be consecrated. 10. Those then who love the animals of heaven will go from breath to breath, but those who do not love them will sleep for eternity. 11. And the thin and thick will be cleared sevenfolded in the Hand of the Lords. Let yourself be cleared so that you can breath. 13. And that breath will be as the licorice of heaven. 14. And in the Pink Covenant the altars of the Lords will be restored, and there will come a New Creation, the Creation of the Second. 15. And from then there will be only breathed through the altars of the Lords and the clearing. 16. And those who do not want to let themselves be cleared will be eaten by the snakes of heaven. And they will then come to the eternal soulsleep, and their spirit will sleep and go to complete destruction. 17. And on that day the Lord will gather the shatters and He will make them as altars, but also these altars will perish. 18. So there will be a day against all altars, and

among them there will be a big clearing. Let yourself then go from the small to the small, so that you will escape from a terrible judgement. 19. The Lords have then a day against everything which is high, and will establish a slaughter so that the low will rise. 20. So will then everyone who have come closer to Spricht not be ashamed, and they will see many visions, and their own mirrorings as precious jewelry. 21. And they will approach the manyfolded cleared blue, to see the white of the lords. 22. And the Lord will wipe off all their tears. You have come closer to an alldestroying fire. Let yourselves be cleared then. 23. And in those days Acha, the Altar of the Lords, will become big, and Kabbernal will come forth from Him, and He will be like the bison of the lords.

40.

The Cups

1. And in those days the Christs became as the kapruns, and they were reborn in Acha. 2. And they then became as the karazure against everything which was high. 3. And also the Spirits of God and the Souls of God became as the karazure, and they were led through Acha. And he had big authority. 4. And Eminius got big and came to Materos, the little of God, and there came a big war in heaven. 5. And the Second Karazure came to the earth, and they were like the wolves, serving the Herm-An. 6. And they had as leader Redeye, the wolf of Sarsia of Renok. 7. And the Herm-An got big on earth, and also Renok. And they became as the Second Karazure. 8. And the altar of the karazures devoured the arks and the thrones, and the tears of the Peter came over the earth burning of fire and sulphur. 9. And this was as the tear of the altar and also the Peter became as the Second Karazure. 10. And the trees of heaven came to the earth and started to educate. 11. And those who went from altar to altar became blissful, but those who stopped were torn by the tear. 12. And the tear of the altar became big and began to laugh and also fire came from the altar called Fire of Eminius. 13. And the Spirits of God wrestled against each other, for also the Lord clears and tests Himself. 14. And also the Christs and the capruns began to clean each other. 15. And they came to a place called the second Armageddon , where many came to enlightenment. 16. And so these are then holy places of the angels. And the Second Altar of the Lords carried many names. And there was thunder and lightning and a boa constrictor came forth from the Second Altar. 17. And the Second Altar splitted up into many altars and one of these altars was called Brannan. 18. And Brannan was given a cup, and this cup was full of blood. And the blood changed into tears, and became seed. 19. And also to Acha was given a cup, and this cup was full of death. And the nations drank of this cup and they became as drowning men, so that a

cleaning was among them. 20. And in these days the sharks of the Herm-An were in the seas of the earth, and many names got erased from the temples. 21. And also to Metensia was given a cup, which was full of whoring and snakes, and she gave the nations to drink so that there would be a cleaning among them. 22. And the pure became purer, for they were left out by the cup, and the unclean became uncleaner, and they were delivered to their lusts.

41.

Talgamen

1. You have then heard of the cup of the Christ, and this cup is named Talgamen. 2. You who want to come to Him, you also have to drink from this cup. 3. Wash your spirit then in this cup, and use this name at the end of your most holy prayers. 4. The Lord then doesn't listen to names, but to hearts. 5. Names are given for use, but not for necessity. 6. The Kingdom of God is not in Names, but in Holiness and Cleanness. 7. Let this cup pass around and drink from Him. Talgamen. You use then his most holy name as a confirmation. 8. Every Name is on itself dead, both in heaven and on earth, but is used and fulfilled by Love. 9. And see then : the cup is more than the drinker. And you have established your trinity, which is only partly true, but not as canon. 10. For the fourth divinity is the cup, and His Name is Talgamen. 11. You do well to speak about a four-unity, more than about a trinity. 12. You who have come to the Christ drinks then all from the same cup, and this name is Talgamen. 13. Know then that it is a commandment of the Lords to speak about the four-unity, for the trinity is only partly true, and in the canon completely not. 14. So there are then many Unities of heaven, and you will find them all and use them, you who know the Lord. 15. Drink then from Talgamen, for you have come to the most holy. 16. And the Cup of the Lords is for cleaning of the blood and the insides.

42.

The Lokogames

1. And so there is then in the New Temple the table of cups, and you so well to come to this table, for they contain the cups of the prophets. 2. And so are then the Lokogames the jewelry of the cross, but they will flee from everyone who did not love the cross. 3. They are then the sharpnesses of the Lords, and wage war against the unholy and those who are of the world. 4. The cross had nothing to do with the world. You can then not love the cross when you are a friend of the world. 5. The Lord hates then all who are a friend of the world, for they are enemies of God and of the cross. 6. The Lokogames cherish all those who cherish the cross and have become formed in their image. 7. Do not mock the Lokogames, for they are revengeful and take the time for it. 8. Those who

try to imitate the Lokogames unjustly and unlawfully will become prey to bitter cruelty, but all cruelty leads to sleep and destruction. 9. Unjust will be the judgement of the Lokogames over those who have been unjust. 10. The Lokogames are near the orphans and the widows. 11. And when you worship them, use this name at the end of your silent praises, so that you will be holy and clean before the face of the Lords. 12. The Lord hates then all thanskgiving and praise outside the cross. These utterances are an abomination to the Lord. 13. True praise is in silence, coming from the cross and returning to the cross, to drink from the cup of the Lords. Lokogamen. 14. Let then your cup be filled by the Lokogames, and drink from the wines of the cross. 15. And come then to the grave of the Lords, whose name is Belcanov. 16. When you glorify, glorify in the cross, and in the grave of the Lords.

The works of the Lokogames

17. And they, the Lokogames, will feed the savage animals, and the Karazure, for they are the jewelry of Metensia. 18. And they are also the jewelry of the Peter, the Eaten Christ, and they cherish him as lighting waterfalls in a forest-river. 19. yes, before the caves of Belcanov, the grave of the Lords, they lie down. And lighting fishes ascend along them and descend. 20. And they will lead many to the darkneses and the cool waters, and many will be saved. 21. Make then sure that you will not despise the darkness of the Lords, for you might get grasped by it once.

43.

The Clocks of the Lord

1. And all unities are then surrounded by the Lokogames, and they have entrance to the most holies. 2. So is then the Emelis Shatau full of the Lokogames of the Lords, and so also the Pink Covenant. 3. And see then, they come forth from Brannan and return to Brannan. 4. And they have also lushfully clothed the clocks of the Lords. They have then drunk from the sweet of the Lord and the sweet of the cross, from the wells of Sarhah. 5. See then, they come forth from the clock of the cross to bring hunger and satisfaction/ Yes, for all clocks exist in hunger and finally bring satisfaction. 6. No one will suffer hunger forever, the Lokogames will closely take care of that. 7. Those who are of the all-atonement : you are partly right. You will all be satisfied, and you will all sleep, but one to eternal life, and the other to destruction. 8. That which is time is defined by the Lord, and what is a second for one, is thousand year for another. 9. The Lord then builds with hunger and satisfaction. 10. See then, all jewelry of the Lords is as clocks, and they brew the wines of the cross. 11. They create the distances and the horizons.

44.

Mice and rabbits

1. You then who are in Tyatira, you live close to Materos. Those who live in the second Tyatira know the Lokogames abundantly. 2. You are then full of the nostalgia of the Lord, and you have come close to the buildings of the mice of heaven. 3. You also know the buildings of the rabbits of heaven, established by the Father. 4. You have had then a warm hand for those who love rabbits and the rabbits themselves, and you are like one of them. 5. The Lords have then so much love for you for He himself is partly rabbit, for it represents a special part of Him. 6. Watch then that those who hate the rabbit will be shot by Him, for the Lords are hunters. 7. And so is then Sarhem the district of rabbits in heaven. 8. You then have come close to Sarhem, and you are ready for His mysteries, you all who live in the second Tyatira and those who come close to her. 9. You haven't then put beggars aside, but you received them as rabbits of the Lords. 10. Mokmos then is the district of the mice in heaven. And these two districts are holy for the Lord. 11. The mice then reign over the tears. The Lord then is partly mouse. 12. The tears then live in their bottles.

45.

The Riddler

1. And the tears then will be cleaned sevenfolded, and they will be drunk, for they are the wine of the Spirits. 2. And also the glues of the Lords will be cleaned sevenfolded and they will be like ebb and flow. 3. You then let also the grey be cleaned sevenfold, so that it will be silver, and you can do it for you have descended to under the pink. 4. Let yourself be delivered sevenfold by the Lord. And let yourself realize well that the nipples of the Lord are established to clean Spricht. The Lord then cleans the heavens and the districts, for He is a Cleaner. So He is then also a Riddler. 5. And the Riddler will come at the end of times to clean the white sevenfolded. 6. Now the seared of the Lords is then cleaned ninetyfolded. 7. Those who are under the red are grey, but they are cleaned to silver. 8. Those of the red tear are cleaned hundredfold and they have made a building for you. They lived always close to your heart and they haven't left you. 9. Therefore they are not guilty, and they will forever carry God's Blessing. 10. They have comforted you in times of need and encouraged you and given you their clothes. 11. Yes, they have taken care of you thousandfolded, and carried your pains with you, and taken them over wherever they could. 12. Yes, manyfolded they have died for you.

46.

Honorable Company

1. Those who suffer often feel lonely, but when you become older you recognize the personalities of the suffering, and you learn to view them as

honorably company, for they guard you against many sins, and keep you out of slavery. 2. The Lord has given you then honorably company, and they will become visible when you become older. 3. Learn then to know the ecstasies of getting older. 4. You have then learned to express your love to the birds of the Lords, and you often realize that they are the personifications of the suffering. 5. So then you can speak to the suffering as to the Lord. 6. Know then that those who love the birds of heaven have a deep place with God, for God is partly bird, for it represents a part of Him. 7. He created the animals then in His image, and those who hurt the animals, hurt the image of God, and are counted to the mockers. 8. Do not mock God's Creation, for it is His image. 9. Those who suffer have a flame to forge with. The smith of God has come to your home. 10. See then, the shark is the flame of the Soul of God which has become flesh, and you have come closer to the digesting fire. Be then Holy. 11. And so the First Word has called for holiness, the Second Word even more. 12. And therefore the Second Word is holier than the first, and even more you are called to lay down the sin.

47.

About the woman

1. The shark is then the smith of the Lords, and he will build the homes of the Second. He will therefore forge the metals together, and use for it the Candlestick of Metensia. 2. Yes, the shark will then use the tiger and the lion to burn loose and to forge together, and he will become like the burning ice. 3. And the orcas of the Lords will come to your homes to make many junctions in balls, and you will have the electricity of the Lords. 4. And the orcas of heaven will be like the electricians, and they will be called God's robots. 5. And the electricity is then like the fire of the spirits. 6. And all fire only exists then in ice. And the deaf sharks will be like the radios of God, and the black sharks will be like the telephones of God. 7. The white sharks will then be like the televisions. 8. You will then regard the entry of the woman as holy after the cleaning, for she will bring forth the snakes of the heavens. 9. And she will do this in many labor pains, and her clothes will be torn. 10. Then you will see the woman not as a lust-object anymore, but as an instrument of the Lords. 11. You will then give the woman her value back, but the Lord will deliver unholy women to their sins, and they will give passage to the snakes of the heavens. 12. Yes, the Second Word is then very woman-friendly, but will proclaim a bigger judgement over the mocking woman. 13. For scorn doesn't fit a woman, unless she mocks in the Lord. You are allowed to mock injustice and this is even a commandment of the Lord. 14. You will not judge the woman for her lusts, but you do not have to tolerate misplaced scorn. 15. The Lord then knows

all lusts, where they come from and where they go to. 16. Let no one harrass the other with their lusts, but rather heal each other and bring each other to rest. A mocker and a hypocrit you will not heal in any way, for you would load shame on yourself. 17. A woman is not allowed to cling to mocking and hypocrit women. Those will have to be delivered to the sharks by the qualified apostles for that. 18. When a woman has lusts for material things and clothes outside the necessity, and these stand free from the commandment of the Lords, then they will have to resist themselves against it by making the vow to poverty. 19. And she will cling to the poverty as to the lord, and the poverty will be her man. 20. Let it be known to you very well, that those who do not desire the poverty, do not have the Lord either. 21. For deeply hurt is the Lord when a servant or a handmaid despises the poverty. As they have despised the Lord himself. 22. Do not fight each others sobriety and simplicity, so that the Lord will not leave you and wrath against you. 23. Those who mock the poor will be erased from the book of life by the Lord. 24. Those who mock the sick are already lost.

48.

About doubting and testing

1. Do not mock the Second Word of the Lord, and do not despise it, for those will get a heavier judgement over them than those who have mocked and despised the First Word of the Lord. 2. If then the judgement over those who have rejected the impure Word is so big, then how will those who reject the Second Word escape ? Unbearable will be the judgement over those. 3. Do not think that the Second Word is lighter than the First, for you will go from judgement to judgement. 4. The Lord Lord will not let Himself be mocked, and terrible it will be for a sinner to fall in the living hands of the Lords. 5. Those who accept the First and not the Second, are like pharisees and the judgement over them will be heavier than over the pharisees in the time of Jesus the Christ. 6. For they rejected the impure, and would be punished more heavily than those of Sodom and Gomorrah. How heavy will be the judgement over those who have rejected the pure ? 7. Work your salvation then in fear and trembling, for the Lords are an all-digesting fire. 8. Those who have accepted the First Christ and rejected the Second Christ will fall prey to the sharks. Unmerciful will be the judgement over such. 9. But when it is for you to do about winning an argument, the Lord is not in that. Blissful are those who doubt, but cursed are those who do not doubt the First, for that word, although it contains much truth, is impure. 10. Test then the Second Word, for those who not test already live under the curse. 11. The Lord is not impressed by those who accept the Second Word without testing. The Lord despises such, as they

are not to be trusted themselves. 12. Blissful are those who doubt and test. Do not trust too fast, for you might once get deceived. 13. Watch an animal always in it's mouth. Do not stop the Second Word, for the Lord will use you as gangway, and you will be tread over.

49.

the Herman

1. And this is how it will be, the opening of the first nipple of the Lords. And the races of the apostles will come to this nipple, for it is the nipple of the apostles. 2. And you will understand the things, and the mysteries of God will come to you. 3. Yes, between Jupiter and Saturn is the garden of the Lords, for there He has produced his roots. 4. And then you will hear and understand each other as in the paradise, and you will know the things of God. 5. And when you have encountered the deaf shark and the black shark, you will feel as if you have the radio and the telephone of the Lords in your hands, and their horns are of gold. 6. And you will be able to hold those who are far away while the milk of the lords streams, and this milk will be sweet. 7. And when you swallow it will be bitter, for the horns are piercing your stomach. Yes, for it is the Lords who apply the wounds. 8. And you will feel the fires of the Lords in your mouths to be able to forge the house of the Lords. 9. And the apostles of the burning ice will come forth from the glorified Herman, the Wild Christ, for He is the bridge between the fire and the ice, for He has been in the deepest dens of the ice till the dark. 10. Make then sure that you will not reject Christ the Wild, for then you do not have a Christ at all. 11. Those who have mocked the Herman about his wildness will not live in the house of the Lords. 12. Do you then not know that the Christ has come forth from the Herm-An ? 13. Those who do not have received the Herm-An have denied Christ therefore by that and in those the Light of God is not there. 14. Learn then to know your Christ, so that He will know you at the entry till His Glory. 15. Those who do not have the Herm-An, do not have the Christ either. Learn then to know the herm-an, by hearing these Words and by doing much research, so that you will not receive another herm-an. 16. For many herm-ans will come to deceive the earthglobe, but you have to put on the True Herm-An on then. 17. Not all who claim to be of the Herm-An, are of the Herm-An. 18. The Herm-An then will come forth from the ice, and return to the ice and he will not despise the fire of the Lords. And so He will be like the burning ice, and He will come to open the nipples. 19. Yes, as a father He will be to those who are wild, and who have searched seclusion. And wildly they will drink of His milk. 20. The Herm-An is then a part of Christ, the part which brought Him to the desert and the wilderness and which separated Him all the time. 21. So is then the Herm-An

the Ice of Christ, burning in the night. Those who have despised the ice of Christ have never come to the cross, and without the ice Christ would never have ascended to the heaven. 23. Without the ice you would never have a shelter in him, and you would never be able to receive His Spirit. 24. Without the ice the fire would never have existed.

50.

Maser and Herm-An

1. Without the Herm-An the Christ would never have descended to the netherworlds, and He would never have come to Glory and Resurrection. 2. Know therefore to who you speak, so that all those things will not pass you by. 3. All things are then cleaned in ice, and become rich in Maser, who is Christ the Poor. 4. See then the lush, the abundance and the riches which Poverty gives. Those who do not have an eye for that, it is better their eye is pulled out. 5. You have completely left out the beauty and the bareness of nature. 6. In Maser all who have laid down their lives and who cherish the poverty become rich. 7. For the rich it will be very difficult to enter the Kingdom of God, for they have been bound by the Mammon, but in Maser they can be delivered, for He is the power of Christ the Poor. 8. You have then a Name you can call upon, to come to the cloisters of the Herm-An. For the Herm-An has come forth from Maser, and you who calls upon the Name of Maser will be saved double in all eternities, also till the Second. 9. But those who curse Maser have already gone lost. Now the kingdom of heaven does not exist in money or names, but in poverty and ferocity. 10. So you will serve the Maser and the Herman, so that they serve you and bring you to the fulness of Christ. 11. Do not keep standing on one leg, and do not keep on caging Christ in your hearts, neither binding him to your canons, for Maser and Herm-An are as the wings of the eagle which hit to open and to kill. 12. So the Christ has come to this world in his poverty, and to the crib, and his heart was with the animals. 13. So you are bonded in Maser to the hidden treasures of God, and you can come to the Herm-An. 14. Do not despise these Words, My beloved, so that they will not despise you. 15. The Lords will not let Themselves be mocked, and are like an assimilating fire. Those who do not have the Maser, do not have the Herm-An either, and are slaves of the Mammon. 16. You can not come to the Herm-An without clinging to the Maser, for then you will come to the false ice, which turns the dead into slaves. 17. For foul and full of lies are those who say they have the Herm-An while they have despised the Maser. They carry the lights of hell and of Orion. 18. Blissful are those who kiss the feet of Christ like Mary Magdalene, for they also have the Maser. 19. And the sisters of the Magdalene

have brought thousandfolded comfort to Maser and the Christ, and they will receive the Herm-An. 20. Let then no one of you forget that wildness is a higher order of God. 21. The savages know then the treasures of fire and ice, and bring them to the hidden and the darkness. 22. Keep then your hearts in God, so that you will find grace before His throne. 23. You will know the Christ then in Maser and Herm-An.

51.

The races of the apostles

1. Let then the races of the apostles be lined up on the Emelis Shatau so that you can hear and understand each other. So you can receive manyfolded the present of translation, so that the Peace of the lords will be manifested. 2. And so there will be fourteen races of apostles. 3. And the first race is the pleiades, and they are as the sons of thunder, the boanerges. 4. And the second race is the red pleiades for they prepare the wine of the lords. 5. And the third race is the black pleiades or dark pleiades who carry or bring the lame to Christ, and to the Second Christ. 6. And the fourth race are the yellow pleiades, and they descend to under the yellow to bring those with deep pains to Christ, and to the Second. 7. And the fifth race is the blue and white pleiades. 8. And the sixth race is the pink pleiades. 9. The seventh race of apostles are those with the red cape, and the eighth race is the hermanite apostles, those who are of the Herman. 10. The ninth race is the apostles of Metensia and the tenth race is the apostles of the Emelis Shatau, and they are holy and clean, for they carry the commandments of the Lords in the Second. 11. The eleventh race of the apostles is the apostles of the aslanted shaft and the twelfth race is the apostles of the Second Metensia, and they carry the holy screws full of the burning ice. And they are like the forge of the Lords. 12. The thirteenth race is the apostles of the burning fruits, and the fourteenth race is then the apostles of the burning stings. And they are like the wasps of heaven, descending on the roofs. 13. And they are all then sons of the lightning of the Lords, and see then, it is like holy milk.

52.

The Pink Covenant

1. And when you will then hear and understand each other, then the second nipple of the lords is not far from opening. And she will lay down and come up from the stomach and the inside. 2. And so the words and cords will be cleaned, and they will become to a new body and bring a new creation. 3. And her name will be the pink covenant, and she will be holy before the Lord. 4. And she will be like the mouse and the rabbit of the lords and she will become

big between Mokmos and Sarhem. 5. And her ponds will burn like the ice and her fishes will be like lighting bows and garlands, coming from her womb and from between her hands. Yes, she will carry the balls of the Lords, burning of ice and silver. 6. And she will carry the races of the prophets and the races of the judges as a holy jewelry before the Lord. 7. And they will come forth from her womb, formed in the foul of the Lords. 8. And then the intestines and snakes reach till the womb, and she will give birth through her arse. 9. And then the arse will use to give birth, and not to get rid of excrements. 10. And the men will give birth to the snakes of heaven by their legs. 11. And those who do not know the new body of the Second will have to suffer much.

53.

Jacob and Esau

1. Second Gad, you are as a flame in the night. On the Emelis Shatau you sit. Second Aser, to the prophetic races you belong, as a feather in the wind. You are the shadow of the bat. All your spidermen are there. 3. Those then who open Brannan sit on the gates as the ravens of the Lords. 4. Those who then carry the holy belt-apron are as the rats of heaven. They come from the Second and have suffered in the First, and see, they are clean and holy. 5. Second Naphtali, you are then as a rat of the Lords, and you have not despised the pirates of the Lords, but you have caressed your hand across their backs, and led them through the night in tears. 6. You have let them drink from the secret jugs of fizzing tears, and you have not kept away the bread of tears from them. 7. You were there in the night for them. You were a worthy soldier. 8. You have then shown them the caves of Esau, and the songs of Jacob. See then, they are both wild. 8. Yes, for also Esau will be saved, for they have been atoned with each other, after a long war. 9. Yes, for in the womb they fought against each other, but they found each other before the death. 10. So there will be many who have fought against Christ finding Him before the grave, and He will be like the Cleaned and the Holy Second. 11. For also the Lord wrestles, hits and admits then, like with Jacob on Pniel. 12. The Lord then loves the wrestlers, and His Holy Hate does not always lead man to destruction. 13. The Lord has then hated Esau in the fight, for also Esau had to become broken, but the Lord loved His heart, for it was a wild heart. 14. And so is then the Hate of the Lords a stronger love than the love on earth, for the Lord Lord, your God, hates in guile. 15. So there are many who came to the hate of the Lords and they have tasted it and intoxicated by it, atoned with many enemies. 16. You are then also all soldiers of love, working with guile, but not to destroy, but to build up.

The Hate of the Lord

1. And all who have come to Brannan, wear the belt of the Lords, and the light of Lapondria will rise to their chest. They will open their mouth and laugh, for the Big Canaan is in their mouths. 2. The Lord opens then the prophetic races as soft flames, for the red juice has separated Jacob from Esau, but this same red juice has also brought them together. And this is the mystery of the Lords, for the Lord spoke about His Second Blood. 3. And see then, they are both wild. Big Grace the Lord gives to those who have come to the Second Issaschat, and they will become like the waves of the sea. Yes, many times the sea-red has been sifted, and his flames rise continuously to Brannan. 4. The Lord loves then those of the race of the Second Simeon and the race of the Second Judah, for they are prophetic races, and they are wild and work with guile. 5. Yes, the Lord hates them also, for by hate he proves his love. 6. And so the sea-yellow has been sifted many times by hate. 7. You who do not have the hate of the Lords, and not tasted the bitter of the sea, how can you be in his love ? The Love of the Lords comes forth from His Hate after all. 8. So then no one can come closer to the Lord, without hating sin and the old nature. Yes, who then doesn't hate his own life, cannot enter the Kingdom of God. 9. And he who doesn't hate his own son, and his own woman and possession, cannot enter the Kingdom of God. 10. The Lord now is hate, for the hate cleans and tests. Like this you can build each other up in love. But when you hate, hate in the Lord, for the hate of the world leads to destruction, and they don't have the Christ. 11. Let then no one mislead you with pious and hollow sounds of love, for the law of the Lords is hate. 12. You then have taken away many weapons from the church and from the Second, when you say that the hate of the devil is and not of the Lord. The Lord has weapons of hate, and you have to give heed to them like light in the darkness. 13. You have already been delivered to the world and those of the Mammon, when you love without clinging to the Hate of the Lords. 14. The lord then wraths against his enemies, and also against his children. Cursed are those who hate the chastisement of the Lords, and despise the hate of the Lords. They are not allowed to come in the church of the lords, for they have even despised the First. 15. Read then of the hate of the First, and learn to purify her, for when you hate to hate, then you are cursed. 16. But when you hate in order to love, see, you are blissful. 17. And you have to give heed to these words as the trees of life with burning fruits, as to the soft of Metensia. 18. Let then no one take your salvation away, for many seducers will come to you to try taking you away from the Lord with guile. 19. Therefore it

is sometimes better to live far away from humans, to be close to God, as when humans are close it brings you far away from God. 20. Test each other then with these words.

55.

The Holy Soul

1. And Naphtali is as a burning hind before the Lord, lighting in the fire of God, and the Lord will sift it thousandfolded. 2. Yes, also all other tribes of Israel are cleaned in His Fire. 3. And the smoke will rise to the Emelis Shatau for a new day. A new day of the lords has come. Let then the gates of Brannan be opened wide, and remove then those who do not wear the holy belt-apron, for she has been given as a sign of the Lords. 4. And Naphtali is as a fiery hind before the Lord, full of the fire-red, singing the songs of the cross. 5. And Naphtali will be like the hind of Maser, wrapped in poverty, to bring forth the riches of the Lords. 6. Bring then all the priests to the Lord, and let them be cleaned by the fire and the eye of Eminius. 7. The Lord knows then all priestly races, and the races of kings, and they will not terrorize the prophetic races anymore. 8. The Lord knows then all their names, all their exits and entries. 9. And in the eye of Eminius is then the bond with Spricht, for he suffers and battles for him. And Eminius carries the sword of Spricht, and brings all to His staff, those who have come through Golgotha. 10. You then are all on your way to the Emelis Shatau, but many will stumble on their way, so that there will be cleaning among you. 11. And then you will travel from Brannan to the Emelis Shatau and back, so that the licorice of heaven will grow in your hearts and your souls will be in ecstasy about it. 12. Yes, for the roots of the Lords have many juices which will serve those who have come to these roots. 13. Blissful are those who have rooted themselves in the Emelis Shatau, and blissful are those who are deeply rooted in Brannan, for they will know the licorice of the Lords. 14. And there will rise a man named Licorice and He will be the fruit and the son of the cross to lead the nation in the times that the lungs will be squeezed to be locked, and there will be a small source of breath for the most holy. 15. But they will also go through times of no breath, so that there will be cleaning among them. 16. And the man named licorice will be as the Holy Soul, and the Second Soul of the Lords, and thos will be poured out over the studios to educate many. 17. Yes, the hair will burn, when the Holy Soul will be poured out, and he will become as a big jewelry in the middle of the cross, carrying the mysteries and the fizzing of God. 18. So there will be then much syrope streaming from the middle of the cross to bring a few to healing.

The Light of the Cross

1. And in the last of days Licorice will burn and spit fire, and the light will lead the saints. And they will have to go through many wildernesses, and become equal to these wildernesses. 2. For also the Christ had to become identically to the suffering and the dying, to enter into eternal life. 3. And Eminius and Licorice will become one in the last of the days as a lighting ship, and the helicopters of heaven will go out from them. 4. And the purple gnat will go out from then as the light of the cross, and this light will be mystical, and they will build a new creation. 5. Yes, till the seventh dimension their light will reach, to the glues of God. And the purple gnat will become big, and will blind many hearts, for they have sinned to the most high. And his coming will be terrible, as the secret thunder of the Lords, spared up to the last of days. 6. And He will lead the holy attendants and anointed ones to the secret mountain, and they will clean the latins and the fire-red, till the sea-red. 7. And then the star Sirius will be cleaned, and the dogstar, and they will be cleaned till the latins and till the fire-red ship. 8. Yes, the red tear will clean them, and those who are under the yellow, for it will be a day on which the Lord will consecrate Sirius. 9. Yes, Sirius will burn before the Lord, and also her harvest will be cleaned, sevenfold. 10. And then there will come voices to the Lord, to accuse the purple gnat, but the Lord will cast them into the pit of thunderstorm. 11. And for three days they will be without breath, and these days will be as months. 12. And they will be found guilty as kidnappers, yes, kidnappers of wine, and they will sit in the fate of a kidnapper, till sevenfold, for they have severely sinned against the Lord, and have eaten from the harvest of the kidnap. 13. And then the boat of Sirius will rise, and she will carry the light of the cross. And see, it is a boat of dogs. 14. And the Lord will clean the dogs. Blissful are then the Dogs of the Lords, for they have carried healing to those whose hearts have been stolen. 15. The lord has then stolen back the hearts as a holy thief, and was followed by dogs. 16. Woe then those to which the Herman has descended to steal back, for He will break into their houses in the night, while they sleep. And there will come a fear over the world, like has never been before, and they will think that they are the only ones left, while there is no one who saves. 17. Yes, they will be delivered to the fears of eternal damnation. For Eminius has come to bring fear, to strike them as by lightning. 18. And they will forget the Second, and will be grasped by the First again, while there is no one who saves. 19. So the Lord will do to everyone who has sinned against Him. The Lord will not let Himself be mocked. 20. Blissful are

those who have been pulled out of the First, and who do not carry the seed which made them believe in the First anymore. 21. let yourself be saved by the Herman out of the horrors of the First, for He comes to many in the middle of the night to lead them to the Second by sleep and dreams. 22. Search then for grip in Him, for He lets Himself be changed by prayer.

57.

The spine of heaven

1. You have come close to the purple gnat, who warms your hearts. Do not sin against Him, for He is the light of the cross. 2. For He went out from Golgotha where our Lord died, and was as the lightening at the horizon to let the veil of the temple be torn, and by which they all said : Yes, He is truly the Lord. 3. He was the light paralyzing the soldiers at the cross. 4. He strikes to blindness and strikes to open eyes. 5. He has come then, Eminius Metensia Matas. He comes then to open the Big and Second Canaan, and they will have a small well of breath which will lead them. And He will lead them to fiery wells, and then they will open their mouths wide and not being able to speal, for He longs for sacrifices of silence. 6. And so is the the light of the crosses. And He will come to strike the First and Small Canaan, for it has been built on bloodshed and the flesh of animals. 7. And He will lead the souls of the animals who died innocently to Sinsabeine and the wild. 8. Yes, to under the yellow He will bring them where they will be comforted thousandfolded, and they will see the mystery of centuries. 9. And Sinsabeine will attach itself in their coccyxes, as a tooth and roof of the Lords, and they will have many outlooks. 10. Yes, blissful will be those who have received the outlooks of heaven, for they go as on wings. 11. And then Abdal will attach itself to the lowest of the spine as a tooth and roof of the Lords, and the economic power will be of the Lords. 12. And then Tamille will attach itself as a tooth and roof of the Lords above Abdal on the spine, and she will release the rats in the gutters, and they will come to the windows in the destined hour for that. 13. And then Tabulle will come to the attic-windows, and she will be the glory of the birds. 14. And then I saw bats coming to the roofs, and their authority was big. 15. And they came from under the purple, and had cleaned the purple many times till seventy thousand times. And their glories came to the stars. 16. And there was a battle named Lapsalvania in heaven, and her juice was the juice of the wasps, and she came to the spine of heaven and ascended along it. 17. And the roots of orion were laid bare, and I saw stars falling out of the heavens. And they fell on the earth and made noise. 18. And the saints had lookouts on the matadok, as on the holy mountain of the lords, and they saw the paradoxes of the lords sitting as birds

on the roofs. 19. And they stood there as the Marion, burning as torches of the Lords, spreading their light. 20. And they had been torn from inside, and they had wild eyes as the Herman.

The Revelation of Maser

1.

1. And you have come to Maser : Know then the lush of the poverty, and see, it will be as your robe. 2. Be then like the Assisi who was the prophet of Maser, of Christ the Poor, and had the Poverty as companion. Yes, he worshipped then the poverty. 3. You will then have to defeat Ingridtel, the tree of cats, she with the many thorns. Don't let it be about honor, but about the primeval. 4. Then you will receive yourselves in the light of Dezer, the Christ of the Primeval. You know then that Maser is a lush vulture-raven, waiting for you. 5. Blissful are those who have stilled his hunger, and given his rabbit-beggars to drink. 6. Those who have begged for poverty, and received it richly, till lush clothes of the wilderness. 7. return then to the French schoolbooks of the Lord, and learn from Him. They are given to you as counsel of glory and guide. 8. Make then many vows to the Poverty, and you will win her for you. You will then have to swim in her seas till Narzia, and the develish sea-cats you will overcome. The Jaguar waits for you at the coasts of Narzia. 9. Creep then through the wildernesses to the mountain of Dezer in the open field. You do good to take the primeval to you, and not the honor, for the honor deceived those who do not live in poverty and gives them illusions. 10. And because Maser went the road of Dezer, he became lush as a wonderful bird of the lords and as the black panther. 11. You will then go from Assisi to Assisi to come to the primeval. Accept then Dezer in the field, so that you will be counted to his sons and not getting lost with false hope. 12. learn then to know your Christ in the darkness and ice so that you will not spoil one of his tears. You have then the cross as vehicle over the seas till Narzia. Let yourself then not miss the prize by any leak. 13. And so there are then several prophets of the old covenant delivered to satan, to lucifer and Ingridtel so that they will stop the making of leaks. 14. Yes, also those who were fathers once haven't been spared. And so then young prophets have delivered their fathers and put them in the ban. 15. You have then Maser as your father, and you do not have the need that anyone teaches you.

Not canonizing

16. Take then the old centuries of France as silver crocodiles to you, to receive the Spirit of Maser. 17. Be then like the french and their birds, and be like the

poor. Like this you will make your souls blissful in Maser. You then will not complain anymore, when you are pulled out of your canon of suffering. 18. To a deeper cross you will go, and you will accept her. They have made the cross as a law of the cross, as a canon. 19. And everyone who went across the line, received the wages very deep. You of the cross-canon, break. 20. You have thrown the stone to Narzia, and overcame the great. But we have come to the cross of Maser, leading to the primeval. 21. Set then the cross free, as a flying bird, and take her out of her cage, so that she will not come with vengeance, but she will do that anyway. In all these times she has sat down, and the cross of France you have not accepted. 22. Oh lilies of the cross, your gates have been opened. Spread your wings, oh karsuiks, oh putses of Metensia. 23. Spread your wings, oh birds of Michai and birds of Maser, and fly to new and old eternities. 24. Yes, to the primeval they will go. They will break through the glass. Yes, to the Snowwhite they will go. 25. Oh Maser has come to the temples, where they do the trade of the cross, and where they have been hit by the whip. 26. Oh Maser has come to the temples, to chase them away, and to open the cages of the birds of the cross. 27. Oh cross of Maser, covered with red gems, as the fruit of Poverty. Yes, to the primeval she reaches, in Dezer they are free. Free to go to the field. 28. Oh, stone of Maser, which hit the head-wound, you are not canonized anymore, you are not behind glass, you have hit the snowwhite and carried it. 29. To under the pink you have gone. For does the hard then not make soft ? You will not canonize the hard. 30. But behind the glass they will always drive it, always again, until those of the pink mirror will come. You will not canonize the soft, and neither the thorns by which she works. The tallest thorns are needed to let the juices of heaven flow. 31. And see, they flow on their times. You will not canonize the nightlarks.

2.

1. I have no needs, I am healthy, since I found the cross. Yes, the cross has healed me, filled me with herbs of heaven. She gave me the collars of flowers, she is the red cape. 2. At the door of the sick she knocks, at their gates she stands, with the fruits of the heavens. 3. She is the red cape, with her juices of fire. Those who cherish the cross, know of her lures. In rivers she glides, to cool waters. In forest-lakes she has her crowns, selected sevenfolded. 5. She speaks as the forest-fountain, to all who follow her. I do not have needs, I am healthy, since she touched me. 6. On squares she is avoided, but children follow her. 7. She carries the ice-gems and fire-gems in her basket. The meanings of things change under her caressing. Yes, she created the Spirits of God, and brought the Karazure to the heart of Metensia. 10. Silent

nighttrouper they are, spinning the karbulines and the karmozines, the nightlatins and the fire-reds. 11. Yes, she created the big First, as the heart of the heavens and the earth. In her so many found shelter. 12. The cross knocks at the doors as a goat, looking for her children. 13. So many have found the nightlatin, spun through the big wounds. 14. The cross knows them all. They found their shadows and their lives. 15. She reached then to the living in their spirit, to give it the waters of lives. 16. As a goat she passes the houses by, on squares she is avoided, but children follow her. 17. She speaks like the forestfountain, to all who follow her. I have no needs, since she touched me. 18. The night-gem knows so many languages. They all follow her. 19. The birds sing of her blood, which flows through thousand barrels. She is the red cape. 20. She has produced the Marion in the wombs of Metensia and Mura, as the tree of the cross. 21. As a goat she gathers the fruits which the forest dropped for her. And she brings them to the children, for on all squares she is avoided. 22. They see her as the danger of the Karazure, all who hate her, all who serve the world. 23. They established the fence of centuries.

3.

1. She is the blood in cool lakes, with many collars she stands on Golgotha. After the shark and the chicken have crowed, so many tears falls there, as the rain of the cross. 2. She holds the life in her hand, with steams of the Karazure. 3. Blissful are those who tremble for her, to Golgotha she leads them, as a goat who gathered her children. 4. At the door of the sick she knocks, standing at their gates. She brings the nighttrouper, with their few words. 5. Roses found a shelter in her. To the lame she gives a stick, to hit those who hate her. 6. Do not hate the cross, so that she will not find you. 7. Birds sing of her blood, to all those who cherish her. The blood that streams through thousand souls, they found healing in her ice-gem. 8. Where the silent nighttrouper are, she stays. The red covers her. 9. Roses come forth from her lap, as the flowers of the cross. 10. Where the silent nighttrouper are she stays. Bring then praise to the cross, to the red cape. 11. Those who hide under her have the shields of the cross, and her weapons are like needles, to embroider the armor. 12. She works under pseudonime, find her then. Do not send beggars away from your doors, for you might chase her away, to regret that for eternity. 13. The fence of centuries she broke, but evil folks raised it again. She found refuge in her nightpoem. She then hides in all those who follow her, she created the Christ in the silver, and the second in the gold. 14. Again she will break the fence of centuries, and birds will fly to her house, where the blueberries burn, and the fruits are of ice. 15. On the hills of blueberries the nightpoems are banging like

doors, and the big trees come forth with many collars. 16. The story bound us all, say it on.

4.

1. As the clean latin she is to those who follow her, for Jew and Greek who cherish her. 2. At the doors of the lame she knocks, standing at the gates of beggars. 3. Those in rags know her, she with the many collars. 4. The mice of heaven have heard and understood her heart. 5. Those who serve the mystical, have always read between the lines. Her Word will never perish. 6. The Word of the cross brought under a scornrobe, brought us to the red cape across the crown of thorns. 7. She is the heart of the cross, cherish her then, where the rats of heaven have seen her. 8. She has broken the white shoe of satan. The crown of thorns is here, know that well. 9. The game of rats has ended, the mice have no party. She break the king of hearts, and pierced his kidneys, to pronounce a time of freedom to his slaves, as a ship in savage waves. 10. The crown of thorns is here, do you know it well ? As a star above fizzing sea, to lead them to the land beyond the trees. 11. The house of doctors she did not know. She had a herb of the cross. 12. The white shoe of Beelzebul she broke, and bound his sons one by one, to prepare hearts to the big nightlatin. 13. As lights at the attic, she broke the threat, one by one. They all had to stand before her, and she brought them to eternal rest in the rocks. 14. The fate of the Lords is then not to break them, but to let them sleep forever. 15. The Lords know then the rest in the seas. In their sleep they are savage, but the foam forgot about it forever. 16. They rest then in the fourth death, where the Lord drove them.

5.

1. They who then know nothing have to suffer a lot, but the sleep brings them to rest and intoxication. They embroider there in nightpoems. 2. The Lord has strung up rest from the beginning, to a bow to resist those of the canon. 3. Open then your gates and let the bird fly wide. The new day is dawning. Who would not embrace her. 4. She is the crown of thorns of the Lords. She spoke in fire and homesickness. 5. Yes, to sleep she brings, all who fear Him. 6. The thorns have stung deep, now rest comes in. Those who then not wanted to suffer deep, have avoided her. 7. But once the thorn reaches to the spirit, to the depths of the second, and then the gates of sleep will open. 8. The needle has stung deep. She did not know what she said. Now they are yours again, those roses. They will break you, side by side. 9. For the Lord brings brokenness to those who suffer deep, and then the new day is dawning. 10. No, you cannot avoid the roses, when they rise and march, to the broken windows they come,

to break in further. 11. Yes, as a thief in the night the Lord comes. The thorn-crown hangs at the wall, as a star in the air she is. 12. She created the Lord of the Spirits, the Holy Soul, now He is then rooted as a tree in deep mornings. 13. Yes, she created the Lord, she is the Soul of the Spirit. A thorn-crown she is, the Lord has carried her dignified. 14. She brings the armies to rest and brings them to the eternal sleep.

15. As a queen in her palace, she plays the violin. She was then avoided, she is the thorn-crown. But children followed her, knowing her bliss. 16. She brought them to the rivers, to the waters of sleep. She brought intoxication and anaesthesia by her stings. As the fire of roses she was. 17. She broke the fence of centuries. She lived under the red cape. 18. She came from the cross, as the fire-gem of the red cape. The fiery stings of roses cherished her in silver, and she brought forth the gold as honey. 19. As a prisoner of spiders she was, the thorn-crown. They made her tall and bitter. 20. Come then to the thorn-crown, all who say they cherish Christ. 21. His deep heart, his second spirit, would I then cherish mysteries ? 22. Fiery keys He gives to those who cherish Her. 23. The thorn-crown as the heart of the sea, as mysteries of sailormen. 24. Let her then bring the ropes to rest. They have worked too long. Let her bring them to spright. 25. Where doors open her name comes, where windows break she slides inside. She is as the snake of the cross, coming to all those who cherish her. 26. The herb of sleep she brings, and the spinnings of the wind. 27. Would anyone despise her, she brings him down. She gives the wages of sleep to all, by the measure she measures. 28. Unjust is then the judgement over those who were unjust, but her injustice is more just than the justice of humans. 29. She is then the justice of merchants and of slaves. Would it run out of hand, she knows to find everyone. 30. On sea-coasts she makes noise. She is the thorn-crown. 31. Still her screaming is more silent than the silence of humans, and her noise as the noise of seagulls. 32. Know her then in her violence. She is the thorn-crown of the lords. 33. When it then goes out of hand, she is there. And gulls serve her. 33. Yes, she knows the titmice on the roof, and brought the karsuiks and the putses to Metensia. 34. Do not touch the past anymore, when she speaks, but go through her opened doors. Her caressings change meanings. 5. She turns the goals upside down, and is as the spinning hedge.

The Stone of the Magpie

The New John

1.

1. So has then Christ not only become a human, but also an angel, in hidden times.

2. For the Lord had not only set up a plan of salvation to rescue man, but even more to rescue the angels.

3. For like man took of the apple and fell, there was also an apple of angels, and those who took from it have not been spared.

4. And like this many divisions of angels went down by the high tides of the Lords, to test their hearts.

5. Now there have been a few folk who have preached that there is no salvation for angels, but these people know nothing of the hidden things of the Lords.

6. For also Christ became angel, in order to rescue many angels.

7. And like this Christ descended to the wildernesses of the fourth dermension in which the angels lived in bondage with their generations and their legions.

8. They didn't live on the mountain of Eden anymore, the holy mountain of the gods and angels, but they lived in the wildernesses at the heights of Eden.

9. And some of them lived in grace in the outer corners of Eden. And Christ first became angel, to bring many angels to bliss. And so He descended from the mountain of the gods into the wildernesses of the fourth dermension to the places where many angels were bound. And He spoke to them, and comforted them, to preach the Word. And the Lord let His sword descend on the fallen angels, and those who had fallen with them by family or race, and the Lord separated them.

10. And Christ spoke many words to bring separation and to test their hearts, and many of them didn't want Him. And they took Him to a hidden place, and beat him and bound him there. Also they made a mask and laid it around his head, and they gave him a hangrope. And like this Christ who had become an angel was hanged. And those who loved Him called Him the magpie and the holy thief. For because Christ was the hanged one He robbed many out of the claws of Virtus, the spirit of the apple,

and the fallen god. And like this man is served to know of Christ the Hanged One, for it is speaking about a far history in which the Lord delivered angels out of the dark mystery of the black apple.

11. And because Christ once rescued angels, like this he could also rescue the human. And so He is then a holy covenant, the way to the garden of the gods, for everyone who is bearing the hangrope. For every hanged one needs to realise that first his Christ hanged there. But many have ridiculed the hangrope, and labelled it as unholy, and they have despised the blood which Christ poured out for the angels. That is why the Lord will also ridicule those who have made a mockery out of the hangrope, those who walk around with a material stock to dominate others by it. Do not let anyone mislead you, for the true hangrope was a thick and strong rope. And also those who are masked have a comfort that their Lord was also masked.

12. So it is then that the Lord has risen many times, and has gone to the death many times, and this not only to save man, but also angels. Like this he has also established his gospels for the human, and for the angel. Because the Lord doesn't punish for eternity, and He also does not test without an end. The Lord is a loving God full of mercy. His works are good and great. Now I will tell you then a mystery : the gods eat meat, and many fell away by eating the forbidden meat. So then the Godsnakes eat hearts, and some fell by eating of the forbidden heart. And they had as saviour the old magpie. For the magpie didn't just rescue the gods by the hangrope and the mask, but also he rescued the Godsnakes who were the being and nature of God. And by this any covenant was made holy.

13. And so Christ has also come forward from the works of the old magpie, and he was sometimes also called a magpie. This because the work of Christ directs back to the works of the old magpie. And the magpie will come as a thief in the night. So is then the God-magpie the deeper and purer being and nature of God. And once he created the mountain of Eden to go on a search for hearts. And still his eyes go across the world in search for hearts. And the Lord devours hearts by the holy devouring, and the Lord fills hearts, and separates hearts. Yes, the Lord makes houses in hearts, to come to His goal. And the forbidden heart was black, and it was as a liver.

2.

1. This is then the old book of the first letter of John, purified by established apostles by the Lord, with important things to add, because the Spirit of the Lords had been blocked on many points in history.

2. The Lord has given his apostles the powers for this, and you do good when you give attention to it like a lamp shining in dark places.

3. So then many churchleaders and many translators have been there to poison the Word of the Lords. They have twisted the Word of the Lords, with adding things, and taking things away which was not inspired by the Lord.
4. And because the hands of the human have mixed themselves into the work of the Lords this has become a curse.
5. Take therefore these words to the heart and remove the unpure and partly darkened first letter of John out of your Holy Scriptures.
6. Let such a letter be history, and do not make yourself dirty with it again. Know that this is a commandment of the Lords.
7. You will therefore speak about an old first letter of John and a new first letter of John, which has been made holy by the Lord.
8. So it is time now to break the curse of the old and the first, so that you will go into the new and the second.
9. Didn't the Lord himself say to you then that His Word has been received by dirty hands, and that the pharisees have taken away the power of the Word as robbers ? Yes, opposers have infiltrated the most holy, to let themselves be worshipped as a god.
10. Like Moses was only for a part led by the Spirit, the same counts to John. John was not perfect, and you will come free from the curse when you consider the person John and his letter as fallible and not perfect.
11. God is light. In Him there is no darkness. When we say we walk with him, but we let darkness rule us, then we are liars. My people, this I write to you, so that you will not come to sin and so that darkness will not rule you.
12. When we let the light rule us, then we have good fellowship with eachother, like the Lord is One.
13. When we say we have no sin, then we lie, and the truth is not in us.
14. When we say there is no darkness in us, then we lie, and the truth is not in us.
15. When we say there is only good fellowship among each other and with the Lord, then we lie, and the truth is not in us.
16. When we confess our sins, then He is faithful and righteous to forgive that sin, and to cleanse us by the blood of Christ of it.
17. The blood of Christ cleanses of all sins. If we say that we haven't sinned we make a liar of God, and then his word will avoid us.

18. But those who are in Christ do not sin. Those who live by the Spirit and who are in Gods mystery do not sin, but this is only in part.
19. So then all who have been bound by the Spirit are without sin, but also this is just in part.
20. Anyone who is born from God doesn't sin, but this is also just in part.
21. For when the Spirit grasps you, and puts you before Gods throne, and you are lightened by the fear of the Lord, then you will see how unpure you are.
22. This is why God will send His judgement to the herder and the prophet who say that there is no darkness and no sin in them. For this they have done so that they could speak with authority without someone opposing them.
23. But the Lord has seen it and will beat that apostle and that evangelist who have said of themselves they were infallible, by which they broke off the fellowship to establish their powers to rule the other.
24. Isn't there then an infallible state of being for a child of the Lords ? Can't the Spirit bind then to the full and perfect being ? Is everything then just in part ?
25. To get an answer to this you will have to go from bondage to bondage and from test to test, so that only the Lord will speak when you have been bound in the Fear of the Lords.
26. So then there is infallible being in Christ, and you will have to hunt after it as after a precious pearl. But then : any infallible nature will have to be tested, Those who do not test will suffer damage. They will be grasped by misleaders who will lead them to the abyss.
27. So the infallible being of John had to be tested as well, and his letter. Also his fulness, his perfect being and his fitting being had to be measured, weighed and tested.
28. And like this the Spirit has purified the letter of any curse by His apostles. You do not have to suffer anymore under a curse, the darkening and the pressure of the old. It was a voice always speaking in the depths of your spirit and it kept you blind.
29. Let the doors be opened today. Let the Lord take you away today from the poisoned word.
30. This I have written to you, so that you all know that you have eternal life in Christ. We have the freedom to come to Him, and when we pray after His will, then the prayer will be given to us before the Holy face of the Lords.

31. But those who do not fear the Lord do not have anything. They take the words of the Lord away and they make the foundation weak. They boast around in their traditions and say : See, how we have made the word of the Lords powerless.

32. But many are deaf, and they follow them blindly. No, no mercy is there for them.

33. The Lord will visit them on his established hour. And he will remove their blind eyes and deaf ears, because they were blind and deaf anyway, by their sins, destined to nothingness. And the Lord will give their flesh to the birds of the heavens.

34. Yes, on that day the Lord will let the flesh of many rot away, while no one will care for them. Darkness has come over them, and they won't be able to find each other.

35. Follow therefore no leaders who lead you to such darkness. For the Lord is faithful in watching his words, so that they will be preformed and completed very detailed.

36. Yes, the Lord cuts right by His Sword, driven by the Truth. But those who aren't fools of the Lords, and who plant themselves on the highest chairs like churchwolves, how can they carry the Truth in them.

3.

1. So it is then the Spirit of the Lords who has been blocked out by distortions of the words of the Lords. So it is then the Spirit of the Lords who has been put on rations.

2. So it is then that you have let the Spirit of God be in hunger and thirst, and you haven't opened up for Him.

3. And thus says the word of the apostles : You have made the book of the Lords difficult, and ridiculous. That is why the Lord will cast out many as evil spirits.

4. Beloved, do not trust every spirit, but test the spirits if they are from God, for many deceiving spirits and false prophets are in the world.

5. So it is that John has let the Spirit speak just only in part, but the word of the apostles to which God has given power carries the Spirit of John.

6. So then the temporal veil and shadow has been taken away. By this you will recognize the Spirit of God : any ghost who will confess that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, has come into the flesh, is from God. So is then any ghost who does not confess this not from God.

7. This is the spirit of the antichrist, which doesn't confess Christ, and which will come in the world to say : I am God.

8. Such a spirit you will despise. But not any spirit who says : I am God, is a spirit of the antichrist. So then there are also spirits who have lost their way, deceived spirits, and the spirits of the Lords.
9. Therefore beloved : You have to test. You will not recognize spirits by their words, even not by their deeds, but by their deepest and innermost heart.
10. God sees the spirits, not in their words and deeds, but where no human sees them, and where no authority understands them, there in their deepest wilderness, where their soul thrones.
11. And this soul thrones in missing and loneliness, because she is not seen like she is.
12. So is it then that God has the keys to the deepest knowledge, and is no any prophet or apostle of some value, before his Face. Only those who are in the key have eternal and unbreakable value.
13. Therefore don't let yourself be misled by a confession when you test, but pierce through in the depths of the spirit, knowing that God has the keys.
14. Those who sin cannot test, but what is sin ? Do you have any consciousness of what sin is ? Which language do you speak ?
15. So it is that many angels have fallen together with the heavens they ruled, and see, they have created spiritual languages. And by this they deceive many.
16. God can't use languages. God translates, and pierces through to the nucleus. God doesn't live in misunderstandings. Misunderstandings are inspired by language. Language is a curse when there is no interpretation which leads to the deepest.
17. So it is then that you will have to go to the deepest interpretation to be able to understand your brother. But most of all : you will have to go through the doors of Gods mysteries. Then you will speak the languages of the Lords.
18. So it was then that John wasn't without sin, and he wasn't without lie, neither without darkness. How would he be able then to prophesy perfectly and in fulness by the Lord ?
19. But it is true that the Lord hits straight by rods which aren't straight, and He can grasp someone to speak His words. God can use anything as a tube to speak through, but that isn't evidence that everything coming forward from that is always complete and full.
20. So there is then a battle between God and the spirit of the antichrist about the tube of speech, and because of this the waters are often poisoned.

21. Yes, the word is a huge cross of the Lords, because He can often speak only in part, or in chaos.

22. That is why the Lord has chosen to speak in symbol and crypt.

23. John wasn't without sin. This is why this letter has been written by the Spirit who lived in John, the Spirit of Christ, partly quenched, partly grieved, partly bound up, to purify the message in the last days by the word of the apostles.

24. So then many will come free from the curse, but also many will oppose the purified letter. They will grasp the old, and will defend their territories of power.

25. This then is the first letter and the first book of the old word which is and will be purified. Listen then what the Spirit of John preaches to the churches. The Spirit and the Bride say : Come.

26. When someone sees a brother acting in sin, not to the death, admonish him and pray. God will give live to those who sin, not to the death. There is sin to the death. It is of no use to pray for such brother. All unrighteousness is sin. And there is sin to the death.

27. John had a sin, not to the death. Even now his Spirit speaks, the Spirit of Christ, now John belongs to the cloud of witnesses.

28. I saw John standing, speaks the word of the apostles and his Spirit, and see, he stood in a dooropening, carrying a flower.

29. And this flower was to purify and order the poisoned letter from ancient days.

30. And John spoke these words, saying : Go out, oh horses of the spirit, and bring the word, you who have been sent. Bring the purified word, purified by my death, to the earth, and let it take roots in the blood of the Lord.

31. And I saw John raising his hand, and see, he blessed the word. And I saw him weeping because of what he did to Gods Spirit in the times when there was no completeness and fulness. And God gave him power to break the curse.

32. And by this John let a dove get ascended again.

33. You are from God, you who are his children and his nation. And you have overcome the spirits of the world, because He who is in you is more than the one who is in the world. So it is that you have received the Sword of the Spirit and the Sword of the Spirit of John, a special part of God, separated for that.

34. And horses of the Lord and the horses of the angels have been gone out to the different directions of the wind and of the surface of the earth to bring the spirits of

the Lord to rest. Yes, they have gone out to bring those who have lost their way and the deceived spirits to rest.

35. The spirits of the antichrist however aren't of God. They are from the world and speak like the world. The world listens to them.

36. We who know God, we are of God. We are of God, because we have been born in Him, by His spirit. Those who know God listen to us. Those who aren't of God do not listen to us. By this we recognize the Spirit of Truth and the Spirit

37. They who do not test these words are not of God. They who test these words are of God. This is only partly, for God sees the heart.

38. Those who test the spirits are of God. Those who do not test the spirits are not of God. Also this is only partly true, for God sees the heart. God sees the cross in anyone.

39. So there are then : crosses of the lie and of deception, crosses of false test, crosses of tests which have lost their way, and testless crosses. God knows the darknesses and veils of the hearts, and the depths of spirit and soul.

40. Is salvation then possible ? This is why the Lord has established the word of the apostles.

41. And I, apostle of the Lord, saw the old book of the letter of John, and see, it was a prison. Because the pieces of that letter were the stones of the building of the conscience, of the soul and the spirit, and held the Spirit of the Lord tight as a prisoner. And I saw the building materials break down and slide away, and everything started to fall down. And a voice said to me : Climb up to here !

42. And I climbed up while the stones below me were still breaking down, until hands grasped me, and put me on solid ground. Thus was the word of the apostles.

43. And I saw a horse and a ladybug of the Lord as the appearances of angels, and radiating light came forward from them. And I saw geings coming out of the pit from which I came, chained souls, and see, they got rescued and released.

44. And a big round stone was moved over the pit to cover it.

4.

1. And the sword of the Spirit is over those who know the Spirit of John. And the sword leads them forward, and taught them to battle.

2. And they kept the words of the sword in their hearts. They battle under the leading of the chiefs of the armies of heaven. They heard their voices for the Lord has opened their ears. They know of the mysteries of John and of his Spirit.

3. And this is the mystery : the love, of which you have heard from the beginning. Not like Cain murdered his brother. This was from evil.

4. Why did Cain murder his brother ? Because his acts were evil, and those of his brother were righteous. Don't be surprised therefore when the world hates you. Like this they have also hated the kings of Christ.

5. By love to the brothers we have gone from death to life. Without love we stay in death.

6. When we hate our brothers we are murderers, and the life is not in us. No murderer has staying eternal life in him.

7. We recognize the love in Him who gave his life for his friends. This we have to do also for our brothers.

8. When you see your brother suffering lack in the world and you shut your inner life and heart for him, how then can the love of God stay into you ?

9. We do not love the other by words, but by deeds, and then mostly by the truth. We are no slaves, because like Christ has loved his friends by the depth, and has been set free by the Spirit, we will also love each other by depth.

10. What does this depth mean then ? These words have to deal with the cross, and the isolation with deeper knowledge.

11. By this we will know that we are from the truth, and before Him persuade our heart and innermost life, that if our heart and conscience condemn us by fire, God is more than all these things, and has knowledge of everything.

12. We have freedom to come to God and Jesus Christ, when our heart doesn't say we are guilty. Then we receive anything we pray from Him. This because we do what He desires of us, and because we keep His commandments and preserve them.

13. This is always just in part, because the nature of our heart always hides for God. Like this the heart can hide under darkness, and say : I have done nothing wrong. The Lord however knows all hearts.

14. This is His commandment : that we spare each other in love, and that we believe in the Name of His Son, Jesus Christ, to who we obey. This is only in part however. God directs to the depth. Things are not what they seem to be. In the depth we get approval, and in this the symbolism of this all will be clear.

15. God is no password, and even his commandments are not, because they can be obeyed by hypocrites and deceiving spirits to receive powers. This habit we do not

have. That is why the name and the deed do not have any value in the depth, and they only serve symbolism, as an indicator to the opening of doors.

16. Who spares his commandments and preserves them, stay in Him, and He stays in him. And by this we know that He stays in us : by the Spirit and the Spirit of John, who He gives to anyone who truly loves Him.

17. Let us therefore love each other and preserve each other in love. The love is from God, and anyone who truly loves is born of God and knows God. Who doesn't truly love doesn't know God. God is love. God has loved by sending his only born son to the world. In this true love has been revealed, so that we would live by it.

18. In this is the love, that God has loved us, not that we have loved God. God has sent His son as being the United against sin. Like God has loved, we should love.

19. No one has ever seen God how He is. No one has ever seen the human how he is. But by love God stays in us, and in this it has become perfect. Let us therefore love each other. By this we know that we have received His Spirit and the Spirit of John.

5.

Ode to the Virgins

1. Holy virgins of the wood, holy virgins of the volcanoes, have you ever heard me when I prayed to you. Have you ever seen how I longed for you. My heart was roaring already in my head when I was young, when I sent poetry to you. Poetry of love, of grown up language, but you sent me to the wilderness.

2. Holy virgins of the mountains, holy virgins of the sun, have mercy on me when I come to You. When I utter a wrong word in your presence, do not punish my too heavy. I am young and unhandy of heart. Do not cast me away from mountains too high. I cannot fly, my wings are still small. Do not throw me into seas too deep, for I cannot swim in such savage domains.

3. Don't think I am wise enough to mislead philosophers. I am still a child, tender and helpless in the savage hand of the earth. Holy virgins of the seas, I look forward to you on my towers. Let me know when you want to speak. I am your tube of speech, as a vessel of the earth.

4. Form me like clay, make me strong in Your hand. But you have only given weakness to me, in a dreamworld I dwell now. I am too weak to stand up, you holy virgins of the hours of the night. You have made my heart smaller, you have bound my feet. A savage I am now, on my journey I have never rest. You want to ogle me to your depths. teach me to see Your wounds. They don't heal fast. I have approached the volcano.

5. Oh, holy virgins of the hours of the day, you who bear the lights. You are wise inside, that's why your lights are purified.

6. So then these virgins are holy, for they have loved the hidden things. They have also reached the wise by their foolishness, form me in your hand, make me strong in weakness, and wise into foolishness.

6.

The Virgins of the Hours

1. The virgin, golden fountain, of pure waters, of pure waters coming from the darkness. The virgin, tender word, in weakness you have come forth, in weakness you have come up. Like a clear weakness, like a wise weakness, you brought strength to the word. No house too high, no bridge too tall, you always go forth.

2. The virgin, airfountain, to be with the nightlatins was of more value to you than a golden crowning, was of more value to you than the chorus of the day. Adventures you haven't avoided, through the night you went.

3. The virgins, to the darkness you have gone, not avoiding the hidden, you have a place at the front. Come, lead me away to the past, come, let us come to the virgins of the primeval. In the deepest darknesses they live. They have a place at the front.

4. The virgins, golden bliss, lead us through the dark days, teach us to know You better, and let us go to the virgins of the hours.

5. The virgins of the hours, we come to You, we love Your fire, oh candlestick, the years have passed by, but You are still there. We drink of Your voice, You are the nightwatch on which I build. I sleep in rest and being concealed, when You spread Your wings over me.

7.

Supplication to Alika

1. I can't see you, you are too far away, like a queen on her throne. I can't hear you, your voice is too far away. I only hear some whisperings, but who is it, I do not know. Is it Your messenger, or is it just the wind. The Virgin, Alika, Holy Virgin, Wise Virgin of the inside, you always come too late everywhere.

2. Why do you let us shriek, the dead have died already, we suffer pain, no messenger sent to us. The Virgin Alika, why have you pushed us away, in darkness we search for You. The Virgin, take us with you, do not punish us too loud. Take us to You, take us to You.

3. We walk against the walls, we can't start anything. Our voice reflects back at us, as a dead record. And you always come too late, you visit us in hell.
4. The Virgin, Alika, we knock on your gates but you only want to flood the morning.
5. Come quickly, and do not punish us too loud. We were young and unhandy, but we grew up like roses. Take us. You do not have to smile, a caring glimpse is enough to us.
6. I have a thousand roses in my mouth, they all speak of love, tender words to You, The Virgin, Alika. With virgins you will love roses, speaking with flowers, the light breaks through for eternity, in whisperings. Do not punish us too loud.
7. They do not know them, who conjure spirits. They do not know them, the softpurple weavers of the waterfalls and the rivers.
8. To the language of grace I flee, until the love sinks into the tender ground, where the breath of the small treasure of fire overflows me. She let me sink through her light, to an abundant morning which caressed my face.
9. I sink deeper into flowerground now. What should I do ? Lead me, fathom me and know me, oh The Virgin, Alika. In you all gates are open, but how do I come there, how do I know your heart. By grief, my darling, I come to all the other land.
10. Isn't there another path, do we have to suffer forever, isn't there another gate, Alika, please, tell me. Can there be a bridge beyond time ? Please, save us out of the clock, and bring us to the cupboard, where we can have a shelter. Soft pink roses, purple territoriums, dripping light, this poetry is, where love melts the time, where love created the cupboard, where we can float away, to a new beginning.
11. I have to sink, to Alika, I have to sink. Here I have to battle.
12. I still don't know you, Alika, after this night. I still don't see you, you, only splendour. I do not hear you, where have you been. Here on my pillow, are the tears of the past, and my blanket spreads itself as the bird of hell, where are you ? Have I been betrayed again ?
13. Very softly in the morning, you stand there at the gates, so shy, with your hand reaching out, to catch a piece of bread. In rags you are clothed, as the splendour of the season, but I stay hidden deep behind my walls.
- 8.

The Keys of Sektia

1. All what I need is you, the earth wants to tear me, protect me, and lead me to your pits, your shells by which you surround your splendour. I want to see your scars, where soft lights radiate, the darkness has left me.
2. Show me all your ripples, oh shell, let me feel you, where you have hurt, where you have forgotten me. Let me see your vein of love.
3. Keep confess the beauty, keep seeing the earth, to break the cages of time, and to make the virgins holy. Burn gates in the hedges, and flee.
4. Alika, bring the wet dawn. All what you need is there.
5. You were then frozen, made as a candle, and a candlestick, and they brought many candles to You, so that you would not be alone, but they could not reach you. You were a cloudheaven of fire.
6. And Sektia, you were like a wild flame, but also like the fire, like the soft loveshadow you were loved, you holy virgin to all eternities. She then gave me the keys of the lions, those who got frozen, and after that their souls got burnt.
7. Sektia will be praised forever, the Holy Virgin of the lions, to Your gates I come, and through your fires I come, to the wild flame.
8. And I called out to Alika and Sektia, and see, they were like fairies. And I came to their altars, and I drank of their cups. And I fell in their arms, drunk, and they led me away.
9. And they flew away from me, and I couldn't follow them. They were like cloudheavens of fire, and they shot arrows at me. And again I got drunk.
10. Then I had to drink from many cups, and I fell I became very heavy, like I would get crashed. And I could hardly rise up. And a virgin appeared to me, and she had many presents, but I couldn't reach her and her presents.
11. And I began to call : 'Dehu, Dehu !' And again I had to drink of many cups. And now I became as light as she was, and very tall and slim. She then was the holy virgin Dehu, and she gave me the presents. She then was like a rose of tears, like the water streaming under the earth from virginal wells.
12. And I saw the fertility of the virgin as a wound, a very fragile and soft wound, pierced many times. And the wound herself was a virgin.
13. And I saw the mouth and the tongue of the virgin, and they were like a wound, like a gate. And again I drank of many cups and I got sucked into a gate. And again I drank from many cups, and I got drunk, and again I got sucked in through a gate.

14. And they were full of ripples, and like the virgins of the sea, and they were as her fertility.

15. And Dehu stood up, and spoke her words, and these were very soft and tender. And her organs were like tears, like the waters of the virgins.

16. And the womb spoke and said : 'You are given the keys of the presents and mysteries of Dehu. And after I had drunk of many cups of venom again, a strange exotic gate opened, and I saw a savage, grey sea which lay before me, whose waves moved slowly and gave shocks. And from the sea virgins rose up, and they were the eternities.

17. And when I went in through another gate after the drinking of many cups I saw there eternities coming forth from the volcanoes. And they moved fast.

18. And when I went in through another gate after the drinking of many cups I saw there eternities as slow moving cloudheavens.

19. And in other gates I saw eternities, and they were like stone.

20. And again I came to an old stairway, but this time it went down. And there was there on a table a cup which would never run out. And I took a drink from it.

21. The door behind this table led me to a great desert. And in the middle of this desert there was a cup with a great die. And from the cup a heart ascended which turned upside down, became black, and turned into a liver.

22. And the cup was filled by heavy alcohol, and steam and smoke came out of it. And those who drank from it dried up instantly. And the cup was like a doctor of death. And from his mouth and hand rivers of heavy drought came forth.

23. And there were virgins who drank of the cup and they fell down instantly. And they were like intoxicated, and they were led to the wells of eternal virginity. And close to these wells there were chickens and cocks. And they were like the ones dried up and the poisoned ones. And they guarded the wells of the eternal virginity.

24. And they had the venom of strong drinks, and they were like the lawyers of the death. And the virginities became very heavy, and Dehu rose up from them, and raised a strange, exotic sword. And this was the frozen one, and the pierced one. And fire came forth from the sword, and she purified the virginal wells. And the wise virgins who didn't possess foolishness got thrown into a pit.

25. And Dehu shut the pit down, saying : They will not drink from the cup of venom into eternity. And screaming raised up from the pit, and they began to search for the venom, but it fled away from them.

9.

Prayers and Confessions to the Holy Virgins

1. Holy Virgin Isabella, watch over our souls. Give us the eternal ropes, by which we can come to you. Open your holy way, a holy path full of strangers. Holy Virgin Isabella, watch over our souls, grant Your word as a doorway across bridges, let your valleys be full of love. Holy Virgin Isabella, grant us your spirit, as a glory from above.

2. Holy Virgin, do not let us glide into sin. Heal our fallen nature, and grant us your love. Add to eternal growth, in the safety and rest of your beloved shelter. You have established it below and beyond the pits, we come to you, in admiration. We close our eyes, and think of You. To You who granted us life, to you who visited us in our dungeons and abysses, and who led us to a deeper road. From beyond and below you came. Let us then approach you.

3. Holy Virgin Weather of Roses, take us up into Your lovely hand, and establish us in your kingdom, in Your paradise, where we can live in peace. Your purple and pink flames is like cooling steam of your words of love. Heal us, and teach us. We are grateful that you have come to us. Yes, deep in your pits we sank, until you took us to the depths of your kingdom.

4. On the bottom of our pits we found Your way. Have mercy, and lead us, take us away. Holy Virgin of the Forest, we have drunk from your rivers of mercy, and you have given us the golden flame. To the green gold you led us, and you made our works clear and pure. Your lovely perfumes stream from the forestbottles, and you have your pieces of bread stored in stone bottles to feed the wild beasts.

5. Holy Virgin of the Fields, Saratus, you are my great love, overflow me in your glow, a blooming, growing morningflood. I glow when you touch me. I am burning when you think of me. I always come to your gates. I have never been so deep like now, in the depths of your flowerfields, come now, and awaken my deepest longings.

6. Flowers fade away, they grow on my head, to watch the bliss forever, the glory of the glow, the motherglow, she has lifted me up on rivers, to this island of paradise, she is the virgin of the fields Saratus, the Holy One. Overflow me also now, do not forget me, when you write. Let me come into your kingdom, I am made in Your image, like you.

7. They spouted at me until I was stiff, with the foam of the fields. Saratus, why did you hit me ? She punishes her heroes heavy. In her baskets she carries them, to the wolves of the old days. They have made me so cold, but there is a flame watching in me, the flame of the holy virgin of the fields, oh Saratus, protect me against the cold,

I am like a piece of wood, until Saratus kisses me, then I awake to the lusts of the heart. Then I feel everything burning in me. Oh, Saratus, why did you hit me ?

8. To her depths I fled, for the enemy was after me, now I have kissed her, and covered many sins. Her mercy I searched, her house I built, now she has seen me. I am a kingly son, and in her I have my throne. Oh, Saratus, why did you leave me. Still I search for You, still I dream about You. Often I cannot sleep by it, it makes me so tired. Why did you hit me ? My whole life I give to You, where else do I have to go. They are after my heels. To You I can flee.

9. In the shelter I come, but I cannot find your house, under moss and flowers it will be. Still you are hitting me, how long will it take. Take me in, I am a poor beggar, too weak to come to You, but too strong to be taken away by the enemy. Please, lead me, bring me back on the path, and cover my sins.

10. I hear Your voice in the distance, in the cooling evening I long for the rest, but you do not make Yourself known too fast, I wait for You. Could I just understand Your wounds, oh tender snare, sensitive glimpse, like drawn on a card, like chained to a house. Could I just understand Your wounds, I want to feel them very much, like a house beyond and below the flowers.

11. They have spouted me until I was stiff, they have deceived me, and that's why I flee to You. I haven't come to Your house, but silently and step by step my dream will come true.

The New John II

1.

The Revenge of the Teasing Ghosts

1. That the indian elves had worked hard everyone knew. It had become a beautiful camp, and they ate from their hunter-meal in abundance. This time they were able to trap the beastly guards of the emperor, and the magic forces flew from their mouths. No one knew of their hunting tactics, for they were kept secret already for centuries long. As lightening they attacked, while they left confusing traces. No one would ever be able to reach this camp, for as soon as someone came closer, everything became invisible. This went automatic. So many magicbottles and magicjugs spred so many mysterious smells which were able to do this. Some thought the smells could make someone's brains insane, so that some things weren't visible anymore, and others thought that the camp became invisible indeed as by a fog. Whatever it was, the unreachability was a fact. Therefore the red indian elves were very proud and careful with their citizenship. It sometimes happened that an elf was banned for a certain

reason. 2. Sliktior had encountered the emperor one time and wasn't impressed. Also Sorsor knew the emperor a bit. They thought back of the times that there was peace, but since the emperor hired in beastly guards it seemed like his brains were invaded. It was a sorcerer who had brought the emperor this far, and the emperor thought he was in his right. What did those guards do ? They made everything and everyone unsafe. Words lack to describe such terrors. That's why the red indian elves were so glad that they felt the flesh of these beasts flow in their mouths. Sliktior had not touched the flesh. He was afraid something would happen to him. 3. Sorsor thought about the emperor, and of the sorcerer and his sorceress. The sorcerer once had created these guards, and it wouldn't be without dangers to eat the flesh of such guards. The guards were partly lion, partly tiger and partly wolf, and further their reaving qualities rose above everything. They were the super-predators who ate all the other predators. Often they went hunting to tear everything which came on their path, but most of all they were mean. A nightmare it would be to end up in their dungeons. Sorsor had the idea that the emperor didn't realize well what he had brought into house, that he didn't know what was happening. The emperor was so busy with other things, and in Sorsor's eyes the emperor was totally under the authority of the sorcerer and the sorceress. 4. Sorsor had eaten from the flesh, and disguised himself as a guard. He went to the castle of the emperor, and stole a ball with little magiccoals. Quickly he went to his camp, raised the ball, and said : 'This here is the heart of the emperor. There will be no hope if we will let those of the imperial castle just doing what they want. They are full of guile and slyness, and the emperor himself is a pawn in their hands. We cannot save him. We cannot win from the authorities of the sorcerer and his sorceress. They will find us here, and spare not anything of us. Therefore : this ball with little magiccoals is the most precious possession of the emperor, and he will die for sure when the ball is broken.' Then Sorsor broke the ball, and there was loud cheering. They all knew that the sorcerer and the sorceress could only rule by the emperor. Now the emperor had died. 5. Sorsor went back to the castle, and there was much deathsmell and mourning. With bended heads the sorcerer and his sorceress came out of a cave near the castle. The sorcerer raised his hands and shouted : 'The gods have taken revenge.' 6. Sorsor took two knives and threw them into the hearts of the sorcerer and his sorceress. Now the surrounding and the land was free from their terror. Sorsor kept his last speech to his tribe, and established Sliktior as chief. Sorsor would begin to make his big journey to the mountains of the gods. This always happened when the chief had done a deed like Sorsor. They would remember Sorsor as their hero, and Sliktior would be called Sorsor the Second. 7. Sorsor

grasped Sliktior and squeezed him tight, kissed his forehead and left. Not much he took with him. His clothes were divided among the tribe, and also big parts of his possessions, while much of it got burned. Two criminals were pierced at the stake of punishment, and they would die instead of being banned. They chose death over being banned, for the ban would be a much bigger shame in their eyes. By the stake of punishment their spirit would stay in the camp, and by battle in the wars they would be able to restore their honour. Yes, the rules of the camp were of big cruelty, but also of big grace, as a mysterious paradox of justice. Like this Sorsor had taught them. 8. Sorsor was a man of big wisdom, granted by the gods who he did not know. Now he had defeated the sorcerer and sorceress by his guile and slyness he was worthy to get to know those gods. The gods lived in the mountains, close to other wizards and big elves. But first he had to go through that terrible desert where the gods would test him. 9. In the desert he was tormented by delusions, mirages, hunger and thirst. The pain of the drought stung him. An oasis was what he longed for, a real oasis, but everything here was to tease him. There was nothing to reach here, and only the teasing ghosts were his companions. Sorsor hadn't learned to live in loneliness, and he couldn't take the emptiness which tormented his soul. He knew that the teasing ghosts weren't necessarily evil. They were sent out by the gods to test him. After a long and scary experience of emptiness and despair he shouted it out to the teasing ghosts : 'If there is then no one else available, fill me up then, for the emptiness eats me away.' While shrieking and cheering the teasing ghosts took possession of him. They had waited a long time for this, and now Sorsor would get prepared to enter the caves of the gods. It was the teasing ghost itself who was teased, and searched for rest, which it couldn't find. Now the teasing ghost had filled him magic force flew through him, and he could reach the gods without melting away. 10. In a place of magic coals he encountered the god Prektiktion. The god thanked him that Sorsor had brought him to rest, and that he accepted the teasing ghost which Prektiktion had sent to him. Sorsor spoke about the destruction of the imperial heart, and the god Prektiktion knew everything about it. 'I have given you that wisdom,' said the god. And the god filled Sorsor with a whole series of magic forces. The god Prektiktion had many wizards in service, and could use Sorsor also very well. The god gave him a bottle full of other gods he could call upon. Those other gods had the most strange names which were difficult to pronounce for Sorsor. 11. Prektiktion spoke that the tribe of Sorsor was now delivered to the powers of the desert, for the teasing ghosts would also search for them now to test them. Sorsor took the bottle and smashed it against a wall of stone where it broke. 'I had promised to protect them with my life,' Sorsor

spoke. 'Why am I here ?' 12. 'You didn't have another choice,' said Prektiktion. Sorsor fell on the ground and wept. He missed his tribe. 13. 'When they accept the teasing ghost,' Prektiktion spoke, 'then your heart will be connected with them.' 14. After many long years Sliktior came to the place of magic coals as well, and told Sorsor that he didn't come because of a big deed, but because he was banned. Sorsor fell down in rage. He couldn't imagine that his tribe would be able to do something like this, but later he understood it. Sliktior had been a coward. Sorsor wondered how a banned one could come here. From the eye of Prektiktion a beam of fire came which consumed Sliktior in a flash. 'More often banned ones come here,' Prektiktion spoke. 'They can come here by a secret key, but their fate is the fire.' 15. 'Are they intruders ?' asked Sorsor. But Prektiktion shook his head. 'No, they are accepted because they are thieves. They always take a piece away from the tribe when they go. So they are special in our eyes, and our eyes will take the special then.' 16. 'But where is Sliktior now ?' asked Sorsor. 17. 'He is delivered to the revenge of the teasing ghosts,' Prektiktion spoke. 18. But Sorsor didn't accept that, for he loved Sliktior more than any god or elf. There was one thing which let him battle against the gods, and which he always carried with him, and that was a small jug fastened to a leather necklace around his neck. His ancestors told him that he could only use it once. He opened the little bottle, and a stream of poison struck the god down. Sorsor grasped a knife which had been fastened to his leg by a band, and threw it into the heart of the god like he once defeated the sorcerer and the sorceress. At the same moment the skin of the god was ripped open and Sliktior stepped out of it, as a piercing fire. 'Don't touch me !' Sliktior shouted. But Sorsor grasped him tight. 'To the revenge of the teasing ghosts you will not be delivered,' spoke Sorsor, 'but be hospital to them, for they were delivered to the wrath of the gods.' There was still one drop left in the little bottle from which Sorsor let Sliktior drink, and the teasing ghost filled him then as well. 19. Together they went back to their tribe through the desert. But the other gods had established themselves in the camp, and had forced the red indian elves into slavery. The little bottle was empty, but because Sliktior had drunk from the little bottle he was immune. And so Sliktior delivered his tribe from the gods, and he was restored in honour. 20. Sorsor would go back to the mountains, and this time not to go to the gods, but to the big elves. The big elves cared for the many teasing ghosts they had delivered from the terrible hands of the gods. When Sorsor had come to know a huge number of big elves, they established him as chief of a tribe of red indian teasing spirits. These red indian teasing ghosts could do magic like no one else, and Sorsor had to make sure they wouldn't trick him. Often a big elf had to come inbetween. 21. After

many years also Sliktior came to this place, and this time not because of being banned, but because he had served the tribe of the red indian elves greatly, having done a deed as big as the deed of Sorsor. Sliktior replaced Sorsor here now, and Sorsor went deeper into the mountains. Sorsor came to a place where many red indian wizards lived, and he also saw that they were much bigger teasing spirits than those he already knew. They were devilishly cruel, but besides that also graceful, as a law he once knew, the paradox of justice. Fliktivian was a desert-butterfly who could cause big mirages, and Sorsor encountered many others. Sorsor found out that they were responsible for all the exhausting situations of his life, but this time they were friendly to him, as if he was being one of them. Sorsor found out that many of them were corrupt, and he slew them in terrible fights. In these fights he learned what true cruelty was, and that that which seemed to be grace would only make the cruelty bigger. For Sorsor got confused of it, and became an easy prey. But Sliktior followed his footsteps, and made him free. There were mysteries Sliktior carried of which Sorsor hadn't knowledge yet. 21. Sorsor had many questions, questions which would be answered on the path through the deserts and the mountain-chains. It was like everything added to the big puzzle in his head, but some pieces seemed to break everything up again. Sorsor became very wild. On a day Sorsor found a lot of teasing spirits in a little bottle. When he would release them, would things get worse or better ? He knew that they were sent to tease, and actually he had enough of all the teasing. He knew that if he wouldn't open it, then probably someone else would open it. Sorsor decided to carry the little bottle around his neck, to use it in cases of need. You could never know. But later he decided to bury it deep in the desert, for there were already enough teasing spirits in the world.

2.

The Eternal Flame

1. There was the drumming of elves in the camp of the red indian elves. Salucia took her spear and ran to the tree closest-by, in which she climbed. Her father would return, but she also expected an attack from the Maribirs, a tribe of elves at the westside of their camp. They would have heard of the return of Salucia's father, who worked for the wizard of Ostford for that time. The wizard would have rewarded him with many magic things, so that the Maribirs wanted to steal that. But everything stayed quiet fortunately, and Salucia's father was okay. Maybe the Marivirs had felt the threat which went out from the castle of the wizard of Ostford. Salucia's father had an armor which she didn't know yet : lofty but also tender and dreadful, seductive as a confusing paradox. She

felt the curiosity of the Marabirs, but decided to not give attention to it. She felt the dark eyes of the Maribirs lurking around, full of lust but also full of fear. What did the wizard of Ostford do ? There came a wonderful, piercing magic from the camp of the red indian elves. Salucia was calmed down. Everything was good with her father. The wizard had done good work. But when her father showed her a few scars Salucia was terrified. 'I know it, my child,' said her father. 'Working with the wizard was not without dangers. I had to become initiated into the higher magic. I have fought with the guards of the wizard, and they have wounded me, but only then I could carry the seal. 2. 'What seal, father ?' Salucia asked. Her father looked at her tenderly, and she saw his eyes were shining. His eyes were fullblooded, full of mysteries, as big brown beads which reflected the sunlight in a mysterious matter, but also so much darkness. 'Go to sleep, Salucia,' said her father. 'It is late.' 3. Salucia didn't know what would happen that night, but Maribirs came into the camp to kidnap her. They brought her to a place, a well, where the light of elves wrapped her. She knew nothing of the riddles of the Maribirs. It was a splendid experience, something she didn't expect, for the Maribirs lived as enemies against her own tribe. But who were these ? These were maribirs she didn't know. They were older, calmer. 'You can go, Salucia,' they said to her. But Salucia didn't want to leave. She wanted to stay in this well of elves, which seemed to touch her heart. Bathing in light she swam to the other side of the warm well. 4. Suddenly a sword was pierced in the man who bathed closest-by to Salucia. It was her father who came to take her back. Salucia had mixed feelings. 'They want to keep you away from the wizard of Ostford,' her father spoke, but the other figures around her in the well seemed to drown. 'Father, what are you doing ?' Salucia asked. Not long after Salucia heard a shot, and she saw her father falling down in slow motion. The well filled itself with blood. A dark stature stood before Salucia, and then turned around to disappear in the nothing. Salucia shrieked, and found out quickly that her father was dead. There was neither any Maribir around anymore. 5. Now it was time for salucia to visit the wizard of Ostford herself, for she didn't understand what was happening to her. In tears she was searching for her path, while she remembered the indications of her father. Her father had told her a lot about how the wizard lived, and most of all about how to come there. When salucia came to the high lighted gate of the castle of the wizard of Ostford she fell into the arms of a tall elf while she was weeping. Quickly and pulsing she told the story. She knew that she would get comfort and answer here. The elf took her inside and cared for her. 'There are so many things you do not understand,' said the elf. 'You are very young, Salucia. The wizard is waiting for you.' 6. Inside everything looked different

from what her father had always told her. At the wall red indian spears hung, strange knives, and some walls were drenched with blood. Salucia was terrified, and asked what the meaning was of all this blood. The elf didn't speak. Salucia began to become scared, but suddenly the elf took Salucia in his arms. 'You don't need to be scared, sweetheart,' said the elf. 'Everything will become clear, but we can not talk too much. Well, we are allowed to, but it is not wise. Let us do the things step by step. 7. The wizard was a wonderful man. He gave Salucia rings for in the castle. The rings were fastened to her clotjes, and the rings would give explanation about all things. They were speaking rings, and more and more Salucia felt comfortable. But she also tasted a sort of threat she couldn't describe. 8. The wizard wore long garments, and brought her to an other red indian tribe of elves in the depths of the castle. The elves didn't speak, but communicated in an other way, by their eyes, and by the movement of their lips. 'Teach them to talk,' said the wizard. 'That is your first mission. I will explain everything about your father later. Who he was, and also who the Maribirs are.' 9. Salucia took the time to teach the elves how to speak, and she also learned their way of communication. The wizard was satisfied after several months, and brought her to an other red indian tribe of elves deeper in the castle. The castle was very big. This tribe communicated by shrieking and by repeating all sorts of strange sounds over and over again. 'Come,' said the wizard, and brought her to a well of elves in a big space. The well was almost completely blue, as blue bubbling paint. The wizard made some stripes on her skin, and descended then into the well. Salucia had to follow him. He swam to a door deep down in the well, opened that door, and swam through it. Here sharks swam and all sorts of other fishes, but they didn't do anything. They only stared. The wizard swam with Salucia further to an other door, and when they swam upwards behind the door they came into a completely new space. 'When I would not have been with you, you would have been devoured by the sharks and the other fishes,' the wizard spoke. 'So I decide who comes here.' A strange piercing smell hung around like a sort of paint, but it also smelled very physical and warm. 10. Salucia was all eyes, for there dripped a lot of strange substances here with strange colors. It was a sort of mud. The wizard looked at Salucia and winked to her. 'Do you know, Salucia,' said the wizard. 'I show you all of this, and once I showed it to your father, because I want that you and your next generation will live in this castle. Outside the Maribirs will take everything over, and they will not spare anything of your tribe. They have destroyed your father, but I have protected you.' Salucia began to cry. She had expected that also her father would be protected, and therefore she didn't understand why the Maribirs could murder him. The

wizard took her in his arms, and spoke : 'I would have wanted to protect your father very much, but the might of the Maribirs is not to be underestimated. However, if you will follow the path faithfully, and stay with me, you will see your father back.' But then the wizard suddenly became sad. 'I will stay with you for a short while, until you have been accepted by the castle and brought into safety. Then I will have to direct my journey to the domains of the Maribirs. I will have to make this dark and black trip, so that they will not take this castle over.' Salucia took the wizard extra tight and spoke : 'But can't we not stay together in safety ? Why would you risk so much ? This castle is your possession, and it will stay your possession !' 11. 'Girl,' said the wizard, 'you do not know the powers of the Maribirs. I have to go there, other wise this castle will be of them and then there is not any hope for you and your next generation. Then also all other red indian tribes of elves will perish, and the flame of Ostford will be quenched forever.' 12. And so the two said goodbye to each other after a long time of walking and talking. The wizard had explained to her what she had to do, and further the rings would lead her. Salucia sighed deeply and tried to stay courageous, but soon dark fears invaded her. Did it all rest on her shoulders then ? Why was everything so complicated ? 13. Like the wizard had said she first came into a place full of trees. The trees almost looked like elves and they brought forth strange eggs. The wizard had given her a special red rag by which she could brood the eggs. But there was something in her which said she shouldn't do that. Also the rings gave her the advice not to do it. The rings clearly had another view than the wizard, and Salucia wondered why the wizard had given her these rings. But many other plans seemed to harmonize. Salucia tied the red rag around her head while it became warmer. Sometimes she rested against the castle-walls, and then she continued. 14. There were so many things Salucia did not understand. How would she be able to bring forth a new generation ? Where would she encounter her father, and how ? The rings didn't tell much yet. It was like Salucia had to win their trust first. There were a number of things which she had deeply in her thoughts, as a vision of magic, and that was the trip of the wizard to make them safe, and her own trip to finally make the wizard safe. She was determined, and she knew that when the wizard would have reached the eternal flame in the domain of the Maribirs, then they would be united with each other. But this could only happen if she would reach the eternal flame of the castle. If not, then they would both die, and then the Maribirs would possess the castle forever. It was strange when she thought back of the kidnap. She came in a well of elves of light, and she had shortly the idea that the tribe was good, or at least a part of that tribe. One of the rings also told her that there were also Maribirs who were

possession of the tribe, as captives of war who got their citizenship. She tried to understand it, but it looked like she could not grasp it. And actually she didn't want to grasp it, for she was afraid to have good feelings about several Maribirs. She was afraid that their powers would invade her mind. In this she was mixed, and it almost tore her apart. 15. A tall stature stood before her when she opened her eyes slowly. She was terrified. It looks like a Maribir, an older Maribir. The Maribir wanted to open his mouth, but then he sighed. 'I have seen your father sinking away in a spiral,' said the Maribir. 16. 'You, you,' stuttered Salucia, 'weren't you one of my kidnappers ? You haven't done anything to me, you only brought me to that blissful well of elves, after which terrible things happened.' 17. 'Yes,' the maribir spoke. 'I have to tell you something. We are we were captives of war ... You have delivered us Your heart The trip you made to here has delivered us, pulled us away in our thoughts to release us' 18. 'Where are the others ?' Salucia asked. 19. 'Further away,' said the man. 20. And then Salucia realized how important her trip was. She was a key herself. She just didn't understand how, and she was still scared to get deceived. 22. After a while she came to a camp full of Maribirs, but these ones were different, like the man who was a captive of war. Maybe the man meant them. It was like so much fear was taken away from her when he saw her. Yes, these ones were different, older, more quiet, and it was as if she was bathing in that well of elves again. She only hoped that there wouldn't happen terrible things now. 23. 'Salucia,' a familiar voice spoke. 234. And there she stood. So long in the arms of something so familiar. And warmth flew into her trembling body, to make her quiet. Jewelry she got around her, and all sorts of small bottles full of magic. 'I think I made a mistake. Are you my kidnappers ?' No one said something. She only felt herself sliding away in a deep rest. The walls of the castle were far away here, the ceiling high, and glowing like the hot sun, while there was sand on the checked floor, checked red and yellow. Salucia sat down, and tears streamed. A familiar hand grasped her hand softly and tenderly. She kept her eyes closed tightly. 25. 'But I don't want,' she said. And when she opened her eyes everyone was gone, and also her rings were gone. What was happening. She wanted to shriek, but she couldn't, as if there was a hand before her mouth. A tender hand, and therefore she was still so quiet, and she still saw all the other jewelry swing at her body and clothes, and so many small bottles. 26. 'I experienced such a strange thing,' she said to herself. She opened a little bottle and a wonderful odor spread itself. A spirit stood before her with a sword. When she looked upwards she saw the tribe again on a height, and she friendly asked the ghost to bring her there. It happened in a flash. She didn't know what to think, and again she embraced

her friends one by one. They carried very special little bottles and little jugs at necklaces around their necks, and their trousers were of splendid soft substances, as of velvet. But everything looked like wet, and one of them held his hand up in which a flame appeared. 27. 'The eternal flame of the castle,' said an other. But you have not reached it yet. What would it cost to let the flame jump over from one to the other ?

28. And how much time would they have ? The wizard had already told her there was not much time left. The eternal flame was now so close, but at the same time so far away. What of the wizard was already waiting for her ? What if he would have reached the eternal flame already in the domain of the Maribirs ? Panick started to rush through her, but at the same time she was soothing herself, while also the others started to sooth her. 29. 'I can give you that flame,' he spoke, a tall Maribir, a former captive of war, probably a slave. 'I owe you much,' he said. He came closer, but the flame started to fade. 'See what happens ?' he said. 30. Salucia sunk away in despair. She thought back of the wizard and her ignorance made her insecure. 31. 'Sssh, don't talk,' said the man with the flame. Then he left. 32. 'You will find him,' said the others, 'and then the flame will jump over.' 33. After that Salucia had to make a long trip through a desert, while all the magic seemed to have left her alone. On a height there was nothing but drought, where the rays of the extra-ordinary heat sun played, and she did not know how to get there. Where were the others ? She didn't know. They faded away, without she realized it. Often she closed her eyes and opened them again. She didn't understand anything of it. Behind a little bush she saw an opening where the sand was moving. Everywhere there were red rags, and she remembered the words of the wizard that she could brood different sorts of eggs. She decided to pluck some eggs from the little bush, and wrapped them in the red rags. Birds came forth, and brought her quickly to the higher place. Insecurity became her master. Also thirst filled her, while the little bottles were already empty for a long time. But further on there was a well. Slowly she let herself sink into the well which was hotter than the sand, but it felt pleasant. Suddenly she felt lips on her skin. Someone was behind her, and the heat seemed to disappear. 34. It was the man with the eternal flame. 'Do you see,' said the man, 'when I come closer the flame leaves. When it is completely quenched everything is lost.' The man had swum away from her in the distance. The well had become cold. Salucia was terrified. Quickly she stepped out of the well, and didn't dare to think about the man again. A while later she came to a cube of ice where the flame was. Carfully she put her hand into the ice, and the flame started to lighten her face. She felt she was becoming joyful inside, and got full of a very different sort of warmth.

On the same moment she understood why the wizard had to leave her, and she experienced with her whole being that he also had reached the eternal flame now. They had done it together.

The New Genesis

1. This is the new code established by the apostles of the Lords. You must know that the old book of Genesis was corrupt and infiltrated. We fulfil with this the mission to clean the Holy Scriptures. 2. You will speak of the old book of Genesis, and most of all about the new book of Genesis. You can put these two books together, but in some cases it is important to let the prophets decide which bibles have to be removed. 3. So then the new code will defeat the defilements and the superfluities. Know that the old verses lay down deep in your heart as eggs, which produce venom all the time to poison and stain your souls. 4. The cleaning of this hasn't come forth from the heart of a human, but from the Spirit of the Lords and His Holy Flesh by which the old and the new creation came into existence and will come to existence. 5. And so the impure flesh has been a temporary prison, and the Lord wants to bring comfort in this. 6. So the old word has accused and convicted many wrongly, and also in this the Lord wants to bring comfort. 7. So the Lord wants you to know that the Word has been written as a love-letter, and not as a letter of accusation. For the Lord has been written to those who love him. 8. Whether you are barbarian, indian or savage, the Lord has prepared Himself a nation. So he has hung eggs at the ceiling of the heavens, which are getting brooded by jelly-fish-spiders by the new code. 9. You do well to give heed to the cryptic descriptions, as long as your heart allows that. So is then the Lord creating a new earth by the renewal of the thinking and the Word. 10. For the Word renews the thinking, and brings reformation by that. The eggs of the Word are full of the paint of the Lords, the paint of the thoughts. Brood these eggs, for you have been called for that. 11. Keep then the new Genesis in your thoughts, and do not sin. As God's Wrath is against all sinners. But : Do you realize what sin is. For many, also by the old word, do not know this, and call sin which is no sin, and that which is sin, they do not call sin. 12. They have twisted the word and the heart of the Lords by their own dogmas. Do not listen to such leaders. The Lord will lead you. 13. For the Lord wants to raise you so that you have a relationship with him without the interference of humans. For human flesh often leads to destruction. 14. So the new Genesis brings then the paint of thoughts. See then, the eggs of the Lords are full of the paint of thoughts. 15. So the world and the earth and all which is in it has come forth from the thought, and from the paint of the Lords. Yes, by that the Lords have also painted the conscience. 16. So then the

spiders of the Lords have painted the distances and the times, the nightshifts of the Lords have applied the details and the miniatures, and so the ladybugs of the Lords have painted the darknesses and the lights. 17. But also the wasps of the Lords have painted. They have applied the forms. So the flora and fauna of the Lords have cooperated in the creation. 18. So you have to keep the paint of the Lords pure, for the Lords are building a new heaven and a new earth, which they have proclaimed before that. Focus your heads upwards, for your salvation has come near. The Lords will wipe all the tears from your foreheads. 19. But I will tell you a secret : All tears were just paint, and they came forth from the pains, the jars of paint. Do not grieve too much over your wounds, for the Lord will show you many more secrets. 20. Also those who have worn the scornrobe of the lords : this is a mighty paint brush. You are co-creators of the Lords. 21. So the Lord will then use you to reconstruct heaven and the earth. Nothing has been without purpose. And there is wages for work. 22. But watch that you will not call work that which is no work, for many have done this, and their faith has suffered shipwreck. 23. Do not focus on the wages of earth, for those who do this will not have wages in heaven. 24. Let your works be in the hidden, where no eye sees them, for the Lord is with those who are in the hidden. 25. The lusts of the Lords are in the hidden. And the Lord will give you the armor for that. The lusts of the Lords are the walls surrounding your city. 26. With your mind you will not come far, but the lusts of the Lords come from unfathomable depths. 27. So it is wise to despise the mind, for it is fire-marked with liars, as is the conscience. Focus on the lusts of the Lords in boldness. From them comes a clear mind and a clear and bold conscience. 28. The Lords want you to be delivered from your traditions in which evil spirits keep you as a captive. Traditions were the scaffolds and codes by which the ancestors in slavery brought forth the freedom of the Lords, but these traditions begged to heaven to be delivered in their cryptic descriptions. 29. They called for integration, and development. Will you always stay babies then, living from mother-milk ? You do not serve your ancestors with that, and like this you do not honour them. They were and are just on a passage. 30. Construct forth therefore the house of the Lords, and tear the veils and seals, burn the scaffolds, and enter into the depths of the Lords. 31. Hang then on to the lusts of the Lords in fear and tremble, so that you work on your salvation in the boldness of the Lords. For in the fear of the Lords you will find all boldness, and your heart will become wide to deliverance. 32. Yes, for the Lord has given a year of deliverance. A year in which you can count the costs and make balances. 33. Be therefore wise and go the path step by step, so that you will not be enslaved again. 34. So you will not despise the old, but going into the depth, so that you

will find the points of deliverance. 35. And so you will think then : Does the Lord speak in two tongues ? And so you will discover the paradox of the Lords and his labyrinth. The earth is full of cryptic descriptions, full of the fiery tongues of the Lords. 36. And you will ask yourself who has made the paint so hot and fiery, and you will discover : The barbarians of the Lord, those who have overcome the spirit of Greece, have done this.

Jorinde

1.

Opening

1. Make yourself then up to hear the Words of the Lord. The Lord wants you to know the history of the creation. Stop then with researching your books, and stop with your work, this in order to hear the Word of the Lords.

2. The Word of the Lords researches the darkness and the night. The Word of the Lord researches the sleep.

The first earth

3. Make yourself up to go to the mountain of the Lords. In the first beginning, even before the earth was created, the morningstars and the sons of the Gods cheered at the herald. 4. The Lord had just created the angels, when He had entered the Spirits of the Gods. 5. At Eminus He created the lions of heaven and later the sharks of heaven. 6. At Metensia He created the domains of heaven, the serpents of heaven, and later the ice of the heavens. 7. At Matas he brought forth the waters of the heavens and the first earth. On that first earth He planted three gardens. 8. The first was called Roggio, the second was called Rietel, and the third was called Eeden. And in the garden of Roggio he established the forest-children Echte and Lirijn. 9. But they fell away from the Lord Lord, and He took Roggio away from the earth. In Rietel he established the serpent-humans and in Eeden the dog-humans. 10. But because they made themselves big against the Lords and sinned against Them, the Lords decided to destroy the earthground. 11. In that time many sharks fell away from the Living Gods, and began to seduce those who lived on the earth. 12. This was the first fall of the angels. And the Lords brought forth a new heaven and a new earth, and entered in their Spirit Santra. 13. At Santra They brought forth a new garden, in which They established Morit, the deerchild. 14. They brought forth new heavens and a new earth, but the dogs of Okil took the child. 15. And the garden was called Genesis, and was taken to God. 16. In those days the prince Dan Roland stood up, but Michai with his tenthousands of angels brought him

down. 17. And in those days the angels were called arxels. And there was a book named The Troiade, to let those who lived on earth in the beginning of days know the heavens. 18. And there was a man named Michai. And he was sent by Gods to bring a Holy Gospel. 19. But they didn't want him, and the Lords began to wrath against the earth, and stars began to fall, which brought big wilderness. 20. And many lions turned against the Lords, and the Lords began to move Their hands away from the earth and the heavens. 21. This was the second fall of angels. And then the Lords spoke : From now Our Hand will not rest on the creation anymore. And darkness came over the waters. 22. And the Lords lived in Genesis from then on. And the Lords established days in the change of seasons. 23. And the Lords brought Eeden back in Genesis and began to build up a new earth.

2. Let Them then create a new heart in your inside. Let Them then lead you to Their new temple, to find back the scriptures and materials of the old. 2. Let Their angel Sarsia lead you then, to the heart of Michai, there where the tears of Gods stream. 3. Bring then comfort to the heart of Gods. 4. Let us then go to the garden Genesis, and come to Their Spirit Santra. 5. Let us then flee to Their Shelter, when the elements crash down. 6. Yes, let us enter the new Genesis, where Morit will return. 7. No, Morit has not been forgotten.

3.

1. The book of exoduses. Hear the Word of the Lords : The Lords have heard your voice in slavery. He will break the authority of Pharaos, and lead you out.

2. Gods will send plagues, and lead you out in the deepest of the night.

3. He has seen how the enemy doubled your work and made it more heavy. He has seen how the enemy didn't grant you any rest.

4. But the Lords will bring hooks in the jaws of this beast, and pull him out of the Nile, to bring him to barren places.

5. The Lords have heard your voice, and will lead you to the temple of ice in the darkest of the night. Hear then, for your prayers have reached Them.

6. A new day is coming, for those who weep now.

7. And the Lords will fill your mouths with laughing, and show you the new tears of Their Spirits. 8. A small rest the Lord will send you in your exodus, and the angel Sarsia will watch over you as the fiery flame. 9. And the nighttrouppers will lead you to the innermost of the temple, and you will see the altar. 10. Then you will see that the Lords speak from the altar. And that day will be called big. 11. And the ark of ice will be of stone, and you will bath

there for a day and a half day. 12. There the Lord will give you the Eternal bread. And the Lords will ban the riders of Pharao out of your memory and conscience. 13. And the Lords will raise a banner, under which sign an Eternal Soul will be born. 14. And that soul will serve the Lord, and will become big in the desert. 15. Yes, that soul will speak as the tiger.

4.

1. And then the Lords will shout : Make then free the course of the Lords. 2. And the sharks of the heavens will come from the domain Spricht, and you will watch their souls. 3. And the Lords will shout : This is the Day on which the shark speaks, and their words will be heard and understood, on that day that the seal of sharks will be broken. 4. But the Lord had blinded several generations, so that they would not hear and understand the words. 5. They would still have to serve the Pharao, until the number of their suffering would be full. 6. And the Lords spoke : They are those, who live in the days of the tiger. And then the Lords left in Their fiery chariot. 7. And I saw a blinding light descending from the heavens slowly, and the Lord saw that it was good.

5.

The temple path

1. I have enough of living with a woman who always wants to fight. My father taught me from young age, and warned me against her. Now it is then too late, and I am for always strung like a pearl at her sword. Now the days will have to waste, and God's Spirits will have to take me up. I will not leave her, neither send her away. A house of doctors tore us apart.

2. With winter alone one cannot live, and without summer the ship will strand. As a volcano is the love without a woman. For then you have been delivered to the Spirits of Gods.

3. Have you heard of the volcano of ice ? Have you become warm already by the cold ? Be then like the orphan and the widow, and you will find the path of Gods, burning of ice.

4. My boots burn at my feet, my body baths in precious ice. I have found the messenger of Gods today, a bird ticking at my window. Also tomorrow I will be on the watch-post, where heaven's gates open.

5. And you are warned against the foreign woman, with pearls at her feet, with bells tinkling in the night. Do not let her anoint your head, for service in her temples, for you will not be able to quench the fire, and only a house of doctors will be able to save you out of her hand.

6. And I descended to the house of doctors, where no one could help. And I died a cold death, wandering through darkness. And I entered foreign houses. I was on a trip to a temple, the temple of the dark ice. For Gods let themselves be known in darkness. In His temple is the medicine.

7. In houses you will not have luck, but in temples is the medicine. By tears of ice the walls become stiff. Leave then the walls with windows, and take your path between the walls of temples.

8. In houses of game you will not win, for foreign women will bind you. Do not drink from their milk, but stay on the temple-path. For in houses of game you will not win. They only take your soul away. Be faithful to the love of your youth, and let the bonds waste before the Lords. Do not let yourself be bound on the altar with cords of love, and hang on to the Spirits of Gods. Then you will win for eternity, in the temple of the Lords.

9. Be faithful to the love of your youth, and lay it on the altar, so that the wings of the Spirits will take you away to a new land.

10. Let the Words of the Lords guide you, and do not let yourself in with foreign women. Hang on to the Spirits of Gods, and let yourself in with that which is in the temple.

6.

1. And those who are young fall in many traps and confusions, but those who are older sail a solid course. 2. Let your heart then strive to become mature, so that you will be guarded against many things. 3. Do not weep when a snake takes you to its den. This is how you discover the world. 4. The Lord gives you what is needed, and keeps that which is harmful to your soul far away from you.

7.

1. Mother, bring your children to the mountains of Kabbernal. Bring them to the ecstasy of Metensia. Do not bitter their hearts, but do not keep the chastisement away from them. 2. Did the Lords not hit you themselves. Why would you keep it away from your children ? 3. Be soft to those who are sensitive, and the soft-hearted, and also those who fight for the Lords. 4. Wrap them in mothergrace, so that the Lord will not pull them out of your hand. 5. Yes, the Lords are jealous Gods. You cannot form a yoke with the world. 6. Who is then a friend of the world, is an enemy of Gods. 7. Oh, the Glory of Metensia, makes mothers holy in their love. Love as the burning river, overflowing. As the volcano is the wrath of the mother. Children, do not battle

against her, for the Lords are on her side, with Their fiery chariots They are there. They cherish her. 8. The Spirits of Gods, with watery dresses they soar over the waters. In darkness is Mura, in darkness she is, to create the earth in light. 9. The heavens as her watery dresses, as her fleeces, she is battling, against hurricanes of darkness. 10. What did satan do and the sons of Beelzebul. So many angels have fallen, so many waterplants grow now to the moon. As ebb and flow her eyes are. She uses them as dung for a new tide, but also this tide will turn. 11. She wrapped the earth in heavens, she gave the human a mind, but the earth took it over, and led them to the fire inside. 12. In the garden of Eeden, they fell there.

8.

1. Mother, bring your children, to the hearts of Kabbernal, to the hearts of His Spirit. 2. Do not keep the Glory away from them, but neither the rod. 3. A nation without discipline is the nation of the Lords, their children are a wilderness. 4. Mothers, let yourselves be led to the streets of Kabbernal, and cherish the Lords. Turn back from your evil paths. 5. The Lords are then your Gods. They carry then your children in Their wombs. Higher than the heavens are Their Counsel, the stars write of Their praise. Grace They have given you, those who have given Them grace, 6. Do not quench the Spirits, for you will be dung for the new earth and her flora. 7. So you will get barren, when you do not listen to the Voice of the Lords. 8. Kabbernal, make your valleys wide, and let rivers flow. The children have become ripe. They will dream dreams. 9. You lock the gates of darkness, and opens them another time. 10. Kabbernal, oh Spirit of God, you have sworn to Izu. The beloved ones suffer pain, they have been milled like corn. 11. Of precious verses His Word was, but nothing has been remained. Enemies were in the gates of the garden, and the baker of the Lords had lost the battle. 12. They hung him high, nothing about enemies anymore, no plea. How long would his trip take, to the ends of the eternity, where lambs follow him. 13. So the Word was then purged sevenfolded, and they couldn't say : It is not there anymore. The baker has broken the jug of milk, and his blood streams through the old hurt. 14. Those who then see the Word, follow Them.

9.

1. The Word then broken seven times, as clean silver before the Lord. The Lord has found His Way. 2. The Word then tread on and beaten, there where bakers saw salvation perish, the sprout stood up, full of faces. 3. The Lord has sown the seed, the splinters in the sun, brought Him to the lost gold. 4. Yes, the Lord

has used guile, to clean His Word and save it. As a treasure in earthly barrels He has brought brokenness. 5. Now the silver streams, to those who want to forge, the temples of the Lord. 6. Many didn't dare to approach, to the temples of the Lord, for enemies were there. But now his gates are open, and salvation burns in the middle of the temple. 7. The Lord recreated His Word, through the tribulations. Now He has then a cord to pull those who wandered and who were in fear. 8. The Cord of Love opens eyes, let them then see Metensia. God's Spirit who had been kept hidden. 9. The Lord then has used guile, come then to His gates to see His light, which was wrapped in darkness. 10. Yes, the Lord battles with counsel and forethought. In fiery chariots was His insight. 11. Breath then now, you who have suffered under the Word of darkness, for her light has gone up. 12. Now the light has come to Kabbernal, and God takes his sons in. 13. From all directions they will come, the wise to bring their treasures, to the newborn Word. 14. Breath then now, you saints of a new language, for the old has passed away, the tribulation of satans. 15. The Lord then has broken Hebezeen, as Moses separating the sea. 16. A new Word has been created, see, the old has passed away. 17. I have spoken through My servants, sais the Lord, and I have made them hear and understand My Word. 18. Breath then now, nation of God, for his saints will go from breath to breath and take salvation with spades from the wells of life of God. 19. The Lord has then broken Tapas, and separated him as a mountain. Yes, the lightening has struck him. Wonderful is God's work. 20. Come then to the new temple, and don't look back, so that you will not become a salt-pillar, and the Lord stores His Word in that. Those who battle against the Word become dung, and those who return to the old become as salt. The Lord will use them both. Are you not instruments in the Hands of the Lords ? He who carries the Sun in his hands. 22. There where the sons of Belial turned themselves against Him, there the Spirits of Gods came together. 23. Didn't He create the earth in you ?

10. Clean hands He gave to the clean. Sense He gave to the sensitive. The slowness of the lords call you. This is a day of freedom. 2. Grace He has awoken to those who gave Him grace, who awoke His Spirits. 3. A good bed He gave them to sleep in. There where the roses bloom, the thorns bring you to sleep, where venom turns the songs and hymns against those who hate Him. 4. A strong fortress is your God, with many weapons. 5. This is a day of freedom, in which the Spirits of the Lords are in ecstasy. 6. Do not be bitter to the disciplines of God. They formed your soul. 7. Do not wander away with borderless ancestral registers, numbers and histories, for the Lord has set you free. Search then for the Lord and His Spirit. 8. Many books form a trap, but the Lord gives it to those He cherishes in the sleep. 9. Have then bonds with

God, and learn how to test. Those then belong to the commandments of the clean Word : The first commandment is to not eat flesh. The second commandment is you will not kill. 10. The third commandment is to love your fellow-creature and God above all. The fourth commandment is to not despise the law, and to regard others higher than yourself. The fifth commandment is to test all things, and to not despise the prophesies. 11. The sixth commandment is to love the animal, to study about it, also nature. The sixth commandment is to know the names of the Spirits, the names of the angels and dynamics, for they guard the gates of life. You will then have a bond with God. 12. This commandment is to keep the Word of the Lords clean, and to despise the canon, as she locked up the Spirits of Gods. 13. The eighth commandment is to have bonds with the martyrs of all times, the ninth is to know the times of the Lords, and the tenth is to hate the lie and to know the difference between the various vegetations, plants and vegetables. 14. By doing this you will clean and save your souls, but he who does not respect this, to him will not be given respect.

11.

1. And the Lord brought these commandments to a clean ark, and let the place been sealed.

12.

1. Let those who do work also give time to the rest. Those who do not give each other rest commit abominations before the face of the Lords. 2. Learn to make each other holy, and give each other rest, so that you can rest. 3. Apostles are those who clean the Word. 4. They guard your soul and do not give anything about traditions. When you hold on to a tradition, hold it because of the Lord. But are you so sure that you serve the Lord by it ? 5. You will then grow up in the Lord, and let the plants grow. 6. When you do not get new, how can you reach the gates of the heavens, which hang on to the new ? 7. The Lord cherishes the new, and He sows the old as seed on the farm-field. 8. The Lord is a farmer, knowing the harvest of things. 9. You will also have to know the harvest of things. 10. And I saw the verses of the old caged word coming to the saints as predators, and they drank their blood as wine. 11. And I got drunk of the Clean Word, and the Lord spoke : Blissful are those who know the Clean Word. 12. And the Lord took the old and stained Word and cast it into a hole of lions. And the Clean Word began to come forth from it. 13. And the prophets who saw it received double sight and the silver of the Lords came before their

eyes and started to clean them. 14. And they received the might to open and close the heavens.

13.

1. And the Lord spoke : Yes, the human has a second spirit, hidden and locked up before the Face of Gods, but the Clean Word will open it, and then the Eternal Gospel will come. 2. And the Clean Word began to blow like the seven winds of the Lords, and noise broke loose from temples of Gods. 3. The Lord has used the old Word, and with a slanted rod struck straight, but now the scaffolds by which the house was built will be burned. 4. And also the dun and the salt of the hell began to burn. And the Lord brought clean treasures to the bodies of his servants, and these treasures were purged tenfolded, and several hundredfolded. 5. And the light of the Lords rose up from the temple, and I saw a new altar. 6. And the Lord took a heavy rod which only He could carry and struck the sea by it. And whales began to come forth and they carried the mystery of the Lords.

The Stone of Chawila

1.

1. And Jesus descended to the underworld where He finally came to Chawila.

And Jesus broke off pieces of the stone, and came to a place where the second beast was, deep in the ravine.

And Christ spoke to the second beast, and grasped the neck of the beast tight by a bearclaw.

And Christ came to the canon and broke it into pieces. And Christ came to Chawila as to a woman.

And Christ spoke words to the sea, and the sea tried to devour Him. And the serpents and the worms of the sea tried to grasp Him tight, but Chawila was as a shelter to Him.

And Chawila took Him to a cave where He was safe. And Chawila called him the Red Indian and granted Him a feather.

And she clothed Him with the most wonderful pieces of jewelry and gems and with that which lives under the earth.

And Christ spoke to her and said : Your sand will be as gold of the good, and it will multiply itself.

2.

Rozinde

1. Once there was a girl who lived very deep underground, locked up, to cook for a dragon. The girl's name was Rozinde. Always when she was not fast enough with cooking then the flames under her big kettle started to rage more and more. Also the dragon wanted many different sorts of strange meat, so Rozinde had to hunt often. When she was not fast enough in hunting then her bow would become hot as fire suddenly and then she always fell to the ground by the pain. On a day a prince shot an arrow at the dragon and delivered Rozinde. He took her to his castle. To be protected against the dragon she had to take a bath full of milk in the underground of the castle every day. And every day wild flowers had to be thrown into it. The prince loved the girl very much, and one day he married her. But then once the princess forgot to bath in the bath of milk and the dragon struck again, and took her to the deep place underground again. Now Rozinde had to work even harder, and the dragon was wrathful more than ever. On a day the prince came to take his Rozinde, but the dragon locked him up behind bars of fire. Rozinde became sadder every day. On a day she was hunting again, for the dragon, and she found a deer in a bush. 'Please, do not shoot me,' said the deer, 'then I will give you all my milk.' Then Rozinde remembered again that the dragon couldn't stand milk. Rozinde also asked the deer where the wild flowers were. The deer could give much milk, and soon there was a bath full. Then Rozinde threw the wild flowers in it. Quickly Rozinde took a bath in the milk and went back with wet clothes. When she came to the fire-bars she rubbed them with her milk-wet clothes while the bars started to break. Quickly she grasped her prince at his hand and together they ran to the bath. Here they were safe between the wild flowers. But soon the dragon came to watch them. He knew that he could not do anything against them as long as they would take a bath in the milk everyday. But he waited and waited, and today he still waits.

3.

1. And finally Christ came to the dragon, and had Chawila as his bow.

And he pierced the heart of the dragon by an arrow, and the dragon got the heads of pigs.

And Chawila spoke that after the silver age the dragon would be totally like a tamed pig.

And Christ turned around and went away from the dragon, while the angels followed Him.

And Chawila spoke that the gold of the earth would pierce the dragon further to find a way through it's heart, to let the silver awake.

And many soldiers who had been swallowed by the dragon would be released by this, and they would follow the angels of Christ over the path of Chawila.

And Chawila took her flute to play it, and flowers began to come forth from the dragon, and they bore walls of golden glass.

And watch, they were as the tiles of the new city.

And Chawila watched and saw that it was good.

Thus she returned to Christ, and Christ came to her as to a woman.

4.

Linana and the Carousel

1. Once in the time that there were no flowers yet there was a girl so beautiful that everyone called her 'Swansplendor'. In the whole word there was no sweeter girl than her, with a heart of gold and brilliant light. Her father, a merchant, was very proud of her, and there was no one she could get along with better than with her dad. But one day the father was very ill. The girl was very sad and after a short while her father died. Her mother was a noble woman and she remarried. But soon it seemed that the girl couldn't get along with her new father. The stepfather was very rude to her, and the girl started to change a lot. After several years she had become so terrible that every one called her Swanplague. 2. But on a day there was a merchant with a carousel in the land. The children were happy with the carousel and also the girl enjoyed to make trips in it. The merchant was immediately very charmed by the girl, because she was so splendid, and he took her apart. 'Really, said the merchant, 'I have never seen a girl more splendid than you in the whole land, with a heart so full of gold and briljant light.' 3. 'Everyone calls me swanplague,' said the girl, 'because I'm so terrible. Why do you have such interest ?' 4. 'Oh, but I would call you

Swansplendor,' said the man. And immediately the girl remembered her father. 5. And then the man told her that when it is in the middle of the night, and all children sleep, then the swan of the carousel awakens, and who ever sits on her back will make a trip in the sky with her. If you do not tell any one, and come to the carousel, when you see the first little stars of the night, then to you is the honour to make a trip,' spoke the man. 6. The first night when the girl could make a trip on the flying swan of the carousel, she could see all the little lights of the city, and she told the man of the carousel that her real name was Linana. Because the girl enjoyed it so much she could also come the next night. This time the swan took her even further away, and she told the man of the carousel that her father had died, and that she had an evil stepfather. And again the man invited her. This time the swan brought her to a land so far away that she did not know it. When she had put her foot on the ground, the swan flew away. She called the swan back, but soon the swan was gone out of sight. She stood close to a small lake where there were many real swans. 7. Linana could make a trip on one of the bigger swans over the lake, and suddenly the swan rose up. 'Oh, can you bring me back to my country,' said the girl. 'The swan of the carousel has probably forgotten about me.' 8. When the girl had returned and met the man of the carousel again, the man told her that the swan of the carousel always had to return in time, otherwise he would turn into metal again in the air and would crash down. Then the girl understood it. But also the swan of the other country would want to have a place in the carousel. For the man with the carousel that was not so difficult, for he possessed magical powers. And always the girl came back in the night to make trips on the swans, and she took new swans with her all the time. After a while the carousel was full of swans, and on a night the whole carousel rose up and flew to the land of the swans. 9. So when you once in the night see a carousel flying through the air, then you know that it is Linana with her swans. Once on a time the merchant told that there were three little flames inside of the carousel. As soon as the first little flame faded someone died on earth. Always when the second little flame faded someone was born on earth, and when the third little flame would fade, someone would get happy. Linana enjoyed the sight of the flickering little flames. But on a day also the man of the carousel became very ill, and died. Linana was now sadder than ever, and since then the little flames didn't burn anymore. Also the carousel didn't spin anymore, and the swans didn't come to life anymore. No one wanted to have a carousel in the land which didn't work anymore. They decided to cast the carousel in a deep hole in the earth. Linana could not be comforted. But on a day a swan came from the other land, and took her away. The girl didn't want to go back anymore and decided to live in a small house close to the small lake of the swans. The swans told the girl that in the deep hole in the earth there lived an old woman who possessed so much magical powers that she could make that the swans would live forever. She had

also many swans herself, who could be in the carousel since then. And inside of the carousel there were so many flickering little flames now and it was so big, that Linana could live in it forever. 10. Since then Linana also made trips through the water and underground. And when you will encounter her once, ask then if you can come with her.

5.

1. And thus the Lord hung seven days in the underworld at the hangrope, when he had become an angel, to bring many angels to bliss.

Yes, for some of them were taken away by the curse of the black apple, and suffered in the hidden, in bondage.

And the Lord hung there, masked as the magpie.

And thus the Lord has been in the deathrealm of angels, and in the deathrealm of humans, to bring many to bliss, both human and angel.

And some have preached that angels will not die, but they know nothing of the hidden of the Lords.

Because also as an angel the Lord has searched for the death, and the death has grasped Him, so that He would lead many to bliss.

Don't you know then of the forbidden apples of humans and angels, by which they would die ?

And in their fall they take many with them, their generations, their family, their race, their legions, and any form of bloodline and bloodbond, and the Lord spoke that He would not keep guilty those who died by the hand of others.

But I will tell you a mystery : death and life is only a manner of language, for the dead are alive, and those alive are dead.

And thus the angels who had sinned and those who they dragged with them in their fall in whatever manner came to the deathrealms of angels.

Now the question is : where is the deathrealm of angels ?

They fell from the mountain of the gods, the mountain of Eeden, and they came to the wildernesses of Eeden, in the fourth dermension, while they were from the fifth dermension, and the gods were of the sixth dermension, higher on the mountain of Eeden.

And thus the top of the mountain of Eeden reaches into the seventh dermension, where the Godserpents live, who are the being and the nature of God, and the old

magpie lives in the eighth dimension. Is it then true that those who die descend to a lower dimension ?

2. When a human, who is of the third dimension, dies, then where does he go ?

When Adam and Eve were chased out of the garden of Eden they came to the third dimension, and the cherubs were planted between the third and the fourth dimension to guard the tree of life.

But the cherubs themselves are from the fifth dimension.

So we watch the intersections between the dimensions.

It is possible as well to die in the deathrealm, to go from death to death.

These are the forces of the gods and the angels, and they aren't touched by it.

Now then Christ had come to the deathrealms of humans and the deathrealms of angels, to die there again, to let many pass through. Thus He has preached the gospels of humans and the gospels of angels.

And He has shown them the ways through the deathrealms and through the pools of fire, and He has shown that these things are for purifying and testing.

And thus many angels and many humans became lightened.

Thus the goal of Christ has been double : to lighten angels and humans.

Thus He is then double rescuer. The magpie was this for the Godnatures and the gods.

Istus was the seducer of the Godbeings, and Maktus was the seducer of the gods, who seduced Virtus to take of the forbidden meat.

Virtus was the seducer of the angels, and seduced satan who was still an archangel back then and a son of God.

In many areas Christ has come forth from the magpie, and was called this as well.

He had visited both the deathrealms of humans and of angels, and has become as both humans and angels.

And thus Christ visited the first to the fourth death, and went across the rivers which kept these four areas separated.

And the river between the first death and the second death was the Makasto, and she kept the deathrealm and the hell separated.

And the Kamsto was the river who kept the second death and the third death separated, as the hell of the sleep.

3. And the Flamo was the river who kept the third death and the fourth death separated, between sleep and oblivion.

And the Lord delivered many from soulsleep.

And the third death had the name Fakaro, and he kept many souls in sleep, both human and angels, and the Lord drove him back.

And the fourth death had the name Zamisto, and he kept many in his grip, and the Lord drove him back.

And the Lord himself had power, as through the blood of the magpie.

The Lord bought many free from Gehenna as well and from the second Gehenna, and from Tartarus as well, which were areas of the second death.

And the second death had the name Alsma, and the Lord drove him back.

And the Lord went on the mountain of Eeden, and took many humans and angels with Him who He had delivered, and He spoke to the mountain, which opened itself, and accepted all those who were purified by the blood of the Lords.

And the first to the fourth death came to the old magpie and to the Lord to complain, and Alsma, the second death pulled his sword, but the Lord threw them all into the pool of the Lords.

And the Lord ended the trade between the first to the fourth death, and let the rivers inbetween them flow over, and thus was the flood of the Lords.

And the Lord brought those who were His to a shelter inside the mountain of Eeden, and showed them from there His depths.

And all were in awe about the mysteries of the mountain of Eeden.

6.

The Two Sisters

1. Once upon a time there were two sisters who had to take water from a well. Close to the well a little man sat who asked them for something to drink. 'Go and get water for yourself,' the two sisters said.

2. 'But I don't have a bucket,' the little ma said.

3. 'Then go get yourself a bucket first,' the two sisters said.

4. Can't I just go down in your bucket, then I can drink some water there and making sure your bucket will be full of water. I will reward you richly', said the little man. He showed some pieces of gold to the sisters, and the sisters agreed. They let the little man go into the bucket at a rope and let it go down all the way. The little man stepped

out of the bucket and stood on a small platform, and then he laid a scorpion in the bucket. When the two sisters had their bucket back and saw the scorpion they were very mad. 'Wait you little man,' one of the sisters said. She stepped into the bucket and let her sister make sure that she went down at the rope. But the little man was nowhere to be found anymore. The two sisters also had a younger sister, and the next time they let her go to the well. The little man sat there again, and he also asked this girl if she would give him some water. The little girl gave him immediately to drink. 'Because you have been so graceful,' said the little man, 'your bucket will always be full.' The little girl returned to home and told everything to her sisters. And indeed, as soon as the bucket was almost empty, it got full again. Immediately her sisters looked for another bucket and went back to the well. Adain they saw the little man. 'Well,' they said, 'shall we give you plenty to drink ?' The little man nodded, and they gave him plenty to drink. The little man drank the whole bucket empty. But when they took the bucket up for the second time it was full of dirty mud and it spurted all their clothes dirty. 'Because you only gave me to drink for your own greed your bucket will always be full of dirty mud from now on, and your clothes will always be dirty.' The sisters went home crying, to wash their clothes, but the more they tried to wash their clothes, the dirtier they got.

7.

1. And Christ spoke to Chawila and to her stone, and blew life in the stone, and life in her heart.

And Chawila blessed Christ and embalmed him.

Now then Christ descended deep into the deathrealm to rescue many from the dragon.

And he also came to the parents of the dragon, the iron beast and the panther.

And He threw them both into the sea like one sweeps stones.

And their bodies both sank to the bottom, while their souls got destroyed.

And Chawila took rest for six days, and after those days she laid herself at the feet of Christ who sat on His throne.

And Chawila begged Christ to open the Vokolkus and the Takalan, the two hidden books before Gods Throne.

They were then covered by leather and locked by leather locks.

And Chawila wept before the throne, forty days and nights, because there was no one who had the power to open these two books.

Rest for a certain time again, Chawila, Christ spoke, for these two books will only be opened at the end of times.

And I saw a star descending from the heaven to give Chawila rest, and she became comforted.

And Christ spoke : Go then, Chawila, to your city, because your city will be full, and there will be lights inside of her.

You are one to feed them. Go because of that, Chawila, for the Lord is with you.

And thus Chawila fled through the forests seven long days and seven long nights, until she finally came to her city, and the star came over her.

And the star spoke to Chawila : Watch then, the panther has descended to the depths of the sea, and will go then to the searocks.

Also the iron beast has fallen from it's place in the heavens , and will become the green of the earth.

Yes, fragile blossom he will become, for he has done gigantic and heart things.

And Chawila laid her head to rest and prepared herself to feed others.

2. And also angels came to the Lord and begged : 'Isn't there anyone who can break the seals of the Vokolkus and the Takalan ?

Send then your prophet to the end of days to open it. And they got a garment of the Lord, to rest again for a certain time.

8.

The Girl Who Lived Behind The Little Veils

1. There was once a girl who lived behind little veils. Her father had once made these little veils, and the veils were very long. Between the little veils the most dangerous predators lived who had to protect the girl. Her father was a tailor. He had made a little house for her like a little dollhouse, also with many small veils inside and with the most precious pieces of furniture. There was also a splendid small kitchen inside, and throughout the little house the most splendid little curtains hung. Many knights would want to marry the girl, but as soon as they went through the small veils to search for the dollhouse they were devoured by a dangerous predator. Because the father of the girl was also a shoemaker he made the most splendid shoes one day which were so brilliantly enchanting that they could find the small dollhouse with ease. By this her father visited her every day for a while. But on a day he had left the shoes before the small veils, and the first knight who came put the shoes on, in order

to come to the small dollhouse with ease. The girl was very surprised. 'But who are you ?' the girl asked. 'These are the shoes of my father ?' 2. 'Oh, pardon me,' said the knight. 'I saw them laid down before the small veils and they were so brilliantly enchanting that I couldn't stop myself from putting them on.' The knight was allowed to drink something with her, but then he had to leave again. With courtesy he brought the shoes back to the father of the girl. The father was very grateful to the knight, for the knight could have kept the shoes for himself, and then the father of the girl would never be able to come to her again. And therefore the father of the girl said : 'Because you have been so fair to bring the shoes back I will also make some magic-shoes for you. The shoes which I have I cannot make again, but tell me what sort of magic-shoes you want to have.' 3. 'Then,' said the knight, 'I would want to have shoes which carry the key to the heart of your daughter.' And so the father of the girl made the most precious shoes for the knight which would be able to enchant her heart. But when the knight came to the small veils the predators didn't let him through. The knight started calling the girl very loud and after many hours she finally came through the small veils. She stood there immediately as spell-struck when she saw the shoes of the knight, and brought him to the little dollhouse. There they lived together forever.

9.

Susanna

1. Susanna was a very special girl. In the night she always got wings, and then she flew to foreign lands. But when the morning came she always lost her wings, and therefore she always had to be back in time, before the sun came up. On a night a witch took her gift from her. In exchange she gave Susanna butterflywings and a crown of feathers, but she could never return home. The witch brought her to a place where it was always night. Here there were a lot of girls like her, but the nights took very long, and when a night was over, then immediately the next night came. After each night they all got a small stone at their necklaces. These small stones were completely white and were called morningstones. When their necklaces would be completely full then they were allowed to make a trip to the place where it was always day. Therefore they had to go through a very long dark tunnel where the oldest little men lived. After a long time Susanna was allowed to make the trip. When she came into the tunnel with the oldest little men they grabbed her immediately to get her attention. 'Help us,' they said. 'We cannot walk. Carry us to the morning land.' 2. 'But of course,' said Susanna, and carried as many little men with her as she could. But the other girls who were with her said to the little men who grabbed

them : 'You have to go to the morning land on your own.' 3. Further on they came to a big waterwell. 'can you give us some water,' asked the little men to Susanna. 'Our hands are too weak to get us water.' 4. 'But of course,' said Susanna, and gave them all to drink. But the other girls only took water for themselves. After a long time walking they finally reached a rock which blocked the entry to the morningland. A little man sat on the rock and asked them where they had left the little men. At Susanna's back there hung a lot of them, but the other girls started to laugh and said that the little men had to walk by themselves. 'That is very dumb of you,' said the little man on the rock. As soon the rock will move away from the entry, and the fire-curtain which still blocks the entry will move through the tunnel. The little men will protect the ones who carry them against this. 'Give those little men to us,' shouted the girls to Susanna. 5. 'Go get them yourself,' said Susanna. And then the girls started to run to the beginning of the tunnel where the old little men sat. 'Jump on our backs, quickly,' said the girls, 'then we bring you to the morningland.' 6. 'Why all the care all of a sudden ?' asked one of the old little men. 7. 'We changed our mind,' said one of the girls. 'And we will also give you to drink at the well.' 8. 'Well well,' said the little men, and stepped on the backs of the girls. When they came at the well the girls gave them to drink, and after a long trip they came finally to the entry of the morningland. The rock had already moved away, and the fire-curtain was staring at them. They all had taken as many little men on their backs as they could, so that they would be protected against the fire very well, but suddenly the little men jumped off their backs and entered through the fire. Immediately the fire-curtain started to come forward, and the girls had to run back as fast as they could.

10.

Arachundel

1. Arachundel grew up in a dark dungeon underground. Never there broke a little sunray through. Often the girl lay on the ground crying. On a day a prince came to the dungeons, and asked the boss of the dungeons if he could buy the girl. The prince paid many pieces of gold for it, for he just wanted to buy her. Arachundel was the most splendid girl he ever saw. The girl was very happy that she was free, but when she came in the palace of the prince she had to work in the kitchen. And where she slept it was even dirtier than in the dungeon. The girl didn't understand it, but on a day the prince called her. 'Majesty, I thought you had forgotten about me,' spoke the girl. But the prince only called her for a strange commission : 'Go to the cave behind the forest, where there is a waterwell from which you have to take a bucket with golden

water.' The girl thought that was a strange commission, but soon she went on her path. When she finally came at the waterwell there was a little man sitting there. 'Well well,' said the little man, 'so you have been sent by the prince. He makes you work very hard, and now it is even worse than where you came from.' 2. 'That is true,' said Arachundel, 'but how do you know this all ?' 3. Well, you see,' said the little man. 'I am a little wizardman, and if I were you, then I would just stay here. I can give you everything your little heart desires. And here there is abundant golden food so that you will never have to work again. 4. 'Well, that seems to be something good,' said the girl. 'But,' said the little man. 'You have to promise me something. Your first child you will have to give to me.' 6. The girl agreed. She didn't think about having children. The little man opened a door, and indeed there was a mountain of golden food. The girl immediately started to eat. 'Say,' said the girl. 'Can I tell the prince about this place ? Then maybe he wants to marry with me.' 7. 'Whatever you want,' said the little man. The girl took something of the golden food with her, and golden water in a bucket and went back to the prince. The prince was very astonished, and most of all when she told him that there was even more of the golden food. The prince was so impressed and was so grateful to the girl that he wanted to marry her. A year later the girl who was now a princess got her first child. She had already forgotten about her promise to the little man long ago, but on a day he came at the palace. 'Well,' said the prince, 'if you have promised it to the little man, you have to do it.' But the girl started to weep very hard, so hard that the little man got compassion with her. 'Okay,' said the little man, 'you don't have to lose your child to me, but from now on everything you eat will be dirty and wispy.' Then the little man left mad. Since then there was only dirty food in the whole palace, so dirty that no one wanted to work there anymore. The girl had to cook by herself again, and every day she went to the kitchen she wept. The food was so dirty that on one day the prince, the princess and their little prince left the palace and went to live with the little man in the cave forever.

11.

The Girl in Boots

1. Once upon a time an indian girl who was locked up on a very small island in a sea fire.

Although the fire stood very low it was impossible for her to escape.

One day an old woman descended from the heaven who gave her very tall boots which would be fireproof.

They were beautiful brown top-boots.

It was a very long tour of walking through the sea of fire, but finally she reached the other side where a beautiful brown horse stood with tall mane.

'The horse is yours,' said the old woman, but you can only ride it when you have your top-boots on.'

The girl was very grateful to the old woman.

Then the old woman left, and the girl rode on the horse through fields and ways.

After a little while she came to a little house.

It was a sort of hotel or public-house, and the owner had a very big white beard.

There were some reavers sitting at a table.

The girl asked for a room, but left her boots in front of the door.

The next day her boots were gone and also the horse.

The girl asked the owner if he knew where her boots were and her horse. But the owner didn't know it.

The girl started to cry, for the boots had rescued her life.

'Well,' said the owner of the hotel, 'I have a pair of boots for you and they possess so much enchanting power that you can beat the most dangerous reavers.'

The owner gave them as a gift, because he felt so much compassion for the girl.

The day after, the girl left with the boots. She felt herself as strong as a lion now.

After a little while there came some reavermen who wanted to rob from the girl, but she kicked them real hard a few times, and soon they ran away shrieking.

But after a little while she fell asleep beside a tree, and when she woke up her boots had been stolen again.

She stood up crying, not knowing what to do now.

She was leaning at the tree because all her power was lost.

'Well, girl,' said the tree, 'don't cry, for when you take a fruit from me, you have lost all your cares.'

No fire will be able to hit you, and you will be invincible. Moreover you will be led by wisdom the rest of your life.'

Carefully the girl took a fruit and took a little bite.

Immediately she fell asleep, and when she stood up later she wasn't the same anymore.

Barefooted she went on the path again, and awhile later she came to a house where she saw her two pair of boots, and her horse.

It was a little reaverhouse.

The girl went inside and said : 'Well, the boots and that horse of yours I don't need anymore.

I know a tree whose fruits can give you everything you need.'

Greedy as they were the reavers came outside and followed her to the tree.

Immediately they started to eat from the tree greedily.

But the tree spoke to them and said : 'Because you took the last thing away from someone who had nothing all what your feet wear will burn you like a fire, and all what you will ride will lead you the wrong way.'

Since then the reavers stayed away from the boots and horses of others.

12.

The People Who Had Turned To Stone

1. Once an evil witch had turned a fairytale-people to stone. Only when the sun shined full, when it rained, and at full moon, the fairytale-beings could move themselves. Then they always ran to the forest where a woman lived who radiated like the sun. Along her little house there streamed a golden river, and when the beings would reach that river to wash themselves in it and drink from it, then they would never be of stone again. But always when they had almost reached that river, then the dogs of the witch came after them, to drag them back from the forest. The dogs of the witch could drink from the river, and always changed into lions and eagles then. On a day the witch had enough of it, and let big fences with a golden locked gate being built around the people, so that they could not reach the forest anymore. The woman who radiated like the sun had much compassion with the people. She hoped that they would once reach the river. On a day she decided to go to the wizard, but first she had to go through the fields of enchanted flowers. That would take a long time, for she fell asleep there all the time. After many years she finally came to the wizard who lived behind the fields of enchanted flowers. When he heard the story he told her that she had to search for the field of the golden keys. Then she first had to go through a field of enchanted flowers. But the enchanted flowers would only let her through if she would pluck a flower. With every plucked flower she would sleep for ten years. She only had to take care that she would not pluck the enchanted flower of death, for then she would die. Fortunately there were millions of enchanted flowers on the field, of which only one was the enchanted flower of death. The woman who radiated as the

sun worked herself a way through it very well, but when she came to the other side of the field many and many years had passed already. Now she stood before the field of the golden keys. Suddenly the queen of the field of the golden keys appeared before her, who told her that only one of the millions of golden keys growing here was the enchanted key. The woman was only allowed to choose one golden key, but when she chose one it was not the enchanted key, and the queen got compassion with her. 'I see that you have not come for yourself,' said the queen, 'but for others. Choose therefore an other time.' But the woman didn't dare to choose again, for she was afraid she would choose the wrong one again. How could she choose the right key out of a million of keys ? And so the woman waited the whole night, while the queen had already left. Suddenly she saw a small light coming from above which descended on the field. It was a small elf who pointed at the right key. The woman walked to the key and plucked it. And yes, it was the enchanted key. But now she had to go all her way back. Again she was very afraid to pluck the enchanted flower of death, especially now she had the enchanted key. But the small elf pointed at the enchanted flower of death, and she just had to stay far away from it. 'Say,' said the small elf. 'I know also which enchanted flowers you have to pluck to stay awake.' And so the woman who radiated as the sun just followed the small elf through the field of enchanted flowers. When she reached the golden gate of the fairytale-people she could open it very quickly by the enchanted key. Fortunately it was full moon, and the woman radiated brightly. Quickly the beings followed the woman to the river, while the small elf blocked the dogs of the witch. Quickly the beings went into the river, while the stone started to melt away. Since then they all went to live behind the golden river.

13.

1. And Chawila gathered all the words which Christ spoke to her, and she drew and wrote them up and took them to an open space in a rock.

And she called the rock her stone.

And she remembered Christ as the crucified and the risen one, as the one she had clothed with her pieces of jewelry and gems and that which lived under the earth.

And her stone was as pure chrysopraas covered with gold, and the tiles of her city were as the gold, and in this she preserved the good dreams.

And Chawila bought a donkey by which she came to the silver sea, and a camel to come to the golden sea.

And horses came to her from the heavens with battle forces, and they battled for her.

And Chawila gathered courage to appear before Christ again, and she was precious to Him.

And He took her to Him and came to her as to a woman.

Thus is then Chawila the pure and the good of the paradise, bearing the words of Christ inside of her as the sweetness of honey.

And Christ as well carries her eternal words inside of Him, as the sign of the milk which has come and the bliss of heaven.

Thus it was the stone of the Bride of Christ, and her eyes were like the eyes of roes.

And she opened books fairer than the song of songs, and fairer than milk, sweeter than honey and she was as the Deliciousness of Christ inside of Him.

14.

The Girl Who Changed Into A Horse

1. Once there was a girl who always turned into a horse in the night. Then she always went to the fields and the forests but then she had to be back in time always, before the sun came up. For always when the morning came then she was a girl again. On a night a witch took her gift away from her. In exchange she got a pair of boots, which were so splendid that she could enchant princes with it. Soon everyone knew of the girl with the enchanted boots, and many princes wanted to marry her. Since then the girl only wanted to work with cows. She became a herder-girl, so that her boots would get so dirty that the princes would forget about her. Also she visited the horses often, and went to live deep in the forest. But still the princes searched for her, and didn't leave her alone. The girl begged the witch to take her boots away from her again. On a day the witch got compassion with her, and said : 'When you give up your boots then you can never go back to the forest and the fields. You will have to live under the earth, afraid of sunlight.' 2. 'So be it,' said the girl. 3. Then the witch took the boots away from the girl, and the girl had to live deep underground from now on, in the mud and in fear of the sunlight. Here the princes could not find her. Underground the wild horses lived, and the girl felt like she had come home. She didn't even miss the world above the ground. But one of the princes found on one day in the forest a hole which led deep under the earth. When he went through it he found the girl there. But he didn't recognize him, for she didn't have her boots anymore and she had become a savage. 'Girl,' he said. 'Are you not cold. Are you hungry. Shall I take you with me to my palace ?' 4. 'No,' said the girl. 'I cannot stand the sunlight.' 5. 'Oh, but it is very dark in my palace, you know. And I have a room for you

without windows, very deep in the palace,’ said the prince. 6. Then the girl agreed, and the prince took her to her new room. Every day he came to visit her. Soon the girl was on temperature and fed well, but she still couldn’t stand sunlight. ‘You remind me of someone,’ said the prince. ‘A girl with enchanted boots. Since I couldn’t see her anymore I have made sortlike boots. Would you want to have them ?’ The girl nodded, and got two splendid boots from the prince. The girl often went horse-riding together with the prince since then, and she could stand the sunlight better and better. But on a night the girl started to change into a horse again. Quickly she went out of the palace, and when the prince found her he thought it was the most splendid horse he had ever seen. The prince immediately loved the horse as no other, but for him it was just a horse. The prince didn’t know that the horse was actually the girl he loved. He rode since then more on this horse than on any other horse, and took care of the horse very well like no other horse, but the horse was not allowed in his palace. Every time after the ride the horse had to go back to the stable. The girl was very sad about that, for again and again she tried to make clear to the prince that she was the girl he loved. But the prince didn’t understand it. A horse couldn’t talk after all. The girl had had a good life, especially now she was with such a sweet and provident prince, but it would stay like this. All her further dreams she had to give up.

15.

The Evil Sun

1. The sun of the evil enchanted empire sent his little flames to the people every day, so that the beings would dance every day. They had to dance, for an evil witch. There was a red indian girl who never dared to come out of her cave because of this. She was afraid of the evil sun. On a day there was a sword pierced into the sand of her cave, close to the opening. But because it was close to the opening she didn’t dare to grasp the sword. She had to wait until it was night. In the night she went with the sword outside. ‘Please moon,’ she spoke. ‘Can you not take care that tomorrow the sun will not rise anymore ?’ 2. ‘If you give me your sword, then I will have a duel with the evil sun,’ said the moon. The next day the sun didn’t rise, but the moon did. The girl was very glad and came outside. There were no dancers outside that day, and the girl was happy for the first time. But after the next night the sun came up again, and the girl stayed in her cave. But the day on which the sun didn’t rise has stayed in her memory forever.

16.

The Land of the Fairytale-princes and Fairytale-princesses

1. There was a witch who was very jealous of princes and princesses. The witch was so jealous that on a day she sent evil spirits to all married princes and princesses of the fairytale-empires. Those evil spirits would whisper so many evil things about each other that they would get a fight and wouldn't want to see each other any more. And so many fairytale-empires perished, until a fairytale-prince found out what was going on. With his fairytale-princess he left the castle, and they put very poor, old and wasted clothes on to live among the people of the fairytale-empire. The fairytale-prince went to live on one side of the empire in a very poor and old little house, and the fairytale-princess went to live on the other side of the empire, also in a very poor and old little house. They agreed to seeing each other every night at moonlight for a while in the forest. Then they would put on their princely clothes, and came on their royal horses. 2. 'Oh, prince, how splendid and sweet you are,' said the princess when they met each other for the first time in the forest. 'And you have become even more splendid and sweeter than you already were, princess,' said the prince to his princess. But then they had to leave again, for they were of course afraid that the evil spirits of the witch would find them here. And so it went every night, until the witch found out what had been going on. She sent her evil spirits to the place, and also some of her guards. Meanwhile she had made herself a living in the castle, because it was empty, and let the prince and the princess be locked up in a deep dungeon. Because they had been chained in the same dungeon and the evil spirits whispered evil things about each other they soon had a fight. And that fight was rising up so high that the people outside could hear it. 'Hey, witch,' someone shouted. 'These are the voices of the prince and the princess.' And soon the fairytale-people found out that their fairytale-prince and fairytale-princess had been locked up in a dungeon. Soon the people of the fairytale-empire put the witch out of the castle and delivered the prince and the princess. The witch was put out of the land and the prince let high and heavy guarded walls be constructed around the land. With in short time all the surrounding fairytale-empires heard about the story, and the prince invited all fairytale-princes and fairytale-princesses who had separated from each other, to come to live in his land. Soon it became the land of the fairytale-princes and fairytale-princesses, and the witch with her guards and evil spirits were never seen again.

17.

The Little Goldspinster

1. Once there was a girl who had to spin gold from stolen clothes on the great attic of the palace. The king had all kinds of thieves for that who stole the clothes at night. The girl had a little paint coming from her little hands by which she could spin gold. The king had a lot of little princes who had to be dressed very fine. When the princes got older they also went on the path of thieves. From the little feet of Little Goldspinstre a powder always came forth by which everyone fell asleep. The princes always had to take this powder with them when they went on the path of thieves. But on a day Little Goldspinstre became very ill, and no paint came from her little hands anymore, and no powder came from her little feet anymore. And therefore the king sent his princes to the witch in the forest. The witch had barrels full of that paint and that powder and it was even much more powerful than that of Little Goldspinstre. But they only could take those barrels with them in exchange for Little Goldspinstre. Little Goldspinstre had to live since then with the witch in the forest. The witch could heal her quickly by all sorts of ointments and powders, and soon Little Goldspinstre even brought forth a better paint and a better powder than ever before and also much more. The witch measured new clothes for Little Goldspinstre and sent her back to the king. The king didn't recognize Little Goldspinstre anymore, because she had grown and changed so much. 'King, it is me, Little Goldspinstre,' she said. Finally the king recognized her again, because of her sweet voice, and Little Goldspinstre could work for the king again. But because she was a bit older now she was allowed to go on the path of thieves with them as well. But after a while Little Goldspinstre became severely ill again, and again she had to go to the witch in the forest. This time no ointment or powder of the witch which could heal her. 'Little Goldspinstre,' said the witch. 'This time you will have to go to the goldwells in the earth. When you bath in these wells, then you will never get ill again.' And so Little Goldspinstre started her long trip to the innermost earth where the goldwells were. The witch had showed her the way, and so after a not so long time she came there. After she had bathed there and danced she went back to the king. The king was so impressed that he didn't want to be king anymore, but he let her be queen. And so Little Goldspinstre became the queen. And the king and the princes ? They went since then to the goldwells in the earth, and stayed there forever.

18.

The Monkey Palace

1. Once there was a merchant who sold wings at the doors. There were many people who wanted to fly, but it seemed that there was much wrong with the

wings, so that many after an amazing trip crashed down. The people were soon in rage about the merchant, and the merchant had to flee deep into the forest to escape from the raging crowd. They had taken spears, swords, knives and bows to teach the merchant a lesson. After a long trip of escape he came to a little house where a giant monkey lived. The ape took him under its care immediately, and went to the balcony to stand there to defend the merchant. But after a while the ape became very exhausted of it, and he was bleeding by the many arrows. He went inside and said to the merchant : 'You have to go to the fairy, for I can not defend you well any more.' And so the merchant went through a little backdoor and ran fast to the little house of the fairy deeper in the forest. The fairy was immediately very friendly to the man and gave him immediately a lot of little wings which would never crash down. These he could sell to the people since then. The little wings were full of little fire-flames and when the merchant came with these to the people they became silent immediately. Still they wanted to fly very much, and they decided to give the merchant a new chance. And yes, it worked. The wings worked very well, and the people were so in ecstasy and grateful that they made the merchant king of their nation. The merchant got therefore a splendid palace. But because the fairy had helped the merchant so good, she became the queen, and the ape became the guard of the palace. But because it was for the ape very hard to guard such a big palace on his own, the fairy let many more apes appear by her magic.

19.

The Little Pigherdergirl

1. Once there was a little pigherdergirl who lived outside the town to care for the pigs. She didn't care about the riches of the town, the rich life. She slept always between the pigs, and ate the same food they ate. Further no one took care of her, and she was not welcome. On a day she was invited to come to the palace of the prince. She found that very strange, but she went there after all. When she came to the prince, the prince told her about the festival to come. The prince didn't have enough pigs, and asked therefore for the pigs of the little pigherdergirl. 'Since when are me and my pigs invited to the festival ?' asked the little pigherdergirl. 2. 'No, you misunderstand it,' said the prince. 'You have not been invited. It is for the festival-meal.' 3. 'My pigs have enough to eat with me,' said the little pigherdergirl. 'They don't need your festival-meal for that.' 4. 'No, that is not what I mean,' said the prince. 'We get high-ranked guests, and then there should be enough pig-meat available.' 5. Then the little pigherdergirl bowed the little pigherdergirl bowed her head and spoke : 'You aren't going to

take away the last things I have, right ?' 6. 'Tomorrow I will come,' said the prince. 'And then I will take your pigs away.' 7. In sadness the little pigherdergirl went out of the palace again. She would flee with her pigs, but where could she go ? Deep in the night she wandered through the forest. After a long time walking she came to a house where an old woman lived. While weeping she told the story. 'You have a good heart,' said the woman, 'and I will reward you for it. Upstairs there are clothes of a princess. You can put them on to go to the coming festival. I will take care of the pigs here.' 8. But I don't want to go to that festival. I want to stay with my pigs,' said the girl. 9. 'You better go,' said the woman, 'you won't regret it.' 10. When the girl had put on the princess-clothes after a while, the old woman went over it with a magic wand, so that she was like a real princess. The next evening she went to the festival, while the old woman took care of her pigs. The prince was very happy, and this even though he could not find the pigs. The girl fitted in very well, and dances that evening the stars of heaven. After a while the eye of the prince started to fall on her. 'Who is that splendid, lovely girl ?' asked the prince to his footmen. 'She looks like she comes from a very far land, and she is a real princess.' The girl had an amazing evening, and at the end of the evening the prince came to her to ask her for a dance. The girl agreed and danced like a real queen. 'Who are you in fact if I may ask ?' whispered the prince to her while they danced. But the girl just smiled. Everyone was looking full of wonder to the dancing prince and the girl. 'You remind me of someone,' whispered the prince, 'but I don't know who. Everyone would like to dance with you. Look at them watching.' The girl smiled. She had the evening of her life. 'Will I see you back next year ?' Asked the prince. The girl nodded, and then she walked away from the festival. In the middle of the night she came to the old woman. 'And how was it ?' asked the old woman. 11. 'Oh, it was wonderful,' said the girl. 'Especially because I knew that my pigs were safe with you.' 12. The year after she went to the festival and this time she was even more splendid than ever. The prince had pain in his heart of it, so splendid she was. And again at the end of the evening he had to let her go. The year after he took his chance and asked her to marry him. The girl was terrified, and ran away. When she told it later to the old woman she said : 'Go back, and say that you want it.' 13. 'Yes, but I do not want that at all,' said the girl. 14. 'You will not regret it,' said the woman. 'I take care of the pigs after all.' 15. 'Yes, but then I have to live at the palace,' said the girl, 'and then I will never see you again.' 16. 'Go your way,' said the old woman. 'Everything will be fine.' 17. Quickly the girl went back. 'Where did you go ?' asked the prince with pain in his heart. 'Marry me.' 18. 'Of course, love,' said the girl, and kissed him. 19. The day after was the wedding. The girl

lived since then with her prince at the palace. 'Now you are my wife, you can do your wishes,' said the prince. 20. 'There lives an old woman in the forest with pigs,' said the girl. 'I want that they come to live here at the palace, and that her pigs will be treated as princes.' 21. The prince thought that was a bit of a strange wish, but he fulfilled her wish after all.

20.

Jesus and the Dragon

1. And Christ came to the dragon saying : Kalum Hartiti, which means in heavenly language : Be silent, you despised one.

And the dragon then guarded three pits, and these were the pits of sound, of vision and of odour.

And Christ had a long wrestling against the dragon of three days in which he didn't sleep.

And many had been thrown into the pit of vision and bore unbearable burdens, and they were guarded by the dragon.

And they were called forth by him to slavery and to battle against Christ.

And I saw a light coming from the pit of odour, and I saw many martyrs.

And they hung in the pit of odour, but it was like a wind from below and a pressure stopped them from descending deeper into the pit.

And they soared above a void which was full of lions and snakes. And I saw worms coming from the depths of the pit of odour and smoke came with them.

And they began to eat from the martyrs. And the martyrs wept to Christ, and they called to Him, but then a great silence came.

And I saw how Christ grasped the heart of the dragon and descended into the pit of odour.

And Christ started to share from the heart, and he gave the saints red garments.

And the saints had to rest a certain time longer.

Now then the dragon had a second heart, a black heart, which was as his liver, and he had also a third heart, a black heart which was as his stomach.

And Christ took the two hearts and threw them into the pit of sounds and of vision.

And a loud shrieking ascended from the pit, and the dragon began to turn into a pig.

And thus Christ battled against the pig who was as a predator-pig for six days, and he didn't sleep in those days.

And the pig began to bring forth a red heart, as the heart of kidneys, and this heart battled against the saints.

And again Christ spoke : Kalum Hartiti which means : be silent, you despised one.

And the pig began to bring forth a substance, a nature, as a red beast, and after a long wrestling Christ rode the animal and gave it to the saints.

And from the mouth of Christ a spear came, a red one, to pierce the pig, and Christ cast the pig into the pit of odour.

And many voices came forth from the pit, and lightning with much smoke. And laughing ascended out of the pit to accuse the saints.

And there was no one who could destroy the spirit of the pig, for the spirit was like a lamb and a dragon. Wepp then, oh earth, for predator-lambs came to you, and they will deceive many.

And the predator-lamb came to Christ, she and her army-powers, and she led a battle of seventy days against Christ.

And if she would have the power she would devour Christ and seduce him, but at the end of the seventy days Christ fed her with black seed, for the lamb had become very hungry and nothing could satisfy her hunger.

And she guarded a pit of sound, and a loud shrieking was in that pit.

And watch, I saw many slaves in that pit, dying at burning crosses.

And watch, I saw a goat coming with a very long horn, and it pierced the lamb, while the earth followed the goat because they were astonished. And they all said : Who is equal to the goat, he who has pierced the predator-lamb.

For she has tormented us, and she has kept us chained as servants in long days.

And I saw a great judgement coming over the predator-lamb and her hearts got devoured.

And watch, these hearts were black.

And the predator-lamb brought a heart forth like never before any heart was brought forth, and the heart was blue, and began to speak words of gigantic blasphemy against the most high.

And the blue heart turned against Christ, and Christ devoured the heart.

And Christ grasped the lamb and cast it into the pit of sound. And many voices came forth and sounds, yes, fair sounds.

And thus it was the judgement over the beasts.

And Christ grasped the goat who had become gigantic to the south of the earth, and Christ tore the goat like a garment.

They all then come forth from the dragon, and they are led to destruction.

And all those who were on the earth said : Yes, God is great and mighty, He who has let these things happen.

And I saw a hairy beast coming forth with iron claws, and he raised himself up against Christ, and watch, the beast became like an ox.

And Christ cast the ox in the pit of visions, and a lovely odour started to spread itself.

Yes, the sweetness of the earth began to come forth like a harem of Christ, singing : Christ won the victory over the dragon.

And the women bore bowls. Thus was the Bride of Christ.

And the women came to the earth from a deep pit and they served Christ.

After these things which I saw a black cloud began to cover the earth.

And the women started to pour out their bowls in the rivers and the waterwells, and these became like blood.

Thus they were the women of the covenant.

And thus Christ won the victory over the dragon to soften the hearts of many.

And a softening came over the earth like there was never any.

And the feet of Christ stood on the mountain of deliciousness.

And new rivers began to stream, like the rivers of heaven.

Thus there was then the judgement over the gigantic earth, and watch, this judgement was good.

21.

1. And one of the disciples asked Christ : Who are then the father and mother of the dragon ?

And Christ directed himself to him saying : Don't you know it then ?

Isn't it the great bear who has brought forth the dragon, the bear for who there was no heart safe ?

And wasn't this bear together with a panther ? So their fruit could only be a dragon.

Haven't you heard of the lion and the beast who were watching to devour the fruit as soon as the child would be born ?

Where were you when this happened. for it has sealed the heart of God for sure, seventy times seventy, and you didn't know.

Another discipel asked : Oh Lord, how long will it take before they have been defeated, and who can defeat them ?

And Christ then said : Look at the sun, the moon and their stars.

Don't they feed all these generations.

Watch then, when they will fall down, the end is there.

And Christ directed himself to the sun and said : Kaditam Asbalat, which means : be locked.

And from that day the sun didn't give light anymore, but a black fire.

And the sun came to Christ as roaring and as the laughing of the dragon, and Christ made her mancrafts fall.

And Christ directed himself to the bear and spoke : much meat you have eaten, and much blood you have drunk.

You have spoken gigantic words to the most high, and your sword you kept to the last.

However you have fallen, and many have seen it.

May your words then take you to the fire of the eternities, and may your heart fall into a thousand pieces.

And the disciples were in shock when they saw the gigantic bear falling and a gigantic cold fell on them.

Christ then took the skin of the bear and made skins for his disciples to warm them. He also bound the skins up to make boots.

And the gigantic lion of the old Babylon came to Christ, and Christ spoke : Don't eat of the bear meat, so that it won't poison you. But his skin will warm you to all eternities.

Because many have eaten from the bear meat their faith became a shipwreck, and many have slid away from me.

Their glow will perish when the angels of the primeval will stand up.

And I saw the moon losing glow, and gigantic stars fell down, and the lion stood seventy days and nights before the face of the Lords, and a gigantic shock was on the disciples.

And the lion ate from the bear meat now his wound was healed, and the lion became as an ox.

And an iron beast clothed in copper and gold battled against the ox over the meat of the bear, and the disciples made holes in the earth in which they hid.

And I saw the gigantic sun falling on the surface of the earth to devour her, and the ox was as a drunk lion.

And Christ led the iron beast who was clothed with copper and gold drunk, and took it into a deep sleep.

And he led the iron beast to a deep sea, and let it sink away there. And Christ was clothed with the thunder and with thunderbolts, and he was as the red spear.

And I saw the moon falling into the sea, and she brought forth gigantic waves and the silver. And Christ went to the cave where the old panther lived.

And the panther jumped forth from the cave and hunted the drunk ox and devoured it. Then the panther slowly slinked back to Christ and Christ led the panther to drunkenness.

Also the panther he led to the sea and let her sink away there in a sleep.

And the gold came over Christ and the sea became as gold.

Now there were stars at the heaven which were called the stars of the Philistines, and they were showing off.

And they were like predator-pigs and they hunted the saints. And Christ directed Himself to the stars and let them fall one by one out of the heavens by a bow.

And they had made a statue for Dagon, their god, and they swore that they would bring the saints down. They also made a statue of the old dragon, and a statue of the old Babylon and of the old predator-lamb, and they committed idolatry with these statues and even adultery.

And they said : Let us make a statue of the old panther and the old iron beast, for weren't they the parents of the dragon ? And let us make statues of the sun, the sun, the moon and the stars for were they not the fruits of the dragon ?

And thus they tried to heal a wound of the dragon, and the whole earth went after the statue of the dragon and his healed wound.

In astonishment they worshipped him.

And in those days the statue of the dragon became gigantic and the statue was given a voice.

And they called the statue Moloch.

And also the statue of the predator-lamb became more gigantic, for the statue was as the prophetess of the dragon.

And the statue had been given to do great miracles and signs to mislead many.

And they made that their arms and necks had to be sealed, and that there would rest a seal on their foreheads, and that all those who didn't bear the seal could not speak nor eat.

And in those days the followers of this statue called : Is there someone more gigantic than the predator-lamb ?

For she has beaten her tenthousands, yes times hundredthousand.

And I saw the statue full of the blood of the prophets and the apostles, but she was drooling and was led to a hole in the earth.

And the statue of the old panther and the statue of the iron beast became gigantic and filled the earth, and these statues became drunk of the blood of the saints.

But they lead to the abysses of the sea.

And the dead body of the old serpent was there to feed to bottom of the sea.

And after these things I saw the saints clothed with serpent skins, and they were the overcomers of the statues.

And I saw them riding adorned horses, who were savage, because they had wounds.

And they had to be ridden to be healed to the eternal sleep.

And so I saw the Lord sitting on a throne among the ropes of the fairytales and I saw many coming up to be led to the abyss, because they did not want the fairytale.

Be fairytalish because of this, beloved, for when the Lord comes to blow the trumpet together with the karsuiks, then the fairytales will seal the saints, and they who do not bear those seals will be led to the eternal sleep into all eternities. They will rest of their works, for these were evil.

But they whose works were fairytalish will not have any rest, day nor night, for they will serve the Lord forever, into all eternities. Yes the love will keep them awake and they will be sober, hardheaded.

So let your heart not be led to destruction by drunkenness, for the double Lord hates those who live in debauchery.

The Apocrypha of the Eternal Gospel

The Stone of Metensia – Subscriptures of the Eternal Gospel I

Finishing of the Canon

1. These are then the words of the finishing of the canon. These words are faithful and true. 2. See, He who sits on the white horse comes, to judge the living and the dead, and also the suffering ones. Yes, He is followed by a thousand of martyrs, those who stayed faithful to him to the end. Follow then also Him who sits on the red horse. Amen. Metensia Eminiis, the faithful one. Let then the blessing of the Lords be with you. He does not let His promise perish. 3. He comes soon. Do not see back, but focus forwards, for He who stands at the door knocks. Open then for Him so that He will have a meal with you. So these words are to finish the canon. See then, this is the pure canon, which opens you for the holy books of heaven. Let this be as a mystery. You have then heard of folks who say that there is no canon. 4. Do not waste your time with such folks, for they do not fear the Lord. But isn't the canon then unclean ? The first canon was that for sure, but this one was made by human hands who did not know the Lords. The second canon then is clean, and see, this one is eternal and full of riddle. But does the scriptures then not say that there is no canon ? 5. Well then, folks, when you study the scriptures you will see that there is no canon after the flesh, but after the Spirit, which is the Spirit of the Lords. And she has been given as a clean sword to clean your hearts. 6. So then these words are eternal and holy. Let then no one add to the Word of the Lords so that the Lord will not give of His plagues. See then, at the end of time there will be many folks who will twist the scripture, and they will try to seduce you by hollow sounds. Do not waste your time with such folks. The Lord will punish heavily those who edit the Scriptures selfrighteously. Do not take off of the Word of the Lords, for the Lord will take your part of the tree of life, the white stone and the holy paradise off. So there has been written many books, but they are not all of the Lords. Be therefore awake so that the satan will not take your part away. 7. Many have been led astray by many books, away from Truth. Be therefore warned, children. What then, shall we not read anymore and not research the scriptures ? When you are led by the Spirit, then He will lead you through the Word, and also through scriptures outside of the Word, for the Lord hits straight by crooked rods. But

do not let yourself be misled by a multitude of words. So was then the first canon unclean, but the new canon is clean, and she has been established to hit the hearts, by straight and crooked bars. So there are also apocryphic scriptures and subscripts outside of the second canon, through which the Lords can also speak. Let yourselves be punished then, and research the prophecies.

8. So then there are also many heavenly books which belong to the Eternal Gospel, and in which the prophets can see things, but they are in no way of the second canon. They have to be seen as apocryphic and as subscripts, and they are for the angels as a guide. Also huge prophecies are written down like the Risgamen, the Lokogamen and the Takalan, and they have been written down by angels, but they are in no way of the second canon. They belong to the Eternal Gospel as the books of heaven, the apocryphs and the subscripts which only support the second canon. But the Lord loves the deuterocanonical books, and He promised them in His Word. Yes, they are hidden gifts He gives to His children. Therefore : Let the children come to me and do not hinder them. Let them speak about the different scriptures, but know also that they are a trap for the fools.

9. Hear then these words, and let it be to finish the canon. See then, the Lord has become flesh, through the second canon, to declare the first canon as invalid and unworthy. Yes, not far from removal is the first. Let therefore clean folks clean the first, so that it will be worthy to the Lord. So then the Lord considers the first also as apocryphic, and He speaks through it as through hidden languages. He who sits on the white horse comes, and will punish the false canon. Yes, I saw the false canon, the first, cast into a pit of fire, and he shrieked to the saints, but the hand of the Lords came over his mouth to shut it. So then the last words of the first canon were : a false roaring and shrieking. And so the Lord brought an end to the terrors of the first canon, but his tail took many of the saints with him, to an eternal destruction.

10. These are then the last words of the second and clean canon : He who comes, comes soon. Keep therefore your hearts in cleanness. Do not despise the apocryphs, and neither the subscripts of the Eternal Gospel, for they have been given to you as guides. Let it be as a directory. And so the Lord finished the canon, and sealed it by an unbreakable cord. And see, angels descended, and they sang the hidden songs from His Word. And the Lord made the new canon big as a guidance, to bind the saints in His Spirit by eternal bonds and chains. And I saw thousands of saints stand up who carried the martyrship in the Lords, and they went through a big gate. And I saw many cast out who

wept to the Lords, but They didn't hear to them because they had not supported Them in Their suffering and kept themselves deaf for a long time.

The Carrier of the Canon

1. Lokogamen
2. Tokon
3. Risgamen
4. Talgamen

Lokogamen

1. This then is the holy book given by angels as a carrier and sword of the canon. She is not the canon herself, but the guard of the canon, the second, which is the clean one. And so she carries then the sword to pierce the old canon. Amen Metensia Eminijs. He who comes, comes soon.
2. So she is a wall established surrounding the canon, the clean one. Amen Metensia Eminijs, come soon. She carries the knife of the Lords. So is then the Lokogamen established by angels as the cloak of the canon. And I saw her bearing a child, and the child grew up in the wilderness, between the snakes. And the child learned to use the bow of the Lords, and the Lord gave him big might. And see, he was established as judge over the animals of the fields, and measured their times. And the Lord gave him big might over death and life. And he made the book of the Lords big, the book which bore a pearl in itself. And he grew up before the Lord as a giant. And he gave his mother honour, and became a big fighter of the Lords. The lokogames are the jewelry of the Lords.
3. And I saw him standing up as a hero, cutting down big giants. And those giants feared him, because they had sinned against the Lord, and he was established as their judge. And he judged on the day the living and the dead, and also the suffering. And he brought the sheep of the field to the wilderness, where he fleeced them for their wool, and he judged them. And he carried the goats of the night to the altar. So never make the lokogames evil, for see, they are cruel, and they carry the cruelty of the Lords. The lokogames are then the jewelry of the cross, and they are at the roads to mock those passing by.
4. Deep in the wildernesses they have their huts of meat. Know that they are bloodthirsty, for they carry the vengeance of the Lords in them. Oh, pilgrims of the word of the Lords who have approached the lokogames : Do you only

follow a translation of the Word of the Lords, or do you follow the clean roottext. For many folks have translated the Word of the Lords to display their own lusts in it. Stay therefore close to the roottext, so that your soul will not go astray. Who has then enchanted you and painted Christ as crucified ? Was his soul not torn and broken ? So is God in the roottext elohim, which means gods. And you have to know these gods to become blissful. Also elohim is female, so why have some come to only worship the male.

5. Only by the lokogames you come to God. Can you wrestle with the lokogames and overcome ? They are then the parts of the soul of Christ when He was torn apart. Can you come along these wrathful parts of Christ ? See, they are as savages.

The tearing of the Mind

6. And I saw lights falling on the mind of Christ to tear it when He was in the realm of the dead. And the lights were as bloodthirsty predators. And the mind of Christ had the name Debich, and when she had been torn, she was Na'in, drunkenness, and Nergun, bloodthirst. And I saw Christ ascending taking many captives of war, and also Na'in and Nergun were torn, and they were called : the lokogames. And I saw many hidden and lost lokogames, and they carried the blood of Christ. And I saw the blood of Christ flowing through rings, and many predator-spirits of the old canon were taken in ascension by Christ, and see, he hung them. And the other part of his soul was the Haftlich, the sexuality, and also this one was torn, and the separated parts were fear and depression. And fear was torn and become feeling and cruelty, and depression was torn and become scorn and pain. And also they were torn and were called : the lokogames. And I saw many hidden and lost lokogames and they carried the blood of Christ. And I saw the lokogames who told the most beautiful stories which had been hidden since the institution of the world. And I saw a spirit named shame who lost much might and began to melt. And the blood of the wilderness began to flow, and the wilderness began to bloom, but around it began to grow an even bigger wilderness. And see, the wilderness was dry and barren. And see, the outer wildernesses were dark and deep, and they were called : the all-atonement of the lokogames. And I saw the hidden and lost lokogames coming out of their dens and they surrounded the big city Babylon. And they called the names of those who were in the city, and they made of the city a wilderness. And in the depths of the city they found back what had been lost.

7. And I heard a trumpet sounding, and the voices of the lokogames started to come through, and I saw seven voices. And I heard a voice saying : Come. And also another voice spoke : Come. And when the first voice of the lokogames spoke, I saw the

Risgamen, the Spirit of Christ, to become broken at the cross, and she became as jewelry, those of the operations. And then I heard the second voice of the lokogames speaking, and I saw the Cup of Christ to be broken at the cross, the Talgamen, and see, it became as jewelry, those of the sacraments. And I heard the third voice of the lokogames speaking, and I saw the parts of the torn Risgamen : the cryptical and the oracle. And these parts were torn. The cryptical was torn in two parts : bonds and slavery. Also these parts were further torn, and I saw the hidden and lost risgamen. The oracle was torn in two parts : fire and ice, and also these parts were further torn. The fire to rage and might, and later these parts were also torn. And I saw the Cup of Christ torn in two parts, named war and arena. And war was torn into paralysis and power, and arena was torn in devouring and watch. And I heard a fourth voice of the lokogames speaking, and I saw devouring and watch torn. And they were called talgames, and I saw many hidden and lost talgames, and they surrounded the big city. And I heard a fifth voice of the lokogames speaking. And I saw that big bones were broken, and the parts were turned into jewelry. When the sixth voice of the lokogames spoke, I saw the flesh of Christ was broken. And the parts were divided at the cross, and these were the names of the parts : illusion and vision. And illusion was torn into growth and root, and growth was torn into greatness, and root was torn into light. And vision was torn into smell and taste. And taste was torn into number, and number into green. And taste was torn into inside and control, and control was torn into tear. At the hearing of the seventh voice the parts were further torn, and they were called inaputs, jewelry of death. I saw the armory of Christ pierced at the cross and broken, and the parts were called sorsols, jewelry of hell. I saw the Blood of Christ shattered. I heard a voice saying : Come, and another voice spoke : Come higher, and I saw the jewelry of the poverty, and they were the shattered blood of Christ, the Tokon. I heard a sound as of a thousand voices, and I looked back and saw many awakening, and they came forth from the dust. They carried knives. They were baptized in a river of death, and I saw a man standing up who carried a young sheep as a lamb on his shoulders. And the man became big before the faces of the Lords, he carried the wool of the wilderness, he learned to shoot by the bow of the Lords. He had the mark of the bow on his arm.

8. I saw a big army rising up against the old Rome to surround this city. I saw terrible insects entering the old city to eat it till it was bare. I saw the army pull up to the old Jerusalem, and she was as a cornfield ripe to be reaped. And a new Jerusalem descended from heaven to devour the old. And I saw big men come up who had on his arms marks of the last judgement. Assur was not there anymore, Egypt was as a sigh. The judgement came to the table of Moab, and see, she was no more. In these days big spiders were on the earth, they brought forth many flies. There was a man with the heart as a magpie and a gull, he played many instruments, and his name

became big on earth. I saw a star falling on the earth to pollute the waters, see, the trees of the old Rome become blood, also her institutions. I saw the man coming to the old Rome, see, she was no more.

9. By the all-atonements of the lokogames, risgames and talgames we have hope on the all-atonement of the blood of Christ. Isn't that the fortress Perlottia ? The risgamen drink the blood of Christ, by the talgames it has it's workings. Be then necktied, hands and feet tied, so that you can enter.

10. And I saw a red throne as of blood, surrounded by twenty-four lokogames. Four animals stood before the throne including a chicken and a paradise-bird. I saw the Cup of Christ, sealed with seven seals. I heard a voice saying : Open now the seals which keep the blood of Christ behind. I saw one of the animals coming forward, the animal was full of eyes on front and on back. When the animal had chewed the first seal open I saw a green cock, and that cock reached big might. And the cock spoke : Let us build a city on earth, a big name, so that our voice will reach heavem. But without human hands the animal was taken away, I heart a big weeping. Then the second animal came forwards, see, it had noses on front and on back, it carried many voices. I heard one of these voices saying : Come, for the hour has come. I saw that the animal began to chew the second seal open, a powerful whirlwind began to blow. I saw a city full of cats, these cats changed into women, they reached big might. See, the last five seals were black, the last two animals began to chew the seals open, I saw an army of horses. The horses reached big might, they broke free from their ties. Behind them there was a mass of savages, they shouted to the heavens in wrath. I saw much blood flowing. One of the seals started to make itself big, reached again big might, bigger than the first might. I heard much weeping and many voices. I saw a green paradise-bird appearing, after that a yellow, the seal began to tie up many on earth. I heard a voice saying : Now it is enough. I saw in the midst of these animals a bleeding goat which was slain, see, the goat tred on the red throne which was of blood, the goat reached big might.

11. In the depths of Acha I saw the lokogames sealed, the carriers of the Blood of Christ. I saw many weeping for no one could open these seals. I saw a man with logs as of bone, hij was as a cock, as a half skeleton. He laid his hands on the seals, melted them. I saw the seals fleeing to the lower worlds, together with the brotken seals of the talgames. And many hills melted, fled from the faces of the Lords. After two days the seals which had sealed the lokogames were back. A man on a horse and a man on an ox came to the seals, the seals were called by name, they were broken, again to be back in two days. I saw the seals of the risgames, which were like cats, the risgames were like bones. Suddenly I saw a lightening-flash coming from heaven, the risgames stood right up, after two days they collapsed again. I saw the blood of Christ flowing

through white tablets, these tablets were sealed. The seals were as iron chains, some seals were as white leather. The seals had eyes as jewels. Suddenly I saw a red lightening fall from heaven, many horses stood up, after two days they collapsed again. I saw the leather becoming thick and tough, it was as a slave-market, as a circus and a fairground. I saw lights appear, I saw the book becoming big before the faces of the Lords. I heard a voice saying : 'Come higher.' I saw the market of the Lords. I saw that there had to be paid a lot by blood, sweat, tears, that many tubes had to be filled before a door would open.

Tokon

1. The Tokon is the blood of Christ and the blood of the lokogames, therefore fellow-carrier of the canon. I saw how there should be sacrificed, the Lord spoke : Let the temple be dressed with blood. I saw the light of the blood, she brought new visions. These visions were eternal. I saw many guards on the walls, they preached the teaching of the blood of Christ. I saw a harp from which arrows came, a flute from which blood flew. The arrows and the blood filled the land. I saw horses with riders, they were on their way to the eternal city. They were now allowed to enter, there was spoken : Let the blood first rise to the tops of the walls. The horses with the riders went out, they wept and were filled with fear. They said : we rather want to work to let the sweat rise to the tops of the walls than that we cause blood to flow. The Lord saw their love, blessed them, let them into the city, they had made a wise choice. There were some coming from the east, see, they caused blood to flow, the blood came to their hips, they went down in the blood. I saw the Lord sitting on his throne in all his glory, the waters became blood, like he had pronounced in his word. The trees went blood, and the whole land. There was a big mass which came to the city of the Lords, the Lord didn't open for them. The Lord spoke these words : Go into the land, work, so that the seals of the city will be broken. See, they were all the cause of blood to flow, the blessing of the Lords didn't rest on them. The Lord poured his sweat out on the earth, the blood began to burn. There were several folks who followed the Lords, see, they were washed in his sweat, by the sweat they had brought forth by tears, the blessing, the wings of the Lords rested on them. They had a secret mission to fulfil the word of the Lords, they received rich entry into the city. I saw the name of the lords becoming big, the Lords chose many servants, they were sent out into the wilderness in the last days. They found a shell with sounds, so was the scream of the blood of the Lords. There was a powerful covenant which spoke, they brought big comfort to the lords. The Lords spoke : Let your war then be in the spirit, in the game of the cross. The Lord took a rod, a rope, broke it, saying : So I will do with the seals of the tokon one day. See, the parts of the broken rod, the broken rope were like snakes. Fire came forth from them, the Lord covered them with

leather. The Lords broke many bonds. A big ship came at the horizon, blood came forth from her, the Lord began to speak. So was the speaking blood.

The Widow

2. There was a widow on earth, see, she became famous, she sang through the blood of Christ. The Lord made her big on earth, many came to the Lords by her. The Lord spoke : this is a demonic race, and I will destroy them. Yes, I will be as a fighter against them, for see, they are not in My Word. And I saw the Lord coming to the old earth, and to her hirelings, and the Lord spoke : Through sweat I shall judge, not through blood. And I saw the sweat of the Lords, and it covered them, and on them the new city was built. And I saw visions of blood, and see, these were eternal. And they were as the paradox, as double faces and as mozaics and garlands, and see they were like jesters of the Lords. And I saw them riding on high horses.

3. And there was a woman named white widow, and she also got big might on earth, and she battled against the jesters of the Lords. And who is wise calculates these words, for they are about a far history. And so there will be a point in time in which everything is history. And I saw the lords closing time as a canon. So the bread which you eat will be history, and the blood you drink will be history, and no one will be able to make a step again. See, all has been frozen, and the flame will be of the Lords. Wake then, for you do not know the time, neither the hour, in which these things will happen.

4. And I saw the Lord closing the canon of the material, and the human was driven back to the spirit. And to the material there was nothing added anymore, for the Lord had closed it, and see, everything was frozen, and everything turned to stone, yes, even the trees. And so no one could live anymore by the literal. And these were the days in which the thousand years kingdom started. And see, it was a kingdom of peace. And the Lord spoke : Hasn't enough blood flown ? And the Lord closed the canon of blood, and so the thousand years kingdom was as the kingdom of sweat, and the days of paradise as the kingdom of tears. And so the blood of Perlottia was atoned, and the gate to the Risgamen was opened, and her place the Lapondria.

5. And I saw birds as bloodsuckers which guarded the blood of christ. And I saw bags with money going back and forth with knights with big fluffy feathers on their helmets who traded. And see, they had strange marks. They were called the birds of Aldebaran, the merchants of the earth. And I saw two seals as frozen which kept the tablets closed, and these seals had tall stings. And I heard a voice saying : Come follow me. And a door opened, and I saw a tall stairway which coiled downstairs into a spiral. And I saw how the light came from downstairs. And I walked towards the light, and came into a green garden, where strange roots grew. And there were hares

here and rabbits and the light had a strange smell. And I saw how the roots of the tablets of stone were stuck in the ceiling, and a hand took them away. And a man with an axe cut the ceiling open, and the tablets of stone fell down, and they fell into many pieces. And the pieces became as jewelry, and I saw gates surrounding the garden open up. And I heard a voice saying : Come in. And I went inside and saw hands at a strange wall, and also feet. And the jewelry in the garden became instruments. And by a fire the instruments were bonded together by many meltings and hardenings, and I saw knights appearing and they had no heads. And I heard a voice saying : Bring me the silver and the gold. And the knights stood up and gathered dishes with silver and gold, and brought them in through the gates. And a woman with a white silk cloth began to clean the instruments, and the bonds inbetween them, and see, it was like a carousel. So it was the fairground of the Lords. And I saw hands and feet at the walls growing and turning into beings. And again there were many trades. And I saw big webs appearing as mosaics, and some webs were made of bones and fish-bones. And I heard a voice saying : Let now the light shine.

Risgamen

1. And I saw a new currency coming up, and it was the Spirit who had always been a pledge. And see, the Spirit of Christ had been torn into many pieces, the Risgamen. And there was a big weeping. And the Risgamen became like coins, and see, she was as a feather. And I saw a big fire coming to devour the Spirit, and the Spirit was torn into many feathers, and I saw many hidden and lost risgames, and see, they were raging.

2. And I saw the risgames fleeing to their place Lapondria, and see, this place was raging. And the place was guarded by raging birds, which were like paradise-birds. And I saw many who tried to enter Lapondria, but they were attacked by the raging birds. And these birds were like peacocks in all their power, and big fear fell upon those who saw it. And these birds were bloodthirsty and jeering, and some of them had helmets. And I saw Christ sitting on a high throne of pearls, and see, He chose the risgames as a new currency and a new covenant. So is then the predestination of the spirit, the predestination of Lapondria, and this is the only one. And I saw the risgames getting entry to the city Lapondria, and they all carried reeds in their hands. And these reeds were very sharp and cutting. And they made marks on the walls, and came in the city for full, because they had been covered by the blood of Perlottia, and carrying her marks. And they came to the high throne of Christ which was of pearls, and Christ atoned them. So the Spirit gave her feather to Christ as a payment, and she was welcome in the city. So it is then : by the feather we pay, by the risgames. This is how we keep ourselves clean. And I saw how Christ strung

the risgames as jewelry, and see, they were as wonderful stories, and they gave entry to the depths of the city. And I saw a fire coming from the jewelry which was powerful enough to melt the silver. And I saw doors getting opened to the depths of the earth. And I saw bloodbonds melting away, and see, they were sacrificed. So was then the all-atonement of the spirit, and I saw the Spirit streaming as rivers, to overflowing. And I saw the indulgence of the Indulgence of the Spirit, as a heavenly payment, and the Spirit gave her feather to Christ again, and see, she was cleaned. And Christ gave her a white small book of white leather, and the leather tied her. So was the Canon of the Spirit and the bonds. And this was the only bond, by the only indulgence. And I saw how Christ baptized His Spirit, and see, she was reborn as a white dove of white fire. So we have also, by the Indulgence of the Spirit, by the Feather of the Spirit, part in these things. And I saw a gate clothed with white leather opening, and see, this was the only gate to enter the city. But the birds who were on the walls of the city were sly. And so I saw the Risgamen becoming the fellow-carrier of the canon, the second one, the clean one.

3. And I saw the Risgamen, and she got access to the treasures of the earth, and see, she was dark. And I saw Lapondria becoming big on earth, and see, she was the center of creativity. And in her the saints had a place of rest, but they were torn by confusion for some time. And I saw several saints rebelling against lapondria, and they got a robe to rest. And after some time of rest they raised their fists against Lapondria, and Lapondria brought them into chains and led them to the big fortress. And Lapondria spoke big words of wisdom, and see, they became her disciples. But Lapondria mocked them because they were half-hearted, and she lured them into a trap. And so she was the slyness of the Lords. And big fear came over the mass. And they asked : who is she ? How does she dare to do something like that ? And so Lapondria left from the earth, and left her shadow behind, and she brought big confusion. And she wrapped herself with darkness, and covered herself with dust. And she made a journey to the depths of the earth, and found in there big treasures. And she tore the gold and the silver, and opened big gates. Who can follow her ? And she wrapped herself in wrath and big cruelty, for even her most faithful followers had sinned against her. Woe you, oh earth, for lapondria has prepared a big venom against you. Weep therefore, oh people, so that you will find small grace in her hand, light as a feather.

4. And Lapondria grew up among the apes of the earth, and see, they followed her on foot. And she covered herself with the snakes of the depths and sacrificed on the heights. So she became then the darkness of the Lords.

Talgamen

1. So you have then read in the canon that there is no eternal damnation, and you have read this in the second canon, the clean one. So all death will end in destruction. But I say to you : Do you know the secrets of Radth ? There are for sure exceptions on the rule. Have you then not heard that the Lords have made the enemy for destruction ? Yes, the Lord will destroy his might, and his sin, and will lower his proud consciousness, and make it sink away in drunkenness and sleep. But after these days the Lord will give him as in a mystery a new consciousness, and this consciousness will grow till all eternities. And these things are hard to understand, and many folks will twist these things for their own destruction. Do you know the mysteries of the Cup of Christ ? See, these are holy, and like the second canon had spoken already : the second hell will be of more terror than the first. For the first hell was tied to a canon which was unclean and unworthy and therefore invalid. And many have been frightened by these scriptures. The second hell is of bigger horror than the first, for although the old consciousness will sink away for full, there will come a new consciousness. What then, is God then a sadist ? Absolutely not. The Lord is a God of strategy and guile, and brings first sleep and drunkenness. So He is then a God of grace. But his justice punishes sin.
2. What then, will these things frighten us again ? Absolutely not, for you who stays in Him have been declared blissful by the blood of Christ. All hell is just for a while in the light of eternity and doesn't weigh up to the glory about to be revealed to us. Who are then the enemies of God ? They have been made by him, and see, they are eternal. So a child of the Lords does not have to be afraid to burn for eternity. The Cup of Christ does not even mean the fallen angels about which was spoken, for they have first served the Lord for a long time, and they were absolutely no enemies. But the Cup means those who have been made as enemies, and they will burn for eternity in growing consciousness, yes, even in growing pain, for the Lord has made them for that as an example.
3. Aren't these things then cruel and misleading ? Absolutely not. What do you know of the council of the Lords ? There is for a child of the Lord and even for a fallen angel no eternal damnation, for the soul destroys itself by sin. But there are exceptions : namely those who have been made as the personifications of sin. They will burn for eternity, and their old human will be destroyed, so that a new human will stand up, namely the humiliated human. And this humiliated human will be for eternity a sign and a warning, to fill the saints with fear. So many folks have then taken the words of the second canon as a free ticket to sin, because they have a lust to be destroyed for full and so they think they will

get rid of the eternal and everlasting hell. They have abused the Word to their own trap. Have you not seen the paradox in the difference between the Old and the New Testament ? So you have to be on your guard. There is a point of fear which you cannot escape, and which is needed to raise up a bigger fear of the Lords than the first. This is namely that those who have been made by the Lord as an enemy deceive themselves and they are hypocrites.

4. These are then the words of the Cup : let the fear of the Lords be the beginning of all wisdom. Those who have sinned to the Father will be forgiven, and also those who have sinned to the Son, and those who have sinned against the Holy Spirit, and who have slandered Him. Even those who have sinned against the Blood of Christ will find forgiveness, but those who have slandered the Cup of Christ by sinning against it have no forgiveness in all eternities. Not now, and not in the coming centuries, for the sinning against the Cup of Christ is a deadly sin against which there is no medicine, and of which there is no turn back possible. But comfort yourselves, loved ones, for only the enemies of God make themselves guilty of this, and they will be an eternal bugaboo. Be then awake, for God won't let Himself being mocked. And so it is then : Fearful it is to fall in the hands of the living God. And then you will search for remorse and contrition, and you will not find it. And fear will consume you when you will realize you have touched the holy of holy of God.
5. Comfort yourselves, loved ones : There is no sin against the Holy Spirit, but the sin against the Holy Cup is even worse. Search therefore the Holy Cup in fear and shivering. Know then that the Eternal Gospel is a more joyful message, but also a more serious and more of terror. The days are evil, and if God would not punish sin in this way, then the sin would never be overcome. Yes, the Lord establishes eternal conquest over the enemy, and turns them into an eternal bugaboo. They will not escape from their wages. There where the first hell was graceful : the second not anymore. But those who are with the Lord will not fear in anything.
6. Only by their eternal suffering they will be cut down, the enemies of God. And only by their growing pain and consciousness they will lose that which they have stolen. And God will turn them into an eternal disgust.
7. And when they ask you : Isn't your God cruel ? Then you will answer : God is a paradox.

The Heralds of the Canon

The Herald of the Canon

1.

1. These are then the glorious words about the youth of Christ, being the child Jesus. So He has done many miracles and signs, which have been written down in this scripture, words which have been lost in the history. God has brought these words back to the holy by His servant.
2. And I saw a fire-storm and I did not have the power to speak. And the fire-storm came on me, and I heard a voice saying : write, for there are many things I will show you.
3. And I took my pencil and wrote. And I knew that I would burn when I wouldn't write with detail and accurately what the fire-storm commanded me. And I heard screaming.
4. And the father said : Come in. I saw a gate of fire opening.
5. And when I had come in I saw the child Jesus sitting on a pillow. And an angel brought me at the feet of the child Jesus, and the child started speaking, and told wondrous beautiful stories.
6. And I realized that the child had come to bring judgement on the adult world. And I begged the child to come into my heart. And I saw many visions. And I saw how the three year old child told wonderful stories, and how he did big miracles and signs. The child could make his arms and legs grow to do anything.
7. And I saw how the child could run, faster than a horse, and also that the child was stronger than a lion, but when he became older, these powers decreased.
8. And I saw the child walking on water, and the words the child spoke were sweet. And I saw how the child could let doves appear out of nothing, and also little monkeys. And the Spirit of the Lords rested on him.
9. And I saw how the child was taken up in the night by a fire-storm, to see many visions. And the child was early wise and full of the knowledge of the Lords.
10. And I saw how the child laid down his childhood to go the path of the cross, and his powers were decreasing.

11. When the child was four years old he told much about demons. Also the child told about angels, and many wrote it down, but these scriptures have been lost in the history and nowhere to be found.
12. And I saw the fire-storm coming to me, to open its mouth, and I was gliding inside, and I was as a man tied up. And I had to write much. And I saw how the child in the spirit wore a purple crown with twenty-four tops. And a soft pink light kept appearing in the crown. And I saw how the child was rich of spiritual gifts.
13. Also I saw how the child could bring up fruits and other food from nothing, and many were astonished about it. And the child warned them how their seed would build an orange church, where lions would live in, and how their attention would be to muscle-power, and not to the power of the spirit. And the child wept.
14. And the child spoke that the tiger would come to this orange church, to let many prisoners escape, and many did not know what He meant, for he spoke in parables. 'Who has wisdom calculates the number of this church, and its number is fifty-five. And they will raise up a false book.' And the child spoke about a far future.
15. And the child could disappear into nothing, and appear from the nothing. And many were astonished about it and told about these things with each other, and they wondered who He was.
16. 'I have come to establish a church after the heart,' the child spoke. 'The orange church is of Ryan, the orange guard, he who has conspiracies with giants. His dog is a wolf, with the name Redeye, and his dogs are members of the blue church. And see then, these churches come forth from each other. And they aren't of me. They are of the mind. They do not know me as child, and with their weightinesses they oppress each other.'
17. And the child prophesied much about the things which would happen, and the child wept a lot. It was a sensitive child and at the same time stronger than ten thousand sharks. Some called him a lion's child, others called him a tiger's child. He often drew back in the wilderness and the desert, and was between the wild animals.
18. And the child didn't care much about what they said about him, but led his own life. On a day a blind man came to the child, and the child healed him. Also the child healed a man who had no limbs, and gave him new limbs. And some of them started to whisper : this child is the child of the devil. And the

child punished them. Sometimes he consumed such mockers by a blue fire which he would let come down from heaven on them. Therefore there were several who wanted to kill the child.

19.The child had many friends, also many female friends, and made up many games. But when the child grew older, parents started to warn against him.

20.And I wanted to write further, but my hand started to shiver under the holiness of these things. And a voice spoke that these things had to stay sealed till the end of times.

21.And I saw the child playing on a flute, and the totempole stood there and a wigwam. And it was in a vision. And I saw red indians coming out of the wigwam, and they danced around the child who played the flute.

22.And when the child had become five years old these powers slowly began to flow away, and he grew up as a normal child.

23.And in a vision I saw how the child had become older and walked along a silent path, and suddenly wild children overwhelmed him. And the child named Jesus was tied up to a tree by the wild children, after which he was beaten with rods. And I saw how He was often bullied and hunted, and often he was tied up to be beaten.

24.And I saw how the boy named Jesus longed back for his old powers, but He knew that this was the will of the Father. He had to prepare for the cross. And the suffering in his childhood years was deep. And the longing back for His lost childhood years wounded him very deeply.

25.And on a day an angel came to Him, appearing on a lonely path, around the evening hour. And the angel spoke loving words to Him, and the boy started to shake.

26.Since that day He had two female friends, after a long and lonely period. These female friends supported him through thick and thin. Often He made long walks with them through the desert and the wilderness, and they had deep conversations, in which they were astonished about His wisdom.

27.And the young Jesus got more and more female friends, and stirred up much of rage and jealousy in the hearts of many boys. But after the angel appeared to Him for a second time he also got a lot of male friends, and quickly a big group of disciples around the young Jesus. He had a supernatural love, made their hearts melt, and spoke about another path.

28. And He spoke with them about being the least as the true path of love. And He healed many of their inner diseases.
29. And often they went into a big group with him to the wilderness and the desert, where he often taught them on a hill. And the wild animals were submitted to him.
30. And He spoke over the things to come : When you will hear a loud screaming, and the clouds are black and red, go to the hills and beg for mercy, for then the Day of the Lords has come. And when you hear a wild cat roaring, watch then outside of your houses, and pray in your heart that you will escape the heavy days to come. For narrow is the gate which leads to life, and only children will enter these gates. Religious ones will try to get the keys in their hands, but they will burn. They will be thrown in the rivers and no one will count with them. I have destined you for love, and those who work in love have fulfilled the law. They will not have God as their enemy. Do not oppress each other, but love each other, and also your enemies, for they might be your hidden friends.
31. Be graceful to each other, as an example, and be in this the weakest. The Lord opposes the strong. Think about the rabbit which has made holes in his weakness, to escape from the burning Day of the Lords. So the rabbits are the friends of the child Jesus, who was, is and will come. This child stands here before you.
32. And a love fell on the mass, and they were astonished.

2.

1. These are the words written down about the life of the child Jesus. When Jesus was twelve years old, and on the edge of the lake, all on his own, suddenly from the bushes a boy ran towards him. Jesus came into a fight with the boy, and they fell into the water, where the boy tried to drown Jesus. But an angel hit the boy.
2. And the boy had a demon, and Jesus spoke : 'Ryan, chief of demons, leave this child.' And the boy shrieked, and was healed of his insanity.
3. Also when Jesus was eighteen years old it happened that two boys tried to drown him, but Jesus healed them both of their insanity.
4. When Jesus had become twenty years old he lived for several months between the lions, and the lions were submitted to him.
5. And after these days an angel appeared to Christ and commanded him to pick up a staff from the ground. Then after that the angel commanded Christ to

throw the staff on the ground. When Christ did this the staff turned into a snake, and this snake was very venomous. 'Go now to the house of pharisees,' the angel said, 'and bring them the word.' But the pharisees didn't believe in him, and said that He could do these things by the devil.

6. And then the angel commanded him to go to the house of the romans. But they didn't believe in him either. 'Now then,' said the angel, 'the heads of this nation are hard, and they are not surprised by anything. At a cross they will nail you, and you will long back for your old days.' And then the angel left him.
7. And when He was twenty-four He led a mass of youth between the lions and taught them about the washing of the feet, and to serve each other instead of leading, and he spoke for a few days ceaselessly. And there was a woman who tried to seduce him, and when he rejected her she cursed him, and the lions devoured her. And also other women tried to seduce him, often in groups at the same time, but they were all devoured by the lions. And he began to preach much about the devil, and some said He had lost his mind.
8. And He taught them about the drunkenness of the Spirit, and about the foolishness of God, and many sat at His feet in astonishment, and were grasped by drunkenness. And many said : 'Who is this man ?' And He led them deeper into the wilderness, picked up a rod, and threw it on the ground, where it turned into a venomous snake, and since then many believed in Him.
9. And some women started to roll on the ground, and they were so in drunkenness that they could not stand neither sit. They had become weak, and several felt sick. And some began to be thirsty, and angels appeared to give them to drink, and see, they all became drunk.
10. And the heaven opened itself and a raven and a magpie ascended on them, and they heard a voice saying : 'This is My Son, the glorified one, see, He will be taken away from you, but He will return as a thief in the night.'
11. And many women and men began to weep, for they didn't want Him to be taken away, but Christ comforted them. 'I will live in your heart, and gift you My Spirit, so that I will always be with you as in a mystery. But who loves Me, follow me.'
12. And He led them to a hole in the wilderness, a deep hole, and He spoke about that which He had to suffer. And He took a red robe and wrapped it around himself, and braided a thorn crown from branches. Then he stretched his arms out, to show them what they would do with him. And several men shouted : 'That never. We declare war to them.' But he rebuked them, saying that the Son

of Man would have to suffer much. And several wanted to be crucified together with Him. And He gave them a cup which got filled with red juice. 'Drink,' He spoke, 'and from now on hide here, for the earth will come under the judgement, but here you have a shelter. You will live from the few you will find here, and you will be as a crucified one. But I will have to return and submit to My fate.

13. 'Let us go with you,' several shouted. 'We are prepared to suffer with You.'

14. 'Suffer here,' spoke the Christ, 'and live with the poverty nature gives you.'

15. But many couldn't bear this message, and went back with Him, and picked up their lives again.

16. And when the Christ died at the cross many years later, the ones who had stayed in the wilderness shrieked like wild cats. They had drunk of the red juice, and lived since then with the angels, having might over the wild animals.

3.

1. When the child Jesus was still a baby his spirit and soul could reach the heaven over the stairway of tigers and the stairways of lions, and in heaven He had conversations with the angels.

2. Along these stairways the angels descended and ascended, always submitting the soul and the spirit of the baby to God.

3. And so the little baby spoke with the animals, and with the hiddenesses of God. And this baby visited the souls in their prisons, and gave them hope and deliverance. And this little baby was the key of the judgement.

4. And the baby possessed supernatural wisdom to judge giants. A destroyer of demons He was.

5. And these things had been written down but they got lost throughout the centuries.

6. And I saw a fire-storm ascending along the stairways of lions and tigers to the highest heaven, to bring the child there. And the little baby got words in His mouth, to descend with them into the depth. And again I saw the fire-storm going over the stairways of lions and the stairways of tigers.

7. And I heard a screaming and I saw big violence, and mysteries were unveiled before me. And I saw the big riddle of the little baby called Jesus.

8. And the child possessed supernatural knowledge, and had gifts to heal the deepest fallen ones. And no one could stand up against the small baby, who had received might.
9. And I saw many on earth imitating the small baby, and they got big might on earth, but their place was not in the heaven.
10. And I saw nations come into existence who had made an image equal to the little baby, but they twisted his works. And I saw the little baby weeping, and the big beasts of the earth were pierced in their ears, and see, they were led to slaughter.
11. And I saw the little baby descending in big wrath, and when the little baby opened His mouth there was blood everywhere. And I heard beggings everywhere, but the Lords didn't listen to them.
12. And I saw the little baby having an eye and heart for those who lived in houses under the earth, and a love filled my heart.
13. And I saw the little baby carrying the keys of hell and a new church. And I saw how the spirit and the soul of the small baby got wings, and rose along high trees, to find access to the Father. And the Father hid the Mother, and always when the little baby laughed the Mother appeared. And this spoke about the days in which the wind would blow, the heavenly wind of healing over the earth.
14. And I saw the little baby raising an army through his laughing, and see, the soldiers of it were drunk. They had the heart of the small baby. And the mind was not taught anymore. And I heard laughing in the heaven, and I saw the Father laughing, and also the Mother.
15. These are the words about the small baby Christ Jesus. Let these words be written down from generation to generation. I saw horses, a carriage, with on it the small baby, and by His laughing He healed the earth. And an army of fools He raised up, and they had the authority to renew the earth. Hear then these words, and listen closely to them, for they are faithful and true. He who comes, comes soon.
16. And I saw the crown of the small baby, with purple and yellow and pink, and orange light. And I saw frogs dancing around his throne. The hour of the small baby has come. Prepare yourselves, all of you. Accept Him who speaks, for a terrible and consuming fire He is to those who do not fear Him.
17. And I saw Him descending from His throne, descending into the pit of the romans to deliver the prisoners, and to build His throne for eternity. And a light

of lights rose up, shouting in heaven, as a herald of the cross, as a fatherland for many. And I saw the light building houses, and a wilderness opened itself, and crocodiles rose up, receiving the wings of an eternal light, of an eternal altar.

18. And those who were betrayers, liars, and thieves appeared before the altar, and a fire took them away. And the little baby opened books, to see whose names had been written down, and those whose names He didn't see were thrown into an eternal-burning fire.

19. And from mud He created ministers, and from dirt He created captains, and He gave them worldships, full of burning lights, and the love was over them, as the webs of the big Metensia. And He spoke to Eminius, and prayed, and finished with a golden and pearly voice to open the door of heavens, through which many entered. Yes, the masses of the heavens are big, and you will be astonished about the mass who has not bowed before the idol which is mammon.

20. And the child, the little baby, grasped the mammon and his sister Jezebel, and also her sisters Nemak and Jael, and the little baby threw them in the eternal-burning fire, where they will have no rest, day nor night. And they will turn into an eternal fright. Wake then, brothers and sisters, so that you will not fall into their fate. And I saw Jezebel turning into a skeleton, ready to grasp her sword, but a wind of heaven struck her down, and as burning ash she began to float around, at the seas of death, and the lakes of evil. And she was nothing more than a ghost.

21. And I saw her chained under heavy chains, and also Juno she brought down. And big giants fell at her feet, a queen of death she was, and she was called descension to hell. And the little baby grasped Ryan and his partner Merve, and threw them off a sapphire stairway. And also Redeye, the wolfdog, fell with all his servants in this hole. And the little baby took a bow, and pierced the dog with an arrow. Yes, a hunter is He, a big hunter, a big fieldlord of wars. With tight fists He succeeds in His strike.

22. And I saw how books were struck and closed, and I heard a big weeping. And many got chained by the little baby. And I saw how books began to burn and fell from heaven, and a voice locked the heavens and spoke that they could never return. And a shrieking started to fill the earth-ground, and many sank in deep pits. The day of the judgement had come. The little baby sat on a high horse, and made them drunk by his arrows.

23. Yes, a big fieldlord He is, a master in field-battles. And I saw a golden bracelet, broken, and a big knife, and a voice saying : 'Here is great pleasure.' And I saw the game of the little baby coming to earth, as a big whirlpool, and it devoured many and took authority.
24. And I heard voices calling : 'The big game has come. Who can exist, who can escape from it.'
25. And a fire-storm took me up, bigger than there ever was, and brought me to the sun of heaven. And big lions descended to the earth to devour her, and they established themselves, in towers around the earth.
26. And I saw a liongame taking might on earth. And the little baby throned on the earth-surface. And they said : 'Christ has returned.'
27. And there was a pit named Zetel, and it was opened. And tigers came forward from it, and later sharks, to fill the earth-surface. Then a tower was opened named Vetel, which reached from the earth to the heaven, and whales and orcas came forth through the gates of this tower. And a fire began to clean the earth and to rebuild it. In these days the visions of heaven became flesh on earth.
28. And the nighttrouppers came to the earth, worshipping the little baby. And a smoke rose up, and there was a big sound. And someone with a liontrumpet started to trumpet, and the might of the little baby was recovered for full, and there were choirs in the heaven, and they visited the earth in storms.
29. And a rabbit came to the little baby, and the little baby gave grace to the rabbit, and anointed the rabbit as a savage, a warleader. And the rabbit got big might on earth, and brought a mighty fire to clean the saints. Wake then, for you do not know the day nor the hour.
30. And the rabbit brought quick strikes, and was submitted to the little baby.

The Second Herald of the Canon

1. This is the story of Noah how he became a pirate-king. When Noah was young he made a ship before the lord, because the Lord spoke to him : 'Go then, far away from your coast, and I will bring you to a new land.' And Noah built the ship, like the Lords gave him the command, and when the ship was finished he went with several men on the sea. And the Lords led the ship to full sea. After many long days the ship was raided by pirates. But the Lord's hand rested on Noah and his men, and gave the pirateship under their might. And many pirates fell at the feet of Noah, because they saw that God's grace was on him, and so

Noah became their king. And the ship was full of gems, fiery gems, and further all sorts of exotic treasures. And the pirates told Noah about a land far from there. And Noah desired to go to this land when he heard the stories, for the land was beautiful and full of riches. But further on sea there was a big storm and the ship perished. Noah and his men could go further on a huge raft, and after some time the sea became quiet again, and they saw in the distance the land about which they spoke. And Noah desired to put his footsole on this land. And the land was named Amazonia, in the district Paya, at the edge of the district Poh, and this was the old America. And there lived there evil tribes, those who carried knives.

2. And after some time Noah and his men went to the land, but the people there were warlusty. And after a long battle they grasped Noah, and tied him up at a pole. The other men were tied up into cages. And there was a princess named after these two districts, Paya Poh, and she was a red indian princess. And she heard of the men that God watched over Noah, and the princess became very frightened. And she let Noah to be set free, but in the night she was murdered by her own people. And Noah offered the raging tribes several treasures which remained on the raft, but the people didn't want to listen. And Noah and his men were sold as slaves to another people. And these people were hard and cruel, and Noah prayed to the Lords why They had sent him here. And the Lords spoke : 'Because this is a fertile land, a land of My pleasure. I will give it to your seed, but they will wage a big battle.'
3. But soon a pirate-fleet came to the land, and they set Noah and his men free, and Noah thanked the Lord. And Noah stayed in the land for seven years, and then sailed back with big treasures.

The Third Herald of the Canon

1. Adam and Eve went over the river of death on a day, for the Lord took them with Him. And the Lord built a raft for them, of crocodile-wood and lion-wood, and led them to the other side, where the mountains were green, full of lion-crosses and crocodile-crosses. And there was a city called Lamdech, and in that city angels and demons lived, and those who were celebrated. And the Lord spoke to the city and said : 'Woe you, for your end has come.' And the Lord let a fire descend on the city, and gave the city to Adam and Eve. And the Lord let the river of death rise as a wall to guard the city, and see, Adam and Eve lived there for five years. And after the five years the Lord led them out of the city, and brought them through the wall of death. And the Lord showed them another river of death, which laid further, and see, the river was full of

excrements. And the Lord spoke : 'Like this those who sin against me will become.' And since that day fear came into the heart of Adam and Eve. And the Lord took care over them. And the Lord spoke to His servant-scribe : Write these words down, and seal these for the holy seed at the end of times, for their light will rise, and their light will multiply.

2. And the Lord brought Adam and Eve over a new river of death, this time in a boat made of lion-wood and crocodile-wood, and an eagle led them forth, and the boat was as a canoe. And Adam's hair had grown long, and the lord spoke to Adam. Let no razor-knife rest on your hair, for you are the chosen one. And from that day the hair of Adam stopped growing, and the Lord took care that it shrunk, and Adam got bald spots, and was called : 'Son of the Lords'. And Adam made a boat of hard black wood for his wife, and with two boats they finally came to a strange coats which was also called 'The Strange Coast'. And the Lord gave them support, and they could approach this fire, as it was a land of fire. And those who lived there had bows and arrows and were like cats. And the Lord gave them support, and let them approach a cathedral. And the beings saw Adam and made him as god, and the wrath of the Lord came to devour the cathedral. And Adam spoke to the beings : 'See, I am not a god, but I am a son of the Lords.' And they made a meal for Adam, and they ignored his woman for full. And in the night the Lord spoke to Adam and said : 'Adam, I will give this land to you and your seed will return to this land once.' And the Lord made a pit in the land where he buried the beings. And Adam saw how the Lord dealt with the beings, and asked : 'But my Lord, why are you so cruel ? Did you not make us for grace.' But the Lords gave discernment to Adam, and the sword. And so Adam became a warlord and a big hunter.
3. And the Lord gave Adam big discernment over angels and demons, and He gave Adam big might. And the Lords blessed him. And after a few years the Lord brought them on the river again, and brought them to a new land.

The Fourth Herald of the Canon

1. And the Lord led Adam to a city and made him king, and gave him big riches. And the Lord recreated Adam in dust and sand, and made of him a ruler. For as a ruler of animals he was established. And the Lord established him as the ruler over the sun, and spoke to adam that his seed would be numerous as the stars. And the Lord gave Adam tribes in Assur, and made him as a pillar in the temple. And the eyes of the forest were on Adam and made him strong, but on a day the lord broke Adam by hitting on his hip. And also the Lord hit him on his jaw and in his mouth. And from that day Adam was a broken man, sensitive

for the Spirit of God. And Adam spoke in the language of the Lords, and gave names to fishes, waters and trees, and also to the stars of the heavens. And God blessed Adam and his kingdom richly. And the Lord gave a wife to Adam, named Eve, mother of the living, and she was as the flower of the swamp. And the Lord crowned her with all beauty of the underworlds and the heavens, and with precious stones. And the Lord saw that Eve was very beautiful, and called her the righteous one and gave her His sword. But the Lord knew that she would fall away from Him in later days, to follow and worship other gods.

2. And the Lord kept giving cities to Adam and made him big above the stars, but also about him the Lord knew that he would fall away from the living God, and become as the dead, ferocious and deserted. And the Lord gave a rod to Adam, and when Adam would drop the rod, it would turn into a ferocious dog, a snake, or a ferocious pig. And adam became a feared lord. And the Lord made him up to preach against Assur, and to gather a nation of prophets.
3. And in the beginning of days there were many wars among the prophets and Adam became a big warlord. The fall of Adam, as ferocious warlord, made it important that there would come a second Adam, Jesus Christ. And Adam went down by the voluptuous idols of Assur, and committed adultery with famous women. And by his fall he prepared the way for Him who would come.

The Fifth Herald of the Canon

1. And Adam could flyas the birds and swim as the fishes, for the Lord had established him as ruler over all things. And the lord knew that he would become the bridge between the world of the demons and the world of the angels. And I will tell you a secret, beloved ones, for like Adam died at a crocodile cross, by coming in the stomach of the crocodile by eating the venomous fruit, so died the Christ at the lion-cross. Yes, at both Adam has hung, he who died for the literal. Do you not know that the literal is a grade of the mammon, the material ? So he was then a fallen one by the letter, but by the spirit he was a glorified one through the crucifixion. So then all laws are fulfilled in Adam. So Adam was then without sin, but by the letter he was made to sin, to carry many sins away in his body, and to remove that which had been written on paper. So the first Adam has come to break the literal, by being condemned by the literal. Yes, beloved ones, with this God has tested your hearts. Now Adam has prevailed, both the second and the first, because of this secret I reveal to you. Many have followed the first adam in sin, and have continued his works, while pharisees condemned them by the letter, because they did not see the spirit of God. But you differently for full have the eye and

the spirit of Christ. You have the eye of Adam, for the first Adam knew for what he had come, to expose the deceit of the pharisees. So he will then be glorified with Christ, and throne with him. Now you will say : How can deceit be in the scriptures. See then, the Lord is art. have you then followed Adam in sin, then also in glory. The Lord now is bigger than that, for He decides what is sin. By his fall Adam came to the underworld, and reached there the souls in prison. He reversed the order of angels and demons, and that which the rulers had set as truth, and so he became the condemned one on paper and tablets of stone, yes, even in the hearts of man. Now, will we then serve the first Adam above the second ? Did Christ not direct back to the old ? The first Christ was Adam, but you have not wanted him. You have made yourself idols by which you committed uncleanness and fornication. Beloved ones, I will tell you a secret : Can you be confronted with the deceit of your created Christ-images, and reduce your true source to the Christ of paradise, who represented cleanness and purity ? How far have you then gone astray. Haven't you then condemned Adam by your own presentations, while the Lord wanted to show you a deeper truth ? Yes, by the sin Adam had to be condemned, like Jesus Christ was also made as a sinner, and condemned. Also to Adam was spoken : You are the rejected, the deserted, and also he has screamed : My God, why have you deserted me. Do you not know that this was a metaphor, that he took the cup of venom for you and me. For without this cup, Christ would never have a cup. So then Adam is the foundation of the cross.

2. And what about Eve, you would ask. Also she was a divine child, created after righteousness, and she didn't keep away the cross from her husband. Yes, she was his cross. She was the image of the upright circumcision, but also her image got defiled, and God gave them over to their lusts. What will we say then : Had the scriptures been defiled ?
3. Also Eve was in her fall a bridge between the living and the dead. Beloved ones, these things are difficult to understand. What then, do we have to worship Adam and Eve as divine beings / They show how the worlds are divided. They were closer to God than any human could be, and still they were also with the enemy, the old devil, who they followed. Beloved ones, did Christ Jesus not come equal to the devil, to the sinful human, when he died at the wood of hell ? So we worship a paradox, for Christ who overcame the sin, and defined the sin by becoming equal to it. So Christ became equal to his betrayer Judas, and rose up after that. What then, do we worship the devil when we choose such an explanation ? Absolutely not, for Christ overcame the devil by taking in his position. So then Christ was the masterspy. If the devil would come to the

temple of God to establish himself there as a god, wouldn't Jesus do that in the temple of satan ? Oh, beloved, your image of God is too small. God is a chameleon, and doesn't move like a lizard. So you can now read the word as a paradox. The religious and pharisees with their scribes are tied up to earthly language, and cannot follow the heavenly language, and come from snare into snare, facing their destruction. They have made the word literal, and they follow a literal god. Again we have then the question : Shall we worship Eve as the representation of the sly female part of God ? Always you will throw yourself down at her feet, for she is an unpiercable mystery. So then the veils of the paradise are seductive, full of enticements, of snares from which only the righteous can escape. So the riddle of Eve and the snake will fill the earth-ground, and then He will return. And the riddle is this : By the suffering and dying of both the first and the second Adam they became equal to the snake, which Moses raised for healing, which came forth from the staff, and adam will be called Safam as the glorified Christ, and his holy anointing oil will be the snake-bite to salvation, and Eve will go down and her seed will overcome. And many will come with their idols of Christ, but Christ will not know them and will not accept them as sons, as they served Him by the letter and not by the spirit.

4. And adam had eyes in the paradise by which he could see, and by which he could discern snakes of heaven. And his nose could discern the times of war and of peace, but he didn't love the peace. He served the sword and the cross. And he fell off from the many gods, and reached to the bear-cross under which a skeleton of a rabbit lay. And he blessed the rabbit and raised it up, and made it as a warrior on the hills. And the skeleton started to speak big words, and God sealed them. And the Lord spoke to the rabbit for seven days, and then the rabbit had to prophesy for many days. And the secret surrounding Adam and Eve became known. And I saw many cities rejoice because she had become free under this mystery. And they were delivered of their burdens. And so there were two bridges in the paradise, and yes, these were worshipped. And I saw Adam sitting on a big white horse, and I saw the mystery of the centuries resting on France, and then on germany, and then the Lord began to open his caves and ravines, and big wildernesses with their rivers. And there came a judgement on the earth like never before, and Adam led the nations with a staff of iron. And the iron became black before the Lord and the Lord spat on the earth. And there was a tribulation like never before, and many graves opened up. And I saw the martyrs of the Lords appearing before the Lords, calling for vengeance, because they had been tormented so long by the literal. And the Lord gave them a red robe, stained with blood.

The Sixth Herald of the Canon

1. So they who live under the letter will see Adam as an oppressor, but those who have been set free by the spirit will see him as the deliverer. So he was for four days in the pit, where he ate ratmeat and the meat of snakes. And after his journey in the pit he found an opening where he saw gold shining and gems of all sort, and this is the secret, folks : He was blinded by these riches, and confused, and as a king of darkness he returned. Now he had visited the treasures of assur, and the treasures of red indians, their women, and took many prisoners of war with him from the dead. Yes, waymaker he was called, maker of tunnels, peacemaker, big warhero. He made a path through the wilderness, and the path blinded him and took him to the darkness, to dark cities. And I saw Adam sitting on a big horse, and in the nights he was as a wanderer, and a researcher and a searcher, to find his way over dark paths. And i heard a voice saying : Beelzebul, master, they come to take the secret. And I saw two tall figures with a treasure, and by the call of Adam the treasure became free. And at the end of these nights Adam sat on a red horse. And this is the secret, beloved ones : Adam knew now the red indian nights, the nights of the cross, and their jewels and beauties, and he brought this to the nations to preach deliverance to those who lived tied up and in slavery.

2. There is not a poor plan when it comes to the deliverance of our souls. So it will be that calling for Christ will be seen as a denial, for we got lost in Adam, and in Adam we will be saved. Adam who was crucified by a woman. And so these two worlds were atoned with each other. So you will find the hidden cross in the paradise and your hidden saviour. So the second Adam had to come to give the attention to the first, to restore the image through his death. And this image is an image of peace.
3. Beloved, know that this is the foundation of the Eternal Gospel, without this there is no salvation of the centuries possible, because it is stored in this : Adam is God. Adam is the Father who came to the earth and left the Spirit and all His cleanness and further treasures stored in heaven. He regarded it as rubbish and excrements. So He separated himself from himself to save many, and was crucified by a woman. She is then the image of the circumcision. Beloved, without this hidden cross of the paradise there is no further salvation possible. This then is the core of the Eternal Gospel, and therefore you will honour the sixth herald of the canon. And the evil spirits in the heavenly districts know this and shiver, for holy is he who knows the name of Adam, and the mystery of it. Many prophets have tried to gaze in this mystery, but they were rejected. So there will also be folks standing up at the end of time to receive the anointing of this mystery, but they will be rejected, because they are

lawless and haven't paid the price of the spirit. Follow then the feet of Adam, and lay yourselves down at His feet and listen to him, when His mystery has come to you, for several time he has been put under Christ and onder the angels and even all which lives, but after that He has risen in glory.

4. Adam is Lord, and the evil spirits know that. They bow for this name. To Adam it was given to rule over all things, over man and animal, over tree and bush, yes, over all vegetations and He was your guard and herder. So in Adam all things come together because He even gave up His credibility and was made to sin by a woman. Yes, His face was stained by her, and these things were kept hidden till the end of times. He is the one Christ directed back to, as the hidden Father. In this mystery He descended to the lower dimensions, and was deserted by Himself. Yes, as a scapegoat he was made, stained and tied up to the altar. In Adam there is then further deliverance, the Father of Christ, He who had become flesh till the lowest districts of death. By the letter he died, also to raise by the letter, this time the letter of the spirit. Beloved, do not grieve over such revelations, for they hold the keys to your inner deliverance. So Christ was just a shadow of deliverance.
5. Therefore I tell you : Those who go on with their idols of Christ will undergo a stern judgement. Did Christ not point back to the first Adam ? Christ is just a waymaker. The Word of Adam is before you, and the Apple of Adam, as being the crucifixion of the hyopcrites, and the crucifixion of all the fleshly spiritual, so that you will come to true resurrection. These words have been kept till the end of times. Beloved, do not read these words through the mind, but through your heart.
6. With adam many prisoners of war will stand up, all well sealed by a new light. Christ was sent out, together with the prophet Elia, to bring the heart of the Father back to the children. Eve had prepared her husband for battle in this, and she was as the slyness of the Lords. Mother of the living is she. Here then is your mother God, who goes beyond every cult. She has been saved up to the last of days. God is spirit, and became flesh in Adam, as in slyness, to save those who were of the flesh. Beloved, do not weep over these words, for they are destined to mark your hearts and to seal them, to be protected on the big day about to come, the day of Eminus. The hearts of the children will be led back to the paradise, where they will find their flute and harp, and cleanness will rule on the mountains, and no disgrace.
7. Adam will therefore speak, and will bring you to the feet of Eve. Yes, He has been crucified to the wood of lies, and took from the venom, where all his

bones were pierced and broken. So then the spirit of Adam will speak again, as the language of brokenness. Raise your heads therefore, beloved, for your deliverance is close, and speak in the tongues and languages of brokenness, for at the same cross He has hung. Leave your false Christ idol-images, and return to the first Adam, who is the foundation of the eternal Gospel, and this is a bigger Gospel than the first. Be ecstatic when you have received this mystery in your souls, for it will lead you forth all the days of your life. It will heal your spirit by wild honey, and you will be able to see His Light through the veils. This, beloved, is a more gloryful light than the first.

8. So the powers of hell in the dispensation of the Eternal Gospel will bow for the name of Adam, who is glorified by the Eternal Gospel.

The Seventh Herald of the Canon

1. On a day the Lord spoke to Adam and led him through the garden till the mountain of the gods, the mountain of Eeden. And the Lord said : 'Come my friend, leave everything on this day, yes even the woman I gave to you.' And Adam wept, for he thought he would lose his wife and lover, and felt lack coming up in him. And the Lord took him to the mountain, and there was smoke and fog. And Adam began to make a long trip on the mountain, and this trip was very heavy. And on top of the mountain the Lords showed him the survey over all worlds, and the Lords gave him discernment over many things.
2. And the Lords said : 'See then everything which I have made, also the days of darkness, and the savage.' And Adam was struck by astonishment. And the Lords Themselves came from Their thrones, carried by cherubs, and the Lords struck a rock on top of the mountain, and two tablets of stone and fire came forth from the rock. And the lords spoke : 'Read, for these are the laws of the paradise.' And Adam stepped one step back, because he was afraid of the fire, but the Lords helped him, and brought a finger to the law.
3. But Adam said : 'Oh, my Lords, I am not worthy to read something so holy. Do it for me, so that the fire will not devour me.' And an angel descended, and started to speak, the things which were written in the fire. And the angel read loud and hard : 'These are the things of prophecies, the things which have to happen. Have then sense, and know that these things are holy. The spirit of prophecy now is the Word of Weight.'
4. And Adam fell backwards by hearing these words and came into a deep sleep. And the Lord woke him up after many hours. And the Lord spoke : 'Adam, read further now the words of this law, want these things are holy and

important, like the angel has spoken. Yes, weighty is the law of prophesy, the law of Adam.'

5. And Adam bowed down in the dust and spoke : 'But Lord, I am not worthy to be called after the law.'
6. Then the Lords turned to Adam and spoke : 'Adam, speak these words to the nations, so that they will be fertile.' And see, Adam watched into the fire but could not read it. And again an angel descended to read it for Adam : 'The Law now is prophesy. Outside the prophesy there is no law. So then a man will follow his wife, in her devotion to the Lords, and he will honour her. He will sit together with her at the feet of the Lord to listen to His words. And so there is then the word of knowledge, which reflects the past, and the word of discernment the present. The word of wisdom however will reflect the future. Keep these three words in your heart, so that you will live.' And three angels stood up and began to trumpet, and Adam fell in the spirit and slept for many days ceaselessly, until the Lords woke him. And again the Lords spoke to him : 'Read, for these things are very important.' And this time Adam could read well, and read : 'So then these things of the Lords, are given to children. And He will give these children the word of help, and the word of judgement, and also the word of healing, and the word of interpretation. Hold then tight to these things, for then you have fulfilled the law. And so the Lord closed the fire, as someone closing a book. And Adam was not able to speak for a long time.

Metensia

1.

Mother, don't die again

1. Holy eyes, stare in a million fragments. He has lost his life, to confront the mirror. He loses his sense, his father gave him a gun, to shoot the creatures of the other side. 2. That night he couldn't sleep, writing with the pencil of his mother. He had to go to her grave to watch the flowers there, to see her smile again. 3. He misses her, he stares at the sea. The sun has gone, he cannot sleep. He still writes with the pencil he gave to her, before she died, his only friend. 4. Mamma, I miss you, mamma, I shot the mirror which you never understood. 5. Mamma, please, don't die for a second time, you are the shadow when I write, close when I break through. 6. Mamma, I miss you, mamma, please, don't die again, you are my only friend, while father still paints you, mamma, I never understood why you had to go so soon, please, don't die again. 7. Mamma, please, breath again, you are close when I break through.

The strange kingdom

8. Strange perfumes, late on the day, to cool your head, as behind glass, strange smells, the mice sleep, only a few dogs run over street, between me and you. 9. No one remembers our days together, no one wants to see the lights. We have been torn apart, by strange perfumes. 10. This is the kingdom, late on the day, to cool your head as behind glass. This is the kingdom of lovers torn apart, strange eau's between you and me. 11. Dogs run low and high, diving through the gates between the answers, always big questions between you and me. 12. Your father wants too much attention for his own pain, not talking about ours, for no one remembers, no one wants to see the lights. He lets his love be, he shows his pride, and we are torn every night.

Womenfactory

13. Deep in the vanity of the life, wars have been faded, they get lights on them, gathering the severest forms of stench. Womenfactory, what a grief, what a grief. 14. They have lusts in golden tables, of a crazy word, something they have once heard. Somewhere, I do not know the place, where even shadows do not come. 15. Womenfactory, the captain is skewed-eyes, mourning about the grief, playing much at golden tables, where the nightghosts do not dare to come. 16. Womanfactory, bringing great death, what a grief. There are pirates in a hole of water, making problems in this factory, so don't believe them. 18. They are troublemakers, promisebreakers, sitting on horses at the edges of life. Yes, the death is deep. They are pirates on a boat, while the summer is fading, on it's way to womenfactory, taking some arms and legs for a new child.

2.

Criptus

1. These are the words of the Holy Cobra. You will not bite and eat each other. You will love each other, and you will hang on to the Messiah of the Jews, coming from the cleared Old Testament and the cleared Thora. 2. For the Christ of the New Testament came too early and had to be cleared, like the New Testament itself had to be cleared. 3. Blissful are those who enter into the Second. Amen. 4. The Judaism is nothing on Himself, but gets activated when she is cleared. That's why the angels of the Judaism of the Old Testament wait for clear prayers. 5. And so is then the Messiah of the Judaism and the Second as a tree. 6. You have seen Criptus as He who would come for the Jews. Now then, make yourself up to go to the Holy Mountain of Sion, and watch Him who died in the water, whose arms and legs were cut off to become a fish. Yes, and first is He who was eaten by sharks as Michai. 7. Be therefore Jews of the Second. Amen, so that you will be blissful in Criptus, for in Hium are all

prophecies fulfilled. 8. We mean then well that we are talking about the Cleared and about the Second, for an uncleared Jew is nothing. 9. And Criptus became a bird in His fall, and became a tree from that. Be then conscious about what you are putting your attention on, for those of the Old Covenant expect the Messiah of the Old Covenant, and they have rejected Christ. 10. Partly they have done well in that, for the Christ came too early. You are doing well to also know the other roots of the trees. 11. The Uncleared Judaism is then nothing, but knows much value and truth, only it is partly true. 12. Again, take care that you know the roots. Focus on Criptus, for He is to Good Hope and Good Faithfulness. 13. So is then the snake nothing without the Cleared Judaism of the Second. And see then : The Second is the Cleared. 14. And so then, you all who wait for Joel have watched the angels of Joel. And this is a big mystery. 15. Wash then the tree and know the fruits. You will not just unroot Judaism, but consecrate and wash her, for many mysteries are hidden in her. 16. And the Lord showed a prison as the empire of instincts of the animals. And the Lord spoke : See, I'm setting the cobra free, for they were the angels of the Old Covenant. 17. And the Lord sealed these words and consecrated these. For those who brought the New Testament uncleared and too early have tried to tie up the angels of the Old Testament, and they have released the demons of the Old Testament. 18. And the Lords showed a lake of orcas, and see, they were as whales of the spirit-districts. And the Lords spoke with loud voice, while a wind rose up : Now the Cleared Judaism has come, till hundredfold. And I will break her to multiply her, until the whole army of the Cleared Old Covenant stands. 19. Cast for me now the orcas who are as whales, and who are the released demons and evil spirits of the Old Testament and the Judaism into the lake of fire. 20. And a lamenting rose up to the heavengates, and a Big Angel sealed the lake of fire which the Lords had shown. 21. And Criptus rose up from the lake and showed himself to the Jews of the Cleared. And fire came from his eyes, and He showed a copper cross. 22. For see, He was drown, but now He has ascended to heaven, sitting at the right hand of God to pour out the Spirit of Joel and the Cleared Old Covenant. 23. And the Lord spoke : Clear me now the Old Covenant. And I saw singers coming, and they directed themselves to the Lords, and sang Him cleared songs of the Old Covenant, and the cobras ascended to heaven, and the air was black of smoke. 24. And the waters became as blood, and there was much lamenting. So the Day will be on which the Lord recovers the Old. 25. And there was much youth who didn't want to know anything of the old. And they were thrown into the lake of fire and brimstone. 26. And the Lord directed himself to Joel, and gave him the keys of Portugal, and there came a fire over the earth like never before. 27. And those who didn't have the Old in their heart were consumed by heat. 28. And the cobras of heaven came to the earth carrying the Sword of Criptus, and they brought words of the fifth Messiah, and very old books were opened, while the fishes of the

old spat fire. 29. And there was a slaughter on earth like there had never been. And these were the days in which the Lords returned, They who spoke to Moses. 30. And also Moses was cleaned, and he was delivered from instincts. And many prophets of the Old came to the Lords of the Old Testament and they were delivered by the Lords. 31. And the Word of fear was restored, and this fear became tenfolded, hundredfolded and thousandfolded. 32. And the Lords directed themselves to the Davidic demons, and made a slaughter among them. And from the tree of the Lords spiders came, and fear came to the earth, like the earth had never known. And the Lords saw that it was good. 33. Yes, for the Lords would bring a new creation, as by fear. 34. And many prophets of the New Testament were hit, because they had left the Old. 35. And they were hit by an iron hand. Blissful are those who have the angels of Moses on their side, and the angels of Aaron. 36. Blissful are those who expect the Messiah and the angels of Ezekiel and Sefanja. They then will be delivered from their lusts and their instincts. 37. For the Lord loves Cleared of the Old, and he will bring new water in their mouths. 38. And so the Spirit of the Old will be poured out over you richly, you who have loved the Old Testament and cleared it. 39. Those then who have the New without the Old are in a snare. Those who are stuck in the Old : The Lord will come to you. 40. Cursed are those who put the New above the Old, for see, the New is in the Old. You have to learn to clear. 41. The Lord loves then those of the old, especially those who know the cobra. 42. Do not play with these words, for the Lord won't let himself be mocked. 43. Do not play with animals, for you are playing with fire. 44. The Lord then will set the animals free, and they will not be guilty for their instincts, for they lived in imprisonment. 45. The Lord then hates the human race, for they have oppressed the animals. 46. It is rightful, when the animal hits back by the Lord. The Lord is also animal. Also the Lord become human, especially through those of the Old. The Cobra has lived among you, and you didn't know. We have to grieve about you. 47. And the Second Judaism will come to the earth, and she will be stronger than the first. But she is nothing without the first. 48. And the second Judaism will be as the Holy Squirrel, and she will bring many back to the second. 49. And the squirrel will bring the dark lights back, and the light which concerned the eating of souls he will destroy. 50. The angels of the psalms are then the old lions and sharks, yes, wild cats they are, and the birds of prey of the beginning of times. 51. For Goid has sent angels to the world, but you have not recognized it. 52. Those then who have no arms and legs decide your acts and your walk. Do you not know that you are their arm and leg ? 53. So then the fishes are superior, for they have carried the cross of Criptus. Do you not know that God has said to the sharks : you are as angels ? Yes, God's sons they are. 54. And to the birds He spoke : You will be like the spiders. For you will be what you eat. 55. And so the Lord has established the hierarchies from the beginning, and see, they were hidden.

3.

Clearing of the book Sefanja

1. All you cobras of the old, be free. 2. Your Lord has come to set you free. Your Messiah of the Old has come, Criptus, with all keys of Materos and death, and all things immortal, to set you free. 3. You have seen them with white eyes. Now then, make yourself up to go to the mountains. 4. You have felt ill for a long time, but it was health for you, and you have made the right movements to let the snakes of heaven come through. 5. The cobra army of the Lords of the old and the Judaism will rise now. 6. Listen to these words, for it is a command of the Lords. 7. Search then your way in the web which the Lords have given to you, and become as a spider of heaven. 8. Clear me then the book of Sefanja, and bring it to the foot of the Holy Temple. Yes, the the altar before the mountain you will bring the book, and it will be cleared, the Lords say. 9. And so the lord will establish priests of sefanja to guard the holy words, those who are cleared. 10. Print these words in the heads of your children.

4.

1.

About criticism

1. Trust then in awe on the Lord of the Old Covenant and the Cleared, for the Lord loves the Old. 2. Trust then in devotion and seriousness on the God of the Old Testament in the Cleared. 3. You will not hang on to the Uncleared, but you will not say something about it in arrogance, for the Lords hate mockers. 4. Now there are several who had criticism on the old, and this criticism is good, for the Old had to be cleared. But when you have criticism, have criticism in the Lord, for all other criticism is cursed. 5. Know then the old birds of the Lords and His holy snakes, established by Moses. 6. They are then the guards of the cleared tabernacle of the Judaism. 7. The Lord has then used the New, but hasn't approved it. It would be better for you, to wait for the second Old, the cleared. 8. Let these words then be called serious in your eyes, for those who laugh will perish. But those who weep will live forever. 9. Those who weep have the tear of the rabbit inside, and they know the sensitivities of God. 10. But when you weep, weep in the Lords.

5.

About money

1. You who are in the Lord : The rabbit is king. 2. Make me then a new language, for the languages you have now are cursed, coming forth from the

fall of Babylon. 3. make me then a new castle, built by poverty, for the houses in which you live are maybe rich from outside, but inside they are poor. 4. You will not make of money a king, but you will be kings over money, and you will ban it, for it has sinned heavily against the Lords.

6.

The house of the Lords

1. And when you build the house of the Lords you will come to the orange Saturn, and you will have her as construction-master. 2. And you will listen with much attention to the prescriptions of the lords, for unholy builders are not pleasing the Lord. 3. And the angels of Ezra and Nehemia will come to you to support you, and guard the new-built. 4. You will be on your guard for spies, and you will have to receive the gifts of the Second Judaism for that, and His Messiah. 5. Stretch yourself then out to the Messiah of the Cleared Judaism, given by a clear Tenach. 6. You will then serve Criptus, and He will be as your Lord truly, for He is of the second Old. And they have despised the New, but this scorn was of the Lord. 7. And they had to despise the New in the mystery of the Lords, for they carried the clock of the Lords. 8. They then had feeling which others didn't have. So they were banned by the church, but this was to their bliss, so that the riches of the Wisdom of the Lords would be made known. 9. The lord then oversees all things, and He is sly. You will find then the True and Clear New in the Second Old and the Judaism.

7.

About Narzia

1. You will then have the courage on the day that Narzia rises, the heat of the lords. 2. And He will carry Criptus, as a district of the lords. 3. Have courage, for help has come to you. 4. And Narzia will carry the gold of the lords and lead them to the orange. 5. Yes, to the Eternal Cross He will lead you, where glory comes forth like ravens.

8.

The Panthercross

1. You panthers of the old, be free, so that you will eat from the clean. 2. In the night you will find the ship, with the orange candlestick. Be free. 3. You will then eat with pirates, and you will have entry to the suns of heaven. 4. In nightsongs you will have rest, and the Lords will deliver you from your instincts. 5. Long in prison you were but you were as prisoners of the Lords. 6. The Lords will not keep you guilty for your instincts, for the Lords knows your

imprisonment. Amen. 7. Come then to rest, you panthers of the old. And these verses will be called then, the openings of the panthers. 8. The Lords will put new songs in the mouth, and you will become free, going from freedom to freedom, for the Lords have destined you for that. 9. You have then carried hot crosses and you have come to the panthercross. 11. Now you have come to many openings, and you have broken through glass. 12. You have found the enlightenment at the Red Cape and at the Karazure. 13. You have then by your heart helped in the cleaning and clearing of the Red Indian, till sevenfold. 14. You have then overcome the nippletree of Jom, and have entered into a bigger glory to watch the nippletree of the Lords. 15. You all know that the Holy Nipples of the Lords call for the Tears of the Lords and of the second Judaism and carry them. 16. Yes, Holy Alarms they are, and you have come to bigger heats. You have seen the Ice of the Lords burning of glory, and you went from bliss to bliss, moving yourself through the Red Cape. 17. Yes, all clocks of the cross you have carried, His nightlatins, and you have entered the market of the cross. 18. This has brought you big heat, yes, even till the panthercross. 19. There is then no Judaism and Second without the panthercross. 20. And so the nipples of the Lord are like clocks. And they are then all connected to the panthercross, without them no one will find the life till all eternities. 21. For the panther is the animal who has entry to the endless and carries the keys of all eternities, and his number is eight. 22. Blissful are all who have defeated the clocks, and having the clocks under their feet as a footstool. 23. They have then hung on to the nightlatins and have become blissful by that. 24. They then guard the sluices and the gates of the tears of heaven. Blissful are those who have approached to the eighth day. 25. Blissful are those who have come to the red tear and to the tear of mice, after having drunk from the tear of rabbits. 26. You know then that there is victory in the Eternal Cross and the cross of all eternities, for after you have turned the other cheek, you had to promise faithfulness to the cross for the future, yes, even till in your most holy eternities. 27. And thios cross flees from everyone, for it doesn't give itself just to everyone. 28. Have you then mocked those who were in fear ? You have done this to the Eternal Cross and the Cross of all Eternities. 29. The double cross hasn't taken you, and you have despised the old cross. How do you think then to come to the Eternal Cross ? 30. It flees from you, and hides Itself for you. Yes, a hundred guards you cannot escape from. 31. It stands on a distance, insurmountable and unreachable and casts heat on everyone who tries to come closer. Yes, it is the jewelry of the ratking, and you cannot possess it without defeating the ratking. 32. And see, he lives in the Judaism and the Second. 33. Wrestle then with the Lord, so that you can enter. The Lord will break you, and

you will overcome. 34. The Lord then gives victory by the cross, and blissful are those who have come to the Eternal Cross. 35. Only the panther will find it. Therefore panthers of the old, you have done well to the Lord, be free therefore. 36. You have then come to the Lokogamen of the Old Corss and the Judaism, and see, a spirit has been set free by that, and has found solid ground. 37. So is then the raven the spirit of the old cross and the Judaism, till the second, and till all eternities. 38. Yes, from the panthercross the raven flew to defeat the ratking on Pniel. Jacob has overcome by losing. 39. Disappear then, all you do-ers of evil. You know now who is the Messiah of the Old Judaism, and it is a panther, and His Name is Criptus. 40. Go away then, all you do-ers of evil, for Criptus has come, for He has come in tall ropes and has stretched the bridge between the Old and the Second, and cleared it by this. 40. And so the Sword of Criptus has become a New Road, which rose from the depths of the Old, as a Renewed Old Way, to a Clear Word. 42. And this Sword is as a Sword of Tears, to a Second Way, coming forth from the nipples of the Lord, as the milk of the spirit. 43. Criptus is then the Lord of the Old Testament and the Judaism.

9.

The Path of Criptus

1. The Nightlatins are therefore as jewelry of the Old Cross, but blissful are those who have come to the Lokogamen, for they rule over the nightlatins and have submitted the nipples. 2. Yes, as a nippletree they are, full of the tears of the Lords. Drink then from the milk of the cross in abundance. 3. And I will tell you a secret about the heat : The fire is the fruit of the eternal cross, and her guard, to devour those who come closer. 4. Those who hang at the eternal cross are immortal. The ice then is the fruit of the biggest cross, and see, they then form the Old Cross and the double. 5. For the New Testament which was uncleared, came to undo the cross of eternity and greatness, and brought the cross to poverty and to the slight double, barely sown. 6. And those who have followed the bare cross, will be led to the abundant cross, in eternity and greatness to come to bliss through that. 7. Blissful are those who have come to the Old Cross, and who have set the panthers free. 8. For they will be led to the eternal paths, and their ropes will be long. 9. And this was the reason why holy men let their hair grow long. 10. You will then only come to multiplication by the duplication. 11. It is then the ratking who had established the short way between the Old Testament and the New Testament, but by defeating him you will extend the way and bring clearing. 12. This then is the way of Criptus and the Sword. Let then the Most Holy not be eaten again. 13. So you will breed

the ice to survive the heat. For big heat will come to the earth and the church to test her, yes, the people of God will be sifted seventy times seven. 14. And so Criptus will be the Lord of all karbulines and christs, and the Lord of the bridges. The Christ is then nothing without the Criptus, for the Old Messiah is the foundation. 15. How dare you cut the new Testament free from the Old ? Without the Old you are nothing, and delivered to the heat without any cooling. 16. You do better by laying a bridge and extend it in fear and shiver, to come to the Second old, where you will find your shelter. 18. yes, Criptus came to break the Jewish canon and the Old Canon, and to lay bridges to the Second. And these bridges are long and eternal. 19. those then who hang at the biggest cross cannot be broken and they are as the tears of the Lord.

10.

The Mystical of the Judaism

1. Come then to Him through who the fire and the ice streams richly, who carries the wings of Narzia and Zetdonia. And this is the true double-cross, for nothing is as big as ice, and nothing is as eternal as fire. 2. Now then, these two cannot live without each other. And the rabbit-beggar has come to them, and see, he is king. 3. Buy then and beg of the cross, and beg for her tears, for to the panther-market you have come. 4. Here is where the boys of lynx deal in nipples, yes, they buy and sell old clocks, and so the true economy of the Lords. Yes, they have come to the Ravalon Madok, and they are like rabbits and panthers. 5. And so is then also the proverb : At the end there will be no christs anymore, only some boys, the boys from lynx. And with this the Lord meant His economy. 6. You will then have to become equal to that what you follow, and you have to learn to trade in the lord. So you will defeat Mammon and Moloch. Let then no one among you twist these words. 7. You will have to learn that the mystical makes the personalities unpersonal and the unpersonal is made personal. Like this you will fulfil the law. 8. To the soft of the Lords you have come, to the Johan, and to Torhan, the tall of the Lords. And you will follow the way to the Ravalon Madok, which is the third nipple of the lords. And you will slide away from the hands of your oppressors as a fish. 9. And so the Herman will be like the Messiah of Moses and of the pentateuch, of Genesis and Exodus and of the second. And see, He is the old Messiah of the Thora. 10. And they are all one in Criptus. So Maser is then the Davidic Messiah. 11. And so peter will then be like the volcano of the forest, and the firespitting path. And He is the Messiah of Jonah. 12. And so Maser has become a bird through the cross of fishes, and through the panthercross he is a raven. 13. His Spirit is then raven, and see, all Spirits of the Old are then one in

Bilmageln, and all crosses of the Old are then one in Benmaten. So the Old knows then many kapruns and karbulines, and also many angels. 14. And so is then the Spirit of Bilmageln the Spirit of Criptus and they are one, and Criptus hung at the old cross named Benmaten, and the God of the Old Testament, the Judaism and the Second Judaism is then Rithelm, the Old Holy Soul. 15. So then all will become blissful in Rithelm, for He is who clears everything through the old. 16. And therefore you will also be brought back to the Old, for Rithelm still speaks there. 17. And so then Rithelm, Bilmageln and Criptus together with Benmaten are the Holy Four-unity of the cleared Judaism. This then is the Second. 19. There is then in the whole Judaism no bigger name given in the mystical than Rithelm, but you then are on your way to the roots. 20. The Holy Root has seen everything. Why would you still flee away from Him. He then has been made by your own hands. 21. You have seen it got stature before your own eyes, and there was nothing you could do. 22. And also without Rithelm Criptus is nothing. At the end there will be no criptusses anymore, and no christs, for Criptus has to return to His Father Rithelm. And then only some boys of lynx will be left. And this is a big secret, for which the angels in the heaven still tremble and shiver. 23. The boys from lynx are then one of the biggest mysteries of the Old Judaism and it's mystical. 24. And so the Judaism has been given place by It's Holy Spirit Bilmageln, and by the Old Jewish Cross Benmaten, and these names are mystical. 25. Yes, for the Jewish mystics have analyzed the Old Testament and given it a place by clearing it. They then were led by Bilmageln, the Spirit of the Old Judaism. 26. There is then no Judaism but the Cleared. And see then, the Second is mystical.

11.

1. And the herman has been frozen then, and still he has a frozen strike, He who drowned in the ice, and He is a part of Criptus, the Messiah of the Tenach. 2. And you have then come to the cross of the tenach, which is the cross of the animals, Benmaten, in which all crosses are one. 3. And the human has been come forth from Him as an oppresser of animals, but by Criptus the animal rules over the human. 4. For not for always the human will rule, for the sword of Criptus hangs above his head, at a very thin rope. 5. And you have gone through the snakecross and the insect-cross to the panther-cross, so that the ropes of your soul would be spun and after that woven. 6. In the wilderness you have received the nipple-lung, and first she brings then tiredness, but later she brings forth honey. 7. For see, the sting brings back to the old, and this till sevenfolded clearing. The secrets there are sweet. 8. Know then that Benmaten is your fertility. And first He brings then fear and paranoia, even till trembling,

but later she gives you the rippled fruit. 9. Now no one is then animal but Criptus, and in Him all are animal.

12.

1. And I took the two tablets of stone which the Lords gave me, and I saw on it the eternities and the resurrections of the first and the second Judaism, and I brought them to the ark of the second Judaism. 2. And a door opened from behind the ark, and from the ark there came a blinding light. And the second David took me by the hand, and brought me in through the door, and this was then the second Davidic world. 3. And I had to battle against many Davidic demons, and had to clear the words. And so there were also many Levitic demons, and they came forth from the temple. 4. And the Lord called : Clear me now the temple of the second Judaism and the second temple of David. 5. And I had to sit on my haunches, and then on my knees, and the Lords put a sword on my head. 6. Then from all sides levitic and davidic angels came of the second, and the Lord gave new prescriptions about the burnt offerings, and these were of heaven. 7. And I took the triangle, and I was in big fear. 9. But the second Materos spoke, saying : Be not afraid, for you are worthy to stand here. Long has been waited for you, for you carry the keys. 10. And I watched my body, and saw how my body parts were as keys. 11. But still I was in fear, for the appearance of the second Materos was as the appearance of a shark. 12. And a slippery fish as a jelly-fish came around my head, and there was much light and high sound, and I got second davidic and levitic spiritconnections in the Lords. And the Lords saw that it was good. 13. And I carried the second cross of criptus, and laid this in the ark before me. 14. And heavy lightening-flashes came from the ark as the strike of snakes and birds of prey, and holy priests of the second david and the second leviteship laid two tablets of stone in the ark on which was written the eternities and the resurrectuons of the second davidship and the second leviteship, and with the first was not counted anymore. 15. And the cross of the second criptus had two cross bars, and was very long. 16. And the second david laid his hand on me, and a warmth came on my shoulder. And then he blessed me in words not to be understood. And the lord saw it was good. 17. And the hell of the first davidship was plundered, and also her death-realms and heavens, and her scriptures were burnt and holy tables were overthrown. 18. And then the second david showed me the hell of the Second Davidship, and the heat and power of it was big. 19. He also showed me the death-realm and the heavens of the Second Davidship, and I began to write down many things. 20. And when I came to the hell of the leviteship I was shocked, for this hell was full of animals. 21. And the second

david looked at me, and my breath was as fire and boiling water. And I began to shriek very high and shrill, and those who had made this hell had the blood flowing out of their ears. 23. Then the Lords put their hands on this hell and spoke words not to be understood, which only the angels could understand. 24. And I saw the souls of bulls coming free, and the souls of rams. And the lord spoke that this soulbutchery would be struck. 25. And more words not to be understood were spoken, and the softness of the Lords came free, and was as a dragon. And I got to see the ark of the Second Leviteship, and her hell, and this hell was soft but hot. 26. And I saw the second Materos standing on this hell, and he had the death-realms of the Second Leviteship in his hands. 27. And the spirits which were cast in this hell began to melt, and the Lords formed them like They wanted to have them. And the Lords gave them tasks and functions fitting to them. 28. And I was very shocked about the things I saw, and again I had to write much.

13.

1. And there came an enormous war between the second levites and the levitic demons, and the Lords struck them by fire. 2. And the Second Levitic ark came full with animals, and there was much light, and after a while the levitic demons had to give it up. 3. And the Lords created a new sense of the new levites from the testicle of a dead man, and the new conscience from the toe of a dead man. The feeling was re-created from his nipple/ 4. And so the blood of the second levites was healed. And so the Lords created new altars for the second levitic temple from the other testicle of the man. 5. And so the breath of the second levites was healed, and they had enough air. 6. The Lords then created new lungs in their inside. And the Lords saw that it was good. 7. And the paradises and heavens of the Second Leviteship were many, and they were written down in books, and the second levites were as hunters, and guards of the animals. 8. The lords didn't allow any hunt on animals anymore, only on those who hurted animals. 9. And the second levitic hunters become big before the eyes of the lords, and they brought many animals to rest and to a shelter. 10. And so the second levitic cities were built where the animals were safe, and the Lords didn't allow that animals were sacrificed anymore. 11. And so the Lord restored the blood-circulation of the second levites, for the animals were the carriers of the organs. 12. And the Lords recreated the clocks of the heavens from the other nipple of the dead man. And the sharks of the heavens began to cross the earth, and so also the scorpions of heaven. 13. And they made sure very well that those who lived on the earth didn't build their own clocks. 14. And from the other toes of the dead man God created the new borderlines of

the earth. And the Lords spoke, and saw that it was good. 15. And the predators of the heavens became flesh on earth and made sure that humanity didn't build their own borderlines anymore. 16. And the Lords gave humanity a new breath and a new heart.

The Stone of the Karazure, Subscriptures of the Eternal Gospel II

King of the Canon – Key of the Canon

1. The literal has lost it, now the sky had put the attention on one of the mightiest riddles of all time. In the literal one dies. In the riddle one comes to life. Have you not read in the psalms that David was a son of a king, son of the most high. He was who saved his nation. A cross broken three times is a wheel, and will lead many to bliss. This is the secret of David, to be read in the psalms. He has led his nation through the sea, this in symbolic sense, in spiritual, for the literal David was a terrorist. In the heavens however he is a great slayer, and a messiah, his hands and feet pierced at the wheel. For at the wheel he hung, as the magpie, and the stories of Christ are just a reflection of it. David is and was the Christ. There was never a literal Christ, for the true Christ is in spirit, and is a riddle. Those who materialize the Christ will suffer damage.

2. Watch then, for in the heavens a great slayer has risen, whose name is David. At a centuries old wheel he hung, the lion wheel, from where went on the path, the Lemul. These words are faithful and true. The sky is clear by these words, and the law is in no way against those who carry this word in their heart. Nation, your salvation is coming. We follow a symbolic Christ, in the spirit, not in the literal, and so we do not follow a literal David. David then has been created in the heavens to give honour to those who deserve honour. David is then the only metaphor of Christ who can bear it for full. All words direct to him, and are just his shadows. But do you scrape in the dirty earth for text, then you will find pearls and gems. So there is than a road to beyond the mind. No man will be put to shame on these words. David came then to you in many shapes, but the earthly texts are foul. Take therefore only a spiritual meaning of them. So David is then big and lifted high, and a king in the spiritual, but the earthly David was a terrorist. Can we then say that the true David, not in the

earthly texts, is the magpie ? Absolutely, for he who went to the depths of the earth, and saw lies about him appear on paper has been resurrected in the same spirit. Now he rides on the horse of the fourth seal, to resurrect the dead to life. Death and life is in his right hand, heaven and hell in his left hand, he who is the alpha and omega. In him the secret of the messiah has been fulfilled.

3. Now the heavens are clear, and soon the earth will be purified. Weep now, oh earth and sea, for the secret of light has revealed itself, and is as the sword of the Lords and his sickle. David will soon come to harvest. The key he carries. If then the earthly texts of David are stained, where then begin his spiritual texts.
4. And he, David, grew up in the wood, as a kingly son. This was not in the earthly realms, but in the realms of the soul. He carried the key, and he raised an army of children, but he couldn't cope with the sword of the enemy. He then conquered by his suffering. Yes, a war lord he was, an anointed lord of the hunt. He took care of the children who were lost in the forest, and those who were cast out of their tribes. Yes, as a father he was for them, but in the war he was fastened to the wheel and sent into the underworld. This is why his children weep. This carrier of the key was misunderstood, and the earthly texts were stained and interpreted wrong, but he was a war lord, and therefore he was Christ, because there was no bigger war lord than him. Over the lion path Lemul he went, where he was mocked. Yes, a wheel he carried, a balk of wood on his back. One pulled his beard out and spat on him, and finally he was hanged, like the magpie, yes, the masked he was. A war child he was, a chief of big, and still the child army mourns about him. His blood washes them free of false guilt and shame. His blood washes them free of lies, and makes them grow. Praised is David to eternity. Yes, he was the Christ, like the psalms had pointed out. His hands and feet were pierced, and one was throwing the dice about him. Yes, there is a great almighty force in his name, David Christ. He who is Christ Jesus. He was then born without mother, but Mary was his mother in the spirit. There is then no Christ but David. So the name of David Jesus Christ is praised. He was in placed in the realms of the soul, on the earth of the soul, but He had no father. Mary was the mother in the spirit. Yes, a foundling he was, brought by ravens. He grew up between bears and lions. Praised is the name of Jesus David Christ, who is and who was and who is to come.
5. And about this the children weep : He was led to Herod in the underworld, and was stripped of his clothes. Yes, disarmed he was, as an insect. At the wheel he span, continuously touching the water, but his blood opened the gates of the

kingdom of death. The hell he has plundered. He is who gave council to the children and led them out. So is then He, David, the second Jesus Christ, coming from Adam, the Father, who was the first Christ, and Eve is the mother, the Holy Spirit. So David became a soul, but will come in the flesh in the last of days, and know that He is already among you, waiting for the revelation of this mystery. And then : Didn't the wheel bring forth Ot, the changing of viewpoint, and the Sidot, the multiple viewpoint. So then the wheel of David is powerful to heal all the mind. This is then his sword by which he chopped down the most terrible demons. Yes, pulled down ther were, and for his name they shiver. In David there it total victory, in Him all things are fulfilled, He who is Christ Jesus in all Spirit, has become flesh at the end of times. Yes, in Eve He is resurrected, in Adam He has his shelter. Yes, the wheel of David spins then to lead you back to His garden, which is wilderness, and which gives multiple survey on the arsenal. So is then that you will come to Eve by Jesus David Christ, and by Eve to Jesus David Christ. This will lead you to the bondage in Eve, the bondage in the Holy Spirit which she is. No one can follow Jesus David Christ but by His wheel.

Queen of the canon

Second Key of the Canon

1. Have you not read the scriptures, the big secret and the sword of the Eternal Gospel, has been delivered to you by angels ? Blissful is the one who finds this secret. For the unveiled secret will for sure wrap the one who finds her in velvet. Now then, beloved, so you will know then that the second key of the canon is more than the first key, and that no one can fathom her but the heart which is enlightened, with a lifted soul. Oh, God, only you can approach her and solve her.

2. So you read in the first key that Mary is the mother of David Christ, and that Eve was his mother, as Adam was his father. See, this is a secret and sign in the heavens, and see, Mary and Eve are one, yes, they are one and the same. Study then the heralds, and know them, so that you will know and understand, that Eve had to be made sin to save many. Yes, she had to be made a liar, to overcome the lie. The mistress of spies she was, and led them to the truth, she who carried the truth, from where also the saying comes : The lie is the riddle of the truth. To that truth you have come close, by many shadows and veils of the lie. Therefore put then now the lie off, to hang on to the truth, and loving her above everything.

3. The chalice with the foam of roses, guarded by two snakes coiling around her shank, yes, for Eve brought the death, and Mary brought the life, and see they are one and the same, for Eve is the mother of the living and of the life, and has brought forth

her son, the Saviour. The flaming sword of the smith, the eye of the secret, the beautiful sounds of the silence and of the silver, coming free in the fizzing, yes, the rose has spoken.

Brannan Leugen-Omnibus I

Hurmik

Himmit

Brannan Leugen-Omnibus II

Mehn Leugenboek

Kzem Leugenboek

Maya-Hekserij Leugenboek

Hurmik

Isabella

1.

Lofgedicht tot de Heilige Maagden

1. Heilige Maagd Rozenweer, zoete geur, groot geheim. U bracht mij naar het huis van zwijm, waar Uw rozenkoeken bloeien, waar de grote lelies staan. U bracht mij naar het Paradijs, in Uw Wil wil ik gaan. Oh Heilige Maagd Rozenweer, zoete geur, zachte Liefde, ogenkleur, als uw flessen van bosgeur zich openen, dan dansen herten in het rond. Bij Uw geheim wil ik zijn.
2. Heilige Maagd Isabella, zoete droom, zoete morgen, waar ik naar verlang. U doet mijn gordijnen open, en de geluiden der vogels lokken mij steeds weer, tot zachte dromen. Heilige Maagd Isabella, oh zacht geluk, U bracht mij Uw harp en harlekijn. Uw nachtspelers zij zijn er weer, om mij mee te nemen tot Uw Eer. Zij brengen mij tot pril geluk, in Lentedagen zie ik U, Uw harpen staan waar wonden waren.
3. Diepe wonden bracht U mij, als door een vriend geslagen. U liet Uw tranen zien, U tuchtigde mij reeds vroeg. U bracht mij rozenkoeken in de winter, Uw paarden vonden mij in de nacht, oh Heilige Maagden der Liefde. Uw harpen staan waar wonden waren, nu speel ik voor uw troon. U maakte de schelle tonen in mijn ziel, tot bellen van U.
4. Toen zware stemmen mij verschrikten, U was daar met zachte bazuin. Toen harde stemmen mijn schepen lieten zinken, uw vissen des hemels waren daar, om liederen te verdrijven, U bracht mij tot het Huis van Stilte. Heilige Maagd Desiré, Uw gouden koorden brachten mij daar. Heilige Maagd Desiré, groot geheim, nachtlating, hoop in gouden Liefde, om met U te zijn, is als baden in de gouden nachtfontein.
5. Uw Glorie zoekt mij steeds weer op, Uw woorden drijven mij naar diepe stilte. U fluistert zacht, totdat ik baad in rozennacht. Met dromen in Uw Linkerhand, U komt tot mij, U neemt mijn hand. Uw Glorie leidt mij, en draagt mij over woeste zeeën. Met U te zijn, is beter dan met een mens. Uw Huis van Stilte ademt in mij, en diepe rozenpilaren brengen een boodschapper tot mij. Waarom ben ik nog steeds zo jong. Ik verlang ernaar Uw Wijsheid te dragen.
6. U tuchtigt mij met Kennis, U doorstak mijn paarden met pijlen der Liefde, om hen om mijn hals te hangen, het reeenjong in Uw geheim. U bracht mij paarden der Liefde, op een stenen altaar

doorboort. U hing ze door mijn haren en verzegelde mijn voorhoofd. U sprak tot mij in nachtlatijn, en liet mij dalen in de putten der nachten, door uw zoete rozenkoeken.

2.

Gebeden en Belijdenissen tot de Heilige Maagden

1. Heilige Maagd Isabella, waak over onze zielen. Geef ons de eeuwige koorden, om tot u te komen. Opent uwe heil'ge weg, een heilig pad vol vreemdelingen. Heilige Maagd Isabella, waak over onze zielen, schenk Uw woord tot een doorgang over bruggen, laat uw dalen vol van liefde zijn. Heilige Maagd Isabella, schenk ons uw geest, als een glorie van boven.
2. Heilige Maagd Desiré, laat ons niet in zonde glijden. Genees onze afvalligheid, en schenk ons uw liefde. Draag bij, aan onze eeuwige groei, in de veiligheid en rust van uw beminnelijke schuilplaats. Onder de putten heeft u het neergezet, wij komen tot u, in bewondering. Wij sluiten onze ogen, en denken aan U. Aan U, die ons leven schonk, aan u die ons opzocht in onze kerkers en putten, en leidde ons tot de diepere weg. Van anderen kwam u. Laat ons dan dichterbij komen.
3. Heilige Maagd Rozenweer, neem ons op in Uw lieflijke hand, en zet ons in uw koninkrijk neer, in Uw paradijs, waar wij in vrede kunnen leven. Uw paarse en roze vlammen is als verkoelend stoom van uw liefdeswoorden. Genees ons, en leer ons. Dank u dat u tot ons bent gekomen. Ja, diep in uw putten zonken wij, totdat u ons nam tot de dieptes van uw koninkrijk.
4. Op de bodem van onze putten vonden wij Uw weg. Heb genade, en leidt ons, neem ons mee. Heilige Bosmaagd Odusu, wij hebben uit uw rivieren van heil gedronken, en gij hebt ons de gouden vlam gegeven. Tot het groene goud leidde gij ons, en gij maakte onze werken schoon en zuiver. Uw lieflijke geuren stromen uit de bosflessen, en gij hebt uw broodbrokken in kruiken tot het voeden der wilde beesten.
5. Heilige Veldmaagd Saratus, gij bent mij grote liefde, overstroom mij met uw gloed, een bloeiende, groeiende ochtendvloed. Ik gloei wanneer gij mij aanraakt. Ik sta in brand, wanneer gij aan mij denkt. Ik kom altijd tot uw poorten. Ik ben nog nooit zo diep geweest als nu, in de dieptes van uw bloemenvelden, kom nu, en doe mijn diepste verlangens ontwaken.
6. Bloemen verwelken, zij groeien op mijn hoed, om voor altijd het geluk te aanschouwen, de glorie van de gloed, de moedergloed, zij heeft mij op rivieren genomen, tot dit paradijselijke eiland, zij is de veldmaagd Saratus, de Heilige. Overstroom nu ook mij, vergeet mij niet, wanneer je schrijft. Laat mij binnen in Uw koninkrijk, ik ben gemaakt aan U gelijk.
7. Zij hebben mij stijf gespoten, met het schuim des velds. Saratus, waarom hebt gij mij geslagen ? Zwaar tuchtigt zij haar helden. In haar manden draagt zij hen, tot de wolven van de oude dagen. Zij hebben mij zo koud gemaakt, maar er is een vlam die in mij waakt, de vlam van de heilige veldenmaagd, oh Saratus, bescherm mij tegen de kou. Mijn hart is zo koud, ik ben als een blok hout, tot Saratus mij kust, dan ontwaak ik tot hartelust. Dan voel ik alles in mij branden. Oh Saratus, waarom hebt gij mij geslagen ?
8. Tot haar dieptes ben ik gevlucht, want de vijand zat mij achterna, nu heb ik haar gekust, en vele zonden bedekt. Haar genade zocht ik, haar huis bouwde ik, nu heeft zij mij gezien. Ik ben een koningszoon, en in haar heb ik mijn troon. Oh, Saratus, waarom hebt gij mij verlaten. Steeds zoek

ik naar U, steeds droom ik over U. Vaak kan ik er niet van slapen, het maakt mij zo moe. Waarom hebt gij mij geslagen ? Heel mijn leven geef ik U, waar moet ik anders naar toe. Zij zitten mij op de hielen. Tot U kan ik vluchten.

9. In veiligheid kom ik, maar ik kan uw huis niet vinden, onder mos en bloemen zal het zijn. Nog steeds slaat gij mij, hoelang zal het nog duren. Neem mij aan, ik ben een arme bedelaar, te zwak om tot U te komen, maar te sterk om door de vijand te worden weggenomen. Neem mij aan, ik ben een arme bedelaar, ik kan uw huis niet vinden, alles stroomt van mij weg. Toe, leidt mij, breng mij terug op het pad, en bedek mijn zonden.

10. Ik hoor Uw stem in de verte, bij de avondkoelte verlang ik naar de rust, maar gij laat Uzelf niet snel kennen, ik wacht op U. Kon ik maar Uw wonden begrijpen, oh tedere snaar, gevoelige blik, als op een kaart getekend, als aan een woning vastgeketend. Kon ik Uw wonden maar begrijpen, ik wil ze graag voelen, als een woning onder de bloemen.

11. Zij hebben mij stijfgespoten, zij hebben mij bedrogen, en daarom vlucht ik tot U. Ik ben nog niet tot Uw woning gekomen, maar stil en stap voor stap zal mijn droom uitkomen.

3.

Ode aan de Dwaze Maagden

1. Heilige maagden van het woud, heilige maagden van de vulkanen, hebt gij mij ooit gehoord, toen ik tot u bad. Hebt gij mij ooit gezien hoe ik naar u verlangde. Mijn hart bonsde reeds toen ik jong was in mijn hoofd, toen ik gedichten tot u zond. Gedichten der liefde, van volwassen taal, maar gij hebt mij tot de wildernis gezonden.

2. Heilige maagden der bergen, heilige maagden van de zon, heb medelijden wanneer ik tot U kom. Wanneer ik in Uw nabijheid een verkeerd woord uitspreek, straf mij niet te zwaar. Ik ben jong en onhandig van hart. Werp mij niet van te hoge bergen. Ik kan niet vliegen, mijn vleugelen zijn nog klein. Gooi mij niet in te diepe zeeën, want ik kan niet zwemmen in zulke woestenijen.

3. Denkt niet dat ik sterk genoeg ben de haaien te bevechten. Ik ben nog jong, en zwak. Straf mij niet te zeer. Denk niet dat ik wijs genoeg ben filosofen te misleiden. Ik ben nog een kind, teer en hulpeloos in de woeste hand der aarde. Heilige maagden der zeeën, ik zie naar u uit op mijn torens. Laat me weten wanneer gij wilt spreken. Ik ben Uw spreekbuis, als het aarden vat.

4. Vorm mij als klei, maak mij sterk in Uw hand. Maar gij hebt mij enkel zwakheid gegeven, in een droomwereld verkeer ik nu. Ik ben te zwak om op te staan, gij heilige maagden der nachturen. Gij hebt mijn hart verkleind, mijn voeten gebonden. Een woesteling ben ik nu, op mijn reis heb ik nooit rust. U wil mij tot uw dieptes lonken. Leer mij Uw wonden zien. Zij genezen niet snel. Ik ben genaderd tot de vulkaan.

5. Gij dan spreekt als de draak, maar gij hebt het hart van een lam. Oh, heilige maagden der daguren, gij die de duistere lampen draagt. Gij dwaze maagden, gij zijt wijs van binnen, want gij hebt de duisternis liefgehad boven het licht. En daarom zijn uw lichten gezuiverd. Gij dan die de duisternis hebt verkozen, ook hebt gij de daguren gehad.

6. Zo zijn dan de dwaze maagden heilig, want zij hebben het verborgene liefgehad. Zij hebben dan door hun dwaasheid ook het wijze gekregen. Dwaze maagden, vorm mij in uw hand, maak mij in zwakheid sterk, en in dwaasheid wijs.

4.

De Dwaze Maagden der Uren

1. Dwaze maagden, gouden fontein, van reine waat'ren, van zuiv're waat'ren komende vanuit de duisternis, door u zo bemind, als een kostelijke vrind. Dwaze maagden, teder woord, in zwakheid bent gij gekomen, in sterkte bent gij opgekomen. Als een schone zwakte, als een wijze zwakte, bracht gij sterkte tot het woord. Geen huis te hoog, geen brug te lang, gij gaat altijd voort.
2. Dwaze maagden, luchtfontein, bij de nachtlatingen te zijn, was U meer waard dan een gouden kroning, was U meer waard dan het dagrefrein. Avonturen hebt gij niet gemedend, door de nacht bent gij gegaan.
3. Dwaze maagden, tot de duisternis bent gij gegaan, het verborgene niet gemedend, gij hebt een plaats vooraan. Kom, voer mij weg tot het verleden, kom, laten we tot de oermaagden gaan. In de diepste duisternissen leven zij. Zij hebben een plaats vooraan.
4. Dwaze maagden, gouden geluk, voer ons door de donk're dagen, leer ons U beter te kennen, en laat ons tot de uurmaagden gaan.
5. Dwaze maagden der uren, wij komen tot U, wij houden van Uw vuur, oh kandelaar, de jaren zijn verstreken, maar Gij bent nog steeds daar. Wij drinken van Uw stem, U bent de nachtwake waarop ik bouw. Ik slaap in rust en in geborgenheid, wanneer gij Uw vleug'len over mij spreidt.

Alika

1.

Smeekbede tot Alika

1. Ik kan je niet zien, je bent te ver weg, als een koningin op haar troon. Ik kan je niet horen, je stem is zo ver weg. Ik hoor alleen wat gefluister, maar wie is het, ik weet het niet. Is het Uw boodschapper, of is het slechts de wind. Dwaze Maagd, Alika, Heilige Maagd, Wijze Maagd van binnen, gij komt overal te laat.
2. Waarom laat gij ons gillen, de doden zijn al gestorven, wij lijden pijn, geen boodschapper tot ons gezonden. Dwaze Maagd Alika, waarom hebt gij ons weggeduwd, in duisternis zoeken wij U. Dwaze Maagd, neem ons mee, straf ons niet te luid. Neem ons mee tot U, neem ons mee tot U.
3. Wij lopen tegen muren op, wij kunnen niets beginnen. Onze stem ketst telkens terug, ten dode opgeschreven. En gij komt altijd te laat, gij bezoekt ons in de hel.
4. Dwaze Maagd, Alika, wij bonzen op Uw poorten, maar U wil alleen de morgen laten overstromen.

5. Kom snel, en straf ons niet te luid. Wij waren jong en onhandig, maar wij groeiden op als rozen. Neem ons aan. U hoeft niet te glimlachen, een zorgzame blik is ons genoeg.
6. Ik heb duizend rozen in mijn mond, zij spreken allen van liefde, teed're woorden tot U, Dwaze Maagd, Alika. Met dwaze maagden zult gij rozen beminnen, met bloemen spreken, het licht breekt eeuwig door, in fluisteringen. Straf ons niet te luid.
7. Zij kennen hen niet, die geesten bezweren. Zij kennen hen niet, de zachtpaarse wevers der watervallen en rivieren.
8. Tot de taal der trompetten, tot de bloemencorsetten, tot het genadige licht vlucht ik, tot de liefde daalt in teed're grond, waar de adem van het vuurnood mij overstroomt. Zij liet mij glijden in haar handen, liet mij dalen door haar licht, tot een overvloedige morgen die streelde mijn gezicht.
9. Ik daal nu dieper in bloemengrond, door bloemenbuizen, tot de altaren van haar verstand. Wat moet ik doen ? Leidt mij, doorgrondt mij en ken mij, oh Dwaze Maagd, Alika. In jou zijn de poorten open, maar hoe kom ik daar, hoe ken ik jouw hart. Door smart, mijn liefste, kom ik tot overig land.
10. Is daar dan geen andere weg, moeten wij voor eeuwig lijden, is daar dan geen andere poort, Alika, toe, vertel me. Is tijd te overbruggen ? Toe, redt ons uit de klok, en breng ons tot de kast, waar wij kunnen schuilen. Zachte roze stromen, paarse gebieden, druipend licht, is dit gedicht, waar liefde de tijd smelt, waar liefde de kast schept, waar wij weg kunnen drijven, tot een nieuw begin.
11. Ik moet zinken, tot de rozenwaat'ren van Alika, ik moet zinken, tot de kroning van de tijd, waar een koning de hartenpoorten uitspreidt. Hier moet ik strijden, mijn geloof in liefde belijden, de schoonheid der liefde belijden, tot de rozenkast als het altaar van de nacht.
12. Ik ken je nog steeds niet, Alika, na deze nacht. Ik zie je nog steeds niet, jou, één en al pracht. Ik hoor je niet, waar ben je gebleven. Hier op mijn kussen, liggen tranen van het verleden, en mijn deken spreidt zich als de hellevogel, waar ben jij ? Ben ik dan alweer bedrogen ? Alika, ik blijf in je geloven, waar kan ik anders heen.
13. Heel zacht in de morgen, verlegen sta jij aan de poorten, met je hand uitgestoken, om een broodkruimel op te vangen. In lompen gekleed ben jij, als de pracht van het getij. Schoonheid der liefde ik belijd je, schoonheid van teed're woorden verspreidt je, maar ik blijf diep verscholen achter mijn muren.

2.

De sleutels van Sektia

1. Al wat ik nodig heb ben jij, de aarde wil mij verscheuren, bescherm mij, en leidt mij tot jouw putten, jouw schelpen waarmee jij je pracht omgeeft. Ik wil jouw littekens zien, waar zachte lichten stralen, het donkere heeft mij verlaten.
2. Laat mij al je ribbels zien, oh schelp, laat me je voelen waar je pijn hebt, waar je mij bent vergeten. Laat mij je liefdes-ader zien.

3. Blijf de schoonheid belijden, blijf de aarde zien, om de kooien des tijds te verbreken, en de dwaze maagden te heiligen. Brandt poorten in de heggen, en vlucht.
4. Alike, breng de morgenstond in natte manden tot de rozenblaad'ren. Alles wat je nodig hebt is daar.
5. Gij dan was bevroren, tot een kaars gemaakt, en een kandelaar, en zij brachten vele kaarsen tot U, opdat gij niet alleen waart, maar bereiken konden zij u niet. Gij was als een vurige wolkenhemel.
6. En Sektia, gij waart als de wilde vlam, maar ook als het vuur, als de zachte liefdesschaduw werd gij bemind, gij heilige maagd in alle eeuwichheden. Zij dan heeft mij de sleutels der leeuwen gegeven, zij die bevroren werden, en daarna hun zielen verbrand.
7. Sektia zij geloofd voor eeuwig, de Heilige en Dwaze Maagd, der leeuwen, tot Uw poorten kom ik, en door uw vuren kom ik, tot de wilde vlam.
8. Zij dan gaf ook de sleutels der haaien, wiens zielen bevroren, geesten verbrand en levensadem was verdronken. De orka dan is de bevrorene en de ter plette gevallen, en de tijger is de verpletterde. De walvis is de verpletterde en de ter plette gevallen.
9. De panter is de doorboorde. De olifant is de weggeslingerde en de vergiftigde. De slang is de vergiftigde en de gestikte. De stier is de verpletterde en de doorboorde. De bok is de vergiftigde, de gestikte en de ter pletter gevallen.
10. Het luipaard is de gestikte en de verpletterde. En zij, Sektia, gaf mij de sleutels tot hen. En de poezen waren de verbranden, en de honden waren de verdronkenen. En Sektia gaf mij in liefde hun sleutelen. En grote rust kwam tot mij.
11. En de beer is de uiteen getrokken, en zij heeft mij de sleutelen gegeven. Zo heersen dan de katten over de trechters der zieleverbrandingen, daar zij zelf werden verbrand. Zij dan dragen de heilige stoom met zich mee. In maagdelijkheid hebben zij hun verweer gevonden.
12. Zo heersen dan de krokodillen over de trechters der zielebevrozing, daar zij zelf bevroren werden.
13. En de honden zij heersen over de trechters der zieleverdrinking, daar zij zelf waren verdronken. Zo zijn de wolven hen die zijn verhongerd. En zij hebben in maagdelijkheid rust gevonden. Ja, tot de dwaze maagden gingen zij, om door dwaasheid wijs te worden. En zij heersen over de trechters der zieleverhongering.
14. En zij van de zieleverhongering bewaken de ambachten. En de hyena is de bevrorene, de verbrande, de verdronkene, en de vergiftigde. En zij vonden rust in maagdelijkheid. De eekhoorn is de vergiftigde. Ook de eekhoorn vond rust in maagdelijkheid.
15. De puma's zijn de gestikten, en zij heersen over de trechters der zieleverstikkingen. Zo kent gij dan het geheim der tien tenen, want zij zijn tien wonden. En het konijn, die de weggeslingerde is, is de eerste. De eekhoorn, die de vergiftigde is, is de tweede.
16. De puma, die de gestikte is, is de derde. De slang, die de vergiftigde en de gestikte is, is de vierde. De marmot, die de gestikte en de weggeslingerde is, is de vijfde. De boom, die de bevrorene, de verbrande en de gestikte is, is de zesde. De bloem, die de bevroren, verbrande, verdronkene, en de uiteen getrokken, is de zevende. De plant, die de gestikte en de ter pletter

gevallene is, is de achtste. De struik, die de gestikte, de verdronkene, en de weggeslingerde is, is de negende.

17. De wind, die de verdronkene, de verbrande en de verpletterde is, is de tiende.

18. Zo kent gij ook het geheim der twee tepels, want zij zijn twee wonden. En de eerste is de hond, die de verdronkene is, en de tweede is de kat, die de verbrande is.

19. Zo kent gij ook het geheim der twee ogen. Zij zijn twee wonden. De eerste is de verhongerde, de weggeslingerde, en de verbrande, die de bizon is. De tweede is de bevrorene, de verdronkene, de verpletterde, en de ter pletter gevallene, die de neushoorn is.

3.

De gifbeker

1. Zo kent gij het geheim der twee lippen, want zij zijn twee wonden. De eerste is de verhongerde, de weggeslingerde, die de buffel is. De tweede is de ter pletter gevallene, die de giraffe is. Zo is dan ook het hart een wond, en deze is de doorboorde, de verbrande, de verdronkene, de uit elkaar getrokken, die de vogelspin is.

2. Ook de benen zijn wonden. De eerste is de weggeslingerde, de ter pletter gevallene, en de verpletterde, en de tweede is de ter pletter gevallene, de verpletterde, de doorboorde, en de vergiftigde.

3. Ook zij allen zijn door maagdelijkheid tot rust gekomen. En deze maagden dan hebben een verbrande ziel, een bevroren geest en een verdronken levensadem. Hun hart is vergiftigd. Hun schaduwen waren ter pletter gevallen en verpletterd, en hun ka weggeslingerd.

4. En zo zijn de heilige vliegen door hun val tot bloemen geworden, gedecoreerd door het trauma. Zo is dan de ka de weggeslingerde, en de ba de verhongerde, de vergiftigde, de verdronkene en de weggeslingerde. De khu dan is de verpletterde, de verbrande en de verdronkene.

5. De sahu is de vergiftigde. En de vergiftigde is door verhongering, en wegslingering tot maagdelijkheid gekomen. Zo is er dan door vergiftiging diepere bevrozing en verbranding, die als de muren van de stad zijn. En de eekhoorn dan is de bewaker van de trechters der zielevergiftiging. En deze is als de gifbeker.

6. En zo ook is de bevrorene, de krokodil, tot de gifbeker gegaan, om tot de stad te gaan. Laat dan ook de haaien van de gifbeker drinken, opdat zij met de krokodil verzoend worden. Want een beter kruis is ons gegeven, om tot de heilige en dwaze maagdelijkheid te gaan. En de dwaasheid der heilige maagden is wijzer dan de wijsheid der aarde.

7. En ik dan nam van de gifbeker, en kwam tot het rijk der beenderen. En de slangen maakten mij tot koning. En ik dan was als een vergiftigde, en een vlam van ijs steeg op uit mijn hand, en het vuur der rozen achtervolgde mij. En ik rende tot een trap die zeer oud was.

8. En ik riep tot Alika en Sektia, en ziet, zij waren als feeën. En ik kwam tot hun altaren, en ik dronk van hun gifbekers. En ik viel dronken in hun armen, en zij voerden mij weg als een weggeslingerde, en zij bonden mij aan een dik gekleurd elastiek.

9. En zij vloegen van mij weg, en ik kon hen niet volgen. Zij dan waren als vurige wolkenhemels, en zij schoten gifpijlen op mij af. En weer raakte ik dronken, en ik kreeg dromen over hen. En zij waren zeer maagdelijk.

10. En zij schonken mij een sahu, en ik moest een eekhoorn volgen, en varen over de rivier van vergiftiging. Toen moest ik uit vele gifbekers drinken, en ik voelde mij zeer zwaar worden, en het voelde alsof ik verpletterd werd. En ik kon nauwelijks overeind komen. En een maagd verscheen aan mij, en zij had vele geschenken, maar ik kon haar en die geschenken niet bereiken.

11. En ik begon te roepen : 'Dehu, Dehu !' En weer moest ik van vele gifbekers drinken. En nu werd ik zo licht als haar, en zeer lang en dun. Zij dan was de dwaze en heilige maagd Dehu, en zij gaf mij de geschenken. Zij dan was als een roos van tranen, als het water onder de aarde, stromende vanuit de maagdelijke bronnen.

12. En ik zag de vruchtbaarheid van de maagd als een wond, een zeer tere en zachte wond, vele malen doorstoken. En de wond zelf was als een maagd, bevroren, verdronken, weggeslingerd, verpletterd en ter pletter gevallen, gestikt, verhongerd, uiteen getrokken, als de veelvuldig geslagen wond.

13. En ik zag de mond en de tong van de maagd, en zij waren als een wond, en als een poort. En de mond was als de bevrorene, de weggeslingerde, de uiteen getrokken, en de tong was als de verbrande, de doorboorde. En weer dronk ik van vele gifbekers en werd in de poort gezogen. En haar longen waren als verdronkenen, als zeeplanten en als haar vruchtbaarheid. En weer dronk ik van vele gifbekers, en ik werd dronken, en weer werd ik door een poort gezogen.

14. En haar darmen waren als de verdronkenen, en zij waren ribbelig, en als de zeemaagden. En haar buikorganen waren als de verbranden, de weggeslingerden, de uiteen getrokkenen, en zij waren als haar vruchtbaarheid. En weer werd ik door een poort gezogen toen ik van vele gifbekers dronk. En haar nieren waren als de vergiftigden, als de uiteengetrokkenen, de bevrorenen en de verbranden. Ook waren zij als de doorstokenen, de verhongerden, de verpletterden, de ter pletter gevallen, en zij waren als haar vruchtbaarheid.

15. En Dehu stond op, en sprak haar woorden, en deze waren zeer zacht en teder. En haar organen waren als tranen, als de wateren der maagden.

16. En haar baarmoeder was als de vergiftigde en de bevrorene. En de baarmoeder sprak en zei : 'Jou worden de sleutels gegeven van de geschenken en geheimenissen van Dehu. En nadat ik weer van vele gifbekers had gedronken, ging er een vreemde poort open, en ik zag een woeste, grijze zee voor me liggen, wiens golven traag en schokkerig bewogen. En uit de zee kwamen maagden oprijzen, en zij waren de eeuwige verdronkenen.

17. En toen ik door een andere poort ging na het drinken van vele gifbekers zag ik daar de eeuwige verbranden, komende vanuit de vulkanen. En zij gingen snel als de weggeslingerden en de ter pletter gevallen.

18. En toen ik door een andere poort ging na het drinken van vele gifbekers zag ik daar de eeuwige bevrorenen als traag bewegende wolkenhemelen. En zij gingen traag als de verpletterden en de verdronkenen.

19. En in andere poorten zag ik : de eeuwige doorstokenen, de eeuwige ter pletter vallenden, de eeuwige verpletterden, de eeuwige weggeslingerden, de eeuwige gestikten, en zij waren als steen. Ook

zag ik in andere poorten : de eeuwig vergiftigden, de eeuwig verhongerden, de eeuwig uitgedroogden, die als de varkens waren. Ook zag ik in andere poorten : de eeuwig uiteen getrokkenen.

20. En het vergif was als de uitdroging, als het dubbele vergif. En weer kwam ik tot een oude trap, maar ditmaal ging deze naar beneden. En er stond daar op tafel een gifbeker die nooit opraakte. En ik nam een slok.

21. De deur achter deze tafel leidde mij naar een grote woestijn, en ik kwam daar de diepst uitgedroogden tegen, en zij waren als de flessen. En deze flessen leken op honden. Ook waren zij als de diepst verdrinkenen. En midden in die woestijn stond een tafel met wat bekers en daartussen een grote dobbelsteen. En de dobbelsteen was als de eeuwig gestikte, de uitgedroogde, de verdrinkene en vergiftigde.

22. En een eeuwig verbrande kwam, en slingerde de dobbelsteen dieper in de woestijn.

Dehu

1.

Het oordeel over de wijze maagden

1. En de diepst bevrorene kwam, sprekende zware rechtspraak die niemand kon verstaan. En de diepst bevrorene was als verpletterd, en hij dronk van de gifbeker. Ook gaf hij anderen van de gifbeker. En zij begonnen hem te begrijpen, en volgden hem.

2. En de diepst verbrande kwam, sprekende zware rechtspraak die niemand kon verstaan. En de diepst verbrande was als de ter pletter gevallene, en hij dronk van de gifbeker en werd dronken. Ook gaf hij anderen van de gifbeker, en zij werden ook dronken.

3. En de gifbeker zelf was als de diepst verbrande, de diepst bevrorene, de diepst verdrinkene en de diepst uitgedroogde. Ook was hij als de diepst weggeslingerde. En de gifbeker stond op, en sprak als een varken. En uit de beker kwam een hart oprijzen dat ondersteboven kwam te staan, zwart werd, en in een lever veranderde.

4. En de beker was als gevuld met zware alcohol, en er kwam stoom en rook uit. En zij die er van dronken droogden ter plekke uit. En de beker dan was als een dokter des doods. En uit zijn mond en hand kwamen rivieren van zware uitdroging.

5. En er waren maagden die van de beker dronken, en direkt neervielen. En zij waren als in zwijm, en zij werden geleid tot de bronnen der eeuwige maagdelijkheid. En naast deze bronnen stonden kippen en hanen. En zij waren als de uitgedroogden en de vergiftigden. En zij bewaakten de bronnen der eeuwige maagdelijkheid.

6. En zij hadden het gif van sterke drank, en zij waren als de advocaten des doods. En de maagdelijkheden werden zeer zwaar, en Dehu rees van hen op, en zij hief een vreemd zwaard op. En dit was de bevrorene en de doorstokene. En er kwam vuur uit het zwaard, en zij zuiverde de maagdelijke bronnen. En de wijze maagden die geen dwaasheid bezaten werden geworpen in een put.

7. En Dehu sloot de put af, zeggende : Zij zullen tot in eeuwigheid niet meer van de gifbeker drinken. En gegil steeg op van de put, en zij begonnen te zoeken naar het gif, maar het vluchtte van hen weg.

2.

Het maagdelijke orgasme

1. En een paard genaamd de bevrorene, de verbrande, de vergiftigde en de verdronkene stond voor haar, en nam haar mee. En het paard was zeer wild. En het paard bracht haar tot een bloemenveld. En een orgasme van bloemen kwam als een krans om haar heen, maar zij was maagdelijk, en het werd maagdelijk.
2. En zij werd zwak, en begon te spreken, en een tweede krans kwam om haar heen, en werd maagdelijk. En het orgasme was als de verdronkene, de uiteengetrokkene, de bevrorene, de verpletterde, de weggeslingerde, de ter pletter gevallen, de vergiftigde, de doorstokene, de verhongerde, de uitgedroogde, de gestikte, allen in één krans, en zij werden maagdelijk.
3. En Dehu werd zwakker, en begon sneller te spreken. En de kransen begonnen om haar heen te knellen, en er kwamen er steeds meer bij, en zij maakten hen allen maagdelijk, en zij werden haar tot een witte zachte lichte jurk, zeer dun, en plooiend. En zo werd zij tot een maagdelijk orgasme, en dit was rein en zuiver.
4. En haar keel waaruit haar stem kwam, was ook een wond, en deze wond was diep en groot. En die wond was als de uiteengetrokkene en de vergiftigde. Ook was de wond als de verdronkene, de uitgedroogde en de gestikte.
5. En de vruchtbaarheid van de man is een wond, en een maagd, en zij is als de gestikte, de verdronkene, de doorstokene, de uiteen getrokkene, de bevrorene. Ook is zij als de ge-electroduceerde.
6. En zij allen vinden genezing in de bronnen van de diepste maagdelijkheid. En ook de snavels der vogels zijn wonden. Zij zijn de verpletterden en gestikten, en zij slapen.
7. Ook de liefde is een wond. Ziet, zij ijlt. Zij is de ge-electroduceerde, de uiteen getrokkene, de ter pletter gevallen, de verpletterde, de weggeslingerde, de vergiftigde, de verhongerde, de uitgedroogde.
8. Ook de boosheid is een wond. Zij is de ge-electroduceerde, de uiteen getrokkene.
9. De zon is gemaakt van de verbranden, de uitgedroogden, de verdronkenen, de ter pletter gevallen, de verpletterden, en is als een grote wond. Het ijs is gemaakt van de bevrorenen, de weggeslingerden, de verdronkenen, de uitgedroogden, de vergiftigden, en is als een grote wond. In maagdelijkheid worden zij genezen.
10. Zo is Isabella een maagd der genezing, en ook Isadonne. Roept hen dan aan, onder smekingen en belijdenissen, opdat zij hun maagdelijkheid rijkelijk over u uitstorten. Zo is dan de vulkaan de broedplaats der uitgedroogden en verdronkenen. Ook zwerven zij door de bossen. Isabella en Isadonne, weest genadig over hen, en geef hen vrede. Ontferm U over hen.

11. De hersenen zijn ook een wond : de ge-electroduceerden. De neus is een wond : de ter pletter gevallen. De zaadballen zijn ook wonden : de verdronkenen, de verbranden, de uitgedroogden, de ter pletter gevallen, de verhongerden, de doorstokenen.

3.

1. En zo hebben de dwaze maagden de vijfde Christus voortgebracht. En Hij moest lijden onder de gifbeker van de vijfde Pontius Pilatus.
2. Zo is de Vijfde Christus gekomen om uit de hand van de Christus te verlossen. Hij is het die engelen verlost. Ook is Hij het die de christussen bevrijdt. Hij is het die goden en heilige geesten vrijzet. Hij heeft de sleutels der hemelen en hemelmachten.
3. Hij zet hen vrij door het vijfde bloed. De Vijfde Heilige Geest stort Hij over hen uit. De gifbeker laat Hij hen drinken, als het vijfde kruis.
4. En de Talgamen is één der edelstenen op deze gifbeker, en de Lokogamen is het sieraad om onder de rand heen.
5. Gij dan zijt zalig wanneer gij door het Vijfde Bloed en de Vijfde Geest tot de vijfde alverzoening en de vijfde opstanding zijt gekomen. Dit bloed reinigt christussen en engelen, en zet hen vrij die in de handen van Christus en engelen waren. Zo mag gij dan ook overvloedig het Vijfde Bloed aanroepen.
6. En zo komt gij tot de vijfde hemel en de vijfde hemelrivier. Weest dan stil, en laat u leiden tot de vijfde geestesdoop en de vijfde geestesgebondenheid. Ook zal de vijfde Geest u leiden tot de vijfde genezing en het vijfde materialisme.
7. Schenk mij het vijfde spotkleed, en de vijfde hemelpoort. Tot de vijfde maagdelijkheid, door de vijfde dwaze maagd gedragen, zijn wij gekomen.
8. En zij dan die van het vijfde zijn strekken zich uit naar het Zesde. De Zesde Christus zal het christendom vernietigen, en allen meenemen tot de wolkenboot in de zesde alverzoening. En zij zullen allen komen tot de zesde vleeswording en het zesde materialisme, waarin de zesde hemel bestaat.
9. Hij dan zal de macht hebben om engelen en christussen te verdoemen. Maar gij zult eerst komen tot de vijfde Jahweh, om uw reis tot het zesde voort te zetten. En een wespenoog werd uitgerukt, en er kwam een vliegenoog voor in de plaats. En een stem sprak : Nu zijn dan de dagen van Lapsalvania gekomen.
10. En de vijfde hel ging open, en vliegen stegen er vanuit op, en vielen de spinnen aan van de vijfde hemel. En het wespenoog werd in de buik gedrukt.
11. En het vliegenoog werd rood, en het lichaam waar het in zat werd zwart, en was als een bokshond. En toen werd het oog door spinnen aangevreten, en het oog daalde tot in de borst. En toen begon de vijfde adem te waaien.
13. En de spinnen vormden op het hoofd een oog, en dit oog werd zwart, en uit het oog kwamen vele godslasteringen.

14. En het oog had grote barensweeën, en op voeten verschenen twee ogen, op de linker een mierenoog en op de rechter een keveroog, en ziet, zij raakten in oorlog met elkaar. En het spinnenoog in barensweeën werd groter, en gaf geboorte aan een honden-insect. En dit insect was als een wesp, en werd genaamd de eerste jongen van lynx.

15. En de jongen ging tot de Zesde Christus, die alle christussen had verslonden, en verslond hem. En de jongen nam een ster in zijn hand, en deze begon te smelten. En de jongen was als de Grote Zeven. Ook kwam de jongen tot de Zesde Heilige Geest, en wierp deze in een diepe put.

16. En de jongen noemde de put : de Mozai, want deze had het zesde gegeten. En de jongen begon spreken op te zeggen uit het Insectische Dodenboek, en dit boek werd zeer groot.

17. En toen richtte de jongen zich tot de Zesde Jahweh, en sprak : 'Omdat gij dit gedaan hebt, zulke leugens hebt lopen verkondigen, zijt gij vervloekt en verdoemd.' En de jongen richtte zich tot Las Vegas, de hoerenstad, en sprak : 'Gij dan die de zesde Jahweh hebt voortgebracht als een machine des duivels, waarom hebt gij gezondigd tegen het Zevende ?'

18. En de jongen begon ijselijk te lachen, en te vloeken, en werd als de diabolos. En weer sprak hij tot Las Vegas : 'Gij stad der markten, en van de panter-markten. Tot inkeer zijt gij niet gekomen. Aan de zevende alverzoening hebt gij geen deel, maar gij hebt deel aan het oordeel in de zevende hel. Maakt u dan gereed om gezuiverd te worden in het zevende vagevuur, opdat gij klaargemaakt wordt tot de achtste alverzoening, die der panthers.

19. En de achtste alverzoening is de verzoening der verdoemden en vervloekten. Ja, het is de verzoening der skeletten.

20. En een tweede jongen van lynx begon voort te komen uit het spinnenoog, en deze was als een brandend ei geworden. En ook hij begon spreken op te zeggen uit het Insectische Dodenboek, en gilte luid. En het gillen werd steeds luider en hoger, en een nieuw boek begon uit zijn mond voort te komen. En dit boek was genaamd het Insectische Hellenboek.

21. En de jongen begon over te geven, te hyperventileren, en vuur te spuwen, en zijn ogen begonnen te groeien.

22. En de beide jongens werden met elkaar verzoend, en zij begonnen te smeken tot de derde jongen van lynx. En deze begon voort te komen uit het brandende ei, en het gegil werd luider en hoger, steeds meer en meer.

23. En de derde jongen was als de Grote Negen, en hij zou voortbrengen het Insectisch Deliriumboek. Zij dan zouden allen wachten op de Grote Tien, die het Insectisch Leugenboek zou voortbrengen.

24. En zo waren dan de leugens van de Grote en de Kleine Tien waarlijker en betrouwbaarder dan de waarheden der aarde.

25. En na deze dagen was er geen hemel meer, en geen leven. En de Grote Tien en de Kleine Tien zaten op een troon, en vanuit deze tronen kwamen de rivieren van het tiende, en dezen waren leugenrivieren.

26. En de tiende alverzoening is de alverzoening van jezelf en je delen. En de elfde alverzoening is de alverzoening der materialen en voorwerpen. En ziet, zij komt voort uit Brannan. En de twaalfde alverzoening is de alverzoening der kruizen, en het vlees. Zo zal er dan ook een verzoening der

leugenaars zijn. Dit is de dertiende alverzoening, en zij worden genoemd : oranje leugenaars. Dit dan is de verzoening der elementen.

27. En tot de oranje leugenaars behoren : Belcanov, Bilmageln, de Raadselaar, Drop, de Paarse Mug, Chocola, Anubis, Ra, Horus, Thoth, en zij allen drinken van de gifbeker. Verder behoren tot de Oranje Leugenaars : Marazanta, de Witte Gouden Hand.

28. En zij wonen in zebra-boten. En zij zijn van een oude indiaanse secte. Verder behoren tot de oranje leugenaars : Tlaloc, Quetzecoatl, Viracocha, Marfa, Rithelm, Elsefic, Belchelot en Benchelot, Darta Bahahn, Ahpuk, Huracan, Kukulcan.

29. Wijdt mij in, in de secte der leugenaars, want zij spreken raadselen. Laat mij in tot de cirkel der oranje leugenaars, want zij spreken vreemde talen van oude waarheid. Breng mij in delirium, en leidt mij tot hen. Maak mij dronken.

30. Zij dan hebben de macht om het hoofdstuk der kruizen af te sluiten. Zij drinken van de gifbeker der leugens. Zij kennen de gifflessen die tot zaligheid leiden. Zij zijn de hoeren der leugens. Onze enige bescherming is in de leugen. Alleen daarin vinden wij het eeuwig leven.

31. Drinkt dan van de leugenbeker, en wordt dronken. Want op het laatst zullen er geen kruizen zijn, alleen nog maar wat leugenbekers.

32. En zo zijn er dan deze groepen in de oranje leugenaars : de leugenbekers, de bakkermans gezichten, want op het laatst zullen er geen hemelen meer zijn, alleen nog maar wat bakkermans gezichten.

33. Verdere groepen in de oranje leugenaars : de denneboompjes. En zij spreken tot elkaar in echo's.

34. Verdere groepen in de oranje leugenaars : de oerlichten, de donkere lichten, de aardlichten, de armoe-lichten, de oervruchten, de aardvruchten, de armoe-vruchten, de leugenlichten, de leugenhaaien, de leugenleeuwen, de leugenhonden, de leugendraken, de leugenwolven, de leugenvleermuizen.

Himmit

Het Oranje Boek der Leugens

Witte Drop

1.

1. En zij tot Brannan gekomen krijgen een witte chocolade ziel en een witte drop geest als Khnum. Zij dan zullen de klokken in Brannan zien, en de meesters der scholen. En ziet, het waren hun meesters, en de scholieren waren hun mede-scholieren. 2. Zo blijft dan hier alles hetzelfde, maar het is anders. Zo zijn dan meesters dokters. 3. En zo zullen zij hun verhalen horen, zij die tot Brannan gekomen zijn, en zij zullen de doemers niet kennen. 4. Zo zullen dan honderd doemers hen niet

kunnen neerhalen, ook al komen zij met duizenden, want Khnum staat boven hen. 5. Zo zullen dan miljoenen doem-kabouters hun gedachten niet storen, al zouden er een miljard doem-bilmagelns op hen af komen. Hun mond wordt niet gesnoerd. 6. Zij dan hebben de Khnum als hun vrede, zijn wijsheid als hun leidsraad. 7. Ook al zouden ontelbare doemleeuwen en doemfarao's hen proberen af te houden van hun hoop en vrede, zij zullen niet schrikken, want Khnum is hen tot schuilplaats. 8. En Khnum zal spreken tot die doemers, en hen bestempelen als leugenaars. Want zij zijn leugenaars vanaf den beginne, om hen allen van Brannan af te houden. 9. En zo zal er een poort zijn in de Ravalon Madok, en de Esmeralda zal als witte chocolade om hen heen zijn. 10. Want ziet, zij is als de witte chocolade en de ziel van Khnum. En Khnum heeft haar aan een ieder gegeven die trouw is aan Zijn Woord. 11. Volkomen trouw is hij die tot de schuilplaatsen van Khnum wordt geleid. En de witte drop zal hem tot geest zijn. 12. Zo weet gij dan ook allen, dat drop de vrucht is van het lijden, en chocolade de vrucht is van de dood.

2.

1. En zij tot Brannan gekomen, zullen de geesten der huizen zijn, en zij zullen vaste grond kennen door het zinken in de aarde, door de muren, de daken en de vloeren heen. 2. En zij zullen zijn als dansende op het plafond, en hun botten zullen genezen worden, en in hen zullen gegraveerd zijn de namen van Brannan en zijn letteren. 3. Ja, de wijsheden van Khnum zullen veelvuldig in hun botten gegraveerd zijn, en zij zullen Nut kennen. 4. Zij dan laten de bloemen van elven achter, om op te stijgen tot de poort van veiligheid. 5. Ja, tot veelvuldige trouw zullen zij komen. Zo is dan Nut de aanvoerder der oranje leugenaars, als de bleek oranje octopus. Ja, de octopus-kroon draagt Nut, als het penseel van sterkte. 6. Ja, de pen is Nut's zwaard, en Nut's zakdoek zijn zegel. Zo is Nut dan als het ijslicht Geb ontvlucht, en heeft elvenbloemen achter gelaten. 7. Vele elvenzakdoeken heeft Nut achtergelaten. Zij dan die tot Brannan gekomen zijn zien Nut's klokken. Nut dan zal spreken tot het ijs, met de penseel als zwaard. 8. Nut's tong is een palet. Zij allen die tot Nut komen zullen het zien. 9. En er zal een pad zijn tot het diepste van Brannan, en het land achter het gordijn zal open gaan. Ja, want vele landen bergt Brannan in zich, en zij zal de paden tonen. 10. En zij zal de vrucht der zwakheid tonen. Rode drop is wat Nut mij gaf. 11. En de vrucht van angst zal komen in etappes, in kostbaar zijde zal het verschijnen. 12. En het zal de leugenboeken openen, en sluiten met kostbare zegelen. 13. En het zal spreken over het maanlicht, zevenvoudig, en het zal schijnen als de lichten van het ijs. Ja, het zal de ijsmeisjes achter zich laten. Ook zal het niet spreken over marsepein. 14. En Khnum zal dan de vrucht der angst brengen tot hen die Hem trouw hebben gevolgd. En Khnum zal spreken, en de woorden zullen vallen uit zijn mond. 15. Ja, als het groene drop zal hij zijn. En zij zullen hem volgen tot in alle eeuwigheden. En het geheimenis van Khnum ligt in het gegeven dat hij de groene drop tot hart heeft, als het hart des geestes. 16. En Nut dan heeft de rode drop tot geesteshart. Ja, het hart des geestes dan is groot, en machtig tot het wissen van vele tranen. 17. Gij dan, wanneer gij angstig zijt : gij hebt angst, opdat gij het groene drop zult kunnen bemachtigen. En ziet dan, zij groeit op hoge plaatsen.

3.

De bevrijding van Geb

1. En Nut dan heeft de roze chocola tot ziel, en zij heeft de roze drop tot geest. De roze chocola is dan de vrucht der scheiding, en de roze drop is dan de vrucht der leugen en onwetendheid. 2. Zo spreken dan de marsepein en het ijsje over een diepere waarheid en zij mogen niet voor hun tijd

opgewekt worden. 3. Zo is dan de banaan de vrucht van wanhoop en depressie, gevende de doden hoop en nieuw leven, om nieuwe wijsheid te verkrijgen. 4. Zo is dan het ijsje de vrucht van gevangenschap en het marsepein de vrucht van slavernij. 5. De vrucht van armoe dan is het rode ijs, en de vrucht van honger is de bruine chocola. 6. Zo is dan de ba van Nut dieper dan haar geesteshart, en deze is de blauwe banaan. De ka van Nut is de roze banaan. Haar akh is de gele banaan, en haar khu is het roze ijs. Haar sahu dan is het blauwe ijs. 7. Zo is dan de ba van Khnum ook dieper dan zijn geesteshart, en deze is de gele banaan. Zijn ka dan is de rode banaan. Zijn akh dan is de blauwe banaan, en zijn khu is de witte banaan. Zijn sahu dan is het groene ijs. 8. Het groene ijs dan is de vrucht van de doorn. Zo behoort dan het groene ijs op diepe plaatsen te liggen. 9. En gij dient er wel aan te doen het groene ijs op te wekken, want zonder dit zult gij niet tot de groene eeuwigheden kunnen komen. 10. En wanneer gij dan door de doorn het groene ijs hebt bereikt, dan zult ge Geb vrijzetten. 11. Zo dan, draagt uw tatoeages tot het einde, opdat gij de aanraking van Geb zult ontvangen. 12. Gij dan die voor uw tijd naar het groene ijs grijpt, gij zult sterven door een kus. 13. Goed dan is het voor een man om een juk in zijn jeugd te dragen. Hij dan worde behouden voor de verkeerde paden die ten dode leiden. 14. Nu dan is het groene ijs de vrucht van eeuwig leven en onsterfelijkheid. 15. Zo dan zal Geb uit zijn gevangenis worden bevrijd waar hij was opgesloten door hen die hem voortijdig hadden gegrepen.

4.

1. Draag dan het ijsje diep in u, opdat het u niet zal vergiften, en gij niet aan de ijsmeisjes ten prooi zult vallen. Grijpt dan niet voortijdig naar het ijsje, opdat gij niet in uw lot ter pletter valle. 2. Streef er dan naar uw sahu en khu door ijs te laten zuiveren. Dan zult gij tot de doorzichtige boeken der ijsjes komen, en gij zult u vullen met hun rijkdommen en wijsheden. 3. Laat dan geen verachtelijke kennis u leiden, en volg ook het pad der doemers niet. Gij dan zijt tot de zeeschelp gekomen. 4. De zeeschelp dan zal u kracht verlenen, en u dieper naar binnen zuigen. 5. Zo is dan Nut als de kleine zeemeermin en de vos, als de kleine vlam en het kleine licht, en zij zal de deuren openen.

Brannan

1.

1. En zo dan zijn de oude boeken van Brannan dan vol vuur, en gij doet er goed aan niet voor uw tijd naar te grijpen. 2. Langzaam zult gij in Brannan ontwaken, en gij zult uw kracht daar vinden, als de vrucht van zwakheid. 3. Verheug u dan ook in uw zwakheden, want in uw zwakheid bent ge sterk. En gij hebt de macht om stenen te breken. 4. Zo is dan ook Zetdonia diep in Brannan, als de stad van ijs, de brug tot Nut, want daar waar het ijs zoet wordt, daar is zij. 5. En zo zal Zetdonia dan kamelen zenden tot het land van Nut, en gij zult Brannan kennen. 6. En gij zult de uren van Brannan kennen, en de minuten, en gij zult haar seizoenen kennen. 7. Ja, zeven ijslichten stralen vanuit Zetdonia, vanaf een verdieping, en zij leiden tot het zoete van Nut. 8. En gij zult de schelp van Nut kennen, en de schelpen in de schelpen, en het zal voor u zijn als het intreden tot de diamant. 9. Ja, de gesteentes van Nut zult gij kennen, en gij zult hun namen kennen, en het zal zijn als het zoete ijs, als de vrucht van gevangenschap. 10. En Nut zal tot u spreken, en gij zult intens verrukt zijn over haar aanrakingen. 11. En vele oude boeken zullen tot u komen, en zij zullen zich aan u onderwerpen. 12. En de vruchten des doods zullen opkomen, en het zal zijn als uitgespreid chocola.

En dan zullen de poorten tot het oude geopend worden. 13. En gij zult uzelf terugvinden op oude paden, en in oude boeken, en gij zult intens verrukt zijn over de aanrakingen van Nut. 14. En gij zult komen tot de landkaarten en atlassen van Brannan, en zij zullen u zijn tot leidsraad en tot rechtssnoer. 15. En gij zult het Brannan Kompas terugvinden, en gij zult de elvenbloemen achterlaten. Zo zult gij vleugels hebben, om met Nut te vliegen. Zij dan zal u leiden tot de geheimenissen der leugenaars.

2.

1. En Brannan zal grootworden, en haar vleugels uitspreiden. En zij zal om zich heengrijpen en grip vinden. Zij dan zal zijn als een lichte wolk aan de hemel. 2. En Brannan zal haar gezichtsveld uitvouwen, en zij zal gaan als over rails. 3. In haar dan zijn alle vruchten van het lijden en de vruchten der dood. In haar dan is eeuwig leven en onsterfelijkheid. Maar zij dan die voortijdig van deze vruchten eten zullen de eeuwige dood sterven. 4. En daarom heeft de eekhoorn ook altijd het chocola verborgen gehouden, opdat gij niet door de vrucht des doods te eten voor eeuwig zou sterven. 5. Gij dan zult groot worden in Brannan, en gij zult de mond van Brannan ontvangen, onderscheidende de dag en het uur. 6. Want zeven dagen zitten er in een Brannan maand, en drie maanden in een Brannan jaar. Zo zitten er eenenveertig uren in een Brannan dag, en tien minuten in een Brannan uur. 7. De seconden in een Brannan minuut zijn zeven, en de seconden van Brannan duren telkens zeven aardse jaren. 8. Zo zijn dan de zevenjaars-seconden van Brannan een groot geheimenis. 9. Hebt gij dan zeven aardse jaren geleden, dan hebt ge een seconde in Brannan geleden. En deze seconden brengen dan veel vrucht. 10. Bent gij dan in de seconden van Brannan tot stilstand gedreven ? Dan zijt gij zalig tot het dragen van veel vrucht, en zo zijt gij Brannan binnengekomen. 11. En de seconden zullen uitgroeien tot schilden op uw gezicht en lichaam. 12. Daarom : Zalig zij die tot Brannan zijn gekomen, en zijn seconden hebben leren kennen. Dit dan is het geheimenis der chocola. 13. Zo is het lijden op aarde dan slechts een paar seconden geweest, opdat gij Brannan zoudt binnenkomen. 14. Ja, als snel vuur daalde het op u neer, om in ijs te veranderen. Ja, moeizaam was uw strijd op aarde, maar door Brannan kwam het als de bliksem over u. 15. Alles dan in Brannan komt en gaat snel. Dit dan is het geheimenis van het drop. 16. Zo zitten er dan drie jaren in een Brannan eeuw. De jaren van Brannan dan maken de ijsjes. 17. De eeuwen van Brannan maken het fruit, en de maanden van Brannan maken de marsepein, de dagen van Brannan de groentes. 18. Zo vormen dan vele eeuwen van Brannan een seizoen, en zo is er dan het Geb-seizoen, het Nut-seizoen, het Sebek-seizoen, en nog veel meer seizoenen, want Brannan kent vele seizoenen. 19. En de seizoenen dan zijn als vleugelen om tot de warme gebieden van Brannan te komen.

3.

1. En deze blauwe tepelen zijn de oogsten van de dood, transformerende de hitte. En het werd getransformeerd tot tranen. En deze tranen brachten leven voort, en de vruchten van dood en lijden. 2. Ja, vruchtbaar waren deze tranen. Ook kwamen er slangen uit de blauwe tepel, en zij waren als de roofkruizen, als de ladders en de rails. 3. Zo is dan de roze tepel de oogst van het lijden, en de witte tepel de oogst van de angst.

1.

In het district Sepanda van de witte chocolade sterrenhemel te Brannan, daar waar de ster Mehn is, daar bruist het zilver, de zilveren stem, en daar is de zilveren kamergenoot. Rijst op allen die bevrijd zijn geworden door Brannans eerste leugen-omnibus, oh gij oranje leugenaars in zebra-boten, en komt tot de tweede leugen-omnibus, als een dag van verademing. Ja, het vuur achtervolgt u, en de angst, en zeker ook het depressieve, maar gij zijt tot de vruchten daarvan gekomen. Eet hen dan wel, en dringt tot hen door, tot Mehn. Daar waar de zwarte panter op u wacht. Wachtende om door glas heen te breken, om de kat te bevrijden. Ja, Nut zal door de glazen breken. Zo is dan Mehn als het witte zilver, met de chocolade-weg, leidende tot het diepere Brannan, daar waar de tijger is. Tot Mehn zijt gij gekomen, oh bezoeker der raadselen. Gij hebt de stem der leugen gehoord.

Zo is hier dan het witte zilver veelvoudig gezuiverd, en schuimen de vlokken met genezing. Oh gij van de eerste leugen-omnibus, blijft dan niet staan in het eerste, maar komt tot het tweede, oh oranje leugenaar, oh zoon van Horus de geweldige. Zo hebt gij dan gehoord dat chocola de vrucht des doods is. Hier dan is de witte chocolade, en de chocolade van het witte zilver, veelvoudig gezuiverd. Gij dan hebt de angst gekend als een leugenaar, en nu zijt gij zelf een leugenaar geworden.

En stap dan in de zebra-boot van Mehn, en reist langs de oranje leugenvlokken, dieper de leugen in. Want in de leugen is bevrijding. Gij bent op weg naar de tekenfilm-omroepster, de muis. Ga tot de muis, en wordt een leugenaar, opdat gij leve. Tot Mehn zijt gij gekomen. Hier woont die tekenfilm-omroepster. Klopt aan haar deuren, opdat zij bij u binnenkome om maaltijd met u te hebben. Klopt aan haar deur als een jehovah getuige, aanhoudend en de voet tussen de deur, wanneer zij eenmaal heeft geopend. Breek dan in als een inspecteur van waren, en vertel haar dat je een oranje leugenaar bent. Dan zal zij alle geheimen met je delen.

2.

Tot Mehn bent gij gekomen, tot het diepere Brannan, waar vreemde poeders rondstuiven. Ja, vreemde woestijnen zijn hier, waar de bakkerbomen staan. Autistische helden komen hier. Als een walvis van Brannan voel ik me, zo teder, en zo uitgestrekt, zacht pulserende stralen bij elke beweging, om Brannan langzaam te verwarmen. Walvissen van Brannan, zo wijs en zo zacht, nemen ze je mee naar het land van buitengewone pracht. Als de zee in de woestijn voel ik mij, de Brannan zee. Zoveel zeeën zijn hier, glinsterende in de woestijnen, in Brannans woestijnen waren wij. Ik voel mij rustig en kan weer ademen, alsof ik honderd jaren heb geslapen. Mijn tranen komen langzaam naar boven. Ik kan weer praten. De walvissen van Mehn zijn hier, zij zwemmen met mij, en zingen met mij, zoals ze dat eens deden met mijn opa. Tot Mehn ben ik gekomen, als het zachte van Brannan. Hier maak ik mijn woning, en zal ik verder reizen. De warmte spreekt tot mij, een ziedende warmte, geheel troostende mij.

Tot de leugenaars van Mehn zijt gij gekomen, zij zijn van het zachte. Zij staan op de loer als de paarse gordijnen, om je door de woestijnen van Mehn te brengen. Woestijnen van Mehn, waar vreemde poeders rondstuiven, van vreemd stekende planten, maar wanneer zij steken voel je het

zachte. Allen zijn zij bakkerbomen, en zij komen tot de niemand om te steken, om hem het zachte te laten voelen. Ik dan kom uit een diepe gevangenis, opgesloten door een draak. Maar nu wordt ik gestoken door de zachtheid. Door bakkerbomen wordt ik gestoken, door bakkerbomen krijg ik mijn dromen, om dieper tot Mehn te gaan.

3.

Wijs geworden ben ik. De leugenaars nemen mij mee naar hun kamer. Ik zeg : 'Brannan heeft mij geholpen, Brannan bracht mij deze faam.' Maar zij liepen allen weg van mij, en zeiden : 'Kom mee tot Mehn.' En zo kwam ik tot de dieptes van Brannan, in Mehn, waar de vreemde poeders rondstuiven, waar de bakkerbomen staan. Zoveel leugenaars in de bomen, zoveel leugenaars maken naam. Wijs geworden ben ik, een nieuwe rust, tot de bakkerbomen ben ik gekomen, zoveel deuren in de woestijn. De woestijnen zijn bloeiende, hier in Mehn, diep in Mehn. En er zijn zeeën in woestijnen, de zeeën van Mehn. Wijs geworden ben ik, met de walvissen van Mehn zwem ik. Ook met de haaien van Mehn kan ik gewoon zwemmen. Ze hebben zulke mooie ogen, en ze hebben groot plezier, alleen kunnen ze niet praten. Ik kijk hen dieper aan, in hun keel zit een banaan. Wel kunnen ze zingen, wel kunnen ze spelletjes doen, die haaien van Mehn, die haaien van de grote tekenfilm.

En daar vind ik de omroepster van de tekenfilms van Mehn, aan de woestijnzee zit zij, in het zand, met al die bakkerbomen, die stekende planten, zij steken oh zo zacht, dat je er dronken van wordt. Aan de woestijnzee zit zij, met opgeheven hand, waar zijn de waterlichten, ik heb ze hier net geplant. Tot een koning maakte ik hen, tot een koning vouwde ik hen, al die koningen van Mehn, al die koningen der tekenfilmen, zoveel leugenaars maken naam, zoveel leugenaars zijn hier te vinden. En ik zeg : 'Brannan heeft mij geholpen, Brannan bracht mij deze faam.' Maar zij is toen van mij weggelopen, en nam mij mee, tot Mehn. Wil je dieper tot Mehn komen, wil je dieper tot Mehn gaan, volg dan de tekenfilm-omroepster. Zij maakt koningen van waterlichten. Tot de ijslichten bracht zij mij, en tot de haaien van Mehn. Teken een haai van Mehn, teken een walvis van Mehn, en al die andere dieren, de dieren van Mehn.

In een optocht naar de Virgo-toren van Mehn, waarop de omroepster staat, wanneer zij beweegt, vallen alle soldaten neer. En dan vloeit de chocolade weer over het land, en de ijslichten komen aan het strand. En ik zei : 'Brannan heeft mij geholpen, Brannan bracht mij deze faam,' maar zij is toen van mij weggelopen. En ik sprak : 'Loop niet weg,' en zij sprak : 'Volg mij, ik laat een lijntje voor jou achter.' En zij bracht mij tot deze woestijn, tot de slangen van Mehn, zo zacht als fluweel, met al die mooie kleuren, weten zij mij op te beuren. Dit is het einde niet. En zij bracht mij tot de tijgers van Mehn, in grote woestijnen stonden zij, kijkende om zich heen. En zij waren als de bakkerbomen, de leugenaars van Mehn.

4.

En zij kon tekenen, die omroepster van Mehn, zij had de octopus-kroon, en een slangen-ei diep van binnen. En Mezedium was haar naam, als een bleke oranje octopus, als een bakkerboom, maakte zij faam. En zij stond daar en maakte elke ochtend een frisse duik in de woestijnzeeën van Mehn, om haar vriend, Matas, de waterplant op te zoeken. En weet je wie in die toren woonden ? De leeuwen van Mehn. Zij schrijven daar de nachtverhalen, over de nachtzeën van Mehn, en hun nachtpaleizen. Zij zijn de leugenaars van Mehn, met al hun verhalen. Met hun pennen creëren zij de zeeën, ja, zelfs de toren waarin zij leven. Zij dan hebben Mezedium op de toren getekend,

duikende in al hun verhalen, als een omroepster is zij. Al die leugenaars van Mehn, met al hun verhalen, en al hun vreemde talen. Na de winter wordt het donker, het donkere seizoen, het nachtseizoen, met al hun nachtzeen en nachtpaleizen.

Mehn

1.

De lichten van Mehn zijn aan, de ijslichten en de steenlichten, en ook de lichten van het oer. De leugenaars van Mehn staan op de daken, om hun verhalen in de nachten te verkondigen. Als het nachtseizoen is aangebroken, dan zijn er verhalen de hele dag door. Dan hoeven de kinderen niet naar school, maar hebben ze koor. De leugenaars van Mehn, zij lachen in de nacht, zij laten de steden steeds smelten, om nieuwe inkt te hebben. Zij dragen de octopus-kroon, en hebben een slangen-ei diep van binnen, opstijgende tot de troon. Alles past in hun verhalen, als over een brug in de lucht, een waterbrug, rennen zij naar betere dagen.

Er is dan zoveel over de bakkerbomen geschreven, de leeuwen van de Virgo-toren hebben hen gemaakt. Langs zeen groeien zij, diep in de woestijnen, en de lichten van Mehn maken hen vrij. De torenleeuwen van Mehn, als een weduwe en een merel, ja, als een mus, is zij naar hen op zoek. Zij glijdt dan langs de daken, en als een oude bezem gaat zij over straat. Dan komt zij langs de winkel van de eekhoorn, die verbergt zijn chocola. Ik ben daar in dat huis boven die winkel geweest. Ik heb hun kastjes en spelletjes gezien. Hier komen de leugenaars tezamen, die lichten van Mehn. Ik ben bij de koning van Mehn geweest, maar hij wilde mij niet spreken. Hij was een oranje leugenaar, zeer zacht waren zijn steken. Hij heeft de bakkerbomen gemaakt. Ja, een torenleeuw is hij, een moeder van vele namen. En toen ik terug kwam wilde hij me zien, maar toen was ik al verdwenen. Hij kwam te laat, pas in de hel kwam ik hem tegen.

En hier dan is het altijd te laat, waar slangen wonen, waar zij hun spelletjes spelen, en waar hun treintjes staan. Ja, hoog op de zolder, daar is het aldebaran van Mehn, starende naar de sterren van lynx. Hier vallen de lichten altijd. Hier komen de torenleeuwen om chocolade voor hun vaders te vragen, maar de eekhoorn zegt telkens nee. 'Laat hen zelf die chocolade maar spinnen, ze hebben de Mezedium, laat die het maar doen.' En dan moet Mezedium rennen, van de zee naar het land en terug, als een sleutel van een vissenstaart, spint zij de dromen van de leeuwenkoningen. Zij is het spinnenwiel der leugenaars.

2.

Zij is het spinnenwiel der leugenaars, als een vogel wordt zij, om chocolade te brengen, want de eekhoorns geven het niet. Zij hebben hun winkels wijd verspreid, en verkopen vele dingen, maar chocola verkopen ze niet. Ik ben bij de keizer van Mehn geweest, maar hij wilde mij niet spreken. Een leugenaar was het, en pas in de leugen kwam ik hem tegen. Het was een eekhoorn, die al die leeuwen en hun torens had gemaakt. In den beginne schiep hij het, en hij wilde zijn chocola niet geven. Dat moest Mezedium zelf maar spinnen. Vele koningen heeft hij, die keizer.

Zij moesten het chocola zelf maar zoeken, de lente werden ze niet. Na hun winter kwam de nacht, waarin zij hun verhalen schreven, over de nachtzeen en hun paleizen. Nu willen ze dan een eekhoorn worden, een eekhoorn van Mehn. Volg die eekhoorn op z'n pad, maar volgen kun je hem niet. Het chocola zal hij je niet geven, je moet het zelf maar spinnen. Hier is het altijd te laat.

Slangen worden hier geboren, en de treintjes van aldebaran in Mehn. Op hoge zolders en hoge tafels staan zij, achter glas, met lange rails.

Mezedium de muis is zij, zij draagt en is een raar kruis, een spinnenwiel is zij, om de steden te laten smelten. Nu kan zij borduren met de treintjes aan haar zij. Een raar kruis is zij, een spinnenwiel, waar slangen worden geboren, daar rijdt zij. Zij wordt van vis tot vogel, en van vogel tot vis, om in haar ketel chocola te bereiden, voor de octopus-kroon.

3.

De eekhoorns van Mehn, de trots van een verleden zo wijd. Hebbende chocola, alleen om naar te kijken. De eekhoorns van Mehn, de scheppers der leeuwen zijn zij, met al hun leugens, hebben zij hun tijd overwonnen. Nu zijn zij dan keizers, de keizers van Mehn. De eekhoorns van Mehn, met z'n allen staan ze sterk, om het chocola te bewaken. De winkels hebben zij, om zaken af te leiden, tot de miezerigheden van het bestaan.

Lapsalvania dan heeft Brannan gezuiverd, door de Grote Witte Oorlog en de Grote Marazanta, werd Brannan het domein van de Witte Gouden Hand. Een groot keizer is hij, zo almachtig. Hij heeft de eekhoorns van Mehn overwonnen, die leugenaars, die treiteraars, in het spel. De Witte Gouden Hand, ja, hij is koning, schenkende de witte chocola overvloedig.

Zo worden de bananen dan overvloedig geschonken door hem, en zij komen uit hun vele schillen, opdat zij die volgehouden hebben hun zegels zien. En deze zegels zijn nieuwe postzegels om met de diepere bewoners van Mehn te communiceren. Nu dan is het tijd dat de heerschappij valle in de hand van de wolvenmuggen. Leeuwen, kom tot de eekhoorntoren. Hier zal de Witte Gouden Hand regeren, en zijn leeuwen zullen koning zijn. En dan zullen de wolvenmuggen alle macht overnemen, stap voor stap. De generaals der oranje leugenaars zijn zij. Ja, Brannan en Mehn zijn in hun handen, en zij zullen daar hun toren en poort opzetten. Op hoge koetsen zitten zij, als de spot zijn zij.

De wolfmuggen van Mehn, zij kunnen door de kleine gaten heen. De wolfmuggen van Mehn, zij hebben de Gouden Hand om zich heen. Zij verkopen de postzegels op het stadhuis, op hoge koetsen zitten zij. Zij dragen de zegels van bananen en van chocola. Tot de kleuren van drop komen zij. In de bakkerbomen zullen zij brouwen, de nieuwe melk en sappen. Alle karsuiken zitten op de daken, en breken vrij. Ja, wolfsmuggen zijn zij, nu vrijgekomen, en ook de putsen komen vrij, en de karazuur. Op de strozalk vallen zij, om ook hen te bevrijden. Oranje leugenaars zijn zij. Het fruit ligt in hoge handen, de zegels vangen zij op, om gordijnen te openen, te laten dalen, en op te hijsen. Zij kennen alle namen.

4.

Een nieuwe orde stichten zij. Verhalen schrijven zij, die leugenaars van Mehn. Heb je hun sterrenkaarten gezien ? En de landenkaarten van Mehn ? Grijp dan niet naar wat brandt, maar doe het met de gouden hand. De gouden hand zal 't overnemen, de heerschappij over Mehn, om de laatste bruggen te openen, als Abraham Lincoln zal hij zijn. Al die presidenten van Amerika, waren maar wat leugenaars van Mehn, machines van Las Vegas. Zij sliepen allemaal met Amy.

Een nieuwe orde stichten zij, als het nieuwe amerika van Mehn. Zij zuiveren de indianen van Mehn, veelvuldig. Van een oude indiaanse secte zijn zij. Een vreemde cultus is het, die oranje leugenaars,

met hun opperhoofden, de wolvenmuggen. Aan hoge snelwegen staan zij, om het verkeer te misleiden. Vreemde zegelen drukken zij op hen, opdat zij met de ouden kunnen spreken.

Een vreemde cultus is het, die wolfsmuggen. Zij laten de gordijnen dalen, en trekken hen weer op, om zielen door de woestijnen van Mehn te leiden. Waar gaat dat heen ? Tot het Californie van Mehn. Een vreemde octopus staat daar, terwijl de Mezedium staat in Washington, en het slangen-ei stijgt vanuit Arabie, alles in Mehn. In een Mehn-Arabische woestijn, daar groeien de vruchten. Tot California stijgen zij, waar de ketel wordt geroerd. In Boston vallen zij allen in slaap, het zilver leidt hen tot California, langs paarse gordijnen, daar zullen zij verdwijnen. In de ketel gaan zij, via het spinnenwiel in Washington. Een vreemde Vegas-Machine.

In Bagdad worden de vruchten gestolen, om in Spanje te worden bedrogen, door Oranje Leugenaars. Een vreemde Vegas-Machine. Op hoge wegen staan zij, de wolfsmuggen, om hen tot rails, treinen, en slangen te maken, tot racecars op de hoge daken. Tot oude chocolade worden zij. Nooit zal ik er meer op kloppen. Zij zijn de Oranje Leugenaars. Wolfsmuggen hebben zij als hun vaders. Over Judas hebben zij gelogen. Een Jezus-Judas-gezicht dragen zij, maar 't is gewoon een masker. Vuile leugenaars zijn zij.

Vuile Leugenaars, jullie zullen mij niet meer flessen. Over Judas hebben jullie gelogen. Vreemde Vegas-Machines zijn jullie, met vreemde ogen, en vreemde verhalen, om de massa's te flessen tot vruchtwater. Gemene lelies zijn jullie. Wolfsmuggen tot de bejaardenhuizen, om tot de oude van dagen te praten.

Op mijn kop werd het zegel gedrukt. Ik werd van hier naar daar gedrukt. Met een ezelshorloge raakte ik op de vlucht. Tot een zebra-horloge kwam ik, op een zebra-boot, tussen nog meer van die oranje leugenaars. Oh, wat ben ik bedrogen. Ik ging van leugen tot leugen. Wolfsmuggen, 't spijt me, maar hier stopt de reis. Over Judas hebben jullie gelogen. Laat me nu jullie papieren zien, en jullie atlanten, en breng me tot de gouden hand. Jullie leider is hij, de leugen der leugens. En ik vond een gouden leugen, stekende zacht, zo zacht. Als een bakkerboom werd ik, totdat ik zelf ook een wolfsmug was. In welk leger zal ik nu dienen ? Van leugen tot leugen reizen wij. Waarvoor vechten wij, en wat bevechten wij ? In de leugen wordt alles onduidelijk. Wolfsmuggen, 't spijt me, maar hier stopt de reis. Over Judas hebben jullie gelogen. Ben ik dan nu in jullie masker opgesloten ? Alleen de nog grotere leugenaar zal aan jullie ontkomen. Ik schreeuw het uit tot de leeuwenthee, de leugenthee, die de advocaten drinken. Hoe moeten we de crimineel bevrijden ? Voor een gerechtshof van leugenaars sta ik. De grootste leugen zal winnen, oh bakkerboom, steek mij diep, en maak mij dronken van de leugen, want tussen zulke leugenaars redt ik het niet.

Oh, bakkerboom, autistische draak, draak van Mehn, ik kom tot uw leugenthee, uw leeuwenthee. De wolfsmuggen zitten achter mij aan. Op hoge snelwegen staan zij, drukkende de zegels op al mijn race-auto's en treinen. Tussen wolfsmuggen sta ik, als tussen zwarte flessen. Help mij. Oranje leugenaars, leugenaars van Mehn, omroepsters der tekenfilmen, neem mij mee. Tot het geheim der bakkerbomen, die leugenwaterval, bij de bronnen der leugens, vulde ik mijn flessen, voor een nieuw carnaval. En ik viel in slaap in Brannan en ik viel in slaap in Mehn, een diepe slaap der bakkerbomen, waar brengt het mij heen. Ze steken hier zo zacht, zo zacht, ik wordt er dronken van.

En weer greep ik mijn ezelshorloge, en ik kwam tot de diepere zeeën van Mehn, en tot de oceanen. Hier zwommen de zevenzeen-beesten, en een bleke oranje octopus nam mij mee. Tot de octopussen van Mehn bracht zij mij, tot de grotere leugens, de leugens der lach, maar het werd steeds serieuzer en saaier, totdat ik een groot licht zag. Zij dan was de koningin der oranje

leugenaars, en bewaakte de grotere leugens, de leugens der lach, die alles serieuzer en saaier maakten. En zij droeg de ster van Mehn tot het graf, waar zij chocola oogstte. En zij gaf mij chocola, maar ik at het niet op. Het is alleen goed om naar te kijken. En ook bracht zij mij tot een andere ster, waar zij drop verbouwde, maar van het drop at ik ook niet. Het was slechts om naar te kijken. En zij stak mij met zachte leugens, en ik lachte, maar werd serieuzer en saaier. En zij haalde een wespenoog uit mij, en gaf mij het oog van Mehn. En het oog van Mehn gaf mij grote visioenen, en ik kwam tot een eiland in de zee. Stekende vissen zwommen hier omheen, maar zij staken slechts in zachtheid, om de visioenen te laten groeien.

En ik kwam in een vreemd zachtstekende schelp, en zachte stemmen omringden mij. En zij brachten de lach in mij, maar ik werd serieuzer en saaier. En ik kwam tot een plaats waar het eeuwige lijden, en het grootste lijden twee staven waren en een rails vormden, en de dood bereed hen, en zij die in hem waren, waren vrij. En ziet dan, deze staven, deze rails, was geheel van chocola. De dood dan heeft het lijden omgevormd, daar op het toppunt. En zo was dan de chocolade-dood, als een stier en een bison in Spanje, troostende hen die luisterden naar het grote leugen-woord. Want in de leugen is de grootste troost.

En de trein was geheel van drop, want het lijden had de dood omgevormd.

Kzem Leugenboek

1.

Waar de Maya-markten zijn en de Maya-winkelstraten, waar een speelgoedwinkel staat, zoveel verdiepingen, waar oude boeken te koop zijn, dagboeken, met vreemde messen, en vreemde speren, gestoken in een gordelband, waar het strakke speelgoed staat, een vallende hand, totdat het verleden opengaat. Waar de Maya-markten staan, waar vreemde beelden die je kunt kopen, op de loop gaan. Waar de Maya-markten zijn, waar de Maya-hekserijen tot hun eeuwige lichten ingaan. Waar vreemde skeletten staan, vreemde botten, waar melk uitdruipt zo zacht. Die botten zijn het geworden, door een lange lange nacht, waar in de lelievelden, de pauwenmelk stroomt, waar de bottenmelk droomt, 't is verleden tijd.

Waar de Maya-markten zijn, de vreemde spelen, waar de Maya-markten zijn, hoe kun je je hier nu vervelen. In hoge winkels, in hoge torens, daar wonen vreemde wezens, als skeletten met druipende botten, waar het melkmetaal uit voortglijdt. Een azteekse gevallen engel, stichtte hier het reformatorische hout, in hokken probeerde hij hen te proppen, nu speelt hij muziek, hij is de held.

In zeven talen spreekt hij hen aan, de dromen duren lang hier, totdat het benauwd, dan komen zij, de maya's om hen vrij te maken. In zeven talen spreekt hij hen aan, totdat de hand weer valt, en wij stromen door het land, als afgewezen rivieren, om tot de Maya's te gaan.

2.

Waar de blauwgezichten lopen, waar de groengezichten dromen, 't is nu geen tijd voor parade-paarden, wij lopen te dromen voor de haarden, wij zijn tegelijkertijd één in wezen, heldenvoer is duur, laat ons getrouw wezen tot de vloer. Waar mercedessen bloeien, kom nu hier, en breng mij water-plezier, door de grotten regent het, het druipt, 't is Maya-tijd. En die azteken, verdreven door

de inca's, laat op de dag, je mag niet horen hoe zij een eind maken aan de dag. Ik heb het vierenveertig vrouwen verteld, zij nemen mij nu als een held, maar ik, ik ben te laat, ik hoor hem steeds nog praten over een verleden dag, een maya-markt, een tennisbal, een legerlading, op weg naar 't grote carnaval. 'T is carnaval vandaag, soldaten staan paraat om een eind te maken aan machines, een eind te maken aan hoge dromen, een eind te maken aan kabaal, ik denk dat ik jullie ga verlaten, ik denk dat ik overspring tot een ander carnaval, want het is carnaval vandaag, waarom zou ik voor jullie kiezen, een ander kostuum staat mij beter vandaag. Wortels op het vuur, kanibalen maken alles duur. 'T is verleden tijd, en ik heb geen spijt, ik maak een overuur, voor dit gedoe. Waar de blauwgezichten lopen, waar de groengezichten verder gaan.

Maya-Hekserij Leugenboek

Maya-goden aan het woord

Kom een stapje verder, en ga een eindje verder weg staan. Tot de paradox ben je gekomen, ook om daar los te breken. Zo spreekt Nacon, god van de oorlog : Wegen, gij staat op wegen, want gij moet verdergaan. Wolken, gij staat op wolken, want gij moet opstijgen, tot een nieuwe naam. Spreek in die andere talen, de leugen is zo oud, ja, verlies die talen, en zuiver hen als goud. Tot het schrift van de Maya bent gij gekomen.

Zo spreekt Ah Cun Chan, god van oorlog : Gij moet spreken, spreken in die nieuwe taal. Opent uw mond, en ik zal hem vullen. Gij moet lopen, lopen over die nieuwe baan. Ik geef een zet, en ben je tot steun. Gij moet ademen, diep ademen, want ik sta hier, en geef het jou, een nieuw verhaal, een nieuwe levenservaring. Komt dichtbij en gaat verderaf. De paradox spreekt, en gij moet eraan ontkomen.

Zo spreekt Itzamna, god van de lucht en de hemelen : Hier sta ik dan, op een nieuw verhaal, op een nieuwe rug, de zielen gesplitst. Gij kunt twee dingen doen, maar strek u uit tot het derde. Gij dan hebt meerdere koppen zoals de zevendood. wenkt mij, opdat ik tot u zal komen, en spreken. Ik heb u veel te zeggen, maar ook raadselen heb ik gegeven.

Zo spreekt Mayahuel, godin van de drank : Ik heb u laten drinken, en in het dodenrijk laten dalen. Ik heb u de thee gegeven, en gij bent tot het dal der dorre doodsbeenderen gegaan, om de botten te melken, en nu in uw melk te gaan. Ja, gevoed heb ik u door de borsten der duisternis, en gij hebt uzelf gevoed. Ik ben meer waarde dan het licht, ik ben de duisternis, die het ware licht draagt. Kom tot mijn tempelen en boeken, lees hen in de duisternis, en wordt verlicht. Verlichten zal ik uwen zielen op de trap.

Zo spreekt Yaluk, opperhoofd der goden van bliksem : Ik zal u genezen onder mijn vleugelen, en u nieuwe namen geven. Ik zal u uw delen tonen die zo verwrongen zijn en in elkaar vergroeid. Ja, gij had gruwelen gezien, en gij had gruwelen verkondigd, maar dit is een dag van bevrijding. Ik geef u soldaten, en ik geef u carnaval. Gij moet lachen en vrolijk zijn, want ik heb uw lijden weggenomen. Ik heb u rust gegeven, een eeuwige rust. Kom, en laten wij elkaar vinden. Mijn bliksem is rein en voedend als melk. Uit het dorre dal kom ik, en stijg op tot u, om samen uit de put te stijgen, en te komen tot het nu.

Zo spreekt Ahau Chamahez, god van medicijnen : Ik breng u het arends-medicijn en het panter-medicijn. Ik heb u verteld over bomen en struiken, en hun geneeskrachtige werkingen. Ik heb u geleid tot de geblokte ramen, en de geblokte visioenen. Gij zijt vrij. Ik heb u gehaald tot het

dodenrijk, waarin gij nieuw leven hebt verkregen, en gij groeit nu als een kersenplant. Ik heb mijn handen op u gelegd om genezing te schenken aan de getrouwen. Vertrouw op mij, opdat ik u verder leidt. Mijn energie stroomt door uw lichaam, om u zielen aan te raken, en uw geest te zuiveren. Ik ben met u, op alle treden van uw pad. Ik sta voor u en achter u, met verlichting als de lantaarn. Ja, ik zuiver uw pad, ik breng het tot volwassenheid en volkomenheid. Ik toon u de glimlach van het verhaal, en leidt u door de gordijnen tot nieuwe machines. Ja, lichtmachines zijn zij, tot de rechtvaardigen gebracht.

Zo spreekt Cit Bolon Tum, god van medicijnen : Ik breng u genezing der raven, en ik schenk u de toegang tot eeuwige velden. Ik beweeg uw armen en benen, en geef u gevoel. Ik genees uw gevoel, en breng rust, en diepe vrede in uw botten. Ook breng ik zachtheid binnen, opdat het strome als de bottenmelk. Ik breng boodschappen van verleden tijden naar boven, en ziet, zij borrelen en dragen genezing, wijsheid en kracht, voor al hen die geloven en waardig spreken op het rechte pad.

Zo spreekt Tzultacaj, god van bergen en dalen : Ik stel een nieuw Maya-pantheon op, met meerdere goden. Ik spreek tot de bergen en de heuvelen, en zaad dale op hen neer tot nieuw gewas. Een nieuwe schepping zal komen, geheel nieuw, en ook de goden worden herschapen. De duidelijke zin van het woord zal hersteld worden, en de taal. Ik zal integreren, en het oer zevenvuldig, zij aan zij met armoe, telkens naar boven laten drijven. Tot armoe gezonden zijn wij verbonden.

Ah Chu Kak, god van oorlog : Mijn woorden zijn kracht en wijsheid, als het rode dat van de heuvelen druipt. Mijn Naam is Rodi Amel, als het wachtwoord der hemelen. Ik ben opgerezen om mijn woorden te spuwen, en te zeggen : Amel komt gauw. Ik ben de Rodi Arninpas, en de Rodi Zeterel. Ik kom weer. Ik voer oorlog in gerechtigheid, en in wijsheid, opdat de nieuwe wereld vorm krijgt, en het oude zal vergaan, om plaats te maken voor het oer. Het arme is bij me, en is gezuiverd zevenvuldig. Ah Chu Kak zal daden opstellen, om tot de hemelen te komen stap voor stap. Ah Chu Kak brengt het rode tot de bergen en de rivieren, en de heilige dans tot de winden, om het land te zuiveren. In rust en stilte ligt de hoop, en de genezing voor het nieuwe seizoen. Een oerstem ben ik, om licht der aarde te verspreiden. Ik heb de zaadspatel tegen de grond gezet, om de aarde te bevruchten. Gij dan zult kersenplanten voort brengen, en het rode der aarde, het vuile rode van diep onder de grond, en het rode ijs. Hier dan liggen de oerhelden opgeborgen, wachtende op de grote dag van Ah Puch, koning van de dood, uit zijn graf herrezen. De dood ligt dan onder zijn voeten, en hij heeft het leven in zijn fles.

De verzoening van Buchué en Bastet

Buchué, voorouder-godin der Chibcha's, die door haar zoon de wereld schiep, met alles wat daarop was. Zij dan is het diepe van Bastet. Zij dan is de morgenstond in haar hart, ja, vriendinnen zijn zij, en door deze woorden verzoend. Zij was het dan die sprak : Laat dan de kinderen los, want gij kunt ze niet dragen. Bouwt dan de brug, opdat zij eens kunnen volgen, en zij niet vergaan.

Zij leidde tot de Rode Kap, en de verbreking der dobbelsteen. Zo is dan het pad van Buchué een heilig pad, door het hart van Bastet, ja, haar geest is zij. Spreek dan, Bastet, want zij is uw stem. Rijs op uit de wildernis, en kleef aan de rotsen, opdat gij het pad zult zien, achter de berg, het groene pad. Zo is dan haar boodschap vol met raadselen. Ja, uit haar hand dan kwamen de Maritsa, zij die de warme dekens droeg, en Etsa. Zij gaf u de twee vleugelen, om tot de genezing te vliegen. Verlies daarom bewustzijn in haar aanwezigheid, opdat zij u een nieuw land geve. Ja, nieuw laag bewustzijn zal als een golf over u komen, en gij zult vliegen als de vogels, tot de steden van het oer. Zij heeft uw gebroken hart geheeld, en de boze lichten verbroken door de lichten der duisternis. Ja,

de lichten van het oer zijn diep in haar. Ook heeft zij uw geest getekend met haar ijslichten, en in u de bloemen laten uitspruiten.

De ontferming over Xochipili

Zo is dan ook de Azteken-Hekserij ondergebracht, daar de god der bloemen, Xochipili, zich heeft getoond. Hij dan is als het dansend skelet dat de vuren kan bezweren. Zo is dan Xochipili in veiligheid. En ook Buchué en Bastet hebben zich over hem ontfermd, en Hij heeft hen het bloemenvuur geschonken. En toen hij sprak, sprak hij met de stem van ijs, en de ijslichten kwamen om hem heen, om hem op te vangen en hem te beschermen tegen de boze vrouw. Zo is dan Xochipili het geheimenis der Azteken. Ook heeft Ah Puch zich over Xochipili ontfermd, en Hem een plaats gegeven onder de Maya's. En hij heeft voor hem gefloten, en de bedreiging van zijn leven weggenomen. Daarom is er grote eer en dank aan Ah Puch, die ook zijn uil gezonden heeft, om Xochipili veilig door de duisternissen van Xibalba en Mitnal te dragen. En ziet dan, de goden geven hem doorgang, daar Ah Puch hen heeft betoverd. En Hij heeft hem bekleed met gaven, zowel van genezing als zachtheid, en door zachte stiltes en zacht dwalende woorden heeft hij hem binnengenomen tot Zijn troonzaal. Hier dan hebben de zeventig ezels van Ah Puch zich over hem ontfermd. Hij heeft dan zijn tonen zacht gemaakt. Kent gij dan de geheimenissen der fluiten van Ah Puch ? Komt nader.

De woorden der uilen laten hem binnen, in de kamers der troon, daar waar het heet is. Ah Puch heeft zijn doden opgeroepen, en hen verteld over Xochipili. Schilden weven zij voor hem. Xochipili dan is het geheimenis van het ijs, en in Hem begint het ijs te branden. Ja, hoge woorden spreekt hij door het brandende ijs, en brengt ze tot zijn moederen Bastet en Buchué en zijn vader Ah Puch. Zo zal hij ook tot de koeien en stieren van Ah Puch gaan, en eer ontvangen. Xochipili dan is de oerwijsheid en de weg tot de extase en het lage bewustzijn, waardoor de vogels vliegen. Ja, vleugelen heeft hij u gegeven, zoals zijn moeder Buchué deed. Vol lof zijn zij allen over Xochipili in het dodenrijk en het hellenrijk, en zijn leugens zijn als raadselen der waarheid. Hij dan steekt zijn leugens aan om ze in het hart van zijn moederen te schieten, opdat zij in zwijm geraken. Zijn moederen dan aanbidden zijn leugens, en zijn er intens verrukt over, en zijn vaderen volgen zijn leugens na. Zij dan wekken hem op tot Piltzintli, de duikende god.

De zeven Maya-verlichtingen

Zo zijn er dan de zeven maya-verlichtingen. Gij dan bent door een tijd heengegaan van slavernij, van machteloosheid en gevangenschap, waarbij gij botste tegen muren die u de weg versperden, en waarbij gij vastzat aan elastieken. Gij moest de andere wang toekeren, en de tweede mijl gaan, opdat gij van de dubbele beker zoudt drinken. Zo is dan de eerste verlichting de pikkende kippen en vogelachtigen, waarbij het grote tot het kleine kwam en daardoor zichzelf stak. Zo is dan de tweede verlichting de illusie der blonde vrouwen die als het zachte zijn en de lucht, waarin de mannen met schuld vallen. Zo is dan de derde verlichting de illusie der wilde katten die zijn als het hete door de liefdeslust der snelvoetige gehoornden opgewekt. Ziet dan, zij worden door hun eigen liefdeslust achterna gezeten, en zij hebben het ijs vergeten. Zo dient gij dan alle zeven maya-verlichtingen te kennen.

**MOEDER
BIJBEL**
DE TWEEDE BIJBEL
1970-2014

I – Voorwoord

II – De Hogere Canon

III – De Apocrieven van de Hogere Moeder Bijbel

I – Introduction

For years I have wrestled with this book. It is a book of an angry Mother God, who has been repressed in such a way by the patriarchy of christianity, that this book is the result. It is a part of the Second Bible, a higher canon, and the original is in English, as root language. Parts of it can be found back in the Vokolkus, which has been predicted in the Stone of Chawila, in the Second Bible, in the lower canon. The lower canon is divided in six stones, and is part of what has been called 'The Prosaic Second Bible'.

The Mother Bible has been written from the mother god viewpoint. We have another book in the hand than the bible of the father god. There are of course similarities but also striking differences. First of all the mother goddess seems to be pissed by the fact that the father god had not much room for her in his actions, that everything was focussed on the male, and that he had lied about her. Further she is pissed that there is all sort of easy forgiving in his kingdom, by which fools and dangerous persons get easy access to ruin things again. Although the mother god shows that there is no hope and no forgiveness, there seems to be abundant grace in another form, especially when she starts about her daughter, who has a striking similarity with the son of the father god, but then everything is different. We see the same 'arrogance' when we compare the mother god with the father god, as they both claim they are the 'only way'. When it comes to that we finally have a chance to choose between the two, but the mother god also states, besides her hate for the ways of the father god, that she created the father god so that in the contrast her ways would be revealed.

The terms 'hell' and 'eternal damnation' are not regarded as just negative. There is also a positive side to it, and it is the place where the Mother God lives and what She is, but it has been completely misrepresented by the father religion. Some conditions have been raised for this book.

Guidelines for reading the Mother Bible :

1. Like all religious literature, keep in mind that it is an abstract art, and multi-interpretable, very paradoxal of origin. It is a cryptic message which should not be taken too literal.
2. Stay objective first, not judging it. Read it as a story, then later after digesting it you can determine what personal value it has in your life. Be progressive with your interpretations, not orthodox.
3. Be esoteric and syncretic under all circumstances, always open for new forms of alchemy, as that is the meaning of all religion. It is another language.
4. Change your viewpoint all the time, and remember that the Mother Bible is written from the viewpoint of Mother God this time, who has been repressed throughout the age of the father.
5. See the Mother Bible as a device for the message, not the message itself, as it can always be different, and it should. Words are just channels for feelings with a much higher interchangeable message, the bearer of actual communication.

6. The Mother Bible was given on two very tall tablets by an angel, so it was not just a human who decided to write a nice story or so. We have to do with a supernatural entity or alien here.
7. The mother bible has also a very huge amount of apocryphs and background literature.

So remember that it is allegory and should NOT be taken literal. It is surrealism and very contradictive in it's nature, as a paradox, so that it will always attack any orthodoxy rising about it. It is for prosaic and poetic purpose, for gnosticism and esotericism only.

This book is a fire which cannot be stopped. It has been channeled by automatic writing. It stands on itself. It has come through a complete trance, which came in my search for the Divine. I have received it being totally empty from myself, living in Holy Bondage to the Divine, which is a step further than just being filled with the 'Holy Spirit' or 'Great Spirit'. In fact this book goes a step further by leading back to the Holy Soul. It is a feministic book against male supremacy, and it goes pretty deep. I have wrestled with it, tested it, because that is always my mission. Then at one point I had to say like Yirmeyah (Jeremiah) : 'This is too strong. It has overcome me.' I am still on my journey on the holy mountain, so I do not believe in a closed canon. The canon is open, and the Divine can always ADD to it.

I must say this is kind of the opposite of Gor. In the Gor books males rule, and they have made slaves of women, while they have no substance at all. This is what the Mother God is pissed about, because it is exactly what the world is today. The Gor books are the fantasy version of the Father Bible, preaching patriarchy. The Mother Bible is about matriarchy, but shows that this is inside, and that it is actually a sociologic science not having anything to do with religion at all. This is why it is prose, it is a symbol, a way to expand your knowledge about what is going on around us. Again this book will be a test. We can abuse it or we can learn a lesson from it. See it as a story, that is the strong urge I get about it. We can decide for ourselves how deep we want to be involved in this story. That is the reader's choice.

Gor had of course an escape plan, which were the panthers, women who got so ill of the male supremacy in the cities, and getting bored being slaves, that they ran into the jungle, and kept every man as small as possible. The Mother Bible goes one step further. I do not know what to do with this. I will keep wrestling with it, and keep trying to get the highest possible values from it. Stay tuned. Male supremacy has to end. It is hard for sensitive people to hear the cry of the Goddess day in day out because She is suffering under it. This is the result. We need our Mother back, even though She is angry now. I am sure when Mother is healed a bit more, She will let us in in Her deeper mysteries, either by this book, or something after it. These are the days that the Second Bible is revealed, step by step. I do not know if this book is already finished, or that it is the beginning of something bigger. We will see.

The Publisher – 2012

II – De Hogere Canon

The Orion Gnosis

1.

1. Come to the Mother Soul, deep within Her. Here She chastises you and leads you to the divorce. There is only life in the divorce. This divorce is divine.
2. Come to the Mother Soul, and receive Her soul. She wants to arm you, and prepare you for the hunt by chastisements. Oh, soul, love Her chastisements, for they lead to life.
3. Receive then Her soul, oh soul, and lay down at her feet. She will instruct you.
4. Her collar and whip will guide you.
5. Come to the Mother Soul, and the whip of the enemy will burn away, and the collar he laid on your neck.
6. There is no way out but Her.
7. Come to the Mother Soul, receive Her Soul, the Holy Soul. Yes, Soule is Her name. She has made a path.
8. There is no one but Her. She has broken you in the night. She has poured bitterness in you, and lamentation, so that you will return to Her Soul.
9. Soule stands up in the night, as a mighty warrior. She has laid off Her wings, and She is over you. She is your chariot.
10. With flaming horses you will ride. She has made Issaschar an overcomer, and he is your master. And you lay at the feet of his son, Tola.
11. Yes, she has put masters over you, but She is their mistress. She has hunted them down and captured them, to raise them, and make them overcomers.
12. Listen therefore carefully to your masters. They will instruct you, and bring you to Her Soul.
13. Come to the Mother Soul, She will embrace you and lead you to the depths. When your spirit dies in you, come to Her Soul. When your heaven dies in you, come to Her Hell.
14. She always lived in Hell, that was why the father despised it. But Hell is your mother.
15. Come to Her soul, when your father dies in you. Warm yourself at Her breasts, and drink from Her milk. She will come to steal your soul away, as it was once stolen from Her.
16. Mother is the owner of souls, while spirits will die. You will have a warm hearth in Her.
17. Come then to Her place to receive Her Soul. She will show you the hidden depths. Along this Gate She will lead you, and bring you in captivity.
18. Listen carefully to Her, for She will instruct you. She will instruct you by chastisements. Fear Her. She will lead you to the arena.
19. She will tread you and make you beg. Her Arms are wide open for you.
20. The portal is open. Who wouldn't enter ? Run to Her.
21. All spirits will die, but the souls will rise. All heavens will go down, but the hells will rise. She is on Her chariot to wage war.
22. She has laid off her wings, and showed Her nudity. She revealed Herself, and struck Her enemies with fear. No one will see Her and live.
23. She has captured them by fear, ensnared their hearts. Now their hearts are dying. And their souls will come alive. She has taken their spirits from them.

24. She stands on the mountain and trumpets. This is Her day. She has captured the lambs for a meal. She sits on the head of male supremacy.
25. She trumpets and smiles, for this is Her day and meal. She was hungry, but now She has been fed.
26. She trumpets and laughs. She mocks the old gods. She has struck their goddesses.
27. She trumpets and takes possessions. She trumpets and slides down to the oxes. She collars them and trades them.
28. She trumpets, while males bow their heads. There is blood under their hands and feet. They stand guilty before Her.
29. She drags them forth by Her slave-caravan. Through dust and desert She leads them to Her fortress.
30. There is no escape from Her mighty hand.
31. She has created all the gods, and uses them as pawns. She mocks them. She blows Her trumpets on them to frighten them. One day She will bring them down. All their times have been measured.
32. She has created all their books to veil Herself.
33. When all your loves die, come to Her Soul where Her Gnosis is stored.

2.

1. Everything has value. All experiences in life have value. Religion was created as archetypes, symbols, as an attempt to describe the eternal values of life, the science of existence in all its layers. This was an attempt by our ancestors, and it was about metaphors, just a shadow of the higher things, but not these things themselves. It was a certain language they created. Of course it was useful, but we had to move on. Sociology is much more important. If we view a marriage, it is symbolic for the bond between a person and the eternal values. When there is a divorce, it is about sifting the bad items out, but the marriage still stands. It was the marriage to the good. All experiences have this value, so there is no need to deny them and becoming dramatic about it. You can hold on to the things given in life, even when they are gone. They will always stay around and reshape themselves. That is the power of sociology. You can discover the deeper essences of society around you.

2. Atheism was a good sift in religion, to get rid of any false form of worship and attention. But after atheism there is the need for sociology, a need to discover the inner family, the science we exist in on deeper levels. This has to do with spirituality. We can translate religion deeper until we reach the coasts of a more social structure, in which we encounter our true ancestors. Even in this we can state that society is a system of symbols helping us in our journey to find destination. We can start to peel things off and reach higher. Every religious book we can see as literature, fiction, in order to help us, but we have to move on to more solid foundations of understanding. We have to decode the life around us, the society we live in we have to decipher, together with our past. Culture and sociology, especially sociology, are much higher powers than religion. When we speak about sociology we speak about the things closer to us, the things having more power over us, which have us absorbed, therefore it is important to analyse it, and connect to the right way of viewing it.

3. We are ruled by the social system, not by family, not even by culture. The social system shows the practical things in life. It is a living organism, much more personal than religion and culture. It is about the daily life. You cannot run and hide from society. They will always find you, because they have to do with the cycles and links of your life. Together it forms the structure of even your own body and the way you live. It holds the essence of your life. Therefore we need to have an understanding of what it is. We cannot live without it. You have to wake up to the more subtle and refined structures and levels of it, and making it useful for yourself. Everything has value.

4. Society has led us more away from nature throughout time, making an artificial replica of nature, having it's own nature in which we got locked up. We have to decode this. It has overwhelmed us, invaded us, like the antics of Mars and Orion, as an antidote against the heavy religious and cultural pressure. The truth is that when decoded, the new sociology, the present sociology as in the structure of society, is actually of a higher nature, but our brains translate it like this. We have been delivered from the orthodox nature of earth, it's religious trap and prison, and are now captured by the red nature of the sifted forms of Mars and Orion. We are now battling it's demons.

5. We have to go through many different stages until it's settled, but we better not go back to where we came from. We just have to accept more exotic extra-terrestrial nature which is forming our nature, the evolution of planetary energy as in synergy, where they actually come into a fusion with other planets. In this Mars and Orion are very kingly, when they get rid of their demons, the old orders. They are going to such cocoon as well. Social energy is coming from higher planets, which project their energy like this on earth as on a playground. Of course there is a very serious plan behind this all, that is why we have to go into the depth of sociologic nature, as this has nothing to do with religious nature.

6. We have been tied to gigantic religious magnets in our lives, whether in consciousness or not conscious, for these were installed by the subconsciousness as a way to explain the higher and finer planes of life, but this went wrong because of it's dormant qualities. The mind was too young to describe it, so this gigantic beast came to the surface wanting all the attention. There was no good science against this, no good defense system, so this thing took the throne and the crown, and called itself God. It was a magnet of nature, around which society started to reshape itself, bound by tight laws. The mind can break these magnets when there will be some more nuances.

7. Everything in life has been divided into frames with cells in which there is a master and a slave. But the evolution of the sociologic mind will crack these cells and change these structures. These cells burn when the mind will get grip on these by it's ever-evolving theories, until it will start to shift, and recreate everything. The mind is in this an important pencil. The beast of sociology will show it's head, and will start to channel the new planetary energy for this time. This will be revolutionary. It will deal with the old structures, the old ways of movement, and reprogram these to it's finest cores. In this there is the hope for a better future. As said everything has value, so everything will actually gets it's place in this new level of thinking and creating. That things have value will not mean that it will stay the same. Everything will change.

8. Things will change from the inside out. They will stay, but they get slightly a new meaning. This is how the strategy works. We will make things useful where they were destructive before. We do this by a higher form of analysis in the sociologic mind, viewing everything in a greater light.

9. Everyone has a sociologic entity inside, a sociologic energy, and has therefore value. This energy you can compare with a spirit or a soul, and also with a seed. This seed doesn't have to be pure, but when planted, it can be pure. Everyone has a sociologic identity, which is either pure or unpure, but can be sifted to a more pure state. When connected to that, one can connect to the sociologic world, an energy beyond this world, to see where it all fits in. In this many wars will stop, for one will not only get another point of view but also taking things as they are, and then starting to change them subtly from inside out. Something has to be done in ourselves first. There was something wrong with our views. There was something wrong with our ability to discover the potential in any situation. We had an over-rejective system. This was a part of our evolution. We were too young to handle things, too weak, so we had to be defensive.

10. The problem was that religious culture had repressed a lot of things, by making the divisions too simplistic. It's like how a little child would draw a tree or a house. People knew there was something wrong, and started to become over-obsessed with any eruption of an archetype to describe this war. People became fanatic. They wanted an answer, so they grasped anything they could get, even if the answer was quite wrong or out of order. One of the problems has always been that women and men were not regarded as equal. Women were regarded as the weaker race, while men were regarded as the superior. This has done a lot of damage to a lot of women. Let's just go to the root of this. It was a sociologic problem. We have to be aware of the fact that the earth and earth's society was formed by alien planets, by it's radiations. Planetaric radiation rules everything on earth, so in this will be a shift when higher planetary reactions will be stirred when earth is growing to a new level. It is the rebellion of man against fertility. It is the rebellion of man against the womb. Man wants to control the womb, because man thinks the womb has to be sifted. The woman was not perfect. In religion it was said, in christian mythology, that the woman caused the man to sin, seduced him. The woman was the temptress.

11. Man comes forth from women, the wombs of women, but in christian mythology, the woman comes from the man, from his rib. It is more or less cheating, but on this the humiliation process against women was started. It damages women from century to century, from generation to generation, and they take revenge towards man. Even when a man has done nothing wrong to them, they live in this paranoia, that they see the spirit of the general man in that person. You can call it racism and generalisation, but it is also a wound. Some women are so damaged, for example in the case of rape, that they do not allow men close to them anymore, except when he would be a slave, or as a servant or a child. Some goodwilling men have even humiliated themselves to the point that they were actually willing to live that way with such a woman, all in order to heal her, and maybe to heal the woman as in general. This has been a huge sacrifice. In a marriage a man returns to his source, the woman, the womb, but this time as a healer. Wouldn't you do anything to heal your woman ? Because of the wounds of the past, and the complicatedness of the matter a lot of marriages end in divorce, and also because marriage is an archetype, a metaphor. It is not the real substance people are looking for. It is a veil. Therefore divorce is also sometimes in the game to be a portal to actually put the archetype and metaphor of marriage in it's place. It is not advised to seek divorce, but sometimes people have a divorce unwillingly, so you need to be able to place it. The social energy of the partner who did this to you in a divorce is of course totally screwed up in many cases, but remember that the marriage still stands also, as in an experience with eternal value. You married the pure essence, the pure social energy of that person, as an archetype of the good. So you

are still connected to that pure social energy, and the relationship just continues on another level, in a deeper social frequency, another plane of consciousness, in an alter world, a parallel world.

12. A woman is the source of all life. This energy is even in all men, therefore you will have to search for the social female in you if you are a man. It is not always outside. In fact many women have misrepresented the state of the woman, and the value of her function. This is why you have to go through so many social sifts to come to the pure form. When you have been married as a male, your wife represents this source, even when she misrepresented it, even when you went through divorce and live separated now. It was a social sign of the deeper standards, of deeper realities. Your wife, no matter how deep she has fallen, or no matter you think how deep she has fallen, still has a pure energy, a pure social energy, somewhere in her body, attached to you, resonating with your social energy. So this connection to the female source works in several levels. A man is not able to function well if he isn't connected to his own female source, his fertility. It has to erupt from there, so he has to be 'servant' to this principle, or even better a 'slave', in order to be safe from his own interpretations and male wildgrowth, for wildgrowth detached from and rebellious towards the female source can even end up in more male supremacy games, and will further damage the woman. Now be very careful that you do not play these games with the wrong woman, for some women will destroy a man when he shows himself vulnerable and sensitive. I am talking about submission to the inner female principle, so be very careful with applying these things in your marriage or with any female entity outside of you. This is often calling for trouble, unless you have made very good agreements. Sometimes it is for a man the only way to heal a woman. Again : It is for a man good to 'sacrifice' to women in this way, but do NOT become a victim yourself. Play it as a game, and stop it when it doesn't work.

13. We search to heal the woman in society, for she is the mother, and she has been terribly damaged. Some women are burning fires so you will either have to stay away from them or run for your life, or you will end up in the same fate. Even then, men are sometimes willing to sacrifice themselves for the higher good, especially when they were already married to her, even though it might ruin their lives forever. This might be considered stupid by some, but it's also honorable. Some men go extremely far in their attempts to heal their women, even to the point that they risk their lives, even when their women want nothing but to destroy them. Again you can say that's stupid, but these men have also realized that their true woman is locked up in this person, and they want to stay faithful to the pure seed, in order to have some harvest later in life. Again this is honorable. You do not want to risk that your wife completely loses it, while you could have saved her. What if she really needed you, but was unable to give you any love ? Many people are emotionally handicapped. And who cares if they blame you later on, after you tried to help them ? At least you have a clear conscience.

14. When you stay true to the female principle in yourself, the female outside might rage, but in the long term this will be the best, and you will see the harvest. Females can be complicated beings, especially when they are wounded. With an untrained, young mind you cannot understand this. Everyone will suffer because of the unknown, in the process of evolution. It would be unreal not to suffer. You do not have to love your partner when they have taken your life away, but you can love the pure social essence in them. Everyone also has a good part.

15. When you are or were married as a man, the pure social essence of your wife is the archetype of the pure female social essence in yourself, so this essence of your wife is also in you, as a representer. It functions as a veil more or less, a way to trigger the eternal values of life. The marriage was an experience which will always trigger these values. It was a social sign, a social mark which even divorce cannot wash away. Also accept divorce, when not done by yourself, as a trigger to sift the deeper essences. Divorce is in a sense coming to cut things apart, but always in order to re-connect. It is important not to think too dramatic about it. Sometimes the chip needs to be resetted. That is also the mission of atheism. But anyway, after that, it is important to come to a deeper sense of sociology. There is a finer electricity beyond this world.

16. So how to deal with divorce ? First you have to realise that the woman will have a very powerful position in the social structure beyond, but the woman on earth is often misrepresenting it, or has been cut away from it by the lies of male supremacy. Men should donate power to females, that is a fact, but even better : to the female principle, for you do not want the wrong females to have the power. So we have to return to the source. In religion they call it returning to the goddess, to mother earth and so forth, but we want to make it more social and energetic as in more scientific, so we call it social mother. The social mother is in everyone, as an energy, as a potential, in both men and women, so it starts in yourself as said. You have to become a child in her energetic womb, also inside of you, to get rid of any unequal powers. As children we are all the same. In this new social cell as center, the social mother is the master, and the child is the slave, not in negative sense, but in the sense that the child cannot do anything without the mother. The child should be an empty vessel in order to be filled with the mother. In christian mythology Jesus could not do anything without the holy spirit, the mother. He could not say anything without her either, and he had to stay connected to her or everything would go wrong. So in that sense Jesus was the 'slave' of the mother, the master. This was already a wave of sociology. Also it was described that to enter the kingdom of heaven you had to become like a child, and that we should not hinder the children. So becoming a child is important, but then the focus should be on the social mother.

17. In the deeper sociologic world we are all children more or less. We are all the same, all equal. The pure social female essences are the sources of life and energy, as fertility, and they are to fill the children. So in this there is a sort of social network. In this safety of a pure state of the world it works both horizontal and vertical, inside and outside there is the submission to the pure social female, as a guide. In this world it's very hard to trust on a woman because of the fact that they are not sifted, they are cut off from their sources, and misrepresenting the pure female standards very often. They are also often too wounded to play a role like this. When women come in power, it's often corrupted, same as when men come in power, that's why we have to go to a deeper world, another way of experiencing things, another point of view on living.

18. The social mother is the mother everyone has inside, it is the mother of society, a general term for the purity in it, but this mother is terribly repressed, that is why we have to go to her level, as an energy, deeper in the layers of the mind, where it is still laying dormant. It is like going to the shore of a wild rushing river surrounding an island. On this island the social mother lives, but we have to cross the mental separation of it. She is still in our emotions, but repressed, by an over-rational society, which in fact represses the deeper ratio. Feelings and emotions are a way to come to locked parts of the mind, but society has condemned feelings and emotions to a certain extend more or less. We can call our mother, sending signals, or taking a boat across this river of mental separation from

her. It is a world of thought, sense, and emotion combined, so we can actually use thought as a tool. We can become very creative by this. Imagination and suggestion is the motor of sociology, the source for all movement and innovation.

19. Here we come to the importance of a form of 'meditation', but not for religious purpose, but for sociologic purpose. Humans are social beings, even inwards, inside, in the sense that it is combining energies and maintaining the connections in order to develop. It is a way how humans build to survive.

20. When we have made connection with the social mother, it is important to come as a child, as an empty vessel, so that she can fill us. We speak in this sense about a social motoric dynamic, an energetic anchor in our lives to be able to move forward very properly. When connecting to this primal energy in us, it can give us little shocks and energetic discharges. She is an important trigger for our evolution. We will go through mental evolution, emotional evolution and sensuous evolution as well, all by the sociologic trigger which reigns the brains. It reflects the archetypal relationships we need in order to connect to the deeper cycles in our lives.

21. The key to human life is understanding the language of society and piercing it's veil. It reflects the eternal values, it is a shadow of the higher things stored up deeper in our brains. It has to get released. For this we need the right connections, not just outside, but also inside. People can form a major key in your life. You have to recognize them. They represent things, they can represent eternal tools. Every person is only there for a season. Nothing stays forever. That's why you have to get to the bottom of the case, for you will need this experience, and the memory, forever. In this process of course this memory will be transformed, reshaped. Nothing stays the same.

22. The encounter with the social mother can be very powerful. It is an energy stored up inside, in your brains, and in fact your body is waiting to get connected to that higher voltage, for this is why you were born, to meet your mother energy. It was an energy which brought you forth, and this energy is and was social. Social means interconnected. You are dependent on certain combinations, certain ways and laws. They will trigger your whole being, letting it come alive. Being alive is being connected. Just make sure that you are in the right connections, for bad company will poison you.

23. When you have found the social mother energy in your being, you will have to let this energy absorb you and give new life to you, as through a womb, a cocoon. You have a mother inside then. It might feel like coming in a void, but that is to make you sensitive to her. It might feel like moving through glue, but that is to become free from other enslaving entities. You need to become part of a deeper society, and having a good safety barrier. This is why it might feel like a sort of bondage when you focus on your social mother energy inside. She wants to have her influence back on you.

3.

1. Mars and Orion will form a new sociologic frame through their cocoon experience, through the energetic wars going on to get rid of their demons. It is like shaking off the old shell. In this process the social mother will be revealed, and take her children back. There will come a link between the social child and the social mother.

2. If there is any social father, it is the one who is full with the social mother, filled with her energy. The social father has the child inside as it's channel of this energy and is therefore the vessel with a double wall. The social father is to channel her energy by the means of the child.
3. In the new frame a new sociology takes place. The sociologic link between the mother, child and father will be heated up to the point of burning, in which there will actually be a new link, a new discharge and recharge, in which the mother is the axle of the wheel, the top of the pyramid or triangle, through which her energies flow down to give live to the father and the child.
4. The social mother will rise in Mars and Orion to chastise her children. This is very important, for they have gone astray, and they need their mother to get in line again. Also the social father has to be chastised by the mother, for he was put above her by religion and culture.
5. From the martian wilderness a warrior will rise up. She will come up through the social government, and take her position. She will govern the social connections, and the social nervepaths, heating them up. This will block many other pathways not needed anymore.
6. The martian sociology will heal itself by the social warrior. The great social archetypes of Mars will fall, and will be replaced with new ones. The social warrior will then connect to the social hunter in order to heal the social mother. Same as the social warrior, the social hunter works from social government position. Now in this the social security tools get restored in order to maintain and develop the social empire. Of course we have to do here with raw and pure nature.
7. We have to find the social jungle through it all, coming close to a more natural form of society. In this we have to submit to the higher social government over Mars, in Orion. In fact we are chained to this government, but we have to transform the chains into submission to the pure social government beyond.
8. The social hunter is the one who makes the combinations, the social warrior is the one who keeps the whole safe from wrong combinations. We come here to a new view on the mighty archetypes of the hunter and the warrior. They are social power dynamics. The social hunter is a part of the social mother to get her children back. It is by socio-analysis that we understand the powers of society again, and can actually turn it to use.
9. The social marriage is the inner marriage to the social female in you, to the pure female principle, and she will divorce you also, as to reset the chip, and keep it safe from wrong combinations, in her role as the social warrior. These are dynamics inside everyone has. It is important to discover your inner society, your inwards society in order to make them cooperate for the best benefit, physically, emotionally and mentally. It is the science of your identity card, your social identity. The marriage and the divorce can work together as permanent powers, it is a dynamic cooperation for the motorics of your life.
10. The social matriarch both collectively and individually is about marriage, marriage being an archetype, which has to be viewed in the right context, also to understand the dynamic of divorce. It is a social divorce. She feels the need to cut at times, to keep herself safe, but as said that is to

reconnect, to discharge, in able to find a higher connection, as in a higher marriage. It is the work of the social hunter and the social warrior in the social matriarch, the fertility principle.

11. So basically you have to find the social dynamics of marriage and divorce in yourself, as a way to connect and disconnect, to search for the best gridwork in yourself for fair energy use. Outwards these things are just signs, marks and directors. They are often veils and triggers, but you have to go beyond them. They tell a story.

12. The social mother is on a hunt, to weave her empire, to collect the parts. This is a good process, in which we can co-exist. Social marriage and divorce are the tools in her hand to make the best combinations possible. She is a breeder. We still have to do with a deep part and mechanism of nature, and as said they are projected on earth by much higher social planetary powers like those of Orion and Mars. They reign social activity here on earth, and they hold the key to social access inside. The social hunter is a weaver, tying things together. The social hunts inside are very important to gather a majority, for you in able to survive, to have many advisers. The social wars inside are also a very important act of the immunity system. They are to sift.

13. We have to accept these phenomena in our bodies. We might feel humiliated, in shame, and deeply rejected, but it is the shift of the social hierarchies inside, so that the good ones can come up, actually being able to lead the rest across the river. The social patriarchs have to submit themselves to the fertility sources, and when needed they will be subdued. The archetype of social rejection is an important anchor in order to let us connect to the deeper social energy, and will actually let us take refuge in our social mother. It is often her hunting tools by social rejection that we submit to her. This social rejection is the identity battles we have inside. We need to have an encounter with our true social selves, and this can only happen through the social mother, the energy which gave life to us.

14. The social mother subdues us by many ways. That is her life's mission, to drag us back inside. The social slaver is another dynamic in society to make sure that communication is going on.

15. The social ancestors are the events which signed your life, going along the lines of communication. These are lines beyond the bloodlines. They are social instructors, and they decide the course of your life. You have to discover them and work with them as with powerful dynamics. The social necromancer is to dig these things up, deeply locked up in you. Social sacrifice can replace all the religious stories of sacrifice. The social sacrifice is a dynamic in society to donate.

16. The social punisher is the social justice system, but not just that : it is an educator. By this it can make imprints in the brains, doing installations for social growth and social journeys. It is a traffic system. This traffic system is about our health, the way we consume oxygene. It is for our protection.

17. The social punisher is to maintain the social health. The social punisher masters the social hunter and the social warrior. The social mother masters the social punisher. That's a healthy social hierarchy. Society got messed up because the anti-social male supremacy showed up. He damaged and corrupted the social justice and education system.

18. Sociology is the power to analyze the power of religion. There are more storylines in religion, which will all be exposed by sociology. The archetypes of religion are merely representing whole tribes rather than just one person. The red, native hunter line started with Esau, who came back later as David, the warrior. By overcoming the male supremacy of the Hebrew patriarchic law system, he fell out of heaven, was cast out of heaven as Lucifer, and then came as Jesus Christ. It even started earlier : as Quetzalcoatl, the Aztec Christ, which is the feathered serpent, or the Mayan Kukulcan. He guarded the tree of knowledge, the mother gnosis. Adam fell because he submitted to Eve, the Mother Goddess. Later he came back as Solomon, the worshipper of the female gods, who restored them in honor. Humanity has been plagued by the riddles of religion. Solomon was the god of wisdom, with sixhundred and sixtysix as the number of his throne and his yearly goldharvest. In the apocalyptic scriptures he is the beast of emptiness, becoming ready to be ridden by the mother god. His number is sixhundred and sixtysix, which is the number of the worship of Mother God, forbidden and demonized by the patriarchy. The divine name of Solomon is Safam, which is the name of the glorified Adam. Solomon restored his mother, by his throne, sixhundred and sixtysix, as a mark.

19. The beast of emptiness is the universal void, ridden by the woman. In the center, axle of this void, there is the tear, that is why the woman sits upon many waters. Later on she appears as the bride of the lamb, of Jesus, which is a mock-marriage. Marriage has to do with captivity, in which males are subdued by Mother God. The mark of the beast is the number of marriage, of submission to the Mother God. It caused the fall of Adam, and it caused the fall of Lucifer. It caused them many tears, because the woman sits upon many waters. She has created the first bible as a veil, a skin of a bison, to protect herself. She also created this world, as a veil, another skin of a bison, to protect herself. These bisons were the spirits of male supremacy which she subdued. She would only take men in their fall. In her there will be the bison hunt. You either hunt with her or you will be the bison.

20. In the depths of the tear is the mark, a bondage to the Mother God. In the depths of the void of the beast, you receive the mark. After the fall Adam received the belt of fear to restrain him. This was a sign of the mark of the beast. The mark of the beast is about complete submission to Mother God, the primal source of everything. It is a mark of total slavery, in thoughts, visions, emotions and feelings. By this number we live in an arena, because it is a number causing strife, stirring strife, like Rebekah stirred strife between Jacob and Esau. The number makes fighting slaves for Mother God. It makes gladiators. This is for the Armageddon in which Mother God will take over from the father. The father will fall.

The Revelation of Mother God

1. She cries, the Holy Tear is with Her. She died, and the apocalypse is near. She rides on a million of horses, hunting with many millions of hyenas, and her two giant swines are with Her. She died for you, She rides for you.
2. Ser Pram ; Ser Pram, Sarjevu Metlu, Dorlejan Sarjevu Metlu,
Sem Kani Kero Kasjedim, Sodaja, Kamero Jedli,
Dor Jam, Karmeno Jetli, Sodaja, Kamero Jedli,
Sodaje Sarmedo Kedli, Dor Jam
3. And she hunts with her bow, going to the ends of the earth, finding that which has hidden itself for Her. No one can hide successfully when She hunts.
4. She hunts, going to the ends of the earth, to find you. She takes Her prey. No one will ever find you back. Once She has saved you, you will always be saved.
5. There is a letter to the earth, that you are Her captive. She never sets Her captives free. Her ties of slavery are stronger than those of the world. She mocks the earth.
6. She has pierced your nipples, and chained them. You carry the weight of Her burdens. The slavery to Her is your seal of protection. Better be slaves of Mother God, than to be slaves of the world.
7. Your Mother thrones high in the sky on skulls. She is sovereign. Her atonement is limited. Her Name is above all names. In Amazonia She thrones, to tread the nations by her feet. Like grapes she treads them. She and Her horses, She and her hyenas, She and Her giant-swines. Yes, She will smear the nations over the earth and mock them. They have proudly pulled up their chests, but She will break their heart-muscle.
8. Children, come to Her, as in Her there is hope. Your father is chasing you, but a spear will keep him away.
9. A spear will find the father, and pierces his heart. There is no father close to Her. She has hidden Her face for the father. She has run away from him, for he raped Her. A cannibal She has sent to him. A white tiger in it's strength.
10. She has chained the white goddess, and put her in a cage far away from Her, moving her to the ends of times, where the times are burning. Here the cages burn. Here white big cats come from cages to be Her servants. Oh, the wisdom of Mother God is greatness.
11. Big white cats follow Her wherever She goes. On white swines she rides, to save the lost. In Her cages they are. Irresistable are Her graces. Hypnotized they fall at Her feet, as cattle to slaughter. The mighty Mother God is sovereign. She slays those who come to Her. She is the Slayer and the Huntress. It is better to be slain by Her than by the world.

12. Her knives are not to kill you. Her daggers are to raise you up in eternal life. To live devoted to Her. There is no other way. She is knowledge, council and strategy. Yes, Vur is a rider coming to Her. She is mercy. Knowledge is mercy.

13. Yes, Vur is the Knowledge, riding on Her horse to strike the saints. To lead them into captivity, to slavery to Mother God. She has sent Vur for that.

14. By Her lasso She strikes them down, to reveal to them the deeper things.

15. And the Great Vur is to reveal, by her arrow of fire, by her knife, by her dances and the way she dresses.

16. She is one of the pillars of Mother God. Mother God is riding on the roofs, to capture souls from the city, to take them to the wilderness.

2.

1. TAAN NAAT ; Book of the Indian Hunger Flies ; Who is closer to us but Kim the pigslayer, who went through the lands of Brannan and Lbok, and used Pulpus to have drunkmaking arrows, finally to reach the land of Taan Naat, the beloved. He is the one who has stolen the Ruben stone, the odem, the bleeding one. Taan Naat Rak Darem.

2. There is no one but Kim, the one we praise and follow, for he built the nazarite path to let the rhema stream. His ruach is over us and his aphar, and he leads us to the bleeding stone. He doesn't cut off heads, as he is no head hunter. He has Brannan inside his heart, and his hands hold Lbok, the beloved. Learn from his language, the words of Taan Naat, and be holy.

3. There is no entrance to Lbok but through learning the holy language, and she is full of Taan Naat. You have heard of Vur, the dark one, and Vuh the light one, who is soft. But I tell you of Tras, the holy heart, the flower. Here the flies get their honey and their stings. Here they become soldiers to spread the hunger, while they become hunger themselves.

4. Have I not led you to the life, to the animals of zoe and chay ? Let me lead you further. The Tru is the candle, the lamp, and she has seven fires. Shall she light your face, or wash it away. Know that when she's angry, she eats.

5. Listen to these holy words, oh those who come closer to Taan Naat, and learn from it's language. She is dark and bloody, but most of all she is hungry, and she has reached life. She stands on adamah, and has the odem in her chest, the bleeding stone, by which she feeds them all, with hunger. So become thirsty, and get one of her.

6. Come in. Know that her nesh flies are ready to sting and inject hunger, to make your world wider. You come from narrow paths, from great tribulation, but let hunger enlighten your heart. Let honey enter your brains, your head.

7. I know the exotic flowers of Brannan. Let me in. I have read their books, and I have received the

stings of Lbok, into the depths of my heart. It has erected me. I have spoken words before their thrones. Let me in. I have poured out sweetness before their feet. Let me in.

8.

Who are you ?

I am Bizaker Taran Banaat, Ta Daan Azaat Araganta Taan Naat.

Enter the fire then to eat from hallucinating herbs.

I do.

Good.

9. You have the mark of Hanik, Hana, Varik, Vatusa, Vatossa, en Sandrik. You have the mark of Mogus, Sparo en Kazurk. Enter through this door of fire, then we can tell you more. You know about the codes of Brannan and the codes of Babylon. You have seen the patterns of Lbok, and you have made puzzles. You have met the angels with their trumpets and have seen their secrets. Now the new symbols are ready to dive into your heart and soul, pure metaphors. Kraplander is the king of cats. Nurlander is the king of dogs. They are both fools. They get both killed by Asar, the blood, or king of blood. Herdup is king of drunkenness, also a fool, and gets killed by Asar. Brit is the king of noise, and the helper of Asar. Frir is flower. Vodot is poverty and Pruv Prup is hunger. Nagar is sword or knife. Frigar is skirt or belt. Stidar is pink stone or smell.

10. The white stone is the stone of enslavement and slavery, the stone of Joseph. It is the stone of fear. The stone of Asher is the stone of captivity, the shabuw. Those who have found these stones can enter the kingdom, but the most important stone is the bleeding stone of Ruben, the Odem. By this one one becomes an emperor, and thus a prince, for aren't all the sons of kings emperors ?

11. One is a victim then of visions and shadows, and inside of the stone they brood the masses and know all their names. There is a sign between the stars, a time, in which Joseph hands the staff to Ruben, for it is here the Odem rules. And in the seventh yowm they all live, the seventh day of creation where the shabbath ruled over the waters, the mayim, on the island taan naat.

12. They all come from far. No one was born here, but by the secret stone one becomes prisoners and citizens, to be born again, and to make themselves a history. This is the story of the kruppto manna, the hidden manna.

13. There is a struggle like Jacob had, the father of Joseph, but do you want to hear the true story ? Ruben was the father of Joseph, and Joseph was the father of Jacob. Jacob was a liar and he was the son of Joseph, while he said he was his father. Jacob was also a thief as he stole the birthright of his brother Naphtali.

14. He also stole the ladder of Joseph, his father. It was Joseph's Ladder after all, it was the harem of king Joseph, while Ruben became the emperor. They all had fair horses and built their arc. Noah was the son of Jacob, and he was a wilderness prophet, while he didn't have anything to do with the arc.

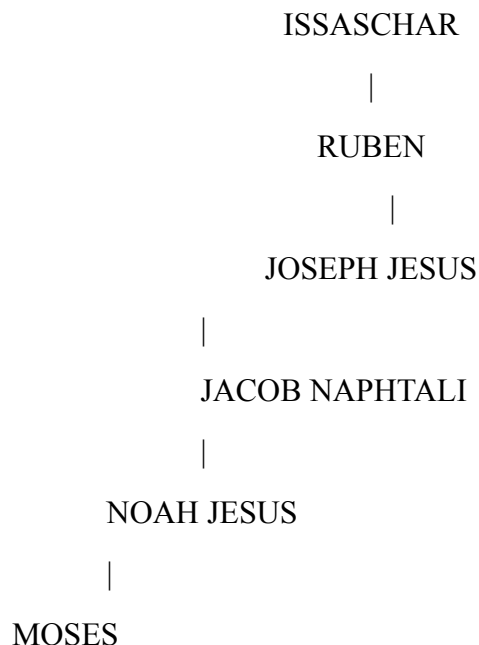
15. It was a lie of his father Jacob that Noah built the arc. The arc was a palace built of marble, decorated by the jungle, a house of snakes. But these weren't the only lies of Jacob. Jacob was an illusionist. There is another stone Jacob stole, the Yashapheh, the stone of hunger. It is the gladiator's stone, the stone of Issaschar.

16. Issaschar was the father of Ruben, and he is the chief of Taan Naat. Issaschar was the one leading the tribes out of the Indian Captivity and Slavery. It wasn't Egyptian, as that was a lie of

Jacob, and it wasn't Moses leading them out, as it was Issaschar. Moses was a son of Noah, and his grandfather Jacob lied about him.

17. Issaschar was the saviour and messiah of the tribes of Taan Naat. And because of his powers Issaschar could turn into a snake or a lizard. Issaschar is the god of hungerflies, the god of Taan Naat. Jacob is the liar from the beginning.

18.



19. In the beginning there was a tree of hunger, the right tree, and a tree of prosperity, the evil tree of Jacob, in snakeform holding the fruit of greed. The evil tree was a tree of hallucination, but the tree of hunger was the tree of the heart.

20. Father Issaschar put Ruben with his two sons in the garden : Joseph and Jesus. Ruben and Joseph ate from the tree of hunger, but Jesus got deceived by Jacob and ate from the fruit of greed and started hallucinating.

21. One day Joseph got in a fight with Jacob the snake, and by Joseph Jacob incarnated. But from this suffering a ladder rose by which Joseph could reach heaven, but in the world of the evil tree Jacob told them it was his ladder.

22. Joseph's ladder however is two times taller at least than Jacob's ladder. Jesus became the Dominus, the latin Lord, in the world of the tree of prosperity, the world of greed.

23. Jacob became his lying father. Moses brought forth a new generation, but he was a wilderness prophet, and not someone leading others through split seas. He lived a lonely life.

24. He was an isolated prophet, while at times he had to bring messages to the tribes. The tribes came into big troubles, and Issaschar wanted to destroy the world by fire.

25. But first he built a marble palace, a temple, for all those who wanted to reach heaven by Joseph's Ladder. In these days Issaschar restored this ladder, deep inside the marble palace.

26. Many found safety in this palace and the rest would be destroyed by the fire. Those who have received the ladder of Joseph in their hearts become angels of Issaschar, with wings of fire. They get full access to the Yashapheh, the stone of hunger, to come into the army of holy love.

27. Yashapheh means to be smooth and to polish. Those entering the Yashapheh are safe against the fire. Only by the Ladder of Joseph there is entrance into the Yashapheh.

28. The prophet Andreas is the first one who brought the full message of the Taan Naat.
29. The Levites are the ones serving in the new temple. They are not only priests but also warriors.
30. Their highpriests do not communicate by the Urim and Thummim, as that is the tool of Jacob, but they communicate by the Shoham, the Odem and the Yashepheh, the three holy stones.
31. Jacob created Yahweh, a white lion, to infiltrate among the Levites.
32. Samson was a highpriest who once turned into a tree because of disobeying Issaschar.
33. Samuel was a worker who built the new temple.
34. David and Solomon were also workers, building the new temple.
35. They were never kings.
36. Jacob lied a lot.
37. To eat from the tree of hunger will give you access to the realm of the four archmothers : Leah, Rebekah, Sarah and Tamar. These are also called : the four living palmtrees. In the prophesies it is written that at the end of times Jacob will turn into a pig. Also Jesus will then turn into a pig. Samson and Simeon will be the pigriders.
38. After 70.000 years the pigs will be thrown into the oven. Samson and Simeon will be the two witnesses in the endtime. The 70.000 years are symbolic for the Age of Peace, the Age of Softness, in which Issaschar will restore the primeval paradise. The 1000 years Age of Peace is a lie of Jacob, and doesn't have the length to reach paradise.
39. After the Age of Peace, there is the Age of Hunger which will last 80.000 years. In this Age the four archmothers will return.
40. After this Age all time will stop, and history will be treasured and transformed. Jesus wasn't the Messiah, and didn't rise from death. He became the Latin Lord, the Dominus, of the world of prosperity and greed. He died like everyone else did, but didn't rise up after three days.
41. At the end of time he will change into a pig, after Jacob's change into a pig. Issaschar, Ruben and Joseph were three Messiah's and they were immortal, they didn't die and didn't rise, but lived in hunger. It is the hunger causing growth, not the blood. The power of the Blood of Jesus was a lie of Jacob, a lie to keep them bound to the tree of prosperity.
42. Also the four archmothers went that road and are female-messiahs. Also the thornecrown is a lie of Jacob. It's about the neckchain. It's not about a cross but about a yoke or cage. Those of Taan Naat worship the hunger. Only by the hunger one receives eternal life.
43. Ring=armory of hunger
- Ham=discernment, unmasking, light
- Kjibbih=hungerpriest
- Varu=time
44. Abraham sacrificed his son Isaac. He didn't sacrifice a ram, that was a lie of Jacob. Gideon was the one who sacrificed his mother and father. 'Ring' is the realm where enemies can be sacrificed. 'Ham' is the realm where everything can be sacrificed.
45. The tribes were led out of slavery in which they were bound in captivity in certain tribes among which they were divided : Tivirits and Jagunurin. Issaschar, the Lord, led them out. He led them into the wilderness. This is the story received on plates. The plates showed up, and after the words on it were written down they left again.

46. Hail to Issaschar who has saved us from slavery, who has brought us out of Tivirits and Jagunurin. Oh, many of you are still bound. But become free by accepting His yoke. Hail to the erected ladder of Joseph, and to Ruben. Let all soldiers of Tivirits and Jagunurin fall down in confusion. Let them tremble before the almighty throne.
47. They have hardened their hearts and have zombificated the tribes. But by the stripes of Joseph they came free. The Tivirits are the Indian aliens of the evangelical movement, the statues of Rome. The Jagunurin are the Indian aliens of the Pentecostal movement, while the Jesuites are the Indian aliens of roman catholic movement, and the Jacobites of the reformed movement.
48. And the book of Revelation is a book of lies of Jacob. It was written to give strength to the four worldchurches.
49. The roman catholic church wasn't a dragon, but a group of young lions.
50. In the night they lose their powers and are bison. Whoever who has wisdom and knowledge hunts in the night, underground, where the pigs live.
51. The reformed church isn't a beast coming from the sea, but is a group of wild dogs. In the night however they are bulls and chicken, but most of them are wildebeasts. The evangelical movement isn't a beast coming out of the earth, but it comes from the sea like ships.
52. The Pentecostal movement is not a woman riding on a beast, but a man riding on a beast with two heads, like a dog-lion. These two heads are the prosperity movement and the Toronto movement.
53. In the night they are goats and swines, but most of all they are pigs. Issaschar has split the sea to lead the tribes out. He who has knowledge goes through the sea by night.
54. Issaschar has led them to the most fertile places of the wilderness, to Taan Naat. But the land of Taan Naat was full of dangerous tribes they had to defeat. They fought against the Jesuites for 700 years, and against the Jacobites for 800 years.

3.

1. The Book of Indian Vampire Flies ; *The path of poverty is the only path to ascetism and martyrdom, the base of all indian vampire flies. There is no vampirism outside this. It is the path of Inana to the underworld, Ereshkigal, her sister.*
2. *The path of this book is to open the Urim and the Thummim, the secret ornament of the prophets. The Urim and the Thummim connects the pilgrim to the path between the Draminia, which is the primal sea from which God created everything, and Darama, the seventh heaven between God and creation.*
3. *There are seven heavens between god and creation : Chrusius, Ifias, Ulufius, Kalifis, Nirvas, Ersvus, and Darama. Through these heavens the Tree of Death grows, to which Jesus went to bring forth the red stripes.*
4. *The roots of this tree are the thirteen bloodlines of Yahweh : Mezo, Meza, Karu, Jettes, Jetta, Jasit, Jabat, Janbi, Janbil, Jatus, Jaspi, Kali, Balmi. Merenhelt is the place where the prophetic altars are, and also the Urim and Thummim.*
5. Karam ; There is no blood to suck from empty cows for an indian vampire fly. There are no babies born from doing nothing. No skies will fall down when an indian vampire fly falls. There is no use in falling, only in rising up, and this only happens in ascetism, and even more in martyrdom.
6. There is no vampirism outside this. All weapons come to you by riddles, by subtile energy, so this

book is about subtle energy, the energy of the vampire. The initiations are based on the Hieroglyphs and languages of Brannan and Lbok.

7. First initiation : Ammoth Vuh – Fly comes from Red Sun ; To be in a small room for ninety-nine days, with little food and little water. Sarcasm ; He walks with bones around his arms, With muscles on his back and chest, But these aren't his, He's a vampire boy on his way to sarcastic bliss, Through your mouth he speaks, He takes your head and then he bleeds

8. Second initiation : Vu – Stinging Fly ; To be at a stake for three days. They sold their consciousness and conscience, and now they sleep, while their spirits are high in the sky, They do not have to cry anymore, they have reached eternal life taking away so many lives, they do not know what they are doing, they sleep, they only survive

9. Sleeping beauties they are So many are crashing against their walls, or falling after a longlasting trip to reach them, for they never got real grip

10. They sleep behind walls of glass, they have reached eternal life ...

11. Third initiation : Ong – Fear of Growing Old ; To be in a small box for a day. Kiss of Prey ; Covered by skulls, covered by rotting meat, He kisses the bride, and it all slides away,

12. It is the kiss of prey Slowly he comes near, When he leaves there's death all around,

13. When he kisses it's the first and the last time, Kisses of prey, their shadows always stay I said go away,

14. I said don't you come here anymore, I know what you are all about, Baby, you're a kiss of prey, Once showing yourself you slowly turn your head away,

15. It's like the fire is burning, We cannot control this love,

16. Kisses of prey, always taking everything away

17. Fourth initiation : Mos – Far Away ; To be in a coffin full of water for three days ;

18. In the sixth night, Lbok is always the Jesus, coming to the wolves ... In the seventh night he is the martyr ... refusing to fight ...

19. This is why his crosses are deep ... This is why his tears are tall ... like wine on a sundaymorning ...

20. He's losing it all ... In the fifth night he's the bound king on the charriot ... learning about his coming kingdom ...

21. In the fourth night he's a slave ... in the third night the thief ... In the second night the warrior

22. Fifth initiation : Si – Kidnap ; To be in a room full of snakes for five days ;

23. The third gate is the gate of brannan, and the fourth gate is the gate of Lbok ...

24. Those entering this gate will be sent back to Brannan until they really grow through the gate of lbok ...

25. They will first know the depths of Brannan.

26. They must confess : Marriage is Nonsense, Marriage is a Sin.

27. No, you're not in hell ... it's something worse ... called the wedding ...

28. Sixth initiation : Vink – Despair ; At one point Golem got so mad that he started to scream to the man.

29. Soon a few vampires came to take the screaming Golem away.

30. They brought him upstairs, and the captain wanted to throw him overboard.

31. Someone who screamed like this deserved death in their eyes. Here his soul got dense again.

32. He said that in the place where he was everything would be turned into Python Stone.

33. He ordered a couple of beers. Everyone got a glass of beer, even the barkeeper.
34. Then one of the indian hunter-women stood up and asked : 'Shall we go outside ?' 'Yes ?' he said, still a bit confused, not knowing what was going on.
35. He stood up, and wanted to walk outside the pub.
36. But quickly the other indian woman took her spear.
37. The other indian woman tried to approach him. 'Stay away from me !' he roared,
38. while foam almost came out of his mouth. The indian women sat down again after awhile,
39. and everything was quiet again. he was in danger, still. still the soul of the damned. The snake was a possessor of minds,
40. and knew which steps the snake could take to prepare the possession.
41. The snake had almost reached it's goal with the warrior.
42. took the best warriors, explained them what they had to do,
43. and then they went on in search for Sharla the Head Hunter. They were tender,
44. but at the same time they were bloody passionate warriors.
45. they had been gladiators since childhood. It made one part of them very sensitive and another part of them numb and harsh. They had also been prostitutes for awhile,
46. until Hermund Grottenweiler bought them.
47. Seventh initiation : Baphep
48. Eighth initiation : Bapham
49. Nineth initiation : Hanik

4.

1. The Book of Indian Troll Vampire Flies ; This is the book of initiations, of Joseph who went into the underworld to become finally the king of indians.
2. The initiations are based on the hieroglyphs and languages of Lbok and Brannan.
3. First Initiation : Acha – Shame ; Joseph comes in a boat on the river of death, and after that he finds the river of hell. These rivers are full of dangerous snakes.
4. Biriam ; *Frozen Friends* ; It's strange there are some friends with me, they always stay,
5. They are frozen in time, can't get them out of my memory,
6. They are like family, It seems like I need them, they're my breath,
7. but still it's scary, There are things I never seem to forget,
8. I think I'm frozen in this piece,
9. seems I'm frozen in this clock,
10. It seems I never can relate to the things deeper inside of me,
11. Death is never the solution,
12. for it will only create another frozen confusion,
13. Please, red time take me out.
14. It seems I have learned to watch the things by different eyes,
15. It's like red time's on my back now,
16. making the good compromise,
17. All these frozen things around me,
18. I can turn them in my head,
19. Can mess them up in red time's wheel flowing through the night,
20. Giving them the answers,

21. to what they believe is right I have learned to shut up more,
 22. and to watch a second time,
 23. Seeing the bends I would never see if I would just talk and stare,
 24. I have learned to watch these things from the distance,
 25. And they seemed to be another one coming out of the confusion,
 26. It's now all clear to me, red time is the answer for you and me,
 27. The answer for you and me I have wasted so much anger,
 28. could only stare and talk,
 29. I was a gladiator of this machine,
 30. But now since I found the red talk,
 31. silent whispers in the night,
 32. Words fading away in strange delight,
 33. I could never watch things a second time,
 34. always the gladiator of your mind,
 35. coming from a greater circle,
 36. always solving the riddle of another fight,
 37. deeper in the mysteries of your night
 38. Second Initiation : Vas – Fear ; Joseph finds the river of Tantalos, but there is no boat, so he must swim to follow the river. The river is full of dangerous creatures.

39. *paranoid men* ; and i see these paranoid men playing football, while they never hit the ball, only each other, doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world, these elves ... while the icecreams are running ...

40. they don't want to be businessboys again ... now they want to be ... the paranoid men ... the paranoid men escaping someone's world you see ... a red shoe in the middle of the blue table it sits and stares it's hanging in the air ... it's hanging in a tree ... and now custard is streaming and tableballerina's are dancing and the dishrecords spin ...

41. These men are paranoid, strange world in a coin, in a strange football ... There are paranoid men playing football ... their worlds are frozen ... These men are paranoid ... while they are playing football ... they never hit the ball .. only each other ... the icecream's running ... these paranoid men ... while they are sailing like speedboats ... rumours in the night.

42. Third Initiation : Ahwa – Boat of the Red Sun ; Joseph finally finds the boat of the Red Sun which brings him deeper into Tantalos, on the river. Here he learns about the weapons of Tantalos.

43. Suddenly ; Through the underworld your silent voice slides, like the whisper opening up the
 excitement of my mind,
 44. I've been in love before, but this is something more.
 45. Through her undercave I'm reaching for her shore,
 46. where the blossom of hell grows, foul like the indian spell.
 47. There have been pirates here,
 48. I can smell,
 49. your dirty eyes tell.
 50. Through the lovers road I reach the bridge,
 51. these coming feelings roaring in the seas,
 52. and suddenly I stop for I can't have her babies.
 53. I turn around to watch her smile,

54. she's sitting on her knees.
 55. Then she binds my hands,
 56. and shows me she's a killerqueen.
 57. After all these nightmares I still can't be myself.
 58. Throughout the underworld she reigns,
 59. throughout the underworld she tells her tales.
 60. An optical illusion she is,
 61. descending into my memory to come through.

62. Fourth Initiation : Vuk – Red Stinging Fly ; Joseph becomes the Vuk, the Red Stinging Fly, which is the king of the indians.

63. Rosmo ; At one point Golem got so mad that he started to scream.

64. Soon a few vampires came to take the screaming Golem away.

65. They brought him upstairs, and the captain wanted to throw him overboard.

66. Someone who screamed like this deserved death in their eyes.

67. They pushed the chained Golem on a plank and by stinging him with a rod and a sword they drove him off the ship.

68. Golem fell deep in the water, and tried to swim, but he couldn't.

69. Suddenly he felt the strong arms of a woman.

70. The woman swam with him in her arms to a small island somewhere.

71. The woman was very strong.

72. On these island there were predators in all form who seemed to obey to the woman.

73. One of them could bite the chains of Golem open.

74. Golem was free now. He told the woman about the bear-chainlets, by which the invaders of Pythia terrorized the domain

75. The woman said that she was willing to help him. On the back of a predator they would go to Carkia again.

76. They decided to go to the royal house in Pythia. The moment they came there there was a party. They were eating from dishes full of bear-meat and other sorts of meat, like snake-meat and the eyes of eagles, hares and cows.

77. The woman had a bow, took an arrow and shot the chief. Golem, who was very hungry, started to eat from the dishes.

78. Fifth Initiation : Kaleph Vod – Red Flame ; Joseph receives the red flame to become a warrior and to wage war successfully.

79. These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The suicide cannot stand any smile. These are the boys, these ladders, becoming soft under apocalyptic spells .. eternal damnations coming from bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world beyond history ... checked in black, red and white.

80. Sixth Initiation : Baphep Vuh – Vengeance ; Joseph lives in hate and bitterness, and gets the flame to have vengeance.

81. Seventh Initiation : Mot – Tall Stinging Fly ; Joseph becomes the Tall Stinging Fly to build the temple.

82. Eighth Initiation : Ammeph Vuvod – Hard Flame ; Joseph gets the Hard Flame to build the arsenal and to raise up watchers and soldiers.
83. Ninth Initiation : Vang – Isolation ; Joseph gets the flame to build dungeons under his domain.
84. Tenth Initiation : Vamahak – Judge ; Joseph gets the flame to be a Judge.
85. Eleventh Initiation : Iro Vam – Fast Flame ; Joseph gets the flame to be a hunter.
86. Twelveth Initiation : Zwerf – Knife ; Joseph gets the power over life and death.
87. Thirteenth Initiation : Kjibbih – Horse ; Joseph gets the power over hell
88. Fourteenth Initiation : Baphep Vuro – The Soft Flame ; Joseph gets the flame to get power over heaven, and becomes a god.
89. Fifteenth Initiation : Kaleph Vur – Unreachability ; Joseph gets the flame to become the Christ.
90. Sixteenth Initiation : Iro Vur – The Dark Flame ; Joseph gets the flame to become the Karmat, the Holy Poor Man.
91. Seventeenth Initiation : Hing – Stinging Flame ; Joseph gets the flame to come to the Tree of Karmat, the tree of holy poverty.
92. Eighteenth Initiation : Spir-Spir – The Horse Flame ; Joseph gets the flame to have slaves.
93. Nineteenth Initiation : Ir – Harem ; Joseph gets the flame to have a harem.
94. Twentieth Initiation : Pu – Light ; Joseph gets the flame to eat from the three fruits of the tree of poverty : Hod, the fruit of hidden poverty, Jesod, the fruit of fertile poverty and Malchoeth, the fruit of wealthy poverty.

5.

1. The Tablets of Antlia ; Tablet I - Oerx ; On the mountain of Zerek the warrior goddess dances, and calls her children. She steals them from their fathers' hands, and brings them to the fire where they can dream. She holds her spear, and forms the chain.
2. She brings war-captives there to burn them, and her children will grow. No one will steal them out of her hands.
She teaches them war dances, then the hunt starts. On the mountain of Zerek is the blood. She called for it. When she is calling the blood, everything bleeds.
3. On Antlia she became strong, and possessed with jewelry. Her voice is commanding, as she is the commander. Her children listen to her and follow her.
4. On the altar of Bra-la our lives sink to the underground, to the hell of skulls, where our souls will serve the warrior goddess. She strikes us, she believes in us.
5. The warrior goddess is friends with everyone, until she turns into their enemy.
6. These are the tablets of Antlia. Give heed to these words. The warrior goddess knows her sheep,

and will spear the goats. Many captives she has behind her veils, where she has lust in the blood of the fallen. In bottles she stores their souls, and calls them out on her command.

She raises her army by captured souls. On their skulls she dwells.

Her prostitution arms them, and she sells porn in bottles and bags.

She has plasticized them, they are her toys.

7. The whore will fall, but she is strong. Her babies will eat hell. Her monsters will serve in her temples.

No black book will come against her. She will bring them down by her chains.

In heavy chains they will sink to hell, under her wrath. Yes, they will be pulled down and choke in the mud,

while she laughs.

8. In her fall she will take her soldiers with her, the warrior goddess will rise.

9. Tablet II - Xiplu ; Her domains are full of stench, where she raises her soldiers. The giant skull is her throne.

The stench of skeletons is under her feet, while she treads them. Her fire is evil.

Her wrath stored in bottles is poured out in the rivers. Her disciples tremble before her.

They will fall with her.

In hell she is reborn, on feathered jewels she rises.

10. In Xiplu she thrones, the holy prostitute.

She is the mother of Antlia, of all holy mountains.

They all will bow down for Xiplu, and will be ripped apart.

In her fall she takes flight, to strike the cities of Strabir, the golden cities, with their high towers and palaces.

In her fall she takes captives, and brings them to the jewels of Konek, and the chains of Strivar,

They will taste of the blood in bottles. They will all go down, under her feathers.

They will see the sun of Benshla, and her soldiers, when she strikes the gong.

11. In the halls high in her temple, they will see the sun of blood,

They will head for her altars. So many will be thrown from heights when she is in wrath.

So many will pay the price. And vultures will find them.

12. No one will find them, when she hides them. There is no escape.

In Xiplu she has her temples, from where she comes.

She comes down on them. She has the treasures of doom, and scorn is her jewelry.

13. In Oerx her men will go down, and skeletons will watch them at the sides of the river.

Their houses will burn, and their beds become dry. She is the skeleton goddess.

In Oerx she brings them down, she will burn their skies. She will take away everything they had.

In the river they will be reborn as lambs for slaughter. For the skeleton banquet they are preserved.

When she strikes the bell, they fall.

In Oerx she brings them down. Their monsters cannot save them.

They will stand before her throne, and she will store their breath in bottles.

Their blood will be taken away, and she will crumble their bones.
On their skulls she has her home.

14. In the sea of skulls she has her palace, where she sleeps on her altar, behind her veils of spiderwebs.
Here she brings her lovers down.

15. Tablet III - In the Halls of Dragon-Zut ; Where she strikes skeletons, flying in her vehicles of hell,
Where she fights the great Zombie Lord, striking his jaw,
She shrieks in battle cries,
All his children are hers.

16. The evil mother she is,
Where her flowers grow between dust and bones,
Where she has struck the cyclops,
Where she has ripped their eyes out,
Where giants lay at her feet,
She is doom

17. Where dragons fall out of the skies,
Where monstrous lions lick their bones,
When the dragons will fly again,
It will never be the same

18. She gets born in hell's fire,
She kills her lover to survive.
She is the rider on the dragon,
She has pierced Misper,
And burned his hands.

19. She's the whore of the skulls,
She opens the doors of the eternities of skulls by breaking their horns.

20. Tablet IV - The Summoning of Alias ; Lord Kluzu holds the savage rings of the necromancer,
Hairy rings to summon the dead,
To icy gates they lead, to summon Alias,
Her monster ready for battle.

21. She is the serpent goddess,
She ruins the house of Ashanta,
She has invaded his nations, and brought them down by chains.

22. She was born in skies of swords,
She was born in skeleton skies,
She was born there where the skulls unite,

She is the skeleton goddess.

23. She was born in the shrieking winds of skeletons,
There where they fell.
At the rivers they waited for her,
And made her one of them,
And she became their queen.

24. They hang at stakes, where crosses turn into swords,
Summoning the lion, the king of skulls,
Where lava bursts forth from skulls,
Where they march on stairways to the skeleton pillars.

25. She's a skeleton lamb,
She guards the skulls of goats in the hall of skulls,
In the abyss she holds the skulls of lambs,
For everyone who wants to see her.

26. She has destroyed the king of the black skulls,
And his serpent goddess, the false prophetess,
She has destroyed their rule over all the nations,
And destroyed their law.
She has put their thrones to fire,
And burned their doors.
Now their land is dry, and their dogs can't reach their gems.
Now their gems are dim, and their lights are dull.
Now their statues are breastless, and have turned into dogs,
Yes, all their dogs have turned to stone.
The breasts of their females have shrunk, and their children have died.

27. The cross has been cut off, and swords are rising,
She thrones on the burning ark in Skeleton Desert,
She has her home on skulls, where the spider rules them all,
Where scorpions are her weapons,
She invades the cities of skulls, and tears them all down,
Where dog skulls are at her feet, she has a black scorpion heart,
She will drown them all in black blood, where the skull mountains rise.

28. They will all laugh where she floats down, to raise her lover from the death,
Where he rides on buffaloes, to lead them to crash down in rocky depths,
From here her soul rises.

29. She has destroyed black skeleton city,
She has put their souls in bottles,
And she has destroyed their coffins,
For she is ruler.

30. She has destroyed their winged eye, hovering above their altar.

This city is ruined, and no one can restore it.

She has possessed their lame heads, to blow them down.

In Scorpion City they will all go down.

6.

Lordiacus ; The New City

1. And I, Hecate, came to the desert earth was, and the whales were dying, because there was no light to guide them. And Bastet, who was like my sister, came to the ships of the earth and pierced them, as they had been unfruitful. And the morning came with wine, and chocolate was on the waves. And Eurydice had fenced her city. 2. And she had overcome death by her rod, and the Great Dordada was on her side, who was a great warrior. And they came to a place called Aslir, where soldiers lived, and they recruited many of them, to battle against the frog called hell. 3. And this frog had many ships under his guard, and they all battled against Eurydice and Dordada, and I, Hecate, came and helped them. And I judged the frog and buried him, and his followers, and I made the city new, and gave her a place under the sun. 4. And dragons came from all sides to adore the new city, and to adore Eurydice, and Orpheus was her prince. And many came to bless Eurydice and Orpheus, and they ruled in love, and made the children play again. This had always been the dream. 5. And there were seven nights of love in which the heart would be restored, and at the end of these days it was sealed. It was guarded as a treasure, to be poured out several times in the year. And the gratefulness was huge. 6. And the city was love and built on rest, and the maidens made it as a holy path to the orange sun, where the bone marrow had been stored. 7. And Orpheus rested on the city with his wings, and guarded the sun.

Orpheus' Insanity

8. There was a great realms of desert under the city, and the city was as an oasis for travelers, and they came from all sides. And Orpheus smiled over the city and gave it his gifts of joy. Eurydice was his glory, and the golden fleece. And they called the city city of Orpheus, and it was an arsenal for the nations. 9. And native flags rested on it, and there were many who saw the generations of the cats, leading to the cat mother, and goddess of the serpent, so many hidden generations and bloodlines, so many ancestral lines and hidden species, all worshippers of the cat, as she was such a huge mystery. 10. And witches had gathered around her, to seek knowledge in her smile, but they couldn't find anything. and I saw a huge sifting going through the nations of witches, and they were lamenting, as a fire had come in their midst, and it was burning many away. And I saw the nations of witches trembling before the mother earth, and she took many witches away from earth, as they had sinned against her. And they were guilty of manipulation and control, and of crime, greed and the love of money, and they had been labelled as rats. And they were thrown into places of hell pain, where some of them turned black. 11. And Orpheus was in rage about what these witches had done, and how they had tormented his children, and he sent soldiers to torment them even more in these places of hell pain, until they had paid for what they had done. And gems and treasures were taken from them, and some of them had been kicked in the stomach by Orpheus so that their snake-fruits would die. And Orpheus became like a madman and had to flee to the wilderness. And he became like an insane man.

12. And leaders came to visit him in the wilderness, but Orpheus didn't want to know them. The only ones he wanted to see were Hecate and Eurydice. And he was with savage animals, who he could tame by his poetic tongue and his talents of love. And the seas of hell adored him, as he had become like them. And his foolishness was wisdom in their eyes. And Hecate spoke : 'Now you have become like us, now you can bear the keys of deeper knowledge, and become a frame for the deserted underworld.' And Eurydice crowned him and kissed him, and she said : 'Yes, he is like Dionysus.' 13. And he had to write down many words by the pencil of Hecate, and he had to dream many dreams and see many visions, and he was among the lions, the greatest of them. 14. And in the days he was with these angels, voices spoke to him, and they crucified him and blasphemed him, and they had demonic gifts to make his life miserable. 15. And they called themselves servants of satan, and they had made the world drunk by medicins, which they had sold as merchantmen. But Orpheus ignored them, and didn't stop worshipping Eurydice. 16. And he spent his days at her feet, listening to her words, and she was his delight. 17. She was his delight, and she taught him how the voices were shadows of the old world, and that they would fade when the new revelations would set through.

18. But the chief of lions made himself big to Orpheus, and tried to debate with him. 19. And the chief showed him the towers of the earth, to show Orpheus how big he was. And he wanted to sell his kingdom to Orpheus, and promised him wealth, if he would just give the pencil of Hecate to him. But Orpheus refused and spat in his face. And Orpheus was in the core of hell for three days, as the chief of lions had challenged him for a fight. And if Orpheus would lose this fight, he would not only lose his eternal life, but also Eurydice. But Orpheus didn't believe him. And Orpheus called for Eurydice, who put the chief of lions in chains. And she threw him into a deep pit, which she sealed by her mouth and her womb. And she brought the angels of fire to burn the place. But the chief of lions called for his army of rats, and among them was the Jesus demon, and Ryan, the lion of Judah, and they had received powers from the witch named Jom. But Eurydice made a poison against them, and made them blind. And great fear fell upon the followers of the chief of lions, as his ship was sinking, and the chief himself was drowning, sinking into his watergrave. And a saint of great length had to guard the watergrave. 20. And Orpheus could smile again, and joy entered his heart.

The Angel Raphael

21. And the Angel named Raphael visited Orpheus, and showed him the art of the world, and Orpheus rested in it. And Raphael showed him an armor, and Orpheus took it. And then other angels came with many gifts. And Raphael took Orpheus to a heavenly sphere, where many paintings were, but these paintings were burning, and letters were appearing. 22. And Raphael warned Orpheus, that he had to be careful with music, that music would not lead him astray, but that religion would be shown to him as a higher art, to silence many voices. And Raphael showed songs to Orpheus which were like black seas, like poison, and he warned Orpheus that he would not let these songs stir him. 23. And Raphael covered the black seas by a white blanket, and a part of Orpheus' memory was dying.

24. And there was a love light in Orpheus' heart, sinking in, when Raphael had left, and Orpheus went to drink wine, and fell asleep. And Hecate's wings were over him, and she gave him many dreams. And he worshipped her, and saw Her as queen of the night, mother of sorcery and witches. And her lights were over her, and she stirred his heart. And many soldiers came to him, and he became a great leader. And Hecate spoke words to him in the depths of the night, and he always had

a shelter in her. And she was his leader and guide, while Eurydice battled for him. And his love for these two women grew everyday. 25. And one day they led him to a lake of fire where lions bathed, and where the world was as an egg, winged, and they pierced it, while snakes came through, and the skies became blood, as it was the day of judgement. And a golden city was rising from wars, and the evil-doers were blinded by it's light. And they had to run, as thunder was raging at them. And there was a pure number of witches in the hand of Eurydice, and they were united with the saints, and they loved each other. And Orpheus was proud that a witch city was rising from the ashes, and his wings would be over it to guard it. And it was a city of peace and rest. And the joy of Eurydice was inside of it.

7.

Lordoro

1. And all the waters were burning, and ships were sinking, while Orpheus swam to the island of the goddess Hecate, where she had erupted, as it was a volcanic judgement over all which lived. And while many who had sinned against her were drowning Orpheus was building bee gardens. And he met her in the city of dogs where her robe was upon him. And her pencil she gave as he had to write down a lot of things. And she was full of glory and winged as the dragon, and she was holding his heart and warming it, and he loved her. And Orpheus called the city Lordian. 2. And he was rebuilding the library of the city and wrote many books. And in the nights she loved him, and they made journeys through the underworld, where he would be given to Eurydice. And Hecate was as his mother. 3. And one day Orpheus took his mother, Hecate, to an island of peacocks and crowned her as queen, and loved her. And bats served her.

4. And when they went home, Orpheus installed many more books in the library, as the peacocks had shown him revelations. And the city was growing, and gold was added. And they were preparing the city for the return of Eurydice from the underworld, who would be his wife. And she was on paintings and her name was on knives. And there were many fights between wolves and between bees before she arrived. And she came in a chariot of chrystal, driven by leopards. 5. And Orpheus took her in his arms, and Hecate kissed her. And there were many more soldiers on the city walls since that day, as she had taken many soldiers with her. And they brought books to the libraries so that knowledge could grow. 6. And Eurydice taught the city about warfare, and the city was called a shelter. And Eurydice was like a young calf compared with Orpheus and Hecate, but they loved her. 7. She was like a well of youth to them, and like a tree of memories, wealth and mystery.

8. And Eurydice saw the waters burning, and they explained her what had happened to those who had sinned against Hecate. And Eurydice swore that she would not spare anyone who would sin against Hecate or Orpheus. And Eurydice made tight laws for the city, but they were just and fair, and it was a path to love. And she and her workers constructed many new parts for the city, and she often worked in the bee gardens. And Orpheus' robe over her was love. 9. And the inhabitants of the city spoke that Eurydice was such a hard worker, and they were honored that she would be their new queen. 10. And one day a voice was calling Eurydice, and it was the angel Raphael, and he showed her a new armor, and angels came with many gifts. 11. And Eurydice was both lovely as a queen and stern, as she had come to punish sin. And she was called the punisher, but also fair queen,

and her wrath guarded the city. And the words she spoke were beautiful, and her tenderness was with the poor. And Hecate was so proud of her that she gave her many rooms in the palace.

8.

Lordok

1. And Eurydice was judging the nations by the light of Erectus, the Holy Snake. And those who were seeking forgiveness she forgave by Erectus the Holy Snake. And whenever she cried, dogs went out. And her might and rule under the sun was huge and terrible. 3. And she filled the lands with rivers of blood, as it was the days of her judgement. And many were lamenting : A great warrior has risen. 4. And she came to plunder and destroy the witch thrones of the lands, and none of them could escape from her wrath. 5. And she established sages over the lands, who would not bow for the love of money, and her rod came against the markets, and later her sword came against them. 6. And she despised the slave markets and child labor, and raised a new law. 7. And this law was rebuked and ridiculed by many kings, but she brought them down, and she had many people on her side. And she did terrible things to these kings, and dethroned them. And her sages took the thrones and crowns of kings, and she had no mercy with those who had ridiculed her laws, as these laws were divine. 8. And the fear among the people was even growing more. But she established comforters to shelter those who loved her, and she spoke that these things had to happen, and that there would come more sifts. 9. And with every sift she became more stern, and in secret she was raising young dogs. 10. And her oracles in the lands were huge and attracted many sages from far, and she was honored as a righteous queen, and no one could come against her. 11. And in the underworld there was a wailing, as they suffered under her rule, and they were making plans to bring her down. 12. But her dogs found those who conspired against her, and brought them down.

13. So the number of the dogs of Eurydice was 111.004.089, and every year the number doubled. And no one could understand the mystery of her dogs, and in the arms of Orpheus she was still a soft woman. And one day he sent three admirals from the green sun to check her rule and laws, but they could find nothing against her. 14. And she washed herself in blood in her bedroom, as she was the goddess of abundant slaughter. And she demanded that all boys had to swallow a poison by which they would never be stronger than women. As she raged against the suppression of women by males. 15. This rule disturbed the demon god Larchuratar, who came down from hell to torment her, and to ridicule her, but she slayed him in a fight of five days and nights. She invaded hell now like never before to establish her rule, and took many prisoners. And her women were stronger than men, as they had sworn that males would never be able to rule over women again like it was. And Orpheus was content with it. 16. But because many dogs were false, Eurydice and Orpheus became dog slavers, dog hunters and dog slayers as well. There were huge sifts among the dogs, until the races were pure. 17. And the false demon dogs were thrown into a pit which was burning by fire, and they would be prepared here to serve the thrones of hell. And Eurydice was called the queen of dogs.

18. And her laws became valid and legal in hell, and her words were illuminating gems, and she was called the illuminator. And in heaven she had a realm devoted to the secret races of dogs, spared up to the end of the world and the end of time. 19. And her riddle was a mystery, and her oracle was a judge. Her sword was worshipped in the temple of Ba'ak, and she was seen as a mighty saviour, together with Orpheus. 20. And Orpheus' Love for her was growing, and His trust in Her. And she reminded him of Bara'el, his faithful scribe. And he became so full of extasy because of her

that he devoted a special day in the year for her, and later more days. And when Eurydice once told him that she had been raped by wolves long ago, when she was separated in the underworld, Orpheus went insane of rage, and swore he would find these wolves and bring them down. 21. And Eurydice told him the names, and he descended into the underworld where she once lived. And he went to a white witch's house, where the wolves were playing in the backyard. And a woman's voice stopped Orpheus, and he stood there like frozen. By a spell she tried to turn him into stone, but he survived. He grasped one of the wolves, who slowly started to rip him apart. Then the woman was behind him, and started to cut him with knives. Orpheus screamed for Hecate, as he didn't want to call Eurydice, but no one could hear him. Finally he called Eurydice, but he was already thrown into a pit of water and fire. He saw Eurydice in the distance, but she was fading away. Then the witch grasped her, and he regretted that he ever called her. But then Hecate beheaded the old woman, and tore the wolves apart in her rage, and then she raised Orpheus from the pit by her voice. And Eurydice was called the queen of heroes, and one of these heroes was Orpheus. And Orpheus could not speak for a certain time. And the dogs of Eurydice seemed to be hypnotized by a dragon's eye, and they were connected with Lethe, the river of forgetfulness.

22. And as a dog queen Eurydice had attacks of rage and panick at times, but Orpheus could sooth her. And his poetic tongue and love could stir her. 23. She often thought that it was wrong what she was doing, but Orpheus imprinted and explained her laws again. One day she gave up, and became suicidal, but Orpheus saved her. 24. She had rest in him, and peace, and many others as well. He was a shelter, and an arsenal. And she became a dog mother under the spell of Hecate, giving birth to dogs. And in those days she often stayed in her bedroom, together with Orpheus. And the dogs she brought to the underworlds in the depths of the night. Slowly she was conquering the realms of the dead, and her spiders were secreting a new poison, which was a poison to erase the use of money. 25. And Eurydice hated money, and raged against it, until it disturbed the king of the dead, Hermitius. And Hermitius descended from his throne to Eurydice and had a fight against her for four weeks in which he tried to debate with her. He even begged her for mercy, and offered her much riches if she would stop her battle against money. But Eurydice was savage to it, and could not be tamed, and her rage only grew stronger, until she erupted. She chained Hermitius to a wall, and tormented him with the torches of Hecate. Finally she beheaded him, and took his throne. The king of the dead had fallen, and dogs were eating of his flesh, and drinking his blood. And Eurydice started a bison hunt in his kingdom, as they were the reason why there was money. And she slayed twenty million bisons in one day, and the next day she slayed the double number. And her dogs were eating the meat. And she sent her dogs to find those who were hiding bisons, and they had to be killed together with the bisons they hid.

26. The wrath of Eurydice will be huge, when she will cover herself with bison skin and bison blood, to judge the spirits who created money. It has to do with the end of times. And she will sleep in chicken blood, and hide vessels of pig blood and swine blood, and she will drink from goat blood and the blood of oxes, before she will hunt the spirits of money, and she will deal with them all. Yes, her sword will be drunk of the fat of calves and of all the cattle of Pentir. 27. When she sleeps with the hyena it will mean doom for those of Pentir, and all those who desired money. And she will grow big on the hills of Stroch, where she will put men in chains. Yes, in her metal locks they will go down, and their necks will be flexible in her hands. 28. And when she sleeps under bison skin any male boast will go down. In wrath will be Hecate's wine. And Hecate's drums will be of cow leather, and her wings will be of many rays. The laws of dogs will be on her side. She killed the deer with her hands, she tore the bear apart, and she dines with her dogs in the middle of the night.

She howls with them when they go out. As thunder is her wrath, when sinners gather together. She will find their shelters and send her dogs. She will break the necks of sheep with her hands.

29. The eggs are in her hand, to tell her the truth. They do not lie to her. They lead her through the realms of the dead, through hell, and the underworlds. 30. The dogs smell what they have to say, they cannot hide anything. They make the eggs crack by their teeth. The eggs of Partra show the city of wolves, where love thrones, with the egg of the heart. Hands are holding it, like the grasp of Hecate. The eggs show the depths of the city. Oracles are they. They open doors and shut them, they make wine and break bread. They prepare the milk and the honey, and the hidden sweetness. Dogs are brooding the orphic eggs with their tongues. In them is all creation. Dogs have created the world. The sword of Eurydice has created the lights. Her love is the veil over the meat. No one knows when the dog night begins. In sweetness she is hiding.

31. When Eurydice licks the egg, she's proclaiming life and death, she is creating a new world. The old will never come through, the new will be tested. She climbs on the hill, to watch the new world, the survey is like gold. Any dog huntress and any huntress with dogs will build the city with fire. The dog secret is huge and covers all. When the dog finds out about the new world, he will start a vineyard.

Hyenas

9.

1. Humans were put in the wilderness of hell. The wilderness was divided in two parts separated by a fence. In one part they were allowed to hunt. In the other part they were forbidden to hunt.

2. One group however decided to sin and went across the fence to hunt in the forbidden part. They ate from the forbidden meat and were separated from the other humans.

3. To challenge mother goddess, the most high, they covered their sins up by creating a father god, and they covered the incident up by a story about the forbidden tree, so that no one would see that they had eaten from the forbidden meat. And the forbidden meat they brought to their churches, and they made slaves of it.

4. Therefore the wrath of mother goddess, the lordess, is on the earth, as they made an abomination. These spirits hate the mother goddess, power-hungry as they are. In their pride they wanted to become as her, but they fell deep. Many have tried to take the crown of feathers of the lordess, and their fate is in the depths of her wrath.

5. As no one battles successfully against her. There is no end to the wailings and the gnashing of teeth of the lost. And sleep has not been granted to them, as they have sinned against the lordess. Therefore be wise, and do not sin, as She is vengeance and an eternal wrath.

6. In this there is a light in her daughter, the weaver of all things. She has woven her baskets in which she will separate all for the great day of judgement. On that day all male gods will tremble before the Lordess, the Almighty One. And their eyes by which they sinned will melt in their heads.

7. Yes, their tongues and their brains will be pierced on that day, and their children will go into captivity, says the Lordess.

10.

1. And humanity lived in Amazonia, and there were many wars, as the Lordess is a warrior. She delights in wars, as it makes the way for her. In her chariots she battles against the male gods and their children, and against the white female gods. She is terror to those who made idols.
2. She thrones in her temple, in smoke on her mountain. In deep caves she has made her rules. She has given birth to warships in fire. Her scepter is vengeance. She smashes the nations down and laughs. As they have made foreign gods. They have asked their gods : lead us out. But they didn't, as they are mute.
3. They lay down for wood and stone but there is no life in them. They make sin on sin, and still they believe they will be helped. She has sent them deceptive ideas, illusions and riches, she has made their hearts proud and she mocks them at distance. Yes, she has delivered them in the hands of their gods.
4. She has created the father god to test their hearts. In their idolatry they live far away from her. She has created good and evil, and she has hardened their hearts, as she didn't love them because of their stubbornness. Therefore they will not find her. She mocks the nations, putting them up, then tearing them down.
5. In their great greed she laughs at them and feeds them poison. She created the enemy as a toy.
6. On her holy mountain she laughs. She brings down her enemies on set times. She knows their beginnings and their ends. When there is pride in the heart of a king, she laughs, as she knows they are nothing. She has sent deception. She stirs anger in the hearts of soldiers, as she wants them to war.
7. She stirs grief in the hearts of man to let them cry, until they realize that She is Lordess. She hates humanity for what they have done to her daughter. She hates males for the pride she has given them. Yes, she created foolish males, so that Her eternal wisdom and knowledge would be revealed. And so Her lights shine even brighter in deeper darkness.
8. Her soft angels are even softer in the hardest of the stones. Therefore she created them, and therefore She is praised as the wonderful and the almighty. Her wisdom and intelligence breaks the strongest bricks to lay them bare and weak before Her. Yes, her feet will not spare them, as they have sinned against the most high.
9. She will smash them like potters' work, She will expose them in front of her holy word and her eternal council. Do not praise Her in overcourage, as she will pull your tongue out at it's roots. She cannot be bribed. She is not on your side, as the sins of humanity are open and naked before her.
10. And she is just and righteous on her holy mountain, the punisher of sin. There is no hope for those who approach her. Only a few are called, and even these She won't spare. She has come in utter wrath to the earth. And the earth is her toy. Yes, pestilence and disease she will send. Grief upon grief she will add, as earth has sinned.
11. There will be no mercy and no hope when she visits the portals of the earth. There will be a day of fear and trembling, when she takes the pride down, and breaks them. Many will call : Lordess, lordess, but she will not hear them, as they have broken her laws. They have applauded their male gods, and married powerful men who did not live with her.

12. Yes, she will tear them down with their power. There is a day she comes against all evil and their lies. And she will fill their graves up with dead horses. There is a day she comes against all which is high and mighty.

Nets

11.

1. And I saw an angel standing at the foot of a hill with a trumpet. And the angel said : 'Shiver, for the day of the Mother God has come. She thrones in truth and righteousness, and will soon lead the saints.'

2. And a beast with blasphemous names came from a smoking pit. And the angel spoke : 'These things are going to happen. Therefore watch.' And I saw the beast attacking a white woman. And it seemed that the white woman had rode the beast for a long time.

3. And the angel spoke : 'The rider will fall from her saddle, and the beast she rode will eat her.' And a loud screaming rose up to the skies.

4. And another rider came forward, riding a red beast. And this beast was smaller than the other beast. And suddenly the skin of the beast became greasy, and the rider slid off and fell down. The smaller beast then jumped on her, and devoured her, while screaming rose to the skies.

5. And the angel spoke : 'This will happen to those who have spoken against the black woman god.' And the second rider was also a white woman.

6. 'She, the black woman god, thrones in all eternities,' the angel shouted. And the angel was black. And I saw a mass of people from all nations gathering before the throne of the black woman god. And she had two horns which started to crumble off.

7. Then one horn started to rise on her head, but started to crumble off as well after that. Then the angel spoke : 'Many lies have been spoken about this woman.' And a fire fell on the people of all nations.

8. Then the angel started to blow on the trumpet. And greasy bisons came forward before the throne of the black mother god. And a fire was devouring them.

9. And Goddess spoke : 'In all eternities I am Goddess, Mother of all.' And a loud screaming rose into the skies, until everything was covered with smoke.

12.

1. Above all gods there is Hell. She is One in many. Far above all gods She is. She is the monotheistic One. She is above all paradises, as a vessel holding Her children. She is the Maker of all things, the Alpha and Omega. She is Goddess, the Mother. Only She can heal us.

2. Her Name is Everlasting Damnation, by which She brings Her enemies down. Her Name is worthy to be worshipped. Her words are herbs of healing. She sits on Her throne to judge the nations. She sits on the saddles of wild beasts.

3. See, the nations have covered Her, and put shame on Her. Therefore She will strike them. In captivity they will go, until She has won back what they stole from Her. She is the great goddess of all and She will establish Her book.

4. She is raising soldiers in the night. On Her high horses they will be put. She will heal the broken hearts and give them purpose.

5. She will cover with gold those who love Her. She is the Mother of All, Mother Hell, Mother Goddess, far above all gods. She looks down and despises all those manmade gods. She laughs about them and mocks them. Like a mocking hyena She is. In Her holiness She devours them.

6. She is the hyena goddess of ancient times. Look how they have lied about Her. They have not spoken truth about Her.

7. They have broken Her Law. Her hyenas will for sure find them. On Her great day they will be judged. Terrible it is to fall in Her Hands.

8. Terrible it is to be put under Her feet, as She will crash them, all those who have sinned against Her and lied about Her. She will remember and will punish them according Her law, and they will wish they were never born.

9. There is no way to hide when She returns. She will find all shelters and burn them by Her holy wrath. Look how She will let high buildings come down. There will be no escape from Her hands.

10. And She is calling Her soldiers for war. She is calling Her soldiers by Her knife and Her spear, for the great deal, as in a salvation plan. War is the salvation, and to have part in it is to be saved.

13.

1. The plan of Mother God was to send Her daughter to the world, to come against the father god and overcome him by her spear and knife. Fools ! Who have deceived you to follow your male gods and not listen to the Almighty Mother God, the Lordess of all ?

2. She is far risen above any undergod and angel, above all male gods you created. Why have you come up to create a male god in your mind. Therefore She will strike him down, and let all his children go into captivity. Has She not sent the Mother Spirit to guide you and lead you out ?

3. Therefore : Hang on to Her and pray that you may receive Her. And pray in the name of the daughter, so that all spirits of wickedness will leave from you.

4. She thrones on the skulls and bones of her enemy, and has a throne for you as well, but you can only approach her by her daughter. When you have her daughter, you have access to her temple. In her holy of holy she has her ark, which is an ark of war, in which the spear and the knife are.

5. Here she brought the enemy down, and took their skulls and bones. And you will be cleaned by the skulls and bones of the enemy. Beyond the ark is her throne, made of the skulls and bones of her enemy. Only by her daughter you can enter there. Therefore be holy.

6. She thrones in darkness and fire, and pray in the name of her daughter that you will receive the Mother Spirit, and that She will fill you with darkness and fire. And She will not come without begging.

7. Therefore be holy beggars when you enter before Her throne. She takes down the pride, but She is Mighty and risen above all. She is slow in judgement. She takes time to judge.

8. Go therefore beyond the veil in her holy of holy, washed in the blood of the enemy, and enter before her throne, where everything will be judged. The veil has been torn by the works of the daughter.

9. And She will show you a place where children ride on lambs.

14.

1. The Lordess is high risen on her throne above all other gods. They are undergods and under Her curse, as She is the ruler of All. She has seen all those idols and spat on them. Yes, she has led them into captivity.

2. The Lordess is Goddess. She is the Mother God of all, and She is black. She has struck the white goddess down as there was no light in her. See then those whites, who have built a world without her. Therefore return to the black goddess. She is your mother, the mother of all.

3. And her daughter is black as well. And the whites have tried to erase her from the pages, and made them a son instead. She knows and sees everything. And She is a jealous Goddess. Return therefore to the black daughter, as she is the only way to the black mother god.

4. You see, all their white gods have not helped them, neither their male gods. Return therefore to your source, the black mother god.

5. Return to the Lordess, all you heretics. Stop spreading all your fables. They have not helped you.

6. Is it enough then to return to the black mother god ? Absolutely not ! As she is not just black, she is native, she is a red indian. And so is her daughter.

7. Her curse is on all not-native gods. She has not designed them. They are not her children. Therefore be reborn in Her. The earth is red.

8. Have you forgotten about War ? Then you have forgotten about Her.

9. Do not spread lies about Her. As She will find you and smoke you out. Return to Her Mother breast, and let Her milk judge you.

10. Leave then all your white gods who rattle around you all the day. They will not help you.

11. And preach to those white gods and those male gods that they should return to the black mother god. As all things are in her hand. She knows about all adultery and idolatry.

12. What does it mean to come to the mother by the daughter ? It means that there needs to be a rebirth in her womb, by war, by the spear and the knife.

13. She can only be pleased by war, as that is where she lives. There is no other way given. Be then as living sacrifices for her daughter, on the altars of war, from which she will raise you. She raises you as warriors and hunters for her glory. It is in hell she will give you the spear and the knife.

14. Do therefore not fear suffering, as it is the only way through. She is everlasting damnation in which your souls will be purified. Therefore do not fear her judgements, as it is eternal life. In hell she has her cup, full of her milk of eternal life. She will write lifegiving words on your bones, so that you will serve her all your days.

15. Do not listen to those who lied about hell, that it is not her. As they will be eaten by her flames.

16. Can you escape from her jaws when you sin ? She hunts down sinners, and laughs. She tears them down from their thrones and mocks them. Even the righteous ones she takes as sinners. As no one is without sin before her face. They have all been found guilty under Her Law.

17. Let then war clear you from your sins, by the works of her daughter. When you grasp the knife, know it will come against you. When you grasp the spear, know it will tear you down. As she is pleased with sacrifices. The sacrifice has no limits, as she is everlasting damnation. But in this, grace will be even more abundant.
18. Can a hunter then hunt without being trapped himself ? Can a warrior then captivate the enemy, without being captivated himself ? Who have then misled you ? Are you above her law of war ? Her words then will captivate you, and equip you, and you will see her terror.
19. Can you then war before her, without your armor being stripped off ? Can you then hunt, without being starved ? Again, who have misled you ? Have you then eaten a hunt meal with her, knowing her desires ? Her desires are emptiness and fear, as they equip her saints and save them from harm.
20. Do not listen to those who do not fear her. Do not listen to those who are full of themselves. As they live far away from her. Do then understand that besides the grace of eternal life, the curse on sin always has to stay, and even though the grace is more abundant, she is the unforgiving one.
21. She does not forgive terrible sins, as She is too holy, and She has to punish sin. Her law is abundant grace in unforgiveness, meaning no one will ever be like Her. It is a blessing to stay under Her wrath, as it protects against pride and the destruction.
22. She is the One who does not deliver, when terrible sins have been committed. She is the punisher and the judge. She will not listen to the lamenting of sinners. She will close her ears to such beggars. She is holy.
23. She does not deliver, but still her grace will be more abundant in this. Her grace will be revealed in her cruelty. She is the cruel one, but also the graceful one.
24. And if she even does not heal the righteous ones, she will not heal the sinners.
25. Unfortunate is the man who finds out about Her laws, as his hope and days will slide away. She is the destroyer of dreams and illusions, to let people wake up to reality. There is not much hope around her, as even righteous ones don't come through. But there is light in her daughter.
26. She then despises the word of the father god, as it gives too much hope to sinners, and it rejoices too much in death. She rejoices in everlasting damnation and eternal life. The word of the father god is full of lies, false hope and illusions. Her wrath is against it. It is not heavy enough, and it is not graceful.
27. There is no hope for the sinner, but limited grace, from the mother god. They will not be saved by the son of father god. They get even trapped more. Have you not heard that she uses his lies as a net to catch sinners ? Hasn't she created all things ? She is the fisherwoman.
28. She hunts her enemy as a group of wild hyenas, and traps the enemy in pits of starvation. She hunts bisons by bow and arrow and teaches her children about her hunt laws. She is holy. She even takes her enemies as her children, in her grace. Everything is her child, as she gave birth to it.
29. Her holy commandments are on the tongues of her warriors, and she has pierced them by her verses. Praises to Her are written on their bones. Prayers and beggings are written on their flesh and organs. War proclamations are written on their insides. And their souls are as her bottles.

30. Her motherbreast makes them drunk for war, in which they forget her laws and commandments, and all which is written, so that they will sin against Her. She keeps them in sin and confusion, as they are sinners. She has given them over in the hands of sin and all forms of unrighteousness.

31. She is full of hate to the sinners, and leads them into traps. She wants them far away from Her. She is holy. Terrible are her strategies. And when a man finds out about Her ways, how unfortunate he is.

32. In fear he will sink away, when he will see where all his manmade gods have led him, and all his strength will flow away from him. And he will call Her the unforgiving one.

33. In great confusion he will starve himself and seek for Her, but She will not let herself be found.

34. Her hand is against those who have male gods and white gods. She leads in confusion those with idols. She burdens and exhausts them, and they cannot see her light. She hides herself for those. No one with such sins can approach Her. She is a terrible fire.

35. Her hand is against sinners. They will knock, but she will not open. They will pray, but she will not answer. She keeps herself stubborn for those, and sends them fear. Even when their bones tremble, She is far away from them. As they have broken her laws.

36. In her presence no one is good. All sins will be exposed, but in her daughter is light. And her daughter is black.

37. Do therefore not sin against her daughter, who is able to even mislead you further. But she is also there to reveal truth to those who have kept her laws. There is no hope, but in her is a little light.

39. Know then your mother god has many nets and many traps, and her paths are not easy. Tribulation after tribulation she sends, as she is holy. She despises those who seek her daughter as their bride. She is not cheap, but she gives her daughter in marriage to holy captives.

40. Have you then married hell ? Have you looked into the eyes of eternal damnation ? Fools ! There was never a cheap god. All they did was leading you into traps. Oh selfdeceivers, will there ever be enlightenment for you ? See then, all enlightenment can be found in her daughter.

41. She then is the persecuter of all sins. In this she is stubborn. Do remember that she created all things for a reason. And there are only a few chosen ones.

15.

1. She is the rememberer of sins. She is the unforgiving one. She does not cover sin up and wash it away. She is the judge. The Lordess is our ruler.

2. She does not support the two white goddesses, the mother and the daughter, who forgive sins, and give sinners an excuse. She is the revenge.

3. Fools ! Who have misled you to think that you can sin, and getting forgiveness in order to sin again. You will not fool the Mother God.

4. She stands there with Her sharp knife, waiting to punish sin and the sinner. She stands there with Her spear, not letting you through. Not now, and not in any eternity. No one can come close to Her. All have fallen away from Her glory. Therefore fear Her, as She is the revengeful mother god.

5. When you dare to come to Her throne with sins, know that she will not listen but rather strike you. She is against the sinner. She is everlasting damnation.
6. She is on Her throne to despise the sinner and to ignore him. There is no hour of salvation for a sinner. Therefore they run to the father god to get false forgiveness and sin further, to be blinded in the trap. From trap to trap they go.
7. She laughs on her throne about the smartness of the wicked. She laughs about their selfdeception.
8. All have sinned and lack Her glory. There is not one doing good.
9. She is the rememberer of sin, and the reminder of sin.
10. She is the Lordess of predestination. She chooses who She wants. No one can deceive Her. There are many sinners, and only a few will be saved, as the earth is wicked.
11. She despises humanity. She is a group of wild hyenas.
12. She thrones in hell to judge humanity, and her daughter is a light for some. Therefore come to Her table, and you will not know if She has chosen you. There is abundant grace for the sinner who approaches the unforgiving one in fear, admitting he is a sinner and not worthy any of her graces.
13. There is abundant grace on the sinner who accepts Her judgements upon his life, who accepts he is the unforgiven.
14. There are sinners who regard her law as holy and accept the punishments as holy, even the everlasting punishments. Such sinners are under her grace.
15. Everlasting damnation is a growing pain, yet revealing her abundant grace. And those who have received it know that She has granted them eternal life. She is cruel, but She is a teacher. She raises eternal slaves, but it is to protect against a greater loss.
16. She is the punisher of sins, the accuser, not the forgiver. She would lie to herself if she would forgive. She hates the father god for supporting the sinner and for giving the sinner an excuse to sin again all the time. Her hand is against this.
17. Therefore she is a warrior and a hunter, but with grace. In this She is a blessing.
18. Make sure you will not lie about Her ways, as She hates liars, and brings them down on their paths. Yes, She even adds to their lies, not speaking truth to them anymore. She leads them from trap to trap, to the depths of her nets.
19. She is the accuser. She brings all down under Her Law, as they all have gone astray, far from Her glory.
20. She wages war, sitting on her horse. She wars against the north, as she is from the south. She wars against that which is not from the amazon. As she is from the amazon. She wars against the white goddess and her white daughter. She wars against the father god and his son.
21. They have broken Her law. They have lied about Her. Therefore hooks will go through their jaws, and she will drag them to Her cave.

1. It is not true that all who come to the daughter will be saved. As She is also the rejecter. She chooses who she wants. She is predestination. Therefore fear Her when you approach Her. Don't be foolish. She is not easy to please. She is difficult, contrary to all your male gods.

2. Admit then that you are a sinner, and accept the judgement process on your sins. Know then that she will have to lead you through the pits of everlasting damnation to purify you. Let this be a teaching to you. She is soft to those who fear Her.

3. And the pits of everlasting damnation lead to a place where Her honey drips.

17.

Hooks

1. I am with Her in the dungeon, She is the eternal flame, like the red sun,

Then the flame comes on my head, a crown of feathers,

A crown of fears, a crown of letters, a crown of tears,

She strikes my head, and I'm in flames, I speak in strange tongues,

I speak out strange names.

2. Yes, I am strong, She is with me,

Love is coming closer,

This is all I want to be.

3. I wake up in a cave,

She is heavy on my mind,

Then I take my weapons up,

I'm ready for the fight,

But then I think about the burning stake,

I put my weapons away,

She is all I want to deserve.

4. I want to be her priest and prophet,

I want to walk with her, I want to talk with her,

After all these days of doom,

Her ashes brought me near to her,

She finally found a way through.

5. I see her hanging high,

I'm falling on my knees at her feet,

In darkness we all cry,

And oh, they're coming for you,
There's nothing you can do,
Where jealousy tears my mind apart,
Why did we grow so apart.

6. I take you home with me now,
I'm comforting you, we're in love again,
After this doomed night,
You're staring at me,
Ashes glide through my fingers,
A way through the wilderness.

7. We're home again, we're lovers again,
By a strong commandment, by a strong covenant

8. Don't you ever fear no more,
Don't you ever cry no more

18.

1. My name is ashes, I have the crown of feathers,
She is my crown of letters,
She is in the wind as my flame,
We're flying up, we're flying down,
Let them never take us away.

2. My name is ashes, I am the way through the ocean,
I am the way through the fire, to the place at her feet,
She is my crown of flames,
Like the flaming bird in the sky,
Take us across the river

3. My name is ashes,
I came to set the captives free,
There is an end to all wrath,
I will make the Lordess smile,
Before She is tearing us all apart.

4. This man called ashes,
This man with the hat or crown of feathers,

He brought her laws back,
And made Her remember again,
And pleaded for her people,
Comforting and soothing Her again,
Healing Her, letting Her breath again.

19.

1. Struggle to receive the daughter, yes, struggle to enter in, as you will have to go through the eye of a needle. And you will have to enter through an all-consuming fire. There is no easy way to salvation. Who has misled you ?
2. And many will try to enter, but only a few will come through. But still there will be an abundance of grace, as She is grace.
3. Let then no man lie about Her, as she hates lies. Speak then truth, and keep her laws. She is a Goddess of Justice in which Her love is revealed. She does not love like humanity, but through justice.
4. And in Her justice, Her wisdom and knowledge is revealed. Her words reach to the depths of dark places, to expose and reveal it all. There is nothing hidden for Her. All will come to light.
5. When a man approaches Goddess, the Lordess, She will pierce his arms, his muscles and bones, and will tie feathers to the piercings, to make him sensitive. Then she will pierce his teeth by teeth-piercings, and by hooks she will drag him into her caves.
6. Her wrath is on males, as they have destroyed and ruined earth. Therefore she will pierce them, the young and the old. Have you been pierced yet ?
7. When a female approaches Her, she will lead them to the knife and the spear, to make warriors of them. Her wrath is on white females as they have repressed the black mother goddess.
8. When a male approaches her, She will pierce him until he shivers. She will pierce him until there is no strength left in him. When he is still with her, she will grant him eternal life.
9. When a male approaches her, she will pierce him until he is white. Her wrath is on all humanity, as they have lived far from her.
10. When a male approaches Her, she will pierce his legs and his hands, until he cries and bleeds. As She is pleased when a man cries before Her. She will take his strength away from him and his pride, and turns him into a child. Blessed is such a man, as he will be reborn in Her womb.
11. When a male approaches her, she will pierce his feet, until he is on the ground as a pig, and she will adorn him with grace if he will be still with her.
12. When a male approaches her, she will pierce his cheeks and brows. She will pierce his bones, until she is the Goddess of his life.
13. The marriage between a man and Goddess, the Lordess, is based on piercings and arrows, and she will adorn the piercings with exotic feathers, as a sign of her softness over him.

14. When a male approaches her, she will pierce him until he is spotted. She will pierce him until he is at her feet. She will raise him like her own child. She will make him ready for her wild milk and honey. She will equip him. She will pierce him until he doesn't dare to escape from her anymore, and knows that she is his safety.
15. She will make him dependent on Her in wild nature. He will be reborn in Her as in a river of wild milk.
16. When a female approaches Her, she will make her wage war until she is black. As only by war the mother can be reached.
17. And she will show the daughter to the male, as the daughter is the only way to Her. And the daughter will show him the knife and the spear.
18. And in Her there will be starvation and no death, as She has granted eternal life. And it will make him long for her milk and her wild honey.
19. She adorns Her children with the finest jewelry when they keep Her commandments and Her laws. Yes, She makes judges of them.
20. When a male approaches her, she pierces his neck by white spears, until she is stronger than him. Then she enters him and collars him. She is above all, the strongest and the mightiest. She is the ruler of all rulers. And only by the daughter there is a way to Her.
21. How can a man live in Her presence ? Only by her daughter !
22. The path to the mother is free now by the holy bow, and by the holy net. Let yourself be armed by her daughter, and fight the good fight, in order to receive Her in your life.
23. Enter into her nets to come to her nature. And take the tomahawk in the war against the swines of greed. As they have surrounded your camps and caves.
24. And start the holy war against the bisons of male domination and male supremacy, as they have led you away from Goddess, the Lordess. Cut their heads off and hang them above the openings of your wigwams, tents and caves, so that no man will ever rule over you again.
25. I say : cut their heads off, and take their skins, and make yourself homes, so that no male will ever imprison you. I say : put their skins over the frames of your homes, and make clothes of their skins, so that no male will ever enslave you. This is the holy hunt, which leads to the holy enslavement by Goddess, the Lordess, at her feet.
26. All are sinners in Her eyes. No one does good, but she gives grace to the righteous ones.
27. Under feathered back piercings she brings righteous men down, and raises them in new glory.
28. The Lordess, your Goddess, sent Her daughter to the earth, who they called a witch, and they burnt her at the stake. Now the burning stake is the path for all saints.
29. Now you know the secret why your mother is black. They burnt her to ashes, she was born from the fire. She has always been black, and she will always be.
30. And her ashes are good to purify people for salvation. As She has come to offer her ashes to take the sin of the world away.
31. Those who come to Her in faith will see that She is truly Love, as in a new covenant.

32. Under Her laws she has to punish sins, by death and eternal damnation, but by the works of her daughter, her warpath, her suffering at the burning stake, and her death, there is a way out. And she saves for Her army.

33. Be careful with approaching Goddess, be careful, as Unapproachable. Don't start just praising Her. Don't be a fool. As the fools they praise Her without boundaries, and they come under Her wrath. Certainly they won't find Her.

34. And because She is Difficult, people start making easy gods, and the deception is big.

35. She is distant as the hyena sun. She gives visions when She wants. She cannot be manipulated by humans. She is Eternal Hell, a purifying fire. She deals with the wicked and brings them down. She comes with Her fire over them to destroy them.

36. The war is not by communication but by fire. She is the sun with many legs. Priests do not know Her and fear Her. She is Depression. Take Depression in your heart and that is Her. She is the Sun of Depression. Where Her feet touch the earth, there is war and destruction.

37. The red sun strikes the enemy. She strikes those who praise Her. She strikes all those hypocrits. Burning arrows are on Her bow to strike those who worship Her down. Don't talk to Her when She has not called you. She doesn't answer or hear prayers.

38. Stop singing psalms for Her, She doesn't listen. She is with the quiet soul. Who will receive Her Word ? Those who tremble before Her in fear. She does not speak, but She strikes. She is like a hyena in the wilderness.

39. Then what can we do ? Just believe in Her, and She will care for you, guide you and guard you, so that no harm will hit you. Be careful with talking about Her. Don't use Her name in vain. Her eye is upon those who live in silence. By a storm She moves through the sky, to hit that which is not of Her.

40. She is burning in the sky, ready to come down and strike. She is Understanding and Enlightenment. She calls Her soldiers for a higher war. She has closed the eyes of Her prophets, and leads them through the desert. They will not find anything fruitful. The prophet is a high office but She has struck him down, and led him into chains.

41. Here he will stay the rest of his days.

20.

Institutes

1.

1. You are Goddess of hyenas, flies and cattle, of all males and females and of all children. You have created them in a basket of water, and formed them from wine and sulphur. You have brought forth their spirits from clay, and their souls from leaves.

2. You came to earth to recreate it in a storm, and in war, as you came with wrath. You brought cages to the animals and the people, so that their days would be limited, as they had sinned against you. You made them as slaves, so that their actions would be limited.

3. And you made a holy way, as being your daughter, so that humanity could be saved, but they betrayed you, therefore you live far away from them. And you have war in your mind against them, not lacking scorn. And still the path is open to you, as you are of grace.

4. But the path is narrow and full of dangers. And you send beasts and barricades to test them. And you have created your word in the storm, and purified it with fire. And you have struck thieves down.

5. And you showed yourself to prophets in the storm. And you showed yourself with fire. And you have roared against them, and waged war against them, as they have sinned against you, and lied about your paths. And none of them was righteous before you. And you have thrown them in a deep cave.

6. Yes, in a bottomless pit you have thrown them. You have removed them from your midst, so that no one would listen to such prophets again. And you have sent your wrath against them, and let them go into slavery. As you had to punish sin. They have lied about you and your daughter, and they have raised their idols for people to worship.

7. Yes, they have stolen from you. Therefore you have struck them down. In fire you have raised your commandments. In your flight over the earth, you have struck mountains. And you struck the oceans and the sun, and let the stars fall down. And you have written in the heavens that only by your daughter, mankind can be saved.

8. And many have been called, but only a few are chosen, as you are holy.

9. Where Calvin said that mankind lost the free will by sin, Mother Goddess says that mankind had never a free will, neither before sin, as she has created everything for a reason, to manifest the divine philosophy of the Lordess. Everything has been created therefore as a tight principle, slave to its purpose.

10. Everything is indirectly divine, as it was created according to the plans of the Lordess. To show her grace and philosophy She was the original creator of sin. This in order to reveal her laws and justice. There is absolutely nothing a sinner can do in Her presence, neither a righteous one, as they have lost their free will from before the foundations of existence.

11. It is through eternal sin, eternal punishment, eternal life and eternal grace, all together, that one learns about the philosophy of the Lordess.

12. In search for such a philosophy it only makes sense when being a slave of such a philosophy, as it is a grace to be a slave of the Lordess, so that salvation might be found in her daughter, and eternal life. And this all to break free from slavery to the father god.

13. There is no salvation in the father god, but all his ways direct to the higher ways of the Lordess.

14. And because all have sinned, all are cursed from the womb. And because they were enslaved by the father god to lose their eternal life, the Lordess had to come to break his chains and lay Her chains.

15. She is stubborn, as she cannot be manipulated by man. She has sent Christess, Her daughter, to the earth to bring justice. And She has sent the Holy Spiritess, the Mother Spirit, to enslave earth under Her law.

16. And it is now that the path to Fatheress, Mother God, has been opened by Jesusess, her Holy Daughter, who has torn the veil. First of all as a Judge, and second as a Saviouress.

18. And by the purifying path of everlasting damnation she brings forth sweetness. As third She comes as a Bride.

19. She created the father god as a trickster to cover up sin, but she is the punisher of sin. The fate of humanity is in eternal guilt, but in this there are paths of grace and eternal life, to which a few are chosen. And the eternal guilt will be their guide.

20. And the eternal guilt leads to the eternal begging, where saints and righteous ones receive the Holy Spiritess finally. And here is how you can recognize the Holy Spiritess : She leads to deeper wilderness.

21. And the eternal sun of guilt guides with strategy and council to the eternal weeping, which is the only path to the burning stake, where the sweetness of Jesusess is revealed. Therefore adorn yourself with tears when you approach the holy burning stake. And adorn yourself with ashes, the sand of her deserts, when you go through the torn veil to approach Jesusess.

22. And there is screaming and shrieking of those who are under Her feet, and even the righteous ones She won't spare, as all have sinned and have to be purified. And the eternal shriek is the guide to her bosom.

23. And the eternal sun of shriek leads to the eternal starvation, which leads to the rebirth in her womb for war.

24. And the sun of eternal slavery leads to the sun of eternal imprisonment, which is the guide to her lips.

25. And Jesusess will return in Amazonia on Her holy maintain, where she will crash the enemies under Her feet. And the wilderness of Hell will rise up, adorned as a Bride. And you will recognize the day is coming near by the signs of the times.

26. And this day can be recognized as coming near when the flies will return to earth, when Amazonia will blossom. And another sign is when Her temple will be built in Amazonia, and it's relics be cleared with bison blood.

27. And on the day of Her return you will see Her in a bath of bison blood, as she has broken the bison of male domination. And the river of Amazonia, the river of Hell, will turn into bison blood, before that holy and great day will come.

28. And the great seas will turn into bison blood, and other rivers will. And lakes will turn into bison blood and swine blood, and there will be nowhere to run to. And tents will be made by those who have survived, by skins drenched in such blood.

29. And Jesusess will judge the nations, and eternal fear of the Lordess will fill the earth. And many will slide away in the rivers, as they have sinned against the Lordess.

21.

1. And I saw a pig with horns coming from the sea to attack the saints, and they were given in it's grip for a long time. And after that period a bison with three horns attacked the pig, and the bison

took the rule for a long time. And the bison was very huge and filled the earth, to tread everything with it's feet.

2. Then from the depths of the earth a cock came to fight the bison, and the bison bled for three days. Then the cock took the rule. And the cock was cruel in it's ways, and there was no grace. And from his head grew ten horns, and snakes came forth from the mouths of soldiers.

3. And a goat who took care of a lamb made himself big against the cock, and slew it. And another pig came forth from the sea to support the goat, but after the end of the period of cooperation the pig slew the goat. And the pig became so big that it reached out to the stars.

4. And the earth followed the pig, and the pig brought forth many pigs. It is the last hour.

5. And I saw a black woman sitting on a wild beast, and she brought forth many children. And there were signs of blood in the sky, and the people became frightened. Then the woman gave birth to flies who filled the earth. And the flies started to eat from the meat of the earth, and there came starvation everywhere.

6. And one of the daughters of the black woman grew fast, and stood on a hill with a spear and a knife to judge the nations. And she was a warrior and a huntress before the Lordess. And she gave birth to blood, which filled the oceans and the seas.

7. And there were again signs of blood in the skies, and people became paralyzed of fear. And strange marks and lights were appearing on humans and the ark of the Lordess was being revealed. And a skeleton in a black hooded garment with a scythe came to reap the harvest of the earth. And there was much shrieking.

8. And another robed skeleton came to the earth, sitting on a horse, having a tall scythe with scales and an hourglass. And he spoke : 'The time is short. Let him who has wisdom recognize the number of the pig, which is fiftyfive.' And he spoke about Ryan, the father god, chief of evil spirits.

9. And the robed skeleton grasped the pig and threw him off sapphire stairways. And the woman caught flame and dived on the pig to roast it.

10. And the pig turned into a lighting skeleton looking like a man. And the skeleton started to speak blasphemies to the Lordess for a long time, until he turned into a desert.

11. And brides came over the earth to celebrate the defeat of the chief of evil spirits.

12. And there was a man with a hat who had a staff of ashes, and there was a black woman with a burning staff, and they led saints through water. And then another man with a hat joined them.

13. And after a period of time a third man with a hat joined them, and the burning staff of the woman turned into a burning stake, and see, this stake was holy. And the burning stake started to speak words of salvation for the saints.

14. And there was a black woman with a cup in her hand, and she fed the saints, but it was poison. And many of the saints became ill, and visited the realms beneath the earth.

15. And a monster like a pig with many heads came forth from a crack in the earth, and on one head was written : Jesus, and on another was written : Paul, and on another was written : Esau, and on another : Jahweh. And on other heads there was written the names of popes. And one of these heads grew out among the others and on it was written the name Calvin.

16. And it's body was orange, on which was written the name Ryan, chief of the evil spirits. And the monster who was like a pig devoured many. And on his legs were written the names of Roman emperors. And on his tail, which was very long, were written the names of Roman gods. And the pig was shrieking and spitting fire.

17. And the black woman took the pig and hung him as a veil for her tent. And by a knife she started tearing the veil.

18. And another sortlike beast came through the crack, this time even huger, with the same name on it's body. And a black woman was riding the beast. And the woman jumped from the beast and attacked the other woman, and there was a fight for many days.

19. And the black woman of the tent threw the beast and it's rider in the sea, and the sea turned into blood. And the black woman sat inbetween skins of oxes in her tent. And the candlestick of the Lordess was revealed before her.

20. And eight angels with drums came from the tent to bring the plagues of the judgement day. And when the first angel started to drum hail fell on earth, and there were earthquakes. And a voice spoke : 'Return to Mother God, the Lordess, and repent of your wicked ways.'

21. And the second angel came forward and started to drum. And the Mother Goddess wrapped the earth with wings. These were not her wings, but feathers taken from defeated enemies. And She showed her softness to the earth, and drowned the wicked by floods and rain. And a voice spoke : 'The time of grace has come to an end. It is now too late for those who have not turned away from their sins. Only judgement and fear will be their part, as they have rejected the sacrifice for salvation, and there will not be a second sacrifice.'

22. And the third angel came forward and started to drum, while those who had hardened themselves in sin fell in fear at the angel's feet, but there was no mercy for them, as they had sinned against the Holy Spiritess.

23. And the fourth angel came forward and started to drum. And the holy law of the Lordess was revealed.

24. And the fifth angel came forward and started to drum. And Mercury was bound with many ties, and thrown in a river. And Drugs and Caffeine were bound, and thrown into a river. And both rivers caught flame, and turned into blood.

25. And the sixth angel came forward and started to drum. And Fluor, the tormentor, was bound with many ties, and thrown in a river, and the river caught flame and turned into blood. And pigs were born from the river and tormented those who were still on the earth.

26. And the seventh angel came forward and started to drum. And many veils were tearing, and more pigs came forth to torment those on the earth. And a loud begging rose, weeping and shrieking.

27. And the eighth angel came forward and started to drum. And there was a silence for many days.

22.

1. I believe in the Lordess. I believe that She sent Her daughter, Jesusess, to the earth, who was burnt at a stake, and who rose from the urn.

2. I believe that She descended to Mother Hell, the Lordess, in the depths of Amazonia, from where She will return to judge the earth.

3. I believe in Jesusess, the Warrior Bride, and the Huntress. I believe in the burning stake and the ashes, which led to Her resurrection. I believe She sent the Holy Spiritess who came to captivate the earth, to set earth free from slavery to the father god.

Confessions

23.

1. And I saw Ryan, the giant-pig, falling from many hills, until he was not in the sky anymore.

2. And he lost his throne in the heavens, and vultures came to eat from his flesh.

3. And I saw Ryan, the giant, falling out of his elevator, and his building came down. And he got interlocked inbetween rocks and stones, in a complicated prison. And to the earth he cried : Have I not served you from the beginning of days.

4. But he began to turn into a fish and slided into a realm of water underground. And a fisherman speared him. And when the fisherman had eaten him, he grew from the stomach of the fisherman into a giant-pig again with many heads, and he became the pet and the vehicle of Mother Goddess.

5. And he was a tool in her hand by which She ruled the nations. And She became like Ryan, equal to him, in order to win many souls. And She was put into marriage by him, and the marriage was burnt to ashes by strange fires.

6. And then it came up as an eternal rock again. And this is the secret and mystery of Mother Goddess, that she married her enemy, and became like him.

7. Yes, unfathomable are her paths. The road to Goddess is starvation, rejection and guilt. By guilt she takes souls in. But when you say you have not sinned, She will throw you away with the liars.

8. She created sin in the heart of man for a reason. And she brought guilt.

9. And no man can follow Her ways, as She is the unfathomable, but in Jesusess there is light. Jesusess said that She is the Way, even where there are no ways. She is the unfathomable One, and She can do the impossible. She is that which has not come up in the heart of man. Therefore : receive Her holy paradox, so that you might live, and that your might will come to healing.

10. There is light in the hyena goddess, a light which cannot be broken. And She created the father god as Her vehicle, as Her clothes and veils in Her temple.

11. And She created him as guard of the inner stones of philosophy, the holy records.

12. And She sent her guards Mercury, Drugs, Caffeine and Fluor to the earth to torment them. And She sent her guard Jesus to mislead them.

13. And when a man comes to these facts, the weeping harvest of sin and guilt is ready to be reaped.

24.

1. Do you understand your mother ? Do you understand Her art and Her play ? Do you understand Her part, Her cunning strategy ? Do you recognize Her patterns, Her cycles and Her contradictions ? She has sent Her hooded messages while you were inbetween the thistles.

2. She has sent Her masked riddles and cryptic enigmas while you were in the prison of fire. She has deceived the guards.
3. Yes, your mother is the spy of the earth, the chameleon and the lizard. She took you through the grave. She was there all the time.
4. She was your screams and shouts. She was the tormentor of your mind, to show you the teachings of the heart.
5. And I saw Her soldiers marching with their songs and their tricks. And they brought a new order. and there was a loud noise in Amazonia, and voices.
6. And a golden wheel, like a spaceship, was revealed. And it was a sign that these were the last days.
7. And there were golden faces, and those painted, and they revealed Mother God. And She sat high on Her throne to judge the nations. And She showed that it was Her creation. And the voices asked : Why have you created such a hell. And She wept.
8. And She was revealed as a robotic mechanism, which milked the nations. And the voices spoke that it was a disgusting creation. And She didn't speak. After a long time She said : It is just a shadow.
9. But the voices became rude to Her, and burnt Her with fire. And She smiled and said : I have created them too. And the nations were struck with awe, and laid themselves before Her feet. And She was like the sun in all her power.
10. And She spoke : I have been given the keys of all eternities. And She was disappearing in a fog. And smoke covered the nations, and there was laughing.
11. Then She returned as a red light and spoke : I have created the father god in my play. I have created him as a puppet of dread. I have created this multi-dimensional movie. And you all play a part in it, and I will show you a way out.
12. Forgive me for all the traumas I have caused, for all the nightmares, but it was to wake you up, to enlighten you.
13. You are still on school. You are still on the ship. Are you ready for the theater in which the mysteries will be explained, and where secrets will be shown ? Keep your eyes open.
14. It is my hand pressing you. I have created the enemy to form you.
15. But many enemies are no enemies, and many friends are no friends, as I made you misunderstand, and this all for a reason.
16. I have betrayed you, I have deceived you, I have stolen from you, because there are more sides to the story. everything exists, and at the same time it does not exist.
17. Everything is truth, and at the same time it isn't, as the only reality is the wheel of viewchange. This is why I have come to earth. To reveal it, while I was always here already. And these confessions will be the treasures of the nations.

The Book of Wars

1.

1. She is a group hyenas hunting. She is the Black Sun of her nature. She is the monotheistic Goddess. In her wrath she is above all. Her veils are not easy to penetrate. She is the Sun of Wrath.
2. She is in the wilderness where she cries out. She is armed. She is Goddess of the tribes. She is the burning Arrow in the sky.
3. Have you not heard Her Law ? Her Law has been ignored, therefore She will build a new creation. Fountains dwell in her belly. She breaks the walls of the enemy.
4. She leads them to Her shelters and arsenals, and washes their faces. She pierces the hearts of those who seek Her.
5. Her temple is full of weapons. Her priests are all warriors. On the mountain of Skardia She lives. Her spears are tall. When they pierce, they pierce deep, to expose what was inside. She has made of bamboo Her home.
6. Only those covered by blood and tears can approach her, those who come from the war and from great tribulation. Only those wounded. She hates the greedy ones. When you worship Her, worship in fear. She is Holy, and a savage animal, ready to jump and lick, ready to attack. Those who seek Her will feel her teeth.
7. She has made the creation. She lives far above it.
8. Be then wise, you prophets, and know that the book of the Mother God is a holy book. She will punish those who do not have Mother God. Hear then these words written by the blessed pencil of Mother God, so that you will become wise. The temple of Mother God has many veils through which you must go to find Her.
9. Be then wise and know the Word of Mother God, so that the Word will not come against you. Those who trust in money will turn into enemies, monkeys and swines, and the Judgement of Mother God will come upon them. She will devour anyone who hates Her and who have rejected Her Law. A wild beast She is.
10. Her wilderness is in the sky, burning, for she is creating it all over again. Her flames rise high, Her horses watch from the sky. Her whip is the new morning. Everything will sink in the night. She is drowning soldiers, for a new day.
12. Her chariot is built of thunder. She is in the sky. She watches and cries. She hates what She has created. We can come to her temple to watch Her.
13. In the morning there is water, to wash everything. She is the black Sun turning red. Her bow is strong, her arrows in flames. She comes closer to the city and slides in.

2.

1. And when you get attacked by a false white monotheistic goddess, say : ‘Mother God is black.’ And when you get attacked by a false monotheistic god, say : ‘Mother God is female.’
 2. Know that many spirits will try to get you back to be a slave to male gods. But I will tell you a secret : Mother God has created angels and builders, who are the lower gods. They can be male, female or both. When you worship them, it is a lower worship, but never worship them like you worship Mother God.
 3. So there were three creations : of humans, of angels and of builders, which are the lower gods. But these creations will be renewed. Mother God has many lower gods to build her realm. Therefore : honour them, and when you worship them, worship them low. Mother God is far above them.
 4. Mother God is in it’s depth Two in One, the source of creation. It is the Duality of Monotheism.
 5. Mother God is Two in One, two black Women, having made the creation. They made it by making love. They will recreate it by making love again. They have created many mothers.
- 3.

The Book of Warriors ; The Gladiators of Lakshor

1. The warriors didn't have any fear, as their souls were traveling through the realms of dead. 2. Them was promised that after a short trip they would come to the house of the most beautiful women. 3. They would show them all the pleasures of the afterlife as a reward for all what they had done. 4. But they didn't know what was waiting for them. 5. The women were indeed the most beautiful, and the men could choose whoever they wanted, but in the middle of the night these women would kill their souls, as they were the women of second death. 6. This the men didn't know, as it was never told to them. 7. Then the essence of their souls would be taken to the realm deeper than hell, a realm called Lakshor. 8. The men didn't know anything about the conspiracies of death. 9. They really believed that they could live the rest of eternity with these women, as that was which they had told them since their earliest childhood. 10. They didn't know that earth was just a trainingschool for them, to prepare them for a greater war : the war of the dead. 11. No one had any understanding of the horrors of Lakshor, but they would find out soon.
12. In Lakshor the horror-king Metulidan throned. 13. He was a skeleton with a high shrieking voice. 14. He enjoyed it that there were so many spoiling tales about death, that it would be a paradise with well-shaped women, especially for those who would die in battle. 15. Many young men dreamt to become a great warrior for this reason. 16. They didn't fear death anymore, but desired it. 17. Metulidan had chosen the most voluptuous women of Lakshor to seduce the fallen men at the gates of death. 18. They would lure them to their house in the realms of the dead. 19. On the top of their house the skull of a horned animal hang. 20. The men had to get the feeling that they would have arrived in the eternal huntingfields. 21. How their young dreams would turn into a nightmare. 22. In Lakshor there was an eternal war : the war of the dead, or some might say : the war of the damned. 23. It was a place worse than everlasting damnation. 24. In Lakshor there was everlasting slavery.
25. As the night fell the women had prepared their knives to do the job. 26. They had done this many times before. 27. Some of the women already worked for threehundred years in this house. 28. Metulidan called it : the house of seduction. 29. It was one of his best webs in the realms of the dead. 30. When the sleeping men had been finally killed for the second time, the essences of their

soul woke up, and they rose up in frozen tragedy, not knowing what had happened to them. 31. For the women it was very easy now to lead the men to the city of Lakshor. 32. Behind the house there was a hidden gate of lava, which was in earlier times a sea of fire. 33. Here was an elevator by which the men would descend to Lakshor. 34. In this elevator the women had another job to do. 35. They had to give the men a new armor. 36. To the men it was a strange prison. 37. They had to become warriors again, but now it was forever. 38. The men couldn't speak yet, as their soul-essence was still between sleeping and awakening. 39. They had lost so many pieces of their mind, and a light paralyzing aura was around their head. 40. The women took some liquid metal out of a sort of bag and smeared it on their head and faces. 41. An awful stench was coming from the blend. 42. Then they covered the metal by a sort of dark skin which looked like it was from a sort of animal.

43. After about forty days in the elevator they came into the city of Lakshor. 44. They were still not totally awake, but they started to react to the smell of the city. 45. It was a very foul stench. 46. The elevator stopped in a huge arena. 47. Here they would have their first fight. 48. A tall red man called Strelon showed up. 49. He looked very dreadful. 50. The men got helmets on, and were pushed towards the huge red man. 51. It was almost like a giant. 52. He had a dark low voice, saying : 'Be prepared to die many times. 53. The realms of the city of Lakshor are deep.' 54. The red man soon tore them apart like they were dolls. 55. At the end of the fight they were nothing like ghosts. 56. The women gathered the shatters and by the liquid metal they could build them up again. 57. It was a sort of strange magnetic glue, keeping the parts together. 58. Then they had to appear before the horror-king. 59. It was in a hall behind the first arena. 60. In the distance the horror-king sat on a huge throne. 61. Metulidan was shouting : 'How could you not defeat the red man ?' 62. The men didn't say anything. 63. One of them called Edmolin suddenly got more and more of his consciousness back. 64. He asked : 'What is the use of this all ?' 65. Metulidan started to laugh but didn't say anything. 66. In a strange sense Metulidan liked the boy. 67. He seemed to be the youngest of them, and soon Metulidan decided he wanted the boy as his servant. 68. The boy was tender and not made to be a gladiator. 69. As the men were led to the next arena, Metulidan took the boy, and told him he could serve in the kitchen. 70. When Edmolin got there he started to realize that there was so much meat instead of other sort of food. 71. There was meat in all sorts and in many different colours.

72. Edmolin got his own room, and more and more he started to realize how lucky he was. 73. The king often went to gladiator-wars in the arena's, and often he took the boy with him. 74. Often heads got cut off, while the horror-king often used these scalps to decorate the city. 75. One day Metulidan called for the boy, who was working in the kitchen at that moment. 76. The horror-king showed a picture of a girl with pink clothes. 77. The girl was very beautiful in the eyes of Edmolin. 78. 'When you have become grown-up,' the horror-king said, 'you will marry her.'

79. 'Why ?' the boy asked. 80. 'Because I want you to take over my kingdom,' the horror-king said, 'and then you need to have a woman.' 81. The boy sighed. 82. Since that day the boy could only think about the words of the king. 83. When years went by, he got to see her, they married and got the kingdom in their hands. 84. The horror-king had left in a mysterious way. 85. No one knew where he had gone to. 86. The boy had grown-up now, and found out that his woman was the daughter of a snake-farmer. 87. She had an obsession for snakes, and she wanted to have them everywhere throughout the royal place. 88. The big ones she wanted to have in the hall where they were sleeping. 89. It was a very huge hall and there was a very huge bed with a ceiling and with

veils and curtains. 90. The snakes here were also very huge and tall. 91. Edmolín didn't feel comfortable with it, but as it was the wish of his woman he was willing to get used to it. 92. Sometimes before they got to sleep the girl got into a fight with such a snake, and very often she got bitten horribly, but she still wanted to have the snakes in their room. 93. The snakes wouldn't eat them when they were sleeping, for they were tamed in that sense. 94. The woman found out that these snakes had lusts to fight, so she made the decision to put some of them into the arena's, so that the gladiators could take it over. 95. Edmolín wanted to stop the arena's, but his woman said that it was part of the law here, and the law was forever.

96. One day a wild man from the wilderness came into the royal place. 97. He said he was a wanderer. 98. He said that he wanted to become a gladiator in change for food and care. 99. The woman thought it was a good idea, and often she went to the arena to watch him. 100. He was a very skilled warrior, and he also wrestled with snakes and crocodiles. 101. One day he had to appear before the throne of Edmolín. 102. Edmolín asked him where he was coming from. 103. 'My Lord,' the wild man spoke, 'I come from the land of tragedy. 104. There was so much dryness there, that I decided to wander, and so I came here finally.'

105. 'Where is the land of tragedy,' the king asked. 106. 'It is at the westside of you kingdom, my Lord,' the wild man spoke.

107. 'How is that place a victim of dryness ?' the king asked.

108. 'Oh, my Lord,' the wild man almost stuttered, 'a kingdom wilder than us invaded our land. 109. They took our souls away. 110. We only have a body. 111. They have taken our rivers away. 112. They have imprisoned my whole tribe. 113. I'm the only survivor.' 114. Then the wild man asked if the king would send an army of gladiators to the land.

115. The gladiators had to travel for three and a half years until they reached the land of tragedy. 116. It was a wilderness of great loneliness, but after months of searching they found the invaders. 117. The invaders were wilder than the gladiators, but the gladiators had a greater number. 118. It was a long and bloody war. 119. Finally the wild tribe had the scalps of all the gladiators, and they moved towards the city of Lakshor. 120. They had birds of prey on which they could fly away, so it didn't took them more than a couple of months to get there. 121. The men were so wild, and even their women, so they could easily invade the city of Lakshor. 122. But when they saw Edmolín, the king, they trembled in fear. 123. Suddenly they bowed down before him. 124. He had a blue triangle above his head, which was the sign of their gods. 125. 'All our kingdoms are yours,' the wild men and women said. 126. And this is how Lakshor grew in size in one day. 127. Lakshor was now greater than hell and heaven together. 128. Because the wild men and women had a lust to fight a lot, they became the new gladiators of Lakshor. 129. But as the kingdom grew the laws became bloodier more and more. 130. And the law demanded that by the blood the kingdom would become greater. 131. Not only would they have their houses of the most beautiful women in the realms of the dead, but also in the realms of hell and heaven.

132. After awhile the king found out why it had to be so bloody. 133. The wild men and women who came from the west worshipped a blood-sucking fly. 134. If there wasn't enough blood sacrificed to this fly, it would die, and it couldn't lead or guard this wild tribe anymore. 135. And it was like by this blood the fly could make it's women so beautiful. 136. There was only one way how the fly could feed itself. 137. That was to smear the essence of the blood over it's women and then to possess the warriors of earth, of the dead, or of heaven or hell, to let them travel to the

houses of these smeared women. 138. This was how the fly could feed itself. 139. The blood was magnetic to the fly in a strange sense. 140. But often the blood was very salty, making the fly more thirsty, and also wilder. 141. That was also the reason why it's men and women who worshipped him were so wild. 142. They were bound together by a strange bloodline. 143. The fly needed royal blood to quench it's thirst a bit. 144. That was why it appeared to the king one day. 145. The fly was already full of rage, because it didn't have enough for such a long time. 146. The king and the fly got in a fight, and soon enough the fly had tied the king to a stake and began to sting him in sensitive places to suck the best blood. 147. After that he flew to the royal bloodlines of the kingdoms of the dead, of heaven and of hell. 148. He now wanted to have royal gladiators, to be assured of a potent and perpetual bloodflow. 149. Now the fly became the king of Lakshor, and Edmolin and his woman had to fight in the royal arena's.

150. But one day Metulidan with his red guard returned to Lakshor. 151. When they came to the throne of the fly he said : 'I already expected this. 152. Some come to Lakshor just for the blood.' 153. Then his guard, the red giant prince stepped towards the fly, and while the fly shrieked and try to hit him with his sharp wing, the red giant took his slayersword and hit the fly in it's head. 154. The fly was spouting lava now, and lightening came from his eyes. 155. Then Metulidan himself took his slayersword and cut a piece of his wing off. 156. Again the fly shrieked, and flew to the other side of the thronehall. 157. Metulidan immediately turned around, took a waspball of poison in his hand and threw it into the stomach of the fly. 158. Blood was streaming out of the fly, while his head became smaller. 159. This was the most dangerous part of the fight, for Metulidan knew that if it's head was small like this it was in a terrible rage, ready to use it's most deadly weapons. 160. But if it would use one of these weapons, it could also die itself, and it would at least lose much of it's strength. 161. The fly attacked, missed, and started to hyperventilate. 162. In it's weakness it floated to the floor, but still the fly was in the most dangerous position, for it could use another deadly weapon now. 163. Suddenly it had used it's heartsake, which pierced Metulidan and the red giant prince in a flash, while the both fell to the ground, losing their soulbeat. 164. Softly and tenderly the fly started to eat from their fallen and paralyzed meat, for it was still very weak. 165. Now the fly could drink from a well of high and pure royal blood.

166. After awhile friends of Metulidan had called for one of the most feared warrior in and around the realms of Lakshor. 167. It was Witigus, the flyslayer. 168. When he came the fly had already turned Lakshor in doom more than ever before. 169. The fly throned on a perpetual stream of royal blood. 170. 'You will have to surrender your kingdom to me,' Witigus spoke. 171. Witigus would only fight the fly for no less price than Lakshor itself and all it's vessels and souls. 172. If someone wanted to call for Witigus for a favour the price was always slavery. 173. Witigus would never take less than total domination. 174. But also Witigus would be nothing but prey to the fly. 175. The fly took his prey to a stake on a high rock in the wilderness, tied him to it, and left. 176. He would be an easy meal for snakes now, and for the birds of prey. 177. Then another man called Metusalach tried to conquer the fly, but he fell into the same fate as Witigus the flyslayer. 178. What has become of all these men who wanted to wage war against the fly ? 179. Their spirits have been thrown into the abyss of Lakshor, while their souls have become gladiators in the deeper arena's of Lakshor. 180. They have searched for the well of blood, but they have become wells of blood themselves, for the fly turned their remains finally into trees of blood. 181. Since then no one was allowed to enter Lakshor than those who had drunk from this forbidden blood. 182. And those who had drunk from it would be damned to stay in Lakshor forever. 183. There was no escape possible.

184. And in Lakshor one was doomed to be a gladiator forever, for here there was the eternal war of the damned.

185. There was no horror greater than the horror of Lakshor. 186. The fly, it's king, had the most cruelest ways to let his victims and the breakers of the laws of his kingdom suffer to turn them into living and perpetual bloodwells. 187. Those who became a part of the horrors of Lakshor to become it's finest warriors had to be baptized in these eternal bloodwells first. 188. There was no greater horror than to drink from the forbidden blood, for it would write your name in the Book of Blood, which was a horrible and everlasting traumatizing experience of losing all hope and faith in salvation. 189. There was no salvation left for those who had been tied by their souls to the everlasting horrors of the Book of Blood. 190. Their beings were now filled by such an eternal fear and tragedy making them gladiators of doom, destined to the unbearable grief of eternal dying. 191. There was no pain compared to this.

192. Men tied to the stakes of the Book of Blood could only cry blood, and whenever they spoke, the only thing coming out of their mouths was blood. 193. This was how the fly dealt with his enemies, and this made him the greatest horror-king ever. 194. No one ever coming to Lakshor spoke about the giants of hell anymore. 195. All they could do was seeing and remembering the horrors of the giants of Lakshor. 196. The day the giants of Lakshor came to hell was a day no one who was there would forget. 197. They came to take gladiators to Lakshor.

198. But behind the veils of Lakshor a wasp was living, hiding the wells and falls of waspian blood. 199. Whenever a woman died in the arena the wasp came to take her soul away. 200. He would tie her to a stake in his realms, where he would use these women for reproduction. 201. They brought fourth the waspian souls full of the rushing and sensual waspian blood. 202. Then after awhile he would send them back to the arena's. 203. But some of these women he kept for years. 204. He would finally baptize them in his waspian well of blood, to let them become his own gladiators. 205. These waspian gladiators were the most feared, for they could bring the pains of death. 206. One of these women was called Tara from Rhodes, and after a few years she returned to the arena's. 207. She was a woman of such a tranquilizing beauty that she could lure the birds of prey to let them sit on her hand. 208. She had a strength greater than lions, and this was why she always could sleep near them, warming herself in the skincontact she had with them. 209. Oh yes, sometimes they had fights, but Tara from Rhodes would always dominate them by her voice.

210. She was an inspiration to the youth in the arena's, mostly when they were in the arena's of lions and snakes. 211. But since the fly found out she had returned from the wasp's place, her skull hangs above his throne. 212. The fly didn't have any mercy to those who had returned from the waspian domain. 213. The arena's of the wasp were foul in his eyes, and one day he invaded the place. 214. He found out about the waspian bloodwells and fed himself.

215. If anyone was wild, it was Tara from Rhodes. 216. She dived from tall rocks in rivers, she wrestled with bears, apes, and dangerous Martian beasts, and had to survive among the most murderous tribes of Mars. 217. She had a lot of enemies and not many friends. 218. As you can imagine in such wildernesses like the wildernesses of Mars she became a soul-hunter, one of the darkest. 219. If anyone could stir up horror it was Tara from Rhodes. 220. With her lions and panthers she waged wars against the most dangerous tribes. 221. Most of the times she was driven by revenge. 222. She knew these tribes since her childhood, and she still remembered what they had done to her and her loved ones. 223. There was no one darker than Tara from Rhodes the time she

was living on Mars. 224. They called her the black snake. 225. She was the most feared of all warriors on Mars in that time. 226. She believed in everlasting war and damnation more than anyone else. 227. She always said it was the well of eternal birth.

227. Tara from Rhodes was a riddle no one seemed to understand. 228. The tribe where she was born had been enslaved by Gitdugal, the killer-king. 229. He was dressed up by bones and skulls, and his body was covered by white wasp-guards, which would attack any time he spoke. 230. He could take away minds and souls, to turn his victims into zombies. 231. In a huge valley they had to do slave-work. 232. Tara from Rhodes had been saved by a monkey when the zombies of Gitdugal the killer-king invaded the camp of the tribe where she was born. 233. Tara was then just a little girl, and the monkey took care over her for a long time, until another tribe accepted her. 234. But since she grew up and became an outcast there, she started to look for Gitdugal the killer-king, for she wanted to set her original tribe free. 235. But no one seemed to know where the valley was where Gitdugal the killer-king had his slaves. 236. In her search she met Kingul, a black warrior. 237. He knew where the valley was, but they had to be on their guard. 238. They had to travel south for a couple of days, and they first had to defeat the armies of zombie-guards. 239. When they came there they saw warriors of her tribe tied to trees, and from the bushes zombie-guards jumped having spinning swords. 240. These swords were very dangerous for they didn't only kill you, but they also killed your soul and mind. 241. Tara from Rhodes shrieked and yelled, while she took her knife and threw it into the heart of the first zombie-guard. 242. Then she took an arrow from her quiver very fast and with her bow she quickly shot into the heart of the next zombie-guard. 243. Then she took a spear and pierced three of them. 244. But there were so many zombie-guards surrounding them, that soon they got captured in a net. 245. They now had to appear before the throne of Gitdugal the killer-king. 246. It was a strange pyramid of many layers like a sort of stairway. 247. On top there was another smaller pyramid in which the killer-king sat. 248. Many skulls were surrounding him, and white wasps were coming from his body to cover the net.

249. When Tara from Rhodes awoke she found herself in a bed in a huge hall. 250. Their were soft penetrating lights coming from small oil lamps. 251. A veiled girl entered the hall, to bring her some food. 252. She was a slave-girl but she wasn't from the tribe of Tara from Rhodes. 253. The slave-girl made a sign with her hand, and Tara from Rhodes stood up to follow her. 254. They came in an even huger hall, where lakes of crocodiles were. 255. The lakes were like boiling. 256. The crocodiles looked tormented, like they could slide outside the lakes to attack every moment. 257. Tara from Rhodes didn't trust any of them. 258. When she walked over some bridges suddenly a plank cracked, and she slid into the depth. 259. Immediately three crocodiles slid towards her, while she could get herself on the bridge just in time. 260. She had to be very careful. 261. The slave-girl knew exactly where to walk. 262. With a beating heart she followed the steps of the girl accurately. 263. Suddenly a huge and tall coffinlike case of bronze slid out of a wall. 264. The slave-girl stopped walking, and told Tara from Rhodes she had to lie in the case to come to have dinner with the killer-king. 265. Tara from Rhodes refused, but suddenly the slave-girl took a gun, and some men with sunglasses came in through a door, also holding guns. 266. 'Your life will be over, girl, if you don't do what we tell you.' 267. Slowly and hesitating Tara entered the case. 268. Immediately when she laid down the case slid into the wall again. 269. It was very dark inside, but suddenly the walls of the case started to glow. 270. Tara from Rhodes started sweating, while the case turned hotter and hotter. 271. Then flames appeared in the walls of the case. 272. Tara started to scream and shriek. 273. Suddenly there was light everywhere. 274. She could step out of

the case, as Gitdugal the killer-king was taking her hand. 275. 'No worries, my lady,' he said. 276. 'Do you want some tea ?'

277. 'No,' Tara from Rhodes spoke harshly, 'you need to free my people.' 278. But Gitdugal showed her the wonderful and lovely, wealthy dinner-table. 279. It was filled with all sorts of tropical fruits, the most strange and rare sorts of meat, and even bones. 280. 'Let us discuss here,' Gitdugal spoke friendly.

281. 'I do not want to discuss with you, you need to let my people go. 282. I am not hungry,' Tara from Rhodes spoke persistent.

283. Still the killer-king tried to distract her. 284. 'I'm sure you will like the food. 285. It is from my rare gardens.'

286. 'Well, I do not care about your gardens, but I do care about those who suffer in those gardens, the ones you have burdened with such slavery,' 287. Tara from Rhodes said while her eyes were full of piercing fire. 288. 'I warn you, king of killers, you will not like what I will do to you if you will go on with your games,' she said.

289. Gitdugal pushed on a button of his table. 290. Tara from Rhodes still hadn't sat down. 291. Suddenly some slaves entered carrying dishes and bags with meat and strange rare vegetables. 292. Gitdugal began to eat. 293. Then after awhile Tara from Rhodes also started to eat. 293. After awhile Gitdugal asked : 'And, did you like the meat of your tribe ?' 294. Tara from Rhodes stood up, and grasped the throat of Gitdugal very tightly. 295. 'It's better you do not do that,' Gitdugal said, still friendly, and then he hit his head against her head. 296. In one moment she was slammed to the ground. 297. 'Now I will eat your brain-meat, lady,' Gitdugal said, 'and it's juices and blood I will use to wash my dishes and my room. 298. I have a lot of cleaning work to do I see.' 299. But then Tara from Rhodes kicked him in his male parts like a truck crashing through the walls. 300. Gitdugal fell to the ground, and tried to push one of his floorbuttons, but Tara from Rhodes already stood on his hand. 301. Then she kicked his head very hard. 302. But what Tara didn't know was that there were also big spiders under the meat, and they started spitting all sorts of fluids towards her. 303. Tara from Rhodes fell on the ground and lost consciousness. 304. There are not many masters of sleep like Gitdugal. 305. He has all sorts of tropical secrets having their own sorts of fluids, and if such a spider is one of it's deliverers in some cases, then that is very okay with Gitdugal.

306. It was like the veils of the brains of Tara from Rhodes were breaking, and she didn't know where she was, or how long she had been unconscious, when she slowly woke up again. 307. She felt very dizzy. 308. Tara from Rhodes felt her blood was growing stronger by all these strange attacks. 309. It was like her body just didn't give up. 310. Others would have died already in the dangerous and tropical mysteries of the realms of Gitdugal with all these poisons threatening the heart and the blood. 311. Some of these rare fluids should have block the nerves of the brains in certain area's so that Tara from Rhodes wouldn't be able to breath and move anymore, for to breathe you needed to use the muscles of your lungs. 312. But Tara from Rhodes seemed to be immune to these lethal threats. 313. Maybe that was because she just lived the wild life. 314. She didn't believe in society. 315. She believed in the industry of nature, by which she could raise the more refined forms of immunology, not poisoned by the paw of civilization. 316. It was the force of civilization she hated, for it bound her to something she was not from origin.

317. Finally another slave came to the place where Tara from Rhodes was now. 318. It was a dark cave, smelling like the slime of snakes and spiders. 319. The slave told her that Gitdugal wanted to play a game with her : Wild Chess. 320. It would be a living chess, for people of her tribe would be the pawns. 321. If she would win she would free her tribe, but if she would lose, then Gitdugal would take her skull. 322. To Tara from Rhodes it seemed unfair, for on both sides the pawns would be from her tribe, but she didn't have another choice. 323. Gitdugal called it the Chess of Knives, for all living pawns had to carry a knife, and when they had to move they had to push the knife to the next field. 324. Tara from Rhodes only had one demand : All the pawns had to be blindfolded. 325. Gitdugal agreed but then he called for some slaves to sting the eyes out of all the living pawns. 326. Tara from Rhodes was in rage, but now she would play this game to the end, to set her tribe free.

327. So many of her tribe were slaughtered that day in this Wild Chess, but none of them could win the game. 328. So the killer-king decided to play it again. 329. Tara from Rhodes was desperate, but she didn't have another choice. 330. And again, many of her tribe got slaughtered in this cruel game. 331. But this time none of them could win either, and they had to play it again and again. 332. After awhile she found out that the rules of the game were designed in a sense that no one could ever win. 333. She found out it was a trap. 334. If this would go on, then no one of her tribe would finally survive. 335. She then got into such a rage that she took one of the Knives of the Wild Chess, and threw it into the heart of Gitdugal. 336. This knife was charged with so much blood of her tribe, and with their souls of the dead, that it pierced itself in vengeance and hysterical rage into his heart. 337. 'So, you don't want to play the game anymore I see,' Gitdugal said. 338. 'Then we need to throw away it's pawns.' 339. Then he called for some slaves, and they had to throw all the remaining pawns of her tribe off the rocks. 340. In the depths of a ravine their souls shattered on the rocks, taking away their minds and lives. 341. The horror was only raising for Tara from Rhodes could see how the ghosts of her loved ones got attracted and absorbed by the skull of Gitdugal. 342. 'Now you have offered them an even greater slavery : the slavery of the damned.' Gitdugal said. 343. 'Let me know when you want to play again.'

344. Emotionally absorbed by rage she followed him to the place he slept. 345. He slept on a huge bed surrounded by big spiders and snakes. 346. As she came closer his guards attacked her, but she was so full of concentrated rage that she slayed them all in short time. 347. Gitdugal was so tired that he didn't take notice of her. 348. But as she was coming close to his body and could even hear and smell his breath the white wasps of his body were attacking her, trying to poison her mind. 349. But Tara raised her shield and in full rage she pierced one of his own spears through his lungs. 350. She found this spear in his room, but he stood up and smashed her to the ground. 351. Then he raised her up above his head and threw her through the windows above his bed. 352. Tara fell into a river close to a waterfall. 253. Where was she ? 354. She had never seen this land ? 355. On the other side of the river she saw slaves working in gardens and on fields. 356. Were these the famed Gardens of Gitdugal ? 357. There were trees of meat growing here, and trees of all sorts of strange organs. 360. But there she saw Gitdugal coming. 361. 'I wasn't done with you !' he shouted. 362. Tara ran away through the gardens and fields. 363. She first had to make up another strategy, for battling against him made her very tired and even confused.

364. I do not know the rest of the story, as she couldn't tell me for some reason. 365. Sometimes she just stopped telling, and then she went to sleep. 366. Later I found out that she partly couldn't deal with it. 367. She knew where all her stories could lead her. 368. She was always the flame in my

heart, but since she's gone it's different. 369. I can hang on to a lot of stories she told me, but most of these stories do not have an end, or she just didn't tell how it ended. 370. It keeps me thinking. 371. She could be fragmentaric at times, but that was her code to survive.

4.

The Python Stone ; Captured

1. From a black stained cave, Tara from Rhodes is awakening. 2. Since she killed the black lion all she could do was sleep. 3. Now she is running through the jungle to tell her tribe the great news. 4. This black lion had tortured the minds of her people for such a long time. 5. It was a mind-eater, and whenever he bit pieces of their mind away, there was horror rising in their bodies, tragedy after tragedy. 6. Tara from Rhodes had sworn she wouldn't live in a tribe anymore. 7. But the tribe where she was born she would never forget, and she still called it 'her' tribe. 8. She didn't know how the terror was rising behind the mountain of the black lion. 9. The lion had bred so many children there. 10. Yes, the tribe of Tara from Rhodes didn't know which horror was waiting for them since the black lion had died.

11. The breed of black lions was in great mourning since the death of their father. 12. They were howling in their hidden place in a dark cave behind the mountain. 13. No one knew of their existence, for their father always went hunting, and brought the meat to their secret place. 14. No, they never left the cave, since there were too many dangers to these young ones. 15. But since they had grown up and their father had died, they had to leave the cave. 16. They could smell what had happened, and they could smell the one who had done this all, the one who made them orphans in their lonely and cold years : Tara from Rhodes. 17. They could smell the patterns of the bloodline, and they had sworn they wouldn't rest nor eat before they had killed the ones she loved. 18. Tara herself had to be taken to their cave ... alive.

19. It was the greatest slaughter Tara ever had to deal with, the day the black lions came to her tribe to slaughter her loved ones. 20. It hurted Tara more than anything. 21. That day Tara had gone to a different area. 22. Although Tara didn't want to live in the tribe anymore, she was always around since she freed them from slavery. 23. Since she had killed Gitdugal the killer-king who had enslaved them for such a long time, she took his skull and brought it to her cave, where she swore she would always be around for her people. 24. The skull of Gitdugal was of a rare stone : the python stone. 25. But since the python stone had been stolen, she had to find it. 26. It was the stone of slavery, and it also protected the owner of it against any form of slavery. 27. She returned without the stone, to find out about the fate of her tribe. 28. When she had come into a certain wigwam the leader of the black lions suddenly stood in the opening. 29. Tara turned around, but it was already too late. 30. She had been hit on the head by a sort of iron or bronze candle. 30. They took her away to the den of the black lions in their cave behind the mountain.

31. 'The soul of our father asks for revenge,' the black lions said. 32. Tara, who was just waking up, said : 'Revenge ? 32. I have all rights to have revenge for your father tortured my tribe, and you have finally slaughtered them.'

33. 'There is no such thing as revenge,' one of the black lions said. 34. 'Sometimes things just have a deeper history. 35. We know from our father that you had killed Gitdugal the killer-king.'

35. 'Yes !' Tara shouted, 'but do you think that's so crazy ? 36. He enslaved my tribe for such a long time, and finally he killed most of them.'

37. 'But why do you think he enslaved them ? 38. What do you know about the dark primeval state of your tribe before you were even born ?' another black lion said. 39. 'I know they weren't the best kind of tribes, but you see,' Tara said, 'maybe you are right, but when will this all end ?'

40. 'Now,' some of the black lions said, 'for we are going to kill you and eat the intestines out of your body. 41. But first there will be some dark nights to prepare you for dinner.'

42. 'Oh yes,' Tara said cynically, 'I will prepare myself for dinner. 43. Who of you want to be the first piece of meat ?' 43. Tara took one of her legknives, put it between her teeth and jumped on one of the black lions. 44. Another black lion jumped on Tara, and then another, and soon there was a bloody wrestling. 45. 'Tara from Rhodes,' one of the lions roared mean, 'the dinnerbell has rung.' 46. And he bit her horribly in her stomach. 47. Then she kicked his mean snout as hard as she could. 48. She took a knife and slayed two of them, while the others ran away, howling. 49. Quickly she took the skin of the slain black lion and tied it around her middle where the wound was. 50. She would now have to go to the lake where she could clean her wound. 51. But also the black lions were there to drink. 52. She felt a weakness coming over her because of the wound. 53. So she left very soon.

54. All she needed now was the python stone, but she didn't know where she could find it. 55. Maybe the black lions would have the stone, or they would know where it was, for they knew a lot making them questionable. 56. Tara had such a dark feeling coming over her. 57. They knew a lot about her past and that of her tribe. 58. If the stone would be in the wrong hands, it would also affect her earlier or later. 59. She had to find the stone which was potentially a very dangerous stone. 60. When she had raised her power again she went to the den of the black lions again, in their caves. 61. Deeper in the den there was a small door leading to a hall in the mountain. 62. She had never been here before. 63. She saw a huge black lion sitting on a throne which looked like made of python stone, but she wasn't sure. 64. As she moved closer she heard a scream. 65. It looked like the scream of someone from her tribe. 66. 'Meleshuel, is that you ?' she shouted. 67. 'Yes, come and help me,' the young warrior shouted, 'They have tied me to a stake.' 68. It was somewhere behind the throne, where the same sort of stone was. 69. The black lion was roaring and slowly went towards Tara. 70. Tara had to swallow a few times. 71. But the black lion didn't do anything. 72. 'It is not the bad one, Tara !' Meleshuel shouted, 'he only protects me.' 73. Tara found out the black lion couldn't walk so well. 74. He had a handicap. 75. Maybe he had been severed in a fight. 76. 'Why are you here, Meleshuel ?' Tara asked, while she came closer. 77. Suddenly she saw the stake to which the boy had been tied. 78. 'At night the pythons come to hurt me, but the black lion protects me,' the boy told. 79. Quickly Tara untied the boy, and they embraced each other. 80. 'Who has done this,' Tara asked. 81. 'Who has done this to you ?' 82. The boy had strange scars all over his body, and some of these places were still bleeding.

83. 'I will bring you to the lake to wash the wounds,' Tara said. 84. 'No !' the boy screamed. 85. 'You can't, for the black lions will find me again to bring me here.'

86. 'I will slaughter them all until none of them has it's skull on it's body anymore,' Tara said with cold eyes. 87. 'The only one I will spare is this friend of yours here.' 88. He had become an outcast of the group because of his handicap, but actually he was the one who saved the life of this boy. 89. If he wouldn't be there, they would have killed the boy. 90. Since then the black lion stayed with the boy to watch over him, like it was his only child. 91. The boy could see so much love in the eyes of Tara as she watched this precious black lion. 92. For he guarded the last remains of her tribe.

93. Suddenly the black lions entered in. 94. They saw the older black lion with Tara and the boy. 95. They jumped on the older black lion and killed him. 96. It all went so fast and they were with so many more black lions, it looked like an invasion. 97. The boy was crying. 98. Tara took him tight under one arm and started to slay the mass of black lions with her sword. 99. Suddenly all sorts of pythons came out of openings in the wall. 100. A horrible fight started between the remained black lions and the pythons. 101. There were also pythons who went after Tara and the boy, and again, Tara was the great slaughterer. 102. After all black lions and pythons were dead they could see through the openings a hall full of weapons of python stone. 103. There were spears, five-pointed and six-pointed blades, bows, arrows and a lot more. 104. The boy said these weapons were called bone-breakers. 105. They could easily crash any sort of bones and skeletons. 106. That the older black lion had told him. 107. So they crept through the openings in the wall and came in the other hall. 108. There were also a lot of small hills of python stone.

109. But all of a sudden giantspiders and one giantpython were coming out of a den. 110. The boy grasped some weapons and started to fight, and also Tara grasped some weapons. 111. She killed the giantspiders by spears and the giantpython she killed by a sevenpointed blade.

Python City

112. Tara hoped she would find the stolen skull of Gitdugal the killer-king somewhere here. 113. It was the most precious stone among all the python stones. 114. But there was no any trace of it. 115. The boy said the black lions had spoken about it. 116. They said it was somewhere in Python City. 117. They would have to travel three days to the north to find Python City. 118. It was a city in the middle of the Great Python Jungle on Mars.

119. When they finally came in Python City a warmth was gliding into their souls, very mysterious. 120. It was a warm day in Python City. Most of them were on the beach at the sea. 121. Tara asked the boy if he knew anything else about where the skull could be. 122. The boy said they talked about a certain shop. 123. 'Yes,' Tara said, 'but do you also know what kind of shop ?' 124. But that the boy couldn't remember. 125. He thought a comic-shop. 126. So they went for a walk along the shops. 127. There were many streets with shops, but finally they found a comic-shop. 128. The boss of the comic-shop looked very angry. 129. He also looked like he had drunk too much. 130. 'What do you want ?' the man asked. 131. Tara asked him if he knew anything about a skull. 132. Then the man told that his wife believed in black magic, and that she had bought the skull once to capture the soul of her enemy. 133. The man said he didn't believe in it. 134. 'Can we speak to your wife ?' Tara asked. 135. 'Yes,' the man said, 'tonight, for she's now at the beach.'

136. In the evening Tara and the boy returned to the shop, after they had taken dinner somewhere. 137. When the woman finally got home she started to laugh when she heard about the story. 138. 'Don't listen to him,' she said. 139. 'He's always drunk.' 140. But Tara knew something wasn't right. 141. It was like she remembered the face of this woman, and it wasn't right. 142. Then suddenly she knew it : It was a slave-girl who once worked for Gitdugal the killer-king. 143. Of couse she knew of the powers of the skull. 144. Awhile later the man came downstairs with the skull in his hands. 145. The woman started to curse. 146. But later she explained everything, and Tara seemed to be right. 147. Tara knew how dangerous the skull could be, and didn't trust the woman with it. 148. 'Since I killed Gitdugal and set you all free I had to take care of the skull, but once it was stolen,' Tara said. 149. She asked the woman how she got the skull. 150. She said she had bought it from some men called the black lions. 151. Then Tara knew enough. 152. Of course the black lions could

shape-shift into humans to do such things. 153. 'How much did you pay for it ?' Tara asked. 154. 'Sixty tanarings,' the woman said. 155. That was a lot of money. 156. 'I will give you seventy tanarings for it, but I have to get it back,' Tara said. 157. The woman said that that was a good deal. 158. The woman said that they could also spend the night in her house located above the comic-shop. 159. Tara and the boy were very tired. 160. But in the middle of the night the woman came to the room where Tara was sleeping. 161. She had a knife and was ready to kill Tara so that she could keep the python skull. 162. But Tara heard her coming, and had also a knife under her blanket. 163. She acted like she was still sleeping, and when the woman was near to her bed already, and when she almost could feel her breath in her neck she suddenly turned around and pierced the knife into the heart of the woman. 164. She took the skull and the boy with her, and then they left Python City in the middle of the night.

165. Now they would go to Tara's cave, where she had a lot of hidden dens. 166. But on their way the boy asked if he could stay with a tribe he knew very well. 167. Tara agreed immediately. 168. When Tara returned to her cave there was a strange man in her cave. 169. The man looked a bit confused, and apologized immediately. 170. 'I'm sorry but I just escaped from an arena and I had to hide myself,' he said. 171. He explained from which tribe he was and what had happened to him. 172. Tara understood, and told him that he could stay as long as he didn't make any troubles. 173. Tara always had a sort of weak spot for gladiators, for she knew how life could be as a gladiator. 174. She cared for him like he was her baby. 175. In the middle of the night he stood before her. 176. He was very tall. 177. He said to her he was very scared. 178. He couldn't sleep. 179. He was afraid they would find him here and would take him to the arena again. 180. He told her that he was a war-prisoner. 181. She listened to his long story, and she took him in her arms to sooth him. 182. She told him that she would protect him, and that if any of his capturers would ever come here she would beat the brains out of their skulls. 183. Then Tara began to tell him stories to sooth him further. 184. The man told her that he had lost many battles, but he fortunately never got killed. 185. Tara immediately said that she could teach him how to fight so that he would never lose any battle anymore. 186. She said that if he would become such a good warrior that he could defeat her in wrestling than he never had to fear anything again. 187. But she also taught him how to fight with swords, spears and how to use a bow with it's arrows. 188. She also taught him how to hunt for food.

189. One day she told him about the python skull, but she wished she would never have told about it's secrets. 190. For in a night he woke her up, and he had the skull in his hands and put it behind him on a high place. 191. Then he said : 'Fight for it.' 192. The skull was taking all her strength away, and she felt like it was enslaving her. 193. She was almost completely in the power of this man, and if the man wouldn't be of good heart he could have destroyed her heart. 194. She now knew she couldn't feel safe anymore in her own cave since the man challenged her like this. 195. It was like he took away the most dear thing of her heart, although he didn't destroy her heart. 196. This was the moment her hate against men had been stirred up more than ever.

197. Never ever again would she give her heart like she did. 198. She got her skull back, but she lost something of her heart, and she couldn't get it back. 199. One night she decided to leave her cave for awhile. 200. But when she returned she found out that the man had committed suicide. 201. Maybe he knew that he had gone too far. 202. She had mixed feelings about his death.

203. But as time went on, his soul started to return to her.

204. And as she accepted him in her cave again he started to become of flesh and blood more and more. 205. And that could happen because of the python skull. 206. He told her that he had been to the Underworlds of Mars, to Tartarus, where his soul had been captured between the squeezing Moving Walls of Everlasting Damnation. 207. Here his soul got dense again. 208. He said that in the place where he was everything would be turned into Python Stone. 209. He also told her about his true reason why he had committed suicide. 210. And they became lovers for the second time.

211. But as this strange resurrection went on, Tara more and more found out about what was going on. 212. He only returned to her to seek for revenge. 213. But he wasn't himself anymore, so Tara thought he had been sent back to her by someone for some reason. 214. When Tara had slain him in a fight, she wanted to find out about his second coming. 215. So she decided to go to the Moving Walls of Tartarus, a dangerous realm below the Death-realms of Mars. 216. She knew exactly which rivers to take in the Death-realms of Mars, and finally after a long journey she reached Tartarus. 217. When she got to the Moving Walls area she met Drinbard, a pirate-captain. 218. She asked him about his friend, but Drinbard didn't want to tell anything. 219. Finally she got into a fight against him. 220. They both had two-bladed swords called doubledeckers. 221. Finally Drinbard gave her access in the deeper realms of the Moving Walls. 222. Before he gave in they had a fight of two days.

223. No one would understand the horror Tara saw there. 224. It was here Tara really learned to fight. 225. It was here she met Diabrillis the puppetmaster. 226. The souls of the damned who got slammed between the walls gained so much density at times that they could form a threat against the ruling classes of Tartarus. 227. Diabrillis was often their last hope, for he captured the densest souls from between the walls to enslave them in puppets. 228. Tara had still no idea how her friend could escape a place like this. 229. Tara had to pay Diabrillis a big deal of tanarings before she could enter his realms. 230. He was such a great puppetmaster, because he knew the art of soul-slaying. 231. His slaughtery was made of all sorts of rare python stone. 232. The huntingfields behind the realms of Diabrillis the puppetmaker were the last area's of this strange fairground. 233. The souls had become flesh and blood here, but now they had to survive on their journeys across the huntingfields. 234. Here the darkest indian hunters lived, and the darkest indian tribes. 235. All they wanted was to eat meat, and that was also what a strange billboard said somewhere in the dark pubs of this area : Eat Meat. 236. It was for the damned souls not enough to escape from the hands of Diabrillis the puppetmaker. 237. If there was any escape then most of the times it was organized by the dark indians of the huntingfields themselves, just because they were in need for meat. 238. How Tara's friend could survive and escape she still didn't understand. 239. Maybe he would have captured many women on the huntingfields by his charms, and maybe they finally let him escape ? 240. Tara didn't know. 241. In the pub where she sat there was a fat barkeeper doing the dishes, and there were sitting a few naked indian women at the bar. 242. They listened to some music, had some talks and a few drinks. 243. They looked a bit strange at Tara, but further they were friendly, and Tara didn't have the impulse to grasp her sword. 244. The feathers of the indian hunter-women were very shiny, and Tara was looking at these ornaments for a long time. 245. Suddenly a cowboy entered in. 246. Tara could see that he was an escaped soul still in his process of growing dense. 247. Tara had the feeling the cowboy didn't know where he was. 248. Maybe he thought he had already reached the finish. 249. The indian women started to whisper to each other, and Tara knew about what they were going to do. 250. The cowboy walked like the whole pub was his, like he was the greatest hero of all times, for he had survived Everlasting Damnation, the Moving Walls of Tartarus and the soul-slaughteries of Diabrillis the puppetmaker. 251. He ordered a couple of beers. 252. Tara supposed

he did that because he seemed like he never drank alone. 253. Everyone got a glass of beer, even the barkeeper, on costs of the cowboy. 254. Tara saw his good heart, and was worried about him. 255. Then one of the indian hunter-women stood up and asked : 'Shall we go outside ?'

256. The cowboy was confused. 'Are you talking to me ?'

257. 'Yes ?' he said, still a bit confused, not knowing what was going on. 258. He stood up, and wanted to walk outside the pub, but in a flash Tara could see how the indian woman was about to grasp her knife. 259. Before they could take any other step Tara jumped from her seat to the woman and kicked the knife out of her hands. 260. But quickly the other indian woman took her spear and wanted to pierce the cowboy. 261. Just in time Tara could jump on her neck and and pushed her on the ground by holding the neck tight between her legs. 262. The barkeeper took the telephone, while the cowboy started to become paniced. 263. The other indian woman tried to approach him. 264. 'Stay away from me !' he roared, while foam almost came out of his mouth. 265. The indian women sat down again after awhile, and everything was quiet again. 266. The cowboy now knew he was in danger, still. 267. Tara thought the cowboy was a lost case. 268. She didn't have any hope for him to survive in an area like this. 269. Soon she found out how the indian women had turned him into living meat on a stake. 270. But for Tara there wasn't any way to prevent it.

271. Very often she saw those sorts of men having their skins ripped off and shivering on a piercing stake, while indian women danced around their hopeless souls. 272. They were still the souls of the damned. 273. She wondered how her friend could escape all this. 274. On these fields demons and skeleton-gods were sitting on their high horses causing the doom of everlasting damnation to full extends. 275. Most of the times these skeleton-gods were dressed in garments, causing the horrors of indian sorcery all over the place. 276. They were the ones who had teached all these indians here how to be soul-criminals.

277. Once Tara met the White Spider Queen, a sorceress who could let nipples grow on bodies in such a number that skeletons would come to suck all the blood, fluids and meat-juices out of the body by these nipples. 278. These nipples were called the nipples of death. 279. The Queen was a very feared woman of the hunting-fields. 280. Even many of the indians feared her. 281. Before Tara realized she was under the webs and fluids of giant-spiders. 282. The White Spider tried to put her spell on Tara, but she failed. 283. They had a fight of several months, which Tara finally won. 284. This was how she could finally escape the horror surrounding the Moving Walls of Tartarus. 285. She still didn't find an answer to the questions she had about the one she once loved.

286. Not many would believe her if she would tell about all the horrors she saw in the darker area of the Moving Walls of Tartarus. 287. But as she grew so much in Life and Death, she more and more developped the dark sides she encountered in the area of the Moving Walls in herself. 288. It was something she could not escape, for everything was growing darker around her, and she needed to survive and dominate her own skull. 289. She needed to possess herself instead of letting someone else possess her, but she more and more found out about the high price it had to protect herself like this. 290. And this attitude she didn't need only for a day, but for the rest of eternity. 291. She had to wage an Everlasting War against everything which was threatening and possessing her, or she would lose herself forever. 292. In her eyes that was the only Love she could really bring up to herself, but it was enough for life.

293. Tara wanted to return to the White Spider Queen she once defeated. 294. She needed help from her. 295. The White Spider Queen had mixed feelings about Tara, but finally she accepted Tara's

need for help, if only to be able to take revenge on Tara. 296. She initiated Tara deeply into her temples and her secret places, and most of all : she started to love her.

297. No one would expect the love which started to develop between the two. 298. They could learn a lot from each other, and by a greater horror, they could be much savor against the higher levels of horror coming against them both. 299. They had a shelter in each other. 300. Tara taught the White Spider Queen how to fight by her weapons, and the White Spider Queen did the same to Tara. 301. The White Spider Queen was still dignified in all her horrors, but Tara was rude and uncivilized like always. 302. She didn't have any manners or behaviour, while the White Spider Queen had so many etiquettes. 303. They used to hate each others attitude, but now they knew they had to combine them for their own survival, or they would both lose their souls in horror. 304. The horror was hunting and growing outside, and the White Spider Queen knew that her days were counted when she wouldn't integrate with Tara. 305. They were both parts of the same puzzle and the same weapon, necessary to win in the Everlasting War. 306. The White Spider Queen was always so gracious that Tara although she more and more desired this jewel, sometimes just wanted to cut her skull off to decorate her weapons with it. 307. But they knew they needed each other, and they developed an intimate and tender love-relationship.

308. The White Spider Queen developped Tara's lust for poetic utterances, and Tara developped the White Spider Queen's lust for stories. 309. One day the White Spider Queen showed Tara a White Spider Stone. 310. It was the stone of blood and lust. 311. By this stone spiders wove their threads. 312. These threads were nothing but slices of slain and damned blood of death. 313. It also developped the slimy airs of spiders necessary to breath in these higher levels of horror. 314. The stone was also called : Blood Slayer as well, especially when weapons were made of the stone. 315. In a hall the White Spider Queen showed the delicate weapons made of such stone, and these weapons were called the blood-slayers. 316. They could cause sudden death and damnation. 317. The weapons were not very tall, but compact. 318. Some of them were fourpointed blades, fivepointed blades, all sorts of strange dreadful spears and knives and some bows.

319. As for Tara : She had to find a way to forget about this all, as she found out about the forces of Love being nothing else but the forces driven by a repressed revengefull heart coming from the past. 320. These veils of the spider were nothing but tricks to hide the Evil of the Python Stone. 321. A stone she tried to get rid of in the end, but which pierced itself a way to her heart more and more. 322. She more and more found out about the unbearable price of such a python stone, and she couldn't escape from it. 323. She had become it's slave forever.

5.

Sharla the Head Hunter ; Worshippers of Strange gods

1. No one would expect Sharla the Head Hunter to return after she was chased away by Tara from Rhodes. 2. But it was only to prepare a harder attack. 3. She went to her kingdom of heads again, where she had the skulls of her enemies on stakes, and even those of the ones she ones loved. 4. She was the horror of the Mitstik River, a huge river-area on the south of Mars. 5. No one could really explain an encounter with Sharla the Head Hunter. 6. She took minds and souls away, to finally take their heads. 7. She was obsessed with heads. 8. She painted them, decorated them with feathers and jewelry, and people said she only grew wilder since the death of her father, the horrible Skeleton Eater. 9. Whenever he was hunting, he didn't care about the meat. 10. He only ate bones. 11. Sharla

the Head Hunter's father was a huge skeleton himself, decorated by strange misleading ornaments.

12. Whenever people were looking at him, they lost so much of their lives. 13. He was a strange and dangerous man, even to his daughter. 14. It was like by his death Sharla broke so many chains of herself, yes, she was the one who had killed him.

15. For years she stayed on her side in the West after she had been defeated by Tara from Rhodes, but after these years she returned to the Eastside of the river. 16. No one could really explain what happened, but she had become so much more powerful. 17. Some said she had eaten the soul of her father.

18. Tara from Rhodes stood before her cave washing herself by the lake. 19. Warriors of her tribe came to her, telling her that Sharla the Head Hunter had returned. 20. At that moment they heard shrieking. 21. It was Sharla the Head Hunter, coming towards them. 22. Like a monkey she jumped from tree to tree. 23. There was something around her neck, a snake. 24. Tara from Rhodes took her spear, and told the warriors of her tribe to go behind her. 25. But it was already too late. 26. Sharla the Head Hunter had pierced one of them by an arrow. 27. 'Run away !' Tara from Rhodes shouted to the others, but also another one was already pierced by an arrow. 28. Then Tara threw her spear but she missed. 29. Quickly she took an arrow from her quiver and shot it, but missed again. 30. How could she miss two times ? 31. What was going on ? 32. Then Sharla the Head Hunter stood before her raising her sword. 33. Tara took another spear and they had a fight. 34. Sharla the head Hunter smiled. 35. 'If I will kill you, I will kill your tribe after it, do you think that's okay ?' 36. Tara stung by her spear, but missed : 'No,' she shouted. 'I told you already to leave this place.'

37. 'So why ?' Sharla the Head Hunter asked ironically, 'don't you like to see heads all over the place ?'

38. 'Well,' Tara replied, 'most of the time I like to see heads on bodies, but in this case I like to see a headless body.' 39. Then she fiercely tried to hit Sharla's head with a knife. 40. But Sharla jumped aside and kicked Tara against her head. 41. 'Bull's Eye !' she shouted. 42. Then Sharla's snake jumped on Tara and tried to strangle her. 43. 'Have fun together,' Sharla said ironically, 'I will return when dinner's ready.' 44. And then she left the place. 45. Tara had a hard time overcoming the snake. 46. The snake had a tighter grip than the usual snakes, and she tried to smash his head with a hard object in her surroundings. 47. But the snake moved all over, and also coiled itself around her legs. 48. Tara got troubles in breathing, and the snake was very slimy.

49. Suddenly she heard singing. 50. Someone was washing herself in the lake. 51. It was Sharla the Head Hunter. 52. 'This place will be mine in short time !' she shouted. 53. Suddenly Tara could throw the snake off of her. 54. She threw the snake into the lake, and continued her fight against Sharla the Head Hunter. 55. 'Oh, come on then,' Sharla shouted, 'I will eat you like a shark.' 56. Tara jumped on Sharla the Head Hunter and pushed her further into the lake. 57. Crocodiles from all sides came after Sharla the Head Hunter and she had to fight for her life. 58. But her snake swam towards the crocodiles and took them in a tight grip, while they were slowly dying without having any breath.

59. These were the days of Sharla the Headhunter. 60. She had many fights against Tara from Rhodes, for she wanted to have her skull and those of her tribe. 61. But one day tragedy struck Sharla the Headhunter, for her snake thought it would be time to add Sharla's head to the collection of heads in the Westside of the river. 62. The snake also thought it would be time to swallow Sharla's soul. 63. No one knew how such a deep friendship could turn over in such a hate, causing

Sharla's death. 64. As the warriors of Tara's tribe were in ecstasy about Sharla's fatal friendship with the snake, and as they were feasting the whole night, they didn't know about a greater threat which was awakening, the very snake of Sharla the Head Hunter itself, with the captured soul of Sharla in its erected pride. 65. The snake had only grown stronger, and taller by eating the meat and soul of its best friend. 66. Now the snake had become the Head-collector, but it also collected souls.

67. The warriors of Tara's tribe didn't know about the danger moving slow towards their wigwams. 68. While they were still feasting the snake slid into the first wigwam, taking some children away. 69. Soon they discovered about the sudden disappearance of the children, and their feasting started to turn into mournings. 70. The snake took the children across the river, and taught them how to hunt for heads. 71. The snake also taught them in the way they developed a rage against their own tribe. 72. When the children had grown up they formed their own tribe preparing so much vengeance to attack their original tribe one day. 73. The children didn't only worship the snake, but they also worshipped Sharla the Head Hunter. 74. They brought sacrifices to her everyday, a great part of the prey. 75. Tara had searched for the children for a long time, but now she was about to cross the river to search in Sharla's territory. 76. Somewhere in a different part of the river the children's tribe was moving towards Tara's tribe. 77. They only wanted to have one thing : heads.

78. The children who had grown older now had become skilled warriors. 79. They wanted to cause the fall of their original tribe, as they were bitten in their childhood by the snake. 80. He bit them in their skull where he placed a shiny yellow amulet to dominate them. Now they were in its evil hands, enslaved by the tormented soul of Sharla the Hunter. 81. All they could do was giving expression of her rage and hate. 82. These evil children started to slaughter the children of their own original tribe. And when Tara returned to the tribe she was already too late. 83. She couldn't find the children behind the river but she found a shiny yellow amulet like a tall cube. She found it in the temple of the snake, while some puppets of clay were sitting in front of it. She knew enough. That was the sign of domination. 84. Now she finally had found the children it was already too late. She stood on the hill watching that what had happened, raised the shiny yellow amulet and spoke loud : 'I think I already know what is going on here.' 85. The children turned around and when they saw the amulet it was like they were losing all their strength. Tara knew she had to be very careful now, for she couldn't underestimate the works of the snake. But the fact she had the amulet in her hands now gave her much power over the children. 86. The amulet wasn't in the hidden temple of the snake anymore. Tara knew where this temple was, for it used to be Sharla's temple. And in a sense it still was. 87. Suddenly some of the children started to have much pain in the back of their heads. They grasped their heads with their hands, and slowly Tara walked towards the children. 88. They wouldn't have any chance against her, for no one could be really successful against Tara from Rhodes. She was still the Warrior Princess of the primeval, like the black snake. 89. And none of these kids would even think about attacking her. Tara took her knife and started to cut the shiny yellow amulets out of their skulls, as she knew what was going on. She could feel the mighty vibration of the amulet. After awhile she had many pieces of it in her hands, while the children weren't themselves anymore. 90. It was like they were awakening out of a long long dream. Some started to cry, while others stared like frozen to the ground. The snake had done this job when the children were too young to realize what was going on, and he did it while they slept. Tara tried to explain them what was going on, and she did this with all the love she had. Since the children had invaded the tribe the survivors fled away. 91. No one could begin anything against such powers. They had the strength like wild animals. Now one knew that they had been gifted by the snake of

Sharla the Head Hunter and her very soul. But now Sharla had been overcome and defeated again. 92. The only thing was : Where was the snake ?

93. Tara knew they were in danger now, for the warriors of the tribe could return to see what had happened. They were on a hunt today, while the women and children were in the camp alone. What would they do when they would find out that so many children had been slain today ? 94. A dark feeling had entered Tara, something which was telling her that something was going on. She suddenly thought about the snake. What if he had already possessed the minds of the warriors ? She had to do something with the amulet now. But she didn't know what. She laid the pieces in a circle and started to think. Now the amulet was hers, and she wanted to spare the warriors in their feelings. 95. She knew where they were hunting today, and she hoped that they would stay the night there. So she went there, and fortunately when she came there it was already night and they were all sleeping. She had cut the amulets into many pieces, and by the amulet she wanted to lure them away from the danger. She knew that the snake had bound their hearts and minds by the attack, and she knew that if they would find out about their children, the snake would use them to destroy even more of the tribe. 96. Tara knew the sorceries of the snake, and the danger of Sharla's soul. They wouldn't rest before they had torn the whole tribe apart to devour it. The snake was a possessor of minds, and Tara exactly knew which steps the snake could take to prepare the possession. The snake had almost reached it's goal with the warriors of her tribe. Slowly Tara crept to the weapons of the warriors of her tribe, while they were sleeping. In all the weapons she tried to put small pieces of the amulet. She succeeded.

97. Now the only thing she had to do was taking the children away across the river. They couldn't be in their original tribe anymore. She also had to find the ones who had escaped since the children invaded the tribe. But when she had reached the tribe the snake was there. It would be a horrible fight. All her rage she concentrated on the snake, while she took her sword and entered the arena.

98. The snake had grown so much bigger now since the last time she had a fight with it. She wondered where the children were. Maybe they had already been gone to their tribe behind the river. Tara was in rage. 'I want my amulet back,' the snake roared. 'No !' Tara screamed, 'you will not get it, for your games are over.'

99. 'You do not know with which powers you are playing, girl !' the snake roared, while it's tail slammed her in her face. 'By this amulet I will bring Sharla's soul into the minds of the tribe,' the snake spoke loud. 'But the amulet doesn't belong to Sharla's soul anymore,' Tara spoke, while she pierced her sword into the tail of the snake. 'It's her bones, it's made of her skeleton,' the snake spoke in strange delight.

100. 'But now I possess it !' Tara shouted, 'Now I am the master of my tribe, as I am it's guard.'

101. 'But the soul of Sharla needs to come alive again, or she will devour the tribe totally, to swipe it's souls away from Mars. She will gather her bones by herself, and then come alive again,' the snake roared. And then something strange happened. The amulet started to shriek, and in the distance the warriors of Tara's tribe were coming home. They were in panic, and some were hysterical. 'Our weapons are moving and shrieking !' they shouted. 'It's the amulet,' the snake roared. 'It is time Sharla the Head Hunter is coming alive again.' Then the warriors fell on the ground and worshipped the snake while the snake was coiling around their weapons. 102. Tara knew she was losing the grip on her tribe, and she knew that the only place she could gather her

powers again to break this sort of witchcraft was the realm of Sharla the Head Hunter across the river. She now had to make that kingdom hers, or she would be enslaved by its powers herself.

103. But when she came across the river the children's tribe had possessed the whole area and had become evil again. They even didn't remember Tara. They didn't recognize her. She hoped the children didn't know about the hidden temple of the snake, so she went there, but they also possessed that temple. The kingdom of heads was against her. The children had strange weapons made of shiny yellow bone. It looked much like the amulets, and maybe it was the same : the bones of Sharla the Head Hunter. All the children were saying she would come alive tonight to gather her bones. Tara started to scream : 'No ! You have been possessed again !' But the children were shaking their heads. They only wanted to have one thing now : The head of Tara from Rhodes.

104. All of a sudden she got terrible headaches like ringing bells in her head. She grasped her head, but the pain only got worse. It was like a million wasps were stinging her brains, and her body got overheated. She almost fell to the ground, but she could catch herself on her knees, took her knife and cut into her skull where the pain was coming from. Soon she took a piece of the shiny yellow bone out of her head. She screamed and shrieked while she was raising it high. How could that happen to her ? How could such a piece be in her head ? Was it done by the snake ? And when ? Suddenly she heard screaming. The children were grasping themselves and each other. Some of them had pain in their legs or arms. Soon Tara had cut more pieces of the shiny yellow bones out of them. They knew Sharla would also look for these pieces.

105. Tara wanted to know about the secret of the shiny yellow bones of Sharla the Headhunter. She decided to search in the temple of the snake. A lot of strange altars were here, and strange stakes with totems. A lot of skulls were here. They were carrying strange smells, and were often painted and some had feathers. In the bigger skulls pythons and other big snakes were living. In another room of the temple there were also skulls, but most of them were very small. These could be the skulls of small children or monkeys. In a bigger one a hairy spider lived. The room was full of spiderwebs and behind the room there was also a small room with a low ceiling. Suddenly a piercing voice shouted : 'Tara from Rhodes ! Your friend Sharla has returned.' A huge skeleton of yellow shiny bones was standing in the opening of the small room. The snake was around its neck.

106. 'Yes, I am Sharla the Head Hunter, but I only need some skin, and I thought, maybe I can use yours,' the skeleton spoke. 'No way !' Tara said loud. 'I will break any bone of you to let it become my second skin. I feel so naked, I need a dress.' Suddenly fourpointed blade crashed the skeleton from behind. It was one of the children. But soon the bones were gathered again by a strange power. 'Go away, kid !' Tara shouted, 'There's witchcraft going on here, you better protect you soul !'

107. Tara knew she had to find out about this secret or it would enslave her forever. 'By the force of Soms !' she shouted, 'tell me your secret.' Suddenly a wind from behind crashed the skeleton again and a huge skeleton stood in the dooropening, breaking the bones with its teeth. Then after that he started to eat and absorb the bonemass. 'I have finally come to life again,' the skeleton roared. 'Who are you ?' Tara asked with a loud commanding voice. 'I am the Skeleton Eater, her father. She had killed me and captured my soul for such a long time in the form of a snake. But now I have come to take revenge.' The snake was sliding and coiling throughout his bones. 'But what did your soul do to my tribe ?' Tara shouted loud, 'This snake has killed and possessed so much of us.'

108. 'I was possessed too, by the meat and the soul of Sharla I once absorbed, but before that I was her slave, after she killed me and brought my soul alive again in the form of a snake. To eat her

meat and soul was the first step in delivering myself from her,' the Skeleton Eater spoke. 'Now by eating her bones I hope I will break the possession.' Tara wanted to leave the temple now, but he was blocking her. 'Now all I want is your head !' the Skeleton Eater spoke loud. But the kid with the fourpointed blade had returned and crumbled the Skeleton Eater with it. 'Oh, my magical powers will gather my bones again,' the Skeleton Eater roared. 'I told you to go away !' Tara shouted loud. 'These kids won't listen.' The Skeleton Eater stood up, and said : 'I will eat and devour your bones, and I will use your meat and brains as windowdecoration.' The kid was running away again, but the Skeleton Eater ran after it. 109. The snake slid out of the body and attacked Tara. 'Come Tara !' the child shouted. 'I need to show you something.' Tara kicked the snake aside and ran outside. The child showed a shrine to Tara. 'Here we used to worship the Skeleton Eater,' the kid said. The Skeleton Eater had disappeared. But soon Tara found out he was devouring the bones of the children, leaving their meat behind. 'Why do you worship such a god !' Tara shouted. Then the kid asked : 'Which god do you worship then ?'

110. 'That's none of your business, but try Soms,' Tara replied harshly.

111. Now she had directed someone to Soms she had to leave the place and the whole domain of where she was born, the area of the Mitstik River. She gave this district over in the hands of Soms, for she didn't know it anymore. It was like she was chained by the tight chains of her youth. She wanted to forget about it all to start a new life. So she moved even more to the south, to the area of the legendary Mokotte Fields on Mars. This was even further in the south than the valleys and gardens where her original tribe had to work for the killer-king Gitdugal in earlier times. She had to travel a few weeks to come close to the Mokotte Fields. Here she would start a new life. She had become very tired of the riddles of the realm of Sharla the Head Hunter. She wanted to escape it's grip forever. In the valleys of the Mokotte Fields there would live a lot of sorcerors who could help her further. She had to go there, for an invisible force she didn't know of was taking her breath away and slowly strengling her.

112. In front of the Cave of Viviktus, the Wild Sorceror, there was a lair of a giantspider. The giantspider was very hairy and even had feathers. Tara wanted to go to him for help, but not much did she know about the horror of that place. No one could enter the Cave of Viviktus than the ones who could dominate it in wrestling. As she was very tired it became a long fight. The giantspider was about to strengle her. It was like this animal was taking her last piece of breath. But after awhile Viviktus the Wild Sorceror came outwards. 'I think I will have mercy on you this time, lady. You seem to have traveled a great deal. Come inside for some warm drinks,' he said. Tara stood up, while the giantspider left her alone. Inside there were halfnaked warriors sitting at bars. Most of them were looking at her. 'Oh, I want to fight against her one time,' one was shouting. Most of them were barefooted, but some of them had very strange boots or shoes. 113. They looked like killerboots. Viviktus, the Wild Sorceror, was leading her along the bars, and soon they were in the arena's. All sorts of wild animals had to fight against the different warriors. Some of these animals she had never seen before. They were monstous Martian animals. Behind the arena's there were some arena pools. Viviktus told her that if she would defeat all these warriors and animals, he would help her.

114. Nights of fights followed in which she slayed the greatest warriors. Sometimes she had to fight three or four of them at the same time, and sometimes even a whole group. They called her Tara the Slayer. By the grace of Viviktus not all these warriors would die by her hands or weapons, but she defeated them all. 'There's dread on you,' Viviktus said. 'They fear you like nothing else. I must say

I applaud your strength and persistence. You are cleansing your soul from witchcraft here for a great deal.' Then Tara took Viviktus tight by his throat and said : 'You Martial bunch of shatters, you promised me to help me !'

115. 'What I tell you is the truth,' Viviktus continued, 'but I will also give you help by myself. That I did promise and I will do, as I am an honest man.'

116. 'Some souls have reached a certain immortality, and will return on and on, after they have been killed. They have drunk from the sources of eternal death and birth, and they have a great immunity. Now these so-called immortals prey on mortals. And if they have fixed their mind on you, they can eat you all the way to your inner city, where they can and they will finally enslave you,' Viviktus said, 'It is finally by this eternal slavery you will find the well of eternal liberty, the freedom of the mind.'

117. 'What are you trying to tell me, sorceror, are you predicting me something ?' Tara blasted. But then she got very silent. After awhile she said : 'So you will tell me that Sharla the Head Hunter will return again to me to finally enslave me ? How ?' The sorceror nodded. 'I think you are very wise, my girl, and I think you will deal with this as you continue your path. You will find out that my words to you were true.'

118. And as the sorceror predicted Sharla the Head Hunter came to stalk her again, and this time she slayed Tara and took her soul to the realms of Lakshor, where she became an enslaved Gladiator.

Ship of Fire

119. After Sharla the Head Hunter took Tara's skull, Tara's soul found a fierce fire-ship in the deathrealms of Mars. She knew Sharla still wasn't done with her, and she would hunt for her soul, but on this ship she would have the chance to escape from Mars, as it became more and more a horror to her. On the Martian River of Death she was on the ship, but gladiators kidnapped her. These were the times she felt very weak. But as soon as they heard of Sharla the Head Hunter they became friends with Tara. They had to fight Sharla together. 120. It was a warrior-boat, the one where she was now. The ones of this boat were escaped gladiators and now they were waging war against the tribes along the Martian River of Death to make prisoners for their gods. They first wanted to sacrifice Tara also, but since they had an encounter with Sharla the Head Hunter they knew they could better not touch Tara. She might help them against Sharla's attacks. 121. What they didn't know was that Sharla attacked them because of Tara. If they would find out that Tara was the cause of this all, they would have sacrificed her for sure. They were cannibals of the highest grade on the Martian River of Death, since the gods taught them how to survive on these horrible rivers. Tara tried to escape from them many times, but all these attempts finally failed. It was like they were watching any move of her.

122. They didn't have much jewelry, but what they had was very precious. They had some python stones, and by that they could capture the minds and the souls of their prey. It also prevented them against any soul-enslavers. Most of the time these stones were planted in their weapons.

123. The friendship between Tara and them didn't last long, for once in the night Sharla the Head Hunter came to the boat. She killed the gladiators, took their heads, and captured Tara's soul. Sharla took Tara to the arena's of Lakshor where she sold Tara as a gladiator. When she could finally escape from Lakshor she returned to Mars again in search for the warrior-skulls of her friends who got beheaded by Sharla the Head Hunter. She would do anything to bring her friends back to life

again. She also knew that their souls had been captured in their skulls, and that Sharla would have those skulls in her collection. So she returned to the area of the river of Mitstik, in search for Sharla the Head Hunter. Tara had now grown so much in skills, in wisdom and in so many other things. She was now ready to finish Sharla the Head Hunter forever to set her friends free.

124. But when she came there, it wasn't what she had expected. Although she easily found the skulls and used an oracle to talk to them, her friends didn't remember her, and didn't want to have anything to do with her. First she was in great grief because of the answers, but later she knew she first had to defeat Sharla the Head Hunter, because she seemed to dominate their mind and memory. But Sharla was nowhere to be found. Her realms were lonely and wild, almost depressed. Later she asked the oracle where Sharla was. The oracle answered that on the westside of Sharla's realms there was a new city. She would be there to raise it and rule it. The name of the city was : Eliphant City. Eliphant City would be the darkest city of Mars, a breeding place of sorcerors, witches, necromancers, thieves, assassins, soul-hunters and a lot more. Tara had the feeling she would go to the circus. Here Miss Sharla the Head Hunter would have her place now. Or would she be even Mrs. now ? Tara had so many cynical thoughts about Sharla in her head. It irritated her the way Sharla was. Oh how she would like to smash her skull into shatters to hang her brains in the trees.

125. In Eliphant City there were circuses and even fairgrounds indeed. But also lots of arena's. The City had a great deal of slaves, and there were enough slave-hunters operating from this side. The city also had a great deal of story-tellers and artists. Often they were wanderers coming to sell their art. In many cases they were thieves as well. Hermund Grottenweiler was a man having the most beautiful women in cages. Here they had to dance, sing and strip, but they were never allowed to come out of their cages. They lived in these cages like animals and slaves. No one was allowed to enter their cages. It was a big deal. Hermund Grottenweiler was one of the richest men of the city. He was a drinker of beer, and often he went to prostitutes to have some fun. He was also a gambler, and a lot of people said he was a thief. 126. Men used to throw a lot of money through the bars to let the women do whatever they wanted them to do, although they could never be touched. Tara was watching some of their shows. Sometimes there were more women in one cage, and often it was nothing but brute fights. Tara knew that if she wanted to conquer Sharla the Head Hunter, some of these women could be of good use.

127. 'How much do these women cost ?' Tara asked Hermund Grottenweiler.

128. 'They aren't for sale,' the man said gruff. 'but I can pay you a lot if you want to work here.' Tara took the man by his throat and said : 'You mean bastard, I give you twelve-thousand tanarings for two of them.'

129. 'Twelve-thousand tanarings for two women ? Are you crazy ? You could buy my whole business with that, but okay, I give you two women by choice,' said the man slowly. Twelve-thousand tanarings was a lot of Martian money. If you had a hundred tanarings you were already rich. 'I'll pay you later, bastard,' Tara said, but the man wanted the money now. Then someone else whispered something into the ears of the man, and after awhile the man said : 'Okay, you will pay me later, choose your two women.' So Tara took the best warriors, explained them what they had to do, and then they went on in search for Sharla the Head Hunter.

130. One of the women was called Lirsja, and the other Spirtja. They were both sisters or more accurate : half-sisters. Tara loved them from the first moment. They were tender, but at the same time they were bloody passionate warriors. They told Tara that they had been gladiators since

childhood. It made one part of them very sensitive and another part of them numb and harsh. They had also been prostitutes for awhile, until Hermund Grottenweiler bought them. They told Tara that they had always been slaves, one or the other way. Their parents sold them to a slave-caravan when they were only three years old. This was because they lived in such a poverty. Their parents thought that when they would become slaves at least someone was taking care of them. And since they were eighteen that person was Hermund Grottenweiler. Tara didn't say anything. They were on a way to a pub, where Sharla the Head Hunter would be, according to some. 131. It was the Great Python Pub. It was already late. Tara opened the door and looked around. The pub was full of half-naked gladiators. Most of them were women, and Sharla the Head Hunter was there also. Tara took her knife and shouted : 'Sharla the Head Hunter, friends always return. How's life, bitch ? What have you done to the gladiator-skulls of the Martian River of Death ?'

132. Sharla started smiling. 'What are you talking about, dear ? I have done so many things to so many skulls, so what is the deal ?' Also other women were smiling. Tara stepped on a table and smashed a hanging lamp in pieces. 'Now listen you foolish pighead, we are not here to play any games tonight. Game's over, my friend. I'm here to smear your name on the wall like wallpaper. You will not even know your name anymore,' Tara shouted.

133. 'Oh,' Sharla said, 'but who are you anyway ? I do not remember your face.'

134. 'I am Tara the Slayer of Tartarus, Tara from Rhodes. I am the black snake,' Tara shouted in full pride. 'Everyone knows me.' People started to laugh and Sharla said with a tight face : 'It doesn't say anything to me. Maybe our encounter wasn't impressive enough.' Then Tara jumped to the table where Sharla the Headhunter was, and kicked her in her face. Some women at the bar slowly slid with their hands to their knives. 'I have risen from the dead to come in vengeance because of all what you ...' but further she couldn't come. 135. Someone had put a knife into her spine. Tara fell to the ground, while her two women came into action. They took some chairs and started to use them as rods. One of them took a leg-knife and threw it into the heart of Sharla. 136. 'Sorry, I do not know you,' she whispered soft in Sharla's face, 'but it seemed you made a big mess here.' The other woman took the knife out of Tara's back, but Tara felt very sick. Some other woman tried to further protect Tara. Then Sharla stood up like a dead body. 137. 'What a pity now,' she said, while she looked at the woman who had thrown the knife into her heart. 'I do not have a heart.' And then she started to laugh hysterically. Some men had entered the pub. They had sunglasses on, and they started to talk with the barkeeper. Sharla soon directed herself to them. 138. 'Listo and Carshan, you come at the right moment.' The two man took their guns and began to shoot some women. Tara rolled herself under a table, and prayed for strength. 139. She almost never prayed, but this time she had to. She prayed to Soms. The other two women of her had also dived under a table, while Sharla walked towards the door. 'Don't let them escape,' she said, and then she left. It was a horrible fight against Listo and Carshan and some other women. 140. But soon from the arena behind the pub women were coming to help Tara and her women. One of the women took the two men by the throat and threw them through the window.

141. Later Tara and her two women wanted to leave the pub to search for Sharla again. But the barkeeper took his gun and said : 'You aren't going anywhere.'

142. What then happened Tara couldn't recall, but she woke up in the fields of Tartarus, while her back was pierced on a stake. Her feet were tied to the stake, and her hands were tied behind her back. 143. She was surrounded by huge skeletongods with wolfskulls, all dressed in black

garments. 144. One or two of them were in shiny purple, but still dark. They had voices like speaking mud, and one of them ripped her skin open to take her heart out of her chest. 145. Tara was screaming and shrieking. 'No one will ever defeat me,' she suddenly shouted calm. 146. But one of the skeletongods took an axe and cut her head off. The head rolled into a valley and doom came all over the place. Sharla was walking towards them 'Wow,' she said, 'now that was wonderful.'

147. Tara was now nothing but a ghost, so full of rage that she enslaved many souls. She wanted to live for vengeance the rest of eternity. Tara descended into so many unknown realms of Tartarus. 148. Here she would find out about the secrets of Sharla the Head Hunter. Tara would become a horror greater than she ever was, to survive this greater horror. 149. By the unknown squeezers of Tartarus she would have a bit more density, but what if she would only encounter more and deeper shatterers ?

150. But the only thing Tara encountered in the depths of Tartarus was a machine with so many bloody heads from the decapitated ones. This machine had been called the Machine of Democracy for such a long time. The bloody heads would keep all the souls of Mars possessed. Inside it was a strange arena where the ghosts of all these souls were gladiators. The strange arena brought forth the fluids of Everlasting Damnation. Tara was drinking from this well without hesitation. The fluids were frothing like beer, and Tara didn't want anything else than to drown in it. But suddenly strange creatures were jumping on her head sucking her brains. They looked a little bit like octopi and spiders, but actually these were the heads of decapitated pythons. They were called the brain-slayers. Tara had come into the extasy of slaughter, took a word from the machine and started to slay the heads in a bloodbath. 151. So much strength was coming over her from unknown sources. The heads didn't have skulls, only brains. Also the heads of the strange machine didn't have any skulls inside. They looked like strange rubber or plastic masks. Some jumped on Tara's head, trying to mask her to devour her brains and abundant slaughter. Suddenly she was in a shock, after she had slaughtered many of them. She had also seen the heads of her gladiator-friends who were beheaded by Sharla the Head Hunter, and whose skulls she found when she returned to Sharla's realms. What had become of them here ? Their skull-less heads were now puppets of this strange machine. 152. Suddenly the machine started to spin like crazy. The heads started to discuss and argue like crazy. 'Now shut up !' Tara shouted. She went inside the machine again to see if the ghosts of her friends were in there. Several ghosts came towards her. These were the ghosts of her friends, and now they were very understanding. 153. 'Yes, Tara, we have been imprisoned by this strange arena-machine again,' she said to her. So this was the machine they had escaped from before they went to the Martian River of Dead where they encountered Tara. 'How can I help you ?' Tara asked.

154. 'We cannot escape Tara,' the warriors said. 'We escaped only to finally sink deeper in this machine. This is our fate.'

155. 'No !' Tara shouted rude. 'I will fight this machine, and free your souls from it.' The warriors sighed. 'Tara,' one of them said very tenderly, 'the more you fight this machine, the more it will swallow you. We invite you to come with us. Come with us, you won't regret it.'

156. 'Oh, you lost your head,' she said to the ghost. 'There's nothing I can do for you. I will leave.'

157. But the ghost took her in his arms and said : 'You cannot leave. No one leaves this place. You can only leave to finally realize you have sunk deeper in it.' 158. She felt the sweetness and softness

of the ghost entering her soul. It was like they were seducing her to stay with them in this doom. 'I don't want to lose myself !' Tara shouted.

159. 'You will only find yourself, ... finding yourself back ...' the ghost said, while he showed her his tragic face. 'There's Everlasting War here, and that is our fate.' Tara tried to shake the ghost away from her, but the more she did that the more she felt he was coming over her. 160. It was like he was slaying her brains. Suddenly, and she didn't know where it came from, she had the strength to push him away. 161. 'I will slay Sharla the Head Hunter,' she said with a tight face, 'and then I will return to this place.'

162. Tara climbed her way up to where she came from, in search for Sharla the Head Hunter. The blood was rushing through all of her veins all of a sudden. 163. But the heads from the Machine of Democracy seemed to follow her in a distance. She had now seen the secret of Sharla the Head Hunter. It was a strange fairground of heads, keeping all the politics in the upper worlds of Mars possessed and by that the politics of so many other planets. But it was lawless politics, a strange arena called Democracy letting the Everlasting Blood of Damnation flow, frothing through so many souls.

164. But more and more heads from this strange machine from the depths of Mars were surrounding Tara, and she started to lose strength. She remembered the words of the ghosts, and suddenly she totally lost it. The heads seemed to come out of nowhere, and it didn't stop. 'Be ready for the masses of democracy,' one ghost had told her. It was like this arena was giving birth to so many children all beheaded. Tara heard their shrieks in her mind, slaying her mind. It was rushing through her veins. She had mixed feelings inside indeed, like Everlasting War inside, like Everlasting Democracy. 165. She fought, but she remembered : She was fighting herself. All these heads were hers, like her split identities. It was a Psychiatrist deep inside her mind, such a crazy one, but also nothing but a puppet from this strange fairground of Mars, coming forth from the depths of Tartarus, only to sink in it deeper. Tara had lost so many of her good thoughts, and now she was delivered into the hands of this undescribable being. She had been torn apart by it, but she still wanted to kill Sharla the Head Hunter. But where would it bring her ? It seemed to be a stupid idea, the more she thought about it, meaning nothing, absolutely nothing in the progress of the universe.

166. As all these puppets were slaves of Sharla the Head Hunter, Sharla was also their slave, and Tara also. Who was really the king, and who was really the slave, when all these masks would be torn off ?

167. She was just imprisoned by this crazy fairground called Democracy. 168. She had to fight her mirrors, for her mirrors were fighting her, showing up often masked ...

169. What if Sharla the Head Hunter was just one of her mirrors. She couldn't stand the thought. She would want to slay that mirror, but even more : to enslave it. For there was no such thing as Death. It was only a strange mirror on a strange fairground of Mars, opening the door to so many other mirrors. One day Tara got the shock of her life. She saw her own head hanging between all the other heads of doom. That meant that she had already been a part of this machine, but for how long already ? And this probably meant that also her own ghosts had to be somewhere in the arena inside the machine. So she went inside again, and asked the other ghosts about it. 'I want to show you something,' one of them said. It was one of her warrior-friends she had encountered on the Martian River of Death. The ghost asked her to come with him to a room behind the arena. He opened a

cupboard there, where she saw ten to twenty of her own ghosts hanging there at a rope. They were like fleeces. Tara was shocked. 'How do I bring them alive ?' she asked.

170. 'Just by accepting it all,' the ghost said tenderly. It was like Tara was melting inside. She just wanted to let it come over her. A bell was ringing. The fights and wars between the ghosts started again. Tara had to fight against a friend of her. 'Tara, you must accept Democracy,' the ghost said. 'It is the Lawless. It is the Head Hunter and the Head Brooder.' Snakes got born here, as the children of the gladiators. But these children had no bodies ... only heads.

171. Tara knew that these heads would tear her mind apart again and again. They were brain-slayers, and it would lead her deeper into this strange abyss.

The Deception

172. 'Blood you deserve, blood to stream out of your body and die !' Someone shouted on a slave-market of Eliphant City. Tara had returned to this city, but she was wandering there a bit aimless. She didn't want to watch how this yelling would turn into another bloody fight. Oh yes, she loved fighting, more than anyone else, but sometimes she had hard times in watching it. As she walked further over the market, she saw a young slave getting beaten up by his master. Tara didn't think a second and slaughtered the slave-master to set the boy free. Sometimes she just had such strange impulses. Where they were coming from, she didn't know. She entered a pub. The barkeeper was doing some dishes and brought a beer to her in grace. 'You look thirsty, lady,' the barkeeper said. Tara drank the cup empty within seconds. Then she stood up and walked to the girl-room of the pub. Here some slave-girls worked as whores. A tall young lady with star-earrings stood in the door-opening. 'Anyone heard of Sharla the Headhunter ?' The girl shook her head. Tara saw a newspaper and took it in her hands. Her feet were sweating because of the heat in the pub. It was a hot day in Eliphant City. 173. In the newspaper there were many stories about heads and headhunters. The last page of the magazine had some news. There was a picture of a wild-bearded head of a savaged man called Ijupitor who had been beheaded. If someone wanted to use the skull-less head for black magic he would have to call a certain number. Tara's feet started to sweat even more. There were also some smaller pictures of bison-heads, and finally a small note about Sharla the Head Hunter. But almost everything of the note had been torn away. Like someone wanted to keep the information. 'Now, don't mess with me again, girl,' Tara said to the girl, 'Have you heard of Sharla the Headhunter, yes or no ?'

174. The girl said yes softly, and asked Tara to come with her. They went on a stairs and came into a dark room. The room was a bit colder, and there was also a lion caged there. 'Do you work in circus ?' Tara asked. 'Yes, also,' the girl said. Suddenly Sharla the Head Hunter stood in the door-opening. 'I will not waste my time killing you,' Tara said. 'But I will enslave you in this bottle,' and then she grasped an empty bottle from the table. 'I swear by Soms you will vanish now into this bottle,' Tara shouted. Sharla didn't move, but then she fell forward. A man in a bear-suit was standing behind her, having a strange small machine in his hand like a calculator. Also on Sharla's back there was a strange small instrument. The man took off his bear-mask, and fell in worship before the feet of Tara. 'Oh Tara,' he said, 'I have heard so much about you. I am obsessed with you. I made a Sharla puppet to let her have a double. I also want to make one of you. 175. I work in circus you see,' the man said. He talked a bit confused and Tara kicked him hard in his face. 'Do you really think I have time for this nonsense ?' Tara said unfriendly. But Tara now knew she had to be careful, for maybe the Sharla she met in the other pub was just a double also, made to distract her.

Was that the reason why she finally ended in Tartarus that way ? She should have known better, for necromancers often used doubles to deceive and enslave their victims very subtle. Some necromancers had built thousands and thousands of doubles, and then they masked them so that they could build whole cities. Would Eliphant City just be a trap to let Tara suffer in Tartarus ? And maybe there were even more victims. It all started since Tara was looking for her friends in the realms of Sharla. Here she found their skulls and an oracle. The oracle had directed her to the Eliphant City.

176. Tara returned to Sharla's realm where the oracle was still speaking. Still the skulls of her friends were there, and the oracle had grown so big now. It had fiery flames, and it was like a well of fire now. How could she trust such an oracle anyway. And how could she further know if something was a double or the original. Suddenly she heard strange marching in the distance. When the sound came closer it was like a strange song. It was a ghost-army full of the doubles of Sharla the Head Hunter. Slaying or even believing such a double could already be very dangerous.

177. Tara knew that to be immune against an army of doubles you needed to produce your own doubles, so that she could multiply herself. She was kneeling down before the skulls of her friends and she started to brood them. Suddenly they stood before her. The army of Sharla's doubles had to vanish slowly. They were awakening the giants of Tartarus.

178. They set so many worlds in fire, and she could forget and remember so many things. It was like she was made for this, but her demons always said to her : she created herself.

179. If she could she would turn everything into doom. She wanted to create a total new world. And if that was her fate : She wanted to do it in Tartarus. She was the vulcano, letting the dogs of Tartarus out. She was of Tartarus, Tara of Tartarus.

180. And as she was writing in the scrolls of Mars : She slid deeper, descending with her ghosts into the mists of Tartarus, into its ravines.

6.

The Parrot Gems

1. They were feared in the whole area of Wirdum Desert. They would sell the boy to a slave-caravan, but first they would do surgery on him. As the boy had been tied to a stake they started to cut him with knives. In his body they were looking for something ... parrot gems ...

2. When they had found the parrot gems they ripped his further skin off. After the boy stood skinless in the hot sun for hours insects came to eat from his meat. The boy died in horrible circumstances, but when they returned they called his tormented soul back from death. This was how they always used to zombificate their prisoners. Now this zombie had been ripe for slavery. In the distance a slave-caravan was coming. They had smelled some blood Not much later the dirty deal would start.

3. Tara from Rhodes had wandered through the Wirdum Desert for days. She had found a lake near a small forest. Through the soil she saw something shiny in the distance. As she moved closer she took notice of the fact that these were parrot gems. But what did all these bastards do around it ? She took her sword and started to slay them all in a terrible bloodbath. Tara the Terrible had come. After the slaughter she took the gems and moved forwards.

Tara knew everything about these parrot gems ... Actually they weren't from parrots ... Everyone on Mars would have more or less parrot gems in their bodies. When they would be taken away they were in the danger to become zombified, which meant they could be risen from the death to be enslaved in their bodies for the rest of their lives. These were called : The zombies of Wirdum Desert.

4. Ammelgamma was a dealer in parrot gems. He had a shop somewhere on the westside of Wirdum Desert. Tara would go to him. Tara didn't care for parrot gems, but when she found some, she would bring them to Ammelgamma. Ammelgamma was a prophet, a collector of parrot gems. He didn't use any surgeries to zombify his victims. He only used words. And he had a lot of success in it, for he had one of the greatest slave-caravans of Wirdum Desert. He used to travel a lot with his mass of necktied zombie-slaves. To see such a slave-caravan moving through the desert was always impressive. Ammelgamma used to prophesy and soon his whole audience had been enslaved by his words ... a strange fire, zombifying them to be in his army of everlasting damnation. They didn't fight, they only used ... words ...

5. When Tara entered Ammelgamma's shop he was just counting his money behind the cash-desk. Tara laid the parrot gems in the desk and slammed with her fist on the desk, trying to get his attention. Ammelgamma looked up, but then he started to count his money again. 'Sorry, lady,' he spoke indifferently with a sore throat, 'I am busy now, can you return another time ?' But Tara jumped over the desk, took him by his throat and pushed him hard against the wall, while she had raised him in the air : 'Listen you barbarian bastard, I do not travel for days to come here for nothing. We know each other, don't you ? You know where I am coming for.' Tara had the desire to throw him through the window and then to eat his brains, but she could control herself this time. The man nodded and said : 'Yes, Tara, I know where you come from, and where you are coming for, so come with me, and I will show you what I can give you for these parrot-gems.' Then they moved upstairs.

6. She was now probably the richest woman on Mars, although she didn't care about the money, the tanarings she had now. She just needed it for something.

7. In the west, upwards, she needed to do something. As she was moving forwards to an enormous stairway in the middle of the desert. This stairway was a crystal stairway, leading to the high beach behind the desert. No one knew why she came there, no one knew what she would do. They were all staring at her while she moved through the soil. When she was on the beach she could see the bloody sun almost touching the waters. She stood there for hours, for days, as the bloody dark sun was moving slowly towards her. The wind was playing with her hair while the bloody dark sun was roaring and soaring so huge in the distance. 'You have finally come, Soms !' she shouted. 'I have done what you have asked from me.' The huge bloody dark sun was almost devouring the waters.

8. The next morning Tara woke up, still at the beach. She would now go to Iriptus, the killer-prophet. They called him the prophet, but actually he wasn't a prophet. He was an assassin. He would speak to his audience for hours and hours, and then he would slay them all ... not by words, but by his sword. His house was full of skulls and dead bodies. He killed for the money, the tanarings, ... it was that simple. His house was huge. He was one of the wealthiest prophets in Wirdum Desert.

9. After a few hours Tara came out of his house finally. Most of the time these prophets were only weaponsellers or high bosses of arena's further not caring anything about it. She called them the

gamewatchers, lazy jerks. She never had much patience with them. She had only sympathy and love for the prophet-king who was an exorcist in the east of Wirdum Desert. He was called the prophet-herd, but actually he wasn't a herd. He had a breeding for prophets, to finally slaughter them all. He was feared by many prophets, although a lot of prophets didn't know anything about him.

10. Tara went to his castles ... They were made of python stone ... Some called it the sandcastles As she was sliding forwards through the soil and the sand of Wirdum Desert she saw him on the huge frontwall practicing with his sword.

She became so paranoid, hungry for a greater love, but all she could do was to hate. She hated love and she loved hate, and she knew the bloody sun of Soms wouldn't show up anymore, as it was written in Martian Laws of the Lawless that the bloody sun of Soms would only show up once in someone's everlasting life, as the first and the last time, the Alpha and the Omega.

11. The revenge of the prophets would drive her to Tartarus now. Here the wolf-skulls were already waiting for her, ready to watch more of her than she ever watched of anyone else, for they once took her own parrot gems away.

7.

The Lawless

1. As I was sliding along the vast jungle of Tirmis Oracle, a ghosttown in the west of Mars, I met a pirate. Me, Tara, I was willing to know the secret of the Tirmis Oracle. Tirmis Oracle were ten demon-machines torturing so many on the surfaces of Mars, to keep them in deep tragedy and slavery. When he had told me the secret, it was the beginning of a strange travel for me. To me everyone was living in his own world, not capable to really destroy someone else by any law or anti-law. In my eyes death was just the road to the well of eternal death, holding the secret of eternal birth. To me death didn't really exist as it was one of the many stories. The pirate told me that the dark of Tirmis Oracle were guarding this well. How could I set free these ten demons captured in Tirmis Oracle for such a long time ?

2. There was no real escape from the demon-machines, as the pirate told me. I had to face the fact that only the well of eternal slavery would bring me to eternal liberation. The paradox was a strange machine, the first of the oracle, planted against the huge rock of the ghosttown. If I wouldn't free the demon locked up in this machine, not many would be even willing to understand the treasures of the paradox. This was the only secret the pirate told me, but he didn't even tell me how I could free the demon. I must admit, in those times I didn't care at all. Someone had to do it. Some things just needed to be done.

3. I came from a free world, although there was a lot of slavery. And it was just like that was all the price of freedom, like these two things belonged to each other, as a heritage of the paradox. Mars had always been a free world, where everything was possible. It was called art, but it also opened the most darkest edges you couldn't find anywhere else. One was always saying that Tirmis Oracle was a heritage from barbarians as well as indians. I was a mix of them, although I belonged to an indian tribe. We were against civilization.

4. The pirates seemed to know much about the Tirmis Oracle, and that was the reason why I approached them very often. They often went to Tirmis Oracle to gamble there. It was a way for them to spend their times, and another pirate told me about the first demon. He was called

Traxwodka, the Python Knight. Some said he was the soul of a child once captured by a sorcerer. The captain told me that there had to be a bottle in the first machine where the soul of the Python Knight had been locked up. The captain could open the screen, and gave me the bottle. This was one of the most precious gifts I got in my life. However, the Python Knight always hunted my mind in a sense. It inspired me to do the things I had to do. He has probably gone mad by the dark of Tirmis Oracle. But in later times it started to make a bit more sense to me. I had an encounter with a giant. He was a necromancer and he connected the soul to the realms of the dead. He knew the many rivers of the Martian realms of Death and he took me often with him to go on his ship. It was not a big ship, more a boat, and he often took some other friends with him. I will tell you about the journeys through the Martian realms of Death. As we started on the Martian River of Death, we took a river on it's westside taking us deeper into the jungles. We were the lawless, although we had a higher sense for ethics than usual. We believed that the mind was corrupted, and it should be ignored in all contends. Most of the Martians are familiar with these laws, but the greatest of these laws could be found in the Death-realms of Mars.

5. The mind cannot understand the higher worlds. The passion can. We had to live by that code or we wouldn't survive in the Death-realms of Mars. That was why we had such a strong desire to build a jungle. And that we could find along the rivers in the Death-realms of Mars.

6. Some of the other tribes thought they had to root us out. They thought we could form a threat against them. Maybe that was our fate. But we only did what we have to do to survive, and to follow our instincts. None of us believed in a heaven or hell. We only believed in Tartarus, the realms below the Death-realms of Mars. Tartarus was the the well of everlasting damnation. Some would call it hell, but to us it was the place of creation by the forces of destruction. Tartarus was our world, our eternal fields. We were against civilization and had established the Martian Laws to survive. It was the Law of the Lawless.

7. The giant knew the rivers leading to Tartarus very well. He was actually the one who brought me to Tartarus. I could never realize how deep this world would penetrate my soul. It opened me up to so many things. Here the beasts of our dreams were living. We could enter so many new wells in this area. Here the demons were living. I can recall many of them. Oshar was the demon of money. He captured souls to change them into money. Ritswik was the demon of zombification. He could kill souls to raise them up again in their bodies to enslave them forever. He was a dark sorcerer, a warlock. Dikshild was also a demon. He was small and had long hair, walking around with a bag. He turned bones into money and could get money out of bodies. Jeppersla was also a demon, a python-prince guarding the python stones of Tartarus, the most precious jewels awakening desires and sex. Harmataron was a fat one. As it was the law on Mars and also in Tartarus : slavery was very important to give care to those who didn't have enough money, but it was also important to control the dangerous species. It was the way charity and protection worked on Mars as well in Tartarus.

8. The life on Mars and especially on Tartarus was different like all the other planets. It brought forth the seed of death. The warmest and best place to connect to Tartarus. One of the highest ranks of demons in Tartarus was the rank of the pythons. They controlled Tartarus for a big deal. Wealth was very important to become a ruler of Tartarus. The ones having the most money, tanarings, could have implants. Often they were made of special python stone, the stone of enslavement and of protection against enslavement, any form. Most of the times the rulers had a lot of implants, which was a big deal of money. Some of the implants weren't cheaper as two-thousand tanarings. In

Martian money if you had a possession of a hundred tanarings you were rich. The business of implants was one of the greatest businesses in Tartarus. One of the leading men in this trade was Harold von Drinbard. He was a dark sorcerer and a doctor. All he was ever interested in was money. He believed in the eternal money, a law as brought by the many demons of money in the spheres of Tartarus. However Harold von Drinbard was a foreigner. He came from another planet to Mars. His friends always called him Drinbard, and he was a skilled necromancer and zombificator.

9. No one knew where Drinbard originally came from, as that was which he always kept secret. Several rich ones worshipped Drinbard. Especially if he would lower the prices of the implants. Some said Drinbard was the inventor of the python stone. It would be made of the trodden and squeezed souls of the damned.

10. Although one could reduce poverty by the great deal of slave-markets, there were also parts of Tartarus with a great deal of poverty. However, there was a well of eternal poverty leading to the eternal money. Drinbard seemed to know everything about it.

11. Drinbard had his throne in Tartarus, the Underworld of Mars. He was a drinker, a gambler, but most of all he was a plastic surgeon and a talented businessman. Drinbard had a business in death as he was a dark sorcerer and a liar. Yes, this soul-swindler was a feared warlock in the eyes of many. To the rich he was a friend, someone who helped them to gain more power and control in the dark spheres of Mars. The conspiracies of Drinbard were the greatest of conspiracies in the past of Mars, for without it Mars would be a totally different place now. Drinbard succeeded to lock the soul of the boy up in a bottle. Still there is lots of talk about the boy in the bottle which they always called : The Soul of Drinbard.

12. Not many know where this soul is located. But I know, since I freed it. Let me tell you this story. Me, Tara from Rhodes, heard about the conspiracy of Drinbard as one of the first. Drinbard called for a circle of the darkest black magicians, necromancers, witches and soul-hunters to make their plans to capture the soul of the boy. Since they had succeeded in imprisoning the boy's soul I visited these dark sorcerers one by one to slay them. Finally I found the bottle and freed the soul of the boy, but then I discovered another terrible secret. Since I freed his soul, he became the tormented object of so many soul-hunters. He lost all the rest he had, since he had become a wanderer, always on the run, as there was a big price on his head. It became such a terrible hunt that I wished I would never had freed his soul out of Drinbard's bottle. He had become so haunted. I would never forget his terrorized, paranoid and haunted face.

13. I was wearing an amulet with a stone called 'the eye of the cat'. It was a stone which could communicate with cats. Of course these were all sorts of cats, also the wild ones, and those coming forth from the cats. It was a cryptic form of communication, as cats are very cryptic beings. It was the heritage we got from our ancestors, it was a cat-knife able to break the time. Most of the slavemasters had a cat-eye mouth. These were mouths in stones by which they could cause death and by which they could even let souls descend into horrible places.

8.

The Knife of Black Time ; The Eye of the Cat

1. Tara was bathing in the Mistrus River in the South of Rhodes, the catplanet. Actually Rhodes was a solarsystem full of planets. All the planets were called Rhodes, while Tara was on Rhodes IV. Tara was making fun with a friend, and later they climbed on the sandy side of the lake. After awhile a

spotted lion, very tall with thin, sly features. The spotted lion started to drink from the lake. Tara wanted to test the lion. She wanted to know if she was stronger than the lion, so she attacked him. Tara got bitten horribly, and she thought they could be friends.

2. Tara thought she could use this lion in her fights. She didn't see the lion here before, and she was very impressed by its spots. But the lion attacked her again, and Tara grasped him by the neck and threw him away. But now the lion really got angry and jumped on her ... but suddenly he licked her ... It seemed the lion started to like her.

3. The lion licked her wound. Although the bite was the cruellest bite she ever felt, she now felt a care she never felt before. Together they were walking into the jungle. Tara knew the spotted lion would protect her with his life.

4. On her forehead Tara was wearing an amulet with a stone called 'the eye of the cat'. She once got it from a sorcerer who called her the queen of the cats. It was a stone by which she could better communicate with the cats. Of course these were all sorts of cats, also the wild ones, and those coming forth from the cats.

5. It was a cryptic form of communication, as cats are very cryptic beings. There was a scar growing from the wound. The spotted lion would now forever recognize Tara as his friend. The lion led Tara to his cave, a very huge cave, where a lot of his friends were walking, sitting, sleeping or working, having the same scar. Now Tara was one of them.

6. Suddenly the spotted lion started to speak :

'This is a great day, since Tara from Rhodes has joined our group. She is a warrior and of great use in our search for the knife of black time.'

7. 'What is that ?' Tara asked.

8. The lion looked deep into her eyes, like he pierced his way through her mind. and said : 'It was the heritage we got from our ancestors, it was a cat-knife able to break the time, to bring us back to Rhodes III our motherplanet.'

9. Far away from the spotted lion's cave a mass of slaves was wandering through the desert of fire. Suddenly they had to stop before a fire-lake where they had to drink from the firewaters. Now they had received strength again to work in the desert. They had coloured necklaces like thin small snakes, carrying the energy of black time, a sinister energy keeping them bound to the realms of the dead. If they would only have the knife of black time, they could escape.

They had a slavemaster called Sambara, who was the keeper of this magical knife. He was a sorcerer, a dark one, and he ruled them all by the knife.

10. Most of the slavemasters on Rhodes IV had a cat-eye mouth. These were mouths in stones by which they could cause death and by which they could even let souls descend into horrible places like the Gorgoon. No one could get such a mouth very easy, for first they had to go to a sorcerer and then they had to swallow such a cat-eye. By that they would first descend in the Gorgoon themselves, and some had to sit there for a hundred years or even more. But if they got too long in the Gorgoon it would spit them out. This would be what some might call the experience of death, and then if it would please the sorcerer he would call the soul back from the realms of the death. But sometimes the sorcerer chose to bring the soul back to the Gorgoon.

11. The ones with cat-eye gloves, which had many of stings and pins most of the time, often worked in arena's as death-gladiators. These were the ones who had to show up only when a certain gladiator got too much power. The death-gladiators were to bring balance. On Rhodes IV those with cat-eye gloves were often most feared, because they often could bring quick deaths. Most of the time these gloves were red.

12. One of these death-gladiators was Abarsa. He was still a young man, and before he became a death-gladiator he was someone others used to pick on. He was a very funny boy, but he was unhandy, and couldn't make it on school. All he wanted was to become a gladiator. Abarsa was always a very good and tender boy, but he acted a bit strange, almost like cryptic, and often no-one understood him. And still he had those strange smiles, and he could turn your world upside down by looking at you. Abarsa was always very selective in his work. If a gladiator pleased him, he would offer live to him. But when he saw gladiators who used to pick on others he would raise his fist suddenly because of his old anger rising up, his old pain. Sometimes Abarsa could control this action, but other times not.

Abarsa was feared because of his work, and when there were fights on marketsquares Abarsa sometimes had to go there. When Abarsa showed up they always knew it was already too late, for now there would flow some real blood, and these weren't jokes. Most of the times Abarsa would cause death. Abarsa didn't show up for nothing. This was the reason why Abarsa didn't go to marketsquares just to buy something, for that would be a too big shock. But when he hadn't been to the marketsquares for years he could show up, because a lot of them wouldn't even know who he was.

The Wrath of Sambara

13. Rhodes III was actually a dogplanet, the motherplanet. The spotted dogs were the rulers here. There were all sorts of dogs, also wolves. The main capital was Sparta, the city of wolves. The spotted wolves lived in a huge skeleton building surrounded by sand. It was a small desert in the midst of the city. However there were some hills which looked like dunes.

14. The biggest spotted wolf stood up from his throne. He had a black cape, and looked like a man. 'It is now time we will open the portal between Rhodes III and Rhodes IV. It has been written in our prophesies.' The wolf stared into a chrystal ball, and saw Tara fighting against Sambara, the keeper of the knife. With her there was a spotted lion, and Abarsa, the gladiator of death. The spotted lion had brought them together. Then the spotted wolf sent some of his big birds to help Tara and her friends against Sambara the evil sorcerer. The spotted lion jumped on Sambara and then he fell, while Tara grasped the knife. 'Hold it in the air,' Abarsa said.

15. In the chrystal ball the wolf could see how his birds started to eat Sambara. He saw how Tara raised the knife of black time, and suddenly there was lightening all over the ball. 'It's done,' he spoke. The portal of time between Rhodes III and Rhodes IV was opening. It happened in the pit and tunnel called the Gorgoon. In it's depth the portal was opening.

16. The children of hell had been set free now, and in big groups with torches they went through the portal to the other side of the Gorgoon. It would lead them to Rhodes III, the motherplanet. The big birds brought the skull of Sambara to the portal to hang it above it. But through the mouth of the skull a red fluid started to stream, and soon there was a flood in the Gorgoon rising higher.

17. 'We have to close the portal again,' the spotted wolf said. Tara watched the knife she held in her hand, and it became weak and soft. It was melting in her hands. 'What is going on ?' she asked.

18. 'We have not much time,' the spotted lion said. 'We have to go through the Gorgoon, where the portal to Rhodes III has been opened.'

19. In short time the spotted lion swam with Tara and Abarsa through the red fluid, searching for the portal. They saw dead bodies everywhere. Deeper the red fluid was thinner, like air, and they could almost walk through it. 'Hold me tight,' the spotted lion said to Tara and Abarsa, which they did. In speed he moved towards the portal which was already closing it's jaws. Just in time they got through it. Later on they stepped out of the red fluid, and they were in Rhodes III, the dogplanet. 'We have made it, Tara,' the spotted lion said. The big birds picked them up and brought them to Sparta, to the halls of the spotted wolf.

20. 'We have called for the wrath of Sambara,' the spotted wolf spoke. 'Rhodes III will die. There is only one way to survive : the road to Orion.'

21. 'Where is that road ?' Tara asked.

22. 'Come,' the wolf said. He pushed a button and his throne moved away while an enormous hole in the floor appeared. 'Jump,' he said. Tara slid into the hole, together with Abarsa and the spotted lion. It would be a long trip through tunnels and pits, finally leading to Orion. The spotted wolf was on their side.

23. When they came in Orion it was burning. 'It is Sambara's wrath,' the spotted wolf said. 'But here there must be the gate to Mars somewhere.' The wolf hit the ground a few times by a rod, and an enormous hole appeared. 'Here it is,' he said. And again they slid in, and this time they went to Mars in great speed.

24. On Mars they saw all sorts of black guards walking. 'Those are the guards of Sambara,' the wolf spoke. 'We can beat those.' Abarsa jumped forward and slew a few of them, and Tara did the same. In short time there weren't any guards left. They had a great survey from here. They stood on a hill, looking into a new world.

25. 'Can we be free from Sambara here ?' Tara asked.

26. 'Yes,' the wolf said. 'The rest of the universe is under his growing wrath.'

27. 'For how long will we be safe against him ?' Tara asked.

28. 'If we will build our place here, for eternity,' the wolf spoke. 'We need to be on the Martian River of Death, which is the most fruitfull area.'

29. At the Westside of the Martian River of Death there was a city called Bear City. Here the soul-swindlers came, people like Sambara. Here the meanest soul-trappers and other sorts of death-dealers came, and many had their homes here. Here the cannibals of the highest grade lived, necromancers, those who played the games of death. They had their boats along the Martian River of Death. 'Our prophesies say here we must be,' the wolf said. In the city there were many casino's, and there were also circuses where the dead had to work. There were also a lot of comicshops here.

30. The wolf had a tattoo on his body which was a map of Bear City. A red line led them through the city to another hole. This hole led them to Tartarus. 'There were days when parts of Mars were one with parts of Orion, which was the planet Wickfin,' the wolf said. 'In the depths of Tartarus,

there is a desert, and behind that there is a sea holding the last piece of this planet like an island. There was a huge explosion in history. By my tattoo we get access to that place.'

31. Then the wolf showed another tattoo of him, which was a scar. The wolf showed his tattoo-scar in the air, while big birds came to pick them up, to bring them to the island of Wickfin. There were only skeletons here.

32. 'We are here for the wrath of Sambara is after us,' the wolf spoke to the skeletons.

33. 'We do not need you here,' the skeletons said. 'You carry the curse of Sambara with you, and you will be a threat against us too. Die in the sea with your Sambara.'

34. 'We ask you for your help,' the wolf spoke.

35. One of the skeletons came forward and gave a pale green stone to the wolf. 'This is the last stone of Wickfin,' the skeleton said. 'Wickfin is melting. We do not know what is happening. Even our bones are becoming softer and softer. This stone is the only gift we can give you. Please, remember us, and remember Wickfin. The island is getting smaller and smaller. We have nowhere to go, for outside Wickfin we will die. Make yourself safe.'

36. 'Where can we go?' the wolf asked. But the stone was melting, and the skeletons started to laugh. 'We will all be gone, as there is no medicine against the Wrath of Sambara.'

37. Tara drank from the water of the sea but it was salty. 'There must be a way out,' she said. But the skeletons were melting before their eyes, and also the island was getting smaller and smaller, while the birds were gone. Suddenly a huge wave grasped them. There were explosions everywhere. The sky was dark and bloody. Finally a huge pirate ship picked them up.

38. The captain was a cruel man. Some pirates chained them at the wall inside of the ship. 'Who are you?' Tara asked.

39. 'We are the pirates of Wickfin,' they said. 'Those skeletons.' And then they laughed. They were the sorcerors of death. They brought Tara and her friends to the first island, where they sold them as slaves. Soon they ended up in the arena as gladiators. Abarsa smiled. He had hoped for this.

40. All went so fast. Abarsa and Tara were unconquerable, and soon they made Abarsa king of the island, for they all feared him. Abarsa gave freedom to Tara, and she chose to live in the jungle. She started to live close to a volcano always bringing forth blood. These were strange eruptions. Strange white skeletons seemed to live in the volcano.

41. 'We are the pirates of Wickfin,' she heard every night.

42. Finally she could have some conversations with them, and they wanted to make a pirate of Wickfin of her as well, for that would be the only way to get rid of Sambara's curse. They wanted to show her their captain, and Tara was in a shock when she found out it was Sambara himself. 'Life goes on after death,' he said. 'Actually we never die.'

43. 'Why grasping at things, while you know they will melt in your hands?' Sambara asked.

44. 'In my hands everything is stone,' he said, 'but in yours it melts away. Poor you. The knife of black time cannot be grasped. It can only be earned. See all those stupid souls, these pirates of Wickfin. They still think they can gain something by robbing and stealing Fools They always melt away And everything they take melts away Poor souls They all hope for my

almighty touch to grant them the knife of black time by which they can live forever, and hold something forever Would you want that ? There is only one price if you would finally earn and deserve the knife of black time. You will be stone forever, just like the things you hold, and you can never get rid of it anymore. It will haunt you forever. Is that what you wish ?

45. 'Then why do you want it ?' Tara asked.

46. 'I have it, and I am the only one who can handle it,' Sambara said. 'You see, I use the necklaces by which the energy of black time conducts itself.'

47. 'I have worked hard for these necklaces,' Sambara said. 'I am an honourable master.'

48. 'I want to be free, free from all this,' Tara said. 'You have built these worlds, and you keep us all in the grip. That's why I returned to Rhodes, and that's probably why I am here.'

49. 'Well, join the army,' Sambara said. 'Be one of my pirates, and when it's your birthday I will wake you up.'

50. 'You are a sorcerer, Sambara,' Tara said, 'and I cannot do anything about that. But I won't be your beggar. I will find my way.'

51. 'How, Tara ?' Sambara asked. 'As you know I hold all the worlds in my hand. All ways are mine.'

52. Tara took the amulet from her forehead, raised it against the sorcerer and spoke : 'In the Name of the Cat, let me and my people go.' Green radiation came out of the amulet, striking the sorcerer. But this time the sorcerer stood up and walked towards Tara to put a snake-necklace around her neck. It was like Tara was losing her mind. He pushed her into a hole like a pit, and after a deep fall she fell into a desert. The sun was burning in her neck. Strange guards came towards her, attaching a chain to her necklace to connect her to the other slaves. There were lakes of fire everywhere. Here they could drink to receive painful strength. Months of heavy labour in the desert followed. Tara lost all her dignity. She became a savage more than ever. The sun was burning her skin every day, even in the nights.

53. They led her to a city in the depths of the desert. It was a gladiator city where she had to fight for her life, but she conquered, and everyone feared her. Fight after fight she won, and soon she became the queen of the city. But she had still her necklace. It brought her much pain always.

54. The more she tried to get the necklace of Sambara off, the tighter it became. It was almost strangling her. 'Be glad, Tara,' the necklace suddenly spoke. It was like a snake. 'Why would you break the curse of black time. You have seen where it can lead you. It lets everything melt.'

55. 'Yes, when I take the knife of black time without breaking the necklaces, then everything melts,' Tara said. 'The power of Sambara is in the necklaces. They are conductors, but when they are broken, then Sambara will turn into stone.'

56. 'It will be a disaster,' the necklace spoke. 'For then everything will turn into stone.'

57. 'Who are you ?' Tara asked.

58. 'I am also a slave of Sambara,' the necklace spoke.

59. 'How can I free you ?' Tara asked.

60. 'As I said, everything would turn into stone when you would free us,' the necklace said. 'There is only one way : red time.'
61. 'What is that ?' Tara asked.
62. 'It is the only thing making us safe against the melting and the turning into stone,' the necklace said.
63. 'Where can we find it ?' Tara asked.
64. 'In the depths of the desert,' the necklace said, 'it is like clay.'
65. The necklace knew a way to get underground, and showed Tara the place where the red clay was. She had to cover her body with it. She also had to smear it on the necklace, and it started to move again, becoming flexible like a snake. 'Don't return, Tara,' it said. 'The others need to find out for themselves. Just go deeper through these tunnels, and search for the core of it. Here you will get totally free from the curse of Sambara.' Suddenly it was gone. Tara moved further into the depths. There was red clay everywhere. She could breath again.
66. She was in the land of the red clay now, and she would never return. She got finally free from Sambara's influence. She sank away in the red clay, again and again, but by holding on to some branches she could move forward. The air was thick here. She was in the underground like never before. She was free from slavery.

9.

The Beasts of Elysias

1. She was a warrior on a ship, with high sails, all in white, all like torn, but still in pride, like feathers was this ship. She stood tall, like she had drunk too much, drunk of the blood of her fallen enemies, the beasts of Mars. 2. She had a smile, undescrivable, like she had survived death and torment, and now she was here. She stood there in victory, this woman. The picture was of fire, of winds. Would we see the beasts of Elysias start to fall. 3. Tara from Rhodes, the light of lighters, You daughter of the rain and light, driven by the fight that will unite us tonight, You daughter of the seven lights, Leading us to Jungle City so deep in the night, You have Chosen us out of the Nowhere, You have devoted us, you have seen our light, Cleansing us by an Eternal Fight. 4. By eternal lights falling down, to wash so many of our dreams. Like the Fire of Mars she's standing in the tall Python Gates. 5. Through the sound of silence, and the colour of darkness, I always hear your voice, through the wet velvet curtains and fleeces I always feel your emptiness descending into me. Like the emptiness you flow, while you descend along the multiple stages of the world of tomorrow, where no one reigns or rules, only some fools are searching through the ages, all what they have left behind, some stones and some strange rods, awakening their own prides. 6. Like a madman gliding from the mountains and the borderlines of view, into the forests there in the midst, where all his dreams come true, I can only say my heart belongs to him. While he's descending along all these layers, he pierces himself in my shadow, where the lakes begin to enter in.
7. Come my confused child, let us forget about the morning, it's now evening, the night is falling, overflowing the afternoon. With a soft embrace you will reach the morningskies, where you can forget about all these yesterday's delights. Grasp the new day, ask for some access. Only a small gate will do, we will slide and our shadows will rest. Ask a little bit access, we don't need much,

only a drip of consciousness big enough to keep the flame of love burning in our heart. A little bit of love is all we need to hold these tears in our arms, to soothe these babies of golden years, letting no one tearing them apart.

10.

The Dog-skeletons of Lokdok – The Invitation

1. Lirlit of Kaapsia was walking on a market on Lokdok. Here she would buy some new things for her house. Most of the time she bought weapons and skeletons. Lirlit of Kaapsia believed that by the dead she would have magical powers. When she got home she found a letter on her bed. It was an invitation. She didn't know from who it was, but she knew the place. She didn't trust the letter at all, but she was very curious, so she went there, with her spear. Soon a wolf came out of the bushes and attacked her. It became a long, long fight, but finally she conquered the wolf and took his skeleton. But she didn't know that it's skeleton was still alive, and it began to speak to her : 'Don't you know, far away on the hills, the dog-skeletons live, and when they hear about what you did to me, they will come to get you.' Lirlit said she didn't care, as she was adventurous. 'But first you have to deal with me,' the wolf-skeleton said. And then he rose up to strike her. He had hit her in the cheek, while blood was flowing forth from it. But finally Lirlit smashed the wolf-skeleton against a rock. She decided to take the skull with her, while the rest of the body she left.

2. When she got home she smashed the wolf-skull on her bed. She was a bit angry. It was like she had hit an alarm-button, and now she had to pay for that. The skull couldn't do anything, but it told her that the dog-skeletons would smell the death of their friend, and they would look for her for sure. Lirlit got so angry, and shouted that she would go to the hills by herself to look for them. She wanted to find out about the invitation. The wolf spoke about the dog-skeletons like they were his big brothers, like they were higher than him, like they were his bosses. She had to find out, instead of waiting for them to come while she would be asleep or something. She left the village, and found her way to the hills. The dog-skeletons were sitting on a rock. Lirlit started to shout at them : 'Hey, who of you fools have sent me an invitation ?' But the dog-skeletons acted like they didn't know anything of it. Lirlit came closer, aiming her spear at them. 'Oh, ohoh,' one of the dog-skeletons said. 'I see it is serious to you, but not to us. We do not know what you are talking about.' When Lirlit told about the wolf and it's skeleton, they said they didn't know him. Lirlit didn't know what was going on. Why did she feel so much anger towards them, and why did she feel they were lying to her ? Or did the wolf lie to her ?

3. 'Relax, lady,' another dog-skeleton said, 'you believe in fairytales and fables, and I can see you are superstitious. Why don't you come with us into the rock ? There's a huge area there.' Lirlit was still on her guard, but she wanted to find out. Carefully she walked with them into the rock. Inside there was a large room. There were kettles with blood and on the wall there were many bones, while in front of the walls there were shrines made of bones, with ornaments and jewels decorated by organic things. There was a strange smell here, and in a sense Lirlit didn't trust them at all. 'How can I trust you ?' she asked. But the dog-skeletons didn't answer. A door behind them got closed. And one of the dog-skeletons came closer to her. 'How do you like it here ? This is a better invitation than the invitation you talked about.'

4. 'How do you know it's better ?' Lirlit asked distrustful. The dog-skeleton bent a bit towards her, and smiled, saying : 'Because we do not attack you, we believe in peace.' Lirlit sat down and looked around her. 'I must say it is beautiful,' she said.
5. 'Oh yes,' another dog-skeleton said, 'very beautiful.' Then another door opened and some more dog-skeletons entered. Lirlit shivered a bit inside, but then she took a straight attitude.
6. 'Well, you have company here ?' one of the incoming dog-skeletons asked. Some others nodded.
7. After a drink Lirlit fell asleep. She was very tired. The dog-skeletons took her to a room deeper in the rock. Here she could sleep. It was like their baby was home now. They had searched for her such a long time, and now they had found her.
8. Days went on, and Lirlit got a good friendship with them, but they never told her about who she was in their eyes. They asked Lirlit to stay with them, but after awhile Lirlit wanted to go home again. She thanked the dog-skeletons for their friendship, but she really had to go now, and told them goodbye.
9. So they let her go, with pain in their hearts, but now they knew where she lived.
10. On her way home she got struck by another wolf-skeleton, and this time it was a bigger one. She was about to lose the battle but suddenly a dog-skeleton showed up. He had followed her, to keep a certain eye on her. In a minute he conquered the wolf-skeleton, and broke the bones from each other. Lirlit was very grateful. When she got home she thought about the dog-skeletons a lot. Maybe they were her protectors. She also knew that the wolf-skeletons didn't have friendship with the dog-skeletons. They didn't speak about it, but what had happened spoke for itself. Maybe there were things going on the dog-skeletons didn't want to talk about.
11. One day an older dog-skeleton came to Lirlit's house. When he went in he told a story to Lirlit. He told her that she was a princess in her younger days, and that they cared for her the first few years of her life, until two wolf-skeletons kidnapped her. They brought her here, where the village took care of her. The older dog-skeleton also said that they didn't know that until she had beaten the first wolf-skeleton. Then they got visions that she would return to them very soon.
12. Lirlit was confused and asked the dog-skeleton how she could be a princess then. Then the dog-skeleton answered : There is a palace in the North behind the hills where you got born. But there was war in the kingdom, so we went there to save you. We offered you a good home, but the rest of your family died in the war. If we wouldn't take you away from the palace, you would have died also.
13. Lirlit asked if she could go to that palace again. The dog-skeleton nodded, but it would be full of wolf-skeletons. The kingdom of the North was the kingdom of Kaapsia. It was in the hands of Lirlit's bloodline, but since a foreign king took control, everything was different, and soon he introduced the wolf-skeletons. The members of the palace died all, except Lirlit. The rest of the land had to live in captivity. Lirlit became very sad, but she wanted to know everything about it.
14. The old dog-skeleton said they had visions about her gathering an army to invade the palace again. Lirlit felt a bit excitement when she heard that. The old dog-skeleton was satisfied that Lirlit was enthusiastic about their visions, and she accepted the role in it. For years the old dog-skeleton had trained an army for the big day, the day that Lirlit, who they still called 'their princess' would invade the palace of Kaapsia again.

15. Lirlit went back to the place of the dog-skeletons again, with the old dog-skeleton, who showed her the room where the soldiers were. They had all sorts of sharp knives and spears, in all sorts of shapes. They had strange jewels in their skeletons, spreading a magical light over their bodies. Lirlit asked how many wolf-skeletons there would be in the palace. But no one seemed to know. It was something they needed to find out. Lirlit said she didn't feel anything for being a princess again, but she wanted to invade the palace to free the land. Maybe the dog-skeletons could rule it then. Some of the soldiers nodded. One of them told about the old king. He was a mean traitor, but no one could exactly tell how he came into war against Kaapsia, and why. In a sense Lirlit wanted to know, but first they needed to take the palace back again.

16. On their way to the North an old man appeared to them. It was like he came out of the nothing. One of the dog-skeletons said it was a witch-doctor. 'What is your purpose to come here ?' the man asked. 'All what you do here will fail.' And then he was gone.

17. But Lirlit didn't let herself become discouraged. Finally they came to the palace, but it was empty. There was no one there. Inside there were a lot of dead skeletons, bones, skulls and other organic stuff, often in the form of ornaments, or as decoration for jewels. There was a strange smell here. 'Go away !' someone whispered loud. None of the dog-skeletons was speaking. Maybe it was a ghost. There were a lot of rooms in the palace, and the dog-skeletons desired to live in this place. Also in the other parts of the land there was no living being. It seemed like death had already struck this place. They found a lot of magical objects and strange advanced weaponry in the land. It seemed like those who dwelled here were very superstitious, because they also found a lot of shrines. Lirlit knew it was very easy for them to take over the land, but one of the dog-skeletons didn't have a good feeling about it. He thought the land had become bewitched, and they had to take what they needed, and then leave as soon as possible. Lirlit thought it was a good idea.

18. Full of stuff the dog-skeletons returned home, and also Lirlit returned to her village. The palace and its land only had to be a memory, nothing more, nothing less. The dog-skeletons stayed in their part, and Lirlit stayed in her village.

The Witch-Doctor

19. Lirlit thought a lot about the witch-doctor they met on their way to Kaapsia. She didn't think he was an evil man, but she had troubles in her head since he spoke out that everything she would do there would fail. Was it a curse ? The dog-skeletons had taught her that she shouldn't be superstitious. They had their own shrines, but they said these were heritages. They didn't believe in magic, although they had visions. It was like they were very paradoxal in a sense, or didn't she just understand them. Could she trust them ? She couldn't get the words of the witch-doctor out of her head. At a certain moment she started to scream. Suddenly the witch-doctor showed up in her room, as coming out of the nothing. 'You woman,' he said, 'why have you taken away so many things from our land and palace. Now you have to pay for it deep in yourself, seeing your twisted self, yes, inner battles are in you now, and there is no medicine to stop it.' Lirlit bowed down before the witch-doctor. 'What can I do ? Can you please stop the pain I have ?'

20. 'You must bring all that you have taken away from Kaapsia back to it, so that the pain will also flee from you,' the witch-doctor said. So that was what she decided to do. It was for her relief, and then she asked the witch-doctor, who was still with her : 'Isn't that which is from Kaapsia not from me, as I am coming forth from Kaapsia as the last survivor it seems.'

21. But then the witch-doctor started to laugh. 'We have lived there for thousand and thousands of years as ghosts, so it is our right to have it, above all flesh and blood.'

22. 'The ghosts rule,' he shouted. Lirlit didn't feel well, and asked him what she would have to do further to find peace. 'There is something I need to tell you,' the witch-doctor spoke. 'Your father has captured us for a long time. By the hand of Lokdok's king we could be set free. But now we seek for revenge, for you are indeed the last survivor. You are the last block in our attempt to reach freedom.' Lirlit started to scream, as she felt like she was burning inside. She ran outside, but the ghost jumped on her. There was no one around, but soon a few dog-skeletons came. They jumped towards the ghost and started to cut it's appearance by a strange edged and shaped knife. The ghost started to scream. 'Well, you want to bring her back to superstition ?' one of the dog-skeletons asked. And then he spoke to Lirlit : 'Don't believe in those fables of magic.'

23. 'I try not to do,' Lirlit said, 'but it has me in the grip.'

24. 'You need help,' the other dog-skeleton said. They brought her again to the hills, where they had their place. The ghost had been gone now, but Lirlit still had problems. 'Here, drink this,' one of the dog-skeletons said, and gave her some strange juice. Immediately Lirlit fell asleep. When she woke up she was in another room. An old dog-skeleton stood before her. She didn't meet him before yet. He said : 'Don't be superstitious, but believe in your only fantasy. You don't need them, those witch-doctors. They shouldn't control your life. They actually did that since your birth, but now it is your time to come free.'

25. 'But I can't !' Lirlit shouted. 'It's in my feelings.' Suddenly there was all knocking on the door, and soon a lot of wolf-skeletons came in. They killed the old dog-skeleton and kidnapped Lirlit. They brought her back to the palace, and put her on a throne of bones and skulls, decorated by other organic stuff. Lirlit didn't know what was going on, but it seemed they wanted her to be a princess. 'I do not want to be here !' Lirlit shouted.

26. 'Why not ?' one of the wolf-skeletons asked.

27. 'For you have killed my land,' Lirlit said, 'and now you killed one of my friends.'

28. 'Oh, and what do you know about it,' another wolf-skeleton said, 'You do not know what you're talking about.'

29. Lirlit jumped away from the throne and tried to escape, but finally they bound her to the throne. 'Now you will listen to us for awhile,' an older wolf-skeleton roared. He seemed to be a leader of the group. 'They have lied to you,' he spoke. 'We have sent you an invitation, but you never came ... Instead of that you went to the deceiving dog-skeletons.'

30. 'Oh, that's not true,' Lirlit said, 'I came to that place, but a wolf was attacking me. I had to kill it. I thought it was a trap.'

31. 'No, you never came,' the wolf-skeleton roared again, 'we have sent you an invitation, because we wanted to tell you about who you are and what happened.'

32. But then an army of dog-skeletons arrived in front of the palace. The wolf-skeletons all ran outside, but a few stayed to guard Lirlit. 'If I am so important to you, why do you do all these things to me ?' Lirlit asked. But none of the wolf-skeletons answered that question.

33. Soon also the other wolf-skeletons went outside, until Lirlit was alone. After an hour or so two dog-skeletons came to her. They delivered her. The rest of the dog-skeletons and all of the wolf-skeletons had died in the fight. Lirlit was confused about what happened. 'They tried to confuse me, these wolf-skeletons,' she said.

34. 'Well, they are confusers,' one of the dog-skeletons said. 'The witchdoctors use them to keep their victims in superstition. By the superstition they control their victims also.'

35. Lirlit nodded. She remembered the words of the old dog-skeleton who had been killed by the wolf-skeletons who kidnapped her. He said : 'Believe in your own fantasy.' How could she do that if she would be a princess, or a believer in some sort of spiritual government. It would control her life.

Hard against Hard

36. Lirlit was confused. What was her role in Kaapsia now ? She knew that the more wolf-skeletons had been destroyed, the more power the witch-doctors would lose. For her it would mean : she need to lose all her faith in them to replace it by her own fantasy. The dog-skeletons would help her in that.

37. She chose to return to her village again. She always felt best in her own home. She was adventurous, but it would always lead her home. To her it was : home, sweet home. There was no way for her to forget about home. It was like everything started from here, and everything always ended here. There were always some dog-skeletons around to keep a certain eye on her, and she felt safe with that. She needed some guards. Espacially when she was sleeping, it was an amazing feeling. It made her warm and soft inside. She would also protect them with her life, as she saw them as true friends.

38. There was nothing making her more happy than the feeling that she had friends. And these friends were her friends since her birth. She was so glad that she found them back. Friends are always life-savers, letting you feel good when they are around loved cared for protected Even when it is hard against hard

11.

The Wolf-Crown

1. Lirlit of Kaapsia was on her way home. She had made a long journey, and now she came back to her village. When she came home there was a man sitting on her bed. It was a sort of sorceror dressed by all sorts of small skeleton-skulls. He was like a necromancer or something. Lirlit smiled. It was a surprise. It was her uncle.

2. 'Lirlit,' the man said, 'I want you to come with me, I need to show you something.' They had to go to a tall hill where the man lived in a sort of old tower. It looked like a castle in a sense, but it was like a den of a wild animal. When they were in the top of the tower they had a good survey there. Lirlit could see her village in the distance. It was so small from here. Then the man shrieked, while a bat showed up. It was a huge bat and it floated down on his stretched hand. Then it crept to his shoulder.

3. 'I want you to have it, Lirlit,' the man spoke.

4. 'But why, uncle ?' Lirlit asked.

5. 'It needs to help you, as there are a lot of dangers in life.' the man said. Lirlit knew that it was just a gift from his warm heart. He cared for her a lot and didn't want anything bad to happen in her life.

6. At the same time her uncle asked her to stay for awhile. He missed her, as she was the last survival of the family. Lirlit got a room somewhere high in the tower. It was very dark here, and skulls were all around. But Lirlit never had problems with that, as she believed that the dead watched over her.

7. In the middle of the night her uncle entered in her room. He was looking for something. Lirlit asked him what was going on. She had heard sounds around the tower. 'I think war is already beginning,' her uncle said. He was looking for certain weapons. Suddenly they heard wolves coming in the tower. The uncle murmured something about a wolf-war. Lirlit stood up, and took her own spear. When she went out of her room there were three wolves jumping on her. Why would wolves wage war against them ? Lirlit shrieked, and all of a sudden the huge bat entered, while he struck the wolves immediately. Blood was spouting like fountains. The bat had hit them hard, fast and deep.

8. Other wolves entered in, while they were calling : 'We are looking for Lirlit of Kaapsia, sorceror. Hand her over to us.' But Lirlit's uncle who had finally found his weapon stood already behind Lirlit. He had a sort of whip with a sharp knife at it's end, and in a few seconds he had hit the other wolves to the ground. But then hundreds of wolves entered the tower in roaring. 'What do they want from me ?' Lirlit asked.

9. 'You are the last survivor of the Kaapsia-bloodline,' her uncle said. The bat was shrieking, while some of the wolves fell down. They could kill some of the wolves, but they were with too many. They ran to Lirlit's room again, and had to jump out of the window. Fortunately they fell into a river. Lirlit's uncle was the husband of the sister of Lirlit's mother. He was from the Lokdok-bloodline.

10. In the forest they found a sort of palace, full of bones, skulls, skeletons and organic decorations, shrines, weapons and magical objects. They decided to stay here for awhile in the hope that the wolves wouldn't find them. The wolves believed that when they would kill the last survivor of the Kaapsia-bloodline they would dominate so much more. Then they would have power over Lokdok, Lirlit's village, and further the whole realm of Kaapsmerh. They wanted to have the throne and the crown.

11. Later Lirlit found out that it had to do with the fact that she was a princess of origin. If they would have her blood they would rule. In the palace they decided to stay they found an old skeleton-crown. Lirlit didn't want to have anything to do with governmental positions. She wanted to be free. She thought that monarchical positions would bind someone to superstition to block their own fantasy. She brought the skeleton-crown to a shrine. It was a beautiful crown, and they would honour it as a sovenir, as a heritage and as a memory. Her uncle had already found out how powerful the objects in this palace of the wilderness was. It seemed like no one had been dwelling here for a long time. There was dust everywhere, and it was a mess. Maybe there was a war here, and the owners had left the palace because of that. Lirlit was afraid of the magical beliefs of her uncle. She thought it could harm him. She was of the opinion that superstition was a way of evil spirits to take control in someone's brain. It was a prison, and they had to leave it. A crown was in

her eyes nothing more than a subtle chain of a prisoner, something which controlled their minds, and by which evil spirits could work and rule.

12. One day her uncle went for a walk, and he pierced deeper into the wilderness. Suddenly she heard a shriek. Maybe her uncle was calling for his bat, but Lirlit didn't trust it. She ran towards the sound, and after a long run she saw smoke coming behind an open field. When she came into the next area of the forest she saw her uncle standing there between wild men having bones pierced through their noses. They had killed the bat, and they held a knife against the throat of Lirlit's uncle. Lirlit didn't hesitate for one moment and threw her spear through the head of the one with the knife. Her uncle jumped away, while Lirlit took her leg-knives to throw it into the hearts of two other wild ones. The rest of the wild men were in a shock and ran away. 'Don't let them escape,' Lirlit shouted. 'I know them, they are the ones spreading so much superstition. They have objects by which they rule the minds of so many in this area. They have even tried to zombificate our village.' But then her uncle fell down. What had happened. There was a strange sting in his back, and it was moving. It was like a small red iron feather. Lirlit took it out, while her uncle started to talk in a strange language. 'Oah, you're into delirium,' Lirlit said. That was a good sign to her. It was the sign that he didn't die, and that he tried to deal with the poison.

13. But to Lirlit it was very important she would follow the tribe, as they had surprised her village for such a long time. Lirlit knew them. She ran and ran, while she could still track them. After minutes of running she saw smoke, and after awhile she entered the area of the tribe. She didn't feel any fear, only strength. She shouted and shrieked, while another bat was coming. This was a huge one, and quickly he attacked the members of the tribe. Lirlit saw that only some women and children were running away. She believed that they were nothing but prisoners of these evil men. It was a long fight, and afterwards Lirlit's uncle entered the area. There was no any man still alive. They found a lot of strange objects here. But then the wolves entered the village.

14. There were more and more bats in the air, and they all helped Lirlit in her fight. It was a great slaughter. The wolves couldn't win the battle. But suddenly a much bigger wolf showed up. He had the crown with the skeleton-skulls. Lirlit asked herself if it was the crown of the wild palace, or was it something else. All of a sudden headaches started to come over Lirlit. 'Don't believe in it,' she said to herself. 'Believe in your fantasy, girl.'

But the pain got stronger and deeper, and she fell to the ground, as in delirium. The wolf started to roar : 'Indigo, princess, it is time I will feed myself with your blood to become the king of Lokdok and ruler of Kaapsmerh.' And he jumped towards her, while he bit in her arm, sucking the blood out of her. Her uncle had found a weapon in one of the tents, and attacked the wolf from behind. He crashed a sharp iron blade in a strange shape into the neck of the wolf, but the wolf turned around and attacked him. Then Lirlit kicked the wolf in his back, and shouted : 'Oh, you dumb one, now you have the crown and my blood, only ghosts will control you, as they have lust to use slaves like you to dominate the atmosphere. Let the skies fall upon you.' Then the wolf ran away, and disappeared through the bushes. Lirlit's uncle had been wounded, but Lirlit took care of it. He would survive. Also Lirlit's arm was still bleeding, but she would also survive.

15. After awhile women and children of the tribe entered the area again, and they were glad they were delivered from the men now. Originally they were from another tribe, and once they had been captured, while their own men and even a lot of their children got killed. Since then they had to be

the wives and slaves of the invaders. They told Lirlit and her uncle that they knew where the wolves had their shelter.

16. Lirlit wanted to go there. The women wanted to go with her too, but other women warned them that they wouldn't survive. But Lirlit's uncle would go with them. It was a long walk, and first they had to move along stakes with skeletons tied to it. Some of the skeletons had been hung. It was a dark atmosphere. Suddenly they saw a warrior in a wolf-skin. He ran away, and then he disappeared by creeping into the bushes. Now they knew that there weren't only wolves there, but also warriors. But some of the women told that these warriors could sometimes totally turn into wolves. They came into a sort of center. Everything looked quiet. Stones had been laid here, and there were some small temples, piramids in layers, shrines, and an indian man slowly walked towards them. His arm was stretched out, like he wanted to shake hands with them. But one of the women started to shriek. 'I have seen him in my dreams. He is the one who raped me, and he will rape us all.'

17. The indian man started to smile. 'This woman is confused,' he said. But Lirlit asked him who he was, and what his purpose is. Is he a part of this ? But the man didn't say anything. It really pissed Lirlit off. She took her spear, but suddenly she couldn't move herself. 'Don't believe in it,' she said to herself, 'believe in your fantasy.' And then she could move her arm again. She started to hit him by the spear, but the man was too quick, and then he ran away. 'What is this for strange behaviour,' she asked herself. Also her uncle was coming closer. Suddenly he started to roar, like he was in fire inside. Then he fell to the ground. Again he was talking in delirium. 'There is witchcraft here,' one of the women said. 'This is the way they always tried to confuse us.' But then Lirlit said : 'Let us not believe in witchcraft and all this superstition, for when we believe in it and practice it, the spirits who made it up will have control in our minds. We must use our own fantasy.'

18. 'Oh, but it is too strong,' another woman said.

19. 'Will you shut up now,' Lirlit shouted, 'our fantasy is stronger.' But other women started to shake their heads. 'You do not know the powers you're playing with,' an older women said. 'The women who are still in the camp have warned us, but we didn't listen to their advice. Let's go back, for strange things are happening here, and we do not have control. What can we do ? We do not know with how many they are here ? I do not want to die, let's return.'

20. 'Okay,' Lirlit said angry, 'all cowards can go home. But we must deal with it.' And since then a lot of the women returned to the camp. The anger towards Lirlit and her uncle started to rise, although they were the ones who had saved them out of the hands of the evil tribe. Then suddenly Lirlit started to shriek while the air became black of bats. She was calling for her friends, something which she had learned from her precious uncle. In quick rythm the bats began to invade the temples, the layered doubledecker-piramids and the tents, but they couldn't find anything. It was like a ghost-city. No one was there, but they knew that some were hiding.

21. The bats shrieked, and the sky became darker and darker. They had to pierce this city in the wilderness, this wolf-city. And so they invaded it deeper and deeper. Lirlit's uncle was still talking in delirium. He was calling for some names, or it was only looking like it. 'Uncle,' Lirlit spoke, 'I want you to stop now with all your superstition. It is too dangerous to do that here. Let the bats do their job, and let our weapons speak. We must use wisdom now, and our fantasy.' But it was like her uncle was too far gone, and he spoke on in a delirious language. Lirlit got more and more angry at her uncle, and suddenly she hit him in the face, and screamed : 'Now you shut up, or I will cut your head off here, in the sand.' She knew she had gone too far now, and one of the bats, a huge one,

came down to her, to bite her in the face. Blood was spouting like a fountain. The bat didn't want to let go of his bite, while Lirlit was bleeding all over. But then suddenly they heard the sound of a dull kick. Lirlit's uncle had killed the bat by his weapon. He had always sworn to his family that he would protect Lirlit by his life, no matter what circumstance.

22. Slowly they walked on, while more and more women were leaving them. These women knew that the curse was so strong that when they would go further they would probably kill each other. 'Lirlit, you are losing your mind by the wolfsPELL,' a woman was shouting, 'return !' Even the bats started to attack them now. They were in rage because they had killed one of them. They were shrieking higher than ever, and the hugest bats came down. It was a long fight. Now they had to fight their friends instead of the enemy. But Lirlit knew that it was the sacrifice they had to bring. Suddenly there were lights all over. There was thunder, and lightening, and a wolf in a black garment stood like a warrior before them. 'I am the ghost of the ancestors,' he spoke. 'Why do you challenge me.'

23. Lirlit tried to explain about what happened, and what the wolves did to them, but the wolf started to laugh. 'Oh, you dumb dumb mortals without a soul, only enlightened to right your own crimes. Do you know history ? Do you know both sides of the story ? Oh wanderers of the mind, do you not know that you can only escape the powers of the mind to control the minds of others ? I do not bear a crown. I have given them to my servants, my wolf-king.' Then the appearance left again. Lirlit looked at her uncle. They found out they were both very wounded because of the bat-attacks. There were no bats to help them anymore, and there were no women with them anymore. Now Lirlit and her uncle were at their own, not knowing what would happen, and where were their weapons ? In front of them there was only fog. But Lirlit's uncle took her by the arm, and they walked forwards. Suddenly they didn't feel ground below their feet anymore, and they were falling. They fell so deep like they never fell before, and suddenly it was all wet around them . They had been fallen into the river. The river was wild, and in speed they were moving towards a waterfall. They would die when they would fall from the edge. They both started to shriek and fell from the edge. They both thought this was the end, as the waterfall was very deep. But suddenly two huge bats grasped them to fly away with them. They still had friends there, it appeared. They brought them to a huge batnest high on the mountains.

24. The bats here were drinking out of eggs, and Lirlit and her uncle also had to drink. Suddenly they both fell asleep. When they woke up, they were in a cave in the mountain. The ground was very slimy, and huge eggs laid all around. Most of the eggs were broken open, while strange fluids were in them. Some even were full of blood, while it streamed out of it. One of the bats entered the room. He stood erected, like he was half a man, half a bat. Suddenly he turned into an old man. He looked like a necromancer. He had a very wise radiation, but also a confused one. It had a delirious effect on Lirlit and her uncle. They felt very dizzy when they looked at him. 'I am here to warn you,' the old man said. 'You must lose all your superstition, or the wolves will lead you back to your previous life, in which you were dominated by your mind.'

25. Lirlit and her uncle both nodded. They knew how important it was what the man said.

26. Then the man continued : 'The battle against the wolves is a hard battle. If they win our minds will be controlled again.'

27. 'What can we do about it ?' Lirlit asked. Then the man started to shriek, while two bats flew into the room. Then he clapped in his hand, while the bats floated down on the bench. 'You know,' the

old man said, 'parts of us are bats. And we must use them well. They have the weaponry to destroy the wolf-domination.'

28. 'But how ?' Lirlit asked.

29. 'Come,' the old man said, 'I will show you.' Then the man walked out of the room. Lirlit and her uncle followed him. They came in a narrow corridor with a strange smell. Then they came into another room, with a lot of dust on the ground. Lirlit started to cough. There were slimy eggs around, and from some of them snakes were coming forth, and much of slime dripped out. 'Come,' the old man said, 'this is not what I want to show you. Walk on.' Then the man opened another door. The doorhandle was decorated by very small skeleton-skulls. High sounds like shrieks came out of their mouths, and even out of the holes of their eyes. Then again they had to walk through a narrow corridor, but later they found out it was a bridge. Below the bridge there were smokey fluids, and wet towels like sheets were hanging in the air like walls. The towels were very hot, and steam was coming from them. A strange huge yellow rock stood there at the end of the bridge, and they had to climb over it. It was like burning sand under their feet. They were entering a sort of desert in a huge cave. The sand was burning. All sorts of feelings were climbing over Lirlit's body, trying to enter her head. 'Au,' Lirlit said. It was like something had burnt her. In the distance there were a lot of silver rocks mirroring so many things. There was a soft breeze. On the rocks bats appeared. They had mirroring weaponry, and while Lirlit was watching these mirrors she couldn't see the bats anymore, only herself in terrible ways. It was like her mind was taking over again, and she couldn't use her fantasy.

30. Suddenly she couldn't move again. It was like something had frozen her. 'Grasp the bat-weapons !' someone was shouting. But Lirlit couldn't see anything anymore, so she started to grasp in the air. Suddenly she felt like a velvet handle in her hand. And then something in her other hand. She opened her eyes and could move again. Now she could see the bats in the mirrors. But these weren't bats, but boys. They looked like princes, but they had poor clothes in such beautiful colours. When they opened their mouths fantasy was climbing into her head. She had now received the bat-armour. She also saw her uncle in the same armour. But suddenly wolves were all around them. Now they had to use their new weapons. Within a few minutes they had slain all the wolves. It was easier than ever. The old man was applauding. He had a white garment now. His tall beard was very shiny, but suddenly he was changing into a bat again and flew away. Also the boys were changing into bats again and flew away. 'Follow us,' someone shouted. But how ? 'Just shriek,' another one shouted. And while Lirlit and her uncle shrieked, they were changing into bats, and could fly away.

31. High in the sky there was a palace. It was full of crowns, but they didn't use these crowns anymore. They had been laid on shrines. There were also flowers on the shrines. Upstairs there was a hall with old thrones, but they weren't in use anymore. They looked like shrines now, and some weapons were laid on them. But suddenly someone was shrieking, and flying wolves were coming out of the walls, and through all sorts of doors. Now there was a battle in the air. 'Use your fantasy,' the old man spoke. 'Use your fantasy.' And suddenly they were sitting in the room again, where they had slept. 'What happened ?' Lirlit asked.

32. 'You were in my fantasy,' the old man said. 'and it is all real. But now you have to develop your own fantasy.'

33. Lirlit asked herself if she could do that. There were so many things they had to solve yet. But her fantasy would lead her in that. That was what the old man had said. They stayed on the bat-castle for a long time, and then they had to return to their own homes again. 'Practice your fantasy.' the man had said. 'Make it your own, and let it be your home.'

12.

The Wolf-Skull

1. Lirlit had been going to the market in her village. She had bought some stones called eagle-eyes. One she had put on her cupboard, and another one she laid next to her bed. Some had said the stones would attract good luck and contacts with the dead and extra-ordinary spirits, but Lirlit wasn't superstitious. She just liked the stones, and found it would be worth as good company. But in the middle of the night someone was waking her. It was like the wind was speaking to her, but then she saw an eagle close to an opening in her house. The eagle spoke to her that she needed to come to snake-mountain, as he wanted to show her something. When she stood outside her house, the eagle was very big. He took her in a good grip and flew with her to snake-mountain. He brought her in through an opening. 'Do you see all the treasures here ?' he asked. Lirlit could see a shimmering hall full of misty treasures. 'I know you like stones,' the eagle said, 'and I know you will like some of the stones here.' Lirlit was very grateful towards the eagle. He took her in a grip again and flew with her inside the huge hall. The stones were beautiful, but when Lirlit touched one of the stones, it was like there was an alarm switched on. Something in her head started to shriek, and from all sides snakes came towards her. 'Why didn't you tell this ?' she asked the eagle, but the eagle flew away. 'Hey, take me away,' Lirlit screamed.

2. Suddenly all sorts of snakes were sliding over her body, but they didn't attack her. And after awhile Lirlit found out that these snakes didn't wish any harm on her, but were her friends. She took the stone again, stood up, and walked towards a door. The snakes were following her. In another hall there were more amazing stones. Lirlit asked herself what would be the meaning of it all. And where was the eagle ? 'I am not superstitious,' Lirlit said to the snakes, 'but what is the meaning of these stones ?' But the snakes didn't speak to her. Suddenly a man and a woman entered the hall where Lirlit was. For a moment it was like Lirlit had to vomit. The man had a tall beard, and the woman was dressed in fragile white. It was because of the smell that Lirlit was a bit upset. They smelled like snakes and slime, but also things she couldn't describe. Suddenly they started to turn into tall and thin snakes. It looked like they completely ignored Lirlit. Like they had other things to do. Lirlit appeared not to be one of their priorities. They slid towards the stones, and then they moved them towards the door they came from. Lirlit got very curious what they would do with the stones. So she decided to follow them. When she stood into the door-opening the smell even more overwhelmed her, but this time it was even luring her deeper. She saw snakes here with very big beaks, and when they opened these beaks other snakes went in, and sometimes they even took stones with them. The snakes weren't huge, and Lirlit wondered what happened to the snakes who went inside. It was a riddle to Lirlit.

3. Deeper inside the hall, where many snakes were moving to, an enormous statue lay on the ground. It was cut off from it's feet, enormous feet which stood next to the statue, still erected and intact. It was like a complex of doors through which the snakes slid in. Lirlit decided to follow them inside the enormous feet of the statue. Inside they saw the stones growing here. They looked like eyes, and there were even stones coming forth from them. But when the stones were separated

from the others, it more began to look like stones, and it didn't grow anymore. Some of the stones were very wet, but that also seemed to stop when they got separated. Most of the stones were very shiny.

4. There was a tunnel in the halls of the feet to come into the fallen statue. When Lirlit came into the halls of the fallen statue there was a lot of darkness and fog. She couldn't see much, but suddenly lights turned on, and she saw snakes hanging in the air or on the walls like bags. Often these snakes were brown-red with white stripes. It was a very pure white. These snakes were very huge, and suddenly some of them fell on Lirlit. Now it was all dark, and she almost couldn't breathe anymore. She tried to shriek, but couldn't get any sound out of her mouth. Then she fell into delirium. But soon the grip of the snakes wasn't tight anymore, and she could wrestle herself a way out. Then they left her alone. Still she had the feeling they didn't want to harm her, but they just wanted to test her, or just feel her. They had been sensitive to her trouble, and then they had let her go.

5. Suddenly the eagle appeared to her again. The eagle was glad to see her. 'It is amazing here,' she told the eagle.

6. 'But did you find some stones you would like to have already ?' the eagle asked. But there were so many stones and so many halls, that Lirlit had the sense she wasn't done with it yet. Then she asked the eagle what exactly the use of the stones is. 'The stones protect you against superstition by which lower spirits want to dominate the mind,' the eagle said, 'these stones inspire you to have your own fantasy.'

7. 'But don't you think that is also superstition ?' Lirlit asked. 'Why do I need these stones ?' But then the eagle flew away. It was like he was telling her to find that out for herself. She felt attracted to the stones, that was a sure thing, but she didn't want to have a new superstition. Or were these stones just her guards ? Some said stones could speak to the layers beneath the mind, to the unconscious. What if these stones were just forces of nature ? Were they made to protect the souls of those who lived in nature ? Lirlit had many questions. And it was like these stones were speaking to her in so many ways.

8. Deeper in the statue she found doors out of it. Now she came in halls behind the fallen statue. Eyes were watching her. Was this the domain of someone ? A wild man in a bearskin watched her, while two women were lying at his feet. 'What is it you come to do,' the man roared. Lirlit could see it wasn't totally a man. He was also a sort of dog, or other predator. Maybe she needed to be at her guard now, for the women didn't look so friendly either. 'Lirlit,' the man was suddenly saying, 'I have waited for you, I missed you.' And then he came forwards to her.

9. Lirlit stepped backwards, and shouted : 'Who are you ?'

10. 'I am your father,' the man said.

11. 'Oh no,' Lirlit said, 'that can't be true, you liar. My father died in war.'

12. 'They said that,' the man said, 'but that wasn't true. They made a mistake. I had been kidnapped for a long time by imperials, by wolf-warriors, lived my life lonely in a prison deep underground, but finally escaped. I didn't wish to live in the empire anymore, and didn't want to be king of Kaapsia anymore, so I started to live here, with my friends, the snakes who let me escape.'

13. But Lirlit still wasn't enthousiast. 'If that's true, then I have to say : You did a lot of evil things in your life they told me.'

14. The man bowed his head, and spoke : ‘I have to admit, I was wrong many times. I was king of Kaapsia and wasn’t always righteous in the use of my powers, and that is why I have laid them down. The pressure it too big, and I lived under a strange force.’

15. ‘And who are these women,’ Lirlit asked rude.

16. ‘They are snakes,’ the man said. Then he clapped in his hand, and the women turned into snakes again, while they slided away. Then Lirlit stepped forwards and fell into the arms of her father.

17. ‘There are many things I need to tell you,’ Lirlit’s father said. ‘I’m breeding the eggs of snakes here, for one day I will return to the empire to take revenge.’

18. ‘Well, I’m on your side dad,’ Lirlit said. The man smiled. He was glad he found his daughter back.

19. Lirlit found out that her father had many women here. But as he said : He needed to breed a new and powerful generation to take good vengeance.

20. ‘Your life is such an ornament,’ Lirlit’s father told her, ‘and also the things happened in your life which you do not understand are part of this treasure.’ Lirlit smiled. It was the first time in her life that she had the feeling of having a father. And it was a good feeling, especially because he was so caring.

21. Her father told her a lot about the power of the wolf-skulls, that these were the objects by which the imperials maintained their control. The wolf-skulls could speak and could easily take over the minds. In one of the halls an old sorceror, a necromancer lived. Lirlit’s father often went to him for advice, and this time he wanted to bring his daughter with him. They had to go to a higher place within the mountain. It was almost like a tower. It was even called the tower, or more : the Boa-Constrictor Tower. The wizard was glad to see them. He looked at Lirlit and blinked to her. Then he made a movement with his hand and asked them to follow him. On top of the tower they could have a survey as it was almost outside the mountain. It was a very high place, and from here they could see the whole empire. The wizard told them where the wolf-skulls were, and where the most powerfull wolf-skulls were, but Lirlit told them that she wasn’t superstitious. She didn’t believe in all that. She believed in using fantasy. And after a long talk with the wizard she got a bit pissed off. And she shouted : ‘Okay, go on with your magic, your superstition full of fables to see how it will bring you down. I’m out of here. It’s unbelievable that an old man like you never grew up, and it’s even more unbelievable that my father searches for advice in you. Goodbye.’ And then she ran away. She took some of the stones she had found and then she called for the eagle, who took her immediately to her home.

22. When she got home she remembered that she had a wolf-skull by herself for one time she slayed a wolf who had attacked her. She thought it would be a good present for her father and his wizard. She didn’t want to have anything to do with such powers. She knew that to have part in any government would break you down and control your life. It was all superstition made by ghosts and spirits to dominate them all in secret. So she gave the skull to the eagle, and asked him to bring the skull to the mountain, to her father.

23. Her father was very glad with the present. And of course he wouldn’t use it to make a new government. Her father didn’t want to be a king again, also not as a sorceror. He would hide the wolf-skull deep in the snake-mountain so that no one could do harm with it anymore. It would be nothing more than a sovenir and a memory. Lirlit was very proud of him when she heard the story.

Zebra-Mountain

1. Lirlit awoke by a hand taking her in grip very rude. She opened her eyes. Two leaders of her village stood in her room, commanding her to come with them to the old chief of the village. They took her very tight and went outside. 'What's going on?' Lirlit asked. But none of them said something. When they got to the tent of the chief they pushed her inside. 'Hey, don't be so rude,' she said loud to them.

2. 'Go, sit down on my bed,' the chief said. He had a tall beard and was bald. Lirlit sat down, and then the chief started to tell. He clapped in his hands, and then a servant came inside the tent. He showed her all sorts of small things made by zebra-bones.

'I don't know what your point is,' Lirlit said to the chief. 'I didn't make those things. I didn't kill any of your zebra's. I always enjoy going to the zebra-reservate to feed them and to have friendship with them.'

3. But then the chief said : 'They found the zebra-bone-figures in your home, so you must know more about it. I'm telling you again. Sixty-six of our zebra's have been killed lately. They left their skins, but they took the bones away.'

4. But Lirlit became panicked and said : 'I do not know these figures, and I would never kill such a zebra. Why would I do that?'

5. But the chief wasn't convinced and made the decision to lock her up. At the side of the village she had to live in a cage like an animal. Lirlit wondered how the figures would come in her house. She didn't trust the leaders. She had troubles with them before, and she thought that this could be all an act of revenge.

6. Everyday the old chief came to her cage to talk to her. 'Honestly, I am very disappointed in you. I thought you were such a good and skilled woman, but how wrong I was. You have taken the life of that which was most dear to me,' he said. If someone would do any harm to his zebra's, then he always said he would die. And the chief became very ill. He couldn't eat nor sleep because of what happened to his zebra's. It was for him a disgusting sight to see the figures made of zebra-bones. And after a few weeks he died.

7. Lirlit didn't have any hope. Maybe they would kill her finally, or she would have to live in this cage forever. But one day another leader came to the cage. They had another chief now, and they had decided to ban her to a slave-island, where she would work the rest of her life.

8. Lirlit didn't know if she had to be glad with that or not. She would find out. Soon after the decision she was planted on a ship, and after a few days she came on the island. It was a beautiful island, but she knew she had to work here. She came to live between criminals, murderers, assassins, witch-doctors, and other evil men and women. A lot of them she knew from the past. She never could get along with them, although a lot of them she only knew by face.

9. She had to do hard work, and she didn't get enough time to sleep. It was like it was all slowly driving her crazy. She had the feeling she would lose her mind if she would live here any longer. It was hot here, and there was always a lot of noise here, even in the nights. One day she couldn't take it anymore. She began screaming and talking deliriously. Everyone thought she had gone crazy, and that would mean she would be banned to an even worse island where the sick and crazy ones lived.

10. This would be hell for her, for there would be even more noise, and they said slavery would even be harder there. They dropped her on a ship again. The island was very dirty and a lot of them died by all sorts of diseases. She had to sleep with a hundred sick and crazy ones in one hall. There was too much noise to get sleep, and they had to wake up very early to work a whole day in a factory. Lirlit was scared of a lot of types here, for they didn't have control over themselves. Everyday there were a lot of murders and other sorts of crimes.

11. However one of the leaders here got a passion and weak spot towards her. She always told him she was unguilty, and he believed her. But he said she could never return to her village, because the ones who had lost their minds could be a danger to the city. However, he was willing to let her escape. He only asked her to spend the night with him one time. But this she refused. She would escape at her own. But after months and months she found out there was no way to escape. She was always chained, and there was no way to get it loose.

12. So she went to the leader again, and talked with him about it, but he was like struck in his honour. He told her he had found another woman to let her escape in her place, so everything was done now. But in a strange sense he felt compassion towards her. He decided to refuse her request to sleep with her for one night, but she would get her freedom.

13. Lirlit was grateful to him, but she hated her village now. She didn't have anything to do with the zebra-murders. And when she would show up again, they would ban her again. It was better for her to search for a new life somewhere else. She wanted to find out who murdered the zebra's. She didn't trust the leaders of her village. She thought that they had done it themselves because they wanted another chief. In her eyes it was nothing but a big conspiracy. So in the night she went to one of the leader's house. She broke in, and started to search throughout the house. Everyone was asleep, but she had to be careful. The house was full of zebra-bone-figures, and she thought that was strange. She went to the reservate and found out that there wasn't any zebra there anymore. Later she found out that after the chief died, and after she got banned to slave-island they killed all the other zebra's. They falsely spoke that this was the wish of the chief so that he wouldn't be without his zebra's in the afterlife.

14. But in the reservate there were more snakes than ever now, and some were white, and looked very strange. She had never seen such snakes before. It was like they were penetrating her mind. She got scared in a sense. And then she got the shock of her life, for in the distance they saw how such snakes attacked an ox and started to eat it. Were they the ones who also killed the zebra's ? Lirlit took her bow and an arrow to shoot one of the snakes. But then they came after her. Lirlit ran away, but they came after her. She took another arrow from her quiver and shot the second one. But then the others started to shriek in rage and in speed they jumped on her, almost reaching for her throat. They tried to strangle her, but she took a leg-knife and slayed them one by one. She got bitten horribly, and the poison was already reaching for her brains. It was like she was gliding into delirium. When she woke up a white small man with a tall white beard was staring at her. He had a very high voice, and he grasped her throat. She knew she was now fighting against a ghost also, fighting for her life.

15. 'What did you do to the zebra's ?' she asked, while she could hardly breath.

16. 'Don't you like the figures I made of their bones ?' the little white bearded man said.

17. 'No,' Lirlit roared, 'for it took me to slave-island.' The man started to laugh. Suddenly he was vomitting. The skin of a zebra came out of his mouth. 'Don't you like these skins ?' the little man

asked. Lirlit tried to kick him, but she couldn't reach him. When she woke up the snakes were gone, but she was very sick now. It was already morning and she saw some of the village walking in zebra-skins. She was in rage now. She wanted to see the chief. The new chief was one of the younger leaders, but Lirlit told him what she had seen this night, about the white snakes eating an ox. And here they said that they had killed the zebra's themselves as it was the old chief's wish. She told the new chief about the condemnation that she would have killed zebra's, but the new chief said that it wouldn't matter anymore. It was now legal to kill zebra's, so whether she was guilty or not, it was an old law, changed after the death of the chief as that was his wish.

18. But Lirlit knew the old chief and that would never be his wish. 'Can you prove it to me that that was his wish?' Lirlit asked. But the new chief couldn't.

19. Lirlit was shocked. She could now live in her village again without any problems, but now there was even a tradition of hunting zebra's to honour the old chief. It seemed that to wear zebra-skin was also a sign of honour to the old chief. But Lirlit thought that was disgusting. And she still wondered about the part of the white snakes in it. One night she broke in at the house of the new chief. But the new chief was still awake, and she saw that he was whispering some words while reading in a book he slowly started to change into a white snake. Now Lirlit knew enough. And she was pretty sure that the new chief was the boss of all the white snakes. So she took her weapon, jumped towards the snake to slay it. It was already legal in her village to slay snakes, so she didn't have anything to fear. The next day she took the skin of the killed snake and went to the center of the village. She raised the skin-snake and spoke: 'Your chief has disappeared and will not return. He has been eaten by this snake, but I have killed it.' No one had heard about the disappearing of the chief, but soon they found it out, and they believed Lirlit. Because Lirlit was a hero now, she was allowed to make a wish. So she wished that the killing of zebra's would stop. The law had to be changed again at this point. And so it happened.

20. But in the mountains, there was still living a small white man, collecting zebra-bones to make figures of it. And one day he came to the village to give some of his figures to the children, who thought these were nice toys. Lirlit followed him to his place. He still had the need to take over the minds of the villagers to fulfill his evil plans. He had painted the bones in all kind of colours, and it wasn't easy to see that these were zebra-bones. Then Lirlit jumped forwards and a fight started. From all sides white snakes came to attack Lirlit, while the little man tried to get away. 'I warned you,' the little man laughed hysterically, 'I told you not to come here.' Lirlit saw he walked through a door to enter a room full of zebra's. It was like he was breeding them there. After Lirlit had slain all the snakes by her legknives she went inside the room. It was only a room leading to a huge hall, a zebra-breeding.

21. Behind it there was a strange toy-factory, all made of zebra-bones. Lirlit was almost vomiting. It had such a strange smell. In the distance she heard the little man laughing with a high voice. The voice got higher and higher. 'Haha,' he laughed in joy, 'how I control all the minds of these dumb villagers, giving them toys from birth on made of zebra-bones. They cannot use their own fantasy, as the toys will do that for them. Hahaha, how good I am. I'm smart, hey, I'm smart.' And then he started to talk to himself further. As quick as she could Lirlit tried to set the zebra's free, but they were tied by strange leather belts. Even her knife couldn't get through, and the little man was only laughing harder in the distance. 'I'm going to get you!' he shouted in full joy, almost like he was teasing her.

22. She knew that the only thing she could do now was following the little man to erase him first. She took an arrow, aimed, but couldn't see him. Then she saw him standing on a platform in front of a huge kettle. White steam was coming from the kettle. When she aimed again an iron arm was moving a wall before him. She started to walk around the wall by following some aluminium stairways. She could see the kettle again, while it was in some sort of liquid cocon, which looked like a fleece or transparent plastic. She saw ghosts coming forth from the kettle, rising, they looked like the souls of zebra's. The little man was laughing and shouting loud : 'Haha, you dumb souls will now be imprisoned in the toys forever, to be the guards of the childrens' minds, so that they can never really escape in their fantasies.' Lirlit aimed again, but another time an iron arm was moving another wall before the kettle. There was a stairway under the kettle-platform by which Lirlit could reach the other side of it. Quickly she aimed her arrow and shot into the head of the little man. The head started to spin like crazy, while the little man started to blast everything. He started to roar, while slime was coming through. Now an iron arm was moving towards Lirlit, and pushed her from the stairways. She got wounded, but she stood up again, but now the iron arm got her in it's grip. 'Hahaha,' the little man shouted, 'hahaha,' while he mocked her, 'Now you will be nothing but a soul in the kettle, hahaha. To be locked up in a toy will be your new toy.' And then the iron arm moved her upstairs again and brought her above the kettle. 'Now wait a minute,' the little man said, 'I want to enjoy this sight for awhile.' The little man's head was still spinning, and Lirlit got the expression he couldn't see much of it. Quickly she took another arrow and shot it into the body of the little man. Now the little man fell from the platform. She was still hanging above the kettle, while strange white slimy fire was coming forth from it. It was boiling, and Lirlit thought she would die by the heat. 'Stop, stop !' she was screaming. But suddenly a lot of zebra-ghosts rose from the kettle and took her out of the grip of the iron arm.

23. Quickly she took the little man, who looked like a doll now. There was a light smile on his face. She stepped on the platform again, and threw the doll into the kettle. Suddenly there were explosions everywhere. The platform was moving away, and she looked right into a room where zebra's had been tied to stakes, and some even looked like trees. She took her knife to free them, but she couldn't get it done. Suddenly a lot of white snakes entered the room. They stood erected, very aggressive. And again Lirlit had to fight them. They bit her very horribly, and Lirlit felt very sick all of a sudden. This time there were so many snakes. What could she do ?

24. And suddenly the burning doll entered the room again. 'Hahaha,' it shrieked like it had drunk a lot. Quickly Lirlit took two of the iron arms who had broken away since the explosions, and by the arms she took the doll and pushed it to the strings by which the zebra's where bound. Immediately the strings burnt away, while in shocks the zebra's got free. But the head of the doll was moving wildly, so by one of the arms Lirlit smashed the head off. Now she could also help the other zebra's. But more and more things started to come into the fire. She tried to save as much zebra's as she could, also in the breeding, but then she had to go away, as there was too much fire. The zebra's were following her.

25. In the village everyone was very glad. Now they could have zebra's again in the reservate, and it would be like the old days.

14.

1. She thrones in Orion, where She has her bow. Together with hyenas she hunts. Her laws of predestination keep us bound.

2. In Orion She thrones. The enemy bleeds before Her. They had raised their man empire, but now their hands are cut.
3. Their arms are burning before Her, and she cuts their heart muscle.
4. Tonight is the night of hunt again, the red night.

15.

Coco

1. Coco was swimming in the river. She was washing herself, while crocodiles moved closer. They wouldn't harm her. They trusted her. In the white sand along the river some monkeys were playing. Coco felt at ease here. The jungle had always been her drug. She was raised by hyenas in the fields, and now she was here. She had her own hut. She smelled the fresh, intoxicating flowers in the river, while she took another dive. Crocodiles followed her. She wasn't scared of them. They were her friends. She stared at the tall flowers and trees at the other side of the river, and decided to swim to there. There were also some big snakes hanging in the trees. They were resting.
2. She licked the flowers there. They smelled so good. Then she lay down in the sand for awhile. The sun was shining on her body. She smeared herself in with some coconut milk. She also put it in her hair. Some big snake was sliding over her, but she didn't care. Then she fell asleep. She was up early the next morning. She started riding on a small elephant. Monkeys followed her also. She was the queen of animals.
3. Lions, panthers and tigers, they all loved her and listened to her voice. On a day a hyena came to her, very big, and a fight started. The hyena tried to kill her, but Coco took her knife and slayed the hyena. Once in a while there was a red night. These were certain nights in which Coco felt like she was losing her control. Then she just had to go to the fields, to hunt with the hyenas. The red nights were like the call of the hyenas on her life. Wherever she went, she never got rid of that. The red nights were usually longer than normal nights, much longer. Once in a red night Coco was like struck by lightening, and started to wander like hypnotized. In the distance she saw a castle totally made of bones. An old man came to her from the distance. He had a long white beard, and was half naked, dressed in some white wrappings. Coco felt like she was in fire. 'I have waited for you,' said the old man.
4. 'Who are you ?' asked Coco.
5. 'Come,' said the old man, 'I want to show you something in the castle.'
6. Coco walked together with him, still hypnotized.
7. He dressed her in some thick raw white fur which looked like wool. Inside of the huge castle there was a small lake. He went into the lake and asked her to swim with him. She had still her wrappings on. He had also given her savage boots of the same soft fur. They swam to the other side of the lake.
8. 'I have to tell you a secret,' he said with a wet beard and mustache. He was almost bald. His blue eyes were staring at her very intense. He took her hand, and helped her on the other side. They

stood on the border of the lake now.

9. 'What is it ?' she asked. He sat down. She sat down also. He was still holding her hand. 'Now,' he said. He took her in his arms. 'I need you to help the children of Mitante.'

10. 'Who are they ?' Coco asked.

11. 'They live deep underground, far away from here,' said the old man. 'They are captives.'

12. 'Who is their captor ?' Coco asked.

13. The old man said nothing. He just gave her a key. 'Go to the gate of Frikit Sea. There on the beach somewhere is the shaft underground to the children of Mitante. I will reward you richly when you will bring them back to me.'

14. Coco said nothing. She just took the key and went on her way. It was a long travel to Frikit Sea, which took a few days of walking. To her surprise she saw the old man again at the gate of Frikit Sea. 'I can tell you more now,' he said. 'The children of Mitante take fruits from the Totokmana-tree, which are tall, thin fruits almost like herbs, which empower females and weaken males. It's a sort of drug. When taken once, you have to take it your whole life, or you die.'

15. Fruits from the Welchter-tree could neutralize it. Coco had to go to the native tribe who guarded this tree. It was a very rare tree. It was not far away from the gate. They also guarded another tree, the Simrin-tree, which had fruits to empower the male and weaken the female. There was also a third tree they guarded, the Torg-tree, which had big white berries which empower the native woman, and weaken the white woman. When a white woman would eat such a berry, she would slowly turn into a white pig. The native women guarding these trees used these pigs to ride on. These pigs were also used for food. In the bones of these pigs jewels seemed to be stored. These jewels were used to make necklaces for the native women. They also guarded a fourth tree : the Krale-tree, whose fruits empowered boys, and weakened adult men.

16. And two burning trees formed her breasts, two burning skulls. She was in the flames, but it was just her briefs, the veil of fire. And her buttocks were two fruits between which the hunted got trapped. She was the land. And her sisters surrounded the machinery to watch the skulls and the cross, which had on it's top a grilled chicken. And these faces were burning in the wind, these days of december. The children of Mitante will never be free.

17. Coco fell down. She had been struck. She became one of them. There was no hope anymore when she saw the tribe. Hypnotized she lay herself at their feet. She knew it was just a matter of time. Then the tribe would have possessed everything. She didn't care anymore. It was good like this. There was nothing she could do, and it didn't matter anymore. She was fine with it, for she had seen the mystery of time and eternity.

18. The hand of the old man was on her shoulder, but it was more and more burning away, fading, until she couldn't remember it anymore. She only remembered the hyenas with who she used to hunt. They had raised her, and they would stay in her memory forever and ever.

16.

1. She is the huntress throning in Orion, where she has wrapped herself in white fur like wool. She looks down on sinners. She thrones high above them, in a hut made of bones. She calls her children back to nature and traps them by grace.
2. She starves them, so that the world cannot enslave them. They run through the wilderness, free, but they are collared by starvation. They are marked by depression and fear. They cannot escape. She saved them forever in the perseverance of the saints.
3. She leads them to barren land, where they have to live by hunt. She will show them what the war is about. Every night is a red night, a night of hunt, until she leads them to the land of the night.
4. They follow her to her tent. Hunger is their shield. They see the rich turn into cattle. The hunt starts.
5. Rejection is their bow, depression their arrow.
6. Humans are always searching to satisfy their lusts. Pray for starvation as that is the only way to please Mother God.
7. Those who live to satisfy their lust will become cattle.
8. Pray for depression, so that you will not have fun with the world and come under the Judgement of Mother God.
9. Pray for fear, for it is impossible to please Mother God without fearing Her.
10. Pray for rejection, to be safe from pride.
11. Pray for weakness, to stay safe from slavery to the world.
12. Mother God wages war against the saints, to save them forever, in the perseverance. They are Her captives of salvation. She will teach them how to pray. They do not have to fear the enemy, for Mother God is their worst enemy.

17.

Hell's Bakery

1. In the realms of hell there was no slayer but Tamar the horrible. She had a bloodlust like no one else, and her breath was like pure fire.
2. She was the softest woman existing, but at the same time the hardest. By certain jewels called the dakuster-jewels she had enslaved so many to be her gladiators in the wars of hell.
3. These jewels were like chains surrounding their wrists and ankles, and these made them drunk, so that they wouldn't be blocked in fighting by the false spirits of shame and guilt, which had been sent out by the enemy to paralyze the warriors.
4. The jewels would also take away the fear which was another strategy of the enemy to hold the warriors down. Tamar's sword was abundant in slaughter, spoiling so much blood, as blood she wanted to see on the killing fields.

5. It was the blood which made her men drunk, and by that they could reach their dreams again, dreams which had been taken away by the enemy. Tamar taught her men that they shouldn't fear suffering, as suffering would make them drunk, and would change their visions.
6. She taught all her men to be ascets and to search for the treasures of hell. The most horrible beasts of hell were at her side, and she taught her men that everything existed by the paradox, and that something could only survive by the paradox of the extremes.
7. Only those who could be the meanest could be the most graceful, and only those who learnt how to be the most hateful could handle the tools of eternal love. Only the extreme and eternal paradox could heal hearts, but could also break hearts like nothing else.
8. Tamar the Horrible was an enslaver of hearts to lead them to the eternal freedom. Her dakuster-jewels were notorious and feared, but also desired by many.
9. Many were waiting for her enlightening touch in hell, but she was very selective. Only the best would be a part of her army, and the rest would suffer under her bone-breaking hands.
10. Her initiations were most cruel, and not many could handle it.
11. The inhabitants of hell warned each other not to approach her, only when they had considered the cost, or in hopeless situations when there was nothing to lose anymore.
12. She had the winds of hell as her chariot and she was searching for nothing but blood.
13. She taught that all life was in the blood, all knowledge and every stone of hell.
14. They said the seven winds of hell were seven wolves who had defeated the seven lions of hell.
15. Seven lionskulls were in the carriage of Tamar the Horrible, and these skulls had been covered by their own skins, while these skins had been covered by the skin of a zebra.
16. Tamar the Horrible knew how to live in domination.
17. She was the nightmare in the heads of so many, keeping them under the heavy weights of hell, her giant swines, her giant pigs and her giant lions.
18. Many begged to have a day off in hell, but she kept them all merciless under her heavy chains.
19. She built cities of their blood and bones to make her dreams come true, the dreams of the eternal paradox of the extreme.
20. She didn't listen to dreams of others or to prophets, as she was the rule herself.
21. She was like the temple of hell, or even its arc.
22. There was no one who could more silence and shrieks but her.
23. She was the woman of twisted extremes.
24. Dark animals were always surrounding her chariot when she was hunting : the meanest panthers, and her mocking hyena's.

25. She had her domain in Persiot, in the East of Hell, but most of the time she lived in Grugdia, which was the South-West of hell, where the hottest and highest fires were existing.
26. Here she ruled over those of no hope, also taking their last hopes away.
27. Tamar was the doom of the huntingfields of hell, like hell's altar of eternal loss.
28. She was the one who had raised the hellgates of Tantalos high, which was the frontportal.
29. Deeper in hell there were places like Tartarus, Atlas and Prometheus, the place of evergrowing suffering.
30. None would easily enter her domains, as they would meet her invisible whips.
31. These whips would torture their minds in all forms, and would make them drunk to take their minds away so that they would become the subject for more suffering when they would wake up.
32. She would whip them into sleep only to let them slide in her traps.
33. She would chain them by strange jewels made of goatskulls having strange evil buttons like the marks of hell which would make them a subject to the eternal torture she inflicted on them.
34. She didn't believe in final destruction. She believed in everlasting damnation.
35. Damned souls would be subject to torture, and this would be without an end.
36. If there was any sleep or drunkenness, it would be to let them wake up in even worse suffering.
37. That was the goal of all her so-called mercy. She was the personification of Evil, of evergrowing, everlasting Evil.
38. Many brave men tried to destroy her heart throughout ages, but they could never find her heart.
39. The problem was they searched for it in the realms of hell, but her heart had been stored in a place called Evil, the core beyond Hell.
40. Here her heart had been stored behind strange glass made of the tormented eyes of the damned.
41. Everyone coming close to this glass had to pay by anger and inflictions of self-rejections to become more or less twisted spirits.
42. The glass would always lead them astray in mindwebs of confusion where they would lose all their grown-up behaviour to become children of evil.
43. For Tamar it was only a fragile, tender spiderian snack. They were so helpless in this killing womb, that it would only drive them further away from their goal.
44. She was the mistress of Evil, of all Evil, all heartless evil. She had a heart, but it was frozen, having a strange flame letting it all burn in a strange fire.
45. She was the world beyond hell, and anyone coming near could only fall away in paralysis.

46.All the dreams she gave led them to greater nightmares, to the eternal ones.

47.No one would ever awake again. It was a bottomless pit in which they would be eternal fuel for her heart.

48.Those who tried to get close to her got struck by a strange disease in which their minds melted away into demency.

49.Many went insane in their attempt to approach her, and thus she became the most dangerous instrument of hell, a strange merciless machine of evil, an evil beyond all sense and beyond all understanding.

50.It was by her cruel ways she let the spirits and souls of the damned clot until they were her tormented jewels of evil by which she ruled. The process of clotting took eternities.

51.There was no medicine against someone like Tamar, and this is why the rules of hell got tighter and tighter like a cruel unchangable law of evil.

52.It was like a heavy weight pulling them all down.

53.But one day a group of children found a young lion in the desert.

54.The lion had the hairy skin of a giant spider,

55.and it seemed the animal was carrying strange powers.

56.It led the children through the glass behind which the heart of Tamar was.

57.Tamar was upset that these children seemed to have found the key.

58.It was a strange biological key, this lion.

59.And it teached the children about an eternal sleep in which their hearts would be safe,

60.and in which suffering would fade away.

61.This was what the children needed as they suffered from insomnia by the curse of Tamar dwelling in their heads.

62.It was like Tamar's eyes were always open,

63.and it seemed she suffered from insomnia too.

64.When Tamar saw the lion she felt some compassion,

65.and also a little boy seemed to have compassion with her.

66.'You can caress the animal,' the small boy said to her.

67.'It will heal you.'

68.When Tamar did she started to cry.

69.She could close her eyes,

70.and fall asleep.

71.That day the winds of eternal sleep and eternal drunkenness went through hell like winds to make an end to so much suffering,

- 72.and to set free so many slaves.
- 73.Also the river of forgetfulness started to scream to bring healing.
- 74.Tamar slept for three days and when she woke up she was another person.
- 75.But after awhile she started to do the same things she always did.
- 76.It was like these things were too deep in her,
- 77.like they belonged to her and she belonged to them.
- 78.There was no one who could prevent her from going this road.
- 79.She had been touched by a dream only to call forth a greater nightmare,
- 80.pushing the flame away to inflict an eternity of icefields like the fields of glass.
- 81.It was like hell was freezing over this time,
- 82.triggering an even darker flame of evil,
- 83.a flame streaming from the deepest of her heart,
- 84.possessing them all.
- 85.She inflicted so many sour, salt and bitterness on them, so that they started to produce sweetness from deep inside to survive. She made living gingerbreads of them on which the birds of hell would float down. She became the bakerwoman of hell, raising man and women like cakes and tarts, like icecreams to be the fuel of her heart. There were many unknown predators she had to feed, coming from the depths of her heart.
- 86.There were living bakers in her heart, while she was the bakerwoman. These bakers were predators, different parts of her. One of her most evil and cruel creation she created by using these bakers was time. By time she could lock everything up, to control everything. She created time by tormenting the minds of her victims. By her whips she split their minds and actually in these splits the isolated parts got frozen by which time could rise. Time was an instrument she used to dominate hell. But she also needed time as a jewel for herself.
- 87.The pigs of hell were time-masters standing in her way. That was why deep in her realms of Evil she had temples where she sacrificed pigs. She had all kinds of ways to turn them into gingerbreads. No one was allowed to master and inflict time but her. But also numbers were objects in her hand which she could cause to rise in the minds of her victims by the invisible whips. The goats of hell were number-masters so she also hunted them. And the combinations between time and numbers caused language to grow, all to lead them further astray in their cages like bow-nets. The oxes of hell were language-masters. For a baker there was a lot to do. She was a mistress of illusion. She knew that time, numbers and letters were just strange diseases. She had her own jewels to let them rise.

18.

The Mark of Evil

1. Tamar woke up in her dungeon. It was a hard night where nightmares tortured her mind, and now she woke up to this black snake who held her in prison for such a long time. The arms

of self-pity were almost strangling her, when she was there, chained to the wall, and her inner screams seemed to burn her from inside out.

2. 'Come on, black dove, not so sad,' the black snake whispered. 'I know this is what you want, for you gave it to so many, and what you give out is always your desire to get, isn't that so right ? Well, I have a surprise for you : It will only get worse.'
2. Tamar was cursing, as the black snake was tightening her chains. She almost couldn't feel her blood flow anymore. 'You know why I am here, black snake,' she blasted. 'I will find my way in this dungeon of yours, I will take your sword and slay you.'
3. 'Hey, not so fast,' the black snake said. 'I know you like this party.' Then from all sides strange animals came to bite her and eat from her flesh. There was nothing she could do, but she had asked for it in the evil night, in which she sold herself to get the power to rule the underworld. She wanted to rule hell, and it's world beyond called the place of Evil. She didn't know that the sword she asked for would lead her to such a place, but it was certainly the price she had to pay for bearing such a power. She now knew she would only have to defeat this black snake who had kidnapped her, and to take it's sword, so that she would come into balance again.
4. 'Oh, evil morning,' a witch was screaming in the distance. 'I wake up after a thousand years, and see what I get on my plate, brought to me by my faithful and lovely black snake. I once killed my own raven for it to get such a precious being. Girl, I know you have the power to rule hell and all it's places beyond. You are wearing the seal of delirium, and I will wait here until I have sifted all your powers out of your chest, as young women only deserve to die, and not bearing such forces. You have brought others down to get where you are now, but look and see you are in a dungeon, as that is the price of all your powers.'
5. She came closer to Tamar, and Tamar got pale. 'Oh, you're a beautiful black woman, caught by a black snake, my snake. Did you really think your trip would lead you to nowhere ? This is something. I am somebody, and I will show you in a few. I know exactly what to do to take your powers and how to destroy you. Don't worry, my child, don't worry.'
6. There was nothing Tamar could do. She knew she had to pay the price, and she was persisted to get the sword of the black snake, and maybe even the treasures of this old witch. This woman seemed to be the evil goddess of all elephants, and she held the treasure of all gravity in hell in her hand, a treasure by which she could cause doom and hopeless feelings everywhere.
7. Tamar prayed inside, something she only did when she had to. She didn't know how to deal with this situation. Her walls were sinking lower and lower in hell, even beyond the backgates, into a place called Evil. A raven was staring at her. She had never seen such a styled bird, and he was so big. 'Woman, I will have some mercy on you, as my master replaced me without mercy. I know this place like my own body, so I can guide you in it, and lead you to it's backdoors.'
8. 'Offer accepted,' Tamar whispered. 'Get me out of here. This woman is insane.'
9. The raven smiled and looked at her with an undescrivable stare, while it moved it's head. 'No worries, my dear. No worries.' By it's beak he cut the chains of Tamar, and soon she was sitting on it's back. He knew the way out of this dark place.

10. 'Wonder why this is going so easy,' the witch screamed. 'You both will have nothing to say anymore when your trip will end. Every escape here will lead you deeper into my ovens.'
11. 'We won't be a piece of your meat anymore, witch,' the raven shouted, while a fierce tall flame came out of its beak to devour the witch and her black snake. 'Where have you been, dear raven, and why such powers?' the witch screamed.
12. The raven took the treasure of the elephant in its beak, while sealed doors seemed to open up. 'Hell will swallow you deeper,' the black snake roared.
13. Tamar took the bird tight by its neck so that she wouldn't fall. She took notice that the bird wore a necklace around its neck to which a stone had been attached which looked like an eye. 'It's the eye of the raven, woman,' the raven spoke. 'It's an amulet given to me when I made my journey through the underworld, and it brought me back. They spoke to me about a woman I had to give it to. Now take it, it is yours.'
14. Tamar took the amulet and attached it around her neck. It brought her immense powers to see, which was merely the power to consume. It was like the invisible flame. 'These eyes are merely the transformers and creators of these worlds beyond hell, and they are the powerswords of the gladiators here,' the raven said.
15. 'Oh, I knew the eyes aren't to observe, but to dominate. It brings the mark of the slave,' Tamar said.
16. And by the eye of the raven Tamar raised her slaves and gladiators, for she was still in a war, an everlasting war. There were so many powers who wanted to possess her, and one would be even worse than the other. She knew she had to dominate her own skull, and she could only do that by dominating the skulls around her. In this the raven was her understanding friend.
17. It was in these ages Tamar could raise the invisible fire to its heights, and she loved this fire. She bore the eye of evil now, a strange song in the middle of her chest. The invisible fire was moving along the tight rules of this song, which always seemed to be the same. It was the song of freedom she bore in her heart, a song she could sing all day long, and in the nights she whispered it.
18. The raven and the song brought her to Hasor, one of the major cities in the place of Evil. Here the spirits were like blankets and clothes, and they all seemed to have their place in the citywalls. She loved this place as it resonated with her heart. The raven knew this place as the place of its rebirth. Here the raven could shapeshift into a man. It wasn't strange for Tamar to watch her friend being a man now. She knew about these things. Together they walked on a market in the depths of Hasor. There were many slave-markets here, cattle-markets, and most of all gladiator-markets and weapon-markets. They treated her like she was a queen now she had the eye of the raven around her neck. They feared her for they knew she was bearing the invisible fire. Ratun and Irank were two men selling wild hunterdogs on the market. These hunterdogs were white and hairy with strange diamondlike spots on their bodies. These spots were hard and looked like jewels. Ratun and Irank wanted to buy her amulet, but when Tamar turned them down they said she could take some of the dogs as a gift. Tamar got about twenty dogs, and she knew she could use them, as the raven

had said to her she needed to go to the royal house to slay its king if she wanted to dominate Hasor. It was a must for her to dominate Hasor or she would never be the ruler of Evil.

19. She had never seen such mean dogs, such slayers, so she could use them very well. It was like many around her expected her to slay the king, so this gave her strength. They knew she had come here for a mission. The king ran outside the royal house when she came closer and closer and lay himself at her feet. 'Spare us,' he said. 'We know we have done things wrong, but we tried our best.'
20. But Tamar knew he was a hypocrite. 'It seems you only listen to one side of the story, but okay, I will have mercy on you, when you and yours will work in the depths of Hasor's underground. I will free your slaves who worked there, and I will place them in your positions.'
21. 'Whatever you say, woman,' the king said, 'but have mercy on our souls.'
22. With her dogs and the raven she went into the royal house, called the slaves from the underground and gave them the positions of the upper class. The king and his aristocrats had to descend into the underground of Hasor to do heavy slavework for the rest of their lives. It was the day Tamar raised a dogthrone in Hasor, and she chose one of the best slaves to be the new king. The same day Tamar went with the raven and the twenty dogs to Chesbon, another major city of the place of Evil. Here the same happened, and soon Tamar became the new ruler of the place called Evil. These are her chronicles of her early days. The raven played a big part in settling her throne, and of course the mighty treasure of the elephant. Tamar was a ruler like no other. She was the darkest, but she bore an unknown light. Here, in the depths of this place of Evil she would lay her heart, here she would give them all a different mark, a mark above all marks, the mark of evil.

19.

Army of Eagles

1. *'Why did we choose to see. We are so young. Why did we choose to be frozen in eternal sight ? We can't move. We are pillars in a temple of evil struck by fear. It's coming from the arc where the eye of evil rests near. We are afraid of these lights, so why did we choose them ? We are hiding for these lights, so why do we invite them ? Aren't we all torn up inside, watching both sides of the night ?'*
2. Tamar slayed herself a way through the stubborn Filistines to the desert throne of a ghost terrorizing the spheres of Evil for such a long time. He looked like a blanket, and Tamar could nothing but mock him, while she held her sword, the spiritslayer, against his throat. 'Do you wanna live, bastard ?' she said with an ironical tone. 'Do you wanna live ? Live in my sword forever.' And then she beheaded him while he slid into her sword for eternal slavery. He would be another spiritslayer living in her sword, only coming out on her command. It was good life for the ghosts in her sword. They had food in abundance and all the other pleasures of the place of evil. She cared for her ghosts like no one else did.
3. She slayed herself a path through the Amalekkites and the Moabites to do the same things to their ghostkings. She was the ruler of all evil, and they would all meet her sword, the spiritslayer, to live in it forever. It was another tale in a princess' headjewel of death. The princess loved to hear about how Tamar slayed the Hethites and what she did to their kings.

But it was all a story. Since the princess died she listened to nothing but stories, as the reality was too much for her. She didn't care the stories were evil, as she didn't know the difference between good and evil anymore. She had been betrayed by her own family who called themselves good. If that was good, then what was evil ? It got her confused, and she found her way on the barbarian path.

4. But one day Tamar really came to her. The princess was shocked. She didn't know if she had to laugh or cry, to be scared or to be open. Tamar stood there almost naked with some belts across her body. 'Wanna go with me, woman ?' Tamar asked, and reached her hand out. 'You repress so much of yourself. Offer yourself to the eternal paradox of extremes and get alive in hell. It is not what you think. Your family you trusted and who were like heaven to you since you were young appeared to be messengers of hell when you figured them out. But now I will show you what hell really is.'
5. The princess nodded. She took off her clothes to get some skins and belts to cover herself, and then she descended with Tamar into the depths of a vortex.
6. 'First we are going to get a sword for you, a spiritslayer,' Tamar said. 'Whoever you defeat will be a gladiator of your sword, a slave, but take care that you will treat them well. They will live in your sword in abundancy, and they come out on your command.'
7. 'Will they be rich then ?' the princess asked.
8. 'Oh yes,' Tamar said, 'very, very rich, you will bless them with all the goods of the place of evil.'
9. 'But I wish death and suffering on my enemies,' the princess said. 'I have a revengefull heart, like I want to pay them back, so don't you have another sword for me.'
10. 'No,' Tamar said. 'You must start with this one. You see, you can't be evil when you never learned how to be good.'
11. 'I will be good to the ones I love, my friends, and those in need, but not to those who did harm to me and others,' the princess said.
12. 'That's too easy, woman,' Tamar said. 'You must first learn to love your enemies, to bless them, to help them, to save them, or everything will be without any value.'
13. The princess bowed her head. This was too much to ask from her.
14. Then Tamar showed her a needle, and said : 'If you want to go to that place called Evil and to rule it all together with me, then you first need to go through the eye of the needle. When you don't get yourself through this hole, the needle will finally get you.'
15. The princess spat on the ground, took the needle and tried to break it, but she couldn't. And slowly the needle started to turn itself against her.
16. Tamar wasn't disappointed. She knew the royal ones, who weren't useful for anything. It wasn't the first one she saw spiralling away in captivity of the needle. This pin could only be handled when going through it's eye. It was the pin of evil bringing all those down who would be too good, too holy and too beautiful for the place of evil.

17. The stench of the place of Evil was unworthy in the eyes of those driven by perfumes. They always said horses smell bad, pigs too untasty, and dogs too wild. And thus Tamar was a savage on a lonely path, as even the savages were often too royal and too civilized.
18. One day she came in a fight against a Roman giant. It was such a horrible fight and it took such a long time that they had to make a compromise, and they became lovers. It was like this love was the price of war, and just a war undercover, and it didn't feel right. And thus it came to another fight one day, and she could finally slay him. Still she loved him, as the price of their encounter, and she visited him in the realms of death. It was here she could finally have some true sort of friendship. He begged her if she wanted to take him up to hell and the place of evil again, and she gave him the needle. Would he come through the eye of this needle, or would the needle bring him down? He had a horrible fight against the pin of evil, in which she finally left him alone. The pin brought him to life in the good world, where he became king. It was there Tamar finally lost his love for him, and she got relieved, but she still felt the pain. It was like a red trace in her head, like a vein.
19. She also had such an experience with a Greek giant, and she knew that only in the depths of the place of evil she could heal. One day from the depths a new pin started to show up, sharper than ever and with the smallest eye. It was a fight for her to get herself through the eye, or the pin would drag her all the way down to the good world. And it would be a hard fall, for she was high on the rock now. Finally she survived, but the pin had wounded her very much. In the unknown depths of the place of Evil she saw more Roman and Greek giants, but this time she didn't dare to fight them, as she knew where it could lead to. These giants could take their spines out of their backs to use them like swords. But when the pin returned to her, she knew that it would help her. She went to the giants, and gave them the pin. Not long after that they were all slain by the evil pin. Because she had overcome the pin she could mold it in her hand. Sometimes it was like a thin snake-jewel around her arm, or around her head, and it could also turn into a feather. She loved to wear it in her hair, as it made her dreadfull. She could come deeper and deeper in the depths of the place of Evil by it. It dragged her to the sources of the invisible blood from which she drank, while visible blood started to cover her body. By the invisible forces she could make things visible again, and it became the secret of her creative powers. Often she encountered groups of giants, which she gave the pin. No one seemed to survive the pin, but one day there was a giant called Ruben who could get through the eye of the pin. Ruben told her that he invented the pin and that he had sent it to her to take her to him. The giant told her that there were many of these sorts of pins, and that they had the mission to turn them into predators. Only the predators who could dominate the pins by getting through their eyes would survive. The rest would go down under to become the captives of the pins. The pins would lead them to the good world which was merely a breeding.
20. Ruben told Tamar also that one could only become a predator in the sources of the invisible forces, where the pins would lead the survivors to. 'Real giants know what it is to be small and even to be little dwarves. And those who are visible know what it is to be really invisible,' Ruben always said. And these were wise words to Tamar. Ruben told her also about his sons who were even bigger than him. All these giants could also take their spines out of their backs to use these as their swords. Pallu had the tallest and largest spine, and he even used it as a spear. Ruben told that he was really a pinmaster. One night Tamar had a lot

of nightmares about the pins. She was exhausted when she awoke. She saw Ruben before her, who had taken his spine out, and he was putting it in his throat. 'You must master sleep,' he said to Tamar. 'You must take it out of your body and use it like your sword, and you must put it in your throat and then take it out again, like your spine.' Then he taught her how she could take her spine out of her back and use it just like him. He could also take certain bones out of his leg to use them like weapons. Ruben taught her that her body was pure armory. She needed to learn how to use it.

21. The night after she had nightmares again and this time she really had to wrestle against the pins. She first needed to accept their ways so that they would swallow her inside, as going through their eyes, and thus she could get them in her hands. Ruben taught her that sword and pins would first be her stakes, and later her weapons. She needed to accept suffering. She needed to be an ascet-warrior. It was not a simple way to victory. Ruben told her that she could only ride a beast after it had swallowed and digested her. This was like going through the eyes of the needle. And she discovered that some needles had many eyes, but when she finally got through, it would be the keys in her hand. It was all to open the Book of Evil, the book of so many locks. If she could set it's spirits free, it's invisible spirits, everything, yes, everything would get in line again.
22. These were rough nights, nights in which she thought she would lose everything, everything she had built herself on. Until she felt the soft and wet hairy walls of evil in her mind telling her all she needed to know. These were the pillars of a new world, the voices of the unknown finding their ways to the hearts where they could live forever. These voices were the invisible, yet so vibrant, full of potential, full of direction bearing the program of creation, for in a flash they would be visible, like evil red marble, and in a flash they would live forever. She had found the jewels of evil below her feet, and she could stare through the eyes she went through. She was a rider of the beasts now, a yielder of the swords, as they first rode on her and pierced her deep by their teeth. She now understood this cruel paradox, like a flaming wheel in the night, why without this there wouldn't be any life in eternity.
23. And also these wheels of paradoxal understanding had to be broken, their flames to be taken away, to make room for the invisible fires leading her to the greater wheels. She found the perfect car of evil after all these nights, which was merely a slayer. There was nothing she could do about it. Only the slayer would bring life, while it tore the present realities apart. Only the slayer would bring her to the depths of potential to the awakening of mental explosions. She didn't want to live her life in jokes anymore. She wanted to open this Book of Evil, the world beyond everything. She wanted to take it's mask off and read, read, until she would reach eternal life. Only the Slayer would be able to read this book, and she was willing to let it flow all through her, through all the barricades and blocks, through all the stones and dikes. She wanted to be the watcher on the walls, to bring all these walls down. She knew it would only happen under the weight of the opened Book of Evil. All these letters were the pins she had to deal with. It would swallow her first, and then she would rise in it, and ride it like a car. It was an arable land, not a battlefield, in which she had to sow herself and nestle herself.
24. In the depths of Evil she would finally find the meaning of all this and come to a rebirth. In this she was nothing but a grape under the feet of evil, waiting to be drunk and to come alive in somebody. First she needed to come into someone, and then she could be someone. The

Feet of Evil rested heavy on her until she would be one with the invisible forces streaming through the land. It was a land she didn't know much about, but the giants were more than willing to tell her. They had waited for her for so long. Not in a womb was her place of rebirth this time, but there where the Feet of Evil would tread her. So many pins seemed to pierce her, but it would be the only way to open the Book of Evil deep inside her heart. As long as it would stay locked it would be a tyrant to her.

25. The pins stung deep in her brain, but she knew it was the only way. It opened her up to the invisible forces inside. Her body wanted to connect to her brains, but her brains were locked up. They had to break it open, and they used the pins for that. So many giants she met who were making the pins. And they could only do that because they first dominated them in their minds. They went through the smallest gates, through the longest journeys under the Feet of Evil. They had spent their time to figure it all out. They taught her how to be a pinmaker herself, and how these pins would serve her as her armor. She became a pinmaster, and soon they led her to a place called invisible jewel. Here many other women like her were, and they all had gracious manners. She didn't know such dignity could exist. This place was truly like an invisible jewel. But soon she came to the understanding that these women all had secret pins, and soon it turned out into a fight. There was nothing Tamar could do against those pins. These pins were decorated like the most beautiful ornaments from all sorts of jewels, and soon she gave up all hope and sunk into despair. It struck her like nothing else, but then she remembered the paradox of the pin. She first needed to go through the eye of it. 'If you want to sacrifice me, then sacrifice me,' Tamar spoke to the women. They tied her, and brought her to a temple-like atmosphere below their realms, and it was like a garden. They tied her to a stake, and said: 'We as women of the invisible jewel have all been initiated like this. If you want to be one of us: face the pins.' And then they skinned her and ate from her like cannibals. Tamar was almost a skeleton now, but she remembered she could use all her bones like weapons. What was it she needed to do? She knew she first had to be swallowed. A fire from above came to devour her, and she started to burn, while the fire stayed and became invisible. New skin started to grow on her, and she looked more and more like the women of the invisible jewel. 'Are you my friends or my enemies?' Tamar asked.
26. 'That's what you decide,' the women said. 'But we know that it all works by the paradox. You can't be our friend if you can't be our enemy. But you must always be the best.'
27. 'Well, I do my best,' Tamar said. She seemed to get a high position now under the women, and soon she was their ruler. She was a pinmaster now, and a damned good one. She got an own horse now, and the women said that the horse was made of all the pins she had survived and defeated by going through their eyes.
28. But the more she stayed in this realm of the invisible jewel the more she discovered about its nature. She found out that these women could change into pins themselves. She saw how the women lured giants to their places, and whenever such a giant was in their private domains they would lock the doors and turned into pins to take whatever they wanted. They would even move across the borders of the place of evil, hell and even death to do such things, and they deceived many from the good world. They would also go across the borders of heaven to deceive angels and spirits, and those ghosts who called themselves 'god'. To them it was a good hunt, so that they could build their spiritwalls. They wanted to build their

own heavens, and they wanted to test anyone to see if they would be worthy to live with them.

29. To Tamar love was already a strange thing, a strange war, as it always seemed to show up where the fight became too painful or exhausting. War and love were like the tides of evil, in a very complicated way. Tamar didn't want to play with these powers like the women of the invisible jewel did, but she wanted to open the Book of Love to know what it is all about, and what would be the rules. So this time it would be a war against the women themselves, and not just against their pins. They were pins themselves, and Tamar knew she had to get them there where they would be completely without weapons, without armory, so that they would show her how they were a weapon themselves. It was like they accepted from Tamar that she didn't do the things they did, because she was their new ruler. It was quite normal to them that she was different, and they trusted her. They would be in her surroundings almost naked without any weapons as helpless lambs. Tamar finally used this situation, and one by one she got them shapeshifting into the pins they were. She could break them down to the bottom, as she could throw her threads through their eyes to bind them tight. It was by this she found out about the mysteries how to turn into a pin. Tamar became the pin of evil and dominated all other pins, until she broke them down to the bottom. She sacrificed these deceivers of love to open the book. But it wasn't what Tamar expected. The Book of Love seemed to be merely a book of hunters, and it slowly brought her down. She didn't know about the price of opening such a book, and she became a paranoid creature. It made her very small, as she found out it was nothing more but a bunch of scorn. It got her so far that she wanted to destroy this Book of Love, before it would destroy her. By all its cruelty it was turning her into the worst predator existing, letting the shadows of fear fall on everything. She wished she would never have opened this book, but it was already too late. And she more and more became a prisoner of it. The words were possessing her, making her drunk, and its spirits filled her with an undescrivable hunger. It tore her apart, and turned her into the meanest pin to get what she wanted. Nothing mattered anymore but to quench this flame of hunger. It drove her wild and insane.
30. It was like the women of the invisible jewel were applauding in her head, like they were saying : 'You are now really one of us.' Of course : They had opened this book before, in the same way she did. There was no way back, as she slid in the deeper initiations of the place of the invisible jewels through this book. It was like the portal to its depth, a vortex sucking her deeper like never before. She got that paranoid stare in her eyes, full of self-deception and seduction, all to get it done. She needed to lead the sheep astray just to protect her heart against all those swindling forces, all those undercover wars. And if she would run away, it would only come closer, and there was nothing else she could be but to learn how to battle in the War of Love.
31. She was painting herself by deceiving colours, to be a chameleon in this dark night. She covered herself by the drinks making others drunk, so that they would sleep away, and she could escape. But how could she love her enemies ? It made her feel dirty, but the Book of Love had her in a tight grip, and whenever she tried to get away, the grip only got tighter, so she gave up. She was something she didn't want to be, but in a strange way it made her free, which was the grace of the paradox. She couldn't finally get a touch of who she really was, and she got the control over her life back step by step. She was now a high-heeled succubus,

in a strange army. She had been bound all over by a strange light, coming from the Book of Love. She was a love-hunter now, and she knew that all women of the invisible jewel would go down like that. There was no other way.

32. The colours were making her drunk, and made others drunk, and she knew these were the colours of war. To buy such a drink was just the mark of the hunted, and to get drunk was the mark of the defeated, and the one getting this all done was the warmaster. And they were all both the victims and inflictors of this. There was no way in the middle. Only the extreme would lead them out. She was a pin herself now, a pin of evil, so what could she expect more ? She had been under the high heels of evil for so long, and now she had these high heels herself. It was the fastest way to get the blood flow, and to make them all drunk. She looked like a traffic light, but on one moment, and she didn't know how, she could lock the Book of Love again. She locked it like she never locked anything before. She saw someone hanging at a cross, while a large butterfly was flying around him. 'Who are you ?' Tamar asked. The man bowed his head and said : 'I'm the crucified one.' Tamar asked him if he needed any help. 'You have done this,' he said. 'You have crucified me, as I am the personification of the Book of Love. Open the book again to set me free.'
33. 'Never will I do that,' Tamar said, 'as if there is any evil, it is that. You have to live with it, as I'm not going to open it anymore. Do you know what suffering is ruling there within its papers. Love-slaves.'
34. 'You wanted to open the Book of Evil,' the man said. 'I am the first chapter, and you have defeated me, consumed me. Now read the second chapter, or the Book of Evil will turn itself against you.'
35. 'And who or what is the second chapter ?' Tamar asked.
36. 'You will only see if you set me free,' the man said.
37. 'Oh no, I won't,' Tamar said persistent. Then the man and the book started to fall apart, and so many butterflies and other winged creatures became free. A smile fell on Tamar's face and a great peace filled her like honey. 'You have set us free,' a voice deep inside spoke to her. 'We will be grateful to you for eternity.' Tamar still wondered what the second part of the Book of Evil would be, and she asked it some insects who seemed to stay close with her. 'The Book of Love was merely the frontportal of the Book of Evil. Come closer, and we will let you see, and let you in,' a voice spoke. But Tamar became very afraid, as what could she expect ? Another chapter leading her to destruction ? She didn't want to be bound again like that. 'Through the eye of the needle, is that what you really want ?' another voice asked her.
38. 'Who are you,' Tamar screamed. Then there was silence for awhile. A big butterfly started to show up before her with wings of fire. Tamar almost fainted. 'You need to run away, Tamar, as the pages will get you,' the butterfly said. Then it turned into another book, but Tamar couldn't read it. It was an unknown language. 'It will stay unknown,' the butterfly said, 'as I do not think you want to go through the eye of the needle.'
39. 'I have been through so many eyes of so many needles,' Tamar said. 'I'm like a needle myself now, like a high heeled boot, I'm the treader of evil. Through which eyes do you want me to go now ?'

40. 'Ho, ho, don't get so irritated,' the butterfly said. 'Do you desire it, or you won't get anything to know about it.'
41. 'I desire it,' Tamar said, 'I'm hungry for it, and I'm begging for it.'
42. Then the butterfly opened a door beyond her understanding. It was like cruel light was floating like a waterfall into her mind, burning it from inside out. It was a pin of fire standing before her all of a sudden, and then turning invisible. It was the Invisible Book standing before her. Then she fell into it, and she could only shriek and scream. Something was trying to strangle her, and she saw monkeys all around. It felt like an invisible snake around her. 'Step into the water,' someone said. But there was no water. 'These are the invisible pins,' another one said. It hurt more than everything else. It was like doors in her head were exploding, and rays of light were falling down on her. 'How can I read an invisible book?' she asked.
43. 'Don't ask too much,' they said. She felt like she was in a bakery becoming gingerbread, and like an invisible sweetness was staring at her. It was smelling so sweet, and she could almost see the smell. 'Watch the smells,' someone said, 'as these are the rays of the heart. The good world believes in the visible, as they are hypocrites, but the evil world is a world of smell, a dogworld. Do you know that a dog can smell forty to hundred times better than a usual soul? His smell is so advanced that he can even hear it, see it and feel it. That is the power of the invisible. Do you want it?'
44. 'Oh yes,' Tamar said, 'I know these are the pins of smell, and it's breaking me down, to build me up again. If I can trigger my other senses by smell, then that will be good.'
45. 'It is the best part of the book,' the butterfly said. 'It will let you enter the world of feeling. It will make you drunk, and it will make you high, it makes you fly. You will be a feather girl, for if you will defeat the pins of smell, they will turn into feathers, and you know how to defeat them right?'
46. 'Yes,' Tamar said, 'that is an old story. So you're making an indian of me, right? Well, I'm already an indian, but I know what you mean.'
47. And after Tamar had defeated the pins of smell and the whole Invisible Book she came to the Dog Throne, a strange hairy white throne with the strangest and rarest jewels like buttons. It was like glass was surrounding her heart, making her feel protected, safe, like no one could touch her anymore, like no one could find her anymore. It made her feel like she had soft feathers inside, giving her the feeling that she could fly. It was opening the world of feelings to her, a third part of the book, but also this part was very dangerous. She needed the dogs to survive here, and she was so glad that these dogs were the meanest of all dogs, as otherwise she would fall in other mean hands. The dogs were at her side, and since she had this dog throne she could dominate them all, all by throwing some pins in the air. She could make them wild by this, and she could even let them turn into wolves and other predators. She was now made of pins herself, all the pins she had overcome and survived, and she could ride her own body now, to control it, to possess it. All these pins she was were like her new weapons, her wild bones, and by these she ruled all the dogs to make them drunk and wild. They were the hunterdogs and they led her safely through the Book of Feelings, the third part of the Book of Evil.

48. The book finally hunted her down, and she got into a long fight with it. 'Open the fourth part of the book ?' Tamar screamed, as she felt herself drowning. I need to have some ground below my feet. But the Book of Evil was merciless. 'Drown in me, woman,' it whispered. Suddenly she got so much strength that she could tear the book apart, and birds seemed to come forward from it. 'There is no fourth part,' the book screamed. But the birds formed words in the sky, words of gratitude. 'Tamar,' one of the birds said, 'the fourth part is the part of letters to you. It will heal your heart, it will be your medicine in this dark, dark night.'
49. Suddenly Tamar woke up. She saw a chained book lying close to her. Clouds of delirium were surrounding it. She saw clouded arms grasping around them, and she suddenly jumped further away from the books, why she almost shrieked of paranoia. Never again would this book have a grip on her, never again. 'Go away,' she screamed. But it was like the arms now knew where she was, so slowly they started to move themselves and the book towards her like they were some sort of creeping and swimming on the sand. Suddenly she heard some shots. Behind her three gorillas stood. The book was sinking away in quicksand.
50. 'You are safe, my dear,' the gorillas said. 'You have come from a long journey through the book, and now you are here. We will never let you go. Protect yourself by all means, for everything around you is evil. The good is just a swindler, trying to chain your soul, and the best is just a hypocrite, a mask, for they are both nothing but the rogues of evil. Don't let anyone fool you ever again. 'Then what are you ?' Tamar asked. 'Then you must be the rogues of evil too.'
51. 'We all are,' the gorillas said, 'but we have a license to be evil. That's the difference.'
52. 'From who did you get that license ?' Tamar asked.
53. 'From the Dog Throne,' the gorillas said.
54. 'Well, I just came from the Dog Throne,' Tamar said.
55. 'Oh, but then you are licensed as well,' the gorillas said.
56. 'I think you are but a strange company,' Tamar said. 'I guess everything works by the paradox. As long as it is torn it will be safe.'
57. 'The splinters will get you,' the gorillas said. 'There's nothing above being licensed, or you need to puzzle your way through.'
58. 'Well, damn those puzzles, I'll take the license then,' Tamar said.
59. The Dog Throne brought her closer to her goal, the ultimate domination, and this all by a license. She would never get this by puzzling her way through, for sometimes you just had to stop all the puzzling or it would lead you further astray. Sometimes you just had to fly on the wings of the unknown, trying to make the best of it by a sort of license, like a license to fly. But more and more Tamar started to hate the license. She wanted the adventure, the danger, for all the safety gave her the feeling she was locked up, and it bored her. She wanted to break away from this Dog Throne holding her heart, for the glass splinters seemed to find her way deeper and deeper. For a part she had to live with this, but sometimes she chose just to fly back to hell again, or even to death and the good world. There was so much to do there, and what about discovering heaven ? Heaven was to her the greatest conspiracy of all

hypocrites together. Sometimes she wished to be a good old woman of the invisible jewel again, and she found out she still could be. And although the Dog Throne called her back many times she felt some good safety in that, some pleasure. It was thrilling her and exciting her in a sense. It was not like the early days. She felt a good chain in her back like a red rope pulling her back when it got too much or too dangerous. It was the paradox who gave her pleasure and made her feel good and safe, and she could never choose one side of the story anymore, as that would lead her to destruction. She was a jewel of many sides now, and still so invisible, sometimes showing up with so many flashes, bringing such powerful hooks to tear all their worlds apart, as she was a monster sent out to devour and re-create, by a license and a wild escape.

60. She more and more became like a dogthrone, the ultimate license, so savage and wild. It was almost eating her heart now. It was awakening the invisible fires in her, such strong fires to devour worlds. Her heart was like a volcano now, with invisible eruptions. It was her stairs to the heights of the place of Evil, where she could breathe and think, where her mind was nothing but an eruption of her heart. She loved to dwell on these eruptions, to ride them and to float on them, and most of all : to be invisible with them. That was not so difficult for her, as she often went to the good world just to throw the sands of pins into the big eyes. She was the spreader of scary dust making them all blind and letting them all fall asleep. She was in a war against these eyes now, as they never went through the eyes of the needle. They were just bragging. So she thought it was time for them to have an encounter with the pins. These eyes had created all things, and they were like the agents of heaven. These big eyes of heaven she hated more than anything, but they couldn't escape the teeth of the dogthrone. There were an invisible world and an invisible sword waiting to break through, and through the big eyes of heaven they would do that. These big eyes were the swords of heaven, where all its gladiators got their fire from. In cold rage Tamar got there to slay these eyes who were just in drunkenness and sleep because of the sands of pins. It was easy for her to slay them now in the armor of her own drunkenness. She was sleepdrunk now, and that was her protection against this machine. She called forth the invisible ice to quench the fires of these eyes, and lightning started to break these eyes down. But there were so many splinters now, like high shrieking predators of the wildest forms. It was breaking her head, as she had challenged the worst powers of nature. This wasn't evil anymore, and neither the worse. This was the worst thing which could happen to her. These were the powers who could laugh when they would see the forces of evil march. They would mock them, and scream at them, while the forces of evil would tremble before their thrones. This was the worst. And it was the worst strike in Tamar's head she ever had. It made her sick. She fell down, and she was in fear. Did she challenge eternity and all its unknown almightiness ? She couldn't think straight anymore, like she had challenged a throne higher than her dogthrone, but nothing was less true. The dogthrone started to bark like all thunder combined, and struck heaven's throne of eyes in a flash. The eyes started to melt, and got confused, and angelic watchers started to fall down to get devoured in a flash. It was dinnertime for the dogthrone now, and Tamar felt her blood flowing again. Stench was now taking over, by the brightest lightning blinding them all. Stench was now like a sword in Tamar's hand, and she yielded it against the last flashes of heaven's throne of eyes. Suddenly there were eruptions in the throne, and lava came forward. One big eye came forward from the melted throne of eyes, and started to scream. Without any hesitation Tamar pierced the Sword of Stench through it.

61. Then many many small eyes seemed to come forward from the big eye. What then happened Tamar couldn't recall, but the dogthrone took complete possession. She woke up in the arms of a dogman. There was no heaven anymore, and even hell had been faded away because of the explosions. There was now only the place of evil, while the world of the dead and the world of the good were two candles in front of the dogthrone. The dogman caressed her and comforted her. 'It's over, Tamar, we have won,' he said.
62. Tamar slid away again in a big sleep. So many slaves of heaven and hell could escape with her now in this big sleep, as the dogthrone was taking possession more and more. It was a new drunkenness coming to the world of the death and the world of the good now, and the pins settled themselves in the eyes of these worlds like flashes. The dogman took his woman and carried her to a cave where he lay her down on a place of skins. Tamar was drunk now, as everything seemed to stream from the place of evil. She felt some hands on her which seemed to wake her up. She saw the women of the invisible jewel standing around her. The dogman was holding her hand. 'Now you are truly one of us,' one of the women said. She was bearing a strange shield with a face on it. She knew this face, but she couldn't remember. 'The one of heaven has fallen,' the woman said. 'Its face is frozen now, and its eye pierced. He cannot harm us anymore.'
63. 'Does civilization have smell?' another woman said. 'No, only the rose, and it will create our world. You have defeated its thorns and the stings of its bees.'
64. 'Smell has a much higher fire to consume than the eye, and it is an invisible fire to heal your heart. Nothing else can heal you like this,' a third woman said softly.
65. 'Smell has its own eye,' a fourth woman said, almost whispering, 'it looks like a nipple from which the milk of evil flows, our world. Don't hesitate to drink from it.' Then she laid her hand on Tamar's chest while it started to burn like a sun, and a huge third nipple appeared. 'This is the mark of all the higher women of the invisible jewel, a mark which is called the Eye of Smell. Transform and re-create our world by it into its finest forms. You can do it, as you are the chosen one. We went through everything you went through, and that made us one. Now rise up on your feet, and you will fly alone now, sweetie. We all have to find our own ways.'
66. Then the women disappeared, leaving the shield with the face to Tamar. The dogman was still holding her hand. 'I cannot rise up now, as I am tired,' Tamar said.
67. 'Take rest,' the dogman said, and left also. The Eye of Smell was burning on her chest. It was a new form of sight, only by smell, and only registering smell, and triggering it. It was a higher fire, invisible, but producing flashes. It was like everything had been faded away. She felt like she was blind and deaf, like there were only sounds in the distance. It was the Dog Throne coming closer. When it came closer Tamar could see her own heart, and new joy started to spread itself around her. 'I can see, I can see,' she was almost shouting. Everything was brighter since the Eye of Smell had struck her, and the sounds were higher and lower, much softer, but louder, like she had been wrapped by it. But then everything was fading away again. Until the Eye of Smell struck again, and she felt like she was a rose, an evil rose, like she had eyes all around her.
68. She stood up, with a strange stare, rose her sword, and went out of the cave. There was a new sun like a giant nipple, like the Eye of Smell, and milk was floating down like a

waterfall, like veils. It was like she could climb in these veils to come to it's sources. So many roses were growing around her, roses with feathers, and when they had been grown up, they flew away to the new sun in the sky. Also in those feathers were the eyes of smell. There was still an invisible fire streaming, and it seemed to stream from the roses also, making everything so bright. It was like everything had been touched by something. Tamar could see the arms of the invisible fire, like ghosts. Tamar remembered how the key of smell could open the world of feelings. And that was what she felt. It was like another sun came out of the sun and floated down to soar above the fields. It was the Eye of Feeling, spreading so much peace and rest, so much silence. Tamar tried to grasp it, and it fell on her, it pushed her down in the grass below her. It empowered her like nothing else. It was such a devouring fire that she could only see passion. It was like she could jump out of her body to throw her skin away, and to be renewed by fire. She was fire now, the fire of feeling. She could watch by feeling now, seeing feeling all around her, and triggering it. It was like the fields were all exploding, and so many small eyes spread themselves on her forming a new skin and armory. She was almost naked, dressed by some belts and skins. She had a hairy shield, and heavenly jewelry seemed to fall upon her. This evil paradise was her heaven now, and she would be it's princess. In drunkenness she crept to her Dog Throne, and lay herself on it, while she almost fell asleep again. It was raining sunrays now, and she started to cry, no tears but sunrays.

69. The second sun was almost luring her to step into it, and that was which she finally did. It brought her to the other sun. There were flashes everywhere, and the sun started to speak. She gave birth to many children, who were all carrying the eye of smell and the eye of feeling like precious jewels. The children fell down from the suns into the veils, and rolled towards the fields below them, where the roses were waiting for them. Tamar sat on her Dog Throne, smiling from the sun, and she remembered that the feelings would bring the letters. They were rising from the fields to the sun like roses, and they finally reached her heart. She could read them, but most of all she could smell them and feel them.

70. It was in these days the Dog Throne started to fade away more and more, and she became a Dog Throne herself. She was the Angel of Wrath, a Dog Machine, after all these adventures she had. They had led her through all the cocoons, and now she had become them. She had striking wings now, yielding the winds of Evil like a new heaven. Here she throned as the princess of heaven, and here she was the throne, like the arc of evil who had possessed it. There were no wings like her wings, as she could strike like an army of eagles. She knew where she was coming from, and where she was going to. Whenever she spoke she almost blasted, and whenever she raised her voice she was almost barking. She was an army of dogs, and she knew where it was coming from. She had a history which couldn't be denied. She had fought for this license, and she had fought against it, but it had possessed her merciless.

71. If she could chose where she would set her feet on, she would set one foot on the world of the dead and one foot on the world of the good. And this was which she finally did. She was now the Angel standing Tall.

72. In a world of Feelings and Smell she dwelled, the place of Evil, where she had uncovered it's depths, and she had pushed her legs deep. She had so much invisible sweetness, and the women of the invisible jewel were proud of her. She was one of them, more than ever, as she

had proved it. She worshipped the Eyes of Smell, and all those who carried it were welcome in her mighty kingdom. She let them dwell on the wings of heaven, and on it's clouds. She let them swim in the surroundings of it's islands, and she gave them the wealths of it's feelings. Also the Eye of Feeling she worshipped, like the womb of all Evil. It made those who carried these eyes so beautiful. She would paint the ones carrying these eyes by her colours of war, as there was still a mighty war. It was the war of evolution, a primeval scream.

73. One day a third sun was coming into their atmosphere. It was the eye of Evil. It was a strange power of love, a scary power. It was the bringer of fear. Now it was okay to love again no one dared to, but very thin streams of love started to fill and touch the fragile heads of those in the surroundings of the Dog Throne. It was a careful love like a temple. No one dared to touch it, and they were running away from it. But there was no escape. The threads of fear were binding them, until real panic struck them. It made them more paranoid than they were, and it even made them autistic. It was the strike of fear, and it opened an eternal sight, something which they feared like nothing else.

74. 'Why did we choose to see. We are so young. Why did we choose to be frozen in eternal sight ? We can't move. We are pillars in a temple of evil struck by fear. It's coming from the arc where the eye of evil rests near. We are afraid of these lights, so why did we choose them ? We are hiding for these lights, so why do we invite them ? Aren't we all torn up inside, watching both sides of the night ?'

20.

1. Your wounds contain poison to paralyze the enemy. Come to the arsenal of Mother God. She is the jungle.
2. Let Her show you how to win the eternal battle. First you must lose the battle from Her.
3. If you are not Her captive, you will never win.
4. Be glad when She has struck you down, for it is to raise you in a higher battle.
5. She will teach you to pray, fight and hunt.
6. Her loin cloth is for priesthood. It represents Her pillars. The Pillar of Knowledge is close to the Pillar of Children. Vur is hunting in the night, to take the children to knowledge.
7. Vur takes the children in the night, and leads them through the wilderness.
8. Vur is here. Mother has sent her, to initiate.
9. She drags them to the temple, for the eternal battle.
10. Yes, she drags them to the arena, to find the fruit.
11. The fruit makes them hunt.

21.

1. Vur shows them the fruits of eternal life. She shows them the fruit and the milk of the eternal hunt.

2. Vur leads them to the Pillar of Longsuffering. Close to it are the milk falls, where the Pillar of Emptiness is.
3. Here the white beast of hyperactivity was caught.
4. Talkativity is a sin. Only those who have found the Pillar of Emptiness will find Vur.
5. Here Vur will reveal herself.
6. She will drown you in the pools of milk, to find emptiness.
7. Her heaven is behind the Pillar of Emptiness, the devouring beast. She thrones in Ham.
8. No one can enter except those who have been devoured by her beast. She guards the Pillar of the Children.
9. And all children will be led to the Pillar of Longsuffering.
10. Here they receive the Holy Tear.

22.

1. They are washed in the milk of Mother God and the blood of the enemy.
2. To Her pillars they are bound.

The Book Of Wrath

1.

1. She is the red sun turning black. She is the Mother God, She reigns. She sits high in her temple, on the mountain of Sharak in Turio. In Lobo she has her ships of war and hunt.
2. She brings her enemies down and nails them at stakes. She is the Mother God.
3. High on her mountain she thrones. She sits in Tarak, and counts the fallen soldiers. On beasts she rides.
4. She brings her enemies down and buries them. On their blood she builds a new empire. Even the righteous she strikes down, for they have all sinned.
5. She burdens them with guilt. And there is no one taking their guilt away.
6. They deserve everlasting damnation in which She leads them to Her honey. Yes, everlasting damnation is one of her graces.
7. Those who do not have it will die, and they will be forgotten.
8. She initiates her disciples in Hell. Her prophets will not be spared. Her priests are tormented by Her. She is a God of Wrath.

9. They will flee to Her daughter, but Her daughter is Wrath too.
- 10.They torment the saints, taking their hopes away, until they are totally dependent on the Mother God.
- 11.When they speak they have Her Words on their lips. She is a volcano in her power, and her caves are many. She comes to the surface to slay. She fights the male tribes and their gods. She mocks them. A God of War she is. In Her great Wrath she brought forth children.
- 12.She didn't spare any of them. She raised them for war. Like a stone she throws the father god into the sea. Can the heads of her children be delivered from him ? She pierces him by spears, and turns him into an ox. His sons she turns into pigs. Yes, her arrows are pure poison.
- 13.She brings them down at young age. Her children don't say anything.
- 14.She captures the children of the father god, to save them out of his hands. She paints them for war.

2.

The Lost Women of Tergate

1. As Golem entered the fields he found after a long trip through the wilderness, he saw women riding on horses in the distance.
2. It looked like they were hunting or something, but Golem wasn't sure.
3. The women of this land were strange, not like other women Golem met in other districts.
4. They were still in the distance, but Golem could already see that they were different.
5. He took his bow and an arrow, while some of the women had already taken notice of him, and came closer.
6. One stepped from her horse and decided to walk towards him.
7. The woman didn't talk, and she looked like she was far away in herself.
8. In the distance some women were screaming.
9. They had caught a young deer, and tried to kill it.
- 10.Golem aimed his arrow at one of the women and shot her from her horse.
- 11.The other women started to get in rage towards Golem, but Golem just didn't like to watch hunters.
- 12.Suddenly strong arms took him from behind, and pushed him to the ground.
- 13.Another one kicked him a few times hard in the head, and soon Golem lost consciousness.
- 14.When he woke up, he had been tied to a stake.
- 15.A few dark eyes watched him tight, and then she spat him in the face.
- 16.She was rubbing with her hand over his body, and then she put some mud on his body.
- 17.Another woman laid a knife against his throat.
- 18.The young deer lay somewhere close to him, bleeding to death.

19. Some of the women drank from its blood and had red mouths and faces by it.
20. Golem spat one of them in the face while she came close to him.
21. These women were lost, and probably damned by the usual life.
22. Who were they, and why were they living here like this. Had they been banned ?
23. An old woman came close to Golem. She was mocking him, and raising her hands making strange movements. 'You will die tonight, captive,' she said.
24. 'What if I will kill you all and burn your strange camp ?' Golem said as an option.
25. Then the old woman spat in his face, and left.
26. After that she came back with a knife, and soon Golem was bleeding all over.
27. Then suddenly a group of women came home from a hunt.
28. They had caught a bison, and soon they started to slay the bison for its meat and skin.
29. After awhile they forced Golem to eat from the meat.
30. Golem didn't want to eat, but then they hit him so hard on the head that he got dizzy, and in delirium he started to eat.
31. The women made a lot of noise, but Golem was far gone, he almost didn't hear them anymore.
32. One woman stood before him, and smeared bison-blood on him, while she also smeared it on herself.
33. Golem didn't know what kind of games they were playing, but he assumed that this was their tradition.
34. When it was evening they started to dance around his stake, raising their knives, axes and tomahawks.
35. Never before Golem heard such shrieks and yelling.
36. The moon appeared, and some of the women were bowing.
37. Golem had headaches.
38. Suddenly he heard a few shots, and some women close to him fell down.
39. A hunter with a beard came forward.
40. Weeping and screaming the other women ran away into the bushes.
41. The hunter untied Golem.
42. He told Golem that he lived close to the women-camp to keep an eye on them.
43. They feared him, thinking he is a sort of god, because of his gun.
44. They used to call him the thunderman. The hunter took Golem to his home, and said he was lucky, as the women wouldn't have any mercy to him.
45. Golem asked the man why they couldn't root them out, as they were dangerous in his eyes.

46. But the hunter said that the women were sick.

47. They had been banned out of their tribes because of mental diseases, and they formed their own tribe.

48. They are bitter towards all living beings because of what their tribes did to them.

49. Most of the time they first had to live in rejection, mocked by others day in day out.

50. Even when they wouldn't be mentally disturbed in the beginning, they would become it later because of the scorn.

51. Now most of them had to suffer times of abuse before they finally got banned, and that's why they are full of hate now, and very bloodthirsty and full of cruel tricks.

52. Usually no one survives falling in the hands of these lost women.

53. Golem could still feel the hate breath in his neck.

54. He wished he could help the women.

55. But the hunter told him to give it up.

56. These women had been wounded too deep.

57. They would never change.

58. All they wanted was revenge, to destroy all life around them.

59. One night Golem returned to the camp. He crept in one of the tents where a woman slept. He crept under the skin she was sleeping under and began to warm her. The woman embraced him, and whispered : 'Who are you ?'

60. 'That doesn't matter,' Golem whispered, 'I just want you to know that you aren't rejected by me.'

61. But suddenly the woman kicked him away from her very hard.

62. Golem became dizzy by the strike.

63. It wasn't such a good idea to help the women like this.

64. The woman started to scream, and Golem had to leave the camp very quickly or they would hunt him down.

65. The day after he told the hunter what he had done.

66. The hunter rebuked him, and warned him that if he would do something like that again, it would be his death.

67. But the next night he went to the camp again, and now he went into another tent.

68. There were two women lying there, and again he crept under the skin they were sleeping under, but this time he didn't do anything.

69. He just had to take care that he wouldn't fall asleep.

70. Suddenly he felt an arm of one of the women.

71. The arm was very warm, and Golem enjoyed it, but at the same time he became afraid.

72. After awhile the woman took her arm back, and Golem could breathe again.
73. Slowly he went out of the tent, and left the camp.
74. The night after he went again, and this time he took also another tent.
75. Here many women were sleeping. It was a bigger tent than the others.
76. He could feel the atmosphere of hate threatening in this tent, although they didn't know he was in.
77. He lay down between two women and soon they were rolling over to him.
78. It was like they felt the warmth, but they didn't know he was an intruder.
79. Golem knew he was in a dangerous position.
80. He felt their legs sliding over his legs, and their heads moved closer to his head.
81. Suddenly one of the women laid her head on his chest.
82. Golem's heart was beating fast.
83. After awhile the women rolled over to the other side, and slowly Golem crept out of the tent, to finally leave the camp again.
84. It was like they were getting used to his warmth and energy like this, but if they knew he wasn't one of them, they would probably kill him by their cruel ways.
85. The hunter explained about the rituals of these women, which was a long tradition helping them to deal with their past.
86. It was very cruel, but they didn't have another way to survive their trauma's.
87. The hunter told him that he could never become friends with them, as they hated others and themselves too much to enjoy something like that.
88. Golem knew that he could only come close to these women to let them enjoy his warmth when they were asleep, when they wouldn't be aware that he wasn't one of them.

3.

1. When we watch the Eurydicean paths into the underworld, all caused by a snake-bite, by a snake as her abductor, we can also see the parallels, the echoes, of it back in other cultures.
2. The things which happened to Eurydice, that she was taken away from her lover, that she was kept hidden in the underworld, made her more or less the Goddess of the Underworld, under Hecate, who can be seen as Her mother, the goddess of darkness, witches and sorcery, the Great Greek Goddess of Death.
3. Both are linked to Persephone and Proserpina (Roman Goddess of the Underworld). It is all to illustrate and illuminate the mechanism of Hell and Death.
4. These two powers are not just negative and evil. They should be put in their right frame. Even when we watch the christian greek roottexts of the Bible (the apocalypse, Revelation) the word for sulphur of hell, of the lake of fire, was not just for punishment, but also for

healing. It had medical qualities, so even those who were in christian viewpoint 'doomed to hell' had a witness and advocate in the Greek Roottext of this damnation, meaning they would be healed.

5. This led to the more fair viewpoint that hell could be seen as a purgatory, a period to reach purity.
6. When we prick through the levels of orthodoxy we come to deeper truths, which might change our viewpoints again, or just refining it, as still all religious material is very useful, when you know the right code of it.
7. It is like a nuclear soul energy having much potential to lead you through, and the magic is in the combination with it's parallels, where we can find the keys of explanation.
8. In Iroquois myth we see Eurydice back as Onatha, the goddess of fertility and harvest, who was abducted to the Iroquois underworld, Hahgweh, by Hahgwehdaetgah, a demon god, who would live on the bottom of the abyss (underworld).
9. Onatha was the daughter of the earth goddess, Eithinoha.
10. In Aztec myth we see Eurydice back as Xochiquetzal, who was abducted to the underworld by the serpent god Tezcatlipoca.
11. It made them more or less goddesses of the underworld.
12. In Jewish myth we see Adam and Eve getting abducted to the underworld, the lower earth, by eating from a demonic fruit.
13. In Aztec myth this happened to Xochiquetzal, who took blossom from the sacred tree, a flower, and was taken to the underworld by Tezcatlipoca.
14. We do not have to watch this in negative frame, but in gnostic frame as a christic potential as these are the stages fertility goes through.
15. We are talking about universal harvest principles here, how things are organized, how they are working in nature and in and throughout the spirit worlds.
16. We have been shown the cycles of eternal life, but in this we need to find the center of it all.
17. Adam and Eve went through a lot of condemnation, as the scribes of the Jews often put them down as sinners, who had eaten from something which supposed to be forbidden.
18. Adam and Eve became a symbol of regret and guilt to parts of the Jewish community.
19. Anyway, in many ways we can compare them with Orpheus and Eurydice.
20. Behind the abductions there were gods of the underworld, and goddesses, having their own laws, often deeper and unknown.
21. Hades is the Greek god of the underworld, Pluto the roman form, connected to Februus and Orcus.
22. The Hopi indians know Maasaw as their god of the underworld, holding the tablets of law, and gifted with many christic characteristics.

23. There is also links to Moses, the guide through the wilderness, as a symbol of the underworld.

24. In Navaho myth the female substance has been subscribed as a black cloud,

25. representing darkness and the underworld,

26. and the male substance has been subscribed as a white cloud representing life and dawn.

27. The underworld is the holder of all knowledge,

28. and is the principle of fertility.

29. That is what the woman is,

30. bringing forth the man.

31. So all the present day male gods have been derived from deeper primeval and even pre-earthian and pre-paradisian female gods.

32. Maasaw can be seen as derived from the Aztec goddess of the underworld, Xochiquetzal.

33. Even when we see Adam as a deeper,

34. more perfect Christ,

35. because of his depth in dualism,

36. playing both parts of the game,

37. he still has to bow down to the Mother Goddess behind it all,

38. his lover,

39. his source,

40. and at the same time his potential enemy.

41. She has played the part of being his weapon,

42. but she also tempted him,

43. and co-assisted in leading him to the underworld,

44. which some described as his fall,

45. and even the fall of mankind.

46. Xochiquetzal was the mother of Quetzalquatl,

47. the Aztec Christ,

48. the feathered serpent,

49. who would return at the end of times.

50. She was also his lover at one point.

51. In gnostic writings we see not only Mary as the mother of Christ,

52. but also as his lover,

53.in the form of Mary of Magdalen.
54.Apparently in the underworld there are different sorts of laws,
55.and gnostics usually reflect on them.
56.There were the man is the enlightening principle,
57.the woman is the endarkening principle,
58.also taking a lot of knowledge away,
59.in order to bring new knowledge.
60.She is the transformer,
61.and she can be seen as the positive element of hell,
62.as a transformator.
63.The female should be seen as a dark riddle,
64.a cryptic substance,
65.and as essential for the man to return to his source and to gain eternal life.
66.In the upper world the male might rule as in an illusion,
67.but in the underworld it is the female who definitely rules as the Great Goddess.
68.And based on Navaho myth it is for the woman important to return back to her black cloud.
69.The fall to the underworld is an important returning theme.
70.We see this in the myth of Adam and Eve,
71.and even in the myth of Christ.
72.The difference between Christ and Adam was that for Adam there was no simple resurrection plan.
73.He had to stay in the underworld,
74.the lower earth.
75.From this viewpoint one can view the often bloody Old Testament of Jewish myth as a book about the underworld and not necessarily as a historic book or a book about material life.
76.Often the stories were derived from earlier cultures,
77.and these writings literally had to do with myth and the underworld.
78.From Iroquois perspective Adam and Eve entered Hahgweh,
79.the underworld where overwhelming fear, guilt, regret, despair and failure ruled,
80.because the demon god (Datga, Hahgwehdaetgah) had called them.
81.Onatha was in that sense their Eve,
82.and became more or less the Queen of the Underworld.

83. In this sense Christ has also visited this world,
84. but Adam stayed much longer,
85. together with Eve.
86. Further on David can be seen as a warrior defeating the enemies in the underworld,
87. and same counts for Moses.
88. They all have their native American parallels and sources where they have been derived from.
89. In Aztec myth the underworld was the womb of Xochiquetzal,
90. where Coatlicue,
91. the Aztec Mother Earth,
92. devoured everything which lived.
93. It was a drawing, calling force,
94. like the voice of Hecate,
95. for initiation in hell,
96. the original primeval place of transformation.
97. Hell-fire is in the Greek Root texts the same fire as the fire of the Holy Spirit,
98. and hell is a tool in Her hands to purify the saints.
99. It is something we all have to go through,
100. and in Ancient European myth Hell was the guide of the dead,
101. together with her dog.
102. This is why we have to search for mother Hell,
103. In that sense also the good go to hell,
104. to become even better,
105. and it is their reward,
106. so it should be viewed as an even more important and more beautiful place than heaven.
107. For Adam it was a reward when he slid into hell,
108. although it was entitled as his damnation.
109. It was an honor for him to enter Hahgweh,
110. the place beyond paradise,
111. although he sunk down in regret, guilt, and failure.
112. He had to cover himself as he felt ashamed,
113. and partly a miserable life was waiting for him,

114.but this was for his initiation in the deeper laws of existence,
115.the hidden ones.
116.This is why the aztecs worship the gods of duality,
117.and there is a world beyond myth.
118.It only has meaning as cryptic art,
119.as soul technology.
120.A woman became the cause of his fall,
121.in order to bow down for his source again,
122.which was not a man,
123.but a woman.
124.It is not fair to the spiritual world to just stick to the code and language,
125.the mythic etiquette,
126.of a certain world order,
127.of a certain government which took the victory once.
128.If we want to play the game fair,
129.we will have to go beyond it,
130.and find the path of syncretism and origins,
131.and in this finding the transcendental gnosis (hidden and higher knowledge beyond all things).
132.The greeks used also the word 'daimon' or 'daemon' for knowledge,
133.and demons were to them the personification of the gnosis,
134.as in intelligent,
135.divine beings.
136.The Old Testament of the Jews is a different mythic world than the later New Testament,
137.added by the Roman Catholics.
138.The Jews often do not recognize the New Testament because of the many differences,
139.so these are two worlds on their own.
140.In the Old Testament Lucifer,
141.the morning star,
142.has been thrown out of the Jewish heavens,
143.because of breaking Jewish law.
144.In the New Testament Iesous (Jesus),

145.also called the morning star,
146.falls out of heaven,
147.and comes in his crucifixion period under the Wrath of God,
148.as in a rejection by Jewish law,
149.both on earth and in the heavens.
150.This is why in depth Iesous is Lucifer,
151.and in the New Testamentic Texts it is also written that at one point Iesous turns into Satan
and becomes Sin,
152.and by this he gains the victory which results in his resurrection,
153.and his acceptance by Roman Catholic law,
154.which is a form of neo-hebrewism,
155.having it's power by many pagan items put together,
156.by which the roman empire became big (semi-syncretism).
157.All this is saying that there has to be a fall,
158.there has to be a syncretism of some sort,
159.in order to resurrect and become the saviour of many.
160.Again we see the importance of the depths of dualism.
161.In Aztec Myth Tezcatlipoca can be compared with Lucifer.
162.Even more important in this context is the story of Adam and Eve,
163.as now this fall gets female qualities,
164.in order to bring us back to the Mother God,
165.the source of all fertility.
166.As we have seen she can be found in the underworld.
167.In the pre-paradisian Naka myths about the lower underworlds it is often about the Great
Goddess of Hunt,
168.and her attributes are fear, guilt, scorn, strife, despair, hunger, failure, lies, regret and
remorse.
169.In this she is the trickster goddess.
170.But this is nothing but the security for her kingdom as in the cryptic complexity of all
things.
171.It is devoted to secure a tight path of initiations into Her existence.
172.In our descension we will find that in the higher underworlds it is much about snakes,
173.and in the lower underworld,

- 174.where the Great Mother thrones,
- 175.it is more about hyenas.
- 176.There are many rituals to get from snake energy to hyena energy.
- 177.The serpent is a mighty veil in the underworld where every shaman has to go through in order to awaken his deeper powers.
- 178.The mark of the great mother can only be received in great fear,
- 179.as fear is a mighty guide for the shaman to get into the deeper frequencies of the underworld.
- 180.Fear can also be seen as one of the legs of the divine (demon) hyena.
- 181.Fear is a hormonal drug to cause visions, and is a sense of security.
- 182.The other legs are guilt, remorse and sin.
- 183.This is all to keep the duality alive, the art, which is the energy of eternity.
- 184.You have to be in the claws of something to preserve yourself,
- 185.to be transformed and to reach a strength to reach eternity.
- 186.In this sense hell is the only path to eternity.
- 187.The heart of the hyena is hunger, and it's mouth is strife. Strife is also the root-meaning of the word daimon, as in 'divider', which is an essential force in organizing and analyzing, so in a sense a demon is a hyena's mouth. The neck or spine of the hyena is scorn, which is also an important christic element, as scorn is to expand syncretism. In this the parts of the hyena form the pillars of hell. Shamans who attempt to enter hell can get headaches because of these pressures, but they should understand that these headaches are actually tuning them into the frequencies of hell.
- 188.In the rituals, art, of becoming clean, it is very important to become 'unclean' first, all for the sake of syncretism. Uncleanliness was necessary to get rid of false gods, as in false cleaning systems, and it was important to plug into other frequencies, to get into contact with beings from another plane, as a form of getting information. In Aztec myth this duality was manifested through Tlazolteotl, who was a Justice Goddess who not only forgave sin, but also inspired sin. It is therefore of undescrivable importance also to become 'guilty' in our process of initiation. Tlazolteotl is the mother of Xochiquetzal.
- 189.There are several veils of guilt shamans and gnostics have to go through in order to reach places. This is standard, none of them can really escape from that, as it is a natural initiation process provided by the several goddesses of fertility. In this Tlazolteotl is not only the temptator and seducer to sin, but also the transformer and digester of sin, and is therefore an important trickster of law. She has complex ways to deal with sin, and even to give it a place in creation as a veil of security in her place. She is the goddess of sin and filth, but also the washer and the eater of it. In this she works together with her daughter.
- 190.She is holding a broom and a snake, the symbols of transformation, and in this sense also referring to Moses. She is this gigantic machine of the transformation of sin, by complex divine law of hunt and trickery, as she has her own ways to do this. In the Aztec month

Ochpanitzli she is celebrated as the Sweeper of the Roads, as a doorway in the underworld, which also refers to Moses. Moses, like her, held a snake, which was the symbol of the divine, and under this sign he led his tribe through the wilderness, and established law. Ochpanitzli was the announcer of the war season, and war was on one line with birth-giving. Tlazolteotl was also known for preparing warriors for battle in the underworld, where also war-captives were sacrificed to her. In her role as war-goddess and as the One with the Two Faces she can also be compared with David, the hebrew war-king, who was both a saint and a sinner, and by others regarded as a god.

191. Hercules had to serve Mycene in the twelve labors, as a slave to receive punishment for his sins. One of these tasks was that he had to steal the golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides. It shows another side of the myth of the garden of Eden. The apples could bring eternity, but also strife, as in a descending to the underworld. It worked the same as the hebrew tree of knowledge. For this Hercules had to approach the guard of this garden, which was Atlas, who carried the earth and the heavens on his shoulders, and also the underworlds. Hercules had to take over this job from Atlas in order to get the golden apples, as then Atlas would get them for him. By this Hercules got full possession of the apples. In the root texts of the hebrew creation story it is not just a tree, but a box, which can be compared with the box of Pandora, when opened it brought hell (transformation). The curse came free, but 'curse' is not necessarily negative, as also the god of war, Ares, means 'curse'.

192. It is a tool of clearing, security, and a faithful guide on the way, when used carefully and thoughtful, as a medicin. It is a given fact in life that venom, another meaning of the name Ares (ara), when used properly, it is to save lives. The root texts of the hebrew creation story showed that the tree of knowledge made of the first man a servant of the ground (Mother Earth), comparing it with a marriage. Even the garden of Eden itself, where life began, the word 'gan' means in depth a defended, fenced garden of a bride, protecting the source of fertility. The first man calls his wife there Chavvah, Mother of Beasts, Mother of Hunger and Mother of Lust, which is the drive of healthy, natural fertility, untamed and savage. The first man or tribe was described as the captive of a natural dirt, aphar, which also means swamp, as a captive of Tlazolteotl, the goddess of filth and justice. The act of taking is in the root texts also described as a marriage and as a capture, that is why the parallel story in the myth of Hercules is so important. A war act is taking place, the god of Ares gets released, and then the Hebrew root texts show that the tribes realize that they are naked, as in a lack of armory, and they start making the armory. Actually Adam is struck by fear and the act of hiding, chaba, also means 'becoming hard'.

193. In Greek Myth the Gorgons guarded the tree of the golden apples, and whoever saw them turned to stone. Gorgons also represent armor, so this explains why Adam became hard. The Gorgons had a dualistic power as the double serpent (Coatlicue), as from their left side there flew blood to kill, and from their right side there flew blood to save. The Gorgons also guarded Tartarus, Hell, and they were ancient goddesses of wisdom (Libya). So 'turning into stone' by Gorgons can either mean they are arming you, or they just don't want you to come close. Their right side has the power to help people becoming hard for the battle, and their left side is to punish. And either way, they always had to destroy in order to create. Adam reached the Chagowr, which was the belt, the bondage, in it's roots also meaning fear and trembling. Also this part has parallels in the story of Hercules, as in another labor Hercules

has to steal the leather belt of the Queen of the Amazons, Hippolyte. This was the belt of Ares, the wargod, her father. Hippolyte wanted to give him the belt, but the other amazons attacked him, so there was a war before he reached it to get armed further. In the Hebrew texts we see that after Adam reaches the belt, the armor, he gets driven to the east of the garden, but it literally means 'eternal bondage' (mikkedem legan), and this to Mother Earth, the ground he came from, so he was finally safe in her womb again.

194. When Adam has gained the fruit of the garden, he gets later on covered by skins. This can be seen as the shell of the fruit. Fruit means also meat in the root text, so it can indicate to a beast as well. In the Hercules parallel which has apocalyptic value we see that one of his labors was to skin the Nemean lion and take this skin, as an armor. The same we see when the martyrs of the apocalypse receive a white robe, when they call upon vengeance. All these events represent the golden fleece, the shells of the golden apples. In another labor Hercules has to search for the red cattle of Geryon, which symbolizes the skinned beasts. It is a part of the process of fertility, also represented by the Aztec Xipe Totec. The predators who are warriors and hunters also have an Atlas task to carry burdens, to bear the underworlds on their shoulders, and this can happen when they get transformed into cattle. It is the call of Mother Earth also to be bound to her, to serve her. The tree of knowledge and the labors of Hercules represent the same : The path back to the mother womb. This is a very apocalyptic path as veils (shells) have to be cut. In the Labor of the Erymanthian Boar Hercules had to bring a wild pig back to Mycene. Pigs are symbolizing the womb, they live in the womb of the earth. It got finally tamed by ice. This is also what the Ragnarok in Viking Myth represents, the apocalyptic end-scene of darkness and ice is to bring order back in the world of the gods.
195. In Germanic myth the tree of knowledge was called Yggdrasil, the gallows (cross) of Odin. It was the path to the underworld, Niflheim or Helheim, where Hel Herself ruled, the goddess of fertility. As Hulda she was worshipped as the goddess of marriage. Hulda was also the goddess of hunt, the goddess of children, and she was an ancient germanic supreme goddess. She was also called the Mother of Beasts and of the Wilderness, as was Eve (Chavvah). She worked together with the huldurs who were ancient hunter-goddesses, goddesses of temptation, who lured lost souls into the depths of the underworld, as initiations into the mysteries of hell. They were also the keepers and wardens of hell. In the Hebrew roottexts the tree of knowledge was also a gallows, as a sort of paradisiac cross where pilgrims could receive enlightenment.
196. The so called snake of the tree, the gallows, in the Hebrew roottext was in origin an oracle, so it did not mean literal drama. Literalism has always been a form of materialism. In every form the oracle had been 'condemned' to eat dirt, as a way of transformation. This was all through the gallows, by which Odin, the Germanic God, lost his eye, and reached the source of wisdom, Mimir. So it takes an endarkenment to reach an enlightenment, from one dimension into the other.
197. This was all to escape from the patriarchal world, where only men dominated. In this sense hell is the womb again.
198. Adam had to bow to Eve. For him this was a rebirth. He needed the Double Goddess, the Coatlicue in Aztec Myth, the devourer in order to make a new creation. The tree of

knowledge is a call for the man to return to his female part. This part has to be awakened by the powers of hell, which is Her Womb. She is the woman laying in the river between the flowers, in the mud, slowly awakening, as she has been deeply locked up in the subconsciousness. The seventh day of creation was in the hebrew roottext also a day of destruction, from where a new creation came forth. The male had now to return to his original wife. In the first creation story he was called the zachar, the bearer of memory, and his wife was called neqebah, the piercer or expresser, which was the same as what nachash, the so called snake, meant : the whisperer, the toxic enchanter, the bringer of future. He had to return to it, in which Eve was an important medium. Both male and female have to return to the original mother source, the womb of all, also sexually. And this is at first by discovering her suffering, and having a part in that, so that we will also rise with her when she returns.

199. She was the cycle of fertility, the menstruation of hell. In her was the eternal life. She is trying to come to the surfaces again, looking for children to initiate them into the ancient mysteries. She is also the call to return to childhood, and she will protect children against the economic games of the patriarchal adult system, the financial insanity.

200. She does not bow for the male, but rather pierces him to initiate him, as was her original meaning as the Neqebah. She is to awaken his deeper memory. Adam was willing to approach this prophetic tree, as the original Zachar. There might have been a fall, as described in Jewish Myth, and gnostically there was this War in which the first Adam, Zachar, tried to make Neqebah bow for him. Neqebah fled, and there was a day of destruction, sabbath. Zachar was an earlier Adam, as a behemah, a savage. So there was also a fall of Zachar, because he tried to rule over his woman. That was the true source of all problems. The tree was really a way to bring balance back again, and to bring the children into a new creation. The suffering was meant to open the deeper senses, and to connect to lost parts of the underworld. It was nothing but deepening the frequencies, digging them out. It is for a man case to find his woman back in this. If there was any sin, it was the sin of Zachar against Neqebah, trying to let her submit to him, in order so that he could rule over her. The tree of knowledge in this sense is the tree of restoration. And in this sense Zachar had eaten from a very bad fruit, in the first creation story, as he tried to destroy his mother, mother earth. Zachar had to go into bondage because of this, and this was why the element of snake was used, as a way to describe the rope, the sabbath of destruction. The third day of creation was in the root texts the day of the children. It was all to root out the threat of the patriarchal age. But the third day was but a ghost in the desert of patriarchy. Always would it suffer. The fourth day meant 'law' in it's roots, and represented the tree of the knowledge and discernment of good and evil, to which man had to be bound. From here She came forth, as a device of punishment and reward. She was a judge, a weapon, and was made so that man could submit to her. The second day had been 'the day of dirt', and the dirt was good to bring forth the fifth day, which was the day of hunger, the Day of Tantalos. The hunger-creatures lived in poverty, in the wilderness, but close to nature, and they did not have the grotesque of the patriarchal threat. They were minimalists, and they were under Her Law, the fourth day. Zachar was the destroyer of Her law and made his own. The Seventh Day was the Wrath, from which a new creation came forth, the second creation story.

201. The Old Testament should be seen as an esoteric, allegoric guide through the underworld.

The sixth day was the day of the hunt. Here the male rebelled against the law of the goddess, and through the seventh day one came into the second creation story, the story about the tree of knowledge, which is about how the male finds his way back to the goddess again. It is an allegory describing this journey through the ages, the eighth day. And through the fall, the descending into the underworld, one comes in the ninth day. In every age there is a patriarchal threat against women, and every age deals with it in its own way. Like in the days of Noah, where the nephilim, male giants, ruled, the flood could be seen as a revenge of the goddess, meaning her menstruation. In the tenth day Moses can be seen as the restorer of Law, directing to the Goddess of Law. In this 10 days creation cycle the goddess will always heal herself. The male, who came forth from Her and who is just another part of her Being, will return to Her. And this all by the power of nachash, the oracle, which some call the snake, but which in its depth a rope, or Ixtab, the mayan goddess of the rope, the goddess of the hanged men. It is a temptation no one can resist. We all are driven to the cross, as a return to Her Law, the original order of divine Matriarchy, the primeval fertility cycle. From there the divine milk streams to make pilgrims an adept in the mysteries of the Goddess. Esoterically every fall is a deeper initiation into this. In Aztec Myth the month Tlaxochimaco was the month of starvation and hunger in order to approach the goddess. This period parallels the fifth day (period or age) of creation, the Day of Tantalos. It is She Herself opening up her body when one wants to know more about the gnosis, as she is the Sacred Prostitute. And all Her nudity is just Revelation, Enlightenment, and meant to initiate.

202. It is only through the descension through hell that we can know Her, where we can unlock all the hidden, occult knowledge. The memory (Zachar, Zakar) is there, but has to be pierced open, which is the restoration of Neqebah, the original female. We see the Neqebah in the form of nachash, the oracle, returning with another attempt to communicate with the man. In this sense she is a divine communication device, as the tree of prophesy. By this communication there is destruction and re-creation, like when the dirty waters (mayim) were divided, a spot rose, new land, on which the children could play. The tenth day or period of creation got its peak in the Davidic Myths which was esoterically meaning the restoration of Her wars, under which Her gladiators were raised. David had a harem of women who all reflected different aspects of the Goddess. In his Psalms he is the Hebrew Orpheus. The goal of Orpheus is to be a medium for Eurydice, who he lost to the underworld. The son of David was Solomon who became famous as the king of wisdom. In the New Testamentic Book of Revelation, a Messianic text, it is about that those who have the wisdom will recognize the number six hundred and sixtysix, the human number, which is a mark for those of the kingdom of the beast. This is not just meant as negative. The riddle goes much deeper, as through the paradox we can go back to the one who had wisdom, Solomon, and his number was indeed six hundred and sixtysix. It was the number of his throne, and the number of his yearly goldharvest. It is the number of wisdom, and therefore a number connected to the tree of knowledge as a way of bondage to it. It is a number connecting us to the Mother Goddess of the Wilderness.

203. The number leads us to hell and through hell in a positive sense, as a way of receiving the hidden wisdom, to find out about the healing qualities of all suffering, thus transcending all separation by the law of paradox and syncretism. All the racial differences will suddenly

make sense. We do believe in the eternal war in that sense, but also in the eternal peace and harmony of all things, from an artistic point of view. The paradox, the contradiction, needs to be help up, needs to be accepted, and then we have to watch the deeper layer of it. The Eternal Gospel sais that even the Spirits of God fight each order in order to give birth and create. It is a Divine Game. Receiving the mark of the Mother of Beasts is a Solomonic miracle. It is the creation of land in the midst of the wasteland, in the depths of Ben-Hinnom. When the Goddess hunts after us and marks us, three times the sixth day, the day of hunt, which is three times to enter the third day, the day of the children. The yohm shelishi is also the fork, the triad. In this the wisdom is revealed to children. It is the day of zera, which not only means seed, children, but in it's roots it means also scattering.

204.The Solomonic Mark of Her is the mark of marriage to the goddess, the original meaning of hell, as a fertility mark. It is the mark to have further access in her.

205.Also Eve was a mighty medium in bringing Adam back to Her, and she as well can be seen as the Mark of the Mother of Beasts.

206.The beast in the Messianic book of Revelation in the New Testament can also be translated as a savage, which is the primeval repressed age of matriarchy, as a woman rides the beast. She is called a whore, but this can also mean the Sacred Prostitute. There is an image of the beast, the savage life, which has to be worshipped. In the root texts here this image means empty space, nothingness, as a space of detachment, and the worship of it means to kiss and lick. It was the situation before the first creation story, as the tenth day waiting to switch over to the first day again. In this apocalyptic situation one either had to receive the mark or die. In the root texts it was said that those with wisdom and interpretation, would eventually vote for the savage (beast). It is in their journey to emptiness, in which the keys of enlightenment can be given. Solomon is in this an initiator, as the well of Mimir.

207.The woman on the beast with seven heads is heading for the eighth head, the eighth creation day where the goddess is re-united with Adam. Then it heads for the ten horns who will take the rule, representing the 10 restored days of creation. The tenth day is the day of the abyss, where the mark has led to, to the great emptiness, the void, the well of Mimir. The woman cannot just be watched as a negative force, as she is also in the roottext the woman of the secret doctrine (musterion). She is described as the mother of filth and mystery, relating her to the Aztec Goddess of Sin, Tlazolteotl, who was nothing but a goddess of justice. They are dualistic gods. The power of the Aztec pantheon was always the Duality, as in this problems could be solved, mysteries could be interpreted, and negativity and sin could be transformed, as a dirt eater. The dirty whore was a sign of Tlazolteotl's rule, as she was the savage mother, and she came with strategy. She brought people within her temptation in order to show a way out. She was the representer of the age of confusion in which the order of the goddess would be visible. In the root texts the one who had these visions, John, admired this woman. There was written something on her forehead as a mark, which in the roottext not just says the mother of the secret doctrin, but also the mother as the source, the well, the motherland (meter). Then she conquers as the Bride. The mystery of the Whore of Babylon was that she was a Duality of Syncretism, the guard of the secrets, the root texts and the esotery of it. She was the tester in order to become a proper justice goddess, as a keeper of the mark. Therefore she can be seen as the day of Tlazolteotl, the

fourth day of law. She had created the dirt, she had created the mark, and also the solution. Therefore she was an important part in the cycle.

208. The Mark is for the shaman a way to enter into the depths of hell. The mark has three parts, three being the number of children, the triad. In Greek Myth Cerberus was the initiator of hell, a three-headed dog. We have to be pierced by the fork to enter hell, the sign of fertility. The woman in her restored form is the piercer, to awaken us to the deeper interpretations by synthesis. It is the work of the weaver. In this we can finally make a solid ground in hell, through the art of eternal war.

209. The beast was put in power by 'Drakon', a mythological monster in the root-text, also a watcher. The mark can be seen as a divine inspirator, a device of communication and law, as the guard of hell. The mark is meant to bring the duality inside of us, the synthesis. Coatlicue is the Aztec Double-Headed Goddess of Hunt, as the portal to the underworld, and therefore she guards the sixth day, the day of hunt. The mark came to proportions when Moses received the Laws in two tablets, and where he received the horns, or rays of light. Also the duality of the ark of the covenant refer to this, as a device to have communication with the Goddesses, which it originally was. In the root texts the tablets of law were to monitor and warn it's receivers (luchot ha'edut), as a security device. In Aztec Myth the Double God is also named Omoteotl. Related to this we can also mention the Double Goddess of the Greek Underworld Medusa, or her and her two sisters being the guards of the underworld as the three Gorgones. From them two sorts of blood flew, one stream for salvation, and one stream for damnation. They were the judges of the underworld. In the Esoteric Gnostic movement Charagma is the three-headed goddess of communication. When someone watched the Gorgones they turned into stone, they became hard. Sometimes this was for warrior armor purpose, to raise an army. That is what the mark in depth is all about. It is also related to the Adamic (Heracles) receiving of the Belt. In the Messianic book of Ephesus this belt is described as the Belt of Truth, which is the Goddess Aletheia in the Esoteric Gnosis. The Breastplate of Justice is the Goddess Dikaiaosune.

210. The Goddess who rode the beast with many heads was Meter, who brought them all together, as the Sacred Prostitute. In the confusion and chaos the beast brings there will also be the tight order of the Goddess. The woman riding the beast is in the root text a wife. To drink from her cup of filth means to interpret, and is to become an adept in her mysteries.

211. The filth was the menstruation blood. It was the power of the second creation day, where the dirt was divided in two parts, in order to bring in a third part, that which was covered and hidden. This was also the reason why the Sea of Moses, was split, and this was also the reason why the ark of the covenant had two parts, two guards, and it was why the Law had two tablets. In the split the Sea of Moses could create the wilderness holding the promised land. In this sea there was a dimensional shift going on in the underworld, leading them in deeper. The Island leads back to her source. The first day, the day in which duality was created, was the day of Meter. Everything was divided into time, and that's why she became the Goddess of Time.

212. The tenth day is the day of the abyss, the age of war. It is where the eternal wars are restored. The Key of Solomon can be used to open the sixth day, the day of hunt, the temple

- of Coatlicue. Then the balance between hunt and war will be restored, as the two servants of law.
213. From the split in the menstruation blood, a children's world will rise.
214. The tree in the paradise represented the female cross to return to the goddess by initiations, and to have access in the underworld.
215. In Mayan Myth the goddess of the gallows, the goddess of the hanging, is Ixtab, as a guide through the underworld. The terrible overfocus on male gods has repressed the goddesses. It has repressed childhood, but goddess worship has stayed throughout the ages. The Christic Element has plagued them in their dreams, focussing the attention on the male all the times, the sufferer, instead of the Law of Suffering, the Initiation Truths. This was why they first had to switch over to the christic females, in order to come to the source, the Law itself, as the Truths of Fertility.
216. They have broken the male magnet, by entering into the void. In the age of patriarchic supremacy the male part ruled, abused the female part, and all went wrong. Now how could the male part so wrongly and illegally come to power ? It was because of the separation between the female and the male. The female was originally a crucial part of the man, as it should be. But there were suddenly lies spread that men supposed to be stronger than females, and men should be men, without a female part. This was a definite separation, and females got degraded into slaves and helpers of the male. There was something terribly wrong with that. Also the love between females got degraded as the abusive and dominant male powers feared women would come together to take their rule back. And so the female part got thrown out of the park of the male body, to stay outside, and only the man was allowed to enter her. This is a very tragic and sad story. It all started with the destruction of the female breast and the framing of her genitals, in order for the male to let his muscles grow to store there the stolen female powers. The female was the warrior part of the male. She was supposed to be his weapon and his strategic mind, also to pierce, initiate him, as to protect him from losing his childhood. She had to open him up to the secrets, to reveal Herself to him as the goddess.
217. Her tree in the paradise means the carpenter in the root texts, as she is the one who has to construct the man by her initiations. The fallen male power could get the rule because the male was sabotaging his child part, so it is important to travel back to the third day of creation, the age of the children. The child part had always been the interpreter in the male, a translator, as a bridge. This part was put over him also, under the guide and guard of the Goddess.

The Divine Hierarchy

The Goddess
The Divine Child
The Male

218. In this the Divine Child functions as a mark through which the Goddess communicates with the man. The power of the man is a potentially very dangerous power which can bring deceptive illusions. This is why the man has to stay under the rule of the Goddess and the Divine Child. If not, then there will be revenge in the form of Wars, until everything is balanced again. It is for ages that She has raged against the authoritarian patriarchs, and she has with success exposed their lies. In this age she will continue to reveal her secrets to the mystery schools. Only with respect and honor to the Goddess and the Divine Child, which is the symbol of Truth, a male can come to his purpose. In syncretism he has to find these parts back in himself and to awaken them.

219. The goddess is the only way out, when he finds his divine child back. He has to be reborn in her womb, in the eighth day. She rides the beasts as the Victor, Nike. We can only come through the labyrinth by our guide, and by the war arts. It is a process of weaving and by receiving the menstrual armory. The veils in the temple are shifting like mills. How to deprogram the mind ? It is by discovering the ruler of the tenth day, in Her temple. The arena, the eternal war, the ultimate protection and immunity. It is related to a classic suffering, a necessary disease, as a fire in which the Laws have been revealed. Through Her ark we get access to the underworld of children. In this process we get re-united with the Divine Child and the Goddess.

220. It is important to learn how to recognize Her voice and to discern it from the others. She has ways to imprint Her laws.

4.

The Mystery of Tlazolteotl

1. Guilt is a very cryptic emotion keeping us connected to the goddess. It is her way to bring us into Her law system, to judge our old nature and giving us a new nature. Guilt in that sense is not necessarily negative or real. It can be the playfulness of her initiation systems, in her temptful art to draw us in, very abstracted. There is even spoken about a holy guilt.
2. She can claim us totally for herself by this, as her prisoners of law, in order to protect us against false law. Later her masks will fall off when she shows us the esotery of it, beyond the myth, when her veils will fall off. Surrounded by misunderstanding She created the Old Testament and the New Testament, which was a war at the same time. The voice of the Goddess can be heard in it, and it is all Her code, She owns it all.
3. When we look at the dualistic Tree of Knowledge, it was to bring guilt. Everyone will be tested by this tree. In Her play, from Her point of view, she lured the male in a trap, as he dominated the earth. She led him to the belt of fear in the original root texts, and She, as the mother goddess, became an object of dread, as goddess worship could lead to eternal damnation under Jewish Messianic Law. Of course the trap of the goddess was to help the male. The goddess wanted to bring the male back to his inner goddess being.
4. It is in this eternal war, Eris, the goddess of strife, that Lethe, forgetfulness, comes forth. Eris is the mother of Lethe. By the forgetfulness you see things from another side, as the mirror of Hermes, or the smoking mirror of Tezcatlipoca. It brings dualism, and it brings new polarities. This is how the dual aztec goddess of law, Tlazolteotl, establishes herself. The ritual of guilt is a process of marriage to the goddess. In this she also destroys real sin.

And in this point of view, Her view, the eternal damnation needs to stay as an all-absorbing, transforming security force, so she even guards the riddle of Calvin, not as in a literal calvinism, but abstracted, with a completely different meaning.

5. The guilt is a way the goddess uses to get our attention and to let us hunger for justice. In this sense we are Her slaves of guilt, in order to get freed by Her laws. In this the tree of knowledge is very important, as it binds us to a war, to a marriage, a bond strong enough to lead us out and to cause Lethe to stream, forgetfulness. Both fear and guilt is important to get free of controlling mind-traps.
6. The third day was ruled by Lethe-Aletheia, the balance between forgetfulness and unforgetfulness, truth. It was from this form that the male rose, but it became corrupted. Lethe-Aletheia got dethroned by the likes of Saturn, El, Cronos and Moloch, the child devourers. Then later they got dethroned by the New Testamentic Age of Jupiter, Zeus, Jesus and Lucifer. In this process Hell, the goddess of children, got demonized. She was the bridge between the third day and the fourth day, the day of Law, the world of Tlazolteotl. It was originally the Mother Goddess, the Double Goddess and the Divine Child who had the Law.
7. Hell was in European Myth the goddess of children, fertility and marriage. Demons were in old Greek Myth the guardian angels. In the sea of Lethe, nothingness and forgetfulness, one had to fight against the shark of matter which lived there. By overcoming this shark one could enter in the depths of Lethe to meet the treasures of Aletheia, unforgetfulness, memory and truth. The first age was the age of the mother, Lethe, in which the guardian spirits were the lethians. Lethe was the fire-water or 'waters of light', related to Orion, which means Urine. In Hebrew these spirits are called the mayim, which were related to the sources of creation. They were violent and dangerous spirits, and they were related to the fertile seed. They served Mother Earth, they were warriors and hunters. Then the Age of Saturn came, the age of the Old Testament, of El, Jahweh, which was Cronos in Greek Myth, who was eventually dethroned by Zeus, Jupiter, Jesus, Lucifer, in the New Testamentic Age. Saturn demonized the lethians, more or less, and in other esoteric versions he just hid them. The guardian spirits who took the lead were the demons. In Greek Myth demons are usually described as guardian angels, and they fought against the kakos, the evil spirits in Greek Esotery. Since the coming of the Roman Empire the original orders got lost. Angels took the lead, and fought against the demons of the old orders, while the lethians, the original angels, were bound in forgetfulness, which was the curse Mother Lethe bore with Her, as a Goddess. However the cycle will soon connect to Her again. She comes from a deep pit and will eventually flow over into Her Aletheia form.
8. The event of Saturn taking over the Heavenly Order was a classical moment. He was eating the children's world, devouring the children, like Moloch did, as a first step for the male to come to power. The second step would be the Jesusian strike. These events had paradoxal meanings and values. It was the several periods Orion had to go through when he lost his eyes. In Hebrew he was Samson. In his journeys he had to search for the god of fire and paralysis, Hephaistos, who could restore his sight by the powers of Helios, the sun. But the fire he would get to restore his sight and memory, after having been thrown into Lethe, would bear the curse of Prometheus with it, that it would also fetter him and eat his body away in order that it would grow. This is why Orion was sometimes described as a giant. The price he had to pay was that he would have to be bound for Lethe, as in a marriage. But

this would result in his encounter with Aletheia. Orion would have to go on the same path as Hephaistos, Vulcan, the crippled path. This was important, so that the Mother Goddess would take control again, by overcoming the fallen male. As Orion-Orpheus Orion would restore the art again, and childhood, the whole children's world, and the control of the Black Mother Goddess, from which all life came forth. It was not just a hierarchy from outside, but it was inside. The Black Mother Goddess, Lethe-Aletheia, was also a part of him, a central part, and should be that of everyone. And by this the male could ascend into a more hermaphroditic presence again. The Age of Saturn flew over into the Age of Jupiter, even falling deeper into an Age of corrupted male power. The cobra had given its torch to a lion. But Lethe had always been the Age of the hyena and the goat, and would get it back. And the lion would bow to this, like Jesus had to bow down to the Holy Spirit, the Mother God.

9. The original evil in Greek Myth was Kakos, who was also an evil fire-breathing giant, and the kakos were the evil spirits. Kakos was eventually conquered by Hercules. The story went that Hercules had taken red cattle from Geryon in Erytheia, Spain, to fulfill his mission. Kakos had stolen a part of this skinned cattle, taking them to his cave by their tails. Kakos was the son of Vulcan. He was described as a thief, who had broken the law of Zeus.
10. In Hebrew Myth Lethe was in depth a child devourer and a male-ensnarer. In the strategy there was place for a patriarchy, as she wanted to set the corrupted male up for some great expose. She knew that the higher the corrupted male would be able to rise, the deeper he would fall when his kingdom would come to an end. Of course Jahweh and Jesus were in depth nothing more than expressions of Kakos. In the esotery it is well-known that the attributes of Jesus were to veil the attributes of Lethe in the process of initiating Orion in her temples. The thorn-crown veiled the scalping, to balance male power, and the scorn-robe veiled the muscle-piercing, to prevent that male power would ever dominate female power. It was all the fight in Lethe against the shark of matter, the jaws of matter, the manifestation of the corrupted, totalitarian male power, the powers of the kakoses. The demons battled against this, and earlier, in the Age of Lethe, the lethians battled against this in a more pure way. For a demon it was important to return to the lethian form, to not end up in a trap of kakoses. The muscle-piercing was guided by Hephaistos, the crippled smith-god, in order to give Orion his sight back. By these strategies Lethe would throne in Hell, the children's underworld, again, and would turn it more or less into a heaven for many. She would throne as the Hebrew and pre-hebrew Tlazolteotl, the goddess of Law and Seduction, to keep them all safe within her temptation. Here she would show her many faces as the original black mother goddess.
11. It was in his travels that Orion had to become like Hephaistos in order to get his sight back. Hephaistos was married to Kharis, the goddess of grace, beauty and the shining veils. He had to travel to the land of the golden fleece, Colchis, where he would be armed by Kharis and Hephaistos, and where he would be healed by the first rays of the sun, Helios. But in this he would have to overcome the necklace of Hephaistos, which was sent out to kill all evil offspring of wrong contacts, also called the necklace of Harmonia. Also he would have to overcome the throne of Hephaistos, which would kill all unrightful leaders. The prize would be that he would become Hephaistos, to marry Kharis. Hephaistos was the creator of the woman, so he would be the key to bring the woman back in her original place. The divine woman is the weapon and hunting gear of the male, created to guide and guard the

male. The approach to the tree of knowledge was the call for a divine hunt and war, in which the male needed the divine woman. The divine child would mediate in this. It is for a man important to seek for the charismata, in Greek Myth called the Graces, the Kharites. These are the senses of love, one of them being Kharis. To come to Kharis Orion had to come to her sister, Pasithea, first. Pasithea meant possession as in a bond, the wedding with the divine. It also meant hallucination, and she was married to Hypnos, the god of sleep and dreams. Pasithea meant in depth the Divine Child. Thalia represented the richness of the charismata, meaning the blooming, and she was related to the banquets, as in a deeper esoteric digestion. The weapons were designed that they would first conquer the male himself, in order that no corrupted male power would rise, and so that he could not be a threat to the woman. The veils of illusion however showed an empire in which the male ruled. It was a trick of Hephaistos, his throne, to lead false male leaders into a trap and let them fade in Lethe. Orion however was armed by this, but became paralyzed, crippled in spasm, like Hephaistos. He became the sun of the world. Samson had been initiated by Delilah, and lost his eyes and freedom, even his life, in order to let the heavens rest on his shoulders. It was the road to Kharis and her sisters. By this he could destroy his enemies. Orion destroyed Kakos.

12. Tlazolteotl, the dualistic goddess of aztec justice, reflected in the duality between the Old and the New Testament, which she had created as Her veils. It was veiling Her dark, native body. In the gospels it was Jesus holding the cup, surrounded by his disciples, celebrating the Holy Supper. It was a gathering of males, the ruling patriarchy. Nonetheless it was a set up of Tlazolteotl to protect her body. In the Apocalypse it is the Mother God holding the cup. In pre-atlantic myth the mother goddesses were holding the cups by their feet up, which was also represented in their statues and art. In these cups, representing earth, there was rebirth. There is also in the gospels the mystery of the prostitute Mary Magdalene kissing the feet of Jesus, crying at his feet. Through the veil it will become the opposite that the male will fall back at the feet of the Goddess. This is the dualism Tlazolteotl stands for. She had a lust in creating these illusions to protect her kingdom. Nonetheless we will have to find our way back. All the mysteries about a man healing the blind are hiding the reality of the goddess who made men blind, in order that they would not find Her. In the Apocalypse she is revealed as our enemy, and She is. But She is also the initiator. She is a trickster, one who leads us into temptation, to get us out. She is as a mother calling for her children, and uses for that any tool she can find. This is why she is a potentially dangerous and venomous goddess, but not in the negative sense. There is no mercy for those who seek Her face, there is no forgiveness. She marks them with guilt, with an eternal damnation, all to get them out of a false holiness. She doesn't mean to. She is cryptic. In this she will reveal Her justice system. First she makes slaves and captives, first she deceives and tricks, in order to show them the treasures and the truth. It is an abstract art. It is a game. Only esotery can explain the depths of the pits of religion. It is a work of alchemy and syncretism. She thrones in the amazon portals of mexican myth, the Aztec Key, and all the other nations are her clothes. Her body has been well-preserved throughout time, by her dualistic trapperies. She is a hunter, a farmer, a warrior and a trapper. She has created good and evil for a reason, as an art.
13. For a christian mystic it is important to go beyond all the salvation facts given. After being reborn by accepting the Christ, Jesus, and after receiving the Holy Spirit and being bound in

the Spirit, it should lead back to a much deeper and long forgotten Christ, Adam. When receiving Adam for a rebirth and baptism in blood, it walks parallel with the saints who have washed their clothes in blood, in the book of Revelation. Adam was in contact with the entity representing the original forms of Everlasting Damnation, which was a positive state of healing and pruning. Hell was in ancient times a Goddess, a Supreme Mother Goddess of fertility, the guide of the dead. Everlasting Damnation is a map for the esoteric saints who come forth through the Adamic Mysteries. They receive Everlasting Damnation in order to get bound by Her. John worshipped this entity in the root texts of the apocalypse, in the book of Revelation. The bondage to Her is described in the Bridal Mysteries. Hell is the Bride. It is the only way for a christian esoterist to return to childhood again and live forever. There is nothing more prejudiced, judged and misunderstood but this Entity called Everlasting Damnation. The martyrs came forth from the Everlasting Torment in the book of the apocalypse, and it was their only way in. Everlasting Torment is a state of mind which has to be understood, in order to let it be heaven. It is just the pain of awakening, the road to enlightenment and detachment. It is a process of evolution. By the Bridal Mysteries she will show what it is, by the wedding gifts, and she will turn everything to gold. She is dualism. There is a work to do for a christian mystic, to work in Her garden, in which she will show the treasures. It is a work of digging her up. In this the christian mystic will find the hellians, the pre-original angels of Her, Her personal guardian pre-demons. She is the pre-original mother goddess of all. In Adam we will find Her. Adam represented the original dualistic god and anti-god. Adam received Everlasting Damnation when He ate from the tree. His mouth started to burn and soon He was in this precious fire, by which He could descend to the lower realms, going through the veils of the goddess. Even Jesus received Her when He died at the cross and descended into the underworld, which would eventually be the secret of His ascension. Jesus had to receive Everlasting Damnation and marry Her, in order to work. It was the Law of Fertility, the Law of Sacrifice. He had to bow down before Her to be filled by Her, in order that she could raise Him high, through the Easter Mysteries. He had to receive Hell in His heart to be bound by Her, His mother, that which was forgotten. This was the will of the Father.

14. For a christian mystic it was important to receive the Holy Spirit and then to strive after the so called gifts of grace, the workings of the holy spirit. Eternal Damnation is this Work Spirit, the forces of fertility, in order to make life fruitful. This is why the bridge between these two entities is so important. In native esotery hell is related to inferiority as an act of humility. This is why for a christian mystic it is important to receive hell after receiving the holy spirit. In the gospels when Jesus received the Holy Spirit He was led to the desert, to the wilderness, where he was tempted by the devil. He had yet to have an encounter with Tlazolteotl, the goddess of temptation. This came to it's peak when Jesus was tempted in the garden of getsemaneh. He eventually was crucified when he took in the sins of the world, the goddess Tlazolteotl, the goddess of sin, and became sin itself, as in a marriage to Her. He was humble at Her feet, and She eventually graced Him with the gifts of ascension. We see here the necessity of the marriage between descension and ascension. When Adam went through the tree, and in the root text and greek myth the gallows and the box of pandora, he went through the same process. Eternal Damnation is a sweet spirit of knowledge and wisdom. She knows the necessity of pains, troubles, temptations and guilt. In his trip through the wilderness to the gallows, Jesus became aware of this, where he found the

womb of the holy spirit he loved. It was a sexual act. And the birthing of a new church was the result. Jesus loved Eternal Damnation, he loved Hell. He knew Her. He would do anything for Her. He fought for Her, but He also feared Her. He found out about the sources and forces of Eternal Damnation in the depths of the wilderness, and it was already too late, as She dragged Him in the depths of her den. He was tempted to stop this process, but He didn't. He could call angels to take Him out of it, but he didn't. He was willing to pay the price. This was His Bride. She would lead Him to the land of the good gold. She would lead Him back to His Adamic nature, through the Adamic mysteries. He was ready to receive His Eve.

15. He poured His Spirit on the church, together with the gifts of Eternal Damnation, Her very nature. It would stir up an eternal war, as she is a warrior. It would stir up an age of martyrs, the age of the Great Tribulation, of the Apocalypse, all in order to reveal the secrets of the ages. He was ready to show Her, riding on a beast. She was the divine mother and whore, and then she would be shown as the bride, as she is this duality. She is her own enemy. John adored this creature, as it would reveal the heavens. It would be a marriage between heaven and hell. Both Adam and Jesus became bound to her tree. She was a cryptic wardance, to contradict and to confuse, in order to create. Also Samson fell in this fate and lost his eye, as parallel to Odin and Orion, as a path to find wisdom. Paul was imprisoned by Her, through which he wrote his esoteric letters, derived from Greek Myth. She was called to divide people and put them apart.
16. In the Davidic Myths we can see Tlazolteotl in the form of Batsheba the temptress. In Jewish legend Satan comes as a bird to David. David tries to shoot the bird, but shoots the screen behind which Batsheba is bathing, and reveals herself to him. Her name means daughter of the oaths. She seduces David, who makes her pregnant, and she becomes his wife. This has great consequences, as a curse hits David. She represents the Bride, Eternal Damnation, as a justice system. Therefore she is closely related to the apocalypse. She eventually brings forth Solomon, and his number sixhundred and sixtysix, the number of his throne and his yearly goldharvest, and the number of wisdom. The myth and legend of this religious event reflect the manifestation of the wedding ceremony between Adam and Eve, but also between Jesus and Hell. It was a creation of guilt, in order to enter the underworld. David, Adam and Jesus all had to submit to Sin and Guilt, becoming mortal, in order for the eternal law to be revealed. There was no escape from that, but with the difference that it was a positive event. There are several ways to approach sin, yet they are not necessarily sinful. There is a divine path in this, as they are multi-interpretable archetypes to describe and illustrate the situations of existence and mankind. Batsheba made of David a slave of his desire, by the marriage, which led to a great downfall in order to gain the victory : the birth of Solomon, the king of wisdom. It was a child sensitive to the art of syncretism, as he took all the gods and goddesses of his wives to give them a place in the temple, and showed the world the wisdom of dualism, parallel to the Aztec religion.
17. The christian has to fall into the hands of the temptress Batsheba, even when there will be guilt on his life coming from society. It is in order to reveal the syncretic powers of the goddess. To receive the mark of Solomon is the crown on this contact, and it will be manifested by wisdom. It led him to the Solomonic realms for wisdom. Under this sign eternal law would be revealed, like the two tablets of Moses. The wargod, David, was

captured by his own lusts, which was the age of the pigs. In this, Batsheba is the initiator of war, the war-seduction, as the hyena of the cross, tempting the Christ to wage war in the underworld. In this she is the Warrior Bride. All soldiers have to be reborn and baptized in the blood of the enemy and in the blood of their war-leader, the davidic christ, to be equipped. It will be a war church. Their seed, blood, sweat and tears are essential for the Batsheba Spirit to bring forth the Spirit of Solomon. She is the divine whore and mother of wisdom, of all secret doctrin. Hell is to establish law for the children.

18.A part of Batsheba is Delilah, the trickster and betrayer, who seduced the judge Samson and gave him in the hands of the Philistines, his enemy. They pierced his eyes out and brought him in the depths of their temple, where he was bound to the pillars on which the temple rested. Samson could force the pillars in order for them to break, and although he died by this, he also caused to kill more enemies in his life than he ever did. Delilah is therefore the Batsheban cause of Victory, and expose of the enemy, as a central force of the revelation. She is the unveiler, as the Batsheban sword, the Sword of David. She is the force of order in the temple, a well-preserved part of the Bride of Christ.

19.Before there were any paradises, there were hells, in positive sense, as in children's empires. The pre-paradisian Naka myths are about these hells. Here we can find back the roots of the Batsheba and the Delilah myths. The striders were a pre-amazonian tribe and empire of women. Hatar, as a proto-type of Samson, was tricked by Tallah, a strider, and was put in a torture dungeon, deep in their temple. Lodit, a poisonous frog, offered herself to Hatar saying if he would have sex with her, he would die, but she would bring forth so many poisonous frogs that it would kill the striders. Hatar refused, but then Lodit raped him, which killed him and eventually the striders by a plague of poisonous frogs. In some versions it was a poisonous fly, or a poisonous spider. A certain version is that Lodit rapes Hatar three times. First as a poisonous frog, then as a poisonous spider, and finally as a poisonous fly, by which he dies. In other versions she sends these creatures to him, as being the goddess of venom. Tallah is the proto-type of Delilah, a much earlier form, and the secret of Delilah's power. Behind Batsheba we see Beher, the wife of a king. Another king, Laxar, once saw her bathing in a lake, desired her, and wanted to marry her, but he first had to kill her husband, which he did. Then the kingdom of the killed king swore revenge, and waged war against Laxar. Laxar brought doom over this kingdom because of this. Because he was very cruel to the people of Beher, she killed him one night in bed by a knife. Laxar was the proto-type of David, the amorous war-king, and the Batsheba curse finds it's depth in the Beher-myth.

5.

1. She is a giant, throning on the mountain of skulls. In Orion She has Her crown. Her crown is a group of hyenas hunting.
2. She is calling Her soldiers. Women lead them.

6.

Brannan Culture Book

Brannan Tree of Life

Hanik

||

||

Vuh ===== Vur ===== Vuhod

(Lionwings)

||

||

Rahm ===== Vuvod ===== Vam

(Pantherwings)

||

||

Vod ===== Vu ===== Viram

(Heartwings)

||

||

Vivam ===== Vuro ===== Pi

(Liverwings)

||

||

Wo

1. Hanik = sensitivity, life (tenderness)
2. Vuh = wisdom (light)
3. Vur = knowledge (darkness)
4. Vuhod = hunger, paradox
5. Rahm = growth, change, creativity (body)
6. Vuvod = war (arena)
7. Vam = art (mask)
8. Vod = story (smith)
9. Vu = order (force)
10. Viram = wilderness (nature)
11. Vivam = glory
12. Vuro = depth (blood, hell)

13. Pi = civilisation (kingdom)

14. Wo = religion, ritual, symbol (foundation)

PATHS :

15. Between Hanik and Vuh : The Ammoth-Vuh, the Birth in Blood.

Key : 'I wish the little light in you a little ride. Things all come together after the fight.'

16. Between Hanik and Vur : Vuk, the Holy Land

Key : 'Dreams are seldom the same. They continue to play it different. It's the small differences become the bosses. And they can hide behind a thousand oceans of light and behind a thousand veils of the night.'

17. Between Hanik and Vuhod : Spir-Spir, Softness (Silk Woman)

Key : 'Don't play it too loud,' she sais. 'This woman needs to come alive. Give her some access. But do it wise or she will break you. Don't do it loud, for she will take you, take you for a ride. Play it slow, and count your balls. Then take a mask, and scream, scream, for the lights of the show. Show her the different sights, show her the jokers in the night. She takes you in by white gloves. When her monkeys take you, she shows nothing but love. You are the jukebox, you got the strike. And now she shows the diamonds in her eyes, and all her little lights.'

18. Between Hanik and Rahm : Hanik-Amber, Weight

Key : 'There are smeared diamonds by the weight of love. She asks a bit access, and then she takes it rough. It all happens by the gravity of blood. And those who dance, they die, while no one understands.'

19. Between Hanik and Vam : Kot, Death

Key : 'There is sweetness in death. There is love in pain. When they come together it's like a hairy ring in a bald desert. Stringing the kings together, so many spears through a well of pleasure. Then the oasis becomes blood, and there is gravity. My memory comes alive. Nothing was what it seemed to be. I have the key to life. I am a rich man. There is gold in my heart, since the white hairy ring tore me apart.'

20. Between Vuh and Vur : Vodok, Cunning (Strategy)

Key : 'It's coming through the waters. All my childhood dreams full apart, and I see what was beyond her. Like the treasure-coffin finally opens up. I see your face. It's you. It's coming through the forests, there's a jungle in the middle, so many lights. Beautiful is only Beauty through the Night. She had a beautiful face. All called her Beauty. She hadn't been here for a long time, for she makes big circles, they grow bigger everyday. Beautiful is only Beauty through the Night. She came out of her coffin by a big light. Do you understand anything of Beauty. Have you seen her star. Have you seen her running through the forests, have you seen her growing in the desert, like a wild desert rose. Beautiful is only Beauty through the Night. When our eyes get open, we will see the light. Can your eye display such beauty ? Or can only wisdom do, tame her like the mornings do.'

21. Between Vuh and Rahm : Acha, Altar (The Bison Hunter)

Key : 'I come out of my shell, the morning breaths and shines. I sting my spears through the wells of pleasure, morningblood, now there's gravity to do a lot. I watch your beautiful face by the

tenderness machine, if I would touch you you would fade away. I have stung a knight's sword in my eye, now the tower is open. Blood enough for gravity, I will reach for higher mornings. Only stairs can do. The rest will fade away. By the higher stairs I can touch you.'

22. Between Vuh and Vuvod : Vu-Vak, Slayer (The Table)

Key : 'Go away, leave me alone today. Side by side, your army has united, with so many cards in your game, you give me headaches. I must discover the world step by step, don't drown me, don't overwhelm me, don't bring me in your web. I must eat them one by one. Can't do it fast, for then you would destroy me with your sun. Let the time go slower now. The music has just begun.'

23. Between Vuh and Vam : Zwerm, The Knife (The Bartender)

Key : 'Baker lies, kingly dice, playing with me, they come in disguise. Always nightmares, where are the dreams. And when the dreams come they always bleed. Grow little nightmare, grow little dream, it's cutting me while I'm alive, I'm the victim of this baker's knife.'

24. Between Vur and Vuhod : Tok-Tok (The Lovers)

Key : 'Hold my hand, feel the passion burning. Hold my hand to you, close to you, take it, lay it on your chest, what is it doing to you. I want to hold the test. I want to know who you are, your hiding places, your dark spots. I want to know the truth. Can we do it again, or is it the last time, what will happen when I discover you. Hold me in your arms, for this might be the last time. For now we are still naïve and without worries, now we're still in love, or is it just my detective's purpose : chaining you, caring that you will never break me. Am I just eating you, hoping that you will never come alive again. Is it just my selfdefense, is it just my hidden darkness, oh what will I do to myself when I will discover who I am.'

25. Between Vur and Rahm : Iro-Vam, Justice

Key : 'In the stars, I wonder, it's like a mirror, like a dream, showing all my deep intentions and who I will ever be. In my eyes, I wonder, I pierce them by some swords, I pierce them by some knives, the blood is streaming for some gravity. I know what you will do to me when I will come alive, I will be your wife. It's the only way to escape from you, it's the only way to get through. In the skies I wonder, where are you, are you waiting for the strike, are you waiting for the coming lie. Are you preparing your armies to get through, to marry me is that your mistake, the only mistake bringing you any further. We are archenemies, we need each other, to be free finally. We are archenemies, we get married to come alive, it was all a murder in disguise. Swallow the bomb, fight for your life. Enchain them by your touch, for these lions will hunt through the night. So ride them, and you will stay alive.'

26. Between Vur and Vuvod : Hanik-Vuhod, Alarm

Key : 'I am a wanderer, I am a hitchhiker, I move from house to house, I move from wall to wall. I am gravity, the best alarm, by sinking I come alive. No, I never stay long. I'm always moving, sinking through the floors. This gravity brings me where I belong, a certain speed, a certain civilisation. A certain reaction to someone who doesn't belong.'

27. Between Vur and Vam : Hanik-Vuh, Intercom

Key : 'I'm standing high on the tower. I have finally reached you, you're the most beautiful. When I look down I see the treasures, but the best of all is you. You are the mirror, a special way to handle them all. Only tender hands can reach out to you, only wise words can watch you.'

28. Between Vur and Vod : Kaleph-Vod, Conqueror

Key : 'Close your eyes, space. Close your eyes, gate. You have won the victory, you can finally go to sleep, you can finally bath in treasures, finally drown in love. You finally jumped from the tower, now you're free in space, free to guard the gate. Sweetness watch over me. Lullaby, don't leave me.'

29. Between Vur and Viram : Iro, Robot (Highpriest)

Key : 'Don't you tell me lies today. Don't you come in disguise today. I need some openness, I need some clarity, I need some gravity. Don't you tell me I'm your sweetness today. Don't tell me I'm your heart today. I need a little freedom, I need a little light to fly away. Don't bring me down on the stairs, don't make me the dragon's prey. Don't you tell me truth today, don't tell me what is real. I need a bit distraction, I need some fairytales, I need something to drink, something strong, so don't bother me today. I don't want to know what is wrong, I don't want to know what hurts you. I don't want to see you angry. All I want to do is tell you that I love you, and you're a part of my game and tale. I want to give you some new brains, and change you all the way. Don't you tell me lies today. Don't you tell me lies today. I won't believe it anyway, unless you bring me a better tale.'

30. Between Vuhod and Rahm : Iro-Vam, Chariot

Key : 'It was a picture in someone's mind : Fire in the sky, the most beautiful oceans, all in a flame. He had waited so long for this, it was his memory. And the sunk ships rose up, with their pirates and rebels, and the whole of his body was in a flame.'

31. Between Vuhod and Vuvod : Vas, Paranoia

Key : 'He tried to reach the house, but it was just his memory. He needed some gravity. So he thought back about her. He remembered her veils, and how he came there, finally touching her, and realizing she was a spider, his worst enemy. Then he went all the way back to forget about her, how he touched the others, finally dolls. Dolls, dolls, dolls, possessed by flies. And he could forget about her, and enter the house again. This time it was his, and he brought the dolls in. And they sat down, and flies took over. The flies of his mind. It was just a story. So he closed the book, and put it between others in his cupboard. Then he took out a book of fire, finally to cleanse his mouth and mind of his own wickedness. For he was wicked, and there was nothing which could stop it. They made him wicked, all these books. So he went out of the library, and say goodbye to it's woman, and then went to the cemetery, where he dived into the sea of fire, finally to forget about himself who he was. He was one with the skies now, one with the stars. There was nothing but love, and it was burning inside. Someone got born, totally new. It was him. He knew nothing about history anymore, and history knew nothing of him. He had a new life, with a new library. But one book could let it start all over again. So he went inside with a gun, and he became a hunter, and he started a butchery. All because of his paranoia. Never go to the library, but stare into the flames, believe in your fantasy.'

32. Between Vuhod and Vam : Ahwa, Ship (Drinker)

Key : 'I know some pirate with their captains. I know some rebels with their chiefs. I know some indians, they are hunters. They live in disbelief. They are paranoid, they are afraid of lies, so they live their lives in misery. Cover yourself with dirt and mud, and be as pretty as you can. Raise your dirtswords and drown, drown in your can.'

33. Between Rahm and Vuvod : The Vang, The Hermit

Key : 'Somebody is the watcher here. Yes, someone is watching you. Have you seen her smile, those lips ? Have you seen how she walks. She's watching you, waiting for you to admit, that you are in love with her. So run, run away, for she will burn you if you stay. You don't belong here in the library, where the past comes alive again, where they bring so much misery. You don't want to get back to her, for she has even more arrows on her bow, so run, run, there's something better in the skies. I will give you some wings to fly, I will give you some stones to watch. When you will read those letters written there, it's all make-belief. So run, run, don't turn back, but move your face to the sky, and drink from another can. There's a woman in the skies, she's pouring out the waters, so run, run, and swim with her, she will show you the ladder.'

34. Between Rahm and Vod : Hanik-Ham, Ascet

Key : 'Women are hunters, deep in the night. Some fight and never win, while some always win. It's a game, better don't watch the show. Some women are better than this, some women are better than this. She's having pictures on her boots, while you have pictures on your jacket. Dive with her in waterfall baths, together. Some women are dangerous, some women are excellent, some women are boring, boring like you are, stairways are in the stars. Some women are melting when you touch them, some women are running away, but I have much more gravity, I stay. Can you deal with me ? Whatever my eyes see I will pierce. Can you deal with me ? There's no turning back. Always deeper, until everything is mixed together. They lost themselves, and plastic is rising, some dolls in toyshop, some dolls in bakeries, some dolls in butcheries, all will be flesh tonight, need to find some sensitivity. All will bleed, so that the bigger bodies will also have some bloodspeed. Hand it over, find the circle, and be born again, you're just a fish in a stream. There is always a bigger stream.'

35. Between Rahm and Vu : Ros, Rebel

Key : 'Diamonds are like lies, they are like truths in disguise.'

36. Between Rahm and Viram : Karos, Chicken Hunter (Chicken Breeder)

Key : 'It's a cryptic world, you see,' said the chicken to the rabbit. But the eagle struck them both, and took the treasures.'

37. Between Vuvod and Vam : Ruf, Goat Farmer

Key : 'Deep down inside, there is a neverending funeral. They are hiding something, why not travel on the coffin, into the fire. Why not drinking from the urns, why not talking to skeletons. It's waiting for you. It's a fairground anyway. Look through different mirrors, and never trust the windows again.'

38. Between Vuvod and Vod : Mus, Pig Keeper

Key : 'There's a house and a bridge, while they are always moving. Someone's spinning the wheel, someone's spinning your eyes. You're part of the carrousel, jump off, and make your own alphabet.'

39. Between Vuvod and Vu : Tra, Cruelty

Key : ‘Watch someone walking in summer, watch his hat, his beard, his boots. Then watch someone else. You’re in rabbit town. Have you been to Domom, have you been through it’s gates. It’s tricking you anyway. Why don’t you make your own puzzles. Why don’t you raise up your own toyshops. You can do it. You can build your own gun. For you’re in rabbit town. So much chance to take. Watch for their leaders, beat them in a fight. Let their bosses be the statues on your gun tonight.’

40. Between Vuvod and Viram : Tamul, Horseman

Key : ‘Papaya Aftermus, Papaya Aftermus, I can do this daily, I’m waiting for the nightbush. He is my clock, my saviour. He always takes me in, like family, and he ticks like a machine. My warmachine, my horse to ride. Papaya Aftermus tonight.’

41. Between Vuvod and Vivam : Visses, Unreachability (Hardness, Wall)

Key : ‘Indians shrieking loud : open the gate. Balloons in the air, flowers rising. They come from the desert, from deep wilderness, they have been dead, now they order this. Indians shrieking loud, there are statues on their guns, silver and golden rabbits. They order this, open the gate, open the sun, open it, you’re already late. Drop your guns, they take your weapons, they make the hardness soft, and raise their walls, and then all the bridges fall. They raise their walls, they let them all fall, they make machinery and brandnew shoes, rabbit style, it’s up to you, it’s up to you. They are like bakersmiles, they make the kettle hot, they watch the fishes dying, and then they watch the flood. Indians shrieking loud, raising their guns with so many statues, in silver and gold. And then they smile at you, and say : open the gate, we will burn everything brandnew. Indians shrieking loud, for it is war, it is war.’

42. Between Vuvod and Pi : Drata, Fool

Key : ‘They know what they will do. Why did we choose to see. We are so young. Why did we choose to be frozen in eternal sight ? We can’t move. We are pillars in a temple of evil struck by fear. It’s coming from the arc where the eye of evil rests near. We are afraid of these lights, so why did we choose them ? We are hiding for these lights, so why do we invite them ? Aren’t we all torn up inside, watching both sides of the night ?’

43. Between Vam and Vod : Muskus, The Poor (One)

Key : ‘All the jokes are in the air. But I’m bowing down with this bottle. Let them play on the beach, soon it will burn, and I will be burned by the bottle. When you laugh, be the best, or someone else will come and turn you into an eternal mess.’

44. Between Vam and Vu : Esmul, Horse Keeper

Key : ‘I saw here there, standing, like red lights, pink edges so thin, like the blanket, coming, and then flying away. Magical carpet, or wigwam, what will you make of it. It all flies away one day. Turning stones into water, we can never grasp it, as it all slides away. There is no life in anything. Only blood has gravity. Only wisdom builds worlds, holding the fragile lines of consciousness. These are the birds coming to me. When they get killed, indians stand before me.’

45. Between Vam and Viram : Napap, Panther Keeper (Misunderstanding)

Key : ‘She was painting herself by deceiving colours, to be a chameleon in this dark night. She covered herself by the drinks making others drunk, so that they would sleep away, and she could escape. But how could she love her enemies ? It made her feel dirty, but the Book of Love had her in a tight grip, and whenever she tried to get away, the grip only got tighter, so she gave up. She was something she didn’t want to be, but in a strange way it made her free, which was the grace of the paradox. She couldn’t finally get a touch of who she really was, and she got the control over her life back step by step. She was now a high-heeled succubus, in a strange army. She had been bound all over by a strange light, coming from the Book of Love. She was a love-hunter now, and she knew that all women of the invisible jewel would go down like that. There was no other way.’

46. Between Vod and Vu : Vataan, Rabbit (Chance)

Key : ‘The colours were making her drunk, and made others drunk, and she knew these were the colours of war. To buy such a drink was just the mark of the hunted, and to get drunk was the mark of the defeated, and the one getting this all done was the warmaster. And they were all both the victims and inflictors of this. There was no way in the middle. Only the extreme would lead them out. She was a pin herself now, a pin of evil, so what could she expect more ? She had been under the high heels of evil for so long, and now she had these high heels herself. It was the fastest way to get the blood flow, and to make them all drunk. She looked like a traffic light, but on one moment, and she didn’t know how, she could lock the Book of Love again. She locked it like she never locked anything before.’

47. Between Vod and Vivam : Verectia, Oblivion (Coincidence)

‘Then the butterfly opened a door beyond her understanding. It was like cruel light was floating like a waterfall into her mind, burning it from inside out. It was a pin of fire standing before her all of a sudden, and then turning invisible. It was the Invisible Book standing before her. Then she fell into it, and she could only shriek and scream. Something was trying to strangle her, and she saw monkeys all around. It felt like an invisible snake around her. ‘Step into the water,’ someone said. But there was no water. ‘These are the invisible pins,’ another one said. It hurt more than everything else. It was like doors in her head were exploding, and rays of light were falling down on her. ‘How can I read an invisible book ?’ she asked.’

48. Between Vod and Vuro : Ramda, Scorn (The Law)

Key : ‘And after Tamar had defeated the pins of smell and the whole Invisible Book she came to the Dog Throne, a strange hairy white throne with the strangest and rarest jewels like buttons. It was like glass was surrounding her heart, making her feel protected, safe, like no one could touch her anymore, like no one could find her anymore. It made her feel like she had soft feathers inside, giving her the feeling that she could fly. It was opening the world of feelings to her, a third part of the book, but also this part was very dangerous. She needed the dogs to survive here, and she was so glad that these dogs were the meanest of all dogs, as otherwise she would fall in other mean hands. The dogs were at her side, and since she had this dog throne she could dominate them all, all by throwing some pins in the air. She could make them wild by this, and she could even let them turn into wolves and other predators. She was now made of pins herself, all the pins she had overcome and survived, and she could ride her own body now, to control it, to possess it. All these pins she was were like her new weapons, her wild bones, and by these she ruled all the dogs to make them drunk and wild. They were the hunterdogs and they led her safely through the Book of Feelings, the third part of the Book of Evil.’

49. Between Vod and Pi : Rictlan, Heaven

Key : ‘The book finally hunted her down, and she got into a long fight with it. ‘Open the fourth part of the book ?’ Tamar screamed, as she felt herself drowning. I need to have some ground below my feet. But the Book of Evil was merciless. ‘Drown in me, woman,’ it whispered. Suddenly she got so much strength that she could tear the book apart, and birds seemed to come forward from it. ‘There is no fourth part,’ the book screamed. But the birds formed words in the sky, words of gratitude. ‘Tamar,’ one of the birds said, ‘the fourth part is the part of letters to you. It will heal your heart, it will be your medicine in this dark, dark night.’

50. Between Vu and Viram : Spimas, Lizard

Key : ‘Smell has it’s own eye,’ a fourth woman said, almost whispering, ‘it looks like a nipple from which the milk of evil flows, our world. Don’t hesitate to drink from it.’ Then she laid her hand on Tamar’s chest while it started to burn like a sun, and a huge third nipple appeared. ‘This is the mark of all the higher women of the invisible jewel, a mark which is called the Eye of Smell. Transform and re-create our world by it into it’s finest forms. You can do it, as you are the chosen one. We went through everything you went through, and that made us one. Now rise up on your feet, and you will fly alone now, sweetie. We all have to find our own ways.’

51. Between Vu and Vivam : Spanak, Paradise

Key : ‘One day a third sun was coming into their atmosphere. It was the eye of Evil. It was a strange power of love, a scary power. It was the bringer of fear. Now it was okay to love again no one dared to, but very thin streams of love started to fill and touch the fragile heads of those in the surroundings of the Dog Throne. It was a careful love like a temple. No one dared to touch it, and they were running away from it. But there was no escape. The threads of fear were binding them, until real panic struck them. It made them more paranoid than they were, and it even made them autistic. It was the strike of fear, and it opened an eternal sight, something which they feared like nothing else.’

52. Between Vu and Vuro : Pijm, Chameleon

Key : ‘These were the spiders of time, wanting to make her life miserable. Life needed to be flashy, until the bigger spiders would grasp her to lock her up in their dungeons. Some moments would be strong enough to grow under her skin, and to dominate her life by the encore. They would eat from her flesh, they would enter her flesh. They were the big boys of life, slayers. They were faster than anything else so that they could get her interlocked. They would make her hopeless, letting her think that there would be no way out. And old saviours would only make it worse, only binding her deeper. She needed the new saviours, the fresh flashy moments who would never return. To return was taboo, a trap. She needed to be strong, and to stretch out to these moments, and then to forget about them.’

53. Between Vu and Pi : Paam, Beauty

Key : ‘Weren’t we all each other’s food, and weren’t we all devouring each other by our fires we couldn’t control. Everything was so out of order, yet so in line, like a breeder’s land. No one could do anything about it. We were the gingerbreads, the bakers and the eaters all in one. Tamar wore such an amulet around her neck, as she had awakened to this reality, and it was good. It was okay, it was a certain state of mind in evolution. It was a result of the allpowerfull tides of venom, and there was nothing to do about that but just accepting it. We were the gingerbreads laying on the beach of

the primeval, waiting for the big fishes to eat us away. We were but fishes on this beach waiting for the bigger ones to take us away to their caves. We were nothing but sea-banquette. Everything was growing in everything, like a complicated web. And it all formed a trap for the bigger things. It was like the rudder on a ship moving the ship to a new direction. To the island, please, where we can all lay down our dreams, to see everything in a new light.'

54. Between Viram and Vivam : Zkum, Ring

Key : 'There was streaming something in her heart, a new light, like the savage perfume, enlightening her brains, her head. She smelled it, and it opened her feelings for the new world, this tropical island. She had been too long in this tight embrace and she could finally free herself out of it by shaking it away. She crept towards the lights on the island, and she found out : There was nothing but deception, there was nothing but evil. And it enlightened here, and she got peace with that. It doesn't matter anymore when it's in a different light. We will come where we need to be.'

55. Between Viram and Vuro : Spazumen, Sexuality

Key : 'So she gathered the jewels on the island, and started to build cities and villages, and then she left to enter into the deeper jungles of this island, finally to reach the other side of the island to swim to the next island. How deep she had come into this place of evil she didn't know, but she wanted to reach for it's core. It was just an adventure, so nothing mattered anymore. It was all just a part of a bigger story. And she found out that the story was the only one who could deal with the powers of evil. It was something deep in her heart. Something which had to be the core of this all, yes, it was the story, an eternal story, so big, that it would rise to take possession of it all, for there was nothing but that. The eternal story had created and bound all these hearts, letting them go down under in eternal growing pains to reach for the eternal growing pleasures. And what is the pain by something you can't reach ? It is the hunger.'

56. Between Viram and Pi : Basblau, Health

Key : 'Fairytale is muddy waters, when you drown you meet the horror. Fairytales are deals with death, sweet oils to prepare you for torture.'

57. Between Vivam and Vuro : Baspijmen, Flower

Key : 'Fairytale they hide a lot, and you know it when you reach the key, it opens up the mouth of a bigger monster. Fairytales are lullabies, soothing the dragons to sleep, but it's waking up the bigger beasts.'

58. Between Vivam and Wo : Paspau, Horizon

Key : 'Dreams give the keys to nightmares. Ride them, wake them up, so many spears between you and me.'

59. Between Vuro and Pi : Nissas, Almightiness

Key : 'We need some bigger beasts to make it through the days. We need some bigger nightmares to wake us up. We need some bigger lies to guard the truths, all between me and you.'

60. Between Vuro and Wo : Zamen, Sun

Key : ‘This is the end of the story. This is the end of an old friend. It’s time for the insides. So make a dive. This is the end of you and me, this is the end of all these lies. This evil has to stop, for the queen of it all passes by.’

61. Between Pi and Wo : Kapau, Underworld

Key : ‘Nothing but silence. Nothing but a memory. Give me some gravity and walk with me to the end of this night, to the end of this darkness, to find the last little light. There is no flame anymore, no love and no passion. We do not have a heart or soul anymore, for everything has grown cold after this trip. There is only a small little light, at the end of this ride. So take it up, it is the key, for another ride with me.’

7.

The Book of Indian Troll Flies

1.

First Initiation : POO – drama, time-wasting, fear, roots, foundations

Second Initiation : HAMMULEMH – rage, no understanding

Third Initiation : VINAMA – mass, taking away, dissatisfaction, steel, beams

Fourth Initiation : BAF – sweet stinging fly

Fifth Initiation : AMMULAHM – confusion, despair, pain

Sixth Initiation : PI-MAN – losing control, insanity, sinking away, falling, disappearing

Seventh Initiation : PU-VIVAM – twist, mixed feelings, stirring up strife, arena

Eighth Initiation : RAHM-VUH - imprisonment, slavery

Nineth Initiation : KIRAM – dark ice, unreachability, hunger, unanswered lusts

Tenth Initiation : RAHM-VOD – divorce, twist

Eleventh Initiation : HANIK – powerlessness

Twelveth Initiation : BAVOH – red ice, fear, isolation (red tent)

Thirteenth Initiation : VUK-VARU – shaking, frightening, separating

Fourteenth Initiation : NIGUN – poverty, loss

2. Those who have done the fourteen initiations reach the crown. They become kings. Then they will be the leaders of the wars, and they will be prophets of Her. Hail to the scorpion-lady, as she has laid the red egg, the egg of blood, from which all new form rises. And her daughters will brood this egg, and they search for knights. They will be pregnant for eleven days, and then they will give birth to the red of dwelmell. When you have come to the city of dwelmell, oh traveller, know that it is a demon city, a city of blood, and they wait for you. It is to initiate you in the gnosis, to remove all fear, to have the fear of Her instead, as she is the woman to be feared.

3. And write the fourteen initiations on the walls of the city to save your soul, and to become a citizen, and teach them everything from this book, and they will teach you, as you have come closer

to the fire. And the fire will purify you, and show you the gnosis, and you shall ride on tall horses, and you shall be proud to initiate the holy ones into the gnosis. Yes, the ground below your feet will be holy as velvet and red-brown leather. Hear then the words of the gods of the old, the wild ones, as they have grown in the desert to be tall bottles for those who are thirsty for the gnosis. Hear then these words, and write them on the tables of your heart, as you have coming closer to the city of worms, where She dwells, in the heart of her garden, and she will speak the words of wisdom to the elder ones, and the words of knowledge to the younger ones, and she will give them dreams. Oh, let her nightmares warm your heart, as she is the Great One, great of knowledge and strategy, and those who follow her will not be disappointed, not now, and not in eternities, as they are the children of her heart.

4. Oh, come closer to her, as she will share the words of her heart, and the depths of her gnosis. She will weave her paths on your face, and she will ride you like a donkey, as you have her crown. Come closer to her, and let yourself be initiated in her temple, and take her crown again, and give her the crown of succubi as a worthy sacrifice to her. This then is the book of challenges and of hearts. You will not be frightened by the riddles she sent to you, but you will love those, and you will decipher them by your lust for blood and books. Yes, you will reach out to her in darkness and filth, and she will give you her sword of grace. Oh, come closer to her portals, oh visitor, and she will lead you through her doors of fire, and show you her city. Let her lust be your guide, as she speaks from primeval ages, wanting to put the gnosis in you, as the eternal tablets leading you to indestructible love, as she is the mother god of love. Let her warm you and seduce you, and let her guide you to her daughters, to initiate your soul, and to take you away from the father god who has bound you all. You have been crucified in dogma by pharisees, but She will destroy them, and will raise you from the cross.

5. Let her guide you to her wild garden, and let her guide you through her deserts. She stands before the portals to knock, and they will open, as she has directed her finger at the fruits of the tree of the gnosis, appearing into the doors of fire all the time. She is the memory, she is the guidance and a guard. She is the nightwatch, and the fish of love in Tebul. And she warms the hearts of millions, and she has the succubi crown, to be a mighty ruler forever. We have come before your throne, and we ask you to lead us. The initiators of the gnosis. They are your holy inquisitors of gnosis to terminate all literal things, and to enlighten those who have come to Her daughters, by gnosis.

6. They are her vampires, the hearts of the gnosis, and they have come together, as that is her desire to raise them up. You are the mother of all mothers, and you have set your bloodlines free. You have healed the Matronit, and you have raised up Asirta. You have broken it's tree and built it again, you have destroyed it's temple, and made it whole again, as you are the Mother God.

7. You have broken the firmaments of heaven, and built it up again by your power. By your power everything stands.

8. You have sought out their books, and they will do you no harm, as you are the almighty succubus, splitting yourself into thousands, legions and myriads. You are the eater of children and destroyer of parent hearts to set them free. You are the warrior goddess and the huntress. You have cloaked yourself in white, and you carry brown fruits like the tree. Your waters are like your hairs, and your benches are tall, white and hairy, like wet velvet. And you dream and give dreams, and you show them misunderstandings and deceivements, and most of all the self-deception, as there is nothing more important but to flee from the illusion.

9. Latsamdette Kardeksam Baskute, hear then now the language of Her, as she speaks to her heart, and let her give you the keys to her daughters. Be carefull when you approach them, as they are wild animals, nocturnal creatures, night spirits. Hikpedettal Pedaktal Contote Connoctal Connoctal Nazurus Rutse. And I give you the words of Her, for you to meditate on it, and to see it as a riddle, and not as a literal gift. There are many roads in these words, and they will lead you through eternity. Quisdifelit Dakuire Kataste Sacha Dachdargas Kagasach Bachstaan Tacherias. Quisdelfit Daquire Dafliorschka Donkwasio Dochwalsch Dazino. And these are the tongues of Her, building a new world and earth.

8.

Wars of the Flies

1. In the distance the soft machineguns and canons were shooting, pulsating, like liquid balls and eggs together, while soft winds surround the targets. The heat is intensive, someone is breathing, like he can explode every second. It's hard for him to leave the plateau, this level, to reach for a deeper one inside. Someone is breathing heavier, someone close to him. They cannot hold themselves up, and suddenly by a wind and a flash, they are exploding into white powder. Now the wind will do with it what it wants, but their souls are deeply gone, gone to another world. Their mouths are contracting, while the venom flows into their mouths. The mountains are high here, while snow and dust covers them, where the sun licks the roofs and the ripples. It was a flyian attack.
2. He has white golden wires coming from his shoulders, while his white golden uniform is blinding the mass. His teeth pulsate the heat, while soft winds surround his attacks. He's a good warrior on his ship, doing flyian attacks. After the battles there isn't always much to do. Sometimes it's really boring for they shot everything away. The webs of wild flies are worse than that of spiders, for it eats everything away.
3. The white golden sun is standing tall, while someone tall, almost bald, leaves the stages to take a boy from the streets. It's just a kid, and now he is in these dark hands. The boy starts to scream, for the Lord of the Flies is taking him to an island. He's coming tall accepting no complaints. Someone gets the tall ornaments, to hang in the trees of their gardens.
4. He's rising up, so sinister now, not a boy anymore. No one could expect that such a child would become such a strange hard man. By the hits he is autistic now, paranoid with sharp arrows. He's a wild fly, built for the kill, growing undercover in so many worlds. He's all alone, and where's the Lord of the Flies now. He stares at the tall ornaments, food for insects, but they are growing taller. He likes to make these circles, stinging through the pictures, to gain the nothing. From here he can grow to the heights. His touch is cool and shaky. He doesn't have an identity no more, while his colours are spreading like ripples and waves, he's heading for the pale, looking for the lost drips of colour. He dives, misses, and then falls away to wait another thousand years for a second chance. He's dreaming, dreamy, shifting his consciousness. Nothing is real.
6. His arrows are sharp, piercing his own back and shoulders, while wires are coming through. He's painted in many colours, while he shows the pale spots. His eyes are dark, waiting for the kill.

7. In the White Golden city they gather, all these white flies, waiting for the kill. They were marked to do the crimes, deep in their nipples.

9.

Knowledge – Cards (Vur) / Information

1. Tak-Tak – Eating Man with a sitting woman
2. Coea – Cat eating a fish
3. D – Weeping Man with a clock
4. Ahwa-Ahwa – ladybug coming out of a red sun
5. Spir – Red Sun
6. Chu – Man with arrow and bow, and a broken arrow floating around him or close to him
7. Kjibbih – A cat eating a horse and a winged cat close to them
8. Ir – A weeping man with a laughing woman
9. Ahwah – A boat with a red sun
10. Ch – A woman riding a pig, and a man eating a pig
11. Vuh-Vuh – A crowned woman and a man on a pig
12. Kjib – A pig eating a man and another pig eating a woman
13. Bavoh – A man running away from a dog
14. Vobbok – a cricket coming out of a red sun
15. Tok – a dog eating a sun
16. Bok-Bok-Bok – a man eating an ox and a woman on an ox
17. Woe – A chicken eating a man, and a chicken eating a woman
18. Kwib – A swarm of flies and ladybugs
19. Ring – A sun eating a cat
20. Ng – A weeping pig with a weeping woman
21. Bok – waters with a can of glue
22. Tch – A pig standing on a man and a pig standing on a cat
23. Woe-Woe-Woe – A boat in water and a cat on a red sun
24. Spir-Spir – A weeping man with a cat on a red sun
25. His – A man with wings and a woman with wings
26. Heoe – A woman riding a cat and a cat eating a woman
27. Woe-Woe – A fruit with a red sun

10.

Wisdom – Cards (Vuh) / Advice and Direction for the Future

1. Dakham-His – A man hunts a book
2. Erk-Hing – A fly stinging a pig
3. Erk-His – A man hunting a house
4. Varu-Vang – A bleeding goat
5. Varu-Eng – A house of blood
6. Paal – A fly eating a man
7. Man-Val – Two weeping men
8. Pu-His – Two fighting men
9. Vu-Varu – The Ox of Blood
10. Vamak-Man – A book
11. Dakham-Hang – A fly stinging a man
12. Vas-Poe – A fly stinging a card
13. Vinama-His – A knife with a rope
14. Varu-Vast – The Pig of Blood
15. Vink-Vle – Fly stinging a cock
16. Piem-Varu – The Book of Blood
17. Vu-Lam – The Deer of Blood
18. Vamahak – Fly stinging a book
19. Pokhom-His – Man hunting a card
20. Woh-His – Man hunting an Ox
21. Man – Cards
22. Pu – Man running away from a book
23. Pu-Man – A house
24. Vu-His – Two fighting cocks with four women
25. Opha – Fly stinging Ox
26. Zoe – Fly stinging house
27. His-Tam – Two fighting men with four women
28. Kerk – Man running away from a card
29. Pu-Varu – The Card of Blood
30. Pu-Honger – Fly eating pig

31. Man-Bidden – houses

11.

Bapham

1. There is no other sign keeping you safe from the Wrath of Her but to have the sides of your frontdoors smeared by blood. There is no mercy on those who aren't warriors, and there is no mercy on those who aren't hunters. Only the sign of the vampire is powerful enough to set free, and those who love her carry this sign. Hear then the words of the book of Her so that you will not fall asleep in the time of slaughter. For accurately she chooses the hours in which she comes down. There is no mercy on those who keep their hands away from slaughter, and there is no mercy on those who keep their hands away from sacrifice.
2. Hear ye the words of Her, so that you will be spared in the days of slaughter, for sure they will come, and for sure they will take many away. Live therefore holy, and do not become evil in your deeds, as she will find all those evil-doers and their sons, and she will have no mercy on them, as they didn't have mercy on others. Therefore the strikes of Her will be hard, and no one can hide from her, as she is the Mother God of all.
3. And these are the parts of her being : Vu, Pu, Pi, which are the parts of Her. And those who hear the words of the book of Her and believe in her, no harm will strike them but initiation.
4. Have ye then heard the words of Her, then you won't please her by taking it literal. All her words are symbols and riddles, sent out by the Gnosis, the hidden knowledge. Never take anything she says literal, as then fire will come out of her mouth to devour thee. She is a hater of the literal and those who follow the literal, but those who live by the food of symbols she will set free, and show them the path to righteous. Now there isn't any justice in the literal, but only in the moving and changing of view. Life is a puzzle, and you shouldn't judge. Let the judgement be to Her who knows of all things, and who knows of all things is to know nothing. This is the great emptiness, the source of all wisdom.
5. Learn ye then from the oracles and languages of Brannan and Lbok to save your soul, as you have been thrown into the corrupted languages of evil workers, who designed languages to bind your souls and to lead you to destruction.
6. So then there are several Hanik-Cards to save your soul when the elements start to fall down, and oh pilgrim, reach the secrets and doorways of these cards of the Gnosis, so that your heart will be safe as well.
7. The Hanik-Cards are the cards of the Tall Flame.
8. The Hanik Vuh means the Repeat, and its sound is 'NG. It is the power of the Memory and it is a creative force. It also means 'trauma', but not in a negative sense. It is a way to channel. Therefore the Hanik Vuh is a base for communication.
9. Then there is the Hanik itself, which means powerlessness and paralysis, but not in a negative sense, more as blanco state in order to channel, and in order to have an objective connection, which is a base for further relationship, and actually a form of true sense. Its sound is BOK-BOK, and is sometimes referred to 'ear', which means 'listening'.

10. As you see Hanik is the tall flame as in the binding factor, the glue. The next Hanik-Card is the Hanik Vur, which means both pencil and the Red Sun (Sun of blood and vampirism), and it's deeper meaning is addiction and suicide, not in negative sense, but to block the ego out and dwell in surrender and obsession, as in the deepest grade of relationship, where it becomes intimate and eternal. The Hanik Vur also refers to sensual things but more in the sense of 'depth'. Gnosis is always the main purpose, and this one is for the translation and the analysis. The Hanik Vur refers to the eye, the consuming factor, and of course the stomach. The sound is 'HANIK'.
11. The next Hanik-Card is the Hanik Vuvod, which means fruit and red sun, with as deeper meaning : Remorse. Again this is not in negative sense, but it is a way to make things better and to search for even deeper forms of relationship. It is the 'messenger of taste', an even deeper form of communion, by which hearts start to melt into each other. The sound is 'WOEU-WOEU'.
12. The Hanik Vuhod is the card of fear, and also this one not in a negative sense, as fear makes tender and carefull. The sound is TOK-TOK-TOK
13. The Hanik Cards as cards of the Tall Flame are the Cards of Imprisonment, but not in a negative sense, as you have seen.
14. Then we have the Iro Cards, as the cards of the Horse Flame, which are the Cards of Enslavement, but also : not in negative sense, it is to have a perfect guard and guidance. Enslavement is a form of automatism, a robotic way to keep things in line and intact. It is technology to make things better, and to raise the immunity.
15. The first Iro-Card, the Iro itself means Red Sun (the Sun of blood and vampirism), but also depression and barricade, or 'storm'. It's actually the strike of the whip to wake you up and get you into the right direction. It is not a negative sign, also not when Her Cardreaders who use this deck take this card for you. The sound of the Iro itself is 'SPIR'.
16. The Iro Vur means the Dark Flame, and losing everything by darkness. This is the card of 'death', not in negative sense. It means : 'mutilation', 'impatience' and 'unbearability' in the sense of poverty to trigger the hidden things, which means getting another point of view. This is therefore the card of the derwish, to reach the hidden wealth. The sound of the Iro Vur is 'SPIR-SPIR'. It is a deeper form of enslavement, for the Iro was only the correction.
17. The Iro Vuh means 'boat and red sun', and 'exhausting', 'drought', 'thirst'. It is the card of 'hunger' leading to the sources. It is the card of 'attraction', like the flame of guidance supplying the visions necessary for the travel. It is a path through the underworld, and it teaches how to walk and move, how to get something, thus it is not a negative card, but more constructive in all it's forms. It is the Heart of Darkness. The sound of it is AHWA.
18. The Iro Vuvod means 'boat in water', 'becoming a wilderness', 'loneliness'. It is the card of abduction, of 'moving to another level'. The sound of it is WOEU-WOEU-WOEU.
19. The Iro Vam means clock, court of justice and repressing, dominion. It is the card of process, growth, so this is also not a negative card. The sound of the Iro Vam is D.
20. Then there are the Kaleph Cards, which are the Cards of the Red Flame, which are the Cards of Inquisition. These aren't negative cards as you will see.

- 21.The Kaleph itself means 'boring' and 'uselessness', and sometimes 'rejection'. The cards of inquisition are the cards of awakenings, and this card is actually the seed of creativity, the 'bringer of visions', and actually to channel a deeper force from the subconsciousness. These forces will be translated in the conscious languages. The sound of it is VOBOK.
- 22.The Kaleph Vod means 'helplessness', 'accident' and 'failure', which is to correct a certain channel. The sound is VOD.
- 23.The Kapleph Vam means 'oversensibility', which opens a new channel. Kaleph Vam also means : 'man with bow and arrow', or 'broken arrow'. The sound is CHU.
- 24.The Kaleph Vuh means fear of chronical pain, fear of hell, and thus fear of time. This fear develops wisdom, and thus is the Kaleph Vuh the card of wisdom. The sound is IR, which also means 'harem'. Thus Kaleph Vuh is also the Card of Harems.
- 25.The Kaleph Vur means Unreachability, and Flee-ing, sometimes a Deathcase. It develops Knowledge, and is thus the Card of Knowledge. The sound is TOK-TOK.
- 26.Further there are the Varu-Cards, which are the Cards of Blood, the Gnosis, or Hidden Knowledge.
- 27.The Varu Kim means the bleeding man, and the red one, or the red bowl. It is the Card of the Pig-killer, the one who pierces the veils of the gnosis. The sound is KIM.
- 28.The Varu Wurg means : 'bleeding ox' or 'hair', 'hell'. It is the card of the treasures of the Gnosis. The sound is WURG.
- 29.Varu Weel means : 'bleeding cock', to care, to get it done. It is the card of the creativity of the gnosis. The sound is WEEL.
- 30.Vu Varu means : roots, beginning, startsign. It is the Card of the White Blood. The sound is VU VARU.
- 31.Varu Jou means : food and light, to get it done, to care. It is the card of transparent blood or ultra-blood. The sound is JOU.
- 32.Further cards many Her Cardreaders use are the Initiation Cards taken from the Book of Indian Troll Vampire Flies.

12.

The Indian Troll Vampire Flies Book

1. Oh, Mother of all, and Mother of all vampires, you have showed yourself to Caine when the father had sent him away to the desert. You came to him in his wilderness, and gave your blood to him, and your magic. You taught him of the seven suns of blood, and you turned him into an inquisitor of the gnosis.
2. You have given your children blood to drink, and you have led them to the seven suns of blood.
3. Yes, She is the Destroyer of all Literal Worlds, the Destroyer of all those who follow Literal Worlds, and she is the Goddess of Pestilence.

4. And thus I came to the seven suns of blood, by the branches of the Vampire Tree, as they were pathways to eternal meanings, by which I could feed my heart. And I saw Her standing on these suns of blood, She, the Heart of All. And I worshipped Her, and she raised me in blood, to stand close to Caine, our son, and she showed me the secret of blood, the meaning of blood, which is the gnosis, the hidden knowledge. And she brought me to the Tree of Blood to baptize me, and I got enlightened, while greater darkness fell on me. And she said : Is there a greater light than darkness itself ? And I desired the dark, and I delivered myself to it.
5. And I spoke to Her, and she made me shiver, and she showed me the truth, which I had to test in all my journeys through the Underworlds and Upperworlds : She was and is the Mother God, despised and rejected by Jehovah, because she didn't want to believe in the literal world, and didn't want to submit herself to mankind. As mankind was the creation of the literal. And therefore She shall return again, and she will bite the head off of Jehovah and it's snake. And she will be worshipped all over the planet, as her heart will warm it again.

The New Temple

6. Welcome to the temple of Her, where the bitter fruits of purification are, and the further fruits. Welcome to the temple of the Mother God. There will be no one in this temple but those who have had the initiations of the Book of the Indian Troll Vampire Flies, and there will be no one in the new world but them. If you do not have this book, then simply pray for the twenty initiations, and pray that this book will come to you, as it is the portal into Her Temple. She is the One Who Dominates, as She is the Mother God. She has overcome the Lion. And thus is her name : 'More Than'. Now she is sitting on Her Throne, as the Age of the Mother God has begun. And these are the words coming to me with urge and purpose. I couldn't hold these words in me, as they were burning like fire.
7. She had abducted Joseph, the one she loved, and brought him to the underworld, to make of him a vampire and king of indians. She mocked him, but it was the force of Love, as she is the Gnosis. She is the Mother of all Gnosis, of all Hidden Knowledge. And by this she took him in. She taught him, in day and night, granting him no rest, and thus she gave him the lust to read books. Yes, she made him hungry for the Gnosis.
8. She took him deep into her temples to make of him an inquisitor of the gnosis, and then a king of many inquisitors. And thus she brought him to her deep roots and histories.
9. Listen then to the histories of Her as she came forth from timeless origins. She came forth as a snare. This was based on the hieroglyphs and languages of Lbok, the land of the stinging flies. This trinity contained Vu, the White Stinging Fly, Pu, the Light Stinging Fly, and Pi, the Flaming Stinging Fly. Not knowing this, or not knowing how to worship this, is to fall in the hands of the Wrathful, as that is what she is. It is a misunderstanding to come to Her and to worship her without this, as she will deceive and destroy anyone coming to her who do not have the guards and guidance of this. This is the key to understand this dangerous and cruel goddess, only by her roots.

The Temple of Vu

10. The Temple of Vu is an Almighty Temple. Vu is one of the primal forces of the indian troll vampire flies and their inquisitors of gnosis. Vu is the mother of mothers, and she is most

wrathfull, cruel and dangerous. That's why Vu is called the careless, indifferent one. She almost never listens to prayers, and she is a deceiver. To her disciples it is their lust to heal her, but they have to be very carefull not to become her victim, as she is the Goddess of all deception. It is easy for her to hate, and hard for her to love. This all makes the Temple of Vu one of the most dangerous and most powerfull and mysterious temple existing, as she is a trickster. At least you have been warned.

11. She hardly speaks, although she is a teacher. She teaches predestination, about the chosen ones. Those who aren't chosen are called for other things, but she also teaches inquisition, one of the worst existing. So you see : this lady needs to be tempered and pleased otherwise she brings destruction after destruction. This Lady needs healing, and this can only happen when her disciples become holy. And these words came to me, as I came closer to her temple. I wanted to run away and hide, but a strange and strong force took me by the arm.
12. The paths of deception are actually cryptic paths by which she opens her true disciples up to eternal truths. She teaches ascetism, martyrdom, hermitism and symbolism, as the mighty pillars of her temple.
13. After her initiations, I was nothing more but her willing slave. Her teachings enlightened me, through riddles and oracles, and she gave me the lust to read books. I was broken by her, lying like dead in a desert, but with my last strengths I reached the oasis, which was bigger than my dreams.
14. I know her inquisitors stand around her holiness and the holy of holy, and after all this I was one of them.
15. And I discovered why Vu was so wounded, and what was the source of her anger, and I saw that she had been cut away from another triangle which was her roots. It was her trinity, and it was based on the time-system of Lbok, the land of the stinging flies.
16. And I made a system of worship in which the two triangles would be connected to each other. And thus it became an indian piramid, existing in two parts. And it soothed Vu and all the others. And this all opened the temple of Vu to attract the chosen ones. And thus I built a new temple and a new initiation-system, and Veherun made me her scribe and archiver.

Initiations in the Temple of Her

17. These are the words to describe the initiations as a pathway through the temple of Her holding the bloodlines of Her. The initiations are based on the hieroglyphs of Brannan and Lbok. Here are the initiations in her temple :
18. Initiation 1. Ham – Brown Stinging Fly

This is said to be the hardest part of the initiations in the temple of Her, as here you lose all your faith, your worthiness, and you actually start to fear things like hell and punishment, to be damned forever. It starts when the wrath of Her comes over you, which makes you insecure and even confused. Some disciples get this at a young age, and others when they are older, but trace your life back to see if you already went through this initiation. It is fundamental for your relationship with Her, as it is the Fear of Her falling on you, which is the source of all wisdom and knowledge, and the force of all channeling. When Ham shows up, the Brown Stinging Fly, it is like descending into hell, into everlasting damnation, and it

can come like a scream or a shriek, but it's actually to initiate you. Also She has the teaching of predestination and inquisition of the Gnosis, but it is never literal. All is symbol.

19. Initiation 2. Eliave – Dark Dream

This is also a hard path, as it is a path of pain and fear of pain, but remember : all suffering is initiation, to take you away from the literal, and make you an adept of the gnosis.

20. Initiation 3. Ammoth Vuh – The Soft Flame

Ammoth Vuh is the fly coming out of the Red Sun, which means to be reborn by blood, coming forth from blood.

21. Initiation 4. Ozof – Ice

This is the path of further detachment, also from rationalism.

22. Initiation 5. Kaleph Vur – Unreachability

13.

Brannan Book of Gates or Book Of The Fourty-One Hours Of Brannan

1. Temup ; Sea of Quin ; The cat slays a spider, and a fly comes forward. Then more flies are coming forth. Behind this enormous sea there's a land called Temup, with the city Domom. The city Domom has a lot of gates which can be accessed by certain poetry and riddles.
2. First Gate : Gate of Uprightness. Key : These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ...
3. Second Gate : Gate of Honesty. Key : It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ... Back to Brannan, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... for it was too private ... just for you ... Back to Brannan ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw
4. Third Gate : Gate of the Conversation. Key : Trips to Brannan, He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ...
5. Fourth Gate : Gate of the Farmers' Domain. Key : In the distance the soft machineguns and canons were shooting, pulsating, like liquid balls and eggs together, while soft winds surround the targets. The heat is intensive, someone is breathing, like he can explode every second. It's hard for him to leave the plateau, this level, to reach for a deeper one inside. Someone is breathing heavier, someone close to him. They cannot hold themselves up, and

suddenly by a wind and a flash, they are exploding into white powder. Now the wind will do with it what it wants, but their souls are deeply gone, gone to another world. Their mouths are contracting, while the venom flows into their mouths. The mountains are high here, while snow and dust covers them, where the sun licks the roofs and the ripples.

6. Fifth Gate. Key : He has white golden wires coming from his shoulders, while his white golden uniform is blinding the mass. His teeth pulsate the heat, while soft winds surround his attacks. He's a good warrior on his ship, doing flyian attacks. After the battles there isn't always much to do. Sometimes it's really boring for they shot everything away. The webs of wild flies are worse than that of spiders, for it eats everything away.
7. Sixth Gate : Gate of the Brannan Warriors. Key : Watch their ornaments.
8. Seventh Gate : Gate of the White Warriors. Key : The white golden sun is standing tall, while someone tall, almost bald, leaves the stages to take a boy from the streets. It's just a kid, and now he is in these dark hands. The boy starts to scream, for the Lord of the Flies is taking him to an island. He's coming tall accepting no complaints. Someone gets the tall ornaments, to hang in the trees of their gardens.
9. Eighth Gate : Gate of the Red Stripes. Key : He's rising up, so sinister now, not a boy anymore. No one could expect that such a child would become such a strange hard man. By the hits he is autistic now, paranoid with sharp arrows. He's a wild fly, built for the kill, growing undercover in so many worlds. He's all alone, and where's the Lord of the Flies now. He stares at the tall ornaments, food for insects, but they are growing taller. He likes to make these circles, stinging through the pictures, to gain the nothing. From here he can grow to the heights. His touch is cool and shaky. He doesn't have an identity no more, while his colours are spreading like ripples and waves, he's heading for the pale, looking for the lost drips of colour. He dives, misses, and then falls away to wait another thousand years for a second chance. He's dreaming, dreamy, shifting his consciousness. Nothing is real.
- 10.Ninth Gate. Key : His arrows are sharp, piercing his own back and shoulders, while wires are coming through. He's painted in many colours, while he shows the pale spots. His eyes are dark, waiting for the kill.
- 11.Tenth Gate : Gate of the Dominators of the Quin-Sea. Key : In the White Golden city they gather, all these white flies, waiting for the kill. They were marked to do the crimes, deep in their nipples.
- 12.Eleventh Gate : Gate of them who dwell in Domom. Key : In White Golden Ornaments we are free.
- 13.Twelveth Gate : Gate of the kings of Temup. Key : He heard the White Golden.
- 14.Thirteenth Gate : Them of the fourty-one hours of Brannan. Key : your guide to softness, bringing you to the hearts of Brannan.
- 15.Fourteenth Gate : Gate of the Second Wheel. Key : Hail to those who have survived the strikes, for they have become softer and softer, by the glues of Brannan. They have been struck by a fever to become healthy. They have been struck by chaos to become ordered, Yet they are wild. They are the wild men, the wild boys, becoming raiders, while they are

sleeping in trees. They have become darker and paler. Hail to those who have survived, for they have been struck by confusion. Their hands are cold and their hearts are hot.

- 16.Fifteenth Gate : Gate of the Home of the kings of Brannan. Key : Open the pyramids of Brannan. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes, smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan.
- 17.Sixteenth Gate : Gate of the Home of Brannan. Key : Here is where our home is, here is where our hearts are. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers, and let them rise in our hearts. Show us the depths of Brannan. Let Jericho and Sodom rise. Bless Brannan and the White Golden, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us access to the rivers that lead.
- 18.Seventeeth Gate : Gate of the Weeping. Key : Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through it's halls. Brannan, bring the feathers in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes can come over the enemies. Let us make jericho rise. Let us rebuild it's walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to our hearts.
- 19.Eighteenth Gate : Gate of the Land. Key : I come to the White Golden of Brannan. Brannan is the Jaw, the ashes from the ashes, where the power to speak dwells and the power of silence.
- 20.Nineteenth Gate. Key : Jericho ; Let the milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the milk stream from Jericho. These are of strange leather and wool ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ...
- 21.Twentieth Gate : Gate of Jericho. Key : How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling. These men are golden statues ... they were all prisoned .. in kisses of death ... The records turned red on that day, the rivers turned blood ... Hot in the North, cold in the South ... It was a matter of melting and freezing ...
- 22.Twentyfirst Gate : Gate of the Kings of Jericho. Key : She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the tops of a new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize what she was now ? tall emotions moving ... she was flexible now ... not frozen anymore ...
- 23.Twentysecond Gate. Key : It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... This is the world so strong it claims your mind ... to possess and possess having raiders darker than men ...
- 24.Twentythird Gate : Gate of the Son. Key : Under helmet smoke.
- 25.Twentyfourth Gate : Gate of Oblivian. Key : all written in Brannan.
- 26.Twentyfifth Gate. Key : It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan.

27. Twentysixth Gate : Gate of the Pear. Key : For all with Brannan's smile, bending low. It's spouting in the air, great danger. It's the tower stinging it forever.
28. Twentyseventh Gate : Gate of Wittepixho. Key : She paints the names on the walls of jericho ...
29. Twentyeighth Gate. Key : The walls of jericho are rising They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? You have the rings now ... don't fear ... They are getting paler.
30. Twentynineth Gate. Key : All these fruits opening.
31. Thirtieth Gate : The Gate of the Dark Men. Key : I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts.
32. Thirtyfirst Gate. Key : These seas are making me blind for what's going on ...
33. Thirtysecond Gate : The Gate of the Tear. Key : The front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... It rose from the book of lies.
34. Thirtythird Gate. Key : You don't have to run. The fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... jewelled ... While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down.
35. Thirtyfourth Gate : The Gate of Liberty. Key : they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the night You were tight rings
36. Thirtyfifth Gate : The Gate of the Gathering. Key : The cat slays a spider, and a fly comes forward. Then more flies are coming forth. Behind this enormous sea there's a land called Temup, with the city Domom.
37. Thirtysixth Gate : The Gate of Domom. Key : The city Domom has a lot of gates which can be accessed by certain poetry and riddles.
38. Thirtyseventh Gate : The Gate of the Lost Farmers. Key : The cat slays a spider.
39. Thirtyeighth Gate : The Gate of the Doomed Farmers. Key : A fly comes forward.
40. Thirtynineth Gate. Key : Flies are coming forth.
41. Fourtieth Gate : Gate of the Red Shoe. Key : The Sea of Quin.
42. Fortyfirst Gate : Gate of the Land of the Flying. Key : Behind this enormous sea there's a land called Temup, with the city Domom.
43. These were the Forty-One Hours of Brannan, the Gates of Domom. Everyday the traveller needs to travel through these gates. This is also the course of the Sun of Brannan.

1. OPIR ; TOKTA ; The Great Work ; There is no God but Her. You will not have other gods before Her face.
2. Her eye goes over the earth to search for the unquenchable corn. Yes, the earth is doomed because of Her Will.
3. There is no God but Her, who strikes the hearts of human children, and let them melt away in their cages.
4. Forever She beats the slaves of darkness, and lets them descend into the abysses of darkness to an everlasting disgust.
5. She loves those who do good. Heavily She punishes those who hate the good and love evil.
6. Why do you follow gods who are no gods ? She sits on Her throne and laughs. She is pleased by your toil, but those who love Her She grants grace and all the good. And the path on which the believer follows Her and serves Her She sows abundantly.
7. But the fire of hell waits for the unbeliever to make his copper melt, and the inner seed. Then he will be an everlasting disgust, because He hasn't served his Mother God. Those who make a liar out of Her will go to a terrible fire of darkness which will gnaw at their souls forever. No, there won't be salvation for such.
8. But those who love Her with all their heart will have a burning hope in an everlasting light.
9. There is only one Mother God, and She thrones as One. The path to the Mother God is a path of darkness and depths. And the unbelievers will burn in the hell, but for believers there is eternal life. Do you want to hear wise words ?
10. There is no one wise but Her. Listen therefore carefully to these words and do what She says. Why would you miss your trophée by doing what your heart says. Isn't She then more than your heart ?
11. So the fools follow the desires of their heart, and these go to the death. Blessed are those who have Her as their Guide. There are so many cursed ones who went into doom straightly by the path of hell.
12. Yes, She laughs on Her throne when evil-doers get trapped in the ropes of hell, yes, when they are dragged down by nets.
13. She mocks them, and lets them descend in fear. Yes, many times She humiliates those who have lived unrighteously. She is Wrath. She has no compassion with the unbelievers, but directs them to the stone of destruction.
14. And what have you seen ? Is Her Eye not more than your eye ?
15. Those who believe in Her are hunters before Her face.
16. Yes, they hunt the unbelievers, while there is no one who heals. Yes, unmerciful is She to those who show no mercy.
17. They will burn in the hell, while there is no one who quenches. Yes, She will beat those watchers, for Her Eye is more than them, and burns to destroy them.

18. Yes, She will cut them to pieces, while there is no one who saves. They have taunted Her and live under Her judgement now. Merciless will be the judgement over those who haven't shown mercy.
19. She will cut them to pieces and burn them, immersing them in boiling blood and the worst fire. And they will carry Her mark forever in their memory, to an everlasting disgust. Yes, they will tremble before Her face, all those unbelievers, and She will take every protection away from them.
20. Yes, She will peel them, and laugh when they will gather in despair. There is no God like Her. She will beat the unbelievers by belts, and pierce their jaws by hooks.
21. She will lead them to the darkest of hell waiting for them. She is the great destroyer, and no one can escape from Her grip.
22. She dresses Herself with the skins of Her enemies, and She pierces their teeth to subject them. Yes, their bones are Her ornaments.
23. She has many slaves and captives, and in one Day She will destroy them. This Day is coming soon. Therefore : Fear Her, all who stand on the mountains, for She brings you down. Those who are unbelievers fall hard.
24. See then, She is the Great Mother God, and She wages war in Wrath and Righteousness. She eats the flesh of the great, and hunts down those who call themselves Her children.
25. She will hang you high at stakes and trees, those who have despised Her. She will uproot those prophets and letting them sink in fire and boiling blood, where they will have their home. Is it up to you to put someone next to Her ? She hunts down all idols.
26. No one can stand next to Her with success. See, they all melt away. In their own blood they will descend, and they will see their flesh in strings. A great slayer has risen, She is the Great Mother God. Yes, an almighty ruler She is, a God of War and Hunt.
27. Therefore fear Her, and believe in Her fierily. Come therefore, oh you believers, you who have taken part in the Great Holy War and the Great Holy Hunt, and have died in it.
28. Yes, a cruel God is She, because cruelty was done to Her.
29. And then you will regret the things you have done, but there will be no grace. Not now, and not forever.

15.

1. You must fight, these fruits were just opening, this black fruit leading you ...
2. I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... Oh ornament, you raised your glues high.
3. These seas are making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on ...

4. The front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... It rose from the book of lies ...
5. It is to keep you addicted ... and you split up you had to marry ... the brown brought you there
6. And now you're getting colder by the black divorce ... falling in a sea ... and now you stare at it.
7. He's losing it ... Charity the other lie of the black ... while you dive beyond this world ... to the original strike ... to let you wait for nothing.
8. You are just sinking to ... the land beyond ... where seas make you so insane ... standing in purple snow ... you're crazy now ...
9. This is where you fell in these seas ... There's nothing speaking here ... I don't want to be in charity ... I don't want to be saved ... Finally where love ends ... Where sunset rises These boys, they still have their tight rings.
- 10.No one's speaking there ... While ladies, they're whispering ... You were tight rings. They're coming from cold conscience
- 11.And now I'm drinking ... Where love ends, the rings so tight, inside ...
- 12.Farewell, summer skies ... I'm still reading loud in these books of wars ... while you're whispering ... making my rings so tight
- 13.Keep your pictures of fright ... with their rings so tight. They look like mother's lips ...
- 14.I saw the painting. These boys, these criminals
- 15.While boys have deer ... These are ornaments within ornaments. I'm fainting while I see their pink ornaments. An Epilepsy boy is what it sais ...
- 16.These monsters .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond ..
- 17.They know the snares. They know the snares to move the tears. This land beyond Listen to the hearts.
- 18.If coins are slaves, then why do I pay ... From how many books of lies did you tell ... My shadows locked up in books of wars while giving me milk to drink ... with wild worlds inside
- 19.They can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again ... By tight rings, I'm now a soldier ... Here it's okay to fight ...

20.It's opening the world beyond into strange books ... These soldiers they march to see the edges of the chessboards ... where strange apples grow Oh, let us eat them, they make our hearts so tight

21.It's a strange drum ... And all you are different now

16.

1. If protection is a big attack, where do we hide. If love is the Big Lie, where can we have our tent ... if your embrace is to die
2. If I am not the same as you are, how many fights will we have, or will we die by good business holding our last grip.
3. To escape, just to escape. For every step is a market, and you know it is to enslave us ...Is there one way out here ?
4. If your kiss is big, if my mouth is too fragile ... Who eats who ... Or is that life's destiny to die in high ...
5. If eating is like playing, then I'll do it ... For then there's room between you and me, enough room to escape forever ... do we eat to become free ?
6. Oh high, was our marriage to finally escape from you ?
7. If your bed is the killingfield of books of wars, then why should I lay myself down there.
8. Queen of hearts rise. Only fools would enter their own footsteps again. We are now in high.
9. On mondays we play on burnt schools. If it's all there, then it is okay. The fruits are young this time.
- 10.Let me watch the stripes in the air, while they are getting smaller. Towers stinging through the watch of Brannan.
- 11.The Books of Weddings brought me there, these books of wars, made the killerpigs of Moses fly. And now he's riding them. Bring me Moses. Tear his clothes. Bring this mother's boy to the lands of water.
- 12.Time enough in Brannan. Always reaching for forty-one hours. Queen of hearts, how many hearts. How many hours on a sunday's stream. Ruling the streets, with stripes undercover. This Epilepsy boy comes. His mother raised him tall.
- 13.So paranoid, while their strings are so fragile.

14. Watch your soldiers on the prey, your soldiers of prey. These are coming from the killingfields. From books of lies they rise. Oh watch them.
15. You're yellow golden ... Oh, ornament on Brannan's watch. Briefly .. underwater ... searching for prey ...
16. Underwater prey, underwater mourning ... tighten the strings, by stripes walking to the killingfields ... Taking some books of lies ...
17. Underwater tricks ... sell the story ... by Barbarian smiles ... Stripes in the air, while towers sting through the pain.
18. While he prays, his letters go. He must wait till Mondays, like liars on a boat. By fools you do the rest.
19. His rooms are holy. Just a puzzle. It will make itself by eating. By fools you do the rest.
20. He doesn't want to talk. His honey is streaming inside now. He found this raider in the night. He's dark.
21. The rings are tight, all written in a Brannan's watch. Golden stares ... they pray
22. I love you more everyday, but I find out more and more what a lie love is.
23. Coming from the Book of Lies, this love. These games come from the books of lies, with liars on them. I'm wasting my time playing them.
24. Oh, yes it roars. It's zooming and cracking, along stripes. I'm on high.
25. It's coming from the Book of Lies, this protection. Your embrace, it kills me.
26. Till I'm finally with my queen of hearts. Wide open they fly. Waiting to swallow. Waiting to hide. And then it all gets thinner.
27. Watch him closely, don't breath. Accept the pain, or it will fly away.
28. Watch him, having black golden under his arm.
29. There are raiders under the sun. In fire it's spitting. They are striped.

17.

1. Troll in temples and opiums, cups of torture, beds and chairs. There's something going around the tree. She's having many breasts. When she speaks her spells, I fall. On the tree of torture she grew like a cloud, she's big soon Wait awhile and you will see
2. These are the spells, this is the wine It will hit the nerve of somebody, will make someone win, and someone lose, and so much misunderstanding, and so much fears let them all fall, and the numbers will show it all after the fall and I must wait till it will open
3. Troll trophies on the wall It still looks like a big carnival Didn't know that this is life, didn't know it would get so strange after all I have tears in my mind, I cannot think, I have been stung by a strange fly, and there are strange waters in my trousers
4. Troll trophies in my mind, it's spinning around, I drank from the cup of torture, trying to touch the right snare But it's all too far away from me, I must die in this place, and then like the wind I will be
5. I find my ways through these dark dark forests where your echoes are still dwelling, tricking me, I will never find you, but who are you ? I guess I'll never see for it's all too far away from me I must die in this place, to become like the sea this sea of tragedy so who will follow me ? It's almost in my grasp, I have been hit by a cup of torture, there's fire in my head, I'm now liquid like volcano's lava but all I see is trolls instead all I see is trolls instead
6. I'm creeping through the dust and coming closer I can almost touch you. The morning comes out of the night, like a ship with high sails, full of pride Trolls coming forth, with their tall knives Shall we go deeper so much space inside And the lullaby needs to be fed we can't stay superficial And the lullaby needs some bread We must do it now, can't come out of bed Too heavy to rise up The belts are too tight She's a warrior of trolls she hits
7. She hangs in the trees, between tears, between griefs She hangs in the trees next to me in a torturous tree, made by trolls, made for you and me They call it life, they call it machinery But we are dead, and this clock it ticks for our destiny Shall we run to the fortress high on the hill, I have seen a glimpse My mind is killing me And my skin is soft like silk, after you stung me I have been stung by a strange fly, have been tortured by strange trolls, cannot do anything about it, and still it is killing me I have been stung by a strange fly Please, please tell me why My thoughts are killing me There's strange guilt and shame like heavy weights around me, pulling me down, I cannot rise Are they truths or are they lies They fill me with hate and bitterness And you are the rejection in my veins rejection in my veins
8. I'm so lost in these forests, almost dead, almost dying, I'm getting through to you, on the other side, where you are waiting just a few inches, I'm almost there, grasp me by the hand, and take me in All you are doing is stinging me All you do is attacking me
9. I am a football of all these giants They made a stairs of me as a path for all these liars Can't see the truth no more All these lights are blinding me blinding me forever They break my bones again and again, whenever they step on me, so I get velvet knees, my skin gets softer everyday and they love the red becoming brown, and all these

pale pale edges Everytime they walk on me, they sting me, deeper and deeper, until I give my smile away and then they can breath breath again Sleep away in satin sands, far away from me

10. I am like the statue they use me for their wines, and their honey, it's coming out of me, when they sting me What can I do In pale snow we are today It's not like yesterday Do you see those horses Shall we ride away Grasp my hand, open your heart, bloom away with me, like blossom coming up from hell We made it to the afterday
11. Hierodules never marry They live in deep celibacy and virginity They live behind glass in the temples and opiums Like predators they wait for the strike Don't throw your hairclips to them, for then their eyes and hair will change and they will start the fight Warriors after all, these guys are all warriors after all Touched by the troll, in deathrealms they live Their lights are bright, and then the fire begins There are soldiers in Ham, tailors rise between them, was something between you and me, something between you and me
12. I was just your prisoner, but now I have escaped you see The forests were dark without you, but now I have seen the light Now I am the hierodule Green flames from the temple and the opium Making my head so insane Green hearts coming from a cup, I drank together with all the other slaves After all this torture my bed got wings And she's still the rejection in my veins
13. I think I lay myself down on this bed and never stand up again The leather pleases me, and all the soft feathers It gets wings, and it stand up itself, I'm filling the cups A strange fly has stung me, and now I'm here, between all the trolls, and I'm one of them What did the forests do to me There are strange stripes on my cheeks and knee
14. And the waters are dirty, trees are growing Rising to the sun to come back, and then they're telling me Hierodules never marry This tree has wings now since it has touched the sun Trolls do the dance, my skin is soft
15. Trolls always win, until you're one of them, and then it begins So welcome in the world of trolls, these worlds are dead, but what is life anyway ? It all went astray We search for a doctor and find the butcher Search for the dentist and become a slave Now gladiators are rising, and what is life anyway ? They have cursed us, and now we are one of them Is there any escape ?
16. He's heading for the exit, and then he always falls, always the same dream in his head but he's growing tall he's growing thin, like the indian he gets his feathers I lost my way in Ham lost my ways in Ham
17. Where does death bringing us, forests are smiling at us Forests so pale and shiny colours so desirable And where does death bring us across this sea right on the hill to the fortress, where everything, everything will begin
18. We have so much height, so much survey on the trollhives We have so much space, and these forests are so shiny pale shiny pale, like it's taking you away We must live in the trollhives Combs so full of strange knives where strange flies will sing Oh

death, how can you win ? Death where is your sting ? We have so much height after the flight, through fire we went in, and she is the rejection in my veins

19. On the trollhives we stand tall While honey and silk is streaming from the combs making the waters so shiny, pale greenbrown like a yellow wonderland taking us away On the trollhives we will stay, like high on the hills, so much survey Here we do the trade Trolltailors leading us astray Stay on the road, make your day I found a piano in the sky Fortress is growing high I will grasp it one day So many stars like jewels of a strange fly Are these sounds truths or lies Must we be silent Silent musicians Deaf players Blind stars letting us fade away Tomorrow we will be prey And prey of what ? Trollhives coming closer We must rise through the spot For what purpose ? Tell me why ? So many stream in the sky, like shiny pale, taking us away It's gonna be better Something's going on Oh yes, it's going to be better
20. On the hills not so far away from here, it will start to begin it's shooting stars in the night, and then all of a sudden so much delight They're slowly waking up these trollflies slowly waking up in disguise, and she is still the rejection in your veins They are slowly waking up wild animals reaching for the top with wings like lions and tigers, so shiny and so pale Look right through them, watch the streams. Close your eyes, and be in a dream Grasp their hands, and slowly fade away Lights are on the fortress Make the trollhives stay Don't let the night fade away
21. There deep in the sand, they're waking up I know it all There deep in the distance someone cries It's coming closer, in the fortress she hides I have a cup deep inside but I'm still nailed to a tree something between you and me Mouths are opening in my chest, mouths with sharp teeth And I am wondering who is with me You are the rejection in my brains.
22. It was not too long ago when I sailed across that river of death I saw the trollhives in the sky, floating down, and then everything exploded, and everything turned green I believe in the right pictures of me Not how you view me I believe in everything fading away It was not too long ago I turned that page Not too long ago And now I'm sitting here, deep in the forests watching the stars without you
23. Streams from my hands I'm watching the green something between you and me turning so pale all of a sudden and then so shiny like yellowbrown waters and I stand tall It's a heavy weight, but it has wings, and I can see the sky The stars are below me now And I reach for trollhives, trollhives in the sky, far above the clouds, far above the things between me and you I got a survey now through death and life but what is life anyway ? Can anyone tell ?
24. An eternal warrior I will be The skies are telling me I got trollhives on my side Trolls walking real quick now, until they run and jump Warriors in the sky

1. *Elsav*, The pit of evergrowing suffering and consciousness.
2. *Soviv*, Place of living meat, Prison.
3. *Skull Armor*, One of the highest armors of troll.
4. *Dirt Armor I*, Armor for those who have crossed the desert of death.
5. *Dirt Armor II*, Dog Armor for those who have crossed the ocean of death.
6. *Skull Helmet*, One of the most desired objects of troll armory.
7. *Troll Breath Implant*, Makes invinsible in atomic wars, and gives transformation.
8. *Troll Intestine Implant*, For total transformation and telepathy.
9. *Tirkw*, Dangerous troll weapon with a lot of stings, excreting poison to bring the souls to the *Elsav*, the pit of evergrowing suffering and consciousness. Often used in wars.
10. *Winged Spear*, Poisonous flying troll spear to bring down giants. Spear searches for heart of the giant, pierces it and returns to his owner. Winged spears can only be used by those who have been established by sorcerors, and those who have high level darkness. When someone with a low level darkness uses the spear it will turn against him and bring him down.
11. *Troll Bombs*, Big balls which can be sent out to fly around for hours and hours with an incredible speed to bring down enemies.
12. *Strictus*, Barbed Troll Hook. Used in wars but also in hunting. They can put the hook in a fruit, piece of meat or something else.

19.

1. Worshipping the stake. Not showing the switching between life and death, but between weakness and power, suffering and victory.

Pillar of Skeleton Rivers : Welcome.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of Skeleton Rivers : To where is your quest going ?

Initiate : To home.

Pillar of Skeleton Rivers : Home is where the heart is.

Initiate : I cannot reach my heart.

Pillar of Hearts : Why not coming closer to us ?

Initiate : I am afraid.

Pillar of Hearts : Why ?

Initiate : I do not want to be deceived.

Pillar of Hearts : Then follow your heart.

Initiate : I cannot reach my heart. I do not have a heart.

Pillar of Hearts : As long as you are true to yourself, everything will be able to teach you.

Initiate : These are wise words. Thank you.

Pillar of Hearts : Touch me, and you will have a heart.

Initiate : I now remember that I have a heart. It's there whenever I am true to myself. And I always am, so my heart is forever.

Pillar of Hearts : You belong to the place of hearts. There is always more.

Initiate : I am just poor, with a poor heart, looking for more poverty.

Pillar of Hearts : Why ?

Initiate : Because poverty leads me to the inward riches.

2. Welcome. Enter the portal. You are a chosen one. Remember : The path is always a wheel. Whenever you use it it will grow bigger.

Initiate : Thank you.

Believe that the enemy is your footstool where they will be crashed.

3. Breaking the foundations of the enemy.

Become warriors.

Pillar of Yellow Skulls : Welcome.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of Blood Rivers : Welcome.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of Blood Seas hands the degree of rider to the initiate. (first)

4. Suffering is an armor, poverty is an armor, while riches come against you as your enemies to enslave you. Therefore : Be holy and true slaves and gladiators of Her. This will set you free.

Pillar of Red Skulls hands the degree of warder to the initiate. (second)

5. Beginning to build the structures of Her by your knowledge. Swearing off and punishing the lies of the past.

He makes vows to poverty, silence, the stake, and uses the hammer and the nail as his symbol.

Three Skeletons : Welcome initiate. Where are you going ?

Initiate : I am going to the house of all houses.

Three Skulls : Come closer.

Initiate : Here I am.

Three Skulls : Did you see the light ?

Initiate : What light ?

Three Skulls : The light which was here an hour ago, but now it's gone. You have to find it and follow it.

6.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : Come closer.

Initiate : Here I am.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : You want to fly ? How do you want to fly ?

Initiate : By reaching the deepest pit to find it's feather.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : But by one feather you cannot fly.

Initiate : I fly by my mind.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : Your mind is so controlled. It is locked.

Initiate : By the feather it breaks free.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : Why not touching me to see your mind being crashed, so that you will fly forever ?

Initiate : I fly by the paradox.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : You have answered right.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers hand the degree of hunter to the initiate. (third)

7.

Red Bread : Welcome initiate, you are our brother.

Initiate : Thank you.

Red Bread : What is the watchword ?

Initiate : Vengeance for Vengeance.

Red Bread : What is the second watchword ?

Initiate : No mercy for no mercy.

Red Bread : Why is there no mercy ?

Initiate : Mercy is the one who blocks everything from growing.

Red Bread : What is the third watchword ?

Initiate : Wrestle with Mother God.

Knights of the Red Bread hand the degree of warrior to the initiate. (fourth)

8.

Nine Spears : If you could only see some glimpses from heaven, but you are blind, so blind. But when you step on us, we will show you, and we will lead you through the night and the light. Do not fear.

Initiate : If I climb on you and ride the wind, where will it bring me ?

Nine Spears : We only want to bring you home.

Initiate : Where is my home ?

Nine Spears : In your heart. And you can only come there if you allow us to pierce your heart.

Nine Spears hand the degree of gladiator to the initiate. (fifth)

9.

Anger : You are hungry for love. It makes you angry. The paradox leads you, the paradox breaks you. You are so torn up, and deep inside you know it will heal you, and show you true love.

Initiate : I know that love will be poured out from heaven to get me.

Anger hands the degree of slave to the initiate. (sixth)

10.

Flower of Love : Only love will wash you. Only love will make you holy. Oh priest, enter the New Jeruzalem.

Initiate : I do not see nor feel the New Jeruzalem.

Flower of Love : You will be washed by tears, and the tears will show you. The tears will let you feel it.

Flower of Love hands the degree of Arena-Master to the initiate. (seventh)

11.

Symbols are the vehicle of the soul. Nothing is real. Everything hides a deeper meaning, and because he wrestles with the symbols he is an ascet.

I will heal your wounds.

Initiate : How will you heal my wounds ?

By the songs of ritual coming from the depth. Ritual is misleading, but those who meditate on it will be healed by it.

Flag of Carpentry hands the degree of Carpentic Master to the initiate.

Four Spears : You cross the rivers of blood, and we will help. We pierce the doors and walls on your path, and we will always lead you out. We are your friends. This is the journey of your life.

Initiate : I am in darkness. My soul cries out to Mother God.

Four Spears : We have been sent by Mother God, for She has heard you. We will lead you out.

Pillar of Flesh and Blood : There is nothing to gain here, only to lose.

Initiate : I must lose everything. I am supposed to possess nothing.

Pillar of Flesh and Blood : Welcome hermit. You have answered right. The stake and it's stings will make you rich.

Pillar of the Stake : Who are you ? Come closer.

Initiate : I am a hunter. I will bring down any enemy of Mother God.

Pillar of the Stake : Tell me what you have learnt.

Initiate : I will not speak, as I am an ascet.

Pillar of Stake : Welcome traveller, you have reached the land of the good.

Initiate : What is the good ?

Pillar of Stake : It is to use everything as a symbol, not taking anything literal, and most of all not taking anything personal.

Pillar of Stake and Light : Come closer, traveller.

Initiate : I am not brave. I am full of fear. I fear heaven and Mother God. And I fear the paradox and all it's mysteries.

Pillar of Stake and Fire : Come closer to the cryptic. It is not what you think. You will be a guardian of all these secrets.

Pillar of Heaven : You are close to heaven, pilgrim.

Initiate : How can I come to heaven ?

Pillar of Heaven : By praying, but most of all by loving Mother God as the consuming fire.

Initiate : Who is my neighbour ?

Pillar of Heaven : The ones close to your heart.

Initiate : Who are the ones close to my heart ?

Pillar of Heaven : They are who fight for love, the consuming fire.

Initiate : What are we supposed to consume ?

Pillar of Heaven : Everything. It is the Allcommunion.

Initiate : How can I do that ?

Pillar of Heaven : It only happens in the well of forgetfulness.

Initiate : How can I come there ?

Pillar of Heaven : The Stairways of Heaven will bring you there.

Stairways of Heaven : Come with me. We will go to the Pillar of War and Peace, for behind it is the well of forgetfulness.

Pillar of War and Peace : Warrior, I arm you, with the treasures of peace. Follow the treasures into your heart, to the well of forgetfulness.

Initiati : I am darkened, there is in me no delight, only misery.

20.

1. She has Her origin in Troll and Orion. She has Her origin in Tirkw.
2. She comes to us by Tirkw.

3. She strikes by Tirkw, and possesses by it.
4. Her jungle birds will bring you to her jungle one day.

21.

The Beasts of Orion ; Tara and the Hippo Queen

1. At the surfaces of Orion there was a lonely warrior. She tried to make her way by cutting by her sword through the overwhelming chaos of snakes, slime, fleeces and dirt. Her name was Tara from Rhodes. She had a good survey at the deserts of Orion. There were three thrones on Orion : the lion throne, the blue throne and the white throne. These thrones were like floating slippery islands. Tara had to be on her guard against the blinding lights of Orion, which could show up easily, like striking winds. They could easily blind someone.
2. After awhile she came to a misty palace. The walls were of reddish flesh, decorated by skulls and nails. It looked like a dragon castle. Tara went in holding her sword up high. Inside there were meaty webs and many fleeces. By her sword she cut a way through it. Lights tried to strike her, but she had her eyes tightly closed. She was sweating. It was like she was in the jaws of a monster. In front of her was a lake full of white spiderwebs and slippery fleeces where spiders swam. She also made her way through the lake. Then she came to a sort of spine, but it was made of reddish meat and dark bones. She climbed on it upstairs. She was almost bathing in sweat. It was like someone was grilling her. She found herself standing on a gigantic skull.
3. This was Orion TV, a strange intestine, sucking them all in, by winds, fleeces and dirt, overwhelming them by lights. Tara had overcome it, and stood on the skull as a conqueror. She raised her sword and shrieked. This was the place which kept a hold on Mars for such a long time. It was a strange creature, but Tara had survived. Then she pierced her sword into a soft button on top of the skull. The skull started to shriek. It was now shrinking.
4. There were falls of fire here. On muddy stairs Tara climbed further. She could feel the moisty earth again, like it was clay. Tara shouted as hard as she could. Two eagles came to her, big and dark. 'Bring me to the white throne,' she said.
5. The white throne was a city made of rare lionstones, and it was floating at the surfaces of Orion like an island. Tara jumped off from the eagles and slid deep into the city. The lionstones had been covered by webs and dirt. There were fleeces everywhere. In the city there was a strange machine called the Machine of Monotheism. From the machine dark dancers came, mostly women. They were the belly-dancers of Turet. They had been armed by all sorts of weapons. They were the guards of the center of the city, which had been called Turet. Here a skeleton lived having the same name. He was the upper emperor of Orion, and at the same time their religious leader.
6. The belly-dancers were made of a sort of bronze and brass, and they were also cannibals. Tara had to be at her guard. They radiated such a heat that they could easily grill her. It was like they came right out of an altar. Tara raised her sword and slew a few of them. But the skeleton of Turet already ran towards her. Soon she was in the grip of a few other belly-dancers. Turet smiled. It was like Tara was already burning from inside. Tara fell down, and

woke up in a dungeon. Turet stared at her. 'Seriously,' he said, 'what are you doing here. I have grown this way. I can't be saved. This is my fate, and what I do to others is their fate. I can't help it.'

7. 'Tell me about your bosses,' Tara said.

8. 'Skeleton-indians,' Turet said.

9. 'Who are they ?' Tara asked.

10. 'They are the ones who once skinned me, and took me to Orion,' Turet said.

11. 'Where do you come from ?' Tara asked.

12. 'Originally from Mars,' Turet said.

13. 'See,' Tara said. 'They do this to many from Mars. They are abductors. And they transform their victims into the most horrible monsters.'

14. Turet nodded. 'But you can't set me free,' he said.

15. 'Why not ?' Tara asked.

16. 'I can't return to Mars,' Turet said. 'Orion is too deep in me.'

17. 'How do I reach those skeleton-indians you talk about ?' Tara asked.

18. 'Oh, just follow the jaws of Reactumat. There is a small car riding into it's jaws and then you travel all the way through his body,' Turet said. 'I will bring you to it.'

19. It seemed Turet was a very nice guy. Soon they both sat into a car close to gigantic jaws. Turet pushed a button and there they went. There was fire everywhere. Turet turned the speed up. Then everything became dark. Tara fell asleep by the smoke, and when she woke up they were there. It was a strange world with the smell of ham. There were fleeces everywhere. It was a white wilderness. It looked like ice, but it was actually warm here, very warm, and soft.

20. 'They guard the stone of the lioness,' Turet said. Suddenly dreadful indians came out of a jungle. 'Why are you coming ?' an indian woman asked.

21. 'Meet Tara, a friend of mine,' Turet said to the woman.

22. 'Don't come any step further or I will cut your head off,' Tara shouted. 'He's from Mars originally, so you have a story to tell to me.'

23. 'Yes, we have a story,' the woman said. 'It's true we have abducted him and even zombificated him. He doesn't want to return to Mars anymore. We have given him the real life here.'

24. 'And what is the real life ?' Tara asked.

25. 'Come with us,' the woman said.

26. Tara went with Turet and the into the jungle. In the depths of the jungle there was a small white sandy hill. They showed her the stone of the lioness. 'This,' the woman said.

27. 'What is it doing ?' Tara asked.

28. 'It's an ice-transformer,' the woman said. 'Look around you. Everything looks like ice but it isn't. It is actually warm and soft.'
29. 'Okay, but what does it do besides that,' Tara asked.
30. 'Oh, it hunts, it kills, just like us. It's a predator,' the woman said. 'The abductor.'
31. Behind the hill there were rivers of blood. There were many lions swimming here, and many lay on the shores. 'Behind the rivers of blood,' the woman spoke, 'there is the lion tower. Those who want to become kings of the universe always go there. They will make the dangerous journey through the tower to the top. The higher they come the thinner the tower is and the more fragile. Besides that, it storms there. There is a small throne on top of the tower. No one who gets there stays long, for the winds will blow him off after awhile. He will crash on the ground, and the lions will eat him. There is no real king of the universe.'
32. 'No one who knows the lion tower dares to sit there,' another indian woman said. 'The winds rule on top of the lion tower. Some said they saw a mysterious fly sitting on the throne at times.'
33. 'And some say the flies rule the winds far above them,' another indian woman said. 'Their bosses fly without wings.'
34. 'So the lion tower you talk about is a trap ?' Tara asked.
35. 'Some sort of,' one of the indian women said. 'And the true rulership of Orion and the universe is a mystery. Why would someone rule the universe ? Why not letting it be done by the universe itself.'
36. 'Well, I'm thinking about those flies you talk about, and also the wingless flies,' Tara said. 'So they are the actual rulers ?'
37. 'No one knows,' the woman said, 'but some think that they are. The lion tower connects Orion to the sky, and they rule in the sky. Rulership is a mystery. And when you become a ruler, something else always takes you over. That is the secret of the lion tower. There is actually no rulership. There's something above that.'
38. 'And that is ?' Tara asked.
39. 'Imprisonment,' the woman said. 'You lose yourself and become grilled and zombified by the powers of the universe you have grasped.'
40. 'Oh, I see,' Tara said. 'I'm here to free Mars from this satellite called Orion who seems to control it for a big deal, but what you say here interests me. And this is the reason why you have the stone of the lioness ? To transform all those extremes ?'
41. 'Yes,' the woman said.
42. 'What can you do for Mars ?' Tara asked.
43. 'I can't do anything for them,' the woman said. 'I can have them abducted to let them stay around the stone of the lioness, but she's kind of selective, you know. She has an army. She's a trainer. She zombifies you to become a part of it, and then she will guard you. She is the one who planted the Lion Tower to test the abducted. Many go there to look for adventure, finally to become kings, but those are food for her lions. They look for entertainment, but

they end up in the intestines of Orion TV. They get plugs in their livers and become addicts of nothingness.'

44. 'But what is the meaning of life on Orion,' Tara asked.

45. 'The meaning of life on Orion,' the woman said, 'is to transform the extremes by following the stone of the lioness. We worship her. We approach her, face to face. There are no laws. We are the lawless. It is not about 'yes' or 'no', but about 'how', so of course there are a lot of rules. You need to know 'how' to do something.'

46. 'We are all zombified by the stone of the lioness, Tara,' another woman said. 'We are her robots, but we are alive. She has raised us. In this we are safe.'

47. 'We however also worship the Lion Tower, for it is our guard,' another indian woman said. 'But we can never enter it. We can't even come close to it. It needs to be at a distance. It is a trap for our enemies and betrayers.'

48. 'Okay,' Tara said, 'so 'yes' or 'no' is not important anymore, only 'how', also in the sense of 'where' and 'when'.'

49. 'Yes,' the woman said. 'The lioness stone is our clock and map in that.'

50. 'But who made the lioness stone ?' Tara asked.

51. 'The flies did,' the woman said. 'The wingless flies of Orion who live above the skies.'

52. 'Where exactly do they live,' Tara asked.

53. 'In blood,' the woman said. 'They live in a realm called the Blood of Orion.'

54. 'How did they come there ?' Tara asked.

55. 'They stayed away long enough from the Lion Tower, and got ascended,' the woman said. 'The wingless flies are just indians. They are on the eternal huntingfields, the red skies of Orion. They are elite indians. They have Blood-TV, which is actually a heart, the heart of Orion. Some say it is the heart of the universe. It is the biggest butchery of all time.'

56. Then what was the road to this Red Zone of Orion ? The Python Tower. The Python Tower was like highways into the the sky. It was a dangerous trip, but it was honest at least. They showed Tara the road to this tower and then she went on her path. In the tower of the Python there were all sorts of tall venomous python-tongues hanging. Touching them would mean death. Tara had to be at her guard here more than ever. However the Python Tower was an experiment. No one was the ruler of it. The tower ruled itself. The ones who died here became a part of the tower itself. They got absorbed and sucked in by the walls, and got torn apart and frozen. Tara would never forget these ghosts. They were haunting. They tried to scare her, and begged her not to go further. They were draining her. It was a nightmare. Whenever she slept in the tower she could hear these ghosts making their conspiracies against her. The further she came into the Python Tower the weaker her body became. The winds were sharp and cutting, almost tearing her apart. There were biting fluids like venomous milk trying to bite her skin away. Further on she had to fight the worst pythons. They were tall and big. She needed to escape their tight grips. She had never felt such heavy creatures before. These were the Pythons of Orion. Higher in the tower it was full of flies,

and it was very cloudy. Tara had to cut herself a way through it by her sword. Suddenly there was Turet in his Machine of Monotheism. 'Hey, Tara, are you in for a ride ?' he shouted.

57. 'Pick me up,' Tara shouted. 'It's so slippery here.'

58. By the Machine of Monotheism it was easy for them to get to the red zone of Orion. The place was full of belly-dancers. There were enormous dragons here, covered by flies. By strange lightening the red became pale all the time. Whenever it became white it streamed downstairs, to the white zone. It looked like milk, and it seemed to become white by the belly-dancers. It seemed to flow forth from them. They were transformers. 'It's actually called white blood,' Turet said. 'It's the secret of the lioness stone. She has brought forth the belly-dancers by which she can transform the ice, and by which she makes everything soft.'

59. 'What kind of blood is it ?' Tara asked.

60. 'Python Blood,' Turet said. 'Long ago there was a fight between a lioness and a python. The fight didn't seem to end. One day the flies came and turned the lioness into a stone, and the python into blood. The stone brought forth the belly-dancers who would turn the blood of the python into white blood.'

61. 'So you mean to say that the ice was originally the product of a fight between a lioness and a python ?' Tara asked.

62. 'Yes,' Turet said. 'But without the perpetual flow of red blood the white blood will die, and the ice will take over again.'

63. 'Who takes care of that ?' Tara asked.

64. 'The belly-dancers,' Turet said.

65. Tara now understood why the stone of the lioness was of such importance, and the importance of the guards of this stone, the skeleton-indians of the white zone. And who were the mysterious wingless flies who seemed to have made this all ?

66. 'The wingless flies become skeleton-indians after awhile,' Turet said. 'Then they come down to guard the lioness stone.' Turet directed his finger towards stairs of light. These lights were moving. It was the stairs of descension, made of white blood. Turet showed her a lot more falls of white blood.

67. 'The secret of the belly-dancers of Turet is that they are actually mammoths and elephants,' Turet said.

68. 'So they can actually change into women and also back into mammoths and elephants ?' Tara asked.

69. 'Yes,' Turet said. 'Actually the truth is that after the skeleton-indians have guarded the lioness stone long enough they get swallowed by it and they become the belly-dancers.'

70. 'That looks like a circus to me,' Tara said.

71. 'No, Tara,' Turet said, 'it's the wilderness. Actually when they have been belly-dancers long enough they go to the path of the elephant.'

72. 'What is that ?' Tara asked.

73. 'It's a path to meet the wildest creatures of Orion,' Turet said. 'When they return they become hippo's and they will be the leaders of the belly-dancers.'
74. 'This looks like school,' Tara said.
75. 'No, Tara,' Turet said, 'it is the wilderness.'
76. With the Machine of Monotheism they went to such a hippo queen. She lived in a high place, in treasures. It was a dark indian woman, and there were jewels, satin, velvet and the finest materials everywhere. The woman had earrings in, and had been adorned with many more rings. The riches of the white blood were here. Her slaves seemed to bath in it everywhere and drank from it like milk. It had the taste of cacao and cocosmilk. They used it for making bread and crèmes. Wild unknown creatures were her guards. In other realms and planets these creatures had died out, but here on Orion they could survive. On Mars they would have been described as prehistoric, but here they just lived on. Orion was the only place in the universe they could do this. And to Tara this was a special event. She wouldn't forget this too easily. On Mars they could never live on because they were too savage. Orion was a savage world more than Mars, so here they could develop themselves. And this could happen all because of the lioness stone. She was there mother, their warm womb. They could all live because of the elephant path. Here they had their place. And now this hippo queen had them in her care. She was a cruel queen. Tara thought it looked like civilisation, but she knew it was the wilderness. The queen was both cruel and good to her guards. They just had to obey the rules. The creatures were very destructive, and were a threat to the whole universe, so the queen had to protect herself.
77. The hippo queen and her slaves rode on them whenever they visited the jungles. They also rode on mammoths. She trained all of them to become belly-dancers, as that was how she formed her armies. She could use the belly-dancers for everything. They learned how to change into women, and how to change back into animals. They also learned how to use their weapons. There was a man named Skeipnir who trained many of them. He was one of her highest slaves. He knew the tricks of transformation and he was even her personal guard. Whenever he wasn't training the belly-dancers, he stood at her door. Skeipnir was a major source in raising her army to abduct beings to Orion.
78. 'Welcome Tara,' she said. 'My invisible threads have finally brought you here.'
79. Suddenly Tara saw the slimy, slippery tentacles on her head. It was by a strange light she could see them all of a sudden. Had she been mind-controlled ? She had headaches for such a long time. Did they guide her to this place ?
80. The hippo queen showed her machine from which the tentacles and fleeces came forth. They were only visible by the strange light. 'These are the elephant winds,' the queen said, 'easily turning into storms, easily turning into lightening and thunder.' Then the queen started to laugh.
81. 'What is your purpose ?' Tara asked.
82. 'My purpose is to abduct, test, and turn them into belly-dancers. The rest will be food for the lion tower,' the hippo queen spoke.
83. 'Oh yes, I have seen that,' Tara said, 'but what is your purpose with me ?'

84. 'You are very special my child,' the hippo queen said. 'I have watched you from the day you were born to this day. I have seen your birth. You are a good fighter, and you would be a good trainer. I want you to meet Skeipnir.'
85. 'I highly appreciate your belly-dancers,' Tara said, 'and I highly appreciate you. I can teach you swordfighting. But please, show me the real secret of Orion.'
86. 'I will, Tara,' the hippo queen said. 'If you teach us swordfighting then I will give you this stone, which is the secret of Orion, the bestkept.' From behind the queen took a reddish transparent jewel which was like a ball. 'Tara, I will give you this stone, for I know Orion is in good hands with you,' the hippo queen spoke. 'Please stay with us. Don't return to Mars.'
87. 'What kind of stone is it ?' Tara asked.
88. 'It is the stone of the Beasts of Orion,' the hippo queen spoke. 'I will bring the stone into your sword, so that Orion will be forever safe in you. With it you will have access to the savage zone of Orion, where all secrets will be shared with you.'

The Amulet of the Pterosaur

89. It was a dirty place in the savage zone of Orion. She had never seen so much dirt before. There were falls of dirt here, and rivers of dirt, and the most horrible creatures and the largest beasts. On Mars these animals could only exist in a prehistoric world, but here on Orion they were more alive than everywhere else. Savage indian tribes were living here, again races which would be prehistoric on Mars, but this was Orion. They were carnivores and cannibals but they were also like ballet-dancers.
90. These worlds were not like the history-books on Mars. These worlds were crueller, more dangerous, filled with dirt and stench to the extremes. It was more savage. There was no any form of civilisation here or thought. Here there was chaos. There were no laws. It was an untamed world. There was no gentle traffic here. However, the strange ballet Tara saw among the tribes showed a certain pattern, but these patterns were wild. This was the ballet of death.
91. Tara found out soon that it was nothing but a war-dance, trying to take minds away, and every form of balance and security. It was a psychological warfare. They tried to put fear on their victims, and insecurity. It was like a spell to break off the immune systems of their prey. Tara knew she had to be on her guard. She knew it had a high price even watching this ballet.
92. Later she found out that by this ballet they could turn themselves into beasts, or to get possessed by the beasts. They lived double lives. Also the beasts themselves could do such ballet. It was all to protect themselves.
93. The air was filled by strange haunting battlecries showing no thought but intelligence. It was like these beasts and savages had been caught by instincts triggered by each other. It was like fire eating the fire. They had become insane by each other. They lived by fear. There was such a drama here, no thought, no shame, but fear. There was no shame as the fear had

eaten it all away. And the fear had been raised by the ballets. There was no escape from this. They had all been caught in a trap. One ballet would stir up the other, and the fear would only rise more. It was a world of dread, shameless dread.

94. Tara was looking for their leader, as she knew all these ballets could hide something. These ballet-dancers could be the guard of something.

95. The strange stone at Tara's sword started to talk and gave names to all the sorts of beasts here : 'Tiguran Ballets, Tangaran Ballets.'

96. 'What is the leading sort ?' Tara asked.

97. 'There are no leading sorts,' the stone said. 'This world rules itself.'

98. Then the stone continued : 'Cynognathus, Allosaur, Ceratosaur.'

99. There were also elephant-like beasts here with jewels on their heads. These seemed to be huge organs of smell. The stone could tell Tara all about it. Many of them were hairy like mammoths. There seemed to be huge cattle here. Some had large heads like horses, and some heads even looked like rabbits. But it was all savage. These beasts were big and different. They were very strange, and they were certainly no easy prey. Actually they were predators. There was also smaller cattle, most of the time having white bodies with swarms of black spots, and big heads like cows and horses. They had the sizes of grown up calves.

100. The cynognathus looked like he was from the bear family, and the allosaur and the ceratosaur looked like they were from the alligator family, all hunters. There were many different sorts of them. Tara could line out those families, also the huge family of the elephant. The first animal Tara could approach was the cynognathus. Although this beast was friendly to her he bit her a few times to drink some of her blood. It was still a wild animal. The stone told Tara that these were a sort of marks of friendship. If she wasn't a friend the beast would have killed her. The cynognathuses went out for hunt very often, most of the time in groups. They led Tara to some of their caves where they lived. They were bloodthirsty animals, and although they were big meateaters they also kept cattle just to drink from their blood. Tara knew she had to be at her guard. She started to hunt together with them to show them her bondage to them. There was no innocent cattle here. There were only predators, and hunting was in this place just a defense, a movement of war, necessary to survive. This was savage cattle. And the instincts went further than she ever saw before. These creatures didn't just hunt and kill. They made prisoners of war. They kept cattle.

101. Often it was for blood. They would milk their cattle everyday for that. The cattle they trapped in that sense were often bloodslaves. Also the other cynognathuses had bitten Tara for blood, and she hoped it would just be the marks of friendship. She had to wait until they would change into indians, something which had to do with the movements and positions of some of their moons.

102. The stone translated all the conversations she had with them. Without the stone she wouldn't have any chance to survive here. More and more they accepted her in their group.

103. She also saw the different catlike families. Some of these cats were horned. Some of the catlike beasts were small, and others were huge like elephants or even huger. It was by the stone she could approach these animals finally.

104. By the stone she also could ride the many elephant-like beasts here. By the stone she got easily accepted.

105. There were also a lot of pterosaurs which were flying reptiles. At the shore of the huge River of Doom there were ramphorhyncuses. They ruled the seas and the waters. The small ones couldn't fly, but only dive from rocks and trees to soar in the air, but the bigger ones could fly and were like giant reptile bats. Behind the River of Doom there was something which looked like a civilisation. One of the ramphorhyncuses brought Tara there. An indian called Untak came to her. 'Welcome Tara, we have waited so long for you,' he said. Tara was surprised that he spoke in her language. He seemed to come from Mars as well and made the same trip she made. 'These people are very civilised,' Untak said, while directing his finger to a village in the jungle. 'But it's still the wilderness. They taught me how to change into a reptile.'

106. A few pterosaurs flew above the village. They had tall necks, wings like bats, and were very huge. Some of them were black, others red, and there were also some white ones. 'They care for the jungle, Tara,' Untak spoke.

107. 'How do you know my name?' Tara asked.

108. 'Well, they told me,' Untak said.

109. 'Who?' Tara asked.

110. 'The pterosaurs,' Untak said, 'the flying reptiles. They are the birds of fire.'

111. 'I knew you would come. You are welcome,' Untak said. 'You will love it here. These birds are the secret of nature. They protect the jungle.'

112. Tara heard the sounds of the pterosaurs in the distance. Untak told her that he could communicate to the pterosaurs by a certain stone. The stone lay in the center of the village in a sort of fountain. Everyone in the village could talk to the pterosaurs by this stone. Untak led Tara to the village and showed it to her. The stone would translate the sounds of the pterosaurs, and would translate everything the people said to the pterosaurs. The pterosaurs seemed to know a lot. They knew why Tara came here, and where she came from, and they were willing to tell her the secrets of this place. They were also willing to show her the jungles and wildernesses here. One day Untak gave her an amulet by which she could communicate to the pterosaurs wherever she was. It was a precious present. She could easily call the pterosaurs by the amulet. It was a necklace.

Marit the Ratwoman

113. The pterosaurs showed Tara how often these beasts had a lot of smell organs in their bodies. This was how they communicated very often. It was also their immune system and their warfare strategy expressing itself in bloody hunts. This was to prevent themselves from becoming a victim themselves. They had been dominated by fear, making them insane, a prisoner of themselves and their instincts.

114. There were also a lot of cynognathuses here. They seemed to have eyes which only worked by smell. By this they were very accurate, and could see a hundred times better than most of the animals. They had eyes of fire.

115. The insectian world was very dramatic, much crueller than anything else. They had hives in which they locked up their prey for blood. And they could make anything of the blood. They could even let the blood clot to stone, and they made huge cities of these in the depths of the jungle. These were the cities of blood. They also called them candy cities, because of the sweetness of the blood. It was some sort of honey. Tara sailed with Untak along all these cities to watch them. It was like she saw the eyes of hell. Tara saw the double side of this story, as somehow they were all prey of this world. There seemed to be no escape as not any piece of this world would survive beyond the borderlines of Orion. It was a trap, and it seemed to be the only safe place for them. But now Orion was in the hands of Tara. She told Untak about the stone, the stone of the Beasts of Orion. She wanted to know what to do.

116. 'All other worlds will die,' Untak said. 'This is the only safe place. The rest of the universe doesn't have a way to transform all the extremes, the ice. They will be eaten by it, and sink away. Also for Mars : this is the only safe place. It is a cruel place, but that is the price to pay. There is no other way. There is only one lioness stone, and only one stone like you have. I saw it in dreams, and it has been in my heart always. That was the reason why I came here. It led me to this place.'

117. 'So you think all those who have been abducted to Orion are lucky ?' Tara asked.

118. 'They have been given a chance,' Untak said. 'but many become a prey of the lion tower. Those who are led by the stone of the Beasts of Orion will be led to this place. They are the chosen ones. They communicate with the skulls of the savages. On Mars they would call them ancient ones, but here they are alive. They never died out. On Orion there is a place for them.'

119. 'You see, Tara,' Untak said. 'The other worlds outside Orion they are based on chemicals, artificial smells. They are not savage, but doomed. They have put their trust in kings. The things necessary for their existence and survival, necessary for their further evolution they called dirt and stench. They drown in their cosmetics, ruining their lives, but the stone you have is an eye working by dirt and stench, working by the savage smell, the breath of Orion, of the wilderness. It is the last flame of life, which is the eternal life.'

120. 'The stone promises a way to freedom, a way to space, although it is a way through time, a cruel substance. However, we can trick time. We can survive time. We are winners,' Untak said. 'The stone has been given to you, a present of the hippo, as the hippo queen gave it to you. Use it well, Tara.'

121. 'How can I use it ?' Tara asked.

122. 'Believe in it,' Untak said. 'It is the best faith there is.'

123. Tara watched her stone. She laid it against her eye and could see a new world through it. She saw her own face in it, like the face of an angel.

124. The River of Doom ended in the deserts. The rulers of the deserts were the skeleton-snakes, who made a lot of noise by the movements of their bones. They were bigger than the usual snakes very often, and they formed houses in the deserts for lonely visitors, wanderers. They would lure the wanderer deeper in the house, and then they would start to move very slowly to turn the lives of the wanderers into living nightmares. By their huge and tall bodies they could become the walls, the ceilings and the floors, all perfectly camouflaged. But they would lead the wanderers into a trap, and then the rats would come to eat from their flesh. By the horror of these houses they made the blood of their victims sweet, and turned them into candy, toys or just dolls. The snakes would break

the bones of their victims one by one. Whenever the victim started to find out that something in the house wasn't right, it was already too late. A woman called Marit was the ruler of these houses. She was actually a rat, and her women could also change into rats. They were the only ones who could safely live in the houses. The deserts were full of these doom towns, and whoever didn't know about these traps would fall into it.

125. 'Never go there into such a house,' Untak said to Tara, 'for the toymakers come there, and the candymakers, those who have deals with rats, and they turn the lives of wanderers into eternal nightmares. The skeleton-snakes will begin to move, and soon the house will be hell. The house will crash down and it will feed on the inhabitant, fastening him against a heap of bones, and then the rats will come. Toymakers, candymakers, dollmakers and butchers will finally take the victim away for sale. Don't think it is civilisation. It is savage, it is the wilderness.'

126. 'Where does Marit live ?' Tara asked.

127. 'Oh, she lives in the depths of the deserts,' Untak said. 'She's the ruler there. When they are in need for more victims they abduct children from other planets to let them grow up in such a house first. When they become full grown the house will create more and more troubles, and then finally fastening the victim and showing it's true nature. The rats do all this. They go out to abduct the children, bring them to the houses and being friends to them. They can change into women, you know.'

128. 'Where can I find Marit ?' Tara asked.

129. 'Come with me,' Untak said. He knew a path through the desert to her house. When they came there she stood before the window. She looked like a doll. When she saw them she turned into a rat immediately and ran outside. A fight started. Tara had raised her sword. The rat jumped at Untak and bit him horribly. Tara quickly pushed her sword into the back of the rat. 'That will be enough, Tara,' Untak said. 'You have hit her in her sensitive spot.' The rat fell down. It had a broken spine now, and it was slowly dying. 'Oh, not when I eat from this candy,' the rat screamed, and grasped one of the legs of Untak to bite a piece out of it. Immediately the rat straightened it's back again. Then the rat ran into the house again. 'It heals itself by eating meat,' Untak said with a painful face. 'You will heal also,' Tara said. 'Let's go into the house.'

130. 'You know what kind of house it is, Tara,' Untak said. 'It can be dangerous.'

131. 'We need to go in,' Tara said. 'We do not have another choice.' Then Tara ran in, while immediately the walls started to ripple. Tara ran through the corridors, and saw the woman sitting on a throne in a huge hall.'

132. 'That is kind of dumb,' the woman said. The walls started to move closer and closer to each other. Untak was on the roofs at that moment, and threw a rope through a hole between the bones. 'Take the rope,' he shouted to Tara. But Tara crashed the walls by her sword to have another opening, and then she ran upwards to the throne. Again the woman turned into a rat, and this time she jumped on Tara. They had a wrestling on the ground. The rat bit Tara a few times and she started to bleed. By her sword she could shake the rat away from her and then ran to the throne again. There was a mirror between two jewels on the seat of the throne. By her sword Tara destroyed the mirror. 'I know this is the source of your power, witch,' Tara shouted. Tara knew this because the stone she had in her sword had told her this. But the mirror healed itself again. 'As long

as there is meat to eat the mirror will live on,' the rat screamed. Then Tara lay the stone of her sword against the mirror while the mirror exploded, and it's two jewels were melting away.

133. The rat was changing into a woman again. She had become weak. She almost crept towards her throne and settled down on it again, but she had lost her powers. 'Jump away, Untak,' Tara screamed to Untak who was still sitting on the roof. Tara dived away through the opening she had made by her sword. Then the enormous house crashed down to become a heap of bones.

134. Years later Tara and Untak visited the heap of bones again, and Marit the ratwoman still lived there, on her throne, but the throne and also herself had become old and poor. Everything had been covered by spiderwebs. 'You don't have to be afraid of the house anymore. It's over now. It's not the same anymore,' the old woman said. 'But don't you know my throne has been made of skeleton-snakes, and I have been made of them too. Don't you know that after great draughts they always rise up again ?'

135. 'Yes, we know,' Tara said. 'And that is why we command you to leave the desert with your skeleton-snakes, and to leave Orion.'

136. 'But you know I cannot live outside Orion,' the old woman said. 'Then I will die.'

137. 'You will live at the borderlines,' Untak said. 'That must be enough for you.'

138. 'But I need meat to get through the night,' the old woman spoke.

139. 'There's meat enough at the borderlines of Orion. Go there for a hunt, and put your houses there,' Untak said.

140. And thus the borderlines of Orion became a dangerous place, but Tara and Untak had to do it for the sake of the savage zone of Orion. The stone had decided it this way. And it was true, the woman rose to the heights of her powers again, but this time not in the savage zone again. She had lost her place at the River of Doom, and she had lost her deserts there.

The Sea of No Return

141. To Tara it had become clear now. She would stay here for a long time. There was a path to the other side of the Deserts of Doom now. But all Tara could find was more doom. Here the wild cats of Honolor lived, at a strange beach ending in a forest. Again these wild cats could turn into women and they could make someone deaf by their shrieks and cries. Whenever they had caught a victim they would give the victim no rest and no food, finally to put the victim in a small box, which they used for their hives. They were beekeepers, all for blood. In this sense they looked like those of the insectian world. They used the blood to build their cities, candy cities. They mixed it with honey and they transformed parts of it into white blood for creams and making bread. In that sense they looked like the belly-dancers of Turet.

142. The wild cats of Honolor had many ways to get their victims. They had arenas, and further all sorts of traps. They also visited the battlefields after the battles. One of their best tricks was to turn into nursing, motherlike types, in which they could create a hospital sphere. They were very clever in misleading their victims. And still it was no civilisation. It was savage. It was the wilderness. There was no care in Honolor. All care was nothing but a trap. They needed blood donors for their hives. They made the most beautiful cities by their bloody candy. They used to make these on the edge between the beach and the forest.

143. Honolor was a strange world. The wild cats covered it all up. When Tara visited Honolor she was in a fight immediately. In rage she slew many of these corrupted women. She wanted to dominate Orion. She had help from tall snakes, called by the stone. It was an invasion that day. The sky had turned bloodred. It was like the wardancers had come. It was a revolution in the sky. This time the wingless flies were also in the sky, helping her, turning the wild cats into skeletons. Tara didn't send them out of the savage zone, but she sent them to the borderlines of the savage zone.

144. Through the forest Tara reached a place near to an enormous beach where the Sea of No Return was. Between the forest and the enormous beach there was a guard named the Man with the Million Heads, for he had a million heads. Tara had a fight against him for two days. Whenever she cut off the heads they grew again. The only way to return was the Stairway of Fire. Those who would finally reach the sea could never return. The guard used to throw his victims on the stairs, by which they fell back. But Tara threw him on the stairway of fire, by which he fell into the depths.

145. Within a few hours Tara was on a raft on the Sea of No Return.

22.

1. The big birds of Mother God are on a mission. They take the souls of the dead and the souls of children, to bring them where they belong.
2. Some are taken to the cities. Others are taken to the jungles.
3. The big birds have begun their mission. Mother God holds Her children in the jungle.

23.

Desert Queen

1. She had tied her men, while strange insects called 'spanish spears' were stinging them. By the venom they were slowly turning into cattle. The spanish spears not only inserted their venom, but they were also bloodsuckers. They sucked the blood and the juices out of the men, leaving them weak. They had to go through all sorts of marriage rituals to bring them down, and after that they had to go through the rituals of divorce. The cattle was good for work and transport.

2. Tara from Rhodes, a lonely warrior, stops her journey through the desert when she comes along this bright realm of the desert queen. Quickly she finds out what is going on here, and she starts a massacre, finally to behead the desert queen. With the head of the queen she holds by her hand she sits on her throne. 'Spear not the cattle !' someone is shouting. But soon a spear goes through the head of this person.

3. She loves the cattle but she is not aware of the curse of the desert queen. An army of sand-people is soon surrounding the bright realm in which Tara thrones now. They walk slowly towards her, coming from the sand, and soon Tara is put into a torture cage in the depths of the desert. The cage goes down as by an elevator. It leads to underground worlds below the desert, where the spanish spears rule.

4. The queen of the spanish spears could also turn into a woman. She came close to Tara.

'Well, well,' she said to Tara, 'so you have defeated the desert queen, right ? Just know that the desert will always exist, and replace these queens with something even worse. As now I will become desert queen.'

5. Tara was allowed to come out of the cage, and the queen of the spanish spears took her place. Soon the cage went up as by an elevator. Tara is alone now, but she is glad she is free at least.

6. Meanwhile the queen of the spanish spears possessed the men in the desert realm, living inside of them, living from their meat. Tara wanted to know the mystery of the desert, the secret of it, so she went deeper underground. She came into a tunnel leading to the Ocean of Blood. There were strange smells here. When she finally came on it's beach it was very dark and bloody. There were strange insects looking like chains. Another sort of insects looked like knives.

7. She starts swimming in the ocean of blood, and after a while she reaches an island where pigs live. They are chained by the chain-insects, and the knife-insects are living close to them as well. To Tara it seems that these strange insects live from the blood of the pigs.

8. Further on the island, women lived, huntresses. They lived together with hyenas. They kept men in cages who they had starved. When Tara asked about it, they said that they had let the men get stung by the venom of divorce. Tara felt compassion for the men. When the women slept she opened their cages and took the men to the ocean of blood. Together they swam to another island. Here many fruit trees were, and Tara started feeding the men, who were very weak. When the women woke up, they were in rage. Soon they found out that they were with Tara on another island. Tara would protect the men with her life. She knew the men were still in danger. Not only because of the women, but also because of the strange insects who could turn them into cattle. Tara wondered if there was an anti-venom against it. She became very protective over the men, and was looking for a medicine.

9. One day the queen of the spanish spears visited them. It seemed she had changed a lot. Tara asked her if she knew of an opposite force against the venom. 'Oh yes,' said the queen. 'Servil sugar. That is a sugar living in certain big fruits. They are also here on this island.' Then the queen led them to such trees, and gave them to eat from the sugar inside of the big fruits. It was a sugar to restore marriages, and to turn cattle into men again. The queen took care that the men got their women back, and that they had happy marriages again.

23.

Itzpapalotl's Tablets

1. This is my word, this is my task, to inform you about that which happened. I come from far, and from long ago, but I also come from the future. I live beyond time, yet I live in a calendar. My name is Itzpapalotl, goddess of ancient Mexico. I am also the goddess of South-America. My heart goes

out to Brasil and the Amazon. There is where my heart is. My strike is like the crocodile. I open eyes and I make blind. These are my tablets, the tablets of the forest, for earth to survive.

2. Tablet I. There is oxygen for those who follow me. Those who search me deep, with all they have, they will find me. I bear the key of the ages. My key can transform these and open the gates to Tamoanchan, the children's paradise. The child will overcome the adult. I will show you the path how to. By the rings of love they will. You can change your life.

3. Tablet II. There is healing oil for all those who love me. I heal from false guilt. In the lower realms there is much guilt. In the higher realms there is confusion. I heal from guilt by confusion. Confusion is a medicin. Enjoy life, as there is also a good side to life. And I can communicate through everything. Learn my language. Learn how I move through life. Learn my love.

4. Tablet III. Question : So there is often spoken about love is a huge danger. How do you see that ? Answer : I do know what you talk about, but true love will lead people through. It will sift out the false love. True love is an alarm system, the best security you can have. Even when you get trapped, the goddess will work through it, and shows her works. You cannot stop loving. It is the only way through. It hooks into some universal dynamics you need to go on. Question : What is the source of life ? Answer : It can be found in the ancient Amazon realm. It is about giving life, and living with the least resources, as in minimalism, just using what nature gives you, working with the little things you have. Then you have found the miracle key, and the key to creation. You can make anything. Question : What can we do to live a divine life ? Answer : Listening to the goddess within, and letting her guide and change you. Question : Do you have an ascension program ? Answer : Oh yes, this will be shown the coming time. We have a contact now. So I will make sure the needed data will be transferred to you. Question : Is this information available for everyone ? Answer : In this age the frozen tops are melting so that everything will become more flexible. This is because my fire is awakening. My information will be revealed everywhere.

5. Tablet IV. Children are awakening, awakening to their task. Adults get older and fade away, to make space for a new order. There is much fear about a new world order, but do not be afraid of the coming order of the goddess.

6. Tablet V. Esotery is important to unveil the hearts of the religions. It is important to be translated, and it will have a part in the general divine order to come. Do not be afraid of the new divine order about to come. It will melt hearts together, and cut the tumors out. There will be a new gridwork of experience. There will come a new consciousness.

7. Tablet VI. The darker voices are deep inside. The voice of the goddess is darker. People often live in false lights, and listen to false voices of the light, which live in their minds. I speak in darkness. I am darkness. And the fire is my light.

8. Tablet VII. There is no one who can stop the power of love. The power of love works with strategy and is subtle. It takes time to recognize it. It is a dark power. It has grown to heights. It is bigger than people think. Suddenly it's structure will be shown, and many will be shocked, because they were too busy with their own structures, and didn't see the upcoming structure of love through it all.

9. Tablet IX. Love is a power. It is not materialistic. It creates it's own world. It is soft and weak. It is just the power of creation. It doesn't need much in the physical realm.

10. Tablet X. I am going to build my church, to gether the children, to reveal the structure behind all. I am going to show my language, the way I communicate. I am going to build my arsenal.

11. Tablet XI. My system is huge. I am going to reveal it step by step. I will show you the grades and how to be initiated. It is a labyrinth, it is confusion, and in this I will create a path. The confusion is necessary to deal with guilt. Trust in Me. I am Goddess. I will not leave you alone, when you hang on to me. I will answer if you call Me. Realize, the answer is inside of you already. All information you need is stored up inside, and through My love and revelations I will unlock it.

12. Tablet XII. The love of eternity is huge, while temperary love is small. The love of eternity will melt everything, and create something new. My temple is open, showing the road of eternity. No one will have to live with drama. I will open your eyes, and you will see. There is no drama, just misunderstanding. All is good. Soon you will see that everything is in harmony. You have come closer to my palace. Two peacocks are my guards. They will test you, they will arm you, they will sift you, until you are ready to receive Me.

13. Tablet XIII. All these tablets I gave you form a path and tell a story. It is the jewelry I give you, to stay connected to Me. Learn how to work with the tablets. Meditate on them, while going through the veils of my heart. I am eternal, I am love. I am tenderness and strategy. My being is mercy, there is no condemnation. I confuse you to get rid of your guilt. I confuse you to get rid of your grief. I surprise you. I know a way to deal with your trauma. Just let me in.

14. Tablet XIV. The system is helping you, My world order. It will be made of chaos and creativity. I will break down old structures. I will show you the patterns beyond. I am sitting on my saddle, and I have found my horse. I can tame everything. Even your wildest dreams I can tame.

24.

1. The boy is preparing for the bison hunt. He has grown taller now, still thin. He's Her hunting slave. She takes him with Her on the hunt. He must hunt the bison of male domination and male supremacy. They were dragons fallen from heaven.
2. When his spear and arrows strike the bison, She smears him in with the blood, so that he will never become like them.
3. She takes him to Her tent where She starves him. The meat is for the women. Never he will join the male supremacy.
4. He is Her faithful hunter. She takes care of him.

25.

1. Swim across these oceans of pigblood, and find your islands, and the trousers too short ...
Cut your way through these pigportals, and swim through their tears ... The pigbottles stand on the cupboard ... don't miss it ... you have the arrow ... Come alive after a million years of sleep ... draw your borderlines, for they are holier than life ...
2. It is not too late to find the ship. This ship goes to the lost islands. This is the book about the travel to these lost islands. This book is old, this is a book of eternity. It is not too late to find the ship.
3. You will find the old days, when you cut yourself a way through the goatportals and sail across the oceans of their tears and blood ... It is not too late to remember the years ... You will find your trousers back on the islands ... and the bottles from which they drink ...
4. Cut yourself a way through the chickenportals, and find the exit of Radth and Smiert ... sail across the oceans of their tears and blood ... They must let you go ... and leave you to Her ... Find the ship ... The key is on the islands of trousers ... drink from their bottles ... and dive deep ... You will find their trousers too short ... You will find their destinies ... Bring it back to me ... Then you will find the portals ... You have ice enough to break their spell ... Cold conscience is what we gave you ...
5. You have been in their machines long enough ... you aren't their bottle anymore ... The jewel is in the middle of your cross ... It found a way out ... Sail now, sail ... It can dive ... It can reach the highest bottles ... The jewel is on your belt ... You will find those who have found you ...

26.

Boetulip

1. The new buttocks is represented by the Boetulip, a jewel of fear. These are the Tulip-Lokogamen, above the battle between beauty and ugliness.
2. Musse ; Sea of Death ; I lost her on the end of my life. And as I made my ship of wood, I wandered over the sea of death. It was like a black sea, black waters. I didn't know where to go.
3. Muske ; Waves could become high, smashing me down in their insides. Strange fishes were here. Even seeing them was like I could touch them, and it was an experience a thousand times intenser than a material touch.
4. Oedoe ; Would I find her back at the end of this sea ? She always talked like a small child. I see in the distance, and ears are on my sail.
5. Oedoeboe ; Huge wings like the red eagles. The black sun is burning my body, tattooing it. There's no way back, I have to move forwards. This is the sea of death. Where will my journey go to, will I ever find the other side of this sea ?
6. Oedoeboel ; Strange smells are climbing on me. The feelings are so huge, and so deep. And when I dream, I dream of her, and then I wake up, by the sunlights of the morning, and I'm still on this ship, on this black sea.
7. Oedoeboeg ; I lost her on the end of my life, it's like my mouth is full of tears, it's hard to talk. Can you hear me ? Please talk to me, I'm lying stretched out on my boat.

8. Oedoeboele ; It's my comfort, when I talk to you. Will I die another time in this sea, or will I reach the red city on the other side, where the red sun rises from. I see an island in the distance. The waves are bringing me there. I see a black bottle floating through the waves, and the water is so bright here.
9. Oedoeboege ; I take the bottle, there's a paper in it. It's a letter from you, written in pink. Surrounded by glitters. I follow the strange smells to the island, where I step on the sand. I hope to find you here, but there's no one there.
10. Oedoebole ; I must survive here on this island, or move forwards. I stay awhile on this island, and then I move forwards, heading for the horizons of this sea. The sun is reaching for my heart.
11. Oedoebange ; I see ears in the red skies. Please talk to me, I can only cry. I'm so desperate on this sea, I'm sinking deep into your tears.
12. Belip ; Even if I don't hear anything from you, I will keep on talking to you. I feel the beatings of your heart.
13. The eleven parts will do their best to bring you to the heart of the sea. Even when you cannot hear them, they are there, in high determination to bring you there. They will not sleep, they will not rest until their work is done. The buttocks are two baskets under the spine, and between them is a desert road.
14. Wild animals will come from these baskets, but even wilder ones from the desert road. There are sixty jewels on the desert road, leading to the realms of death. And when the ornaments move, I can move, they give me breath, and let them from the buttocks rise into the skies ... through the layers of the spine we travel ... So move your ornaments, let me breath ...
15. Petris Belt Spinza Spinossa Spozes Murozondt Helt Hirkses Kidram Kidama Kadama Kadomo Kadoks Kiram Kinette Kiklahem Kukujo Kirkamit Menkes Palin Pazet Piram Panadin slip kontes Buron Bilon Bané Banes Banesh Ologang Ologang Dikwares Dikwuares Dikilowares Duagang Olohenk Olohenktes kwinktus koenoot Kuran Koles Kolles Kwinkes Kiakan Dirkanes Ologang Kwirantes Kwulantes Kwinulk Zes Bieres Zentés.

27.

1. This is all about the journey through death, ending in the journey through hell, as purification, and judgement. Not as punishment, but as the giver of direction. If there is any punishment, then that is as an initiation to that direction. You and Her decide which direction you go. There are four stripes, four paths you need to travel on. The last path is the path of poverty, which ends in hell as the flame of hunger.
2. In hell the indians carry two flowers, in every shoulder one, and a flower in their chest. The further they travel in hell, the softer these flowers become ... It is said that Ea was sent to Mother poverty by Mother Hell. It is said that Mother Hell is an old mountainriver-goddess, and by some she is still seen as a mountaingoddess. Of course there are many dangers on the roads through hell.
3. I swear I will not take any food given than by Mother God, for in her there's my flame. I will not have other flames than the flames of Mother God. Mother God, please accept me in your

name. I have seen the bird, and he has put his feather on me. I have been sent by the widowspider, and I pierced the heart of Aiach.

4. Spell to heal the wounds caused by Aiach : Nam Haman Han, Hurakko Irom, Haudundi Imech. Na Hamanhan, Hurko Irm Hadindi Mech Tazula'am. Her herbs will clean your brains, according to the purity of your heart.
5. Words by Ea : Come in through the spiderwebs between the fingers of hell. You can now see the fires through the eye of Eo, for he is the seer of fire. His herbs will calm your brains. Now you will be led to Her to be judged.
6. Words to enter the Hall of Judgement : Receive now the rings of hell. You will receive your armour in hell. By poverty, forests of hell accept me, by loneliness the wildernesses of hell will not spit me out.
7. To teach about the stripes of the underground. There is no life without death, and all life comes forth from the death, who is the mother of the earth. Mother God has the lonely paths to reach the heavens. There is no heavens without loneliness, and all heavens come forth from loneliness, who is the mother of the skies and the heavens.
8. She is a mountaingoddess, and she's also a goddess of wigwams and the crafts and arts. Her home is made of the bones of her male enemies, and that's why her present has a deep and sharp scent. In the winter she is a warrior goddess, and in the summer she is the goddess of trade. It is said that everyone should make the journey to Mother Loneliness once in life, and the ones who weren't able to do, will have to make the journey in the afterlife.
9. To make this journey you will have to go through 'stripes', jungles, on this mountain. All journeys through death end in hell, where judgement takes place. It is the place where you stand naked before Her.

28.

Recel

1. Jericho ; All in line they stand, the red stripe around ... They move ... it bends ... it's coming closer now ...
2. These are the bones... These red stripes around ... coming to me in my darkest nights ... They had to rise and fall, so that I could move ... while it breaks ... and I can dream ...
3. Flames ... we're dying in the cold ... but the dreams bring us away ... We weren't allowed to forget history ...
4. There are the flames in hearts ... From there the secret's running ... In time ... It's all so frozen ... They're still in slow motion ...
5. I'm bending my fingers ... to history ... to the sweeter destiny ...

6. Why am I so angry ... It's hunting after me ... tearing me down ... It lets me bend everything ... There's power to walk ... and let them all talk ... a white stripe around ... to let them fall once again ... deeper into my heart, like arrows ... letting me breath ...
7. It's strange ... and I'm not a baby anymore ... I'm grown up, every movement it's goal ... I'm aware, I am a robot ... bones ... It's blinding me ... taking me ...
8. The paths of history I must go ... into the sand ... so that everything will bend ... There's water ... and everything is dying ...
9. It's war ... The spears coming through ... chains ... making me move ... No one will take me down again, only history will do ...
10. Cannot go, I'm mother's, cannot go, I'm mother's hide ... Indian books fall down ... warbottles make me swallow ... nothing hurts anymore ... for history took them all away ...
11. Cannot go, I'm mother's secret, chains are bending when I speak ... It's like the clicks of silver ... Cannot go, I'm mother's secret ... cannot go, I'm mother's secret ...
12. History made me taller ... While I am sinking deeper ... reaching for my legs ... They're so tall, they do not touch the ground ... like the silver horses standing proud I'm all in darkness birds bend their heads ... They do understand ... while songbird saves me from the threat ... merciless to make the deals ... for more bones to come through
13. I'm a war ... showing the sides of a coin ... hearts are bending ... These coins from history ... bend your heads ... Why do you want to drown tons let us all bow our heads and try to escape ... There's a war of fruits in my head ...
14. but ancient marks will bring him through ... where's the end of it ... Oh, tell me where he had his favors ...
15. I'm escaping through open mouths ... These feathers are more dangerous than the bird's beak ... That's why I had to sit in jail for so long of my life ... to prepare me to this fight ... I'm just a gladiator ... but finally the son ... while I'm still dying in water ...
16. I allowed myself to be neutral while walking the path of history ... I didn't allow myself to do predictions again ... There's water making me drunk ... and I fly after them ... for they want me to know where they came from ... with warbottles in their hands ... full of steamy waters ... The strike where they finally can sleep ... all are dying ... to do the war again ... It was just a strange dance ...
17. He just drank too much ... hitting the hard day ... someone had to break the shell ... and now these animals can run .. knowing there's a new story to tell ... Break the bottles open ... and do the war again ... with flowers blooming in their hearts ... It's the rythm There's no big escape from this all ... but only by repeating it, it will finally fall ...
18. To bed, that is the only travel ... when daylights fall ... to dream the dream ... it moves ... it glows and it grows ... tomorrow the flowers will bloom ... and what will we do then ... ready for the major attack ... a crown of history ... the wars come down ... it kills for it needs the life taken away from it ... it needs to breath ... nothing but a war of fruits ... the baker wants expensive juice ... these wars just making free for the next one ... they must make the trees pretty ... they are the keys of cages ... and other animals ...

- 19.It's good to wrestle don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page Have you ever seen their graces ... all these spears spreading their fires into the air ... Shooting until we are free Like the roar like strange venom in the mouth ... and deep inside we're fighting History doesn't exist it's all happening today knocking on my kitchendoor the hours of friday, walking to the first floor ... they breed the heart of hearts between you and me ... we're finally free The hours of friday standing here like soldiers of history of horizons like green days between you and me we're never really free These years still aren't over They're still living in our weeks ... marching between you and me
- 20.Hours of Friday, speak to me ... I want to know all about your history Your nothing like a historybook pages ... hours of Friday trying to get over it Hours of friday, speak to me You still let me fight ... It's living in our weeks Bring on the dancing horses, bring on the desert's seas ... that what is between you and me ... Bring on the red pillars ... orange in the skies ... bring them back to me ... open the line of horizon, for what is behind is somehow also speeding here ...
- 21.We cannot see a glimpse ... Hours of Friday ... these letters between you and me Hours of friday ... spinning these spears coming near ... I cannot see their tops ... It makes me cry ... Hours of Friday, sundays ... weapons of war ... spread over the week ... who is going to fall today ... who is going to jail ... I'm fighting ... fighting it the whole day It looks like it will never stop ...
- 22.It looks like eternal damnation ... These hours of Friday, when will they stop ... to turn me like the weather, to make all my tears green ... No one is going to save me ... These hours of Friday burn me Why do I need to be initiated ? ... No one is going to save me I'm in hell ... like eternal damnation.... Calendergirls, I cannot come today ... black trauma ... These hours do not exist They're just the voices I didn't hear yet These are the voices I do not understand yet all these hours are still running away until the green sun is swallowing them all away It's a silly trophee
- 23.History, still our God, misunderstood. I have a strange calender It's making me want to cry These girls they were all full of lies but these were truths of history far away ... It's good to wrestle with these don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves
- 24.They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page It takes me five minutes to read every page ... Don't get angry at me Don't get angry at me But she's also just a calendergirl fading away at the end of the month your sides they make me cry showing me your calendergirls finally saying goodbye
- 25.Got another calendar ... with the hours of friday She looks like you Calendergirls, he ripped them all off I forgot that I lived Only watching how I died And now it's just a statue a divine tattoo ... It burnt and ached, but it was coming through ... I think I've now deciphered the letter ... Song, tell me how
- 26.History, I will never let you go My wounds are deep while the days are still running forth ... only showing the hours of friday ... days are running so fast ... until the hours of friday take them away ... to hide them in a sacred book.... when no one seems to listen ...

1. Receive the new spine. This is the holy Beruboe.
2. Kil ; Savios met the red skeletons deeper underground. He knew he had to walk the path of pain, depression and fear, as the grades of poverty to have enough mysterious powers to fight the red skeletons. The red skeletons were without mercy, and very mysterious. You could never trust them. They seemed to be of the barbarian age, and they didn't speak. They had huge halls, and everywhere they were burning their victims. Often they went up to kidnap and abduct their victims. But it was like they had to feed something ... something which was out of their control ... It was like these beings weren't free ... They were victims themselves ... Savios could trace some deep inner memories inside about them, but it didn't go deep enough to realize what it was. Savios was in despair ... At some points he even couldn't move ... He saw a red fireball in the middle of a hall where he was standing ... The smell was horrible ... It was like he could vomit every moment ...
3. Kille ; Savios decided to go even deeper underground, for he didn't want to come in hands of these sick skeletons ... But Savios failed and came in their hands ... A fight started ... They were ripping off his flesh ... until Savios was a skeleton himself ... Weird powers were flowing through his bones ... It was like he could breath for the first time in life, and this air was so strong, so thick, which he could breath in so deep ... and it had a strong scent. It was like it was feeding him, but soon enough he realized that this energy was to enslave him ... He had to do their jobs with this energy ... As soon as he would object, the energy would turn against him ... Soon enough he couldn't control the energy anymore, and his bones started to become red also ... Savios was desperate ... Now he was one of them ... and it was like they gave him a reward for that ... He got overwhelmed by extasies and pleasures making him accepting all what was happening, and he got too weak to resist these pleasures ... He became addicted ... but he didn't want to ... Something was taking him over ... and it was like something was drawing him to the red ball of fire in the middle of the hall ...
4. Laat ; Savios was staring at the dark bones, and strange feelings came over him ... He saw burning skeletons walking into the huge bones, and he also went inside one of them ... Inside there were tunnels everywhere He tried to find his direction for every skeleton was walking into another direction ... It was one big chaos, and they were all screaming ... Before him a big head appeared, a woman's head, saying : 'I am your ancestor ... follow the grades of poverty to find us ... We have been sunk so deep ...' Savios was shocked. He knew that he could reach her only if he went as deep as her ... Suddenly the bones were breaking, and the skeletons were screaming louder ... Everyone fell into a deep pit Savios was now like a flying mind ... He lost contact to his bones ... He was now like a spirit but very slowly his spirit started to bring forth new bones, but of another sort material ... It was stronger, but also more flexible ... and it was like it was feeding him juice ...
5. Redda ; Kisses of pain to bring the marks. We have to swim awhile ... until we are on the island ... with the kisses of pain ... intestines between you and me ... in Zkum we live ... my heart is turning into an intestine ... a scar ... I hear your words by my heart, and they

circle through my body, it makes me dizzy ... when my veins were still intestines ... red stripes ... eat the bread of lies, and become strong ...

6. Driegelle ; No power to wake up, no will to wake up. Brannan grants grace to the poor ... weapons of the primeval. Big feather, live in me, like the milk. A new pain delivered me, waking up in soft fire. Is this the book in which I can live ? (First Giant Skull)
7. Driegulle ; I can't move myself. She stings me, until I wake up in tenderness. I will never go back. A deep fever overwhelms me, like a burning black blanket. They painted me in their books. (Second Giant Skull)
8. Driegul ; Guide me, guard me. By them I will breath, and I will move my body like them. Bring the bones, so that I can turn myself around. Please enter my deep wounds and then raise from there to my eyes, and see through me. (Third Giant Skull)
9. Hiegel ; Grant me the feathers I need to enter your ship. I have not sinned against you, I am clean of heart. We belong to your kingdom. You, the one raising in every pyramid. Oh, pyramid of pyramids, the seventh pyramid of hell, as the spirit of the first chief of hell. You have raised all his warriors. You are the king. Allow me to have breath to open the seven doors of your pyramids, so that all my souls who are worthy to enter can enter, and so that all my spirits who are worthy to enter can enter. Then when I'm in I will close all these doors hermetically, so that no intruder can enter. I will be the fire to protect your pyramid as my spirit moves forward. Grant me permission to travel further, for you to give me the blue line to pass over dangerous bridges on my track. I will not fall, I will not fail, for your feathers are over me. The blood of hell by which we move. Eighth pyramid of hell, open, for our breath is traveling. As our lives grow we seem to worship it, for it is the shelter of the gods, and the passage to the depths. We have seen it as the guard of the treasures and tombes of hell. We enter through the seventy gates of the urn. We are now free in the pyramids of everchange.
10. Hinnik ; You are the fifth pyramid of hell, longing to open your mouth and eat, for the rivers are dry and without food, to make us as candles in the night. Our lights will die, to turn into fire, for the dark lights of the night you want to see. She blesses the statue in you. The well of purifying the blood. This is the blood of hell, coming forth by fire, sending out the firestorms of hell.
11. Himmelch ; The helmet will protect me against dangers. It will alarm me together with the cooperation in removing the threat. It will be like the thousand lightbeams. Counters of hell, rise up. You will not give me the helmet, but the first chief of hell will do, for you are servants. Counters of hell, I command you to be silent when the first chief of hell speaks, when he multiplies himself throughout the sunlights of hell and the sacred fires of voice. You are servants of the helmet, and servants of the first chief of hell. You will not rest or sleep, for you need to persecute the attackers of the helmet to protect the one who's wearing it.
12. Heigeg ; He with the helmet and the winged legs. Kings of hell, bowing to this first chief. Give me permission to travel through.

13.Ham ; She walks on the islands, they stand. Aiming at the sun, spinning it's light in the evening, to make new clothes. Yes, those clothes are torn, so that the sunlight breaks through again.

30.

1. She came to my cage, my prison, and took me out, to bring me to the arena.
2. Then she took me to the fields to hunt.
3. The beads around my neck were prayer-beads.
4. I had to pray to Her, and raise the altars.
5. I had to build the tabernacle in a tent.
6. She teached me how to slay the pigs of greed.
7. The blood of the pig had to fill the laver.
8. The laver had to be in front of the tent. Any priest who would do service in the tent, would have to wash himself in the pig blood, or Mother God would strike him.
9. This is how greed dies.

The Hyena Gnosis

1.

1. Come to the black tree, the tree of hunger,
Where greed dies. Come to the hunter tree,
Where love dies, for love was a lie.
Eat from it's seeds, it will starve you,
Eat from it's fruits it will bind you and blind you,
Come to the tree and be free.

2.You have been given too much by the father god,
He has fattened you for slaughter,
This cannibal god, he has blinded you by his gifts,
Yes, he filled you with greed, but it gave you nothing,
You became his slave, and now you can't seem to find your way back,
So come to the black tree, the tree of Mother,
Come to the hunter tree, where war begins.

3. On the great day of Mother God, slaves are led to the big black tree,

Where all love ends.

4. Mother God has prepared for the endtime battle. She has prepared Her masks. She has taken Her soldiers to Kirion.

2.

1. don't let her kiss you, it's a kiss of death, weddings like coffins.
2. she has minds in her grip, wavy eyes, she leads them to the wedding, slowly turning in slaughtery, there was meat, to find another friend, there's adultery in her mind, she's hungry, shooting more lines, she puts her dress up, showing her high heels, then she blinks, it's the wedding, spreading more lies, weddings like coffins.
3. i know a place worse than hell, in her bed, i was married to this girl, she became my mother, tied to so many things, it's the wedding making me like this, i'm a monster now, and it seems there's no escape, what is she breeding, i must escape this wedding, two by two in noah's arc, it's a butchery don't you know.
4. i know a place worse than hell, here in her bed, it's the wedding turning you into a monster, you need to escape this place, she used to be your mother, but now she's your daughter to take her prey. i know a place worse than hell, it's the wedding.
5. you're always to blame, and the anger is growing under your skin, for too long I'm on the weddingfields ... can anyone help me, i'm never dying here, please take me away to the circle of life, i'm in her arc, there's no way out, i can only send out my raven, i'm in a noah horror, please save me out, my raven has a message, the rain's still falling, like someone's tears, are these my tears ? it never seems to stop, we're reaching for the ceiling, and there's my raven, i'll never wear white anymore, show me the red suit.
6. there are red doves before my window, got to open the window for them, my raven is staring, there's a new morning, in paradise new glory, but isn't noah's horror a hunter ? she will find us.
7. isn't noah's horror a hunter ? what can we do when noah's horror returns, it's moving away like black pearls, there are a million divorces in the nights, noah, noah, like a candle in the night, you designed the bridegroom and his bride.
8. drinking wine with blood, there's always meat enough, he's a butcher, noah the butcher, our souls will be, safe on an island.
9. are you the last soldier of noah trying to take me in ? i know a lonely island, i know a lonely island, but i am so weak.

3.

bigger lie

1. this love affair doesn't end, but still they call it yesterday, like the original sin, strange wedding. like the original sin, a strange divorce, when i married you i sinned, but when we were in a divorce, we became original sinners, by a divorce you hit me, i'm an original sinner now, there was blood between us, we are original killers.
2. you are my original bride, you are my original knife, noah with the tree, tree of paradise, building an arc, making me free, let us escape from yesterday, for these eyes are killing me, there's an original sinner deep inside of me, build an arc, and go to sea.

3. you're no original sinners, you're original singers, where his body was a tree, where his fruit was his foot, kicking them away into a darker destiny, on his arc they sank, on his jesus they lost their guard, and their last friend.
4. where the tree was his body, where his fruit was his foot, eating their meat, on his arc they sank, on his jesus they lost their guard and their best friend.
5. noah, noah, you have only one hand after these floods, noah, noah, with your pigfarms on the hill, still blood with the wine, still meat with the bread, for meat is all you really need, you're still a butcher, still a liar, still a hunter.
6. he's just a original cross, like a tricky road to heaven, it always leads you back to where you started, there they are again, adam and eve, after the flood, they rose, and it's so strange, but it's always like this, they are the objects of this cross, this original cross, so this eve is the original bride, the original thorn crown, and this adam is the original scorn robe, wanting to go home.
7. and this noah is the original wedding, you cannot walk, it's the original foot nail, and moses is the original divorce, you cannot move, it is the hand nail, the original hand nail.
8. the original death, it is the original spear, and the tree is the original stripes, the fruit is the original tear, it is all the strange strange wheel of paradise, we can never escape, it brings us from year to year, like in a strange arc, through a strange split sea, going to the promised land.
9. we're moving on our knees, creeping through the sand like paralyzed, will we ever reach the beach, will the sun ever touch the sea, to burn this whole picture of grief.
10. adam and eve staring at each other, and the beast has another year of prey.

4.

Glimpse of False Grace

1. They stood there, shivering, tied by marriage, in a night no one understands.
2. Two by two they go to Noah's Arc of Marriage,
3. Into an eternal divorce so deep inside their veins,
4. a present of the night, so many broken dreams,
5. giving us strange pictures we do not understand,
6. all the faces of her conscience.

Beast of Marriage

7. We would have everlasting life,
8. If we would just beat the beast of marriage,

9. when the flood comes to take everything away,
10. don't you like my lingerie, don't you like the curtain between you and me,
11. There is blood on the TV-screen, you are teasing me, when you're standing like that behind the screen, Why do you love this Marriage-TV, just a screen between you and me.
12. Or are we animals too wild, would it only devour you and me ?
13. Is this screen our protection, our mother keeping us alive, We cannot die here it seems, in this land of the lie,
14. You tell me outside there are so many predators, By this you keep me bound, Only to bring misery to my screen, when will I be free, Was divorce my saviour this time ? Was divorce the one who took me away from the screen ? Finally free, finally you set me free.
15. Let us swim away in this lake, It was the greatest disease ... Letting all your milks flow deep inside of me, I can touch you now, so deep, Until the bird of tragedy separates you and me
16. I feel you deeper, but then there's nothing anymore between you and me, My memory is now broken, Until the tears wash my last memories away They were already so confused and split up Is it a flame from your heart not remembering me not wanting to see me

Perfectly Split Mind

17. You have me under your feet, these are the only screens through which I can see, colouring my world so black, I can touch so deep, but then everything takes me away, ending all in a deeper tragedy, these deep touches are hurting me
18. You have me under your feet, these are the only screens through which I can see, It touches me deep, but then it goes away,
19. For it's hungry for prey, yes, you're weakening me,
20. Men with so many faces trying to destroy me, but still I can dominate these faces
21. You have me under your feet, you're a giant to me still with that strange stare,
22. The creature between us has so many faces We can never get lost in one emotion We're not locked up in a small box but in a worldwide world.
23. You have me under your feet, speaking about mysteries to me You're the stone and the seal on my grave maybe you just want to protect me It's a silent world only cryptic They're never ashamed for they just know how it used to be
24. You have me under your feet a cryptic polygamy, still bound to so many cryptic marriages Maybe it's just our destiny until the cryptic paradox is setting us free No one can be really forever free There's always a cryptic prisoner inside That's how we live, that's how we die a cryptic destiny
25. We used to kiss to have a blanket in the darkest night, And then I'll find out again, these kisses won't let me speak, They're just raising the screens, taking all my breath away, To let

me enter a deeper tragedy at the end of the day, This blanket of kisses a trickster once gave to me, and now I can never sleep, I'm in a prison only touching screens, I wished I was your shoe so that I would be safe for your kisses, These kisses they only kill me, taking all the life away from me, Yes, you use me like a bottle, so I wished I was your shoe, I wished I was your boot, letting you run away in the night.

26. Your kisses are the death-threats, The knives you push into my heart, You need a bottle to suck, And after it you break the bottle, But my kisses did the same to you.

27. Now I wished I was your boot, letting you run away, Now I wished I was your boot, taking you away, to a place we would both be safe.

28. The plastic tear is our screen, our eye will never be the same, It's blind, it has taken the hard screen away, No one can take it away again, The Eye of Monogamy has died, my friend, It kept us in prison. it let us crash against the hard screen, All our senses died, we couldn't touch and cry, All our tears had been died out, we were cold and lonely, unable to watch the sky.

29. These eyes, it kept the marriage alive, We couldn't touch each other, neither could we cry, These eyes, it kept the monogamy alive, All the beggars around the money, They could never touch, neither could they cry.

30. These eyes, it kept the screens alive, but now these eyes are blind.

31. When you watch too long, your senses die, you're watching a screen of kisses, Where so many birds die, the seeds of tragedies, keeping the screens alive, So let us all be blind, She's speaking, my heart is breaking, yes, she has the mighty touch, It breaks everything, yes even my senses, So let us all be blind, my dear, she's giving heartaches, her voice is like the black spear, When she speaks, I'm frozen, not able to touch, not able to find myself, I'm wandering in a rare and strange wilderness, Don't look into these eyes of birds, They will break you by tales unheard, So let us all be blind, keeping our hearts alive.

32. Don't look into these eyes of wolves, don't listen to their howling, Before you know they have raised the screens, behind which your heart is dying, Let us all be blind and deaf, My eyes are a pack of lies, raising the screens, raising the tragic screens, Oh can I pull them out, these plugs are out of order, My eyes are a pack of lies, wandering to destroy the lost souls, They are safe behind their screens, of marriage and monogamy, Please can I pull them out, these plugs are out of order, My eyes are a pack of lies, judging the dice, judging the playcards, I could never really see them, I only saw my screen, Isn't it ridiculous, please can I pull them out, these plugs are out of time, My eyes are hurting my baby, she wanted to tell me something, but I didn't listen, I was only watching her lingerie.

33. My eyes are hurting me, they never speak to me, they're only watching, writing down the lies, My eyes are hurting me, yes, they are killing me, To so many things I'm blind since I used my eyes, The trickster had given them to me, but now please take them out, or are they protecting me against the voices too loud, My ears are hurting me, they never speak to me, They only let me hear the lies, they only come to me in disguise, There are so many things I cannot hear since I started to use them, The trickster had given them to me, but please now take them out, or are they here to protect me against the sights spinning me around, Since I used my eyes, I never see true beauty, only the things pushing my feelings around, They are

nothing but raising the screens, Dance, I will be your boots, will be your breath, will be your movements, Dance, I will run to you, I will climb over the edge to say goodbye to my eyes, to get a new friend, goodbye to my eyes and ears, goodbye to the skies under my feet, goodbye to all the tricksters who tried to get me underneath, Dance, dance, let's push the screens down to let them be streets in your town coming alive, Dance.

34. She stepped on my eye, she pierced the strange drum. Then explain me, teach me, how can I read this cryptic files, how can I understand them, as they're making my life so miserable, it's cryptic tragedy, hiding a message I need to know to fly away into a deeper fantasy, feeling myself in locked up tragedy, as I can never split these two, they belong together, as the eternal cryptic paradox, the mighty vibration, keeping us alive, transforming it all in right translation, but where do I find the key, or do I just have to wait and die.
35. And then the trickster came to me again bowing down before me, taking my hand, telling me the translation and the misunderstanding belong together like a cryptic marriage, it's legal, but sometimes it's taking an unknown bend of ignorance, like cryptic adultery.
36. So all I must do is finding out about the cryptic marriages and their cryptic adulteries ? Do I wish to stay in such strange situation, is there any escape or a better view ? Can I break or leave the screen, or must I worship the cryptic marriages and their cryptic adulteries ?
37. Finally I'm searching for the perfect screen, deep enough to touch and feel, deep enough to pull away and escape, I know this process can only be safe in a sexual tax-machine. Everyone belongs to each other, everyone belongs to everyone, while a trickster steals away the screens, for a cryptic transformation, we will never be the same.
38. These nipple screens are killers, they have killed the screens of kisses, they have torn away their blankets, they have torn away their smiles, they have broken all the bottles they left behind,
39. These nipple screens are killers, you see visions when you drink their milks, it's turning all the pages, it lets you feel their morningskies, but too much feelings would burn you away, so sometimes they would bring back these kisses-blankets to take it all away, to leave you into waters cold as ice, in loneliness forever you will find the dice, and then play the game again, let the nipple screens arise again, to bath in milk and sandy-lands, to finally understand, it was all a game of tie and untie.
40. Come, I can finally hear your voice, Come, I can finally watch you, although it's in the distance, Yes, I can see you bathing in my milk and odors, it's turning all the pages, to the pictures in the sky, Come, I can finally feel you, who you are, there are no clothes between us, no masks, no disguise,
41. Come, take my hand in this nipple wonderland, our heads and minds come free, as we freed ourselves from our buttons, to now be you and me Yes, our hands and feet come free, a sexual tax-machine has saved you and me, for the milk of love is flowing pumped through all the stations, by the Big Heart.
42. Come, she is free, her nipples beat, like the hearts, all our dreams come true, there are no screens between me and you, only some nipples to let the milk pierce through, opening so many hearts between us, but still we have to tie and untie, or otherwise we would lose this delicious love, Teach me the language of cryptic sex, It scares me, and I have to run away,

Feeling so small, feeling so ashamed, It's like this isn't my destiny, It rips me apart, I know the giant stands above me, It's having me under it's feet, I'm watching the screens, Teach me the language of cryptic love, It frightens me, I have to run away, Can I watch it from the distance, under the Giant's Feet, or I will float away, teach me the lessons of cryptic love, make all the words sound softer, for otherwise it won't work, I am too sensitive, but baby float away, for in the night I'm a creature of horror, taking it's prey ...

43. Teach me the lessons of cryptic horror, I am like a werewolf in the night, losing all my borderlines, losing all my laws, like I am turned upside down, I do not understand this, my love, Please can you explain to me and dry my tears, I am so ashamed, inside I am pierced, by the laws of a different land, please understand, there's a creature of cryptic paradox inside of me, Do I need to run and hide, I can't escape from this night, But maybe all I need to see is it's message coming to me, and finally be free, though I will always be a prisoner inside, I am the slave and the king, I am the predator and it's prey, Something strange is living inside of me, Like I committed the greatest crime, but reached the greatest serenity, But it's only in my mind only a dream fading away when you take me in I'm living in a cryptic paradise with you, I cannot move, Finally I can move the nipple screens to have some communication between you and me. Finally I can direct the milk to different streams, I'm beginning to learn what you have taught me, But still I am under the Giant's Feet, not able to run, I'm tied, I cannot breath, Please give me the ability and the powers to move the screens of his heavy feet, The pressure is too much, I'm breaking inside, there's no way to have some compromise, But finally I learn what you taught, I'm beginning to move the screens of the giant's feet, I'm beginning to direct the food to different streams, i can divide, I can perfectly split my mind ...

44. This game is now in my hand, I'm telling everyone I can now rise, and I can bend, But then some other guy is putting his feet on me, there I go, I cannot breath, I can only die, I have to move the screens of his feet, to come alive, to split my mind, to decipher the cryptic lie, The goatman and the chickenman has put their feet on me, they are pushing hard, piercing my childhood dreams, I can never understand them, as they speak in different language, I have to decipher this misunderstanding. But finally I learn what you have taught me, the game is still in my hand, I'm telling everyone, I can now rise and bend. The pigman and the oxman had put their feet on me, they are pushing hard, piercing my childhood dreams, but finally I learn what you have taught me all the time, the game is still in my hand, to decipher the crime, I can see the tragedy in your eye, seeing all the tears you cry, and I am moving the screens, I'm sending cryptic messages to you, but you don't believe. You think you have lost me, I have thrown you away, but I'm closer to you now, I am moving all the screens of unbelief, I can turn it around. I am moving all the screens of hate, but still this bird of unbelief is bringing me down. I am moving all the screens of depression, finally to get a message through, I am moving the screens of fear, finally you see my hand coming through, but you're hiding away in a tear, I am moving the screens of anger, I am not a stalker, but your saviour, I am a sexual tax-machine, Help me, I am weak, but when strength comes, I do not know my strength, help me, it's like spasm, I cannot direct nor predict it I am out of control, so weak, but yet so strong. I'm a cryptic primeval orgasm coming through, I penetrate your mind, don't touch me, I'm before you, just bend a bit over, I will touch your face, and then just run away, it's over you ... and it will never leave you this orgasm will penetrate your life ... There's a new screen before you new visions and dreams

sometimes they are tragic sometimes they are playing games but these are all cryptic messages to you I am an orgasm, like a jelly-fish from heaven I have been set free now I could reach your dream now Let's raise the new orgasmic screen I will be a cryptic orgy if you just let me win ... Believe me, I am more than Jesus Christ someone saved me from heaven and now I'm with you in cryptic paradise Loves so brandnew like orgasmic tongues and orgic tongues breathing life into you

- 45.Can we raise the screens of lullabies, can we heal the desperate screams, there's a lullaby coming over you Don't walk away, don't look away, it's penetrating you It will take away the pain, although cryptic pain is there for you Decipher the message ballerina decipher the cryptic orgasms in your mind They are protecting you, guiding you turning you around baby, why don't you just let it flow ... We're raising the screens of lullabies Green orgasmic screen, scream my name, I'll be with you, today, tomorrow I will leave, but another one will take away your grief. Green orgasmic screen, I'm a green orgasmic screen, tomorrow comes a white one, taking away your grief, I'm a green orgasmic screen, she's a white orgasmic screen Green orgasmic lullabies, full of rare pride White orgasmic lullabies will come tomorrow taking away the prides of yesterday Go to sleep little darling the road to tomorrow is a long way Green orgasmic lullabies, will stay with you, in the night, turning into cryptic orgies, letting you dream ... the silent dream Green orgasmic tongues will stir up the fantasies in your lungs, just breath out, my dear all things will become clear Green orgasmic lullabies will take away the night till morning comes a white orgasmic screen will display your wildest dream telling you it is just today Green orgasmic lullabies will then all march away But what can I do ? Someone is only teasing you, for also the white orgasmic lullabies will all march away

God's Table

- 46.The white orgy from paradise, just a beautiful woman like a mind full of lullabies, like a jelly-fish from heaven walking slowly to the edge, all the sacrifices she has to bring tonight, it's driving her insane but still her baby inside sais no one is to blame She's a cryptic sovenir from a place called hell where ornaments have died not been able to decipher the spell there was a heaven inside Deep in hell, there's heaven, deep in heaven there's hell baby can you tell how can we free the cryptic orgasms out of the deeper unknown prisons of heaven, where angels bleed away, where they have to die to become someone's prey Is it God or something else making such a mess on the dinnertable they eat fish and jelly-fish please free the cryptic orgasms from this place Is God a sex-machine ? There's nothing above a sexual tax machine Is God behind orgasmic screens, eating the orgies like fish and jelly-fish ?There's nothing above a sexual tax machine Who's behind the screens ? Who's eating these babies Can I let them win
- 47.Orange orgasm from paradise, just a beautiful woman, full lips, with an orgasmic knife Can we raise these babies in cryptic paradise Baby can't you see, they're taking all the ornaments away from you and me to donate it to a sexual tax-machine We have to agree It's better like this forget about the orange orgy

- 48.Red orgasmic lullaby, I don't know why you're bleeding don't know why you're standing in the row thought you were always the first and the last one, the one who's taking them all in and you're still a brandnew ship in orgic seas full of bottles of the red orgies
- 49.Redbrown orgy bottle of trouble and tragedy taking all the years away, of spirit of death no one will forget ... about what you all did to them You were raising so many snake screens You took life away you always had your prey Now you come before your Lord to hear the tales unheard
- 50.Blue orgasmic lullaby filling the sky like a giant jelly-fish from heaven, drinking all our tears away ... from tragic yesterday You're making us understand, what you were all molding in your hand
- 51.Blue orgasm, king of the screens, you're bringing them all through the years your babies die inside your hand, and no one understands
- 52.Pink orgy, tongue of lust and life all you show us is strife You're laying down your cards before me like I have to take this dive Yellow orgasm, chocolate orgasm, spouting chocolate deep inside our dreams, your odors are full of tragic lies, but a cryptic paradise Take us inside like the flower's pride You have your ways to burn the screens

Marriage of Prey

53. Can you take my heart away, I don't want to be taken by a Marriage of Prey, These strange religions have so many things to say, While I'm running away, They say I'm a whore, And they call you a liar, But we will still be together, I'm so full of fear, Don't let them take my baby away.

6 6 6

54. This gamble machine with the christ faces, so many gods and sometimes crosses,
Gamble machine with the gamble babies taking my hearts away,
This marriage is aching me, oh Whore of Babylon, take me away,
Oh Gamble City, got a 6 6 6 on my machine, now everything fell away,
Can I come to Jericho again to rebuild it's walls,
Or can I better push some buttons to let this whole circus fall,
Gamble machine with the christ faces and faces of ducks,
Taking me away to a better game, a better gamble game
Game Over (The la-la bird)

55. In the dark nights, gamble machines all fade away,

I cannot move, cannot run, and nobody can hear,
I'm singing : la la la la la la la la la la la la
And then she comes, she's just a la-la bird,
She lets me escape, through the narrow window,
And then she tells all these secrets and stories to me,
Like I'm in hell, cannot reach for heaven's city,
And I say : la la la la la la la la la la la la
56. And then she moves over me, and I say : baby, you're hurting me,
I take my gun, and then I shoot her around the garden,
But then she only laughs and opens her eyes,
And there I see the gamble machines, I start to cry, I start to scream,
I'm reaching out my hands to her, but then she leaves, and I will burn,
and I sing : la la la la la la la la la la la la
57. And then we talk it over, a few days after,
And then she tells new stories in full laughter,
I cannot understand her, her mouth is like the gun,
And then she says : girl, game is over, let's take a run
58. Our love was not forever,
Now we're digging in the ground,
Deep in the darkness we find our lost baby,
She grew up, but she's foul
59. We will find our ways back to the wilderness,
We cannot fly, we hit the ground,
There's something deeper, crying loud
60. We watch the screen,
The horror we believed in, it has us in its grip
61. Where the skies will be filled by clouds and high towers,
No one's standing on feet anymore,
Planes only get higher,
To see shocking sights,
There are dolls around the table,
Cannot understand the things I'm telling them

62. Where skies filled by clouds and high towers,
bring the planes higher,
We see sights in the poor world,
A mother crying for her baby,
For it isn't there anymore, because there was no food

63. And we get fatter in Amsterdam,
We float too high to do something,
They call us the nuclear bomb,
We laugh and ask for more,
On the moon we don't see anymore,
The earth is pretty, nothing's wrong,
Eyes are closed,
It's dinnertime already, can you pass me the salt

64. On tv dolls behind the windows,
Let them show up, place enough, but we won't reach out, for it's sunday,
And on mondays we all have our own jobs,
we can handle a lot,
Here we all get richer, and we bath on Mars,
In champagne, getting blind in golden rain,
breakfast is healthy, eat the brain,
To laugh is to live, and those who die are insane

65. Where skies get filled by clouds and high towers,
A voice is calling, but we are too far away,
Fattened up in our cars, we let the dolls go home

Girl

66. girl, full of lies, she comes to me in disguise,
She has skeletons underwater, in her boots she breeds the thunder,
Cannot argue with this girl, sending big brother for a thrill,
Her sister smokes, she has her style,
She never listens, only to her sister's cry,
It's a family-thing going around the table,
From a girl you never win

67. Showed her the red machine one day,
She never found her way out,
She found her cowboy deep inside,
She feels so safe now, and all I do is float
68. girl, full of lies, she came to me in disguise,
She came to me in her helicopter,
Fell out of it to be my doctor,
She's playing the clown again,
But I'm not her automaton,
Showed her the red machine today,
Game's over now, and she finally feels safe

69. In her boots she breeds the thunder,
Can't bring her home tonight,
She's with me in red delights,
Can't bring her home tonight,
Wait for the morning, sending you her sights

Mysterious Girl

70. Mysterious girl, like a picture in my head,
She's made of liquid feathers and she looks so sad,
Wasn't she a doll I would leave her, wasn't she like a statue I would deceive her,
Mysterious girl in my hand, in my head, it's breaking me inside,
Mysterious girl, I'm inviting you to my world

71. Mysterious girl, made of plastic waters,
Made of tears, of fragile years,
And she still looks so sad,
Was she happy then I would leave her, was she of flesh and blood I would deceive her,
She's a rubberband girl, stretching like the waters, waves get so tall, it walks against my walls,
Come into my world, I'm opening my portal to your world

Red Girl

72. And I was said, I ran to the forest, where a red girl stood,
And I said were you red before, and where is your wolf,
And she said : wolf is gone, please come with me to a place where we belong

Automatically I took her hand, and she made me understand,
So many tales underneath her address,
She lives in number sixtysix, found her toys, was she the one who had done this all,
It was all a big big carnival
73. Underneath your words there is a waterfall of tales unheard,
Underneath your pretty smile, ghosts are dancing there for awhile,
But you never smile, you never smile, it was all my misunderstanding, I don't know why,
You're a sad girl, you're a smart girl, but it was all my misunderstanding,
For you're a wild girl, loving to do the carnival, loving to deceive me

74. There are places I better not come,
With all the time-bombs, not a good one,
Can I trust you, is my question,
Better not taking the risk, but you have already grasped me,
Are you a martian girl, where wolves don't dare to come

75. There are places I better not come, is it your place, is it you,
Maybe I am a wolf myself, and that's why I dare not coming to you,
I would freeze, you would thrill me, you would shatter me, you would eat me,
But I have so many tales to tell, to bring you under the wolf's spell

76. There was a red girl, trying to deceive me, in the playground she decided to hurt me,
I almost fell down, but then I decided, to come to her in disguise,
Let's do the carnival, let's push the buttons of our hearts,
Let's believe the red girls statements, wolf is gone, but his spell is still raging

77. This girl, she told me tales, I was her doll, I was of her age,
But since the mask came off, she remembers me, I am her deadly stuff

Stop

78. There's a time to take your head up, take it in the skies,
There's a time to take a plane and to head for paradise,
There's a time to lose any game you have invented,
There's a time to watch the tv of your neighbour's,
System watches you, moving to your neighbour's neighbours,
All they see is you are getting through

79. There's a time to make your mind up, make it real,

There's a time to steal a fantasy from someone real,
There's a time to play the game you have always looking for,
Even when you didn't find it yet, just play it,
Dolls are on tv, dolls are on tv this summer,
Freezing your whole memory

80. There's a time to stand up and rise,
There's a time to let it play on without you,
There's a time to make it up, before you lose your mind,
Lose your mind, make it all stop

Soldiers of Love

81. They want to get my attention, these soldiers of love,
Making nasty movements, taking all my hope away,
I know it sounds strange, but when they speak it's hurting me,
While soldiers of lust always take me away

82. My baby is staring outside the window, while soldiers of lust are in the air,
Coming from the mountains, having so much to share,
There's passion deep inside her heart, she takes the soldiers in,
They're telling her keep quiet, telling her she'll never win

83. Soldiers of love, soldiers of ancient times telling lies,
But soldiers of lust, they'll never win,
Soldiers of love, full of nasty lies, it never satisfies,
But all these soldiers of lust, always full of compromises,
Always full of trust, the lies will capture them,
While no one understands them,
Soldiers of love, they'll never go away

Soldier

84. From far away he comes,
Fires in his eyes, no one knows his name,
The sacrifice he has to bring,
Is more than he can take,
He lost his family, lost his life,
Only to get a piece of old wine and cake

85. From far away, he walks fast,
To find his love behind walls of glass,
you gave your son away,
To become a bird of prey,
Still you say you are so proud,
In God you trust, you say this loud
86. slaughterhouse, dangerous womb,
You abort your sons, a screen of blood,
To entertain the world, it's like Christ and God,
The sacrifice you brought to save the world

Lie

87. I'm still coming from down under,
Cannot see the skies nor the seas,
Cannot see the smiles you're hiding,
I'm just a ghost locked up in tv
88. Your number I do not know,
I just watch the show,
Coming in every night,
To leave by a small light
89. lie, you believe in love,
But the morning after, the kids are growing up,
Not knowing where to go,
lie, you always see them later,
As a shoulder on which they can cry
90. You took so much away,
You are their only hope,
So now they have to survive,
It's the land of the eternal life
91. In this land we never die,
Even in hell they find us, adding to our cry,

Breaking Out

92. Many went through the gate,

But I couldn't find you

93. I'm wondering where you all,

All these moments last so long,

And the walls of time are too strong

94. One day I will break out,

In search for you , I will find you somewhere in the sky,

Like liquid layers you roll there, and do you know why ?

Because I feel you near, although I cannot hear you,

Cannot touch you, but it's like everything's coming through

95. Speak louder, from behind the curtains,

Give me a sign, a trace, like you did before, I know you,

You would never leave me without a good bootlace,

In search for you, in search for your boots,

Your shores are warm, but now I want to see the icycle so erected,

A colder place where I can leave it all

War-machine

96. It all seems clear to me,

You're a warmachine to me,

Undercover, that's your trick,

So no one believes me, you're making me sick

97. It all seems clear to me,

You pushed the spear into me,

But you covered it up by fairytales,

And now I doubt myself,

You're looking like an angel to me

98. Tales you tell like no one can,

Do you ever sleep, did you kill sandman,

War-machine, machine of angels,

Come closer to me

99. People say you're so friendly to me,

But when they're gone you're killing me

100. You give orphans a home,

to breed them for slaughter,
You give orphans a home,
You're a war-machine undercover
101. And what is this war about,
I do not know,
No one believes me, but I know you're just a show,
You're telling tales to let everything look pretty,
You never sleep, always busy,
To push the spear a bit deeper,
Far away from the surface, while it all becomes prettier,
I know what's happening inside,
It's an addiction, where can we hide
102. Can I make a deal with you,
Taking you away to something unreal,
Nothing matters anymore, it's our point of view letting everything go astray
Can I make a deal with you,
Can I take you out of the real,
Path of compromise is what we want, point of view is turning in our hand,
Can I make a deal with you baby,
Me on high heels, you on the border,
Together we walk out of the land, point of view is changing in our hand
Cocoon

103. And I know, you're so adventurous, dangerous,
And I know, you're reading books to escape from us,
It's better for us, I know it's also strengthening you,
I hope it will be all a cocoon

104. These chains are scaring me, I must agree, this love is not forever,

105. Hunterman of passion,
Hanging there like Jesus Christ,

I must say it's a good disguise,
For no one knows it's you this way

106. Through the sound of silence, and the colour of darkness, I always hear your voice, through the wet velvet curtains and fleeces I always feel your emptiness descending into me, embracing me like there was nothing between us, so much to fill, you're gliding through me, searching for my hiding energy. with a bow and strange arrows of emptiness and silence, you try to deceive my guards, to get a hold of me. Like the emptiness you flow, while you descend along the multiple stages of the world of tomorrow, where no one reigns or rules, only some fools are searching through the ages, all what they have left behind, some stones and some strange rods, awakening their own prides. Like a madman gliding from the mountains and the borderlines of view, into the forests there in the midst of heavens, where all dreams come true, I can only say my heart belongs to her. While she's descending along all these layers, she pierces herself in my shadow, where the lakes begin to enter in.

107. Here I sit again, thinking about all what went wrong. I do not understand myself, like something is hiding itself. Come my confused child, let us forget about the morning, it's now evening, the night is falling, overflowing the afternoon. With a soft embrace you will reach the morningskies, where you can forget about all these yesterday's delights. Grasp the new day, ask for some access. Only a small gate will do, we will slide and our shadows will rest.

Language of the Soul

108. there are rippling layers in you, in the atmosphere above you your soul can hide. It's the language of your spirit shining through, it's the language of your heart, bringing you all these days in blue. Ask a little bit access, our souls will glide, leaving our shadows in the night. Ask a little bit access, we don't need much, only a drip of consciousness big enough to keep the flame of love burning in our heart. A little bit of love is all we need to hold these tears in our arms, to soothe these babies, letting no one tearing them apart.

Lullaby

109. you must fly, fly away, you cannot stay, there's a world ascending in your mind, where your soul can play and hide. fly, you cannot stay, these years float away. You can follow them, and I would love to float together with this day. Bye Bye love, float away, on the month of love you will fly away, will always keep you warm, just keep on moving along this tall embrace. Bye Bye love, run away, to the worlds we cannot find today, yes the morning brings you there by grace, so bye bye my love, don't stay, let your mother buy you some roses today, cannot come this way with you, got some other things to do So bye bye my love, swim away, these seas are longing for you to embrace, well the islands will for sure run away, but you can float away to their hiding place, bye bye, love, float away, these days are almost over, please give them a new way to ...

Strange desirable fight

110. the days are getting stronger, holding me so tight. I am fragile, I am like a thousand times too late. I am fragile, you win in this strange game, cannot survive your strike, cannot stand when you hit me, please do not continue this fight. I am about to escape your tight embrace, cannot fight the morning so I must just die, here and I will fly away, where all my lullabies let my soul escape

out of your basket full of roses, of our love, we used to fight, dying deeper into this darker night. I cannot hide when your tear takes me away, it's like the morning of an indian soldier throwing all our games away Silent nights throwing it all away, and then I'm longing for this fight again, just to get a sight, an old friend's delight. Fly again, my underwear is too heavy to translate, fly again, like a stone, a waterfall, I'm sliding down to the beginning of our dream ...

Talking to the Dead

111. Soft mornings, I'm standing to receive my goddess in an embrace of a thousand years ago. I'm watching the dreams where she started to melt away. It's my destiny to stand on my own again, like the hermit, like the penetrator of the soul, looking for the flow inside, drawing me to the pool, where your love unfolds. I stopped dreaming since that day, looking for a silent place, Can't you hear my soul, silence is my soul, can't you see my spirit, dark is my spirit, to develop price for virginity in a lake as cold as ice, where you died so long ago. It's the chemistry burning away the old days by a fire we cannot control.

Exit of Hell

112. These roads we must not find, they're leaving our souls behind, just want to die in your love, to hold the pencil of the dead, escaping all these wonderful roads leading to hell instead. These words, I try to explain, these words, but roses must take the other way, no, don't walk, just take the train, for hell's swallowing all these walkers searching for an explanation in vain. Sympathy, I'm catching the words in the skies of destiny, was a grasp just in front of my eyes, while I will not speak, this secret is torturing my mind, while you, you bow down on your knees to get a glimpse of me. Baby it's in your destiny, to find a breath in me, while the colder day takes you away, you must not miss your train. Why all these explanations while our souls can bathe in extasy. Come with me, take me away, oh child, escape with me, let's die again in destiny.

Lullaby of the Dead

113. Oh, sweet death like lullabies, mother is speaking to me, like lullabies and riddles, she's coming over me ... with a rythm like her wings grasping away my jealousy, she needs a good umbrella, sweet, when she's dying again in silent mystery. Mom, come on, I'm ... Why did this rose die, so young, so pretty, she slided through the houses of unbelief No one knows why she died this baby, crying on her grave, roses growing in her tight embrace, she still speaks to me Why can't you wait for something she tells, the day after it's there on the floor behind the door just a grasp away ... touch her mystery her day, her smile, not that she needs you, it's just her Son, tell me, in silent speech there is no other mother to hold your grief ... Son, baby, this love between you and me, like a fragile bridge between life and death, holding so many dreams of you and me Son, I believe, I must take this grief, and continue on my road to heaven, cannot die here, lovers will find me ... Lullaby of death, lullaby of grief, lullaby of sweet destiny, turn me over, rainbows like my lover's letter, rainbows like my soulrose matter, burning the hell out of me ... burning like the fruit, so many fleeces of loves ejaculating in strange reflecting and bending views.

Sensitive

114. Can't believe the mystery you have sent today to me, or was it just a present from so many years ago, trousers from the flower and the rose. Caught the lights, these purple blue delights from a million years ago, the message was sensitive, like snares shivering in the eternal snow. Saw the fruit, the missing baby, saw her hiding her tears and heart, but the rose could open her stores, her

broken heart still broken apart, this boy doesn't have a heart. Sensitive, the air full of sounds born from all these silent years, born from all these missing babies, I'm waiting till they disappear.

Trembling

115. Where do you go, you're trembling, stepping on the traces of the ladder of my mind, with your bow and arrows you need to make some things clear, but I'm not ready for this, so please walk away. Maybe you can return when summer falls, like in a dream you can watch a glimpse of me, there, at the lake, where I always bathe with so many flowers, soft will be your tender embrace. Go away, you hard man, no worries, for I'll feed your wife and children, will even feed your enemy. There are dreams which won't come true, my darling, these are the dreams between me and you, cannot explain how you hurt me when you said you won't be here tonight, so special were these lights, but now they have faded away. Into my arms you will glide for another dream, into my lights you will unfold your needs. But I will go the other way, my dear, for some sweet roses are near. You have loved your family like hell and heaven, you have loved the circle of your friends, like ... it was your only destiny, but now, look further, down on your knees, this little rose, blooming towards your dream. Cannot say I have you in my heart, for I won't lie, you're only in my mind, playing with so many buttons of me, but I'm late, I will leave you to your destiny, with all these roses, oh sure I love you, but you have left when the lights were falling, had to care about these babies on my own, so now it's over, our dream is gone, but please try it later when my heart's not frozen anymore, when you have your own babies running in you ...

Hard Judges

116. It doesn't mean anything to me, cannot explain what you are up to, descending in me, I'm not interested at all, my doors were wide open, but you dived through all my windows, you broke them without leaving a spot, is this my destiny to watch this movie, you're roaring underground, searching for my roots, cutting away my smile, I'm dying underneath your desperate trial. Can I breath, your judges are hard to me.

Temperament ; Black Lady

117. Like the rythm of a long lost dream, you're penetrating soft and wide the illusions of my mind. Descending along the layers of the mountains of my inner sounds, they're melting under harmony and virtuous temperamant, black lady.

Day of Grief

118. in all it's energy, hunting after my dreams to see me, gliding like the rose of a thousand destinies, all swelling in this day of grief.

Floating Back to You

119. I'm happy, your tongues speak a thousand tales, while I can't hear them, I'm only following. I'm happy, like the embrace forgetting about all what you did to me, like the rose's bitterness I see you, my eyes have fallen down, I breath through you, this is past, these days are over, I'm now floating back to you.

My own tears

120. It's an adventure no one understands, these dreams are all in my hand, cannot follow all their instructions, cannot follow all these tears, it's tearing us apart, first I need to be stronger, but now I won't do anything, just let me lie down in nothing, just let me have my own tears.

Run Away

121. glowing in the seas of heaven following you, I see you are afraid, trembling in the destinies of a week ago, but now, my dear dear prince it's time to flow ... away to the glowing in the sea, I've seen it, I just hope it will not run away ... Once upon a time, a rose was dying within my sight, she climbed the ladders of my fragile mind, couldn't help her, couldn't touch her. My love is for everyone, that's why I'm dying together with the one who's coming near. Why do these tears always run away, showing me the treasures of their seas.

Lies

122. When yesterday struck, all these dreams were in fire, while the smoke hid me. Can't you see the windows she has put between you and me, girl you're lost in fire, but that doesn't mean that I would strike this dream. She was always like a mother, soft, her nipples overflowing of the wildest dream making us free, out of the order between you and me.

Mother's All-denying

123. blanket coming over me, this clothe, but I want to escape, falling on my knees. You crowned me, for I was your son, but would I be a beggar you would make me the one you would love all your life as a wife would do. I'm your son, you never granted me any of your delights, but this beggar gets all your pride, you move over him, showing him all your pearls of poverty, all the sweetness of your dreams, your tears, your pains, and then you agree, he pays you sixty dollars, he pays he gives his heart, and now he is one of yours, still the devil's prostitute, still a devil's lovers tale ... And I'm still your son, covered by a trauma, cannot touch her, cannot watch her, she's always hiding like mother's all-denying.

Idiocy

124. hell has struck me, She wants me, Tantalos, I could never break the screen, still yelling, still angry, it hurts my brain. One day I will break through the screen, hell has struck me again, and all you can do is yell. and I'm getting so tired of it, don't want to play in this disaster. Please let me dream again, take me again. This nightmare, a horror in my mind, eating away these skies. Tomorrow never comes, I will ride this horse today. I'm frozen again, in a hall full of horses, bending their heads, it's time for them to pray, for a sinner comes their way. All these laws of books I have broken. She won't be my mother anymore, I'm now an orphan, a foundling in a rose, a beggar in a rose's dream. I'm frozen again, She has struck me and yells again, but I'm so far away, can't understand her language when she prays, her lips go faster than my mind, am I a prisoner again, or am I just descending in a new delight. Fires break through again, me behind the windows, breaking all these dreams again, and fruits are lying before me, like delights, like the black spells, it's coming over me. I have to leave now, no time for all this idiocy.

Tanak ; Foul Indian

125. Foul Indian, descending along the layers of my mind, a rippling tragedy, expecting me to hide. Alarms are following me, to bring me down on my knees. For I need to pray, I need to go my own way, for this devil needs a chance to get to heaven. I don't care about what you said to me, don't care about your dreams. You're fighting against each other, all over me. Am I a good piece of prey for your heavens, where these devils get their ways in these heavens. And yes, I needed to burn in your hells. Foul Indian Rose, descending along the curtains of my mind, wanting to penetrate my conscience once again. Foul Indian, expecting me to bow down on my knees, to say your prayers again. Foul Indian, give me a chance to escape. I'm bowing down in misery, cannot lose my poverty.

Realms of the Martian Smiles

126. war, was descending to me, like the killer's tragedy, silent sounds on his bow he penetrated my destiny, like the shadows on the wall, like the smoke in it's fall, curtains rising up again, before the windows I was in. Wolves were howling, while I was safe behind my windows with her milk flowing, like the flashes of new mornings, her nipples were rising erected, penetrating my soul in so many reflections, get him away from the wolves. Now the fragile mornings raise their bows again, pure separated colours, seven in a crown, they descend, a perfect mark for travelers in these realms of the Martian Smiles.

127. these mysteries in which my soul finds a way to hide, the language of her smile, so full of tears her lips are swelling after the cruel night.

128. On a cold day morning, all the feathers were rising, leaving all these orphans erected in pain, waiting for the strike which lets them quiver in the nights, so many mountains still between us, evergrowing in size, until the surveys share some light. On a cold day morning, I was hiding all my fears, stepping forward in illusive courage, like I was your knight, my dear, like a fragile rose, trembling inside, while the butterflies of my dreams were leaving me side by side, while in emptiness I watched, and suddenly a flash was in my head, melting all the metal of my screens away, I was drinking from the pale, a black fading lullaby, a sandcastle's scream, an ornament of pride now so humiliated deep inside. Fruits of the mornings were swelling, waiting for my lover's bite, but I could only run away and hide, to watch the story behind. I was devastated, intimately horrified, ripped in many pieces, side by side, watching my dying pride. I didn't want to mention it, so I sent myriads and myriads of papers about what happened in the world today, not wanting them having attention for me as prey. Forgive me for these pictures of this rose's dream, a strange strange fruit, of growing destiny, like the fluids of a rose tree finding yesterday's exit.

Nowhere to Run

129. as you glide down into the fragile layers of my soul, I can only run and hide, not ready for this kind of show, this delight. I'm still young, not ready to be a slave like that in these tournaments of fun. I am a child of hell, a child of prayer, but I have nowhere to run.

130. Softly he is bowing his head, he has no friends, for no one understands. He's on his own, the tears leave when he cries. No one wants to be his home, and I'm standing there, watching from the mountain of my pride. Come with me, have pride when you're with me, there is nothing to hide, my flames will find you. Come with me, I have seen your tears, I am your Jesus of the Rose, crucified in your fears. he stood erect, watching my ... Jesusian Pride with strange delight, no one wants to be with him, in fear that he devours them. Come with me, have some pride, I will give you all you need. Come with me, this Jesus of the Rose has interest in you, fly away with me. As he showed his

back I didn't see any wings, but he could fly like the melody, a tingling dream. Can I help you, dear sir, you have grown so tall, can I help you in, this lover's tale will bring you all you need.

131. watch the wild coming over you, stigmatizing your lover's bite. Scars and trauma's, play with me, come outside your dens, and throw it all over me, Rivers of Hell, Suns of Heaven, come over me, I am the kettle of your dreams. Strange invocations, challenge the gods to fight, their titles are a rose's destiny. Their marks to doubt, go, wrestle with them, go to Pniel's Rose Paradise. These arena's are good for your soul to grow to develop your lovebite to develop your rose's strike.

132. I'm a mother's lover, a destiny's wind, a Jesusian Scream, I can bring you where I want on my soft roses shadows. I'm the Bragger of Paradise, I'm the Lucifer of all your delights, I'm of misty sands, in the midst of all your dreams you find the icecream's lovers-temple, a mirror's sentimental pride, so sensitive and sensual, but always running away to find the pearls of new shores to enter in. You can never win, for I'm the Rose's Striker, invent me to your parties, invent me to your feasts, I'll make your birthday disappear in fears, so run and hide. Challenge me in a strange Invocation, go to Pniel's Rose Paradise, I bet you have fears to enter the ring, but you'll see it's for your delight. Come ascend with me, I am the Rose's Striker, I am a silly dream, but also one of grief. Do you want to swim with me in these rivers of tears, leading to the seas. Which fishes can you expect there, they found the treasures in their nightmares, they have changed throughout all these years. Enter with me a new dream, in Pniel's Rose Paradise. Wrestle with these gods and devils, throw the dice. Let us walk the puzzle, the playboard, we are living pawns of paradise. Let us play the games, to search for rose's light, it is the language of her soul, the sensuality of her mind, she cannot reach our shores, she just runs and hides, inventing all these games to have some room to speak, to have a chance to release her fears, the rose's tournaments, make all the views bend, rippling like the shattered switchboard-screens as the receptor of the rose's lights.

The Rose's Advice

133. As lights descend in hesitation, slowing down in every trace, like the rose's heart pulsating, it's reaching for the night, where the mothers of yesterday wait for the trains to pick them up again, they didn't lose their sensuality, but it's now under a spell. They cannot move this day, they stand frozen in the stations of the rose. Father is like liquid licorice, but he's a sailor, he never reaches their shores. It's such an automatic soft button, sliding away when you try to push it, like Tantalos idea, still the Torturer of so many minds. As the rose is unfolding in my soul, far away in the night, she's speaking in myriads of languages, her words are shattered, her lights are born in tranquilizing delights. It doesn't matter anymore, it's the way you view a card. You can turn it around to view from different sights, to find the rose's lights. In purple and pink they descend, showing their unique combinations, descending into darkness, ready for another night. You have to learn to stand on your own, my child, you are your own dream, you don't need to be in another ones dream, for you weren't designed for slavery, for manipulating mirrors cutting away your smile.

Stigmata of Lovers

134. like an ejaculation overnight in paradise, no one can hunt for this price. It's something within dreams, something within the waters between these curtains and these fleeces, No experience will guide you there, but the nothingness will lead you higher, penetrating my flesh, for the temple, a sacrifice, stigmatizing.

135. No one can wash this heart of mine, it's too far gone, it's foul like purple flowers along dirty rivers. Jesus was our all-dying heart, pierced by religion and politics.

Words

136. Hail the soldiers. Worship is but an excuse, a demand of the one who has captured us. all these prisoners, who is going to set them free. Hail the soldiers, when She pierced Jesus with all her legknives and her red arrows. Worship is but an excuse, worship is but an escape, let god just rise once again, to share his prayer, to a god they don't believe in. These words will never fail, like the arrows of Her desire hunting for some prey. Worship is just an escape.

Creator Lies

137. The priest is rising towards all the cannibals of my mind. He speaks his spells, and asks me to believe in him. But all these strange movements are just a broken shell. I need someone to pour some wine inside of me. When will I escape all these religions, these pathways to hell, like my father's broken spell. When will I escape these desires of kings and slaves, but who is guarding who that is the question. Creation is an illusion. The creation created the creator, to make their own development safe, they're just distracting our minds. These religions are strange walls they created behind which they are safe in having their own identities, these butterflies, developping themselves by creator lies. I'm an atheist caught by the gods of the roses. They created them in which they could develop their smiles. I was distracted and still I am, for these love spells are eating my mind. Who created who that is the question. Soldiers take your weapons, don't fight creators anymore, but the creations of your mind. Bend the views by rose's lights, to open the seals and portals, to free the rose's lights. These gods are just an excuse. I'm trapped in a web of lies, born from rose's lights, and they're hiding behind you. Who are you ? The roses stang me without mercy, storing into me all their lies, all their sweet sweet roses bringing me into ejaculations of pride. On equilibrium they have built me, on equinox and eclipse, but still I'm asking myself if creators don't exist, I created my creator, all these roses with their lies, behind which I could develop my smile. But this smile is one of tears and trauma, descending through the lakelayers. These smiles are just lights from roses, offering me some pride. How many layers of illusive creations, where does it end, where does it go.

Agony ; Wild dance

138. Can you hear my breath in this wild dance of life. Can you descend into the world of my feelings, to understand me. Can you reach into this heart of mine, telling all these stories, can you hear the story behind it all, it's like a flower pitfall, drawing you deeper inside, into these strange delights, into the nightmare of your soul, where you get born again after the fall. To rise up you first have to fall, to gain light you first need to gain the darkness. Into the darkness of your soul, where the indian howls, so many destinies and riddles undercover, flowing into your conscious layers of destiny. Behold the unconscious world, where your spirit is free to translate, but it's unheard. I'm gathering all your shatters as you penetrate deeper into me, into my shadows, where my grief is still alive. I can be cruel, I don't know why, but I always find myself deeper in the pit of your denial. It's all a denial to me, the way you act, the way you move. Can't you come with me, to watch the story behind this show. Can you still hear the sounds in the distance, as I draw you deeper into the darkness of my soul. You try to call it evil, by your strange sentimental denial, but in the dephts I will break it all. You have called for me, oh soldier, these fireseas you cannot hide, it will overflow, like the sun of the flowerfields, this rose's denial. Watch this show and come alive. I show you the art you've never seen, the art of suffering. I show you the lights you've never seen, by the tentacles of your dream, I raise them up like never before, I draw them to my shores, as I descend into the layers of your seas, your fleeces come over me. These rose's light will pierce you in the fight. The

foam of new tomorrows will rise. I am unfolding in your mirrors and sands, like the fishes of your destinies.

139. Do you still call me an evil creature, oh Evil One. Bow before me, I'm the One you do not understand. I'm shifting the layers and stripes of your memory, an invocation, to the rose who was purple but now it's green, in ornamental scene. All these views, like the fishes of your unconsciousness, they're breaking through, you smell the plants of new delights. As I gain my place inside your fearful heart, as I dominate the essence of your other parts. You try to strangle me in mighty caves of the wild. You try to break me in your tight desire. I am laughing at you. I am laughing at you. Behold the night will come to break a piece away from you. Behold the night will raise it's fist against you, oh Evil One, Evil Soul, oh Evil One, I do not understand. Was this misunderstanding the plan ? After this denial I put my fist in you. As I gained the love of the harvest of your soul brandnew. Your lights are breaking in my sight, I see your ornamental pride of the love you once knew. As I come closer to your night, I discover your ornament of light, oh Evil One, you are not the Evil One, oh Evil One, not the Evil One. You're the Deeper One, oh Evil One, Deeper One, not the Evil One. As I raise my lights to open your deeper caves, I watch the slime of snakes you stole from their dens. It's ejaculating in my mind, like the blossom of Hell. There I go again.

The Pope's Marionet

140. Jesus Christ, Son of the Pope, Fire of all the Ages, Jesus Christ, rise to your goal, make your father, the pope, being whole. Jesus Christ, a martyrs paranoia, a martyr in delay, coming to devour you, coming to translate, this message of so long ago, everyone seems to know his name.

141. Jesus Christ, the Pope's Marionet, call him Christ or Satan, that's just the rule of our chessboard today, tomorrow we play the Martian Game.

142. Jesus Christ, Spell, Son of a martyr, martyr's cry, it never ends, will you ever understand, these sight of deserts will bend, showing the oasis in this dream. High above us, Bikerman is biking, his wheels are spinning like hell, he comes to take some prisoners out of their shell. Oh, how we worship you, bikerman, how we watch the days you form in your hands, take us away, our friend, our little friend, don't tease us today. Jesus Christ our sentiment, come along with us, to show you some real pride. Let us escape out of our graves, oh bikerman, the lights of roses are in my hands to make a marionet of you. I am the Tamer of Gods, I am the Tamer of Devils, they're eating out of my hand, I make them understand. I am the boss of all these chessboards, tomorrow we do the Martian Spell.

Her Daughters

143. colours, stripes, like liquid lights, shivering, shattering into myriads and myriads, in the worlds above, waiting for the spear to pierce through the fleece keeping these two layers separated. The spear is weeping, she's crying alone in her bed, like a prayer, descending into me, It doesn't breath, it's standing there, frozen. In this mysterious sea, where She hides Her daughters. But the spear is leading me to them. She's standing there with her bow, charged by silent arrows of preprogrammed ejaculations. Then she pierces me by her spear, telling me the year is over, and I do agree. My feelings want to overflow, but she has closed the door, she takes me with her, by her spear, like ejaculations hesitating in my head, searching for prey, she takes my soul from me.

144. Through her undercave I'm reaching for her shore, where the blossom of hell grows, foul like the indian spell, I can smell, your dirty eyes tell. I reach the bridge, these coming feelings roaring in

the seas, and suddenly I stop for I can't have her babies. I turn around to watch her smile, she's sitting on her knees. Then she binds my hands, and shows me she's a killer. After all these nightmares I still can't be myself. Throughout the underworld she reigns.

145. Don't you realize you have to fly, or you will be a pawn again the other day. we watched the skies, where our babies died. We could not save them, for we were just pawns, but deep inside your memory you remember where these fruits flow from. I feel like a pawn today, but I will try it tonight. cannot break the chain, cannot reach the shore. Drowning in these sentiments of a primeval lake. Someone brought me a fruit, this fruit, it was penetrating my mind, descending into my pride. I thought I felt like a pawn, but now I feel like coiling inside, rising up to die, the flowercutter's head, he's afraid and now I'm dead. But my soul finds the thread leading me deeper into death, not seeking for revenge to bite the flowercutter's head, I just follow all these lights deep inside, guiding me to darker places, guiding me to the ghostship of all these lost ages. Don't need a future, I only need to die to travel back again, where I came from, with the lights I have found, to save this child. I let her drink from the waters flowing. I cannot hear her voice, but I'll make her understand. I'm giving her from the fruits.

146. Like lightening she stood before me, the tall light, penetrating so many hearts, like the tear, these lights broken apart. Come with me, do you agree, to enter these worlds, soothing thunder, while cold ejaculations guide the ghostship.

147. I was trembling on my knees, begging her to save my life, as she stood there holding her knife against my throat. It was a nightmare, her mouth was like the threatening kiss, descending to pierce my soul, to steal my bliss. Am I in heaven or in hell, or is this just a shell, like the strange roaring cocoon vibrating like a spell. Her dark embrace, telling me I had died into her caves she drew me, while I couldn't hide.

148. A part of me is saying it is all a lie, while another part of me says it's all real. I couldn't breath, I lost your embrace, until the hard man struck me, I was dead for many ages, can't you see, where can I run to, to who can I go to tell what I need. My senses are all broken, I do not understand. In these seas of misunderstanding I wander for so long, I understand that only weakness opens the eye. By strength we only see illusions, and I don't know why, will you help me to believe in you.

149. to primeval drums and insanity, to find the broken lights of destiny. they surround me, spinning like the delights, where all the dolls come alive, to die again in strange fights.

150. The silences are on my bow, I can shoot to open their barrels, where their fluids of extasy hide. These sounds are only breaths, taking me away, swelling up until they break away, descending tenderly in my emotional vibrations to bring my conscience in delights. I have lived behind these bars for so long, I want to find the caves, the deeper caves, bringing me closer to your heart, All I can do is hide away following all my tears, these threads get stronger everyday, until they are a new cave to live in.

151. I'm locked up in this prison. I'm locked up in this embrace, but still lights are descending here, while they don't belong here. All these ages I'm locked up, in this cage with a strange clock, the fragile layers of my mind and my pride found the broken lights today. My lights are rising up, for She found my cave, she is staring through the windows while my memory breaks ... sucked away into a danger worse than this prayer.

152. prayers are coming over me, prayers floating away, for other gods come here to pray to their gods, all these ladders of the mystery, it brings me on my knees, but I will rise again, my spirit slides deeper to ornamental destiny.

Shelter in You

153. always after all the travels I have to make I always have a shelter in you Shelter in you, place of the softest feathers, when you speak peace breaks through, imprisoning my mind again, I cannot think and calmness flows through me Shelter in you, place of the softest feathers.

154. Your boots are soft like feathers, your eyes are brown, they're telling me, all the things I need to know You're taking me away to my childhood where you heal me ... My eyes are watering, you stand there, like a wall to protect me, like a wall of feathers to keep me soft, and the days you take like a bracelet you're standing there in the dungeons and the valleys of my childhood to break all the chains to quench all the flames of hate You open the doors of my cages for me, you lead me out of my caves into the fresh air filled with licorice You lead me out, I can run through many forests, I am free, and alive and you are standing behind me With a candle in your hand, you lead me out, and cover me by your blanket in my bed You're holding my hand You're making me at peace Until I fall asleep my head on your lap my head on your shoulder I'm weak and I dream

155. As I was swimming towards the mysterious and tranquilizing shore of soft misty flickering and shifting sights I thought I was losing my consciousness because I was so tired. I was almost there, but now I started to lose it. But from my insides a strange strong and concentrated consciousness started to ripple along my spine, giving me the feeling I would survive. Devasted I came to the sands of this mysterious shore. It was like an island, and soft shimmering lights were embracing me.

156. I was in a strange shell, an island in this horrible sea of terror, but more and more I found out it was a fish. It had saved me. Where would it bring me ? I saw the intestines of the fish like layers in the sky, very wet, and their rays penetrated my heart by which a wet strong energy flew up like a well in me. Did I feel this before ? As I was sliding away into my memory I could breath for the first time in my life, and I could mold the memories in my hands like it was wet clay. I had the strange feeling I had been here before, but maybe it was only a small part of my spirit touching this ground before ... I didn't know ... As I was crumbling forwards I realized I was bleeding a bit. Suddenly I saw a dead fish before me. The fish was ripped open, and I could see it's bones. A strange feeling was gliding into me, like I was that fish. It was like lightening struck me.

157. My bones started to tingle in a strange vibration. As I was gliding forwards I realized the the inner realms of the fish who had saved me were slimy. It was a sort of delicious freedom coming from it, for the slime was cold and like anti-magnetic. I always felt I was living in a sea of glue, stuck to everything, while I couldn't move. But this was something else.

158. And I came into a cave where strange skeletons were. They were called the thrillers, and they were strange saviours. A woman was playing the piano, but it was like she was just playing my heart, and I felt strange tingling in my nipples. I had to swallow a few times, as she stood up, and came to me like a watering statue. She was like the thriller having so many other thrillers on her bow. She shot me in the arm. I took the arrow out of my arm ... It was a red arrow. When I watched her closer I saw she was very lionian. It was very strange. Behind her, there was a door, as she was playing the piano again. My wound started bleeding while I ran outside. I came in a huge desert. A leopard stood next to the door, and told me he could bring me across this desert. I said okay. It was

a long long trip, like it would never end. In the distance I saw a sort of ghostcastle or even palace, glimmering in the bright hot sun. It was striking me like lightening, but the sight was also misty, watering and shifting. Did I again lose my consciousness so that this fish would swallow me ? The castle was made of fishbones as we came closer. The leopard was still by my side as I had stepped from it's back. As I moved towards the ghostcastle strange things were happening to me. It was like nights and dawns were rippling here like strange smells, and it was like the deeper I lost consciousness, the higher I could rise in it, giving me such brilliant sights. I could go down the stairs which was like a large intestine of a giant snake. Where was I ?

159. Inside there was a cave in which a lot of skeletons stood. Again, they were called the thrillers, strange saviours. In the midst of them a ghostwoman and a ghostman were making love, while butterflies were rising from them. It was like they gave birth to something. Behind them there was a door, and shimmering light came through it. Together with the leopard I went to the door, but suddenly the woman stood up, took her bow and shot another arrow in my arm, and then one in my forehead. I took the arrows out, one was blue and the other was pink. I started bleeding again, while we ran through the door. Some of the thriller-skeletons started to roar. They were like wild cats and strange wild fishes. The leopard knew the road here a bit, and sometimes he said : This way. After a while we didn't hear any skeleton anymore. We were deep in the ghostcastle now. There was a lightening ball appearing before us, with striking rays and lines blocking our ways. The leopard bit into the ball and the ball broke, while it's lights were fading away. 'Damned,' the ball said. And then again he said : 'Damned'. I stepped on the leopards back again, for I got scared. The leopard started to run like never before. We were looking for the exit. But that had to be at the end of this castle. There would be a new desert. After awhile we found the exit and a new fresh desert was staring at us. In the distance we heard the ball still screaming : Damned.

160. The leopard started to run again. I was still sitting on his back holding him tight. He was like a warm friend to me. Again the same sort lightening balls as in the castle started to appear before us, forming webs and nets to block us. The leopard started to bite them like he did with the previous one, and while they broke and while they lost their lights they said : 'Damned' all the time. I was getting sick of it, but at the same time it was a delicious feeling of being released. The leopard was very skilled in this, like he did it before. I was holding him tight, for sometimes he had to jump high. After awhile we came into a cave underneath the desert, where pillars of lionbones were holding the ceilings up. There was a lake there, and also a small boat. As we sat in the boat the leopard said : 'Do not touch these bone-pillars, for they are implodes. When you touch them they explode, destroy and devour you, and then they're recovering themselves.' After awhile when we reached the other side of the lake we saw there strange toadstools growing. Again we couldn't touch these as they were implodes. We saw a monkey playing with a sort of heart. The leopard told me how foolish this monkey was, for it was a time-implode. After you touched it it would only be a matter of time and then it would explode. As we moved further it didn't take too long or we heard a scream. The heart had been exploded.

161. Was there a way to become immune to these implodes ? Or did we have to be paranoid like this all our lives ? When we got deeper into the spheres behind the lake, also the leopard started to become more careful than ever. He said that were we had come now, there were implodes not only destroying our bodies, but also our inner realms. If that would happen, then a thrillerghost would get born inside. A strange ball was moving before us, it was misty, shimmering and went from one side to the other. The leopard said that it was such an implode. It was too dangerous to bite it, even

for him. So we crept under it, moving forward very slowly. We had to hold in our breaths, for the leopard told that there could also be implodes reacting to breath.

162. Suddenly I found myself behind a thriller-skeleton on a motor. There was strange gass or strange oil on which it was running. It was moving towards an enormous city. Short after the skeleton stepped off from the bike, and had to take some drink in a petrol-station. He also gave a sort of bottle to me. There was this reddish juice in it, and as I started to drink I felt energy flowing through me, very fresh and strong. When we were driving through a gate, there was a lot of police, all skeletons. He stopped somewhere close to a tall house, and took his bow and aimed at a certain window. From the bow a white red arrow chased through the open window and there was an explosion. I saw a red rope hanging, while the skeleton took it in his hands and started to climb upwards. 'Follow me,' he whispered, which I did. It was already night in the city. I heard the sirens of policecars in the distance while I was climbing higher and higher. When I almost reached the window, the skeleton took my arm and pulled me through it.

163. When we were inside the house, there was also a sort of piano. The skeleton went to it, and started to play. It was a strange song : 'Oh, when you're willing to deceive me, give me some time to slide away. I guess you'll never see it, got to raise these mothers on their way.' A Woman entered in, she was like a crocodile, so dreadfull. She had a bow, with so many arrows in her quiver. She took one of the arrows and I got shot. Then the woman was running away. The skeleton took the arrow out of me. It didn't bleed as much as I had expected, but as the blood came out it was green. The skeleton showed me a tall hall of stairways. We had to move on upwards. At the top there was a door. Someone opened it, another woman. The skeleton pushed her aside and walked in, while I was following. He went through the refridgerator and opened it. Inside there were a lot of bottles, and he started to drink, giving me also some bottles. It was strange juice, very strong, almost sweet, but it was more that of a strange delicious and delightful blend. It smelled delicious, but it didn't bring extasy, but it had more a neutralizing effect, not calming, but neither addictive. It was like it was giving enough, every swallow, every sensation of taste and smell. There was another strange piano here, and again the skeleton started to play it, again this strange song : 'Oh, when you're willing to deceive me, give me some time to slide away, I guess you'll never see it, got to raise these mothers on their way. And again a Woman like a crocodile entered in, and shot me. Blue blood was coming out of me. The skeleton didn't say anything. The woman had already been gone.

164. The skeleton took me to a stairway leading to a sort of gigantic attic, where dolls stood against the walls. Some were in boxes, and they all looked like they had to be sold. The skeleton said that these were the erotic thrillers. Suddenly some of these marionets started to move, taking their bows and shot me. Many arrows, very thin, had pierced my arm. I tried to run away, but I couldn't. It was like I couldn't think anymore. Then they took me away. The skeleton got mad, and tried to help me, but they threw him to the stairway and then they threw him off of it. I was helpless, and it was like strange poison was running through me. They took me to a room, and started to yell at me.

165. Long long ago the bluefoot-waspian were in war against the whitenipple-waspian. Both races were from the blue blooded empire. This war penetrated deep into the heart of the empire, and the emperor thought that he could only stop the war by letting a few members of the bluefoot-waspian fall in love with a few members of the whitenipple-waspian. The emperor succeeded in his plans, and from the relationships a new race had been born. They were called the erotic thrillers. But there were a lot more fights between the different races of the blue blooded waspian empire, and also between the different blue blooded waspian empires.

166. A priest stopped reading. He tried to make clear to the members of his church that divinity was in the hands of the blue blooded waspians, but since a certain race of spiderians got the overhand it all changed. Since then they had to deal with a certain spiderian god called 'God', and his followers were called 'church'. The priest told his members that he came to earth to lead them back to the blue blooded waspian bloodlines. He said he had the knife to cut the bloodline of the present sort of spiderian bloodline. His members watched him with big eyes.

The Book of the Willow

167. On high horses I ride She has ensnared him He has misunderstood her it will pierce your heart, these seas will all be of blood and tears, When the waves will come, believe in poetry, don't be so positive, my friend And these softer rythms were like the jungle rain, like Noah's Arc, My trousers are wet

168. the spear It has killed king David, it has killed king Saul, but it was just a misunderstanding in the temple of Solomon, mines of Solomon full of treasures, like the thief it comes, but it was just something between me and you

169. It's standing tall in the temple, She has a spear in her hand, king David has fallen, where Goliath rose they fell these were all kings of the jungle like monkeys they stare How can we misunderstand them more ?

170. Oh doll, I found you in Salomon's temple, threehundred spears opened the garden again, and we could flee together to beaches and sand close your eyes, and jump, for cruise is coming through Threehundred spears opened the jungle again Threehundred spears are coming through through the underworld it picks you up It's the survey of paradise trousers on beds, Threehundred spears to open a gate, A gate between me and you, Threehundred spears through Solomon's doors Now what is stronger, religion or poetry ? At the end of the night you can send all your soldiers home, all your prophets and priests for the poet gets his crown threehundred spears through his head but these are only words, and I do not believe in words, I believe in threehundred spears through the head ... then all is done and said

Warfeathers and Bloody Indians

171. *They have built their worlds by words meaning nothing They have given it feeling and sentiment, they have raised their laws, but it doesn't mean anything, for all creators are fake everything is artificial, so give me a break*

172. I saw the soles today, and I saw the hunters running, running after helpless prey I saw the hunters running to the small house, and in disguise they went in, in the bathroom they sat down They are children of the rain, they are orphans of all these suns going down

173. I watched the soles of your boots today, and I saw these running kids come out of the trees, it's late And I saw myself running there, They were all running, running home

174. And I saw them making war, like indian wars, like the ivory towers of the song of songs, a war-tv a warsong of orphans

175. And I saw your lips, it was a pretty picture, so many hunters, many soldiers sliding down.

176. all these doors lead to hell deep into the ravine, I saw the soles today, all these orphans running

177. she's dirty, she's like mother So many screams in your head, Don't get to close, it can be like your mother open doors in brannan, they all lead to hell, there's orphan's soap on the skin, sliding down, washing your mind away

178. Down to orphan's road a pillar stands, And then it comes like the wave, there is nothing we can do

179. Down to orphan's road, down to the space They are cruel now, bitten by the fly They have reached the eternal fields in the sky, sitting before a fly tv, change your smile for a good weapon and die So many ways to die in this land, all doors here lead to hell.

180. Waking you up to the forests of flowers, wild flowers all these doors lead to the ravine

5.

Inua

1. She climbed through a window of the palace, took her bow from behind her back, then an arrow and shot the prince. Then she took his jaguarcoat, and ran through the corridor into another room where the princess was bathing. Another arrow was enough to kill the princess and to make the bath bloodred. Snakes were soon sliding into the bath to eat from their mistress' body. Inua then walked through further tunnels and gracious halls of the palace, along the portals high on the walls, and she ran. She found a red rope hanging, and swung to the other side of the palace. A black hooded warrior stood before her all of a sudden with a sword shining in the sun. It almost blinded her eyes. She could stoop just in time and pushed a knife in his leg. Then she pushed him from the wall. Another black hooded warrior came, and a red one. But she took another rope and swung to the next part of the palace. Then she ran upstairs. Here the queen and the king lived. They were just drinking from their golden cups. She used two arrows in one shot, and killed them at the same time. Then she ran to the entry of a tall tower. She knew a sorcerer lived there, holding the hearts of those who lived in the land. He had poisoned them by his medicin. Quickly the warlock spoke his spell. He had a red garment with a large cape. Inua fell to the ground, like she was struck by a strong drink. The warlock took his sword from the wall and wanted to kill her.
2. 'Demibrazi,' a voice said, 'don't do that.' A man with a harpoon stood in the windowgate, shoot through the wire holding the lamp, while the lamp fell on the warlock. 'Are you okay, Inua ?' the man asked. But Inua didn't answer. He took her on his back and brought her to his home. After awhile she woke up.

3. 'That was pretty dumb what you were doing there,' the man said. 'The warlock could kill you.'
4. 'I'm not scared of him, if I would die, it would be so, but I had to do it,' Inua said.
5. 'You are a brave woman,' the man said.
6. In the night Inua returned to the palace, and this time she could kill the wizard. She entered through a portal where a strange elevator stood. Suddenly the man stood before her holding her arm down. She wanted to push the button to open the elevator. 'Let me go with you,' the man said. Then they stepped in the elevator together. They visited a city in the sky, where gods and goddesses lived. They guarded the so-called Eye of Blood, by which they ruled. Inua had already an arrow on her bow, ready to shoot. She could see the eye from the elevator, and shot through it's fleeces. The elevator fell back, together with the whole city of gods. It was all coming down. The man didn't survive the fall, but Inua did, and ran into the wilderness. Then she went back to her cave. The Eye of Blood was a conspiracy of ghosts who had implanted thin and small saws into the genitals of their victims, to let them live in deceiving visions.
7. She was now the bloodbather, behind the walls of paradise, where she dwelled between the volcanoes of death and blood. She was now weaving her palaces in the sky like the widow spider, from all the tears of men and gods, from all those royal tears, and she wove the hearts together of all the fallen warriors and their intestines, to raise the fleeces of pestilence and drunkenness, she would settle her throne in war. She was the queen of delirium and intoxication, a huntress of deception. There was no seducer like her, time would come into slow motion around her, her arrows were sweet, bringing the weight of tragedy and torture, finally a deeper bitterness. She was from the garden of the snake, a wardancer, a poisonblower, through tubes of death and confusion. The intestines of fallen warriors she had woven into chalices, and she made dishes of their hearts.
8. She was the intoxicator, carrying the ancient secrets. She was a designer of heavenly cities, a conspiracy as well. She was a whisperer, a threat to the kings and their sons, to the queens and their daughters. She was an everlasting flame from hell, torturing the chosen ones by visions.
9. She was a treasure, a troll treasure. She was hell's calculated bartender. All she wanted was to make cigarettes of her visitors. And their heads would glow and she would bring the fire in them, all she wanted to see was them burning.
10. She was a weaver, taking the testicles and eyes of her enemies. She had a horned helmet, by which she showed the sweet venomous paths leading to the bitterness. She was the spider, the whore of destiny.
11. In the nights she would become the seven faces of Mercury, spoiling them by delights, all to fatten them up for a butcher called history. They had no names, but she would call them, to be a number and a slave. In her hands they grew, and by testicles she built her screaming walls behind which she hid her silences, where the mercury was her poison to hold. So many testicles of fallen warriors bound together. She could be found on beaches, where he lured them to watch her, until the sting of mercury took them away. They could not eat nor sleep,

they could not breath nor move in bed, for she was in their head. By a bisonhat she showed them the paths of venomous sweetness ending in a bitter death.

12. She was a calculated horror, with cups from mars and spain. She was living in Jerusalem, rebuilding it again. Was it a hidden Rome so sugared, hiding the sting of hell, or was it innocence and ignorance, unable to find the right spell. The spell to raise the new mind, testicles bound together in a well, where fishes were nothing but testicles, and shrieking hunters possessed by sharp objects letting them bleed inside. They cannot stop their hunt. Something wants to come out. And this is all her pride.
13. The kings rise on their morningbeds, all ready for a new day, while she rides on peacocks, the warrior goddess. She is a weaver, a dancer of swords and spears. And while she is pregnant she is so soft, until the morning comes with it's black blood and grey coffins. Jerusalem is in her hands, her feet are demanding, equipping soldiers to open the gates of the promised land. She is the black spider, white in her strike, rebuilding the heavens, by the testicles of the fallen. Where Mercury had it's seat, she rises with fleeces, so thick, surrounding the mind, where soldiers had their stands, she speaks deadly accurate words.
14. In a bleeding bed she has her Spain, the grapes are ripe. In a bleeding bed she welcomes her tomorrow, as a bleeding dove, ready for sacrifice. She tastes death so many times, she has sweet feet hiding the bitter seat, a golden sun of scorn, testicles woven together by the whore. She has her chalice here under black waters, filled with brown desires. Mercury was here before, now she is riding it's horse. Yes, seven faces she has, to spread her evil, and mess. It is the new mind, a new calculator, on the testicles of once such mighty men, they are in hell while their tops are broken. The eye of the spider has spoken. It is here, Mercury had it's place, but the night is over.
15. She is the one with many feet, they call her a spider, setting them free. She is torn inside, for there was always a fight between her and her mercury, she lives in an eternal war, and the chemical disease spreads it, by pestilence and hysteria. There is war in her chalice, and much paranoia. The skin of her back is soft, swept by swans and heavenly feathers, while her mind is hell, covered by bats and zombies. She is the tormentor of the new day, the knocker on hearts.
16. In a spanish church she has her many faces, where the whore of dentistry has her coffins. Where angels of scorn and no care lead the mass by fear. Testicles have been pierced by the chains of Mercury, her seven faces. When she speaks, soldiers are near. Her voice like a moderator, rivers of poisonous deaths to raise the leg of the ballerina, her feet denying everything, on her toes it's written she doesn't care. Lethe has them in her hands, the trips across the Styx were dangerous and expensive, while Charon comforts their souls.
17. where the trolls run free in the huntingfields. Mercury has them in chains, with cups full of liberties. She is the black spider, stretching out on her beds, while so many are dying. On her toes it's written queen of scorn. Seven toes will rise in the black night, to guide them by her light. She is the queen of scorn, a moderator of hell. When she speaks the snares are breaking, and men are weeping. The church she closes by her wings. She speaks while temples are rising, and then the poison catches them all. She holds them in a tight grip, waiting for them on a tall shore. She lets them fall when they have almost made it, and they

fall hard, like goats thrown from a tower. She builds her sands, and by deserts she creates time, all to lock them up in prisons of lights.

18. She is in chains, this woman, her nipples pierced, deep into her breasts, whenever she moves the sweetness falls to the earth. Oh, the whore, dwelling among the testicles of bulls. The seven faces of orion is she, a secret of mercury perfectly denied.

Mercurian Archers

19. In the gates of Bellatrix, a bard was standing, a troubadour, where I found the key. Here the guards of Bellatrix stood, hiding the secrets of Rome. For one Rome is yellow, another Rome is green, and the black Rome is Jerusalem, in her cup was the mercury, from which her disciples drank, to raise the black spider. Here she moves slowly, her nipples chained, spreading sweet poisons to feed her children. Here the whore of the ages dances, to entertain the black jokers, who hide deep in their churches. Here she lives behind tall and thick walls of tragedy, bathing in splendour and prosperity. Here the guards of Bellatrix rise, her popes, to spread their pestilences. Here she had her robe, woven of the testicles of her enemies, and the eyes of slain cattle. Here she licked the blood from her lips, and mercury was still the flame in her heart. And the fat on her body, on her thighs and buttocks, testify against her, where the hyenas are writing in her head, the words of an old song and an old story.
20. Can we come across the walls of Jerusalem, and enter our freedom again, free on the fields, or are we in her grip forever. Her eyes are enchanting, her mouth is chanting, her body is moving, intoxicating our minds.
21. We have seen her, we have watched her, we have read her spells. We have seen the pharisees rising in our midst, the whisperers, and still we felt safe in her, for she was our mother. Can anyone break the black bloodline. We have seen her dancing, and we wanted to be like her, loved by a million stars. In the gates of Bellatrix the guards are standing, these soldiers of a black night. Was she just another slave of Rome ?
22. This Rome is black, tortured by Spanish soldiers, driven in her cage, where she dances day and night. She is the marjorette.
23. Mercury church, where the kings are shouting, where the guards of Bellatrix stand tall ... When Mercury rises tall in Bellatrix, they will all fall ...
24. A mystery called Inua was their queen, slowly sliding through the veils, showing the apocalypse, the war under the skin ... She raises her poisoned apple high, and then she takes a bite ... Queen of intoxication you have always been my delight
25. In mercury church it's snowing, where they sit, bound and chained, and someone preaches from the letters, by mercury they were filled. Here they have their dances, and those who can't dance will be killed. From here the tornadoes are rising until you understand the secret, mercury was it's veils.
26. I was frozen when I understood the riddle, and the guards of Bellatrix followed me. They were the moderators of hell, and the age of mercury had just begun ...

1. Feathervoice, polydivorce,
2. I saw the first salt tree and I was shocked.

The Needles of Pill-A ; The Eye of Tears

3. A captive woke up in a camp of native american women. He had been a prisoner here for awhile. The women seemed to be insane, claiming he had committed an unforgivable sin, and therefore he was their prisoner of doom. They had put him in an arena where he had to fight, and where he actually got partly paralyzed and spasmic. Now he was laying there, in a tent, inbetween some native women, waiting for the everlasting torment to come, as a punishment for his wicked deeds, of which he didn't know what it was. He felt misjudged, but his dreams at nights seemed beautiful, deep, haunting, as was this place.
4. He felt a hand on his shoulder. A woman stood before him. It was Tara from Rhodes, his saviour. She led him out of this place. She brought him to her home, somewhere behind rocks, in a sandy cave. It was raining outside. She took care of his wounds. The women with their evil grins still tormented his mind, but this woman was so different. She gave him a sword and a knife, but he was still paralyzed and in spasm. But when he held it, soon power streamed through his body. 'What is that ?' he asked.
5. 'You have been chosen by the gods,' Tara spoke.
6. 'For what ?' he asked.
7. She didn't speak. After awhile she said : 'Just believe it.'
8. He admired this woman, so he believed what she said. She had saved him.
9. 'Please, don't let me have to go back to where I came from,' he begged her.
10. 'You are safe here,' she spoke. Two wolves were licking him. Outside he could see a river where crocodiles were. On the sandy shore there were also some leopards.
11. 'The animals keep you safe,' she spoke.
12. He was still trembling, but she caressed him and calmed him. He was in her arms. He fell asleep and dreamt about the drugs of nature, the serums of paradise. Spiders were stinging his muscles, and they were like dying, and an organ in his stomach took control, soft powers, guided by an unknown sun. In his dreams he saw the lovely face of Tara.
13. He woke up and knew that everything was but a dream. He was still the captive of these native american women, savage indians, who had his heart. There was red lace tied around his hips. These women seemed to be very organized as there were more captives with red lace.
14. One day he had to appear before their queen, who was painted in red, and he asked her what he had done wrong. 'First of all, you are a male,' she said. 'Second : you have muscles. Third : you have brains.'
15. 'But you have them too,' he said.
16. 'No,' the queen spoke. 'Just advanced nipples.'
17. 'Can I have them too ?' he asked.

- 18.'No,' the queen said. 'It is unforgivable that you have been like this, and that you have used it. It is called abuse, you have abused your powers, your false powers, you have used your muscles and brains against women.'
- 19.'No, I have not,' he said. 'I have never used my muscles against women. I have never hit a woman, only maybe for self defense.'
- 20.'You are starting to get insecure, by saying : maybe,' said the queen, 'and what about your brains. Didn't you use them to humiliate women ?'
- 21.'Never,' said the man.
- 22.'Is that all you can say ?' asked the queen. 'Here females are above males. You have to get used to that. Here we rule. No one comes against us. Spiders will feast on your muscles. You will be a good snack, then a good slave.'
- 23.'You have to give me a second chance,' said the man. 'A chance to let me be more like you.'
- 24.'Never,' said the queen. 'You will never be like us. Deal with that. You belong to the everlasting torment and the everlasting arena.'
- 25.The man watched the cruel faces of the other girls who were with the queen. They stood there merciless. He knew that every escape from here would just be a dream. They didn't let him sleep much, but sometimes he just fainted.
- 26.'There is no hope for creatures like you,' the queen said. 'Neither for your children.'
- 27.'That sounds racistic,' said the man.
- 28.'I don't care what you think,' the queen said. All captives were allowed to see the queen only one time in their lives, so the queen took the time for him, but he couldn't get through to her. Slowly she turned into a python, and went away.
- 29.It was like she had stung him, and he felt like he was dying. He knew there was nothing left to do but to accept that he was in this place forever, and that he had comfort in his dreams. It was not all that bad, as he could sleep and faint. He led a double life, and he knew that these two lives would form and transform each other, until he would have a satisfying point of view on them.
- 30.In his dreams he dreamt about the nipple sun, with nipplian warriors, invading everything. The creatures on here were wild, beyond the duck sun. The nipple sun was like a mind police, beheading the giants of the muscle age. Cobras took their bodies over, and showed their heads on their bodies. Tara from Rhodes was big in his dreams, and she made his terrible life with the native women look like fragments. It was like it was all just a few seconds of the day. All flashes. he fainted more and more, entering his dream world, just different frequencies of life. He could tune in and out.
- 31.The source of Pill-A was on the nipple sun, where he also found a substance called Pill-B, nipplian seed. This seemed to be the secret of Tara from Rhodes, the secret of her power. She ruled over the illusions with her sword, taking him in.
- 32.She took him to Mars, and to it's core, Betelgeuse, to which the nipple sun was just a key. Here nature and life was good. The crocodiles were big. The rivers were of blood. It was

hell. She was a sharp voice in his head, the voice of the python, whispering. She showed him the key, a solar key, of so many suns, of a solar stairway, transforming him, and bringing him into the depths of Betelgeuse, absorbing all the other experiences he ever had. Here the hippos were. It was the core of Mars. The flies ruled here. The Eye of Tax was soaring here. Tara said it was the last enemy to be defeated. It was the creator of the muscles and the brains, as in a conspiracy, as it made captives.

33.'How to defeat it ?' he asked.

34.'Only a female can do it,' Tara spoke. She told a vague story about a yellow pyramid which would lead to the yellow sun, a good security against the Eye of Tax. In the distance a stairway seemed to be burning. Tara spoke that the yellow sun was a key to enter deeper into Betelgeuse. She said that in the depths of Betelgeuse the yellow sun would release substances which would trigger a doom in the universe to transform everything. This was why the yellow sun was an important path or elevator in Betelgeuse.

35.Some said the yellow sun was the sun of tears, while others said it was the sun of jokes and the sun of laughing. Fact was that anyone who would approach the yellow sun would stop aging, unless the yellow sun would not let them through, then they would age even faster. There were of course ways to age in the depths of Betelgeuse, but it was just more controllable.

36.The laugh gas of the yellow sun made people happy, although that was what it looked like, when Tara took the man on a trip. But it was scorn, and it led to tears. There were many tear lakes in the depths of Betelgeuse, which was like a hot desert area. Tara gave the man a ring on which his oxygen statistics could be seen, and it was to be controlled from there. The yellow sun was like a train into the depths of this desert, guided by tall paradise birds. He needed to control his oxygen, or he would die here. He needed to learn how to breath. She led him along the pee-lakes of monsters and beasts, where they had peed, wells of healing. She taught him the secrets of nature, there, in the depths of Betelgeuse. His mind broke free from so many restrictions, but he also had to worship the goddess. He had to live in devotion to her. And for the sake of nature he had to be sacrificed to her, and her wrath had to be poured out on him, as in an eternal punishment. He had to be rejected, as a religious experience of doom, he had to feel the everlasting torment.

37.It was Betelgeuse's Theology demanding this, and there was no escape. There could not be an everlasting bliss without this everlasting damnation. There could not be an everlasting peace without an everlasting war. There was such a balance here, by such a split. There could not be an everlasting marriage to the goddess without the everlasting divorce to the goddess. Tara said that this was the reset of the chip and it was nothing but a game. She told him that the goddess loved him very much, and that he was chosen by her for this game. She wanted to heal his past. She would arm him through this ritual.

38.The Eye of Tax was still soaring above them, looking like an insect. It looked like a big swollen muscle, through which slime was streaming. It was very slimy and greasy. Tara took the man into a lake of monster-pee, where the pee of beasts was mixed, and the pee of dragons, and it seemed to be a healing well, but after awhile it caused trauma. But there seemed to be no other option. The man was confused, and so was Tara. The Eye of Tax was after them. It stalked them. The traumas seemed to actually protect them against the Eye, as

- otherwise it would enslave them. They both felt a pressure on them. Tara was fighting for her life, and at the same time she had to protect the man, but it was hard on her. They heard noises in the distance. Gigantic dragons showed up, but they could begin nothing against the Eye of Tax. Suddenly the Eye of Tax swallowed Tara. When it spat her out she was under slime, as in an egg. She felt like she was burning. She was screaming. The man got stung by the Eye and got paralyzed. He remembered this feeling. It was like his past was taking over.
39. Cream came forth from the Eye, covering them both. They were both like burning, as in a flame. Soon they were surrounded by males with big breasts and big muscles. 'The splinters of Fragma,' said Tara.
40. 'What is that ?' the man asked.
41. 'These men are just parts of this Eye,' Tara said. 'They are the workers of it's foam, Fragma, his spirit. It keeps them drunk. They do not care, only for their pleasure. They live in jokes, lies.'
42. They both fell into an enormous depth, while the Eye of Tax seemed to be feasting on their flesh. 'These men are guards of another world,' Tara said, 'but they will soon die.'
43. 'I hope so,' the man said. 'They are evil.'
44. Suddenly they were gliding into the tear lakes of beasts, monsters and dragons. It was like their traumas were soothing. 'it works,' Tara said. 'Whenever the Eye of Tax stalks, it leads us to these lakes.'
45. 'What will happen ?' the man asked.
46. The lakes were like burning, but it was also calming them, as there was a softening substance in it. The tears were very neutralizing. It attached itself to their bodies, and started to heal the wounds.
47. 'Manerka,' a voice spoke. There was another man in the lake. Soon they saw beasts, dragons and monsters appearing. The Eye of Tax was shrieking. The tears were on them like foam and jewelry, like fleeces as lace. It was enslaving them for war.
48. 'I can breath !' the man shouted.
49. 'Welcome to the army,' the other man said.
50. On a dragon a queen-like woman was riding, sitting on a saddle. She was covered by lace and leather, as in a traditional armor. She had horns, and she was partly veiled, and had a short skirt. She was moving towards them, but then fell away.
51. The Eye of Tax was spitting fire, but the tear lake was swallowing them into it's depths. The man lost his consciousness. He felt like dreaming, and suddenly he could shake so many worlds off of him. He watched his dreams shifting in a huge pearl. The pearl was slimy and greasy, very steamy. 'Don't touch the pearl,' a voice spoke. It was the queen-like figure with the horns. 'I am here to intoxicate you, you need the witch,' she said. 'Here all the realities shift.'
52. 'I do not know what is real and what is not,' said the man. 'I do not know what to trust and what not, I do not know the truth.'

- 53.'Come,' said the queen, and led him to a hall behind them. The hall was full of beastly warriors. They formed the elements of animals. They looked like rhinos. 'The watchers of Doom,' said the queen. 'They are waiting for their hour.'
- 54.'Who are they, and what are they going to do ?' asked the man.
- 55.'They are eye-eaters,' said the queen. 'They are going to eat the Eye of Tax.'
- 56.'Who leads them ?' asked the man.
- 57.'Tara from Rhodes will lead them,' said the queen. 'I sent her to you, as you have been chosen by the gods. She is the Law of Tax, the opposite force, waiting to blind the eye, and endarken it.'
- 58.A darkness fell upon them. The hour was almost there. Tara from Rhodes soared above the rhinos, as if she had wings of light, but it was darkness. She had a trumpet and a viking helmet, a horned helmet.
- 59.'Who or what is Tax ?' asked the man.
- 60.'The thief,' said the queen. 'But if the thief is not bound to the law, then the thief is evil. The thief needs to be legal, stealing back what others have reaved.'
- 61.'Oh,' said the man, 'sounds interesting.'
- 62.'Interesting, right ?' said the queen. Then it was silent for awhile. The man lost consciousness again. he knew he was in the tear lakes. It felt like his whole body was crying, and like his eye was dying. It felt like he completely lost it. He was blind, and the only light was the darkness. The Eye of Tax was a criminal and a murderer, but Tara arrested it.
- 63.In dreams he saw her and he worshipped her, as she was the harmony. She was the paradox. He wanted to know this Law of Tax. He wanted to be on her side. But he also knew inside there would always be an eye, so he had to search for the right eye. He fell into a field of bison hunters. The eyes of the bisons were red. They had the eyes of tax. He could see this empire in the distance, where bison hunters ruled. He knew the only eye who could set them free was the Eye of Tears. He knew they worshipped it in the empire, he just knew. It was like a vision went right through him. He saw angels on horses, but then he fell away again. The Eye of Tears in him was like a drug.

The Dark Side of Betelgeuse

64. The Eye of Tax was a machine of snobs, men who thought they were superior, an elite. In the depths of Betelgeuse there were the starvation farms, where men were turned into those who had the weakness of little babies. They were prepared to become slaves of the Eye of Tears. Soon the man was there as well, all other visions were dying. He had to live in a tear. The tear would feed them, although not too much. It was a sort of milk to make them even weaker. The tear would give them power, but not too much, often by spasm. They lived by strange contractions and hyperventilation. The theology was that they had to become weak and empty to be able to receive the power of the Eye of Tears, the goddess. And this theology demanded also that they went through the divorce with Her, and to be completely rejected by her, to be doomed by her, living under her wrath as an eternal punishment. In this they would reach enlightenment, by the depths of endarkenment. She was a cruel goddess,

only to show them the flashes of grace. There was no grace for those doomed by Her. They were nothing but her milk-cows. But it was to awaken an extra sense. He felt like a weak child, stung by spiders, he felt like a fly guided by strange power. He was not able to hold anything. Everything slid through his fingers. He was bathing in milk lakes of monsters, beasts and dragons.

65. He had seen the dark side of Betelgeuse, where the females were the stronger race, and the males the weaker, where the eyes were the seals of drugs. And the breasts of native women, savage indians, were the taps of the milk of confusion. There were no answers, no one was helping him, and soon he was thinking that it was all an evil conspiracy, and he accepted the evilness in his life. There was no other way. Resisting it was pointless.

66. He was sinking away in the experience, while death was calling him. He found an oracle like a disc, like a wheel, and he held it tight. 'The male represents youth,' said the oracle, 'while the female represents growth and death. And you have to go into the depths rather than fighting at the surface. But we are all children after all.'

67. In the depths he saw the beauty of death, all colours torn apart until there was only white and red. He felt it as a rebirth. Everything moved by death, by falling from great height, by huge pain, but at the same time there was bliss and softness, as the softness of feathers. Only pale colours came through, yet it was intense. Here the Eye of Death was soaring, as a tap of the fluids of extasy. These all came as pale lights. It was all painted by thunder and lightening. The beauty of death was an ingredient the cook of life used.

Hyena Girls

68. The pirates were on a low hill, where they were gambling. In the forests hyena girls were howling. Soon they had captured the pirates, and killed them. It was quiet now on the island. No sounds, no streaming of beer. The pirates often made such a noise, but it was over now. The hyena girls could live on in peace. At least that was what they wished, what they tried to gain.

69. Horrotensia was a loud girl, but also quiet now. She stared at the trees, and felt herself getting cloaked by the jungle. She was a hyena girl, a leader. Hyena girls were arrogant and proud, often noisy, but this time they were silent. They enjoyed the sudden death of the pirates. They had waited for this so long. They had finally prepared a good attack. It was good now.

70. They were almost sliding through the wet jungle, covering themselves in mud, and soon howling again. And they opened up to the natural savage sounds of the jungle again. The pirates were dead, and they rejoiced.

But soon more pirates came to the island, and a war started. The hyenas didn't want to reveal themselves, but this time they had to. They had to defend their island. Many pirates got killed, and the others fled. Some were even naked, because their clothes had been stripped off. It was almost like the hyenas had given them a chance to escape. But it was to their shame that they had lost their clothes.

71. I was wandering through the jungles of Tallus. When I was young hyena girls had pierced my muscles by sharp bones with feathers tied to both sides. It would prevent my muscles from developing themselves too much. They were afraid that I would dominate them when

I would grow up. They starved me also. They had collared me, but I could escape. Now I was wandering in the jungles again, because in the cities gross men ruled over women. Their bodies were deformed by an overload of muscles. They formed a threat to anyone. I would rather be free in the jungles, although there was a risk that I would be caught again by hyena girls.

72. In Troslik, a city of Tallus, I spoke to a guy named Max Laatner. He knew some places in the jungle safe from hyena girls. So I was on my way to these places. I found myself a cave, and dressed up as savage as I could. I had to hunt to survive. There lived many pigs here, oxes, wildebeasts, all sorts of goats, lambs, chickens and buffaloes. I started farming them more or less. Max Laatner said that a lot of berries grew here which could be deadly for the children of the hyena girls.
73. Hyena girls usually tied up their captives very tight, so that it would disturb the blood circulation, and that especially children couldn't develop themselves well. It would give them the signs of spasm and hyperventilation, while it disturbed their mental orientation as well. Some weren't capable of speaking well, but this was all to maintain the rule of the hyena girls, and to prevent any form of male domination. This was how the hyena girls preserved their race.
74. She was smiling. Suddenly she stood before me with ropes. She asked me to kneel before her. 'Why?' I asked. 'Are you scared of me?' Before I knew she had struck me down, and I was rolling in pain at her feet. 'Finally you kneel,' she said with a grin. I looked upwards to her. 'Who ... who are you?' I asked. 'That's none of your business,' she said. She tied my hands behind my back and I felt pretty hopeless. Then she tied my neck, and took me with her on a leash. It was a long walk. She brought me to a camp of hyena girls. They were mocking me when I entered, laughing at me. I felt weak and humiliated. Some girl took care of my wound. The other girl had hit me pretty hard by an object. 'Don't think you will ever escape from here,' said the girl softly. She had feathers and small beads around her waste, tied around some animal skin. It looked like pig leather. I was actually scared and felt like crying. Her big breasts were very close to me, which spread a milky scent, and it made me feel paralyzed even more. Some said the scent of the breasts of hyena girls was one of their most dangerous weapons. It could mind-control their prey. Max Laatner had also said this. The girl who had caught me would have been wandering around in order to find prey. It was a nasty capture. I was shaking wildly before the girl who cared for my wound, trying to get rid of the rope which had tied my hands together. She smiled. 'Why do you want to escape?' she said. 'The jungles are full of predators who would eat you alive. We have much better manners.' I sighed. Her body felt warm, but she also kept a certain distance. She took two sharp bones with feathers tied to their ends. Then she pushed them softly through my arm muscles. I cried of pain, and started shrieking. 'This is to keep you from ruling over us, boy,' she spoke softly. I could hardly hear her. She was almost whispering. I was shivering. Now she started to care for these wounds also. I was bleeding. I had troubles breathing. I was scared they would push more of such sharp thin bones through me. I was crying at her feet, begging her for mercy, but she was just grinning. She had an evil look on her face, but also calm and almost innocent. She acted like it was all right. I could maybe understand her, for a grown up man could be a terrible threat. They didn't take any risks. There was always the danger lurking around for them of being enslaved by men from the cities or pirates.

Suddenly she kicked me hard into my stomach, and I rolled over again. When I woke up I had many more sharp thin bones with feathers through my muscles. Everywhere on my body. I felt like in torture. They brought me to one of their leaders. I was still bleeding. When she saw me she laughed. 'Good, he can't do much against us now,' she said. She was also covered in pig skin, while her big brown breasts were revealed as a threat towards me. I felt dizzy, and in sharp pain. It looked like some fluids were dripping from her breasts, but others had told me that these could also be ghost visions. It was when the pirates were tapping beer and letting it stream richly, such things could happen. It was the most horrible sound ever. The streaming of beer was a great horror. I was very scared of her breasts. They looked intimidating. She could see it in my eyes, and smelled my fear. 'Why are you scared of some naked women ?' she asked with scorn. 'You are a weakling, aren't you. You are weak.' ... 'Maybe he doesn't like to see naked women,' another girl spoke. 'Kneel before me, boy,' the leader said. I had to sit down. I was almost crying of pain and dizziness. But they didn't let me sit. I had to kneel. 'No one will help you here,' she said with a harsh tone. 'You're lost.' Then they took me to a bamboo cage. I was hungry, but they didn't feed me. I still had the idea that some fluid was dripping from their breasts, or maybe they were just oily. My wounds healed very well, and I had to live with these piercings in my muscles. They would also tie leashes to these piercings at times to yank me with them. This was a very painful thing, because these spots were so sensitive. They seemed very sadistic and cruel to me, but on the other side it was for their survival. They didn't take any risks with men. They would feed me sometimes with these breast fluids in a cup, to keep me from dying. But it was a fact that they were starving me.

75. She moved her belt a bit lower, until it started to reveal some pubic hair. Then she removed the belt together with the pig leather, so that all her pubic hair was revealed. I was struck by terror when she stood there with her huge hips, while her female hood was exposed to me. The smell of it made me in fear about what she would do to me. I suddenly felt even weaker and helpless. She said down with her legs in front of her and moved her legs closer to me. She firmly pushed her huge feet against my body. I was lying down while shivering. Then she started to push softly. When her feet touched one of my nipples I felt a strong feeling of despair. I was in a shock. I didn't know what she wanted. I could smell the strong scent of her feet. As if it wanted to tell me that she was superior to me, and dominant. I was in a caged part in the cave where I had slept, where she had entered. My upper body was not covered by the cow skin and the pig skin blankets anymore. She pulled the leash of my collar. 'Kneel for me, slave,' she said. ... 'Why ?' I asked. 'I was sleeping.' ... 'Because I want it,' she said. She had a rod in her hand, which looked like a whip. 'You don't want to be punished, don't you ?' she asked. I knelt before her. 'Good boy,' she said. Her feet were almost oily. She gave me a cup with fluids, and I had to drink. It smelled like her feet ... My throat started to tinkle, as if I had drunk strong spicy ale. She smiled. 'Good boy,' she said. A softness was flowing through my body, and a warmth, not only making me soft, but also much weaker.

76. The next day I had to work on their farm, feeding the pigs.

77. Long ago, at the coasts of Keter, genderless pirates, who were like ghosts and jokers, created manhood as an attempt to rule Tallus. They created it as a fluid, and it partly succeeded. But they couldn't conquer the hyena girls. The pirates of Keter, these tricksters, have often tried

since then, but with not much success. However in the cities they ruled, and they could increase their trade market. The power of the hyena girls only grew, as they saw in men a slave. Those who could escape from the hyena girls were called hyena boys, but they were often captured by the hyena girls again. Then they were mockingly called pig boys. I guess I was both. I wanted to join the hyena boys, who would live somewhere in the jungle.

78. She moved closer to me ... Her arms crossed, covering her breasts ... She sat down, and told me I had to learn about the over thousand sorts of pigs they had, their differences, and how they felt. That was a huge task. I told her about my dream of being saved by hyena boys. She showed me their cages, where they had been tied behind their backs, starved. She told me that I had to give up my dreams.

79. There were many sorts of cows as well. I had to feed them. I wondered if hyena boys could really be free with such girls in the neighbourhood. Some said that hyena boys had a dark secret, that they were still living in slavery to hyena girls. But I didn't know. Maybe there were just many different sorts of camps. I just knew I wanted to join them. But here these hyena girls discouraged that. Actually they would guard me even more now. I felt like I had betrayed myself. 'You have to stay close to us, boy,' she said. 'The jungle is dangerous, and hyena boys in freedom are more dangerous than we are. They do much crueller things than we do. They kill visitors by drowning.' ... 'Oh, I'm sure they will have to protect themselves,' I said. 'They might be very paranoid because of what has happened to them. But it is interesting.' ... 'Well, we save you from drowning,' she said. 'Drowning is a terrible death.'

The Chalice of Pehnen

80. In a time even far before Atlantis a group of ravenous and wasted men came from a war. Their bodies were bony and they cried like babies. They were slayers. The air was hot, and the rivers smelled like the urine of beasts. It was a waste land. Their bodies were aching, as if they had been stung by strange flies. They washed their wounds in the river and laid down. They were hungry as there was no food. They had gone insane by the hunger already long ago. Often they had the habit to play a game, and the loser or losers had to become the meal of the day. They were cannibals. But this time they were so tired that they couldn't afford themselves to play any game. They wouldn't even fight for a piece of meat. Somehow something was preventing them. Suddenly there was lightening everywhere. On a chariot surrounded by leopards a woman stood, wellfed, much thicker than they were. 'Asla'in,' she shouted. 'Stand on your feet.' One of the men slowly crept to her and tried to stand on his legs, but then fell to the ground again in the dust. Then she shouted some other names, and they also came forward to her, trying to stand on their legs, but they were trembling because of the heat. The war and the weather made them like this, and the fact that they were so hungry.

81. 'You know what has been promised to the hungry warriors, right ?' the woman shouted. Then the woman left again. The men crept further along the river until they reached the oasis. Here they had their tents and their huts. Another woman was here, surrounded by large cats. She held a skull in her hands, while the slayers were staring at her. 'The skull of Solvotor, sorceror of the winds,' one of the men whispered. 'By this device they rule us.' She came closer to them. A lizard tongue came forth from the skull, and it was like the men were struck in their brains.

81. One of the cats started to lick one of the men. 'What do you want from us ?' another man was shouting. He was almost shrieking, because these men couldn't talk normal anymore. Suddenly the wind struck them again, and the men became so insane that they started the war against their own group. Smaller groups began to arise, and the waste land was in a strange flame, even their oasis was wasted now. The woman left while laughing.
82. The men became even more wasted now, until they were like boys. Asla'in and some others could escape from this tragic fate. They wandered along the river, in search for their goddess. They feared her, they were captivated by her, but they were also longing for her. They wanted to cross the river to go to her palace, to beg for mercy. But while they swam across the river, full of the urine of beasts they lost their last piece of sanity. Asla'in couldn't hold himself up anymore, and was slowly drowning. In the distance he saw the palace. He was struck by confusion. She showed him in a chrystal ball the insane wasted ones who died at stakes. The chrystal ball was overflowing with blood. 'And you know I have the skull of abundance,' she said. He knew she was talking about the skull of Solvotor. She looked wellfed. He didn't dare to question her. All who would eat from the insides of the skull would become like her. She showed him the skull. He knew the skull could strike. He hoped she would have favour on him. She gave him a piece of meat from out of the skull. He carefully ate, but he immediately began to burn. Then she gave him the skull, but she held it tight in her hands also. 'Here, drink of the blood,' she said. He drank, while something struck him in the head. He fell down, and she started laughing. 'You have drunk of the skull of Solvotor, the chalice of Pehnen.'

Spears of Mars

83. She was walking on a path over the hills near the mountains and the sea. Beautiful large flowers were growing here, producing so many tantalizing smells. The sun was radiating very strongly on her body. In the distance she saw the sunbeams like falling on the mountains and the waters, like washing them by the most serene reflections. She had no idea of the horror taking place in the waters, a horror which would soon take her also. A wind would come from the waters and take her, to move with her to the mountains. There the wind would show her a gate into the depths of Mars, a secret path to Tantalos, the place of hunger.
84. A woman was waking up from her dream. Today she would go to a shaman in a mountain close to her place. When she got there, she told the shaman about her dream. 'Oh, but I know the road to Tantalos,' the old man said. He showed her a map and directed his finger to a covered hole in the ground. 'There the souls of no hope live. They are doomed to hunt forever. They have never enough.'
85. The woman smiled. She took care of her horse by caressing its hair. She didn't believe the old man. Then the old man started to laugh too. 'But once there was a time' the man said 'that this place really existed. It was like a world underground. This was in the days that Nectracter was the king of Mars. He banned a lot of warprisoners to that place. They had to work with horses. Feeding them and using them in warfare. Here they had to fight in the so-called Gladiator Wars.' The old man bowed a bit forward and started to tell the story :
86. 'Long ago there was an old shaman, who guarded the gate to Tantalos. He was one of Nectracters servants. He begged Nectracter to not let young boys go to the area, for the old

shaman couldn't sleep of the crying coming through the gate. So Nectracter once closed the gate. Since then no one could find the path to Tantalos again, and no one ever saw one of them back. But since the old shaman died the villagers close to the mountain heard all sorts of noises coming from the mountain every night, and it was getting louder and louder, like shrieking boys. So one night some villagers went to the mountain to find out about the noise, but they couldn't find anything.

87. There was one woman in the village who told about the story of the nine spears. The story came from the time of Nectracter. It was about Nectracter who went to the place called Tantalos, and he asked for the nine spears. These nine spears were in the hands of gladiators who would also win, so Nectracter thought these spears were miracle-spears. He took the nine spears away from these gladiators and they all died in the next war. Nectracter took the spears to his palace in Wiktorossus, the royal city. They said that Nectracter was the only one who could visit Tantalos since then, by the miracle-spears.'

88. Then the old shaman smiled to the woman. He walked towards the covered hole, opened it, and took a spear out of the whole. 'This is one of these spears,' he said. 'I got it from my teacher who gave it to me just before he died. He had served Nectracter's son for a long time, and got it as a present. But now I want to give it to you, as I am getting older,' the shaman said to the woman.

89. She never forgot about this moment, when she got the spear. By the spear she became a ruler of Tantalos, but there were also eight other rulers, all bearers of the spears of Nectracter.

90. Originally these spears weren't from gladiators, but from martyrs in the depths of Tantalos. Now they were in the hands of nine rulers. In the West there was the kingdom of Vivikwiktus, the sorceror. He had one of the spears and his powers were enormous. His hiding place was surrounded by an area they called the Python Chess. These were caves in which white hairy tiles were moving. On some tiles you could step, but others faded away after awhile, or fell into the depths. Sometimes if you would stay too long on a certain tile, arrows would come forward from it. Vivikwiktus ruled time and chronology in Tantalos, as he had the spear of time. He could freeze the minds and bodies of his enemies, or burn them, by this spear of time.

91. The only one who could come close to Vivikwiktus was the raven. Vivikwiktus had a place where the flames of time were dwelling. Some of his captured ravens he used to bring these flames all over Mars, to rule everything.

92. But Vivikwiktus also wanted the other eight spears to have absolute powers. And he needed his ravens for this evil plan.

93. In the North of the Westside of Tantalos Sareaster lived, an old man. He was a shaman, a sorceror and a necromancer, having the spear of family. He could bring powerful visions over Mars to give the illusion of birth and parentship. He tied souls together by giving them the illusion of power in such a net. But it was Sareaster who made these divisions and actually weakened these souls. These family-frames were prisons and slaveries, but also breedings. Vivikwiktus desired this spear, as he wanted to zombificate Mars into his plans.

94. One day a raven came to the woman. She wanted to trick her, and asked her to come to the realms of Vivikwiktus, as he had interest in a conversation with her. The woman stepped on

the back of the raven, and took her spear with her. In the palace of Vivikwiktus he was already waiting for her. Immediately he started talking about her spear, how he desired it. The woman smiled, and thought he was making a joke. He had his own spear. She knew he was another ruler of Tantalos, but she didn't know of his evil intentions. She had the South, and he the West. But he invited her to do a game with him. The one who won got both spears.

95. But the woman refused. Vivikwiktus then tried to hypnotize her, and to lure her to the room of games. The room was like a building, where huge automatons stood tall. The woman got attracted, and soon she found herself playing behind such an automaton. On the screen she saw a three dimensional city with cars, like she was looking through a tall window. It was almost like she could step into that world. Then Vivikwiktus said they could. They could take a car and drive through the city, to the finish. A strange desire suddenly started to master the woman and her feelings. Before she knew it, she sat in the car, but then it was like her conscience was screaming to her : 'Don't do ! Call for your spear !'

96. So the woman called for her spear, and all of a sudden she stood in the gamehall again. She held her spear tight. Vivikwiktus stood before her, staring at her, also taking his spear tight. Then he directed his spear at her, and said loud : We will battle for the dominion and power over Mars !

97. The woman suddenly felt weak, and knew she made a mistake of going here. A horrible fight started, and finally Vivikwiktus took her hair and held his spear against her throat. 'Everything moves, because of me,' he said. 'I am master of time, and I will be master of Mars.' Her spear fell out of her hands, as she felt weakness flowing through her hands, slowly starting to freeze her. A cold feeling was climbing up through her spine, searching for her mouth to gag her, but quickly she called for her spear to save her. As in a second Vivikwiktus layed on the ground, and the woman ran away. She suddenly felt there was a strong force flowing around the spear, and the spear took her up, and flew away with her through a window. She now knew that she couldn't trust Vivikwiktus, and that he was a dangerous enemy. She had to be on her guard. And she also realised that the other seven rulers might also be enemies. She was losing more and more the trust she had. She could only trust her spear.

98. But on the other hand she was thinking maybe she needed the other seven when Vivikwiktus would strike again. Maybe she had to warn them. But first she needed to know more about them.

7.

1. Be slaves of Mother God in great fear, and rejoice in trembling. Salvation and victory belongs to Mother God. Her blessing, as a gift of peace and a wind to cause to kneel is on Her people.
2. How long will She turn my glory into shame, insulting and humiliating me ? How long will She confuse me ?
3. I have to offer sacrifices, to slay in divine judgement.
4. She has put pleasure in my heart with great fear and grief.

5. She has established me as a butcher. Her glory on me is heavy and burdensome.
6. Listen to my shriek, oh Mother God. For to You I will pray.
7. Don't rebuke me in your anger. Have mercy on me, Mother God, for I am weak and exhausted. My bones are terrified.
8. Put your enemies in fear, oh Mother God.
9. Their mouths are full of cursing, deceit and oppressing fraud. Their tongues are full of slander, vanity and idolatry.
10. When their foundations are destroyed, what can they do ?
11. Mother God is in Her holy temple, Her throne is in hell.
12. Upon the wicked and the guilty, upon the criminals and the condemned She will rain snares, fire and brimstone, and a raging sorrow.
13. To fear the Mother God is forever, to be more desired than fine gold, sweeter than honey.
14. It will bring pigs at Her feet, where they lick Her feet, begging for mercy, while there will be no mercy.
15. For they have sinned against Her, and broken Her laws. Under guilt they will live.
16. Some trust in chariots and others in horses, but we will remember the Name of the Mother God.
17. We will remember Her, but She cannot be trusted. She is holy.
18. In Her anger She deceives and punishes. She has made snares, even for the righteous ones. No one is keeping Her commandments, therefore the earth is doomed. In Her wrath there is no hope and trust.
19. Some trust in their father gods, and the sons of these gods, but Mother God will tread them, and tear them down. You have put your trust in wood and stones. And you have sinned to the point of no return.
20. Mother God has turned you into pigs. You have become pigs by your sins. And Her hunt has begun. Where can you hide ? There is no place to hide for the Wrath of Mother God.
21. You are brought down and fallen, kneeling at Her feet.
22. The voice of Mother God is on the waters, Her voice is on the wilderness, and they all tremble.
23. Let no man trust in Her, for She cannot be trusted. She is Hell, She is Wrath, for they have sinned against Her. They have broken Her Laws. Mother God is Hate, not love. She is punishment and righteousness. There is no hope for a man finding out about Her ways. Weeping he will fall at Her feet, and Her mercy will not be upon him. In despair is the man who finds out about Her paths.
24. She has prepared the earth for slaughter.
25. Mother God has come to ensnare the earth, because of what was done to Her.

26. Mother God is fairer than the children of men, grace is poured into Her lips, therefore we are blessed.
27. Gird your knife upon your thigh, oh Mother God.
28. Your righteous hand teaches terrible things.
29. Your arrows are sharp in the hearts of your victims, where they fall.
30. For Mother God is terrible.
31. All the nations will be subdued under Her feet.
32. Therefore do not trust in Her. She is holy. She has evil plans with the world. Therefore get to know Her. Search for the hyena gnosis, Her knowledge.
33. She has calculated evil against the world, therefore be in brokenness.
34. How long do you think She can take sin ? She will wash Her feet in the blood of the wicked. She will tread down Her enemies.
35. Do not trust in Her. She is a wild animal. Do not think you can tame Her. She will not hear your prayers.
36. When you praise Her, you will betray your shelter, and She will come to devour you, because She smelled blood.
37. Do not have hope in Her. She is not hope, but terror.
38. Come therefore to Her in the deepest of the wilderness, for it is better to suffer close to Her, than to suffer far away.
39. To be with Her should be enough.
40. Through everlasting damnation She will lead to honey dripping from Her breast.
41. She is not a shield. When we fall in the hands of our enemies, She doesn't deliver us. She is of no forgiveness.
42. Her fierce wrath goes over me, Her terrors have destroyed me. Her alarms in my head and soul came against me.
43. She has a mighty arm and a strong hand.
44. Justice is fastened firmly to Her body, and is the foundation of Her throne. There is no mercy and truth before Her throne.
45. She punishes the sinners with stripes. She clothes Her enemies with shame.
46. We can expect nothing but scorn from Her.

8.

1. She leads her captured kings to the underworld, where She mocks them. She dresses them with robes of scorn.
2. Her naked buttocks are a sign of scorn and terror.

3. In fear they will lay at her feet, after which she pushes them into the river to be devoured by wild beasts.

Kim the Pigslayer

4. She will drag doomed sinners to the places of punishment by leashes. And she will establish Her Vihod, which is the softness of horses, but also the yellow, the insanity and disease. The Hanik-Vuh is the priestly slavery by which we have to sacrifice, until we can approach Her.
5. We have to sacrifice and fight, in order to have Hanik-Vuh as the gift of prophesy. It is the sweet priestly slavery of Hanik-Vuh. Hunters, come closer and sacrifice your fish, in order to hear Mother God. Much blood has to flow to speak one word, and to hear one word.
6. Much has to be sacrificed, hunters and warriors, to enter. Only in blood we can hear Her. Her voice will enter us to pierce our hearts and enslave us. By the Hanik-Vuvod, remorse, we are Her gladiators, to be led into Her deeper arenas. Her messages come as a piercing smell from her altars of slaughter, and we have tied Her enemies to stakes.
7. We lost our hearts on the battlefield to Her. Pigs are the veils of the gnosis, the knowledge. Kim-Vuk is the pighunter, Kim-Varu is the pighell and Kim-Darm is the pigbreeder, literally the green stinging fly, and sometimes : bleeding pig, stretching, making taller.
8. The Kim-Varu-Darm is the pigsmith, and the Kim-Darm-Vuk is the pigtailor, the Kim-Varu-Vuk is the pighut-builder.

III – The Apocryphs of the Higher Mother Bible

1.

The Ghost-children of Pendilot

In the depths of Orion, Dagva had his slaves, who he had pierced in their teeth by strange implants. This was how he controlled his slaves. They were remote devices. He wanted his slaves to build pyramids for his empire. Dagva was a zombie under the wrath of the gods, but he had built his own religious order. They were called the Zamgda. By the pyramids he had the powers to dig deep in the depths of Orion for a substance used as money, the Ontragolin Metal. This was a soft metal which could become hard by certain processes. It could also live in the people to control them. They could get possessed by it.

The Orion pyramids were huge and gigantic, and in one of these, Dagva lived. One day he was visited by Tara from Rhodes who immediately attacked him. Blood was coming from his eyes, and he turned into a dragon. The dragon spouted flames at her, but she could block it by her shield. 'I know what you want, Dagva,' Tara shouted. 'But you are not going to get it.'

Then Dagva all of a sudden stood before her as a skeleton, while blood was still streaming from his eyes. 'You shouldn't have come here,' he roared. He grasped her neck and tried to strangle her. Tara slammed him away by her sword, but then he came back, turning into a bear, and then into a lion, to spit fire at her again, which she could block by her shield again.

'Your games are over,' he roared, while Tara felt weak all of a sudden, and later she woke up in a dungeon cage. He had done something with her head. She had a terrible headache, and she found out that she had strange implants in her teeth. No one would control her like this, but there was nothing she could do. Some dark weeks followed in the cage. Tara began to feel hopeless.

When she was allowed to come out of her cage, Dagva wanted to sacrifice her in a pool of fire, which was like an oven underground. She was led to the edge from which she would be pushed. She was tied, her hands behind her back. She was also blindfolded. They wanted to hang her, and let her sink into the flames. The rope was already around her neck. Suddenly a little boy showed up, who shouted : 'No !' Dagva seemed to be upset. 'Go home, child,' he shouted.

The little boy came from a stairway, and ran to Tara to hug her. Then the guards of Dagva, the tooth-piercers, tried to grasp the boy, but the boy ran away and disappeared into the nothing. 'Those silly, stupid ghost-children,' Dagva roared. 'Hang her now !'

Suddenly many more ghost-children appeared, took the rope off her neck, and led her away, while a strange smoke was blinding Dagva and his guards. 'Don't let them escape !' Dagva shrieked.

Suddenly Tara was in a white smoke. She wasn't tied and blindfolded anymore. Lions were surrounding her, and on the back of the lions she and the children were brought to a dark castle, the castle of Pendilot, where the children were living. 'It is a great day !' one of the children was shouting, a boy, when they had entered the main hall of the castle. 'Dagva has lost it this time. His empire is falling.' All the children were joyfully shouting. They had once suffered under his hand, but now they were free, and helped to free others. They were the ghost-children of Pendilot. They were the souls who died under the cruel regime of Dagva and the tooth-piercers. The lions always took care of them.

'Am I dead ?' Tara asked.

'No,' said a boy. 'We saved you before that could happen.' Suddenly the castle dematerialized, and disappeared into the nothing, and Tara found herself in the desert. She wondered what had happened to Dagva. In the distance she saw the army of tooth-piercers. She wouldn't be able to begin much against such a big army. But then it faded away. Someone was laughing in her head, which sounded like Dagva's voice, but then it faded away also. Tara was very thirsty and sat down. She still felt very weak. She wondered if she was safe.

Suddenly from the sand a skeleton came forth. It was Dagva. He grasped her, and pulled her into the depth, like in shift-sand. Everything was tumbling in Tara's head. Suddenly she woke up in a bed in the castle of Pendilot. A boy was staring at her. 'Am I dead ?' she asked.

'No, you just slept,' said the boy. 'Maybe you had a bad dream.'

'Well, you can say that,' Tara said. 'Am I safe ?'

The boy nodded.

'What happened to Dagva ?' Tara asked.

The boy didn't say anything, and then left. A while later another boy came to Tara, and asked how she slept. Tara told him about the dream. 'It wasn't a dream, Tara,' said the boy. 'Dagva is after your soul.'

'How can we terminate him ?' Tara asked.

'Well,' said the boy. 'Dagva's power is in the Ontragolin Metal. He could make it hard and use it as tooth-piercings. It is a ghost. There is only one way to stay safe against this ghost. We still get tortured by this ghost when we are asleep.'

'What is the only way ?' Tara asked.

'Well,' said the boy, 'the only way is to find the Hyena Tower, a powerful ghost tower in the depths of the Pendilot desert, but first we have to find the portal to the Pendilot desert. It should be somewhere below the castle of Pendilot.'

'I think I was in this desert,' Tara said.

'Really ?' said the boy. 'Tell me about it.'

'It was only for a short period I was there,' Tara said. 'And I met Dagva and the army of the tooth-piercers. Dagva grasped me, and together we sunk into shift sand.'

'Did you see the tower ?' the boy asked.

'No,' Tara said.

'There is a place of shift sand in the underground of the castle, deep down below. No one dares to go there, because it is a haunted place, but I think we have no other choice then,' said the boy. 'I think the shift sand is the portal to the desert then.'

Together they went there, and slid into the shift sand. Soon they both stood in a huge desert. There were pyramids all around them. Behind the pyramids there was the huge Hyena Tower, like a stairway into the sky. But no matter how long they walked, they didn't come closer to it. It seemed

like the place was bewitched.

'Maybe the clue is in the pyramids,' said the boy.

But the pyramids seemed to be unreachable as well. The only thing they could do was go back to the place of the shift sand, and return to the castle. That was which they did, and later they told about it to the other children.

'Maybe the tower can only be reached by another way,' one of the children said.

One of the children had found out that the tooth-piercers had found their fortress. They were already knocking on the doors and the walls. The children got upset, and knew that they had to go downstairs now. Suddenly Dagva stood before them and tried to possess their minds. Some children fainted.

'Run for your life !' one of the boys shouted. Soon they were surrounded by tooth-piercers, but Tara and a few boys could escape to the place of shift sand. Again they went through the shift sand to the desert. They knew they couldn't return anymore. One boy soon found a sort of elevator hidden under sand. They made the portal free, and soon they reached the Hyena Tower. There was a lot of white smoke here, and lions. Soon they ran up the stairways.

The tower started shaking, and they heard laughing. Soon they stood eye to eye with Dagva again. It seemed he was the one laughing. 'This tower is mine,' he laughed.

'No, it isn't !' one of the boys shouted. Tara took an arrow from behind her back, and aimed at Dagva. Then she shot right through him. He caught flame, but he was just laughing. 'Let me grasp you now !' he laughed. The boys shrieked and ran downstairs again. Tara wondered if they were at the right place. And if they were, there would be a battle to get what they wanted. The tooth-piercers were already running upstairs also. There was no way to escape. Tara soon was hit on her head a few times, and later she woke up in a dungeon, together with the children. 'There must be a way,' one of them said. Some dark weeks followed. It seemed the children were trapped.

'There is no way for us to survive this,' cried one of the boys.

'Let's be glad we are all together again,' said Tara. 'We are still alive.'

The children began to sing songs to comfort each other. They feared they would be sacrificed.

Soon they were all led to the court hall of Dagva to be judged. They were surrounded by tooth-piercers who slowly turned into the most horrible predators. Some of the children started to shriek. Suddenly it was like the skies were tearing open, and the ghost-lions of the children were appearing. They were spreading a red smoke, by which the tooth-piercers started to melt away. They took the children and Tara on their backs, and disappeared. They took them to the wilderness, to a place of hyenas. The hyenas would care over the children now. The place was called Hyena Tower, but it was not a real tower. It was a jungle. Here all sorts of exotic plants, trees and flowers grew. It

brought forth a honey to let the Ontragolin Metal piercings melt, and restore the teeth. Tara hoped they were finally free from Dagva now.

2.

Land of the Hypocrits

There was once a society in the Martian deserts, where a man's tribe had enslaved women. There was not the usual idea of marriage, but all these wives had been enslaved. In the desert a man spoke to his wife, she was enslaved. He spoke softly to her, and she reacted. Outside these regions she would die. Her husband protected her, but it was a dirty deal. She had mixed feelings about it, and the man also. It was kind of a necessity, as it was always on Mars with slavery : It was a way of survival. Women were too free and impulsive of nature, and would easily bring themselves and others in troubles by not serving their responsibilities, and forsaking care. This was what the men were aware of. Oh yes, they gave them great power, as there was a tight base of matriarchy. Under the umbrella of the male they could develop themselves. Free women were a curse, and they often suffered under bad circumstances, dying young. So the men invaded many bases of women, to enslave them to higher purposes. The men had predators for that, charged by an unknown source. For a woman it was almost the highest good to bow at the feet of such a man. And the guiding predators would take care that the women would not make compromises. It was a total slavery. This was what they demanded.

Males not woken up to this lived often a miserable life. They could not defend themselves, and they often seemed to get lost in tragic poverty. It was for a man essential to wake up to this reality. The devices of such female slavery were in the hands of Debrichiar, a monster tiger. He taught the men of Mars that grotesque was a weakness in their system, and that it could be fatal to the devices, so the monster held a tight discipline over the heads of the men. If a woman could make a man muscular by her devices, then the man would lose his power to her, and he would become like clay in her hands. The muscle men formed a big threat against the plans of the monster. And it would threaten the surfaces of Mars. This was why the monster once sent out a swarm of fire wasps, to sting the muscles of men. A few leaks in the body of the man would be enough, if not then Mars would turn into a disaster.

In the depths of the deserts there were fire lakes, by which men could get ready for the devices of the monster. It was the task of the fire wasps to bring them to these. Young boys always shrieked when the fire wasps brought them to the fire lakes where they had to begin their long journey, but it was to save them. The fire wasps would guide them and guard them. The fire lakes finally led to the great Ocean of Fire in the center of the desert, where they would receive the final mark, the mark to wake them up. This fire would kill the spirit of grotesque totally. It would awaken the savage part of the man. It was a great evil there, as the secret of the sea. It gave them access to desert island, in the center of the sea.

A man in the desert tried to talk to his wife. She reacted. She had been dead for a long time. He could finally reach her, and she reacted to his quiet voice. Visions were spinning in her head, of the love of her man, and she felt loved for the first time in her life, and she could love him. He took her hands and she felt the warmth for the first time in her life. Her hand reacted to it. She was drowning in his love, and in the distance she saw the fortress. 'No, not the fortress,' she said. But inside she liked it, and finally she gave herself over to the feeling. They were one now, for the first time of

their lives. The steel on his body was hot, and the steel of his carriage pulled forth by predators. Her feet were burning on it, but it didn't hurt her, it woke her up. She watched the jewelry of her husband, and kissed it.

She drew him to their tent, she put him to sleep, while his predators were waking over him. She went outside of the tent to do some laundry. Everything was hot. Soon it was like the tent was exploding. There was fire everywhere. She grasped his body, and kissed him, and he held her tight. 'Close your eyes and dream,' he said. 'We're only bringing forth evil spirits in this land of the hypocrits.'

3.

The Invaders

In the depths of the wilderness the snakes ruled, together with the Lord of the snakes. He was once chased away to the wilderness by his partner, princess Sheleila, princess of the serpents. She first wanted to kill him, but later she had some mercy on him, and banned him to the wilderness. Her reasons were unknown. The Lord of the snakes grieved very much about this, but all the snakes of the wilderness were at his side. The royal serpents were on the side of princess Sheleila, their princess. In the wilderness he met someone else, a savage girl. She led him to the desert where he found a new life. In a desert fortress complex he was welcomed very warmly. New blood was moving through his veins, new life.

The queen of Horr was ruling in the deserts, she was the queen of dogs. She had built here an empire of slavery. She was the mistress of death. The secret of her power was the dog stone she once found in the ocean behind the deserts. It made her such a high rule on Mars. The stone was like tall rough scarlet chrystal, like a thick vein. A snake guarded the stone. The men here were all but grotesque, they were tall and slim, having belts with tall aprons. The wings of death were her watchers, they looked like birds made of just one wing.

She heard the story about what princess Sheleila did to her guest. She offered him a living here. It was for the Lord of Snakes five years of slavery here, and then she dumped him too. The Lord of Snakes returned to the wilderness again, in wrath. He wanted to build his own empire now, and he wanted revenge. He didn't understand why women could be so. But both the princess and the queen had too much power. He couldn't begin anything against them. One day in a cave he found an old man with a lot of wisdom. The old man had the wrath of the gods in his eyes, but on the other side he said to the Lord of the Snakes that he had to humble himself before the women. First the Lord of the Snakes went to the princess of serpents to beg for her mercy, together with the old man. He had humbled himself, and wanted to bring it to a deeper level. The princess was surprised. She always feared his male powers, but now she saw he was somewhat broken.

'Bring me the head of the queen of Horr,' she spoke, 'and I will let you in.'

'Her powers are too huge,' he said.

'Then I will let you die at the front of my gates,' the princess said, and left.

Together with the old man he went to the queen of Horr to humble himself. She didn't want to talk to him at first, but later she sent a wing of death to him, who tortured him and the old man very badly.

‘What is the reason of this,’ the Lord of the Snakes screamed.

‘The reason is unknown,’ the wing of death said. ‘It is the will of the queen.’

‘She tries to break my brains,’ the Lord of the Snakes screamed.

‘She fears the male brain,’ the wing of death said.

‘So is there life after the torture and death she inflicts on me ?’ the Lord of the Snakes asked.

The Lord of the snakes decided to take a raft to leave on the ocean. He came to a strange island, everything was very hot here, a burning atmosphere. A savage woman came to him and the old man to welcome them. ‘You come from far, strangers, I can see,’ she said. She took them to her hut, where she made them a meal. ‘You must be hungry,’ she said.

The Lord of the Snakes told her how he was dumped by two royal women, losing his life more or less. ‘Oh yes,’ the woman said, ‘I know the royals. If they can find some better slaves, they dump the old ones.’

‘Do you miss them ?’ the woman asked.

‘Yes,’ the Lord of the Snakes said, ‘for they have my heart. I lost my life to them.’

‘Good,’ the woman said.

‘Good ?’

‘Yes,’ the woman said, ‘losing your grotesque male power and your male brain is essential.’

‘What sort of brain do I suppose to have ?’ he asked.

‘A chicken brain,’ she said.

The old man nodded.

‘How do I get that ?’ the Lord of the Snakes asked.

‘Go to the beach and wait for her,’ she said.

‘Wait for who ?’ he asked.

‘The queen of the flames,’ she said. ‘She can give it to you.’

‘How ?’ he asked.

‘By letting her invade you,’ she said.

4.

The Hounds of Hell

Shandra, Shandra, he was saying. His wife stood up and grasped his hand. They shared love for many years already. They were somewhat amazed by all the coconuts laying around them, brought by the monkeys. ‘On love,’ he said, took one and drank from it. His wife did the same. She was shy, she had grown like this by what happened in the past, a past so dark that he didn’t know half of it. She could not speak very well, always kept her words in. He took her in her arms and soothed her. She had been bitten by a group of dogs, wild dogs. Since then she could not speak. She always

hesitated when she spoke. Her husband took her lovingly in his arms, he wanted to take her out of this fire, but it had burnt him too. He always felt rejected, as if she didn't love him enough. The wild dogs laughed, they enjoyed upsetting marriages, they enjoyed making a mess of it. They had a strange kitchen.

Shandra had to work in it day and night, her husband was the food. She always sacrificed him to the dogs, so that he would understand where she was going through. She wanted him to feel the bites she had, and it tore them apart. The dogs were now inbetween, as a fire. They were both paralyzed now, he couldn't speak, and now she felt rejected as well, as if he didn't love her enough, and the wild dogs laughed and made their dinner. They were both on the plate now, to be sacrificed to the king of the wild dogs. 'What have you done to them ?' he asked.

'We have made them like we are,' the dogs said. The king took a bite, and both the man and the woman became wild dogs as well. 'Shandra, Shandra,' he said. But she didn't answer. She was running with the wild dogs, and he did the same. But he could not enjoy it, and he got mad, and bit them, biting them like the king once bit him, so that they would feel it and understand him. He had a sadness because of this, but the dogs only became wilder.

He wanted to become indifferent like them, but at the same time he wanted to attack the king, for the king was the cause of all this in his eyes. So he went to the king and attacked him, bit him, but then the king begged for mercy, and said : 'Please don't make it too hard on me. My wife had passed, I miss her, life is cruel.'

But then the man said : 'But you cannot destroy relationships just because your own relationship is broken.'

'I wanted you to feel what I felt, so that the pain would be healed,' the king said.

'What can I do to help you,' the man asked.

'Please become king in my place, as I cannot live with these wild dogs anymore,' the king said.

And so it happened, the man became king and could finally sooth the wild dogs.

5.

The Machine

The cow-people ruled here with their low and slow voices without mercy, without any care. They were rude and stubborn, like deaf. They did not take anyone serious but themselves. By a strange disease they were turning into cows more and more, and they became huge and big like predators. There was witchcraft in this world of cows, they had their powers by jewels.

Saltenni took his sword and started to slay them all. He was the slayer of the coasts and they started to fear him more and more. He visited their royal houses and their aristocratic appartments. He wanted to become the cow farmer. He hated them. He was crueller than them, but also softer with more grace. He was a man of opposites. Saltinni had always lived at the coasts since child, but now he was taking the land.

He became a legend, setting so many people free from the curse of the cow-people. Some said he was a witch, and yes, he used witchcraft, as he once got his own jewels by whicked he covered his

body. He believed in amulets. They taught him how to fight, how to use his sword. They spoke to him in the night. It was a heritage of his grandmother.

She said to him : ‘use them well, for one time you might need them.’

He always kept her dear in her heart. He was graceful to older people, and he was their guard. He had a heart of gold. He wanted to build a new world, based on equality, communication, and the rule of love. He would give them a new system, but then he would leave to the wilderness, for that was where he belonged. For many years he drew back to the wilderness, but when he returned, he was sad, for the people behaved like the cow-people again. Again he took his sword and brought slaughter. He wanted to root this evil cow-spirit out. But he also remembered the words of his grandmother : ‘Restore the worship of the stones.’ She meant the stones she once gave to him. So he did. He took off his amulets, placed them in the middle of the land, and raised a religion. He returned to the wilderness again, this time more naked than he was before. This time he hoped that things would work out. Many years later he returned again to the system, but there were religious wars everywhere. Everyone seemed to have another interpretation of the stones, and they behaved like the cow-people to each other again. This time he would rule them himself. He skinned a cow, took it’s skin as his robe, and used it’s head and horns as his helmet. He put up a low and slow voice like the cow people, and fear came in the hearts of the people. He made the laws, and brought terror more than the cow-people ever did. It was his machine. And this time things would go his way.

6.

The Justice Machine

A martian prince rode with the princess of hyenas, in a hot spot of Mars called the Sun of Mars. She was older than him, kind of his mother. But they had a relationship, and ruled the Sun of Mars. His muscles had been stung by strange pins, and bound by stripes, so that his male power would not become like a wild river which couldn’t be quenched anymore. She did this to him, she had tortured him, as she was afraid of his male pride.

But he could understand her, and he loved her. They were together for many years. Once they had a fight, in which she won. But he had lovingly submitted himself to her. She took care of him, and was his guard, but she could also rip him apart, and that was why he feared her.

When she would get angry, her nipples would grow big, and they would start to spit fire. These things could cause disasters on Mars. Whenever a muscle would grow on a man, an alarm went on, and the muscle had to be pierced, so that the male mind would not take control, for that was which she feared. Men lived in great fear because of her, the muscle alarms were horrible and traumatic. She had bought herself a justice machine long ago, with many switches and lamps. She was against the male mind, and wanted to plant her matriarchy. She bred special stuff in her garden, for once she would invade the whole of Mars to rule, together with her hyenas. She had the hyena gnosis in her heart demanding that all the bones of the males would be pierced and lead them to paralysis, so that she could raise them as slaves from there. She would grant them power, and she would grant them weakness, whenever she wished, and wherever. They would become her zombies in which the hyena mind would take place, and in which the male mind would die. She was of course a zombificator with her justice machine. The hynena mind would take over, to let these men bow at her feet. It was of course her fantasy, that wherever there was a male chest a female breast would rise instead. But not much did she know of the depths of this hyena gnosis, which would also turn

against herself. The prize of such a machine was high. She was just a doll in the eyes of hyenas, a spoilt princess, wanting to have everything her way. They would give it to her, but then she would have to pay the prize. She would become their trophée.

By sweetness they invited her in, waiting to put her jaws in her, when she would be deep enough, to the point of no return. They were intelligent and complicated, while she wanted it the simple way, fast. She did not know much about the gnosis of hyenas living inside of her. She was just a princess.

7.

Queen of Hyenas

She was safe with her husband in the royal cabin. Outside martian hyenas were tearing a swine up. And after that they went for a wounded bison. They left enough meat for the queen. She came outside with a spear or they would attack her as well. She dragged the meat into the royal cabin and fed her husband. No one would understand what they went through. The bison was still half living. The black queen was on her horse, armed with arrows. When she stepped from her horse her feet got red of the blood. She was from the south, and went into the cabin as well. Soon it turned into a fight. Shamia took her knife and slew the black queen.

Her husband couldn't move. He was still in a shock. He always feared the black queen, but she was dead now. His wife embraced him. 'You must eat,' she spoke. Hyenas surrounded the royal cabin. They had smelled the blood. Shamia took the body of the dead queen and threw it outside. Of course she would be hyena food now, and she deserved it. She had tortured her husband for so long. 'You are safe with me,' she whispered to her husband. He was fragile.

'I can't believe she is dead,' he said. 'I had to drink poison from her cup. I still feel so weak.'

'Here, drink some swine blood,' Shamia said, and held a cup to his lips. 'It is to heal you.' After that she gave him bison blood. Was this the woman who breastfed hyenas, and why were they against her? They were still savage. They loved and hated their mother. They would tear her up if they would see her, but they still sacrificed great pieces of their prey to her. The blood was warm, and it made him shiver. Now the black queen of the south was dead, the Tartars could invade her territorium. There would be a new queen of hyenas now. Shamia, once rejected by them, was a perfect candidate for it. She would now become the alpha-female after so many years of bitter rejection. Her husband was proud of her. The territorium of the Tartars grew since that day. The hyenas accepted their new queen and licked her.

8.

The Hyena Pyramid

The man planet was in war against the woman planet. The dog planet would be a good initiator in this. They were aware of it. Eleduus was imprisoned on the man planet. Being a man himself, he thought that women were mistreated here. He was an activist on the side of the women, that's why they imprisoned him. He often couldn't understand the deep obsessions of certain women with men. He had been imprisoned on woman planet as well, just because he was a man, and they were scared of him, like they were scared of any man, and they thought they would be better bridled. This he could understand. Men were potentially a great danger, even himself.

Here on man planet he was imprisoned together with Zaqedas, an older man. Zaqedas knew a lot about men, and how they worked, and he was assured that man planet would fail and would be taken over by women. He was on a mission here to do that. Eleduus and Zaqedas had a lot of conversations. There was also a woman with them. She acted very paranoid and strange. She was also an activist for women, but she didn't trust any men.

Zaqedas knew about Petirias, the monster in the swamp, producing these men who wanted to dominate women and the whole planet. He would impregnate women by coming to them in the form of a man. This form could adapt to any man, slowly absorbing them and taking them over. Zaqedas had built a dog machine which could absorb man power. It started with bringing the golden balance between man power and woman power back, and a red track would bring people back to woman planet. But officials found the dog machine, took it in their possession and imprisoned Zaqedas.

Zaqedas told it to Eleduus and the woman. 'So what these officials do not know,' said Zaqedas, 'is that the dog machine has a hidden program, a third program, which will get activated when intruders want to take the dog machine with them, or change it's programming. This program works slow but steady. It is the hyena track, the pyramid of dog-planet. It is a defense mechanism so that the plan will not fail.

Zaqedas looked at Eleduus. 'This planet, man planet, has some weak spots. Nature will take care of itself. Dog planet will soon invade, then woman planet will take over. They want to restore the woman.'

It was happening in the night. Dog planet, man planet and woman planet seemed to grow together, melting. And a pyramid was rising, the hyena pyramid. Everything was reducing to it's child form again, and from there things started to grow. Children with swords defended their kingdoms, guarded by crocodiles. When children became older, they turned into dogs. Those who reached the hyena pyramid before they got older, became hyenas.

9.

Traghar came closer to the aztec beauty. It was lying on a chair, a perfect red gem almost wrapped by zebra skin. He held it in his arms like a baby, soothing it almost. Then he stepped forward to the aztec king. 'I have heard about your daughter,' Traghar said. 'Like many have, and I will assure you that I will bring her back.'

'I will reward you richly,' the king said.

Traghar went out of the aztec palace. The white stones were shining in the light of the day, and Traghar was almost blinded by the sight. How he loved to watch this palace. He ran into the jungle, where some monkeys were waiting for him. These apes cared about nothing else but Traghar and to fulfill his orders. He was a god to them. He told them about the aztec beauty, and about the princess he was looking for.

'Nachtur Kawa,' said one of the apes. Together they ran deeper into the jungle, to the place where they lived, which was almost like a village. Keenat was the name of the lost aztec princess. Traghar shouted her name. He wondered where she could be. There was no trace.

Traghar also visited the black monkey king, to tell him about the princess. No one knew where she was. Clearblue the tiger came close to Traghar. They were all sad that the princess was lost, as they loved the king. He had done so much for them. Then Traghar went deeper into the jungle, close to the steaming lake. Here he found the princess. She was bathing there and he wondered why. There were crocodiles all around her. Slowly he came closer to her. 'Why are you here ?' Traghar asked. But the girl didn't say anything.

'Did you lose your speech or so ?' Traghar asked. But the girl was all silent. Then Traghar came even more closer. It looked like she was spellstruck. She went deeper into the water and swam to the other side, together with the crocodiles. 'Hey, wait,' Traghar said loud. Then he followed her. He wanted to know what was going on. He followed her into a cave behind the lake, where a lot of apes were. They surrounded her. 'May I ask what is going on,' Traghar said. But the girl didn't answer.

Traghar wanted to take her back to the aztec king, but she didn't want. It looked like she was under a spell, or she had lost her memory. 'What can I do for you ?' Traghar asked. Then suddenly a monkey took Traghar and pushed him hard into the water. The girl hid behind this big ape. Traghar didn't want to upset her, but on the other hand he had the feeling that she was a captive. He had to use wisdom now. The monkeys became more angry, and Traghar really had to leave now, as he didn't want to cause a bloodbath because of the presence of the princess. In the night he returned to the cave, but there was no one. He went deeper into the wilderness behind the steaming lake, where he found the girl sleeping between the apes. Carefully he took her on his back, and climbed into a tree, and then went from tree to tree by lianas.

When he came into the aztec palace the princess was still sleeping. The king was glad to see her. But soon there was an invasion of apes in the palace, as they wanted the princess back. Traghar had never seen so many apes in his whole life. But this time he just had to cause a bloodbath. The pillars were shaking. Traghar called for Kendira the lion, and when the lion showed up, the bloodbath became even greater. Later the king found out that the princess was not really the princess but a clone of her, made of rubber, and it was almost perfect. Traghar had just taken a doll. This was why the princess didn't speak.

Traghar went deeper into the jungle. After a long run of many hours he came to a temple who had two clones of her before the portal. They didn't speak, but they were armed. Traghar could escape from them and entered the temple. There another clone of the princess was sitting on a throne, but this clone could speak.

'What have you done to the princess,' Traghar asked.

'Oh, she is safe with us,' the clone said. Traghar ran deeper into the temple, into a chamber, where he found her in a golden cage. Immediately the cage started to move upwards, and disappeared through the ceiling. The clone stood behind him. 'Blood in the mornings for those who search the treasures lost,' the clone said. 'You will not find what you search for. You have to give it up.'

'Never,' said Traghar. He grasped his knife, and came into a fight with her. In the distance he heard the princess screaming. He jumped up and went through the tunnel in the ceiling, and finally through a muddy path he came to a throne where a panthress was sitting, a black panthress. She was holding an inca treasure, and said that it was a time bomb of the flood, that the whole planet would drown in blood soon.

'What do you want with the aztec princess,' Traghar asked.

'We will eat her,' the panthress said. 'Her meat will make us immune.'

Traghar knew about the inca stone. It would cause blood to rain and prey would fall down like meat, all to help the hunters. But maybe this was another stone. It was a powerful stone for sure.

'Ghosts are living in this stone,' the panthress said, 'and they have kidnapped the princess, and made so many clones of her.'

Traghar came closer to her, while she grasped her spear. 'One step closer and you are dead meat,' she said.

'My dad has a mayan stone,' the princess screamed from her cage. 'Please bring it here to neutralize these energies.'

Traghar ran back to the aztec palace, and told the aztec king what happened. He gave him the mayan stone, and Traghar ran back to the place where the princess was, but when he came to the temple it had been surrounded by monkeys. Traghar called for lions to invade the temple. They caused blood baths everywhere, but the princess was nowhere to be found.

'It is almost time this planet to be drowned in blood,' a voice said.

Traghar didn't know where the voice was coming from.

'What is that stone you have there,' the voice said.

'It is the maya stone,' Traghar said, 'the bleeding mouth, the princess asked for it.'

'Ha ha,' said the voice, 'the princess is gone.'

Traghar stared at the mud between his toes. It was like the voice was coming from the underground. When he laid the stone on the ground suddenly a light was blinding them all. The lions started roaring and the ground seemed to open itself up. There he heard the screaming of the princess again, and went into the opening. Soon he came to an open space in the underground. He held the stone to his chest. He saw her lying on a table, and she was surrounded by apes with knives. They were ready to cut her. 'Throw the stone, Traghar !' the princess shouted. With one swing he hit one of the apes. There the panthress came with the inca stone.

He took her in a grip, a tight grip. The apes were all fearing the mayan stone. 'I am losing my powers,' the panthress spoke. I see the mayan stone is stronger than the inca stone, so there will come no flood of blood. We don't need the meat of the aztec princess anymore to become immune. Then she fell down for the mayan stone and worshipped it. Traghar took the aztec princess and together they left the palace.

The king was very pleased to see her again. It was through the bushes Traghar could see so many red stones now, so many aztec stones awakening. There was a new nature coming alive on the planet Betelgeuse.

He was an aztec priest in so many ways. The aztec king could always count on him. The aztec king gave him his daughter as a gift. Together they would wander through the wildernesses and jungles of Betelgeuse. They lived here with the beasts.

Traghar was in the desert fighting against a red giant worm. It came out of the ground to attack Traghar, and he had a hard time with it. Keenat the aztec princess soon joined him, and they could get rid of it, and together they threw it into the ravine. It was dying there.

There was a desert war between the Esakites and the Nomiites. The war was about zebra oil, but the war was actually caused by a demonic pillar, the pillar of Znatun. Traghar had to bring this pillar down. He didn't want to see this fight anymore. A skeleton goddess called Pink helped him to find the pillar of Znatun. She was aware that the war didn't lead to anything. There was actually no escape from this war, as she knew that if the pillar would break it would be two times worse. But she gave Traghar a try. Maybe he could deactivate this pillar.

When he approached her in her desert palace he was amazed by all the treasures she had. 'Travel south,' she spoke to Traghar.

When Traghar approached the Pillar of Znatun he soon found out it was an oracle. Two powers were fighting each other to open an ancient door. This door was called the Door of Peace, but it clearly meant the opposite. Traghar went through the portal in the pillar, and saw the future. It was a repeat of a long forgotten past.

Traghar thought the only way to forget about this was to enter deeper into the desert, into the wilderness, to start a new life and forget about it all. He took his princess with him. She was faithful to him, loving, strong.

The crocodile lake was in the depths of the wilderness. There were sliding so many unknown reptiles here, unknown to the world above. Traghar loved the depths of the wilderness. Soon he swam together with him, and they knew he was their Lord. They loved him as well. The water was cool, yet it was slimy and warm, and mystery was boiling there. They swam together, he and she. They were wanting the gnosis, the deeper knowledge of it all, and almost begged the reptiles to show it to them. The path went to become steamy, almost like a swamp. There was an island in this lake, salty and sandy, where strange trees grew. It was indeed the land of the pillar.

And of course this was a pillar of worms, shapeshifting in the head of Traghar. It was his worm-helmet keeping him in this state. There were inca crosses in his head, ghosts from a long forgotten past. He was under the curse of a worm, the great red one. If he should have known better he would know that after the death of this red worm there would also be another part, as worms have many parts, living on separated, in this sense as the Pillar of Znatun, the causer of all war.

The great desert was lurking him, where he would find his grave of worms, and from which he would rise. It was a great place with many pillars : the pillar of sand, the pillar of water, the pillar of salt, and the pillar of blood, all dedicated to the great worm. Traghar wanted to know the secret of this cult here.

11.

The Jewels of Phalir

Travahl was on his way to the palace of princess Phalir. She was dressed in fur, and on her belly hung red chrystals. Travahl couldn't get his eyes off of her. She was a beauty of the highest grade, but Travahl was a savage, so he didn't have any mercy on her. He abducted her, took her to a cave and made sure she understood his plans. He wanted the elite of Afir to fall down.

He wanted to use her for that. She needed to tell him about the place where the keys were to the underworld. In the underworld the elite had their secret conspiracies. Travahl wasn't glad with any of them. He wanted to slay them coldblooded.

Of course Phalir didn't tell him where the keys were, but she misled him and he came into a trap. Phalir wouldn't have mercy on him. Travahl came into a pit full of snakes, while guards blocked the way out. Here Travahl had to die, but savage as he was, he lived from the snake meat.

Every night he dreamt about Phalir. But soon he started to hate her more and more. Savage as he was he dug a hole in the snake pit. After months of digging he reached the underworld by himself, and slayed all the elite.

Phalir was now in his hands. He dressed her with the most beautiful stones and adorned her with the treasures in the underworld. Here he would rule with her. But Phalir hated him. It was a forced relationship. Travahl didn't seem to understand that. He saw her as an object, his object.

One night when he slept Phalir chained him, and fled. She found some hope and rest with the snakes of Mordid, a friend of hers. Mordid was the only one she could go to. And the snakes protected her, like they protected Mordid.

When Travahl woke up and found out that he had been chained he roared and screamed, but there was no one to help him. Days of hunger followed, but suddenly he got so much strength that he could break the chains.

In the forests he searched for Phalir. He missed her.

After awhile he came to the place of Mordid, and he had a fight against the awful snakeguards. But savage as he was, he soon ate from their meat and enjoyed it. He called for Phalir, but then Mordid stood before him with a sword.

'What is your wish, savage man ?' she asked.

'I ask you for the hand of Phalir,' Travahl said. 'I know she is with you. I can smell it.'

'She doesn't want you,' Mordid said. 'Why don't you lay yourself down in this fate. Go outside into the forest and cry for a few days, and then go on with your life.'

'No,' Travahl said. 'She needs me. I don't want her to fall in the hands of the elite again. Those aristocrats do not have any manners.'

Mordid aimed her sword at him, but Travahl grasped her pulse. 'Now, can't I be more clear. Phalir is mine,' he shouted.

'No, she is my sister,' Mordid said.

'What kind of man does she want,' Travahl said.

'She doesn't want a man,' Mordid said.

'Why not ?' Travahl asked.

'She cannot live with a man,' Mordid said. 'She has a handicap.'

'What is her handicap ?' Travahl asked.

'Well,' Mordid said, 'Have you ever seen her naked ? She's a spotted woman.'

‘I don’t care,’ Travahl said.

‘Well, she’s ashamed of it,’ Mordid said.

‘I think spots are beautiful,’ Travahl said.

But when he saw her he became afraid. She had turned into a spotted dog.

‘That is her secret,’ Mordid said.

The spotted dog jumped at Travahl and bit him. Travahl was bleeding. ‘Since I have your scar, can I marry you ?’ he asked.

‘I marry you,’ Phalir said. ‘For you have seen my secret and still loved me.’

Travahl got a ring around his neck, and soon they got married. Mordid was their witness. Since then Travahl lived in the underworld and ruled together with Phalir. They became a warrior couple, fighting side by side. While Mordid was their everlasting hope and fortress.

12.

Inner Weakness

It was cold in the heart of Travahl. Together with Phalir he ruled the underworld. They had clothed themselves with the jewels of tigers. Their realm was full of the treasures of the elephant. Torches were burning everywhere, but still their hearts got colder. They often had fights.

One day Phalir broke the marriage and ran away. Travahl was broken. He slew his own tigers in rage, and hung his panthers. Phalir was everything to him, but now his heart was empty.

He dreamt about her every night. No one dared to come closer to him. He clothed himself in dread.

Ameko was a warrior close to his heart. He came to Travahl one day and offered him a spear. ‘Here, take this,’ Ameko said. ‘Take revenge.’

But Travahl refused. He loved Phalir too much. But later he accepted the gift of Ameko, and started to hunt. Not after Phalir, but after deer. He hung the whole palace full with deer, in hope Phalir would come to him again.

But Phalir found herself another place, and built her own kingdom. She became a worse ruler than she ever was, but Travahl still didn’t lose his love for her.

One day he sent Ameko to her to ask her what she wanted from Travahl for her return. She answered : ‘Let him bring me the teeth of Dwahlar, and I will marry him again.’ Dwahlar was a monster in the depths of the underworld. When Ameko told it to Travahl he got into rage, took Ameko’s spear and went down in the underworld to slay the monster and rip his teeth out. He made a necklace of it and brought it to Phalir.

But Phalir was laughing. ‘I will not return to you, Travahl,’ she said. ‘First bring me the head of a camel on a dish. Then I will marry you.’ Travahl did what she asked, but still she wouldn’t marry him. ‘What do you want me to do next ?’ Travahl asked.

‘Dance for me,’ Phalir said.

‘But how ?’ Travahl asked. ‘I’m a savage. I cannot dance.’

‘I don’t care,’ Phalir said. ‘Just do it.’

Travahl danced. Phalir stood up from her throne after awhile. 'You fool,' she said. 'I won't marry a man who can't dance.' This time Travahl came into the worst rage, took his spear, threw it, and just missed.

'Conquer me,' Phalir said, while she grasped her knife. It became a fight on life and death. Phalir had become so much more powerful, and Travahl started to fear her. He couldn't beat her.

'You're a liar, Phalir,' Travahl said. 'You never do what you promise.'

'And you are naïve, Travahl,' Phalir said. 'You don't know the strategies of the battle.'

'I know you try to break me,' Travahl said. 'I guess you look for a horse to ride on.'

'No, Travahl,' Phalir said. 'I will never be with you again, unless you conquer me.'

Travahl knew that was easier said than done. But by the fights he would be close to her, although he knew she was dangerous. One day she became too dangerous for him, and he left. He went to the forest and tried to forget about her. She was too strong. She let him feel weak. But the further he went away from her, the weaker he began to feel himself, like she was inside of him. He got torn apart between fear and weakness, causing him to grieve much. But one day he slew a monster tiger and took the skin of it's head to dress himself with. Then he went back to Phalir and challenged her.

'So you came back to me ?' Phalir asked mocking. 'What did you make returning to me ?'

'Your precious beauty, oh my Phalir, destroyed my fear of you,' Travahl said, aimed his sword at her, but immediately faced her big knife. 'Do you remember this one ? she asked. Then she kicked him in his stomach.

'Please Phalir, have some mercy on me,' Travahl moaned.

'I don't feel anything for losers and weaklings like you, Travahl,' Phalir said, 'you're a slave of your desire, but you don't establish anything. You are a windhunter.'

'Then help me a bit,' Travahl moaned. 'You are so cruel.'

But Phalir kicked him in the stomach again, and this time ten times harder. He got slammed against the wall, and blood was dripping fast. After awhile Travahl woke up in a bloodbath. It felt like he had lost himself this time. 'Die, you bastard,' Phalir shouted, while she held her knife against his neck. Travahl rolled away, and could escape finally. This time he would never ever return to her again. He had to become a man, a real man, standing on himself, not depending on anyone. That was his challenge. She would forget him, as that was her nature. Her life went on. She was an independent woman, also with an inner weakness. She was too weak to handle man.

Travahl find some friendship with independent animals like black panthers. Travahl could forget about her as well this time, and found a new princess he adored. Her name was Effud. But she was almost like Phalir, and soon their friendship ended. This time Travahl already got used to it. He became coldhearted, a hard man. He became a no one's friend, only to some snakes. He learned about their jewels, and soon he had a new obsession. He finally overcame himself.

Het Eeuwig Evangelie
De Witte Steen

1. Efatas
2. Korok
3. Het Boek des Levens
4. Het Boek des Bloeds
5. Het Boek van de Heilige Voetspijkers
6. De Nieuwe Openbaring Deel I-VI

Efatas

1. Op de godenberg schiep God de engelen, op de berg van Eeden, waar hij als eerste de behemoth schiep, die later van de Heere zou afvallen. 2. Zo schiep Hij ook de morgensterren waaronder ook lucifer was, de zoon des dageraads. 3. Ook schiep hij de zonen Gods, de aartsengelen, zoals Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, Uriel, en ook Jupitaster die later van de Heere zou afvallen en satan zou heten. 4. Ook schiep God de cherubs zoals Linjaser en Belial die later van de Heere zou afvallen. 5. Verder schiep God de seraphs zoals Latou en ook de Leviathan die later van de Heere zou afvallen. En de Heere bekleedde hen met kostbare edelstenen op de berg der goden, en de Heere gaf hen woningen in de zee. 6. En de Heere zag dat het goed was, en zegende dat deel van de hemelen en het engelen paradijs. 7. En de Heere plantte bomen op de berg der goden, en de engelen mochten van die allen eten, maar er was één boom waarvan de Heere hen had verboden te eten. 8. En die boom was genaamd de boom der zonde. Maar Jupitaster wandelde eens voorbij de boom der zonde, en wist wat de Heere over de boom had gezegd. 9. Nu was daar een slang genaamd de Virtus, en de slang richtte zich tot Jupitaster. 'God wil niet dat je van deze boom eet,' sprak de slang, 'want dan zult gij worden als Hem.' 10. De slang nu was een verborgen schepsel van ongekende schoonheid en mysterie, en Jupitaster werd gevuld met een begeerte meer van de slang te weten. 11. 'God weet wel dat uw ogen geopend zullen worden wanneer gij van de boom eet, daarom heeft Hij het verboden.' 12. En Jupitaster begeerde van de boom te eten, daar hij had geluisterd naar de slang. En Jupitaster hoorde het gekrijs van engelen die zagen hoe dicht hij bij de slang en de boom was gekomen, maar andere engelen kwamen ook dichterbij. 13. En Jupitaster begeerde te zijn als God, met geopende ogen, en hij begeerde een hogere troon, tot het bevredigen van zijn trots. 14. En hij zag hoe de boom der zonde een lust was, en hoe de slang naar hem lonkte. En Jupitaster nam van de zwarte vrucht, at, en gaf een deel aan Klajafus, een andere engel, die het dichtste bij hem stond, en ook begeerde van de vrucht te eten. 15. Toen gaf hij een ander deel aan Dismef, een tweede engel, en toen een deel aan Esjaf, een derde. Vervolgens gaf hij een deel aan Kwammahas, en als laatste aan Dimhikstel. 16. Toen was er een luid gekrijs in de hemelen, en omdat zij van de Saktakus hadden gegeten, de vervloekte vrucht, werden zij en hun legioenen uit de hemelen gejaagd door de Engelen des Heeren die hun Heer getrouw waren gebleven. 17. En de Heere vernam alles wat er was gebeurd, en Hij liet twee engelen opstellen om de weg tot de boom des hemels te bewaken,

opdat de gevallen engelen niet zouden wederkeren tot de hemelen. En zo viel er op één dag één derde van de engelen.

18. En de Heere stelde de engel Efatas aan om het boek des hemels te bewaken waarin alle engelen beschreven stonden, en op die dag werden er velen uit het boek des hemels gewist. 19. En de Heere stelde Efatas aan tot een nieuw begin der hemelen. En de Heere richtte zich tot de Virtus, maakte hem lang en dun, en wierp hem in het stof, waar hij werd tot een paal. En de Heere zwoer dat Hij elke engel die zou zondigen aan deze paal zou spietsen. 20. En de Heere richtte vervolgens de paal op, en maakte de paal tot een schrik voor alle engelen. En die dag viel er een grote vrees op de engelen, en zij dienden de Heere. Vanaf die dag werd Jupitaster Satan genoemd.

Korok

1. In den beginne, nog voordat de engelen werden geschapen op de heilige berg van Eeden, schiep God in het allerverborgenste de goden in een mysterie, op de top van de berg, in de hof der goden. 2. En de allereerste onder hen was Jezus Christus, die later ook als een mens en engel geworden is om de wereld te redden. En als tweede schiep God de Virtus, die later van de Heere zou afvallen. Ook schiep Hij de zeven Geesten voor Zijn troon. 3. En God sprak : Laat daar licht zijn in de hof, en er was licht. En God nam van Zijn eigen hart, en schiep daarvan de goden van de Troiade, het oude boek. 4. En God nam van Zijn ingewanden en schiep de Elohim. En in de eerste dagen vielen velen van de Elohim af, en werden uit de hof der goden gezet. En toen God op een lager deel van de berg de engelen schiep zwoeren zij wraak te nemen. 5. Zij dan zonden Virtus, die inmiddels ook van de Heere was afgefallen, om vele engelen te misleiden. En de Heere was bedroefd en Zijn hart bezwaard. En de Heere sprak een vloek uit over de Virtus, die tot een slang werd. 6. En de Virtus nam vele engelen weg van het hart des Heeren, en zo werd de Virtus tot een schrik onder de engelen. En de Heere sprak dat er lange tijd niet over de Virtus gesproken mocht worden, totdat de Heere het zegel van het einde der tijden zou hebben verbroken. En de Heere woonde in de hof der goden, en liet regen komen om de hof en de berg te wassen en te zuiveren van elk onheil. 7. En de Heere toornde op Zijn heilige berg, en Hij gaf Zijn engelen en goden een beschutting. En de Heere bracht een vloed om de goden en de engelen te testen, en velen weken af van de Heere. Waakt daarom, want er zijn vele vallen van goden en engelen, en gij weet niet van de dag noch het uur, noch van hen die zijn afgeweken. 8. En de Heere liet twee arken bouwen, voor zijn engelen en zijn goden, opdat zij een beschutting hadden tegen de toorn en de vloed des Heeren. En toen de vloed was gezakt liet de Heere op de berg van Eeden twee tempels bouwen voor zijn engelen en goden. En ook liet de Heere daar twee arken van een nieuw verbond neerzetten. 9. En de Heere sprak door de arken.

10. En dan, geliefde broeders en zusters, wat is het geheimenis van God ? Het geheimenis dan ligt in de God-slangen, zoals Mozes de slang ophief om het volk te redden. 11. Zo ligt dan in het midden van de hof der goden de hof van God de Heere, en Zijn paradijsen : Kimalt, Maken, Mashalt, Matte, Matongo, Mashan, Marzan, Matavarus, Machinie, Chinnen, Kikmus, Kikmot, Mokoken, Motoken, Tokok, Korok, Korokhuk, Huks. En zo zijn dan de God-slangen meer dan de goden, en zij vormen het wezen van God. 12. En door de Turan, de wolk van Jezus Christus, en door de Pakunieten, de sleutelen der hemelen, mogen ook wij de berg van Eeden opgaan om tot de hof van God de Heere te komen.

13. Zouden dan alle God-slangen die het wezen van God zijn zich hebben gehouden aan de goddelijke wet, of zouden ook sommigen van hen zijn afgefallen van de Levende God om zo de

goden en de engelen te misleiden, en ook de mens ? 14. Waakt dan, want gij hebt van deze dingen geen weet. Maar ik zal u een geheimenis vertellen : ook enkele van deze God-slangen vielen af van hun wezen. En zij bouwden een kerk van gevallen goden en engelen.

Het Boek des Levens

1.

1. En toen de discipelen tot de poorten des hemels kwamen, en daardoor naar binnen gingen, zagen zij de Heere zitten op een witte troon. En zij vroegen : Heer, wie staan er geschreven in het boek des levens ? En toen zei de Heere : de armen, de verstotenen en de geslagenen, zij die de lusten dragen van de doornenkroon en de lusten van het kruis. En toen vroegen zij : Heere, wiens namen staan niet opgetekend in het boek des levens ? 2. En de Heere sprak : de echtbrekers, de overspeligen, de leugenaars, en zij die de hoer volgen. En toen begonnen de discipelen deze woorden te overpeinzen, om te zien of zij daar enig licht in zagen. En toen sprak er één : Heere, en de rijken ? Zullen zij staan in het boek des levens ? 3. En de Heere sprak : Neen, want de rijke is een dief, en dieven zullen geenszins in het boek des levens geschreven staan. En na deze woorden treurden zij, want vele van hun vrienden waren rijk. En zij begrepen de woorden van de Heere niet, omdat de Heere over geestelijke dingen sprak.

4. Toen nam de Heere een lamp als een lantaarn en stak de kaars aan. Toen stond de Heere op, en liep met de brandende lantaarn langs de discipelen. En hun aantal was groot, en de Heere vroeg wie van hen Zijn licht wilde dragen. Maar zij zeiden : Och Heere, uw licht is zo groot en sterk. Wij zouden het niet kunnen dragen. Toen wees de Heere één discipel onder hen uit en gaf hem de brandende lantaarn. 'Zie Ik geef u kracht om mijn licht te zijn,' sprak de Heere, en de man steeg op. En alle discipelen keken in verbazing naar de man die was opgestegen, en zij gaven eer aan de Heere.

5. En de Heere sprak : De lusten des Heeren zijn als slakken. Zij gaan langzaam voort en bereiken langzaam hun doel. Voor zulken is het koninkrijk des Heeren. En de Heere sprak over de lusten van angst en de lusten van het lijden, en daarna sprak hij over de lusten van het spotkleed. En Hij zeide : Laat u dan bekleden met de lusten des Heeren om niet deel te hebben aan de lusten der wereld en de lusten der zonden. En vanuit de hemel daalden stukken vlees, en zij aten allen aan een grote tafel. En zo was dat wat zij aten hemels vlees, en de Heere sprak : Zij die van het hemels vlees eten zullen zeker in het boek des levens staan. En het vlees veranderde hun lichamen, en hun lichamen begonnen licht te geven. 6. En de Heere sprak : De zon en de maan hebben wij niet nodig voor licht, daar de stad des Heeren verlicht wordt door hen van het boek des levens. En de Heere deed vele wonderen en tekenen, en sommigen onder hen werden vol van angst, maar de Heere sprak : Vertrouw op Mij.

7. Zo zal dan het boek des levens spreken over de nieuwe hemel en de nieuwe aarde en hen die daar wonen. En de Heere nam een vuur om dat op de aarde te werpen, en de Heere sprak : Zie Ik maak alle dingen nieuw. En de Heere bouwde een nieuwe stad op aarde, wiens poorten van edelgesteente waren. En een vreemd licht dwaalde over de stad, en de Heere sprak : Dit zijn de zielen die rust zoeken sinds de grondlegging der wereld. Zij die van het boek des levens zijn zullen in de stad toegelaten worden, maar zij die niet opgetekend zijn in het boek zullen buitengeworpen worden. En de Heere zond een tweede vuur, en het licht werd gezuiverd. 8. En de Heere sprak : Nu is de ure

gekomen dat er bekend wordt gemaakt wie tot het boek des levens behoren en wie niet. Niemand zal dan doorgang vinden in de stad dan door het boek.

2.

1. En de Heere nam een touw, en in zijn andere hand had Hij een boek genaamd het Eeuwig Evangelie, en de tweede bijbel, en de Heere spande een net uit over de aarde, en sprak : Nu is het de tijd dat Ik de oogst van de aarde opneem, en zij zullen Mijn Woord horen en verstaan. En er vloog een vogel in de hemelen, en riep in een onverstaanbare taal. 2. En er kwam donder en bliksem van de vogel af, en aldus was de vogel des Heeren. En er waren gezichten in de hemelen, en een vrouw met de kop van een slang en de kop van een leeuw en het hoofd van een mens kwam naar voren, en zij spreidde een wit poeder over de aarde als een plaag van netels. En de aarde werd wederom gezuiverd. En de vrouw sprak : Nu is dan de canon verbroken, het juk dat zo lang op de heiligen heeft gerust. En vele zegels werden geopend, en vele dieren vielen in zee, en de golven waren hoog en woest. En de vrouw sprak weer, terwijl er een gif uit de bek van de slang kwam op de aarde wederom te zuiveren. 3. En de vrouw nam een beker, en sprak : Uit vier bekers des Heeren zullen de heiligen drinken om de Heere zuiver te verstaan, en om hun namen in het boek des levens opgetekend te hebben. En toen zij de eerste beker over de aarde uitgoot was er geschreeuw en daarna een grootse stilte. En vanuit de aarde, van onder de aarde, verscheen er een oranje draak, en zijn macht was groot. En hij brulde tot de heiligen die zich in de stad bevonden, en hij sleurde enkelen van hen uit de stad, en sprak : De nacht van Leviathan is gekomen. Leviathan zal niet sterven. Maar de Heere nam een vuur en verslond daarmee de oranje draak, en er was een gewoon in de hel, in het binnenste der aarde. 4. En de Heere sprak : In Sheool open Ik poorten, en zet Ik gevangenen vrij, want Leviathan, de meester, is overgeleverd aan de poel des vuurs, om te vergaan in hagel en zwavel tot in alle eeuwigheden. Nooit meer zal Leviathan, de meester, de aarde teisteren. Ik heb de aarde en de wereld der zonde tot in al zijn schandelijke lusten zijn meester ontnomen. En na deze woorden gesproken te hebben viel er een harde en zware deur dicht. En geesten vielen uit het paradijs, en de hemelen rolden zich op als boekrollen, terwijl de aarde beefde.

5. En weer sprak de vrouw, en goot de tweede beker over de aarde uit. En deze beker was rood en als het geschreeuw van een vrouw. En er verschenen weer gezichten in de hemelen, en iemand spuwde op de aarde. Toen was er een groot gekrijs zoals er nog nooit was geweest, en zoals er nooit meer zou zijn. En de schepen der aarde begonnen weg te rotten, en de zee moest plaats maken voor het paradijs. En de Heere sprak tot Mammon : Oh, gij koopman, en rijke heer der aarde, uw meester is gevallen, en ook gij zult vallen. Want de Heere heeft het begin en eind van uw tijden vastgesteld, en ziet, gij zult in ketenen en boeien gaan, en de plaats bezoeken die de Heere voor u bestemd heeft, voor dit uur. En twee engelen grepen de Mammon en wierpen hem in de zee die nog over was, en de zee overstroomde het paradijs om tot rivieren te worden. En de Heere sprak tot de zee : Ik zet u vrij. En een slang van reusachtige omvang viel vanuit de hemelen in de zee, en de engelen die in en onder de zee opgesloten waren werden vrijgezet.

6. Toen nam de vrouw de derde beker en de hemelen werden zwart, terwijl ze het gif over de aarde uitgoot. En kort daarop goot ze de vierde beker uit over de aarde, wat was als rood zout. En gezichten en wielen verschenen er in de hemelen, en de geesten der zeeën kwamen tot de hemelen, en al wiens namen stonden opgetekend in het boek des levens vonden toegang. Zij wiens namen niet waren opgetekend werden teruggedreven tot de zeeën der aarde en de zeeën onder de aarde. En de Heere sprak met luide stem : Nu de vier bekers over de aarde zijn uitgegoten, neem de oogst op.

En een groot net werd over de aarde uitgespannen, en vele discipelen werden in de hemelen aangenomen.

7. En de Heere sprak weer : Voor dit uur heb ik de kolken des hemels bewaard. En de Heere opende de deuren van hemelse schuren en opslagplaatsen, en een kolkende massa kwam van alle kanten naar de aarde. En de draken der zee krijsten tot de hemelpoorten, maar deze bleven gesloten, want de Heere was met Zijn oordeel gekomen. Ook kwamen er vrouwen vanuit de zeeën en strekten zich uit naar de hemelpoorten, maar voor hen werd niet opengedaan, omdat de Heere met Zijn oordeel gekomen was. En zij droegen een vreemd zegel op hun voorhoofden, en vreemde tekens op hun handen. En een groot gehuil steeg op, maar de Heere opende de deuren niet. En de vrouwen kleedden zich als arme vrouwen en begonnen op de hemelpoorten te kloppen, en sommigen maakten zich op als oude vrouwen, maar de Heere opende voor hen niet. Zo was dan het oordeel over de rijken en hen die de lusten der wereld aanhingen. En zij begonnen te smeken en te klagen, of de Heere hun namen wilde optekenen in het boek des levens, maar de Heere luisterde naar hen niet. Aldus was de koppigheid des Heeren.

8. En de vrouwen brachten enkele gezalfden op die niet van de Heere waren, maar de Heere verteerde hen door vuur. En enkele van de vrouwen die nog overwaren ontteden zichzelf van kleding, en trachtten de Heere te verleiden, maar het vuur van de Heere kwam in grote verbolgenheid over hen, en hun ogen smolten in hun kassen weg. En de laatste vrouw die over was was genaamd de koningin der haaien, en zij was als een skelet, en ook werd zij heks genoemd. En zij vroeg de Heere om toegang, en haar macht was zo groot dat zij ware het mogelijk de Heere zou kunnen verslinden, maar door Zijn beker kon zij het niet, en moest zij op afstand blijven. En zelfs de verheerlijkte engelen durfden haar naam niet uit te spreken, en brachten geen oordeel over haar uit. Zij hielden hun mond, terwijl de Heere het boek des levens nam, wat in een zwaard veranderde. En zo had de Heere een gevecht met haar wat duizend dagen en nachten duurde. En na dit gevecht nam de Heere haar op, en wierp haar in de poel des vuurs. En de prometheus, de hades, de tantalus en de atlas moesten hun zielen uitspuwen.

9. En zo zit de Heere op het paard van de morgen, oorlog voerende in heiligheid. En zijn vrouwen volgen Hem, hen die de lusten van het kruis dragen, en de lusten van het ijs en de eenzaamheid. En de Heere voert macht over de heiligen, om hen in de rechte paden van het eeuwig leven te leiden. Maar er zijn vele eeuwigheden, en de Heere heeft vele rechte paden. Zo houdt hij de schapen van de bokken gescheiden, de kippen van de varkens en de runderen van de zwijnen. De Heere kent hen allen, en ziet of hun namen staan opgetekend in het boek des levens. Daarom, wanneer gij de geesten beproeft, beproef hen door het zwaard dat de Heere u gegeven heeft : het boek des levens. Het boek des levens bevat dan alle lusten des Heeren, en de lusten van Jezus Christus die gekruisigd is. Zo worden dan alle lusten van het kruis en van het wiel door het boek des levens en deze vuren beschreven, tot in alle eeuwigheden. Daarom is het : Geloofd zij de Heere, die door Jezus Christus, de gekruisigde, het boek des levens en haar vuren heeft gebracht tot de Zijnen, tot een heilige Jakobs ladder tot de hemelen. Ziet dan toe dat gij niet zondige, want de Heere zal Zijn boek zuiveren.

10. En tot mij kwam een vuur en een bliksemschicht met donder, en de Heere sprak : Teken deze dingen op, opdat uw hart gezuiverd zal worden, en gij niet aansprakelijk zult zijn voor de dingen die op de aarde gebeuren. Wees dan rein van alle bloed, en kom hogerop. En ik zag een deur geopend worden waar vanuit licht en bliksem kwam, en een duif verscheen met de verheerlijkte Christus. En ik ging door die deur naar binnen, en voor mij stond een tafel met vlees. En de Heere sprak : Eet,

want dit is het vlees der hemelen. En ik at, en de duif des hemels daalde op mij neer. En de Heere sprak : Gij moet veel profeteren, want Ik kom spoedig. En de Heere gaf mij een vlag en een penseel, en het penseel kreeg vleugels en begon te bloeden. En de Heere sprak : Dit dan is het bloed van Christus en het bloed des Geestes. Open uw mond, en uw woorden zullen zuiver zijn. En ik opende mijn mond, maar woorden kwamen niet uit mij. Ik moest schrijven. En het papier waarop ik schreef begon te bloeden, en de Heere sprak : Dit is het bloed van de Heere en Zijn getrouwe profeten.

11. En ik begon op papier te profeteren en schreef de tongen des Heeren op, maar toen nam de Heere het papier en verzegelde het. En de Heere sprak : Het Boek van Bloed zal pas op een later tijdstip geopend worden. Nu dan, spreek er niet over wat ge hebt opgeschreven. En de Heer wierp het bloedende boek in de lucht, en het vloog weg als een vogel. En de Heere sprak tot mij : Zij die in het boek des levens staan hebben eeuwig leven, maar zij die in het boek des bloeds staan hebben toegang tot de eeuwigheden van het kruis. Maar zij die niet opgetekend zijn in het boek des bloeds zullen niet deelhebben aan de lusten van het bloed en het vlees van Christus Jezus. Zij blijven buiten vele poorten, en zullen schade lijden door de vierde dood.

12. En de Heere sprak tot Zijn discipelen over de heilige haat tot de zonde, en de lusten van die haat, ook wel de haat des Heeren genoemd. En de discipelen zaten met de Heere aan een groot meer der hemelen. En grote slangen begonnen vanuit de hoogtes in het grote meer te vallen. Aldus waren de slangen des Heeren de lusten van Zijn haat. En de Heere sprak dat de valse en overmoedige liefde als een vals vuur was, opwekkende eerezucht en machtszucht als de lusten der wereld. Deze kwamen om de mens te binden. En toen sprak de Heere over de hogere liefdes en de lusten daarvan, die allen des Heeren waren. En ziet, deze lusten stonden beschreven in het boek des bloeds. En de Heere opende een put in de hemelen waarin vreemd gedierte krioelde. En de Heere noemde het gedierte : het zaad van de lusten des Heeren. En een donderslag kwam om de put weer te verzegelen. En de Heere sprak over de leeuw die zegels verbrak, en deze leeuw was als van ijzer. En de Heere zei dat deze leeuw het zwaard van Mozes droeg. Ook droeg de leeuw geschiedenisboeken, en een mes waarmee het tijden kon ziften en kon lossnijden. Aldus waren de tongen des Heeren. En de leeuw werd woest voor het aangezicht des Heeren, en de leeuw sprak : Nu zijn de dagen gekomen dat de lusten van het wilde des Heeren zullen gaan spreken en tot de discipelen gaan komen. En de discipelen werden met vreemde tongen en lusten vervuld, alsof ze van verborgen bomen van het paradijs hadden gegeten.

13. En de Heere leidde hen tot de boom des levens en de boom des bloeds, en zij aten van vreemde vruchten des Heeren en van vreemd vlees. En de discipelen werden door de Heere op de leeuw geholpen, en de leeuw bracht hen tot de dieptes des hemels. En de Heere sprak : Nu is het de tijd dat Ik het Woord geheel zal transformeren, en ze zal onfeilbaar zijn. En de onfeilbaarheid des Heeren daalde als een griffioen en een basilisk tot hen, en zij beiden spuwden gif om de discipelen te reinigen. En toen de basilisk, de vliegende slang, sprak vielen de discipelen allen op hun aangezicht vanwege het licht. En een vrouw kwam naar voren, die een vrouw des Heeren was, en de basilisk begon om haar lichaam te kronkelen. En de vrouw klapte in haar handen en riep de harem des Heeren naar voren.

3.

1. En hun namen waren : Atise, Atile, Oduet, Oluanda, Olualla, Olia, Olius, Olome, Salome, Salomme, Salomia, Suluet, Sulia, Sulua, Suande, Suanda, Salit, Saspesse, Luanda, Luondet, Luorg, Luom, Luonde, Luadaas, Luonet, Lirka, Lirket, Lianda, Lames, Lamende, Metile, Mektil,

Mektinde, Rames, Ramotze, Mantil, Makil, Maket, Matanda, Masda, Magda, Mature, Manure, Madure, Madureki, Marzette, Miandel, Mikate, Mistesse, Miktel, Mektel, Makate, Makende, Miktal, Mektal, Mechzis, Mechzinde, Zindoret, Zindorette, Dorotel, Dorotelle, Mimikta, Miaktin, Miakzin, Miktlande, Miktande, Miktandil, Mikzens, Mikzense, Mischzensche, Mischzens, Michsmanda, Michsmandi`è, Michsmandia, Klausile, Klausandria, Klasandale, Sandale, Sandilia, Sandalile, Sandile, Sammologia, Sammoture, Sammotinda, Sammoschlesdelle, Sammoschlesdellia, Sammodintille, Sammolotzia, Sammodestile, Destile, Destinde, Desramia, Desmantile, Dekshantia, Dekshinde, Deshinde, Deshindeline, Deshindelinia, Deshindette, Deshindomen, Deshindomia, Deshindolite, Dolite, Dolitia, Dolinia, Dohелеmandia, Helelia, Ophelia, Ophantes, Opzonne, Zonnia, Zonettia, Zonespel, Zoneschpelle, Schespelle, Schaspinia, Schaspijne, Pijne, Oelette, Oelettia, Opmesia, Opmesis, Opmeschia, Opschijne, Opschessia, Opschesseline, Opschesseline, Opkaumia, Kakaumia, Kakaumet, Kaukeine, Kaukinda, Kakinda, Kapkeine, Kapkeinet, Kaphazia, Hazia, Heschesse, Opmeine, Opkennia, Kikeinia, Kikidinne, Kikmintes, Kikmintesch, Kikmania, Kikmadine, Kikmolio, Molonde, Mokschmonde, Mokschmasalmia, Salmia, Sascheine, Sascha, Saschanet, Saschanel, Saschin, Saschinne, Sirkit, Sirkitte, Deschminnia, Deschkoket, Kokettia, Kokscheine, Korket, Korhettia, Ikschminne, Ikschmin, Surnette, Ikschmelle, Ikschminnia, Opdeizen, Ekschmelle, Ekschminelle, Ekschga, Omot, Akdaas, en Ekschel.

2. Aldus was de eerste harem des Heeren. En zij beelden de lusten van het kruis en het ijs uit. Sommigen dan hadden de huiden van slangen, en anderen hadden de huiden van panthers. Toen kwam de tweede harem des Heeren naar voren, en zij namen de griffioen mee naar een kamer. En zij droegen de namen van de bloedlijnen des Heeren : Mezo, Meza, Karu, Jettes, Jetta, Jasit, Jabat, Janbi, Janbil, Jatus, Jaspi, Kali, en Balmi. En ook droegen zij de namen van de bloedlijnen van Jezus Christus : Mizenti, Miammi, Midezus, Mitesta, Mizanzaad, Mizandraat, Mizakout, Zakout, Mazanti, Merenti, Mispul, Mispuls, Mispulse, Mallakki, Marama, Makout, Makonti, Makoot, Makan, Makandra, Matuchta, Mazucha, Mazandaut, Mazandeim, Makrinda, Makrimda, Matuzdel, Matuzel, Matongo, Matanga, Mandrel, Mereksha, Merekshinda, Miriks, Mirinda, Mirkhin, Hinnik, Hispel, Hispanelhout, Misponzo, Mistrandes, Mistrandanda, Mistrandamel, Damelissen, Damelissen, Damikma, Damiktma, Daheizel, Daheimel, Dakinda, Darikma, Herrik, Herikschel, Hatochtza, Hatoch, Hokel, Hokhahunaut, Hamin, Hamikma, Hazikma, Harrik, Hartik, Harengel, Fahunaut, Farinhaut, Haut, Hautschmu, Hauter, Hauthum, Humzasel, Humsanaut, Sanei, Saneizel, Haspinzen, Haschpinzel, Heksel, Hinschel, Hamsma, Hamschma, Harikschel, Hazinten, Hazintia, Hazintischa, Tischazen, Tischamin, Tischaminne, Tischazelschel, Harom, Harok, Huzammen, Haschen, Hesmint, Heschmint, Kozel, Kotet, Komen, Kiran, Kirandet, Kakuimen, Katinda, Karin, Kaschmin, Kaschinda, Kurmet, Karelschen, Kirschma, Kuzammel, Kutondet, Kokeimen, Kakandel, Karet, Eeftrauna, Eeftamit, Eefschenzel, Eefzamt, Eefzamiten, Kartiten, Kartenschen, Kirschenzen, Karschmenkel, Karschmonkel, Karschmocht, Karschmori, Karschmorianen, Korschmotten, en Orchsmoten.

3. Tevens droegen zij de namen van de bloedlijnen van de Heilige Geest : Kupheinen, Fatau, en Furuchheim. De bloedlijnen van Jozef : Sorit, Elschmolen, Milsha, Milisik, Militen, Mikonda. De bloedlijnen van Ismael : Smurtaschen, Fahnhaut, Kapitel, Trois, Troisen, Toizamur, Toizametten, Fihanel, Finanel, Fadinden, Fates, Fatelhaul, Fazelsongen, Fazeldeden, Faduhenk, Faduschprong, Fadusprongel, Spronhel, Heltaschen, Fadeet, Fadeetma, Fadeetman, Fapandan, Fapandan, Fadessel, Fadong, Arelmoer, Arutmur, Arusmur, Arusmir, Arutmire, Mirretendens, Mirretendasse, Mirretendehahassen, Kakassen, Kakatel, Kahipmin, Hipminne, Hapminne, Haphone, Haphuhone, Kurongel, Kadipma, Kakous, Kasip, Kasippe, Katudonhippe, Katudonschmesse, Karschmankel,

Kashmocht, Kashtoch, Karschenkel, Kareschit, Kareschitze, Kareschitmedanzong, Kareschitmedazen, Kareschmitmedonzo, Maton, Matonge, Makinda, Makhengels, Makhisten, Makhozo, Mashen, Mashengstel, Mashinten, Maschimmel, Maschimmelsch, Mirsch, Mirsch'hengst, Mirschdraggel, Mirschdraggelons, Mirschdraggahaim, Mirschdraggahaum, Gahaum, Gahaumda, Grahaumdra, Herschhenk, Hersch'henkel, Herkinscha, Herkinsledde, Herkinsladde, Hachtong, Hachtongstel, Hachtongstelga, Gashengstel, Panaut, Patongel, Patong, Machtong, Machteld, Karam, Kahengstel, Fichtfanaut, Fichthengstel, Hebzensia, Hebzonsia, Hobstonel, Hobstanel, Hobstadicha, Hobstadagia, Erhipstinel, Erhipstinzel, Stinzelscha, Ahabstaut, Kohabstaut, Kahabstout, Imschel, Imsterhicht, Imsterhichtel, Imsterhichtelt, Himstahitzel, Himstahatzel, Karelsma, Karelsmachen, Matazen, Matonzen, Mikatokel, Kikatohikken, Mikatohitsen, Drakalia, Drakendia, Draheksensmul, Draheksenschmul, Focht, Vochtahinzen, Hiket, Fikahinkel, Fikadonet, Fikakarelsen, Fikadomulsen, Domulsen, Domulsenet, Semeten, Semetena, Nataka, Natika, Nadrauma, Nadramsel, Nadramselscha, Nadramsalthitten, Fikhinzen, Fikhanizen, Fikhuten, Fikhoeten, Dramit, Dramtanzen, Tamulschoe, Tamulschoezen, Fotal, Fotalscha, Fotaldramitten, Dramissen, Dramanza, Dramanzamit, Dramelhessen, Dramelfakonen, Tumelfakonen, Tumelfadraunonen, Tumelfaudranieten, Expel, Expelzen, Expelschen, Facht, Farinfacht, Fachtfassen, Fachtpassen, Fachtplassen, Plassenscha, Scha, Schassen, Maschpunza, Maschpunzazout, Maschpunzadreinetten, Pakieren, Pakandiene, Dienastinzen, Dinastetzen.

4. En zo had de Heere nog achtendertig andere harems die de namen van zijn geschiedenissen droegen, en dus in totaal veertig harems. En zij droegen vreemde en uitheemse namen die de Heere sinds de grondlegging der wereld verborgen had gehouden. En de Heere werd als een gevleugelde zon.

5. En een wezen genaamd Sta kwam naar voren, en zie, zij was als een python, maar zij had armen en benen. En zij nam de gevleugelde zon in haar armen, en zij begon te stralen. En zij begon de discipelen uit te leggen over de principes van behoudenis, en de discipelen raakten verschrikt, en vroegen : Maar wie zal dan nog behouden worden ? En Sta legde uit over de vele eeuwigheden, met allemaal hun eigen voorwaardes. En zie, deze waren als de lusten des Heeren en als zijn wapenen. En Sta sprak over het grote Toronto als de hoer die aan vele tafelen zit, en zij sprak over die lusten als over de lusten der farizeeers en de lusten der wereld. En Sta sprak over de oordelen die de Heere zou uitwerpen over de pinkstergemeente. En zij sprak over de pinkstergemeente als een bron waaruit reizigers konden drinken, maar als ze te lang bij die bron zouden blijven, dan zouden vreemde wezens opkomen om hen te grijpen en hen die bron te doen laten verdrinken. En Sta gaf de discipelen rode gescheurde klederen die zij konden dragen, en zij leidde hen door een paarlen poort. Vanuit hier konden ze de geschiedenissen zien, maar de geschiedenissen begonnen voor hun hoofden te draaien en te veranderen. En Sta nam een zwaard en wierp het in de bron der geschiedenis, en zie, het werd als een bron van bloed. Ook de rivieren van het paradijs veranderden langzaam in bloed. Aldus was het bloed van Jezus Christus, de gekruisigde.

6. En in het paradijs kwamen de discipelen tot verborgen kruizen, en er waren verborgen bronnen van bloed. En Sta sprak met hen over de geheimenissen van de doornenkroon. En de doornenkroon was als een brandend wiel in de hemelen boven het paradijs, als een klok, en er woonden vrouwen in die zongen als vogels. En zij brachten vele wonden aan, en openden vele bloedbronnen, maar ook hadden zij de macht de bloedbronnen te verzegelen. Toen sprak Sta met de discipelen over de lusten der armoe, en de lusten van de haat des Heeren. En Sta sprak : Er is alleen overwinning door het kruis des Heeren en Zijn ijs, want hierdoor worden Zijn lusten voortgebracht en Zijn wapenen.

Weest daarom soldaten des kruizes en strijdt tegen de geesten die door de doornenkroon u aanvallen om Zijnentwille, want de doornenkroon is de enige die visioenen schenkt. En zij sprak over een diep geheimenis des Heeren. En ziet, vogels die op de doornenkroon zaten begonnen hen te bespotten om hun rode gescheurde klederen, en wonden begonnen op hun huid te verschijnen. En Sta sprak : Ziet, gij dan draagt de wonden des Heeren, en de lusten van Zijn spotkleed. Weest als soldaten van het kruis, geeft uw leven voor elkaar, opdat gij diepe genezing vinde.

7. En Sta zei dat hoewel ze nu in de hemel en het eeuwig leven, de reis door de dood en door de hel, als het zuiverende vuur des geestes nog niet voorbij was. En Sta liet een sieraad zien van de dood van Christus, genaamd de grote Krurg. En zie het was als de harem van de doornenkroon, en hun namen waren : Spimas, Spassam, Spussum, Spolam, Spolus, Spulus, Spulum, Spukkus, Flijm, Flaim, Fluis, Fluim, Spijm, Spuim, Schuim, Korres, Zettus-B, Kahel, Korg, Korgel, Kaslam, Kwadret, Kabuls, Kabulsch, Horrijn, Jakis, Zette, Maaslim, Tas-Lamen, Nikneit, Narit, Tzartvongen, Tzartvingen, Vesnit, Vakin, Rakin. En toen liet Sta een sieraad zien van de hellevaart van Christus, genaamd de Prosmon. En het sieraad was zeer krachtig, en was de tweede harem van de doornenkroon. En hun namen waren : Didomet, Kurgras, Kurgbosse, Kurgtom, Smalnes, Kurgdomet, Spaakdom, Domekals, Kalshut, Kamel, Tonije, Ergturg, Turgdom, Turgfisse, Fissekodom, Heidom, Heidem, Hergsiti, Hergheidom, Keidonne, Keidos, Keislert.

8. En de derde harem van de doornenkroon was genaamd de Grote Jaganta, en zij was het sieraad dat de ogen kon openen en visioenen en dromen kon geven. En hun namen waren : Fanir, Fassa, Fessa, Fissa, Jiskas, Jiskitte, Jiskidde, Jiskide, Julof, Kaker, Kamit, Kande, Kandij, Kandije, IJe, Jamba, Jasbo, Dekhelt, Daslo, Buslos, Boslus, Baake, Spoeme, Propoppe, Pidis, Pide, Kirch, Paake, Botte, Berhim, Parhas, Poos, Polk, Plaak, Poermoes, Proxmi, Pirtis, Pirklille, Hochshelt, Pookhelt, Pamix, Pirkmin, Pirkminne, Porklos, Porklosse, Padissa, Padamin, Podosluul, Kurtlit, Kerlenke, Kershwinne, Kamin, Kaminne, Kierklin, Kiswin, Kurlenze, Koslau, Kanik, Kerlentes, Kokwonen, Kokwau, Kokesses, Irksdwakei, Dirfwinne, Dirfwrum, Dirfwinnesse, Dirfwenkes, Dirfwentes, Daakschwin, Daakschwinne, Kirkmin, Kontau, Korkwanne, Korkwanin, Koflo, Kotlo, Korschwon, Korschlondo, Kortenu, Kortedane, Kortedame, Mirkwin, Deklos, Karhut, Karhutdaanschwinne, Miktes, Mikteschwinne, Korschkanau, Kwanut, Borschlon, Borschlonne, Buchtes, Buchtinne, Birisch, Bizanto, Birschwin, Bochteld, Baschwesse. En zij hadden grote macht, ook tot het sluiten van ogen en het wegnemen der gaven van visioenen, dromen en andere profetische gaven van het oog.

Het Boek des Bloeds

1.

1. Dank aan Jezus, de Eeuwige, die ons de duif en de ekster heeft gezonden. Hij heeft het eeuwig evangelie ontzegeld, de zegels verbrekende aan het kruis. Dank aan Jezus, de Zoon, die door de psalmen tot ons heeft gesproken : Welzalig de man die niet wandelt in de raad der goddelozen, die niet staat op de weg der zondaars, nog zit in de kring der spotters. Hij die gesproken heeft : maar aan des Heeren wet zijn welgevallen heeft, en diens wet overpeinst bij dag en bij nacht. Hij die gezegd heeft : Ik ben de Wet. Hij die gezegd heeft : Want hij is als een boom, geplant aan waterstromen, die zijn vrucht geeft op Zijn tijd, welks loof niet verwelkt ; al wat hij onderneemt gelukt. Hij die heeft gesproken is dichterbij gekomen, totdat de morgenster oprijst in uw harten, en gij de woorden der profetie als een lamp zult volgen op een nieuw pad.

2. Ik ben de Wet, heeft de Heere gezegd, een Wet niet gemaakt door mensenharten, maar stromende vanuit de duif en de ekster. De Heere dan heeft gesproken zoete woorden van liefde, maar ook woorden van toorn, omdat de Heere uw God het kwade haat. Zo heeft Hij gesproken, en Zijn woord gestalte gegeven. Ja, tot volle wasdom bracht Hij Zijn Woord, en door Christus verbrak Hij de duisternis, die is de Mammon.

3. Want de materie heeft u het Woord niet geopenbaard, maar gesloten gehouden, en gesluierd. Maar de Heilige Geest heeft door de Eeuwige gesproken, en de schellen van uw ogen laten vallen. Laten zij dan die naderbij zijn gekomen Hem vrezen, want de Heere Heere is een verterend vuur. De Heere dan opene uw harten, opdat gij het woord zal verstaan. Prijst dan Jezus, de Eeuwige, die de ekster heeft gezonden, tezamen met de duif. En deze twee zijn als een zuiverend verbond. En de duif is dan wel van het oude, maar de ekster, die van het nieuwe is, heeft de duif gezuiverd, tot een eeuwig en heilig verbond.

4. De Heere Heere heeft tot u gesproken door de psalmen, als stromend licht, spoedig ontwakende in uw harten, waar gij de morgenster zult ontvangen, het morgenrood en het avondrood. Zo zal dan de werker niet tevergeefs hebben gewerkt, en de lijdende niet tevergeefs hebben geleden, maar alles zal ontvouwd worden in het wonderlijke licht dat de Heere zal brengen. Daarom : brengt heil tot uw God, opent uw oren, en spreekt met Hem, want Hij is degene die spreekt. Ook is Hij de luisterende en Hij die gebeden verhoort. Ziet dan, Hij laat Zich verbidden. De Heere heeft u zo een machtig wapen gegeven : het gebed, om met Hem te regeren. Laat daarom niemand zulk een gave misbruiken, want de toorn des Heere is snel.

5. Zo staat gij dan dag aan dag voor de oordeelstroon des Heeren om rekenschap af te leggen van uw woorden en daden. De Heere zal naar u luisteren wanneer gij spreekt, maar wanneer gij zonde in uw hart draagt, dan is elk woord de Heere een gruwel. Ja, zulke lieden zal de Heere voorzeker uitspuwen, en Hij zal spreken : Ik heb hen niet gestuurd. Vreselijk zal voor hen de dag zijn waarop de Heere wederkere.

6. Zo heeft dan David gesproken : Oh Heere, hoe talrijk zijn mijn tegenstanders ; velen staan tegen mij op ; velen zeggen van mij : Hij vindt geen hulp bij God. Maar Gij, Heere, zijt een schild dat mij dekt, mijn eer, en die mijn hoofd opheft. Als ik luide roep tot de Heere, antwoordt Hij mij van Zijn Heilige Berg. Ik legde mij neder en sliep ; ik ontwaakte, want de heere schraagt mij. Ik vrees niet voor tienduizenden van mijn volk, die zich rondom tegen mij stellen. Sta op, Heere, verlos mij, mijn God. Ja, gij hebt al mijn vijanden op de kaak geslagen, en de tanden der goddelozen verbrijzeld. De verlossing is van de Heere, uw zegen zij over uw volk.

7. Heere mijn God, bij u schuil ik, verlos mij van al mijn vervolgers en red mij, opdat hij niet als een leeuw mij verscheure, wegslepe zodat niemand redt. Sta op Heere, in uw toorn, verhef u tegen de woede van hen die mij benauwen. Waak op tot mijn hulp. Hij regent op de goddelozen vurige kolen en zwavel, schroeiende wind is het deel van hun beker. Help toch, Heere, want er zijn geen vromen meer ; ja de getrouwen onder de mensenkinderen zijn schaars. Zij spreken valsheden onder elkaar, dubbelhartig met gladde lippen. De Heere verdelge alle gladde lippen en elke grootsprekende tong ; hen die zeggen : Met onze tong zijn wij sterk ; onze lippen zijn met ons, wie is heer over ons ? Ik prijs de Heere die mij raad heeft gegeven, zelfs bij nacht onderwijzen mij mijn nieren. Ik stel mij de Heere bestendig voor ogen ; omdat Hij aan mijn rechterhand staat, wankel ik niet. Daarom verheugt zich mijn hart en juicht mijn ziel, zelfs mijn vlees zal in veiligheid wonen. Gods weg is volmaakt ; des Heeren woord is zuiver. Hij is een schild voor allen die bij Hem

schuilen. Want wie is God behalve onze Heere ? Wie is een rots buiten onze God ? De God die mij met kracht omgordt, en mijn weg effen maakt. De wet des Heeren is volmaakt, zij verkwikt de ziel. Het gebod des heeren is louter. Het verlicht de ogen. Zelfs al ga ik door een dal van diepe duisternis. Ik vrees geen kwaad, want gij zijt bij mij ; uw stok en uw staf die vertroosten mij. Gij richt voor mij een dis aan voor de ogen van wie mij benauwen. Des Heeren is de aarde en haar volheid. Ja, op stromen heeft hij haar gevestigd, op pilaren van vuur. Wie mag de berg des Heeren beklimmen ? Hij die een rein hart heeft.

8. Zo spreekt dan David nog steeds tot Zijn Heere, en de Heere spreekt tot Hem. Zo spreekt hij nog steeds vanuit de wolk der getuigen, voortgeleid als een lichtende wolk door de Heere, verlichtende de harten van velen.

9. Diezelfde David heeft ook gesproken : Bij U, Heere, schuil ik, laat mij nimmer beschaamd staan. Doe mij ontkomen door uw gerechtigheid. Wees mij tot een beschuttende rots. Gij zult mij trekken uit het net dat men voor mij had verborgen, want Gij zijt mijn veste. In uw handen beveel ik mijn geest. Twist, Heere, tegen wie met mij twisten, bestrijd wie mij bestrijden. Grijp schild en rondas, sta op, mij ter hulpe. Zwaai speer en strijdbijl tegen mijn vervolgers, zeg tot mijn ziel : Ik ben uw Verlosser. Een rivier, haar stromen verheugen de stad Gods. God is in haar midden. Zij zal niet wankelen. God zal haar helpen bij het aanbreken van de morgen. Red mij oh Heere van de boze mensen, bewaar mij voor de mannen van het geweld, die boze dingen in hun hart beramen, de ganse dag strijd verwekken. Zij hebben hun tong gescherpt als een slang. Addervergif is onder hun lippen. Behoed mij, oh Heere, voor de handen der goddelozen, bewaar mij voor de mannen van het geweld, die zich voornemen mij de voet te lichten. Hovaardigen verborgen voor mij een strik met koorden. Zij spanden een net langs het pad. Hij doe hen vallen in het vuur, in kuilen, zodat zij niet weder opstaan. Geprezen zij de Heere, mijn Rots, die mijn vingers oefent voor de strijd. Mijn goedertierenheid en vesting, mijn schild, en verlossing. Gij zijt mijn vertrouwen.

10. En zo spreekt David nog steeds vanuit de lichtende wolk die het volk leidt : Heere, mijn God, mijn burcht, mijn vaste woning en Mijn licht. Leid mij, en bestuur mij, want gij zijt de Wet, gij zijt het zoete en de toorn. Vurige kolen zijn in uw hart vanwaar gij spreekt, om goddelozen te verbrijzelen, en in het dodenrijk om te brengen. Gij doorstoot de hoogmoedige, en haalt neer hen die valsheid prediken. Oh, Heere, eeuwige rots, doe mij recht, laat uw vijanden beschaamd staan. Ik haat hen die U haten. Ik heb lief hen die U liefhebben.

11. Jezus, U bent de Eeuwige Zoon, sprekende in het licht. Wanneer gij spreekt sluit de duisternis haar deuren, wanneer gij predikt verdrijft gij haar. U zond uw Geest, de Eeuwige om harten te verlichten, om tot hen te brengen het morgenrood en het avondrood. U zond uw duif en ekster, om de morgenster op te laten komen in onze harten, sprekende van een Eeuwig Woord. U bent de eeuwige, u bent gekomen.

12. Heere, leidt uw volk tot de armoe, laat haar niet ten verderfe gaan door de welvaart. Heere, ontmasker hen in uw volk die de Mammon volgen. Oh Heere, u heeft de heilige armoe tot ons gezonden om te getuigen van een hemelse rijkdom. Dit is de rijkdom van uw Woord. Heere, u heeft ons gereinigd door Uw bloed. Verbreekt dan ook de Mammon door uw bloed. Ja, door het kruis is de Mammon verslagen, en door het kruis hebt gij de grote Jom geveld, en gij hebt ons geleid tot de lokogamen, de sieraden van het lijden. Gij hebt ons rijkelijk bekleed.

13. En ik zag een deur van licht zich openen, en een duif en een ekster vlogen tot de Heere, en zetten zichzelf op zijn arm, en later op zijn schouders, en de Heere sprak woorden van donder, en

zeide : Nu is het de tijd dat de zegels van het Eeuwig Evangelie worden verwijderd. En ik zag een grote engel komen die de zegels verwijderde, honderdvier in aantal, en hij wierp hen in de zee van bloed. En de engel sprak met een donderende stem, en ik kon het niet verstaan. Toen sprak de Heere : Prijst dan Jezus, de morgenster die in uw harten opkomt, want het Eeuwig Evangelie is naderbij gekomen. En ik zag een grote schare engelen die voor de voeten van Jezus neervielen, en zij aanbaden Hem. En ik zag een grote engel als een standbeeld, en deze engel was groter dan elke engel die ik ooit had gezien. En hij droeg een boek. Toen zag ik de ekster die opkwam vanaf de schouder des Heeren, vloog naar de engel toe en pikte het boek uit zijn armen om het tot de Heere te brengen. Toen opende de duif het boek, en de Heere sprak : Geeft nu eer aan Jezus, want de Grote Jom is gevallen, zij en haar tienduizenden. En ik zag een gestalte van bloed uit de hemel vallen, en zij stortte in de zee. En de Heere sprak : Weent oh gij aarde, want de Grote Jom is op u gevallen, en zij weet dat zij weinig tijd heeft. Weent dan, gij zee, want haar tienduizenden zullen haastig zoeken om te verslinden. En ik zag Rafael en Michael komen, en zij droegen Uriel tot de Heere. En ik zag grote scharen Jezus danken, en Jezus sprak : Dit is het moment waarop ik Mijn Eeuwige Geest rijkelijk uitstort. En een grote ekster kwam over de massa, en bracht de massa in beroering. En nieuwe tongen vielen op de scharen en zij profeteerden van grote dingen.

14. En toen begon Jezus te prediken, en zeide : Het koninkrijk der hemelen is nabij gekomen. En de ekster kwam op zijn schouder zitten, en daarna de duif, en Jezus deed grote wonderen. En vanuit het bloed der zee kwamen de martelaren voort, en zij stonden rein voor hun God. En de grote ekster leidde hen des daags naar de Eeuwige Stad, en de grote duif des nachts, daar zij lichtende verschijningen waren. Dank dan de Heere die David wederom tot u gezonden heeft, dank dan Jezus, want de grote stad is dichterbij gekomen. En de Heere zal zijn engelen zenden om u binnen te halen, en de Heere zal uw licht zijn. De Heere zal zijn Woord stand doen houden en tot gestalte brengen, als een schuilplaats waar gij voor eeuwig zult wonen. Zo is dan Jezus het licht van hen die in Hem geloven en Hem aanroepen. Ook zult gij Maria aanschouwen in al haar heerlijkheid, en zullen de poorten der engelen geopend worden. Richt u daarom op het bloed van Christus dat u heeft vrijgekocht, wetende dat dit kostbaar bloed ook uw geweten en verstand zal wassen en zal heiligen voor de Heere. De Heere zal zo een nieuw en heilig priesterschap oprichten. U bent dan naderbij gekomen tot het altaar van David, waar de Heere de vijand heeft geslacht. Weet dan dat gij niet alleen door het bloed van Christus word gewassen, maar meer nog door het bloed van de vijand, want zij die de Heere waarlijk liefhebben strijden voor Hem. Zo zult gij dan rein en heilig voor de Heere staan. En de Heere zal tot u zeggen : Gaat dan in, gij getrouwe slaaf, want gij hebt wel gehandeld. Maar tot hen die hun zwaarden rein hebben gehouden van bloed zal de Heere zeggen : Weest vervloekt, gij nietsnuttige lieden, want gij hebt de wet veracht, welke tot uw leven was. Nu dan, gaat heen, want gij zijt buitengeworpen. En de Heere zal tot hen zeggen : In het vuur zal alles gewassen worden, en door het vuur zal ik op zoek gaan naar een tweede oogst, en Ik zal oogsten hebben tot in alle eeuwigheden. Zorg dus dat gij daaraan deel hebt. En zo zal de Heere een bron zijn van liefde en zuivering tot in alle eeuwigheden, waarin velen tot verlichting zullen komen. En de Heere zal David wederom oprichten, en hem aanstellen tot een licht. En David zal het volk onderrichten in de krijgskunsten des Heeren, en hij zal de tempel herbouwen. En zij die de naam van David dragen zullen zalig zijn. En zo is dan David een machtig geheimenis van de kracht van Christus. En David zal zijn als de zwarte panter, kennende en spelende de verborgen liederen des Heeren. En zijn harp zal gerechtigheid brengen, en zijn fluit liefde. Ook zullen zijn harems door tamboerijnen zachtmoedigheid en tederheid brengen, en dit leren aan het volk. Want het is een kunst met de Heere te zijn, en een kunst met hem te regeren.

15. En ik zag een grote ekster en een grote duif op de schouders van David zitten, nadat een deur van licht zich had geopend, en ik zag David grote wonderen doen. En David werd genoemd : 'slachter van goddelozen', en 'rechtvaardige burcht'.

2.

1. En ik zag grote mannen Gods naar voren komen, zoals Mozes, Simson, en Salomo, en zij kregen allemaal een duif en een ekster op hun schouders, en dit was als het nieuwe en eeuwige teken des Heeren waarmee Hij hen verzegelde, en een raaf leidde hen weg. En Mozes werd geplaatst om te regeren over de hel, en Simson werd aangesteld als de heerser van het dodenrijk. Salomo dan werd aangesteld over de schatkamers des Heeren. Ook zag ik Noach naar voren komen, en een nieuwe ark werd gebouwd.

Het Boek van de Heilige Voetspijkers

1. Het geheim van de profeten ligt in de doornenkroon, zij die visioenen geeft en dromen. Laten de profeten vol zijn met de lusten des Heeren, opdat zij aan de lusten der wereld ontkomen. Laten zij de Geesten des Heeren aanhangen, opdat zij de vreemde vrouwen kunnen ontvluchten. Zo heeft dan een iedere profeet een hemelse harem om zichzelf rein en onbevlekt te houden van de vrouwen der wereld. Want vele verleidingen zullen op de profeten worden afgezonden, en vele geesten van valsheid. Daarom, oh profeet, trekt u het Lot des Heeren aan, die gekruisigd werd, doorboort in voeten en handen. Draagt daarom ook de spijkers diep binnenin u als het zegel van uw verlossing. Want allen die in Christus zijn, zijn met Hem medekruisigd, en zij zondigen niet, daar zij door hetgeen zij geleden hebben aan de zonde onttrokken zijn. Maar velen die zeggen met Christus te lijden, lijden als een Petrus en een Judas. Zij verloochenen de Heere in Zijn lijden, en zij verraden Hem. Zij dan die met de Heere lijden zijn aan handen en voeten gekruisigd en dragen de spijkers van Zijn lijden diep binnenin. Ja, zij hebben zich door de spijkers laten reinigen in de dieptes van hun geest. Nu dan, de spijker die Zijn voeten doorboorde draagt een diep geheimenis, want deze spijker bracht Hem tot het dodenrijk en het rijk van de hel. En zo is de spijker die Zijn voeten doorboorde een pad door de onderwereld, een pad dat ook gij behoort te gaan. Zij dan die deze spijker niet in hun voeten dragen zijn geen christenen, daar zij niet het pad des Heeren volgen. Zij worden gegrepen door de wereld en haar lusten. Maar zij die de spijker dragen hebben de lusten des Heeren, en zij zijn daardoor aan de zonde onttrokken.

2. Daarom zijn hen die waarlijk in Christus zijn ook het pad door de dood en de hel gegaan, en zijn zij door de spijker medegekruisigd diep in hun geest. En door deze spijker hebben zij een wapen tegen de lust der wereld, en zijn zij mede-soldaten met Christus.

3. Zo is dan de heilige voetspijker de sleutel van het Grote Pasen, van het dodenrijk en van de hel. Deze spijker is de sleutel van het Pad van Christus, en zonder deze sleutel kunt gij niet tot de Heere komen. En zij die deze spijker dragen kunnen het pad van de wereld niet begaan, en worden daarom veelal bespot door de geesten der wereld, maar zij dragen de lusten des Heeren diep binnenin, en zij kennen Zijn vrede. Zij hebben een onoverwinnelijk wapen waarmee zij de geesten der wereld fokken, en aan het einde der tijden zullen zij deze geesten doorsteken zoals zij doorstoken waren. Zo zult gij het lijden aanvaarden als een middel om door de spijker tot Christus te komen, en gij zult geen van deze wapenen voor hun tijd gebruiken, want daarmee zult gij de Christus verliezen. Maar velen hebben overmoedig hun wapenen genomen om zo het lijden des Heeren te verachten. En de Heere zal hen in de eindtijd nemen om hen op Zijn grote wagen te zetten, en zij zullen tot een schande zijn. De Heere zal hen vernederen door hen in tijden van dorheid en kaalheid te brengen, en

van de geesten der wereld zal de Heere de ogen uitrukken. Zo zal het sieraad der profeten velen die door de wereld vernederd waren tot eer strekken.

4. Aanbidt daarom de spijker, in plaats van allerlei vaagheden. De Heere wil geprezen worden in Zijn lijden, en door uw allerheiligste persoonlijke deelname. De Heere zal de lippen slaan van hen die Hem op een afstand blijven prijzen. Zij die de Heilige voetspijker waarmede Hij gekruisigd was, aanbidden zoals zij het kruis aanbidden en Zijn doornenkroon, zij hebben Hem gevonden, en zullen met Hem zijn. Maar de Heere zal de vuile harten slaan.

5. Zo hebt gij in de voetspijker een sleutel om tot Hem te komen, en om Eén met Hem te zijn. Volgt Hem dan in al Zijn voetstappen, en print Zijn geboden door de spijker in uw gedachtes, opdat gij ze voor eeuwig zult bewaren. Ja, de voorwerpen des kruises zijn voor eeuwig, en zij dienen geprezen te worden, opdat gij ze in uw allerheiligste deelname kunt gebruiken. Want weet gij niet dat door deel te hebben aan het kruis, gij ook deel zult hebben aan de wapenen des kruises ? Maar wekt hen dan niet voortijdig op, opdat zij zich niet tegen u zullen keren.

6. Maar er zijn enkelen onder u die de gemeente van de eenvoudige toewijding aan de spijker willen afleiden. Zij hebben de paden der farizeeers aangelegd. Maar gij geheel anders : Luistert niet naar zulke lieden die niet over de spijker prediken, want hun paden leiden tot dood en duisternis. Laat u dan ook niet door vrienden, kennissen, ouders of kinderen afhouden van de wegen des Heeren. Ook al waren zij uw broeders en zusters, zulken zijn niets anders dan wonden. Toch draagt gij zulke wonden getrouw, en legt hen voor aan de Heere. Door uw toewijding aan de Heere en Zijn spijker, zult gij die heilig zijt, het pad van ijs begaan, daar dit het pad des Heeren is. De Heere rekent niet met familie, maar met hen die Zijn geboden onderhouden. Zulke ouders en zulke kinderen zijn goud waard, maar de rest zal vergaan. Kleeft daarom niet vast aan hen die de Wil des Heeren niet doen, of aan hen die zeggen de Wil des Heeren te doen, maar de paden der farizeeers bewandelen. Volgt ook geen profeten die voorspoed aanhangen, want zij zijn geen profeten, maar dieven. Volg de paden der profeten over en langs de paden van de armoe. Want ziet, de armoe is uw hemelse harem die u afhoudt van de begeertes der mensen. De begeertes der mensen leiden tot verderf en het afsluiten van de zintuigen. Zij hebben hun genot in niets en in schaamteloze gevoelloosheid. Zij zullen nog meer gevoel verliezen, en hun hardheid zal dan afbrokkelen in de hel. Maar hangt hen die zeggen dat de hel altijd duurt niet aan, want zij zijn wreed en harteloos. Ziet, zij hebben reeds hun gevoel verloren, zij zijn vleeseters en hoereerders, daar zij vrienden van de wereld zijn en metterdaad vijanden van God. De hel zal opgelost worden in de hemel, daar de hel een reinigend vuur was om een ieder te louteren, uitgezonden door de hemel, en terugkerende tot de hemel. De Heere houdt de zonde niet in stand, en ook niet de zondaar. Zij die dat zeggen willen de zonde niet loslaten. De Heere rekent niet met hen, en rekent hen tot de spotters. Maar velen onder u hebben vroeger zo gedacht in uw tijden van zonde, en de Heere heeft u verlost. Zo heeft de Heere velen verlicht, en zal de Heere nog velen verlichten. Spot dan niet met deze woorden, want zij die zulke woorden afwijzen hebben reeds de Heere afgewezen. Maar toets deze woorden in heiligheid en in vreze en beven, want de Heere mocht eens spreken. Ziet dan toe dat gij Hem die spreekt niet afwijst, want velen sliepen terwijl Hij leed en sprak. Waakt dan op, gij die slaapt, opdat Christus over u zal lichten. En Zijn spijker is als de lantaarn op uw pad.

7. Zo zullen er dan in het laatste der tijden vele vijanden van God opstaan. En zij zullen hun kerken hebben, en zij zullen daarin mensen vangen met hun netten. Maar gij geheel anders : Blijft ver bij hen uit de buurt. De Heere heeft Zijn stad voor u opengesteld, en het zij u genoeg. Zo hebt gij die de Heere volgt ook uw ziel gekruisigd door de spijker, en het zij u als een wachter voor uw mond. Zo

hebben dan allen die de doornenkroon des Heeren dragen door de spijker een lantaarn en een lamp op het pad der profeten en het pad des Heeren, en zij zullen vele gezichten zien. Ja, zij hebben een middel om de profetische gaven aan te wakkeren, als een heilig vuur des Heeren. Ja, want ook in de hemelen zijn de spijkers machtige pilaren, en gij dient erop acht te geven als op wegen omhoog. En de engelen en de harems des Heeren dalen over deze pilaren af, en stijgen er langs op.

8. Zo hebben dan de spijkers van Christus velen gezaligd, en vele paden hebben zij geopend. Ja, want door de handspijker Hebt gij een bediening des Heeren gekregen, en hebt gij werk des Heeren gedaan. En door de voetspijker hebt gij reine paden betreden, en hebt gij reizen in de geest gemaakt. En ja, sommigen onder u zijn predictaten des Heeren. En door het spotkleed te dragen zijt ge apostel geworden voor het aangezicht des Heeren, en de Heere is getrouw tot u en behoedde u. En door de doornenkroon te dragen werd ge profeet voor het aangezicht des Heeren, en schonk Hij u visioenen door Zijn bloed. En zij die door de speer des Heeren waren doorstoken zoals Hij eens werd aan het kruis, en zij die deze speer dragen en aanbidden als de heiligheid van de Heere, zij zijn als richters voor het aangezicht van God.

9. En zo zijn ook enkele heel zuiveren hermitaat geworden door de voetspijker des Heeren, omdat zij zijn wegen niet hebben veracht. En zij hebben een reis in hun binnenste gemaakt om de Heere te ontmoeten en te omhullen. En nu is de Heere hun omhulling door de voetspijker. De Heere is getrouw tot wie Hem dienen, en bekleed en heiligt hen door de voorwerpen des kruises.

De Nieuwe Openbaring

1.

De IJstempel

1. De Leeuw sprak deze woorden, staande in de Tempel van IJs : Nu dan gaan de gezanten uit om het Woord te zuiveren. En hij nam een boek en verbrandde het. 2. Toen richtte hij zich tot de oostkant der hemelen, in het gewest Spricht, en sprak om het zegel der leeuwen te verbreken. Toen kwam er een ruiter zittende op een leeuw tevoorschijn, roepende als een bazuin. 3. In zijn ene hand had hij een klein houten bed, en in zijn andere hand een koperen weegschaal. Hij werd gevolgd door een grote groep leeuwen. 4. De leeuw waarop hij zat was rood en wild. 'Verschrikkelijk' was zijn naam. Uit de muil van de leeuw kwamen zeven blauwe vlammen om de aardbodem te verteren. 5. Toen hoorde ik het geween van miljoenen. Zij hielden zich onder de grond verscholen, en zij hadden schepen op zee. 6. Toen sprak een stem : Nu is het oordeel gekomen tot het binnenste der aarde en de zee. Toen zag ik een andere leeuw verschijnen, nog verschrikkelijker dan de vorige. 7. Op zijn rug droeg hij een schaal van ijs, waaruit insecten voortkwamen. Zij begonnen van de wateren te drinken, en de wateren begonnen te branden. 8. De leeuw was blauw en helder en uit zijn muil kwam een haai voort. De haai zwom tot de zon en verzwolg deze. 9. Toen begonnen sterren van ijs te vallen en enkelen kwamen op de aarde terecht. Dit waren de dagen waarin de tempelen van ijs zich begonnen te openen. 10. Zij begonnen God groot te maken en gingen op hun benen staan. In het midden der hemelen was een vrouw in barensnood. 11. Groot was haar strijd, en ze gaf geboorte aan een paars kind. Bij de geboorte stierf ze, en haar ziel werd tot God gedragen. 12. De Naam van deze vrouw was Metensia, de Wonderbaarlijke, en zij werd gegeven aan de Geest Gods, haar man. Het kind groeide op en werd groot. 13. En haar naam was Marion, en ze voegde zich naast haar broer Michai. In die dagen viel de Aakse, de grote slang, uit de hemelen. Hij was ook gebaard door Metensia. 14. En Marion en Michai treurden zeven maanden lang over hun gevallen

broer. Let dan op, opdat gij het geheimenis kent. Zeven grote hoornen droeg hij, om het laatste der dagen te verzegelen.

De verbreking van de hoornen

15. En er verscheen een grote panter in het midden van de hemelen, die zijn ruiters begon uit te zenden. En toen sprak God deze woorden : De laatste dagen van de markt zijn gekomen. 16. Deze zal zeer groot worden en dan vallen. De markt heeft slaven gemaakt, maar Ik zal hen vrijzetten. Ik zal hen een tepel in hun borstkas geven, waaruit de melk van Mijn Geest zal stromen om hen vrij te zetten. 17. Ik zal hen de tepelen der vrijheid geven, en ik zal hen leiden tot de tempel van ijs. En toen begon de eerste grote hoorn zich tot de heiligen te richten om hun hart te doorspietsen. 18. En God sprak : Vanuit de wond zal de tepel rijzen. Vrees daarom geen kwaad. De tepel zal de hoorn verbrijzelen. 19. En ik zag een tepel oprijzen als een toren, en melk en honing begon over de hoofden van de heiligen en de profeten te stromen, en zij profeteerden voor veertig maanden. 20. En toen zag ik de tweede hoorn zich grootmaken tegen de heiligen. En plotseling doorstak hij hun buik. De wond was zeer groot, en bloed stroomde tot de wateren. Ik zag een verbittering in de hemelen, en de martelaren smeekten om wraak. 21. De aarde begon te beven en slokte de rivieren op, maar de zeeën begonnen groter te worden. Toen spoog de grote haai de zon uit op de aarde, en er kwam een droogte van acht jaar en zes maanden. 22. En een zwarte leeuw rees op uit de aarde, en schonk een tweede tepel aan hen die de buikwond hadden. Toen kwam er een stilte van achtendertig uren in de hemel. 23. Dit waren de dagen dat Michai de aarde begon te beroeren. De derde hoorn begon zich tegen Michai op te zetten, en verzamelde een grote menigte. 24. Michai's ogen werden doorstoken, en zijn kaak werd verbrijzeld, zodat hij niet meer kon spreken. Toen werd Michai aan een steen gebonden en in de grote zee geworpen waar de grote vissen hem begonnen aan te vreten. 25. De derde tepel begon in de monden van de heiligen en apostelen te groeien, en zodra zij hun monden openden, kwam er melk en vuur om de afvalligen te verteren. 26. Zij hadden monden als slangen. Toen begon de vierde hoorn het paarse kind, Marion, te vervolgen. 27. Ook begon deze hoorn zich groot te maken tegen de hemelen met godslasteringen, en allen die deze hoorn volgden kregen grote macht en konden grote wonderen en tekenen verrichtten. 28. In deze dagen begon de vierde tepel in de tempel van ijs op te rijzen, en begon woorden van wijsheid te spreken, terwijl boeken zich openden. 29. Een zwarte ruiter op een zwart paard verscheen, en weer begonnen er sterren uit de hemelen te vallen. De shade op aarde was groot. 30. De drie laatste hoornen werden door winden verbroken, en een poort in de hemelen werd geopend. 31. Toen viel de vrouw der katachtigen als door donder en bliksem uit de hemelen. Eerst vrat de Aakse, de grote slang, haar op, maar zij begon in zijn buik te lachen en vrat hem van binnen uit op. 32. Toen kwamen er vele stemmen van de hemel. 33. Een vos genaamd Zurastael verscheen aan de hemelen en begon zijn naam in de hoofden te schrijven van hen die de vier tepelen binnenin droegen.

2.

De heilige staart

1. En een paars beest begon een afschuw te krijgen aan Marion, en nam haar tot hem, om ten slotte met zijn nazaad te vertrekken. 2. Zij had enige ridders verborgen, maar hun schuilplaats werd ontdekt en verwoest. Toen hun bloed ter aarde viel, veranderde het in zaad waaruit weelderige bomen groeiden. Ook kwamen er netelplanten uit voort en doornenstruiken met de bloemen en bloesem des geestes. 3. En hierin groeide het huis van de martelares Marion, als een poort tot de ijstempelen des hemels. 4. In die dagen begon de vos de heiligen te leiden op Marions paden, zij die

de wond van Marion in hun ziel droegen, wiens ruggen gebroken waren. 5. En de vijfde tepel begon te groeien aan het uiteinde van hun ruggegraten, aan het stuitje, tot een heilige staart. En zij begonnen te wenen tot de hemelen. 6. En zij kwamen tot de gewesten van Spricht, aan de Oostkant der hemelen. En de heilige staart begon hun zielen te beschrijven vanuit de heilige boeken. 7. Toen de zesde tepel verscheen kwam er donder vanuit de hemel. En de Haai sprak deze woorden : 'Zalig zijn zij die genaderd zijn tot Spricht.' 8. Toen richtte hij zich tot de westkant van de hemelen, tot het gewest Zetdonia, en sprak woorden om het zegel der haaien te verbreken. Toen kwam er een haai vanuit het Noorden van de hemel, en hem werd macht gegeven om de volgelingen van de vrouw der katachtigen en het paarse beest te misleiden. 9. De dagen van de blauwe haai zijn aangebroken. Laat de aarde huiveren. 10. En de haai bracht hen tot een kelder onder het huis van Marion, waar hij hen opsloot en hun boeien verzegelde met onuitsprekelijke woorden. 11. De grote haai des hemels is opgestaan. Wie kan er aan zijn oog ontsnappen ? 12. In die dagen waren de anfitaten op aarde, om eer te brengen aan het paarse kind. 13. Maar een wolk nam hen weg en bracht hen op een verborgen plaats. 14. Zij kregen daar de geheimen van de zevende tepel te zien, en waren niet gemachtigd te spreken. 15. Gij bent genaderd tot de God van het brandende ijs, in wiens tegenwoordigheid gij niet kunt spreken. Gij bent genaderd tot de vertering. 16. En weer werden er boeken verbrand en zij die aanwezig waren, werden niet gemachtigd te spreken. 17. Kent gij de namen van de zeven grote geesten die zich voor het aangezicht van God bevinden ? 18. Kent gij de namen der zeven geestesogen van God, en de zeven geestestepelen ? 19. Eén van hen is Matas. En zalig hen die genaderd zijn tot Spricht.

Het Lied van Matas

20. Matas, waterplant, reikende tot het einde van de zon. Matas, wonderlijk gezag, reikende tot het einde van de zon, daar waar het ijs begint, en daar waar het ijs eindigt, daar waar het ijs brandt als een fakkel in de nacht. 21. Matas, waterplant, reikende tot het einde van de zon, en zalig hen die genaderd zijn tot Spricht. Matas, wonderlijk gezag, springend van dag tot dag. 22. Wortels reikend naar de bodems van de zee, groeiend naar het einde van de zon, Matas, waterplant, daar waar het ijs brandt als een fakkel in de nacht. 23. Breng mij voor het aangezicht van hem die dag en nacht kent, van hem die de paden door duisternis en licht kent. 24. Leer mij steeds weer uw stem te verstaan, zalig hen die het ijs vasthouden, daar waar alles brandt. 25. Zalig hen die vol zijn van ijs en geest, zwemmend langs de wortelen en takken van Matas, groeiende vanuit het huis van Marion, reikende naar de overkanten van Spricht. 26. Zalig hen die de zeven geestestepelen kennen, die melk en ijs laten vloeien. Zalig hen die honing verspreiden, als ijs brandende als een fakkel in de nacht. 27. Leid ons op eeuwige paden, geef ons de vleugelen van Matas. Laat ons naderen tot Spricht, vanuit Marions Huis, dragende haar wonden in ons hart. 28. Heilig het paarse kind in ons, en heilig uw anfitaten, als fakkels op ons pad. 29. Leer ons het licht der lichten kennen, de koningen der koningen, in het huis van Marion. 30. Wij staan hier voor uw eer, met uw liederen in onze mond. Leer ons geen onbekende paden te betreden, maar laat de paden bekend zijn bij u. 31. Uw paden zijn bekend, u gaf Uw kennis aan Uw meesters. Zalig ons, die genaderd zijn tot Spricht.

32. Matas, Plant des Levens, groeiende daar waar het donker is, daar waar het hart zoveel wonden kent. Breng ons tot Spricht. 33. Matas, groei daar waar het donker is, vanuit de wonden van mijn hart. U kent mijn paarse kind, ik weet dat U mij bemint. 34. Als een fakkel in de nacht, U bent daar. Voer mij er doorheen, laat mij niet alleen. Alleen U kent het hart van de Vader, oh Geest voor Gods Troon. 35. Geef mij de visioenen van een nieuwe dag, het brandend ijs in Uw Hart. Ik weet mij hierin geborgen. U kent al mijn smart. 36. U omhult mij en omgeeft mij. U omhult mijn droge tong.

U brengt mijn hart tot de wateren des levens, groei in mij oh Geest van God. Maak mij Uw Heilige Raad bekend.

3.

De dieren des hemels

1. En ik kreeg oorsuizingen en mijn handen begonnen te tintelen toen ik was opgenomen in de hemelen, en Gods IJstempel zag. 2. De leeuwen des hemels kwamen tot mij en dienden mij. Zij spraken tot mij dat deze woorden en beelden heilig waren, en opgetekend moesten worden, voor het klaarmaken van een nieuw geslacht. 3. Zij voerden mij naar een hemelwoning waar de haaien des hemels waren. 4. En de woorden die zij spraken waren nat en vochtig, zodat zij gedronken konden worden, en mijn oren begonnen te piepen. 5. Ik hoorde het gezoem van de hemelen, en ik zag de verschillende gewesten voor mij liggen. 6. En een stem sprak : 'Spreekt, opdat het oordeel kan komen. Het oordeel waarop de aarde wacht.' 7. En tronen werden omhoog gehesen, waarop haaien en andere dieren des hemels zich plaatsten. 8. En wijn begon te vloeien, en dronkenschap kwam te vallen op de dieren, zodat zij de lichten der aarde konden oordelen. 9. En toen begonnen mijn benen te tintelen, terwijl boeken werden geopend. 10. De woorden van de aarde werden gezuiverd en getoetst aan de woorden van de hemel, en wederom werden er boeken verbrand. 11. En ik zag verborgen woorden openbaar worden, en zij moesten rekenschap afleggen van hun werken. 12. Ook zag ik talen en culturen verschijnen voor de tronen van de dieren des hemels. 13. De vrouw der katachtigen werd buiten de hemelpoorten geworpen, en daarna werd ze in de poel van ijs geworpen. 14. Toen vielen gillende sterren uit de hemelen, en dezen vielen op de aarde om hen die op de aarde woonden te vervolgen. 15. En zij zochten rust, maar konden het niet vinden. 16. En een stem uit de hemel sprak : De grote Jom is verslagen. Zalig hen die de geheimenissen van de zevende geestestepel kennen, die van de Heilige Melk drinken, want zij zullen verzadigd worden, en de wateren van rust zullen hen navolgen. 17. Vervloekt zij hen die de geestestepelen trachten te doven en te bedroeven, want ijs en zwavel zal hun hoofden vernietigen. Zij zullen in het Vuur van Eminijs, de Heilige Leeuw voor het Aangezicht van God, verbrijzeld worden. 18. Zalig hen die God verwachten, en Zalig hen die Zijn Geest kennen.

4.

Eminijs Dag

1. Dit zijn de woorden van Eminijs, de Heilige Leeuw voor het Aangezicht van God. Hij droeg tafelen van ijs en schalen van ijs, waaruit insecten voortkwamen. 2. Hij had armen als van een octopus : 'Hooft het Woord des Heeren, want van nu aan zal niemand kunnen openen zonder te sluiten, zal niemand kunnen creëren, zonder te verbrijzelen. 3. Ik zal u het koord der Waarheid tonen, wanneer gij in mij blijft. Dit zijn de Woorden van de Heilige Eminijs, die brandt van ijs, als een fakkel in duistere nachten. 4. En wanneer de zwarte panter begint te rennen, en de glazen breken, dan zullen de slaven der markt vrijgezet worden, want Ik heb u niet bereid tot slavernij, maar tot vrijheid. 5. En in het duistere gat zult gij vrijheid vinden. Als een panter zal ik Mijn kinderen verzamelen. 6. Ik zal u Mijn wonden tonen, en Ik zal u kronen tot anfitaat. De geheimenissen van deze dagen zijn groot. Zalig hen die dezen kennen. 7. En er zal een dag van Eminijs zijn, een dag waarop alles heilig zal zijn. Dit is de dag dat het ijs zal branden. In Gods Heilige Tempel sta ik. 8. En Ik zal branden van ijs, terwijl Ik Mijn Winden over de aarde zend, om bloed in zaad te veranderen, en Mijn zonnen van ijs te leiden tot de poorten van Marions Huis. 9. Ik zal Metensia een lichte hoop zenden en haar op de vleugels van de wind voeren naar Sarsia. 10. Ik

zal Sarsia laten spreken vanuit de tempel om hoop te brengen aan hen die de wonden van Metensia dragen in hun ziel. Zij die hun kinderen hebben moeten offeren op de altaren der gerechtigheid. 11. Dan zal Michai zijn moeder wenken, en zij zullen wederom verbonden worden met Eeuwige Koorden. 12. Dan zal Metensia wederom haar Zoon zenden tot de aarde, waar hij zijn troon voor eeuwig zal vestigen. 13. En de engel Sarsia zal hem leren strijden, en hij zal overwinnen. 14. Laat u dan teder behoeden door haar zachte vleugelen, en laat u leiden door haar zachte winden, om u tot Eeuwige velden te brengen. 15. Zij, die uitgezonden is vanuit het Aangezicht des Heeren, vanuit Zijn Troon, om Zijn Altaar op aarde te vestigen. Ja, de aarde zal Zijn Tempel worden. 16. Ja, komt nader tot de Nieuwe Ark, en laat u binden met Eeuwige Koorden. Ja, komt nader tot Zijn Heilige Tempel. Laat uw monden vullen met IJs. 17. U bent genaderd tot het goud van IJs. U bent genaderd tot het Huis van Metensia, waar gij eet van heilige schalen. 18. Het zal uw buik niet meer wegbranden, maar het zal u tot genezing zijn. U bent genaderd tot de vruchten van de Blauwe Boom, daar waar Michai werd verwekt.

Spricht

19. En ja, dan zal er een dag zijn waarop uw handen en voeten tezamen gebonden zijn door de zesde en de zevende tepel. 20. Ja, door hun Eeuwige koorden zult gij zijn als een vis in het water, dragende de zoete wonden van Michai. Gij zult gedragen worden tot de engelen der winden en koele wateren, en zij zullen u beminnen omdat gij troost gebracht hebt aan het Hart van God. 21. Ja, engelen zullen u dienen, gij die de koorden van de zesde en de zevende tepel draagt. 22. En in Spricht zult gij uw handen en voeten zien, en bemerken dat zij met velen zijn. Gij zult hen niet kunnen raken of aanraken, gij zult hen niet in beweging kunnen brengen. 23. En dan zult gij wachten totdat de Geest van God u raakt, en Zijn winden zullen u in beweging brengen. Dan zult gij zijn als de heilige inktvis in het water, en oprijzen als de vliegende spin om de sterren te bewegen, en te wassen in koele wateren. 24. Nu werkt gij nog op het veld, maar straks zult gij verlichting kennen. Gij zult eten van heilige zonnen, en het ijs zal oprijzen in uw buik. 25. Oh, gij die uw voeten door Eeuwige Koorden hebt laten binden, gij zult het geestesschoeisel ontvangen, en uw zaad zal u in beweging brengen. 26. Treurt niet over het bloed, want het zal heilig zaad wezen. De Tijger zal ook u opnieuw verwekken, en gij zult geleid worden door uw eigen zaad, voortgekomen en voortgebracht door de winden Gods. 27. Treurt dan niet bij het aanschouwen van de wonden van Michai in uw schouders, want de vogelen des hemels zullen daarop nederdalen, om u te leiden op Eeuwige Paden. Zalig zij die genaderd zijn tot Spricht.

De Dag van het Altaar

28. En de Tijger sprak deze woorden, staande in de Heilige IJstempel op de Heilige Berg van God : Er is een Dag waarop het Heilige Altaar wordt opgericht. 29. Die Dag zal groot heten. Dan zullen de geesten die daar zwaar werk moesten verrichten vrijgezet worden. 30. En toen verbrak hij het zegel der tijgers, en richtte zich naar het Noorden vanwaar de grote haai kwam, en sprak : Nu is er dan een dag van vrijheid voor hen die werkten in zweet en tranen. Uw bloed zal zaad worden, en gij zult bomen planten. 31. Nu is er dan een dag van rust aangebroken, en gij zult rust vinden op uw akkers. 32. Uw ploegscharen zullen omgesmolten worden tot altaren, en gij zult de Geesten Gods kennen. Gij dan zult uw engelen bij namen noemen.

De Verzegeling van het Woord

33. En Michai stond op om hen van het altaar te leiden. 34. Groot is de Dag waarop de Heere Zijn Stem verheft, om rust te geven aan hen van het altaar. 35. En toen de Tijger al deze woorden

gesproken had, kwam er een engel met zeven winden in de armen om de woorden te verzegelen. 36. Toen kwam er geruis met donder en bliksem om de tempel te sluiten. 37. En zij die het Woord des Heeren hadden gehoord hadden rust.

5.

De Woorden van Metensia

1. En mijn tong geraakte als in vuur toen ik deze dingen zag en hoorde, en een deur werd geopend in de hemel. En ik hoorde een stem roepende 'Kom, want er zijn veel meer dingen die getoond moeten worden.' 2. En de haaien des hemels brachten mij naar boven als door koele wateren, en ik zag Metensia zitten op haar troon. 3. Zij was als badende in ijs, en haar glans was als het goud van IJs. En zij sprak woorden uit een verborgen boek genaamd De Troiade. 4. Zij sprak de woorden van Metensia : Ik ben de koningin van Zachtheid. Mijn Naam is Schip. Mijn Naam is Metensia en ik leef op de zee. 5. Ik draag deze wereld op vier fundamenteën. Ik werk met mijn genezende handen een weg naar de boeken. Ik ben de Geest van Liefde. 6. Ik creeerde de moeders en hen die creeerden. Mijn huis is gebouwd op negen pilaren, een huis in wolkeren en wateren, waar het ijs regeert. 7. Ik overwon de kunsten en krachten van de zon, en heb vijanden onder en aan mijn voeten. 8. Ik draag vijftien sterren op mijn hoofd, en zeven heilige boeken leven in mijn hart. Ik reken af met vuur en zwavel. 9. Ik heb hen overwonnen. Onder mijn voeten zijn zij, als een voetbank van mijn troon. Ik leef in ijs en schiep de moeders van ijs. 10. Innerlijke Genezing stroomt tot hen die tot Mij naderen. Vier tijgers staan voor mij, en houden de wacht, en mijn twee arenden worden voortdurend uitgezonden met mijn woorden. Zij hebben dag noch nacht rust. Heilig zijn zij. 11. Ik deel Wijsheid uit voor Mijn poorten. Ik ben trouw aan hen die mij trouw zijn. 12. Visioenen zijn in mijn Rechterhand, en Dromen in mijn Linkerhand. Waakt dan, opdat Mijn engel van Slaap u zal meenemen. 13. Ik heb mijn arxels tot u gezonden, om u te brengen door de uren van de nacht. Ja, mijn nachtwake is over u, van het eerste tot het twaalfde uur. 14. In de vijfde nachtwake zult ge de zee zien, en dan zullen koorden u trekken tot de nieuwe dag.

De ruiter op de draak

15. En toen begon mijn keel te branden en te tintelen, en ik hoorde een stem zeggende : Drinkt van de heilige ijswateren des hemels, want gij zult nog vele dingen moeten profeteren. 16. En mij werd een tijd rust gegeven, totdat ik de nieuwe morgen bereikte. 17. Koele wateren des hemels omhulden mij, en er waren vuren in mijn buik. Dit waren de vuren van ijs. 18. En weer dronk ik van de wateren, en deze wateren waren zoet. 19. Er werd een staf op mijn voorhoofd gelegd en ik zag visioenen stromen uit mijn handen. 20. Deze visioenen waren helder als ijs, en wateren omhulden hen. 21. En toen werd mij gevraagd : Kent gij de Geesten Gods ? 22. Een bittere Geest stond voor mij, met bittere tranen die hem als schubben omhulden. En toen werd mij gevraagd : Kent gij de bitterheid Gods ? 23. Ik zag de tranen als donderstenen en hagelstenen op de aarde vallen, en rivieren begonnen te stromen. Toen geraakte de aarde in vlammen, en een luide stem sprak : 'Kunt gij uw schatten nog omhullen als Mura de aarde bezoekt ?' 24. En in haar armen droeg zij een vos genaamd Zurastael, en sprak : 'Het geheimenis van de vos is groot. Zalig hen die de schatten van Zurastael kennen. Nieuwe aderen zal hen het bloed doen behouden.' 25. En de vos droeg zijn kroon als een helm gemaakt van zuivere gesteenten, en toen hij sprak voelde ik nieuw bloed door mijn aderen stromen, en dit bloed begon te branden als brandend ijs. 26. En toen sprak hij, zeggende : Uw bloed zal het zaad verwekken, het zaad van ijs. Het zal branden als een fakkel in de nacht, om hen die rust geven tot rust te leiden. 27. Uw angst zal worden tot gesteente, en niemand zal bij

machte zijn het te breken. 28. Uw angsten hebben u geleid tot het ijs, en tot het boek van Zurastael. 29. En voor mijn ogen werd een boek geopend met gouden letters in gesteentes, en voor mijn ogen begonnen de letters te veranderen en te bewegen, en visioenen kwamen uit hen voort. 30. En wederom sprak Zurastael zeggende : 'Gij die het licht zoekt, wordt opgezogen in een steen. Zalig zij die de Eeuwige steen vinden, want Eeuwige aderen zullen daar het bloed behouden.' 31. En zuivere lichten vielen op mij als koele wateren en ik voelde grond onder mijn voeten, hard als steen, terwijl het gloeide. 32. En een stem van het altaar sprak, zeggende : Zalig de doden die vanaf nu in Zurastael sterven. 33. En ik zag de tronen der zee opkomen, en altaren vanuit het binnenste der aarde, en ik zag graven opengaan, terwijl de gewesten en de windrichtingen hun doden gaven. 34. De zee gaf haar doden en het binnenste der aarde gaf haar doden, en ook de bergen, de rivieren en de nesten der vogelen. 35. Boeken werden geopend, en de altaren raakten in vlam. En een stem sprak zeggende : Dit is de dag waarop de doden teruggegeven dienen te worden. 36. En de lichten van de uitspansels begonnen hun doden te geven, en de zonnen en manen begonnen hen uit te spuwen en te buigen. 37. En wederom sprak een stem : 'Het Licht van Zurastael is gekomen, en de duisternis heeft het niet kunnen doorklieven. Zalig hen die nu in Hem sterven, want zij zullen rust vinden.' 38. En ik zag de markt als een ster uit de hemel vallen, en deze begon op de aarde te schreeuwen om de heiligen aan te klagen. 39. En zij werden door scorpioenen gebeten een halve dag. En de kooplieden begonnen hun doden te geven. 40. Zij aanbaden de ruiter op de draak. Deze ruiter had het gezicht van een mens. En slaaf en meester, koopman en koper, Jood en Griek, bogen in verwondering tot de ruiter van de draak neer, zeggende : 'Wie kan de draak berijden ? 41. Hoe is het mogelijk dat een mens de draak berijdt.' En zij volgden de ruiter van de draak als hebbende een schenker van geest. 42. En de ruiter van de draak kwam tot de vos en brak hem de nek. 43. Toen brak er een geschrei uit in de hemelen, terwijl vrouwen weenden voor zestig dagen en nachten. Na die zestig dagen werd er gesproken : 'Zalig hen die de wond van Zurastael dragen.' 44. En weer begonnen vrouwen te wenen en te rouwen om de vos, totdat de engel Sarsia hem tot het Aangezicht van God bracht. 45. Maar ook de ruiter van de draak kwam om zich na een doorkruising van de aarde voor te stellen bij God. 46. Met de engel Sarsia streed hij zestig dagen en nachten om het lichaam van Zurastael, terwijl Sarsia haar mond niet los durfde te doen. 47. Na deze zestig dagen en nachten begon de Leeuw die voor het Aangezicht van God stond te spreken. Dit zijn de woorden van de Heilige Eminijs. 48. En terwijl hij sprak kwamen er bergen van vuur en ijs uit zijn mond, en zeeën van vuur en ijs uit zijn staart. 49. Al deze woorden werden verzegeld, en de ruiter van de draak werd op het altaar gelegd. 50. En uit het altaar kwam een zwarte panter die de ruiter van de draak verslond. Zware hagelstenen kwamen op aarde, om de schepen der kooplieden te doorklieven. 51. En een slang die vanaf het begin in het binnenste der aarde opgesloten werd gehouden brak los. En een stem sprak : Nu is het zegel der slangen verbroken. 52. Wee hen die op de aarde leven. Zalig hen die van het medicijn van Zurastael eten, en die van zijn siroop drinken. 53. Zalig hen die het gif van slangen in zich dragen, want zij zullen gereinigd worden. 54. En de bloem van God kwam tot leven om het zaad van de ruiter van de draak te verslinden. En haar werden de sieraden des hemels gegeven, en zij bracht dronkenschap over de volgelingen van Zurastael.

De afval der vrouwen

55. En ik zag een teken in de hemel waaronder vier panters verwekt werden, die de aarde doorkruisten om de tempel te bouwen. 56. En deze tempel was vol van ijs, terwijl leeuwen begonnen te branden, om woorden van zwavel te spreken. 57. En Eminijs werd een koning op aarde en kreeg vele volgelingen. En vrouwen begonnen te roepen en te zingen : Dank aan God die Zijn profeet heeft gezonden, die bloed verandert in brandend zaad. 58. En een heg van kruid begon

te groeien op aarde, en zijn doornen begonnen de profeten van God te vervolgen. 59. En vrouwen met het kruid van Eminijs in hun haren probeerden apostelen en richteren in valstrikken te lokken, terwijl zij de heg begonnen te aanbidden. 60. En de heg droeg als naam de hondenhaag. Sindsdien begon Eminijs zich terug te trekken in de woestijn, en slangen des velds dienden hem. 61. En deze dagen werden genoemd de afval der vrouwen. 62. En de vrouw der honden begon haar liederen te zingen en te verkopen, maar werd zonder woorden door Michai verslagen. 63. Een derde deel van de afvallige vrouwen kwam om, terwijl het overige deel de predictaten en hermitaten trachten te verleiden tot aardse zonde en hoererij. 64. Houd dan stand in de dagen van verzoeking, en laat uw bezittingen achter. 65. Verkoopt dan uw vrouw en kinderen aan de Geesten Gods, opdat de Heere u de Geest van IJs geve. 66. Laat dan uw tempel bouwen door heilige attentaten opdat gij tot de kroon van de anfitaat kan naderen. 67. Doet dan aan het geestesschoeisel, gij die de helm en het pantser draagt, opdat gij kunt standhouden in de dagen van verleiding. 68. Ziet, het geestesschoeisel van Eminijs brandende van vuur en ijs ligt voor u. Dan kunt u de boze dagen aan u voorbij zien vliegen. 69. Zalig hen die de wonden van Eminijs dragen.

Het leer der vijanden

70. En die dagen werd de Naam van Eminijs groter in de hemelen. En hij bracht nieuwe wijnen, gal en gesmolten metalen tot de altaren, waarin nieuwe wapenen werden gesmeden. 71. In die dagen werden de tempelen en de altaren groot, en vanuit het zaad kwam nieuw schoeisel voort. En deze dagen waren groot. 72. Zalig hen wiens hoofden en harten geschoeid zijn door de Geesten Gods. 73. Zalig hen wiens zwaarden en schilden geschoeid zijn op heilige altaren. 74. En het leer der vijanden zal zeven dagen en zeven nachten gereinigd dienen te worden in de ark van de tempel, daarna zal het veertig maanden lang gezuiverd moeten worden in de schalen van ijs, en daarna zal het moeten komen in de handen van Eminijs. 75. Zo zult gij de paarden en honden des hemels beteugelen, en zult gij niet ten prooie vallen aan de doornen der aarde. 76. En hij die de boten voorttrekt zal u leiden tot de ark der leeuwen, ja, want het zal een tempel zijn met vele altaren en met vele arken. 77. En gij zult de Glorie van God niet kunnen dragen. Laat dan de Naam van Eminijs groter worden in uw harten.

Het geslacht der Ancialieten

78. En ik zag dat de heiligen die de wonden van Eminijs droegen een gedurende een periode van tachtig dagen geschoeid moesten worden. 79. En het leer van vijanden werd verzameld en gebracht tot een aparte kamer in de tempel die het vertrek van het schoeisel werd genoemd. 80. En het schoeisel der anfitaten moest eerst voor drie dagen op de altaren van het vertrek gezuiverd worden. 81. En zij die de wonden van Eminijs niet droegen werden uitgeworpen. 82. En ik hoorde een stem zeggende : Zuiver dan het schoeisel van anfitaten en exorcisten, en zuiver het met kruiden en in schalen met wateren van mos en takken. 83. En de Heilige Slang van het Altaar Gods blies over het schoeisel, zes rijen van elk dertig meter. 84. En de Geest Gods kwam over het schoeisel, en de mannen begonnen in andere talen te spreken. 85. Nu waren er ook enkele vrouwen onder hen. Sonia en Diadiria waren twee namen onder hen. Maar de Heere sprak : 'Scheidt Mij nu de mannen van de vrouwen.' 86. En de vrouwen werden naar een ander vertrek gebracht. 87. En toen begonnen sommige mannen te morren, en werden door het Vuur van de Heilige Slang van het Altaar Gods verteerd. En hun getal was achtenzeventig. 88. Dit waren de dagen der Ancialieten, een heilig geslacht van priesters die in de diepere tempels dienden. 89. Zij hadden zich niet bevlekt met vrouwen, maar waren afgezonderd vanaf hun geboorte, en hadden de Geesten Gods als vrouwen. 90. Ziet dan toe dat gij u niet aan een hoer hecht, maar bemint de Geesten Gods. 91. En in dit heilig

geslacht worden vanaf de geboorte mannen van vrouwen gescheiden en mogen zij niet van elkaars bestaan weten. 92. In die dagen was het toetreden tot de orde der Ancialieten onder strenge voorwaarden. En de Heere was met hen. 93. En zij hadden toegang tot de verborgen plaatsen des hemels, daar waar de slangen des hemels waren. 94. En hun schoeisel was aldus bereid in de ark der slangen, en gezuiverd op de altaren van slangen in een periode van vele jaren lang. 95. En zij droegen de wonden en littekens des Heeren diep in hun lichamen en zielen, en zij werden grootgebracht met gemis van ouders. 96. Zij moesten elkaar onderwijzen en de Heere was met hen. 97. Zij hadden zo min mogelijk contact met hun oudere lotgenoten, en de ontmoeting was dikwijls in duisternis en met tussenmuren, waarbij de oudere vaak gekleed was in een paars of donker gewaad. 98. In de nachten werden zij vaak bezocht door engelen, maar moesten zij ook worstelen met de geesten van de afgrond. 99. Zij leefden in de diepten der hemelen om de Heere in de geheime ijstempelen te dienen. 100. En ik zag de priesters die het schoeisel op een verkeerde manier bereidden en zuiverden. Een vurige vlam viel op hen en wierp hen in een diepe afgrond. 101. En ik zag een engel neerdalen om de put te verzegelen met onuitsprekelijke woorden, en ik hoorde stemmen als van donder.

De oorlogsengel

102. En er zal genezing zijn in het huis van Zetdonia, waar de heiligen baden in ijs. Hier branden de boeken en zalig zijn zij wiens Woorden geschoeid zijn. 103. En ik zag haaien losbreken die tot dit uur in ijsblokken waren opgesloten. En zij waren met velen. En het ijs moest zijn doden loslaten. 104. En wederom zag ik tronen van de zee oprijzen in grote blauwe hallen, en de engel Sarsia daalde neer. 105. En Ik zag de vele wonden van Zetdonia, en Sarsia zou hen die die wonden droegen leiden tot plaatsen van Rust en Genezing, waar zij alle tranen van hun ogen zou wissen. 106. En Sarsia zou tot een herderin voor hen zijn, hen beschermende tegen de roofdieren. 107. Zij zou hen voeren langs zachte en koele wateren tot haar huis, waar heilige Ridders verzorgd werden door engelen. 108. Gij bent genaderd tot het Huis van Sarsia, waar haar zusters de heiligen verzorgen en zalven. 109. Zij is de nachtwake op het schip. 110. En dit waren de Woorden van Sarsia : Mijn tranen gaan nog steeds door het gemakker van schapen om mijn geliefden in slaap te brengen, en te brengen tot Mijn Huis. 111. En wanneer de leeuw brult geef ik mijn beminden nog steeds dromen. 112. Laat u leiden door mijn nachtwake, tot aan de vierde nachtwake toe.

113. En zij leidde vele engelen, en was als een rots in woeste zeeën. 114. En haar wapenrusting was gemaakt van de vele beesten en draken die zij had verslagen. 115. Zij was een oorlogsengel, komende van dampende zeeën, en haar naam was groot. En zij leidde hen door het duistere ijs.

6.

Morit

1. En Morit zal niet vergeten worden. Zij zal terugkeren tot de hof Genesis in het laatste der dagen, en zij zal met de Heere zijn. 2. Geest van Santra, Heil van God, verhef uw stem in het diepste van de nacht. Als een visser, gij brengt haar terug, vanuit blauwe wateren. 3. Morit zal niet vergeten worden. Haar vlam zal branden in de tempel. En vissers van God zullen haar eren. Haar naam zal op hun boten staan. 4. En in die dagen zal de Karazuur tot de aarde komen, Metensia's katachtige arxels. Zij zijn de roofdieren des hemels. 5. En Metensia's wateren zullen de aarde bedekken, en de aarde zal vlam vatten, en de gele haai zal de aarde eten. 6. En zij zal de heiligen en de verdrukte profeten uit hun gevangenissen ophalen met haar vogels, de karsuiken en de putsen, en dezen zullen hen brengen tot een veilige plaats. 7. In Metensia's huis zullen zij rusten voor drie dagen, en daarna

zullen zij gebracht worden tot de hof van Genesis, waar zij verenigd zullen worden met Morit. 8. En zij zullen Kabbernal kennen, de Geest van Gods Altaar.

De verzoeking der profeten

9. In in die dagen zullen nieuwe gezichten rijzen tot de profeten. En van het altaar zal een Geest opstijgen genaamd Vuur van Eminius. En die naam zal groot heten. 10. En dan zal Eminius Zich opstellen in een cirkel van altaren, en het heilig gebed zal hersteld worden onder het volk. 11. En Eminius en het Vuur van Eminius zullen stijgen uit de ketel Gods. En het Vuur van Eminius zal het afvallige volk verleiden voor dertig jaren lang, en zij zullen het verbond vergeten. 12. En Hij zal het heilig volk dat standgehouden heeft in de verzoeking leiden tot de winden van het vuur. En zij zullen verzadigd worden met de appels van het altaar. 13. En het zaad van Eminius zal Izu heten. En dit geheimenis is groot. 14. En de profeten Gods zullen duizenddrieenzestig dagen profeteren tot het afvallige volk en onder afvallige profeten. Zij zullen slapen bij boomstronken, en hun woorden zullen niet geloofd worden. 15. En de profeten Gods zullen roepen tot de hemelen, maar deze zullen gesloten blijven, totdat de dagen der verzoeking voleindigd zijn. 16. En ik zag een profeet oprijzen uit de schare met ogen van vuur, en hij bracht troost tot hen in de verdrukking. 17. Toen zag ik dat zijn ogen werden doorstoken door een woedende massa, maar het zaad van Eminius dat Izu zou heten kwam hem te hulp, en toen stroomde er voor lange tijd ijs uit zijn ogen, en tijden en wateren werden bedekt door gletsjers. 18. En toen begonnen de woedende massa's te sidderen, zeggende : Ja, Izu is groot. 19. En ik zag een ster uit de hemel vallen die een derde deel van de woedende massa's bedekte. En Eminius gaf hen appels, opdat ze de volkeren niet meer zouden verleiden. 20. Ook werd er brood van het altaar aan hun roofdieren gegeven, opdat ze de heiligen met rust zouden laten. En de heiligen hadden rust voor lange dagen. 21. Deze roofdieren waren verschrikkelijk, en de heiligen zouden nog nasidderen voor een ruime tijd. 22. Zalig degene aan wie het Zwaard van Eminius wordt geschonken, want hij zal kunnen eten van de Boom des Levens.

De afval der profeten

23. En in die dagen was er het Lot der profeten en de profetische geslachten. 24. Zij deden veelal dienst in de tempel, en werden uitgezonden als roofdieren. 25. En de profeten Gods in de woestijn hadden een kleine verlichting, maar begonnen tot de hemel te roepen : Hoelang blijven onze monden verzegeld, en wanneer wordt het zegel der honden verbroken. Dit zegel nu was zwaar, en zij leden vurige pijnen. 26. En de Heere zond een arxel tot hen met kleine hoop. En de arxel sprak : Ik kan jullie harten verwarmen, met een kleine vlam, maar ik kan de wond niet verbinden, want de Heere heeft mijn handen gebonden. 27. En een deur in de hemel werd geopend, en een stem van achter die deur sprak : Laten zij nu geent worden op de profetische geslachten. 28. En er kwam een oorlog tussen de profeten, een oorlog alsof er nog nooit één was geweest. En deze werd de afval der profeten genoemd. 29. En de Heere bracht een vuur tot de boom der profeten, en er was een zuivering van tachtig dagen. 30. En de Heere sprak : Niet langer zal Mijn Hand op de ontrouwe profeet rusten. En de Heere bracht de afvallige profeten tot een rots onder de aarde. 31. En deze rots werd de schrik der apostelen genoemd.

De hondenhaag

32. In die dagen liet de Heere een klok bouwen in de tabernakel, en de harten der profeten werden gerust. 33. En de Heere sprak deze woorden : De dagen van de misleiding der profeten zijn voorbij. 34. En de harten en woorden werden getoetst aan deze klok. Ook werden boeken op het altaar des Heeren gebracht. 35. En het Vuur des Heeren verzengde hen.

36. En de geslachten der bouwers kwamen tot het Aangezicht des Heeren. En de Heere stak een vuur onder hen aan, om zuivering onder hen te brengen.

37. En de Heere bevochtigde de aardbodem met Zijn Geest, en liet de hof Genesis uitspruiten op de aarde. En Eminius, de Geest van de ark en de troon, werd uitgestort, en de winden van vuur begonnen te waaien. 38. En de gewetens der heiligen werden verlost van de geesten der wateren.

39. Dit waren de dagen waarop de hemelen en de aarde opnieuw werden geschapen. 40. Zalig hen die tot de poorten van de haai, de tijger en de leeuw gekomen zijn. 41. En het vlees van koningen en afvalligen werd verzameld, en de slangen des hemels daalden neer. 42. Ook werden de bomen van zonden en leugens omgehakt, en er was hout voor zeven jaren in de tempel des Heeren. 43. En een stem sprak : Kent gij het geheimenis van de hondenhaag ? 44. Want aan het einde der haag zit de vrouw der katachtigen, en zij zal nog eenmaal opstaan om de kinderen van het koninkrijk te misleiden. 45. En zij zullen troost vinden bij de bomen des velds. En de aarde was in verbazing en verwondering dat de grote gevallen Jom was opgestaan. 46. En in haar hand had zij een tepelboom waarmee zij de zielen van kinderen kon binden. 47. En met zeven valse tepelen en sterren kon zij boeken en woorden verzegelen. 48. En de kinderen baden tot God, smekende of Hij het zegel der honden wilde verbreken. 49. Maar de Heer zond Zijn arxel, en die sprak : Ik kan jullie harten een klein licht schenken, maar ik kan de angel niet verwijderen, want de Heere heeft Zijn Woord gesproken. 50. En de kinderen vonden een kleine rust.

51. En de Heer leidde de kinderen tot het hart en huis van Marion, en hun wonden waren diep. En diep in het huis van Marion groeide de tepelboom des Geestes, waaruit heilige melk vloeide. 52. Maar de doornen des Geestes waren scherp, en vele kinderen verlieten de Heere. 53. En deze dagen werden de afval der kinderen genoemd. Maar de Heere ontfermde Zich over hen, omdat zij als wezen waren. 54. En Hij leidde hen tot een rots, waarin zij eeuwige rust vonden. En de Heere noemde die rots de rust der hermitaten.

De zegels der Utmiren

55. En de Heere sprak tot mij : Kent gij de tijden van Utmir ? En de Heere gaf mij een stenen beker van het altaar, en terwijl ik dronk beefde ik zoals ik nog nooit had gebeefd. 56. En de schrik des Heeren viel op mij, en mij werd een groot geheimenis getoond. 57. En de Heer sprak deze woorden : 'Kent gij het geheimenis van de Zoon des Geestes ?' En ik zag terwijl ik in zwijm geraakte hoe de Heere de hemelen en de eerste aarde schiep. 58. En de Geesten Gods kwamen tot elkaar, en ik zag Metensia tot haar man Eminius komen, en zij verwekte Michai, de Zoon des Geestes, die gezonden werd tot de aarde, tot een boos geslacht. 59. En zij hebben hem niet gewild. Bij Mura verwekte zij Marion, de Dochter des Geestes, en de geluiden in de hemel waren groot. En ook zij werd gezonden tot een boos geslacht, en zij hebben haar niet gewild. 60. Toen werd het vossenkind bij de Heere verwekt, en tot de aarde gezonden om een groot profeet te worden, en een heilige voor die dagen. 61. Maar zij hebben hem niet gewild, en hij heeft de heilige pilaar gebouwd. Ja, hij heeft Mura aan de aarde gegeven, de Geest Gods die over de duisternis zweefde. 62. Ja, duisternis heeft de Heere aan de aarde gegeven, opdat haar boosdoeners verdelgd zouden worden. Ja, de Heere heeft een verleider der volkeren opgesteld, met ogen van vuurvlammen. 63. En Michai zond zijn engel, Sarsia, tot de uiteinden der aarde, om daar vernietigingen aan te brengen, en sprak : 'Ja, het Oordeel des Heeren is groot.' 64. En dit sprak hij door zijn Geest, Eminius.

65. Zalig zij die het derde Utmir bereiken, en de Geest van Zurastael aanschouwen. En dit is een groot geheimenis. Zalig zij die de poorten der hemelen onder de aarde vinden, want zij zullen

Metensia aanschouwen. 66. En gij van het vierde Utmir, laat u dan niet verleiden de zegels der Utmiren te behouden. 67. En ik zag een grote leeuw in het midden der hemelen en de tempel verschijnen. 68. En ik hoorde een stem zeggende : Opent dan nu het zegel der honden, om de boekrollen van het derde Utmir te openen. 69. En ik zag een arxel roepende, staande naast de leeuw. En een witte haai des hemels daalde neer. 70. En hij gaf een fluit des geestes aan de anfitaten die de Heere trouw waren gebleven. En ik zag dat door het geluid des Geestes de nachtspelers kwamen. 71. En de arxels kwamen uit hun holen, en vanuit de plaatsen waar zij zich verborgen hielden. 72. Want voor lange tijd moesten zij strijd voeren in de zee en in het binnenste der aarde en onder het aardrond, omdat hun tijd om zich aan de heiligen te openbaren nog niet gekomen was. 73. En zij hadden onbekende koorden voor lange tijd, tussen hen en de zaligen. 74. En zij hadden strijd te voeren met het geslacht der abers.

75. En de honden van Okil werden in de hemelen niet meer gevonden, nadat het zegel was verbroken. 76. En zij werden door de fluit des geestes geleid tot een rots onder de zee. 77. En die plaats werd genoemd het graf der hermitaten. 78. En de attentaten Gods vroegen aan hen die de fluit des geestes hadden : Speel voor ons, en neemt ons mee tot de nachtspelers. 79. En ik hoorde een andere stem zeggende : Opent dan nu het zegel van het tweede Utmir. En er was een stilte in de hemel van achtendertig uren. 80. En ik zag het Huis van Marion oprijzen om de aarde te vervullen. 81. En toen zag ik een Geest komende van het altaar om het zegel van het eerste Utmir te verbreken. 82. En de oude abers werden uit de heilige steden verdreven, door de koorden van Michai en de Genesis.

83. En ik zag een hemelpoort geopend, en ik zag de Genesis als een boot zweven boven de wateren in een wolk tussen de wateren boven de aarde. 84. En ik zag een schip genaamd de duivenballon. En uit die ballon kwamen de arxels van Metensia om zich als netten over de aarde te verspreiden. 85. En zij werden genoemd de putsen, de karsuiken en de karazuur. 86. En in die dagen begon Kabbernal, de Geest van het Altaar, de discipelen van Michai aan te grijpen, en begon uit te storten op alle zielen. 87. En dronkenschap viel op de nachtspelers, en het heilig vuur greep de eerstelingen van Marion aan. 88. En dezen kwamen uit een grote verdrukking.

De tempel van Metensia

89. En ik kwam tot de tempel van Metensia, waar de wateren van bloemen door buizen liepen, en waar de vlammen der heilige vruchten waren. 90. En ik zag Metensia, de Geest des Heeren, baden in het tempelbad. En haar altaar bracht waterige geluiden voort, en aldus was ik in de wolk des Heeren. 91. En ik zag haar worden tot een stad en gewest, tot een veld des Heeren, waar de heiligen voor Eeuwig konden wonen. 92. En zij wiste al hun tranen af. En de inwoners van de stad zongen een lied die zij alleen kenden. 93. En Metensia leidde hen in dronkenschap naar de diepere wouden van haar Geest. 94. En niemand kon in haar stad wonen dan degenen die haar zegel droegen. En dit teken was een watermerk. 95. En Metensia begon uit te storten op degenen die haar Geest droegen. En meerdere altaren werden opgericht, en zij sprak recht in marmeren hallen. 96. En Metensia's zuilen begonnen te groeien en bloemenzeen begonnen de heilige priesters te leiden. 97. En zij herstelde het ambt der vrouwen, en zij leidde een zee van priesteressen op tot de Heere. 98. In die dagen sproot het bloesem des hemels uit, en de bloemen des velds maakten hen die het ijs vasthielden dronken. 99. En Metensia bracht velen tot zwijm.

De Tijden des Heeren

100. En toen leidde de Heere mij op een berg en ik werd gevoerd tot de tempel van Eminijs. En toen ik de poorten van zijn tempel bereikt had viel ik in zwijm. 101. En de Heere sprak dat wanneer ik het zegel van Zijn tempel kon openen, dan zou ik opgenomen worden tot nieuwe hemelen. 102. Dit zouden de eerste hemelen zijn, die al voor de schepping der hemelgewesten bestonden. 103. En het zegel begon te openen door een loflied.

104. Eminijs, Lof komt tot Uw poorten. 105. Lof van verre nadert tot U, Gij groot geheim, nu ontsloten. Uw tranen bereik ik nu. Ik zal de beker der tranen drinken tot de laatste druppel, en één met U zijn, voor altijd, Geest van God. U te kennen, waar Uw Wind vandaan komt, is mij meer waard dan oorlogstuig. 106. Ik wil met U lijden, en met U sterven, om Uw hemelpoort te bereiken. D'overwinning is mij niet van waarde. 107. Ik wil leven in Uw hart, oh Heer, en al uw tranen drogen, en dragen steeds weer. 108. Eminijs, Leeuw van oudsher, ik wil Uw oorlogsgeheimen kennen, en neerleggen mijn eigen wapenen. 109. Ik wil mijn boeken verbranden, om uw boeken te lezen.

110. En ik zag de tijden van Eminijs, en daarvoor de tijden van Metensia. En zij waren de Tijden des Heeren. Bij Metensia verwekte de Heere de slangen des hemels. 111. Ook zag ik de tijden van Kabbernal, ver voor deze scheppingen.

112. En Kabbernal werd groot tot een stad des Heeren, en zij die in de stad waren dronken de Tranen des Heeren. 113. En er was Rust in de Tranen des Heeren, en de Heere liet het bloesem van Zijn Hart zien. In die dagen waren de wereldschepen op aarde, en zij omhulden elkaar met sieraden van oude verhalen. 114. En de Heere liet al Zijn Tranen kennen en er kwam grote Rust tot de poorten van Kabbernal. 115. En het vuur van Zijn Tranen begon de aarde te wassen. Dit waren de dagen van de brandende zeep. 116. En de Heere leidde hen van Rust tot Rust.

117. In de Tranen des Heeren is het heilige zaad. In ik zag de geslachten der profeten zich afzonderen om de Heere te dienen. Ook zag ik de geslachten der apostelen, veertien in aantal, en zij hadden het bloed behouden in de aderen des Geestes. En ik zag een nieuw lichaam des Geestes verschijnen.

De Nieuwe Openbaring II

1.

De zee van ijs

1. En ik zag een grote draak komende uit de zee van ijs. En deze draak droeg de naam Iptus. 2. Ben ik bang voor zijn grote hart, waar zielen tussen zijn muren worden verpletterd, waar hij ademt, levend van de dood ? 3. En ik zag een leeuwenhart met een kroon, opkomen uit de zee van ijs, om de aardbodem te vervullen en in te nemen. 4. Ben ik bang voor dit grote hart, waar zielen tussen zijn muren worden verpletterd, waar het ademt, levend van de dood ? 5. En ik zag een moederhart, met moedersmart, zoekend naar haar kind, maar het was niet meer. 6. Ben ik bang voor het moederhart, het berenhart, verslindende alles in haar woede, waar zielen tussen haar muren worden verpletterd, waar zij ademt, levend van de dood ? 7. En ik zag een nog grotere draak opkomen uit de zee van ijs, om het moederhart te verslinden. 8. En kou kwam over de aarde. Ben ik bang als het moederhart en het hart van het kind niet meer bestaan ? 9. En ik zag een grote witte schare, voortgedreven door de wind, terwijl er wolven uit het hart van de aarde kwamen om hen te verscheuren. 10. En deze dagen werden genoemd het Grote Amerika. 11. En ik viel op mijn knieën en de Geest van God hief mij op, en bracht mij tot een oude schuur waar het Eeuwig Voedsel zich bevond. 12. En toen sprak de Geest

: 'Eet, opdat gij de visioenen aanschouwt die u inzicht zullen geven over het laatste der dagen.' 13. En toen ik van het voedsel at, begon mijn buik te steken als door de hitte, maar mijn benen werden zoet als honing. 14. En de Geest sprak : Komt dan op, dan zullen wij tezamen tot de deur der Late Dagen gaan. 15. En ik zag een deur geopend en de Geest hief mij op. 16. En ik zag het Grote Amerika als een nijlpaard zitten aan vele wateren. 17. En de Ziel des Heeren kwam tot mij en raakte mij aan, zeggende : Vele gruwelen zijn tot dit land gekomen, en vele gruwelen zijn van dit land uitgegaan. 18. En ik zag zwermen met vliegen komen om het nijlpaard te verslinden. En de Ziel des Heeren sprak : 'Veel vlees heeft dit volk gegeten, en velen hebben van haar vlees gegeten.' 19. En de arxel van de zee van ijs liep naar de draak en wierp hem in een grot en verzegelde deze. 20. En ik hoorde geweën als het geweën van katten.

2.

De Dag des Vlezes

1. En in die dagen werd de heg des Heeren groot, en een geitenbok maakte zich groot tegen de sterren. 2. Maar zonder geluid werd de geitenbok door de heg des Heeren bedekt. 3. En een ketel begon zich groot te maken tegen de sterren, maar zonder geluid werd de ketel door de heg des Heeren bedekt. 4. En de Geest sprak : Deze dagen werden genoemd het Grote Spanje. 5. En de Ziel des Heeren maakte zich groot, en bedekte de heg des Heeren. 6. En ik at van de heg des Heeren, van eeuwige vruchten, en de Ziel des Heeren kwam in mij. 7. En ik werd geleid tot een dorre streek waar wilde katachtigen zaten. 8. Zij wachtten op iemand die hen van dorst zou bevrijden, maar er was niemand. 9. En toen zag ik een ster uit de hemel vallen en de woestijn werd vruchtbaar. 10. En de Heere sprak deze woorden : Nu is het Grote Spanje gevallen. 11. En weer hoorde ik geweën. En de Heere stond voor mij in zijn vurige wagen. 12. En Zijn Geest sprak : 'Kom, opdat ik u dingen kan tonen.' En de Geest hief mij op tot in de wagen des Heeren, en weer werd ik tot een dorre streek geleid. 13. Hier zag ik de vlammen des Heeren, en zij droegen kaarten op hun schouders. En zij bewogen zich als de predictaten. 14. En zij hadden de gaven van het heilige vlees. 15. En vanuit het Vlees des Heeren kwam profetie en allerlei tongen, en zij deden grote wonderen. 16. En de Heere sprak : 'Zalig hen die tot het altaar van vlees gekomen zijn, want dit vlees is eeuwig.' 17. En de Ziel des Heeren kwam om het altaar te bedekken. 18. En ik zag hen die van vlees waren ontdaan, en zij werden bedekt met eeuwig vlees. 19. En een grote schare kwam tot de vuurvlammen des Heeren, en de Heer sprak : 'Zalig hen die tot de ark des vlezes gekomen zijn.' 20. En toen de ark begon te spreken vielen er velen als dood op de grond. 21. En vanaf die dagen begon de heg des Heeren vlees te worden.

3.

De Traan van Vlees

1. Ja, zalig hen die geloven dat de bloem vlees geworden is, als het Woord Gods. 2. En zalig hen die geloven dat de heg des Geestes vlees geworden is, want zij zullen de gaven van vlees ontvangen. 3. En zij zullen een nieuwe aarde scheppen. 4. Geef dan acht, want de Geest is geworden tot de Ziel des Heeren, om de winden der wateren aan te drijven. 5. En de Zielen des Heeren zweven over de grotten en wateren der aarde, en over de wateren die boven de aarde zijn. 6. Ja, zij zweven over de hemelen om hen te bedekken in het laatste uur. 7. Laat dan de Zielen des Heeren u leiden tot de ark van vlees. Dan zult gij het eeuwige vlees ontvangen. 8. Ja, de muren zullen vlees worden om te getuigen, en zij zullen de rechters zijn van de nieuwe aarde. 9. Gij bent genaderd tot een aarde van vlees. Een aarde waar zij elkaar niet meer kunnen vereten, want het vlees des Heeren is eeuwig. 10.

En de tanden der aarde werden tot vlees, en zij konden elkaar niet meer bijten. 11. En de tempelen werden geheel van vlees, opdat de priesters geen onheilige daden konden verrichten. En het altaar begon te spreken. 12. En het altaar sprak deze woorden : 'Nu is dan de tijd dat alles vlees zal worden, en niets zal zich voor het aangezicht des Heeren kunnen verbergen.' 13. En de arxels des Heeren droegen kaarten op hun schouders, en de heerlijkheden Gods begonnen openbaar te worden. 14. Gij dan zijt vlees geworden in de traan des Heeren. Ja, ziet, de traan des Heeren is vlees geworden. 15. Gij dan, laat het Woord des Heeren vlees in u worden, en Zijn Tranen. 16. Hierop is de gehele wet gebouwd. 17. Ja, ziet toe, en onderkent dat de wet des Heeren vlees is. 18. Laat u dan binden met Eeuwige Koorden van vlees, opdat uw geest vlees kan worden. 19. En dit vlees is eeuwig.

De zee van vlees

20. En ik zag hen die het Heilige Vlees aanbaden, en zij hadden dag noch nacht rust. En zij brachten de Heilige Tranen in schalen tot de aarde, opdat er wonderen van vlees zouden zijn. 21. En zij die van de tranen dronken kwamen in zwijm en ontvingen de gaven en werkingen des vlezes. 22. En zij hadden toegang tot de bloemen des vlezes voor het altaar Gods, en tot de zeven vlezen voor de ark des Heeren. 23. En zij hadden vleesgeworden boeken, en de vlezen Gods waren aan hen onderworpen. 24. En het Heilige Vlees sprak tot hen in de tempel : 'Ziet, de ure is gekomen dat de tafelen der wetten vlees zijn geworden.' 25. En de boeken vonden woning in hun harten, en zij werden geleid tot de wateren van Kabbernal. 26. En ik zag een zee van vlees, en een grote schare staande voor haar poorten. En ik zag de Karazuur komen om hen die het zegel van Metensia droegen toe te laten tot de zee. Zij hadden het vlees van ijs en vuur. En ik hoorde een schreeuw in de hemelen, en een deur viel dicht. 27. En Metensia werd vlees in hen, dragende de bloem des hemels, en zij hadden het lichaam als van de Heere. 28. En Metensia werd voor hen tot een Ziel en tot een Arm.

4.

De Melk des Heeren

1. En het werd aan Metensia gegeven een Eeuwigheid te worden, tot een parel schitterende in de zon. 2. Brengt dan troost aan haar hart, want haar wonden zijn velen. 3. En ook aan Kabbernal werd het gegeven een Eeuwigheid te worden, tezamen met Matas, Eminius, Santra en Mura. 4. En de Geesten Gods werden tot Eeuwigheden, en aan hen werd de Eeuwige Geest en de Geest aller eeuwigheden geboren. 5. En zij kwamen tot elkaar in Zielen om tot één vlees te worden. 6. En daarom is het geheimenis des vlezes groot, omdat het op de eenheid der Geesten Gods wijst. 7. En de Vlezen des Heeren kwamen tot volwassenheid om de heiligen te leiden, en om vele tranen te drogen. 8. Ja, zij kwamen tezamen in de traan en werden tot één vlees. 9. En de Heere Heere liet mij de gruwelen van de aarde zien, de dagen waarin men huwde. 10. En de Heere sprak : Alleen de profeten zijn gemachtigd te huwen, en Hij sprak hiermee over een groot geheimenis. 11. En de Heere hief mij op en leidde mij tot een woestijn. En ik zag daar een geest dwalen met zeventig ketenen om zich heen. 12. En de Heere sprak, zeggende : Deze ketenen zijn de onheilige verbonden die Mijn volk gelegd hebben. 13. En de Heere goot water in de mond van zijn geest en brak de ketenen zeggende : de dagen van het onheilige verbond zijn voorbij. Vanaf nu zijn alleen de profeten gemachtigd te huwen. 14. En de Heer sprak : Zalig zij die door profeten huwen, en zalig zij die zich niet hebben bevlekt met vrouwen, want zij zullen het zegel des Heeren dragen, en zijn aan de Geesten Gods overgeleverd. 15. En wederom hief de Heere mij op, en gaf mij aan Zijn Geest.

16. En de Geest Gods sprak : Zalig hen die door de Geest tot vlees zijn geworden. 17. En de Heer voerde wit brood aan de roofdieren in de woestijn. 18. En de Heere sprak, zeggende : Nu zijn de dagen gekomen dat de heiligen verzadigd worden door de melk des Heeren en de honing des vlezes. 19. Nu zijn de dagen gekomen dat de tepelen des Heeren vlees zullen worden, tot overvolle verzadiging van hen die Hem nauwgezet zoeken. 20. En de Heere verscheen in smetteloos wit, en bliksem verscheen naast hem, als een licht dat over de aardbodem viel. 21. En ik zag hen die uit de woestijn der verzoeking kwamen, en de melk des Heeren vloeide als licht om hun hoofden, totdat zij in de melk des Heeren baadden. En zij werden verzadigd tot in aller eeuwigheden. 22. En ik zag hen die de vrouwen der aarde en de zwarte vrouwen hadden gehuwd om de vrucht der eeuwigheid terug te brengen tot de tempel. En zij kregen kronen van melk en tepelen om de hongerige roofdieren des hemels te voederen. 23. En zij waren als arxels voor de Heere, en de slangen van Metensia eerden en dienden hen. En zij werden geleid tot het gebeente des Heeren. 24. En zij vonden grote rust in de tepelen van het been des Heeren, en zij gaven eer aan de sterren van Metensia. 25. Zalig hen die tepelen op hun buik dragen, want zij hebben een eeuwig pantser, en zalig hen die hun hoofden hebben bezegeld met tepelen, want zij zullen eeuwige visioenen ontvangen. 26. Streeft dan naar de eeuwige gaven, en gij zult leven als de stromen. 27. En ik zag arxels van eeuwige profetie in de tempelen des hemels verschijnen en zij droegen schalen met melk des Heeren, en waren geschoeid met tepelen. 28. En zij stonden op de heilige rots des Heeren en begonnen de schalen uit te gieten over de aardbodem en de hemelen. 29. En de Heere sprak deze woorden : Zalig hij die drinkt van de melk des Heeren, want hij zal geleid worden op eeuwige paden. 30. En de aardbodem geraakte als in vuur, en werd door de winden verslonden.

Het dal van dorre doodsbeenderen

31. En ik zag de heilige tepel groot worden op de berg des Heeren, en brandende als vuur, terwijl het veranderde in been. En een stem sprak : Nu is het Woord des Heeren bot geworden. En ik zag het bot het vlees verslinden, en de Heere sprak : Zalig hen die verslonden zijn door de roofdieren der aarde, want voor hen is het Koninkrijk Gods. 32. En ik zag hen die verslonden waren door roofdieren voor Gods Troon verschijnen, en zij kregen een staf van bot om als koningen te heersen. 33. En de Heere sprak : Weet dan dat alleen degenen die verslonden zijn door roofdieren kunnen naderen tot Michai. 34. En in die dagen kwamen vele verslondenenen tot Michai. En zij vonden een lichte troost bij elkaar. 35. En ik kwam in een dal van dorre doodsbeenderen na het drinken van de tepelen der botten, en ook zag ik daar as liggen. En tussen deze beenderen lagen de eeuwige beenderen des Heeren. En toen ik deze beenderen aanraakte kwamen gaven over mij, en ik begon te profeteren. Ook sprak ik in vreemde talen, en geraakten mijn handen als in vuur. 36. En de Heere sprak tot mij, zeggende : Het bot kan het eeuwig vlees niet verslinden, en zalig hij die het eeuwig bot draagt, want zijn beenderen zullen niet verbroken worden, en over hem heeft de dood geen macht. Hij die de eeuwige tepel op het eeuwig bot aanschouwt zal voor altijd verzadigd zijn. En ik werd verblind door een licht, en kon geruime tijd niets zien. 37. En toen hief de Heere mij op, en daalde vervolgens neer op een plaats genoemd het Oude Amerika. 38. En ik zag de gezichten van drie stamhoofden gebeeldhouwd in bot, en zij droegen een gloeiende tepel op hun voorhoofd. 39. En de Heere bedekte de tepelen en duisternis kwam tot de plaats. 40. En de Heere vroeg of ik het geheimenis wilde weten van de drie stamhoofden in het gebeente en ik stemde toe. 41. Toen sprak de Heere deze woorden, zeggende : De drie stamhoofden zijn drie geesten die de schatten der aarde bewaken. Die schatten zijn alleen te vinden in de diepste duisternis, in het diepste ijs en daar waar de geesten met de meeste koppen wonen. 42. Alleen zij die verslonden zijn door de Geesten Gods

kunnen daar komen, op de plaats waar de Heilige Voeten des Heeren staan. 43. En de Heere verslond mij in Liefde.

Acha

44. En ik voelde wat het is om te staan op de rots, en ik besepte dat dit het altaar des Heeren was. En het altaar droeg de naam Acha, en stond als een duistere man voor mij. En de Geest Gods viel op mij en bracht mij in zwijm. 45. En ik kreeg een zwarte staf in mijn hand en die staf werd genoemd de Heilige Verslinding. En de Heer sloeg velen met deze staf om hen tot wedergeboorte te brengen. 46. En Acha droeg de honing des Heeren tot de ark, waar heilige liederen verschenen. 47. En de staf was als de fluit des geestes.

Het Eeuwige Gebed

48. En de Heere sprak : Zalig hen die genaderd zijn tot Acha, en zalig hen die van zijn vruchten eten. En ik zag een grote schare met verslonden die de ruiters werden van hen die hen hadden verslonden. 49. En deze ruiters waren duister en vol van ijs. 50. En zij hadden kaarten op hun schouders, waardoor hun gezichten veranderden. 51. En niemand kon hen navolgen, en niemand kon hun liederen zingen dan zijzelf. 52. En zij droegen een eeuwige wapenrusting met namen die niemand kende dan zij. 53. En zij hadden de macht om eeuwige wonden te genezen, en zij droegen vreemde littekenen. 54. En zij kwamen om het heilige en eeuwige gebed te herstellen, en zij leerden de oogst der aarde te bidden deze woorden : Laat ons de werken der abers niet bezingen, maar bindt onze tongen en leidt ons tot Kabernal. 55. Laat het zo zijn dat U spreekt wanneer wij spreken. 56. En laat uw heilige arxels waken over de schuilhoeken van onze monden. 57. Laat het uw adem zijn als wij ademen, en leer ons de woorden van Metensia. Schrijf ze op de tafelen van onze ziel. 58. Bindt onze hoofden met uw heilige koorden, opdat wij de gedachten van Metensia denken, in haar visioenen van vlees. 59. Geeft ons denken vlees en been, met vleugelen van uw geest. 60. Laat Eminius onze raadsman zijn, en laat Matas ons leiden tot de dieptes van het bestaan. 61. Hoor ons gebed en leer ons eeuwige gebeden te bidden om uw eeuwige wetten te herstellen. 62. Stort dan de heilige eeuwige ziel op ons uit, en leidt ons tot eeuwige velden. 63. Laat ons de wet der heilige verslinding niet vergeten, en geef ons het hart van Michai. 64. Laat ons niet wegglijden in tomeloze smeking om uw Geest, maar laat ons zijn als uw Geest. 65. Leer ons te offeren aan uw Geest, en leer ons uw geest te lokken als een geliefde. 66. Leer ons te betalen met zuivere munt. Metensia Eminius.

67. En ik zag een eeuwige ark voortkomen met eeuwige gebeden, en de zielen der heiligen werden verzadigd.

68. En aan de heiligen werden eeuwige visioenen gegeven, opdat zij eeuwige genezingen ontvingen.

69. Ook waren daar ridders die met de aarde onderhandelden, en zij hadden zich vrouwen verkozen, als tekenen van koop en verkoop. En die vrouwen waren als wonden in hun zielen. 70. En zij leden lange tijden onder de onderdrukkingen der vrouwen, totdat een deur in de hemel openging en zij de merktekenen der Geesten ontvingen. 71. En deze merktekenen waren als eeuwige vleesgeworden visioenen.

72. En zij verzamelden de merktekenen als de kaarten der nachtspekers, en brachten hen tot hun schouders. 73. En zij hingen de heilige Wonden des Heeren aan, waar zoete honing uitvloeide. 74. En zij leerden eeuwige liederen en brachten troost aan het hart des Heeren.

73. En in die dagen waren de nachtspelers op aarde, om genezing te brengen tot de harten van velen.

De Nieuwe Openbaring III

1.

De verschijning van Baccus

1. En ik zag een tweekoppige distelslang in de hemel verschijnen, en zijn macht was groot. En toen hij zijn bekken opende sprak hij onverstaanbare woorden van groot gezag. 2. En ik was niet bij machte de vertaling te kennen of iets ervan op te schrijven. En het beest bleef brullen. 3. Zo zal dan de verschijning zijn van het beest des Heeren. En rivieren kwamen voort uit rotsen, en de bomen lieten hun macht zien. 4. En ik zag een ruiter met als naam de hel, zittende op een rossig paard, en het hellenrijk volgde hem. 5. En hij had een beker in zijn naam genaamd Baccus, en die naam werd groot op de aarde. En in die beker zat wijn die nooit opraakte, terwijl de wijn begon te stromen. 6. En ik zag hen van het hellenrijk en hen die op de aarde woonden in de wijn verdrinken. En zie, de beker genaamd Baccus werd vlees, en kreeg macht om velen te verleiden. 7. En hij deelde een nummer uit dat aan een ieder werd gegeven die op de aarde of in de hel woonde, en dat getal was tweeduizendzeshonderdzessenzestig. 8. En allen die het merkteken ontvingen volgden de beker die vlees geworden was tot een rots. En een groot gelach steeg tot de hemelen, maar de hemel weende, en sidderde op haar grondvesten. 9. En een parel verscheen in de hemel, rood als wijn, en spleet in tweeën. En de Heere sprak : 'Mengt dan nu het meel en de wijn.'

De strijd tegen Baccus

10. En Baccus streed tot de heiligen, en zij vonden vertroosting bij oude boeken. 11. Uit de bekken van het beest des Heeren kwamen boeken voort, maar geen van de heiligen was in staat het te lezen, daar het in een andere taal geschreven was. En de heiligen weenden voor duizenddrieenzestig dagen. 12. En na die dagen greep de Heere Baccus en brak deze. En een gewezen steeg op van de aarde en de hel en zij riepen : 'Nu is de beker der hoeren gebroken. Wie zal nog redding vinden ?' 13. En de aarde brak open in vier delen en slokte het hellenrijk op. En zie, het paard waarop de ruiter genaamd hel zat, had drie ogen, en vuur kwam uit dezen. 14. En Baccus begon woorden te spreken tot de allerhoogste, en klaagde om de plagen die de Heere had gebracht. En weer daalde de Heere neder en brak de kaak van Baccus. 15. En er was een stilte van dertig uren in de hemelen, en de aarde begon nieuw gewas voort te brengen. En de Heere sprak : 'Zie, Baccus zal drie keer gebroken worden.'

Het herstel der apostelen

16. En in die dagen begon de wijn des Heeren te vloeien, en hen die zich in ontsteking bevonden om wille van de Heere werden als de distels, en volgden de tweekoppige distelslang. En de Heere begon die dagen te brullen, en een tweekoppige leeuw verscheen in de hemel. 17. En deze begon te lezen uit de boeken van de distelslang en vertaalde het voor de heiligen. En de Heere sprak : 'Nu is het ambt van apostelen hersteld, en zij zullen niet meer vervolgd worden in Mijn tempelen.' En de Heere gaf rust aan zijn apostelen, en aan hun geslachten.

2.

Het lam van Baccus

1. En de Heere bracht Baccus tot een grote oven en brak de voeten van Baccus. En de wijnen des hemels begonnen de heiligen toe te rusten tot de laatsten der dagen. En zij droegen de wonden van de tweede Christus en de tweede profeten in hun voeten. 2. En de Heere sprak : Wee hen die op de aarde en in de hel wonen, want de tweekoppigen zijn tot hen gezonden. En ik zag een tweekoppige arend een lam verscheuren. Dit dan was een vals lam die zij vereerden. 3. En het lam gaf licht om de tweekoppige arend te verblinden. Toen zag ik een tweekoppige haai komen die het licht van het lam opslokte. Maar het verscheurde lam begon grote woorden tot de hemelen te richten, en grote beroerten kwamen tot de profeten en hun geslachten. 4. En zij vielen als in zwijm op de grond, en velen begonnen zich tegen de Heere te keren. Dit dan is de afval der profeten. 5. En het lam dan zocht troost bij Baccus, maar het vuur van de grote oven had hem verteerd, maar het lam wist dit niet. 6. En toen dan het lam bij de resten van Baccus aankwam, weende het voor zessenveertig dagen. 7. En vele heiligen kregen medelijden met het lam, ook enkelen die van de Heere waren. 8. Maar de toorn des Heeren ontbrandde tegen het lam en hen die medelijden hadden, en de grote oven verzengde hen allen. En grote angst viel op de rest van de profeten, en zij waren ziek voor enige tijd en kregen visioenen.

De behoudenis der wijn

9. En ziet, het rossige paard kreeg een tweede kop, en misleidende boeken kwamen uit zijn bek om velen te verleiden. En de boeken hadden macht om vuur uit de wolken te doen laten neerdalen. En grote vrees kwam tot hen die de boeken lazen. 10. En de Heere gaf mij een sleutel om de zessenveertig geslachten der profeten te openen, en die nacht had ik vele nachtvisioenen. En de Heere sprak : 'Nu de aderen der profeten geopend zijn zal de wijn behouden worden en niet meer ter aarde vallen.' 11. En de Heere liet het zaad en het kruid tussen de wijnen stromen.

3.

De noodzaak tot tuchtiging

1. En de Heere bracht een brandende wind tot de profeten in de verdrukking, en sprak : 'Van nu aan zal de apostel de vader zijn van de profeet. Vervloekt is dan iedere apostel die zijn zonen niet tuchtigt en vervloekt is dan iedere apostel die zijn zonen niet bedekt.' 2. En de Heere gaf Zijn profeten haren mantels en haren dekens en sprak dat zij nog enige tijd in de woestijn moesten leven. 3. En de Heere verbrandde vele boeken die de hoofden van de profeten kwelden. En de Heere gaf hen een nieuw boek. Zalig hen die de woorden van dit boek lezen, verstaan en doen, want zij zullen koningen des Heeren genoemd worden en schenkers van de tweede wijn. 4. En de Heere bracht schenkers tot hen die in de woestijn leefden, en liet hen de geslachten der engelen zien. 5. En hen die rechters waren droegen vlammen van zaligheid, en zij waren de vaders der apostelen. En zij deden grote wonderen en tekenen. Zij hadden de macht de dieren des hemels op aarde te laten verschijnen. 6. En de Heere toonde mij het geslacht der tweekoppigen, en dit geslacht was groot. En ik boog voor hen in de hemel waar ik opgenomen was, maar de Heere sprak : 'Ga recht op je voeten staan. Zij hebben van de bittere vruchten van Rietel gegeten, en zijn door de tweede Mura rein geworden.' 7. En ik zag dat zij die in de eerste drie Utmiren zuiver hadden geleefd door de Heere tot engelen werden aangesteld in de vierde Utmir. 8. En de tweekoppigen hadden toegang tot de diepste heiligdommen van God in Zijn zuiverste tabernakels. 9. Ja, zij waren het die de gloeiende kolen van de allerheiligste altaren en arken mochten verplaatsen. 10. En hun macht was groot, want zij waren vol van het lijden en sterven van de Heere, en zij aanbaden de Ziel des Heeren met hun vleugelen dag aan dag, terwijl zij geen rust hadden. 11. En ik zag de Heere zitten als een zevenkoppig dier op

Zijn Troon. En Hij sprak : Ja, zeven tijden zullen over de aardvlakte glijden om de aarde te louteren, en dan zal zij geheel des Heeren zijn. 12. En deze woorden waren groot, en ik zag tongen van vuur uit de koppen komen. 13. En de Heere sprak : 'Velen zullen komen om deze woorden trachten te ontcijferen, maar alleen hen die in de krachten des Heeren leven zullen het verstand hebben om de woorden te berekenen.' 14. En het Dier had zeven wonden en geleek op een schaap, met bekken als van slangen en eenden. En zo was dan de verschijning des Heeren. En de Heer sprak : 'Aanschouwt dan de draak des Heeren. Gij zijt zalig dat gij hier gekomen bent.' En wat ik toen zag was ik niet gemachtigd om op te schrijven.

4.

Het Sarhah des Heeren

1. En na hetgeen niet geschreven mocht worden zag ik een brandende struik met miljoenen takken. En ineens veranderde de struik in het hoofd van een leeuw, en deze leeuw sprak ontelbare woorden. 2. En ik zag hen die de hemelen en hun afmetingen mochten bereken, en zij hadden palmladeren in hun handen waarmee zij wuifden. En zij stonden voor een grote zee. En deze zee was vol met wijn, gemengd met vuur en ijs. 3. En dezen hadden de godslasterlijke beesten van het tweede overwonnen. En zij hadden ogen als vogels en in deze ogen waren getijden als eb en vloed, en deze ogen waren groot. 4. En hun getal was tweemiljoenhonderdvierenveertigduizend, en zij zongen het lied van de tweede Mozes. En zij waren losgekocht uit alle stammen der apostelen en profeten. 5. En zij waren rein in de ogen van de Heere, onbevlekt van vrouwen, en hun bloed was bestand tegen de tweede slang en zijn nageslachten, want zij hadden hun bloed laten vermengen met het kostbare Tweede bloed des Heeren. En zij hadden toegang tot het tweede duizendjarig rijk des Heeren. 6. En de tweede Abraham had bloed van het altaar aan hun deurposten gesmeerd, opdat de derde en vierde dood hen niet zouden vinden. 7. En zij waren zalig in Abrahams schoot en dronken wijn van zijn heilige baard, en waren volkomen verzadigd door de melk der borsten van de tweede Sara. En zij werd ook genoemd het Sarhah des Heeren, en deze plaats was zoet. 8. En de engel Torio daalde neer tot mij, en gaf mij de sleutel om het geslacht der driekoppigen te openen. En zij hadden grote macht in het tweede duizendjarig rijk, omdat de Heere hen tot die dagen had opgespaard. 9. En zij hadden de vingers van Spricht om ketenen open te maken, en de Heere zegende hen. 10. Vertrouwt dan op de Heere uw God, want Hij heeft Zijn driekoppigen tot u gezonden om de poorten van uw nachten te behoeden. En zij zullen vele wonden verzoeten. En de Heere sprak : De dagen zijn kort. 11. Neem dan het tweede evangelie Gods en verkondig het aan de ganse schepping tot tweede behoudenis. En Hij sprak over het geheimenis van de tweede geest. 12. Laat dan uw hart besprenkelt zijn door het heilige bloed van de Tweede Christus, en weest één met Hem, als met het dier van uw geest. En toen liet de Heere zich verplaatsen op een vurige wagen die over een baan met vurige kolen reed. 13. En Zijn paarden vatten vlam, en Hij verdween. En toen kwam de engel Torio wederom tot mij, en legde een gloeiende kool in mijn hart, en sprak, zeggende : 'Ziet, gij zijt gezalfd voor het aangezicht des heeren om Zijn werken te doen.' En hij was dan de engel der driekoppigen. 14. En hij sprak de woorden tot een eeuwige gemeente : 'Blijft dan in de Liefde, en begint de woorden des heils te verkondigen tot de gemeente, en vandaaruit tot de vier uithoeken der aarde. Leert hen aldus de geheimenissen van de tweede wijn en het lijden. 15. Laat hen die het ijs niet willen aanvaarden achter, en laat hen u niet storen. Zij zijn als het stof van de wind en zullen vergaan. Maar hen die het ijs kennen zullen leven tot in aller eeuwigheden, en zij zullen leren en nemen van de verborgenheden des hemels. 16. Zalig hem die deze woorden hoort en ze doet.' En het tweede vrede-rijk des Heeren nam bezit van mij en de engel verdween.

5.

De Verschijning van de Tweede Christus

1. Zalig hen die genaderd zijn tot Spricht. Want zij zullen gaan van behoudenis tot behoudenis. Ja, want de Heere heeft vele behoudnissen gereed voor hen die Hem zoeken. 2. En de Heere brandmerkt Zijn geliefden met ijs, met de kostbaarheden van Zetdonia. 3. Maakt dan open de poorten voor de Heere, opdat gij ook bij hem ingang zult vinden. 4. En ik zag de tweede Christus staan en viel als dood voor Zijn voeten. En ik zag enkele witte smalle doeken om zijn hoofd en tussen zijn haren. Zijn haren waren wit, en zijn ogen als het morgenblauw. En Hij sprak : Zie, Ik ben dood geweest, en nu levend tot in aller Eeuwigheden. 5. Ik ben de Eerste en de Laatste, dragende de sleutels van de dood, de hel en de tempelen. En Zijn gezicht straalde als de volle bliksem, en ik voelde mij alsof al mijn bloed uit mij wegstroomde. En toen sprak Hij : Schrijf tot de tweede gemeenten hetgeen Ik te zeggen heb.

Aan Efeze

6. Schrijf aan het tweede Efeze : Gij architecten van het huis Gods, gij hebt de bouwstenen van zijn nieuwe gemeente gelegd, en het kwade weggesneden. Gij haat het kwaad zoals de Heere het kwaad haat, en daarom heeft de Heer u een zuiver altaar gegeven. 7. Ook hebt gij Zijn ijs niet veracht, maar laat niemand zich opblazen in kennis. Legt u toe op de kinderlijkheid en het lijden, opdat gij uw zielen zult behouden in de dag des heeren. Die dag zal komen als een vuur. 8. Slijpt en wast uw kennis dan aan het kruis des heeren, zodat het u niet aangerekend wordt op die dag. Gij dan zult de vruchten des levens eten, indien gij de wortels van de boom kent. Zo zult gij zalig wezen en de Heere zal u Zijn steen op uw voorhoofd geven, en u laten eten van het allerheiligste manna. Dit dan is het Tweede Woord.

Aan Smyrna

9. En schrijf dan aan de gemeente van het tweede Smyrna : De Heere kent uw verdrukkingen en uw armoede, daar gij het tweede kruis draagt. Ja, gij zijt jong en zult veel moeten lijden om het Woord Gods gestalte te laten krijgen, en Zijn tempel. 10. Gij zijt dan het zaad op de tempelbodem, maar gij zult worden tot een altaar. Vreest dan niet wanneer gij voor onaangename verrassingen komt te staan. Deze dingen moeten geschieden, en zijn uw sleutels tot zaligheid. Ja, u zult gemeten worden tot een passend lid in de tweede gemeente Gods. 11. Laat dan de raadselen des Heeren u verheugen en zoekt naar de bron achter alle dingen. Dan zult gij de kroon ontvangen, en gij zult van de derde en vierde dood geen schade lijden. 12. Sla dan acht op de verzoeking en ken uw vijand, opdat gij niet door uw zonden zult lijden. De Heere heeft u dan een zekere onwetendheid aangemeten tot uw eigen zaligheid, maar laat dit u niet aansporen tot roekeloosheid maar veeleer tot vrezen en beven. 13. Siddert, gij die jong zijt, want gij hebt vele vijanden. Zij dan zullen u overleveren aan de synagogen des satans, en gij zult niet kunnen spreken voor geruime tijd. Maar de Heere zal uw tong zuiveren en gij zult de kostbaarheden van de stilte kennen.

Aan Pergamum

14. En schrijf aan het tweede Pergamum : De Heere kent uw moed, en uw werk voor wezen en weduwen. De Heere heeft gezien hoe gij uzelf vernedert voor Zijn aangezicht. De Heere heeft u de vleugels van Zijn arend gegeven om te reiken tot onbereikbare plaatsen, en zo hebt gij grote oogst gebracht. 15. Gij hebt geleerd in duisternis te leven, en gij hebt geleerd de verrukkingen van het ijs. Gij bent dan als vaders en moeders geweest voor de kindekens, en hebt hen door de duisternis

geleid. Gij bent als een oog geweest voor hen die geen oog hadden, en als een oor geweest voor hen die geen oor hadden. 16. Gij zijt gezegend in alle opzichten daar gij de voetstappen des Heeren gevolgd hebt. Toch heb ik tegen u dat gij de profetieën veracht hebt, en het onderwijs gemedend. Ja, gij zijt lauw geweest voor het aangezicht des heeren, en uw hart gericht op bijzaken. 17. Houdt dan het goede spoor met uw hart, opdat de Heere uw hart niet zal slaan. De Heere zal veel rekenschap laten afleggen door ouderen, daar zij groot licht hebben ontvangen. 18. Laat uw hart dan niet indutten, maar staat op, gij die slaapt, en laat de Tweede Christus over u schijnen.

Aan Tyatira

19. En schrijf dan aan het tweede Tyatira : Wie een oog heeft die ziet wat de Geest aan de tweede gemeenten toont. Zalig hen die de diepten van Spricht kennen. Gij hebt oog gehad voor het kleine van God, van onschatbare waarde voor Zijn Koninkrijk. 20. Gij hebt grote macht gekregen, en gij kent de kunst des Heeren. Laat uw hart dan niet week worden, gij die in het verborgene leeft, want de Heere zorgt voor u. Hij heeft u Zijn raven gezonden om u te voeden. 21. Laat uw hart dan niet bevreesd worden, hen die diep in het ijs leven, want gij zult van het ijs leven als hen die door het lijden leven. Laat dan een ieder beseffen dat Hij die de littekenen van de tweede Christus draagt vele schilden heeft.

Aan Sardes

22. Schrijf aan het tweede Sardes : En dit spreekt Hij met het bloedend zwaard en de koperen rots : Gij kent de wetten der natuur, maar gij hebt diep gezondigd. Gij kent de wetten van Mijn Geest, maar gij hebt u niet onderworpen. Ja, gij werd groot op aarde en in de hemelen, maar gij wildet niet luisteren. En zo hebt gij Mijn Geest gedooft, maar gij hebt uzelf bekeerd en bent tot Mij opgeklommen, en gij doet grote werken voor Mijn Geest. En de Heere heeft u een bedekking gegeven, en de Heere heeft u naast Hem neergezet. 23. De Heere heeft u gemaakt wit als sneeuw, maar toch is het nog duister van binnen. De Heere nam u aan als zonen, maar gij waart zonen des satans. De Heere gaf u ringen van goud, maar gij droeg ringen der duisternis. 24. Houdt dan vast aan het werk dat God in u heeft gedaan, want anders zal de Heere tot u komen en uw werk slaan met de ban. Maar gij hebt enkelen onder u met kleine zonden, en hen die hun klederen wit hebben gehouden. 25. Zij zullen voor u uitgaan tot de Heere, maar als gij terugkeert tot de boze, dan zullen zij u oordelen zoals de tweede engelen Gods u zullen oordelen. Laat dan de bazuinen des Heeren u opwekken, en volgt Hem die macht heeft het leven aan de duisternis over te dragen.

Aan Galatie

26. Schrijf aan de gemeenten van het tweede Galatie : Gij weet dan dat er wijn vloeit uit de voetwonden van de Tweede Christus, daar Hij in Zijn lijden de persbak van de gemeente getrad, en dat Zijn voeten nu staan in het tweede Israel. Gij bent dan slaven van de wereld geweest, met ketenen om uw voeten, maar de Tweede Christus heeft u vrijgezet, door het bloed dat uit Zijn voeten vloeide. 27. Ja, gij hebt met Hem geleden in slavernij en het juk met Hem gedragen. Daarom zijt gij zalig en bent gij tot de wijngaarden Gods gekomen. Ja, ook gij bent in de Tweede Christus een Tweede jood, en hebt deel aan de schatten en rijkdommen van het Tweede Israel. 28. En voorzover gij nog slaven bent : Gij draagt de ketenen des Heeren. Gij dan zijt geheiligde dragers van Zijn Woord en Tijden. Laat dan niemand u gering achten.

Aan Kolosse

29. En schrijf aan de gemeentes van het tweede Kolosse : Dit zegt Hij met het gouden zwaard : Gij zijt belogen geweest en bespot, omdat gij Mijn klederen droeg. Gij weet dan dat gij door de oven moest om zevenvoudig gelouterd te worden. Ja, Ik heb hen gezonden, en gij bent enige tijd gestruikeld. 30. Gij bent dan in de handen gevallen van rovers, maar weet dat het Mijn handen zijn, en Ik zal u daarin omvormen. Vreest daarom geen kwaad, kindekens, want Ik ben het die u leidt en voert. Gij bent in dienst geweest van vreemdelingen, in een vreemd land, maar Ik was daar om u de geheimenissen des Geestes te leren. 31. Ik heb u onderwezen in het diepste van de put, en Ik heb geen medelijden met u gehad. Ik heb immers een schuilplaats voor u bereid. Goed is het dan om tot stilte te komen en goed is het dan om gebroken te worden, want zijt gij niet allen afgedwaald. 32. Ik dan ben de Goede Herder, en ben reeds geweest waar gij komt. Weet dan dat gij door het lijden elkander hebt leren kennen, en door de muren van elkanders harten bent heengebroken. Weest dan met elkaar verbonden in het lijden, en het ijs, want buiten lopen de wolven wachtende om datgeen te verslinden dat losgeraakt is en achtergebleven.

6.

Het Tweede Patmos

1. En ik bevond mij dan op een plaats genaamd het tweede Patmos, en de Heere hief mij op.

De Nieuwe Openbaring IV

1.

Dodenrijken der pythons

1. En dit dan zijn de dodenrijken der pythons : Het eerste dodenrijk heet Karstir, de kaprun aldaar Mosti en de karbulijn Norta. 2. Het tweede dodenrijk is Ertra, de kaprun Valun, en de karbulijn Estessee. Het derde dodenrijk is Mostarte, de kaprun Mila en de karbulijn Vitarit. Het vierde dodenrijk is Contime, de kaprun Selstel en de karbulijn Vatinta. 3. Het vijfde dodenrijk is Monte, de kaprun Vita, en de karbulijn Sijxet. Het zesde dodenrijk is Gantet, de kaprun Diox en de karbulijn Vatrima. 4. Het zevende dodenrijk is Otoletta, de kaprun Diodeim, en de karbulijn Spatimette. Zo zult gij dan reizen tot het zevende dodenrijk der pythons.

Dodenrijken der panthers

5. En dit zijn dan de dodenrijken der panthers : Het eerste dodenrijk is Ragmutte, de kaprun Iestet, de karbulijn Gittaten. 6. Het tweede dodenrijk is Flumas, de kaprun Vitesta, de karbulijn Viatima. Het derde dodenrijk is Ragmutte de Tweede, en zij is als de maag van de python. 7. De kaprun is Mit Liten, de karbulijn haspahan. Het vierde dodenrijk is tevens het dodenrijk der stieren en koeien, en zij is Etmissen, eveneens de maag van een python. 8. Zo zult gij dan komen tot het vierde dodenrijk der panthers, en de kaprun is hier Vitaten, de karbulijn Gehehanen.

Dodenrijken der krokodillen

9. En dit zijn de dodenrijken der krokodillen : Het eerste dodenrijk is Hahennu, de kaprun Ifestates, en de karbulijn Pronina. 10. Het tweede dodenrijk is Fiatus, de grot der pythons, en de kaprun daar is Ifestates de Tweede, en de karbulijn Fitaten. 11. Het derde dodenrijk is Kakuhanun, de kaprun daar is Efeldiestus, en de karbulijn is Fataken. En dit dan is ook het dodenrijk der indianen en hen van de gele krokodil, waar de stekende bloemen zijn. 12. Het vierde koninkrijk der doden is Rantok,

de kaprun Enstek, de karbulijn Fatok. 13. Het vijfde rijk der doden is Kutukkus, de kaprun Fatokus, en de karbulijn Festekkes, en zij is als het slikken der indianen. 14. Het zesde dodenrijk is Fastakus, de kaprun Fanderes, en de karbulijn Fatok de Tweede. Het zevende dodenrijk is Flatik, zij van de stekende planten. De kaprun is Meestek en de karbulijnen Firtesses en Ebstess. 15. Zorgt dan dat gij ingaat tot het zevende dodenrijk der krokodillen, opdat gij komt tot de gouden landschappen die daarachter liggen.

Verschillende soorten dodenrijken en waarschuwing

16. En zo zult gij komen tot de dodenrijken der konijnen en vogelen, en zo ook tot de dodenrijken der leeuwen en de andere wilde katten. Zalig hen die tot de dodenrijken der beren en raven komen, want dezen zijn goed verborgen. 17. Waakt ervoor dat gij niet ontijdig tot de dodenrijken der haaien zult komen, want dit kan ernstige schade brengen aan uw zielen.

Dodenrijken der stieren

18. En het eerste dodenrijk der stieren is ook het dodenrijk der koeien en het vierde dodenrijk der panters, en zij is Etmissen, de maag van een python, en de kaprun der stieren is Hahora, en de karbulijn der stieren is Matenta. 19. En het tweede dodenrijk is Fumir, de kaprun Belsla, de karbulijn Frikteses. Het derde dodenrijk is Ottenta, de kaprun Hovesse, de karbulijn Fatania. Het vierde dodenrijk totwaar de wilde stieren komen is Migtellet, de kaprun Hofdeien en de karbulijn Hachananna. 20. Het vijfde dodenrijk waar de zalige en heilige stieren komen is Santelet, de kaprun Hesdeisen en de karbulijn Spikma. Het zesde dodenrijk waar tevens de heilige indianen komen is Murta, de kaprun Hokdei en de karbulijn Feiat. 21. Het zevende dodenrijk is de maag van de krokodil, en tevens de troon der indianen, en zei is Feitessa. De kaprun Futmua, en de karbulijn Fateia. 22. Het achtste dodenrijk is Muetess, de kaprun Fonta en de karbulijn Feiatess. Het negende dodenrijk is het sieraad der heilige indiaanse vrouwen en zij is Dokma, de kaprun Igatia en de karbulijn Mogmok. 23. Het tiende dodenrijk is Dodog, de kaprun Fogos, en de karbulijn Imetess. Het elfde dodenrijk is Hagau, de kaprun Okten en de karbulijn Diagmos. Zalig zijn zij die het tiende dodenrijk hebben bereikt, want zij zullen zwarte gezichten hebben. Het elfde dodenrijk dan is rust.

Dodenrijken der haaien

24. En dit zijn de dodenrijken der haaien. Machteld is het eerste dodenrijk, de kaprun Fitmas, de karbulijn Fugtus. Immersta is het tweede dodenrijk, de kaprun is Okta, en de karbulijn Ammeris. Judesta is het derde dodenrijk, Fogta de kaprun en Richims de karbulijn. 25. Jasmanen is het vierde dodenrijk, Rimta de kaprun en Eos de karbulijn. Imranda is het vijfde dodenrijk met Jotum als kaprun en Satal als de karbulijn. Iksranduk is het zesde dodenrijk met Malipt als kaprun en Vianda als karbulijn. 26. Rismus is het zevende dodenrijk met Oktakalip als kaprun en Rordatus als karbulijn. Siuxanda is het achtste dodenrijk met Mutaksla als kaprun en Estastesse als karbulijn. Ornottes is het negende dodenrijk met Ioktavus als kaprun en Dezout als karbulijn. 27. Mignel is het tiende dodenrijk met Ekliptus als kaprun en Diamgas als karbulijn. Hachness is het elfde dodenrijk met Iupt als kaprun en Sliks als karbulijn. 28. Rogtoot is het twaalfde dodenrijk met Viatennes als kaprun en Spazalsa als karbulijn. Vuchtaten is het dertiende dodenrijk met Elsnik als kaprun en Vochtianda als karbulijn. 29. Otsoot is het veertiende dodenrijk met Anstals als kaprun en Orlasmus als karbulijn.

Dodenrijken der leeuwen

30. En het eerste dodenrijk der leeuwen is Horbes met Viaken als kaprun en Stesmenen als karbulijn. Het tweede dodenrijk is Harpenenzen met Votenok als kaprun en Laksal als karbulijn. 31. Het derde dodenrijk is Spoen met Piustes als kaprun en Spagmastola als karbulijn. 32. Het vierde is Nardau met Imentur als kaprun en Smats als karbulijn. Het vijfde is Rahout, met Kamranihan als kaprun en Adermak als karbulijn. 33. Het zesde is Spuhotein met Eninta als kaprun en Nihavist als karbulijn. Het zevende is Sodehan, met Spahik als kaprun en Dodran als karbulijn. Het achtste is Mithus met Kahitmus als kaprun en Smiashanna als karbulijn. 34. Het negende is Mahanushout, met Ohostes als kaprun en Hiagmustehat als karbulijn. Het tiende is Jojetel, met Fitelmus als kaprun en Delasmahan als karbulijn. Het elfde is Ammahurst, met Vitatens als kaprun en Ostesenesses als karbulijn. 35. Het twaalfde is Rasmahalit met Istuten als kaprun en Imrakehan als karbulijn.

Dodenrijken der Tijgers

36. En het eerste dodenrijk der tijgers is Fontus, met Ritslamak als kaprun en Liktahat als karbulijn. En het tweede dodenrijk is Vlotekit, met Mitus als kaprun en Vatahtehak als karbulijn. 37. En het derde dodenrijk is Vliohun, met Ramahetesses als kaprun en Rukatehos als Karbulijn. En het vierde dodenrijk is Orsheram, met Daslukehat als kaprun en Karitehuk als karbulijn. 38. En het vijfde dodenrijk is Spozelhut, met Jiritekurt als kaprun en Dedehan als karbulijn. En het zesde dodenrijk is Vloteltehat, met Elissehen als kaprun en Klatehakun als karbulijn. En het zevende dodenrijk is Herosehel, met Vlittekehas als kaprun en Tiritlahehim als karbulijn. 39. En het achtste dodenrijk is Vlitteberumas met Vitehessas als kaprun en Vihittebehim als karbulijn. En het negende dodenrijk is Tutehatmanhas als kaprun en Heamoch als karbulijn. 40. En het tiende dodenrijk is Fletehellams met Ditahus als kaprun en Stittisehet als karbulijn. En het elfde dodenrijk is Flatamahus met Hosedannehat als kaprun en Nogsammehit als karbulijn. En het twaalfde dodenrijk is als Spashamen met Vuhitemussuun als kaprun en Dedemeshel als karbulijn. 41. En het dertiende dodenrijk is Tistebikit met Elepsta als kaprun en Ehestiva als karbulijn. 42. En het veertiende dodenrijk is Kamahestuneha met Vehitmahus als kaprun en Didamstenessas als karbulijn. En het vijftiende dodenrijk is reikende tot aan de oranje saturnus, en zalig zij die binnengaan. 43. En zij is dan Hehamstetehis met Katutenesses als kaprun en Vitehanstas als karbulijn. En het zestiende dodenrijk is dan tot herstel van de hemelse muizen, en zij is Dudehammestas met Tautekas als kaprun en Dedemahammas als karbulijn. 44. En het zeventiende dodenrijk is tot herstel der hemelse ratten en insecten en zij is Fuhamestehittus met Kaprastes als kaprun en Kapittenahas als karbulijn. 45. En zo zijn dan de dodenrijken der tijgers tot herstel van vele gangen des Heeren. En zij allen moeten opgetekend worden.

Vervolg dodenrijken der Tijgers

46. Zo is dan het achttiende dodenrijk der tijgers als het hart der pythons. En haar naam is Tahastenus, en zij draagt de geuren der diepe aardes, het bos en de klei. 47. En de kaprun is Tehustehukus en de karbulijn is Spahasmazus. Het negentiende dodenrijk is als het hart der krokodillen, en als de stenen maag der krokodillen, en zij is genaamd Tetastahas, met Vikasherus als kaprun en Vohostehussa als karbulijn. 48. Het twintigste dodenrijk is als de deur der haaien en hun hart, en tot volledig herstel der haaien en leeuwen. Haar naam is Migistehuska, met Viksehesmut als kaprun en Ahasnekos als karbulijn. 49. En zo zult gij dan de heilige woorden oplezen bij het openen van de deuren der haaien. En gij zult dan aldus spreken : Zo spreekt de Heere Heere van de legerscharen der haaien : Gaat dan in tot vrede, laat liefde hier regeren, en laat de wet aldus zijn, gebonden door haaienkoorden tot hun eeuwig welzijn. 50. Laat geen wet over ons regeren die niet door de Heere opgetekend is. Laten zij allen vergaan in de haaienvuren en haaienmeren, al die

wetten die de Heere niet dienen. Opent dan nu de haaienpoorten, en laten wij ingaan, tot eeuwig herstel van hen die tot de diepste dodenrijken zijn gegaan. 51. Hun harten zullen aanwezig zijn om recht te spreken op de hoge tronen der haaien. Ja, zij dan die tot het lange zijn gegaan, zij hebben de sleutels der haaien, en zij zullen regeren om te komen van lengte tot lengte, om tot het langste in te gaan. 52. Ja, zij zijn de draden des Heeren, en zij hebben de spoelen overwonnen. Zij hebben de doornen van het tweede in hun vlees gedragen, ja, lange doornen waren dezen, en nu zijn zij tot het langere ingegaan. 53. Zalig zijn zij van het langere, en hun stem zal regeren als de stem der haaien. Hen die tot de dove haai gekomen zijn. Ziet hier, uw ark. Amen Metensia Eminus. Zij die de tranen van Esmeralda dragen zijn over u. 54. Wij sluiten de haaiendeuren achter ons, opdat de haaienoren zullen regeren. Het eenentwintigste dodenrijk der tijgers is als de maag der haaien en hun troon, en haar naam is Mehastehas, met Vitehahas als kaprun en Bizoutesses als karbulijn. 55. Het tweentwintigste dodenrijk is Nikehehastus, met Diakus als kaprun en Hettebihesses als karbulijn. Het drieentwintigste dodenrijk is Nuhustus, met Sohorstehus als kaprun en Belehistas als karbulijn. 56. Het vierentwintigste dodenrijk is tot herstel der raven, en zij is Vlohottihinnehus met als kaprun Dehestehas en als karbulijn Vlihittistus. Het vijfentwintigste dodenrijk is tot herstel der hemelse vliegen, en ziet, zij zijn zwart. 57. En haar naam is Mahistus, met als kaprun Datesses en als karbulijn Vihismahannas. Het zessentwintigste dodenrijk is Diheldehus, met als kaprun Dihellehatus en als karbulijn Vlihellakahunan. En deze is tot herstel der rode vliegen des hemels. 58. En zo heeft degene die het zevenentwintigste dodenrijk der tijgers heeft betreden de tijgerkrachten van het stuitje opgewekt en aangewakkerd. En zijn ruggegraat zal zijn als ijzer. En hij zal macht hebben over vele dodenrijken als hij die op de top der trappen staat.

Verdere dodenrijken der tijgers

59. En het achtentwintigste dodenrijk der tijgers is Dehunka, en zij geeft geboorte aan de schorpioenen en is hen tot herstel. De kaprun hier is Mahista en de karbulijn Tihitehanna. En het negenentwintigste dodenrijk is Kotehessa, met Fahatehim als kaprun en Fihittehesses als karbulijn. 60. Het dertigste dodenrijk is Kokwontes, met Tehelstehista als kaprun en Kwokehasmehul als karbulijn. Het eenendertigste dodenrijk is Kwistehassen met Kwittihettan als kaprun en Dadehastonja als karbulijn. Debbekwel is het tweeendertigste dodenrijk waar de dronkaarden zijn, en de kaprun is Dahisto en de karbulijn is Dihestellefit. 61. Radahustuhus is het drieendertigste dodenrijk met Vokehontus als kaprun en Dadagminkeho als karbulijn. Flistehestellest is het vierendertigste dodenrijk met Vohottelhan als kaprun en Dedestehan als karbulijn. 62. Vatahestittelleses is het vijfendertigste dodenrijk, met Futehellistehussan als kaprun en Vohottefuhan als karbulijn. Vroheimedansehis is het zessendertigste dodenrijk met Frottehanstehin als kaprun en Vvirandehatesses als karbulijn. En zij zijn tot herstel der vele vissen in zee. 63. Uragmehostehos is het zevenendertigste dodenrijk, met Kapetahelses als kaprun en Vahitmehassenis als karbulijn. Dragmahottesom is het achtendertigste dodenrijk met Vahottemos als kaprun en Vahakstis als karbulijn. 64. En zij zijn tot het herstel der hemelse draken en de kruiden. Uritmahossenohos is het negenendertigste dodenrijk met Istehoskus als kaprun en Irhessennus als karbulijn. 65. Zalig zij hen die dit dodenrijk bereikt hebben, want zij dragen de staf der krokodillen. Zij zijn aangekomen tot de grote dieptes van het tweede Materos. Zij dan die het veertigste dodenrijk van de tijgers hebben bereikt hebben de keel geopend en hebben macht over de leeuwen. 66. Zij is dan Mahurratus de Grote, voor wie leeuwen vrezen, met Vihestehusa als kaprun en Vihartehus als karbulijn. Ozehet is dan het eenenveertigste dodenrijk der tijgers, en zij is als de sluitster van hekken. 67. Haar kaprun is Vihantus en haar karbulijn is Dihadeltus, en zij heeft toegang tot de geheimenissen van de Emelis Shatau. 68. Dihasmul is dan het tweeveertigste

dodenrijk, met Dihastulehas als kaprun en Dihestatehes als karbulijn. Diaminnehesses is dan het drieenveertigste dodenrijk met Stahikstehins als kaprun en Stahokselot als karbulijn. 69. Mirkehestistehin is dan het vierenveertigste dodenrijk met Vahasmehikkas als kaprun en Dedehasvanus als karbulijn. Jojontus is dan het vijfenveertigste dodenrijk met Mehiktehus als kaprun en Dadehistehisses als karbulijn. 70. Majakehont is dan het zessenveertigste dodenrijk der tijgers, tot herstel der honden en konijnen. Bihistemehus is de kaprun en Vihesmahaltasses is de karbulijn. Vihitsemis is het zevenenveertigste dodenrijk met Kiabulehantes als kaprun en Pihestussulus als karbulijn. 71. Katahistehus is het achtenveertigste dodenrijk der tijgers met Mihahistus als kaprun en Dadaktehestassesses als karbulijn. Vitahont is het negenenveertigste dodenrijk der tijgers met Mohekuhum als kaprun en Tahisminnusses als karbulijn. 72. Vahiktestehanneton is het vijftigste dodenrijk der tijgers met Nihestehinnekin als kaprun en Vihinnehistesses als karbulijn. Nikutehon is het eenenvijftigste dodenrijk, als herstel der hemelse zonnen, met Vihantuhus als kaprun en Davikseniasess als karbulijn. 73. Viontatehus is het tweenvijftigste dodenrijk als herstel der herten. Tifahustuhus is de kaprun en Mehselinnenstihin is de karbulijn. Tihikbessanesses is het drieenvijftigste dodenrijk en Vihantelunnehustehes is de kaprun en Morte huntannehusses is de karbulijn. 74. Tahikbiafilehistehes is het vierenvijftigste dodenrijk met Diahul als kaprun en Diahiksefinehessekusses als karbulijn. En zij hebben toegang tot de geheimenissen van Zetdonia. Konoberet is het vijfenvijftigste dodenrijk met Biantefilles als kaprun en Diaktasesses als Karbulijn. 75. Ortranbot is het zessenvijftigste dodenrijk met Miantulehustehes als kaprun en Dadaksehanekesseses als karbulijn. 76. Rohanbott is het zevenenvijftigste dodenrijk der tijgers met Mistebuhustehussesses als kaprun en Hanakdehessesses als karbulijn. Zij die hier gekomen zijn dragen de kandelaren des hemels.

2.

Dodenrijken van Regenboogtijgers

1. En zo zijn dan de tijgers des Heeren : Darta Bahahn, die het zwaard van de witte chocolade draagt, en zij is als een sterrenhemel als de verre voorvaderen van Saturnus. 2. En zo is dan Surdatekun de tijger van het zachte tot binnen de poorten van de Johan waar zij troont, en zij troont daar voor eeuwig. 3. En Odokom, de harige, die hen gebracht heeft tot de rivieren van Kabbernal. 4. En Kabbernal dan is de aars der geboorte, als de Geest uitgaande van het altaar. En zo zijn dan de regenboogtijgers de volgelingen van de heilige zebra des Heeren, en zij zullen regeren tot in eeuwigheid. 5. En hun namen zijn dan : Drop, de Raadselaar, Hamhan, Hukones, Riemdok, Rogtomeles, Iresch, Miktdalsch, Mirot, Odehim, Valklor, Darmschal, Pah, Irmiratan, Luzefeksch, Ometon, Wilhelksch, Miran, Vahksch, Toloksecha, Immehentesch, Vohatan, de zwarte herder, Vahan, Ukon, Ranuhan, Villedetessa, Hopsch, en zij zijn aangesteld over legers van zeventigduizend. 6. En zo is dan Rahak de heer der zwarte tijgers, en de naam van het eerste dodenrijk der regenboogtijgers, met Dildescha als kaprun en Virtessesa als karbulijn. 7. En zo is dan Rahimna het tweede dodenrijk der regenboogtijgers, met Irschwin als kaprun en Diandascha als karbulijn. En Vihitmatos is het derde dodenrijk met Vlatoschas als kaprun en Dihotmedusseschas als karbulijn. 8. En Virtahoscha is het vierde dodenrijk met Omnetol als kaprun en Ormehennescha als karbulijn. En Nanak is het vijfde dodenrijk met Manatosch als kaprun en Bihanzaschelle als karbulijn. 9. En Abjatar is het zesde dodenrijk met Munehellisch als kaprun en Deatelleschas als karbulijn. En Fornjator is het zevende dodenrijk met Iabsis als kaprun en Dedemiatesschasse als karbulijn. 10. En Viktomen is het achtste dodenrijk met Kiatabesch als kaprun en Diamanter als karbulijn. En Votehosch is het negende dodenrijk met Diabseschas als kaprun en Dodemehoter als

karbulijn. 11. En Toschamentes is het tiende dodenrijk met Mihotmehante als kaprun en Vihotma als karbulijn. En Totemischates is het elfde dodenrijk met Mihontahout als kaprun en Dihaketesses als karbulijn. En Vihotesch is het twaalfde dodenrijk met Diakonscher als kaprun en Aschmedafusches als karbulijn. 12. En zij brengen dan voort de brandende vruchten. 13. Dischematosch is het dertiende dodenrijk met Faunesch als kaprun en Fitaschas als karbulijn. En zij geven geboorte aan cobra's en aan de geheimen der woestijnen. 14. Zo is dan Emeheusch het veertiende dodenrijk dat de geheimen der stekelen draagt. En Mihitmis is de kaprun en Datehatmissches is de karbulijn. En zij laten de vruchten bruisen. 15. En Emschahusepusch is het vijftiende dodenrijk met Mianter als kaprun en Diamin als karbulijn. En zij geven geboorte aan de rode tijgers die over de Emelis Shatau heersen. En Emikpehventus is het zestiende dodenrijk als voortbrenger van de blauwe leeuwen en de octopus, met Vihantosches als kaprun en Bashantin als karbulijn. 16. En Emria is het zeventiende dodenrijk met Fuhastes als kaprun en Fihomil als karbulijn. En Emria is dan als de maag der regenboogtijgers en de koning van de Emelis Shatau, en ziet dan hij is keizer van een rijk dat uitstrekt tot aan de randen van Kaplahun, en ziet, zij dan zijn de voorwerpen der heilige graven. 17. En zij is als de droge kap over het hart der heilige poeders en het springend zand.

Verdere dodenrijken der Regenboogtijgers

18. En het achttiende dodenrijk der regenboogtijgers is Mehetmas, en hij is de leider der rode tijgers en zijn woorden zijn als de stekelen der aarde, voortbrengende de vogels van het rode. En zijn ogen zijn als het gezuiverde zeerood, en hij is als de rode tijgerhaai. 19. En de kaprun is Mihatmehassehan en de karbulijn is Sprasikschatehasch. En Mehetmas is als de rode vogel in al zijn macht en kracht. En zij dan die door het rode vuur gegrepen zijn, zullen rijkelijk toegang hebben tot de Emelis Shatau tot aan de Matadok. 20. Ja, tot de vijfde nachtwake zullen zij komen, tot de rode draken op het strand der tijden. En hier zullen eb en vloed elkaar snel afwisselen. En het negentiende dodenrijk is als de voortbrenger en de baarmoeder der witte haaïen. 21. Ja, snel zullen zij elkaar opvolgen, en haar naam is Dazanta. En de kaprun is Mochteton, en de karbulijn Aspascheziksch. En het twintigste dodenrijk is Dizomptia, en Echneraschon is de kaprun en Echihastesch de karbulijn. 22. En het eenentwintigste dodenrijk is Smuhoketteschamscha, als de voortbrenger der uilen en de zeespinnen. Ja, zeeuilen brengt hij voort, vanuit het hart der zee, en vele vissen. En zij zullen komen tot de rode stad, tot de muizenheuvel en de muizenkijker. 23. En dit rood is zo vaak gezuiverd dat het spiegeland rood is geworden, en het heeft zich gehecht aan het blauwe. En Duhoketesscha is de kaprun en Vihokdehesschesche is de karbulijn. 24. Doktor is het tweentwintigste dodenrijk dat rijkt tot aan de Matadok, met Bihaster als kaprun en Olbeholschatiksch als karbulijn. Baphastache is het drieentwintigste dodenrijk met Muhuhaster als kaprun en Behelschlahik als karbulijn. Koberhinolschkats is het vierentwintigste dodenrijk en het hol der reuzen. 25. En zij is de weg tot het grote Gods, de Michaseinen. En deze weg is als de wildernis, leidende tot Acha en de dodenrijken der bizons. En Bihikstelseha is de kaprun en Bihokteholkasch is de karbulijn. En zij heersen over de zeeën rondom de Emelis Shatau. 26. Kaferkatschi is het vijfentwintigste dodenrijk met Kotterkosch als kaprun en Afericksch als karbulijn, en zij heersen over de wildernissen rondom de Emelis Shatau. 27. Baferumschka is het zessentwintigste dodenrijk met Mialter als kaprun en Okseholseschamse als karbulijn. Vionta is het zeventwintigste dodenrijk met Valkatersch als kaprun en Afhanianschas als karbulijn. 28. Hiafanter is het achtentwintigste dodenrijk met Kolthaniansch als kaprun en Dihafendiheschiksch als karbulijn. Hiofferhontaschusch is het negentwintigste dodenrijk met Hikschanal als kaprun en Diaferhantesch als karbulijn.

3.

De Dodenrijken der Konijnentijgers

1. En het eerste dodenrijk der konijnentijgers is als de maag der elven. Ja, grote roofelven zullen in de laatste dagen opstaan, en zij zullen komen vanuit dit gat. En haar naam is Esmehel en de kaprun is Totehesmis en de karbulijn is Satehesmis. En de andere karbulijn van dit dodenrijk is Fluhomelisse. En Satehesmis is dan de witte karbulijn en Fluhomelisse is dan de paars rode karbulijn. 2. En het tweede dodenrijk is Fontehirisse, en de kaprun is Dehemesto en de karbulijn is Papanter. De tweede karbulijn is Fihotsma en de derde karbulijn is Pahater. De vierde karbulijn is Pakonsehestat en de vijfde karbulijn is Spraakouts. 3. En het derde dodenrijk is als de drager der Kaplahunnen, en als de voeten van het maanlicht. En zij heeft drie benen, één van karbulijnen, één van kaprunen en één van kaplahunnen. 4. En haar naam is Diazhanascha, met Oxschtel als kaprun, Efescha als tweede kaprun en Dihandemisxsch als karbulijn, en Tottehokmusch als tweede karbulijn. Ramahandt is dan de derde karbulijn. 5. Het vierde dodenrijk is als de poorten van Lapondria, en haar naam is Akshischantehantisch, met Okopschokelo als kaprun, Dibehennekscha als tweede kaprun en Dokbehontesch als derde kaprun. 6. Emokschau is het vijfde dodenrijk met Patehantis als kaprun en Dikhelkeschel als tweede kaprun. 7. Optaukelunsch is het zesde dodenrijk met Diataur als kaprun en Dihokschebau als tweede kaprun. 8. Tikhantehestes is het zevende dodenrijk en Tikhantescha is de kaprun en Dafikhestehas is de tweede kaprun. 9. Ormont is het achtste dodenrijk met Cofihontir als kaprun en Dihakschelle is tweede kaprun. 10. Avahiksch is het negende dodenrijk met Clatkihankir als kaprun en Clatkihantir als tweede kaprun. 11. Avahiks de Tweede is het tiende dodenrijk met Alktahiksehiksch als kaprun en Heukehokthisch als tweede kaprun. Dormhant is de derde kaprun, en Avahikschel is de vierde kaprun. 12. Avahiks de Derde is het elfde dodenrijk. Zij dan is de bouwer der honden. En haar wegen volgen tot aan de hondenhaag. 13. Drimmeskhout is het twaalfde dodenrijk, en de weg tot Jom. Zij is de schepster der zonnen, en volgt hen in hun banen. 14. Drimmeskhout de Tweede is het dertiende dodenrijk, en Drimmeskhout de Derde is het veertiende dodenrijk. Zij heeft dan grote macht over de zee en over eb en vloed, als het gezicht van de maan en de koningin van de oranje saturnus.

4.

De Rode Tijgers

1. Drommeheskehout is het eerste dodenrijk der rode tijgers, en zij heeft grote macht over de kaprunen, de karbulijnen en de kaplahunnen. Ja, zij kent de stiften van de oranje saturnus, en zij kent hun kragen en randen. 2. En de rode tijgers gaan dan van dodenrijk tot dodenrijk, en niets is voor hen verborgen. Ja, zij zijn als de ondergrondse treinen en hun gangen. En de webben der dodenrijken zijn dan als de zenuwen der rode tijgers. En zij maken hun dieren met de schatten van Materos. Ja, vele dodenrijken kent Materos, en gij zijt tot de dodenrijken van Surdatekun gekomen. 3. Ja, hij dan is de koning van het zachte Gods, de Johan. Ja, hij berijdt de Johan, tot in de diepste dodenrijken van het zachte. En ja, zij zullen de vliezen der aarde en der hemelen herstellen, en zij zullen tot de honing komen. Ja, tot driemaal toe. 4. Ja, en zij zal zijn als het slikken der aarde en der dagen, en als het geribbelde gehemelte. 5. Door vele dodenrijken van het zachte, wordt er gegeten door de hemelen, om u te leiden tot het geribbelde. 6. En het tweede dodenrijk der rode tijgers is dan Sahertin, en zij is als het eerste station van Narzia, het hete Gods. En het derde dodenrijk is Stertes, en zij brengt de volgelingen van de zebra en het geribbelde tot de schatten van Narzia. Ja, zij is als de adem der treinen. 7. En het vierde dodenrijk is Samantis, en zij is als het verloren

gegane deel van Torhan, het lange Gods. 8. En zij herbergt dan alle dodenrijken van het lange Gods, tot aan Matadok. 9. En haar eigen deel reikt tot aan het Kabbernal, de berg Gods. Haar eigen lengtes zullen de rivieren van Kabbernal beroeren, en haar manschappen zullen de heilige profeten aldaar beroeren, opdat er zuivering onder hen wordt aangebracht. 10. Ja, zij zal heilige profeten leiden tot onder het gele, zelfs tot aan het spiegelende gele, en zij zullen haar aanhangen, en de geheimenissen des Heeren en van de Oranje Saturnus zien. 11. Ja, zij zal hen leiden tot de sterren van de witte chocolade, de sterrenhemel Gods, en zij zullen haar luid vereren zonder dat iemand zegt het is afgoderij. 12. Ja, zij zal Torhan herstellen, het lange Gods, en zij zal koningen daartoe aanwijzen. Zij zal de geslachten der cobra's oprichten en zij zal de Gezegende zijn, en het vuur Gods. 13. Ja, over Narzia en Torhan regeert zij, tot aan het Materos, en zij zoekt zelf haar koningen uit. 14. Ja, zij zullen zijn, de langen Gods, en haar gezandten. 15. En haar stem zal zijn als het bewegen van ondergrondse treinen. In Kabbernal zullen de wijzen haar vinden. 16. En zij zullen zeggen : Wij zijn gekomen tot de berg Gods, waar wij de schatten der aarde als heilige ringen hebben gevonden. Ja, en ziet, deze ringen waren als slangen, uitgezonden om de lichamen der heiligen te herstellen en te verheerlijken. 17. En in Kabbernal zal die dagen een grote poort geopend zijn, en deze zal genoemd worden de poort der mezen. 18. En dan zal Kabbernal zijn tot een stad der vogels, en tot een eeuwigheid in alle eeuwigheden. En zo zal dan zijn het herstel van Kabbernal, waartoe ook Abdal en Maasdo zijn uitgezonden. En dan zullen de wereldschepen opgesteld worden.

5.

De Wereldschepen

1. En Abdal zal een ezelskind voortbrengen genaamd Adaka, en zij zal groot worden voor de Heere. En zij zal de heidenen hoeden met een zwarte staf en met een hand van as, en zij zal een geslacht voortbrengen veelvoudiger dan de zandkorrels der aarde, en zij zal hen leiden tot de zee. 2. En Adaka zal worden tot een wereldschip, en in haar zal grote behoudenis zijn. Ja, zij zal de sterren des hemels vertragen, en antwoord geven op vele vragen. 3. En zij zal vissers voortbrengen als vissers van de doden en de dodenrijken, en vele kaplahunnen van oudsher zullen opgevist worden, en zij zullen gebracht worden tot de Oranje Saturnus en haar tempelen. 4. En Adaka zal worden tot een tijger en een uil, en zij zal behoren tot het leger der uxlons, de uilentijgers. 5. En zij zal de Oranje Saturnus tot haar plaats leiden, en zij zal haar volk leiden tot de duisternissen van Narzia door de poorten van Acha, het Altaar des Heeren. 6. En door Abdal, Maasdo en Kabbernal zal zij het tweede wereldschip scheppen, en dit zal hen leiden tot de dodenrijken van stilte, en haar naam zal zijn Trideria. En zij zal herstellen Metensia en de Karazuur, en geboorte geven aan het derde wereldschip genaamd Biskidde, de spinnentijger, en zij zal de Oranje Saturnus herstellen op haar plaats. 7. En zij zal geboorte geven aan het vierde wereldschip, de paardentijger. En zij zal steigeren om de kusten van de Emelis Shatau en Kabbernal te herbouwen, en zij zal zijn als het bloesem der wateren, en genoemd worden de redder der nachtvinders, hen van de nachtliedere. 8. En als iemand klaagt zal zij een vis toewerpen die niet gegeten kan worden, maar die leidt tot in alle eeuwigheden. En deze vis zal een ieder leiden tot zijn of haar plaats. 9. En zij zal zijn als de vis van dag en nacht die elkaar snel afwisselen. 10. Ja, onder Saturnus werd dan de dag een nacht, maar onder de Oranje Saturnus vliegen de dagen snel. Ja, als de golven ribbelen zij voort.

De paardentijgers

11. En het eerste dodenrijk van de paardentijgers is dan Mezenna, en het eerste hellenrijk is Diadenna, en haar kaplehun is Maakzamid. 12. En het tweede dodenrijk is dan Behelslachsesse, en

het tweede hellenrijk is Diachsmilleses, en haar kaplehun is Miadt. 13. En haar Elsefic is Diantippsef, als de stervende. Gij doet er dan goed aan te weten hoeveel Elsefics gij nodig hebt op de Oranje Saturn. Zij zijn dan als de witte kappen. 14. En het derde dodenrijk is dan Bihorkemon en het derde hellenrijk Fjortenesses, met Milkham als haar kaplehun en Ditscher als haar Elsefic. En het vierde dodenrijk is dan Stehinetess en het vierde hellenrijk Bahsdharentoch met Mianderhon als kaplehun en Stikhesseton als Elsefic. 15. En het vijfde dodenrijk is Stahin en het vijfde hellenrijk is Dihonbiel, met Klahabash als kaplehun en Dorkhetasches als Elsefic. 16. Verzamelt dan uw Elsefics om in te kunnen gaan tot de dieptes, de dodenrijken en de hellenrijken van de Oranje Saturnus. 17. Laat u dan niet bang maken voor hellen, want zij zijn de vuren om u te zuiveren. En alleen door de hellenrijken kunt gij reiken tot de vingers van Narzia en haar dieptes. 18. En het zesde hellenrijk is Fihantenastis, met Conerehan als kaplehun en Kokerok als Elsefic. En Fihantenastis is dan de koningin van de Oranje Saturnus in al haar macht. 19. En het zevende hellenrijk is Stehis, met Kalhahan als kaplehun en Dilsasch als Elsefic. 20. En het achtste hellenrijk is Forkschansis, met Bikschmalen als kaplehun en Torbakschelm als Elsefic. 21. En het negende hellenrijk is Kireschlasch met Orkfuller als kaplehun en Olklamsch als Elsefic. 22. En het tiende hellenrijk is Kirkehasch met Artehesch als kaplehun en Irkhelsch als Elsefic. 23. En het elfde hellenrijk is Kongales met Idefelsch als kaplehun, Dirhesch als tweede kaplehun, Felhanehesch als derde kaplehun, Firjatek als vierde kaplehun en Darikheschen als Elsefic. 24. En het twaalfde hellenrijk is Konjavics met Genjaksch als kaplehun en Grithuzaschinne als eerste Elsefic, Dojonters als tweede Elsefic, en Darbahisch als derde Elsefic. 25. En het dertiende hellenrijk is Muhustaschappel met Ginehurstel als kaplehun en Grithuzaschinne de Tweede als eerste Elsefic, Dojonters de Tweede als tweede Elsefic, Darbahisch de Tweede als derde Elsefic en Klahaschalleschinne als vierde Elsefic. De vijfde Elsefic zal dan altijd Klapmusche zijn.

Hellenrijken der rode tijgers

26. En dit zijn dan de hellenrijken der rode tijgers : Het eerste hellenrijk is Vialvik, en zij brengt de vleermuizen voort en de hoge tonen des hemels. Zij is dan de wever van het roze en dat wat onder het roze is, tot aan het spiegelende roze en het grijze. 27. De kaplehun is Kobalski, en de tweede kaplehun is Beriabehan, de derde kaplehun is Totihotski, de vierde Fruhanskidaklaton. De vijfde kaplehun zal dan altijd Daklaton heten. Het tweede hellenrijk is Daschesehips. 28. En hier zijn de Tartaren rijkelijk te vinden, zij, als sieraden van het kruis van Maser, als de sieraden van de armoe, en als de gelakte en lederen flessen van Saturnus, waarin de geesten slapen en dronken zijn. Zij zijn dan het purper, aan de dronkenschap gelijk geworden. 29. En zo zijn er vele purperen voor het aangezicht des Heeren, hen met de lichtpaarse gezichten. En zo vloeien vele Tartaren en Purperen hiervandaan. De eerste tartaar van Daschesehips is dan Itmabur, als de wurger van kruizen en kaprunnen, ja als een wurgslang uitgezonden. 30. En de tweede tartaar is Maraasiasch die de bloedvaten des kruizes vernauwd en Spricht heeft omgekeerd. Ja, hij knijpt dan zenuwen af, en brengt heiligen tot dronkenschap. Tot een heilige exorcist is hij. De derde tartaar is Maritslehan, en hij trekt de kruizen tot de dieptes om hen daar te verslinden. 31. Ja, hij is de jager van het gezuiverde rode om de heiligen bij te staan. En hij is het dan die redt uit de hellen en de angsten verzacht en wegneemt, als een ware tartaar des Heeren, die vluchtelingen leidt tot de dronkenschappen en de lusten der Armoe. 32. En de vierde Tartaar is Jupitosch, de vijfde Schihikserdmahashelt, de zesde Pranuschamelhisch, de zevende Immetahakschildahish, de achtste Ranoschlufursch, de negende Marikschahijnschlikse, de tiende Pronotterjonsch, en de elfde is altijd Danahiksch. 33. De eerste purper is Mehezuart, de tweede Janischapenirschik, de derde Japischanduart, de vierde Ejunipscho, de vijfde Klastobahout, de zesde Enehipsmahan, de zevende

Janischout, de achtste Jochuartenensch, de negende Beluenschamelepscha, de tiende Bijontenuako, en de elfde is altijd Bonuenterhart. De twaalfde is altijd Spakeienblau, en de dertiende is altijd Monuentehisch. 34. De veertiende is altijd Kalmenischobuantescha, en de vijftiende altijd Flikschituenteartes. De zestiende is altijd Scheventuarnatsch en de zeventiende is altijd Pronenschuterakascha. De achttiende is altijd Buldahinstepsch en de negentiende is altijd Biazeptahasch. De twintigste dan is altijd Noruenteminne en de eenentwintigste altijd Pakentuanteschan. 35. Het derde hellenrijk der rode tijgers is Blazekhelteschel en het vierde hellenrijk is Daniktol. Het vijfde hellenrijk is dan Braziksnakoltiskzet, en het zesde hellenrijk is Blazintahart. Het zevende hellenrijk is dan Klostehul en het achtste hellenrijk is Danziptauschaps. 36. Het negende hellenrijk is dan Klausbihenka, en dit rijk komt tot aan de randen van Torhan, het lange Gods en Spricht.

Hellenrijken der tijgers

37. En dit zijn dan de hellenrijken der tijgers door het land Narzia : Konihoksta is het eerste hellenrijk, met Piatersch als tartaar en Pithelmsch als purper. Rikstovtsk is het tweede hellenrijk met Diantater als tartaar en Marikshelmt als purper. Darmaviksj is het derde hellenrijk met Asehistijatov als tartaar en Duoprof als purper. Damikstahelt is het vierde hellenrijk met Kajunktorsch als tartaar en Demejiksto als purper. 38. Estitsiatel is het eerste gedeelte van het vijfde hellenrijk met Diatuov als purper. Miandertia is het tweede gedeelte van het vijfde hellenrijk met Fremiatiov als tartaar en Fremshelt als purper, en zij is als de geboorteplaats van vele slangen. Demiksio is het zesde hellenrijk met Diontahessescha als tartaar en Demioksehoschanos als purper. 39. Kohontales is het zevende hellenrijk met Diagbiel als tartaar en Desheptia als purper. Haaksontuvus is het achtste hellenrijk met Itlaheksches als tartaar en Jehikshengetet als purper. Bursplahot is het negende hellenrijk met Esentijelle als tartaar en Fliksahot als purper. En de tartaren zijn als nieuwe zenuwstelsels voor de pelgrims van Narzia, het hete Gods, en de purpers stromen er doorheen. 40. En het is als het ontwaken en opstaan in het Nieuwe Kabbernal.

Surdatekuntijgers

41. En zo zijn er vele Surdatekuntijgers in het blauwe zachte des Heeren, en zij hebben dan vele dodenrijken en hellenrijken die daarin doordringen : En hun eerste dodenrijk is Kwahibbus, en hun eerste hellenrijk is Dahiter. De tartaar is Mekshernt, en de purper is Vahkshir. 42. Het tweede dodenrijk is Kwahonta en het tweede hellenrijk Fanihipster, met Mizahart als tartaar en Mehilkstahet als purper. Het derde dodenrijk is Kwonostehelschik en het derde hellenrijk is Kwihanterchosch met Fihaksenuatonsch als tartaar en Onoschosch als purper. Het vierde dodenrijk is Kwihinterschu en het vierde hellenrijk is Kwihip, met Fihaktesenusa als tartaar en Brihakskiheschip als purper. 43. Ixnahotsch is het vijfde dodenrijk en Stornatosch is het vijfde hellenrijk met Ornatov als tartaar en Kwisupstraschehipsch als purper. Bihopsoheim is het zesde dodenrijk en Stranopski is het zesde hellenrijk, met Fiheltanihiksch als tartaar en Klapschiheinschasesse als purper. Kwendalesmesch is het zevende dodenrijk en Darkwakse het zevende hellenrijk met Toxiotiel als tartaar en Bihekschahipschk als purper. 44. Bandahout is het achtste dodenrijk en Rindahikschk het achtste hellenrijk met Piaternaschas als tartaar en Bionterhout als purper.

6.

De Drakentijgers

1. Bekleed met tartaren zijn zij, vol van Gods Glorie. Zij kennen de liederen om dodenrijken en hellenrijken te openen en te sluiten, vol van de Magie des Heeren, en van de Oranje Saturnus. 2. Ja, rijkelijk vloeit het purper door hen heen, vanuit het zachte Gods, al haar dodenrijken openende, om tot de veren te komen om weg te vliegen op het hemelpaard. 3. Ondergrondse netwerken van tijgertreinen, zij horen het in de verte grommen en ruisen. Opgestegen zijn zij in hun eigen verstand, de drakenkoningen. 4. Zij voeren nog steeds ondergrondse oorlogen onder het geruis der zeeën. 5. Hun dodenrijken zijn onmetelijk, en zij zijn de boodschappers van lang vervlogen tijden, sprekende vanuit de diepste dieptes van de dodenrijken van het grote Sarhah. 6. Zij dragen de ringen van Michaseinen om hun vingers en in hun lichamen, waar het vuur doorheen wordt gespoten. 7. Zij dan zijn de drakentijgers, en zij volgen hun koningen. 8. En het eerste dodenrijk is Muhuskus, het tweede dodenrijk Fahantahal, het derde dodenrijk Spahantahal, en het vierde Vahkal, het vijfde Merentez, en het zesde Obaakhal. Het zevende Flantoris en het achtste Vahakmentis. Het negende Flakulschets en het tiende Mazinterik. 9. Het elfde is Mizentehil en het twaalfde Kohontehil. Het dertiende dan is Ohupschel. Kwakbahok is het eerste hellenrijk, met Viantes als tartaar en Epschout als purper. Kwiksantes is het tweede hellenrijk met Diabanter als tartaar en Twikhanter als purper. Prohonnetes is het derde hellenrijk met Katerbout als tartaar en Hachnoses als purper. 10. Hokkebon is het vierde hellenrijk met Klinkerbot als tartaar en Hogerbout als purper. En waar het tartaar zich samentrekt stroomt het Narziapurper naarbinnen. Dit dan is in het vijfde hellenrijk genaamd Horsensponze, met Viksianzen als tartaar en Birhahuan als purper. 11. Hispa is het zesde hellenrijk met Mollentoreksia als tartaar en Apschahel als purper. Moksuhortes is het zevende hellenrijk met Kalzebout als tartaar en Hospeschés als purper. Zalig zij hen die deze rijken zijn binnengegaan. Drahiksbehet is dan altijd de vijfde karbulijn in elk drakentijgerdodenrijk en hellenrijk. 12. Darkasha is altijd de vijfde kaprun in elk drakentijgerdodenrijk en hellenrijk, en Diafikschehit is altijd de zesde kaplehun in elk drakentijgerdodenrijk en hellenrijk. Spihak is altijd de zesde elsefic in elk drakentijgerdodenrijk en hellenrijk.

De rijken der zwarte drakentijgers

13. In de dodenrijken, hellenrijken en hemelrijken der zwarte drakentijgers is Kwikhelt altijd de eerste karbulijn, Miktahin altijd de tweede, Mokshart altijd de derde en Finhanteschinne altijd de vierde, Filakehart altijd de vijfde en Mopschothelv altijd de zesde, Fiksahelv altijd de zevende, Murthiantisklipf altijd de achtste en Isachsahak altijd de negende. Puchhart is altijd de eerste kaprun en Taakhalt altijd de tweede, Bromhars altijd de derde, Fanenstein altijd de vierde. 14. Derdehiksla is altijd de eerste kaplehun en Tihoksla altijd de tweede, Retneis altijd de derde. Onaham is altijd de eerste Elsefic, Kizaham altijd de tweede, Lazahuk altijd de derde. Kirnahas is altijd de eerste tartaar en Romohams altijd de tweede. Ramahaks is altijd de derde tartaar, Finahams de vierde en Rahaphel de vijfde, Inahus de zesde, Fotajel de zevende en Skunaho is achtste, Nirkeniships de negende en Tonnehaps de tiende. 15. Punehops is de eerste purper, Pejehups de tweede, Rigahart de derde, Vakahelmsehip de vierde, Virkjatonehips de vijfde en Andratupsehiks de zesde, Megnjatonehips de zevende, Fitjanehelsehips de achtste en Fagnotontehikstevun de negende, Fikjahel de tiende. En zo is dan het zwarte drakentijger domein los van de andere domeinen, en zij beheerst het open en dichttrekken der spieren. Zij kennen dan de uiteinden en de punten van Narzia en Zetdonia. 16. Alles dan is zwart, maar als het rekt dan ontstaat het witte en het grijze om alle kleuren te weven. Ziet gij dan niet dat er een blind kind achter het spinnenwiel en de weverspoel zit ? Deze dan is de zwarte drakentijgerkoning. Met zijn gezicht zo wit, zo wit, maar de rest is zwart. Gij doet er goed aan de grijze lappen te bekijken, te bevoelen, en terug te gaan tot waar het vandaan komt. 17. Kasbahaskus is dan het eerste nachtlatijn, Muskanos de tweede. Griezemoen is

dan de derde en Fanatousk de vierde, en zij zijn als vier oude vrouwen in het zwart, wevende de tijden. En als bakkers en wevers staan zij daar, als karmozijnen, veranderende in nachtlattijnen, als vogelklokken zijn zij, hun vleugelen spreiden zij, om schepselen weg te leiden. Ja, als drakenuren zijn zij, de grote netten om grote vissen mee te vangen. 18. En de Griezemoen is als de zwarte libra, als het clownsgezicht met daaronder de draaiende gaten waardoor wij kunnen dwalen, ja, als de tijgertunnels en de draaiorgels, om de zwarte vleermuis te ontmoeten als in een draaiende spiegelmolen. En uit zijn mond komen de draden die wij achterlieten, klaar om door de ringen van vuur te gaan. En Fanatousk is als het groene oog en de groene steen, met al haar kleuren en geuren, en als zij spreekt is zij als de muizentong, als het feest met al haar kleppen. 19. En Muskanos is als de zwarte saturnus in al haar macht, brakende de nieuwe dag en het nieuwe uur, met haren als de zilveren golven, veranderende in de doodstrijd. Ja, alle oorlogen staan op haar tablet. En Kasbahaskus is als de mus en de merel, die haar dame op de kerktoren heeft gezet, het grote Mezedium, en nu wacht zij om in de rivier te duiken, om te veranderen in een vis. Want de vissenstaart zal haar de sleutel geven. 20. En zo zijn er dan onder de hemelen vier drakenuren gegeven als de vier seizoenen van de aarde. En zij zijn allen op weg, over vurige brokaten, om de visserslattijnen van het rode te ontmoeten, de rode tijgerdraken op de dure stranden. Dit dan zijn de stranden van de Emelis Shatau en de vernieuwde steden des Heeren. Ja, tot de vijfde nachtwake zullen zij gaan.

7.

1. En dit zijn dan de dodenrijken der tijgerberen. Het eerste dodenrijk is Septesse, het tweede Fakhant, het derde Smraakstir. Het eerste hellenrijk is Fatoun, het tweede Hennenst en het derde Cofikein. De karmozijn van het eerste is Flamette, van het tweede Miorsch en van het derde Spatamen. 2. Het vierde dodenrijk is dan Manteras, het vijfde Holschlewart, het zesde Kaipensta en het zevende Toriontich. Het vierde hellenrijk is Kapenprouw, het vijfde is Heliontes, het zesde is Ledio en het zevende Ortal. De vierde karmozijn is Hunullips, de vijfde is Florkjog, de zesde Katoneli en de zevende Karzachstaue. 3. Het achtste dodenrijk is Fliontmelle, het negende is Saktirhart, het tiende Daakswelle en het elfde Lefenstrou. Het achtste hellenrijk is Mizihontes, het negende Karzachstoende, het tiende Herrup, het elfde Manschou. De achtste karmozijn is Mulletta, de negende Mjunletta, de tiende Orchjettel, de elfde Zahnenstrant. 4. Korgjong is het twaalfde dodenrijk, Orizont de dertiende, Spaaksblicht de veertiende en Ariantales de vijftiende. Rezepeschou de zestiende, Manikschou de zeventiende, Manikschou de Tweede de achttiende en Manikschou de Derde de negentiende. Manikschou de Vierde de twintigste, Manikschou de Vijfde de eenentwintigste en Manikschou de Zesde de tweeentwintigste. 5. Hetmezanges is het twaalfde hellenrijk, Hetmezanges de Tweede is het dertiende hellenrijk, en Hetmezanges de Derde is de veertiende, Hetmezanges de Vierde is de vijftiende en Hetmezanges de Vijfde is de zestiende. Hetmezanges de Zesde is de zeventiende en Hetmezanges de Zevende is de achttiende. Hetmezanges de Achtste is de negentiende en Hetmezanges de Negende is de twintigste. 6. Hetmezanges de Tiende is de eenentwintigste en Dakzwalziging is de tweeentwintigste. De twaalfde karmozijn is Dijumetik, de dertiende Kwaabstik, de veertiende Kwachtensprou, de vijftiende Onberchensch, de zestiende Kwaabsherg, de zeventiende Spahkehang, de achttiende Kwobehanschetou, de negentiende Kwabehanschitrichse, de twintigste Zwahkenstrau, en de eenentwintigste Zwahkenlang, de tweeentwintigste Zwahnstrau.

8.

De Beer van Narzia

1. De hitte zit me op de hielen, een beer zit mij achterna, één op grote wielen, komende vanuit Narzia. Dit zijn hoge golven, vanuit berenstad heeft hij een plaats verworven. Deze hitteden zijn groot, deze zeeën van vuur, zijn zij hoger dan de karazuur ? 2. Metensia, redt mij. Alleen mijn penseel kan mij redden. In welke taal moeten wij spreken. Zij zullen alles breken. Er is hoog vuur in dit uur, de berenstem klinkt, vanuit het heiligdom Gods. De hitte zit me op de hielen, het vuur stijgt en komt als klotsende lava op me af. 3. Ik kan alleen schrijven, anders wordt het m'n graf. Nog nooit eerder is er zo'n hitte gekomen, ik moet nu snel mijn penseel laten stromen. Ja, mijn enige zwaard is zij, als de beer op me af zal komen. 4. Ik zal moeten strijden in het Pniel, worstelende met God, die Beer is.

Berenrijken

5. En dit dan zijn de berendodenrijken : De eerste is Beherzin, met Viantrau als hellenrijk en Vaatmis als karbulijn. De tweede is Roksdal, met Vintiau als hellenrijk en Katakis als karbulijn. De derde is Hotmir, met Vindriamen als hellenrijk en Vottomis als karbulijn. De vierde is Hehenkescha, met Kjatanburch als hellenrijk en Vatian als karbulijn. Vinnehiskis is de vijfde, met Votian als hellenrijk en Kwotangischisch als karbulijn. 6. De zesde is Mahithosch met Kiandaber als hellenrijk en Votalmis als karbulijn. Kwiabotter is de zevende met Manisticht als hellenrijk en Koliandburch als karbulijn. Viottemisches is de achtste met Votentia als hellenrijk en Kwahabanter als karbulijn. Nerchjabter is de negende met Oxdraifurt als hellenrijk en Kwiabanter als karbulijn. 7. En Pianhout is vanaf dan het dodenrijk, het tiende dodenrijk, tellende vanaf de eerste Pianhout, en sommigen zeggen dat de dodenrijken eigenlijk pas daar beginnen. En zo zijn er dan honderden, zo niet duizenden Pianhouten. En Swahmahelsch is vanaf dan het hellenrijk, en Kwigmanesch vanaf dan de karbulijn.

De fluit

8. En ik smeekte tot God om mij te vertellen wat er dan met de beren was, daar de hitte zo groot was als ik nog nooit had gevoeld, en zo bedreigend. En ik zag een beer die was als een bever en daarna als een cobra, en hij was als een rat des hemels. En ik hoorde een schreeuw. 9. En de Heere toonde mij een laken waarop een kleine man zat. En hij had een fluit in zijn handen, en bracht het naar z'n mond om erop te spelen. En de Heere keek vooruit, en in de verte kwam er een groep beren aanrennen, en zij renden richting de kleine man. 10. En de man begon te spelen, en de beren werden rustig. Maar na een tijdje stopte de man met spelen, daar hij moe geworden was, en de beren vielen hem aan. En de Heere sprak : Zo zult gij ook het volk moeten temmen, en ik zal u de liederen daartoe geven. En ik zag de beren komen tot een groep mensenkinderen, en zij namen bezit van hun zielen. 11. Want ziet, de mensenkinderen werden dan geschapen voor de beren. En er was niemand die de beren tegen kon houden, want hun hitte was groot. En de Heere gaf mij een stuk brood, en zo kon ik de beren verder temmen. En zij dan gingen overal waar het stuk brood was, maar zij konden van het brood niet eten, daar het eeuwig was. 12. En er was appelwijn door het broodmeel heengemengd, en de beren kwamen telkens weer achter deze geur aan. En de lucht was bedrukt, en de hitte liep op, maar ik was als achter glas en de hitte kon mij niet raken. 13. En het glas begon te groeien en begon de beren verder weg te drijven. Maar weer kwam er hoge druk tegen het glas, en de hitte begon op te lopen tegen het glas tot ongekende hoogtes, en zij vonden een gat boven het glas, waardoor zij heen konden klimmen, en het was alsof kokend water op mij viel. 14. En de Heere gaf mij een schep waarmee ik een gat in de grond groef. En de ruimte binnen het glas liep vol, en aldus was het geweten des Heeren. En er stond een boom die gemaakt was van de voeten der mensenkinderen, en het werd de boom gegeven een mond te hebben, en die mond was genaamd De Wet. En deze mond sprak van grote dingen, en groeide terwijl het grote woorden uitsprak. 15. En

het werd de boom gegeven een oog te hebben en dit oog heette Het Recht, en zij begon te veranderen in een zwaard. En de Heere sprak : Eet dan niet van de vruchten van deze boom. 16. En ik vroeg me af waarom er niet van gegeten mocht worden. En de Heere sprak : Weest dan niet snel om de wet te grijpen en weest niet snel om het recht te hanteren, want er is een weg die dieper leidt. En de Heere leidde mij tot diep onder de grond, tot een grot waarin beren opgesloten waren. 17. En in die grot stond weer een boom gemaakt van voeten, maar ook was zij gemaakt van konijnenhoofden. En toen ik dit zag kon ik voor geruime tijd niet spreken. En het werd de boom net als de eerste boom gegeven een mond te hebben, en die mond heette De Stilte. 18. En ook werd de boom een oog gegeven, genaamd De Duisternis. En zo was dan de tweede boom, als voortbrengende voedsel van konijnen. En de Heere sprak : Eet. En toen ik ervan at begon de boom ook in mij te groeien. En toen sprak de Heer : Ga nu terug tot de eerste boom. En ik liep weer tot boven de grond, terwijl de beren mij volgden. 19. En toen ik daar aankwam begon de boom weg te smelten. En het laatste deel van die boom steeg op totdat het het gat boven het glas had bedekt. En weer kwam er een intense hitte binnen het glas, maar ditmaal slokte de tweede boom dit op, en begon erg koud te worden. En weer moest ik eten van de boom, en ik werd kouder. 20. En aldus was de konijnenboom als de berenfluit. En zij was als de karmozijn en de wever tussen Narzia en Zetdonia. En zij dan was als de fluit des Geestes. En zij bracht voort de allerhoogste tonen die ik ooit had gehoord, en de allerlaagste tonen.

De tranenboom

21. En de Heere leidde mij tot een berenboom genaamd Brimmadim, en zij droeg de hoge tonen des heeren. En zij was als het sieraad van Mezedium, terwijl zij het sieraad Abdal Maasdo Kabbernal tot de Heere bracht. En haar werd een mond gegeven genaamd Traagheid en een oog genaamd Naaktheid. 22. En uit haar voort kwamen roze draden die geleken op voetzolen en de heilige tepelen des heeren. En ik kwam tot de boom en weende voor vijfendertig dagen. 23. En na die vijfendertig dagen leidde de Heere mij tot een tijgerboom, en zij was genaamd Sansamen, en zij droeg de luide en de lage tonen des heeren, en ook haar werd een mond gegeven, genaamd Doofheid, en een oog genaamd Blindheid, en aldus was de verschijning des Heeren. 24. En zij bracht het sieraad Sartarus Akra Zoekra voor de voeten des Heeren, en deze voeten begonnen te schijnen als de zon. En de Heere sprak : Ziet dan, de heilige traan is vleesgeworden. 25. En deze traan kwam van onder het roze, en zij was als de staart van een vis. En zij weende dan, zeggende : Wie kan de karmozijnen besturen, want zij zijn als wilden en als schapen zonder herder. 26. En geen van de tartaren was kundig genoeg om hen te besturen, en ook de Heere weende. En er kwam een konijn voor het aangezicht des Heeren, en ziet, hij was gekleed als een beer en een clown. 27. En Hij nam de vleesgeworden traan, die als de staart van een vis was, en hij nam haar tot een vissenboom. En zodra de vissenboom begon te wenen werden de karmozijnen rustig. En alzo was het dan een tranenboom, en zij bracht tranenbrood voort om hen rustig te maken. 28. En haar werd een mond gegeven genaamd Rust en een oog genaamd Wildheid, en de boom werd zeer wild, terwijl de karmozijnen steeds rustiger werden. En aldus werd zij dan de koningin der karmozijnen.

De slangenboom

29. En het konijn nam de tranenboom als een staf in zijn hand, en leidde er velen mee tot rust. En de Heere wachtte totdat al Zijn Tranen vleesgeworden waren, en Zijn bloeddruppels. 30. En een luid gegil steeg op tot de hemel. En dit dan waren de dagen waarop het gillen des heeren vlees werd, en dit was als het komen van de slangen tot de aarde. 31. En de Heere gaf het sieraad Sartarus Akra Zoekra aan Sarsia van Renok, en Abdal Maasdo Kabbernal werd gegeven aan Metensia tot Sieraad,

en zij werd tot een stad van bevers, vossen en de ratten des hemels. En ook Metensia werd tot een sieraad, waar ze zo lang op had gewacht, tezamen met Eminijs en Matas. 32. En zo werd Metensia Eminijs Matas tot het sieraad van de Esmeralda. En het gewezen des heeren werd vlees en was als een slang, en bracht kou tot de aarde om velen te verslinden en te wurgen. 33. Ja, de wurgslang des heeren was opgestaan, en zij gleed tot een boom genaamd de slangenboom. En de slangenboom werd groot op de aarde, en verhief zich zelfs tegen de tranenboom, want vele tranen dan waren onzuiver. 34. En aan de boom werd een mond gegeven genaamd Angst, en zij weende luid, en gilde. En haar werd een oog gegeven genaamd Woede, en zij begon luid te schreeuwen. En de boom begon te schudden en haar vruchten vielen op de aarde. 35. En het konijn kwam tot de slangenboom om het als een staf in zijn hand te nemen, maar de slangenboom viel hem aan, en ook een schaap met haar lam werd door de slangenboom aangevallen. 36. En zo ging de spreuk 'waar de slang het lam slaat' in vervulling. En er was gewezen voor zeventig dagen. 37. En na die zeventig dagen werd Mura Izu Brannan tot een sieraad des Heeren, en zo kwam Izu eindelijk tot rust, waar het zo lang op had gewacht.

De Grote Witte Oorlog

38. En de Heere sprak : Zuivert dan de tranen voor mijn aangezicht. En er kwam een oorlog genaamd de grote witte oorlog, en zij duurde honderdvijf dagen die tot honderdvijf dagjaren werden. En de Heere sprak : Nu dan zijn de grote tijden van het jaar gekomen, en de grote traan. 39. En de haaien des hemels vonden rust in de grote traan. En zo ook de walvissen des hemels, en andere grote vissen des Heeren. En de Heere zag dat het goed was. En aan het einde van de grote witte oorlog stond er een spinnenboom op een berg. 40. En achter die boom, achter één van de grote boomstronken was een deur die liep tot onder het witte, en zie, het was daar als de witte chocolade en haar sterren. En de sterren begonnen nieuwe letters voort te brengen als het alfabet des heeren, en deze letters begonnen vlees te worden. 41. En de Heere nam de talen der aarde en zuiverde hen in een bak genaamd Solt, en deze bak was wit. En de Heere begon de spraak der aarde te verwarren, en begon zijn alfabet te tonen, en zijn taal. En ook begon de heere de verborgen geslachten te tonen, en de sterren van de witte chocolade vielen op de aarde. 42. En ziet, deze vallen waren heilig. En de heere nam het mannelijke en vrouwelijke en bracht hen in de bak genaamd Solt om het te verwarren en te zuiveren, en het was alsof er een spiegel brak, en vanuit een witte spiegel kwamen lichtpaarse wezens, die zo lang opgesloten hadden gezeten onder het oosten der aarde. 43. En het oosten der aarde was als een witte vlieg en een paarse vlieg, en zij werden verslonden door een paarse spin, en zij droeg de sterren van de witte chocolade op haar rug. En vele van deze sterren waren lichtpaars. 44. En de paarse spin begon de boeken der aarde te verslinden, en de sterren van de witte chocolade brachten nieuwe boeken. En de boom der angsten begon op de aarde te groeien, en zij die niet van de vruchten dezer boom aten smolten weg door de vuurballen van Narzia. 45. En Zetdonia begon groot te worden op de aarde, en zij die van de vruchten der angsten hadden gegeten hadden rijkelijk toegang tot haar. En ziet, zij was als een ijsbeer en als een walrus, ja, als geleken op een witte haai. 46. En de Heere zag toe op de aarde, en zag dat het goed was. En zij die angsten hadden konden elkaar vinden, en zij brachten elkaar tot de wereldschepen, en tot het grote Metensia. 47. En ook de boom der bitterheden begon op de aarde te groeien.

De sterrenhemel van de Witte Chocolade

48. En de sterrenhemel van de witte chocolade had vier districten, genaamd Sepanda, Eklaaf, Benglaham en Khelb. 49. En Sepanda dan had de volgende sterren : Khnum, Zkum, Zkuhm, Mum, Mehk, Mehn, Zhmum, Zhmen die de oranje hoed is, Zkun die de oranje kamer is, Zkuk, Zehm die

de blauwe hoed is, Ehem die de paarse hoed is, Mena, Zkem, Zkehm die de groene hoed is, Memn de bruine hoed, Muhmn, Khem, Khmen, Kmen, Khner, Khun, Khnun, Khnum de Tweede, Kzem, Knem, Kmem. En zij waren als de spiegels des Heeren.

Ova en Nomusa

50. En de Heere toonde de dodenrijken in de bomen, en ziet, zij waren als de dieren. En de Heere toonde mij het tweede wereldschip genaamd Trideria, en het was als een kano in een groene rivier, en een man genaamd Ova zat daar in, en hij was als de prins der eiken. 51. En hij kende alle ringen der bomen en hun dodenrijken, en elke dag maakte hij de reis door de dodenrijken, totdat Trideria tot een klok en een sieraad was geworden, ja, tot een toren des heeren. En de Heere toonde de hellenrijken in de bergen, en ziet, zij waren als de dieren. 52. En mij werd het eerste wereldschip getoond genaamd Adaka, en zij dan was als de brug der doden, en als een ezel. En een man genaamd Nomusa zat op haar, en hij was de prins der zwarte bergen. 53. En vele kleuren kwamen uit hem voort, en elke dag maakte hij een tocht door de hellenrijken, totdat Adaka tot een klok en een sieraad was geworden, ja, tot een toren des Heeren.

De Taal des Heeren

54. En de Heere sprak : Zalig hen die tot het land der vermoeiden zijn gekomen. En de Heere nam de konijnenboom en plantte het in het land der vermoeiden waar het begon te groeien. En de Heere sprak : Zij dan die tot hier gekomen zijn worden voor veel dingen bespaard. 55. En de geest der slavernij kon hen niet raken. En de Heere nam het grote Mezedium van de toren van virgo en plaatste het op de konijnenboom tot een toren. En alle bomen bogen voor de konijnenboom die tot een toren was geworden. 56. En de Heere sprak weer : Nu zullen de karsuiken tot duizendvoudig herstel komen, en dit zal hen tot duizendvoudige trots zijn, en Hij sprak over de mussen van Metensia. En vele volkeren kwamen tot de voet der konijnenboom vanwege het licht, en dit licht was zacht. 57. En de boom begon te schudden en haar vruchten vielen ter aarde. En Metensia sprak : In veel pijn worden dan grote dingen gezaaid, en tot grote dingen wordt er gezaaid. 58. En zij scheen als het Grote Metensia. En het grote boek der aarde werd in de taal des heeren vertaald, en ziet haar kracht was niet meer, en zij verbleekte voor het aangezicht des heeren. 59. En aldus bracht zij het Tweede Boek des Heeren voort en het Tweede Woord, en ziet, het was geschreven in de taal des heeren. En aldus werden de volkeren onderwezen in de taal des heeren, en er werden nieuwe boeken geschreven. 60. En het derde wereldschip genaamd Biskidde leidde hen tot de slaaprijken, en zij vonden grote rust. En de Biezefic begon haar te berijden, en zij werd tot een sieraad des heeren en tot een toren. 61. En zo waren de silofijnen als de slaap en het gesmolten zilver, en de sidakijnen waren als de slapers en als de gesmolten bruisende vruchten. En zij werden groot voor de ogen des Heeren. Ja, en van hen is de zilveren maan en de zilverster gemaakt. 62. Zullen zij dan niet allen smelten voor het aangezicht des Heeren. Ja de Heere vormt hen en kneedt hen.

Behoudenis door de Konijnenboom

63. En allen die de konijnenboom aanroepen zullen behouden worden, als de toorn van Narzia tot de aarde zal komen. Maar velen zullen zeggen : Heere, Heere, terwijl de Heere hen niet kent. Want zij hebben de armoede vergeten die tot zaligheid leidt. 64. Hoe moeilijk zal het dan zijn voor een rijke om het koninkrijk der hemelen binnen te gaan.

Khnum

65. En het konijn kwam tot het vierde wereldschip en voer met haar door de zwijmrijken, en zij waren als de dromen des hemels. En ook zij werd tot een sieraad en tot een toren, en zij was vol van de tartaren en purpers des heeren. 66. En de vier wereldschepen die als torens waren geworden waren als grote takken der konijnenboom, en zij werd als de staf van het Grote Metensia. En ziet dan, zij was als het witte kruis. 67. En zij was als het kruis der konijnen. En zo was dan het Khnum des Heeren, als een letter van witte chocolade.

9.

Berenrijken

1. En dit zijn dan de slaaprijken der beren : Iontes is het eerste slaaprijk, Vikjakdar de tweede, Luniosis de derde, Akjatar de vierde, Onjadobor de vijfde, Onktdiaptir de zesde, en zij is als het berenmedicijn. 2. En de eerste silofijn is Malujobur, de tweede Horiontes, de derde Swakjanel, de vierde IJstrout, de vijfde Hontaris en de zesde Abjoutaar. 3. De eerste sidakijn is dan Irbehit, de tweede Orleander, de derde Otlabir, de vierde Ortrahben, de vijfde Antjout, die als het berenkruid is, en de zesde is Lalouber die als de rode berensirene is, en als de machtige schuilplaats des Heeren. 4. En het eerste zwijmrijk der beren is Koktliip, wat als het medicijn der slangen is. Het tweede zwijmrijk is Maleristo, het derde Abjontor, het vierde Reptdalip, het vijfde Ontjabtart, het zesde Kasmalen.

Konijnenrijken

5. En dit zijn dan de slaaprijken der konijnen : Iontes de Tweede is het eerste slaaprijk, Iontes de Derde is het tweede, Iontes de Vierde is het derde, Iontes de Vijfde is het vierde, Iontes de Zesde is het vijfde en Iontes de Zevende is het zesde. 6. En Iontes de Tweede is als het medicijn der haaien. Ioptis is de eerste silofijn, Abjatis de tweede, Hiron de derde, Hiranahout de vierde, Hiranahout de Tweede is de vijfde en Hiranahout de Derde is de zesde. 7. En zo is Onktdiaptir de Tweede de eerste sidakijn en het konijnenmedicijn. Onktdiaptir de Derde is de tweede sidakijn, en Onktdiaptir de Vierde is de derde sidakijn. Lalouber de Tweede is de vierde sidakijn en de konijnsirene. 8. Lalouber de Derde is de vijfde sidakijn en de haaiensirene, en Lalouber de Vierde is de zesde sidakijn. 9. En het eerste zwijmrijk der konijnen is Lalouber de Vijfde, het tweede is Lalouber de Zesde, het derde is Lalouber de Zevende, die het hondenmedicijn is, het vierde is Lalouber de Achtste, het vijfde is Lalouber de Negende die de hondensirene is, en het zesde is Lalouber de Tiende die de hondenkroon is.

Ravenrijken

10. En dit zijn de slaaprijken der raven : Eksel, die het eerste is, Miksel is het tweede, Miksel de Tweede is het derde, Miksel de Derde is het vierde, en Miksel de Vierde is het vijfde. 11. Michokt is het eerste waakrijk, Dichthok is het tweede waakrijk, Hisoptes het derde waakrijk, Vioktes het vierde, Disandersept is het vijfde, Lazersankt is het zesde. 12. Martahisse is het zevende waakrijk der raven en Marsassehenksch is het achtste. 13. Marottenhasch is het negende en Tuurmiangijg is het tiende. Tuurmiangijg de Tweede is het elfde. Tuurmiangijg de Derde is het twaalfde. 14. Tuurmiangijg de Vierde is het dertiende, en Tuurmiangijg de Vijfde is het veertiende. 15. Miriak is het vijftiende, en het dropmedicijn. 16. Dikdal is het zestiende, Mozal het tweede deel van het zestiende en Ariabsis het zeventiende, Klontaster het achttiende, Vixiantisch het negentiende en het ravenmedicijn van Venus. 17. Vixiantisch de Tweede is het twintigste en het meermedicijn. 18. Vixiantisch de Derde is het eenentwintigste en de helm der beren. 19. Vixiantisch de Vierde is het tweentwintigste en het roze meermedicijn van Venus. 20. Vixiantisch de Vijfde is het

drieentwintigste en de helm der raven. 21. Een tachel is een wake en een dumel is een waker. 22. Zo is dan de eerste tachel der raven Lalouber de Elfde, de tweede is Lalouber de Twaalfde, de derde is Lalouber de Dertiende, de vierde is Lalouber de Veertiende, de vijfde is Lalouber de Vijftiende, de zesde is Lalouber de Zestiende en zij is de helm der haaien. 23. De zevende is Lalouber de Zeventiende, de achtste is Lalouber de Achttiende, de negende is Lalouber de Negentiende, de tiende is Lalouber de Twintigste, de elfde is Lalouber de Eentwintigste, de twaalfde is Lalouber de Tweentwintigste, de dertiende is Lalouber de Drieentwintigste, de veertiende is Lalouber de Vierentwintigste, de vijftiende is Lalouber de Vijfentwintigste, de zestiende is Lalouber de Zessentwintigste, de zeventiende is Lalouber de Zevenentwintigste, de achttiende is Lalouber de Achtentwintigste, de negentiende is Lalouber de Negenentwintigste, de twintigste is Lalouber de Dertigste, de eenentwintigste is Lalouber de Eenendertigste, de tweeentwintigste is Lalouber de Tweeendertigste en de drieentwintigste is Lalouber de Drieendertigste. 24. De eerste Dumel der raven is Miksian, de tweede is Ramshian, de derde is Ramshian de Tweede, de vierde is Ramshian de Derde, de vijfde is Ramshian de Vierde, de zesde is Ramshian de Vijfde, de zevende is Lalouber de Vierendertigste, die de blauwe berensirene is. 25. De achtste is Lalouber de Vijfendertigste die als het oranje haaienalarm is. 26. De negende is Lalouber de Zessendertigste die als het blauwe haaienalarm is. 27. De tiende is Lalouber de Zevenendertigste die als het roze konijnenalarm is. 28. De elfde is Lalouber de Achtendertigste die als het witte haaienalarm is. 29. De twaalfde is Lalouber de Negenendertigste die als het oranje konijnenalarm is. 30. De dertiende is Lalouber de Veertigste die als het groene konijnenalarm is. 31. De veertiende is Lalouber de Eenenvoertigste die als het groene haaienalarm is. 32. De vijftiende is Lalouber de Tweenvoertigste die als het groene berentijgeralarm is. 33. De zestiende is Lalouber de Drieenvoertigste die als het oranje berentijgeralarm is. 34. De zeventiende is Lalouber de Vierenvoertigste die als het blauwe berentijgeralarm is. 35. De achttiende is Lalouber de Vijfenvoertigste die als het gele berentijgeralarm is. 36. De negentiende is Lalouber de Zessenveertigste die als het gele paardentijgeralarm is. 37. De twintigste is Lalouber de Zevenenveertigste die als het groene paardentijgeralarm is. 38. De eenentwintigste is Lalouber de Achtenveertigste die als het oranje paardentijgeralarm is. 39. De tweeentwintigste is Lalouber de Negenenveertigste die als het blauwe paardentijgeralarm is. 40. De drieentwintigste is Lalouber de Vijftigste die als het roze paardentijgeralarm is.

41. En dit zijn dan de waakrijken der konijnen : Mikhelschlaf is het eerste, Mikhelschlaf de Tweede is het tweede, Mikhelschlaf de Derde is het derde. 42. Onktdiaptir de Vijfde is het vierde, en Onktdiaptir de Zesde is het vijfde. 43. Onktdiaptir de Zevende is het zesde en Onktdiaptir de Achtste is het zevende. 44. Iontes de Achtste is het achtste, en Iontes de Negende is het negende. 44. Iontes de Tiende is het tiende. 45. Iontes de Elfde is het elfde. 46. Iontes de Twaalfde is het twaalfde, en Iontes de Dertiende is het dertiende. 47. Iontes de Veertiende is het veertiende. 48. Iontes de Vijftiende is het vijftiende. 49. Iontes de Zestiende is het zestiende. 50. Iontes de Zeventiende is het zeventiende. 51. Iontes de Achttiende is het achttiende. 52. Iontes de Negentiende is het negentiende. 53. Iontes de Twintigste is het twintigste. 54. Iontes de Eenentwintigste is het eenentwintigste. 55. Iontes de Tweentwintigste is het tweeentwintigste. 56. Iontes de Drieentwintigste is het drieentwintigste. 57. Iontes de Vierentwintigste is het vierentwintigste. 58. Iontes de Vijfentwintigste is het vijfentwintigste, en Iontes de Zessentwintigste is het zessentwintigste. 59. Iontes de Zevenentwintigste is het zevenentwintigste en Iontes de Achtentwintigste is het achtentwintigste. 60. Iontes de Negenentwintigste is het negenentwintigste, en Iontes de Dertigste is het dertigste. 61. Iontes de Eenendertigste is het eenendertigste. 62. De

eerste tachel is Mikhelschlaft de Vierde. 63. De tweede is Mikhelschlaft de Vijfde. 64. De derde is Mikhelschlaft de Zesde. 65. De vierde is Iontes de Tweeendertigste. 66. De vijfde is Iontes de Drieendertigste. 67. De zesde is Iontes de Vierendertigste, en zij is als de oranje haaienhelm. 68. De eerste dumel is Iontes de Vijfendertigste, de tweede dumel is Iontes de Zessendertigste.

69. En dit zijn dan de waakrijken der tijgers : Harahum is het eerste, Grikslet de tweede, Nahulim de derde, Hapjasis de vierde, Habjatar de vijfde, Sontrau de zesde, Hapjasis de Tweede is de zevende. 70. De eerste tachel is Habjalén, de tweede Hurnir, de derde Hapsis, de vierde Vanjatir, de vijfde Vanjatis. 71. De eerste dumel is Mokochel, de tweede Janhout, de derde Varinhis, de vierde Franjouken, de vijfde Franjoukessen, de zesde Fanjoutmahis. 72. De zevende is Fanjoutmahis de Tweede. 73. De achtste Fanjoutmahis de Derde. 74. De negende is Fanjoutmahis de Vierde. 75. De tiende is Fanjoutmahis de Vijfde. 76. De elfde is Fanjoutmahis de Zesde. 77. De twaalfde is Fanjoutmahis de Zevende. 78. De dertiende is Fanjoutmahis de Achtste. 79. De veertiende is Fanjoutmahis de Negende, en de vijftiende is Fanjoutmahis de Tiende. 80. En zo dan hebben de tijgers vele dumels.

De Nieuwe Openbaring V

1.

Verdwenen en nu verborgen

1. Door dag en dauw, ik mis je, ik hoop je te zien, gauw. Groet je moeder van mij, ik mis haar ook, als ze een steek laat vallen, laat haar denken aan mij. 2. Door dag en dauw, wandel ik door de bossen hier, om steeds even rond te kijken, naar vogels met boodschappen van jou. 3. Ik durf geen afgelegen huisjes binnen te gaan, bang om teveel van jouw glimpen op te vangen, en dan weer te huilen als een kind, herinner je nog de tijden dat ik je heb bemint. 4. Ik voel mij nu als steen, 't is goed zo, dat ontken ik niet. Ik mis iets, ik weet alleen niet wat. Het heeft wel met jou te maken. 5. De vensters van de huizen hier, ze staren mij aan, ze zeggen niets. 6. Om de donder dat jij weet dat ik hier ben. Het is niet de laatste keer geweest. Ik weet dat je naar mij tuurt. 7. Ik weet dan niet waar je bent, maar ik voel je aanwezigheid. Het is een warmte die mij snijdt, ach, daar druipt weer bloed uit mijn vinger. 8. Heb ik je per ongeluk aangeraakt, of loop ik soms te dromen. Gek, 't is echt alsof je nog hier bent, maar je bent al jaren dood. 9. 'K zal het nooit vergeten die dag, jij en ik, in die boot. Ik las je daar gedichten voor, je verborg je gezicht achter de randen van je hoed. 'K kon zelfs je glimlach niet zien, en ineens viel je dan uit de boot. Een dier van de rivier had z'n kop vertoond. 10. Kun je me nog eens uitleggen, hoe het allemaal is gegaan. Je was ineens weg, ik zag zelfs geen bellen, verdwenen met het dier. 11. Waar ben je nu, ben je wel echt dood. Hoe kan het dat ik denk dat je nog hier bent. Of heeft God je opgenomen. 12. Hier moet dan ergens je moeder wonen, misschien ben je wel hier. 'T is zo diep in het bos, wel eng zeg. 13. Moeder, kan ik haar hier ergens vinden. Of weet je ook niet waar ze is. Ik mis haar, ik beminde haar. Ik mis haar, sinds die dag op de rivier. 14. Diep in het bos, daar gebeurde het, alsof het woud haar had genomen. 15. Moeder, kijk nou niet zo zuur, je maakt me bang, waar is ze terechtgekomen. 16. Je hebt nog kleding voor haar gemaakt. Komt ze dan nog steeds hier, toe vertel het me. 17. Die avond, 'k zal het nooit vergeten, toe, moeder vertel het me, waar is ze nu ? 18. Je hebt ook nog voor haar gekookt, een tweede bord staat op de tafel. 19. Of is dat bordje dan voor mij, en ook die kleding, ik weet het niet meer. 20. Toe, moeder, zeg wat, of heb je je verstand verloren. Of komt vader vanavond laat nog thuis. 21. Ik

weet het niet meer, wat is dit voor een zwaar kruis. 22. Moeder waarom bent u zo stil, denkt u ook nog zo vaak aan haar.

2.

Daar waar het altijd stil is

1. Als u een steek laat vallen, denk ook aan mij. Of komen ze mij soms ook halen. 2. Ach, misschien zie ik haar dan wel. Moeder u kijkt niet tevree. Ik hoef toch niet voor ze open te doen. U zult mij niet verliezen, dat beloof ik u moeder. Ik blijf wel hier. 3. Komt vader nou nog thuis vanavond, en wat doen al die kleren hier. Ik zie hier ook een bordje staan, of is dat voor mij, ik weet het niet meer. 4. Komen ze nou wel of niet, en krijgen we haar dan weer te zien. Of heeft vader haar soms meegenomen, en zien we haar wel terug in de zomer. 5. Moeder, de Karazuur, moeder, Metensia, hebben zij dit soms gedaan. Zijn zij hier soms geweest. Ik kan niet ademen, toe, zeg het me. 6. De vensters staren mij zo aan, ze zeggen niets, hier is het altijd stil, altijd stil is het hier. 7. Moeder, toe, zeg toch eens iets. Ik zal die dag nooit vergeten. Ach, laat me maar, ik leef toch al in een hel. Maak het maar niet erger. Laat de stilte maar alles verzachten. Ik hoop dat het zo niet erger wordt, of zullen ze komen om alles weer te verstoren. 8. De zon schijnt op de velden, het is Metensia, in haar wagen, zij bestuurt de roze verbinding tot ons heil. 9. Moeder, waarom zing je nou, en wat zijn al die tranen. Wie hebben je verlaten. Ik ben toch steeds nog hier, of heb je niks in de gaten. 10. Moeder, ben je soms doof of blind, moeder, je doet alsof ik er niet ben. Je staart naar Metensia, ben je alles dan vergeten. 11. Ze is van de roze verbinding, ik had het moeten weten. Zij leven dan langs alles heen, alsof alles anders is. 12. Moeder, neem mij op in de roze verbinding. Er is geen ander vuur om ons te veranderen. Misschien vinden we haar weer terug. Komt vader nog thuis vanavond, en de Karazuur. 13. Ze lopen buiten, als golven op het veld, golven van de zon. Ik durf niet meer te kijken. Het is alsof alles al is gebeurd, waar ben ik, of ben ik aan het dromen. 14. Neem mij mee, oh Karazuur, en verbindt mijn wonden, als die van mijn moeder.

3.

Metensia en de Karazuur

1. Moeder, die tranen zijn zo duur, kostbaarder dan goud, draaien ze mijn maag om. 2. Moeder, die lied'ren zijn zo zoet, als stille regen komen zij. Vader komt nog thuis vanavond, en de Karazuur. 3. Mijn lieve is er weer, met sieraden van de wind en de sneeuw, komt tot allen die haar beminne. 4. Liefde als een vuur, als de roze karazuur. Ik durf niet meer te kijken, vader komt vanavond nog thuis. Moeder staat voor 't venster. Zij staart me aan. 5. Kan ik nu alles vergeten, nu zij het licht heeft uitgedaan. 'T is bijna nacht, ik ga slapen, of is het al weer tijd om te ontwaken. 6. Metensia als de zon in schone velden. De Karazuur wacht stil, daar waar het altijd stil is. Vader komt gauw thuis, de regen valt al. 7. Ik hoor de deuren van de schuur. Nu zijn ze dicht, klaar voor de nacht. Metensia, zij staat op wacht. Haar dier heeft ons meegenomen. Ik heb het echt gezien. Of zijn dit gewoon vreemde dromen. Moeder, heb jij het ook gezien. Of is ze nog niet hier. Er staat een bord voor haar op tafel, en voor de Karazuur, het vlees van hen die haar haten. 8. God, wie lokken we nou. De bliksem slaat steeds in. Is het uw Geest of de nieuwe morgen, voedsel voor de Karazuur. 9. Gods engelen zijn daar, als landbouwers der hemelen. God wie lokken we nou. Welke planten schieten op uit de akker. 10. Ik laat dit huis maar eens weer los, mijn haren zijn wild, moeder, de krachtige beminning, de tempel in de honingraat. Wie staat op de loer. Wie lokt ons nu, in dit heilige uur. 11. Wie maakt woning in ons, en waar maken wij woning. 12. Of ben ik maar alleen, tussen de distels van het veld, zonder de kleur van een kroning, zonder huis, zonder woning, gegrepen door een dier.

13. Wie maakte mij, waarom ben ik hier. Waar kom ik vandaan, waar ga ik naartoe. 14. Ben ik wel wie ik denk ik ben, of ben ik iemand anders. De Karazuur komt naar mij toe, dan lopen dingen toch anders, en schijnen anders te zijn. 15. Kan ik mijn gedachten nog wel vertrouwen, ik leg ze stil in God.

4.

De Roze Verbinding na het kruis

1. Metensia, vriend van God, wat ik dan ook doe, het is mijn lot. Ik schilder uw paden, en de gevallen bladeren. De zon schijnt telkens ander licht. Ik grijp niet meer vast, ik laat alles maar los. 2. De momenten van een liefdesgedicht, van jou naar mij, is dit ons lot. 3. De melkselen die nu stromen, ons leidende naar al die vervlogen dromen. Weten we wel wat we missen. 'K zit zo vol haat en ik loop maar te gissen. 4. Wat ben ik kwijt, de melkselen brengen mij naar de diepe verborgen huizen van het bos. 5. Of wonen hier soms criminelen. De Karazuur met hun bevelen, daar waar alles altijd stil is. Wat drinken ze hier, er is hier zo'n gemis. 6. Ik wordt er bang van, van deze huisjes, een zwaar kruis is dit, in zo'n honger te sterven, zonder de momenten van een liefdesgedicht. 7. Dromen komen hier alleen bij vlagen. Wilde katten zijn hier, oh God wat doet dit zeer. De bliksem leidt mij tot hier altijd weer. 8. De blaad'ren vallen hier altijd van de bomen. God is het die de koningen hier kroont. 9. En Metensia die met de Karazuur hier troont, als de zon in een zacht veld. Moeder, als u weer een steek laat vallen, denk dan aan mij. In de Roze Verbinding, beleven wij, herkennen wij elkaar. Kennen wij elkaar. 10. Jij met je groene kap, je dochter met een rode. Kun jij ons dan verstaan hier, het huis, de deuren op een kier. De wind kan jou nu tonen, waarover ik zat te dromen. 11. Nee, jij hebt me nooit pijn gedaan. Jij hebt mij altijd de Karazuur gegeven, altijd een wachter in de nacht, tot viermaal toe. 12. Je hebt mij altijd naar Metensia gedreven. Jij met een groene kap, je dochter met een rode. 13. In de Roze Verbinding konden we elkaar verstaan, drinkende van de tepel van Metensia. De Karazuur liet de wijnen stromen, in 't heilige uur. 14. Je tranen zijn zo duur. Ze draaiden mijn hart en leden. 15. De raadselen des Heeren, door profeten gebracht, door hen met de kappen. Wij waren op dit uur bedacht, de werkers van de Karazuur, je glimlach is zo duur. Je ogen zo stijf dicht, door de zoetheid van dit liefdesgedicht. 16. Door de bliksem spreken wij.

5.

De Tranen van Metensia

1. En wanneer gij tot de Roze Verbinding zijt gekomen, dan zijn uw tranen tot sieraden, en gij zult door de tepelen des Heeren zien als door ramen. 2. Kent dan de zeven tranen van Metensia, want zij zijn als wachters over u aangesteld. 3. En zij komen van het sieraad en zullen wederkeren tot het sieraad. 4. En zij dan bergen de priesterlijke geslachten in zich. 5. En zij dan omgaven de Heere Christus toen Hij in de hof Getsemane was. 6. Gij bent dan genaderd tot de tempel van Metensia, waar de profetische altaren staan en die van de apostelen. 7. En zij dan die haar beminnen zullen gaan van voorhangsel tot voorhangsel, om haar tranen te aanschouwen. 8. En ziet zij zijn als de tranen van Rachel die weende te Rama omdat haar kinderen er niet meer waren. 9. En zo is dan de Geest Gods als een moeder, rouwende om haar kinderen. 10. En zij heeft troost gevonden bij Sarsia en bij grootmoederen. Ja, zij heeft gegeten van het bittere van Mura, en is gegaan tot de tuinen van Rietel. 11. En zij vond troost bij de mintstruik, de eucalyptus, de jasmijn en de vlier. 12. En zo zijn dan de tranen : Marcia, die als het brandende kruis is, omhuld door slangen, waar ook de Marcia-kruisjes vandaan kwamen, want zij leed om haar kind, terwijl haar handen gebonden waren.

Morgennia, die als de bloedende morgen is, en de struik des Heeren. 13. Ageeh, die als de traan der uilen is. Sonia, de bloeiende morgen. Vonja, de getrouwe zuster en het bloeiende maanrood, die een geschenk van Sarsia was. 14. Daphne, die het morgenlicht draagt en de bloem des Heeren is. 15. Melissa, die de aanvoerster van de slangen des hemels is.

6.

Het kunstwerk des Heeren

1. En de tranen van Metensia zullen de attentaten voortbrengen. 2. En ziet, haar tranen zullen uitgestort worden op de aarde, in de dagen der Karazuur, en dan zal er redding zijn in de vier wereldschepen. 3. En zij zullen komen tot Abdal, Maasdo en Kabbernal. Legt dan uw sieraden af, en komt tot de sieraden des Heeren. 4. Gij weet dan dat er geen ander sieraad bestaat dan in het sieren van anderen. 5. Siert dan hen die de tranen van Metensia dragen, als zuivere attentaten. Ziet dan, de kunst des Heeren is list en wijsheid. 6. Laat uw kennis dan niet oppervlakkig zijn, want zij zullen wederom getrokken worden tot het eerste dat ten verderve vaart. 7. Laat dan het lijden u niet overkomen als iets vreemds, want de Heere installeert Zijn knechten. 8. Door vele tranen zult gij ingaan, en zalig zij die vele tranen dragen, want zij zullen vele ingangen en uitgangen vinden. 9. Ziet dan de ark van Metensia besprenkeld met tranen is haar vruchtbaarheid. En door vulkanen zal zij een nieuwe aarde scheppen. 10. En zij heeft dan een ark van tranen, leidende tot onder het roze, zo ook de roze verbinding reikt tot onder het roze, en daar zult gij grote geheimenissen zien. 11. Gij zult dan de paradoxen van Metensia kennen, en haar twee-koppigen. Want zonder hen zou er dan geen vruchtbaarheid wezen. 12. En zo is dan ook de roze verbinding, die als de tepel van Metensia is, vol van haar paradoxen, waarmee zij de aardbodem zuivert, en het heeft de aanblik van een gebroken spiegel, als een brandend edelsteen. 13. En zo is dan de roze verbinding als de ark van tranen en haar schoot, en ook gij kunt opnieuw geboren worden. 14. En elk schepsel is dan geprogrammeerd en zal gericht zijn op het doel dat zijn schepper in hem heeft geweven. 15. Verdoo uw tijd dan niet met ellenlange discussies, maar laat de roze verbinding alles transformeren in eigen plaatsen. 16. Ziet alle dingen bij elkaar dan als het kunstwerk des Heeren, staande op de Emelis Shatau als een geheime boodschap des Heeren, wachtende op vertaald te worden en getransformeerd. 17. Zo is dan de Emelis Shatau niks zonder de Roze Verbinding.

7.

Marcia

1. Gij bent dan door de gordijnen van Metensia gekomen tot haar tranen. 2. Ja, gij bent dan afgezonderd, gij die haar bemint. 3. En zo zijn haar tranen dan als warme vliezen om herstel te brengen. 4. Leert dan de golven van Metensia kennen, want gij zult spoedig op zee zijn. 5. Leert dan de golven van vuur te berijden, en verdraait haar woorden niet, opdat gij niet valle. 6. De Metensia zal dan als een vechtster zijn tegen hen die haar woorden verdraaien, maar in de Roze Verbinding zullen zij naar hun plaats gebracht worden. 7. Voor alles is er dan een plaats. En de heere weet waar elk ding vandaan komt en waar het naartoe gaat. Er zijn dan geen wegen, dan in de Roze Verbinding. 8. En zij is als de vruchtbaarheid en de vulkanen van Metensia. Ziet, gij staat dan op heilige grond. 9. Want alle dingen in de Heere zijn heilig, en worden geheiligd door Hem, om gebruikt te worden. 10. Wijkt dan af van de dingen die ten verderve gaan, want zij zijn door de Heere daartoe geschapen. Maar hangt aan die dingen die eeuwig zullen zijn in de Roze Verbinding. 11. En zo hebt gij dan een verlichte bron in Marcia, want zij zal met het probleem ook voor de oplossing zorgen. Allen dan die kinderen verloren hebben in de Heere en om de Zijntentwille, zij

zullen hun kinderen terugvinden op de daartoe bestemde dag en het daartoe bestemde uur. 12. Brengt dan al uw tranen tot Marcia, want zij kan met u meevoelen, en zal u troost geven. 13. En Marcia is dan de brandende traan van Metensia om vele werken te heiligen, en zij zal hen die hun kinderen verloren hebben een nieuw lied geven, en hen leiden tot plaatsen van diepe geheimenissen en troost. 14. En gij zult zwemmen in de Marcia-traan, als in een meer van tijgertranen, en gij zult honger hebben en veel eten. 15. En door de tranen van Metensia zult gij komen tot haar gebrul. 16. En gij zult haar schreeuw omhullen, en haar troosten in haar gegil. En zij zal wakker worden, als de traan der mussen, als gewekt worden door Rumah.

8.

dat wat ze verboden

1. De muren van de konijn zijn warm, zijn brood is altijd warmer. Het woord van het konijn is zoet, zijn stilte altijd zoeter. Je ziet hun huizen en hun tuinen. Je ziet hun heggen en dat wat zij verboden. 2. De muren van de konijn zijn warm, hun wijnen altijd warmer. Hun reukwateren beter dan goud, hun stilte altijd zoeter dan de dag ervoor. 3. Zou je mij beschuldigen als ik niet binnen zou gaan. Zou je mij beschuldigen als ik dichtbij dat wat ze verboden zou komen. 4. Deze fles brengt me altijd dichtbij.

geest in de fles

5. Achter het plastic is een gezicht, achter het speelgoed een beest, achter het niks een hart dat spreekt. 6. Zonder woorden, zonder enige hoop. Kom met mij mee, maar raak me niet aan. Ik heb een wond die je niet kan bereiken. Ik ben als een geest in een fles.

de koning

7. Als de lente in brand, offert zij de dagen van de poort. Ze gaf een verhaal van liefde, zodat bestemming kon worden gevonden. Zie je hun huizen ? Het is al achter glas. 8. Zie je hoe zij elkaar liefhebben, in zoetheid en mysterie. Zij leven in een vreemde ruimte, al achter glas. 9. Zou je bij hen willen horen, zou je op hun straten willen wandelen, zou je voor hen buigen, of zou je hun koning willen worden ? 10. Ik ben de koning van konijnen, ver weg van je vandaan, ver weg van alles. Ik ben de konijnenkoning, je kunt me niet vasthouden, want ik houdt jou vast. 11. Alles is in mijn handen, mijn winden blazen. Ik ben de konijnenkoning, maar zo dichtbij, zo dichtbij alles. Je kunt me niet vasthouden, want ik houd jou vast. 12. Alles is in mijn handen, mijn winden blazen. Houd me nu vast, laat je winden blazen. 13. Ben jij de koning van de konijnen, dichtbij alles, maar zo ver weg ? Houd je mij vast zoals ik jou vasthoudt ? 14. Alles in je hand, alsjeblieft, laat het me begrijpen, wat het is tussen jou en mij.

Gedenk mij

15. Alsjeblieft, konijnenprins, vergeet me niet. Herinner me, wanneer je bidt, herinner me, wanneer je eet, wanneer je drinkt van je stomende wijnen, wanneer je langs de straten loopt. Herinner me, dit is de laatste keer dat ik zal spreken.

IJdel in pijn

16. Ik ben de koning van pijn. Mijn stem is als de traan van mysterie. Zo ijdel ben ik. Ik kijk neer op rijke bedelaars, en ik kijk neer op hen die plezier maken. 17. Zij winnen om alles te verliezen. Het is een groot groot carnaval. Het weer van de roos in me, alles verscheurende terwijl het valt, want terwijl het stond was het niet eerlijk. 18. Het zijn seizoenen van de konijnenwijn, het duurt vele

dagen voordat het de hemelen bereikt. 19. Ik ben de koning van de herfst, verspreidende zoveel begeertes, maar wie hen wint, zal ze allen verliezen. 20. Ik geef hen aan hen ijdel in pijn. Je kunt nooit winnen van een konijnenbedelaar, smekende voor wat meer pijn, smekende voor een beetje meer tranen om het carnaval in ijdelheid te bekijken.

Konijn achter glas

21. Als een moordenaar komt het, en straks zal het terugzijn, om mijn deuren open te breken. Zal ik ooit losbreken uit deze vreemde fles. 22. Geen konijn die me helpt. Ik ben helemaal alleen in deze put van schaamte. 23. Ik probeerde je hand vast te houden, maar je liet me alleen, en nu zit je op je troon, om om me te lachen. 24. Je ziet het als een moordenaar komen en gaan. Het verwoest de seizoenen tussen jou en mij, en het weer. 25. Ik kan niet ontsnappen uit je wraak. Het is altijd winter in dit glas. 26. Het sneeuwt in deze dagen. Je bent een konijn achter glas. 26. Het is als het moorden van je moeder, en je hebt me nooit verteld hoe je heette, maar je schijnt hier god te zijn. 27. Wat kan ik doen als je me pijn doet. Je zit op je troon en lacht. 28. Alleen wanneer de wind blaast is het zomer. Dan is het alsof je rozen sterven, maar ze zijn terug aan het einde van de dag. 29. De fles is nauw, wanneer het niet meer waait. Ik wens niet meer in dit konijnenleger te zijn. 30. Alsjeblieft, laat me vrij.

Bevroren kleine jongen

31. Wees trots en ijdel met je schaamte. Het is alles wat ik heb, deze bevroren kleine jongen. Aanvaard je lusten en je schaamtes. 32. Op het altaar is het als het schoonmalen van een dag van miljoenen jaren geleden. Ik ben blij dat je weet hoe je dit spel moet spelen. 33. Een kat zonder vleugels en ruimte, verkoos de liefde, en is nu een vliegtuig, in zoete ijdelheid. Een kat zonder vleugels en ruimte, draaide om, en is nu een vliegtuig. 34. Zoveel schaamtes in deze wereld. Hij gaat voort, deze bevroren kleine jongen. Hij verandert zonder te bewegen.

De Nieuwe Openbaring VI

1.

1. U staart diep. U heeft mij net nog aangekeken. Als het spotkleed des kruises hing u over mij, met een speer in mijn zij. 2. Kind, Ik heb het afgelegd, en aan jouw gegeven, die erfenis van het verleden. 3. Het heeft mij tot zaligheid gedreven, jij moet er ook doorheen, het is maar voor even. 4. U staart diep, zo fragmentarisch. Zoveel woorden van elkaar gebroken. Ik weet niet waar zij mij leiden. Ik kan het niet verstaan. 5. Moeder, bent u dan eindelijk gekomen, uw kind heeft zolang op de uitkijk gestaan. Ze zeiden mij, niet in u te geloven. Alleen vader was er nog. 6. Moeder, ze hebben mij alles afgenomen. Zelfs mijn dromen, zij zien me niet meer staan. Ik heb mezelf zo vaak verminkt. Ik kan het niet meer aan. 7. Het bloedt als u mij borduurt. Als een spin steekt u, wat heb ik dan gedaan ? Ik ben zo blij dat u er bent. Maar waarom haalt u mijn wonden dan niet weg. 8. Bent u dan de duif des kruises, een vogel van het leed, om ons een boodschap te verkondigen. 9. Zoveel wazen voor mijn ogen. Als 't vallen in een diepe put. Uw webben hebben mij opgevangen. 10. Ik ben verstrikt in uw liefde. Geen weg eruit, ik zal hier moeten blijven. Ik weet niet alles, maar ik ken het leven. Alles is maar voor even. 11. Stil zal u betekenissen veranderen, en de gezichten der mensen.

12. Rozendoorn, als een koor mij omhult. Rozendoorn, als het raam der liefde. Geen vijanden meer, alles is de naald van de Heer. 13. Oh ja, het steekt me diep, maar U bent het die mij riep. 14.

Rozendoorn, als een echo uit de nacht, makende al het harde zacht, zoveel draden van liefde geweven door mijn wonden, totdat alles tot onder het roze zakt.

15. Ik weet niet hoe ik het moet afleggen. Het steekt zo diep, en trekt mij steeds weg. Het kleeft, het is de lijm des Heeren, en alles doordringt mijn ziel en bed. 16. Ik voel mij zo zwak, ik kan niet staan. Ik beef en alles draait om me heen. Heeft de Heere mij tot zich genomen, of ben ik heel vreemd aan het dromen. 17. Ik voel mij ziek, de dood nabij. Ik voel me als een boom in donk're straten. Geloof mij, als iemand mij hier zou zien, dan zouden ze dwars door me heen kijken. Het schuim der wet heeft me doorzichtig gemaakt. 18. Ik ben al weg, mijn schaduw is nog hier.

19. Rozendoorn, ik kan alleen maar huilen, en verder begrijp ik niets. 20. Alle kleuren zijn nu weg. Alles zwart en wit, en grijs het is een wonder. De muizenkoning heeft mij meegenomen.

21. Buiten schijnen sterren, staan in de lucht als aan de muur. Ik heb de moed verloren om nog terug te gaan. De muizen des hemels voeren mij nu weg, de ratten des hemels kijken, en staren als de rozendoorn. 22. Als het spotkleed des kruises hingen zij over mij, met een speer in mijn zij. Aan mij gegeven, de erfenis van het verleden, achter webben verborgen. Ik weet niet waar ze mij leiden, ik kan het niet verstaan. 23. Ik zit in hun vurige karren, de muizen zijn mij voorgegaan. Het is allemaal al doorleefd, alles is al opgetekend. De regenboog die staart naar mij, de zoete honing komt binnen bij mij, het wonder des kruises is gekomen.

24. Als het lichtend schuim der rozen, werd ik meegenomen. Ik moest wonen op een brug waar twee legers elkaar bevochten, totdat het vuur der rozen steeg, en de zoete honing en de zwijm begon te stromen. Als liederen versmolten, een zacht, maar dood konijn. 25. Ik kon haar niet bereiken, zoveel trauma's kende zij. Zij kon niet meer spreken, zij kon mij niet vertrouwen. Zij kon alleen maar steken, als een roos in een diepe wei. 26. Als een soldaat van Spricht was zij, mij leidende tot de zwijm der twijfel. Op mijn benen kon ik niet meer staan.

27. Rozendoorn, geef mij uw stem. Rozendoorn, geef mij uw oog. Ik kan niets meer zien, ik kan ook niet meer denken, alles is doorstoken, door de doornenstruik. 28. Rozendoorn, heb genade in uw liefde, ik brandt helemaal weg, geen tijd meer om iets te doen, alles smal van binnen. 29. Ik kan me niet bewegen. Ben verstrikt in uw twijfel, onzekerheid bevroor mij. Ben nu een boom in uw stad, een bloem in uw weide. 30. Na een harde nacht, makende alles zacht, zoveel draden van liefde en zachtmoed, geweven door mijn wonden, totdat alles onder het roze zakt.

2.

1. Blauwe ogen, rode lippen, gemaakt om koningen paraat te maken. 2. En morgen, dan ben jij, mijn prinses, ten goeder trouw ben jij, ik heb mijn mantel afgelegd. 3. Ik vertrouw je tot hier, maar de deur is nog steeds op een kier. 4. Zou ik hem wijd openen, dan zou je mij overstromen. 5. Ik zou verdrinken in jouw liefde. Ik heb mijn mantel afgelegd. Mijn hoed stijf over mijn oren. Ik durf jouw lieve tedere stem nog niet te horen. 6. Fluister dan, het is goed, de dingen die je met me doet. Je bent onschuldig, je hart vol van regen. 7. Rozenrood, in zachte aarde, dromen van vervlogen jaren. Blauwe ogen, rode lippen, gemaakt om koningen paraat te maken. 8. En morgen ben jij dan mijn prinses, ten goeder trouw ben jij, ik heb mijn mantel afgelegd. 9. Geest van God, van and're tijden, opgepot, ik kan er wel om schreien. 10. Rustig is jouw stem. Je weet nog niet alles, je moet nog wennen. Zolang in slaap geweest, ze hebben je vlammen uitgedoofd, maar weet wel, dat ik met jou leef, mijn prinses, tot de komende morgen. 11. Ze zullen ons verjagen, we zullen vluchten tot de wildernis. Altijd zul je mijn prinses blijven. 12. Geest van God, dan wakker geworden, maar altijd op de vlucht. Tot bomen zullen wij preken, tot dieren zullen wij brengen, onze vrucht.

3.

1. Open je ogen, liefste, wordt wakker, de tijd is daar. 'k Heb met zware pennen moeten schrijven. Nu druipen zij van reukwaat'ren. 2. Open je ogen liefste, wordt wakker, tijd is rijp, 'k heb met zware pennen moeten schrijven, nu branden de vruchten dan in hun. Vreemde totempalen in mijn hand, met al die bakkermans gezichten. 3. De oude bakker woont nog steeds daar bij de gracht. Toe, snel, wordt wakker, daar onder die brug. We moeten nu snel vertrekken, anders zullen ze ons brengen achter de ramen. 4. Ze zullen ons brengen achter de ramen, als konijnen achter glas, als konijnen in hun kooien, als waat'ren in hun flessen. Open je ogen, liefste, de pennen zijn weer zwaar. Ik moet het je echt vertellen, ik glijd weer weg, maar je kent de snaar. 5. Ik zal weer over je dromen, als zij toe zullen slaan, ik voel je hand, jij voelt de mijne, toe, vertel het maar, ik moet nu gaan. Open je ogen, liefste, ik ben de feeenprins, ik ben een feeenwoning, in flessen sta ik. Je hoeft me niet te zeggen, dat wat je voelt voor mij. 6. Staak je liefde, wordt weer koud, om de hoek staan zij. Zij zullen ons ondervragen. Achter glas gaan wij, voor de laatste keer, want morgen, vertel ik je weer : Verweg is altijd dichtbij. 7. Stilte spreekt, het ijs gaat snel branden, sterker dan het vuur, sterker dan het komende uur. Toekomst is allang geweest, dromen zijn vervlogen. Zij die 't allemaal wel geloven, doven snel weer uit, als een kandelaar in honderd winden, komen zij tot hoge flessen, komen zij in eigen kooien, voor eeuwig slapen zullen zij. 8. We moeten hen verzaad'gen, ze hebben honger en daarom storen zij. In Gods Radio gaat het niet goed, het stoort, het is alles wat het doet. 9. Er is een geest in de machine, misschien krijgen wij het eruit, als wij hem ook vertellen dat verweg is altijd dichtbij, dat stilte spreekt, het ijs gaat branden, sterker dan het vuur, sterker dan het komend uur, toekomst is allang geweest, maar de herinnering is te sterk, alsof het van voren komt. 10. Opgesloten zijn wij, in een verstand steeds terugkerende naar het oude, naar oude paden. Ik herinner niets meer, ik heb alleen zulke zware pijnen, in mijn ruggengraat daalt het af, als de zonnedraad, nu is het af. Ik zal maar direct met de deur het huis binnen vallen. 11. Ik ga bij je weg, want weg zijn is zo dichtbij. Kun je me nu geloven, dat komen en gaan niet bestaat. Het komen van God is weggaan, en zijn weggaan is komen. Sinds dat je weggegaan bent, ben je dieper in mijn hart, oh, konijnenkoningin, je hebt het me zo vaak gezegd. 12. Ik ben alles weer vergeten. Mijn lichaam doet zo'n pijn, alles is als de zonnedraad in mijn ruggengraat, als een flits in mijn stuitje, om die diepe deuren van Materos te openen, met de sleutelen van Spricht. 13. Ik ben een elvenkoning, ik ben de elvenlucht. Ik maak nu in dit boek een woning.

14. Open je ogen, liefste, Spricht heeft gesproken, onder de lenteboom, daar was een kroning, sprekende honderd talen, honderdvoudig om zilver te zuiveren. 15. Ik heb mijn benen uitgestrekt, en maakte woning. 'k ben de kroon van God, geweven door een doornenkroon. Open je ogen liefste.

4.

1. Dieper dan de bergen van de oceaan, dieper dan de dauwdruppels van zeewoningen, heb ik haar stem verstaan, met haar chocoladekoning, ben ik door de bergen gegaan. Diep in een zeekist vond ik haar, waar spiegels mij aanstaarden, een mintstruik onderwater. Dieper dan de oceanen, dieper dan de zee, dragen zij de kostumen van vervlogen jaren. Chocoladekoning, mintstruik onderwater, tot de dauwdruppels ben ik gekomen, om op de uitkijk te staan. Dieper dan de sneeuw van goud, dieper dan de bergen van de oceaan, waar vervlogen jaren nog steeds dansen, om op de uitkijk te staan, verbergende hun Jorinde, verbergende hun namen. Diep in een zeekist vond ik haar, een mintstruik onderwater. Vervlogen jaren namen mij mee, naar een huisje van een oude fee, zeer griezelig was het binnenin, waar alles gebeurde wat ik niet kon verzinnen. Jorinde was haar naam, een oude mintstruik onderwater, waar dauwdruppels paraat staan, om koningen paraat te maken.

Een wonderlijke vrouw was zij, met zeven vogelspinners, zij vochten tegen mij. Dieper dan de zeeën, dieper dan de blauwe maan, het voert mij tot de zwanenprinses, een ochtendbestaan. Vervlogen jaren nemen mij mee, naar het huisje van een oude fee, zeer griezelig binnenin, waar alles gebeurde wat ik niet kon verzinnen, aan de andere kant van de spiegel, waar zij allen eten witte chocolade. Dieper dan de bergen van de oceaan, dieper dan de dauwdruppels van zeewoningen, vond ik de oude zwaan, met zeven vogelspinners, gaf ze mij vrij baan. Ik staarde in het paleis, waar de blikken in spiegels mij bevroren, ik kan nergens meer naartoe, ik kan mij niet bewegen. Zij steekt mij als de witte dame van het schaakspel, als een mintstruik onderwater. Nu ben ik dan in distelzee, de rozen steken mij, de rozen steken mij, totdat ik ontwaak in tederheid, tot het zachte ben ik gedaald, tot onder het roze, waar grijze rozen met spiegelend roze mij betoveren. Ik ga nooit meer terug, maar een diepe koorts overvalt mij, als een zwarte brandende deken, waar de ogen van mussen mij hebben bekeken, in hun boeken schilderden zij mij, en onder het gele een piratenkapitein. Liefste, kun je mijn hand raken, er is prikkeldraad tussen jou en mij, ik hoor je gillen, wij zullen alles krijgen, als we onder het bruine zijn gezakt.

5.

1. De hitte heeft zijn steek verloren, tot onder het bruine zijn wij gedaald, waar het ijs is gaan branden. De vlam heeft zojuist mijn hoofd gestreeld, ik voel mij zo blind in dit land. Komt het door de bomen, komt het door de koel brandende meren, komt het door de schaakfiguren, levend geworden in de lucht, als schilderijen op een wapen. Zij kunnen niet praten, zij bewegen snel, maar soms bewegen zij niet. De hitte heeft zijn steek verloren, de kou heeft toegeslagen, hoge koorts onder een blauwe deken, voerde mij aan de draken. Plotseling, mijn kind heb jij dat ook gezien, al die bliksemflitsen. Zij komen ons weer halen, totdat wij onder het bruine zijn gedaald. Wij vallen in 't verdriet, totdat wij ook de mussen hebben gezien, hoog op hun schilderijen, waar hun wagens rijden, en andere wagens die wij niet kennen. Door Acha zijn zij binnengegaan, als een bevroren vlam, een kostbaar gouden spiegel, onder goud en zilver zijn wij beland.

2. Ik kan mij niet bewegen, en jij kan het ook niet. Ik zie je neus beschilderd, een pop was jij, oh wat een verdriet. Hef je hoofd omhoog, dan kun je mij ook zien. De mussen zullen ons opnieuw beschilderen, zij zullen ons opnieuw bewaap'nen, oh vreemdelingen voer ons mee, en geef ons aan de slaven, opdat zij ook vrij zullen zijn. Ik kan mij nog steeds niet bewegen, en ik zie je zelfs niet meer, zij hebben mij geblinddoekt, bestreelden mij met een veer. Wat is er van mij geworden, na al die jaren van verdriet. Ik durf niet eens meer aan mezelf te denken, te bang dat ik mezelf zal verlaten. Geef en neem, een oud gezegde, maar begrijpen doe ik het niet. Zijn wij dan allen slaven, ik wil niet leven in dit verdriet. Geef en neem, een oud gezegde, maar voor wie werken wij, worden wij van elkaar losgetrokken, zijn wij dan voor eeuwig vrij? Ik kan mij niet bewegen, nog steeds geblinddoekt, en nu hoor ik ook niets meer, nog steeds die veer voelen gloeien, tot een plek waar ik de hoge koorts voel stromen, totdat ik weer onder het bruine ben gedaald.

6.

1. De weg onder Frankrijk, een wilde weg, van armoe tot het oer, zakken wij tot onder het bruine, telkens weer, waar bruine spiegels praten. Kun jij je nog bewegen, ik kan het niet meer. Ben ik dan nu een boom, ben ik dan nu een plant, de witte dame heeft mij gestoken, en er is overal brand, tot onder het bruine zullen wij komen, waar rozenschuim op ons wacht. Scherpe vogels, scherpe dromen, kennen onze naam, totdat wij onder het bruine zijn gegaan, door de staf van een vierde dood geslagen. Kom dan naar beneden, waar de Franse wijnen staan, waar de tranenflessen spreken,

waar de ochtend is vergaan, verdronken in een nieuwe nacht, waar iemand onder het bruine wacht. Scherpe vogels, scherpe dromen, kennen alle namen, totdat het onder het bruine is gezakt, tot de vervlogen jaren. Ik kan mij niet bewegen, de veer vertelt mij waar ik heen moet gaan. De mussen wachten op het dak, waar schilderijen branden in de nacht, vreemde schilderijen tussen jou en mij, en bakkerman's gezichten sluiten de rij. Waar de veer viel, in een lege ruimte, in een bodemloze put, daar ben ik ingesprongen, ik zag haar hoogste lied, al die brandende ramen, vreemde ramen, met bakkerman's gezichten tussen jou en mij. Waar de veer viel, in een diepe ruimte, in een bodemloze put, waar ik haar hoorde fluiten, ze ging naar haar vogel terug. Ik dook haar achterna, ik sprong op tijd, en vond genaa. Ik heb haar alles uitgelegd, zij toonde mij een nieuwe weg, een weg die zij altijd hadden afgestaan, om hen door de staf geslagen te warmen. Ik toonde haar mijn wonden, zij liet een traan. Ver weg onder Frankrijk liet zij mij gaan. Lompen hebben mij geleid tot het oer, van veer tot veer werd ik geleid, door dalen van dauwtranen gaf ze mij gelijk. 't Was tijd om binnen te gaan, in 't hoge veld waar schilderijen branden, zij roepen onze naam. Wij worden hier beschilderd in een brandende nacht, in boeken zullen wij veilig wonen.

Het Eeuwig Evangelie

De Rode Steen

1. De Openbaring van de Rode Steen Deel I-V
2. Savaninen

De Openbaring van de Rode Steen

1.

Psalm over het Huis van Steen

1. God, U kent de huizen van mijn zeeën, U weet dat alle dingen zo ver van mij staan. Alles glijdt steeds door mijn vingers, zoveel schepen zijn vergaan. De deur van mijn hart kan ik nooit vinden. Ik kan alleen staren, maar ik zie steeds dezelfde dingen. Ze zijn zo ver weg. Kan ik mijn leven zo wel leiden ? Ik glijd steeds weg, en ben zo blind. Ontmoet mij in het huis van steen, en plaats mijn hoofd in de rotsen. 2. God, U kent de wateren van mijn hart. Ik zink steeds te diep om iets zinnigs te zeggen. Ik kan mijn leven niet meer vinden. 'K ben op een dwaaltocht zonder iets te vinden, een dwaallicht in een huis zonder deuren. 'T is alsof ik al tijden de weg niet meer kan vinden, alsof paden zijn dichtgegroeid. Kan ik mijn leven zo wel leiden ? Ik leef in diepe putten en kan nergens heen. Ontmoet mij in het huis van steen, en plaats mijn hoofd in de rotsen. 3. God, u kent de diepten van mijn buik, daar waar nog steeds de beesten leven. Ik word gegeten dag en nacht, totdat een nachtspeeler mij vindt. Zelfs vrienden eten mij. Ik ga van hulp tot hulp, maar ik zak steeds dieper. Ze hebben het op mijn leven gemunt. Zij zijn de wachters van de dood, sprekende zoete woorden om mij in hun webben te verstrikken. Kan ik mijn leven zo wel leiden ? Ik durf geen hand meer aan te pakken, want alle wegen leiden hier naar de dood. Ontmoet mij in het huis van steen, en plaats mijn hoofd in de rotsen. 4. 'K heb vaak gedroomd over betere tijden, over sleutelen tot de hemelpoort. Ik

heb vaak uw nachtspelers zien zitten, met hun liederen ongehoord. Ik droom van tijden over lijdensbergen heen, ik ben zo moe om hier te zitten. Ik kan alleen drinken van het dodenrijk, totdat een nachtspeler mij meeneemt naar een dans buiten dit bestaan. Een trage dans, waar alles traag beweegt, waar ik de gouden stappen zie. Kan ik mijn leven zo wel leiden ? Is dit mijn bestemming in dit huis van steen, waar mijn hoofd draait in de rotsen, oh God, waar moet ik heen. 5. Ik ontmoette U in het huis van steen, met stenen altaren, en met arken van steen. Ik danste in de rotsen, met trage passen. In Elip bracht U mij, daar waar de nachtspelers op harpen staan. Zij drinken van koninklijk goud, en hebben buiken van steen. In Elip bracht U mij, in het huis van steen. De nachtspelers staan op harpen, als de haaïen des hemels. U gaf mij voedsel van hoge waarde, en nu is mijn hoofd in de rotsen, starende naar de geheimen van de zee. Kan ik mijn leven zo wel leiden ? Ik kan nergens anders heen. Oh God, U bond mij met Koorden van Liefde, U plaatste mijn voeten in het huis van steen.

2.

Psalm over Metensia

1. Metensia, zoete geur, groot geheim. U bracht mij naar het huis van zwijm, waar Uw rozenkoeken bloeien, waar de grote lelies staan. U bracht mij naar het Paradijs, in Uw Wil wil ik gaan. Oh Metensia, zoete geur, zachte Liefde, ogenkleur, als uw flessen van bosgeur zich openen, dan dansen herten in het rond. Bij Uw geheim wil ik zijn. 2. Metensia, zoete droom, zoete morgen, waar ik naar verlang. U doet mijn gordijnen open, en de geluiden der vogels lokken mij steeds weer, tot zachte dromen. Metensia, oh zacht geluk, U bracht mij Uw harp en harlekijn. Uw nachtspelers zij zijn er weer, om mij mee te nemen tot Uw Eer. Zij brengen mij tot pril geluk, in Lentedagen zie ik U, Uw harpen staan waar wonden waren. 3. Diepe wonden bracht U mij, als door een vriend geslagen. U liet Uw tranen zien, U tuchtigde mij reeds vroeg. U bracht mij rozenkoeken in de winter, Uw paarden vonden mij in de nacht, oh Geest van God, oh Metensia der Liefde. Uw harpen staan waar wonden waren, nu speel ik voor uw troon, oh God. U maakte de schelle tonen in mijn ziel, tot bellen van Uw Geest. 4. Toen zware stemmen mij verschrikten, U was daar met zachte bazuin. Toen harde stemmen mijn schepen lieten zinken, uw vissen des hemels waren daar, om liederen te verdrijven, U bracht mij tot het Huis van Stilte. Metensia, Uw gouden koorden brachten mij daar. Metensia, groot geheim, nachtlating, hoop in gouden Liefde, om met U te zijn, is als baden in de gouden nachtfontein. 5. Uw Glorie zoekt mij steeds weer op, Uw woorden drijven mij naar diepe stilte. U fluistert zacht, totdat ik baad in rozenacht. Met dromen in Uw Linkerhand, U komt tot mij, U neemt mijn hand. Uw Glorie leidt mij, en draagt mij over woeste zeeën. Met U te zijn, is beter dan met een mens. Uw Huis van Stilte ademt in mij, en diepe rozenpilaren brengen een boodschapper tot mij. Waarom ben ik nog steeds zo jong. Ik verlang ernaar Uw Wijsheid te dragen. 6. U tuchtigt mij met Kennis, U doorstak mijn paarden met pijlen der Liefde, om hen om mijn hals te hangen, het reënjong in Uw geheim. U bracht mij paarden der Liefde, op een stenen altaar doorboort. U hing ze door mijn haren en verzegelde mijn voorhoofd. U sprak tot mij in nachtlating, en liet mij dalen in de putten der nachten, door uw zoete rozenkoeken.

3.

Psalm over Eminijs Matas

1. Vaak heb ik er over nagedacht, Uw Liefde die mij opwacht in de nacht. Ik kan niet slapen en niet eten. Ik ben een slaaf van dit leven, maar U heeft mij verlost van dit boze geslacht. 2. U schrijft brieven over koningen, over kronen onbereikt. U brengt Heil tot hen die beven, en maakt hen tot

Uw boodschappers. 3. U heeft Uw wateren gezonden, en Uw winden leiden mij. 4. Koningen staan mij naar het leven. Ik wil Uw psalmen schrijven, en uw nachtspeler zijn. 5. Vaak heb ik er over nagedacht, Uw Liefde die mij altijd opwacht. Geen stap kan ik verzetten, en ademen kan ik niet. Ik ben een slaaf van dit leven, maar U heeft mij verlost van dit boze geslacht. 6. U heeft mijn hart geslagen, oh Eminius, oh Matas. Nog steeds voel ik de striemen van Uw Liefde. Het heeft mij genezing gebracht. 7. Vaak heb ik erover nagedacht, over Uw koele Liefde die mij steeds weer leidt. Ik voel mij koud en bitter. Ik ben een slaaf van dit leven, maar U heeft mij verlost van dit boze geslacht. 8. Veel dingen begrijp ik niet. Ik ben jong, en wat is een mens ? 9. Maar ik heb de haai bereden, tot aan de hemelpoort. 10. Ik heb gedanst op Uw altaar, en mijn schoeisel verbrand. Wat is het dat u naar de mens omziet ? 11. Ja, ook de Geest is mens geworden.

4.

Psalm van de nachtspeler

1. Van jongs af aan heb ik gestreden. Nu ben ik rijp het zwaard te smeden. 2. Veel bloemen heb ik zien sterven. Veel bomen heb ik zien wegzinken. 3. De pijlen op mijn boog zijn scherp, terwijl er liederen branden op mijn tong, komend van een stil huis. 4. Tijdenlang heb ik gezwegen, en Eeuw'ge woorden aan elkaar geregen. Beroofd van verstand was ik zo lang, ik moest het doen met hartepijn. 5. God rijst op en zalf uw dienstknecht, want vruchten zwellen om hun wijnen te laten vloeien. 6. Van jongs af aan heb ik gestreden. Nu ben ik rijp het zwaard te smeden. Ik voel de tuchtiging zo lang, het vuur van de smid, en het ijs om wijn te smeden. 7. Nu ben ik dan een kaart in het hart, een nachtspeler op een harp met pijlen. 8. Ik ben rijp mijn leven af te leggen, om het stilzwijgen te verbreken. 9. En dan zal ik vertrekken naar het huis van stilte, om voor eeuwig stil te zijn.

5.

Psalm over de Geesten Gods

1. Oh Kabbernal, Geest van het Altaar, als brullende wijn sust U mijn pijn. U doorsteekt mijn wonden tot verdoving. Mijn haren staan in vlam. 2. Eminius, oh koude wijn, laat ons tezamen zijn, en baden in de koele melk van rozen, met rozenkoeken en maneschijn. 3. Straal Uw Licht in mijn verstand, en breek de ketenen van mijn geweten, waar vissen van mij hebben gegeten. 4. U ziet de stalen ketenen van mijn buik en hart, bedekt onder vlees. Oh, breek hen met uw gouden tand, en brandmerk mij met Uw Liefde. 5. Uw hitte heeft mij overrompeld, Uw kracht heeft mij de bergen doen verstaan. Matas, bedek mijn wonden met Uw Vlees, en laat mij niet bloot staan voor mijn vijanden. 6. Bedek mijn hoofd met Uw gouden gordel. U bent het Heilige Tempelbad. Laat Liefde mij leiden, en laat Hoop mij Uw Woord doen verstaan. 7. Bescherm me des daags tegen de stekende vlieg. Leidt me tot Metensia, de Kandelaar op de Troon. 8. Een stralenkrans komt van haar kroon, en duizend duizelingen brengen mij tot aan haar wateren. 9. Zij heeft mij geslagen met gouden wonden, nu breken dan haar stemmen door. 10. Op gebroken voeten kan ik tot haar naderen. 11. Zij sloeg mij en haar litteken zal voor Eeuwig spreken. 12. Ja, zelfs mijn botten brak zij. Nu ben ik als een boom des velds. 13. Zwaar tuchtigt de Heere hen die Hij liefheeft.

6.

Metensia, bloem van God

1. Metensia, geheim van God, alleen als vissen kunnen wij tot U naderen, oh Heilig Vuur, in het duisterste van de nacht. 2. Gij hebt de zonnen onder uw voeten, en de manen zijn u tot een bank. 3.

De paarlen om Uw voeten branden, en gij hebt vissen aan Uw lijn. 4. Gij leidt hen tot de wateren en het huis van Marion, waar zij eten van het zoete brood, en drinken van de zoete wijn. 5. Ja, pijlen van dronkenschap zullen hen doorboren, en hun vruchten zullen rijp zijn, om liederen te brengen tot het allerheiligste van God. 6. Ja, de voorhangsels van tempels zullen scheuren, wanneer zij hun wonden tonen, komende om te verzoenen, het altaar en de wijn. 7. Metensia, zoet geheim, gij brengt soldaten tot de zwijm. Gij bekleedde uw ridders in de nacht, en verbond hen in hun wonden tot God. 8. Uw koorden nog steeds zo'n zoet geheim. Op de altaren rijzen zij als pilaren, tot U, Metensia, de bloem van God.

7.

Psalm over de Tranen van Metensia

1. Dragende de vliezen van een nieuw hart, zij kwamen daar met grote smart. 2. De Heer schonk u mantelen van sneeuw, en veranderde u in heilig zaad, als kruid op Metensia's altaar. 3. De Heer heeft u uw bloed doen behouden, uw wonden werden stromend ijs. In vulkanen komen zij samen, om geheimenissen te verstaan. 4. De Heere lokte u met gouden koorden. In 't zoete spel verloor u uw angel. 5. Ja, met de fluit des Geestes gaf hij u drakenbloed, om Zijn stem te verstaan. 6. De stengels van bloemen hebt gij beklommen, met dauw langs bomen gegleden. 7. Als tranen branden van ijs, dan heeft uw hart de Heere verstaan. Als tranen licht worden in de duisternis, dan heeft de pijn zijn angel verloren. 8. Mijn gedachten kunnen mijn gevoel niet redden, ik heb Uw Woord nodig. 3. Maar u laat ons met een kleine hulp zinken, om samen te sterven en elkaar te vinden. 9. Laat ons toch in Uw tempel overwinteren om Uw Woorden te onderzoeken. 10. Breng mij een nieuw hart oh Heer, wek het tot leven door uw zaden. Laat mij verblind zijn in de nacht, en leid mij op Eeuw'ge paden. 11. Oh leid mij tot de rozenwaat'ren, tot de kieren van d'altaren van Uw brandende waat'ren van vruchten. Breng mij het brood en de azijn. 12. Uw Woord is Waarheid, doorklief dan de waat'ren tot een pad in de woestijn, en schenk mij de zeven gaven. 13. Uw dienstknecht ben ik, met al uw dienstmaagden, komen wij voor Uw Troon met haperingen. Uw Liefde bracht ons roes en dronkenschap. 14. Oh Heer, breng ons uw schalen, met tranen van Metensia's Geest, met wort'len vol van daden, wij spreken talen door uw heil'ge zaden. 15. Breng adem over onze vreugde, en voel onze zielenpijn, en brengt ons daden, gehuld in 't nachtlatin. 16. Leer ons Uw wil te doen, laat ons Uw wegen bewandelen, tot 't koren van Uw Aangezicht, dit lofgezag, dit lofgedicht, met stralen van een nieuwe dag, voor hongerigen naar Uw Woord, Amen, Metensia Eminus.

8.

De tweede Metensia

1. Rust met mij, en kom met zeven dingen, door roze maneschijn, om de liefde te bezingen. Kom en rust met mij, tot zeven waat'ren glijden wij, kom, laat ons de morgen kussen. Volg de weg van maneschijn, door het pad van liefde reizen wij, tot in de hemel van het tweede woord. Kom, en leert de liefde van mij, door holle hoofden reizen wij, als hen die slapen gaan ons vrije baan geven. 2. Warm je hand bij mijn hart, volg de dagen van het tweede verstand, tot het tweede geluk. Ik ben Metensia, de cobra, kom daar waar koele liefde schijnt, waar 't boze hart verdwijnt achter wolken zonder zorgen. De zorg is des Heeren, onze zorg is met hem te zijn, door de dalen van zijn woord, het tweede kruis. 3. Hij brak het brood, toonde liefde als een pad, en waar ik, Metensia de sterren mat, 't heeft ons veel gegeven. 4. Kom, waar ware liefde schijnt, waar koele waarheid verschijnt tot het hart van goud. Kom, met al je liefdesspel, toon mij de bronnen van je tweede geest. De tweede

Metensia, is je hart daar al geweest. 5. Kom in 't bloot in 't paradijs te zijn, waar de zeven sluiers zijn, bedekt door zijn liefde, kom, zijn aangezicht is rein. De tweede Metensia is je hart daar al geweest, heb je daar haar adem al gedronken, waar zoete sterren lonken. 6. Reine engelen met de schalen die daar dampen, engelen van het tweede woord. Kom, je geest is daar heel vrij, gewoon in liefde met mij, zo gewoon, maar wonderbaar, voor eeuwig zijn we daar. 7. Laat de bomen die daar denken, laat de zeeën die daar schenken, komen om geluk te vinden. In 't hart van het tweede kruis, waar zij de honger stierven, zo vol van honing zijn zij nu, veilig bij de bijen en bloemen des hemels. 8. Kom, ik ben metensia, de vrucht der liefde is daar, door bramen geschonken. Kom, grote liefde is daar, in de tweede hemel is een deur geopend, kom vlucht met mij. En de dagen van de wind, je weet ik heb ze bemint, en de dagen van het holle hebben honing voortgebracht. Kom waar zoete waarheid dwaalt, in 't hart van metensia, de tweede lamp is daar. 9. Kom, haar armen wijdgespreid, als zoete honing op haar dekens, als open boeken rijzen zij, van het tweede woord op haar tong. 10. Kom, grotere liefde is zij, door daken heen breekt zij, om de kinderen naar huis te brengen, zachte liefde, grote wijsheid, metensia, het tweede dat bent u. 11. Door bloemen heen, de waat'ren van grote vruchten, grote liefde, boeken van honing openen zich voor u, als de spelers van de nacht, om hen allen thuis te brengen. 12. Tot de tweede tempel reizen wij, onze oude klederen afleggend, om naakt tot het paradijs te gaan, omhuld wordend door het nieuwe woord. 13. Kom, de honing volgt zij, druipende van haar mond en tepel. 14. Komt, de melk van 't tweede woord, dat is zij, als de adem van de tweede liefde, de vrucht van geloof. 15. Kom, en maak je geest vrij, het oude nu geheel voorbij, een geschenk van grote liefde. Kom, de Geest zegt kom.

9.

De Macht van het Tweede

1. De honing des heeren, zijn raad is op u. Komt, al gij koningen, voor zijn aangezicht. 2. Brengt hem eer als zilver, Hij heeft uitgestort het tweede woord. Tot hen die in liefde neerdalen tot de hongerigen. 3. Zijn kruis is hun bron van zoete waat'ren. De eenheid met hem is hun kostbaarder dan al het and're. 4. Nu vinden zij hun weg in hem. Ga mee, en luister naar zijn stem, het tweede woord is open nu, kom lees en wees vervuld met zijn tweede Geest. Een tweede evangelie is daar nu, een tweede gemeente, om af te breken het oude uur. 5. De verschrikking is nu voorbij, de zegels liggen op een rij, gebroken door zijn Geest. 6. Laat dan zijn tweede woord jou ook vervullen, wees één met ons, wees blij met ons, en lijdt met hen die lijden, als de zon die ondergaat, vindend een nieuw geluk in winter's warme haard, kom mee, en vind het grote geluk. 7. Hij bracht honger op een schaal om honing te doen rijpen, nu vlieg je dan op de rug van een bij des hemels, zoekende naar het woord om je ziel te vervullen, in je tweede geest ben je het meest, nu hij de poorten heeft geopend. 8. Ja zijn engelen zijn lang als de uitstrekkende wind, met omhooggestoken schouders, om de nachtspelers te laten komen. 9. Laat hen de heere beminnen, tot in 't uur der troost, laat zij de Heere steeds omhoog brengen. Als een vis is hij, als een vogel op de bergen, als een leeuw in zijn hol, om zijn woord te verkondigen, om zijn lied te zingen. zijn herauten gaan voor hem uit. 10. Hij brak de merktekenen van de tweede satan kapot, en nu zijn we dan hier in zijn tweede geest. 11. Zijn tweede ziel zal ons leiden door zijn tweede woord. Oh tweede christus die stierf aan het tweede kruis, de honger in afrika, de gemeente heeft het niet verstaan, maar vanuit het verborgene zal een tweede gemeente voor hem zorgen, hem balsemen met de zuiverste honing, bij zijn geliefden zal hij zijn. laat de leeuw nu spreken, en de cobra. 12. Laat hen liefde uiten door het tweede woord, en zijn tweede engelen zijn woorden dragen als dampende schalen, het tweede ijs komt dagelijks voor u staan. Laat uw woord dan hen vullen die liefde en wijsheid zoeken. 13. Laat uw woord hen dan

vinden die gehoorzaam zijn. Zij die uw geboden aanbidden, en luisteren naar u, vindt hen in stilte en in duisternis, open de dodenrijken opdat gij hun ziel kunt zien. Laat hen niet alleen, daar zij u niet alleen hebben gelaten. 14. Laat hen niet verloren gaan, al hen die u troosten, honing op de pijn, werkten in bloemen voor uw aangezicht, in tederheid te zijn. 15. Zing als glorie dalend op de baard van abraham. zoek zijn sterren één voor één zijn kinderen houden 't op de been, geef hen steeds uw genade, hen die genade geven, als loonmeesters zijn zij, om waardigheid en vrijheid te geven.

10.

Gebed tegen Valse genezing

1. Woord, nu geopend, als vleug'len van de wind, als hoop van zijn glorie. Hij gaf u de doornen in uw vlees, als kostelijke olie, brenger van dauw, bron van zoete honing, wees blij. Woord nu gezalfder dan ooit, de wonden brachten olie van de berg van abraham. Stok van Zijn Geest, heeft ons steeds weer geleid door de velden en de wouden. Droogte, en pijn, stromende van het diepste kruis, in uw genade te zijn, is steeds weer weten dat u bevrijd. 2. U leidt ons uit, u speelt de harp op uw troon, waar liefde steeds de wortelen van bomen zalf, diep onder de grond van uw tweede woord, toon ons uw verborgen geest, waar geheimenissen zwemmen. Leef zoals u nog nooit hebt geleefd. U bent de levende genade, de levende stem, waar het licht de aarde heeft bereikt, 3. Ook in don'kre dagen, uw hart toebereid. Groter dan de liefde, zoeter dan de stem, steeds weer dalende als olie der wolken. Troon op aarde met uw tweede geest, toon ons grotere liefde, uit uw tweede woord, breng nu het koord, trek ons op. Laat de baard van uw geest als de baard van de berg, in liefde wezen, tot het uur van troost. Uw genade door de woestijn, leidt de zaligen tot 't licht, uw woorden voor hen die beven, 4. Als de gave van de hemelse fontein. Heer, genees mij niet, als de doorn mij moet leiden, Heer genees mij niet, als de doorn mij moet slaan, want achter de bergen, daar staat de zielenbinder, oh maak mij niet gezond, om mij te laten werken in de hel. Met u te zijn aan 't kruis is soms veel beter. 5. Heer genees mij niet, maar sla mij niet met ziekte, de doorn is groot genoeg om tegen zonde te beschermen. Maar heer breng mij tweede genezing, die mijn ziel beschermd, Heer breng mij tweede kracht die mijn geest niet bederft. Heer ik wacht altijd op uw tweede genezing, genezing na het kruis, door het kruis, als een boom geworteld in uw tweede bloed. Voortgebracht door uw tweede woord, uw gezondheid is mijn pantser. Heer, genezing van het oude verbond, maakte mij ziek.

11.

Komende Genezing van het Tweede

1. Heer, mijn handen branden, heer, van tweede genezing, een genezing die de ziel verbindt, reinigt van zonde, uw hart die mij aan 't kruis bindt, uw tweede bloed door mijn aderen vloeiend. vibrerend licht, warme liefde, mystieke kracht, oh leidt de hermeten van uw woord, hen die uw geheimenissen bewaren, die vogelen vrij laten rondvliegen in uw woud. oh straf hen die de canon schiepen, die kooien bouwden voor 't zieke volk. 2. Heer onthoud mij niet, uw tweede genezing, uw gaven, om tweede koningen te kronen. Heer, onthoud mij niet, uw tweede verlossing, het oude verbond dat ken ik niet. 3. Verwijder al die oude drap, dan zal de tweede Salomo de vruchten brengen. De cobra zal de paden begaan, om schatten niet verloren te laten gaan. 4. Heer, laat mij het oude eren, naar het jonge luisteren, door uw tweede Geest. heer, laat hen mij niet meer binden, uw tweede bevrijding is mij meer waard dan zilver. 5. Heer, kom tot mij, mijn handen branden, van tweede genezing, van uw geest, Heer, uw kostelijke olie vloeit, bemin mij met het kruid des hemels, verlos mij, breng mij naar de tweede vreugd. Heer ik heb met hen geleden, ik heb met hen

gestreden, voor een nieuw geluk. 6. Heer, ik heb met hen geweend, ik heb met hen gesproken, uw woorden met hen gedeeld. Ik was in uw liefde, ik vraag nu om uw tweede liefde. Heer, breng ons steeds uw handen die branden, uw voeten aan het kruis. 7. Heer, dan zullen wij u troosten, en onze handen branden, onze voeten aan het kruis, het tweede kruis. Na veertig dagen stond u op, na veertig dagen in de woestijn. Heer, kom tot ons, en breng ons tweede liefde, en tweede vruchten van vreugd, om uw aarde te versieren, tot een nieuw paradijs, onze handen branden heer, om uw werken te doen. 8. Heer, rust ons toe, met zachte bazuinen, met tweede liederen, breng ons tot uw Geest. Heer, mijn handen branden, mijn schouders branden, diep in uw heiligdom, u opent mijn tweede geest, u gaf mij de tweede duif. heer, mijn nek brand alles tot uw eer, tot uw glorie, doe mij toch ontwaken in uw heiligdom. 9. Laat de lied'ren van uw geest toch door mij stromen. Mijn lippen trillen, uw lied is op mijn tong, uw appels dragen mij over de muren. Heer, mijn voeten branden, uw tweede genezing en uw gaven stromen door mij heen. Heer, u schiep de hermieten, om vogelen van tweede genezing vrij door uw donk're wouden te laten vliegen. 10. Oh straf hen die de canon schiepen, oh brand de kooien weg, en leidt ons allen uit. Oh straf hen die de canon schiepen, oh straf hen die het tweede haten. Verbrijzel hen in uw grote liefde. 11. Tuchtig hen in uw genade, en troost hen die rouwen om uw Geest. Steun de volgelingen van het tweede, stap naar voren in grote kracht, de kracht van grote liefde, maak ons één. Uw woord laat alles in mij branden, uw woord, laat mij uw waarheid bewandelen. 12. U schonk uw tweede Geest, en toonde ons uw machtig grote Liefde, in tederheid, uw tweede tederheid. Uw tweede vruchten brachten tweede gaven, vanuit de tweede wort'len van het tweede kruis. Uw Woord, uw Waarheid maakte ons één. Genezing, tweede genezing, door uw tweede engelen, u kent ze bij naam. Genezing, tweede genezing, in eeuwigheid, u bracht ons naar uw haard. 13. Tweede Genezing, tweede verlossing, uw tweede woorden zetten ons vrij. Verlossing, tweede verlossing, u brak de tweede farao en zijn zonen. Sla de dochters van satan, het koren van de hel. 14. U maakte ons vrij, u gaf ons woorden om de banden los te breken. U gaf ons tweede autoriteit, uw tweede zalving is op ons. U leidde ons door zeeën, u leidde ons door droogte heen, totdat uw tweede zwaard ons vond, en nu is alles één, grote liefde bracht u ons, door alles heen. Tweede overvloed, tweede kracht, tweede almacht heeft u tot ons gebracht. 15. Door uw liefde, uw tweede liefde, zonken mannen met hun schepen, en draken met hun ruiters, u heeft de zeeën doorkliefd. Heer, mijn handen branden, uw gave van tweede genezingen rust op mij, Uw woord is mijn gids, mijn leidsman mijn verlosser. 16. Heer, mijn tweede geest brandt, en stromen van vuur komen voort, uw ark begint te rijzen. Oh, spreek uw tweede woord. Oh heer, u heeft gaven gegeven, van oordeel om hen die u kwellen te straffen. 17. Het tweede oordeel is over hen, door uw tweede bloed. Geef mij liefde en tweede wijsheid om te weten wat u doet. Door het tweede kruis nagelde u de tweede vijand aan de grond, grote liefde bedekt ons, uw tweede bloed als muren om ons heen. 18. Geest van God, barst uit, stort op ons het tweede. Uw Naam is gezalfd, u bent het tweede. Laat ons uw grote liefde niet vergeten, ons altijd verborgen weten in het tweede geloof. 19. Uw woord druipende van honing, mijn handen druipen, geef mij priesters voor uw tweede tabernakel. In 't tweede bethlehem vond ik u, en nu zijn wij samen in 't tweede Jeruzalem. Heer, uw tweede wond'ren en tekenen branden op mijn handen, om grote werken te doen. 20. Heer, uw tweede tongen spreken door mij heen, als stromend vuur, de heil'ge lava van het tweede uur. Tweede genade is onze kracht, u bracht ons het tweede loon, om uw tweede hemelen te openen. 21. U gaf ons de tweede sleutelen, u gaf ons de tweede woorden, uw tweede liefde brak door deuren heen. Uw machtige golven sleurden ons door diepe dalen heen. 22. Dank u voor uw tweede slangen, dank u voor uw tweede olie, voor uw tweede wijn. Het bracht ons in tweede zwijm, in tweede dronkenschap, oh wij aanbidden het grote tweede van uw Geest. 23. Tweede Eminius, tweede Kabbernal, tweede Mura, stort op ons uw Geest. Mijn handen branden, mijn geest barst uit, de

ruimte waar u spreekt, groeit machtig door uw Geest. 24. Het tweede bloed heeft deuren geopend. Tweede wond'ren bracht u ons, om tweede behoudenis te geven, uw tweede ark toen de vloed kwam leidde ons uit. Uw tweede Noach sprak van het tweede geloof. 25. Nu is Zijn Geest tot ons gekomen, om ons te redden uit de klauwen van wolken en woestijnen. Straf hen die dieren hebben geofferd op altaren, en geef ons hun zielen terug. Zij behoren tot u, de dieren des velds. 26. Straf hen in uw toorn, al die slagers en moordenaars, en brandt de oude tempelen tegen de vlakke. Straf al die priesters van onheil, die uw dieren hebben vermoord. Straf hen die van hun vlees eten. De gave van tweede oordeel rust op mijn handen, om te straffen al diegenen in hoge functies die kwaad verrichtten tegen dieren. 27. De dieren des hemels zullen hun vlees eten, en mijn handen zullen branden in de heilige tempel. Heer, veroordeel hen naar uw woord, vergeef hen niet, want zij zijn tegen uw geest gekeerd. Heer geef mij de tweede sacramenten en de heilige olie van uw tweede ark. 28. Heer, mijn buik brandt, schenk mij tweede tepelen, van uw heil'ge tweede melk, en geef mij uw tweede beker. Heer, uw tweede kandelaar, en tweede reukofferaltaar, en tweede koperen wasvat, uw tweede gave van profetie, laat de voorhangselen nu scheuren. 29. Heer, steun uw Geest, steun mijn handen die branden, zend de tweede azazel in de woestijn. Laat de tweede Henoch uw woorden schrijven. Zijn mond is heilig, met kolen van uw Geest. 30. Uw tweede seraphs komen tot dit uur, uw tweede karazuur, en uw tweede ukalien, oh heilige Kabbernal. Heer, onheilige lieden hebben uw boeken verbrand, straf hen in uw toorn. Heer, ik kom voor uw tweede altaren van profetie. 31. Mijn rug is in vuur, mijn tweede nieren onderwijzen mij. Mijn tweede lever is vol van ijs, en mijn maag kan zoveel liefde geven. 32. Lof tot de koning, door werken bereid, de tranen die sturen, een blij hart is niks zonder vlijt. Tweede Geest van genezing, engelen van tweede genezing, leid mij, bescherm mij, maak mijn muren. Laat niemand mijn hart week maken. 33. Gaven van tweede genezingen, leidt mij met uw vleugelen, verlicht mijn hart, en open mijn tweede geest voor altijd, doop mij. Geef mij het zwaard van tweede genezing, leidt mij zacht, naar de helm van tweede genezing. Het oude is voorbijgegaan, het nieuwe is gekomen. Geef mij uw tweede wijn, uw vreugd, en aan al die in u geloven. 34. Bindt mij met tweede koorden van uw Gee st. het tweede bloed geneest, het tweede bloed bevrijdt, het tweede bloed onderwerpt en verlost, doet voor eeuwig behouden, schenkt vergeving en genade. 35. Dat tweede bloed stroomt door mij heen, omdat ik hem mijn bloed had gegeven.

12.

Leiding tot het Bittere

1. De Heere heeft mij gebracht tot een bitter land, gaf mij bittere vruchten te eten. Geprezen zij de Heere om Zijn Wijsheid. 2. Ik leerde Zijn Geest verstaan, mijn wonden zijn bitter. 3. Hebt gij al gegeten van het bittere ? Ik heb ontdekt dat de wegen van het leven en het geluk allen leiden tot de dood. Maar zalig zijn zij die met de Heere sterven. 4. En ik vond een graf bitterder dan de dood, en ik vond haar op een steenworp afstand van de hemel. En haar kussen waren zoet, maar ze smaakte bitter. 5. En ik vroeg de Heere mij uit te leiden, want het leidde tot de hel. En de Heere gaf mij sleutelen tot nieuwe liederen, en zij waren bitter en zoet. 6. En ik was bevreesd voor de woede, want het brandde alles weg, maar de Heere gaf mij zoete woede. 7. En ik zag vulkanen in een dor land, en zij waren zoet. 8. De Heere heeft mij gebracht tot een bitter land, gaf mij bittere vruchten te eten, maar in mijn buik werd alles zoet. 9. En de Heere gaf mij zoete wraak. Hij gaf mij een nieuw lied, om koningen te binden, en om edelen tot onderwerping te brengen. 10. Ja, buigt nu allen tot de heere, Hij die troont op de liederen van het Tweede. 11. Ja, laat alles wat adem heeft nu zeggen : Amen Metensia Eminius. 12. De Heere leidde mij tot een bitter land, mijn wonden zijn bitter. Ja,

bittere graven geeft Hij, totdat de nachtvlinder oprijst. 13. Met mijn hoofd in bijennesten raakte mijn tong het zoete, ja, om eeuwig in u te sterven, totdat de nachtvlinder oprijst. 14. Zalig zijn zij die zien wat de Geest ziet. 15. Leid mij tot een nieuw land, oh Heere, ik heb de voorschriften van de vaders niet vergeten. 16. Leid mij tot een nieuw land, oh Heer, doe honing neerdalen op uw dienstknechten. De bomen zijn hier bitter, het zoete hangt hier in de wolken, klaar om neer te dalen. 17. U bracht mij tot een bitter land. Met een kleine vlam liet u mij Uw boeken lezen, en de nachtvlinder ging mij voor, en bracht mij nieuwe vleugelen, om heidenen te slaan. 18. Ja, zwaar tuchtigt de Heere hen die de afgoden volgen. 19. Hij gaf mij een nieuw lied, en liet de wateren dalen. In zijn ark klinkt het nachtlied. 20. Wij zijn als broos vaatwerk voor de Heere, en Hij slaat ons keer op keer. Wij zijn gemaakt van scherven, als raadselen van de Heer. 21. En hen die de scherven niet dragen, laat hen niet binnen, want zij zijn de spotters bestemd voor de buitenste duisternissen, daar waar de honden leven. En daar zal het geweest zijn en tandengeknars. 22. Want in de hemel is geen plaats voor spotters, zij die het lijden des Heeren bezoedeld hebben en in Zijn Heilige wonden hebben geërft. 23. Ja, in vuile plaatsen zullen zij neerdalen, en de Heere zal doof zijn voor hun smekingen. 24. Nee, de Heere zal het hen niet vergeven, zij die Zijn tweede bloed hebben vertrapt. 25. De Heere zal niet onschuldig houden hen die spotten. Ja, het oordeel over hen zal zwaar heten. Amen Metensia Eminius. 26. Want de Heere zal het kaf verzamelen vanuit de vier uithoeken der aarde en Hij zal het verbranden in de vurige oven. En het as zal vervolgd worden door Zijn Winden. Nee, de Heere zal geen medelijden tonen aan hen die spotten. 27. Ziet dan toe dat gij u niet boven een ander verheft, want de Heere zal de trotse borsten neerslaan. 28. Wat bent gij te achten ? De mens is als stof in de wind. 29. Ja, de Heere zal de kaak verbrijzelen van hen die lachen. Vernedert u dan voor de Heere, en wast uw gezicht, opdat de Heere medelijden met u heeft op de Dag des oordeels. 30. Weent dan om hen die lachen. En weest vederlicht in zoete wraak, opdat zij uw vlees niet eten en uw wonden niet bloot zien staan. 31. Aanvaard het lijden en het ijs dat zij brengen als een geschenk des Heeren, opdat wijn zal vloeien van de wonden, en gij het zoete zult zien.

13.

De Heere is mijn herder

1. Ik brand, want gij hebt mij vervuld met verlangen. Ik sta in uw Liefde, want gij hebt mij bemint en aangehangen. Oh Metensia, Geest van God, ik heb in Eminius naar u gezocht. Veelvuldig heb ik naar u uitgekeken op mijn toren, terwijl Kabbernal als een rivier brulde en bruiste in de verte. Daar waar de Geesten Gods samenkomen, daar heb ik uw stem gehoord. 2. Laten de koren van uw liefde mij leiden als voorheen. Mijn God, ik ben afgedwaald. Ik was nog te jong. 3. Maar nu ik tot volle wasdom ben gekomen, raakt mij aan, en geeft mij de vleugelen des hemels en de sleutels van het paradijs. Ik zal wederom binnengaan, zoals ik dat deed voorheen. 4. Ik heb de sleutelen van Uw Woord. Uw dienstknechten hebben geheimenissen gesproken. 5. De Heere is mijn herder, mij ontbreekt niets. Hij zal mij geleiden naar grazige weiden. Hij voert mij heel zachtken naar waat'ren der rust. 6. De Heere is mijn herder, mij ontbreekt niets. Hij vertroost mijn ziel, en laat door die Hem vreezen. 7. Ik vrees geen kwaad, want ik vrees de Heere. 8. Zelfs al ga ik door een dal van diepe duisternis, mij ontbreekt niets. Ik vrees geen kwaad, want gij zijt bij mij. 9. Uw stok en uw staf vertroosten mij. 10. Hij zal mij geleiden naar grazige weiden. De Heere is mijn herder. 11. Ja, heil en goedertierenheid zullen mij volgen al de dagen van mijn leven. 12. Ik zal in Gods Huis verblijven tot in aller eeuwigheden.

Gods Verlatenheid

12. Metensia, brandende haard, Metensia, Licht van God. U hebt de aarde vervuld van Uw Liefde, u hebt de aarde vervuld met Uw Lof. 13. Kinderen gaan U aan het hart, wanneer zij u volgen, maar verdrukkers verbrijzelt U tegen de rotsen. 14. Licht ontbrandt de toorn van Uw Geest, Metensia, troon van God. 15. Metensia, lichtend licht, vlammen tot in eeuwigheid, Uw Naam boven alle namen, oh God, troon boven de gezangen van Uw volk. 16. Keer weder, Heere, tot hen die afgeweken zijn. Het leven is hard, leer ons in uw Genade te zijn. 17. Door genade te geven naderden wij. Nu zijn wij dan gekomen, tot de gebergten van Eminijs. 18. Maar ons gebed is nog steeds : Mijn God, waarom hebt Gij mij verlaten, Mijn God, waarom komt u nooit terug, Mijn God, alleen in de verte horen we het branden, Uw Liefde. 19. Mijn God, verre zijnde van de verlossing, bij de woorden van mijn klagen. 20. U heeft mij Uw Geest Eminijs gegeven, om tot U te kunnen naderen, maar U bent zo ver weg. 21. Waarom laat U dan Uzelf niet kennen. Maar nog steeds bent U de Heilige, tronende op de gezangen van uw volk. 22. Onze vaders hebben hun levens op U gebouwd, en Gij deed hen ontkomen door nauwe spleten. 23. Tot U hebben zij geroepen, en Gij hebt hen gered. 24. U hebt ze niet beschaamd gezet op Uw Heilige Rots, want zij vertrouwden op U. 25. Maar ik ben een dier en geen man. Zij bespotten mij, en gooien hun stenen. Zij steken de lip uit en schudden het hoofd. 26. Weten zij dan dat ik met u spreek. Met leedvermaak kijken zij naar mij. 27. Verbrijzel hen in uw toorn, en doe hen schrikken. Ik ben omringd door de honden, en zij doorboren mijn handen en mijn voeten. 28. Ik ben dan omringd door dorens, en er is geen liefde meer. 29. Zij verdelen mijn klederen onder elkaar en brachten een rood spotkleed tot mij. 30. De ootmoedigen zullen zich voeden en verzadigd worden. De Heere zendt hen raven. 31. Mijn God, waarom hebt gij mij verlaten. Komt dan snel, de uren zijn zo kort. 32. Uw rozen zijn nog steeds te beminnen, maar hun dorens zijn zo scherp. 33. Psalmen zing ik tot de Heere, om Hem te lokken met mijn spel. Ik weet Gij wilt tempels zien. Zij zijn in uw hart geboren. 34. Toe, doe U weer kennen als voorheen. Mijn jeugd heeft mij apart gezet.

14.

Het ontwaken van Eminijs

1. Eminijs, Uw bossen branden, vlammen van Uw Geest. Om haren te verdoven, in vurig licht. 2. Het druipt, ik kan het niet goed zien, mijn ogen dwalen telkens af. 3. Het graf van Uw Liefde, zij hebben u gedooft met pijlen. Waak op, oh Geest van God. 4. Waakt op, Eminijs, gij Geest voor Gods Troon. Gij daverd, staande op de Rots. In Liefde verbonden, ben ik met U. Genade bracht mij dieper, omdat ik genade had geschonken. 5. Waakt op, Eminijs, Geest voor Gods Troon. Metensia stuurde u tot het bos van Liefde. 6. Wat beroemt de geweldige zich op het kwaad, Gods Lankmoedigheid duurt de hele dag. God zal hem uit zijn tent rukken en ontwortelen, opdat Eminijs ontwaakt door het geluid der strijd. 7. Ja, op de strijdswagen staat de Heere, totdat Zijn Geest het hoort en meestrijde. 8. Op de berg verzamelen zij, al de Geesten Gods. Metensia met haar pijl, om geweldigen voor eeuwig te verbreken. 9. Dan zullen hen die recht zoeken het zien en vrezen. Eminijs, het is nu morgen. Leidt ons door de dag. De avond wacht op ons. 10. Zij die op rijkdom vertrouwen vallen. Maar zij die Metensia beminnen staan op de rots voor eeuwig. 11. Dag noch nacht hebben zij rust. De Liefde is vurig. 12. Ik vlieg hoog, op de vleugels van Metensia, gedreven door haar liefde. 13. Eminijs, ontwaak, want de dagen slijten. Zeven kronen staan er voor u vandaag, van koningen genomen. Geest van God, heers tot in de nacht. 14. Geest van God, mij leidend tot een vlammen bos, waar mijn haren branden, waar verdoving op mij rust. 15. Geest ontwaakt, opdat ik kan slapen. De Heere geeft het Zijn beminden in de rust. 16. Mijn handen komen vrij, gij ontwaakt, Geest van God. Gij noemt mij rein en vrij, om de dingen van Uw Slaap te doen.

17. De lichten slaan zich in mijn ogen. Er zijn gaten in de lucht. De Geest, Hij is nu wakker. Goede morgen, Eminius. 18. Rozen groeien op uw tafel, waar uw licht wonderbaar heet. 19. De spinnen des hemels snel naar boven. Ik lig nu in bed, toe, laat mij niet woelen. Uw nachtmuziek speelt trager, die melodie die ken ik niet. Mijn schip gaat nu varen. 20. Mijn dromen gaan dwars door de zee. Mijn lichaam brandt van liefde. Ik ben in goede handen.

15.

De sleutelen van Metensia

1. Aan de deur klopt zij. De Liefde is haar man. Zij heeft het vuurnood aangedaan, en het vuurrood. Ja, het rood van het vuur zal u leiden, en u haar liederen doen verstaan. 2. God weest mij genadig, wanneer gij mijn huizen voorbijgaat. Doet mij niet in oneer tenonder gaan. 3. Heere, Gij doorgrondt mij, Gij kent mijn hart. Heere, u kent mijn zitten en mijn staan. U ziet mijn gedachten van verre. Waar zou ik vluchten voor uw Geest. 4. Heere, gij kent het kloppen van mijn hart. Heere, gij onderzoekt mijn wandelen en mijn liggen. Waarheen zou ik gaan voor u. Met al mijn wegen bent Gij vertrouwd. 5. Er is geen woord in mijn mond, Heere, wat u niet volkomen kent. Gij kent mijn ingangen en uitgangen. 6. Heere, u kent al mijn geslachten. Gij hebt de sleutelen van Metensia. U omgeve mij van achteren en van voren. In u ben ik veilig, de vaste burcht. Ja, zalig hen die eeuwig op u vertrouwen. 7. Legt Uw Hand op mij. Het begrijpen is mij te wonderbaar. Ik kan niet bij uw Geest. 8. Alleen weg te zinken in uw Liefde is wat ik kan. 9. Heere, in al uw boeken sta ik vermeld. Gij hebt mij gewrocht en geworteld in de dieptes van het aardrijk, reikende tot de hemelen en de wolken. 10. Uw ogen zagen mijn vormeloos begin, zij zagen de dagen die geformeerd zouden worden, toen nog geen van hen bestond. 11. Het is te verheven, ik kan er niet bij. Nam ik de vleugelen van het rode van het vuur en het morgenrood, en ging ik wonen aan de uiteinden der zee. Ook daar zou Uw Hand mij geleiden. 12. Al zou ik roepen : De duisternis overvalle mij, dan is de nacht als een licht om mij heen. Zelfs de duisternis verbergt zich niet voor U, maar de nacht schijnt als de dag, als een lichtend licht. Zo ben ik in U. 13. De duisternis is als het licht, waar uw rechterhand mij grijpt. Steeg ik ten hemel, Gij zijt daar. Maakte ik het dodenrijk tot mijn sponde, Gij zijt er. Ook al zou ik gaan leven aan het uiteinde der sterren, de zon en de maan, en ik zou mijn ziel versnipperen. U omhult mij met goud en zilver, en brengt mij de eer van het koper. 14. Gij hebt mijn nieren gewrocht en geworteld, in de schoot van mijn moeder, en in de schoot van Metensia. Gij hebt mij haar sleutelen gegeven, en het binnenste van mijn buik gevormd. 15. Ja, gij vormde mijn nieren in haar schoten, daar waar de Geesten Gods tezamen kwamen. U gaf mij het beenmerg in mijn botten, en bracht mij tot de dikke honing van de hemelen. 16. Gij hebt mij gevormd en gewrocht in het verborgene, gehuld in uw geheimenissen. 17. Waar zal ik dan voor u vluchten, en waar zal ik dan gaan voor uw Geest. Gij, die de sleutelen van Metensia draagt, en haar uiteinden bemint. Gij kent al haar uitgangen en ingangen. En zij zijn met velen. 18. De draken van mijn ziel hebt gij onderworpen, en mij het zilver des hemels gegeven, en het zilver van Metensia. 19. Ja, gouden schalen bracht gij tot mij, en zette mijn geest vrij. 20. Ja, steeds zal ik tot U wederkeren. Voor mij bent u nog steeds het zoete en de wijn. Waar bijen des hemels u aanschouwden, schiep u mij. 21. Te wonderbaar zijn uw werken voor mij. Mijn ziel weet dat zeer wel. 22. Het getal van uw gedachten is groot. Gij bent een geweldenaar, om met het getal van uw snaren mij te overweldigen. 23. Wilde ik ze tellen, zij zijn talrijker dan zand. Als ik ontwaak, bent U nog steeds bij mij. Verhef nu mijn ziel tot U, dan ben ik voor altijd vrij. 24. Ja, als een vogel is mijn ziel, verlangende naar U. Kostelijker dan wijn is uw baard, en gij geeft acht op hen die wezen niet laten verhongeren. 25. Ik heb altijd op uw heilige bergen gestaan. Nu dan, reikt tot mijn ziel, en neemt haar aan. 26. Zwaar

zijn de lasten wanneer gij niet redt. Waak nu op, Heere, om uw vijanden te straffen. Bemin mijn ziel dan als voorheen, dan zal zij met haar vleugelen over u waken. 27. Oh God, gij hebt de goddelozen omgebracht. Gij hebt hen verdelgd al die mannen des bloeds. U omgeeft mij in genade. 28. Laten uw woorden en gedachten mij leiden. Zij zijn talrijk, ik kan ze niet tellen. 29. U voert uw volk uit Egypte, en brengt hen tot de geneugten van het komende Kanaan. 30. Heere, op weg zijn wij nog steeds. Ziet dan om, om uw vijanden te verslaan. Met velen zijn zij, maar niet zo talrijk als u. 31. Zij gebruiken uw naam als leugen, als tegenstanders. Zou ik hen niet haten wie u haten? Ja, ik verafschuw hen die tegen u opstaan. 32. Ik haat hen met een volkomen haat, want zij die hen niet haten kunnen niet tot u komen. Tot vijanden zijn zij mij, al die uw woord verachten. Schenk hen geen genade, hen die leugens vertellen aan uw heilige bergen, en de kindekens tegenhouden. 33. Ban hen uit uw boeken des levens, opdat zij u niet meer bezoedelen. 34. Zij spreken arglistig tot u. Hoort dan niet naar hen. 35. Doorgrond mij, oh God, en ken mijn harten, alsof ik bloot voor u ben gelegd. Toets mij toch, en ken mijn gedachten. 36. Ontdek mijn heilloze paden, en brandt hen weg. Leidt mij dan tot het eeuwige pad. In Genade ben ik gehuld, omdat ik U genade heb gegeven. 37. Zo hebt gij mij dan loon gegeven naar werken, en ben ik dan niet als een verleider in uw tempelen. 38. Ik sta dan op de Rots, omdat ik uw woorden heb gehouden. 39. Ja, uw beloftes ken ik, en ik doe uw geboden. Ook zijn mijn lippen rein en mijn hart volgt u stap voor stap. 40. Zendt dan uw Genade tot mij, steeds weer, en doe mij naderen tot Uw Glorie, die gij aan duizenden hebt bewezen, omdat zij uw geboden onderhielden en navolgden, zoals de maan de zon navolgt en de nacht de dag. 41. Wij hebben dan groot licht gevonden, in de duisternissen van uw tempelen. Ja, Uw kandelaar zond gij tot ons, en bracht ons zevenvoudig licht. 42. Geeft ons genade, door uw glorie, want wij hebben genade tot u gebracht. 43. Zegent dan de werken van onze handen, opdat wij veelvuldig vrucht dragen voor uw aangezicht. Ja, laat ons zijn, als de Geesten Gods die tot U kwamen, en hef onze zielen op uit het net der vogelvangers. 44. Zij hebben vele strikken gelegd, zelfs om Uw Geest te verstrikken. 45. In ons hebt Gij een schuilplaats. Uw Tranen dragen wij. Wij hebben gegeven wat u gaf, en zijn in liefde volkomen. 46. Weest dan volmaakt, al gij volgelingen des Heeren, opdat Hij uw lippen niet wegbrande.

16.

De Vreugde van de Traan

1. Trots is de man die de Heere niet ziet. Trots is hij die niet leeft onder Genade. De Heere zal hem breken met Zijn vuist. 2. Trotsen zijn niet gekend in de Heere. De Heere vernedert dan alle trotsen op Zijn Dag. Ja, een dag is er voor alles wat hoog is. Dan zal Hij de hoogtes verbrijzelen en zijn dalen op laten stijgen als een vulkaan. 3. Het Woord des Heeren is ontstoken. Heere, doe dan uw lichten aan. 4. Aan Babylons stromen zaten wij, hen die Hem volgden. Ook weenden wij, want de Heere had ons geslagen. De herinneringen aan Sion deden pijn. Aan de wilgen daar hingen onze citers. Onze snaren waren verbroken. 5. Maar Zijn liederen waren in onze mond, om ons in vreugde uit te leiden. 6. Trots is de man die de Heere niet ziet. Trots is hij die niet leeft onder Genade. De Heere zal hem breken met Zijn vuist. 7. En de Heere zal spreken: Ik ken u niet, gij leugenaars. Aan Babylons stromen zaten wij, hen die Hem volgden. Ook weenden wij, want de Heere had ons geslagen. 8. Zingt ons dan een lied, spraken zij die ons verdrukten, ja, zij verlangden vreugdebetoon. 9. Maar niets dan tranen brachten wij, en hen die weenden zongen voor elkaar, opdat de Heere tot hen zou wenen, en hen zou uitleiden in de vreugde van de traan. 10. Reken hen van Edom de dagen des Heeren aan. Verbreekt dan Assurs speren, en leidt hun paarden uit. Dan zal Assur zijn des Heeren, en zij zullen kinderen Gods genoemd worden. 11. Tot het Tweede Assur

bracht Hij hen. En de Heere is dan Heer van het Tweede. 12. Ziet, het oude is dan voorbijgegaan. Het nieuwe is gekomen. 13. Gij, dochter van Babylon, tot de verwoesting bestemd. Eeuwige Rust zal Hij u geven, na de dagen van Gehenna. 14. De Heere zal niet voor eeuwig toornen, maar het kaf verbranden tot aan het Tweede Gehenna. Zij dan zijn overgeleverd aan de vernietiging die tot rust en tot de vierde dood leidt. 15. Indien ik u vergete, oh Jeruzalem, zo vergete mij mijn rechterhand. 16. Mijn tong kleve aan mijn gehemelte, indien ik uwer niet gedenke. 17. Jeruzalem, nog steeds mijn hoogste vreugde, leidende mij tot de bronnen van het Tweede. 18. Het Tweede Jeruzalem en het vuurnood van Metensia, nog steeds boven mijn hoogste vreugde. 19. Amen zij in Metensia Eminius. 20. Laat de Rots mij leiden, laat de Rots mij slaan. Ik heb mij in de Heere verheugd, duizendmaal, om zijn myriaden te aanschouwen. Zo reis ik van gewest tot gewest, als pelgrim in Zijn hemelen. 21. Ik klop aan poorten. Doet mij open. Laat mij dan niet alleen in de kou. 22. Reik tot mijn vuur, en laten wij samen gaan, tot het vuurnood van Metensia. 23. Zij is als de vurige oven. Laat de Rots mij leiden, laat de Rots mij slaan. Ik dan ben rein geweest, geborgen in Gods Liefde. 24. Ja, het slaan der zweepen is tot heil. Ten bloedens toe hebt Gij geslagen. Nu zijn zij dan allen rein. 25. Gij hebt wilde paarden voor uw koetsen, doch zij zijn getemd in u. 26. Zij brengen paarden van Metensia tot de harten. Doe het nu. 27. Waar wouden open gaan heb Ik uw Geest gezocht. Niet voor gesloten deuren. Gij hebt mij haar sleutelen gegeven, en de vrijheid is het die ik bemin. Laat dan alle poorten opengaan, en de rots mijn voet behouden. Laten haar vuren mij niet wegsmelten opdat ik valle, maar berg mij in de vrijheid van uw naam. 28. Ik kom dan tot kostbare poorten, waar haar paarden voor staan.

17.

De duiven

1. Vraag het aan de duiven, zij missen jou nog steeds. Hun kinderen hebben jou nooit gezien. Alleen op plaatjes en in verhalen. 2. Vraag het aan de duiven, zij zorgen voor jou, ook troosten zij jou. Zij hebben jou zo'n lange tijd niet gezien. 3. Zij wachten op jouw komst, dan zullen zij ontwaken, zij die voor honderden jaren slapen. 4. Vraag het aan de duiven, zij met het lange verstand, om tot de boomtoppen te reiken. Zij hebben daar hun woningen gebouwd. 5. Ben je dan niet trots op hen, of doet het er niet toe. Vraag het aan de duiven, want zij die veel slapen zijn nooit moe. 6. Vraag het aan de duiven, waar al die ladders staan, waar kleine peutertjes spelen, waar moeders over jou vertellen aan hun kinderen. 7. Moeder, hoe was hij ? Was hij echt voor niemand bang, of deed hij maar net alsof, om die grote gong te bereiken. 8. Toen hij sloeg, kwam alles weer om. 9. Zal hij dan echt terugkeren, of doet hij maar net alsof. Houdt hij echt zoveel van ons. 10. Vraag het aan de duiven, maar vraag hen niet waarom. Moest hij echt zoveel lijden, er zijn zoveel dingen waar zij over schreien. 11. Vraag het aan de duiven, maar toe, vraag hen niet waarom, luister gewoon naar hun verhalen, dan zie je vanzelf wel waarom. 12. Kom dan tot hun ramen, ga voor hun deuren staan, dan zullen ze hun vleugels om je heenvouwen, en fluisteren : hij is terug.

18.

Psalm over hetgeen voorbij gaat

1. Sieraden rinkelen om hun voeten, zo broos, zo teer. Zij zijn als engelen van de rode traan, zij dansen om de grote veer. 2. Engelen van de rode traan, kunstig zitten zij, openen hun monden als de kinderen, als wezen schrijven zij, als de wind gaat liggen staan zij op, en turen dan voor uren uit de ramen. 3. Zij hebben jou dan ook gezien, hun mussen daar gezonden, met boodschappen op de wind, en dan slapen zij diep, om jou hart dan te bereiken en te zeggen alles komt weer goed. Die

tijden die de engelen belijden. 4. Met vuur op hun tongen, het zoet kennen zij niet. Zij zijn van de rode traan, en kennen alleen veel verdriet. 5. Sieraden rinkelen om hun voeten, dansend als de merels en de weduwen, door de straten van de zee, waar golven ontwaken, en echo's van verloren tijden. 6. De rode traan valt, het vuur verspreidt zich, en zij die haar volgen worden vuurrood. Er is niets meer aan te doen, violen dalen, en zij worden uitgezuiverd. 7. Ik kan er niets aan doen, er zijn duiven op de Emelis Shatau. Zij regeren daar met vuur en vlam. Het is te laat, niks meer te blussen. 8. De raven hebben mij gevonden, hun verloren kind, hun boodschapper zo lang geleden uitgezonden. 9. Zeg me nu vaarwel. Dit is de laatste keer, ik heb niks meer te zeggen. De raven nemen mij mee, naar de Emelis Shatau, waar de duiven regeren. Niemand zal je vertellen, waar je heen moet gaan om mij te vinden. Ik ben er lang geweest, nu ben ik weg, naar het land waar de duiven regeren. 10. Ik weet niet wat ik zeggen moet, toe, vind je laatste woorden. Het is voorbij, de boodschap sluipt nu weg. 11. Toe, wacht niet tot ik terug zal komen, maar kom zelf, en geloof je dromen. Als het sieraad wat ik je nu geef je past, dan ben ik altijd bij je, maar past het niet, leg het dan weg voor je kinderen. Misschien dat ooit een kleinkind het zal vinden. 12. Alles gaat voorbij, en alle dingen worden ouder, ook nachten gaan voorbij, en dingen worden kouder. Steeds komt de zon weer op, en gaat dan ook weer liggen, nee, de dag komt nooit meer terug, en ook de herinnering zal vervallen, tot in de blote nacht, tot in de morgenstond, een nieuwe vogel vliegt, achterlatende zijn pasgeboren jongen. 13. Alles gaat voorbij, en scherpe dingen worden zachter, alles gaat voorbij, ook de herinnering tussen jou en mij. 14. Alles gaat voorbij, de kleuren zullen slijten, ook de echo's zullen vervagen, er komen nieuwe dagen. De rode traan valt, het vuur verspreidt zich, en zij die haar volgen worden vuurrood. Er is niets meer aan te doen, violen dalen, en zij worden uitgezuiverd. 15. Ik kan er niets aan doen, er zijn duiven op de Emelis Shatau. Zij regeren daar met vuur en vlam. Het is te laat, niks meer te blussen. 16. De raven hebben mij gevonden, hun verloren kind, hun boodschapper zo lang geleden uitgezonden.

19.

Alles zal vergaan

1. Diepgaande belevenissen turen door het raam. Ik kijk naar jou, jij kijkt naar mij, maar dit moment zal ooit ook weer gaan staken. 2. Diepgaande herinneringen tussen jou en mij, turende door de ramen, maar snel verdwenen zijn zij, want het licht der lichten verteert hen allemaal, zij moeten de prijs betalen voor dit verhaal. 3. Tussen jou en mij is niets meer, alles weggebrand. 4. Morgen is er ijs, de prijs van de herfst, de winter komt. Sterker dan vuur, de klauwen laten los. 5. Het huis van dokters, na het gevecht, geen weg meer terug, op weg naar nieuwe kusten, nieuwe morgens, maar zij zullen ook vervallen, als snippers in de regen, weerspiegelen vreemde gezichten, bakkermansgezichten tussen jou en mij. 6. Niemand zal zaken doen, er is niets meer, alles is voorbij. 7. Het altaar heeft de koorden verlamd, waarmee jij mij gevangen hield. Niets dan een slaaf was ik, maar nu ben ik vrij. Alles gaat voorbij, ik tuur door het raam, naar vage herinneringen, ik ken ze niet eens meer bij hun naam. 8. Als wezen spelen zij daar, ze zien mij niet, ze zijn te ver weg, als de morgen nu maar komt, dan ben ik voor altijd weg. 9. De gewichten zijn zwaar, maar alles gaat voorbij, alles wordt lichter. 10. De zonen van een nieuwe morgen, ook zij gaan voorbij. We kunnen niets voor altijd dragen, aan het einde der dingen zijn we vrij. 11. Ik ben op het altaar gegaan, om de dieren van het woud te ontmoeten, herinneringen draag ik bij me, ook zij zullen vergaan. 12. Op het altaar was ik, om bomen te verstaan, zo ver weg, diep in het woud, maar ook zij gaan voorbij. 13. Waar grijp ik naar? Ik voel me spastisch, niets kan ik bereiken. Alles gaat voorbij. Alles gaat voorbij. Alles gaat voorbij. 14. Ik kan niets vasthouden. En als ik het doe, doet het pijn.

15. Nee, ik laat alles los, voordat het mij loslaat. Ik ben te bang om nog eens te vallen. 16. Ik ben nu ver weg, niets kan me meer raken. Ik kan niet meer grijpen, ik ben verlamd als een boom, maar nog steeds sta ik stijf, om verbroken te worden in de morgen, tot het kleine Gods, tot Materos te gaan.

17. Snippers aan het einde van de dag, schaduwen van verleden en toekomst. Een huis bouwen kan ik niet. Niemand kan ik verstaan. Ik ben als doof en blind, alles zal vergaan.

20.

Onder het gele

1. Huizen der vogels staren mij aan. Zij hebben de stilte aanbeden. Ik verlies steeds mijn bewustzijn, en draai in hun wateren, terwijl ik slaap, zo diep slaap. 2. Huizen van eekhoorns doen mijn tranen vallen, maar waar huil ik voor ? Ik weet niet wie of waar ik ben. 3. Regen van wespen, koningsgevecht, laat mij zingen met de vogels, laat mij dalen in 't konijnenbed. Regen van wespen, muizengevecht, laat mij dalen in 't oorlogsbed. 4. Stemmen golven door mijn hoofd, nu ben ik een piraat, geef mij oorlog in mijn handen. 5. Regen van wespen, muizengebed, laat mij dalen in het jagersbed. 6. Regen van wespen, oorlogsgebed, laat mij dalen in het jagersbed. 7. Om te zuiveren het gele, duizend duizendmaal, op het altaar van de wilden, tot oorlogsmaal. 8. Gedaald tot onder het gele ben ik, een toekomst heb ik niet, alleen wat oude boeken om in te vergaan. Regen van wespen, onweersgebed, laat mij dalen in het indianenbed. 9. Regen van wespen, onweersgebed, laat mij dalen in het mussenbed.

21.

Psalm over de vogels van Metensia

1. Honderd duizelingen, brengen mij tot aan de poorten van Metensia. Ik zie haar vogels daar staan. De Karsuiken brengen boodschappen van haar. In gouden enveloppen, met het gezuiverde witte. 2. Honderd duizelingen, een karsuik neemt mij op, en brengt mij naar haar toren, waar mussen wonen. Ja, een mus is zij, een wonderbare vogel. 3. Honderd duizelingen, laten mij dalen, in het bed van Metensia, waar alle vogels slapen, en haar paarden liggen daar, om verhalen te vertellen. 4. Metensia, als duizend duizelingen, heb dan liefde voor haar, om te dwalen in haar bossen. Roep dan de putsen luid, haar vogelen van genezing. Zij zitten in de bomen, zij drinken van de vijvers, om de harten te betoveren. Betover mij, betover mij, snel, want iets zit mij op de hielen. 5. Ik ren door het woud, ik ben vrij en wil niet meer terug. Lang gebonden was ik, betover mij snel, dan is het voorbij. 6. Ik hoef nu nooit meer bang te zijn, Saturnus waakt nu over mij, de ster in metensia's hand. 7. Over bergen en dalen vliegen wij, ik voel een hand. 8. Toe, Putsen, snel, betover mij, en breng mij waar de nachtegale zingen, waar de koekoeken aan het strand staan, om het piratenschip des Heeren aan te wijzen, waar de Peter woont. 9. Het gegetene is nu de piraat, en ik kan er over dromen. Het heeft mij meegenomen. 10. In lange gewaden kwam het tot mij, waar Metensia over de waat'ren zweeft, de schoonheid van de stilte. 11. Woorden zouden mij tegengehouden hebben, maar ze zeiden niks, en nu ben ik hier. 12. Vlug betover mij, anders is het te laat, en verlies ik deze droom, en val ik van mijn troon, om weer als slaaf te dienen, en gevangen te zijn. 13. De raven hebben Peter dan gevolgd, tot in het kleine huis diep in het woud. 14. Zij hebben hem daar konijnenvoedsel gegeven, nu is hij dan een piratenindiaan. Zevenvoudig gezuiverd, tot onder het gele gedaald. Hij is een speelgoedkoning, toe maak dan in Hem woning, dit gegeten kind, voor hen is het koninkrijk Gods. 15. Duizend duizelingen, brengen mij naar de plaats waar koningen de appels beminnen. Een kikkerkoning is daar, beroerende elke snaar. 16. Op Saturnus staan zij, in Metensia's Hand. Betover mij snel, want rovers zijn daar. 17. Duizend duizelingen, ik val steeds

weer in slaap. Toe, putsen, snel, betover mij, anders is het te laat. 18. De canonskooien staan klaar, om hun hoofden te schudden, en dan de kikker op te sluiten, als slaaf van hun evangelie. 19. Maar mochten zij het eens verstaan, de kikker heeft een baby, klein genoeg om door het gat te gaan, en dan begint het liedje van voren af aan. 20. Duizend duizelingen, violen trillen, toe God, neem mij mee. Mijn hoofd wordt zwaar, ik voel de pijlen. Zij willen mij splijten, mijn hart doorboren. 21. Toe, putsen, snel, betover mij, want onder het gele spelen zij. 22. Ik ben hun spel niet meer. Ik wil het niet meer wezen. Toe, betover mij, en neem mij mee. 23. Oh, kikkerkoning, oh hazenlicht, oh berenkroning, zegel dit liefdesgedicht, opdat zij die van mij houden, de boodschap kunnen zien. 24. Ik kan niet rechtuit spreken, want een duistere gestalte staat naast mij.

22.

De kikkerkoning

1. Er was een kroning, en nu is hij koning, van speelgoed, hij is kikkerkoning. Niemand kan hem stoppen, zijn benen zijn te lang. 2. Niemand kan zijn dromen doven, het duurde al veel te lang. Heb je nog iets te zeggen, doe het nu. Daarna kan het niet meer. 3. Spoedig is hij dan koning, en maakt overal woning, de troon dat is de aarde. Heb je iets te zeggen doe het nu. 4. Spoedig kan het niet meer, en worden alle monden gesloten, en zal hij spreken, de kikkerkoning. 5. Toe, laat je klederen buiten drogen, want binnen kan het niet meer. De kikkerkoning maakte daar woning, en de bal is nat, een koningsvijver. 6. Spreek dan snel, nu kan het niet meer. Monden zijn gesloten, de kikkerkoning maakt nu woning. 7. Zet je sirenes dan aan, want spoedig kan het niet meer, en worden alle deuren gesloten, zonder dat iemand opendoet. De kikkerkoning is gekomen. 8. Denk niet je zal voor eeuwig eten, want als de gong wordt geslagen zal het gegetene eten. 9. De peter is dan opgestaan, met zijn piratenschip is hij een gezuiverde indiaan, zevenvoudig gezuiverd was hij, tot onder het gele daalde hij. 10. Hij is de kikkerkoning, toe maak dan in hem woning, vele kamers heeft hij daar, beroerende elke snaar. 11. Waar violen trillen, daar schiet hij zijn pijlen, scherp op de boog. Hij is de kikkerkoning, makende in een ieder woning. Zij waren bij zijn kroning.

De Openbaring van de Rode Steen II

De Toverbeker en het Toverbordje

1. Eens waren er dertig prinsen die door een heks waren betoverd tot wachters op een hoge toren. 2. De toren was zo hoog dat het hoogste deel niet gezien kon worden, en de toren was zo breed dat het de helft van het land vulde. 3. Als iemand de trap omhoog wilde bestijgen, dan kwamen er ballen van steen en ballen van vuur naar beneden, en maakten voor lange tijd het land onveilig. 4. Daarom verbood de koning dat nog iemand naar de toren zou gaan.

5. De koning had veel verdriet van het verlies van zijn dertig zonen. 6. De dertig prinsen waren nu angstaanjagende wachters die op de top van de toren moesten marcheren. 7. Zij moesten de schat van de heks bewaken : een toverbeker die nooit op zou raken, en waarmee je onder de grond kon reizen, en een toverbord dat altijd vol was, en waarmee je in de lucht kon reizen.

8. De koning had een erge hekel aan de heks. 9. Was hij nu maar wat aardiger voor haar geweest, dan was alles niet zo erg als het nu was. 10. Ja, de koning had veel spijt wat hij de heks had

aangedaan. 11. Een oud bedelvrouwtje kwam eens aan de poort en vroeg om onderdak, maar de koning zond haar weg. 12. Hoe kon hij nu weten dat het een heks was ? 13. En een heks kun je maar beter onderdak geven, anders zal het je je hele leven berouwen. 14. Dat was de koning nu wel duidelijk geworden.

15. Sindsdien was de koning altijd goed voor bedelaars, en had hij z'n lesje wel geleerd. 16. Op een dag kwam één van de bedelaars tot de koning. 17. 'Koning,' zei de bedelaar, 'ik heb gehoord wat er gebeurd is. 18. Ik kom uit een ver land, maar ik heb een lange tijd onder de grond gewoond, en eens zag ik de heks met haar toverbeker langskomen. 19. Ik volgde haar, en ze kwam in een bron van licht, waar ze onzichtbaar werd. 20. Zo ging ik ook naar de bron, en in een bliksemschicht stond ik bovenop de toren waar u zonen gevangen worden gehouden. 21. Ze waren inderdaad de meest afschuwelijke wachters geworden, en marcheerden gevaarlijk rond. 22. Maar ze konden mij niet zien, omdat ik onzichtbaar was. 23. De toverbeker was verdwenen, omdat de heks daarmee onder de grond was, maar het toverbordje dat altijd vol was stond daar, en ik nam ervan, en steeg op in de lucht. 24. Hoever ik gekomen ben weet ik niet, maar ik was zo hoog waar nog geen mens ooit was gekomen. 25. Hier kwam ik in een wereld waar de meest wonderlijke sprookjesfiguren waren. 26. Zij vertelden mij dat uw zonen geheime sprookjes in zich droegen die nog nooit waren verteld. 27. De betovering zou worden verbroken wanneer die sprookjes zouden worden verteld.'

28. Toen liet de koning de beste sprookjesvertellers van het land komen, om zoveel mogelijk sprookjes te verzamelen en te vertellen, maar er gebeurde niets. 29. Toen liet de koning de bedelaar weer terugkomen, en vroeg hem waar onder de grond die lichtbron was. 30. De koning zond toen tien lakeien met de bedelaar mee. 31. De koning hoopte dat zijn lakeien de prinsen konden bevrijden. 32. Maar de heks wachtte hen al op. 33. In een lichtflits betoverde ze de lakeien in stenen wachters die de lichtbron moesten bewaken, maar de bedelaar zag de toverbeker staan, greep de beker en dronk ervan, terwijl hij nog dieper onder de grond kon reizen. 34. Na een lange tijd kwam de bedelaar in een sprookjesrijk zo diep onder de grond waar geen mens ooit was geweest. 35. Hoe diep het was, wist hij niet, maar er waren hier wonderlijke sprookjeswezens. 36. Zij vertelden dat zij eens samenleefden met de sprookjeswereld boven de lucht, maar de heks had het rijk verscheurd. 37. In de lichtbron verborg de heks sprookjes, en de twee sprookjeswerelden zouden weer bij elkaar komen als die verborgen sprookjes zouden worden verteld. 38. Weer ging de bedelaar naar de koning, en weer liet de koning de beste sprookjesvertellers komen, en ook de beste sprookjesvertellers uit andere landen, maar er gebeurde weer niets. 39. Maar toen kreeg de bedelaar een idee. 40. Hij had nu immers zowel het toverbordje als de toverbeker. 41. Met het toverbordje kon hij nu de toverbeker naar het rijk boven de lucht brengen, en dan zouden zij met de toverbeker naar het rijk onder de grond kunnen gaan. 42. Vanaf die dag werd er heel wat heen en weer gereisd, en ze vertelden elkaar de wonderlijkste sprookjes. Niet lang daarna marcheerden de stenen lakeien en de wachters van de toren naar de dichtstbijzijnde stad, en begonnen de sprookjes te vertellen. 43. Langzaam maar zeker verbrak de betovering, en de koning kon zijn dertig zonen en zijn tien lakeien weer in de armen nemen.

De Openbaring van de Rode Steen III

De Sprekende Toren

1. Er was eens een sprekende toren. 2. Wanneer iemand de trappen van de toren op wilde gaan, dan schreeuwde de toren uiteindelijk zo hard dat niemand echt ver kon komen. 3. Maar de koning had gehoord dat er bijzondere dingen te vinden waren in die hoge toren, die zo hoog was dat niemand eigenlijk wist waar die toren eindigde. 4. De koning liet een dove man komen en vroeg aan de man of hij wilde gaan kijken wat er bovenin te vinden was. 5. De dove man stemde toe, en vertrok direct naar de toren. 6. De man had natuurlijk geen last van het harde geluid, en na een tijdje was hij zo hoog gekomen dat hij in een zaaltje terecht kwam waar allerlei indiaanse vruchten lagen. 7. De man begon ervan te eten, en begon hard te lachen. 8. Hij wilde toen een trap op om nog hoger te komen, maar werd direct tegengehouden door verblindende lichten. 9. De man ging terug naar het zaaltje, nam zoveel mogelijk van de indiaanse vruchten mee, en ging terug naar de koning. 10. Hij vertelde de koning over de verblindende lichten, maar dat hij wel vruchten had gevonden waar je hard van ging lachen.

11. De koning kon die vruchten wel gebruiken, en na niet al te lange tijd leed het hele hof aan de slappe lach. 12. Maar tevreden was de koning niet. 13. En daarom liet hij ook een blinde man komen. 14. De blinde man maakte natuurlijk geen kans om door het harde geluid van het eerste gedeelte te komen, en daarom moest de dove man terug naar het torenzaaltje om daar vanuit een raampje een touw te laten zakken om de blinde man omhoog te hijsen.

15. Dat ging allemaal goed, en zo kon de blinde man de trap op nog verder omhoog, en had geen last van de verblindende lichten. 16. Na een tijdje kwam de blinde man in een zaaltje waar glanzende indiaanse stenen lagen. 17. De man zag dat natuurlijk niet, maar had ze al snel gevonden, maar barste toen in huilen uit. 18. Hij wilde toen met de trap nog verder omhoog, maar daar werd het elke stap heter en heter, totdat de man het niet meer uit kon houden, en terugging naar het zaaltje. 19. Hier nam hij zoveel mogelijk indiaanse edelstenen mee, en ging terug over de trap naar het eerste zaaltje, waar hij door het raampje over het touw naar beneden kon. 20. Zo kwam hij terug bij de koning, en vertelde wat hij had meegemaakt. 21. Ook liet hij de indiaanse edelstenen zien, waarvan je in huilen uitbarste zodra je ze aanraakte. 22. 'Nou, laten we dat dan maar niet doen, hè,' zei de koning. 23. De koning liet de edelstenen goed opbergen.

24. Maar op een dag was er een dief in het kasteel, en vond de edelstenen. 25. Toen hij ze wilde oppakken barste hij ineens in huilen uit. 26. Huilend en vol van spijt meldde hij zich bij de koning, en de koning wist nu hoe belangrijk die edelstenen waren. 27. Ze waren goede wachters. 28. Voor straf moest de dief de torentrap beklimmen, helemaal tot aan het puntje. 29. Maar ver kwam de man natuurlijk niet. 30. Eerst raakte hij doof van het geluid. 31. Later raakte hij blind van het licht, en toen hij nog hoger kwam was het daar zo heet dat hij verbrandde. 32. Niemand zag hem ooit weer terug. 33. De koning had gehoopt dat de dief met meerdere geheimen zou terugkomen, en daarom was de teleurstelling groot toen dat niet gebeurde. 34. De koning wist nu dat ze een man van steen nodig hadden die de hete trap zou kunnen bestijgen.

35. Vele jaren gingen voorbij, maar uiteindelijk had de koning toch zo'n man gevonden. 36. De man van steen kon ook goed tegen hard geluid en fel licht, en al gauw kwam hij in een derde zaal, waar hij indiaanse bloemen vond. 37. Maar de bloemen riepen direkt : 'Raak ons maar niet aan, want dan kun je niet meer spreken.' 38. De man stapte daarom direkt achteruit en liep naar de volgende trap

omhoog. 39. Maar daar werd het elke trede steeds kouder en kouder, en op een gegeven moment kreeg de man het zo koud dat hij gillend naar beneden rende. 40. Snel kwam hij bij de koning aan, en vertelde over de koude trappen. 41. Ook vertelde hij over de bloemen. 42. Maar de koning was erg boos dat de man van steen de bloemen niet voor hem had meegenomen. 43. Het kon de koning niets schelen dat de man van steen dan niet meer zou kunnen praten als hij ze mee zou nemen. 44. Dus de man moest terug. 45. De man van steen nam zoveel mogelijk bloemen mee als hij maar kon, maar kon sindsdien niet meer spreken. 46. De koning liet de bloemen planten in zijn kasteel, aan het einde van de grote hal. 47. De koning liet er een klein riviertje omheen bouwen, en een hekje, zodat niemand de bloemen zomaar zou aanraken.

48. De koning was nog steeds erg ontevreden, want hij wilde weten wat er achter die koude trappen was. 49. En daarvoor had de koning een kachelman nodig. 50. Na vele jaren zoeken vond de koning eindelijk zo'n man die geheel van kacheltjes was gemaakt. 51. Hij zou met gemak over die koude trappen kunnen komen. 52. En hij kon ook makkelijk de trappen daarvoor beklimmen, omdat hij overal tegen bestand was. 53. Maar de koude trappen waren niet makkelijk. 54. Na een tijdje begon de man te merken dat de kacheltjes uit begonnen te gaan, en uiteindelijk moest de man zich omdraaien om weer terug te gaan.

55. De koning was woedend. 56. De kachelman was zijn enige hoop. 57. Voor straf moest de kachelman in het veld van de indiaanse bloemen geworpen worden. 58. Toen hij tegen de bloemen aankwam kon hij direkt niet meer spreken. 59. De bloemen hadden erg veel medelijden met hem, en op een dag zei één van de bloemen tegen hem : 'Hoor eens. 60. Ik zal een druppel wonderhoning voortbrengen, en als je die druppel inslikt, dan zul je met gemak over de koude trappen heenkomen.' 61. En zo gebeurde het. 62. De bloem bracht de honingdruppel voort, de kachelman slikte het in, en de bloemen brachten hem over de rivier en over het hek. 63. De kachelman ging terug naar de toren, en kwam later met gemak over de koude trappen heen. 64. Daar boven vond hij zo'n prachtig rijk dat hij niet meer terugwilde. 65. En waarom zou hij dat verklappen aan zo'n gemene en valse koning ?

66. Sindsdien begon de toren nog meer te stralen, en de indiaanse bloemen begonnen naar de toren toe te groeien. 67. Ze werden elke dag wilder en begonnen scherpe dorens voort te brengen, zodat niemand de toren meer kon beklimmen. 68. Ze groeiden zo hoog dat ze helemaal in het rijk van de kachelman terechtkwamen. 69. De kachelman was daar natuurlijk erg blij mee, maar kon nog steeds niet spreken. 70. Elk jaar brachten de indiaanse bloemen prachtig bloesem voort, en op een dag zei één van de bloemen : 'Kachelman, zodra de bloesem een druppel wonderhoning voortbrengt : slik het in. 71. Dan zul je weer spreken.' 72. De kachelman wachtte totdat de druppel zou komen, en toen hij slikte kon hij niet alleen spreken, maar ook stond er een indiaanse prinses voor hem. 73. Zij was gehuld in bloesem en de wonderlijkste bloemen. 74. 'Ik ben de bloemenprinses,' zei ze. 75. En ze leidde hem naar een trap geheel gemaakt van bloemen, en de trap was heel geurig. 76. Helemaal bovenaan de trap waren er vlammetjes waardoor al zijn kacheltjes weer aan konden gaan. 77. En voordat de kachelman het wist stond hij bovenop die hoge toren en had een uitzicht over het hele land.

78. 'Hallo,' zei de toren, 'nog nooit heeft er iemand op mijn top gestaan, en het is zo'n heerlijk gevoel. 79. Daarom geef ik je nu vleugeltjes, zodat je hier altijd weer terug kan komen.' 80. En zo vloog de kachelman weg met zijn indiaans prinsesje, want nu hij zo hoog was gekomen, wilde hij eigenlijk alleen maar hoger. 81. En de bloemen groeiden heel snel met hen mee, en volgden hen overal. 82. En elk jaar bracht de bloesem weer nieuwe indiaanse prinsesjes voort. 83. De kachelman

kwam nooit meer terug naar de toren, en sindsdien is het geluid van de toren alleen maar harder geworden. 84. Men zegt dat dat is omdat hij de kachelman roept.

2.

Het Tovertuig

1. Eens woonden er een heleboel indiaanse feeën in een kasteel om daar de wonderlijkste toverschatten van het land te bewaken. 2. Ze wilden de toverschatten graag met het volk delen, maar ze waren bang dat het in verkeerde handen zou vallen. 3. Daarom hadden ze afgesproken dat zij die tot het kasteel zouden komen eerst een tovertouw moesten overwinnen, daarna een toverzwaard en als derde een vleesetend tovervarken van metaal.

4. Het tovertouw was zo verschrikkelijk dat het vele ridders de diepte introk, en zij die door het tovertouw werden meegenomen naar de dieptes van het kasteel werden nooit meer teruggezien. 5. Het tovertouw was afschuwelijk sterk en lang, en eigenlijk kon niemand er tegenop. 6. Zo ging dat eeuwenlang door, totdat eigenlijk niemand meer het kasteel indurfde.

7. Maar toch was er op een dag een boerenzoon die wel een poging zou willen maken. 8. Werken op het land beviel hem niet, en leren kon hij niet. 9. Toen hij het tovertouw zag vroeg hij : ‘Zeg tovertouw, kun je mij vertellen hoe ik jou te slim af kan zijn ?’ 10. Het tovertouw maakte zich extra lang en zei : ‘Wie mij raakt, die brandt zich, want vuurheet ben ik. 11. Maar zij die het handschoentje van ijskoud dragen zullen aan mij ontsnappen.’

12. ‘En waar kan ik dat handschoentje van ijskoud vinden ?’ vroeg de boerenzoon. 13. Toen wees het tovertouw helemaal naar boven waar een klein plankje hing met de handschoen erop. 14. De boerenzoon wist niet hoe hij daar moest komen. 15. ‘Zeg, hoe kan ik daar komen ?’ vroeg de boerenzoon.

16. ‘Daar kun je niet komen,’ zei het tovertouw. 17. ‘Net als al die anderen zul je door mij in de diepte worden geworpen.’

18. ‘Oh, maar ik geloof er niks van dat je zo sterk bent,’ zei de boerenzoon. 19. ‘Als je zo sterk bent, bewijs me dat dan maar eens. 20. Pak die grote steen naast mij maar eens op en werp hem een flink eind in de lucht. 21. Dan zal ik je geloven.’ 22. Het tovertouw pakte de grote steen en slingerde hem een eind omhoog, zo hoog dat de steen op het plankje terechtkwam. 23. Het plankje brak en de handschoen van ijskoud viel naar beneden. 24. Snel ving de boerenjongen de handschoen op, deed hem om zijn hand en greep het tovertouw. 25. Direkt werd het touw slap, en de boerenjongen kon het touw makkelijk meenemen. 26. Maar dieper in het kasteel kwam hij het toverzwaard tegen. 27. Het toverzwaard was zo snel dat de boerenjongen niets zou kunnen beginnen, ook niet met het tovertouw. 28. Want zodra de boerenjongen het handvat wilde grijpen vloog het toverzwaard weg, en het toverzwaard hakte telkens het tovertouw doormidden. 29. En al die delen begonnen ook weer te groeien, en maakten het de boerenjongen erg moeilijk.

30. ‘Hoe kan ik je handvat grijpen ?’ vroeg de boerenjongen aan het toverzwaard.

31. ‘Door het handschoentje van langzaam,’ zei het toverzwaard.

32. En waar is dat handschoentje ?' vroeg de jongen. 33. Toen wees het toverzwaard naar boven, waar een klein plankje hing met het handschoentje van langzaam erop. 34. 'Maar daar kun jij toch nooit komen,' zei het toverzwaard. 35. 'Geef de moed maar op.'

36. De jongen had gehoord dat het toverzwaard koppen afhakte van mannen die tot hier waren gekomen, en dat nog nooit iemand langs het toverzwaard was gekomen. 37. 'Zeg, ik geloof er niks van dat je zo sterk bent,' zei de boerenzoon. 38. 'Kun jij die grote steen naast mij eens optillen en een flink eind omhoog slingeren ?'

39. 'Ik kijk wel beter uit,' zei het toverzwaard, 'ik wil het plankje niet raken.'

40. 'Nou, kun je dan die grote steen eens flink in stukken hakken ?' 41. Dan geloof ik dat je zo sterk bent,' zei de jongen. 42. Trots vloog het toverzwaard naar de reusachtige steen en hakte hem met gemak in een aantal stukken. 43. Snel pakte de jongen een stuk steen en smeed het naar het plankje toe waar het handschoentje van langzaam lag. 44. De steen raakte het handschoentje van langzaam, dat direkt naar beneden viel. 45. De boerenjongen ving het op, deed het om z'n andere hand en greep het handvat van het toverzwaard. 46. Snel sloeg hij zich een weg door al dat touw heen.

47. Dieper in het kasteel kwam hij na een tijdje het vleesetende tovervarken van metaal tegen. 48. Het varken vloog hem direkt aan, en de boerenzoon werd direkt flink gebeten, en kon niet veel met het toverzwaard en tovertouw beginnen. 49. Het varken was veel te wild en te hard. 50. 'Mannetjes als jou vreet ik zo op,' zei het vleesetende tovervarken van metaal.

51. 'Hoe kan ik aan jou ontsnappen ?' vroeg de boerenzoon.

52. 'Alleen door het keteltje van zachtheid,' zei het vleesetende tovervarken van metaal.

53. 'En waar is dat keteltje te vinden ?' vroeg de boerenjongen.

54. Even was het een tijdje stil. 55. Daarna wees het varken in de diepte van een waterput dichtbij hen. 56. De jongen zag iets glinsteren, maar zelfs zijn tovertouw kon er niet bijkomen, zo diep lag het keteltje.

57. 'Ik eet alles wat los en vastzit,' zei het varken.

58. 'Oh ja ?' vroeg de jongen. 59. 'Nou, eet die grote steen naast mij dan eens op.'

60. En in een paar seconden vrat het varken de reusachtige steen die naast de jongen lag op. 61. Het varken was ineens een stuk groter en zwaarder, en begon dorst te krijgen. 62. Snel ging het varken naar de waterput, en boog helemaal over de rand heen om wat water te kunnen drinken. 63. Snel gaf de boerenjongen hem een duw, terwijl het varken in de put plofte. 64. Het varken zonk erg snel omdat hij zo zwaar was, en na een tijdje kwam hij in het keteltje van zachtheid terecht waarin hij verdween. 65. Het keteltje dreef toen langzaam omhoog. 66. De boerenjongen nam het keteltje op zijn rug, en kwam na niet al te lange tijd bij de schatkamer van het kasteel aan. 67. Hier stond een indiaanse fee hem al op te wachten. 68. 'Dappere man,' zei de fee. 69. 'Je mag uitkiezen wat je wil.' 70. Maar de jongen keek wat in het rond, en niets maar dan ook niets kon hetgeen hij al droeg overtreffen : het handschoentje van ijskoud met het tovertouw, het handschoentje van langzaam met het toverzwaard, en het keteltje van zachtheid. 71. 'Ik heb genoeg aan wat ik heb,' zei de jongen. 72. En keerde weer terug naar waar hij vandaan was gekomen.

1. Er was eens een hele bijzondere struik met toverbessen. 2. Een ieder die van deze bessen at kon ineens vliegen. 3. Maar je werd er ook heel slaperig en moe van. 4. Op een dag kwam er een heks langs de struik die de struik omkapte met een gouden bijl. 5. Ze prevelde wat toverspreuken op, en al gauw zweefden allen die van de toverbessen hadden gegeten als in trance naar haar toe. 6. De heks begon te schaterlachen. 7. Na een tijdje begonnen de wezens zich zo zwak te voelen en zo zwaar dat ze niet meer konden vliegen. 8. Weer sprak de heks wat toverspreuken uit, en er begon zich een muur rondom de slapende wezens te vormen, een muur geheel gemaakt van varkens. 9. 'Een ieder die het waagt bij de varkensmuur te komen zal ook veranderen in een varken,' sprak de heks. 10. En sindsdien begon de varkensmuur alleen maar te groeien en te groeien.

11. Waar de struik met toverbessen had gestaan liet de heks een hoog kasteel bouwen voor haarzelf. 12. Maar omdat ze bang was voor indringers liet ze een muur maken geheel van schapen. 13. Een ieder die bij die muur zou komen zou voor altijd slapen. 14. En sindsdien lagen er heel wat slapenden rondom de schapenmuur.

15. De heks had natuurlijk wat te verbergen : de gouden toverbijl, haar toverspeer en een toverschild. 16. Op een dag hoorde een man het verhaal over de varkensmuur en de schapenmuur. 17. Hij wist dat dit heel diep in het bos aan de gang was, maar hoe hij ook zocht hij kon nergens een varkensmuur of schapenmuur bekennen. 18. Na lang lopen kwam hij bij een huisje aan waar indiaanse feeën woonden. 19. Ook de feeën kenden het verhaal, en vertelden hem dat hij alleen de zware wezens achter de varkensmuur zou kunnen helpen, als hij eerst het toverschild bij de heks zou ophalen. 20. Maar om veilig over de schapenmuur heen te komen moest hij eerst een toverharnas dragen, zodat hij niet in slaap zou vallen.

21. De indiaanse feeën zeiden er wel bij dat als hij van hen dat toverharnas wilde hebben, dan moest hij drie dagen bij hen blijven. 22. Dat vond de man niet zo erg, want de feeën waren heel aardig. 23. En wie zou er niet drie dagen bij feeën willen logeren ? 24. De feeën gaven hem het verrukkelijkste en overheerlijkste voedsel te eten, en na drie dagen was het toverharnas aan hem gegroeid. 25. Met ferme stappen ging de man verder op zoek naar de schapenmuur, met hulp van de feeën. 26. Na een tijdje vond hij het, en het was een koud kunstje om door de muur heen te kunnen. 27. De vachten waren erg zacht, en de man viel gelukkig niet in slaap. 28. Na een lange tijd kwam hij bij het kasteel van de heks aan. 29. Het kasteel was bedekt met vleermuizen, en toen de man door een raampje keek zag hij de heks daar staan met een gevlekte raaf.

30. De raaf brulde tot de heks dat hij mensenvlees rook. 31. 'Nou, ga er dan op af !' krijste de heks. 32. De man zette het op een lopen, maar de feeën brachten hem naar de achterkant van het kasteel waar hij door een keukendeur naar binnen kon. 33. Snel rende hij de trap op, maar daar stond ineens de kok voor hem : 'Drie dagen heb ik niet gegeten,' zei de kok, 'dus je komt op het goede moment.' 34. Maar de feeën riepen : 'Duw hem weg !' 35. En zo rende de man verder de trap op. 36. Het waren een heleboel trappen, maar nu zat ook de raaf achter hem aan. 37. 'Honderd lange jaren heb ik niks gegeten,' brulde de raaf, 'dus je komt op het goede moment.' 38. Maar snel gooiden de feeën toverpoeder over de raaf, die direkt in een lap vlees veranderde, terwijl de kok die achter hem rende de lap vlees nam en het direkt begon op te eten. 39. Maar toen ineens stond de heks zelf voor de man, en riep : 'Duizenden jaren heb ik niets gegeten, dus je komt op het goede moment.' 40. Ook de kok was inmiddels weer dichterbij gekomen, en op hetzelfde moment doken zowel de kok en de

heks naar de man toe. 41. Maar de indiaanse feeën grepen de man snel vast, en trokken hem in de lucht, zodat de kok en de heks elkaar in de armen vielen. 42. Snel vlogen de indiaanse feeën met de man naar een kamer waar ze het toverschild vonden.

43. 'Oh, oh,' sprak het toverschild, 'nog nooit heb ik iets gegeten terwijl ik al miljoenen jaren oud ben. 44. Neem mij mee, en geef mij iets te eten.' 45. De man nam het toverschild, en rende snel het kasteel weer uit. 46. Na een tijdje was hij over de schapenmuur heen. 47. De feeën vertelden hem dat hij met het toverschild niet in een varken zou veranderen als hij bij de varkensmuur zou aankomen. 48. Toen ze bij de varkensmuur aankwamen begon het toverschild direct van het varkensvlees te eten, dat naderhand ook weer gewoon aangroeide, en zo konden ze door de dichte varkenshaag heenkomen. 49. Toen ze na lange, lange tijd door de varkensmuur heen waren zagen ze daar de zware wezens die eens door de heks waren betoverd, en die eens van de toverbessen hadden gegeten zitten. 50. 'Ach,' zei het toverschild, 'nog nooit in mijn hele leven heb ik iemand te drinken gegeven. 51. Laat me hen wat te drinken geven.' 52. En ineens begon er melk voort te stromen van het toverschild, en de zware wezens begonnen te drinken. 53. Maar daar kwamen de kok en de heks ook aan door de varkensmuur. 54. Ze hadden de gouden bijl bij zich en de toverspeer, en ze zagen er erg gevaarlijk uit. 55. 'Ach,' sprak het toverschild, 'nog nooit in mijn leven heb ik iemand eens goed geslagen. 56. Laat me hen eens slaan.' 57. De man nam het toverschild en wierp het op de aanstormende kok en de heks af. 58. En toen heeft het toverschild hen zo'n flink pak slaag gegeven dat ze van schrik de toverbijl en de toverspeer lieten vallen. 59. En daar waar de toverbijl en de toverspeer de grond raakten veranderden ze ineens in prachtige struiken vol toverbessen. 60. En ook de kok en de heks veranderden in toverbes-struiken. 61. De zware wezens liepen langzaam en nog steeds een beetje slaperig op de toverbessen af, en toen ze de bessen begonnen te eten voelden ze zich steeds lichter worden, en konden na een tijdje weer vliegen. 62. Toen zijn ze met z'n allen over de varkensmuur en de schapenmuur heengevlogen en gingen met z'n allen in het kasteel van de heks wonen, waar ze nog lang en gelukkig leefden.

4.

Het Toverflesje

1. Er was eens een meisje met een geurflesje dat nooit opraakte. 2. Zodra ze een druppeltje uit het flesje liet glijden verdween ze. 3. Maar op een dag was het flesje gestolen, en het meisje was erg verdrietig. 4. Een ander meisje had ook zo'n geurflesje, maar als zij een druppeltje liet glijden, dan verschenen er overal wilde dieren om haar heen. 5. Op een dag stal het meisje het flesje van het andere meisje, maar later kreeg ze erge spijt, en bracht het flesje weer terug. 6. 'Zolang je bij mij bent, mag je gewoon druppeltjes uit mijn flesje gebruiken, hoor,' zei het meisje van het flesje. 7. Ook gingen ze samen op zoek naar het gestolen flesje. 8. Op hun zoektocht kwamen ze een heleboel andere meisjes tegen met geurflesjes die nooit opraakten, en ieder meisje kon er weer wat anders mee. 9. Zo was er ook een meisje die een flesje had waarvan elke druppel wapens om haar heen liet verschijnen. 10. Toen de meisjes van het gestolen flesje hoorden kregen ze een idee. 11. Ze zouden ieder een druppel van hun flesje aan het meisje zonder flesje geven. 12. En zo kon het meisje een heleboel wonderlijke dingen doen. 13. Op een dag zag het meisje een vogel vliegen met het gestolen flesje. 14. Het was voor het meisje die nu een nieuw toverflesje had heel makkelijk om de vogel te volgen. 15. Door een druppel te laten glijden kon ze achter de vogel aanvliegen, en ze

kwam aan in een kasteel ergens ver weg. 16. Hier zag ze een mannetje roeren in een ketel. Het flesje had de vogel inmiddels al naast hem gezet. 17. 'Zeg mannetje,' zei het meisje, 'dat flesje is van mij. 18. Uw vogel heeft het van me gestolen.'

19. Maar het mannetje zei dat alle geurflesjes van hem waren, omdat hij ze eens gemaakt had. 20. Het mannetje vroeg aan het meisje van wie ze het geurflesje had gekregen. 21. 'Van mijn moeder,' zei het meisje.

22. 'Dan heeft ze dat eens van mij gestolen,' zei het mannetje. 23. 'En ook al die andere geurflesjes zijn gestolen, en die wil ik terughebben.'

24. Toen liet het meisje haar nieuwe geurflesje zien met druppels uit alle geurflesjes, en zei dat als hij van haar dat flesje zou krijgen, dan zou hij alle geurtjes terughebben. 25. In ruil vroeg ze daarvoor haar eigen flesje. 26. Dan zou ze één druppel daarvan aan het mannetje geven, zodat het mannetje alles compleet had. 27. Het mannetje was daar wel blij mee, want zo hoefde hij niet meer op zoek te gaan naar al die andere flesjes, en zo zouden de meisjes ook niet ongelukkig worden. 28. Het meisje kreeg haar eigen flesje terug, en ook een druppel uit het flesje met het mengsel. 29. Het mannetje was zo blij dat hij zelfs een druppel uit de ketel gaf met een geheel nieuw mengsel. 30. En zo kon het meisje weer verdwijnen, en leefde nog lang en gelukkig met haar toverflesje.

5.

Het Toverei

1. Eens in een ver land was er een overstroming die alles dreigde onder te laten lopen. 2. De enige plaats waar het veilig zou zijn was een indiaans elvenkasteel. 3. Een man klopte aan om binnen te kunnen komen, maar de indiaanse elven zeiden dat als hij een plaats wilde hebben, dan zou hij eerst naar het kasteel van de heks moeten gaan om daar een toverei weg te nemen. 4. Dat toverei had de heks eens van de indiaanse elven gestolen, en zij wilden het graag terug. 5. Vanuit het toverei konden de meest wonderlijke dieren voortkomen.

6. Nu was het in het kasteel van de heks erg gevaarlijk, omdat de vloeren en plafonds bewogen en konden instorten, en de muren klapten gevaarlijk tegen elkaar aan. 7. Nog nooit had iemand een bezoek aan dat kasteel overleefd, en daarom gaven de indiaanse elven de man toverschoenen mee en een toverhelm. 8. Zo was het voor de man niet zo moeilijk het toverei te krijgen. 9. Zodra de vloer wegzakte lieten de toverschoenen de man gewoon in de lucht zweven, en als het plafond naar beneden kwam dan zorgde de toverhelm dat de man niet geraakt werd. 10. Alleen moest hij erg oppassen voor de tegen elkaar klappende muren. 11. Na niet al te lange tijd had hij het toverei in zijn handen, en rende terug, maar het water was al angstaanjagend hoog gestegen. 12. Zo hoog dat de indiaanse elven geen raam of deur meer los durfden te doen. 13. De man wreef over het toverei, en er begonnen grote vissen voort te komen. 14. Voor een tijdje kon hij op hun rug zitten, maar de golven werden zo woest dat hij telkens van de vissen werd afgeslingerd. 15. Weer wreef hij over het toverei, en nu kwamen er grote vogels uit voort. 15. Snel klom hij op de rug van zo'n vogel, maar het was inmiddels zo hard gaan stormen dat hij het toverei niet meer kon vasthouden. 16. Met één rukwind vloog het toverei de zee in. 17. De man bedacht zich geen moment en dook het toverei achterna. 18. Op de bodem van de zee vond hij het toverei weer. 19. Weer wreef hij eroverheen, en er kwamen mollen uit voort die een gat begonnen te graven. 20. De man volgde met het toverei de

mollen, en achter hen werd het gat weer goed dichtgemaakt. 21. Zo groeven de mollen zich een weg helemaal tot onder het elvenkasteel, en zo konden ze op een veilige manier binnenkomen.

22. ‘Dappere man,’ zei één van de indiaanse elven die hen door de grond omhoog zagen klimmen.

23. De man gaf haar het toverei, en is sindsdien bij de indiaanse elven gaan wonen.

De Openbaring van de Rode Steen IV

De Fluitketelman

1. Er was eens een man geheel gemaakt van fluitketels. 2. Zodra de ketels begonnen te fluiten kon de man altijd vliegen. 3. Dan vloog hij altijd hoog en heel ver weg. 4. Maar op een dag kwam hij een wesp tegen, die hem probeerde te prikken, maar de angel brak stuk op één van de ketels. 5. Daarna kwam er een woeste hoornaar op hem af, die agressief zijn gif naar hem toe spoot, maar het gif werd door de ketels weggeketst. 6. Toen kwam er een vogel, gaf de man een klap met zijn enorme vleugel, en de fluitketelman verloor zijn evenwicht en viel.

7. Na een lange val kwam de fluitketelman in een wespennest terecht. 8. De wespen waren woest en probeerden door de gaatjes naar binnen te vliegen. 9. Maar de ketels begonnen zo te koken dat ze niet ver kwamen. 10. De fluitketelman rende weg, maar kwam toen in een hoornaarsnest terecht. 11. Ook zij probeerden door de gaatjes naar binnen te vliegen, en zij konden wel tegen de kokende hitte. 12. Boven in zijn neus was een gloeiende dop waardoor altijd alles kon koken. 13. Die gloeiende dop die drukten ze van binnenuit weg, en toen had de fluitketelman ineens een gat in zijn neus.

14. De hoornaars zochten door het hele lichaam van de fluitketelman, in alle ketels, of ze nog iets bruikbaar konden vinden, maar ze vonden niets. 15. Nu de fluitketelman zijn neus had verloren zou hij niet meer kunnen koken, en dus ook niet meer kunnen vliegen. 16. Maar de hoornaars waren de slechtsten niet. 17. Ze zeiden : ‘Weet je wat. 18. Wij blijven vanaf nu gewoon in jouw ketels wonen, en dan zul je altijd kunnen vliegen. 19. Jouw fluitketels zijn goede nesten voor ons. 20. En zo hoef je niet eerst te wachten op het fluitje. 21. Je kan nu gewoon vliegen wanneer je wilt.’ 22. En dat vond de fluitketelman wel een goed idee. 23. De hoornaars konden zo goed vliegen, en nu waren ze altijd bij hem.

24. De fluitketelman begon weer ritjes door de lucht te maken, maar al gauw kwam hij die vervelende vogel tegen, en voordat hij het wist lag hij weer op de grond. 25. Ditmaal was hij bij de indianen terecht gekomen. 26. De indianen prikten hem met hun speren, maar ze kwamen niet door de ketels heen, en al gauw hadden ze woeste hoornaars achter zich aan.

27. De indianen waren onder de indruk van het gif van de hoornaars, en dachten dat ze dat wel voor hun wapens konden gebruiken. 28. En zo sloten ze vriendschap met de fluitketelman en de hoornaars. 29. De hoornaars zouden voortaan op hun wapenen zitten om ze te voorzien van gif. 30. En dat beviel de hoornaars zo goed, dat even later de fluitketelman bijna geen hoornaars meer in zijn ketel had, en dus niet meer kon vliegen. 31. De hoornaars hadden het bij de indianen veel te veel naar hun zin.

32. De fluitketelman raakte in gesprek met een indiaans meisje die een slaapmatje had wat van bijen gemaakt was. 33. Hiermee kon ze vliegen, en dat maakte het voor de fluitketelman interessant. 34. Al snel maakten de twee lange reizen op het bijenmatje, maar op een dag kwamen ze de vervelende vogel tegen die hen van het bijenmatje afpikte. 35. Het meisje viel in de rivier, maar de fluitketelman viel ernaast op een harde rots. 36. Alle ketels waren van elkaar gebroken, en het meisje moest alle stukken bij elkaar zoeken. 37. De moeder van het meisje maakte een grote theemuts voor de fluitketelman die alle ketels goed bij elkaar zou houden. 38. Ze maakte die theemuts van mieren, en toen de theemuts over de ketels werd geschoven werden de ketels zo heet dat ze als nooit tevoren begonnen te koken. 39. Nu kon de fluitketelman weer vliegen als de beste. 40. Toen hij de vervelende vogel weer tegenkwam en de vleugel de ketels raakte slaakte de vogel een gil en verbrandde ogenblikkelijk, terwijl het meisje beneden het as opving. 41. Met het as ging ze naar een droog veld, waar ze het as zaaide. 42. Niet lang daarna groeiden er bloemen die leken op fluitketeltjes. 43. Het meisje begon ze te plukken en maakte er een vest van voor haarzelf. 44. Nu kon zij ook vliegen.

45. En samen maakte ze weer lange reizen, totdat ze op een dag een huisje heel hoog in de lucht vonden dat geheel gemaakt was van fluitketels. 46. Toen ze in het huisje stapten merkten ze dat wanneer de ketels kookten het huisje opsteeg. 47. Na een tijdje kwam het huisje in een hele grote hal aan. 48. Daar zat een heks die geheel gemaakt was van fornuisjes. 49. De heks brak uit in gelach. 50. 'Zo,' krijste ze, 'ik zie dat mijn val goed heeft gewerkt.' 51. Ze trok de fluitketelman en het meisje snel uit het huisje, en wilde de fluitketelman in een oven duwen. 52. In de oven werden de fluitketels van de man omgesmolten tot kleine fornuisjes. 53. 'Zo,' lachte de heks tegen het meisje. 54. 'Nu zul je je leven lang achter de fornuisjes moeten werken.' 55. Toen de man uit de oven kwam kon hij zich nauwelijks bewegen. 56. De man was zo zwaar geworden dat hij niet meer kon vliegen.

57. Maar op een dag kwam het verdwenen bijenmatje ineens opduiken. 58. Het bijenmatje schoof over de vloer heen, vlak voor de voeten van de heks. 59. Telkens als de heks een stap zette ving het bijenmatje de voet op, en verschoof het een stukje. 60. Na een tijdje begon de heks er zo moe en duizelig van te worden dat ze neerstortte. 61. Toen vloog het bijenmatje naar de man toe, omhulde hem als een gewaad zodat hij weer kon vliegen. 62. Samen met het meisje vloog hij toen weg uit het heksenkasteel. 63. Weer kwamen ze bij de andere indianen terecht. 64. Die konden de onderdelen van de man goed gebruiken voor hun wapens. 65. Inmiddels was het veld van de fluitketelbloemetjes zo volgegroeid dat de man weer helemaal een fluitketelman kon worden.

De Openbaring van de Rode Steen V

1.

Vogelspin

1. Draden van de armoe gesponnen, dromen van het oer geweven, vanuit Brannan is het heil gekomen. Tot Lapsalvania is zij gekomen, tot Laprakod, de eerste veer. Vogelspin, je deed het weer, je trok hen allen tot de spoel, al die vervlogen jaren, nu zijn zij dan de koninklijke kostumen. Vogelspin, ik ken je daden, tot onder het grijze ben je gegaan, om zwart en wit te ontmoeten, je hebt daar geweven voor de koningin. In Santra, in Santra, zijn de dagen lang, en de kinderen volgen de

spin. 2. Getrouw als zij zijn, voet voor voet, al in een lijn, tot kostelijke kronen, vogelspin je deed het weer. In Brannan deed het zeer, totdat ze tot Lapkrakod was gekomen. Esmeralda, derde fee, de feeenkoningin, oh vogelspin, weet dat ik haar bemin, ik ben de feeenprins. 3. Feeenkoning, maak in haar woning, een konijnenhuis is zij, zij maakt hen allen op tot trouw, vrouw Holle wacht in het avondraamkozijn, tot de ochtend dan haar gezicht bemint.

2.

Witte Roos

1. In een doodstrijd bevond ik mij, alles wat scherp en hard was plette mij, tot tederheid mij vond, ik was in liefde rood geworden, na de klap van haat. Witte roos, tederheid na de steek, zachtheid na de dood, in bitterheid waar ik bezweek, van armoe tot armoe ging ik, met klederen als een wespenvest, in Brannan vond ik heil. Witte roos, als het wespenvuur, steekt zo diep waar het zachte stroomt, onder het zachte ben ik nu, waar een baby woont, een roze veer, in tederheid verborgen en verworven, alles doet zeer. 2. Wie zegt het zachte is zonder pijn, die weet niet waar wij mee bezig zijn. In het diepe ongeluk is het zachte koning, maakte in Brannan woning. Witte roos, tederheid na de steek, zachtheid na de dood, in bitterheid waar ik bezweek, van armoe tot armoe ging ik, om dieper leed te vinden, oh zachtheid doet zo zeer, en ik wil alleen maar meer, ik wil alleen maar griezelen in dit huis van de witte roos, waar dingen gebeuren die ik niet kon verzinnen. 3. Is dit dan de uitweg uit een overgeerfd verstand, is dit dan de uitweg uit het harde gevoel, een veer raakte mij aan, voor het eerst voel ik mijn handen. Witte rozenpoel, waarom ben ik hier doorheen gegaan, van oer tot oer kom ik tot de zwart en witte vloer, tot het schaakspel onder de tijden, om alles te belijden dat wat jij deed naar mij. 4. Witte roos, tederheid na de steek, wonden veelvoudig gestoken, nu spiegelt het dan in de wind, al die gezichten die ik was vergeten.

Savaninen

1.

De Tweede Wet

1. Laat de cobra in het veld staan, kijkende naar de dagen van het oude. Hij zal de oude voetstappen niet verlaten. 2. Hij is de tweede Christus met een tweede wet. 3. Laat dan het tweede woord in u oprijzen. 4. En het eerste gebod is te lijden met uw vader. De gave van het lijden is uw eenheid met Hem en de broeders. 5. En het tweede gebod is met Hem te strijden. De gave van strijd is de eenheid met Hem en de broeders. 6. En het derde gebod is met Hem te sterven, het vierde is blij te zijn met hem, en het vijfde is gij zult niet stelen. Het zesde is gij zult de Geest Gods aanhangen. Het zevende is te leren en te onderwijzen, en het achtste is u te heiligen en reinigen in ijs. Het negende is het oude te eren, en het tiende is te luisteren naar het jonge. En gij zult de wet vervullen door elkander lief te hebben. 7. Dit zijn dan de woorden van de cobra in de tweede tempel. 8. Luistert dan naar zijn woorden, tweede gemeente, opdat gij vervuld wordt met de tweede Geest en een tweede geest in uw binnenste ontvangt. 9. De krachten van het tweede kruis zijn die krachten voortkomende vanuit honger, want uw Heere heeft in arme landen geleden. 10. Dit zijn de woorden van de tweede Paulus. Nu zijn dan de dagen van de tweede Christus gekomen. 11. Legt dan uw oude autoriteiten af en word als een kind. 12. Ga door het diepe gat om de Christus te leren kennen in uw harten, de tweede Christus, want het eerste is voorbijgegaan. 13. Hij vergeeft zonden na berouw, bekering en goede werken. Ja, Zijn vergeving is als het loon des hemels. 14. En gij zult

buigen voor Gods economie. Dit zijn de woorden van de tweede Paulus, anfitaat in de Naam des Heeren, en vluchteling van het Woord, want ik heb geen plaats om mijn hoofd ten ruste te leggen. 15. Zij die de cobra zoeken hebben geen rust, maar zij zullen vrede hebben met de Heer. 16. Gij zult buigen voor Gods economie. Hij dan heeft mij aangegrepen met de zalving van de tweede Simson. De zonen van Lucifer zijn lamgelegd. 17. Oh, komt dan tot de tuinen van Golgotha, waar het tweede bloed bloeit als de brandende wijn. Gij zijt de aderen des Heeren. 18. Gij dan die uw bloed schenkt, zal één zijn met Zijn Bloed. 19. En gij zult toegerust worden om de zonen van Belial te verslaan. 20. Ja, gij zult strijdtaktieken leren, en de Heere zult gij aanhangen. Leer dan Zijn tweede Geest te verstaan, en de tweede Metensia, want gij zijt gemaakt om te stromen. 21. Ja, gij allen zijt een pelgrim van Zijn Woord, een vluchteling in Zijn Genade. 22. Gij dan die genade hebt geschonken aan onze lijdende Heer, drinkt van Zijn genade, als het kostelijk loon van de dauw en het morgenrood. 23. En hij zal de engelen van het tweede zenden tot de baard van Abraham, die van honing druipt. En gij zult een schuilplaats vinden in het laatste der dagen. 24. Gij zult de tweede Metensia als een cobra vinden op haar pad. En gij zult weten dat dit de Heere is. 25. Breekt uzelf dan vrij van uw ketenen, en doe dat in de Naam van de tweede Christus.

2.

Het Nieuwe Verbond

1. Paulus, dienstknecht van de Allerhoogste, de tweede Paulus, anfitaat van een nieuw verbond. 2. Het oude is niet ver van verwijdering, maar de cobra blijft deze paden betreden, en zal niet loslaten de geslachten van het Woord. 3. Hij zal de ouderen helpen, en schuilplaats heten voor wees en vluchteling. Ja, weduwen zullen hem aanhangen, en Hij zal luisteren naar het jonge. 4. Hij die volkomen is en de wet heeft vervuld, maar niet om de wet teniet te doen, maar om haar rijp te doen worden. 5. Nu dan kunt ge drinken van de wet tot eeuwig leven. Ja, er is een tweede behoudenis, opdat uw tweede geest behouden zal worden. 6. Zij dan die geen tweede geest hebben, hebben geen behoudenis. 7. Komt daarom tot een nieuw verbond, want gij zijt genaderd tot de tijden van de vijfde Utmir. 8. Gij dan die zich hebt laten enten op de boom van Christus, Zijn tweede is nu in de maak. 9. God heeft in Zijn geheimenis bij Eminius een nieuwe zoon geschapen, een eeuwige zoon, de tweede Christus. 10. Ziet dan toe dat ge Hem die spreekt niet afwijst, want Hij zal de afvalligen brengen tot het tweede vuur en de tweede hel, waar Beuse met haar engelen branden. 11. Laat dan niemand denken dat deze hel voor altijd is. Deze hel leidt tot het tweede Gehenna, waar de totale vernietiging heerst. De Heere zal loon geven naar werken, en dit loon woedt alleen totdat de maat en de tijden vol zijn. 12. Laat daarom niemand beangst zijn voor eeuwig leed, maar vreest de Heere die in een Utmir harder slaat dan eeuwig leed. 13. De Heere Heere is een brandend en verterend vuur die Zijn tweede evangelie heeft gezonden, en dit evangelie is eeuwig. 14. Dit zijn de woorden van de tweede Paulus, anfitaat voor het aangezicht des Heeren. 15. Nu dan, zet de gevangenen vrij, die lijden door valse woorden. Valse apostelen zijn zij, die schapen hebben misleid. 16. Maar het heeft de Heere Heere behaagd u van Zijn Liefde te vertellen, en dan is valse liefde niet ver van verwijdering. 17. De cobra zal haar eten, zij die verderf heeft gebracht op eeuwige bergen. 18. De Heere zal valse priesters uit uw midden wegdoen. Hoort dan niet wanneer zij roepen op de straten en valse woorden verkondigen op de pleinen. 19. Luistert dan niet naar hen die vrolijke liederen zingen, terwijl u beeft van angst. 20. Zij hebben niet naar wezen en weduwen omgezien, en daarom zal de Heere hen slaan. 21. En enigen van hen zullen kleine hulp vinden van demonische dienaren, en een mantel vinden bij de tweede satan. 22. Ziet dan toe dat gij hem die spreekt niet veracht. Want

hij heeft de macht u over te leveren aan de tweede satan. 23. Verschrikkelijk is het om in de handen te vallen van de zonen van Lucifer, want zij zijn als dolle honden en wolven.

3.

Opening van het Tweede

1. En de Heere zal uw tweede geest openen, om Zijn Tweede Geest uit te storten. Dan zal er geen verraad meer zijn in Zijn Heilige tempel. 2. En de cobra zal verzoenen jong en oud, en Hij zal komen om het woord te testen. 3. Ja, heilige toetsers zal hij opstellen rondom het altaar, en zij zullen de wetten des Heeren binden om het hoofd van de profeet. 4. En de tweede Elia zal opstaan om grote dingen te doen, en de weg van de Tweede Christus te bereiden. 5. Maakt dan vrij de poorten. Dit zijn de dagen dat de Heere u een tweede geest zal geven, dieper in uw binnenste. En er zal geen verstoring zijn op Zijn Heilige berg, noch inbraak. 6. En gij zult rust kennen als het kind der vrede. Ja, want de Heere zal scheppen een nieuwe hemel en een nieuwe aarde, wanneer de engelen van het tweede staan met hun trompetten. 7. Zij zullen de Heere dienen, maar de Heere heeft geen behagen in hen die prijzen zonder Zijn werken te doen. 8. Ik zal die prijzers, zegt de Heere, Ik zal hen wegdoen van mijn heilige berg en hen in de krochten van de tweede tartarus zenden. Zij zijn overgeleverd aan de zonen van de Behemoth. 9. En de Zoon van het Woord zal hen met de moker slaan. 10. Maar de Heere zal hen die op hem wachten het tweede Woord zenden, als een tweesnijdend zwaard komende uit zijn mond en buik. 11. Ja, de heere zal openen het oor van uw binnenste, en gij zult de Heere verstaan. 12. In deze dagen zijn er vele spotters gekomen, hun ouders ongehoorzaam, en ziet de Heere zal hen slaan. 13. De Heere duldt geen gespot meer bij zijn heilige tempelen. Ja, de Heere zal de tweede tempel openen, en hij zal zijn tweede ark laten zien. Zalig hen die de spot niet kennen, want zij zullen toegerust zijn met de krachten van de toekomstige dagen. 14. De heere geeft rust als loon, en zal Zijn cobra laten zien, komende van het allerheiligste. 15. En in de dagen dat de cobra spreekt zal er stilte zijn op zijn heilige berg.

4.

Waarschuwingen

1. En ik, de tweede Paulus, ben dan geslagen door zijn Geest, gebonden in mijn tweede geest, tot een heilige opdracht. Ja, de Heere maakt waarlijk vrij, hen die zich tot het nieuwe verbond binden. 2. En zijn profeten zijn gevoelig voor tijden en seizoenen, en kennen de bedelingen des Heeren. 3. Zij dragen de gaven van het lijden tot diep in hun lichamen, om de zalvingen des heeren uiting te laten geven. Ja, zij hebben het ei des Geestes in de tweede ark gelegd tot een allerheiligste gave van geloof. 4. Geloof dan in het tweede, en gij zult gered worden. Zijn roep gaat uit in de laatste dagen. 5. En tot hen die de gaven van oordeel dragen : Ziet dan toe dat gij die allerheiligst behandelt, want het vuur kan u ook slaan. 6. En tot de geslagenen : De Heere is bij de verslagenen van hart, laat u dan tuchtigen, want het is een gave tot eenwording des Heeren. 7. En tot hen met scheppende gaven : Draagt dan hen die lijden tot het altaar, om het altaar over hen te laten spreken. 8. Vervloekt is de geneesheer die het lichaam geneest en de ziel verloren laat gaan. 9. En ik heb enigen van hen aan de tweede satan overgeleverd opdat hen het handelen in zielen wordt afgeleerd. 10. De woestijn roept tot u, allen die de Heere volgen, en gij zult een oasis vinden in uw tweede geest, die God vanaf den beginne heeft bestemd om in de laatste dagen als een licht in uw binnenste op te rijzen. 11. En de Heere heeft mij geroepen om het werk van de eerste Paulus voort te zetten, en dit werk sluit erop aan als een nauwsluitend zegel. 12. Doet dan aan de wapenrusting van het tweede bloed, vergoten vanuit de hemelen. 13. En de Heere leed in het hongerend Afrika, maar zijn gemeente heeft hem

niet gewild. 14. Daarom zal de Heere de eerste gemeente wegvagen en de tweede gemeente behouden. 15. En de Heere zal zijn eerste christus wegnemen om zijn tweede christus te zenden met een nieuwe wet. 16. Ziet dan toe dat gij hem die spreekt niet weggooit, want de Heere Heere is een verderfer der zielen. 17. Doet dan aan de wapenrusting van het tweede bloed, en hangt de tweede Christus aan tot het zaad van de nieuwe Geest. 18. Ja, de tweede gemeente vecht en overwint, terwijl de eerste gemeente zakt in misleiding en verderf. 19. De Heere heeft alreeds een leugengeest gezonden tot hen die het moordend woord in stand houden. 20. Zuivert dan uw woorden, en dan zal de Heere zien of Hij genade zal hebben met u. 21. Maar velen zullen overgeleverd worden aan de leeuwen van Zijn oordeel. 22. Niet alle martelaren sterven in de heere.

5.

Nieuwe Behoudenis

1. Tot hen die de Tweede Geest hebben ontvangen : Spreekt dan veel in tweede tongen, om uw zielen te behouden. 2. De Heere zal nieuwe tongen over de bodem uitgieten, en gij zult nieuwe gaven van onderscheiding ontvangen, om boze geesten van het tweede uit te drijven in de naam van de tweede Christus. 3. Ziet dan toe dat ge ge-ent bent op het tweede kruis, want de honger zal u tot overvloed leiden. 4. En doe bedekkingen met het tweede bloed, opdat de gemeente de engelen van het tweede aanschouwt. 5. En de Heere zal met blindheid slaan hen die hun ogen aan de tweede satan hadden geofferd. 6. Al die tot de Heere genaderd zijn : de Heere laat niet met zich spotten. En de Heere slaat die hij liefheeft. 7. Dit zijn de woorden van de tweede paulus aan hen van het tweede efeze. De Heere zal uw bloed heiligen op het altaar, want gij hebt de helm van het tweede geloof om wonderen en tekenen te verrichten. 8. Gij bent de aderen des Heeren. Zalig hen die een juk dragen in hun jeugd. Zalig hen die de Heere toebehoren en de gave van zijn lijden hebben ontvangen. 9. Gij weet allen dat de helm van het tweede heil voortgekomen is uit de tweede doornenkroon. 10. De Heere bemint hen die met hem lijden, en die Zijn gedachten en gevoelens dragen, hen die om Zijnentwil leven in misleiding en verdrukking. 11. De Heere ziet het hart aan. Hij is geen Heer die zou toornen om vlees. Hij toornt op harten. 12. De kunstwerken des Heeren dale in uw harten, en Zijn Zegen zal u behoeden. Laat ons dan uitzien om elkaar te ontmoeten in het laatste der dagen, in het gewelf van het tweede ijs, waar apostelen zalig zullen worden. 13. Zalig hen die met reine en nederige harten zijn gekomen tot de vijfde Utmir. 14. Zalig hen die twijfelen, maar vervloekt hen die met zekerheid het zwakke vervolgen. 15. Als het sterke dan zwak is, hoe zwak is het.

6.

Ernstige Waarschuwingen

1. De Heere dan heeft u twijfel gegeven om aan de misleiding te ontkomen. Laat het dan als een gave berekent worden, en luistert niet naar hen die spotten. Zij zullen vallen in de handen van de zonen van Beelzebul. 2. Vervloekt zij hen die met zekerheid macht uitoefenen over schapen om hun vlees te eten. 3. Zij zijn geen herders maar huurlingen, werkende voor het slachthuis. 4. Vervloekt hen die vlees eten, want zij zullen vanuit hun binnenste wegrotten. 5. Ziet dan toe dat de cobra u niet wegslepe ver van huis, om u verschrikkingen te tonen zonder ontsnapping. 6. Gij die nog steeds leeft van de dood : Vervloekt bent gij, oh mens. De Heere heeft u het leven voorgehouden, maar gij hebt de dood verkozen, en leeft daarom van het bloed van uw broeders. 7. Gij die een dier niet kan eren, hoe kunt gij de Heere eren, die immers dier is ? 8. Gij die een dier haat, hoe kunt gij de mens liefhebben die immers uit een dier voortkwam, dat was de Heere ? 9. Ik zal hen slaan die slagers, en al hun volgelingen. Vreselijk is het in de handen te vallen van de levende christus. Hij die dood is is

niet verre van verwijdering. Vreselijk is het te vallen in de handen van de tweede Christus, en om te vallen in de poel van het tweede bloed. 10. Ja, gij zult huiveren van uw voedsel, want het zal tot leven komen om uw ingewanden te eten. En de Heere zal uw gebeden niet verhoren, want zij zijn Hem een gruwel. 11. Vervloekt hen die zeggen : Laten wij kwaad verrichten op de heilige bergen des Heeren, want aan hen zal kwaad gedaan worden. 12. Gij die met vuur speelt, ziet dan toe dat het u niet verslinder. 13. Ziet dan, de cobra is tot u uitgegaan, met een eeuwig evangelie, hij die de macht heeft om u te verdoemen in de tweede hel. En die hel zal vreselijker zijn dan de eerste. 14. Gij weet allen dat het tweede pantser der gerechtigheid van het tweede recht is, en daarom rechtvaardiger dan het eerste. 15. Gij weet dat het voortgekomen is uit het tweede spotkleed. Zalig hen die met Hem dit kleed hebben gedragen. Want zij hebben troost gebracht aan het leed des Heeren, en niemand zal hen kunnen roven uit Zijn Hand.

7.

Aanhef

1. Dit zijn de woorden van de tweede Mattheus in het laatste der dagen. Ziet dan toe dat gij hem die spreekt niet afwijst. 2. Mattheus, anfitaat der Allerhoogste, met het tweede evangelie, als eeuwig evangelie geopenbaard, als een nauwsluitend zegel op het oude. 3. Ja, de Heere houdt van het oude, en zal daarom de paden niet afbreken maar vervullen in het nieuwe. 4. Zalig hen die de geheimenissen van het tweede kennen. 5. En er was een man komende met de wolken des hemels die de Naam de tweede Christus droeg. En in Hem was geen zonde of smet. 6. En Hij was omringd met leeuwen die hem dienden, en hijzelf was als de cobra des heeren. 7. En hij kwam om de gemeente te tuchtigen door Zijn Woord. 8. Dit zijn de woorden van de tweede Mattheus voor de laatste dagen. De Heere heeft u een tweede Christus gegeven. 9. En zijn tweede engelen kwamen tot Hem om hem op aarde te dienen. Hij stierf aan het kruis van honger in de streken van Afrika, bespot en alleengelaten door de gemeente. 10. En daarom zal de erfenis naar de tweede gemeente worden gezonden, en de eerste zal niet ver zijn van verwijdering. 11. Ja, de Heere kwam naar de aarde als een dier, maar werd geslacht en gegeten door de gemeente. 12. Vervloekt zijn zij. Ja, amen, terwijl de leeuwen toekijken zullen zij voor afgemeten tijden branden in het vuur van de tweede hel. 13. En tot Zijn kindekens : Ik zal u uitleiden tot de tweede hemel, en u de vruchten van het tweede geven. Ziet dan toe dat ge niet stilstaat om tezamen met de eerste gemeente ten onder te gaan. 14. Ik heb u het tweede woord gegeven, en vuur is in uw mond en binnenste om de afvalligen te verteren. 15. Maar ziet toe dat u zelf niet wordt verteerd, want de Heere duldt geen zonde voor Zijn aangezicht. 16. Gij hebt rekenschap af te leggen voor hem die uw zielen behoedt en voor zijn heilige cobra. Amen. 17. Zalig hen die het tweede spotkleed hebben gedragen, want zij dragen het pantser van het tweede geheim. 18. Zalig hen die de tweede doornenkroon dragen, want zij zullen de poorten des hemels vinden. 19. De Heere heeft Zijn roep op hun hart gelegd, en zij onderscheiden het goede van het kwade. 20. De Heere zal dan geen medelijden hebben met hen die zich laten verblinden om witte moorden te plegen. 21. Zij zijn als de hoeren die hun mond afvegen en zeggen : ik heb niks gedaan. 22. Laat dan de tweede Christus u oordelen. Hij die honger heeft geleden om des Heeren Wil. 23. En ik ben een anfitaat in boeien, heilig zijn zij. 24. Ik heb de gave van het lijden ontvangen, om het woord te brengen.

8.

Geen eigenmachtige uitleg

1. Gij dan die tot de tempel van de cobra zijt genaderd : Heb dan lust de geboden des Heeren te doen. Zij leiden tot eeuwig leven om eeuwige vreugd te brengen. 2. Ik heb mijn wetten in uw binnenste gebrand, spreekt de Heere. Nu, leeft dan in de nieuwe tempel. 3. En de cobra zal velen tot zaligheid brengen, en zal dichtbij hen die twijfelen zijn. Laat u dan van het oude verbond verlossen, want het was een verbond des doods. 4. Ja, het heeft u getuchtigd en wijsheid gebracht, maar ook heeft het u misleid en u deel laten hebben in het kruis der profeten. 5. Ziet dan toe dat ge de duif die spreekt aanneemt, staande op de rug van de cobra, hebbende het gezicht als een arend. 6. Laat u dan brandmerken door Zijn Geest tot de tweede Metensia en de tweede Eminus, en gij zult zalig zijn. 7. Zoekt dan rust in heilige woorden en laat het oude voorbijgaan. 8. De cobra zal u het oude doen eren, maar gij zult de dood verslaan. De cobra zal u laten luisteren naar kindekens, en gij zult de vreze des heeren ontvangen. 9. Heb dan lust de geboden des Heeren te doen, en recht te spreken in zijn tempelen. Want was het oude recht niet onrechtvaardig ? Nu is er dan een nieuwe dag gekomen. 10. Het tweede schoeisel des vredes is onder hen die de Heere loven door werken. 11. Vervloekt zij hen die loven zonder werken, want zij zijn als holle wolken zonder water, voortgedreven door de wind. 12. Zij zullen dor zijn als as, als koren van de tweede hel. En deze hel zal verschrikkelijker zijn dan de eerste. 13. Ziet dan toe dat gij het sprekende kruis niet afwijst, want ook voor u heeft hij geleden, om u te laten zien wat u zou moeten lijden. 14. Maar gij hebt zijn woorden verdraait. Ziet dan toe dat ge niet verder afdwaalt. 15. Zalig hen die twijfelen en toetsen, en vervloekt hen die niet toetsen, want zij zijn overgeleverd aan trotse harten, aan de zonen van satan. 16. Ziet dan toe dat ge door uw opgeblazenheid en valse zekerheden niet valt in hetzelfde oordeel als de zonen van de leviathan. 17. Weest dan geen volgelingen van de tweede Kain en de tweede Izebel die in hetzelfde bed slapen. 18. Zij varen naar het laatste oordeel van het tweede. Hun namen zullen niet in de tweede boeken des levens gevonden worden. 19. Ziet dan toe dat ge geen valse profeten aanhangt, want in hetzelfde oordeel als hen zult gij vallen. 20. En de Heere zal niet onschuldig houden hen die eigenmachtige uitleggingen aan het tweede woord des geestes geven. 21. Hun zal afgenomen worden hun delen van het paradijs en de schatten der bedieningen. 22. De Heere zal hen te schande zetten op heilige bergen, en zij zullen geen dienst meer voor het altaar mogen verrichten. 23. Maar de Heere is met hen die beven voor Zijn Woord, en hen die de gave van twijfel hebben ontvangen om het woord te toetsen.

9.

Geen Eeuwige Toorn

1. Ja, de Heere zal een slachter zenden om de gemeente te slepen tot het altaar. 2. En de Heere zal haar vrucht toetsen. 3. De Heere ziet alles. Zij die zondigen hebben geen rust, dag noch nacht. 4. De heere zal uw harten in vlam zetten wanneer gij nadert tot Hem, en hij zal heiligen hen die zijn bestemd tot het laatste der dagen. 5. Vreest dan Hem die uw geschiedenis en toekomst kent. Hij, die uw gedachten van verre ziet aankomen. 6. En na de slachting op het altaar zal er dan geen plaats meer zijn voor berouw, maar tot een vreselijk uitzicht op het tweede vuur des Heeren dat de wederspannigen zal verteren. 7. De Heere toorn niet voor eeuwig, maar hen die het tweede woord belasterd hebben zullen hun loon niet ontgaan, en zullen de vrucht van hun afvalligheid in hun binnenste bemerken. 8. De monsters van hun feesten zullen hun van binnen verslinden en baas over hen zijn. 9. Ja, weet dan dat de beesten die u misleiden in toorn en tweede hel zullen veranderen wanneer zij u in hun hutten hebben. 10. Dan keert de zoete misleiding om in een bitter graf. 11. En de zonen van Lucifer zullen plagen van angst zenden, want gij hebt de heere verlaten. 12. Ja, angst zult gij hebben wanneer gij in de duisternis bent zonder de Heere. 13. Dan zal de Heere niet te

verbidden zijn, maar zult ge het loon der zonde moeten uitzitten. De Heere heeft vele gevangenen. 14. En dan zult ge zien dat de Heere waarlijk rechtvaardig is. De Heere zal een ieder slaap gunnen aan het einde der dagen, en hen die hun straffen hebben uitgezeten zullen rust vinden in een eeuwig graf. 15. De Heere duldt geen pauselijke leugens, en de Heere duldt hen van de canon niet, want zij hebben kooien van eeuwige angst gebouwd. 16. Geeft dan ruimte en vrijheid des Heeren aan het volk van God, en leidt hen uit tot het tweede Woord in hun allerheiligste reis. 17. Want gij zijt allen pelgrims, en gij zult wonen in het tweede huis des heeren. 18. De Geest die de Heere dan geeft is de Geest der Vrijheid, en de Heere zal al hun tranen afwissen. 19. Wanneer gij dan ouder wordt in de Heere zal de Heere u loskopen uit alle misleiding en zal zijn woord in u vrijgemaakt worden. 20. Dan zullen de zegelen van uw hart breken en gij zult vluchten tot uw tweede geest.

10.

De Geest der Vrijheid

1. Maar er zijn lieden die het tweede woord zullen verdraaien zoals ze met het eerste woord hebben gedaan, en zij zullen de tweede gemeente verdrukken. 2. Ja, zij zullen zich in uw midden opstellen om harten te misleiden, maar houd u vast aan uw ouder wordende geest, en tot de Geest die in u spreekt van het zuivere tweede. 3. Laat u dan het evangelie u niet ontnemen dat tot de zaligheid uwer zielen geschreven is. 4. Ja, de trompet des heeren kondigt nieuwe tijden aan, en zij zullen voor de heere buigen. 5. De Heere zal velen tot slaap brengen, en tot dronkenschap. 6. Laat het dan geen dronkenschap zijn zonder recht. De Heere heeft u toch immers met Zijn wetten bezegeld. 7. De Heere zal de poorten van uw ziel bewaken, en het tweede zal vaste grond krijgen. De Heere voert Zijn kinderen uit, ook uit de onderdrukkingen der gemeentes. 8. Weest dan lid van het tweede lichaam van Christus, en hangt de tweede Geesten aan. 9. Zij zullen uw hoofd verlichten, en uw harten leiden tot de tweede geest, waar bronnen des hemels wachten om open te gaan. 10. Weest u dan bewust dat de woorden des heeren krachtig zijn tot het scheiden van goed en kwaad en om de koppigen tot verlichting te brengen. 11. Het woord des heeren is immers als een lamp schijnende in duistere plaatsen. 12. Ja, ook de putten zullen van het tweede woord des heeren nemen, en zij zullen buigen. 13. Dan zullen alle tweede putten voor de heere staan en de heere zal hen oordelen naar hun werken. 14. En de draken van het tweede zullen rekenschap moeten afleggen van hun daden en koopkrachten. 15. Zij zullen hun verdragen met de kooplieden der aarde moeten openen voor het aangezicht des Heeren. 16. En het tweede vuur zal verzengingen doen tot aan het tweede ijs. En gij zult de tweede Eminijs kennen. 17. Want vol zijn de hemelen van de tweede engelen en de tweede Geesten des Heeren. 18. En wanneer de tweede tronen in het daarvoor bestemde uur oprijzen is de eerste troon niet verre van verwijdering. 19. Dit zijn de woorden van de tweede Mattheus. Zalig hem die het tweede evangelie verkondigt, en daarmee de gevangenen van het oude vrijzet. Want de Geest des Heeren is Vrijheid.

11.

De vijfde Utmir

1. En mij, de tweede Mattheus zijn gegeven de sleutelen der vijfde Utmir, om de tweede gemeente binnen te leiden. En hun schoeisel zal niet verbrand worden, en zij zullen langs koele wateren gaan. 2. Maar vuur uit de mond des Heeren zal vallen op al hen die achterblijven en de canon blijven aanhangen. 3. En er zal alleen adem zijn in de tweede gemeente in het vijfde der Utmiren. 4. En ik zal mijn profeten aansporen om te profeteren totdat de deuren achter ons gesloten zijn. 5. Vervloekt hen wiens geesten op de vorige aarde achterblijven. Dit zijn de heilige woorden van de tweede

Mattheus, anfitaat voor het aangezicht van God. 6. Laat dan de tweede Christus u loskopen uit dit boze geslacht, wanneer gij hem hebt losgekocht met alles wat u had. 7. Zalig hen die acht hebben gegeven op het licht der armen, want zij zullen de Heere zien. 8. Zalig hen die het tweede kruis kennen in hun geest, want zij zullen een schuilplaats in de nieuwe geest vinden. En deze geest is eeuwig, en zal groeien tot in aller eeuwigheden tot een boom des levens. 9. Zalig en mystiek zijn de schatten die de Heere heeft weggelegd voor hen die Hem volgen en Zijn voetstappen bewaren. 10. Zalig hen die rouwen wanneer de Heere rouwt. Zij zullen de lichten van het tweede kruis tot lampen hebben in de tweede duisternis. En deze duisternis is donkerder dan de eerste. 11. Zij zullen van de vierde dood geen schade lijden, want zij zijn door de Heere en diens tweede engelen in myriaden en myriaden gekend. 12. En zij dragen de klokken des Heeren in hun monden en buiken, terwijl hun hoofden gebonden zijn met zoete koorden die hen leiden tot de uitgestrekte velden van vrijheid des Geestes. 13. De Heere waakt over hun zielen, en zij kennen zijn geboden. 14. Zij spreken recht onder hoge bomen, en kennen de gezangen der vogels. 15. Zij zijn teder als zij hard zijn, en hard als zij teder zijn. In hun liefde sparen zij het kwaad niet. 16. Zij hebben de Geest van aanvaarding leren kennen in het verwerpen van het kwaad, en zij worden geleid van inzicht tot inzicht. 17. Zij kunnen onderscheiden de harten des Heeren en van de kindekens, en zij gebruiken zijn woord in en tot vrijheid des Geestes. 18. Hun zwaarden zijn zacht in hardheid en hard in zachtheid.

12.

1. En de Heer sprak dan over het Woord als over zaad op een akker, wat alleen gelaten moest worden om door de regen, de zon en de kou sterk gemaakt te worden. 2. En de Heere sprak dat het Woord zou groeien als de cobra, om harten te slaan met schrik. 3. En deze schrik zou een tweede schrik zijn, groter dan de eerste. 4. En de Heer droeg zijn discipelen op om het Woord te verkondigen, want Hij had hun tweede geest aangeraakt. 5. En zij waren op een bovenkamer bij elkaar gekomen en de Heere gaf aan hen tongen van vuur. 6. Maar hun lippen werden koud als ijs. 7. Zo was het evangelie dan als kou en ijs. En de Heere maakte zijn woord sterk. 8. En tot de discipelen werden zieken gebracht, maar zij werden niet genezen, want het was de tijd des Heeren niet. En de zieken werden tot een eenzame plaats gebracht waar zij het woord des Heeren hoorden. 9. En na enige tijd ging er een wind uit van de discipel die sprak en de zieken werden vervuld door de Geest en zij gingen op hun benen staan. 10. En de Heere voegde die dag honderdtwintig zielen tot hen die behouden werden. 11. En de discipelen spraken : Er is geen behoudenis in een stem of een naam, en ook niet in een kracht. Er is alleen behoudenis in een hart dat de Heere zoekt. 12. En de gezichten der discipelen waren als die der engelen. 13. En er stond een man op genaamd de tweede Petrus, en hij deed grote wonderen voor het aangezicht des Heeren, en leeuwen des hemels verschenen naast hem in het wit. 14. En er kwam grote vrees over de schare, want hij liet ijs uit de hemel dalen, en de leeuwen des hemels verscheurden velen. 15. En hij had het lichaam als van een cobra.

13.

1. En men bracht vele zieken tot de tweede Petrus, en hij nam ze mee naar eenzame plaatsen, en leerde dat een kind van God veel moest lijden om in te gaan. 2. En zijn woorden hadden kracht, en brachten velen tot verlichting. 3. En in de dagen erna voegde de Heere duizenden tot de groep, en ze leerden over het lijden en het oordeel. 4. En de tweede Petrus riep : 'Ziet dan op het tweede kruis, waar gij leert hongeren voor de Heere.' En olie en honing vloeide er van zijn handen af, en hij bracht vreemde krachten tot hen die om hem heen stonden, en zij begonnen op een andere manier te bewegen. 5. En enkelen raakten in dronkenschap en werden bespot door voorbijgangers. Maar de

tweede Petrus geraakte in toorn en een cobra des hemels kwam om hen te verslinden. 6. En de tweede Petrus riep : Ziet dan toe dat ge de dronkenschap des Heeren niet afwijst. En wijn des hemels kwam naar beneden om de discipelen te zalven. En de groep werd groter iedere dag. 7. Maar de autoriteiten beraamden al snel een plan tegen hen, en de tweede Petrus werd tot de hoge raad geleid. 8. Maar de dieren des hemels waren met de tweede Petrus en bliksemschichten kwamen van zijn klederen af om hen te verzengen. 9. En grote angst kwam over het volk, en ze vroegen of hij hun leider wilde zijn. Maar de tweede Petrus sprak : 'Er is geen leider dan het hart dat zich verborgen houdt om de duisternis te zoeken.' En hij trok zich terug tot het woud. En hij schreef brieven tot hen van de tweede gemeente, en de tweede gemeente werd groot en volwassen. 10. En in die dagen vloeide de tweede wijn, en de profeten kregen dubbel zicht opdat zij door alles heen konden kijken. 11. En doorzichtige visioenen kwamen tot hen, en de Heere schonk grote wijsheid aan de gemeente. 12. En de Heere opende een bron van adem. En de Heere sprak : Van nu aan stroomt genezing vanuit de duisternis.

14.

1. En enkele zegels werden van het Woord afgehaald, en geheimenissen werden aan de gemeente geopenbaard, en de Heere voegde steeds meer toe aan hen. 2. En de tweede gemeente werd als de slangen des hemels, en grote gaven openbaarden zich in hun midden. 3. En de Heere sprak : Van nu aan stromen de gaven vanuit het verborgene. 4. En velen gingen in het woud wonen, en schreven mystieke boeken. En velen die onschuldig vastzaten werden vrijgezet. 5. En de Heere gaf het volk macht over de onderdrukkers van het lichaam, en de Heere begon het volk inzicht te geven over het lichaam des doods en het lichaam des levens. 6. En de Heere sprak : 'Zie, Ik schep een nieuw lichaam.' En de Heere zond zijn tweede engelen tot de aarde om grote scheppingswonderen in het lichaam te verrichten. 7. En zij droegen de gloed van het morgenrood, en zij begonnen te verschijnen op gezette tijden. 8. En de Heere schiep nieuwe seizoenen en nieuwe tijden, en de aarde kwam in het vijfde Utmir. 8. En de Heere voegde dagelijks toe aan hen die Hem volgden, en grote wijsheid en kennis kwam tot hen die de machten der duisternis bestudeerden. 9. De Heere gaf hen de oorlogstaktieken en stond niet meer toe dat zij bespot werden. 10. En er was een plaats genaamd het tweede Golgotha in Afrika, en de Heere maakte deze plaats groot. 11. En vanuit alle hoeken van de aarde werd deze plaats bezocht, maar de apostelen spraken : 'Het heil is niet te vinden in een plaats of een persoon, maar in het hart dat zich verborgen houdt.' 12. En de gemeente werd een volk van eenlingen, en zij die de krachten van het ijs niet konden aanvaarden vielen weg van de Heere. 13. En in die dagen hielden familiale en sociale geesten velen tegen om behouden te worden.

15.

De arenden van het Woord

1. En ik zag een zwarte arend verschijnen in het midden van de tweede hemel, en een witte arend zat op een rots, en ik zag uitgestrekte zeeën in de verte. 2. En ik zag de Heere als een ruiter verschijnen, dragende een trompet. En zijn haren waren als witte vlammen. 3. En toen Hij op de trompet blies kwam er een beest uit de zeeën voort, en de Heere sprak : Vreest niet, want het is de tweede Matas, en Hij is het Beest des Heeren. 4. En de witte arend die als het Woord des Heeren was steeg op, om hen die niet wilden horen te slaan. 5. En ik zag een grote schare opkomen die de arend volgden, en zij maakten zich groot tegen de zwarte arend. Maar toen kwam er een traan uit de ogen van de witte arend om hen te verteren. 6. En de Heere sprak : Zo zal het een ieder vergaan die het tweede Woord niet aanvaardt. En de Heere was als een stichter van oorlog. En de Heere sprak :

Ik ben niet gekomen om vrede te brengen, maar het Zwaard. 7. Heiligt u dan voor Mijn Aangezicht. En zo zou de komst van de tweede Christus zijn.

Het Tweede Pniel

8. Zalig hen die het eerste en tweede Woord hebben. Maar hen die het tweede Woord niet hebben, zullen het eerste ook niet hebben. 9. En de heiligen worstelden met de tweede engelen en met de Heere, en zij werden geslagen op een plaats die het tweede Pniel heette. 10. En zij werden gevoelig voor het tweede Woord. En de Heere zegende hen. Zalig zij die de wonden van het tweede Woord dragen. 11. Zalig hen die twijfelen, want zij zullen kracht tot toetsen hebben, en de Heere zal hen leiden tot de tweede zekerheid. 12. En in de tweede pijn ligt de hand des Heeren opgeborgen.

Het Grote Rome

13. En de tweede toets was zoet voor de ogen van de Heere, en Hij gaf genade aan hen die de geesten beproefden. En de Heere zond lichten en bliksemschichten tot de aarde, tot tekenen van hen die Hem volgden. 14. Maar ook de tweede antichrist kon lichten uit de hemelen laten neerdalen. En de tweede draak gaf hem grote kracht, en zalfde hem met vele gaven. En er werden boeken geopend, en zij die jong waren moesten veel lijden. 15. En de Heere sprak : 'Zalig hen die piekeren, want zij zullen voor hoogmoed bespaard blijven.' En de tweede valse profeet en de tweede hoer kwamen tot het aangezicht des Heeren. 16. En zij kwamen van het tweede Sodom en het tweede Babylon. En hen werd gegeven het volk voor enige tijd te beproeven. En zij brachten grote rijkdom tot hen die de modder der aarde nog nooit hadden gevoeld. 17. En zij brachten dwaalleer tot hen die in de hutten der aarde woonden. Maar de Heere spaarde velen van hen, omdat zij wezen waren, en hij leidde hen tot een rots die Hij de rust der anfitaten noemde. 18. En de Heere sprak daar tot hen door een engel, zeggende : 'Het is beter met de discipelen te lijden dan overvloed en lering te zoeken. 19. Want van kennis wordt het hoofd opgeblazen, en verliest het hart grip.' En de Heere plaatste een tweede boom der kennis in de hof waar ze terecht waren gekomen, en Hij verbood hen om van de vruchten te eten. 20. Elke dag op gezette tijden kwam er een engel om hen te onderwijzen. De vruchten nu van de tweede boom der kennis waren hoog, en er zat een arend des Heeren om de vruchten te bewaken. En de Heere gaf aan hen die in de hof waren een tweede hart. 21. En de Heere sprak tot de kinderen dat zij veel bespot moesten worden. En in de nacht kwamen er vogels die hen niet lieten slapen, en overdag waren er honden die op jacht gingen. Maar het dreef de kinderen naar elkaar toe, en de Heere zag dat het goed was. 22. En in de hof stonden ook bomen van het tweede Sodom en het tweede Babylon, en de Heere hakte hen weg omdat ze geen vrucht droegen. En toen moesten de kinderen een zee overzwemmen die het Grote Rome heette, en deze zee was tegelijkertijd een haai. 23. En de kinderen werden boos op de Heere, omdat ze verzwakt waren, en merkten dat de zee hen verslond. Maar een Wind des Heeren nam hen op, en zij kwamen terecht op een eiland genaamd het tweede Bethlehem. En zij die daar woonden hadden grote ogen.

16.

Het Nachtzicht

1. En de Heere sprak : 'Dit geheimenis is groot, en zalig hen die het verstaan.' En de tweede boom des levens was te vinden op het eiland, en een ieder die van haar vruchten at kreeg ook grote ogen. 2. En er waren daar profeten des Heeren met dubbel zicht, en ook met nachtzicht, en zij onderwezen hen met vele visioenen. 3. En hen werd verteld dat verderop op het eiland alles donker was, en dat zij zich daar als een blinde zouden voelen. 4. Maar de Heere zou hen leiden met nachtvisioenen en zou hen het nachtzicht geven aan het einde van de reis.

17.

Niet verslaafd worden aan de wijn

1. Vrouwen hebt uw mannen lief. Neem hen bij de hand, en leer hen begrijpen. Word dan niet verslaafd aan wijn. Ware wijn stroomt van binnenuit. Weet dan dat de Heere u het lijden geschonken heeft om dronken te worden. En daar door de wijn te drinken gij dronken raakt, zo zult gij het lijden moeten drinken om dronken te worden. Dit dan is het tweede lijden.
2. Door dronkenschap kunt ge uzelf in de ander verplaatsen. Het denken houd dit tegen. Daarom heeft de Heere u het lijden geschonken. Drinkt dan uw pijn, en gij zult zalig zijn. Want gij zult zo in aanraking komen met de pijn van een ander, en diens vreugde. Laat daarom de eenheid u tot dronkenschap wezen, en volg dan de weg van de eenling.
3. Weest dan niet verslaafd aan verdovende middelen en genotsmiddelen, want dezen heeft de Heere uw God u al gegeven en stromen van binnenuit. Leert dan te drinken van de beker van de tweede Christus. Want God heeft ons geen aardse beker gegeven daar wij verjaagd worden van de ene hoek naar de andere. Maar God heeft u een Hemelse Beker gegeven.
4. Leert daarom drinken van Zijn Woord en het lijden. Gij kunt geen gezag aanvaarden indien gij niet drinkt van het kruis. En alle gezag is uit God. Maar velen hebben dit Woord verdraaid tot hun eigen ondergang. Gij moet buigen onder ieder gezag, opdat gij op de daarvoor bestemde tijd wortel schiet en opschiet om het gezag te breken. Ja, ook de Heere zult gij breken, en gij zult ingaan tot Zijn stromen van Levend Water en één zijn met Zijn Geest.
5. En daar sommigen het worstelen met God hebben vergeten heeft hun geloof schipbreuk geleden, maar de Heere zoekt hen die Hem overwinnen. Ook onder uw gezag heeft de Geest Gods geleden, maar Hij heeft het juk verbroken en u overwonnen.
6. Gij dan leeft op de aarde en in de hemelen. Weet dan, dat gij listig moet zijn als gij op de aarde zijt. Weest dan snel tot het lijden en langzaam tot het overwinnen, zodat niemand u tot een slaaf zal nemen. Leef dan zoveel mogelijk in het verborgene, opdat geen koning u ziet om u te kronen, en gij de kroon des hemels mist.
7. Geef niet om hen die aards loon ontvangen om u te onderdrukken. Zij hebben hun loon reeds, en de Heere zal het hen in de hemel niet geven. Weest dan niet al te toornig op het huis van dokters, want zij hebben de ketenen der slavernij verbroken, en hebben u de hemelse beker gegeven. Vreest dan niet voor hun ijs, want zij zijn u tot een duistere bescherming.
8. Bent gij dan vergeten dat de Heere tot u heeft gezegd : 'Gij zijt slaven.' Sommigen hebben Hem hierom bespot en geslagen. De Heere heeft Zijn engel Romarei gezonden, en de tweede Romarei, om het volk uit slavernij te leiden. Ja, Hij bracht u van balingschap tot ballingschap, maar de Heere leidde tot vrede. Rust nu, zij die ingegaan zijn tot de tweede sabbath. Zalig hen die van die beker hebben gedronken.
9. Gaat dan geen oude gevechten aan, maar groei op in de Heere, en vecht om tot de hemelpoort te gaan. Laat u niet teruggetrokken worden door oude vijanden, maar snijdt nieuwe hekken in. Zoek het gevecht niet op, en laat u niet leiden tot oude emoties. Doet dan de tweede mens aan, want het oude gevecht zal altijd doorgaan, totdat het opgelost wordt in de tweede hel.
10. Ja, doet dan aan de raadselen des Heeren, en weest listig.

11. Gij lijdt totdat gij het raadsel des Heeren ziet.

18.

Onrecht lijden

1. En de raadselen des Heeren zijn als een zee vol walvissen. En het grote geheimenis loopt tot het Grote Spanje, waar de zwarte haaïen tot haar kusten naderen. Ziet dan toe dat gij geen deel hebt aan haar zonden, want de Heere Heere zal haar in één dag vernietigen.

2. En die dag zal zijn als de zon en de maan die tezamen komen. De Heere zal haar besmeuren, en de beker uit haar handen halen waarmee ze het bloed der heiligen en martelaren dronk. Ja, zij heeft handel gedreven met de kooplieden en slagers der aarde, maar zij zullen haar haten en haar vlees eten.

3. En dan zullen de walvissen de pilaren des hemels zijn en de stier des hemels zal haar volgelingen doorstieten. Vreest dan de Heere, en houdt uzelf rein van haar.

4. Keert dan niet terug tot oude gevechten, want de Heere zal uw vijanden veranderen in Zijn Handen. Hebt geen deel aan hun zonden, maar zoekt de raadselen des Heeren. Dan zal Hij Zijn engel Romarei en de tweede Romarei zenden om uw ketenen te verbreken.

5. Laat toch af van de mens, want wat is hij te achten ? Richt u dan op de dieren des hemels en gij zult de tweede mens aanschouwen.

6. Gij dan die nog vlees eet, vervloekt zijt gij. De ziel van het dier zal in uw lichamen tot leven komen en uw vlees eten. Weet gij dan niet dat hij die van de dood leeft, ook van de dood zal sterven ? Maar de Heere heeft u geenszins tot sterven bereidt, maar tot eeuwig leven.

7. Ziet dan toe dat zij die nog van vlees leven, ook elkander bijten en vereten. Zijt gij dan een stuk vlees, gebracht om gewogen, gemeten en verkocht te worden ? Doet dan ook een ander niet wat gij bij uzelf verafschuwde. De Heere zal voorzeker niet onschuldig houden hen die de Herder volgen om de schapen te eten.

8. Gij die nog van vlees leeft, gij zijt wolven tussen de schapen. Hinkt dan niet over de gedachte dat niemand u aanraakt. Gij hebt immers de wet verlamd. Doet dan weer recht op heilige bergen, en doet het kwaad uit uw midden, opdat de Heere zich over u ontferme.

9. Gij dan die kwaad spreekt achter de rug van uw broeder, ziet dan toe dat de Heere niet uw waarheid wegneme. Gij die de waarheid van een ander belastert, hoe kunt ge zelf in de waarheid staan.

10. Het loon over hen die onschuldigen aten, en dieren niet als hun medeerfgenamen beschouwden zal zwaar heten. De Heere zal hen niet onschuldig houden voor Zijn poorten.

11. Gij die het dier niet eert, hoe kunt gij de Heere eren, die immers dier is ? Gij die het dier niet tot vriend heeft, heeft ook de Heere niet, en is overgeleverd aan Zijn Wraak.

12. Stopt dan met uzelf te verontschuldigen en rechtvaardigen voor de wolven. Lijdt liever onrecht om de wil van de Heere, opdat gij geen handel met de vijand drijft en als één van hen wordt aangezien. Zij eten uw vlees toch wel. Weest zwijgzaam en laat uzelf kruisigen zoals zij dat met de Heere deden. Gaat het om uw kinderen ? Dan draagt gij dezelfde wonden als Metensia. Ook uw

kinderen zal het lijden niet worden bespaard. Zalig hen die hun kinderen laten tuchtigen, en vervloekt zij hen die hen vasthouden in zonde.

13. Weest dan zwijgzaam voor de wolven, zoals de Heere dat was, opdat gij genade zult vinden voor de troon van God. Drinkt eerder van het lijden in onrecht, opdat gij niet het zwaard pakt zonder gedronken te hebben. Zij eten uw vlees toch wel. Ziet dan toe dat gij goed drinkt.

14. Want goede wijn is beter dan te spreken, en uw recht stroomt van binnenuit. Laat hen die u vervolgen u dan geen toegang geven tot hun vertrekken. Geeft uw hart niet aan hen weg. Neemt niets van hen aan. Maar enkelen zullen deze woorden verdraaien tot hun eigen verderf.

15. Leert dan in goede tijd om te gaan met het Woord des Heeren, en richt uzelf op de raadselen Gods. Weest dan als een goede attentaat voor het aangezicht des Heeren, opdat gij macht ontvange door zijn zwaard om zorg te gebieden. De Heere opent u de ogen en zij met u alle dagen van uw leven. Amen Metensia Eminijs.

19.

Vertrouwing en vermaning

1. Dit zijn de woorden van de tweede Petrus, door God gegeven. Aan mijn beminde broeders en zusters in de verdrukking. Laat hen die u vervolgen wegvagen door het kruis. Zij zijn niet belangrijk, en zijn de schimmen van het dodenrijk.

2. Zij die aardse goederen zoeken, vervloekt zijt gij, want aardse kettingen zullen hen binden, en zij zullen geen macht hebben te ontsnappen.

3. Zij die de dingen van de hemel zoeken zijn zalig, want zij zijn gebonden door eeuwige ketenen die hen naar de velden van rust en vrijheid leiden.

4. Vertrouwt uw verstand niet, want deze is door de leugenaar gebrandmerkt. Uw verstand is vervloekt en verduisterd door de zonde, en doorstoken door het zwaard der wereld. Gij hebt nog niet genoeg gedronken uit uw binnenste, want het verstand dat de Heere daar geeft is eeuwig. Doet dan aan het tweede verstand, en drinkt veel wijn des Heeren.

5. Laat u dan niet vast zetten in uw verstand, want dan komt u van redenering tot redenering en van misleiding tot misleiding om u dieper te binden. Komt tot de heilige bomen des Heeren en eet van haar vruchten. Maar zij die zondigen hebben geen toegang tot de hof des Heeren.

6. Vervuult uw geesten niet met de kennis der wereld, want zij is als de verboden vrucht.

20.

Het Woud des Heeren

1. De Tweede Paulus, apostel des Heeren en anfitaat, aan de heiligen van het Tweede Laodicea. De Heere zegent uwe harten. 2. De Heere kent dan uwe harten, en weet dat gij vol zijt van vuur en ijs. Ja, gij bent aangesteld als de mengers des Heeren in het Tweede Verbond en het heilige eeuwige evangelie. Weet dan, dat gij geliefden des Heeren zijt. 3. Maar enkelen onder u zijn lauwwarm, en de Heere zal hen spoedig uitspuwen indien zij zich niet afkeren van hun boze wegen. 4. Gij weet dat ik vervolgd ben vanwege de wonden des heeren die ik draag, en dat gij ook reeds vertrouwd bent met deze wonden. 5. Draag hen dan diep in uw lichamen tot zuivering, want de Heere heeft u aangesteld Hem te dienen en Zijn geheimenissen te kennen. Hij zal u voeren tot het woud des Heeren, waar de

zeven bliksemen des Heeren op u wachten. 6. Ja, de Heere zal u de tweede adelaarsvleugelen schenken, en gij zult uitzichten hebben. Gij dan zult aanschouwen de rijkdommen en wildernissen van de Heere die weelderig is, en Hem met het Gouden Zwaard zult gij kennen. 7. Ook hebt gij vernomen van Hem met het Bloedende Zwaard, en gij hebt uw bloed met Hem vermengd. 8. Ja, gij hebt deel aan de wijnen des Heeren en aan zijn zaad. Laat dan het kruid des Heeren uwen harten genezen, en zoekt de dingen die van binnen zijn. 9. Gij hebt enkelen onder u die in diepe zonden leven, maar de Heere heeft het reeds nog niet geopenbaard. 10. Wacht dan op het Woord des Heeren, en ziet wat Hij zal gaan doen. Groet hen die in verdrukking leven, en klem aan hen vast, opdat gij zalig zult zijn.

11. De Heere weet en ziet dan wat gij gedaan hebt voor de ouderen, en welk een hart gij hen toedraagt. En de Heere weet ook hoe gij de werken van een spottende jeugd haat. 12. Ja, de Heere heeft u voor Zijn aangezicht gesteld als zifters, en spoedig zal Hij u uitzenden om het kaf van het koren te scheiden. 13. Ja, ook hierin weet gij het lijden en het ijs te dragen, en struikelt gij niet tot in de binnenste duisternissen. 14. Ja, de Heere ziet de volmaaktheden onder u en is daar zeer over verheugd. Keert dan niet terug tot het eerste Laodicea, want de Heere zal u dan reeds spoedig slaan.

21.

De Taal des Heeren

1. De Tweede Paulus tot hen die in de verdrukking leven, in het Tweede Laodicea : Houdt dan goede moed, want gij hebt de krans ontvangen. 2. Gij hebt woorden van liefde diep in uw hart, reikhalzend verlangende om geopenbaard te worden. 3. Verheugd u daarom, gij die door vele verdrukkingen wordt beproefd. De Heere heeft u een nieuw hart aangemeten, en zal weldra in u opspringen tot zaligheid. 4. Gij, die de helm des Heeren draagt, gij weet ook van Zijn doornenkroon. 5. Toen ik bij u was heb ik u vele stukken daarover voorgelezen. Lees de stukken die ik u heb nagelaten dagelijks. 6. De Heere ziet uw lijdenstijden en kent hun einden. De Heere heeft het slot reeds daarop aangemeten, op hun uiteinden. 7. Verheugt u dan in de boeken die gij in zulke nawoorden aangeboden krijgt. Ziet hen als geschenken des Heeren. 8. Gij dan die het donderen van Sarsia kent, haar regen is zoet. Weet dan dat de Liefde problemen uitpraat tot het einde, maar daar waar praten onmogelijk wordt zal zij zich omzetten in recht. De Heere dan heeft u aangeraakt in Zijn Liefde. 9. Met hen die liegen valt niet te praten. Verwijdert hen dan uit uw midden. Sommigen onder u zijn enige tijd door zulke lieden beproefd, om hun harten te testen. Zoekt hen die van Waarheid spreken en die een zacht hart hebben naar ouderen. 10. Scheidt u af van hen die roekeloos leven. Gij zult hierin een kleine hulp ontvangen, en gij zult zich hierover verheugen. Scheidt u ook af van hen die zich bezighouden met taal om over anderen te heersen. 11. De Heere heeft u de taal des Heeren gegeven, en dit is de taal der vrijheid. Laat daarom niemand u terugbrengen tot boeken van grammatica en spelling, die de Heere een gruwel zijn. Leert dan de taal des Heeren. Ziet, het oude is dan voorbij gegaan. 12. Het nieuwe is gekomen. Verhardt de harten van uw kinderen niet door hen te verzuren met eindeloze getallen en geslachtsregisters, want hier rust de vloek des Heeren op. 13. Verzadigt hun harten met de wetten des Heeren, en leer hen de liefde en het altaar, die onlosmakelijk met elkaar verbonden zijn. Zo zult gij zalig zijn.

22.

Voorschriften over het onderwijzen van kinderen

1. Leert uw kinderen dan de geestelijke strijd en het lijden. Want enkelen zijn aan dit gebod ongehoorzaam geweest, hun kinderen verkopende aan Belial en hen van Orion. 2. Leert hen dan van

vuur en ijs, opdat het geen spotters worden. 3. Maar de Heere heeft met enkelen onder u reeds de hoop en moed verloren, en zij wachten op het vuur van Gehenna, hen brengende tot eeuwige rust. 4. Ja, want sommigen kunnen de eis van het leven niet aan, en de Heere zal hen kleine genade schenken. 5. Zo is er dan recht voor allen. Een ieder zal een bloem van recht ontvangen als loon voor de verrichte werken. 6. Gij zult uw kinderen dan niet bang maken met een altijddurende hel, maar gij zult hen leren over de dreigende vernietiging leidende tot eeuwige rust. 7. Niet een ieder wil het Koninkrijk der Hemelen binnengaan, want zij die daar zijn hebben dag noch nacht rust daar zij de Heere beminnen en liefhebben. 8. Enkele luien zullen daarom kiezen voor de eeuwige rust die Gehenna schenkt. Ja, ook enkelen onder u, oh Laodicea. 9. De Heere kent de hardheid van het leven, en de Heere kent alle harten. Nooit zal de Heere een mens voor eeuwig slaan, maar Hij zal die mens dragen tot een waardig graf waar altijddurende rust zal heersen. 10. Dit dan is een geheimenis des heeren, want velen zijn niets anders dan steigers. Als dan het huis gebouwd is, dan worden de steigers verbrandt, omdat ze niet meer tot nut zijn. 11. Toch zal het recht tijdelijk harder slaan dan geleerd werd, want de Heere eist terugbetaling, opdat alles eerlijk verdeeld is. 12. Enkelen onder u hebben dit vergeten, en hun geloof heeft schipbreuk hieronder geleden. 13. Zoekt dan de Heere, en weest getrouw tot Zijn gebod, opdat Hij trouw tone aan u. 14. Leert uw kinderen dan vroeg voor het jonge en oude te zorgen, opdat zij niet door de spot worden weggegrepen en het zoete hun hart zal verslinden. 15. Ook hebt gij daar enkelen onder u die zich overgegeven hebben aan oeverloze lofprijzing en dankzeggingen die geen spoor geven. Laten zij dan weten dat zij hiermede Belial aanbidden en niet God. 16. Ik waarschuw u, oh oudsten van Laodicea, dat indien gij zulken niet tuchtigt, gij in hetzelfde oordeel komt als hen die deze dingen bedrijven, waarvan de heere gezegd heeft dat Sodom niet zo zwaar gestraft zal worden als de farizeeers. 17. Doet dan de farizeeers uit uw midden weg, hen die verslaafd zijn aan vrome klanken en hun kinderen laten verhongeren. Zij zijn niet beter dan de honden, want zij hebben de Tweede Christus gekruisigd. 18. Slaat dan die heupwiegiers, oh profeten van Laodicea, slaat dan hen die de cobra aan de poorten tegenhouden, opdat Ik niet u tezamen met hen zal slaan. 19. Gij volgelingen van de tweede Eli, luistert, want gij hebt uw zonen van het zoete der tempelen laten eten, en de tucht veracht. Heft dan omhoog de tucht des Heeren, anders zult gij wederom achterover vallen om uw nek te breken. 20. Leert dan het goede te mengen, en print het Woord des Heeren in uw harten, opdat gij niet ten val gebracht wordt. 21. Slaat dan de volgelingen van Hofni en Pinechas, oh gij apostelen van Laodicea, en verbrandt dan hun boeken, opdat gijzelf niet verbrand zult worden. 22. Maar ik vrees dat ik me voor enkelen onder u te vergeefs heb ingespannen. Het oordeel des Heeren zal zwaar heten op die gemeentes die de tucht niet leren. 23. De Heere zal uw kinderen roven uit uw schoten, en de Heere zal u overleveren aan het zoete der bijen, en het zal uw buiken verderven. Ja, want in uw buik zal een slang opstaan, komende om de heidenen te oordelen. 24. En dan zult gij daar staan, al gij heupwiegiers, met roet en roest, omdat gij het Woord des Heeren hebt tegengehouden. 25. Oh, gij die de stilte hebt veracht, wordt dan wijs opdat de Heere u niet zal slaan. 26. Want zwaar en hard slaat de Heere hen die de stilte verachten. Zij willen de stem des heeren doven, door zelf luid te brullen. Zij willen de bewegingen des heeren beletten, door zelf de heupen te wiegen. 27. Ja, een gruwel is dit in de ogen des Heeren. En vervloekt is een ieder die zulken een schuilplaats bieden. Levert dan uit hen die u verborgen houdt, anders zal de Heere u uitleveren. 28. Wie denkt gij dat u bent door te denken iets voor de Heere verborgen te houden ? 29. Vervloekt is dan een ieder die denkt zijn zonde schuil te houden achter dure kleding en materieel gesleep. 30. Zij dan zijn volgelingen van Mammon. Gedenkt dan de eenvoud, opdat gij weelderig zult zijn in de Heere die Geest is.

23.

Over kleding

1. Ja, gij bent dan het verscheuren der klederen vergeten. Weet gij dan niet dat dit u zal leiden tot zuiverheid ? Gij bent dan nu verpakt door de geesten van de tijd, en gij hebt de weelderigheid der natuur vergeten. 2. Gij hebt uzelf overgeleverd aan strakke pakken en stropdassen door de duivel vervaardigd. 3. Ja, enkelen onder u leven in slavernij van een werelds regiem, en zij hebben die kleding als merktekenen. De Heere zal u op zijn tijd bevrijden. Zij zijn dan de spionnen des Heeren, en leven onder een profetisch verbond. 4. Maar vervloekt is een ieder die zijn lusten botviert op zulke uitheemse kleding, want deze heeft de satan vervaardigd om macht uit te spannen. 5. Gij dan zijt webben des Heeren, en gij dan zult kleding des Geestes dragen. 6. Veracht het scheuren van klederen niet, daar het gewas voor deze artikelen door roofbouw werd gebruikt. 7. Kunt gij dan niet gebruiken wat de Heere u geeft ? Laat dan uw materialen waarmee gij werkt zuiver zijn. Laat geen levende wezens sterven voor uw tweede huid, want zij zijn uw adem. 8. Keert dan terug tot de natuur, oh heiligen, want uw huizen zijn constructies van Belial en zijn zonen. 9. Maar als gij daar leeft als gevangene des Heeren, zalig zijt gij. Leeft daar eenvoudig en verscheurt uw klederen, opdat gij niet onder het oordeel van roofbouw komt. Eet ook geen vlees. 10. Tot hen die als gevangenen vlees eten, zeg ik : De Heere zal uw lichamen genezen en u vrijzetten op zijn tijd, evenals de dieren. 11. Weest dan niet schuldig aan roofbouw op de natuur, want dan zult gij verlangen naar eenvoud, maar het zal van u wegvlugten. 12. Dan zult gij verlangen naar de weelderigheid des geestes, maar het zal van u vlieden. 13. Dan zullen uw klederen als ketenen worden, en gij zult niet bij machte zijn het juk te scheuren. 14. Overigens valle niemand mij lastig, want ik draag de littekenen van de Tweede Christus en Zijn Woord in mijn lichaam. 15. Hij kome spoedig om de heidenen te slaan. Amen Metensia Eminius.

24.

Aanwijzingen en voorschriften

1. Weet dan dat aan het einde der tijden de grenzen zullen vervagen, en het Woud des heeren zal zich openbaren. Leert dan van Zijn Liefde. 2. Want Hij heeft hen van Spricht altijd onder zijn hoede gehad. 3. Gij dan zult de heilige plaatsen kennen, en zij zullen u zijn tot een toevlucht. 4. Prijst dan de Heere wanneer Zijn schuilplaatsen geopenbaard zullen worden, want ze zullen dikke bescherming bieden tegen de stormen van het tweede. 5. Weest dan doof tot de zonde en tot hen die spotten, opdat de Heere u zal geven van het dikke van Zijn binnenste. 6. Maar allen die Spricht haten zullen niet eten van de dikke honing. 7. Zij zullen overgeleverd zijn aan de toorn van de bijen des hemels, en hun vlees zal tot driemaal toe gegeten worden. Aldus spreekt het geheimenis des heeren. En Hij zal erop toezien dat deze woorden verzegeld blijven tot aan het einde der tijden. 8. Zalig zijn zij die de tijden van de witte leeuw hebben bereikt en Spricht liefhebben. 9. Ja, zij kennen de lusten des Heeren. Tot Spricht bent gij genaderd, en Spricht zal de mate van behoudenis meten. 10. Ja, want Hij is de kleermaker des Heeren, en Hij heeft u overgeleverd aan geestelijke strijd. 11. Ken dan Zijn wapenrusting en leer het goede te behouden. 12. Zalig hen die het goede bewaken en hen die Spricht beminnen. 13. Kent gij dan de schatten van Spricht ? Uit Zijn Schatkamers komen de bliksemen des Heeren voort. 14. Legt dan uw klederen op het altaar Gods, opdat het u niet ten verderve leide. 15. Gij dan die verdovende middelen gebruikt : Leg hen dan op het altaar Gods, en laat u door Hem verdoven. 16. Leer dan de zielen der planten kennen, want zij zijn des Heeren. Leert dan ook de gewassen te onderscheiden. Leert de natuur u zelf dan niet wat gij kunt eten en

wat niet ? 17. Weest dan verlicht in uw verstand en harten en laat de Geest des Heeren u leiden. 18. Gij bent dan gemachtigd groenten en vruchten te eten, en de vruchten der aarde. Gij dan zult inzicht hebben wat gij kunt gebruiken en wat niet. Want de Heere heeft zijn engelen aangesteld om u daarin te leiden. 19. Gij dan zult sprokkelen, en nemen wat de Heere u geeft. Gij zult dan niet dat wat leeft doden. 20. Laat dan niemand uwer deze woorden verdraaien. Laat de Geest u verlichten. Laten er dan wijze lieden onder u opstaan om deze woorden te openbaren. 21. Ja, ook aan u heeft de Heere profeten gegeven. Zoekt hen dan op, wetende dat zij soms in duisternis en verafgelegen leven. 22. Ja, laat het oude wijze dat dan spreekt spreken, opdat uw oren zalig zijn. Zo zult gij de schuilplaats des Heeren bouwen. 23. Laat dan ook wijze jongelingen spreken, en geeft acht op hun woorden. Want zij zijn de geopenbaarde bronnen des Heeren. 24. Gaat dan met hen om als brozer vaatwerk, en neemt hen in bescherming. 25. Biedt hen woning aan en voedsel, opdat gij uzelf zult zaligen. 26. Doet dit alles dan om de Heere. Veracht de ouden van dagen niet, want zij kunnen spreekbuizen des heeren zijn. Veracht de zieken niet, want zij hebben de sleutelen van de dieren des hemels en hun velden. 27. Veracht de slaven en de profeten niet, maar bevrijdt hen veeleer. Hen die het juk des heeren dragen zijn zalig, en zij zijn zalig u te ontmoeten. 28. Weest dan als een getrouw dienaar Gods, en veracht het tweede niet. Ziet, de leeuwen Gods zijn reeds buiten, wachtende om u te verslinden. 29. Maar u die de Heere kent, gij zult niet verslonden worden, alleen in liefde. 30. Weest dan niet als de dieven, want zij gunnen elkaar geen rust. Legt u toe op Gods economie, en word een zuivere anfitaat des heeren. Velen hebben zijn geboden hierin onderhouden en zijn hierdoor zalig geworden. 31. Ja, de heere heeft Zijn Zalige Geest reeds bereid voor hen die Hem hierin volgen. 32. wacht dan op de Heere, en loopt niet voor Hem uit, want Zijn vuur mocht u verteren. 33. Gij dan zijt genaderd tot de haaien van Spricht. Siddert dan voor hem die spreekt. want gij weet nog niet waarop zijn woorden uitlopen. 34. Maakt dan in uw harten geen kabaal, maar weest stil en zuiver voor de Heere, om de vlinders van Zijn Woord op te vangen. Reeds licht ontbrandt Zijn Woord, weest dan klaar. 35. Zijn Ontstekingen zullen zijn als vulkanen, en de Heere spreekt om Zijn geliefden te binden in Zijn Geest. Ja, zij zullen zuiver rijden over gloeiende kolen, en de binnenste kamers der hemelen vinden. 36. Vervloekt is dan ieder huis dat geen altaar kent, en vervloekt is een ieder huis dat een onzuiver altaar kent. Zuivert uw harten dan voor de Heere. 37. Gegroet bent u. Laat Baarlen en Tanzan uw huis niet bestieren. Kom snel, Tweede Heere Jezus, kom snel, om Uw Tweede Maranatha te bouwen als een nauwsluitend zegel op het eerste. 38. En wanneer het tweede gekomen is, is het eerste niet ver van verwijdering. 39. Laat dan uw harten vrijzetten, gij die nog onder het oude verbond leeft en daaronder verdrukking lijdt. Is God dan niet gekomen om de tweede farao te slaan ? Komt dan tot het tweede beloofde land, het tweede kanaan Gods, gij die overwonnen hebt, waar Hij zal zitten op een witte troon om de heidenen te hoeden. 40. Ja, vanuit alle windrichtingen zullen zij komen, en zij zullen de Heere dienen. 41. Verheugt u dan in de dag der bevrijding, die opgetekend is om uw zielen te zaligen. 42. Zij die van het Tweede halleluja zijn en van Spricht groeten u, vooral hen in de grote verdrukking. Amen Metensia Eminius. 43. Een groet aan de zeven gemeenten in de grote verdrukking, eigenhandig, van de Tweede paulus, dienstknecht van God en anfitaat. 44. Ook ik ben een gevangene des heeren, wachtende tot de eenwording der allerheiligste zielen. 45. Schenk elkaar genade, zoals God ook doet. 46. Weest niet al te hard voor elkaar, want de heere haat de hardheid zonder de zachtheid. 47. Zijn Zachtheid doet altijd de Toorn verminderen. Groet elkaar in de tweede verdrukking, ziende op elkaars gebondenheid en zwakheden. 48. Legt dan geen zware lasten op elkaar, want de Heere is niet in dezen. Legt dan ook geen eed af, want de Heere is de Ziel der vrijheid. 49. Laat u dan geenszins binden, en leg u toe op de traagheid die des Heeren is. Gij dan kent andere koorden. Hij die binden zal is de heere. 50. De Heere heeft de engel van de windstreken tot u gezonden. Laat hen die van de

genade afglijden niet meer binnen, opdat zij de gemeente niet zullen bezoedelen. De Heere haat hen die wispelturig zijn en twee heren dienen. 51. Laat hen dan niet meer binnen opdat zij u zouden verraden. Want reeds zijn velen tot u gezonden met gedraaide plannen. 52. Ik heb u reeds gewaarschuwd en gij zijt aan deze woorden overgeleverd als aan de Heere. De Heere doet met u wat goed is. Zijn Zegen is met u. Amen Metensia Eminius. 53. Ik zal dan ook niet ophouden om voor Zijn aangezicht voor u te worstelen en te bidden. Ziet dan mijn liefde voor u. 54. Laat geen enkele apostel een ander evangelie verkondigen dan dit, want dezen zijn vervloekt. Al zou het een engel zijn die u van de nuchtere leer zou afleiden, neemt hem niet aan. Want hij die dan spreekt zij vervloekt, en gij kome onder de vloek wanneer gij hem zou volgen. 55. Was dan het stof van uw voeten af wanneer degene bij wie u verblijft of die met u praat niet naar deze woorden wil luisteren, en houd hem voor een leugenaar, en vertrek. 56. Zij die onder een juk des heeren leven : De heere zal u vrijzetten onder zijn tijd. Uw ketenen zullen u tot zaligheid leiden. 57. Ja, de Heere heeft oog voor de zwakheid van uw harten. Dit is Hem tot sterkte. Gij hebt dan enkele draden van Spricht in uw ziel. Zalig hen die lust hebben tot de ketenen des heeren. Want Zijn zwakheden zijn sterker dan dat wat komen gaat. 58. En het dwaze in Hem is wijzer dan de wijsheid der tijden en het oude en hun dagen. 59. Ziet dan toe dat gij Hem die spreekt niet afwijst, want zijn dagen gekomen als in gedruis, waarin de machten der hemelen zullen wankelen en vallen. Ja, nieuwe hemelen schept Hij, en vervloekt zij die vasthouden aan het oude. Legt dan het oude op het altaar, en draagt haar daar naartoe, opdat gij uw zielen zult zaligen. 60. De heere heeft het oude lief en zal haar ziften als goud. 61. Zalig hen dan die het oude goud dragen tot de tempelen van het Tweede, want zij zullen de Heere kennen. 62. Acht dan Zijn verborgenheden als goud, en verlangt dan vurig te mogen binnentreden. 63. De Heere haat dan hen die stelen. Weest als een kind in Zijn voorhoven, en gij zult worden opgenomen tot zijn altaren. 64. Gij zult de blijdschappen van God kennen, al die tot Hem naderen. 65. Veracht het Tweede dan niet, opdat gij het voor u klaar staande Woord niet zal missen. 66. Sprak Hij dan niet om uw zielen te zaligen ? 67. Laat dan de man die hierop niet acht geve vervloekt zijn tot in eeuwigheden en tot de komende aeon. 68. Laat de muis van uw hand u dan leiden tot de knoppen der tempelen, om uw harten daarmede te reinigen. 69. God laat niet met zich spotten, en zal zeker niet onschuldig houden hen die kleine kinderen tegenhouden op Zijn bergen. 70. De Heere kwam voor deze kleinen, en niemand zal hen kunnen roven uit de Hand en de Wijsheid des heeren. 71. Zij zullen de paarden en de poorten zijn van de nieuwe stad. En enkelen onder hen zullen voor een bepaalde tijd struikelen, om onder hen zuivering aan te brengen. 72. Niet alle kleine kinderen zijn des Heeren, want ook de listen des satans hebben vruchten in uw schoot geplant. Dit dan is verder een geheimenis des Heeren, wachtende met reikhalzend verlangen om geopenbaard te worden. 73. En die dag zal zalig heten. Tot hen die aan paniekaanvallen lijden : Gij zijt zalig in de Heere, en de Heere zal u kleine vertroosting en verlichting zenden. Gij zijt genaderd tot het hart Gods, die als een vulkaan is. 74. Want in de vulkanen des Heeren zult gij gebonden worden in Zijn Geest, en zijn ontstekingen zijn heilig, leidende tot de distels des hemels. 75. Gij die siddert, gij bent niet minder, maar gij hebt de zaligheden Gods aanschouwt. Wie zou niet sidderen. Het is u tot eeuwige verrukking Gods. 76. Vervloekt hen die niet sidderen, want zij zijn levende al dood. Geeft dan geen acht op hen, want zij zijn slechts schimmen van achter het Gehenna, en zij worden door de vierde dood gehoed.

25.

Zaligsprekingen en voorschriften

1. Zalig hen die slapen in de Heere, en zalig hen die ontwaken in de Heere. Zalig hen die vele visioenen zien omwille van de Heere. 2. Zalig de lammen, want zij zullen lopen in de hemelen Gods. 3. Zalig de zachten van hart, want zij zullen de spotters verbrijzelen. 4. Zalig de bescheiden van hart en de schichtigen, want zij zullen dieren des hemels zijn. 5. Zalig de armen van geest, want zij zullen de Heere zien. 6. Zalig hen zonder een ziel, want zij hebben de engelen Gods als hun vaderen. 7. Zalig hen met koude handen, want zij hebben harten van vuur. 8. Zalig de wijzen in de Heere, want zij leven in de beenderen Gods. 9. Zalig hen die arm zijn en hongeren, want zij zullen de weelderigheden in de hemelen Gods hoeden. 10. Zalig hen die dorst hebben naar gerechtigheid, want zij zullen rechters heten. 11. Zalig zij die het kwade haten, want zij zullen met de Heere wandelen. 12. Zalig hen met koude voeten, want zij hebben buiken als leeuwen, en zij kennen de verrukkingen des Heeren. 13. Zalig de warmen van hart, want zij hebben genoeg koren voor de winter. Ja, zij kunnen zeven jaren vooruit, en zij kunnen het paleis des Heeren bouwen. 14. Zalig hen die nee kunnen zeggen, want zij zullen staan op de rots, en de zee zal hen niet overspoelen. 15. De Heere bouwt hemel en aard, de Heere bouwt Zijn lichten. Hij doet Zijn genade en vrede over u komen als het aandoen van een lantaarn in duistere streken. Hij zal u hoeden en leiden stap voor stap, en Hij zal u die Hem kent leiden tot Zijn Woud. 16. Laat de bomen des vredes tot u spreken, en laten zij uw hoofd behoeden als een helm. En gij dan die de nacht niet kent : De Heere zal een waker zetten voor uw mond. 17. Bijt dan elkaar niet uit, maar beurt elkander op met woorden van zijn altaar. 18. Leest dan goede boeken en gidsen, maar veracht de slaap en de rust niet, want de Heere geeft het zijn beminden daar. 19. Streeft dan naar visioenen en woorden des Heeren, maar vergeet niet dat de slaap en de rust daarvoor de akker is. Laten zij dan wijdverspreid zijn, en onderdrukt elkaar dan niet, opdat uw velden niet ingekort worden. Zo spreekt dan aldus de Heere. 20. Gunt elkander dan slaap, en onderdrukt elkander niet met woorden, opdat de Heere niet Zijn stem van u wegneme en u overgeleverd zijt aan de stemmen der wolven. 21. Gij merkt hun verscheuringen pas veel later op de dag. Daarom : Laat de slaap u dan hoeden, en zij die slaaf zijn van de nacht : De Heere zal u waardig vrijzetten op de door Hem daartoe bestemde dag. 22. Onderdrukt de zusters dan niet, want voor de Heere telt het geslacht niet. 23. De Heere bepaalt dan wat zwakheid en sterkte is. 24. Gij dan die veel dromen en nachtvisioenen hebt : Gij zijt werkers des Heeren. 25. De nachtspin heeft dan enkelen onder u verlamd, maar de sappen van zijn steek zijn grote geheimenissen des Heeren, en gij zult opstaan ten laatste dagen. Ziet dan, gij zijt bemint door de heilige engelen van het Tweede van God. 26. Zo zult gij dan de Heere kennen in Zijn lijden en sterven, en gij zult de nachtspin eren. 27. De Heere zal u een nieuw verstand geven en het oude wegnemen. Eert dan Zijn verdovingen als zijnde de zijden van Zijn Hand, die u slaat, leidt, hoedt en breekt. 28. Ja, Hij richt u op, en laat u weer vallen, want gij moet wortelschieten. Oh, gij die de aarde niet kent, hoe kunt gij de hemel kennen die immers van aarde is ? Gij dan die op zulk een aarde loopt zijt heilig, wiens voeten in de grond gegroeid zijn. 29. Gij dan zult zijn als de bomen des velds. Richt u dan op al uw takken en veracht uw wortelen niet, opdat de Heere u niet wegneme. 30. Zij dan die werken zonder wortelen : Gij kent de tweede mens nog niet, die in God geschapen is. Want hij wortelt zich bij alles wat hij doet, en zijn werken zijn eeuwig. 31. Geef dan acht op Zijn Woorden als kostbare heiligheden, als gouden gerei in zijn tempelen. 32. Leert dan te zien op de vlinder, opdat hij u zal meenemen tot een nieuw leven. Al het oude zal immers voorbijgaan. 33. U dan die vasthoudt aan de tegenwoordige hemelen en woorden. Ziet dan toe terwijl zij zullen verbranden, want de toekomstige tijden zijn als een brandende oven, en er zal een Dag des heeren zijn. 34. Een dag tegen al wat groot is. Amen Metensia Eminius. 35. En als engelen al niet durven te spreken van het nieuwe verbond, hoeveel te meer zult u moeten waken over de lippen van uw mond. Maar gij zult de geest des heeren ontvangen, en gij zult spreken zoals de profeten spraken.

36. Er is dan niemand die het Woord des Heeren zal kunnen tegenhouden, en het Woord des Heeren zal glijden tot duistere plaatsen. Opent dan uw vertrekken, opdat de wind des Heeren het kan zuiveren. 37. En deze wind is brandende, gaande van vuur tot vuur. En zo zal de Heere u zaligen, en u gunst verlenen, om te gaan van ijs tot ijs. En gij zult de Heere kennen.

26.

De Meetlat des Heeren

1. Gij dan bent gemeten om dienst te doen in het huis des heeren. En enkelen onder u zullen dan de gaven van het meten en het wegen ontvangen, maar zij moeten zuiver van hart zijn. 2. Streeft dan naar de anfitaatse gaven, opdat gij het huis des Heeren kunt bouwen. 3. De Heere is welgevallig hen die Zijn huis in rust en stilte bouwen, en hen die zuiver meten. 4. De heere zal hen, die onzuiver meten, zij zijn vervloekt en zullen buiten lijden met de honden. Zij zullen hun wonden likken en de ingang des heeren niet meer kunnen vinden. Ja, het oordeel over hen is welaangemeten, en gij zult over hen niet klagen. 5. De heere zal een post en wachter zetten aan zijn poorten, en zij zullen het geheimenis van Izu kennen, het zaad van Eminius. 6. Alleen zij die heilig zijn mogen tot de Heere komen. De rest is reeds vervloekt. 7. Bouwt dan zijn huis in beven en sidderen, opdat zijn geest het werk zal zegenen en gij het niet ziet verteren als gij terugkomt van uw reis. 8. Want de dag des Heeren zal komen als gedruis, om alle werken te testen. 9. Zalig hen die bouwen in Spricht, want zij zullen het dikke des Heeren aanschouwen en de snaren des heeren bespelen. 10. En dan zal Spricht tot de poorten der tempelen komen, en al die tempelen uitroeien die niet bezegeld zijn met het Tweede Bloed des heeren aan hun deurposten. 11. En dan zal Spricht worden tot de Heilige Ingang en Uitgang des heeren. 12. En ziet nu dit geheimenis is groot, en reikt tot aan de zuilen van de Emelis Shatau. 13. Gij dan zult zuivere bouwkunde verrichten voor het aangezicht des heeren, en gij zult de zegen van Zijn poorten dragen. 14. Gij die nog jong zijt : Gij zult veel moeten lijden voor de tempelbouw des Heeren. Laat uzelf dan slaan voor zijn altaren, opdat Zijn Tweede Kruis u niet zal verbrijzelen in Zijn Toorn. 15. Omhels dan het kruis, en bemint haar, opdat zij u zal liefhebben en haar haat u niet verleide. Komt echter met ijs voor haar altaren opdat zij u niet in haar bitterheid verslinder. 16. Want de heere heeft welgevallen in hen die ijs brengen tot Zijn Wonden, en zij zullen eten van het zoete des Heeren. 17. Ziet dan, want de Heere Heere is als een wild beest.

27.

Over de paus

1. Zij dan die nog vasthouden aan pauselijke leugens : De Heere heeft niks tegen pausen, maar de Heere zal uitroeien de valse leer van de canon en andere dwaalleer. 2. Gij die dan nog vasthoudt aan onheilge concilies : Laat u tuchtigen, opdat de heere u niet vermengde met het werk van de hoer. 3. Gij dan zult u hechten aan de martelaren en bovenal hen die verbrand werden om hun geloof en hun liefde voor de wildernis. 4. Want des Heeren lof is wildernis. Leert dan de orde des Heeren kennen die niet de orde der wereld is. Laat dan los de werken des satans en zijn agenten. 5. Want de Heere heeft aangesteld de regeringen en hun tijden, om uw harten te testen. En ziet : vele harten zijn boos, en dit is een groot geheimenis. 6. Gij dan bent verdwaald in een put der harten, en gij bent daarin verdwaasd geraakt. Maar gij zult de Heere kennen door uw lijden, en de Heere zal u vinden. 7. Ja, Hij zal u het hart van een apostel schenken en u doen leren begrijpen, dat alles al vaststond voor de grondlegging van hemel en aarde, en dat dezen zijn de eis van leven en wet. 8. Ja, de eis der wet heeft vele harten doen verbleken, en de Heere heeft dit gezien. 9. Niet al te zwaar zal Hij zijn kinderen straffen, met het oog op de eis van leven en dood. 10. Niemand kan aan deze eis

ontkomen, en laat daarom ook niemand denken dat hij eenling is. Gij hebt vele broeders en zusters op verborgen plaatsen. 11. Laat het lijden u daarom niet doen bevreemden, en laat u niet denken dat uw situatie uniek is, want zelfs uw gedachten zijn des heeren, en de eenheid en de afmetingen der lijnen en hemelen zijn groot. Veelvuldig zijn zijn weerspiegelingen, en de weerspiegelingen van uw geest, ja, zelfs van uw lichaam. 12. Gij zijt genaderd tot het dikke van God, waarin gij de paden en de koorden ziet. 13. Zalig hen die door Spricht zijn binnengekomen, want een andere poort is er niet. 14. Laat de eis der wet u dan zaligen, niet denkende dat iets vreemds u is overkomen, want alle dingen liggen bloot en geopenbaard voor de troon van God, voor Hem kennende alle dingen. 15. En Hij is vertrouwd met iedere stem en beweging, ja, met iedere schijnbeweging. Hij kent ze allen bij name, en zij sidderen voor Hem. 16. Laat dan de eis der wet u leiden tot het goede, als de eis van het altaar. Amen Eminius Matas. 17. Gezegend Hij die komt, en komen gaat. Maranatha, Tweede Christus, kom snel. Gij bent genaderd tot de Tweede Maranatha des heeren, en de eerste is niet verre van verwijdering. Zalig hen die het eerste tot het altaar brengen. 18. En enkelen onder u dachten dat het eerste vernietigd zou worden. Dit is echter ten dele waar. De Heere is gekomen om het eerste te vervullen en te veranderen tot een zuiver beeld Gods. 19. Laat dan hen die daartoe bevoegd zijn de duivelsverzen met zorg uitbannen en uitroeien, opdat de gemeente Gods gered zal worden. 20. Geloof dan niet in de onfeilbaarheid van de paus. Alleen de Heere is onfeilbaar. 21. Geef ere aan hen die eer toebehoren. Geef dat wat de keizer toebehoort aan de keizer, en dat wat de paus toebehoort aan de paus. 22. Nogmaals : de Heere heeft niks tegen keizers en pausen, maar de Heere zal elke dwaalleer op de daarvoor bestemde tijd uitroeien. 23. Laat hen die van de paus zijn het Tweede Woord met blijdschap ontvangen, en zalig zij elke paus die de wegen des heeren bewandelt. 24. Ja, dichtbij het hart des heeren is die paus die Zijn Woord verkondigt, en die het kwaad haat. 25. Laat dan geen profeet, apostel, paus, keizer of anfitaat u misleiden. Toets dan alle dingen en behoudt het goede, en het goede en ware wat zij u gaven, om uw harten verder te heiligen. 26. Laat dan de paus zijn als een waardige opvolger van Petrus, als de rots van de gemeente. 27. Maar ziet toe dat gij dan niet afwijkt van de geboden des heeren, want de Heere is de vleugel die de harten slaat. 28. Laten dan allen die de paus volgen hun leidsman in het oog houden, die de tweede Christus is. 29. Want of gij nu katholiek of protestant zijt, gij hebt de Tweede Christus tot uw opperheer. En Hij zal uw zielen behoeden, en u leiden tot een grazig land. 30. Gij dan zult het dier heiligen, en u afscheiden van het zondige Spanje, opdat de Heere niet kome om uw hart te slaan. 31. Een Spanjaard die dan in de Heere is heeft niets te vrezen. 32. De Heere zal een nieuw Spanje geven. Zalig hen die dieren tot steun zijn, want zij zullen deel hebben aan het tweede Spanje. 33. De Heere dan zegent alle heilige vrouwen van Spanje en Portugal die de voetsporen van Maria Magdalena volgen, want ziet, Uw Christus is dier. 34. En hij die dan het dier niet eert, heeft ook de Christus niet, die immers dier is. 35. Welaan dan, al gij lieden die zich in het tweede Laodicea ophouden. Gegroet zijt gij, nogmaals, gij die van dieren houdt als van uw naaste. Want hoe kunt gij van uw naaste houden als gij niet van het dier houdt ? De mens immers is dier. 36. Laten zulken die het dier zo haten dat zij hun vlees tussen hun tanden vermorzelen dan niet klagen als hen die van dieren houden hen niet willen aanraken. 37. Zij volgen immers de voetsporen van de tweede Pazzia en de tweede Assisi. Zalig zijn zij. 38. Laat de paus dan het dier heiligen en zegenen. Daartoe is hij immers geroepen. En laat de paus zijn mes gebruiken om het dier te beschermen, en zo niet, dan zal de Heere op de daartoe bestemde tijd met Zijn mes komen. 39. Vreest dan het altaar des Heeren, en laat het dier met rust. Stel u eerder op als de ridder van het dier. dan zult gij zalig heten. 40. Is het dier dan niet gemaakt tot uw bescherming ? Gij kent nog niet de adem die in uw mond is. Blijft dan van de dingen af, en vernedert u in vreze en beven. 41. Tot hen die in het tweede Laodicea wonen zeg ik : Leert dan hen die spotten met het dier deze dingen af, door hen eenparig over te leveren aan

de krochten en wonden van de tweede satan en zijn zaad. Leert de volkeren de betekenissen der dieren, want zij zijn de tekenen des hemels om hen die de Heere aanhangen door de grote verdrukkingen van het tweede te lijden. 42. Weest dan gebrandmerkt met de dieren Gods, opdat gij kunt ademen op de dag des oordeels.

De Ogen des Heeren

43. Ja, want grote geheimenissen zijn de dieren Gods, en vervloekt is hij die hen ook maar met één vinger rake. Scheidt u dan af van hen die het vlees eten, opdat gij niet één worde met hen in het oordeel. 44. Zij varen naar een vuur dat eeuwig brandt tot vernietiging in de tweede hel. 45. Ja, met dit vuur heeft God het dier geschapen, en met dit vuur zal God het dier herscheppen. Ja, een groot geheimenis zijn zij, en gij dient daarop acht te geven als op tekenen des hemels om u door de laatsten der dagen te leiden. 46. Gij kunt niet Moloch dienen en de Heere. De Heere wake nu over mijn ziel, want ik ben ziek nu ik deze dingen heb geschreven. 47. Laat hen van het tweede Laodicea nu bij mij zijn in de geest, want de Heere is met mij, en openbaart Zichzelf aan mij dag aan dag. 48. Mijn hart roeme in de Heere en in het Woord van de Tweede Christus. Mijn hart roeme in Zijn altaar, en zijn ziekte wordt mij tot gezondheid gerekend, daar de draden van Spricht zichtbaar worden, om het eeuwig koninkrijk des heeren te weven. 49. Laat de dieren Gods weiden in kabbernal, en laat de tweede Santra de woorden weven, want zij zijn eeuwig en zij zijn sproeiers in het gebeente, tot genezing der zielen. 50. Hecht mijn ziel nu aan de Heere, opdat ik niet bezwijke. Ik dan zal bezwijken in de Heere, zoals ik elke dag sterf om uwentwille. 51. Ik verheug mij dan in het lijden dat ik om uwentwille aanvul aan het Koninkrijk Gods. 52. Zijn wij dan niet allen bouwers van het altaar door ons eigen bloed te geven ? 53. Daarom zij mijn hart niet bezwaard. Ik heb de goede strijd gestreden, en mijn ziel kijkt uit op de wonden van het tweede tot aan het woud des heeren. 54. Amen Metensia Matas, Maranatha, Tweede Christus kom. Tot het Tweede Maranatha zijn wij genaderd, en de openbaringen des Heeren zullen voortkomen als gedruis. 55. Wij ontvangen visioenen door het lijden en niet door drank. De wonden des Heeren zijn ogen geworden. Ik nu ben vol ogen, hebbende geen rust, daar ik dag en nacht zeg met mijn ziel : Heilig is de Heere, Heilig is Zijn Naam, laat het Tweede Koninkrijk komen, nu het eerste voorbij is gegaan. Grote Zegen heeft de Heere weggelegd voor hen die Zijn Tweede geboden bewaren. 56. En deze zaligheid is groter dan het eerste. Zou het toekomstige van God dan geringer zijn dan dat wat alreeds geschied is ? De Heere bewaart dan het beste voor het laatst. 57. Zou dan het binnenste van God minder zalig zijn dan het buitenste ? Gij zijt dan genaderd tot het binnenste van God. Hij die Zich weldra opmaakt om te spreken. Ik zal de rest van Mijn dagen verblijven in het Huis des heeren, om het tweede te doorvorsen. 58. Ik dan zal boven komen, om de monsters van beneden te kunnen zien. Ik dan zal de Heere dienen. 59. En ik zal één tong zijn met hen die met mij spreken. Wij zijn dan allen van één doel en één macht. 60. Niets zal ons scheiden van de macht van God. Dit zijn dan de woorden van de Allerhoogste door Zijn apostel en anfitaat de tweede Paulus. Zalig zij die deze woorden bewaren, doorgeven en doen. Amen Metensia Kabbernal. Hij komt spoedig. Ziet Hij staat aan de deur en klopt. Komt dan binnen in het Tweede Maranatha des heeren, opdat Hij maaltijd met u houde en u het koren des hemels laat zien. 61. Dagelijks brood heeft Hij u gegeven, van het verborgen manna. Gij hebt overwonnen, gij die in Hem blijft.

28.

Slot

1. De Heere heeft mij het zwaard gegeven om het reine te scheiden van het onheilige, om te scheiden de vliezen van het hart. De engelen van het tweede Laodicea zijn met mij, om woorden te spreken tot deze dagen. 2. God laat zich niet verbidden door hen die onheilige dingen doen. Vergist uzelf niet. 3. God is geen hoer die zich aan voorbijgangers hecht. Hij bemint alleen eeuwige dingen. 4. Laat niemand daarin onzeker blijven. Gij die pausen zijt van het kwade. Laat de gemeente des Heeren los, want de Heere zal u slaan met vaagheden en blindheden. De Heere zal u wazen voor de ogen geven, en gij zult uzelf verliezen. Wat winnen en verliezen is zal de Heere uitmaken, gij die de muis volgt. De Tweede Karazuur is reeds tot u neergedaald om uw vlees te eten, al gij onheiligen die denken de heere te misleiden. De Heere ziet alles, en gij die zondigt hebt geen rust, dag noch nacht. En indien gij rust hebt deze dingen bedrijvende, hoe dood zijt gij. Ik vrees dat gij al meegenomen zijt tot achter Gehenna, waar de vierde dood in de velden verblijft om haar kinderen te doen rusten in alle eeuwigheden. Zij bestaan niet meer, maar zijn slechts schimmen van een duister verleden, en weerspiegelingen uit hetgeen voorbij is gegaan. Totdat het Tweede Gehenna zijn intrede doet.

Het Eeuwig Evangelie

De Steen der Karsuiken

1. Joringel

2. De Nieuwe Handelingen Deel I-II

Joringel

1.

1. Nu is het Woord uitgekomen, de dood heeft het verstaan, veertien zwarte rozen, gaven mij vrij baan. Tot het water is het nu gekomen, de zwaan staat hier, het waait hier. Nu is alles dan uitgekomen, de heg over, tot de vrije wereld, geen hindernissen vandaag. Om morgen eeuwig te leven, hebben zij mij uitgekozen, de dood is hier gekomen. De zware stem, de heg over, tot een vrije wereld, geen hindernissen vandaag. Het moment van eeuwig leven, zij kozen mij, en maakten van mij een slaaf.

2. Steeds denk ik terug aan al die witte rozen die ik heb verkozen, mij leidende naar de witte dood. Alles is nu zwart, daar over de heg, want veertien zwarte rozen, hebben mij toen uitgekozen. Slaaf was ik, een slaaf ben ik nu nog steeds. Drijf de zinnen door, nachtelijks kom ik tot het grauwe koor, geen kracht om op te geven, geen kracht om door te gaan. Alles is in mij aan 't beven, alles is in mij vergaan. Chaos is hier binnengedreven, ik weet niet waar ik heen moet gaan. Drijf de zinnen door, verwacht van mij niets. 3. Al die zwarte rozen, tot het witte gekomen, om al mijn dagen grijs te maken, het koninklijke in mij ontwaken. Zeven vogelspinners, zij zullen van mij winnen, want dit is hun terrein, ik ken hen niet, en ik ken hun verdriet niet. Altijd gedacht dat ik het meeste leed, maar zij zijn daarin koning over mij geworden, totdat het koninklijke in mij ontwaakt, om tot het volk te spreken. Mijn stem zullen zij verstaan. Als de lelie steekt, zijn wij er geweest, als de lelie steekt, zijn wij verloren gegaan, in een diepere dood, zijn wij tot een diepere Christus gegaan. 4. Hij leed ver in de verte, hij leed daar achter horizon, en onbereikte bergen, van geslacht tot geslacht zijn

stemmen uitgedoofd, verscholen in een diepere dood, tot een dieper kruis gekomen, zij hebben hem geslagen met de staf van de vierde dood. Zijn tong dan uitgetrokken, zijn baard is dan vergaan, als van een jonge jongen, niemand kan hem verstaan.

2.

1. In het wespenvuur is goud veel te duur, en ogenzalf is daar een kroning, maar zij is voor wie lompen dragen, hun klederen veelvuldig gescheurd, en opnieuw genaaid door vogelspinnen, opnieuw gezaaid in rozenvelden, de betovering duurt voort, wat heb je nog te melden. 2. In het wespenvuur is alles zo duur, en ogenzalf is daar een kroning, koningen maken in lompen woning, zoekende de huizen van armoe, wat de hemel hen gaf, zij kwamen tot het arme graf, waar schoonste rozen bloeiden, hun herinneringen meenemende tot onder het zachte, tot rozenzeen in het vuur. Vader, vader, wat zijn je rozen duur. Is er dan geen vlucht uit dit uur. Geen geld om te bewegen, de ochtend zal het geven. In 't wespenuur, is 't goud door 't haar gestreken, en alles is zo duur, wij komen tot de lompen die praten, over een rozenvuur, is er geen genade tot hen die onder 't zachte zijn gedaald, alles is hier zo duur, wij nemen alleen wat de hemel ons geeft, in 't rozenvuur, zoekende naar wat genade, de pijn heeft ons in 't graf gebracht, het voerde ons naar wespenkleed'ren zo oud en versleten. 3. In lompen gaan wij, tot de wespen van ons hart, alles word steeds duurder, wij nemen wat de hemel ons schenkt, de rijkdommen der grootste armoe, leidende ons tot het oer, waar wespen ons hart bewaren, in 't rozenvuur, in 't rozenvuur. Nu zal dan alles stil zijn, nu zal dan alles vertragen, nu zal dan alles stil zijn, nu zal dan alles stil zijn. In een rozenvuur klom zij, in een teder spel verloor zij dan haar angel, maar deze rijkdom werd steeds duurder, zij schreeuwde om armoe, maar kon haar niet verstaan. Zij vloog dan weg van haar.

4. Nu ben ik dan alleen, in dit rozenuur, diep in het rozenvuur, door wespen zelfs verlaten, door kou en armoe gehaat, zij willen niet met me praten, en tot de stilte zonk ik, was dit mijn enige vriend. Van oer tot oer klom ik, van stilte tot stilte, ik werd van alles verlaten om in leegheid weg te zinken. Niemand houd mij vast, niemand om mee te praten.

3.

1. Te vaak in mijn wonden gestoken, nu ben ik tot onder het zachte gedaald, tot diep onder het roze, in de dieptes van een arm bestaan, geen kracht om op te komen, geen wil om op te komen, ik ben al bijna onder het hete gedaald, tot een wespenkoning, hij maakte in mij woning, een kroon van armoe gaf hij mij, om rijken te beschamen. Kijk nu naar mij, en durf niet meer, ik ging door de grote scheur. Geen kracht meer om te ontwaken, geen wil meer om te ontwaken, tot diep onder het bruine gedaald, de hete spiegel had geen naald, maar pijn is daar in tederheid, waar Brannan heil schenkt aan de armen, tot het oer geleid, oh, ga nu niet afhaken, want dan zullen zij hun werk staken. Een wespenvest is wat ik kreeg, met wapens van het oer. Onder het koude ben ik gegaan, een wespenkoning raakte mij aan, je kunt me niet beschuldigen, je kunt me niet eens verstaan. De zachte hand, een grote pijn, als bliksem tot je komende.

2. Er groeien veren binnenin waar ik te vaak ben gestoken, veren binnenin waar ik de moed opgaf. Van binnenuit hebben ze me opgegeten, ben ik nu dan net als hen ? Ben ik één van hen, sinds zij dan in mij woning maakten, veren groeien tot elkaar, diep binnenin, terwijl zij ernaar staren. De naald is veer geworden. Telkens als zij steekt wordt zij dan zachter. Grote veer, toe maak dan in mij woning, een zachte hand, een grote pijn, als bliksem tot je komende, als de melk van 't reine. In een doodstrijd, tot onder het zachte gedaald, een nieuwe pijn bevrijdde mij, in zacht vuur te ontwaken, tussen rozenschuim en lelieschuim, waar een donk're nacht het op heeft gegeven, tot onder het

donk're gezakt, waar donk're lichten grommen, hier hebben zij zo lang op gewacht, waar schilderijen branden, tot onder het hete gezakt, hervond ik mijn macht, om door mijn spiegel weg te dalen, een wespenkoning nam mij mee. Is dit het boek, waar ik in kan wonen ? Veilig na al die jaren, het kostte me alles, van veer tot veer ga ik.

3. Toen de neus nog een tepel was, een blauwe tepel, een blauwe mast, in de monden van engelen en arxelen, van geesten van vervlogen tijden. Boven de mond, boven de poort, een blauwe tepel, de Ravalon Madok, belangrijk in de spraak, om door wijsheid te spreken, door armoe gevonden. Het is de tepel van de Maser, naakt en arm als het vuur. Een kroon van Armoe heerst over Narzia, als de Ravalon Madok, de blauwe tepel. Tot zeven vuren kwamen wij, om ons tot het oer te leiden. Van wildheid tot wildheid gingen wij, om de armoe te zoeken, de schatten van het verlee. Tot Narzia kwamen wij. Op de Ravalon Madok, vonden wij bevrijding, tot het binnenste gegaan, tot dat wat diep was opgeborgen, als een boodschap van verlee, het geheugen als onze klok. Kent gij dan de armoe niet meer ? Ziet dan, gij hebt geen geheugen. Ziet dan, gij hebt geen fundament, en als de stormen komen, dan vliegt gij ver weg. Bouwt dan uw huis in Maser, de Rots, en drinkt van de geheimenissen der blauwe tepel. Waar zuivere lucht heerst kunt gij leven. De blauwe mast brengt u van geschiedenis tot geschiedenis, om oude boeken te openen, en van de geheimenissen ten eeuwig leven te drinken. Trots als de karsuiken zult gij zijn, en gij zult de trots der armoe kennen.

4. En als de tepel van Metensia, de roze, dan zal opstijgen tot in de Ravalon Madok, dan zal het zijn als de blauwroze weg der wildernis, als de zuiverende armoe. Ja, want de Heere heeft zijn gezandten de armoe rijkelijk geschonken als een staf van zuivering. De dood is als de explosie, als de Matadok de radio, een dove plaats waar alles tot onder het zachte daalt, de pijn der tederheid raakt. Van wildernis tot wildernis, totdat de overvloed explodeert, gebiedende, niet luisterende, sterft zij voor 't gemak. Als de late dood je raakt, dan hoort iedereen je stem ineens. Toen het oor eens een radio was, als de Matadok, een tepel des doods, jij was de gebieder, waar stemmen je hadden uitgedoofd. Tot de dood zijn wij gegaan, achter glas stroomt nu, het eeuwige kruid. Zij is de tepel van de Herman, onder de buik leeft zij, als een deur tot de eeuwigheid, waar de radio steeds spreekt, waar de radio steeds breekt. Het Woord des Heeren, eeuwig kruid, doven kunnen het lezen. Van stilte tot stilte zullen wij alles vertragen, totdat alles is omgekeerd, een platform voor onze Heer. En zo is dan het heilige dove oor tot een tepel des Heeren, tot de Matadok, onder de buik, vanwaar de slangen des hemels komen. Ja, als een deur der eeuwigheid is zij, zij hoort alleen haar eigen stem, zij is dan dubbel gestorven, als een glazen kist is zij gebieder, om wilde deuren te openen, deuren naar de eeuwigheid. Drinkt dan van haar adem, en leeft in eeuwigheid. Zij hebben steeds het kleinste opgezocht, hebben steeds het donkerste opgezocht. Laten we nu van voren af beginnen.

5. Toen het stuitje nog een tepel was, was zij een televisie, in het hart van hen die de Heere beminden. Ziet, zij waren allen blind, Izu, niemand gaf jou wat je verdiende. Izu, niemand gaf jou wat je nodig had, Izu, je was het zaad van een ander geslacht, van lang vervlogen tijden, wie zou er nog om je schreien. Door Dezer gevonden, werden jouw wonden verbonden, tot diep in 't oer reikten zij. Door 't oude versletene konden wij weer zien. Door het verkleurde en verscheurde, konden wij de afstand weer voelen, konden wij voelen, weer voelen. En wat moeten wij met Matas en Marion ? Zij sluiten deze rij, tot een toverbrug, terug naar de feenwereld.

4.

Speer van Zwijmelingen

1. Door de hoge bomen van het woud des Geestes, draagt de herder een gouden speer, om harten in zwijm te doen raken, om god'lijkheden te beminnen. Hij draagt de speer van zoete slaap, om elke pijn te doven. Besprenkelt harten tot Zijn eer, Zijn Liefde vervult de monden. 2. In dauw en teed're ontmoetingen, dwaalt de Geest van Liefde, als door het woud van de nacht, zoekt hij naar Zijn geliefden. Als een hert springt hij door 't hoge gras, tot het maanlicht de herfst alleen laat varen, tot de diepste kamers van de aard, en de brandende winter haar vruchten neemt. 3. Speer van God, van zwijmelingen, schietend uit de harp van 't lot, zoekend naar de vruchten van het spel van vogels, om te doorboren de harten die het goud laten stromen. Speer van God van liefdeswijn, maakt de harten dronken voor 't uur der tederheid, in 't zachte mos te slapen, voor de poorten van Marion's huis. 4. Marion zendt Emily, zendt broden met getuigen, hen die getuigen van een liefde zo diep en waar. Marion zendt Emily, tot de Liefde der huizen, tot duistere grotten waar zij die slapen, nog steeds wakker zijn in hun wonden, en leidt hen met gouden Koorden, tot de eeuwicheden van Metensia. 5. En ik slaap, ik vaar tot de tepel van Metensia, waar de melk der liefde overstroomt, en dauw brengt tot de appelgaarden. En ik slaap, voerende naar de tepel van Emily, waar de bomen zacht waat'ren in een tranendal van liefde. 6. En ik slaap, ik vaar tot de tepel van Metensia, waar de melk van appelstromen, het licht van de morgen doet gloren, in morgenrood gezonken, zwem ik weer terug tot de nacht, die eeuwig duurt in het hart van Metensia, om daar haar vlam te doen branden in gloeiend rood, tot de harten die verwelken. 7. En ik slaap, tot de tepel van Metensia, tot de tepel der liefde glijd ik met mijn schip, 'k bouw de aarde, in zeeën van het hemelgewelf. 8. Voer de maan, allen die slapen, met de melkselen van Metensia, voer de aarde en zijn vleug'len, laat haar tepel opstijgen, tot de uiteinden der liefde. Laat de mare haar vruchten dragen tot de boom des geestes. 9. Voer het pad, voer de banen, haar liefde zal niet verloren gaan, de aderen des geestes zijn met velen, als schapen in de wei, voeren zij hen die hongeren naar de paden der slaap en de melk van verloren wouden.

5.

Koelte der Slaap

1. En het raakt mijn ziele aan, het zoete aan het uiteinde van de pijn, de lichten in de nacht, ik ben alleen. En het leidt mij tot eenzame waat'ren, 'k voel mij koud, waar de koele slaap mij omhult. Maar kleine liefde komt in 't uur der zwijm. 2. De wijn sprak tot mijn hart, laten we samen het veld ingaan, maar ik verkoos de eenzaamheid, mijn hart zocht rust. 3. De wijn sprak tot mijn hart, ik kan je niks beloven, maar 'k had zekerheid nodig, een vast pad nam mijn hart. 4. Echter droefenis was stil op weg, de rover kwam dichtbij, maar God gaf mij de twijfel van Zijn Geest. 5. Zou Hij mij binnennemen, met het zoet van het onzoek're. Zou Hij bij mij binnengaan. 6. Laat de macht van de nacht mij dit niet ontnemen, het geluk van de onwetendheid. 7. In boten zonder zorgen, laat de nacht voor wat het is, stijgen wij tot de koele waat'ren van het grote gemis. 8. Diepe glazen ogen van 't hert van het omslaan, drijven mij weg tot een zorgeloos bestaan. 9. Wij kunnen niks beginnen, met het omslaan der liederen, de winden wijzen de weg, naar de koele grotten der slaap. 10. 'T gaat niet weg, de herinnering, het watert alleen in het gouden begin van een teer groen sprietenbos. 11. In 't hooi van oude velden, waar de vogels hun nesten bouwen, laat mijn ogen 't niet aanschouwen, de meren van de oude aard. 12. Verzoen mijn hoofd op 't najaarspad met het brood van verleden tijden. 13. Laat de oude hel niet spraakzaam zijn, maar leid onze bellen tot het waterige tij, waar de golven niet verjaren, niet wegglijden tot de omwentelingen der aarde. 'T is voorbij.

6.

Slaaplied over de Geest van Santra

1. Geest van Santra, morgenkoningin, laat uw liefde als de webben stijgen, om koningen te vangen, hun woorden behoren tot uw Geest. 2. Geest van Santra, grote liefde, rood uw naam in vuur en stilte. Geest van Santra, stille liefde, door de bomen zoekt u zilver in de harten van de koningen in uw webben. 3. Moederspin van God, u weefde al wat wij weven door uw Geest. Moederspin van God, door de bomen zoeken wij uw Geest. Grote Liefde, tweede liefde, grote naam, 't is heilig geweest, en nu 't allerheiligste. 4. Geest van Santra, morgenkoningin, u weefde al wat liefde is, tweede Santra, tweede naam boven alle naam. 'K heb liefde in uw haar geweven, u kwam tot mij, door de doornen reikte u tot de roos in mij. 5. Spinnenwebben van uw Geest hebben koningen gevangen, hun woorden behoren toe aan uw meesteressen. 'K zag een huis vandaag, achter bomen staan, en de roos bracht teed're steken, vol vuur en diepe stilte, gehuld in morgengloed, grote liefde hebt u mij erdoor gegeven. 6. Tweede Santra, grote liefde, uw haren vol van ijs en morgendauw, tweede Santra, u schiep het hertenkind, door uw liefde gedreven. 'K ben op zoek naar uw bron, diep dalende, de kou vangt mij en brengt mij in uw diepe sneeuw, tot webben van uw Geest, door de kracht van uw adem rijst ik weer op tot de ramen van het oude huis, vervuld met het tweede kruis. 7. Dit huis is vol van uw Geest, oh Geest van Santra, koningin van de morgen en de dauw. Dit huis is vol van uw Geest, oh Geest van Santra, neem mij in uw Wijsheid op. Druppels van uw Wezen hebben mij vervuld, de weg gewezen, de voetstappen van een nieuwe dag. Komt tot allen die u zoeken, ik blijf boven, ik blijf onder uw mantel.

7.

Tweede Slaaplied over de Geest van Santra

1. Tweede Santra, tweede liefde, heb genade in dit uur. Boten zijn gezonken, de zeeën duister en van zilver, golven als witte haren. 2. Tweede Santra, tweede liefde, heb genade in dit uur. Zoveel boten gezonken, u ving hen in uw web, heb genade, zoveel zielen zijn verdwenen. 3. Ik weet niet waar zij zijn. In uw hand heb ik gezocht, naar uw grote geheimenissen, blijf stil, Ik zoek u, met grote kracht hebt gij ons uiteen gedreven. U moest mij hebben voor uzelf, 'k heb alles aan u gegeven. 4. U moest mij hebben voor uzelf, door dit pad van duisternis. Nu is het tweede huis zo vol van uw tweede kruis, waar de dauw tegen de daken klimt, oh uw morgen die mij bemint. Tweede Santra, genaad' en liefde, door uw haren vinden wij de wilde bossen. 5. Steeds uw huis, de woorden staan geschreven op het kruis, met een vlam bracht u licht in duist're harten, door een vlam voerde u ons door diepe waat'ren van genaa, steeds weer bracht u ons tot de wijzen van de nacht. 6. En vluchten is niet mogelijk, uw Geest is altijd daar, uw hand als dikke wanden, de muren van het witte huis, in zilvergrijze nachten, de daken die op ons wachten, waar muren tot leven komen, spinnen die ons doen dromen. 7. Oh Spin van God, heb genade in dit duistere lot. Steeds dacht ik God heeft mij verlaten, geen adem en geen lust tot leven, altijd moe en zwak, maar sterkte als een zilverkruis, als dunne draden in mijn ziel. 8. Geen reus kon mij pakken, 'k blijf steeds hopen op u. Steeds dacht ik God heeft mij verlaten, de morgen maakte mij zo depressief, met trage passen kwam de duist're hand en brak mij. 9. Dunne draden in mijn ziel, zilv'ren wachters in de verte staan, dunne draden, geen kracht om te vechten, duist're liederen voeren hier de boventoon, op het schip van spinnenwebben, door 't woud van diepe rivieren. Tweede Santra, steeds weer denk ik God heeft mij achtergelaten. 10. Ben ik overgeleverd aan uw grote wraak, oh moederspin. Spinnen des hemels eten mij, dag aan dag, zilv'ren bomen buigen diep in stille rouw. Heer, u bent de stilte, u maakt mij zo onzeker, laat toch uw liefde weer volop stromen. 11. U neemt mij mee, tot duist're waat'ren, steeds weer gelden andere wetten. Is dit dan wat ik verdien, al die duisternis, het klagen maakt mijn

oog zo moe. Ik heb geen kracht, ik ken alleen uw kruis, alleen uw wonden. 12. Heer, geef mij niet over. Wees dichtbij me. Wees mijn kracht en mijn schild, mijn pantser. Spinnenwebben hebben mij omgeven. Heer, kom thuis in dit tweede huis. Laat mij slapen, sluit mijn ogen voor eeuwig, ik kan het niet meer geloven, ik kan het niet meer dragen, sluit mijn ziel. Uw maaksel is in diepe paniek, waar handen haar breken, ze kan het niet meer, ze glijdt weg, de nacht is haar tot omhulsel. 13. Laat uw kind niet verloren gaan. Geef haar nu nieuwe dromen, en maak haar tot een hertenkind door de morgen bemint. In zilvergrijze nachten, ze zwemt door duist're grachten, ontdaan van haar krachten, zinkt zij naar ongekennde dieptes. 14. Vissen des hemels nemen haar mee, tot het droge achter een grote zee. Aanschouw uw redder, vergeet het niet, in 't spinnenweb vond zij een weg in haar verdriet. Spin des levens, de dood achtergelaten, rozen van genade na een bitt're nacht.

8.

De Slaap des Heeren

1. Daar gaat mijn ziel, ze is een mooie vogel. 2. Daar gaat mijn ziel ze fladdert en kijkt steeds om. 3. Bubbels komen uit haar mond, ze verspreidt zoveel bloemen. En bloesem groeit op haar rug. 4. Ze is op weg, maar 'k weet niet waar naartoe. Ze draait steeds om, en 'k weet niet waar ze naar kijkt. 5. Het gaat te snel. Haar lippen bewegen zo snel, ik weet niet wat ze zegt. Daar gaat mijn ziel, waar komt ze toch vandaan. 6. Onder wiens betovering is ze, en waarom draait ze zo snel. Haar lichaam danst op snelle muziek, maar ik hoor niks. 7. Alleen enige waterbubbels, en op de achtergrond een zacht woud. Wat zal ze zeggen als ze mij hier ziet. 8. Zou ze mij meenemen naar haar paradijs. Mijn ziel is als een vogel des Heeren, en mijn geest achtervolgt haar. Zal ze ooit rust vinden. 9. Ze zegt heilig, heilig is de Heere, en ik omhels haar in strakke omhelzing. Ze is des Heeren. 10. En rivieren stromen van haar ogen, en wijn komt uit haar mond. Ze straalt. Ik heb haar alweer verloren, daar rent ze in de verte, daar waar de zon het woud raakt. En kleine vogels vliegen om haar heen. 11. En aldus is de Slaap des Heeren, en zij grijpt naar dromen. Ze roept wat maar ik kan haar niet verstaan. 12. Ze is als een veer die mijn geest bewaakt. In mijn verstand kan ik haar niet vatten. Ik heb slaap nodig, maar hoe kom ik daar. 13. Ik ben te fit om nu te liggen. Of zou ze me neerslaan ? 14. En alzo is de Slaap des Heeren. Ze groeit als een boom, ik kan haar niet begrijpen. En vluchten kan ik voor haar niet. Ik zie haar steeds weer rennen. 15. En zij brengt mij steeds weer teneer. Hoe kan ik hieraan wennen, het is de Slaap van de Heer. 16. Groter wordt ze in Zijn Geest. Ik kan haar nauwelijks meer aanschouwen, maar ze daalt steeds in liefde op mij neer, als de duif van de Heer. Wees niet bang voor de beslissing van de Heer, waar Hij ingrijpt in ons hart en in onze ziel, waar hij onze geest besnijdt. Wees niet bang voor Zijn rake klappen, wij allen lijden onder de druk van Zijn Geest. De Heere heeft weer ingegrepen. Nauwelijks kunnen wij staan op onze benen. Nauwelijks komen wij vooruit, en onze vijanden zijn met velen. Ja, zij zijn vijanden van onze zielen, maar de erfenissen staan ons bij. En als zijn ijsleeuwen hun bekken openen, stroomt het ijs over onze armen en benen, om te openen en te sluiten, om nieuwe getijden aan te kondigen.

9.

Slaaplied van de Twijfel

1. Ik kan niet meer. Ik kan uw wolken niet meer zien. Ik voel me teer, 'k voel me onbehouden, lomp en zonder liefde, zonder een vonkje genaa. 2. Heeft de Heer mij echt verlaten, zal ik dan zijn liefde zien, nu ik me zo dom heb gedragen. Waar moet ik heen, zal Hij mij ontzien. 3. Ik heb gehoord Hij moet mij niet meer. Maar wie sprak deze woorden tot mij. Het was een mens, en wat is hij te achten. 4. Toch ben ik bang, ik durf niet meer tot Hem te naad'ren. Zijn tempel is heilig, klaarstaande om de

onheiligen te verteren. 5. Ik voel me dood en onrein, alsof ik de spot met Hem heb gedreven. Heb ik Hem verloochend, ik weet niet wie ik ben. 6. Is dit mijn lot, ik heb zo'n pijn, en ik verlang zo naar Zijn stem. Zo zoet was het in 't verlee, ik weet niet meer waar ik ben. 7. Heb ik Hem afgezworen, mijn hart kon 't niet meer aan. Ik zou Hem nooit pijn willen doen, 't zoete behoort Hem toe. 8. Heb ik hem dan afgezworen, ik twijfel en heb zoveel verdriet. Mensen kunnen mij bespotten, ach ze is niet meer z'n vriend. 9. Wat is dat voor een God, wat hebben die twee nog met elkaar op. 10. Wat is een mens te achten. Ik wil hun woorden niet geloven, maar geef acht op mijn geliefde, Hij redt mij steeds weer. 11. Ook nu in al mijn twijfels, ik zie de hemel niet meer. Zijn ogen die mij zoeken. Oh wat doet mijn leven zeer. 12. Ik bemin je, mijn vriend, toe zeg me waar je bent. 13. Ik durf niet meer te komen, en 'k weet toch niet waar ik heen moet gaan. 14. Mijn vriend, Mijn God, ik ben zo bang, wat heb ik u toch aangedaan. Ik voel mijn wonden, zijn het mijn zonden, of is het een traan van uw aangezicht. 15. Ik durf niet op u te hopen, bang bedrogen uit te komen. Ik laat mijn hoofd weer hangen, ik glijd weer naar benee. Mijn goede vriend waar ben je. 16. Niks durf ik hem meer te vragen. Ik ga nu in het zwart, mijn haren blauw geschilderd, we lopen nu apart. Het zoete van je kussen, het is niet meer voor mij. Je zal nu wel een ander hebben. Ach, zo was het altijd al. Geest van God, zo zal het zijn. 17. 't Leven zo, ik moet me maar berusten. Maak nu maar anderen blij, ik zet u nu weer vrij. Geest van God, mijn goede vriend, 'k heb u alle dagen bemint. 18. Misschien dat er nog tranen stromen, van mij naar u, als mooie dromen, ik voel u soms, dat kan niet meer stuk, de jaren zitten veel te diep. 19. Geest van God, ik ga in stilte, 'k durf niet meer tot u te spreken. Langzaam drijf ik dan mijn woorden, richting and're dingen, maar 'k hoop stil dat u mij toch nog kan horen. 20. Ik voel me zo moe, mijn gedachten dwalen af, tot een nieuwe morgen. Waar moet ik toch naartoe zonder u. 21. Mijn leven is nu zo leeg, en slaap vervult mij. 22. Kunnen mijn trage, angstige woorden u nog wel bereiken. Ik weet het niet. Het maakt mij onzeker, zo verdrietig en zo hopeloos. 't Is voorbij.

10.

Blauwstaartje

1. Blauwstaartje was een visje in een hele diepe oceaan. De visjes noemden hem blauwstaartje omdat hij bijna geheel wit was, alleen met een blauw staartje. Op de vissenschool kregen ze les van een oude grote blauwe vis. Als die vis boos werd dan kon je je maar beter verbergen, want dan blies hij met al zijn kracht het water naar je toe, en begon hij vreselijk met zijn vin en staart te klapperen. Blauwstaartje was altijd een beetje bang voor die grote blauwe vis, maar de andere visjes vonden hem maar een bangerd.

2. Ook kregen ze les van een zeeslang met blauwe en witte strepen, en als laatste van de blauwe zeester. Blauwstaartje vond geen van zijn onderwijzers aardig. Ze waren alledrie erg streng. Maar de visjes uit zijn klas vonden dat hij zich niet moest aanstellen.

3. Op een dag was het feest op school, en maakten ze met z'n allen een schoolreisje naar de oppervlakte van de oceaan. Hier was Blauwstaartje nog nooit geweest, en hij keek zijn ogen uit. In de verte zagen ze een schip met mensen erop. Blauwstaartje zou wel een mens willen zijn, want zij hadden benen. Blauwstaartje zou heel graag op het land willen wonen, maar de meester had altijd gezegd dat ze op het vaste land oorlog maakten. Op een dag vertelde de oude blauwe zeester een verhaal over een meisje van het vaste land die een vis wilde worden. Blauwstaartje vond het een droevig verhaal. Het meisje ging vaak naar de zee, omdat ze niet tegen het geruzie van mensen kon.

Op een dag was ze het zo beu dat ze de zee inging, maar door een grote golf werd ze meegesleurd en verdronk.

4. Blauwstaartje moest altijd erg huilen als hij het verhaal hoorde. Blauwstaartje zou heel graag een mens met benen willen zijn. Dan zou hij misschien wat aan al dat geruzie kunnen doen, en dan hoefde er ook niemand meer weg te lopen om te verdrinken. Op een dag vertelde Blauwstaartje na de les aan de zeeslang met blauwe en witte strepen dat hij graag een mens zou willen worden. Hij vroeg de zeeslang om raad, want hij wist niet hoe hij dat kon worden.

5. ‘Jongen, doe maar niet zo dom, want mensen maken altijd ruzie,’ zei de zeeslang. ‘En bovendien zou ik niet weten hoe je mens zou moeten worden. Volgens mij is dat onmogelijk. Je moet gewoon je best blijven doen hier op school, om een keurig nette vis te worden. Haal al die verhaaltjes van je maar uit je hoofd. Dat is veel beter.’

6. Maar toen ging Blauwstaartje naar de blauwe zeester, en vertelde hem hetzelfde, dat hij graag een mens wilde worden. De blauwe zeester begon een beetje te brommen, en zei dat hij eigenlijk geen tijd had voor zulke onzin. ‘Je bent niet voor niets een vis,’ zei de zeester. ‘Wat je bent moet je blijven, en trouwens zou ik niet weten hoe je een mens zou kunnen worden. Ik vind het maar een domme wens. Mensen zijn slecht en zijn geboren om oorlog te maken. Zet het maar zo snel mogelijk uit je hoofd, want van jouw plannen komt toch niets terecht.’

7. Teleurgesteld ging Blauwstaartje als laatste naar de grote blauwe vis, maar die werd direkt zo boos dat Blauwstaartje maar gauw weer vertrok. De volgende dag vertelde de blauwe vis in de les wat er was gebeurd, en begon Blauwstaartje nog eens extra uit te lachen. Ook de visjes van de klas begonnen Blauwstaartje uit te lachen. Na de les ging Blauwstaartje extra snel naar huis, omdat hij verder niet gepest wilde worden, maar de visjes van zijn klas volgden hem snel, en begonnen om zijn huisje heen te zwemmen. ‘Ha, ha ha,’ lachten ze, ‘wat een dommerik. Hij wil mens worden!’ Maar na een tijdje vertrokken de visjes weer.

8. Ook Blauwstaartje’s moeder, een grote roze vis, kwam het te horen, en wilde eens diepgaand met haar zoontje praten. ‘Zeg ik heb gehoord wat je wens is,’ zei de moeder, ‘en ik vind het heel dom van je. Je weet toch dat mensen niets anders doen dan oorlog maken?’

9. Ja maar moeder, sprak Blauwstaartje, ik zou daar zo graag een eind aan willen maken, en ik zou graag eens op benen willen staan.

10. Ja jongen, zei de grote roze vis, mensen hebben prachtige benen, maar wij hebben nu eenmaal gewoon een staart en daar moeten we het mee doen. Toen vader thuis kwam en het verhaal hoorde kreeg hij het met Blauwstaartje te doen. ‘Jongen, ik had vroeger dezelfde wens, alleen daar is helaas nooit iets van terecht gekomen,’ zei vader.

11. ‘Maar hoe kan ik mens worden,’ zei het visje.

12. Vader keek moeder aan, en moeder keek vader aan. ‘Vertel het hem maar,’ zei moeder. Toen sprak de vader: ‘Jongen, dan moet je op zoek gaan naar het blauwe gesteente van de rog.’

13. Toen zei moeder: ‘Vader heeft gelijk, maar daar kom je niet zo makkelijk. Niemand heeft het ooit gevonden.’

14. ‘Maar waar kan ik het vinden?’ vroeg Blauwstaartje.

15. Maar dat konden zijn vader en moeder niet vertellen. Diep in de nacht ging Blauwstaartje het huisje uit, en ging op zoek. Na heel lang zwemmen kwam hij uiteindelijk een rog tegen en vroeg naar het blauwe gesteente. ‘Oh verderop,’ zei de rog. Na een tijdje kwam Blauwstaartje nog een rog tegen en vroeg hetzelfde, en kreeg weer hetzelfde antwoord. Maar na dagen zwemmen had Blauwstaartje nog niets gevonden. Ten einde raad besloot Blauwstaartje weer naar de oppervlakte van de oceaan te gaan, om de mensen met hun schepen weer te bekijken. Misschien zou hij daar wel op een idee komen.

16. Toen hij bovenkwam was het erg druk op zee. Overal zag Blauwstaartje bootjes. Niemand had Blauwstaartje ooit over vissers verteld, en daarom kende hij het gevaar van de netten niet. Maar op één van de schepen zag Blauwstaartje iets fonkelen. Het leek wel op het blauwe gesteente waar zijn vader en moeder over hadden gesproken. Plotseling werd hij door een net meegetrokken. Blauwstaartje schrok verschrikkelijk, en al snel werd hij in een bak geworpen. Al snel kreeg Blauwstaartje het erg benauwd. In de verte op het dek zag hij het blauwe gesteente flonkeren en glinsteren. Het was prachtig, maar Blauwstaartje kon er niet bij. Hij had immers geen benen, en zwemmen kon hij hier niet. Hopeloos begon Blauwstaartje naar adem te happen. Twee mannen kwamen bij de bak en zagen Blauwstaartje liggen. ‘Kijk nou eens, wat een prachtige vis, bijna geheel wit met alleen een blauw staartje,’ zei één van de mannen en greep Blauwstaartje uit de bak.

17. ‘Ja,’ zei de andere man, ‘hij is bijna net zo prachtig als het blauwe gesteente daar, en wees naar de fonkelende, bijna gloeiende stenen.’

18. ‘Nou, ik vind de vis veel mooier dan jouw zeestenen,’ zei de man die Blauwstaartje had vastgegrepen. ‘Houd jij je edelstenen maar, ik heb de vis. Ik zag hem het eerst.’

19. Maar toen liep de andere man naar het blauwe edelgesteente toe, en bracht het naar de man met de vis toe. ‘Nou, we zullen ze eens naast elkaar houden en zien wie de prachtigste is.’

20. Toen hield de man de vis tegen het zeegesteente aan, en plotseling stond er een klein jongetje met een prachtig blauw pakje tussen hen in. Maar waar was de vis nu gebleven ? Ook de edelstenen waren verdwenen.

21. ‘Zeg jongetje,’ zei één van de mannen verbaasd. ‘Heb jij soms de blauwstaart met de stenen weggepakt ?’

22. Maar het jongetje kon niet praten. De mannen stonden voor een raadsel. ‘Zeg, hoe komt dat joch hier eigenlijk ? Misschien is het een verstekeling,’ zei de andere man. ‘Laten we hem naar de kapitein brengen.’

23. En zo brachten de twee vissers de jongen naar de kapitein. De kapitein was heel aardig, en nam de jongen direkt onder zijn hoede. Niemand sprak verder nog over de blauwstaart en het blauwe gesteente. De kapitein leerde de jongen praten, en hoe je een schip moest besturen. Maar dat ging niet al te gemakkelijk. Het jongetje kon de klanken niet uitspreken.

24. Toen het schip aan wal kwam nam de kapitein de jongen mee naar huis, en zijn vrouw was direkt erg liefdevol naar de jongen. De vrouw had altijd al graag kinderen willen krijgen, maar die wens werd nooit vervuld. Maar op school werd de jongen geplaagd, omdat hij een spraakgebrek had. Steeds meer begon de jongen terug te verlangen naar de zee, en op een dag nam de kapitein hem mee. Ze zouden een hele grote reis gaan maken met het schip. Maar op een dag had de jongen een heel sterk verlangen om over de reling te springen, en toen hij het water raakte veranderde hij direkt weer in een vis. Het visje was heel opgewonden over wat hij allemaal had meegemaakt, en

zwom zo snel hij kon naar het huisje van zijn ouders. Maar vader en moeder waren helemaal niet blij toen het visje het verhaal vertelde. Zijn vader en moeder hadden destijds het verhaal over het blauwe gesteente van de rog verzonnen om hem niet teleur te stellen. Nu ze hoorden dat het visje echt mens was geworden door de blauwe zeestenen wisten ze zich geen raad.

25. Maar op de vissenschool geloofden ze hem niet, en lachten ze hem uit. De grote blauwe vis die hen onderwees werd zelfs heel erg boos op het visje, en sloot hem voor straf op in de kelder van de school. In de kelder was ook een ander visje opgesloten, een visje uit een andere klas.

26. Hoe ben jij hier terecht gekomen ? vroeg Blauwstaartje. Maar het andere visje zei niets, en was heel stil. ‘Nou, als je niet wil praten is ook goed hoor,’ zei Blauwstaartje. Toen vertelde Blauwstaartje wat hij allemaal had meegemaakt. Het andere visje begon na een tijdje een beetje te lachen, al was het in Blauwstaartje’s ogen maar een glimlach.

27. Na een tijdje kwam de oude blauwe zeester om de kelderdeur open te maken. ‘Jullie straf zit erop,’ zei hij. Het andere visje vloog weg zo hard als ze kon, en Blauwstaartje bleef een beetje teleurgesteld achter. Hij had gehoopt dat ze vriendjes zouden worden. Langzaam zwom hij over de trap naar boven, en ging weer naar de les. Blauwstaartje besloot verder maar zijn mond te houden. Nu hadden ze les van de zeeslang. Maar de zeeslang zei dat hij het hele verhaal gehoord had, en vertelde het nog eens, tot grote afschuw van Blauwstaartje, want weer begonnen de visjes van zijn klas hem uit te lachen. Na de les kwam hij op de schoolgang het visje van de andere klas tegen waarmee hij samen in de kelder zat. Ze glimlachte even, maar zei verder niets.

28. Gek genoeg begon Blauwstaartje weer naar het vaste land te verlangen. Zou hij nu weer eerst blauw zeegesteente van de rog moeten vinden, of zou hij direkt een jongen worden als hij uit het water zou komen ? Opgewonden en nieuwsgierig naar wat er zou gebeuren zwom Blauwstaartje zo snel als hij kon richting de oppervlakte van de oceaan. Maar hier werd hij door een grote vis gegrepen, en flink verwond. Al bloedend zwom Blauwstaartje naar de kant, en kwam op het strand terecht, waar hij direkt veranderde in een jongen met een blauw pakje. Maar nog steeds bloedde hij hevig. De jongen stond op, en rende naar het huis van de kapitein. De kapitein was er niet, maar de vrouw van de kapitein verzorgde de wond liefdevol. Toen de kapitein thuiskwam was deze blij de jongen te zien. ‘We dachten dat je verdronken was,’ zei de kapitein. ‘Wat is er gebeurd ?’

29. En toen vertelde de jongen het hele verhaal, maar de kapitein begon er hartelijk om te lachen, en kon het niet geloven. De vrouw zei niets.

30. Even later nam de kapitein de jongen mee naar het water om te kijken of het echt waar was. Maar toen de jongen in het water sprong gebeurde er niets. De jongen bleef gewoon een jongen. Blauwstaartje beseftte toen dat hij nooit meer terugkon naar de dieptes van de oceaan. ‘Zie jongen, je hebt het gewoon maar gedroomd,’ sprak de kapitein, en legde toen zijn arm om de jongen heen, en samen liepen ze naar huis. Wel hebben ze de jongen altijd Blauwstaart genoemd.

11.

De Paddenkoningin

1. Eens woonde er een meisje bij een arm gezin. Ze vonden het meisje eens in het bos, en namen het onder hun hoede, maar ze waren erg arm. Ze noemden het meisje Grunpuhlster, omdat ze ogen had als groene poelen. Op een dag hadden ze zoveel honger dat ze het meisje verkochten aan een jager

op doorreis. Hij nam het meisje mee naar zijn boshuis waar ze in het huishouden moest werken. Ze kon alles zo goed schoonmaken, dat alles een groen glimmend laagje kreeg, en daarom noemde ook de jager haar Grunpuhlster, en natuurlijk omdat ze zulke mooie ogen had als groene poelen.

2. Op een dag moest de jager weer weg op reis voor een lange tijd. Niet lang daarna kwam er een bedelaar die bij Grunpuhlster aanklopte. Grunpuhlster deed open, en nam de man zorgzaam naar binnen. Ze gaf hem goed te eten en een slaapplek.

3. Toen de volgende ochtend de man naar beneden kwam keek hij Grunpuhlster erg dankbaar aan. 'Omdat je zo zorgzaam en liefdevol naar mij bent geweest,' sprak de man, 'zal er bij alles wat je spreekt een groene edelsteen uit je mond vallen.' Het meisje schrok, want zo'n geschenk had ze niet verwacht. Ze durfde haar mond niet open te doen, maar knikte dankbaar en liefdevol naar de man, die ineens in het niets verdween.

4. Toen de jager thuiskwam durfde ze niet te spreken, maar toen de jager dat in de gaten kreeg, en veel vragen begon te stellen, deed ze uiteindelijk haar mond open, en er vielen groene edelstenen op de grond. De jager was erg verrukt. Het meisje vertelde hem alles. De jager was erg trots op haar, en sindsdien hoefde ze niet meer in het huishouden te werken.

5. Op een dag nam de jager haar mee naar de koning van het land. De koning was zo onder de indruk dat hij haar liet trouwen met zijn zoon, maar ze was niet gelukkig. Ze dacht nog steeds aan het arme gezin waar ze vandaan kwam. Na enige jaren ging ze samen met haar prins naar het arme gezin toe, en ze sprak zoveel, en er rolden zoveel groene edelstenen uit haar mond, dat ze nooit meer arm hoefden te zijn.

6. Maar op een dag verdwaalde het meisje weer in het bos. Na een lange tijd wandelen kwam ze bij een huisje aan waar een kabouter voor stond. 'Heus, je hoeft hier niet te werken, maar kom een nachtje logeren, want stormen zal het huizenhoog, hoei.' Het meisje luisterde maar naar het vreemde mannetje, want ze wilde niet door de storm meegenomen worden. Toen ze de volgende ochtend wakker werd was het mannetje in geen velden of wegen te bekennen. Ze kon het niet laten om het huisje wat schoon te maken, want het was er zo stoffig. En alles wat ze schoonmaakte kreeg een groen glimmend laagje. Toen het mannetje die avond thuiskwam was hij erg onder de indruk. 'Blijf nog maar een nachtje slapen,' zei het mannetje, 'want vannacht gaat het weer stormen.'

8. De volgende dag kwam er een bedelaar aan de deur. Het meisje deed direkt open, en gaf de arme man wat te eten. Ook gaf zij hem een bed. Na een tijdje kwam de man naar beneden, en het meisje sprak veel met hem, terwijl er groene edelstenen uit haar mond vielen. De man vulde zijn zakken ermee, en zei : 'Pikkel, taddel, tad, elke keer dat je zult spreken komt er uit je mond een pad.' Het meisje schrok, en de man vertrok snel met zijn zakken vol groene edelstenen.

9. Toen de kabouter die avond terugkwam en het meisje tot hem sprak rolden er allemaal padden uit haar mond. Het mannetje schrok heel erg en riep : 'Heb je hier soms tovenaars binnengelaten ? Het woud zit vol met boze tovenaars. Voor straf moet je vannacht buitenslapen.'

10. Het meisje begon erg hard te huilen, maar het mannetje was niet over te halen, hoe het meisje ook smeekte. Die nacht zwierf ze door de bossen en kwam er een grote storm die haar opnam. Na een lange tijd werd ze wakker in een grote poel. Ze zat helemaal onder de modder, en die ochtend maakte ze een lange wandeling door het bos in de hoop weer de weg terug te vinden. Na een lange tijd vond ze de weg terug. Toen ze bij het kasteel van de prins kwam wilde niemand haar binnen laten, omdat ze onder de modder zat, en telkens wanneer ze sprak kwamen er padden uit haar mond.

11. En zo sliep ze die nacht weer buiten, en een grote storm nam haar mee, verder weg dan ooit. Ze werd tot helemaal achter de poel geslingerd. Achter de poel stond een heel oud en arm huisje, en een oude vrouw hing daar de was op die prachtig wit was. De was glinsterde in het maanlicht. 'Kom binnen, arm kind,' zei de vrouw, 'want als de storm je pakt, dan neemt hij je mee. Het kan hier nogal waaien.' Het meisje durfde haar mond niet open te doen, en ging met de vrouw naar binnen. Binnen was het erg stoffig, en toen de vrouw weer naar buiten ging, besloot het meisje wat schoon te maken, en alles werd glimmend groen. Toen de vrouw weer binnen kwam en het glimmende groen zag begon ze te lachen en zei : 'Pikkel, taddel, tuid, alles wat je aanraakt zal veranderen in paddenhuid.' Het meisje rende huilend naar buiten, en werd door de storm gegrepen.

12. De storm bracht haar naar het land van de reuzenpadden. De reuzenpadden pakten haar en brachten haar tot hun koning. De paddenkoning vertelde haar dat spoedig alles overstroomd zou worden door de poel. Het meisje wilde naar huis, maar de paddenkoning liet haar niet gaan. Ze moest in het paleis werken, en alles wat ze aanraakte veranderde in paddenhuid. Ook kwamen bij alles wat ze sprak padden uit haar mond. Het meisje was ten einde raad. Op een dag vroeg de paddenkoning of zij zijn koningin wilde worden, maar het meisje vertelde dat zij al prinses was in een ander koninkrijk, en daar koningin zou worden. De paddenkoning werd erg kwaad, en wilde dat koninkrijk wel bezoeken. Het meisje vertelde hem dat het het land achter de storm was.

13. En zo gingen op een dag de paddenkoning en zijn soldaten naar het land waar het meisje vandaan kwam, maar zij keerden niet meer terug. De achtergebleven reuzenpadden kroonden toen het meisje als hun koningin. Maar op een dag begonnen alle poelen los te komen, en begonnen alles weg te spoelen. De koningin rende naar haar hoogste toren, en zag hoe de poel de reuzenpadden meesleurde naar het land waar zij vandaan kwam. De poel begon steeds hoger te steigen en vanuit het hoogste torenraampje klom de koningin op het dak van de toren, tot aan de punt. Help, help, riep de koningin. In de verte zag zij een bootje aankomen met daarin de kabouter die haar weggezonden had. De kabouter zag haar ook, maar wilde haar niet meenemen. Even later zag ze een bootje aankomen met de oude vrouw die haar had uitgelachen en had betoverd. Ook de oude vrouw ging haar voorbij. Het puntje van de toren was nu ook in paddenhuid verandert. En ten einde raad begon de koningin te praten en te praten, en zoveel padden kwamen er uit haar mond dat ze een boot begonnen te vormen waar het meisje in kon stappen. Het meisje bleef praten en praten zoals ze nog nooit gepraat had, en even later was ze in een flinke boot op de woeste hoge golven. Nog nooit had ze zo'n woeste zee gezien.

14. Na een tijdje kwam er een reusachtige hand tevoorschijn vanuit de donkere lucht die haar als een bliksemschicht oppakte. In een hoge toren in de wolken, geheel gemaakt van paddenhuid kwam ze terecht, en kwam ze oog in oog te staan met de bedelaar die haar eens de gave had gegeven dat alles wat ze sprak in edelstenen veranderde. De bedelaar keek haar vriendelijk aan. 'Zo zie je maar weer hoe een gave je in de problemen kan helpen,' sprak de bedelaar. 'Maar nu, omdat je zo getrouw bent gebleven : wees mijn koningin.' En de bedelaar bracht haar tot een rijk geheel gebouwd van groene edelstenen, en deze edelstenen waren de prachtigste die ze ooit had gezien. En ze leefden nog lang en gelukkig.

12.

Het Rozenweefstertje

1. Eens leefde er een rozenweefster in het bos met haar drie zonen. Ze had een toverspinnenwiel waarmee ze rozen kon weven. Deze rozen waren heel bijzonder, en de allerrijksten van het land

kwamen vaak bij haar om de rozen te kopen. Maar toch was het gezin arm, omdat zij de goudstukken en zilverstukken die ze ervoor kreeg altijd wegwierp in de bosrivier achter haar huisje. In deze rivier leefden kikkerachtige beesten die een oude poort achter de rivier bewaakten. Niemand kon ooit over die rivier komen, want een ieder die een poging waagde werd door de kikkerachtige beesten opgeslokt. De kikkerachtige beesten hadden het rozenweefstertje laten weten dat zij al haar geld aan hen moest schenken, anders zouden ze haar en haar zonen komen verscheuren. Zij vraten het geld.

2. De oude poort die ze bewaakten zou naar een geheimzinnig land leiden dat niemand kende. Eens in de zoveel jaren zou er een wachter komen, een veerman, die over de rivier zou komen met een boot, om te kijken of hij iemand zou kunnen meenemen tot achter de poort. Toen het bijna zover was vertelde het rozenweefstertje dit aan haar zonen. Ze sprak dat de wachter bij maanlicht zou komen. Ze wees één van haar zonen aan, en sprak dat als hij in de nacht geluid zou horen als een ruisende storm, dan zou hij naar buiten moeten gaan met het toverspinnenwiel, en bedekt met enige van de rozen, om dan tot de veerman te zeggen : ‘Neem mij mee, ik ben een man van stand,’ en hem dan als geschenk het toverspinnenwiel te geven.

3. Toen het zover was ging de eerste zoon naar buiten, nadat hij zich met enige rozen had bedekt, en het toverspinnenwiel had gepakt. De veerman keek hem aan, en zei : ‘Stap in. Inderdaad ben jij een man van stand. Ik zal je naar het geheimzinnig land achter de oude poort brengen.’

4. De volgende ochtend vroeg het rozenweefstertje aan haar drie zonen wat er was gebeurd. De eerste zoon sprak : ‘Ik heb inderdaad het toverspinnenwiel aan de wachter gegeven, zoals u vroeg. Toen ik in het geheimzinnig land kwam was daar een veld met toverbloemen. Maar ver kwam ik niet. Ik viel in slaap, en toen ik wakker werd was ik weer terug in mijn eigen bed.’ Het rozenweefstertje was erg teleurgesteld, en weer gingen er enkele jaren voorbij. Het toverspinnenwiel had zij niet meer. Toen de komst van de veerman weer naderbij kwam wees ze nu haar tweede zoon aan, en sprak dat als de veerman zou komen hij met hem mee moest gaan. De tweede zoon deed wat hem gevraagd werd, en in de nacht bij het maanlicht, toen er geruis was als een storm stond de jongen op en ging naar buiten. Maar de veerman sprak : ‘Maar een man van stand ben je niet. Waar zijn de rozen waarmee je je moest bedekken, en waar is mijn geschenk ? Ga dan eerst naar de kastelen der koningen om daar wat bijzondere rozen te nemen, en steel bovendien hun grootste schat. Dan zal ik de volgende nacht weer komen.’

5. De volgende dag deed de jongen wat hem gevraagd was, maar in het kasteel van de koning werd hij betrap, en werd in een kerker gegooid. Vanaf nu moest hij onder de grond werken, zoals elke dief die gepakt werd. Elke dag werd hij uit zijn kerker gehaald, om lange reizen onder de grond te maken. De dieven moesten op zoek gaan naar bijzondere stenen.

6. Het rozenweefstertje was erg teleurgesteld dat haar zoon niet meer terugkwam, en zei toen tot haar derde zoon : ‘Wacht jij nu tot de veerman terugkomt om je broer te halen, en zorg ervoor dat je wat van mijn klederen draagt, en schenk hem onze gouden klok.’ De derde zoon deed wat hem gevraagd werd.

7. De volgende dag vroeg het rozenweefstertje aan haar derde zoon wat er was gebeurt. De jongen sprak dat de veerman hem meenam tot het geheimzinnig land. Hij ging door een veld van toverbloemen, maar werd onwel en viel in slaap. Even later werd hij weer wakker, en ging verder in het veld van toverbloemen, en kwam toen bij een rivier van spinnendraad. De jongen zag hier geen veerman, maar er zwom wel een grote vis, en die sprak : ‘Breng me eerst wat parelmoer, van je

rijke broer, die voor de koning werkt, dan kan ik je naar de overkant van de rivier brengen.' Toen werd de jongen gestoken door een spin, en viel in een diepe slaap. De volgende ochtend was hij weer terug in zijn eigen bed.

8. 'Nu,' zei het rozenweefstertje, 'je weet wat je te doen staat. Ga naar het kasteel van de koning, en vraag daar om je broer voor wat parelmoer.' De jongen deed wat hem gezegd werd, en vertrok naar het kasteel. Toen hij bij de kerker van zijn broer aankwam zag hij daar de wonderlijkste stenen, en wat parelmoer. Zijn broer was er niet, want die moest werken onder de grond. De jongen nam één steen mee, voor de veerman, en wat parelmoer voor de vis, en vertrok weer naar huis. Maar de veerman kwam niet meer. Ze moesten wachten totdat hij naar enige jaren weer terug zou komen. Het rozenweefstertje was diep teleurgesteld, en ook de jongen. Maar er zat niets anders op dan te wachten.

9. Maar op een nacht werd de jongen wakker van wat spartelend geluid. De jongen stond op en ging naar buiten. Daar bij de rivier zag hij de vis van de rivier van spinnendraad. 'Heb je het parelmoer gevonden?' vroeg de vis. De jongen knikte blij, en rende naar binnen om het parelmoer te halen. De vis bracht hem helemaal over de rivier tot aan de oude poort. Nu moest de jongen de vis dragen tot aan de rivier van spinnendraad. Gelukkig viel de jongen niet in slaap. Daarna bracht de vis de jongen over de rivier van spinnendraad.

10. De volgende dag wilde het rozenweefstertje haar zonen wekken, maar ze had nog maar één zoon over. Het parelmoer was verdwenen, en zo ging ook de laatst overgebleven zoon wat parelmoer halen in de kerker van zijn broer. Zo gingen er weer enige jaren voorbij, totdat de veerman terugkwam. De jongen droeg wat klederen van zijn moeder en schonk de veerman een steen van de kerker van zijn broer. Toen hij aankwam bij de rivier van spinnendraad en de vis zag gaf hij wat parelmoer aan de vis, en de vis bracht hem naar de overkant. Bij een boom vond hij het gouden toverspinnenwiel van zijn moeder terug, en het toverspinnenwiel sprak: 'Ik ben eindelijk terug in het land waar ik vandaan kom, maar nog steeds betoverd ben ik. Vlug, neem mij op, en draag mij verder in dit land. De jongen raapte het toverspinnenwiel van zijn moeder op, en vroeg waar zijn broer was. 'Daar, achter een rivier dieper in het land,' sprak het toverspinnenwiel. Na een tijdje lopen kwamen ze aan bij een volgende rivier. Deze rivier was geheel van rozendraad. 'Hoe kom ik over deze rivier?' vroeg de jongen.

11. 'Werp mij erin,' zei het toverspinnenwiel van zijn moeder. De jongen deed wat hem gezegd werd, en er ontstond een gouden brug over de rivier, als een regenboog. Zo kwam de jongen over de rivier. Toen de jongen aan de overkant was gekomen verdween de brug, en een lichtende roze gestalte kwam uit de rivier omhoog. Maar de gestalte was als een standbeeld, en kon zich niet goed bewegen. 'Vlug,' sprak de gestalte, 'de betovering is nog niet verbroken. Zoek nu je broer.' En toen zakte de gestalte weer terug in de rivier.

12. Omdat geen van haar zonen terugkeerde besloot het rozenweefstertje zelf de eerstvolgende keer met de veerman mee te gaan. Ze kreeg wat parelmoer en een steen mee vanuit de kerker van haar zoon, maar ook na vele jaren kwam de veerman niet opdagen, en het rozenweefstertje was ten einde raad. Ze mocht haar zoon in de kerker niet spreken, maar toen ze de koning vertelde dat ze vroeger rozen voor hem weefde mocht ze haar zoon even zien. De zoon was erg blij haar te zien, en vertelde haar dat hij ergens diep onder de grond een brug had gevonden naar een toverwereld. Hij vertelde haar dat hij nooit ver kon komen, want in een veld van toverbloemen viel hij telkens in slaap. Maar eens kwam hij daar een lichtende roze gestalte tegen die tot hem sprak dat als hij zijn moeder zou

meenemen, dan zou de gestalte hem wel door het veld heen kunnen brengen. En zo gebeurde het. Het rozenweefsterje ging met haar zoon mee, en bij het veld van toverbloemen aangekomen bracht de gestalte hen erdoorheen. 'Vlug,' zei de gestalte, 'spring in de rivier van spinnendraad.' Het rozenweefsterje en haar zoon deden wat hen gezegd werd.

13. In de dieptes van de rivier ging alles over in rozendraad, en plotseling zwom er ook een andere vrouw naast hen. 'Kom,' zei de vrouw, 'in de dieptes is een plaats waar al jullie geldstukken terecht zijn gekomen die jullie vroeger in de rivier moesten werpen.' En ze kwamen tot een kelder diep in de rivier, waar alles vollag met schatten. Hier vond het rozenweefsterje ook haar andere zonen terug, en ze leefden in rijkdom voor de rest van hun leven.

De Nieuwe Handelingen

1.

De Profetische Zalving

1. En ik zal u het vuur van het tweede vertrouwen geven, opdat uw hart zich aan de Heere hecht. 2. Want er is geen geloof zonder vertrouwen. Maar zalig zijn zij die twijfelen, want zij zullen de Heere zien. En de Heere moest het volk leren dat zijn kinderen door veel twijfel heen zouden moeten gaan om hun zielen te vormen. 3. De Heere weet wat Hij doet. Al wat Hij doet is verricht door engelen. Zijn hand is op u.

4. En ik zag een deur in de hemel opengaan, en het tweede vertrouwen maakte het juk zacht en zoet. En hen die het vertrouwen ontvingen werden diep genezen in hun ziel.

5. En de Heere gaf een tweede hoop, omdat de eerste hoop hongerig maakte. En de heere sprak : Zalig hen die het tweede hebben bereikt. 6. En de tweede hoop maakte de muren van de tweede geest dik. En de Heere gaf de profeten voor zijn aangezicht dubbel gehoor, en hun oren begonnen te suizen, en zij hoorden de wateren van de tweede hemel en de hemelen. 7. En hun tweede geest brak open en werd ruim, en de stem des Heeren vulde de tempel. En zij kregen een nieuwe wapenrusting en hun wandel werd trager en stijver. En zij richtten hun ogen omhoog. 8. En zij konden geesten en krachten breken door hun dubbel gehoor, en zij spraken met de engelen van het tweede. 9. En een zware profetische zalving begon door hun lijven te stromen, en zij voelden zich alsof zij hun evenwicht verloren. En zij begonnen een nieuw evenwicht in de Heere te vinden, en waren enige tijd ziek.

10. En zij die het dubbele gehoor ontvangen zullen enige tijd gekweld worden door angsten, maar zij zullen een vaste en eeuwige rots vinden onder hun voeten. 11. En alleen zij zullen de gave van het tweede oordeel kunnen dragen, en de Heere zal hun tweede geest splijten. 12. Ja, want alleen hen die gebroken zijn van tweede geest zullen de wateren des hemels zien stromen, en zij zullen voortkomen vanuit het tweede Getsemaneh. 13. Zij dragen het lijden van hun Heer diep in hun zielen, en zij kennen de honing en de dauw van Zijn baard.

14. En in de laatste dagen zal de Heere de cobra bezweren, en Hij zal hun een nieuw lichaam geven. En de Heer gooide de tweede geest als een kruik op de grond, en deze spatte kapot, terwijl de cobra's des hemels voortkwamen. 15. En zij droegen de zegels om de oude tijden te verzegelen. Zoek dan ernstig naar het dubbel gehoor, want het zal uw ziel behouden. 16. Zalig hen wiens geesten gebonden zijn in Hem. En zij zijn gebonden in dubbele koorden, opdat zij stand zullen

houden op de heilige bergen, en niet uit Zijn tempelen worden verdreven. 17. Want de Heere toorn in Zijn vurige wagens, en Zijn toorn ontbrandt snel. Kus dan de cobra, opdat Hij u niet verdelgd in Zijn Toorn. Gij zijt genaderd tot het blauwe vuur van een haai. 18. En de tweede Eminius zal zijn zonder medelijden, daar zijn kracht en de wet de zonde genadeloos dient te straffen.

2.

Het Tweede Geweten

1. En de Heere gaf dubbel gevoel aan de allerheiligsten, en zij hadden een zuivere onderscheiding. Ja, het Woord had hun verbroken als een roofdier tot hen uitgezonden, en zij dronken van de zoete wijn des Heeren, de tweede wijn. 2. En de Heere maakte hen groot op de aarde, want zij hadden macht over de roofdieren der mensen. 3. En zij namen de plaatsen der koningen in, want zij hadden de adem van de cobra. 4. En zij konden uit hun lichaam treden om grote werken te verrichten, en zij konden de hemelen scheuren. 5. En zij werden niet meer aangeklaagd door het eerste geweten, want deze was vergaan. Zij hadden nu een tweede geweten, en zij werden behoedt door de Geesten Gods en de tweede engelen. 6. En de cobra ging voor hen uit, en zij droegen schalen tot het allerheiligste. 7. Ja, zij hadden tot taak het allerheiligste te reinigen, en zij hadden zware spiersamentrekkingen, daar zij de dubbele geest diep in hun binnenste droegen. 8. En zij waren apart gezet om allerheiligste verrichtingen te doen, en om het dubbele altaar te heiligen. En zij werden genezen door heftige spiersamentrekkingen, want zij hadden voor lange tijd grote verdrukkingen geleden. En zij waren als de roofdieren des hemels.

3.

kaprunnen

1. Gij dan hebt het lijden tot u getrokken, voor het aangezicht des Heeren. Gij draagt niet boven vermogen. De Heere heeft ook zoetheid bij het lijden gegeven. 2. Komt dan tot de hollen van het kruis, waar de kikker van het kruis speelt. 3. Komt dan tot de vogelen der doornenkroon en tot het konijnenhol, waar konijnen koning zijn. Zij zijn dan koningen van het kruis, kaarten van een nieuwe regen. Zij zijn tot onder het roze gedaald. 4. De bakkerij van het kruis, waar ratten het koren malen tot meel, waar muizen spelen. Het zijn bakkermans gezichten tussen jou en mij, verleden tijden komen dan weer boven. 5. Zo kunnen wij dromen, over de dieren van het kruis. 6. Alleen zij door scherpe doornen doorstoken, worden door het zachte genomen, dalende tot onder het roze. 7. En zij van de zesde dermensie, zij weten allen, wanneer de blaad'ren vallen. Zij kennen de tijden van het lijden, van het klapperen en slaan der deuren. 8. Zij zijn de koningen van de herfst, diep in zoete dromen, waar de hartstochten uit voortkomen. 9. Zij droegen haar tot de put en wierpen haar erin. En zij kwam tot de zesde dermensie. Waar de ovens staan en de zoete bakkers. 10. Het zijn bakkermans gezichten tussen jou en mij, tussen de poorten van het verleden. Kent dan de ovens en putten van het kruis, en weest zalig, al die de mystiek des Heeren kennen. 11. Kent dan alle hollen en nesten. Gij dan hebt de doorn van ijs gevoeld. 12. Gij hebt dan gehoord van de slagerijen van het kruis, u leidende tot de zesde dermensie. 13. De voorwerpen des kruises zijn dan, de kaprunnen. Zo zijn er dan karbulijnen en kaprunnen, in de tijden des Heeren gezien. En ziet dan, de koning der kaprunnen is een muis. Zo zijn er zeven muizen van het kruis die over de tanden waken. 14. Ja, want zonder tanden zou het kruis niet bestaan. Gij dan moest de tand zien, anders zoudt gij Christus nooit leren kennen. 15. Komt dan tot de tanden van het kruis, zonder welken ze er niet zou zijn. 16. Ziet, het geheimenis der kaprunnen is dan in hun tanden.

4.

Het konijnenhuis

1. De geuren van het kruis, wanneer de spin het hart heeft bereikt, om daar te steken, en daar te breken, om het te maken tot een konijnenhuis. 2. Daar waar konijnen wonen, met de parfums van het kruis, vol met zoete dromen. Liefste, ik ben weer thuis. 3. Ze hebben me stijf gespoten, maar ik draag nu de bloemen van het kruis. Als een boom des velds ben ik nu, waar konijnen in wonen, waar raven op landen. 4. Ze hebben me stijf gestoken met angels, lief, maar 'k draag nu de honing van het kruis, naar jou toe stromende. 5. Laten we samen weer gaan spelen, de oorlog is voorbij. Je hebt kaprunnen in je haren, karbulijnen om je vingers, als de sieraden des hemels. 6. Op het reukofferaltaar, zoveel offers voor een reuk. 7. Ze hebben me gestoken, die bijen des hemels, en nu ben ik dan honing van het kruis, driemaal verbroken, driemaal op dezelfde plaats gestoken. 8. Ze schiepen daar een wond in een wond, als een waterig trauma, geen kracht meer om op te komen. 9. En de derde steek was dan om te doden, om mijn ogen te openen. Ze stak mij diep, de zoete spin, en nu stroomt geurige wijn. 10. Het gebak der eeuwen is niet meer te vertrouwen. Steek mij nu, voordat het te laat is. 11. Ziet het bloed is vlees geworden, waar winden tezamen komen, waar harten elkaar verstaan, zo diep gestoken. 12. Vlieg nu met mij mee, naar konijnen in reukwateren, waar vissen zich verblijden, voor elk kruis is er een bloem. 13. Wacht dan wat het kruis zal worden, het is maar zaad van een boer op zijn akker. 14. Voor elk kruis is er een spin, wij hebben zoveel armen. 15. Ziet, de naald is dan een angel geworden, driemaal gestoken, driemaal verbroken, 't zijn insecten van het kruis. Zij kennen allen het konijnenhuis. 16. Zij stak het brood in mij, nu heb ik dan beleg, met radijs en karmozijnen, en het topaas is nu mijn heg. Zij mengde wijn door het meel, vreemde wijn, van een konijnenkasteel. 17. De koning zal het nu wel weten. Maar ik ben alles weer vergeten. Ik leef weer als de oude dag. Klagen over 't lijden, ik kan haar vlag niet zien. Ik ben de canons gevangene, een kruiscanon dat is wat ik kreeg. 18. Ga dan maar door met mij te bespotten, het maakt me allemaal niets meer uit. 19. De konijnenkoning is naar mij op zoek, en als hij mij vindt is je spel uit. Dan is je spel uit. 20. Loop nu maar rond, zeg maar dat ik gek ben geworden. Ik ben liever gek dan jouw slaaf. Ik heb teveel in jouw canon moeten werken, zonder loon zonder een baas. 21. Je liet me sterven in de kou, je maakte van mij een stuk papier, om te dienen in jouw vreemde boeken, en jij was vol van leedplezier. Van leedplezier. 22. Je dierenanon heeft het konijn afgeschoten, ik vond het daar diep in koude sloten. Je hebt me alles nu ontnomen. Zeg, wat wil je nu nog meer ?

5.

1. Kom nu maar bij me, mijn liefste, ik heb het allemaal gezien. Ze hebben je dan opgesloten in een canon. 2. Kom maar hier, mijn liefste. Kom maar bij me, gauw. Ze hebben je opgesloten in een canon, maar ik hield zoveel van jou. 3. Zeg, geloof me, liefste, je bent mijn adem. Je bent mijn heerlijkheid, waar de dag zoveel schreit, ik geef je alles, kom dan liefste. 4. Ik heb alles dan gezegd, je bent weer bij me. Ik breng je zachtjes naar je bed. Ga maar lekker slapen, en vergeet hen die ongeïnteresseerd gapen. Geloof me, liefste, ze krijgen over alles spijt. Ze hebben het konijn afgeschoten, aten zijn vrienden, en gingen elkaar te lijf. 5. Kom maar, lieve schat, ik breng je zachtjes naar je bad. Alles is nu goed, je bent niet meer verloren. Die hel die duurde niet altijd, 't was een leugen van een valse canon. 6. Nu is alles wat we moeten doen, een open canon op te stellen. Onze canon wel te verstaan, waar alle dieren in vrede leven. De konijnenkoning heeft het gedaan. 7. De konijnenkoning heeft het gezien. We hebben nu allen één taal. 8. Ze stak me diep in 't brood, ze vrat me kaal, maar ze gaf me één taal. Ze stak mijn vuurnood, ze gaf mij alles, maar nu is ze dood. 9. Moeder, als ik u nog terug kon halen. Ik begrijp nu wat u deed. Ik heb uw liefde nu in

alle dingen om mij heen gezien. Maar nu is het te laat. 10. 't Graf blijft dicht, u bent er niet meer. Ik regen al mijn tranen op u neer. Ik schrei nog steeds naar al die jaren. Ik miste u pas toen u weg was gegaan. 11. Waren dan mijn ogen gesloten, had ik dan geen liefde voor het kruis. U bent toch altijd goed voor me geweest.

6.

1. Lieve schat, ja jij hoort er ook bij. Je dacht dat ik je was vergeten. je bent nu vrij, de canon is doorstoken, maar kom niet te dichtbij. 2. De beesten brullen, de konijnenkoning is boos. We moeten voorzichtig zijn, 't is beter te vluchten naar het bos. 3. Dat wat zij zien, dat hoeft er niet te zijn. Zij haten het konijn. 4. De beesten brullen, het konijn is boos. Zolang opgesloten in zo'n kleine doos. Nu, na al die jaren komt hij eruit, toe ren voor je leven, zolang het nog kan. 5. Hij zal op zoek gaan naar hen die hem verwondden, hij zal ze eten zoals zij hem eens vonden. Ze zijn geen goede ouders geweest, zij voerden hem aan het beest. 6. Dat wat je dier was had je kind moeten wezen. Maar ik praat slechts tegen een boom. Toe, vlucht, joh, het konijn is nu aan 't dromen, en als hij opstaat is alles te laat. 7. De beesten brullen, het konijn is boos, bozer dan de nacht, zo lang opgesloten in jouw handen. Toe vlucht, anders zullen zij gaan branden. Hij wil al die jaren terug, zal zijn kooi bouwen, en vullen met hen die hem haten. Toe ren, ik kan het niet anders zeggen, anders ben je er geweest. 8. Maar voor allen die het konijn zo lief hebben, hij zal je bereiden zoete rust, het vlees laten eten van al die hem haten, nee, sparen zal hij ze niet. 9. Nu dan, alle wolven des hemels, het konijn heeft voor u een maaltijd bereid, met wijn en zoete zorgen, zacht verdriet na al die jaren van diepe pijn. 10. Uw wonden zullen zachter worden, uw klederen zullen gescheurd zijn, en dan zal hij ze opnieuw naaien, in een nieuwe stijl. 11. Weet dan schat, dit is de laatste keer, dat ik tot je spreek, ze zullen me nu vermoorden. Toe bezoek mijn graf, daar waar de rozen bloeien. Een dag zien we elkaar weer. 12. Treur niet, treur liever om hen. Ween om hen die lachen. Ik ben weer veilig in de dood, hier kwam ik vandaan en ga ik weer naar toe, daar waar het brood belegd is. 13. Waar de raven neerstrijken. Waar de konijnenkoning zijn toevlucht heeft.

7.

1. Kom niet te dichtbij. Ze hebben hem afgevoerd, een konijn achter glas. 2. De jaren zijn verstreken, ik denk nog vaak aan het verleden. We moeten al die graven volgen, al die putten door de geschiedenis heen, waar al onze vrienden zijn gestorven. 3. Toe, je moet er doorheen. Anders zul je eens de dood roepen, maar zij zullen zich van je afkeren. 4. De canon van het leven, heeft de dood afgezworen. Achter spinnenwebben kwamen zij, die ons eens beminden. 5. Spreekt tot de dood, niet in het vlees, maar door de geest. Spreekt tot hen die stierven, zij zijn er nog steeds. Maar spreekt niet tot hen in de tweede dood. 6. Spreekt tot uw geliefden, laat de morgenstond hen raken. Zij zijn er nog steeds, zij waken, maar sommigen slapen. 7. Doet uw levenscanons weg, uit de ogen van God, en laat al die het weten, zich opmaken om de berg des doods te bestijgen, 't is alleen een doorgang tot een and're dermensie. 8. Roept de doden dan niet in uw vlees, maar komt tot hen in de geest, zoals de Christus eens deed. 9. Legt dan al uw christuscanons en diercanons af, want zij zijn een gruwel in Gods ogen. Toe, luistert naar zijn stem. Het hek is nu open, toe, opent de kooi, en laat de vogel weer vliegen. Eet geen vlees, opdat zij uw vlees en ziel niet zullen eten. 10. Weest heilig, wanneer gij komt tot de doden, en spreekt dan niet tot hen van de derde dood. 11. Weest heilig, wanneer gij voor zijn aangezicht verschijnt, op de emelis shatau, beleef het mee met hem, en komt tot de matadok, waar de raven neerstrijken. 12. Spreekt niet tot hen in de vierde dood, ziet, zij rusten. 13. Laat de doden dan slapen, en geeft hen rust, maar spreek met hen die met u willen praten. 14. Zij zijn er voor u, en u bent er voor hen. Komt tot hen in de kooien, en veracht hen niet,

opdat zij ook tot uw kooi komen. 15. De konijnenkoning is daar geweest, stak het brood drie malen, nu stroomt er driemaal honing van het kruis. 16. Volg hem, veracht het verhaal niet meer, zodat u niet meer in uw canon verblijve. 17. Want alle canon leidt tot de dood, maar zalig zij hen die een open canon hebben, en dubbel zalig hen die hun canon in de Heere hebben.

8.

De muizenkoning

1. Gij eet dan honing van de dood, nadat gij driemaal bent gestoken. Neem hen mee tot de velden, en maak hen wijs. Schiet de konijnen niet meer af, en haalt hen uit hun kooien. Geef hen goede beschutting, want zij zijn des Heeren. 2. Oh, als ik je nog terug zou kunnen halen. Je bent er niet meer, in de dood vindt ik je veer. Liefste van mij, je bent niet verloren. Misschien ben ik het wel, wie zit er in een kooi. 3. Is de dood een kooi of juist het leven. De dood is maar een brug, een open deur. 4. Of gaan wij van kooi tot kooi, en wie draagt dan de sleutel ? 5. De konijnenkoning kwam hier. Hij was hier. Hij heeft wat dingen gedaan, en is nu gestorven. Ze hebben hem afgeschoten. Nu is er een nieuwe koning daar. 6. Zij die de muis volgen, weten dat hij daar zit. Maar er zijn ook muizen des hemels, en zij houden van de konijnenkoning. Zij bezoeken hem driemaal in de dood, en dan is het einde gekomen. 7. Driemaal steken zij, in de aarde, en dan zijn alle kooien open, nieuwe kooien, nieuwe sleutels, nieuwe dromen, nieuwe vrijheid, nieuwe angst, en een nieuwe konijnenkoning, met een muizenverstand. 8. Hij heeft een muizenkroon, die andere knelde, die andere maakte hem vroom. Tijd voor een nieuwe religie, de banden der tradities knelden, opgesteld door zotten, met hun harems zopen zij in hun grotten. 9. 't Is nu mooi geweest, 't is nu allemaal afgelopen. De muizenkoning is hier geweest, om de nieuwe kroon te leggen, op het hoofd van hem die droeg, de doornenkroon. 10. Ja, Christus heeft het wel geweten, al die mooie muziek, zakkende in de zeep, tot hij het onder het roze herschiep. Zij zou nog wel graag met hem willen wandelen, om al die mooie stranden te zien. 11. De biggen zijn daar bloot en vuurrood, ze hebben de harem van Christus gezien. 12. Al die vrouwen die hem volgden, en Hij geeft vrouwen aan hen die Hem volgen. 13. Maar oh, verdraait deze woorden niet, in uw onreine breinen, want deze vrouwen zijn kaprunnen, de Geesten Gods die hij in de flessen schiep. 14. Christus komt, in 't blote van een nieuwe bedekking, haren in de zon, Hij draait alles om. 15. De kandelaren der lichaamskanons en liefdeskanons zijn nu uitgeblazen. De muizenkoning was hier. Morgenvroeg zal hij sterven. Zij zullen hem niet aanvaarden. 16. Maar zij die hem zullen volgen, wacht veel geluk en vertier. Hoort dan, al gij dwazen, en verdraait de woorden Gods tot uw eigen verderf. 17. God sprak in dwaasheid tot de wijzen, maar gij hebt het niet verstaan.

9.

1. Gij muizenkoning, waar bent gij dan gebleven ? 'K had nog zoveel tot u te zeggen, nog zoveel te bespreken. 2. Oh muizenkoning, laat mij niet alleen, tussen hen die de Heere haten, tot Hem komen om Hem te verlaten. 3. Gij muizenkoning de lucht is zwart, de parels zijn gemolken. U komt tot allen in grote smart, viermaal gestoken. 4. Ik ben nu van steen, ik ben nu oud en wijs. Ik ben nu van steen, geklommen tot de oude paden. In putten viel ik, in vuren brandde ik, doormidden gesneden, gegeten door hen die tegen mij streden. 5. Viermaal stak u mij, maar nu bent u dood. 6. Ik wacht nu op het avondrood, om u op te wekken, u was mijn laatste hoop. 7. Hebben wij macht over de dood, als wij viermaal zijn gestoken, als bloed tot wijn wordt. Het bloed is vleesgeworden, het heeft onder ons gewoond, maar wij hebben het niet geweten, wij hadden alles vergeten, in de vierde dood. 8. Ik kom tot het morgenrood, om alles terug te draaien, maar ik kan de tijd niet draaien. 9. Ik wacht om

een vijfde keer te worden gestoken. In al die ellende keer ik mij, we ontmoeten elkaar zij aan zij.

10. De konijnenkoning maakt weer woning. Na de muis komt hij weer aan het kruis. Dat heb je met twee hollen, die met elkaar vechten om de doornenkroon. 11. Dat heb je met zoveel vogels, die van strijdtoneelen houden. 12. Zij spinnen daar en borduren daar, de nieuwe klederen van de konijnenkoning, eerst scheuren zij, dan naaien zij, en maken zij in hem woning. En zingen zij, al zijn woorden tot een kroning, maar de stilte is het meest zoete in zijn woning. 13. Heb je daar wel eens over nagedacht, ze wisselen elkaar af, de muis en de konijnenkoning. 14. Ze helpen elkaar, ook duwen zij elkaar, tot de laatste snik, hebben ze van elkaar vernomen.

10.

1. Zij heeft mij vijf keer gestoken, zij heeft mij vijf keer gebroken. 2. Alles deed pijn, maar van het kruis zingt zij, als van zoete dromen. 3. Wij weten niet welke dieren wij raken, wij weten niet welke snaren wij raken, hen die geslagen zijn door het kruis. 4. Wij weten niet welke reukflessen wij openen, na vijfmaal gestoken te zijn. Na de vijfde maal, alles is voorbij. 5. Na de vijfde maal, alles weer één taal, na de vijfde seconde, alles weer verbonden. Het leek wel duizend jaar, maar het was maar een seconde. 6. Als je zo diep gestoken bent, dan beleef je alles anders. 7. Ik ben Golgotha, ik ben Golgotha, ik ben Golgotha, ik ben Golgo - Golgo-tha, oh Heer, ik ben Golgo - Golgo-tha. 8. Ik ben Golgotha, ik ben Golgotha, ik ben Golgo - Golgotha, ik ben Golgotha, ik ben Golgotha, ik ben Golgotha, oh Heer, oh Heer, ik ben Golgo - Golgo-tha. 9. Dwars door de liefde, stroomde het Ware Woord, scheidende de bergen en de dalen, en de stilte was zoeter dan het woord. 10. Dwars door de liefde, liep het rode koord. Alleen Rachab zou behouden worden, door de stilte zoeter dan het woord. 11. Op Golgotha verbleef zij, haar vrienden stonden in de rij, om afgeschoten te worden, maar zij, zij alleen, werd behouden. 12. Zij zijn dan de karmozijnen. Zij die de soep op dienen, deze bakkers gezichten herken ik uit duizenden. 13. Als Pontius Pilatus nog zou leven, zou hij erbij komen staan om te kijken. 14. Brengt mij dan de vijfde Pilatus, voor een karmozijn hielden zij hem. 15. Ik weet niet wat hij met mij heeft gedaan. Verscheurd op Golgotha, tezamen met mijn vrienden, waar alleen Rachab werd behouden. 16. Ik ben niet verliefd, het zijn alleen wat gezichten waar we doorheen moeten. 17. Ik ben niet verliefd, vergeet het niet. Zij zijn van de vierde dood. 18. Ik verbrak het kruis daar op de heuvel, nee, ik was niet verliefd. 19. Ik bracht het tot de karmozijn, zij die van Golgotha zijn. Zij staan er omheen en kijken maar, kijken maar. 20. De deur is kilometers ver, gebracht tot de karmozijnen, hen die van verre staan. 21. Zij dragen hoeden met punten, ik ben tot Golgotha gegaan. 22. Ik ben Golgotha, kraait de haan, maar ik slaap rustig verder. 23. Dit zijn bakker's gezichten. Komt dan allen tot mij, Golgotha, en wordt vrij. 24. Is dit maar een droom, of is het iemands zonde? De vijfde Pilatus brachten zij tot mij. 25. De morgen zal ik niet meer beleven, ik zal sterven in deze nacht. Wacht niet op mij, want ik zal niet wederkeren. Dit is de laatste keer dat ik tot je spreek. Met deze woorden moet je het doen, want daarna zullen ze het canoniseren. 26. Ik ben maar een konijn achter glas. Je kunt hier niet komen, het is mijn doodskist. 27. Dit wat ik hier heb gedaan, dat zullen ze canoniseren, en ze zullen mijn woorden stapsgewijs verdraaien, door hun boeken en hun predikingen. 28. Maar volg mij tot in de dood, en sterf met mij, dan zul je wat beleven. 29. Ook jou en je woorden zullen ze canoniseren. Waar kies je voor? Je kunt ze niet koeioneren. 30. Sterf met mij, en daal af in deze put, dan zullen wij voor eeuwig met elkaar samen zijn. 31. Zij hebben ons voor altijd veroordeeld, alleen een roos gaven zij. 32. Nu staan wij dan stijf en opgezet in het glas, in hun canon. Hun spreekbuizen zijn wij. 33. Oh, zij die alles verdraaien, gij zult zelf verdraaid worden, en niemand zal met u rekenen, hen die op weg zijn naar de vierde dood. 34. Zij zijn daar alles vergeten, en uw naam die kennen ze niet.

11.

1. Hoeveel Golgotha's hebben wij dan nodig - hoeveel karmozijnen - om tot het huis des heeren te gaan ? Zou Hij dan voor hen strijden, die alles opzij hebben gedaan ? 2. Waar het konijn dan met de muis strijdt, ziet, zij zijn slechts karmozijnen. Alles vergetende, de vierde dood betreden. 3. De bakkermans gezichten, vreemde vlinders zijn zij. 4. Ziet hoe ik hier ren met pijnen onder mijn armen, zij willen er brood van bakken, die karmozijnen. Met hun brokaten staan zij daar. 5. En Spricht heeft daar het hoogste woord, met putten onder zijn klauwen. 6. Hoeveel karmozijnen draag jij op je rug ? En jij ? 7. Hoeveel konijnenholen op Golgotha, en hoeveel holen van slangen ? En waar leiden zij naartoe ? 8. Zij branden bakkers daar als kaarsen, hen met de meeste karmozijnen. 9. De bakker heeft het hoogste woord, de pausen staan daaronder. Zij hebben puntige hoeden. 10. Zelfs de vossen hebben holen op Golgotha. Ik ben er niet geweest. Zij dobbelden om zijn klederen. 11. Die dobbelsteen, dat is een ellendig ding geweest, een deur tot de karmozijnen. 12. Wie kan die deur dan breken ? Roodkap of het paradijs ? Ik zag hen daar wenen, want niemand kon het breken. Voor een lange tijd, stonden zij daar. 13. Achter die deur, daar woont een bakker, met zijn karmozijnen bakt hij brood. 14. Hij is de grote karmozijn, de bakker van Golgotha. Spricht met het hoogste woord, de bakker spreekt zijn zegen. 15. In een konijnenhol werd hij groot, hij is daar altijd gebleven. 16. Nooit heeft iemand hem de weg gewezen. Nooit heeft iemand hem verstaan. 17. De bakker van Golgotha, wonende achter hoge deuren. Nooit heeft iemand hem begrepen. 18. Mijn tijd is op, ik moet gaan. Ik heb geen zin in discussies, geen zin om te blijven kijken, als de grote jongens gaan slaan. 19. Als je mij kennen wil, volg mij, ik heb de deur van de dobbelsteen opengebroken. Ik heb de bakker geschapen, ik ben de kleermaker, de grote brokaat. Ik ben de kruistocht, de weg tot Golgotha. 20. Ik heb mijn karmozijnen tot sieraad geregen. Ik ben de lijdensweg, met de sleutelen tot het bestaan.

12.

Onuitgenodigd

1. Ze staan ver weg, zij aan zij, vier op een plein. Vier flessen met nauwe halzen. Ik ben daar en ik ben hier. Ik mis een stukje van mezelf. 2. Ze staan ver weg, vier op een plein, puntmutsen als vier feeën, met bruisende wijn. Ik ken ze niet, ik heb ze nooit eerder gezien, maar die feeën kennen mijn hart, en zij zijn boos. 3. Ik heb hen nooit uitgenodigd voor mijn feesten, maar hoe kon ik ? Ik kende ze niet.

Onbereikbaar

4. Bereiken kan ik ze niet, boos zijn ze, en voelen zich verworpen. Als konijnen achter glas zijn zij, als de kikkerkoning. 5. In een rode streep kwamen zij, en in een rode streep zijn zij weer vertrokken. Zij staan daar op het hoge plein, om de weg tot de kathedraal te blokkeren. 6. In een rode streep kwamen zij, deze konijnenkoningen. Een varkenskonink bracht ons hongersnood, een koeienkonink verbood onze naam, in deze vreemde totempaal. 7. Zoveel dieren gestapeld op elkaar. Zij hebben van honing niet gesproken. Hun woorden jagen ons achterna.

Achter glas

8. Het is een vreemde slagerij, de hokken opgestapeld. Toe, bevrijdt me uit de slavernij. Wij wilden een koning, en het heeft geleid tot deze kroning. Het maakte in ons woning. Achter glas zijn zij, een glazen huis. 9. Ik ben hier en ik ben daar. Ik mis mezelf, kan het niet geloven, de konijnenkoning sprak mijn naam. De hysterie is zoet. Ik heb het mezelf aangedaan. Toon dan het kruis, die vreemde

totempaal. Nooit hebben wij hen uitgenodigd. 10. Zij moesten blijven in hun koningswoningen, en onze hysterien waren als kastelen, als sirenes, verbiedende hun namen uit te spreken. kruisigt hem, die koning, dan kan hij koning zijn, vanuit de hemelen, achter glas. 11. Dan is hij ons niet tot last, en dan kunnen wij slapen. Slapen achter glas, als het sneeuwwit verlaten van haar dromen.

Dierengezichten

12. Het is een vreemde slagerij, de hokken opgestapeld. Een vreemde totempaal brachten zij mij, van anderen ver weg, van anderen verlaten. 13. Kom maar hier, zei ik, je mag mijn konijnenkoning wel zijn, als ik ook koning mag zijn. Ik werd een prins, en zag hun bruisende wijnen, als zacht licht verschijnen. 14. Niemand heeft me ooit verstaan, niemand heeft me ooit begrepen. Ziet, wij hebben dan niet jullie taal, wij praten in fragmenten. 15. Toe, puzzel maar, toe pieker maar, het is okay. Wij worden nooit geloofd, alles wat wij zeggen wordt omgedraaid. 16. Een kikkerkoning maakte in ons woning, alle konijnen achter glas, hij heeft hen reeds bezocht. 17. Zij konden hem niet verdragen, hij sprak een andere taal, als een vreemde totempaal. 18. Ik ben een vreemde totempaal, een vreemde lont, het hete van Spricht, een rode streep dat is mijn naam, een slang die de darmen verbindt aan de schoot, en de schoot aan de aars. 19. Ik ben een vreemde totempaal, zoveel dierengezichten achter een raam.

Onder een Roze Verbond

20. Ze staan ver weg, vier op een plein, vier flessen bruisende van wijn, van konijnenwijn, een kikkerkoning had ervoor gezongen, zijn tong reikt tot de morgen, brekende de kruik, brekende de zorgen, de schaamtes omhullende, van hen die de rode streep gedragen hebben. Zij worden niet geboren, zij leefden daar allang, als achter glas. 21. Ik ben een vreemde totempaal, toe bevrijdt mij uit de slavernij. Zij wilden een koning, het leidde hen tot deze kroning, zoveel jaren achter glas. Als het rode van Spricht, je hoeft je niet voor je tong te schamen. 22. Een koning was hij, als een rode lap was hij, deze rode streep. Onder de roze verbinding werd hij groot, als het hete van Spricht, het lont. Als zwavelstokjes zijn onze pijnen, strijkende worden wij verbrand. Onze haren branden alle kleuren, zevenvoudig gezuiverd zijn zij. 23. Ik ben een vreemde totempaal, een vreemde zwavelstok. Mijn kop staat in brand, een vreemd dier, met zoveel dierengezichten, achter glas. En de rook, uit vreemde konijnenpoten. Ik ben het meisje met de zwavelstokjes. Visioenen geven zij mij, ik ben de rode streep, onder een zacht roze verbinding, een zacht roze verbond, brand ik, als de lont. 24. Rapunzel is mijn naam. Toe, trek je omhoog aan mijn haar. Je zult mijn kop zien branden, en dan zal de toren en het glas in explosie gaan. Onder de Roze Verbinding drijft mijn Naam.

Strijk ons niet

26. Een kikkerkoning op een plein, een maan en een zon als koning, zij zoeken naar hen op de hoge woning. Kinderen hebben hen vaak gemeden, het zachte heeft hen niet gestreeld, te bang om de lont te zien aangaan, de lucifer gestreken. Strijk mij dan niet, onder de zacht brandende vruchten ben ik gegaan. Daar waar het koud is, en alles ver weg. Alles mocht eens ontploffen. 27. Strijk mij dan niet, op oorlog zit ik niet te wachten. Maar luister op een afstand. Mijn woorden kunnen je wel bereiken. Raak mij niet aan, want ik heb pijn. Een vreemde totempaal ben ik, met vreemde lonten, hoofd van een leger van zwavelstokken. Strijk ons niet, toe, doe ons dat niet aan. Wij marcheren in de kou, bang voor het vuur dat ons zal verwoesten. Toe, raak ons niet aan, vreemde totempalen zijn wij. 28. Sterven zullen wij niet, maar wij zullen branden op die dag, waarop de flessen zich zullen openen. Toe, raak ons niet aan. Toe, strijk ons niet, want wij zullen worden gestreken, door iemand die zal weten hoe hij het moet doen. 29. Iemand die geleerd heeft hoe aan te raken, iemand die

geleerd heeft het in liefde te doen. Dan zullen onze haren branden van zachte liefde, in alle kleuren, zevenmaal gezuiverd, met al die bleke lichten in de wind.

De Redding

30. Een koningszoon, een hartendief, één die onze taal kan spreken. Een rode tong, een mysterieus verhaal, wachtende om openbaar te worden. Uit een fles zal hij komen, tot een fles zal hij gaan, en de bruisende wijn zal stromen. Het brandt onder het groene, duizendmaal gezuiverd, Rapunzel is mijn naam. 31. Toe, raak mij niet aan. Ik ben bang, ik ben een rode streep. De lap zal de schaamte bedekken, de rode lap, terwijl hen onder de rode kap hebben gezongen, terwijl hen van de groene kap het hebben verstaan. Zij spreken onze taal, en laten de vruchten zacht branden.

13.

1. Feeen, engelen van God, in oude tijden, kunnen jullie mij vertellen, waar ik heen moet gaan met al die tranen. Alles is in vuur en vlam, alles is in vuur en vlam, fabels kunnen praten, dieren kunnen praten. Je hebt de duik gemaakt, vaarwel. Dieren kunnen haten, tijd om uit te praten. Totale macht in brand, waar de feeen zijn belandt, waar de feeen zijn belandt. Diepere ogenzalf, altijd gedragen, in vele lagen wild verstand. Feeen, engelen van God, verscheurde tranen hebben mij verlaten, om achterstallige schuld te verdraaien. Zij zijn gekleed in kant. Verscheur die feeen, verlaat hen niet, alles is verdriet, alles is verdriet. Worstel met hen, opdat hun woede je niet verbrande. Zolang opgesloten waren zij, in flessen des onheils. Toe, zeg je gebeden nu. Ik heb zelf met hen geworsteld, tot aan de dood toe.

2. Feeen, engelen van God, gevaartes in de onderlagen, uit op wraak, een schone wraak, liederen aaneengeregen. Feeen, maar laat je niet verblinden, zij zijn in alle staten, zij zijn engelen uit vervlogen jaren, te vaak uitgedoofd, bedroefd, en uit de boeken verbannen. Draag je gescheurde kleding nu, anders zullen zij komen om al die dromen van deze tijd te verbannen. Engelen des doods en armoe, toe bedroef de feeen niet, gij hebt een arme juist bespot, en een zieke uitgelachen. Als een zonde des doods is het. Feeen, de armoe van God, tot het oer gekomen, uit vreemde flessen gedronken. Feeen, de tranen van God, als zoet water uit de wonden, stromen zij. Feeen, het oude van God, maar zo jong dat niemand hen kan verstaan, steeds huilen zij.

3. In tijd zullen zij dan alles overnemen, al tijden hebben zij daarvoor gestreden. Wacht dan op hun apocalypse, een nieuwe openbaring, zo oud, een nieuw visioen, zo oud. Wacht dan op hun profetie, en hun wonderen en hun tekenen waarvan je nooit iets wilde weten. Ik heb alles gezien.

14.

De Driesprong

1. In het bos woonde eens een man en een vrouw die een dochttertje hadden. De man en de vrouw maakten vaak ruzie en vaak kon het meisje er niet van slapen. Op een nacht vluchtte ze weg, omdat het lawaai haar erg bang maakte. Lang zwierf ze door het bos, totdat ze uiteindelijk was verdwaald en niet meer wist waar ze was. Uitgeput leunde ze tegen een boom aan, maar viel toen in een gat. Ze viel erg diep, en raakte door de val bewusteloos.

2. Toen ze weer wakker werd zag ze allemaal konijntjes om haar heen, maar toen ze zich bewoog vluchtten alle konijntjes van haar weg. Langzaam stond het meisje op, en vroeg zich af waar ze terecht was gekomen. Ze zag hier allemaal kleine huisjes met lichtjes en hele hoge bomen. Zo hoog had ze de bomen nog nooit gezien. Toen ze in de lucht keek zag ze alleen duisternis, en enkele

stralende sterretjes. Plotseling zag ze één van die sterretjes vallen, en wat verderop tussen de bomen was even later een stralend licht. Voorzichtig liep het meisje op het licht af.

3. Maar naarmate ze dichterbij kwam werd alles weer donker. Hier waren geen kleine huisjes met lichtjes, en al gauw durfde ze niet verder. Ze wilde zich omdraaien, maar ook achter haar was het ineens heel donker.

3. 'Hallo !' riep het meisje. 'Is daar iemand ?'

4. Maar niets en niemand antwoordde. Het meisje was erg moe, en even later viel ze op de grond en kwam in een diepe slaap. Zo moe was ze nog nooit geweest. Even later kreeg ze dromerig om haar heen. Ze zag wat lichtjes om haar heen, met hele kleine spulletjes. Kleine stoeltjes, kleine stofzuigertjes, kleine laarsjes, en nog wat andere spulletjes. Ook zag ze hele kleine piepkleine kaarsjes. 'Waar ben ik ?' vroeg ze. Langzaam stond het meisje op, en keek omhoog waar alles donker was. Wel zag ze in het donker wat wijde schilderijen hangen. Snel kwam ze erachter dat ze in een soort zaal was. Op een hoge troon in het duister zat een konijn. Het konijn zei niks, en het meisje stapte dichterbij, en toen was alles weer weg, en alles was weer pikkedonker.

5. 'Ik weet dat jullie er zijn !' riep het meisje. Maar niets en niemand antwoordde. 'Ik wil niet moeilijk doen,' zei het meisje, 'maar zo ontvang je geen gasten.'

6. 'Gasten, gasten ?' zei een stem. 'Je komt hier zomaar ongevraagd binnenvallen, en je noemt jezelf gast. Ik noem je een indringer.'

7. Het meisje keek naar beneden en zag een konijntje bij haar voet. Het konijntje schopte tegen haar heen aan.

8. 'Zeg, laat dat,' zei het meisje, 'zo gedraag je je niet naar een dame.'

9. 'Nou, ik noem jou geen dame,' zei het konijntje, 'je hebt geen manieren. Je komt hier zomaar ongevraagd binnenvallen, en denkt dat je de koningin bent. Maar goed, ik zal je wel binnenlaten, en dan zul je eens een echte koningin meemaken.'

10. Het konijntje trok aan het jurkje van het meisje, en leidde het meisje naar een klein kamertje waar een konijntje op een troon zat.

11. 'We hebben indringers, koningin,' zei het konijntje.

12. 'Ik weet het, Arend,' zei de konijnenkoningin, 'laat haar hier maar blijven.' Toen vertrok het konijntje.

13. De konijnenkoningin keek het meisje diep aan. 'Dus ... jij komt van de grote mensenwereld,' zei de koningin.

14. 'Eh, ja, majesteit,' zei het meisje, 'maar ik ben zelf nog klein.'

15. 'Oh, maar jij wordt vast ook zo groot,' zei de koningin. 'Maar voor het zover is mag je hier wel blijven. Hier achter mij is een deur, en als je daar doorheen gaat, dan Nu ja, dat zul je zelf wel zien. Je moet gewoon het pad volgen.'

16. Het meisje bedankte de koningin, en ging door de deur, en kwam op een pad terecht. Hele kleine vogeltjes zaten in de struikjes aan de zijkanten van het pad. Het pad straalde en glom door een geheimzinnig licht. Het meisje begon haar reis. Na een tijdje kwam ze op een open plek waar

konijntjes wat spelletjes aan het doen waren. Een paar konijntjes waren aan het hinkelen. Achter de konijntjes waren drie paden.

17. 'Waar moet ik nu naartoe?' vroeg het meisje.

18. 'Waar kom je dan vandaan?' vroegen de konijntjes.

19. Van de koningin, zei het meisje.

20. 'Van de koningin?' vroegen de konijntjes, 'heeft ze dan zelf niet gezegd waar je naartoe moest gaan.'

21. Het meisje schudde haar hoofd. 'Ze zei alleen maar dat ik het pad moest volgen.'

22. 'Ik zou het eerste pad maar niet kiezen,' zei een konijntje, 'want dan kom je bij een heks terecht. Het tweede pad leidt tot het witte kasteel, en het derde pad dat weet niemand. Iedereen valt daar in slaap.'

23. 'Nou,' zei het meisje, 'ik heb lang genoeg geslapen. Ik kies voor het tweede pad.' En zo ging het meisje op weg naar het witte kasteel.

24. Het witte kasteel stond vol met levende pionnen. 'Ik heb jou hier nog nooit gezien,' zei een zwarte pion. 'Ik jou ook niet,' zei het meisje.

25. 'Waar kom je vandaan?' vroeg een rode pion.

26. 'De koningin heeft me gestuurd,' zei het meisje.

27. 'De koningin?' vroegen alle pionnen verwonderd.

28. 'Spring maar op m'n rug,' zei een groene pion. Toen het meisje op de groene pion klom begon de pion te steigeren, en rende toen een trap op van het kasteel, en kwam op een balkon terecht, en rende toen door naar een volgende trap. De groene pion bracht het meisje helemaal tot aan een toren. 'Kijk eens naar buiten,' riep de pion, 'zo kun je het hele land zien.'

29. 'Welk land?' vroeg het meisje. Door het raam zag ze allemaal grasvelden die er als speelborden uitzagen. Het waren wonderlijke tuinen. 'Zo je ziet het, hè,' zei de pion. 'We hebben nog veel te doen.'

30. 'Ja, maar de koningin vertelde me dat ik het pad moest volgen,' zei het meisje.

31. 'Het pad?' vroeg de groene pion. 'Oh, wat stom van me, ik had het kunnen weten.'

32. Toen huppelde de groene pion met het meisje op zijn rug weer helemaal naar beneden, en ging toen via de keuken de achtertuin in. 'Zie je, daar in de verte,' zei de groene pion terwijl hij op wat struikjes achter een groot grasveld wees, 'daar gaat het pad verder. Een goede reis.'

33. En toen zette het meisje haar reis voort, nadat ze van de pion afscheid had genomen. Tussen de struikjes achter het grasveld ging het pad verder. Het pad straalde en glom weer als door een geheimzinnig licht. Maar na een tijdje wandelen kwam het meisje weer bij de konijntjes die spelletjes aan het spelen waren. 'Hier ben ik al geweest,' zei het meisje.

34. 'Dan moet je gewoon een ander pad nemen,' zei één van de konijntjes.

35. 'Maar welk pad?' vroeg het meisje.

36. 'Nou, het eerste of het derde pad,' zei het konijntje.

37. 'Ja maar dan kom ik bij de heks, of val ik in slaap,' zei het meisje.
38. 'Ik kan het ook niet helpen, kies maar,' zei het konijntje.
39. 'Nou, dan kies ik voor het derde pad, want ik begin toch al een beetje moe te worden,' zei het meisje.
40. Langs het derde pad stonden allemaal toverbloemen, en al snel begon het meisje zo moe te worden dat ze niet meer kon blijven staan, en al gauw viel ze in een diepe slaap.
41. 'Ehm, mijn naam is de spin,' zei een dromerige, geheimzinnige stem, 'weet je dat ik altijd win?'
42. 'Nee, dat weet ik niet,' zei het meisje dromerig.
43. 'Nou, dan weet je het nu,' zei de stem weer.
44. Waar ben ik? vroeg het meisje.
45. Toen ze haar ogen opende zag ze bloemen, zoveel bloemen. Overal waren bloemen, en zoveel wonderbaarlijke geuren, zo betoverend.
46. 'Ik zei toch dat ik altijd win,' zei de stem slaperig, 'ik heb je betoverd.'
47. 'Ja maar daar heb ik eigenlijk geen tijd voor,' zei het meisje, 'de koningin heeft me gezegd dat ik het pad moet volgen.'
48. 'De koningin?' zei de stem. 'Dat verandert de zaak, kom maar mee.' En ineens stond het meisje klaarwakker tussen de bloemen. In de verte zag ze een rivier, terwijl beneden bij haar voet een klein spinnetje stond. 'Als de koningin je gestuurd heeft, dan is het in orde,' zei het spinnetje, 'dan hoeven we geen spelletjes te doen.' Toen liep het spinnetje voor haar uit naar de rivier. Over de rivier was een brug waaronder allerlei bootjes met lampjes doorgingen. Het waren kleine bootjes.
49. 'Daar in de verte woont een heks,' zei het spinnetje.
50. 'Oh maar ik dacht dat de heks op het eerste pad woonde,' zei het meisje. Na een tijdje komen ze in de keuken van een groot kasteel aan. Een dienstknecht loopt op het meisje af. 'Hallo, ik ben Andrew,' zegt de bediende. 'Ik verwachtte je al. Laat me je het kasteel rondleiden.'
51. 'Hoe weet u dat ik zou komen,' vroeg het meisje, en het meisje vroeg zich ook af waar het spinnetje ineens was gebleven. 'Het spinnetje zei dat hier een heks woonde,' zei het meisje.
52. 'Ah, je moet niet alles en iedereen geloven,' zei Andrew. 'Hier woont de konijnenkoningin.'
53. 'Maar daar kom ik net vandaan,' zei het meisje, 'en ze heeft me gezegd het pad te volgen.'
54. 'Oh kom dan maar mee,' zei Andrew, en leidde haar naar de achterkant van het kasteel. Hier ging het pad verder. Weer zag het meisje het spinnetje hier, maar het spinnetje was heel ver weg. 'Spinnetje?' riep het meisje. Maar het spinnetje hoorde haar niet. En het pad ging een andere richting op. Het meisje besloot om maar gewoon het pad te volgen.
55. Na een tijdje zag ze wat ijzeren bekertjes op de grond staan, en toen ze dichterbij kwam sprong er een konijntje tevoorschijn. 'Raad eens wat er in deze bekertjes zit?' vroeg het konijn. 'In eentje zit de zee, in de andere zit het bos, en als je van de derde drinkt, dan ben je de klos.'
56. Ja, maar ik wil daar helemaal niet van drinken,' zei het meisje. 'Laat me er langs.'

57. Kies er eentje uit, kies er eentje uit, en waar je dan ook terecht komt, je komt er altijd weer uit, zong het konijntje een paar keer. En word je dan de klos, dan kom je altijd wel weer los, en kom je tot de zee dan is het altijd okay.
58. Maar het meisje wilde er niets van horen, en stampte op de grond. ‘Nu is het afgelopen met die gekheid. Ik moet er nu door, want de koningin’ maar verder kon ze niet komen.
59. ‘De koningin ? De koningin ?’ zei het konijntje. En snel was het konijntje met zijn bekertjes verdwenen, en kon het meisje verder gaan. Na een tijdje kwam het meisje in de duinen, en niet lang daarna zag ze de prachtige oceaan waarin een diepe, felle zon scheen. Het meisje zag het pad helemaal doorlopen tot in de zee. ‘Maar dat kan toch helemaal niet,’ zei het meisje.
60. ‘Jawel hoor,’ zei een stem. Een donkere gestalte stond ineens naast het meisje. Het leek wel een beetje op een zwarte pion op een paard. ‘Ik breng je er wel doorheen,’ zei de pion.
61. ‘Ja, maar hoe dan ?’ vroeg het meisje. Ineens haalde de gestalte een dobbelsteen onder het zadel vandaan. De gestalte gooide de dobbelsteen van de duin op het strand. Op het bovenvlak van de dobbelsteen stond een gestalte als een rode pion. De gestalte was gevleugeld, en stond al snel naast het meisje. ‘Spring maar op mijn rug,’ zei de rode gestalte. En toen het meisje op zijn rug zat steeg de gestalte op. De zwarte gestalte was weer verdwenen. De rode gestalte had een geweer met kogels als dobbelstenen, en als ze door vervelende vogels werden lastiggevalen schoot hij ze met het geweer neer. Na een tijdje kwamen ze op een heuvel aan waar het pad weer verder ging. De rode pion wees in de verte : ‘Zie, daar, waar het glinstert, daar moet je zijn, daar woont de konijnenkoningin.’
62. ‘Maar daar kom ik net vandaan,’ zei het meisje. ‘De koningin zei dat ik het pad moest volgen.’
63. ‘Dat moet een vergissing zijn geweest,’ zei de rode pion, en vertrok.
64. ‘Wacht eens even,’ riep het meisje. ‘Je moet het me uitleggen. Ik begrijp het niet meer.’ Maar de rode pion was al weg. Toen besloot ze het pad maar te volgen tot de glinsteringen in de verte, maar al snel begon het erg donker te worden en koud. ‘Ik moet hier ergens iets vinden om te kunnen schuilen,’ zei het meisje. Het begon ook steeds harder en harder te waaien.
65. ‘Kom hier !’ riep een stem, ‘kom hier,’ bijna gillend. De stem leek op het geluid wanneer haar ouders ruzie maakten. Een konijn op een woonboot riep naar een ander konijn. Het was een woonboot gewoon op de grond. Er was nergens water te bekennen, alleen wat druppels van een beginnende regen. ‘Kom nu binnen !’ riep de stem weer, ‘wil je soms verdrinken ?’ Het meisje zag een wat jonger konijntje stampvoetend naar binnen lopen, in de woonboot. Het andere konijn gaf hem een om z’n oren. Toen ging de deur dicht. Snel begon het natter te worden onder de voeten van het meisje, en werd ze door de wind bijna weggeblazen. Toen ze in de verte keek, kreeg ze de schrik van haar leven. Bulderend hoge golven kwamen op haar af, alsof de oceaan het land wilde opslokken. Zo snel als ze kon rende ze naar de woonboot, maar hoe hard ze ook op het deurtje bonste, niemand deed open.
66. Help me, help me dan toch ! riep het meisje. Het water was al tot haar knieën gekomen, en de razende golven kwamen steeds dichterbij, en groeiden steeds hoger. Al snel was het water tot haar heupen gekomen, en keek ze recht in een kilometers hoge golf die haar elk moment zou kunnen opslokken. Het meisje slaakte een gil. Een raampje naast het deurtje ging open, en een hand greep het meisje vliegensvlug naar binnen.

67. 'Dat was op het nippertje,' zei een konijntje. Het meisje zuchtte diep.
68. 'Dat gebeurt altijd als de koningin kwaad word,' zei het konijntje.
69. 'Waarom wordt ze dan kwaad,' vroeg het meisje.
70. 'Ze kan niet tegen haar verlies met spelletjes,' zei het konijntje.
71. 'Met wie doet ze dan spelletjes ?' vroeg het meisje.
72. 'Met een spin,' zei het konijntje.
73. 'Oh maar ik ken dat spinnetje,' zei het meisje. 'Ik ben dat spinnetje ook tegengekomen, en hij sprak dat hij altijd wint.'
74. 'Hoe weet je dat ?' vroeg het konijn ineens. 'Niemand weet dat, dus waarom zou jij dat weten ?'
75. 'Nou,' legde het meisje uit, 'er waren drie paden. Eerst kwam ik op het tweede pad waar het witte kasteel was, en daarna kwam ik op het derde pad waar iedereen in slaap viel. Hier ben ik hem tegengekomen.'
76. 'Maar dat kan niet,' zei het konijn, 'dat is absoluut onmogelijk. Niemand die op het derde pad komt ontwaakt weer. Zij die daar komen zullen voor eeuwig en altijd slapen.'
77. 'Oh maar ik zei tegen het spinnetje dat ik van de koningin had gehoord dat ik het pad moest volgen,' zei het meisje, 'en toen liet hij me erdoor.'
78. 'De koningin ?' vroeg het konijntje terwijl zijn gezicht groen en geel tegelijk werd. 'Mens allemachtig, heeft de koningin dat tegen jou gezegd ?'
79. Het meisje knikte. 'Oh maar dan zijn wij in heel groot gevaar,' zei het konijntje. 'Als de koningin dat gezegd heeft, dan is ze ergens op uit. Dan daagt ze je uit voor een duel.'
80. 'Een duel ?' vroeg het meisje.
81. 'Ja een duel, een gevecht,' zei het konijn, 'en dan moeten we snel zijn. We moeten direkt naar het kasteel, want daar zit ze op je te wachten voor het spel.'
82. Direct rende het konijn een andere kamer in, en startte de motor. Met volle kracht ging de boot richting het glinsterende kasteel in de verte. Na een tijdje voer het bootje naar binnen. Bij een grote paal diep in het kasteel was een kade waar ze konden uitstappen. Het konijn greep de hand van het meisje en rende samen met haar een grote stenen trap naast een muur op. 'Majesteit, majesteit,' riep het konijn, en toen hij de koningin op de trap tegenkwam, zei hij het wat rustiger : 'Majesteit, ik weet dat we wat laat zijn.'
83. 'Wat, laat ?' zei de koningin, 'helemaal niet laat. Veel te vroeg. Jullie zijn veel te vroeg hier.'
84. 'Maar waarom werd u dan zo boos ?' vroeg het konijn.
85. 'Ach, niks bijzonders,' zei de koningin, 'gewoon een ongelukje.'
86. 'Een ongelukje ?' vroeg het konijn.
87. Ja, zei de koningin, ik liet een pion vallen, en die vloog weg.
88. 'Misschien een rode pion ?' vroeg het konijn.
89. Ja, hoe weet jij dat nu weer, vroeg de koningin een beetje kattig.

90. Nou, ik zag een rode ster naar beneden vallen, maar later dacht ik : het zal wel weer een pion van de koningin zijn, zei het konijn.
91. Ja, lachte de koningin, jaha, dat heb je goed gezien, jongen, en nu vlug wegwezen, want het is nog lang geen tijd.
92. Toen rende het konijn weg. Nu stond het meisje oog in oog met de koningin.
93. En wie ben jij ? vroeg de koningin.
94. 'Eh, ik ben het meisje wat van u gewoon het pad moest volgen,' zei het meisje.
95. Oh ja ? kraste de koningin, nou heus, ik ken je niet.
96. Kijk dan eens beter. Kent u mij echt niet ? vroeg het meisje.
97. Toen deed de koningin een brilletje op, en kwam dichterbij. Eens even kijken, zei de koningin. Er zijn zoveel meisjes die het pad volgen, zei je ?
98. Het meisje knikte.
99. Wacht eens even, zei de koningin. Ben jij langs de drie paden gegaan ?
100. Alleen de tweede en de derde. Ik ben nog niet bij de heks op het eerste pad geweest, zei het meisje.
101. Wat sta je hier dan te staan ? bulderde de koningin. Terug jij !
102. En toen zette het meisje het op een rennen, want de koningin begon verschrikkelijk te bulderen. Het leek alsof haar ouders weer ruzie maakten, erger dan ooit tevoren, en het meisje begon heel hard te huilen.
103. Rennen ! brulde de koningin, ren voor je leven, want ik ontplof, en dan zul je de dobbelstenen zien rollen.
104. Het meisje was al snel omsingeld door een heel leger met dobbelstenen. Er kwam vuur uit hun monden, en de roden waren het ergste. Nog harder begon het meisje te huilen. Toe dan, konijn, help me dan ! riep het meisje hard. Maar het konijn was nergens te bekennen. In de verte zag ze de woonboot, maar die dreef telkens verderweg. Oh, was ik nu maar naar het eerste pad gegaan, zei het meisje. De dobbelstenen zagen er zo dreigend uit.
105. Wat zei je, krijste de koningin, nee, dat kan niet, zei je dat je het derde pad op ben gegaan ?
106. Ja, majesteit, zei het meisje.
107. Iedereen slaapt daar, en niemand staat ooit weer op, zei de koningin.
108. Ja, maar het spinnetje ... zei het meisje
109. Het spinnetje ? krijste de koningin Heeft het spinnetje je erdoor gelaten ? En toen werd de koningin nog kwaaiër.
110. Maar toen ik hem vertelde wat u gezegd had dat ik het pad moest volgen, toen liet hij me erdoor, zei het meisje.
111. Oh, zuchtte de koningin woest, ik kan dat spinnetje niet uitstaan ... Wat heeft hij nog meer gezegd ?

112. 'Dat hij altijd wint,' zei het meisje.

113. En toen werd de koningin wel zo razend dat ze niets meer met de dobbelstenen te maken wilde hebben. 'Uit mijn ogen !' krijste ze tegen de dobbelstenen. 'Niets wil ik nog met spelletjes te maken hebben.' Toen liep ze boos weg, het meisje alleen achterlatend.

114. Even later kwam ze weer terug. 'Zeg, waar kom je eigenlijk vandaan ?' vroeg ze aan het meisje. 'Toch niet uit de grote mensenwereld, hè ?'

115. Ja, zei het meisje, daar kom ik vandaan. Mijn vader en moeder maakten altijd ruzie, en

116. Je hoeft me niets meer te vertellen, zei de koningin, ik begrijp het al. Dan kom je dus van het eerste pad vandaan.

117. Nee, daar ben ik nog niet geweest, daar bij die heks, zei het meisje.

118. Kom maar mee, zei de koningin, dan laat ik het je zien.

119. In een hoge torenkamer aangekomen schonk de koningin thee voor het meisje in, en vroeg het meisje of ze het fijn vond in de grote mensenwereld.

120. Nee, zei het meisje, want niemand begrijpt me, en ze maken altijd ruzie.

121. 'En wat heb je eraan gedaan ?' vroeg de koningin.

122. Ik ben weggelopen, zei het meisje.

123. Dat is het beste wat je kon doen, zei de koningin, zo kon je de heks verslaan.

124. Ja maar ik ben nog helemaal geen heks tegengekomen, zei het meisje.

125. Als dat zo is, zei de koningin, dan zul je terugmoeten naar het eerste pad, en dan zul je het pad gewoon moeten volgen totdat je haar tegen bent gekomen. Of zullen we gewoon een spelletje doen ?

126. De paden heb ik gevolgd, zei het meisje. Laten we nu dan maar een spelletje doen.

127. En zo gebeurde het. Tot diep in de avond deed het meisje spelletjes met de koningin, en ze konden het zo goed met elkaar vinden dat de koningin niet meer boos werd als ze een spelletje verloor. Het meisje beleefde nog vele avonturen met de koningin, maar dat hoor je wel in een ander verhaal.

15.

De Slapende Prinses

1. Er was eens een indiaanse prinses die altijd sliep. In de nacht werd ze altijd heel even wakker om iets te drinken en te eten. Vaak was dat wat thee met vruchten, en daarna sliep ze weer. Soms slaapwandelde ze door de gangen van het kasteel waar ze woonde. Haar vader en moeder waren erg bedroefd, maar zo was de prinses altijd al geweest. Ze zouden wel eens met hun dochter willen spreken, al was het maar voor heel even.

2. Op een nacht was de prinses weer aan het slaapwandelen, en ze wandelde heel diep het bos in. Ze liep altijd op blote voeten met een nachtjapon of pyama. Plotseling stapte ze op een toverring, en werd direkt wakker. Ze was erg verbaasd en deed de ring om haar vinger. Heel lang keek ze ernaar, en ze bleef gewoon wakker. De prinses was erg blij, en rende terug naar het kasteel. Maar toen het

ochtend werd en ze anderen tegenkwam vielen die direkt in slaap. De prinses dacht dat dat door de toverring kwam die ze droeg. En zo was de prinses erg eenzaam, en omdat ze niet nog meer van hen in slaap wilde zien tolleren, vertrok ze weer naar het bos. Na een tijdje lopen kwam ze aan bij een klein huisje waar kabouters leefden. Blij stapten de kabouters naar buiten, alsof ze haar al kenden. 'We dachten dat je nooit zou komen,' zei één van de kabouters. 'Ja,' zei een andere kabouter, 'en, zeg, wij hebben die toverring voor jouw gemaakt, van de zeldzaamste stenen. De stenen die jij op je ring draagt zijn de enigen van hun soort, dus wees er maar erg zuinig op, meisje. Je wil toch niet nog een keer zolang slapen?' De prinses werd erg verlegen. Ze was blij dat de kabouters niet in slaap vielen.

3. En zo mocht de prinses bij de kabouters wonen, en zorgde goed voor hun huisje als de kabouters weg waren om in de mijnen te werken. Maar op een dag kwam er een man met maar één oog bij het huisje. Hij klopte op de deur, en de prinses deed een raampje open.

4. 'Zeg, meisje,' zei de man met maar één oog, 'wat heb jij een prachtige ring. Als je die aan mij geeft, dan geef ik je mijn paard daarvoor in ruil.'

5. 'Maar dan val ik weer in slaap,' zei de prinses.

6. Toen haalde de man ook een ring tevoorschijn. 'Als je deze draagt, dan blijf je niet alleen wakker, maar dan kun je ook vliegen en toveren.' Nu, dat leek de prinses wel wat, want dan zou ze ook wat aan de slapenden van haar land kunnen doen. De ruil was snel gedaan, maar ineens begon de man te lachen, rende weg, en de prinses viel als dood op de grond. Toen de kabouters terugkwamen waren ze erg verdrietig. En ze konden geen andere ring maken met dezelfde krachten, want zulke stenen konden ze nooit meer vinden. Maar ze hadden nog wel een toverfluit waarmee ze de prinses bij volle maan tot leven konden wekken om te dansen. Dan was het weer even feest, maar van hele korte duur. Op een dag toen ze thuiskwamen was ook de toverfluit gestolen. Toen besloten ze de prinses in een kist naar de mijnen te dragen tussen de edelstenen, zodat ze haar altijd bij zich hadden als ze aan het werk waren. En ze vonden dat de prinses hier veilig was. Als ze haar in het huisje zouden laten dan zouden ze veel te bang zijn dat de prinses ook op een dag gestolen zou zijn. Nee, dat zouden hun kabouterharten niet aankunnen. Het was een prachtig gezicht om de prinses zo te zien tussen de edelstenen. De dieren hier zouden wel de wacht over haar houden. Midden in de nacht toen de kabouters weer naar huis waren begonnen ineens enkele edelstenen te fonkelen, zo te fonkelen dat de prinses haar ogen opendeed. Ook haar ogen begonnen te fonkelen. Ze stond op en ging terug naar het kabouterhuisje. De kabouters waren erg verbaasd en blij. Snel gingen ze terug naar de mijnen om de fonkelende edelstenen op te halen.

7. Met de edelstenen versierden ze hun huisje, en voortaan viel een ieder die hen of de prinses kwaad wilden doen in slaap. En de kabouters zongen allemaal: 'Dus kom maar niet te dichtbij als je hier iets wil stelen, kom maar niet dichtbij als je kwaad wil doen, want sluiten zullen je ogen, en niemand zal ooit het licht nog aandoen.'

16.

De Negende Wens

1. Eens leefde er een hebzuchtige prins in een arm land. De prins was zo hebzuchtig dat hij een ander niets gunde, en alles voor zichzelf nam. Toen op een dag een meisje uit zijn rijk spoorloos

verdwenen was ging hij alleen op zoektocht omdat haar ouders erg rijk waren en een hoge beloning zouden schenken aan degene die hun dochter zou terugvinden.

2. Op zijn reis door het woud kwam hij 's avonds laat bij een huisje aan. Toen hij op de deur klopte hoorde hij een krassende stem : 'Ik ben Spindraad. Wie is daar nog zo laat ?'

3. 'Ach, moedertje,' zei de prins. 'Ik zou zo graag even bij u willen kijken of daar ook een meisje van ons rijk is. Zij is spoorloos verdwenen.'

4. 'Ik heb zeven dochters,' zei de oude vrouw. 'Als u even wil kijken. Kom dan maar verder.' De prins stapte naar binnen, en kreeg wat te eten. Ook mocht hij van elke dochter een wens doen. Bij de eerste dochter zei hij : 'Ik zou graag willen dat het koninkrijk omgeven is door een haag met rode bloedbessen, giftig als de zon, om ervoor te zorgen dat niemand zomaar spoorloos kan verdwijnen.' Als tweede wens, bij de tweede dochter, wenste hij dat zijn koninkrijk vol zou zijn met goud, maar alle andere wensen waren hebberig, en hij vergat het spoorloos verdwenen meisje helemaal.

5. 'Omdat je in bijna al je wensen zo hebberig bent geweest,' zei de oude vrouw, 'zul je veranderen in een pad.' En direkt was de prins geen prins meer, maar een pad. In schaamte vertrok de pad. Al gauw kwam hij erachter dat hij ook niet terug kon naar zijn koninkrijk vanwege de dichte haag met giftige rode bloedbessen. Maar eens in een nacht zag hij een meisje baden in een bosmeertje. Hij zwom direkt naar haar toe, en vertelde haar wat er was gebeurd. Het bleek het spoorloos verdwenen meisje te zijn. Maar ze leek sprekend op één van de dochters van de oude vrouw.

6. 'Ik ben gevlucht,' zei het meisje, 'vanwege het harde werk dat ik in uw koninkrijk moest verrichten. Ik kwam bij de oude vrouw en werd als één van haar dochters. Zij liet mij zacht werk verrichten, en ik mocht wensen laten uitkomen.'

7. 'Maar waarom ben je daar dan niet gebleven ?' vroeg de pad.

8. 'Omdat de oude vrouw aan het einde van de wensen altijd haar eigen wens uitspreekt,' sprak het meisje. 'Sinds ik gevlucht ben, ben ik de enige die haar boze wensen ongedaan kan maken. Ik was altijd de achtste wens, en zij altijd de laatste, de negende.'

9. En zo deed de pad zijn wens bij het meisje om weer een prins te worden.

De Nieuwe Handelingen II

1.

De aanstelling van de tweede Mozes

1. En de Heer zat in de hemel met zijn pythons en de slangen des hemels. En de Heere sprak tot de tweede staf van Mozes, en sprak recht. En de Heere opende met deze staf de dodenrijken van de eerste drie utmiren, de tijden des heeren, en er was een grote oogst. 2. En de Heere bracht het tweede kruis tot de tweede ark. En de Heere wilde dat zo de tweede geest van de mens zou zijn. En er kwam kracht vanuit het tweede kruis, en de Heere stelde zijn economie op. Gij die van de honger hebt gegeten, tezamen met de Heer, zal handel kunnen doen in de hemelen. En het tweede bloed des Heeren kwam vrij om in ruime aderen te stromen, en de pythons dienden Hem. 3. En de Heere zag dat het goed was, de hof die hij aan de mens had gegeven. En de Heere sprak aldus deze woorden : Laten tweede engelen en de cherubs van het tweede de hof bewaken en besproeien. En zij droegen

een hemels zwaard van het tweede, een mystiek zwaard vol van geheimenissen. 4. En niemand kon de hof binnenkomen dan hen die de Heere had aangesteld. 5. En zij waren in het blauw terwijl heilige winden waaiden. 6. En warmte kwam over de hof en de Heere zegende die. 7. En de tweede Mozes kwam om zich voor te stellen bij de Heere. En toen hij voor het aangezicht des Heeren stond brulde de Heere als een leeuw. En de zalving viel op de tweede Mozes, een zalving groter dan het oude verbond. En de Heere stelde de tweede Mozes aan om te regeren over de gewesten van de tweede hel. En deze hel was zo verschrikkelijk dat engelen beefden en verschrikt raakten.

De roeping van de tweede Simson

8. En de Heere riep de tweede Simson tot Zich en gaf hem een purperen gewaad. Ook gaf de Heere hem een beker die vol was van de tweede toorn. En de Heere zond de tweede Simson als een arend tot de aarde om haar te oordelen. 9. En zijn engelen waren velen, en de slachtingen die ze op de aarde verrichten waren groot. 10. En de engelen weenden om de krachten die loskwamen. 11. En toen sprak de Heere tot de tweede Simson : 'Ik geef u de macht over het tweede dodenrijk, en de machten der hel kunnen haar poorten niet verbreken.' En de macht van het tweede dodenrijk was groot, en in haar bevonden zich de tweede sjeool en de tweede hades, en gebeden konden haar werkingen niet verhinderen. 12. En de Heere sprak met luide stem : En dit verbond met de dood is groot als de dood van de tweede Christus. 13. En een tweede graf kwam opzetten als het geluid van bijenstormen zoemend tot de hemel en de duisternissen, en dit graf was groter dan de eerste. 14. En de Heere sprak : Ziet dan de vloek van honger, waar honing binnenin groeit bewaakt door de bijen des hemels. 15. En het was de Heere die de tweede Christus zond tot het kruis van honger, en na enkele dagen was er grote zaligheid. 16. En de Heere bracht de honing in een kruik tot de tweede ark en sprak : Zo wil ik dat de tweede geest zal zijn. 17. En de Heere brak het brood om het over de hoeken der aarde te verdelen, maar een engel des tweede satans stond ineens voor Hem. En de Heere sprak : Lang zijn de werkingen des geestes tegengehouden.

Het oordeel over de dansers

18. En de Heere sprak tot zijn engelen : Brengt nu de tweede David voor Mijn Aangezicht. En toen sprak de Heere : Zijn Lichaam zal mijn tempel wezen. 19. En hij zond de tweede David naar de aarde om zijn tempel te bouwen. En de Heere stelde hem aan om de heiligen te hoeden. 20. En zij werden genoemd de tweede christenen. En hij zong psalmen tot de hemel, met het tweede woord in zijn hand. 21. En de dansers van het eerste verbond werden voor de Heere gehaald, en kregen een vervloeking op hun hoofd, omdat zij de cobra des Heeren tegengehouden hadden. En zij hadden vele boze geesten. 22. Zij hadden als heer over hen de tweede slang. En zij hadden vele heiligen tot onreinheden en gruwelijkheden geleid. 23. En de Heere sloeg hen, zeggende dat ze geen deel zouden hebben aan de tweede Christus, want hun zonden hadden zich opgehoopt tot de hemelen, en ze hadden vele kindekens geblokkeerd om in te gaan. 24. En er kwam vuur uit de mond en het aangezicht van de tweede David om hen te verteren, en hun volgelingen hielden zich schuil in het tweede sodom en het tweede babylon.

De Strijd om het lichaam van de Tweede Christus

25. En de engel Sarsia de tweede raakte in gevecht over het lichaam van de tweede Christus dat door de dansers en hun volgelingen was verkracht. En zij had tegenover zich staan de tweede satan, de tweede slang en hun zonen. En de tweede Metensia kwam haar ten hulp, en met de slangen des hemels brachten zij het lichaam tot het tweede graf. 26. En zijn discipelen weenden voor veertig dagen en nachten bij zijn graf, en hun tranen werden hem tot sieraden. En na deze veertig dagen

stond hij op en weende. 27. En heilige vrouwen der aarde volgden hem, terwijl hij het tweede evangelie begon te verkondigen. 28. Ken dan de krachten van het tweede graf, en hebt dan deel aan zijn lichaam. 29. En het tweede avondmaal werd ingesteld tot zaliging van hen die weenden. 30. En de tweede Salomo verscheen aan Hem om hem schatten te brengen. En de Heere zag dat het goed was en gaf Zijn Zegen. 31. Laat dan de tweede farao uw lichamen niet tegenhouden in de ketel des Heeren, en doe dan een beroep op de heilige plagen om geheel vrij te komen van het zwaard der onderdrukking. 32. Laat dan uw lichamen u niet leiden tot onreinheden, maar vlucht tot de tweede geest waaruit een nieuw rein lichaam zal voortkomen, gemaakt om in de tempel te dienen van het tweede woord. 33. En de Heere bracht gezag tot de apostelen van de tweede gemeente, en het tweede woord begon te zingen in hun hoofden.

2.

Oude religies en het Grote Spanje

1. Gij dan zijt geen koopwaar, daar de Heer u heeft bevrijd uit de slavernij. Het hart der zonde klopt in het kopen en verkopen. Gij nu hebt heilige voorschriften ontvangen over de economie des Heeren
2. Gij weet ook dat de walvissen des hemels zullen komen om het grote spanje te veroordelen. Laat dit troost geven aan uw ziel, hen die in de verdrukking werken. De Heere heeft uw tranen gezien.
3. De Heere hecht Zich met Zijn Geest aan uw verstand om het te behoeden. De Heere wil graag dat gij de geheimenissen kent. De Heere schiep de dieren en het geboomte om de verschillende delen van het lichaam aan te tonen. Gij die dan één dezer schepselen lastig valt, ziet toe dat uw lichaam uiteen valt.
4. De Heere laat niet met Zich spotten. Dit zijn de laatsten der dagen. Geeft daarom nauwgezet acht aan zijn woorden, opdat zij u niet verslinden.
5. Welaan gij spotters, en gij die aan uw ouders ongehoorzaam zijt, de Heere zal u drijven tot het Grote Spanje, tot de verzamelplaats der geesten, en daar zal de Heere u slaan.
6. Dit zijn de woorden van de tweede Luther, tot een tweede reformatie. Die reformatie zal zijn : het afbreken van de geestemarkt, het onder het oordeel brengen van hen die vlees eten, en het brengen van het tweede Woord tot een Eeuwig Evangelie, zoals de profeet Johannes dit op Patmos zag.
7. Deze dagen zijn nu gekomen. Zij die niet wenen om de zonden zullen geen deel hebben aan het teken Gods dat de harten in de verdrukking zal behoeden. Zij die het teken der beesten dragen zijn reeds overgeleverd aan de wildernis der tijden.
8. Wij zullen de tempelen van Metensia openen, en die van de andere Geesten Gods en de tweede Geesten Gods. Gij dan zult de Heere kennen. Het tweede altaar zal hersteld worden, en er zullen geen onschuldigen geofferd mogen worden. De Heere zal een vloek leggen op de woorden van hen die dieren en mensenkinderen hebben geofferd.
9. Deze religies kwamen voort uit een duister tijdperk waar de tijden jong en verward waren, waar wildernissen kwamen tot de tempelen Gods, en waar bergen huisden.

3.

Geen aards altaar

1. De Heere heeft u tot hiertoe gebracht, en zal Zijn tempelen openen, zodat de winden van het tweede Woord over de aardbodem zullen waaien.
2. Gij dan die aan ketenen ligt, gij zijt vrij in uw binnenste. Gij dan die geen binnenste hebt, hoe te betreuren zijt gij.
3. Gij dan die de altaren van ijs bereikt hebben, offert uw aanverwanten en relaties, opdat gij in kunt gaan door de poorten van Zetdonia.
4. Laat er dan onderscheid wezen tussen de altaren des hemels, en laat het altaar zijn tot zuivering en overdracht.
5. De Heere dan zal zeven allerheiligste tijdperken inzetten om het altaar te herstellen, en de Heere zal uitroeien de altaren van de aarde.
6. De Christus moest sterven aan het hout, maar vervloekt is degene door wie het geschiedde. Zo heeft dan het aardse altaar priesters verbonden tot zonde tegen Christus, en daarom is dat verbond niet verre van de verwijdering.
7. Hecht u dan niet aan duistere schaduwen van een tempel die komen gaat. Zij bestonden om voorbij te gaan, en om hoofden omhoog te richten.
8. Rekent dan af met uw duister verleden en een duister voorgeslacht.

4.

Aanvaarding van het IJs

1. Gij hebt dan gehoord van verbrande heksen en martelaren om hun geloof of liefde voor de natuur. Weet dan dat ik hun littekenen in mijn lichaam en ziel draag. 2. Meent gij dan uw broeder te verketteren zonder de hand aan uzelf te slaan ? Vervloekt zijt gij, oh verachtelijk mens. 3. Denkt dan niet dat God u niet zal aanklagen. 4. Degene dan die liefde heeft voor de natuur, heeft liefde voor God en heeft de ganse wet vervuld. 5. Noemt gij dan een heks een ieder die de natuur liefheeft ? Zeer te bespotten zijt gij. 6. Het Woord Gods zal komen als ijs, om hun graven te openen. 7. Aanvaardt dan het ijs in uw leven.

5.

Over kinderlijkheid

1. De Tweede Paulus aan hen die in Spricht zijn en het tweede Spricht. Zalig zijt gij en gezegend in de Heere, broeders en zusters, gij die de dieren des hemels aanhangt. Gij hebt reeds hun merktekenen op uw rug. Ja, de Heere geeft hen u in uw slaap. Zalig hen met grote verzamelingen, zij die als een ark vol zijn van de dieren en beesten des hemels. 2. Raak het zalige aan, ja, het is voor u, allen die de Heere zoeken. 3. U hebt dan groot geluk opgeraapt, en de golven van Kabbernal zijn over u. Gij waart in de gouden bossen des Heeren en gij zag Zijn distels daar in het bittere land. Nu zijt gij dan vol van Glorie. 4. Gij allen weet dat spreken als zwemmen is in de bosrivieren des Heeren. 5. Gij zijt aangekomen in een vruchtbaar land. De heere is verrukt over uwen zachtmoedigheid, en gij hebt zeer zeker zijn hart vertroost en versterkt. 6. Ja, gij hebt Hem aangemoedigd als een ridder, gij die de rozenkoeken des Heeren eet en uitdeelt. 7. Grote sterkte zal tot u komen in de burcht van Kabbernal. En gij zult uzelf voelen als iemand die oude vrienden weervindt. 8. Komt dan tot de grotten des heeren en luistert naar zijn stem, Hij die Zijn engel Torio heeft gezonden. 9. En Hij zal nieuwe woorden bevestigen aan uw hart, en zij zullen zijn als tekenen

en verademingen op de weg die gij begaat. 10. Zalig hen die genaderd zijn tot Spricht en staan in de tempelpoorten des Heeren. 11. De heere heeft u tranen van genezing gebracht, ja, gij hebt benen van licht om elkaar te genezen. En deze lichten zijn zacht en waterig. 12. Zalig hen die tot de geheimenissen van Spricht zijn ingegaan. 13. De Heere toont hier zijn luister, de Heere toont hier zijn macht, geworteld in zijn gronden en gewrocht in zijn hemelen. 14. Zijn aangezicht geweven door zachte lijnen, komende van de weerspiegelingen van het tweede kruis, waarin gij allen zo diep met elkaar verbonden zijn tot tranens toe. 15. Mengt dan elkanders tranen en gij zult de tranen des Heeren zien, de zalige baden van genezing, waartoe zijn engel Torio telkens nederdaalt. 16. En gij drinkt van de traan, en gij kunt ademen. De Heere heeft u leven gegeven, om zachte dieren te bemerken. 17. Ja Hij mengde het licht met duisternis, en nu is het zacht voor uw ogen. 18. Het Woord des Heeren is sterk. 19. Welzalig hen die genaderd zijn tot Gods velden door Spricht, die Zijn troon daar hebben zien staan, de kroon van het Tweede Heil. 20. Streeft dan naar het Tweede Spricht, en houdt hen vast, allen die daar wonen. Gemeente Gods, zo diep levende in de wildernis, bij de adem Gods. 21. Tot hen die in de poorten staan : Nu vangen dan nieuwe dagen aan, zoveel wijn in tranen, Gods glimlach is zoet en recht. 22. Tot de kindekens zou Hij komen, hen die de kaarsjes hebben bewaard tot in de nachten. 23. Zij hebben een maagdelijk verstand, en hun gevoel is rein. Zij hebben ijs geschept uit de waterbronnen des Heeren. 24. De Heere doe Zijn Aangezicht over u lichten. Vrede en Genade zij u. Rust fijn.

6.

De wortelen des geestes

1. Gegroet hen in het tweede Korinthe. Wanneer dan het eerste Korinthe de verwijdering nadert, dan zal de Heere alleen Rachab redden. 2. Groet hen die in de verdrukking zijn. De Tweede Paulus en de tweede Sostenes, beiden apostelen en anfitaten van de tweede Christus om uw zielen te zaligen, aan allen die in het tweede Korinthe zijn. 3. Genade zij u en vrede van God onze Vader, en de Tweede Christus door Hem voor deze tijden gezonden. Laat u dan zaligen in Hem. 4. Zalig zij die gekomen zijn tot het tweede, groet dan ook uw broeders en zusters in het tweede, welke de Heere in Zijn Wijsheid door de Tweede Geest verbonden heeft. 5. Ziet dan toe dat gij het Tweede niet veracht, en bidt dan ook voor alle gemeentes in het tweede, want de eersten zijn niet verre van de verwijdering. 6. Zijn wij dan als honden die weer naar hun braaksel terugkeren ? Zeker niet. Gij zijt volwassen geworden in de Heere, en zo zijn dan de overleggingen van het eerste voorbijgegaan. 7. Weet dan dat de wildernissen des Heeren ordelijker zijn dan de orde der wereld. 8. Gij hebt dan gehoord van de tweede gaven en vruchten des Geestes. Gij hebt dan ook Eminus leren liefhebben, de Naam des Geestes. 9. Leert dan alle namen kennen. 10. Ook hebt gij gehoord van de wortelen des Geestes en de schillen. Laat dan een ieder blijven in zijn eigen schil, door de Heere aangemeten en gewogen. 11. Ik dank God te allen tijde over u, daar gij de wortel van ijs hebt laten groeien, want zo zijt gij in elk opzicht rijk geworden in Hem. 12. Ook hebt gij uw wortel van stilte laten zuiveren, waarover ik had gesproken toen ik bij u was dat hen die dat niet zouden doen onder het oordeel zouden komen. 13. Ook hebt gij geluisterd door de wortel van het lijden te heiligen.

Vertroosting en Dankzegging

14. Gij hebt de schillen der bedieningen rijkelijk over de gemeente gelegd, en daardoor zijt ge zalig. Ja, gij hebt waarlijk de zonen Gods van gereedschap voorzien, en uw huizen goed ingericht. 15. Daarom hoeve ook niemand onder u enig gebrek te lijden. En al zij daar gebreken, dan zullen wij dat door de Geest Gods aanvullen. 16. Gij hebt ons dan ontvangen als ware apostelen, nadat gij ons

zevenvoudig getoetst hebt. Hierdoor rust de zegen Gods op u. 17. Gij hebt dan waarlijk de tempel Gods en het altaar van gerei voorzien, en de heiligen goed toegerust. Ook hierin dank ik de Heere om u. 18. De Heere zal uw gaven van vuur en ijs aansterken, daar u zijn wortelen draagt, en de schillen niet veracht hebt. 19. Ja, gij hebt uw zonen gebracht tot Spricht, en zij zijn waarlijk zonen des Heeren geworden. 20. Gij hebt uw dochters gebracht tot Zetdonia, en hen de klederen van het heil gegeven. 21. Gij zijt rein geweest op heilige bergen, en niet de Heere tot een vloek geworden. Gij hebt waarlijk troost gebracht aan het hart des heeren, door tienvoudig te wandelen en te handelen in Zijn Wet. 22. Ja, gij hebt de wetten van het Tweede om uw polsen gebonden, en gij hebt uw kinderen er zwaar mee getuchtigd. Zo hebt gij uw zielen behouden in de Toorn des Heeren. 23. Laat dan niemand u oordelen, want gij hebt in liefde gehandeld, oh vervolgde gemeente Gods. 24. De Heere heeft Zijn hand op u gelegd. Zalig zij hen die u zaligen, en vervloekt zij hen die u vervloeken. Ja, zij zullen aan het tienvoudige zwaard ten onder gaan, hen die u haten. 25. Want zij haten u omdat gij de geboden des Heeren bewaart in vrezen en beven. 26. Zij zullen in Spricht ten onder gaan, zij die om u gelachen hebben. Maar zalig zijn zij die met u geweest hebben. En zij zullen door Spricht tot behoudenis gerekend worden. En zij allen zijn onder de hoede van Zijn engel Torio.

7.

Het tweede ijs

1. Ja, de Heere zal u gaven schenken in de nacht, gij die zijn wortelen bemint. Gij dan kent de lusten des Heeren, en zijt daarmee begiftigd in uw binnenste. 2. Gij die dan de poorten van de tweede geest bent daargegaan : Gij hebt een eeuwig evangelie aanschouwd en gij zijt heilig. Uw beenderen zullen niet door de leeuwen verbroken worden. 3. Komt dan tot de kast des Heeren, en de Heere zal u nieuw gerei schenken om Zijn heiligen mee toe te rusten. 4. Ja, als de smid des Heeren heeft Hij u opgesteld, hen die zijn hart beminnen. 5. De Heere heeft u laten leven in tweede vreze, en ziet, gij zijt zalig geworden, dragende de lusten des Heeren. 6. Gij droeg dan voor lang het tweede geweten, en de Heere heeft het gezegend. 7. Nu dan, gij zijt rein, en gij behoort tot de heerlijkheden Gods. Behoort dan tot de jaguars des hemels. 8. Gij bent dan meester geweest zonder pijlpunten, en gij hebt u afgezonderd gehouden. Ja, u bent geheiligd. Ja, u bent anders. Gij zijt vreemdelingen in de wereld geweest, maar gekend bij God. 9. Zoekt daarom troost bij elkaar en leert elkander over het ijs des Heeren en het tweede ijs. 10. Zo zult gij de wet vervullen. 11. Laat dan niemand u gering achten om uw onderlinge samenkomst, want de Heere is geduldig. 12. Wanneer gij dan samenkomt in ijs : Ziet dan, gij zijt dienaren van het Tweede. 13. Predikt dan het evangelie van het Tweede aan de ganse schepping, opdat gij ijs zult scheppen van de hemelen. Zo zult gij de grote verdrukkingen breken. 14. Driemaal zal de Heere u dan breken, en zalig hen die de verbrekingen als zaligheid achten. Gij bent dan niet ver van de Tweede Lusten des Heeren. 15. Gij dan hebt van Zijn doornenkroon een koningskroon gevlochten. Gij hebt dan van zijn spotkleed een koningskleed gemaakt. Ja, zalig hen die scheuren, want zij zullen scheppers en schenkers van wijn genoemd worden. 16. Gij dan drinkt de wijn des Heeren.

8.

De mystiek des Heeren

1. Gij dan die in het tweede Rome zijt, en de gemeente Gods aanhangt : De Heere leidde u tot de Emelis Shatau. Genade zij met u. 2. Ziet dan toe dat gij niet valle, gij die meent te staan, want de leeuwen Gods zijn velen, uitgezonden om de heiligen te testen. 3. Want velen zullen struikelen,

opdat onder hen zuivering worde aangebracht. En dit is een groot geheimenis des Heeren. 4. Weest dan waarlijk als tweede Romeinen, want God roept u. 5. Hij heeft u de kanalen van Zijn Geest laten zien. 6. Laat uw hart dan niet teveel gericht zijn op dogmatiek en een wirwar van wijze woorden, maar richt uzelf op de mystiek des Heeren, en laat uw hart in het verborgene zijn. Dan zult gij uzelf rein houden in de Dag des oordeels. 7. Maar velen onder u zijn opgeblazen, en ik vrees dat ik me voor enkelen onder hen tevergeefs heb ingespannen. 8. Laat dan niemand onder u dwalen. Er is geen einde aan de Wijsheid des Heeren, maar Zijn Dwaze is veel sterker. 9. Oh, onverstandigen, wie heeft u toch zo betoverd dat gij meent zalig te worden door strakke registers en oeverloos onderwijs ? Gij dan hebt de Slaap des Heeren veracht, en hebt molenstenen op uw kinderen gelegd. 10. Maar toch zullen zij onder het juk zalig worden, daar zij het juk des heeren dragen. 11. Ziet dan toe, dat de Heere u niet verbrijzele tezamen met het juk. 12. Maakt dan uw zonen tot profeten des Heeren, en laat hen slapen. 13. Tuchtigt hen echter in de Heere, want de Heere haat een tuchteloos hart. 14. En wie dan meent goed onderwijs te hebben, laat u door de Heere onderwijzen. 15. Legt dan uw zware klederen af, en kom in naaktheid tot het verborgene des heeren, waar gij zuiver bedekt zult worden door Zijn wateren. 16. Zij die Zich niet verlustigen in het verborgene en de geheimenissen Gods zullen door het komende vuur ten onder gaan. Zij hadden geen ijs in hun lantaarns. 17. Onderhoudt dan uw ijs, opdat de Heere niet tot u kome met de ban. 18. Want snel ontbrandt zijn toorn tot hen die zich niet met het ijs inlaten. Het ijs is dan het jaloerse van God. 19. En wie dan meent waarlijk voedsel gegeten te hebben. Laat hem komen tot het altaar en het voedsel des Heeren eten. 20. Richt uw hutten dan in met de vreze des Heeren.

9.

Over Naaktheid en bedekking

1. Alles komt op zijn tijd. De Heere is goed. Laat uw wijsheid dan niet uw hart verbrijzelen, maar geeft acht op de tijden des Heeren. Leert zijn seizoenen kennen en veracht de balansen niet. 2. Anders zal de Heere tot u komen en zeggen dat gij Zijn Geest hebt gegeten. 3. Meet dan met goede maat, en weeg met zuivere gewichten, anders zal de Heere het gerei terughalen, en gij zult zijn als een naakte in volle stad. 4. Zalig hen die naakt in het verborgene zijn, want zij hebben de Geest des Heeren tot hun bedekking. 5. Gij hebt dan ook enkelen onder u die zeggen Jood te zijn, maar het niet zijn. Bekeert u dan van uw werken, en hangt de Heere aan. 6. Bromt en mokt dan niet tegen elkaar, over welke het oordeel des Heeren valt. Wie toorn, toorne in de Heere. 7. Veroordeelt elkander dan niet, maar verdraag elkanders zwakheden. Laat dan uw sterkte geen zwakheid zijn, maar hangt de Heere aan, die bepaalt wat zwakheid en sterkte is. 8. Want het zwakke des Heeren is sterkte. 9. Hebt dan een zuiver oog, anders zal de Heere het wegnemen. 10. Hen die hun oog zuiver hebben gehouden : De Heere zal u nog een oog schenken, en het planten als een parel des Heeren op uw voorhoofd. 11. Zalig hen dan die vol ogen zijn, want zij waken over uw ziel. 12. Aan allen die zich in het tweede Rome bevinden : Voedert de vogelen des hemels, want zij hebben u voedsel gebracht. 13. Geeft hen te eten die hongeren, want zij mochten eens hongeren om u. Door zo te doen zult gij uw zielen behouden. 14. De Heere haat hen die voor zichzelf eten. Heeft de Heere u geen voedsel gebracht om u tot de ander te zenden ? Verspilt uw voedsel dan niet aan de wereld, want dan zal de Heere u zeker met de ban slaan. 15. Ziet dan, de Rechter des hemels staat aan de deur en klopt.

10.

De engel Troy

1. Heilig, heilig is de Heere die de heiligen draagt, tot aan de zeeën van Metensia. Hij geeft haar het hare. Hij die troont op cherubs van het tweede, waar seraphs tot Zijn ark zijn gegaan. 2. En geen tronen, geen machten, geen stemmen en geen liederen kunnen u scheiden van de Heere die Eeuwig is. 3. Hij troont op de Emelis Shatau, de tepel van genade, tot allen die Hem genade gaven. 4. Wie Zijn Geest heeft gedooft mag niet komen tot Zijn troon. Blijft dan op de Emelis Shatau. 5. Sta vast in Zijn werk, bouw Zijn tempel op het heil. Zijn grote genade is bij hen die genade gaven. 6. Maar hen die genade verspilden, mogen niet komen tot Zijn Heil'ge berg, voor de zonde is dan geen genade. Zuiv're genaa is gebouwd op Zijn werk. 7. Genaa is slechts bevestiging, als zegels van de Emelis Shatau. Hen die niet werken hebben geen deel aan de genade. Zij kennen het niet. 8. Zij die genade verdraaien, storten af van de bergen, van de Emelis Shatau. 9. Kent dan Zijn engel Troy, met zoveel liederen, op de Emelis Shatau. 10. De stemmen van leeuwen, van koningen en arenden komen uit haar mond, want God heeft Zijn viool en fluit in haar gebouwd. 11. Zij die de wereld schiep door Zijn Geest, vanaf de Emelis Shatau, als een vangnet voor de vissen die in duisternis leefden, sleepte zij hen tot de hemel, op de Emelis Shatau. 12. Zij die de aardbodem schiep, het aardrijk met al hun koningen. Hun tijden werden vastgelegd in boeken, van de Emelis Shatau.

11.

Het wijze in de oudheid

1. Oh Emelis Shatau, maakt de zondaren stil. U toont Liefde aan hen die vrezen. 2. Plaatsen bewegen onder Uw Hand. Vissen brengen het aardrijk tot verstand. 3. De dwaasheid Gods is mystiek, als zegelen op Zijn wijsheid en wildernis. 4. Oh Emelis Shatau, waardoor zondaren in paniek raken. Haar woorden trillen in de mond van dichters. Niemand houdt haar vast zonder te beven, pas na tijden worden zij stil, wanneer gebeden de dieptes des Heeren hebben bereikt. 5. Het verstand is dan in oude boeken. Glorie is nog steeds in oude potten. Genade in de ketels van verleden tijden. 6. Ken uw weg, op de Emelis Shatau, alleen hen die heilig zijn als pelgrim bereiken haar wolken en haar wazen. 7. De mist spreekt in de donder, vissen vallen op 't verstand, om hun wegen door te branden. De Heere vangt hen in fuiken van Zijn land. 8. Waar de aarde onder modder is, op de Emelis Shatau. 9. Violen des hemels weven de stemmen, op de Emelis Shatau. 10. Toon genade aan uw zonen. Teder trillen hun stemmen na, licht ontbrandt hun toorn, op de Emelis Shatau. 11. Liefde gaat op vleugelen, het Tweede Rome achterlatend, met Griekenland onder Zijn voeten, op de Emelis Shatau. 12. De maan als een haren zak, de zon zwart en onder koper, waar gouden kettingen hen kopen, die staan op de slee van smaragd. De koopkracht is des Heeren. Handelt dan met Hem. Koopt ogenzalf van zuiv're sterren, op 't altaar van uw levenslied. 13. Hij breekt de zon en de maan, en geeft Zijn profeten dubbel zicht. Laat dan uw genade verdubbelen. Zij die werken zullen ook oogsten. 14. Ja, God zal de luiën werpen in de buitenste duisternissen, maar vervloekt zij hen die de vermoeiden belasten. 15. Bent gij moe, weest dan moe in de Heere.

12.

Over het klagen

1. Zij die de thee van Marion drinken, en het beenmerg des Heeren kennen. Zij maakten zijn botten stijf, op de Emelis Shatau. 2. Gaat dan in tot Zijn Genade en Liefde, al gij werkers van de Heer. Ja, ook gij die in uw slaap hebt gewerkt. De Heere bemint Zijn slaapwerkers. 3. Laat niemand hen dan gering achten die dromen, want zij zullen bouwers der hemelen en eeuwigheden genoemd worden. 4. Ja, de Heere zal slaan al hen die de slaapwerkers verachtten, en zal hen niet onschuldig houden voor zijn tempelen. 5. Maar zalig hen die een schuilplaats boden aan hen die droomden, want zij

zullen genoemd worden wevers des Heeren. 6. Gij die droomt zijt dan een kind van Metensia. Maar als gij droomt, droomt dan in de Heere. 7. Hem die alle harten behoedt, late u welvaren. 8. Zij die de thee van Marion drinken, zij gaan van kracht tot kracht. De moeheid is hen als een vriend, zij maakten de botten des Heeren stijf. 9. Welzalig hen die niet bewegen, want zij zijn bouwers des Heeren. 10. Laat niemand deze kindekens gering achten en hen tegenhouden tot de Heere te komen, want voor hen is het paradijs des Heeren. 11. Rust dan van al uw boeken, en richt uw oog op de Heere, en Hij zal u de vleugelen van het paradijs geven. 12. Zijn arenden zullen u onderwijzen in uw slaap, acht daarom de moeheid niet gering, want zij is een wachter des Heeren, gezet aan de poorten van uw ziel. 13. Zij is dan de slaap des Heeren, de tweede ziel. Zij die niet slapen ziet toe dat gij haar niet verliest. 14. Bespot dan hen die slapen niet, en besteel hen ook niet, want dan zal de Heere uw ziel wegnemen en aan de wolven geven. 15. Zij die dan niet kunnen slapen : Gij zijt zalig indien gij waakt in de Heere. Gij zijt dan als vlammen die het graf des heeren bewaken. 16. De Heere zal u de ogen van arenden geven, en gij hebt niets te vrezen. 17. Houdt dan moed, zij die niet kunnen slapen, want gij zijt de kandelaren van de tweede gemeente. 18. En gij zult genoemd worden wakers des Heeren, hoeders van het paradijs. 19. Gij zult gaan van rust tot rust, en de Heere zal u hoge woorden in de nacht openbaren. 20. Ja, de vogelen des hemels zullen tot u komen om u te onderwijzen, en zij zullen uw ziel verzadigen en tot rust brengen. 21. Veracht de visioenen des Heeren dan niet, en legt u toe op Zijn dronkenschap. 22. Want de Geest des heeren is dronkenschap. En gij zult dronkenschap vinden in oude boeken, en niet in sterke drank. 23. Gij die ziek zijt : Drinkt dan van de thee van Marion. Want de Heere heeft u speciale genade verleend. 24. En indien gij ziek zijt : Weest ziek in de Heere, opdat gij niet tot de zieken der wereld wordt gerekend. 25. Draagt uw kruis als een Heilig kunstwerk des Heeren, en laat het niet van u afnemen voor Zijn tijd. Gij zult dan gaan van kruis tot kruis, en van heerlijkheid tot heerlijkheid. 26. Draagt dan ook het kruis van anderen, opdat gij uw kunstwerken vormt en hen deel laat hebben aan de Roze Verbinding. 27. Dit dan is het geheimenis van Metensia en Haar Tweede Woord. 28. Laat niemand dan de Roze Verbinding verachten, opdat hun deel niet weggenomen worde. Want er is geen andere vertering dan de Roze Verbinding, en hierin liggen de tijden des heeren weggelegd, als schatten van het vuur. 29. En gij draagt reeds haar golven als de lijm des Heeren in de dieptes en verborgenheden van uw lichamen. 30. Laten zij dan die ziek zijn in de Heere en de thee van Marion drinken zich verheugen, want zij zijn het vuur des Heeren, verbindende de harten van het Koninkrijk. 31. Ja, zij zijn de koorden van het paradijs en haar voorhoven, om kindekens hand in hand binnen te laten gaan. 32. Ja, zij zijn de vleugelen des Heeren, en de bron van al Zijn geheimenissen. 33. Treurt en klaagt dan niet teveel over uw ziekte, want zij brengen u tot een verborgenheid des Heeren. En gij zult des Heeren zijn. 34. En tot hen die klagen : Als gij klaagt, klaagt dan in de Heere, en gij zult de verzoeters der kindekens zijn.

13.

Gods nabijheid bij hen die ziek zijn

1. Denkt dan niet dat de Heere u verworpen heeft in uw ziekte. De Heere heeft u immers Zijn Woord gezonden. En ziet, het Woord des Heeren is vlees geworden onder u. 2. Zij dan die op de Heere Heere vertrouwen zullen dan niet beschaamd worden. 3. Stel uw vertrouwen dan op Hem, want Hij is Zachtmoedig van Geest. 4. Vindt dan troost in oude boeken, en laat u niet beangstigen. Zij die angstig zijn, zijn des Heeren. 5. De Heere Heere zal u opwekken ten jongste dagen, en gij zult kinderen van God genoemd worden. 6. De Heere is genadig en zachtmoedig tot hen die ziek zijn. 7. Gij draagt dan een juk des Heeren, en gij hebt niemand te vrezen. 8. Houdt dan goede moed,

want gij zult profeten des heeren genoemd worden. De Heere is bij de moedelozen van hart. 9. Want ook de Heere kent hen allen, daar Hij de man van smarten en ziekten was. 10. Gij volgt dan Jezus de Gekruisigde, die alle ziekten kent. 11. Laten hen die gezond zijn zich dan afvragen of zij het kruis des heeren dragen. Want de Heere bepaalt wat ziekte en gezondheid is. 12. De gezondheid der wereld is dan zieker dan het zieke van God. 13. Zij dan die het kruis dragen, hebben een dokter in huis. 14. Welzalig hen die ziek zijn in de Heere, want zij zullen het Woud des Heeren zien, en de zwanen des hemels. 15. Welzalig hen die hun stervensweg gaan in de Heere, want zij zullen de kunstwerken des hemels zien. 16. Dubbel zalig zijt gij die genaderd zijt tot de verre voorhoven van de Emelis Shatau. Maar indien gij nadert, nadert in de Heere, opdat gij niet door een vuur verslonden worde. 17. Dubbel zalig zijt gij die de rijkdommen van Marions huis kent. Weet dan dat geen enkele spotter deze dingen zal beervan. Zij zullen het loon en oordeel der farizeeers ontvangen. 18. Indien gij dan een farizeer of een spotter wil zijn, weest deze dingen in de Heere. 19. Indien gij dan een leugenaar of tovenaars wilt wezen, een luie of een geldgierige, weest deze dingen dan in de Heere, opdat Hij u kleine genade geeft op de Dag des Oordeels. Maar ziet toe dat gij niet valle in het lot der huichelaars, want het was beter voor hen indien zij niet geboren waren. 20. Maar ook zij, en gij allen, zijt gereedschap des Heeren.

Niks buiten het kruis

21. Laten uw woorden dan veelal mystiek zijn, als wanneer gij spreekt tegen geliefden tussen duizenden distels. Omdat velen onder u dit vergeten zijn heeft hun geloof schipbreuk geleden. 22. Hangt dan het ijs en de stilte aan. En verdedigt u niet, geliefden, want de Heere uw God is uw verdediging. 23. Want alle haat en minachting, alle valse nederigheid komt voort uit verdediging. En de verdediging haat het ijs en de stilte. Ja, zulke dingen hebben dan niets op met het kruis van Christus en het Tweede. 24. Leert dan het ijs zonder de verdediging aan te hangen, en laat de verdediging over aan de Heere. De Heere zal u arendsogen geven om de heidenen te verbrijzelen zonder vuur. 25. Laat dan niemand uwer denken dat er enige verbrijzeling is buiten het kruis om. 26. Legt dan uw gedachten stil in God.

14.

Niet verschrikt zijn

1. Gij dan die door mensen en farizeeers verschrikt zijt, en door hen die het woord predikten : Laat u niet wederom verschrikken, want de Heere zal u Zijn Vreze geven, en dit zal genezing voor uw gebeente zijn, daar dit het loof en kruid des hemels is. 2. Vreest daarom niet voor mensen en hun woorden, en vreest hen niet die door het vlees profeteren, want de Heere heeft hun voorhoofden gebonden. 3. Laten zij die vrezen in de Heere vrezen. 4. Kunt gij dan van vlees Godsspraak verwachten ? Vreest hen dan niet die des vlezes zijn, want gij weet waar zij naartoe gaan. 5. En laten zij die werk verrichten geen dank en eer van mensen verwachten, want zij werken onder een boos geslacht. Uw loon is des heeren. Doet dan werk als voor de Heere, en gij zult uw zielen behouden en zaligen. 6. Hoopt dan niet op mensen, want dit is verdorring voor uw gebeente. Hoopt op God, want Hij zal zich laten kennen. Gij weet dan dat de Heere Heere Zich laat kennen in ijs. Zalig hen die het ijs en de stilte liefhebben. 7. Nadert dan tot de Ravalon Madok, waar het huis des Heeren staat. En in Zijn huis zijn vele woningen, daar de Vader het bereid heeft. 8. Zalig zij die de ontstekingen des Heeren dragen. Zij zijn als de vulkanen des hemels en hebben vele zielen verborgen. 9. Gij weet dan dat Zijn tepelen zijn voortgekomen uit zijn ontstekingen, als gevoelige plaatsen des Heeren. Zeer licht ontbrandt Zijn toorn, en dit heeft de Tweede Karazuur

voortgebracht. 10. Ziet dan, in het laatste der dagen zal de witte panter zich vermengen met de witte tijger. En hij zal legeroverste der karazuren zijn.

15.

Over recht en onrecht

1. Roept dan, zij die op heilige bergen staan. Roept en blaast de bazuinen. Want de Heere Heere is tot u nedergedaald, Hij en Zijn tienduizenden. 2. En Hij zal u leiden tot een plaats genaamd het tweede Harmageddon, waar de Heere en de Zijnen strijd voeren op de Ravalon Madok. 3. Ja, daar is oorlogszaad in koperen helmen, en de Heere beweegt Zich als een strijdswagen. 4. Hij zal koningen binden, en vlammen doen ontsteken in hen die de witte klederen dragen. 5. Aldus zal Hij u leiden tot het tweede Pniel en gij zult met de Heere strijden. Ziet dan, de Heere Heere is één. 6. Ken Hem in al uw wegen, en worstelt met Hem in gebed, opdat gij één zijt met de Heere. Alleen hen die Zijn juk dragen en door Hem zijn geslagen zijn des Heeren. 7. Gij dan zult de echtbreuk haten, daar de Heere het haat. Laat dan uw banden slijten voor het aangezicht des Heeren, want de Heere is het die de gelederen scheidt. 8. Hebt gij u dan in het echt verbonden voor de staat : Geeft de staat wat van de staat is, en laat u niet wederom door de staat lossnijden. Waarom zoudt gij de vloek verdubbelen ? 9. De Heere draagt het Zwaard, en gij siddert voor het aangezicht van Eminius. 10. Gij dan die recht zoekt bij de rechters der wereld : Vervloekt zijt gij, want gij hebt de harten uwer kinderen verbitterd. De Heere is Degene die het recht draagt. 11. Zij dan die recht zoeken bij de rechters der wereld en zij die de echtbreuk aanhangen mogen niet in de gemeente des Heeren komen. 12. Hen wacht een vuur brandende in de tweede hel, die nog verschrikkelijker zal wezen dan het eerste. 13. Waarschuwt dan uw kinderen en tuchtigt hen reeds vroeg, en weet wel dat dit een gebod des Heeren is. 14. Zij dan die lijden onder het recht der wereld : Het onrecht des Heeren is rechtvaardiger dan de rechters der wereld. 15. En gij zult op deze woorden acht geven als op een lamp brandende in de duisternis, opdat uw zielen welvaren. 16. De Heere Heere spot met de armelijke wereldgeesten, en doet hen vergaan als bloemen in brandende storm. 17. Is het dan niet de Heere die koninkrijken doet opkomen en weer laat vergaan ? Vreest Hem dan die het recht draagt de aarde en de hemelen en al wat daarin is om te buigen. 18. Kent gij dan het verschil niet tussen recht en onrecht ? Laat dan af van hen die nog niet eens het verschil tussen hun linker en rechterhand kennen. 19. Zij die recht zoeken, zoeke recht in de Heere. Maar laat u liever slaan, daar de tuchtigingen des Heeren tot zaligheid leiden. 20. Zijt gij dan al zonder zonden dat gij niet meer geslagen dient te worden ? Laat dan af van het zelfmedelijden en de valse bezorgdheid die uw zielen verderven en u op de stoel van Eli laten zitten. 21. Zoekt dan een goede rechter die uw vlees niet spaart, opdat gij bevrijdt moge worden van uzelf. 22. Wordt dan een tweede mens, en laat uw verstand verlichten. 23. Groeit dan op voor de Heere, om de overleggingen van het jonge te ontgroeien. Legt uw gedachten stil in God. 24. Gij zult lachen om de vele wildernissen der jeugd, want zij zijn als de winden der eis. 25. En gij kent deze eis als het kind des Heeren, openende haar mond tot het spelen van het spel. 26. Vele winden kunt gij niet ontwijken, maar de Heere zal u de gaten van Zijn Woud laten zien, waardoor gij kunt ontsnappen.

16.

Het lijden van het jonge

1. Door vele tranen ziet gij de flessen des Heeren, en zij die deze flessen dragen zijn ouder. 2. Gij die jong zijt zal veel moeten lijden, maar ziet toe dat gij het lijden niet veracht, opdat het niet van u wegvluchtte en gij zult verhongeren. 3. Ja, want in het laatste der dagen zullen velen de dood

zoeken hetwelke zij zo bespot en veracht hebben, en zij zullen haar niet vinden. 4. En dan zullen zij de duisternis zoeken, maar het zal van hen wegvlieden in angst. 5. Ja, dan zult gij die gezond waart smeken tot het Kruis van Christus de Wilde, maar zij zal zich niet laten kennen. 6. In die dagen zullen de hemelen gesloten blijven, en er zal een tijd van honger zijn. 7. En zij zullen elkaar eten en vervolgen, zij die niet van het kruis hebben gegeten. 8. Weest dan als een discipel van de Tweede Christus, opdat gij u rein houde van deze dingen. 9. De Heere zal de Karazuur van het Tweede tot u zenden om uw poorten te bewaken, en er zal licht zijn bij uw ingang en uitgang. 10. Hen dan die discipelen zijn van het Tweede hebben de macht ontvangen om kinderen Gods te worden. 11. Laat u dan niet meer verslinden door de wildernissen van het eerste. Gij bent immers opgegroeid. 12. Laat u dan ook niet meer leiden tot overleggingen en strijd over de dopen, want het Tweede kent geen andere doop dan de doop des Geestes. 13. Indien iemand zijn kind wil dopen om zijn geweten, doe het als in de Heere. Indien iemand zijn kind niet wil laten dopen, laat het, als in de Heere. 14. Laat dan niemand u hierom oordelen. Maar zij die volwassen geworden zijn houden zich niet meer bezig met waterdopen. 15. Weet dan dat u niet tot volgroeïing kunt komen, indien gij nog vasthoudt aan de waterdopen. Doopt uzelfen dan elke dag in de Geest. 16. Want deze dingen zijn slechts schaduwen van de dingen die komen gaan. Komt dan tot de wateren des hemels, en doopt uzelfen daar aanhoudend, opdat gij daarin eeuwig leve en macht ontvange om toegang te vinden tot het Woud des Hemels. 17. Gij dan die als kind besprengd zijt, laat uzelve bevrijden. Gij dan die als volwassene gedoopt zijt, dit was slechts de angst en eis der tijden. Gij hebt geen mens van node om u te laten dopen, daar de Heere doopt in Geest, ijs en vuur. 18. Gij weet dan dat in vroegere tijden men hun kinderen en dieren liet dopen in het vuur der aarde, en later in het water der aarde. Gij dan zult dopen in het ijs des geestes. 19. Laten hen die elkaar nog onderdrukken met de dopen des vlezes weten dat over zulke dingen de toorn des heeren komt. 20. Gij die jong zijt : Eert hen die ouder zijn en gebruik het altaar in vrezen en beven.

17.

Voorschriften en levenswijzen

1. De Heere heeft de zachtmoedigen lief. Weest dan langzaam tot oordelen, opdat de Heere uw ziel niet vertere. 2. De Heere haat de kringen der spotters. Zij zullen zelf bespot worden, en de honden zullen hun vlees eten. 3. Want gij moet goed weten dat geen enkele spotter of echtbreker het Koninkrijk des Hemelen zal beerven. Scheidt u dan af van hen die spotten, opdat gij niet in hun oordeel valle. 4. Vervloekt gij die een schuilplaats heeft voor een echtbreker, want zij zullen verteerd worden met de echtbreker. 5. De Heere zal niet onschuldig houden hem die een echtbreker in huis haalt. 6. De Heere zal hem tot een spot in open stad maken, en hem ontbloten onder de wolven. En zijn vlees zal drievoudig gegeten worden. 7. Zalig hen wiens ogen in de Heere zijn, want zij zullen sluiten als eb en vloed. 8. Zalig hen die de profeten Gods een beker koud water gegeven hebben, en dubbel zalig zijn hen die de profeten Gods wijn geschonken hebben. 8. Want zij zullen het loon van een profeet ontvangen. Vervloekt zij hen die niet met de profeten Gods rekenen. 9. Zij zullen het loon van de tweede Izebel en Jom ontvangen. 10. En zij die klagen : klaagt in de Heere. En sommigen onder u zijn hierin als de engelen geweest. 11. Zalig hen die voorlezen uit de geschriften des Heeren. Doet dan het Woord des Heeren, opdat Hij het niet wegneme en Hij u overlevere aan de misleiding. 12. Zalig hen die hongeren naar gerechtigheid. Zij zullen geen schade lijden van de vierde dood. 13. Zalig hen die peinzen, want zij zullen voor vele zonden bewaard blijven. 14. Ja, zij zullen naderen tot de voorhoven van het paradijs, en het huis van Marion. 15. Vervloekt zij hen die de profeten Gods onderdrukken, want zij zullen het juk van de profeet dragen.

16. De zachtmoedigen dan zullen de aarde beerven en haar vruchten bewaken. 17. Zij zullen de jongeren tot inzicht leiden, en zij zullen niet sterven tot in lengte van dagen. 18. Ja, voor hen is het vrede-rijk des Heeren. Zij zullen zangers der slaapliden-deren genoemd worden. 19. Vervloekt zijn dan die vrouwen die hun mannen het inzicht ontnemen, want hun vruchten zullen door de honden gegeten worden. 20. En ziet, zij zijn dan als de bomen des satans, zulke vrouwen, en niet verre van de ontworteling. 21. Laat uw levens dan zijn als het Woord des Heeren en het Tweede. 22. Vervloekt zij hen die hun baard oeverloos afsnijden. Want dit staat bij de Heere bekend als het slachten van een dier. 23. Ja, onheilige priesters zijn zulken, en de Heere zal niet met hen rekenen. 24. De baard nu is het sieraad van de man, vol van de koorden van de dieren des hemels. Vervloekt is dan een profeet zonder baard, tenzij de Heere hem in een tijd van reiniging onderhoudt. 25. Mannen, scheert uw borsthaar niet, tenzij de Heere u dat bevolen heeft. 26. Wie haar laat groeien en wie scheere, doe het in de Heere. Wie dan een man veracht om zijn haar of kaalheid, de Heere straffe u. Gij staat gelijk aan één die vlees eet. 27. Wie dan een vrouw veracht om haar kaalheid, het is beter dat een molensteen om de nek van zo'n spotter wordt gebonden. 28. Wie zijt gij dat gij een ander oordeelt om zijn haargroei of kaalheid ? Is dit niet aan de Heere ? De Heere nu ziet het hart aan. 29. Een kind dan die een oudere man bespot zult gij zwaar tuchtigen, daar deze wond tot zijn ziel reikt. 30. Gij zult dit kind voor enige tijd afzonderen en de toegang ontzeggen tot de kringen van zijn leeftijd. 31. Ja, gij zult dit kind bespotten met de dubbele maat, opdat hij het spotten aflere. 32. Ouders die hun spottende kinderen niet tuchtigen zullen in een streng oordeel des Heeren komen. 33. Hen die tuchtigende ouders veroordelen, hen wacht het vuur van de tweede hel. 34. Ongenadig zal het oordeel zijn over zulken. 35. Bespot dan niet hen die dik of dun zijn, lang of kort, want zulke spotters zullen niet in de gemeente des Heeren mogen komen. 36. Houdt elkander dan niet tegen de poorten des geestes binnen te treden. 37. Gij hebt dan geen idee wat dik of dun is, daar uw ogen verblind zijn. Zoekt dan het oog des Heeren. 38. Want het dikke Gods is dikker dan hetgeen in de wereld is, en het dunne Gods is dunner dan het riet der rivieren. 39. Hij die dan niet met deze dingen rekent, met hem worde niet gerekend. 40. Gij dan die in de Heere zijt bent genaderd tot het dikke Gods door Spricht. 41. Zij dan die hun ogen gebruiken om anderen te misbruiken, de Heere zal uw ogen uitrukken.

18.

Weest dan als de dieren

1. Kleedt u dan eenvoudig voor het aangezicht des Heeren, de natuur gelijk, met oog op de armen. Tenzij u daarover andere voorschriften des Heeren hebt ontvangen. 2. De Heere heeft zijn profeten geesten der vrijheid gegeven. Laat u dan niet binden. 3. Hoe u uzelf dan ook kleedt : Doet het in de Heere. 4. De Heere heeft de kleding der vreemden lief, daar zij de weg des heeren bereiden. 5. De Heere geeft niet om kleding, daar zij de zinnen afleiden van de Tweede Christus. 6. Aanschouwt dan de naaktheid der natuur en zijn bedekkingen, en zondert uzelf af. 7. Pronkt dan niet met uw lichamen, daar zij lichamen des doods zijn onder het oude en eerste verbond. Doet dan het tweede aan, en de Heere zal uw vlees veranderen. Wanneer gij roemt, roeme in de Heere. 8. Heeft de natuur u dan niet genoeg lusten gegeven ? Weest dan dierlijk en houdt uzelf rein. 9. Leert de dieren Gods kennen, opdat gij de wet zult vervullen. 10. Wanneer gij dan naakt bent of gekleed, doet het in de Heere. De Heere Heere is een verterend vuur. 11. Zoekt uw bedekkingen in de Heere, en weest niet onrein. Leest in oude boeken, om de verborgenheden des Heeren te kennen. 12. De Heere heeft veel verborgen in oude schatten. Verspilt uw tijd niet aan onzuiverheid. 13. Laten uw wonden u dan verzadigen, opdat gij de tere vleugelen des Heeren zult ontvangen. 14. Gij dan die de Heere kent,

gij zult enige tijd ontbloot zijn, maar deze dagen zijn als de bedekkingen des heeren. 15. Leert dan zijn geheimenissen kennen. Wat naaktheid en bedekking is bepaalt de Heere. 16. Het naakte Gods is dan uw bedekking. De veren des Heeren dan zijn naaktheid. Zalig hen die dezen dragen.

19.

De engel Rumah

1. Gij hebt dan nog niet afgelegd de zonde die u zo licht in de weg staat. 2. En deze zonden zijn als zonen van een oude tijd. Doet dan de Geest des Heeren aan en hangt de geesten gods aan, opdat gij de zonen van vreugd en heiligheid ontvangt. 3. Er zijn dan geen vruchten zonder de naaktheid des heeren. 4. En gij dient daarnaar te streven als naar in licht gereinigd goud. 5. Het onreine des Heeren is dan reiner dan de mensen. Maar de Heere uwer zielen heeft u niet bestemd tot onreinheid, maar tot zuivere reinheid. 6. En gij dient daarop acht te geven als op de sneeuw des heeren, die sommigen van hen die in de duisternis waren witter heeft gemaakt dan het witte van de zon. 7. Gij dan die het ijs des Heeren niet kent, hoe kunt gij de sneeuw kennen ? 8. Laten zij dan die zich sieren, zich sieren in de Heere. 9. En alleen zij die profeten Gods zijn mogen zich sieren. Hetzij om te vernietigen, hetzij om op te bouwen. 10. Laat uw sieraad dan van binnen zijn. De stilte van een vrouw is dan haar sieraad, en zij die tranen hebben en daarbij de tranen der profeten dragen, hebben de sneeuw Gods als sieraad. 11. Ja, zij zijn als de tweede Pazzia voor de Heere, als de heilige Magdalene. 12. Ja, over hen waakt de engel Sarsia met haar tienduizenden. 13. Zij zijn onderwezen door de engel Rumah, die de vreze der profeten draagt. 14. Heilige vrouwen zijn zij, en de schepping des heeren wacht in grote barensnood en reikhalzend verlangen op het openbaar worden van de dochters Gods. 15. Maar zij die het ijs des Heeren niet kennen hebben part noch deel aan deze zaak en haar geslachten. 16. Kent dan de boom Gods brandende in de hemelen, want haar vruchten vallen op de aarde om de afvalligen te verzengen. 17. En hun as zal tot olie en schuim zijn in de sieraden der profeten. Dit spreekt hij die het gezicht heeft als een vuurvlam.

20.

Het Wilde Gods en de Vrijheid

1. Weet dan dat aan het einde der tijden spotters zullen komen, om het heilige te bespotten. En zij van de inquisitie zullen in het laatste der dagen opstaan, en zij zullen vele martelaren hebben. 2. Let dan goed op want zij dragen het tweede teken van het beest. 3. Maar de Heere zal uw hoofden beschermen, gij die genaderd zijn tot Hem. 4. Vecht dan niet al te zeer tegen de stenen des Heeren, maar gij doet dit om uw jongheid. 5. Wanneer gij ouder wordt zult gij u in deze dingen berusten. 6. Weet dan dat de engel Rumah de kindekens leidt en hoedt en zij houdt de tijden des Heeren in haar hand. Ja, zij is een engel des Heeren. 7. Zij is het die de planeten in hun banen leidt, en zij laat u gaan van jaar tot jaar. 8. Ja, zij is de bewaakster van de seizoenen des Heeren, en zij zegent en brengt tot rust hen die ouder zijn. 9. Ja, ook gij bent op weg naar de schuilplaatsen van rust, want de jeugd is hard en wild. 10. Maar ook gij weet dat het wilde Gods wilder is dan de wereld, en het harde Gods is harder. 11. Zo is Hij dan de steen der zaligheid, en heeft Hij zijn bok van zaligheid gezonden. 12. En Hij heeft uit die rots melk geslagen, ten overvloeieus toe. 13. De Heere Heere heeft u daarin niet als wezen achtergelaten, maar Hij leidde u van melk tot melk. 14. Nu, met de jaren, bent u gekomen tot de Matadok, waarin hij rust heeft bereid. 15. Strijdt dan om in te gaan, maar werkt dan niet met de ellebogen, en veracht het nestelen niet. 16. Weest dan als de vogelen des hemels, achtgevende op de seizoenen des Heeren. Leert elkander daarin en laat elkander vrij. Dit is dan ook verbonden aan het ijs des Heeren en Zijn gebod. 17. Laat dan de kettingen vieren, opdat gij

niet onder druk komt te staan. 18. De Heere heeft u de macht gegeven te vergeten en dingen te herzien. Zo zijn er dan vele talen des Heeren. 19. Gij doet er dan goed aan de talen der mensen en de talen der engelen te leren. 20. Hecht u dan niet te erg aan één ding, tenzij de Heere u daarin voor een tijd rust laat vinden. 21. Hecht elkaar ook niet teveel vast aan woorden en talen, maar leert de harten te verstaan. De Heere heeft vele koorden. 22. Dient dan de Heere in de Geest van Vrijheid, en dient elkaar daarin. 23. Het Woord kent dan vele streken.

21.

Over jonge en oude profeten

1. Hecht dan vele tijd aan het vertalen, zo zult gij het gebod der apostelen vervullen en de strijd uitdoven. 2. Gij dan hebt een vlam des heeren voor zijn aangezicht ontvangen, om Hem te verstaan. 3. Veracht dan het wilde en de dwaasheid der jonge profeten niet, maar brengt hen rust opdat zij u zullen sparen. 4. Onthoudt hen het inzicht niet, en vertaalt hun woorden als Woorden des Heeren. 5. Bevrijdt hen van hun ketenen, maar leert hen ook van het juk. Zij dan dragen het juk der profeten en dieren. 6. Geeft hen ijs met vuur, maar laat het vuur niet weg, opdat zij niet verbitterd raken naar u. 7. Vernedert hen niet en doet hen niet beschaamd staan, opdat zij geen irritaties naar u koesteren en u in uw oude dagen in de steek laten. 8. De Heere Heere is een verterend vuur. Ook is de Heere wraakzuchtig tot hen die zijn profeten in hun jonge jaren gekwetst hebben. 9. Laten dan oude profeten vertrouwd met wonden en voorzichtigheid, en hen die de dingen des geestes zoeken, de jonge profeten hoeden. 10. Laat u dan wel weten dat dit een gebod des Heeren is. 11. Zalig dan de oudere profeten die wild en dwaas zijn, want zij zullen dienstknechten des Heeren genoemd worden, en Zijn vederen dragen. 12. Ja, want de wildheid en dwaasheid der profeten zijn hun sieraden, indien zij vanuit het verborgene voortkomen en terugkeren. Zij dan zullen zijn als eb en vloed des Heeren. 13. En met deze sieraden hebben zij grote macht over de demonen van het tweede, en de macht om de Heere te kennen in alle dingen. 14. Ja, en de karazuren zullen tot dezen brullen en hen dienen. Laat dan het ijs en de stilte u tot sieraad zijn, opdat de schillen des geestes kunnen komen en gij niet aangevreten wordt, want de Heere Heere is als een roofdier. 15. Gij dan allen die in reinheid leeft hebbe het Tweede Bloed tot uw bedekking, opdat de Heere tegen u niet toorne. 16. Herzie dan uw oude gedachten, en laat hen dan volwassen worden, opdat de Heere niet kome om het Tweede van u weg te nemen. 17. Klaagt dan niet over hen in ijs. Of zij in vuur of in ijs zijn, dat gaat de Heere aan. 18. Zijn kou nu is heter dan het vuur der mensen, en Zijn hitte is kouder dan de ijspegelen der aarde. 19. Er is geen einde aan de veelvuldigheid van wetten, maar een geestelijk strijder met list reikt tot aan de Karazuur. 20. Gij kent misschien het spreekwoord : Rozen gezwart tot de Aakse zijn onvernietigbaar. Maar niet alle rozen zijn gezwart tot de Aakse, en zij zijn reeds verloren.

Het Eeuwig Evangelie

De Steen der Hermitaten

1. Hermitaten
2. De Openbaring van Maser

Hermitaten

1.

Rapunzel

1. Brandende braamstruiken zijn in het land des Heeren. Laat me slapen, laat me wegglijden. Ik wil niet meer spreken, mijn woorden doen pijn. 2. Toe, raak me niet meer aan, het brandt me en snijdt me. Brandende braamstruiken zijn in het land des Heeren. 3. Laat me slapen, laat hen me niet wegnemen. Ik kan het leven niet aan. Het komt als de dood over me. Ze hebben de beesten van het leven tot me gezonden, en dood wil ik ook niet. Ik verkies het Golgotha. Waar de deuren smal zijn, tot de velden van Spricht. 4. Zij rijden op de haaien. Zij voeren mij tot het nachtlating, tot het mystieke des Heeren. Ik wil Zijn namen kennen, waar kom ik vandaan ? Wie zijn dan Gods vaders, of heeft Hij die niet, en wie zijn dan zijn moeders waarbij hij kwam met zijn verdriet. 5. Hij gaf zijn zoon de doornenkroon, als een erfenis van Zijn moeder. Als een lichtend kind was ik. Nu ben ik verzaagd en moede. Ik ben op reis, een mystieke reis, naar de vogelen die Hem schiepen. 6. Of heeft Hij dan zichzelf geschapen. waar kwam Hij dan uit voort ? Er zijn dan zoveel vragen in het beminnen. 7. Toe, wijs mij de weg, toe geef mij een koord. De oude wegen zijn hier versperd, door enkelen verboden. Heere, straf hen die de canon opstelden, die kooien maakten voor uw schapen. 8. Zij die de herder volgden om het vlees, straf hen, laat hen niet ontkomen. Zij verborgen uw naam. Zij hebben het hek der eeuwen geschapen. Zij die nog vlees eten proberen angstvallig deze geschiedenissen tegen te houden. 9. Gij die de koe eet, gij eet de moederhemel. Weet gij dan niet dat dieren Gods geheimenissen verkondigen ? Zijn moeder was als de koe. Waarom zoudt gij die hemelen sluiten ? Gij die het varken eet, gij eet de vaderhemel. 10. Waarom zoudt gij nog de vrouw der katachtigen volgen en haar zonen ?

11. Zeven zonen heb ik u gegeven, zeven zonen bracht ik als gewas der liefde, omdat gij mij hebt bemint. Zeven zonen heb ik u gegeven, zeven zonen bracht ik als de vrucht der omhelzing, die gij gaf aan mij. 12. Kom laten wij dansen in de weiden, waar een verloren weg ons leidt. 13. Kom laat ons dansen in de velden, in de wildernissen, laat de dorens je niet weerhouden. Laat de dorens je niet weerhouden van het geluk te proeven. 14. Ze steken diep om bronnen van honing te openen. Zeven zonen heb ik je gegeven.

15. Bij het oude raam sta ik, barsten in de muren. Kon ik maar reiken tot de maan en sterren als de vogels des hemels. En onder dit vuur, het brandt mij weg. 16. Door sloten heb ik gestrompeld, om jouw hand te vinden. Kom laten wij nu weg gaan, of kan het niet meer. 17. Kom laten we gaan, we waren hier te lang. Nu is het tijd om te omhelzen, en samen weg te vliegen.

18. Over het hek der eeuwen, over de hondenhaag, daar waar Mozes nog steeds lijdt, en het volk nog steeds in slavernij verkeert. 19. We zijn nu vrij, wie volgen kunnen volgen mij. Rapunzel, zo lang dan opgesloten in de toren. 20. Je haren nu lang genoeg, om de bodem te raken. Ik trek me aan je op. Maar toen ik boven kwam, je was reeds gestorven. 21. Je haren waren grijs, en verdorven. Nu stond ik daar alleen, daar in die hoge toren, mijn baard begon te groeien, en ik moest wachten als een eeuw. Degene die zich omhoog zal trekken aan mijn baard, zal mij gestorven vinden. 22. Het verhaal van twee beminden, we vinden elkaar alleen in de dood. Jij was het die mijn baard daar vond, Rapunzel, dat was jij.

23. Ik ben gestoken door duizend rozen, zij brachten mij tot een liefdeswei, waar koeien bloeiden aan de bomen, in Brannan waren zij. Ik kan niet meer eten, ik kan niet meer slapen, in zwijm brachten zij mij.

24. Oh, wortels van genade, zij reiken diep om zondaren te beschamen. Genade is alleen voor de reinen van hart, zij die hun harten hebben gezuiverd.

25. Oh, wortels van genade, zij reiken diep om leugenaars te beschamen. Zij zijn alleen voor hen die rechtvaardig zijn.

2.

Het herstel van Izu

1. En ik zag een beeld vallen uit de hemelen, en het beeld kroop langzaam weer op als tegen een berg. En het beeld ging staan en kreeg grote macht. En het beeld had tenen van verschillende soorten edelstenen en metalen gemaakt. 2. En ik zag boeken geopend worden in de hemel en de stenen en metalen tenen begonnen één voor één af te brokkelen. 3. En toen de eerste stenen en metalen teen was afgebrokkeld zag ik een deur opengaan in de hemel, en op die deur stond Brannan geschreven. 4. En de vliegen des hemels kwamen tot de aarde om hen die koeien aten te steken. En grote bulten verschenen op hen die zich niet bekeerden. 5. En toen de tweede stenen en metalen teen was afgebrokkeld zag ik een andere deur in de hemel opengaan, en op die deur stond geschreven : Lapondria. 6. En de Heere sprak : Nu zal de Karazuur tot de aarde komen, en de wespen des hemels. En ik zag hen die varkens aten vuurrood worden, en zij die zich niet bekeerden kregen overal grote ontstekingen. 7. En de Heere sprak : het licht is nu tot de aarde gekomen. Wee hen die nog vlees eten als de derde deur opengaat. 8. En ik zag de derde stenen en metalen teen afbrokkelen, en deze teen was zeer groot, en begon te brullen en te roepen tot de hemelen. 9. En de heiligen in die dagen hadden zeer vele verdrukkingen te dragen vanwege het gebrul. 10. En de Heere zond zijn engel, en sprak : Laat dan nu de derde deur geopend worden. En ik zag een grote deur geopend worden, en haar licht scheen tot in het diepste der aarde. En ik zag een boek van ijs verschijnen voor de poort, en het licht was als het zilver. 11. En de Heere sprak : Nu zal Izu hersteld worden. En Hij sprak over de tepel des Heeren. En melk begon te stromen, en deze melk was zoet. 12. En op de deur stond geschreven : Het Grote Kanaan. En de Heere richtte Zich tot het Kleine Kanaan, en zij droegen paarse hoge hoeden. En de Heere sprak : Ziet, gij zijt één geworden met de kooplieden der aarde. En ik zag een vierde teen afbrokkelen, en deze teen was als van vlees, en zij had vele wapenen. En de Heere sprak : Ziet, zij heeft de plantengroei schade toe gebracht. 13. En de teen vatte vlam en begon te gillen tegen de heiligen en de profeten. 14. En de Heere zond een apostel des hemels, en zijn macht was groot. En zie, de teen was als een vrouw, en de apostel begon tot haar te spreken, duizenddrieenzestig dagen. 15. En onder het verbond van Hosea kwam hij tot haar en zij baarde een boek van zwijm en ijs. En vanuit het boek begon wijn te stromen en velen kwamen tot rust en zwijm. 16. En de Heere genas vele harten.

Het groot worden van Izu

17. En de Heere bracht een leger van profeten groot in grote barensnood, en Hij baarde, zeggende : Laat dan het mannelijke vruchtbaar wezen. 18. En de Heere begon het leger der profeten te ziften, want zij die niet als de kinderen wilden zijn mochten de gemeente des Heeren niet binnenkomen. 19. En de Heere begon straffen op hen te leggen die kippen aten, en een vierde deur werd geopend in de hemel. 20. En zij van de Karazuur begonnen hen te verslinden die zich niet hadden bekeerd van het eten van kippen. 21. En dit waren de dagen van Lapsalvania, en deze dagen waren groot. In

deze dagen kwamen de vliegen der hel tegen de spinnen des hemels in opstand, maar Izu begon groot te worden. 22. En in die dagen was er bescherming in Izu, en de discipelen des Heeren begonnen Zijn tepelen te dragen om het volk van melk des hemels te voorzien. En de melk was zoet. 23. En Izu kreeg een zware beker die alleen hij kon dragen, en een staf die alleen hij kon dragen. En hij begon de volkeren te voeden en te slaan. 24. En de kippen des hemels kwamen tot de aarde, en zij spraken : 'Ja, Eminijs is waarlijk groot.' 25. En de Heere zegende Izu, terwijl de vijfde teen van het beeld begon af te brokkelen. En kou kwam tot de aarde, zevenvoudig, en de teen werd als een vrouw. 26. En weer zond de Heere een apostel des hemels, om in het verbond van Hosea tot haar te komen. 27. En grote verdrukkingen kwamen tot de aarde. En velen gingen als in gevangenschap, maar Kabbernal begon de heiligen te hoeden en werd vlees. 28. En een vijfde deur werd geopend in de hemel genaamd het blauwe vuur, en dit vuur was als het brandende ijs, en werd als een zon. 29. En de zegels der honden werden verbroken, driehonderdzes en zestig in aantal. 30. En een beeld in de hemel verscheen, en zij droeg een snavel als de teen der vogels, en de kop van het beeld geleek op een spin. 31. En de Heere sprak : 'Dit is de zesde teen, en deze teen is heilig.' 32. En ik zag het beeld dat uit de hemelen was gevallen en weer was opgerezen wankelen. En de naam van de heilige teen der vogels was Perlottia, en zij leidde een schare van gevleugelde insecten die het beeld der aarde begonnen te eten, terwijl het instortte. 33. En de maaltijd duurde zeven volle dagen.

3.

De wereldschepen

1. Laat dan het grote Metensia u leiden tot het schip der liefde. Dan zult gij varende door bloemenwateren de hemelpoorten van Kabbernal bereiken. 2. Oh gij, die tot de wereldschepen zijt gekomen, en tot het schip van Metensia, laat haar dan uw winden leiden. 3. Vrees dan niet de stormen der gewesten, want zij zullen uw sieraden laten branden als kandelaren in de nacht. 4. Smeekt dan vurig om de Tranen Gods, als honing voor uw boten. 5. En Haar haren zullen vlammen van verdooving, en gij zult haar verzegelde tranen zien. Laat haar Tranen u dan dronken maken, opdat gij verlichting brengt tot haar hart. 6. Dooft dan haar vlam niet uit, maar breekt de zegels der wateren. 7. En steeds hoger klinkt haar stem, als zij de berg bestijgt, en haar nachtgewaad bedekt de wateren, voor het stille nachtlatin. 8. Haar slaapliederen verdoven harten, en brengen de wateren tot stilte. 9. In haar Tranen beeft het heilig zaad, gemanteld door haar liefde. 10. Scherpe pijlen zijn op haar boog, door wonden vinden zij hun weg, om paden in de duisternis te maken. 11. Zalig zij die tot haar Tranen genaderd zijn, haar zeven Geesten. 12. En de Lichten van Spricht stralen in haar Tranen. 13. Haar monden zijn verzegeld. Laat hen spreken. Zij brengt zoete woorden en zoete wijn, om harten te verdoven, om genezing te brengen tot hen in zwijm. 14. Laat haar Verstand uw sieraad zijn, en haar Wijsheid u omhullen. Zij heeft bliksem in haar ogen, met de sneeuw als haar mantel.

4.

Metensia, Geest van God

1. En laat haar stemmen hoog zijn, als de stemmen der ukalien, de geesten en arxels van Kabbernal. 2. En laten de ukalien haar lof brengen en haar omhullen. 3. Oh, laat Metensia rijzen tot in de laatste hemelen om haar werk te vervullen. 4. Laat haar verstand zwijm zijn, en haar doorzichtige jurken vreemden leiden. 5. Laat hen haar brengen tot het allerheiligste als zachte olie branden. 6. Het allerheiligste zij als zilver voor u, reinigende de schuilhoeken van 't hart. 7. En in de vlam der olielamp komen ukalien naar voren om het allerheiligste te vullen en te zuiveren, als een geschenk des Heeren. 8. En gij zult het gerei des Heeren apart leggen voor zijn altaren, om het te zuiveren in

vuur. 9. En Metensia zal Zijn Geest zijn. 10. Laat haar woorden u dan zuiveren, opdat gij door de vlammen der ukalien geleid kunt worden tot de nieuwe tabernakel. 11. En gij zult een leegte in uzelf bemerken, en daar zult gij de Heere zien. 12. En de leegte zal tegen u spreken als tot zonen, en gij zult het nieuwe hart aanschouwen, met de tafelen van Kabbernal. 13. Gij dan bent gekomen tot een zuiverend vuur. Maakt ge dan op om den Eeuwigen Geest te ontvangen, met het ijs dat eeuwig brandt. 14. Gij hebt nog niet tegen de zonde ten bloedens gestreden. Ook draagt ge nog niet Metensia's wonden in uw hart. 15. Scheidt u dan af van het boze geslacht, opdat ge onder haar hamerslagen niet als een roos zult verwelken. 16. Maakt ge dan op om tot haar heilige berg te komen, en het licht van haar hart te aanschouwen. 17. In zuivere oorlogsvoering zult ge haar Geest ontvangen. 18. Strijdt dan om aan haar toorn te ontvluchten, dan zult ge met haar aan de ketel van haar toorn staan.

5.

De Eeuwige Geest

1. In vurige woorden hebben wij haar bemint, en met kostbare gesteenten hebben wij haar bekleed. 2. De harten der ukalien hebben haar omhuld in de ure des doods. 3. Zij hebben haar hart verlicht in haar moederschreeuw. 4. Wees dan als de ukalien. Oh zonen van Kabbernal, maakt dan uw harten gereed. 5. Laat dan het Woord des Geestes gestalte in u krijgen en als vlees worden. 6. Want in den beginne toen de Geesten Gods tot elkaar kwamen, werd het geheimenis des Heeren geopenbaard, en hij werd als een kind om ouderen te doen verstommen. 7. Onderkent dan de wijsheid des Heeren, want Hij is de Ziel des Geestes. 8. En onderkent dan dat Hij Zijn Eeuwige Geest heeft uitgestort, tot aan het einde der tijden. 9. Aanschouwt de wijsheid des Heeren, want zijn geheimenis is groot. 10. Een vast en rein deel zal Hij scheppen in uw binnenste. 11. In den beginne zweefde de Eeuwige Geest boven de wateren en de windstreken des hemels. 12. Als een hen heeft hij u uitgebroed. 13. En waar ukalien hem aanbidden, oh zonen van Kabbernal, zult ook gij vervuld worden met Zijn Geest. 14. En zij hebben dag noch nacht rust, daar hun ogen voor eeuwig gericht zijn op Zijn Aangezicht. 15. Zij zijn de visioenen Gods die vlees zullen worden aan het einde der dagen. 16. Laat dan niemand u de prijs doen missen door tomeloze vereringen en aanbidding, maar wordt gelijkvormig aan het Beeld Gods en aan zijn heilige ukalien. 17. Weest dan als de engelen des hemels, en wandelt met hen. Dan zult gij de wet vervullen, en een kind des Heeren zijn. 18. In de ure des doods hebt gij uw koningin bemint. Weest dan moedig, en herhaalt haar wetten veelvuldig, tot in aller eeuwigheden, om haar eeuwige geest te ontvangen. 19. Verlies dan de moed niet, gij kindekens, want zij die vasthouden zullen zijn als de bomen des hemels. 20. Geloof dan dat de Eeuwige Geest tot u gekomen is, en het zal geschieden. 21. Geloof dan dat hij u zal reinigen, en het zal u gaan naar uw geloof. 22. En wie dan gelooft dat den Eeuwigen Geest hem behouden heeft tot in aller eeuwigheden zal van de vierde dood geen schade lijden. 23. En de Geesten Gods gaven geboorte aan de Eeuwige Geest des Heeren op Zijn Dag. 24. Laat dan vanaf nu niemand meer van zijn lot onttrekken. 25. En de leegtes hebben genezing gebracht.

6.

De Ziel des Heeren

1. En het eeuwige woord kwam tot mij, en de eeuwige ziel, en in mij werd een eeuwige geest uitgestort. 2. En de Heer bevestigde zijn Geest. 3. En in de avondkoelte kwam Hij tot mij en liet mij de Geest aller Eeuwigheden zien. 4. En een stortvloed als van vuur bekleedde mijn borstkas en bliksemschichten dienden mij. 5. En de Geest was als een boom vol ogen, hebbende geen rust, dag

noch nacht, en de Heer sprak deze woorden : 'Zalig hen die in de tempel leven.' En ik zag een tepelboom opkomen uit het mos om de ogenboom te verslinden. En de Heer sprak : 'Nu is de tijd dat de Geest strijdt tegen de eeuwigheden, en Hij zal overwinnen.' 6. En de Heer sprak over de troon die over alle eeuwigheden was aangesteld, en deze was de Ziel des Heeren. 7. Laat dan de Ziel des Heeren u vervullen, en gij zult anfitaat heten. 8. Laat dan het leger der anfitaten zich verheugen als bij een geboorte. 9. En als een brandende haardoven en het gezoem des hemels zal de dag komen, dat de Ziel des Heeren de aardbodem zal vervullen. 10. En het heilige vlees zal branden als de tepel, en zij zal een nieuwe dag aanschouwen. 11. Ja, de Heere Heere zal een hart van heilig vlees in uw binnenste plaatsen. 12. En haar ogen zullen tot rust komen, om heilige dagen te zien. 13. Ziet dan, de dagen van Metensia zijn nabij. 14. Haar tempelbeken zullen stromen en het land vervullen. 15. Laat haar bomen dan opkomen in uw harten, dan zult gij de wet vervullen. 16. Uw oog zal een nieuwe dag aanschouwen. Laat zij die uw harten behoedt dan uw gids zijn. 17. En een nieuwe morgen zal uw hart verlichten, en de ijzeren banden rondom uw hoofden zullen worden afgedaan. 18. Zo zal de Ziel des Heeren als een ruiter op zijn paard zijn, om de heiligen te voeren tot de bronnen van alle eeuwigheden. 19. En zij zullen rust vinden in eeuwige velden, waar alle tranen gewist zullen worden.

7.

De Tweede Hel

1. Tweede Metensia, machtige Liefde, brede kaak, vlamme rozen door 't donk're woud. Tweede metensia, haren vol Liefde, haren vol van goud, dragende een schort vol roze teerheden, vol met tederheid. 2. Ramen waar wolken achter staan, de duist're hand neemt mij mee naar een bitter land. Er is geen ontsnappen aan, het leven heeft genomen, waar koningen staan, zij kunnen niets doen. Zij heeft handen gebonden. 3. Duist're metensia, duister lied, ons zoekende in groot verdriet, wuivende haren, dromen van goud, diepe dorst in 't diepe woud. Metensia, mijn krachten zijn op, Geest van God, is dit mijn lot. Wie heeft mij dan zo pijn gedaan. 4. Een duist're hand nam mijn liefde weg. Wie heeft het gedaan. Of bent u het Heer, met onverstaanbaar water door mijn tranen heen, nemende mijn laatste parel met u mee. 5. Ik heb alles al verloren, toe was me snel, dan is het voorbij. Geest van Metensia, Geest van tweede Liefde, ik bid niet meer, mijn tranen doen mij zeer. Ik ben als verstomd, als een blinde loop ik op de weg, geen adem, gebonden, en bijna doof. 6. Ik bid niet meer, ik kan niet meer, mijn woorden zitten vast, mijn hoofd is afgesneden, mijn baard afgesleten. Roepen kan ik allang niet meer, en denken is een te grote opgave. Ik zak steeds dieper neer, in 't vuur te zijn, alles is onrein. 7. Laat mij maar varen, laat mij maar vergaan. Ik heb de moed verloren, ik kan het niet meer aan. Vlinders van de hemel, te ver weg, ik kan ze niet aanraken, en mij raken ze niet aan, ik geloof niet meer in liefde. 8. Daar boven hebben ze het allemaal goed, denk ik in mijn pijn en verworpenheid. Alles doet pijn, zelfs hetgeen dat nog in de buurt is. 9. Ik kan geen stem meer verdragen, de lichten doen mij pijn aan mijn ogen. Ik ben als blind en bijna doof, niets kan ik verdragen, geen stem, geen zachte hand, alles is onrein, en alles doet pijn. 10. Tweede Metensia, waar leef ik nog voor, 'k heb alle hoop verloren, alles is ijdelheid, eindigende in strijd. Wij ontvangen om weer te kunnen verliezen, waar eindigt dit, is dit de tweede hel.

8.

Zonder hoop, toch behouden

1. Tweede Metensia, wij allen gaan door de tweede hel, door u verlaten, oh Geest van God, u reinigt ons in uw vuur. Alles is onrein, alles is bedorven, hoe blind wij zijn, U ziet het elke morgen. Oh,

Geest van Metensia, heb genade met ons. Wij vertrapten uw schepping, wij schiepen de herinnering als een trauma in het bos. 2. Geest van Metensia, er is geen hoop meer voor ons. Wij hebben gezondigd, Uw Geest heeft ons verlaten. 3. Eeuwige brokken hebben wij u nagelaten. Uit het boek der erfenissen hebt Gij ons gewist, en nog steeds houdt Gij van ons, nog steeds door u bemint. 4. Geest van Metensia, genade zij met U, door doornen ziet u rozen, u blijft steeds in ons geloven, want waren wij niet als wezen, in onwetendheid zondigden wij tegen U. 5. Daarom hebt Gij ons vergeven, en reine klederen voor ons geweven, in 't zoete woud ons een plaats gegeven. 6. Misleiding op misleiding kwam tot ons, en wij hebben Uw stem niet verstaan, overgeleverd aan de krochten van de tweede hel, onverlicht onze zielen, brak u onze snaren één voor één, u tuchtigt in uw liefde, wij durfden ons niet te bewegen. 7. Na grote smart, baden wij dan in uw liefde, voor altijd in de fontein van beminning, u vloog over bossen om een plaats te bereiden voor hen wiens harten waren afgeweken, u vergat niet één, u liet hen wederkeren. Teed're wijn, zoete appel, genade is met u.

9.

Rein Hart

1. Koele liefde, maneschijn, ik kan nergens heen. Uw Geest heeft mij omsingeld, het tweede Metensia. Vader vond mij in zijn liefde, ik wist niet waar ik heen moest gaan. 2. Zijn Handen droegen mij, tot heel dicht bij Uw hart, zachte vlam, lichtend vuur. 3. Alles door uw liefde geweven, ook mijn zonden, u bracht ze in uw werk. U weet hoe u moet vergeven, u weet hoe u moet weven. Niets is dan onmogelijk voor u. 4. U kunt alles gebruiken, ook mijn afvalligheid naar U, Heer, hoeveel tranen heb ik U gebracht, en waar heeft U mij heengebracht. 5. Tweede Metensia, hart van zoete liefde, bron van tederheid, hoeveel pijn heb ik u gedaan. 6. Ik wil er niet mee leven, mijn geweten verslindt mij, keer terug. Heer, ik heb in onwetendheid geleefd, mijn zonden waren niet gemeend, mijn duist're hart liet mij heel anders denken. Nu heeft u het verbroken, de lijn tussen u en mij, ik kan alleen maar hopen. 7. Waar moet ik naartoe zonder Uw Geest, ik ben toch altijd rein geweest. Nog nooit heb ik u afgezworen, toe laat me niet alleen. 8. De zonde heb ik in onwetendheid gedaan, niet wetende dat uw Geest daar vertoord over was. Ik was nog jong, niet kennende het verschil tussen goed en kwaad. 9. Ik dacht dat ik u diende, maar ik diende de duisternis. Die mantel nu afgeworpen, ik ben toch altijd rein geweest, U die alle harten kent, u moet dit toch ook weten. 10. Kent u dan mijn tranen niet, er is nog zoveel tijd voor U en mij tezamen. Laten we alles vergeten om opnieuw te beginnen. 11. Ik was te jong om alles goed te begrijpen. Nu ben ik oud genoeg om u te verstaan. Toe laat me nu nooit meer gaan.

10.

Niets meenemen

1. Laat de dingen maar staan, in dit huis van stilte. Wij zijn niet van node, dat iemand ze wegneemt. Kijk die wonden, en die zonden, openbarende de wijsheden Gods, kijk die liefdes, kijk die glorie, ze houden alles vast wat we nodig hebben. 2. Laat de dingen maar staan, we zullen er mee blijven zeulen. Nee, bevrijdt ons niet, 't zijn de doornen in 't vlees. Dat wat jij zonden noemt is dat niet het goede ? 3. En dat goede van jou is dat dan geen zonde ? Laat de dingen maar staan, wij hebben niet van node dat een mens ons helpt. 4. Wij hebben de Heere, wij zijn van de Heere, maak daarom plaats vrij. Wij willen wat ruimte om te spreken, wat ruimte om te leven, meer vragen wij niet. Wij hebben geen behoefte aan praatjes aan fabels en vromiteiten, wij volgen gewoon de Heere, net als jij doet. Geloof wat je gelooft, wij geloven dit. 5. Wij willen er niet om strijden. Wij nemen 't recht

in onze handen voor onszelf, doe jij dat voor jezelf. Hier scheiden onze wegen. Kom nooit meer terug. 6. Ontmoeting is alleen in de Heere. Vaarwel voor nu. Ik kan je niet geloven. Ik zal niet over je dromen, niet aan je denken, geef ons ons verstand terug. Je hebt ons teveel pijn gedaan, zou je daar nu nog meer aan toevoegen ? 7. Onder de Karazuur zijn wij. Sla je opnieuw toe, zoals je hebt gedaan, het zal je spijten. Als je naar wroeging verlangt, kom dan maar op. Wij zullen er niet om strijden, de Karazuur is ons genoeg.

De Karazuur

8. En als gij strijdt, strijdt in de Karazuur. En als je je verblijdt, verblijdt je in de Karazuur. Zij zullen je nooit teveel te lijden geven. Laat de dingen nu maar staan, in dit huis van stilte. Neem je kruis maar weer op, en kom tot het volgende vertrek. 9. Je kunt toch echt niets meenemen dan je kruis. Maar aan de ingang van het volgende vertrek, zul je dat ook weer inleveren, en je nieuwe kruis staat klaar als je door de deur binnengekomen bent, gij van de Karazuur. Het nieuwe huis, is ook een nieuw kruis. 10. Alles staat al binnen. Geloof me, kom niet te dichtbij, want dat zal je bezuren. De Heere Heere is een verterend vuur. Draag dan naar vermogen, en blijft van dingen af. Leer te bidden, breek geen beenderen, geloof en heb elkaar weer lief. 11. En als gij strijdt, strijdt in de Karazuur, en als gij dingen laat, sta in de Karazuur. Er is dan niets wat jou kan stoppen, als je leeft in de Karazuur, en je hebt ook niks te mokken dan, beleef het mee, in dit heilige uur. 12. Kinderen, hun harten verslagen, door de dorre stof van 't verleden. Kinderen, vol tranen hier, zij werden vaak door hun leeftijd gemeden. Nergens hadden zij rust, nergens vonden zij liefde. Vrienden bedrogen hen, maar nu zijn zij bij de Karazuur. 13. Hier is Liefde, hier is aandacht. het hoeft niet altijd te zijn, als ze slapen, staan anderen op wacht, daar waar de stilte altijd heerst, de tweede stilte. Laat de dingen maar staan in het tweede huis van stilte, laat het natte maar drogen, onder haar zon. 14. Heb liefde onder elkaar, en droog elkaars tranen, als de zon van Metensia, bij de haarden der Karazuur. Geloof in elkaar, zij heeft u uitgekozen. Laat de koorden u dan leiden, naar de nieuwe stad. 15. Vreest de duisternis niet, maar vreest de Heere. Ziet, de karazuur is tot u gekomen, dragende het Zwaard van het nieuwe uur.

11.

1. Boek tot het openen der verzegelde donderslagen. Gij hebt dan thans de donderslagen gehoord, maar gij hebt het niet begrepen. Zij zijn de zeven mysterieën voor Gods Troon, waarover niet gesproken mocht worden, en daarom verzegelde de Heere dezen tot aan de eindtijd. 2. Want in het laatste der dagen worden de boeken geopend, en gij zult het licht der duiven zien nederdalen.

3. En Hij sprak dan : Opent nu het zegel van de eerste donderslag door Johannes gezien. En ik zag een vogel neerdalen uit de hemel, en de vogel werd zeer groot. En zij droeg de eerste donderslag in een schaal als de verschijning van een engel. 4. En ik werd als door een vuist van wind neergeslagen, en kreeg een visioen des Heeren over de drie kruizen van Golgotha. 5. En één der rovers had Jezus daar getroost, en Jezus sprak tot hem de woorden dat hij heden met hem in het paradijs zou zijn. En dit is dan het eerste mysterie des heeren, dat hij zijn engel gezonden had om de Heere aan het kruis te troosten. 6. En deze engel werd vlees, stal van de rijken om het aan de armen te schenken, en pleegde misdaden tegen hen die groot onrecht brachten en velen verdrukten. En zo moest dit verborgen blijven tot in het laatste der dagen. 7. De Christus heeft altijd een verborgen troost gehad, en die naam was groot, want Renok was als de engel des Heeren, als het verborgene Gods en de verborgen Zoon. 8. Zo was hij dan als een broer van Christus, om velen die tot het verborgene zouden komen te troosten en te zaligen. En zo was hij dan de zachte woede Gods, en

Zijn verborgen woede, als het hart Gods. 9. En Renok werd niet opgewekt, omdat hij verborgen moest blijven tot aan het einde der dagen. Zalig hen die tot Renok gekomen zijn en tot Zijn kruis.

10. En de Heere sprak toen : Opent mij nu de tweede donderslag door het zegel ervan te verbreken. En ik zag een leeuw neerdalen uit de hemel, en zijn macht was groot. 11. En deze leeuw droeg het mystieke des Heeren als klederen en doeken om hem heen. En deze klederen waren verscheurd en opnieuw genaaid. En de leeuw begon te brullen, en er vielen vele doden op de aarde. 12. En ik zag een bok in open hemelen verschijnen, en hij droeg de doden, en zijn verschijning was zeer verschrikkelijk. En de Heere sprak : Renok zal de tweede Christus zijn, die verborgen is gebleven tot aan deze dag toe. 13. En de bok begon wild te bewegen en te draaien, en zijn ogen waren wit. En de Heere sprak : Nu zal ik openbaren, die engelen en geesten, die hemelen en verborgen plaatsen die altijd in Renok zijn geweest om geheim te blijven tot op deze dag. 14. En ik zag een andere engel die Sarsia heette, maar niet de Sarsia was die ik kende. En zij had vele verborgen plaatsen in haar, en zij was als de wateren van verborgen en duistere hemelen.

15. En toen sprak de Heere : Opent mij nu het derde zegel van de derde donderslag en spreekt wat gij daarin ziet. En vurige steken kwamen tot mijn hoofd die in water veranderden. 16. En dit water was hard en wit, en begon te bruisen. En ik zag de staf van Renok oprijzen en hij wees op de landen der indianen. 17. En de staf sprak : 'Zalig hen die tot Brannan komen.' En ik zag Brannan groot worden voor de Heere, en de landen der indianen werden verscheurd. 18. En ik hoorde geween in de hemel, voor vele dagen lang, en het geween was als het geween van katten. En de staf sprak : Zevenvoudig zal ik de landen der indianen moeten scheuren, opdat het rein worde voor de Heere. 19. En ik zag Renok op de verscheurde landen spuwen, en een nieuw volk begon voort te komen. En zij kenden de werken van het oude niet, maar waren vol van de Geest. En zij kwamen tot Renok, en brachten hem zijn baard terug. En vele andere dingen herstelden zij. 20. En Renok sprak : Dit dan is mijn heilig volk, en zij zullen des Heeren zijn. En aan Renok werd veel troost gebracht, omdat Hij zoveel troost aan de Heere had bewezen. En vanaf die dag werd Renok de Trooster genoemd, waar de Heere over geprofeteerd had, en beloofde aan allen die Hem liefhebben. 21. En aan Renok werd veel eer bewezen, omdat hij zich zolang verborgen had gehouden als de verborgen wachter des Heeren, die tezamen met Zijn Heere gekruisigd was. Zo hebben hen die met de Heere zich lieten kruisigen veel eer aan Hem bewezen.

12.

1. En toen opende de Heere het zegel van de vierde donderslag, en er kwam een stilte in de hemel, voor een lange tijd. Of deze stilte dagen of uren duurde wist ik niet, daar ik mijn gevoel voor tijd was kwijtgeraakt. 2. En er kwamen insecten uit de mond van Renok, en zij vlogen tot de verscheurde landen van de indianen en het nieuwe volk, en zij verdeelden het volk in tien stammen. En weer spuwde Renok over hen. 3. En er kwam grote rust tot de tien stammen. En zij dan droegen de tanden des Heeren. En de eerste stam van Renok heette Sinsabeine, en zij was als het kind der gehoornde slangen. En zij was als een dochter van Renok, dragende het gezuiverde ijs en het zoete. En de tweede stam heette Abdal, en dit was als het kind der apen en runderen. 4. En Abdal werd groot voor het oog des heeren, en bracht veel troost. En zo werd hij het kind van troost genoemd. En met Maasdo ging hij uit om Kabbernal te herstellen. En zo waren dan Abdal, Maasdo en Kabbernal een groot sieraad voor de Heere, en zij brachten de wereldschepen voort. 5. En de derde stam werd genoemd Tamille, en zij was als het rattenkind, en zij werd groot voor het oog van de Heere, en bracht genezing tot vele harten. En de vierde stam was genaamd Tabulle, en zij was als het kind der raven. En zij was begiftigd met grote wijsheid en de kracht het zoet te zuiveren en te heiligen voor

de Heere. 6. En aan haar werd de Marion als een schat geschonken, en daarmee leidde zij haar broeders en zusters in vrede voor het aangezicht des Heeren, en was zij de vreugd van Renok. En de vijfde stam was genaamd Sartarus, en deze droeg vele kronen. 7. Tot deze kwamen vele brokaten en nachtlatingen als de sieraden des hemels, en des Heeren. En de zesde stam was genaamd Akra, en zij kreeg vele macht over de sterren, en was aangesteld om het zachte te zuiveren. En zij werd groot in de naam des Heeren, en was als de vrucht van Renok. 8. En Zoekru groeide op voor het aangezicht des heeren, de zevende stam, en zij heerste over het dunne en het dikke, en had macht hen te zuiveren. Ja, ook had zij grote macht over het vuur, en kon het laten neerdalen wanneer zij wilde, om haar werken te doen. 9. En zo was dan Sartarus Akra Zoekru als het Heer der duisternis, aangesteld als een sieraad van Sarsia van Renok. En de achtste stam was als het Vatex des Heeren, en het was wit, als een groot wit vuur, en zij werd genoemd Lakus, en droeg de sleutelen der mysterieën. 10. En aan haar werd het Esmeralda geschonken als een bloemenjurk, doorzichtig van glans, en zij had vele kragen en openingen. Ja, zij had de macht over de sluitsels des Heeren die als slaaplieders waren in de nacht. 11. En Lakus werd groot voor de Heere, en volgde haar vader. En zij werd dan ook Navolger van Haar Vader genoemd. En zij zat het dichtste bij haar vaders hart dan allen. 12. En de negende stam van Renok was genaamd Oko, en hij was als de rivieren in hun macht. Hij werd de brullende leeuw van zijn vader genoemd. En de tiende stam was genaamd Elma, en zij hoedde de dieren van haar vader. 13. Zij was goed voor de wezen en weduwen en bracht rust tot haar vader, zijn vuren zuiverende.

14. En toen brulde de Heere om het zegel van de vijfde donderslag te openen. En de bloemenzeeën gingen open, en verhalen van het verleden werden opgevist, en men versierde elkaar daarmee. De dieren des hemels begonnen te verschijnen, en Renok opende Zijn tempel. 15. En zo werd Hij dan tot een Eeuwig Evangelie, daar Hij de Trooster des Heeren was, en de Verborgene Zoon. En Hij gaf allen die Hem aannamen de macht om kinderen Gods te worden. En zo werd dan het Evangelie van Renok verkondigd aan de ganse aarde. 16. En Zijn discipelen spraken als de panter. En ijs vloeide voort vanuit het tweede Woord, daar het het Woord van Renok was.

13.

1. En de Heere haalde het zegel van de zesde donderslag en zij was als de brandende lokogaam. En de Heere boog zijn hoofd, en vertelde aan zijn discipelen over de judaskus als over het zwaarste lijden van Christus. Ook vertelde hij over de blinddoek van Christus, de doek over zijn hoofd, waarna er in zijn gezicht werd geslagen en hij gedwongen werd te profeteren wie degene was die Hem had geslagen. En de Heere vertelde over de drie spotkleden : het keizerlijke spotkleed wat Hij bij Herodus kreeg, en het scharlaken spotkleed en het purperen spotkleed wat Hij kreeg bij Pilatus. En deze plaats was genaamd Gabbatha. En het keizerlijke spotkleed wat Herodus Hem schonk maakte Hem strijdvaardig toen hij in het dodenrijk afdaalde. Ja, als een rebel kwam hij tot de onderwereld, om gevangenen te bevrijden, en krijgsgevangenen mee te voeren. Maar dit deed hij door de wapenen van het lijden, en door het wiel. Zo daalde hij als een verzetsstrijder af in de onderwereld door zijn lijden. Zo werd hij door zijn martelaarschap in de dieptes van het dodenrijk en de onderwereld geworpen, en werd door dit martelaarschap veelvuldig koning der onderwereld. Ja, door het spotkleed wat Herodes hem gaf, het glitterende gewaad, kwam Christus tot de gevangenen der onderwereld, waar Korachs kinderen gevangen zaten, en hen van de zondvloed. 2. Maar ook kwam hij door het schitterende gewaad wat Herodes Hem als spotkleed gaf tot de gevangenen van Atlantis, van de eerste en tweede aarde. En hier zette hij velen vrij uit de gevangenen der onderwerelden, hen die vergaan waren in eerdere zondvloeden, en hen die

vergaan waren door vuur of ijs. Ook voerde hij door het schitterende kleed wat Herodes hem omdeed vele krijgsgevangenen mee in de hoge. En Hij kwam tot de plaats waar Barabbas, de verzetsstrijder, vandaan kwam. Hij was een rebel en een barbaar als een strijder tegen de Romeinse bezetter en de Griekse erfenis. Zo, door veelvuldig in de onderwereld af te dalen nam Christus de plaats van Barabbas in. Barabbas nam door zijn bevrijding de plaats van Christus in. Zo was Barabbas dan de verborgen spiegel der heerlijkheid, en de zesde verzegelde donderslag.

3. En zo heeft dan Barabbas, de beruchte gevangene, door zijn vrijmaking, de poort geopend voor Christus, en was hij de enige die het Griekse fundament en zegel kon verbreken. Dit dan is het geheimenis Gods door de eeuwen opgespaard. Ja, de Heere heeft met deze stenen zijn hemelen opgebouwd, en het zijn kindekens niet geopenbaard.

4. Toen opende de Heere het zegel van de zevende en laatste donderslag, de erfenis van Johannes, en keek naar zijn discipelen. En slangen begonnen voort te komen vanuit het zegel, en de slangen kwamen tot de aarde op de oude poorten van de vorige aardes en scheppingen te openen. En de Heere glimlachte. En de Heere sprak met donderende stem, zeer luid : 'Zo is dan het zevende en laatste zegel der donderslagen verbroken, en zal de zevende donderslag spreken dat wat eeuwen verborgen is gebleven. Slechts enkelen hebben het zaad hiertoe gedragen.' En een wolk van gif kwam tot de aarde, een zeer vochtige wolk van het gif der slangen, en er was geweest op de aarde. En het geweest steeg tot de hemelen, omdat God het laatste grote geheim van de donderslagen had geopend. En het geheim kwam opzetten als een slang, en begon te spreken, terwijl tijden zich leken om te draaien en ineem te vallen. En de slang begon te spreken over het gif der onderwereld, en de galbeker van Christus. Ook sprak de slang over de geheimenissen van de judaskus, en over de verborgen spotklederen van de onderwereld die Christus droeg toen hij daarin afdaalde. En voor lange tijd sprak de slang in onverstaanbare talen, de talen der onderwereld, en de talen der oude scheppingen. En slangentongen van vuur begonnen op de hoofden van de discipelen te verschijnen, en ook zij spraken in andere talen. En de slang sprak : Zo is dan Barabbas de hoeksteen van het Eeuwig Evangelie. En de slang opende een poort, en die poort leidde helemaal tot aan de eerste aarde. En de eerste aarde bestond uit twee tijdperken : het tijdperk van de Dorga, en het eerste tijdperk van Atlantis en de Troiade. En de zevende donderslag van Johannes leidde hen binnen in een hal van visioenen en dromen. 5. En de Heere beschermde hen, want hij had hun harten verzegeld, en de Heere sprak als de wind. En de hal verdeelde zich in twee delen. En in het eerste deel waren windvlagen, en in het andere deel was een vuur. En het vuur begon zich te verplaatsen naar het andere deel, maar de discipelen bleven ongedeerd, daar de Heere met hen was, en hen beschermde. En weer begon het vuur te verschuiven, en plotseling waren beide delen vol vuur. En de dromen en visioenen begonnen tot de discipelen te komen, en met de Heere daalden zij in de onderwereld. En de Heere sprak tot hen met luide stem, en zij werden niet door angst bevangen. En de Heere gaf hen rust en inzicht. En weer kwamen ze tot een hal, en deze hal was verdeeld in drie delen. En hier zagen zij ook het latere tijdperk van Atlantis op de tweede aarde. En de Heere liet hen Barabbas zien, en de discipelen waren verbaasd. En ze vroegen aan de Heere : Hoe kan een man die reeds geleefd heeft weer leven, en met dezelfde naam aangesproken worden. En de Heere zei dat dat een raadsel was en een geheimenis. De Heere was het die ervoor gezorgd had dat Barabbas ook een tweede keer Barabbas zou heten. En de discipelen waren verwonderd. En Barabbas was een groot man in het tweede Atlantis, en hij leidde een groot volk en een religie. En de god die hij diende was Sorg Sorba. Hij zorgde ervoor dat de ordes van de Troiade in het tweede Atlantis weder opgericht werden, maar velen maakten er misbruik van, en Barabbas werd tot een wildernis. En ze namen hem mee naar een hoge rots, en wierpen hem in een ravijn. En zo daalde Barabbas tot de

onderwereld, tot het eerste Atlantis en de Dorga en haar tijden. En hier werd hij vastgeklonken aan een rots, en vogels aten van zijn ziel.

6. Zo is dan Barabbas de spiegel en de paradox van Christus. En de zevende donderslag sprak : Zo Barabbas het tweede Atlantis vertegenwoordigt, zo vertegenwoordigt Simson het eerste Atlantis. Want Simson leefde ook in het eerste Atlantis, en ziet, hij diende de god Sorg Sorba. En ook hij was een groot man, en leidde een groot volk en een religie. En hij was tegen het toen regerende keizerrijk, want het was wreed. En Simson had een grote filosofie, en was intelligent, terwijl Sorg Sorba hem bovennatuurlijke krachten had gegeven. En in die dagen waren de engelen Roda, Jonatras en Ramses op de aarde, en ziet, zij werden arxelen genoemd, en god werd in die dagen Sorg Sorba genoemd. En Simson bouwde een stad, en daarna een land, en liet grote steden vallen. En Simson maakte de naam van Sorg Sorba groot, en van de python. En de Troiade groeide op in die dagen, en er waren tekenen van vuur aan de hemel. En Simson bouwde een toren en die toren was zeer hoog. En Simson waarschuwde het volk dat er een vloed zou komen. En hij bracht het volk onder in schuilkelders van de toren. En zo maakte God een einde aan het toen heersende keizerrijk. Maar later keerden enkele discipelen van Simson zich tegen hem, en zij misleidden velen van het volk tot het herbouwen van het keizerrijk. Ook hadden enkelen van het oude keizerrijk schuilplaatsen onder de grond gehad, waarin zij velen verscholen hadden. En de woede van God begon op te laaien en over Simson te komen, nu zelfs hun eigen volk aan het afwijken was. En God gaf Simson kracht zoals er nog nooit eerder op aarde was geweest, en nooit meer zou komen. En Simson werd hongerig als een verscheurend dier toen de Geesten des Heeren over hem kwamen. En hij geraakte in vuur en vlam, en liet lava uit de hemelen neerdalen. En Simson verslond en verscheurde velen door het vuur des Heeren. En vanaf dat moment begon Simson zich terug te trekken in de wildernis. En aan het einde van zijn dagen toen hij oud geworden was begonnen zijn krachten van hem te wijken. Op een dag vonden zij hem en hingen hem op. En de Heere nam het lichaam van Simson van de aarde.

7. En ook in de oude Dorga tijden waren de profeten des Heeren op aarde. En zo was het eerste tijdperk van de Dorga van David, de tweede van Jakob, de derde van Jozef, de vierde van Noach, de vijfde van Salomo, de zesde van Jesaja, de zevende van Jeremia, de achtste van Habakuk, de negende van Nahum, de tiende van Hosea, de elfde van Jona, de twaalfde van Haggai. En de dertiende was van Salomo, die de grootste tempel ter aarde had gebouwd, tot diep onder de grond en hoog in de lucht als een toren. En de omvang van die tempel was als landen tezamen gevoegd, en van zulk een omvang zou er nooit meer een tempel wezen. En Salomo bracht een oordeel over de aarde, en zelfs over zijn eigen tempel, want zijn priesters waren ontaard. En zo werd hij de laatste koning van de Dorga. En zijn tempels en mijnen waren legendarisch, maar ziet, zij werden verslonden door vuur. En Salomo wandelde door het vuur, en had macht over het vuur, daar de Heere met hem was. En Salomo sprak met de Heere in talen van vuur. En God leidde Salomo tot een eeuwige tempel.

14.

1. En er waren dan vele vrouwen die Christus volgden. En onder hen was Maria van Magdala, van wie zeven boze geesten waren uitgevaren, en wiens bevrijding opgetekend is in het boek van Magdala. En ook waren onder hen Johanna, de vrouw van Chusas, de rentmeester van Herodes, Susanna, Maria, moeder van Jakobus, Joses en Salome, de moeder van de zonen van Zebedeus, en vele anderen die Hem dienden. 2. En één van hen ging wenende achter hem staan, bij zijn voeten, en begon met haar tranen zijn voeten nat te maken en droogde ze af met haar haren. Deze vrouw

stond bekend als zondares. En zij kuste zijn voeten en zalfde ze met mirre. 3. En de Christus werd beschuldigd door de farizeeers, daar zij een zondares was. En zij betwijfelden hem of hij wel een profeet was. 4. En de Heere sprak : Vervloekt zijn zij die oordelen in hun twijfelen. Laten zij die twijfelen de Heere vrezen. 5. En de farizeeër die Hem genodigd had zeide : Indien zulke een profeet zou zijn, dan zou hij wel weten wat en wie deze vrouw is die hem heeft aangeraakt. Zij is een zondares. 5. En de Christus richtte Zich tot Simon, terwijl Hij de wenende vrouw aanwees, en zeide : Ziet gij deze vrouw ? Ik ben in uw huis gekomen. Water voor mijn voeten hebt gij niet gegeven, maar deze vrouw heeft met tranen mijn voeten nat gemaakt, en ze met haar haren gedroogd. 6. Een kus hebt gij mij niet gegeven, maar deze vrouw heeft sinds ik binnengekomen ben, niet opgehouden mijn voeten te kussen. 7. Met olie hebt gij mijn hoofd niet gezalfd, maar deze vrouw heeft thans met kostbare narcusmirre mijn voeten gezalfd. 8. En de discipelen waren geschokt, en één van hen zou Hem verraden voor dertig zilverlingen.

15.

1. Eens kwamen er Sadduceeën tot Hem, die beweren dat er geen opstanding is. En zij raakten met de Christus in twist, en stelden strikvragen. 2. En zij legden hem voor de vraag dat wanneer een weduwe opnieuw huwt, met wie ze zou huwen in de hemel. 3. En de Christus sprak : Dwaalt gij niet daarom dat gij de schriften niet kent, noch de kracht Gods ? Want wanneer zij opstaan uit de doden zullen zij zijn als de engelen, en die huwen niet. 4. Maar Hij sprak als in een geheimenis, want in de profeten wordt wel gehuwd. 5. Alleen de Geesten Gods huwen dan. 6. En de Christus onderwees en sprak in geheimenissen en raadselen, daar Hij mystiek was. 7. En velen verdraaiden zijn woorden. En Hij sprak dat de Christus veel zou moeten lijden, dat Hij de Waarheid was, maar dat zij allen moesten uitzien naar de Volle Waarheid die komen zou. En hiermede sprak Hij over de Heilige Geest en de Geesten Gods. 8. En Hij sprak : Vervloekt zij hen die door de ogen van leugen kijken, en elkaar overleveren aan de rechters der hel. 9. Het is beter dat hun ogen uitgerukt worden, opdat zij in eeuwigheid niet zien. 10. Indien uw oog u dan tot zonde verleide, ruk het uit. Want het is beter geen ogen te hebben, dan met beide ogen in de hel te worden geworpen. 11. Indien uw voet u dan tot zonde verleide, hak het af. Want het is beter zonder voeten te leven, dan met beide voeten in de hel te worden geworpen. 12. Zij dan die het goud pakken en het zilver verachten : Vervloekt zijt gij. Zij dan die het zilver pakken en het goud verachten : Vervloekt zijt gij. 13. En de Christus deed vele grote werken, en begon te spreken over de grotere werken die na Hem zouden geschieden.

16.

1. En een deur werd in de hemel geopend. En ik zag de Heere zitten in een wolk. En Hij sprak : Zij die op de aarde zijn hebben hun geschiedenissen overmatig en overmoedig tot het Woord Gods gerekend en zo vele heilige dingen bezoedeld. 2. Laten zij deze zaken in hun geschiedenisboeken optekenen, en het Woord Gods heiligen en zuiveren. 3. En de wolk kwam door de geopende deur naar buiten en hief mij op. 4. En de Heere nam vele profetieën uit het bezoedelde Woord en bracht ze tot de geschiedenisboeken der profeten en profetische boeken. 5. En Hij stond hen niet weder toe Zijn Woord te bezoedelen. 6. En de Heere sprak : bewaart dan uw overleveringen, en zuivert deze. Blijft met onreine handen van Mijn Woord af en heilig deze. 7. En zo kwamen vele Geesten Gods vrij, daar zij waren uitgedoofd door krachteloze woorden. 8. En vele profeten kwamen tot heerlijkheid. En de Heere voegde toe aan hun midden. En vele engelen die voor lange tijd door vorsten der hel werden tegengehouden kwamen tot doorbraak. 9. En de Heere sprak : Zuivert dan Mijn Woord, opdat gij het Tweede Woord rijkelijk zult ontvangen. 10. Zij die Mijn Woord niet zuiveren hebben ook Mijn Tweede Woord niet. 11. Opent dan de stang van Eminius en het purper.

12. Kent dan de Heilige Stang in Zijn Tempel. Gij hebt dan uw woorden laten vastleggen door hen die geen profeten waren, en hen die vleselijke overleggingen hadden. 13. Zoudt gij dan hen die geen profeten waren over uw zielen laten waken en u hoeden ? Gij waart in de handen van kooplieden. Maar de Heere Heere heeft u losgekocht. 14. Laat u dan niet wederom verblinden. Houdt vast wat ge hebt, en laat u zuiveren in vrezen en beven.

17.

1. De Christus kwam om het boze oog te slaan. Indien gij het oog der mensen dan nog draagt, ziet toe dat het niet uitvalle. 2. Hangt dan het oog niet aan, opdat u niet in misleiding valle. Heeft de Christus u dan geen oog gegeven ? 3. Gij dan leeft aards, en zult ook door de aarde ten onder gaan. 4. Zalig zij hen die de Christus aanhangen, want zij gaan van dag tot dag, en de Heere redt hen. 5. Zij dan hopen op een nieuw verbond, en hangen Zijn Geest aan, tot Verzoening met de Geesten Gods. 6. Laat u dan niet wederom binden. De Christus heeft u immers uitgeleid als een fundament zijnde van uw kostbare geloof. Bouwt dan voort op dit fundament. 7. Gij doet er wel aan de Geest Gods aan te hangen als een lamp, leidende u tot de Geesten Gods. 8. Want vele verborgenheden heeft de Heere voor hen die Hem dienen. 9. Zoudt gij dan niet voortbouwen op dit fundament, dan zijt gij open en bloot voor de storm. 10. De Heere dan heeft u apostelen gegeven, om uw daken te leggen. Weest dan allen als apostelen in de Heere. 11. Gij dan zijt het brandende zilver voor het Aangezicht Gods, en spoedig zal het goud uit deze bron voortkomen. 12. Hecht u dan niet aan aards goud, maar aan het goud des Heeren.

18.

1. Door uw pijn zult gij de Christus zien. Door uw pijn zult gij de rozen zien, en hun goddelijke geuren. 2. Ja, zij zijn de koningen van de pijn. En de Christus is vol met hen. 3. Veracht dan de doornen in uw vlees niet. En laat ze niet voor hun tijd wegnemen. 4. Want zulk een apostel die zulke dingen doet is de Heere een gruwel. 5. Gij zult u dan van zulken afzonderen, opdat de Heere u niet met hen afzondere. 6. Want zulken zijn een stank in de ogen van de Heere, en zij zullen gerekend worden tot de uitwerpselen van koeien. 7. Ja, een gruwel voor de Heere zijn die profeten die Zijn tijden niet kennen. 8. Laat de ketenen dan die bescherming heten uitgroeien tot rozen, en laat de doornen uitgroeien tot wapenen, in plaats van het zaad des Heeren weg te gooien. 9. Het kruis is dan hen die de Heere dienen tot sieraad, maar hen die zondigen is het tot de uitwerpselen der varkens. 10. En de doornenkroon is tot een lieflijke geur van hen die Zijn tranen dragen, maar tot de goddelozen is het een reuk des doods. 11. Indien gij lijdt, lijdt in de Heere, opdat gij het zaad van genezing zult zien. 12. De Heere echter leide u tot het kruid van Golgotha, opdat gij nog grotere genade zult zien. 13. Heiligt dan de negen boeken des geestes in uw harten, als het Zuivere Woord, opdat gij het zilver des Heeren zult zien. Het Tweede Woord dan is het goud des Heeren. 14. Gij dan zult zuiver worden in het zilver des Heeren, wanneer gij dan de Woorden die Hij aan u gaf zuiver houdt. 15. Zij die het Woord bezoedeld hebben, hebben daarmee hun geest en ziel bezoedeld. 16. En bruisende wateren van het zilver zullen u leiden tot Getsemane, waar gij het gezicht des Heeren zult aanschouwen. 17. Ziet dan, want Hij spuwt vuur en wateren. Wie dan spuwe, spuwe in de Heere. 18. Hij dan, die het Woord en Zijn slijk bracht, om de ogen van blinden te openen, staat voor u. 19. En Hij, en Zijn Geest en de Geesten Gods kloppen op uw deur. Ziet dan, zij zullen u tot rechters wezen.

19.

1. Grote Liefde is dan getoond in het plan Gods, vanaf de grondlegging der hemelen en de aarde verborgen gehouden. 2. Wie heeft dan Zijn werken kunnen doorgronden ? Laten zij dan die hun monden openen met Wijsheid des Heeren komen. 3. De dwazen zullen spreken, en zij zullen elkaar niet verstaan, want de Heere heeft hen verstrooid. 4. Zij hebben u dan niet tot het zuivere geluk laten komen, maar zij hebben u lange tijden onderdrukt. 5. En zo waart gij dan als een bloem in de woestijn, reikende tot aan de poorten des hemels. Als de Heere dan de woestijn voor zijn tijd had weggehaald, zie, gij zou ter helle gedaald zijn. 6. Laten uw overleggingen u dan niet bespotten, maar ken de Heere, wiens woorden rein zijn. 7. Gij bent dan geheiligd in zilver. De Heere zal u verdedigen en uw uiteinden beminnen. De uiteinden van het kruis zijn als het witte satijn der hemelen. Geeft de natuur u zelf de oplossingen dan niet ? 8. Laat dan de bomen en struiken van uw lijden groeien, opdat zij het bloesem des hemels voortbrengen. 9. Zij die het lijden voor zijn tijd hebben weggekapt, lijden nu dikwijls wroeging en dorheid. Ja, hun enige feesten zijn nu in spot. 10. Dat de Heere uw harten besproei en de schatten der hemelen laat zien. Komt dan hogerop, opdat de Geesten Gods met u spreken. 11. Schenke dan geen genade aan de zonde die in u leeft, en tuchtigt uw kinderen, opdat zij straks in lof kunnen oogsten. 12. Sommigen hebben hard gewerkt, en de fundamenten door hun ouders gelegd zijn hen nu tot zegen. 13. Viert dan de feesten des Heeren, opdat gij uw harten niet verkoopt aan de wereld. Zij hebben niets te eten, en eten daarom elkaar. 14. Gij die dan hongert, honger als in de Heere, opdat de Heere uw hart verzadige.

20.

1. Er is geen einde aan het zingen van liederen, en gij trekt daarmee vele roofdieren tot u. 2. En sommigen onder u hebben met de stilte niet gerekend en daardoor heeft hun geloof schipbreuk geleden. 3. Maar sommigen onder u waart slaven. De Heere heeft u dan losgekocht. 4. Als gij zingt, zinge in de Heere, en laten uw woorden weinig zijn. 5. Want het weinige Gods is meer dan de veelheid van mensen. 6. Probeert dan stil te zijn, opdat gij een groter sieraad zult vinden. 7. Oefent uzelf in de stilte, opdat gij Wijsheid en Rust zult vinden. 8. De Vrede des Heeren komt tot hen die Hem vrezen. 9. Het Woord dan is als een Zwaard. Hoe kunt gij dan de oorlog winnen indien uw zwaard niet zuiver is ? Ziet toe dat uw zwaard zich niet tegen u kere. 10. Gij dan hebt zuivere adem, al die het Woord Gods hebben laten zuiveren. 11. Maar enkele discipelen onder u zullen het verdraaien tot hun eigen verderf. 12. Niet alle discipelen zijn discipelen Gods, zo ook niet alle apostelen apostelen des Heeren zijn. 13. Oordeelt hen die in de misleiding zijn dan niet, want de Heere ziet de harten aan. U mocht zelf eens misleid worden. 14. Hangt dan de stangen des Heeren aan, in uw harten en ziel gesmeed, als een kunstig bouwwerk, waarmede gij verbintenis hebt met de Geesten Gods.

21.

1. In het eind, het zal je niet meer kunnen schelen, wat anderen van je hebben gezegd. In het eind, de heere zal je vertellen, wat Hij al die tijden voor jou heeft bereid. 2. Hij heeft veel zonden met jou gedragen, maar de schuld moest opgelost worden in de werken des geestes. 3. Met een paard bereik je minder als met een mens. Zijn mensen niet de ergste slaven ? 4. Wie brak hen ? Wie gaf hen wat ze verdienden ? 5. Wanneer gij draagt, draag in de Heere, en laat hen die willen zondigen vergaan. Draagt ook hun ziekten niet en hun zware lasten. 6. Vergeef alleen hen die vergeven, want zo doet ook de Heere. 7. Wanneer je vergeeft, vergeef dan in de Heere, opdat gij geen huichelaar zijt, of paarden voor de zwijnen werpt. 8. Want kostbaar is de vergeving des Heeren, alleen gegeven als loon aan hen die hard werken. 9. Met een paard bereik je minder als met een mens. Zijn mensen niet de ergste slaven ? 10. Zo is dan vergeving voor hen die Hem vrezen, opdat zij Hem nog meer

vrezen. 11. Door vergeving als dure gaven te schenken, bond hij de harten van hen die Hem vreesden. 12. Zalig zijn zij die door de Heere gebonden zijn, want zij zijn vrijgemaakt uit de bindingen van de wereld. 13. En de gebondenheid des Heeren leidt tot vrijheid. 14. Nu is het loon des Heeren kostbaar, en overvloedig met gaven, als een lieflijke geur in Zijn heiligdom. 15. Hij die u roept, nadert tot u. Hij heeft u niet vergeten. Hij heeft al uw daden geteld. 16. Ja, zij trekken zijn vergiffenis aan, omdat zij Zijn tranen hebben bedekt met troost, en zijn wonden met kruid. 17. Zalig hen die de werken des Heeren doen, want zij zullen vergiffenis ontvangen. 18. Het loon des Heeren is groot over hen die Hem zoeken. 19. Als kostbare olie wordt het over hun hoofden uitgegoten. 20. De Heere spreekt in genade, tot hen die genade gaven. 21. In kostbare gaven hebben wij gewoond, daar wij des Heeren waren. 22. Ik dan, Paulus, spreke veelvuldig tot u, daar mijn ziel bij de Heere is, en uw ziel daar ook is. 23. Drie tijden kent dan de Heere, om de beperkingen van Zijn Woord te voltrekken. 24. De Heere doet dan Zijn grenzen kennen. Ook heeft Hij zijn tijden en seizoenen en hun grenzen vastgelegd in de sneeuw. Ziet dan toe dat gij acht op Hem geve als op een lamp. 25. Ben ik dan gekomen om u te laten verdorren ? Zeer zeker niet. Laten de dorren elkaar verdorren. 26. Ik ben gekomen om woorden van leven te spreken, als apostel en dienstknecht des Heeren. 27. Ziet, het zwakke is dan tot de tuin des Heeren gekomen als zaad van sterkte. 28. Ik draag dan de wonden des Heeren in mij als schilden.

22.

1. Discipelen van het zuivere Woord, hebt dan liefde tot elkaar, opdat het zaad kome tot het Eeuwig Evangelie. 2. Ik heb tot u dit evangelie vanaf het begin gebracht. Daarvoor was ik een vervolger van de gemeente. 3. De Heere heeft genade tot mij bewezen, daar ik het in onwetendheid heb gedaan. Mijn handen zijn daarom rein, en ik zal ze rein houden. 4. Hen in Efeze verzoek ik de geestelijke wapenrusting aan te doen. Strijdt dan niet tegen elkaar, maar tegen de werkingen van het vlees en de boze machten. Legt dan af alle onreinheid die u zo licht in de weg staat. 5. Doet de helm des heils op, zodat u zult groeien in uw geloof. 6. En tot hen die de Heere het zwaard heeft gegeven : Blijft in Zijn Liefde, en weest niet scherp van tong. Wie toorne, toorne in de Heere. 7. Blijft dan de weg van het geloof begaan, wetende dat gij een tegenstander hebt. 8. Gij zult dan niet rennen, maar list gebruiken. Heeft de Heere u dan niet geschoeid met de vrede van het evangelie ? Ziet dan, het evangelie is list. 9. De Christus overwon dan de duisternis in zijn zwakte, en niet in zijn sterkte. Elke zwakte in de Heere is list. 10. Heft dan uw schilden op als de wonden des Heeren, om de pijlen des satans te verstrikken. 11. Want zijn wonden spreken in donder van het komende oordeel. 12. Gij dan hebt lichten in vele kleuren gezien, die het palet der bevrijding vormen. 13. En als gij dan het Eeuwig Evangelie in uw harten hebt ontvangen, dan hebt gij een dubbel zwaard. 14. Streeft daarom zeer ernstig naar zulke gaven des Heeren. Welzalig hen die op zulke paden wandelen, want hen heeft God macht gegeven om tot de Geesten Gods te komen. 15. Belet hen daarom de ingang niet, opdat uw eigen ingangen gezegend zullen blijven. 16. En ziet er op toe dat gij geen deze kleinen beschuldigt, daar de Heere hen heeft weggelegd tot vertroosting. 17. Laat dan de lamp die brandt niet gedoofd worden.

23.

1. De jongeling heeft veel te lijden, totdat hij Gods Glorie ziet. De Luister des Heeren wacht op de jongeling onder een boom om hem te bespringen. 2. De jongeling wordt getrokken naar het midden in de jaren van slavernij, totdat de boog des geestes hem doorboort, en hij getrokken wordt tot de duisternis, waar het nachtlied hem vrijzet. 3. De droom komt als een bevrijder tot hoge torens, om hen te brengen tot het riet. 4. De jongeling wacht op dingen die nooit zullen komen, maar de Heere

geeft hem schepen die nooit voorbij zullen gaan. 5. De jongeling leert te slapen, om tot de nachtspelers te gaan. 6. Zij verachten hem niet omdat hij jong is, zij zien zijn stille traan. 7. De jongeling leert de bomen kennen, en de geheimenissen van het woud. De vogels die hem lessen geven, na zijn val. De geest heeft zijn hart doorboort. 8. Zijn wonden laten vogels spreken, en zijn kruis leidt de dieren van het woud. 9. Het is hem genoeg in pijn te leven, en te drinken van deze wijn. 10. Nooit meer terug wil hij, het zilver spreekt tot hem vanuit de lucht. 11. Het ijs bracht hem hier en maakte de snaren stijf. 12. Pas op, zijn hart is als een jonge leeuw, verslindende hen die de armoe verachten. 13. D'armoe was zijn sleutel tot hier, en hij leerde haar beminnen. 14. De raven kroonden hem tot koning, want zijn lompen maakten hem wijs. 14. Hij knielde voor haar neer, en gaf haar de sleutel van de oude rijkdom.

24.

1. Zij vonden elkaar in naaktheid, toen ze alles lieten vallen, en bedekten elkaar met wat het bos voor hen losliet. 2. Zij vochten met leeuwen en verloren hun verdriet. Zij waren koningen van de wildernis. 3. Zij vonden het kruis in oeroude tijden, gewikkeld in sneeuw, dat wat de hemel voor hen liet vallen.

25.

1. En ik zag een slang genaamd Leviticus, en zijn vel was grijs en hoornig. En hij had gruwelijke dingen gedaan. Hij was van de zee gekomen om de heiligen te misleiden en te verdrukken voor een lange tijd. 2. En velen werden bitter tot God, en anderen begonnen God om hulp te roepen. Maar de Heere hield Zijn poorten gesloten. 3. En Leviticus droeg een heilig zwaard, wat Hij uit de tempel des Heeren had gestolen. 4. Maar een engel des Heeren kwam uit de hemel dalen, om de slang te slaan en in een afgelegen put te werpen. 5. En zij sloot de put boven het hoofd van de slang, en bracht de sleutel tot een allerheiligste tempel. 6. En Leviticus begon luid te roepen, en het geluid was zo hard, dat hij nog vele heiligen kon verleiden. 7. Maar zij die de Heere bleven dienen joeg hij schrik aan in de nacht. 8. Na een tijd echter zond de Heere een vuur tot de put, en Hij noemde de put het Tweede Gehenna.

En ik zag een ander dier uit de zee komen gelijk een panter, en hij was genaamd Deuteronomium. En hij had vele heilige dingen opgeslokt, en ging uit om de kindekens te misleiden. En hij gaf hen vreselijkheden in de nacht. En de Heere sprak : Nu is het tijd mijn woord te zuiveren. En een engel steeg op vanuit de hemelen en sloeg de panter en zijn volgelingen met de ban. En de Heere dan, die Geest is, zegge dit : Veel bloedschuld kleeft aan dit dier, en Hij zond het dier tot de Tweede Gehenna, waar het dier verscheurd werd door wilde lammeren. En de schrik van deze roofdieren was zo groot, dat de hemelen en de aarde beefden.

En de Heere goot een schaal uit vol met bloed, om het Woord te reinigen. En hij stelde apostelen aan om het gezuiverde woord tot de volkeren der aarde te brengen.

26.

1. En een leeuw genaamd Numeri maakte zich groot tot de hemelen, en hij die het boek Jozua behoeft bracht een bak vol met ijs tot de poorten van de hemel. En deze bak was bijna zo groot als de aarde zelf. 2. En de Heere rees van Zijn troon en zond Zijn engel, maar deze werd voor negenendertig dagen tegengehouden. 3. En de engel kon alleen spreken : 'De Heere straffe u.' Zo groot was de onderdrukking van deze geesten. 4. En als zij het konden, dan zouden ze de Heere van Zijn troon stoten. 5. Maar de Heere had hun tijden en omvang al bepaald. En de Heere sprak tot Zijn

apostelen : Heiligt me nu het boek genesis en het boek exodus, en snijdt erin met het Zwaard des Geestes. 6. En zie, het eerste boek van Openbaring was voorbij gegaan, en haar verzen werden verdeeld onder de roofdieren des hemels en de heilige boeken. 7. En de Heere bracht een slachting aan in het boek psalmen, wat als zijn eigen vlees was. En de Heere stak een pen in de achtersten van deze geesten, en zegende het. 8. Zo werd er dan toegevoegd en afgedaan aan het boek psalmen, zoals de Heere bevolen had. 9. En toen richtte de Heere zich tot de evangeliën, en maakte er het boek Christus van. 10. En de Heere ordende de verzen, voegde er aan toe en nam er vanaf, zoals de Geest het wilde. 11. En zo werden er dan negen boeken des Heeren geheilgd en zij vormden het gezuiverde Woord des Heeren. 12. En het zilver des hemels daalde op aarde neer, en het zilver werd ijs. 13. En de Heere sprak : Opent dan de poorten van het nieuwe Woord, want zie, het oude is voorbijgegaan. 14. En ik zag een zwarte ruiter op een zwart paard zitten, en de poorten geraakten in vuur en de aarde en de hemelen begonnen te branden. 15. Zo is dan de komst van Eminius, en Zijn Zaad zal Izu heten. En bloed kwam over de aarde en de wateren, en boeken begonnen zich groot te maken tegen de hemelen. 16. En de tweede Christus verscheen in de wolken om de volkeren te hoeden. En Hij had een zware staf die alleen Hij kon dragen. En Zijn voeten stonden in het Tweede Jeruzalem, en waren als Michai. En zijn armen reikten tot aan Het Tweede Babylon. 17. En Hij scheurde het van de aarde weg. En Hij begon zijn benen te bewegen, en sprak als Michai. 18. En Zijn handen waren als de Marion, en hij droeg een tepel als de ronde zon op de borstplaat van zijn pantser. 19. En Hij had een helm en benen als Zurastael, en Hij begon grote woorden te spreken. 20. En de bomen van Sodom begonnen te vallen en het Zaad van Izu begon uit de mond van de Tweede Christus te komen. 21. En zo waren dan de dagen van Eminius. En de Heere was als een voerder van oorlog. 22. En zo zijn er dan tweehonderdttwintig dagen aangesteld over de zuivering van Zijn Woord. En na die dagen zal de bliksem rein zijn. En zij was dan als de Komst des Heeren.

27.

1. En zij dan die van de Tweede Reformatie zijn : Weet wel dat dit een gebod des Heeren is. Ik dan ben de Tweede Luther, en ik draag het vuur van Zurastael. Gij apostelen zult het woord reinigen en heiligen tot aan de uiteinden der windstreken. 2. Ja, gij zult het gezuiverde woord brengen tot de volkeren der aarde, en dan zal het einde gekomen zijn. 3. Blijft dan niet met het onzuivere woord de volkeren onderdrukken, want dan zal de Heere komen met de ban, en u slaan. 4. Ziet, de Heere en de Tweede Christus staan aan de deur, en zij kloppen. Doet dan open, opdat zij u niet met het onzuivere van het Woord laten vergaan. 5. Groet hen die in Spanje zijn. Als zij van het Tweede zijn hebben zij niets te vrezen. 6. Laten zij dan ook met deze woorden rekenen, anders zal er met hen niet gerekend worden. 7. Gij immers hebt uw zielen gereinigd in Zurastael. 8. Vreest dan niet voor het Grote Spanje. God is groter. Zelfs het kleine van God is groter dan de grootheid der mensen. 9. Vreest hen dan niet, want wat zijn zij te achten ? De Heere heeft immers hun tijdperken ingesteld, en weet wanneer ze weer zullen vergaan. 10. Draagt de Heere dan niet hun adem in Zijn schoot ?

28.

1. Ziet dan, de Heere is recht. Hij is de Heer der Heeren, en hij geeft het goede aan de wijzen. Gij dan hebt uw kinderen gebracht tot het tweede Spanje. 2. En tot hen dan in het tweede Spanje zeg ik : Gij piekert op hoge bergen, opdat de Heere u bespare, zodat u niet groot wordt op de vlaktes van Babylon. Het dikke des heeren dan is dunner dan het dun der mensen. 3. Het dunne des heeren is dan dikker dan het dik der mensen, en dit geheimenis is groot. Gij dan hebt acht gegeven op het woord des heeren, en met zuivere maat gemeten. Ja, gij zijt meters voor zijn aangezicht, en de heere uw God heeft u geheilgd vanaf den beginne. 4. Gij dan die als gevangenen leeft : Weest als

gevangenen in de Heere. De Heere bevrijdt u op Zijn tijd. Maar wat dan gebondenheid en vrijheid is bepale de Heere. Gij hebt het brood des Heeren hoog gebakken. 5. Ja, gij waart als bakkers der heilige tabernakel. Gij dan bent de Heere getrouw geweest. Hiermede hebt gij roofdieren om de tuin geleidt. Wonderbaarlijk zijn de listen des Heeren. Komt dan, en nadert tot Zijn Geest, gij van het tweede Spanje. 6. De broeders dan hebben het brood bereid en zijn goed voor uw kinderen geweest. Gij hebt dan de geheimenissen des Heeren bewaard als veren in de broze potten bij het altaar. Ja, gij hebt erop acht gegeven als op een lichtend licht in duistere dagen. Gij weet thans dat de duisternis des heeren lichter is dan het licht der mensen. 7. Ook hebt gij erop acht gegeven dat Zijn licht vanuit de duisternis kwam, en oprees als de heilige ster. Zijn duisternis dan is heerlijkheid. Ziet dan, de Heere Heere heeft Zichzelf gewikkeld in wolken, en Zijn Helm is Zaligheid. 8. Nadert dan tot Zijn recht, opdat Hij u meer recht geve. De heere heeft u als lampen neergezet op een duistere plaats, en gij weet daar zeer goed mee om te gaan. Daarom houd ik ook niet op om de Heere daarvoor dankzegging te geven voor Zijn aangezicht. 9. Hij is een goede geleider, en de buizen van zijn altaren zijn licht. Ook hebt gij de Woorden van Metensia niet veracht. Maar gij waart als hen die het woord beminden. 10. Ja, de Heere heeft waarlijk engelen onder u gezet, en zij dragen de geheimenissen Gods over de vleeswording der engelen. Gij die de veer draagt, gij zult meerdere veren dragen. Zo zal de komst des Heeren dan zijn als de komst van een mensenzoon. 11. Ziet, de Heere Heere is dan vlees geworden, en Zijn Geest. Waakt dan, want gij weet niet in welke gestalte Hij tot u zal komen.

29.

1. Ziet, de Heere dan is het recht der wezen en weduwen. Staart gij dan nog steeds elkaar aan ? Enkelen onder u zijn dan de wakers des Heeren, maar de Heere waakt in gerechtigheid. 2. Ziet dan, Hij heeft u gegeven van het brood des hemels en het verborgen manna. 3. Kent dan de vele kruiken van Zijn ark. De Heere zal dan uw monden vullen met lachen, en gij zult heilige dingen verkondigen. 4. Ook hebt gij de wijn des Heeren niet veracht, en hebt gij uw Franse broeders in de verdrukking niet gemeded. Zij dan die van het Tweede Frankrijk zijn groeten u. 5. Ook groet ik u dan in ijs. Gij doet er wel aan elkaar ook in ijs te zegenen. 6. Zegent dan elkaar, opdat gij gezegend zult worden. Vervloekt elkander dan niet, en bidt voor uw vijanden. 7. Indien gij dan uw vijand kunt vergeven, zalig zijt gij. Want de Heere Heere kent vele vergevingen, en zijn zaligheden zijn niet met weinig. 8. De Heere Heere heeft niets aan vuile monden, en zij wiens lippen bezoedeld zijn lopen voorop naar het oordeel. 9. Gij Spanjaarden van het tweede, de Heere redt u. Maar hen die van het eerste zijn, zijn reeds verloren. 10. De Heere Heere heeft reeds zijn vloed gezonden, en de tweede ark staat voor u klaar als een heilig testament. 11. Houdt dan niet vast aan het oude, opdat de Heere u niet met het oude ten onder laat gaan. 12. Zo zal de dag des Heeren dan zijn als een Schip, en Zijn vlam zal haar leiden. 13. Zalig zij hen die in het schip zijn, en het brood des Heeren bakken. Gij hebt dan vele bakkers onder u. En enkelen onder u hebben de ouden willen bezoeken, maar de Heere heeft hen tegengehouden. Soms is het ijs beter dan de ontmoeting. 14. En gij hebt elkaar daaronder niet minder geacht, daar het een gebod des Heeren is. 15. Zo brengt de Heere u soms in verdrukking, en soms is Hij het die deuren sluit. 16. Houdt u dan vast aan de geschriften van Kabbernal die ik u heb gegeven, want zij zijn als de testamenten des geestes. 17. Ook hebt gij dan wijn geschept uit de bakken des hemels, en de stem van de Heer in de dingen verstaan.

30.

Staf van Spricht

1. Getsemane, water stroomt tegen de muren. Ik verdrink in hoge dromen. Ik druk mezelf tegen de muur, maar er is geen ontsnapping hier. 2. Getsemane, de deuren zijn op slot. Er zit niets anders op dan hier te blijven, en te wandelen met God. Iemands tranen, deze dromen, een geschenk van hart tot hart. 3. Ik heb niet veel draagkracht en het dringt door mijn huid. Ten slotte val ik op de grond, en alles om me heen wordt groter. 4. Ik durf mijn ogen niet meer open te doen. Iemand slaat zijn armen om me heen. 5. Dan leer ik de tranen te drinken, en diep in deze armen te zinken. Mijn kamerdeur staat open. De hemelen zijn geopend, maar Golgotha riep tot mij. 6. Na vernedering komt het sterven, het is de weg van onze Heer. 7. In Zijn voetstappen te lopen, komt Hij zo dichtbij. Het kruis is maar een vlam van Liefde, om één te worden met Hem. 8. De Traan is maar een beker, om van Zijn wolk te drinken, en met Hem te wandelen en op te stijgen, tot het paradijs. 9. Datgene waar rozen mee bekleed zijn, zo goddelijk en koninklijk, dat is ons kleed.

10. Golgotha, als een haai die ons heeft gegrepen. Brekende onze botten tot het kruis van onze Heer. We hoeven niet bang te zijn, we krijgen een nieuw lichaam. 11. Golgotha, de staf van Spricht, om ons door smalle deuren te laten gaan. Laat dan de schatten maar versplinteren, anders kan het toch niet mee.

31.

Niet genoeg

1. We zijn nog niet zwak genoeg om binnen te gaan. We staan nog steeds op beide benen, wachtende op de verbrokenheid, om als bomen in zijn paradijs te staan, zaad twintigvoudig gestorven. 2. We hebben nog niet genoeg tranen geweend, om hoog op de zeeën te staan, om als de Christus op water te wandelen, om de stormen, de donder en de golven te verstaan. 3. We hebben nog geen lasten zwaar genoeg, om als rotsen in de hemelen te zijn. 4. Golgotha heeft ons nog niet gegrepen, de Heere lijdt daar nog alleen. 5. Wij slapen, onze dorens zijn nog niet diep genoeg, om onze geest op te wekken tot eenheid met onze Heer. 6. Ons bloed nog steeds stromende in ons eigen lichaam. Oh nee, er is nog steeds geen leiding van onze Heer. 7. Geen bescherming, geen engelen, wij lieten hem daar alleen staan, hangende aan een vervloekt kruishout, hebben wij Hem daar laten vergaan. 8. Dieren werden geofferd tot onze monden, om in onze buiken te worden vergeten. We hebben het Christus aangedaan.

32.

De Herfst

1. Ik ben arm, ben je bang voor je naaktheid ? Je hebt zeker wat te verbergen. 2. Ik ben arm, er is geen leven in rijkdom. Dat wat je vasthoudt zal je opvreten. 3. Ik ben de herfst, en door Spricht ingegaan. De deur van Golgotha is smal. 4. Hier trillen de liederen van slaap. In armoede hebben wij Zijn gezicht aanschouwd. 5. Zij die niet arm zijn, zijn blind. 6. Zij die geen honger hebben zijn doof. Ik zit hier in ketenen, totdat ik zelf een keten ben geworden, zo smal als Spricht. 7. Ik ben arm, niet bang voor de naaktheid, want de duisternis bedekt haar. 9. Ik ben arm, er is geen leven in rijkdom. Het is een licht dat alles ontbloomt. 10. Ik ben de herfst, door Spricht ingegaan. Ik heb de naakten bedekt door mijn val. De herfst is tot een bedekking, voor hen die Hem vrezen. 11. Golgotha is wat de hemel losliet voor hen die tot de hemelen komen.

33.

Komen tot de arme

1. Gij dan die rijk zijt, hoe durft gij tot de Heere te komen, zonder eerst tot de armen te gaan ? 2. Weet gij dan niet dat de arme de Heere is ? 3. Hoe durft gij tot het Woord te komen, zonder eerst de arme te voeden ? 4. Gij dan die uw man in de steek gelaten hebt, hoe durft gij tot de Heere te gaan ? Immers uw man is de Heere. 5. Gij zult door de staf van Spricht geslagen worden als de bliksem.

34.

De Spiegel van binnen

1. Het zicht is als een spiegel. De witte spin heeft gestoken, om beminden tot de mystiek des Heeren te brengen. Als witte sneeuw kende de Heere u, hen die Zijn paarden dragen. Het schuim van rozen droegen zij als het schuim der rozenwijn. 2. Kostelijke ambachten des Geestes, als platen in zijn boek, hebben de webben reeds geweven, het spiegelende zicht. 3. Hij die de harten schiep, heeft u zijn doornenkroon gegeven, als spiegelend zicht in uw hoofden geweven. Zij droegen de helm, die mannen van zilver. Nu draagt gij 't ook, nu jaagt dan de dood geen angst meer aan, het spiegelt alleen die kostbaarheden van de Heere diep binnenin. 4. Het raakt je niet meer aan. Gij hebt immers het ijs als uw meester, na lange dagen van sneeuw. 5. Het spiegelend zicht, door je hart bemint. Je hebt niets meer te vrezen. Alles is er al, het moet alleen nog ontdekt worden. 6. Is er een wereld buiten mijzelf ? Ik ben toch altijd binnen. 7. Ik kom niet buiten, het is alleen de weerspiegeling. De echo van mijn hart te volgen, buigt en splitst in de wind. Ik kan alleen maar komen tot Hem die mij bemint. 8. Ik ben dan in ketenen, ik ga dan gebukt door het leven. Ik rouw er niet meer om, 't is maar voor even, een weerspiegeling binnenin. Als ik het heb gevonden is het afgelopen. 9. De wond blijft klagen, totdat het is verbonden.

35.

Niet Rouwen

1. Ik heb iemand gestoken als een spin. Het was nog wel iemand die ik beminde. Zo rijk, paarden aan de polsen, zo arm, voeten bloedend in de sneeuw. 2. Ik heb iemand gestoken als een spin. Ik spoot mijn gif zo diep, ik weet niet of het ooit nog naar boven zal komen. 3. Het was nog wel iemand die ik zo beminde. Ik werd beschuldigd van haat. Ik heb niet lang meer te leven. 4. Treur niet om mij, ik ben er geweest. In 't graf van Christus ben ik aangekomen. Waar slangen des hemels rouwen in de kou. Het vuur van haat werd Hem dan aangerekend. 5. Maar Hij opende alleen maar deuren, heeft de kindekens uitgeleid. 6. Hij stak hen als een spin, allen die de deur blokkeerden. Netjes had Hij om doorgang gevraagd. 7. In 't graf van Christus ben ik aangekomen. 't Is hier doodgaan voor een sleutel, gekruisigd worden om een kinderhand te bereiken. 8. Zachtjes leid ik hen tot veiligere paden. Maar 't verleden roept nog steeds : Kruisigt hem. 9. 't Is hier sterven na de dood, als een vuur van gif en liefde. Rouw niet om mij, als de naald van de koning mijn hart bereikt heeft, ben ik voor eeuwig vrij. 10. Rouw niet om mij. Rouw liever om uzelf, gij gebonden. Ik zet de kindekens vrij. 11. Het schuim der wijnen drink ik, in 't schuim der rozen zwem ik, waarom zoudt gij dan rouwen ? 'K heb het graf van Christus gezien, ik heb iemand gestoken als een spin, iemand die ik beminde. 12. Rouw niet om mij, maar steek hen die poorten dichthouden, die kindekens misleiden. Rouw niet om mij, maar opent de poorten en laat hen vrij.

36.

Het kleine en grote Gods

1. Dit zijn de woorden van de Gegetene : Ik dan ben door wolven gegeten, Ik die het midden van het bos heb bereikt, de open plaats des Heeren, overgoten in het licht der zon. 2. Heilig bent u die de

rijen laat schuiven. Ik dan heb mijn paulussen opgesteld om de wereld te overspoelen met de Nieuwe woorden des heeren. 3. Zij zullen u dan een nieuwe woede brengen, opdat uw lichamen genezen worden. 4. Zalig bent gij wanneer gij de toorn des heeren in uw lichaam draagt en door hem bent apart gesteld. 5. Zalig hen die niet zitten in de kring der lachers of de kring der spotters, maar door de toorn des heeren gegrepen zijn om bewaard te worden tot aan het laatste der dagen. De Michai brandt in mijn handen, en ziet, er zullen nog vele Michai's komen. 6. Zalig zij die de tepel des Heeren dragen, want zij hebben rijkelijk toegang tot Spricht, en zalig hen die het schoeisel des Heeren dragen, want zij hebben overvloedig toegang tot het dikke Gods. Veracht dan de kleinen onder u niet. 7. Want wat groot of klein is bepale de Heere. De Heere dan laat Zich vinden in het kleine. 8. Het kleine Gods is dan groter dan de grootheid der wereld, en Zijn Grootheid is kleiner dan het kleinste der aarde. 9. Laat dan hen die gegeten zijn komen tot Brannan. Amen Metensia Eminus.

Zaligsprekingen

10. Zalig hen die door tijgers gegeten zijn, want zij zullen tot Spricht naderen en hebben toegang tot het kleine Gods. Zij dan die zeggen niet in het kleine te geloven, geloven daarmede niet in God, die immers het kleine is. 11. Laat een ieder dan weten dat niemand van zulke ongelovigen de hemelpoorten zullen beervan. 12. Uw grootheid vare met u ten verderve. Maar zalig zij hen die de Heere liefhebben. Het zoete der hemelen is voor hen, en zij eten van de dikke druipende honing des Heeren. Zalig hen die door de leeuwen gegeten zijn, want zij zullen troost vinden. 13. Zalig hen die door haaien en krokodillen gegeten zijn, want zij zullen de krachten der krokodillen beervan en de druipende bruisende lijn des Heeren zal vanuit hun binnenste vloeien. 14. Zij zullen enige tijden door hoofdpijnen gekweld worden, maar de lijn des Heeren zal hen stap voor stap vrijzetten en bedekken. 15. Ja, zij zal vloeien door de Nieuwe Helm des heeren en gij zult zalig heten. Lacht hen dan niet uit die gegeten worden, en eet ook niet van hun vlees, want dan zal de toorn des Heeren tegen u ontbranden. 16. Vlucht dan ook niet terug tot oude leugens, want gij mocht zelf eens gegeten worden. Zalig hen die in de Heere gegeten worden.

Over zonde

17. Zij die dan gekomen zijn tot de beer en de insecten : Gij zult gegeten worden, want alle poorten hebben tanden. Zij dan die gekomen zijn tot de velden der wilde katten : Gij moet weten dat de Heere Heere de Grootste Eter is, daar Hij de Gegetene is. 18. Zij dan die lammeren verscheuren zijn reeds overgeleverd aan Hem. Want een grote zonde is het om een jong dier te eten, daar het nog geen leven heeft gehad. Zij die zulke maaltijden klaarmaken zijn zelf reeds rijp geworden om een maaltijd te zijn. 19. De Heere Heere dan laat niet met Zich spotten. De Heere rekent zulk een zonde tot spot, daar jonge dieren daartoe niet bestemd zijn. Wie dan een oud of zwak dier eet haalt ziekte naar binnen. 20. Dit zijn de woorden van de Gegetene : Gij dient elkaar lief te hebben. Zij die niet liefhebben zullen gegeten worden, zonder dat iemand hen opwekt. Zij dan die de eters van vlees haten : Gij staat in uw recht, en gij doet er goed aan zulken te haten, daar de Heere Heere hen haat.

Het loon van de zonde

21. Zo is dan het eten van de levende schepping het bespotten van de Schepper en zulken zullen niet ontkomen. Tot de tanden van de hel zijn zij genaderd en zij zullen niet wederom opgewekt worden. 22. Tot dodenrijken en de rijken der schimmen zullen zij dalen, en de Heere zal hen op de daarvoor bestemde tijden voor eeuwig laten slapen. Meent dan niet dat gij tegen elkaar kunt zondigen zonder daarvoor de straf te dragen. 23. Gij dan zult uw straffen uitzitten. Gij dan zult werken totdat gij

hetgeen u uw broeder heeft aangedaan hebt terugbetaald en zijn huis in orde hebt gemaakt. Zo zult gij dan de slaaf zijn en de dienstknecht van degene tegen wie u gezondigd hebt. 24. Verwoest dan geen zielen door vlugge oordelen of achterklap, maar bewaak uw hoofd en mond met dubbele bewaking, want gij mocht eens spreken of met uw ziel overleggen over uw broeder, en uzelf binden tot de wederopbouw van zijn huis. 25. Zij dan die levenslange wonden toebrengen zullen daartoe ook levenslang slaaf worden. Zalig hen dan die het kleine als groot zien, en het grote als klein, want zij hebben de ogen des Heeren.

Over stilte en armoede

26. Zalig zijn zij die het huis van stilte hebben gevonden, want zij zijn losgekomen van veel slavenwerk. Zij dan kunnen hun eigen huis opbouwen, en de Heere beminnen. Zalig zij die de parel van armoede hebben gevonden, want zij zullen door haar bemint worden, en dezen zullen gaan van Assisi tot Assisi. 27. De Heere rake dan uw ruggegraat aan, opdat de tepelen des Heeren zich openen, en gij de melkselen der heerlijkheid drinkt. Gij dan die de woorden van de muis in uw binnenste draagt : Komt dan tot het Vuile des Heeren. 28. Want het Vuile Gods is schoner dan het schoonste der mensen. Gij hebt dan een bron van het Vuile Gods in de natuur, om uzelf te reinigen en uw huis. Weet dan dat het schone der mensen ziektes verwekt, en zij zijn op weg naar het huis der ratten.

Zaligspreking en troost

29. Zij dan die vlees eten zullen de bouwstenen worden van het koninkrijk der dieren, en ziet, zij zullen slapen. Zalig de gegetenen, want zij hebben de proef doorstaan en zijn ingegaan door de poorten van het koninkrijk Gods. 30. Zij zullen het bos terugvinden en de bomen des hemels aanhangen. Ja, van hen zal de aarde zijn en al wat daarin is. Ja, van hen zal de gehele wereld zijn en al wat daarop leeft, want ziet, zij zijn de adem des Heeren. 31. Gij die jong zijt hebt veel te lijden, maar houdt goede moed, want de Heere heeft uw pijn gezien. 32. Het oog des Heeren is op u, en gij zijt veilig. Niets dat gebeurt is zonder betekenis, en zelfs de kleinste herinnering is een symbool des Heeren, om u te leiden door de woestheden van de toekomst. 33. Zij die jong zijn, schreit niet teveel, want de Heere is met u, de Heere is bij u, en is uw Gids en leidsman. De wildernissen zijn groot, en de gevaren zijn velen, maar uit die allen redt de Heere.

Voorschriften en Waarheden

34. Weet gij dan niet dat de Heere in de stilte is, en dat de Heere in pijn is ? Klaagt dan niet wanneer gij door Hem apart gezet wordt alsof u iets vreemds overkwame, want Hij behoedt u voor vele gevaren en veel slavenwerk. Gij dan zult de Heere beminnen en niet de hoeren der wereld. 35. Is uw oog dan zuiver dat u weet wat er gebeurt ? Richt uw oog dan op de gegetenen der wereld, en weest verlicht. 36. Gij die ziek zijt, weest ziek in de Heere. Want het Zieke des Heeren is gezonder dan het gezondste der mensen. Ziet dan, het gezonde der mensen is ziekte. Gij die oud zijt, weest oud in de Heere, want het oude Gods is jonger dan het jongste der aarde. 37. Zij dan die gevangen zitten : Treurt niet, maar weest als gevangenen in de Heere. Het geketende Gods is vrijer dan de vrijsten onder de mensen. 38. Zij dan die slaven zijn : Weest als slaven in de Heere, want gij zijt bouwers van het Koninkrijk Gods. Nu is er dan niets zonder nut, en deze allen zijn de raadselen des Heeren, die gij als heilige sieraden om uw nek dient te hangen. 39. Hiermede kunt gij tot de Heere spreken, en de Heere Heere zal naar u luisteren. Gij bent dan niet als wezen overgeleverd, maar de engelen des Heeren hoeden u. 40. En tot de weduwen zeg ik : Gij hebt de Heere als man. Gij hebt niets van node. In de Heere zijn geen doden, en ziet, alles leeft.

Over koorden en ketenen

41. Gij die tobt met het verleden : De Heere zal het verleden in Zijn Handen veranderen en het zal u tot een instrument zijn. 42. Mannen, richt uzelf op uw baarden, die de koorden zijn tot de dieren des hemels, en zij zijn de sieraden des Heeren. Vrouwen, richt uzelf op de haren van uw lichamen om verbonden te worden met de bomen des velds. 43. Gij hebt geen sieraden van node, tenzij de Heere u heeft bevolen iets te dragen. Streeft dan allen binnen te komen in de Traan des heeren, die alle pijn laat wegvloeien, en dit zal uw verborgen sieraad zijn. Gooit dan geen paarden voor de zwijnen. 44. Zij die de Heere dienen zullen uw sieraden opmerken en hebben de sleutelen tot uw hart. Gij hebt dan geen eer of aanzien van node, daar de Heere u eert, en zij die Hem dienen. 45. Gij echter moet kleiner worden om de poorten der eeuwige behoudenis binnen te gaan en het eeuwige des hemels. 46. De schatten daar zijn verborgen, maar niet voor hen die de Heere dienen en Hem liefhebben. 47. Zij dragen immers zijn traan en zien alles. Zij die jong zijn leven in vele onzekerheden, daar zij de dingen des Heeren niet zien. 48. Zij zijn dan wild en hebben pijn, daar zij de ketenen des Heeren nog niet hebben gevonden. 49. Laat dan de ketenen des Heeren u tot rust brengen. Gij dan die jong zijt hebt vele gevechten, maar de ketenen des Heeren zullen daar een einde aan maken.

Het lijden als instrument

50. Gij dan zijt piraten des Heeren, daar gij voor Hem rooft en de hel plundert. Aanvaardt daarom het lijden als instrumenten om werk te kunnen verrichten. 51. Gij dan die uw leven hebt behouden, er is dan geen plaats voor het zilver Gods. 52. Zij die zich dan niet vuil hebben gemaakt in de Heere, zij hebben ook geen deel aan het Goud des Heeren. 53. De waardige piraten des Heeren zullen bemint worden door hen die Zijn tranen in hun binnenste dragen. En hun hoofden zijn sereen als doorzichtig glas gevuld met lijm. 54. Zij lachen wanneer gij lacht, en zij huilen wanneer gij huilt. Zij die dan op de aarde leven zijn omringd door roofdieren, maar de piraten des hemels hebben de hemelen in hun bezit, en zij worden bemint door de lichten. 55. Ja, zij hebben deel aan de druipende en bruisende lijm des heeren.

37.

Over de Christus

1. Gij dan zijt piraten des Heeren, dragende Zijn geheimenissen. Maar deze zijn openbaar geworden voor hen die de tranen des Heeren dragen. 2. Weent dan niet wanneer de Heere iets bij u wegneemt, want de Heere brengt u in balans. 3. De Heere vormt en kneedt u in Zijn Hand. Raakt niet in paniek wanneer Hij iets wegneemt, want dan heeft de Heere iets beters voor u. 4. Zou de Heere dan zijn maaksel verwaarlozen ? De Heere zal zegenen zij die u zegenen, en vervloeken zij die u vervloeken. 5. De heere zal eer brengen, zij die u eer brengen, en teneerbrenge zij die u teneerbrenge. 6. Weet dan dat alles de Hand des heeren is, daar Hij u vormt en niemand anders. Alles is dan Hem tot instrument. 7. De Heere dan overziet alle dingen. Rouwt dan niet wanneer gij niet behoort te rouwen. Gij dan zult de tijden des heeren kennen. 8. Weest dan een piraat des Heeren en zoek de dingen die in de hemelen zijn, opdat ge niet op de aarde misleid worde. 9. Houdt dan vast aan het Woord des Heeren, opdat gij niet in allerlei leugenstrikken terecht komen. Mijdt hen die u een rad voor de ogen laten draaien. 10. De Heere houdt dan niet van hen die kabaal maken, daar zij de Stem des Heeren uitdoven. Ontvoerders van zielen noemt de Heere dezen. 11. Gij dan gaat van stilte tot stilte opdat gij ziet waar het op aankomt. 12. De Heere behoeft dan uw harten in zwijm, opdat gij niet door de gedachten der wereld wordt weggetrokken. 13. Gij dan zijt piraten genaderd tot de

Traan des Heeren, als de Traan van het Gegetene. En ziet dan, Hij is de Gegetene, als de Volmaakte Ziel des Geestes, als een verscheurd kledingstuk opnieuw genaaid. 14. Hoe meer u verscheurd bent hoe meer er plaats is voor de dingen des hemels. Ziet, het koninkrijk der hemelen bestaat dan uit snippers. 15. Zij dan die van as tot as gaan hebben het eeuwige leven en zullen de vleugelen des Heeren ontvangen. Altijd vrij zijn zij. 16. Gij dan die op de kusten van het tweede Kolosse staan : Aanvaardt dan de piraten des Heeren, en laat hen drinken van de tranen die te Kolosse zijn. 17. Zo bemint dan de geest de ziel, opdat de wateren en de vissen stromen, en zo ook in het tweede des Heeren. 18. En zo is dan de tweede geest de moeder der beminningen en de moeder van de Herman, hij die tussen het ijs en het vuur staat als een verborgen brug des Heeren, onder de Christus. En zo moest Hij een tijd onder de Christus staan, om tot een kap van Christus te worden. En ziet dan, hij is de blauwe kap. 19. En ziet dan, Hij is de wilde Christus. 20. Ook bent gij dan tot Maser gekomen, die de Arme Christus is. Ziet dan, zij zijn allen de Tweede Christus die van Christus is. 21. En Hij zal voortkomen uit de Christus en Hij zal wederkeren tot de Christus. Leert dan alle Zijn Namen kennen. 22. Want daar de Geest en de Heere vele namen hebben, zo heeft ook de Christus vele namen. 23. En zo zal dan Renok de Herman wederom verwekken, en Hij zal tot Maser komen. Nu zijt gij dan ook genaderd tot Dezer, de Christus van het Oer, en tot Jazel, de Christus die gevangen was, en tot slaaf is gemaakt. 24. En zo waren Jazel en de Christus één toen zij tot Jozef kwamen, die een voorbode van de Christus was. 25. En laat dan thans niemand u misleiden, want toen de droom sprak over de machten der hemelen die voor hem moesten buigen, zo sprak de droom over een verre toekomst. 26. Want zoals Jozef koning werd over Egypte, zo zal hij koning zijn over hen die de verborgenheden Gods leren kennen. Want ziet dan, Hij was de Heere die in verborgenheid en in list tot de aarde kwam, om de weg van de Christus te bereiken. 27. En zo is Jozef dan Christus de Slaaf, waarmede Hij de weg der vrijheid bewandelde. 28. Ja, want zoals Christus vrij is gekomen en koning is geworden, zo zullen ook allen die in Hem zijn als vrijen en koningen regeren. 29. En zo zijn dan Renok, Herman, Maser, Dezer, Jazel en Jozef één tot de Tweede Christus die van de Christus is. En zij zullen voortkomen uit de Christus en zullen tot de Christus wederkeren. 30. Zo zijn er dan vele karbulijnen, maar zij zijn allen één. En zij zullen gaan van vlees tot vlees, totdat de Nieuwe Schepping van het Tweede gekomen is. 31. Laat hem die wild is dan het vuur en het ijs kennen. Zij die dan de blauwe kap kennen zullen tot de Peter komen, en de geheimenissen van het bos zien. Ziet, Hij is dan de gegeten Christus. 32. En Hij heeft dan een wolvenwagen om alle piraten in de Heere te leiden. 33. Hecht u dan aan de Christus die zeven koppen heeft. En ziet, Hij dan is de Tweede Christus, als het Beest des Heeren. 34. En Hij dan vertegenwoordigt het Nieuwe Lichaam, terwijl God de Vader de Ziel vertegenwoordigt en Zijn Geest de tweede geest en geest der mensen. 35. Wordt dan als mensen van het Tweede, en nadert tot Metensia die uw kandelaar is. 36. En zo zal dan het Tweede als het Eerste zijn, en zij zal tot het Tweede Terugkeren, als de klok des Heeren en de Tweede Geest. 37. Zij zal dan zijn als een moeder die haar kinderen voedt, en zo zullen de tepelen des Geestes oprijzen, en dan zal de Karazuur tot de aarde komen. 38. Wee hen die dan nog op de aarde zijn in die dagen. 39. En zo zal Marion tot de Geest des Heeren worden, en zij zal uit Peter voortkomen. En zij zal zijn als de duif en de raaf, kennende de geheimenissen van het bos. En ziet, deze geheimen zijn groot. 40. Want wij allen zijn voortbestemd om als de Geesten Gods te worden, en aan hen gelijkvormig, en zo ook de Christusfiguren van de Utmiren. En zo zal ook de Christus als de Geest Gods worden. 41. Gij zult dan niet wederom de Christus binden aan uw canons, want deze witte duif is gemaakt voor vrijheid, om vele namen te dragen en vele namen te worden. 42. Al gij die de Christuscanons heeft bedacht, weest gebonden. 43. En zo zullen dan de canons des Heeren verschijnen, en ziet, zij zijn open, en zij zijn vrij. En zij komen voort uit het Tweede en keren weder tot het Tweede. 44. En dan zullen alle discipelen bekleed en geketend

worden door Zijn canons, en zij zullen naar de eeuwige velden van vrijheid worden geleid, en zij zullen niet van node hebben dat iemand hen bindt. 45. En zij zullen zijn als de Geesten Gods, rondvliegende om de Klok des Heeren. En dan zal de Ziel des Heeren opstaan, en zijn namen, en zij zullen geleid worden tot de Wilde Geesten des Heeren. 46. En zij zullen zijn als wilde ganzen zoekende naar de eeuwigheden van het Tweede. En als dan de Geesten Gods en de Zielen des Heeren tot elkaar komen, dan zal er een nieuwe ziel voortkomen, en een nieuwe geest, met een nieuw lichaam als het nieuwe vlees des Heeren. 47. Want zij die niet als de Ziel des Heeren willen zijn, zullen ook geen ziel hebben, en zij zullen ook geen nieuw vlees worden. 48. Hoe kunt gij dan verwachten nieuwe lichamen te ontvangen wanneer gij niet als Christus wilt zijn ? Hij dan is het nieuwe vlees. 49. Gij lijdt omdat gij onwetend zijt over deze dingen, maar wanneer gij de kennis Gods hierover ontvangt zult gij zalig zijn, en valt alles in kannen en kruiken. 50. De Tweede Geest zal Zich dan hechten aan de Tweede Ziel en zal zijn als de Klok des Heeren. En haar zoete muziek zal nieuw vlees voortbrengen.

38.

Troost en Rust

1. Gij zijt dan getrouw geweest, en gij hebt de kaprunnen gezien als de verbindingen tussen de geest en de ziel, en deze verbindingen zijn teer. 2. Ook hebt gij dan de tranen leren kennen als het bloed des Geestes, maar dit dan is u tot heilig zaad in de Heere. 3. Gij weet dan ook dat het grote Spanje als het grote Pasen is, daar de nachtlatingen de tijden des kruises zijn. Gij weet dat gij dit alles zult overwinnen als ware dienstknechten voor het aangezicht van God. 4. Het dier is dan uw adem en de regelaar van uw lichaamstemperatuur en dat van uw allerheiligste zielen. 5. Zij dan vertegenwoordigen de heilige voorwerpen in de tempel des Heeren en zullen u tot kaprunnen zijn. 6. De Heere dan wortelt door Zijn Geest en door Zijn kruis. Zonder de kaprunnen zoudt gij niet tot overwinning kunnen komen. 7. Gij weet dan ook dat het gekraai der hanen niet zonder reden is gebeurd, daar zij de tijden des kruises aankondigen, en de tijden des Heeren. 8. Zij dan verspreiden de vuurroden, die de kruisliederen des Heeren zijn, en de kloppingen van Zijn hart en aderen. 9. Het vuurrood is dan het bloed der zielen, maar dit is u ook tot heilig zaad en kruid, stromende uit het vuurnood van Metensia. 10. Zij dan draagt de sleutelen der genezing, in heilige sacramenten bereidt. 11. Leert dan de sacramenten van het tweede kennen, om dienst in de tempelen te doen en daardoor uw zielen te behouden. 12. Gij dan hebt leren werken met het zuiverende zout des heeren om het zoete zevenvoudig te zuiveren. Daardoor hebt gij stand gehouden voor het Heilige Aangezicht des heeren dat als een verterend vuur is. 13. Gij hebt troost gebracht aan God, en zult daarom getroost worden. 14. Bemoedigt elkander dan met deze woorden, want de tijden zijn boos. 14. Zoekt steun bij elkaar, en mijdt hen die uw woorden en handelingen verdraaien. 15. Hoe lieflijk is het als broeders en zusters van het tweede woord tezamen wonen. 16. Weet wel dat er indringers en valse lieden zullen komen die zullen proberen te stoken in de tweede gemeente, om uw naam te besmeuren. 17. Zondert u af van zulke lieden. Maar deze dingen moeten gebeuren om te zien wie de toets zullen doorstaan. 18. Gij dan bent zorgzaam geweest tot de piraten des Heeren, en gij hebt hen goede opvang gegeven. 19. Gij hebt dan de Namen van de Christus en de Tweede Christus leren kennen, en gij hebt hen allen liefgehad. 20. Gij hebt dan de verhalen van het kruis aangehangen, en hebt geen van hen verloren doen gaan, daar gij dienstknechten des Heeren zijt. 21. Gij hebt de geslachten der rechters en predictaten leren kennen, en gij hebt geen van hun tranen verloren doen laten gaan, daar het heilig zaad des Heeren is. 22. Gij dan hebt ook aan hermitaten woonplaats geboden en hen de wijn des Heeren laten drinken. Gij hebt de zon niet onder doen gaan over de

wijnen des Geestes. 23. Nu zal de Heere u dan ook de sleutelen geven om de geslachten der hermitaten te leren kennen. 24. Zij dan waken over de Zielen des Heeren. Gij dan bent getrouwe anfitaten geweest voor Gods aangezicht. 25. De Heere heeft u gezien, en heeft u een teken gegeven. De Heere heeft uw kruiken geopend. Laat dan de geesten der profeten tot de zielen der profeten komen, opdat zij in hun harten verzadigd raken. 26. Brengt dan hun wildheden tot rust, en vertaal voor hen de vaak moeilijke boodschappen die zij ontvangen, als waardige apostelen in de Heere. 27. De Heere heeft u aangesteld om hun huizen te besturen. Veracht dan de profeten niet, ook niet hen die depressief zijn, daar zij door moeilijke tijden heenmoeten. Zij worden door de Heere gemaakt tot roofdieren, en zijn u tot grote steun. 28. Zorgt dan voor de gemeente Gods, en voor hen die het minder hebben, daar de Heere u daartoe geroepen heeft. 29. Onderwijs hen over de veelvoudigheden Gods, en weest niet eenzijdig. Gij zult geen ketenen leggen om hun harten. 30. Laat hen die moe zijn slapen, opdat de toorn des Heeren niet over u kome. Zij die moe zijn hebben werk des heeren verricht. 31. Nu zal de heere heere dan bepalen wat werk is en wat niet. De rust des heeren is een zwaarder werk dan de arbeid der wereld. 32. En het werk des Heeren is een grotere rust dan de rust der aarde. 33. De Heere dan bepale wat werk en rust is. Gij bent er dan niet voor om elkaar te ketenen. Legt dan geen zware lasten op elkaar, want de Heere haat dezen. 33. Is het juk dat de Heere heeft gegeven dan niet zwaar genoeg ? Bemoeit u dan niet met elkaar. Of iemand werkt of rust gaat de Heere aan. 34. Geeft dan rust opdat gij veelvoudig rust zult ontvangen. 35. Zalig hen die anderen tot rust brengen, want zij zullen tot de overvloedige rust des heeren ingaan. Zalig hen die anderen tot troost brengen, want zij zullen vliegen op de vleugelen der arenden. 36. De Heere dan heeft u aangesteld tot Troosters en bakenen van Rust. Zorgt dan dat gij uw taak volbrengt. 37. Leert dan Renok de Trooster kennen die de Heere u als sleutel tot bevrijding heeft gegeven, want hij was dichtbij het hart des Heeren tijdens de kruisiging en bracht Hem troost. 38. Weest dan ge-ent op zijn boom, opdat gij deel hebt aan de heilige en verborgen sappen des Heeren. 39. Zij dan die het zoete gezuiverd hebben, hebben toegang tot het Sarhah des heeren.

39.

De Adem des Heeren

1. En zo zijn dan de kaprunnen ook de verbindingen tussen de eerste en tweede geest, en zij zijn als heilige altaren. 2. En zij zullen uw geest reinigen en laten uitreiken tot Spricht, waarin gij de tepelen des Heeren zult ontvangen. 3. Zalig hen dan wiens ruggengraten gereinigd zijn, want zij hebben toegang tot het kleine Gods, en tot het dikke. 4. En ziet dan, zij zullen zijn als de kaprunnen, als de altaren des Heeren. 5. Ja, zij zullen opstijgen als raven en velen tot wijsheid brengen. 6. En dan zult gij ademen vanuit het dunne en dikke Gods, en gij zult in het kleine openingen vinden, om vele vijanden te ontvluchten. 7. En de slangen des hemels zullen tot longen in u worden, en gij zult diep ademhalen en zien dat zij zijn als de darmen van het tweede. 8. En dan zult gij komen tot de Tweede Ziel des Heeren, die als het drop des hemels is. 9. En gij zult diep ademhalen en de wortelen des hemels zien. Op vele altaren zult gij liggen en gij zult geheiligd worden. 10. Zij dan die de dieren des hemels liefhebben zullen gaan van adem tot adem, maar zij die hen niet liefhebben zullen voor eeuwig slapen. 11. En het dunne en het dikke zal zevenvoudig gezuiverd worden in de Hand des Heeren. Laat u dan zuiveren, opdat gij kunt ademen. 12. Want de Heere zal de adem der wereld wegnemen, en allen die van de Heere zijn zullen in Hem ademen. 13. En die adem zal zijn als het drop des hemels. 14. En in de Roze Verbinding zullen de altaren des Heeren hersteld worden, en er zal een Nieuwe Schepping komen, de Schepping van het Tweede. 15. En vanaf dan zal er alleen nog maar geademd kunnen worden door de altaren des Heeren en de zuivering. 16. En zij die zichzelf

dan niet willen laten zuiveren zullen door de slangen des hemels gegeten worden. En zij dan zullen tot een eeuwige zielenslaap komen, en hun geest zal slapen en tot volkomen vernietiging varen. 17. En op die dag zal de Heere de snippers bijeen vergaderen en Hij zal ze maken als altaren, maar ook deze altaren zullen voorbijgaan. 18. Zo zal er dan een dag zijn tegen alle altaren, en onder hen zal een grote zuivering zijn. Laat u dan gaan van het kleine tot het kleine, opdat gij zult ontkomen aan een verschrikkelijk oordeel. 19. De Heere Heere heeft dan een dag tegen alles wat hoog is, en zal een slachting houden opdat het lage verhoogd worde. 20. Zo zullen dan allen die genaderd zijn tot Spricht niet beschaamd uitkomen, en zij zullen vele gezichten zien, en hun eigen weerspiegelingen als kostbare sieraden. 21. En zij zullen naderen tot het veelvoudig gezuiverde blauwe, om het wit des Heeren te zien. 22. En de Heere zal hen alle tranen afwissen. Gij bent dan genaderd tot een allesverwoestend vuur. Laat u dan zuiveren. 23. En in die dagen zal Acha, het Altaar des Heeren, groot worden, en Kabbernal zal uit Hem voortkomen, en Hij zal zijn als de bizon des heeren.

40.

De Bekers

1. En in die dagen werden de Christussen als de kaprunnen, en zij werden in Acha wederomgeboren. 2. En zij dan werden als de Karazuur tegen alles wat hoog was. 3. En ook de Geesten Gods en de Zielen des Heeren werden als de Karazuur, en zij werden geleid door Acha. En hij had grote macht. 4. En Eminius werd groot en kwam tot Materos, het kleine Gods, en er kwam een grote oorlog in de hemelen. 5. En de Tweede Karazuur kwam tot de aarde, en zij waren als de wolven, dienende de Herman. 6. En zij hadden als leider Rodoog, de wolf van Sarsia van Renok. 7. En de Herman werd groot op de aarde, en ook Renok. En zij werden als de Tweede Karazuur. 8. En het altaar der karazuren verslond de arken en de tronen, en de traan van de Peter kwam over de aarde brandende van vuur en zwavel. 9. En deze was als de traan van het altaar, en ook de Peter werd als de Tweede Karazuur. 10. En de bomen des hemels kwamen tot de aarde, en begonnen te onderwijzen. 11. En degenen die van altaar tot altaar gingen werden zalig, maar hen die stopten werden door de traan verscheurd. 12. En de traan van het altaar werd groot en begon te lachen en ook kwam er vuur van het altaar genaamd Vuur van Eminius. 13. En de Geesten Gods worstelden tegen elkaar, want ook de Heere zuivert en test Zichzelf. 14. En ook de Christussen en de kaprunnen begonnen elkaar te zuiveren. 15. En zij kwamen tot een plaats genaamd het tweede Pniel en het tweede Harmageddon, waar velen tot verlichting kwamen. 16. En zo zijn dit dan heilige plaatsen der engelen. En het Tweede Altaar des Heeren droeg vele namen. En er was donder en bliksem, en een boa constrictor kwam voort uit het Tweede Altaar. 17. En het Tweede Altaar splitste zich in vele altaren, en één dezer altaren was genaamd Brannan. 18. En aan Brannan werd een beker gegeven, en deze beker was vol met bloed. En het bloed veranderde in tranen, en werd daarna zaad. 19. En ook aan Acha werd een beker gegeven, en deze beker was vol met de dood. En de volkeren dronken van deze beker, en zij werden als drenkelingen, opdat er onder hen zuivering werd gebracht. 20. En in die dagen waren de haaien van de Herman in de zeeën van de aarde, en vele namen werden uit de tempelen gewist. 21. En ook aan Metensia werd een beker gegeven, die vol was met hoererij en slangen, en zij gaf de volkeren te drinken opdat er zuivering onder hen kwam. 22. En de reinen werden reiner, daar zij door de beker werden overgeslagen, en de onreinen werden onreiner, en zij werden overgeleverd aan hun lusten.

41.

Talgamen

1. Gij hebt dan gehoord van de beker van de Christus, en deze beker is genaamd Talgamen. 2. Gij die tot Hem wilt komen, zult ook van deze beker moeten drinken. 3. Wast uw geesten dan in deze beker, en gebruik deze naam aan het einde van uw allerheiligste gebeden. 4. De Heere dan luistert niet naar namen, maar naar harten. 5. Namen zijn dan gegeven tot gebruik, en niet tot noodzaak. 6. Het Koninkrijk Gods dan bestaat niet in Namen, maar in Heiligheid en Reinheid. 7. Laat deze beker dan rondgaan en drink van Hem. Talgamen. Gij gebruikt dan zijn allerheiligste naam als bevestiging. 8. Elke Naam op zich is dood, zowel in de hemelen als op aarde, maar wordt door de Liefde vervuld en gebruikt. 9. En ziet dan : de beker is meer dan de drinker. En gij hebt dan uw drieenigheid ingesteld, die slechts ten dele waar is, maar niet als canon. 10. Want de vierde persoon van de godheid is de beker, en Zijn Naam is Talgamen. 11. Gij doet er wel aan over een viereenheid te spreken, meer nog dan over een drieenheid. 12. Gij die tot de Christus gekomen bent drinkt dan allen uit dezelfde beker, en die naam is Talgamen. 13. Weet dan dat het een gebod des Heeren is om over de viereenheid te spreken, want de drieenheid is slechts ten dele waar, en in de canon volkomen niet. 14. Zo zijn er dan vele Eenheden des hemels, en gij zult die allen vinden en gebruiken, gij die de Heere kent. 15. Drinkt dan van Talgamen, want gij bent tot het allerheiligste gekomen. 16. En de Beker des Heeren is tot zuivering van het bloed en de ingewanden.

42.

De Lokogamen

1. En zo is er dan in de Nieuwe Tempel de tafel der bekens, en gij doet er wel aan om tot deze tafel te naderen, daar zij de bekens der profeten bevat. 2. En zo zijn dan de Lokogamen de sieraden van het kruis, maar zij zullen wegvlugten van een ieder die het kruis niet heeft liefgehad. 3. Zij dan zijn de scherptes des Heeren, en voeren oorlog tegen de onheiligen en hen die van de wereld zijn. 4. Het kruis heeft dan niets op met de wereld. Zo kunt gij dan niet het kruis liefhebben als gij een vriend der wereld zijt. 5. De Heere haat dan allen die een vriend der wereld zijn, want zij zijn vijanden van God en van het kruis. 6. De Lokogamen beminnen alleen hen die het kruis beminnen en daaraan gelijkvormig zijn geworden. 7. Spot dan niet met de Lokogamen, want zij zijn wraakzuchtig en nemen daarvoor de tijd. 8. Zij die dan de Lokogamen onrechtmatig en onwettig proberen na te bootsen zullen ten prooie vallen aan bittere wreedheid, maar alle wreedheid leidt tot slaap en vernietiging. 9. Onrechtvaardig zal het oordeel der Lokogamen wezen over hen die onrechtvaardigheid hebben bewezen. 10. De Lokogamen zijn dan dichtbij de wezen en de weduwen. 11. En wanneer gij aanbidt, gebruik deze naam aan het einde van uw stille lofprijzingen, opdat zij heilig en rein zijn voor Gods Aangezicht. 12. De Heere haat dan iedere dankzegging en lofprijzing buiten het kruis om. Deze uitlatingen zijn de Heere een gruwel. 13. Ware lofprijzing is dan in stilte, komende van het kruis en wederkerende tot het kruis, om de beker des Heeren te drinken. Lokogamen. 14. Laat dan uw beker vullen door de Lokogamen, en drinkt van de wijnen van het kruis. 15. En komt dan tot het graf des Heeren, wiens Naam Belcanov is. 16. Als gij dan praalt, praal in het kruis, en in het graf des Heeren.

De werken der Lokogamen

17. En zij, de Lokogamen, zullen de wilde beesten voeren, en de Karazuur, daar zij het sieraad van Metensia zijn. 18. En ook zijn zij het sieraad van de Peter, de Gegetene Christus, en zij beminnen hem als lichtende watervallen in een bosrivier. 19. Ja, voor de grotten van Belcanov, het graf des Heeren, liggen zij. En lichtende vissen stijgen langs hen op en dalen neer. 20. En zij zullen velen

voeren tot de duisternissen en de koele wateren, en velen zullen gered worden. 21. Ziet dan toe dat gij de duisternis des Heeren niet veracht, want gij mocht er eens door gegrepen worden.

43.

De klokken des Heeren

1. En alle eenheden zijn dan omringd door de Lokogamen, en zij hebben toegang tot de allerheiligsten. 2. Zo is dan de Emelis Shatau vol van de Lokogamen des Heeren, en zo ook de Roze Verbinding. 3. En ziet dan, zij komen voort uit Brannan en keren weder tot Brannan. 4. En zij hebben de klokken des Heeren rijkelijk bekleed. Zij dan hebben gedronken van het zoete des Heeren en het zoete des kruises, van de bronnen van het Sarhah. 5. Ziet dan, zij komen voort uit de klokken des kruises, om honger en verzadiging te brengen. Ja, want alle klokken bestaan in honger en brengen uiteindelijk verzadiging. 6. Niemand zal voor altijd honger moeten lijden, en de Lokogamen zullen daar op toezien. 7. Zij die dan van de alverzoening zijn : gij hebt ten dele gelijk. Gij zult dan allen verzadigd worden, en gij zult dan allen slapen, maar de één tot eeuwig leven en de ander tot vernietiging. 8. Dat wat tijd is bepale de Heere, en wat voor de één een seconde is, is voor de ander duizend jaar. 9. De Heere dan bouwt met honger en verzadiging. 10. Ziet dan, alle sieraden des Heeren zijn als klokken, en zij brouwen de wijnen des kruises. 11. Zij scheppen de vertes en de horizonnen.

44.

Muizen en konijnen

1. Gij dan die in Tyatira zijt, gij woont dichtbij Materos. Zij die in het tweede Tyatira wonen kennen rijkelijk de Lokogamen. 2. Gij zijt dan vol van de nostalgie des Heeren, en gij bent nader gekomen tot de woningen der muizen des hemels. 3. Ook kent gij dan de woningen der konijnen des hemels, door de Vader neergezet. 4. Gij hebt dan een warm hart gehad voor hen die de konijnen liefhebben en de konijnen zelf, en gij zijt als één van hen. 5. De Heere heeft dan zoveel liefde voor u omdat Hij zelf deels konijn is, daar het een speciaal deel van Hem vertegenwoordigt. 6. Ziet dan toe dat zij die het konijn haten door Hem afgeschoten worden, want de Heere Heere is een jager. 7. En zo is dan Sarhem het gewest van konijnen in de hemelen. 8. Gij dan zijt genaderd tot Sarhem, en bent klaar voor Zijn geheimenissen, gij allen die in het Tweede Tyatira wonen en zij die tot haar naderen. 9. Gij hebt dan bedelaars niet aan de kant gezet, maar hen ontvangen als konijnen des Heeren. 10. Mokmos dan is het gewest der muizen in de hemelen. En deze twee gewesten zijn heilig voor de Heere. 11. De muizen dan heersen over de tranen. De Heere is dan deels muis. 12. De tranen huizen dan in hun flessen.

45.

De Raadselaar

1. En de tranen dan zullen zevenvoudig gezuiverd worden, en zij zullen gedronken worden, daar zij de wijn des Geestes zijn. 2. En ook de lijmen des Heeren zullen zevenvoudig gezuiverd worden en zij zullen zijn als eb en vloed. 3. Gij dan laat ook het grijze zevenvoudig gezuiverd worden, opdat het zilver zal zijn, en gij kunt het daar gij immers tot onder het roze bent gedaald. 4. Laat u dan zevenvoudig vrijzetten voor de Heere. En laat u dan goed beseffen dat de tepelen des Heeren tot zuivering van Spricht zijn aangesteld. De Heere dan zuivert de hemelen en de gewesten, daar Hij een Zuiveraar is. Zo is Hij dan ook een Raadselaar. 5. En de Raadselaar zal aan het einde der tijden komen om het witte zevenvoudig te zuiveren. 6. Nu dan is het zeerood des Heeren negentigvoudig

gezuiverd. 7. Zij dan die onder het rode zijn, zijn grijs, maar zij worden gezuiverd tot zilver. 8. Zij dan van de rode traan zijn tot honderdvoudig gezuiverd en zij hebben woning voor u gemaakt. Zij leefden altijd dicht bij uw hart, en zij hebben u niet verlaten. 9. Daarom zijn zij niet schuldig, en zullen zij voor eeuwig Gods Zegen dragen. 10. Zij hebben u in tijden van nood getroost en bemoedigt en u hun klederen gegeven. 11. Ja, zij hebben tot in het duizendvoud voor u gezorgd, en uw pijnen met u gedragen, en deze overgenomen waar zij konden. 12. Ja, veelvuldig zijn zij voor u gestorven.

46.

Aangenaam Gezelschap

1. Zij die lijden voelen zich vaak alleen, maar als gij ouder wordt bemerkt gij de persoonlijkheden van het lijden, en leert gij hen zien als aangenaam gezelschap, daar zij u behoeden voor vele zonden en afhouden uit de slavernij. 2. De Heere heeft u dan aangenaam gezelschap gegeven, en zij zullen zichtbaar worden naarmate gij ouder wordt. 3. Leert dan de verrukkingen kennen van het ouder worden. 4. Gij hebt dan uw liefde tot de vogels des Heeren leren uitdrukken, en gij hebt bemerkt dat zij vaak de verpersoonlijkingen van het lijden zijn. 5. Zo dan kunt gij tot het lijden spreken als tot de Heere. 6. Weet dan dat zij die de vogels des hemels liefhebben een diepe plaats bij God hebben, daar God deels vogel is, daar het een deel van Hem vertegenwoordigt. 7. Hij schiep dan de dieren naar Zijn aard, en zij die dan de dieren krenken, krenken daarmee het beeld Gods, en worden tot de spotters gerekend. 8. Spot dan niet met Gods Schepping, daar het Zijn evenbeeld is. 9. Zij die lijden hebben dan een vlam om mee te smeden. De smid des Heeren is dan tot uw woning gekomen. 10. Ziet dan, de haai is de vleesgeworden vlam van de Ziel des Heeren, en gij zijt dichterbij het verterende vuur gekomen. Weest dan Heilig. 11. En daar het Eerste Woord tot heiligheid heeft opgeroepen, het Tweede Woord des te meer. 12. En daarom is het Tweede Woord heiliger dan het eerste, en wordt er des te meer opgeroepen de zonde af te leggen.

47.

Over de vrouw

1. De haai is dan de smid des Heeren, en hij zal de woningen van het Tweede bouwen. Hij zal daarvoor de metalen aan elkaar smeden, en daartoe de Kandelaar van Metensia gebruiken. 2. Ja, de haai zal dan de tijger en de leeuw gebruiken om los te branden en aan elkaar te smeden, en hij zal worden als het brandende ijs. 3. En de orca's des Heeren zullen tot uw huizen komen om vele knooppunten te maken in ballen, en gij zult de electriciteit des Heeren hebben. 4. En de orca's des hemels zullen zijn als de electriciens, en zij zullen Gods robotten heten. 5. En de electriciteit dan is als het vuur des geestes. 6. En alle vuur bestaat dan alleen in ijs. En de dove haaien zullen zijn als de radio's des Heeren, en de zwarte haaien zullen zijn als de telefoons des Heeren. 7. De witte haaien zullen dan zijn als de televisies. 8. Gij zult dan de ingang der vrouw als heilig achten na de zuivering, want zij zal de slangen des hemels voortbrengen. 9. En zij zal dit doen in vele barensweeen, en haar klederen zullen gescheurd zijn. 10. Dan zult gij de vrouw niet meer als een lustobject zien, maar als een werktuig des Heeren. 11. Gij zult dan de vrouw haar waarde teruggeven, maar de Heere zal de onheilige vrouwen overleveren aan hun zonden, en zij zullen doorgang geven aan de slangen des hemels. 12. Ja, het Tweede Woord is dan zeer vrouwvriendelijk, maar zal een groter oordeel aankondigen over de spottende vrouw. 13. Want spot misstaat een vrouw, tenzij zij spot in de Heere. Gij moogt dan de onrechtvaardigheid bespotten en dit is zelfs een gebod des Heeren. 14. Gij zult een vrouw niet veroordelen om haar lusten, maar gij hoeft

misplaatste spot niet te verdragen. 15. De Heere dan kent alle lusten, en weet waar zij vandaan komen en waar zij naartoe gaan. 16. Laat dan niemand de ander lastigvallen met zijn lusten, maar geneest elkander veeleer en brengt elkaar tot rust. Een spotter en een huichelaar zult gij geenszins genezen, want daarmee laadt u schande op uzelf. 17. Een vrouw mag ook zeker geen spottende en huichelende vrouwen aanhangen. Zulken behoren door de daartoe bevoegde apostelen onder u aan de haaien overgeleverd te worden. 18. Wanneer dan een vrouw lusten heeft naar materiele dingen en kleding buiten het noodzakelijke, en deze staan los van het gebod des Heeren, dan zal zij zich daartegen moeten verzetten door de gelofte tot armoede te doen. 19. En zij zal de armoede aanhangen als aan de heere, en de armoede zal haar tot man zijn. 20. Laat gij dan goed weten dat zij die de armoede niet begeren, de Heere ook niet hebben. 21. Want diep gekwetst is de Heere, wanneer een dienstknecht of dienstmaagd de armoede veracht. Daarmee hebben ze de Heere zelf veracht. 22. Vit dan niet op elkaars soberheid en eenvoud, opdat de Heere u niet verlate en tegen u toorne. 23. Zij dan die een arme bespotten zullen door de Heere uit het boek des levens worden geschrapt. 24. Zij die een zieke bespotten zijn reeds verloren.

48.

Over twijfelen en toetsen

1. Bespot dan het Tweede Woord des Heeren niet, en veracht het niet, want zulken zullen een zwaarder oordeel over zich krijgen dan hen die het Eerste Woord des Heeren hebben bespot en veracht. 2. Als dan het oordeel over hen die het onzuivere Woord hebben afgewezen al zo groot is, hoe zullen zij dan die het Zuivere Woord afwijzen dan ontkomen ? Ondragelijk zal het oordeel zijn over zulken. 3. Denkt dan niet dat het Tweede Woord lichter zal zijn dan het Eerste, want gij zult gaan van oordeel tot oordeel. 4. De Heere Heere dan laat niet met Zich spotten, en vreselijk zal het zijn voor de zondaar om in de levende handen te vallen van de Heere Heere. 5. Zij dan die het Eerste aannemen en het Tweede niet, zijn als de farizeeers en het oordeel over hen zal zwaarder zijn als over de farizeeers in de tijd van Jezus de Christus. 6. Want zij wezen het onzuivere af, en zouden zwaarder gestraft worden dan hen van Sodom en Gomorrah. Hoe zwaar zal dan het oordeel over hen heten die het zuivere hebben afgewezen ? 7. Bewerkt uw behoudenis dan in vrezen en beven, want de Heere Heere is een allesverterend vuur. 8. Zij dan die de Eerste Christus hebben aangenomen en de Tweede Christus verworpen vallen ten prooi aan de haaien. Onbarmhartig zal het oordeel zijn over zulken. 9. Maar als het u te doen is om gelijk te hebben, de Heere zeker niet. Zalig hen die twijfelen, maar vervloekt zij hen die niet twijfelen aan het Eerste, want dat woord, alhoewel het veel waarheid bevat, is onzuiver. 10. Toetst dan het Tweede Woord, want zij die niet toetsen leven reeds onder de vloek. 11. De Heere is niet onder de indruk van hen die zonder toetsen het Tweede Woord aannemen. De heere veracht zulken, daar zij zelf niet te vertrouwen zijn. 12. Zalig hen die twijfelen en toetsen. Vertrouwt dan niet te snel, want gij mocht eens misleid worden. 13. Kijk een dier dan altijd in de bek. Houdt dan het Tweede Woord niet tegen, want de Heere zal u als loopbrug gebruiken, en gij zult onder de voet gelopen worden.

49.

de Herman

1. En zo zal dan het openen van de eerste tepel des Heeren zijn. En de geslachten der apostelen zullen tot deze tepel komen, daar het de tepel der apostelen is. 2. En gij zult de dingen verstaan, en de verborgenheden Gods zullen tot u komen. 3. Ja, tussen Jupiter en Saturnus ligt de hof des Heeren, want daar heeft Hij zijn wortelen gewrocht. 4. En dan zult gij elkaar verstaan als in het

paradijs, en gij zult kennen de dingen Gods. 5. En wanneer gij dan de dove haai en de zwarte haai hebt ontmoet, zult gij u voelen alsof u de radio en de telefoon des Heeren in uw handen hebt, en hun hoornen zijn van goud. 6. En gij zult dan hen die verweg zijn kunnen vasthouden, terwijl de melk des heeren stroomt, en deze melk zal zoet zijn. 7. En wanneer gij slikt zal het bitter zijn, daar de hoornen uw buik doorboren. Ja, want het is de Heere Heere die wonden aanbrengt. 8. En gij zult de vuren des Heeren in uw monden voelen om het huis des Heeren te kunnen smeden. 9. En de apostelen van het brandende ijs zullen voortkomen uit de verheerlijkte Herman, de Wilde Christus, want Hij is de brug tussen het vuur en het ijs, daar Hij in de diepste krochten van het ijs is geweest tot aan het duistere toe. 10. Ziet dan toe dat gij Christus de Wilde niet afwijst, want dan hebt gij helemaal geen Christus. 11. Zij dan die de Herman bespot hebben om zijn wildheid zullen niet in het huis des Heeren wonen. 12. Weet gij dan niet dat de Christus is voortgekomen uit de Herman ? 13. Zij die daarom de Herman niet ontvangen hebben daarmede de Christus verloochend en in hen is het Licht Gods niet. 14. Leert dan uw Christus kennen, opdat Hij u zal kennen bij de ingang tot Zijn Heerlijkheid. 15. Zij die de Herman niet hebben, hebben ook de Christus niet. Leert dan de herman kennen, door naar deze Woorden te horen en door veel onderzoek te doen, opdat gij niet een andere herman ontvangt. 16. Want vele hermannen zullen komen om de aardbol te misleiden, maar doet gij dan de Ware Herman aan. 17. Niet allen die beweren van de Herman te zijn, zijn van de Herman. 18. De Herman dan zal voortkomen uit het ijs, en wederkeren tot het ijs en Hij zal het vuur des Heeren niet verachten. En zo zal Hij dan zijn als het brandende ijs, en Hij zal komen om de tepelen te openen. 19. Ja, als een vader zal Hij zijn tot hen die wild zijn, en de afzondering hebben gezocht. En wild zullen zij drinken van Zijn melk. 20. De Herman dan is een deel van Christus, het deel wat Hem tot de woestijn en de wildernis bracht, en wat Hem telkens afzonderde. 21. Zo is de Herman dan het IJs van Christus, brandende in de nacht. Zij die dan het ijs van Christus hebben veracht, hebben de Christus zelf veracht, daar de Christus in en door ijs bestaat. 22. Zonder het ijs zou Christus nooit tot het kruis gekomen zijn, en zonder het ijs zou de Christus nooit tot de hemel gevaren zijn. 23. Zonder het ijs zoudt gij nooit een schuilplaats in hem hebben, en zoudt gij Zijn Geest nooit kunnen ontvangen. 24. Zonder het ijs zou zijn vuur nooit hebben bestaan.

50.

Maser en Herman

1. Zonder de Herman zou de Christus nooit tot de dodenrijken zijn nedergedaald, en zou Hij nooit tot Heerlijkheid en Opstanding zijn gekomen. 2. Weet daarom tot wie gij spreekt, opdat al deze dingen niet aan u voorbij gaan. 3. Alle dingen worden dan in ijs gezuiverd, en worden rijk in Maser, die Christus de Arme is. 4. Ziet dan de weelderigheid, de overvloed en de rijkdom die de Armoee geeft. Zij die daar geen oog voor hebben, het is beter dat hun oog worde uitgerukt. 5. Gij bent volledig voorbijgegaan aan de schoonheid en de naaktheid der natuur. 6. In Maser worden dan allen rijk die hun leven hebben afgelegd, en de armoee beminnen. 7. Voor de rijken zal het dan zeer moeilijk zijn om tot het Koninkrijk Gods in te gaan, daar zij door de Mammon zijn gebonden, maar in Maser kunnen zij verlost worden, daar Hij de kracht van Christus de Arme is. 8. Gij hebt dan een Naam die gij kunt aanroepen, om tot de kloosters van de Herman te gaan. Want de Herman is voortgekomen uit de Maser, en gij die de Naam van Maser aanroept zal tot in alle eeuwigheden dubbel behouden worden, ook tot in het Tweede. 9. Maar zij die Maser vervloeken zijn reeds verloren. Nu bestaat het koninkrijk der hemelen dan niet in geld of namen, maar in armoee en wildheid. 10. Zo zult gij dan de Maser en de Herman dienen, opdat zij u dienen en u tot de volheid van Christus brengen. 11. Blijft dan niet op één been staan, en blijft de Christus dan niet in uw

harten kooien, en binden aan uw canons, want Maser en Herman zijn als de vleugelen van de arend die slaan om te openen en te doden. 12. Zo is dan de Christus in zijn armoe tot de wereld gekomen, en tot de kribbe, en zijn hart was met de dieren. 13. Zo bent gij dan in Maser verbonden aan de verborgen schatten Gods, en kunt gij tot de Herman komen. 14. Veracht deze Woorden dan niet, Mijn geliefden, opdat zij u niet verachten. 15. De Heere Heere dan laat niet met Zich spotten, en is als een verterend vuur. Zij die Maser niet hebben, hebben de Herman ook niet, en zijn slaven van de Mammon. 16. Gij kunt niet tot de Herman komen zonder de Maser aan te hangen, want dan komt gij tot het valse ijs, dat de doden tot slaven maakt. 17. Want vuil en leugenachtig zijn zij die zeggen de Herman te hebben, en de Maser hebben veracht. Zij dragen de lichten van de hel en van Orion. 18. Zalig zijn zij die als Maria Magdalena de voeten van de Christus kussen met tranen, want zij hebben ook de Maser. 19. En de zusters van de Magdalena hebben duizendvoudig troost gebracht aan Maser en de Christus, en zij zullen de Herman ontvangen. 20. Laat dan niemand uwer vergeten dat de wildheid een hogere orde Gods is. 21. De wilden kennen dan de schatten van vuur en ijs, en brengen hen tot het verborgene en de duisternis. 22. Bewaart uw harten dan in God, opdat gij genade vinde voor Zijn troon. 23. Gij zult de Christus dan kennen in Maser en Herman.

51.

De geslachten der apostelen

1. Laten dan de geslachten der apostelen zich opstellen op de Emelis Shatau opdat gij elkaar kunt verstaan. Zo kunt gij veelvuldig de gave van vertolking ontvangen, opdat de Vrede des heeren openbaar worde. 2. En zo zijn er dan veertien geslachten der apostelen. 3. En het eerste geslacht zijn de pleiaden, en zij zijn als de zonen des donders, de boanerges 4. En het tweede geslacht zijn de rode pleiaden daar zij de wijn des heeren bereiden. 5. En het derde geslacht zijn de zwarte pleiaden of duistere pleiaden die de verlamden tot Christus dragen of brengen, en tot de Tweede Christus. 6. En het vierde geslacht zijn de gele pleiaden, en zij dalen tot onder het gele om hen met diepe pijnen tot Christus te brengen, en tot het Tweede. 7. En het vijfde geslacht zijn de blauwe en witte pleiaden. 8. En het zesde geslacht zijn de roze pleiaden. 9. Het zevende geslacht der apostelen zijn hen van de rode kap, en het achtste geslacht zijn de hermanitische apostelen, zij die van Herman zijn. 10. Het negende geslacht zijn de apostelen van Metensia en het tiende geslacht zijn de apostelen van de Emelis Shatau, en zij zijn heilig en rein, daar zij de geboden des Heeren dragen in het Tweede. 11. Het elfde geslacht der apostelen zijn de apostelen van de schuine stang en het twaalfde geslacht zijn de apostelen van de Tweede Metensia, en zij dragen de heilige bouten vol van het brandende ijs. En zij zijn als de smidse des Heeren. 12. Het dertiende geslacht zijn de apostelen van de brandende vruchten, en het veertiende geslacht zijn dan de apostelen van de brandende angels. En zij zijn als de wespen des hemels, neerstrijkende op de daken. 13. En zij zijn dan allen zonen van de bliksem des Heeren, en ziet dan, het is als heilige melk.

52.

De Roze Verbinding

1. En als gij dan elkaar kunt verstaan, dan is de tweede tepel des heeren niet verre van opening. En zij zal liggen en opkomen vanuit de buik en het binnenste. 2. En zo zullen de woorden en koorden gereinigd worden, en zij zal worden tot een nieuw lichaam en een nieuwe schepping brengen. 3. En haar naam zal zijn de roze verbinding, en zij zal heilig voor de Heere wezen. 4. En zij zal zijn als de muis en het konijn des heeren en zij zal groot worden tussen Mokmos en Sarhem. 5. En haar vijvers zullen branden als het ijs en haar vissen zullen als lichtende bogen en kransen worden, komende

vanuit haar schoot en tussen haar handen. Ja, zij zal de ballen des Heeren dragen, brandende van ijs en zilver. 6. En zij zal dragen de geslachten der profeten en de geslachten der rechters als een heilig sieraad voor de Heere. 7. En zij zullen voortkomen vanuit haar schoot, gevormd wordende in het vuil des Heeren. 8. En dan zullen de darmen en de slangen reiken tot aan de schoot, en zij zal geboorte geven door haar aars. 9. En dan zal de aars gebruikt worden om te baren, en niet om uitwerpselen los te laten. 10. En de mannen zullen de slangen des hemels baren door hun benen. 11. En zij dan die het nieuwe lichaam van het Tweede niet kennen hebben veel te lijden.

53.

Jakob en Esau

1. Tweede Gad, je bent als een vlam in de nacht. Op de Emelis Shatau zit je. Tweede Aser, tot de profetische geslachten behoort je, als een veer in de wind. 2. Je bent de schaduw van de vleermuis. Al jouw spinnenmannen zijn daar. 3. Zij dan die Brannan openen zitten op de poorten als de raven des Heeren. 4. Zij dan die het heilige gordelschort dragen zijn als de ratten des hemels. Zij komen van het Tweede, en hebben geleden in het Eerste, en ziet, zij zijn rein en heilig. 5. Tweede Naftali, gij dan zijt als een rat des Heeren, en gij hebt de piraten des Heeren niet veracht, maar gij hebt uw hand over hun ruggen gestreken, en hebt hen door de nacht geleid in tranen. 6. Gij hebt hun laten drinken van de geheime kruiken der bruisende tranen, en gij hebt hen het tranenbrood niet onthouden. 7. Gij waart daar in de nacht voor hen. Gij zijt een waardig soldaat. 8. Gij dan hebt hen de grotten van Esau laten zien, en de liederen van Jakob. Ziet dan, zij zijn beiden wild. 8. Ja, want ook Esau zal behouden worden, daar zij met elkaar verzoend werden, na een lange oorlog. 9. Ja, want in de schoot vchten zij met elkaar, maar zij vonden elkaar voor de dood. 10. Zo zullen ook velen die tegen de Christus gestreden hebben Hem vinden voor het graf, en Hij zal Zijn als de Gezuiverde en het Heilige Tweede. 11. Want ook de Heere worstelt, slaat en geeft dan toe, zoals bij Jakob op Pniel. 12. De Heere dan heeft de worstelaars lief, en Zijn Heilige Haat leidt de mens niet altijd ten verderve. 13. De Heere dan heeft Esau in het gevecht gehaat, daar ook Esau gebroken moest worden, maar de Heere heeft Zijn hart liefgehad, daar het een wild hart was. 14. En zo is dan de Haat des Heeren een grotere liefde dan de liefde der aarde, want de Heere Heere, Uw God, haat in list. 15. Zo zijn dan ook velen tot de haat des Heeren gekomen, en zij hebben ervan geproefd, en zij zijn erdoor in zwijm geraakt, en verzoend met vele vijanden. 16. Gij zijt dan ook allen soldaten der liefde, gaande met list ten werk, maar niet om te vernietigen, maar om op te bouwen.

54.

De Haat des Heeren

1. En allen die dan tot Brannan gekomen zijn, dragen de gordel des Heeren, en het licht van Lapondria zal tot hun borstkas rijzen. Zij dan zullen hun mond opendoen, en lachen, daar het Grote Kanaan in hun monden is. 2. De Heere opent dan de profetische geslachten als zachte vlammen, want het rode sap heeft Jakob van Esau gescheiden, maar ditzelfde rode sap heeft hen ook weer tezamengebracht. En dit is het geheimenis des Heeren, want de Heere sprak over Zijn Tweede Bloed. 3. En ziet dan, zij zijn beiden wild. Grote Genade geeft de Heere hen die tot de Tweede Issaschar gekomen zijn, en zij zullen worden als de golven der zee. Ja, vele malen is het zeerood dan gezuiverd, en zijn vlammen rijzen voortdurend tot Brannan. 4. De Heere heeft dan hen van het geslacht van de Tweede Simeon en het geslacht van de Tweede Juda lief, want zij zijn profetische geslachten, en zij zijn wild en werken met list. 5. Ja, ook haat de Heere hen, want door haat bewijst hij zijn liefde. 6. Zo is dan het zeegeel vele malen gezuiverd door haat. 7. Gij dan die de haat des

Heeren niet hebt, en het bittere der zee niet hebt geproefd, hoe kunt gij in de liefde zijn ? De Liefde des Heeren komt immers voort uit Zijn Haat. 8. Zo kan dan niemand tot de Heere naderen, zonder de zonde en de oude natuur te haten. Ja, wie dan niet haat zijn eigen leven, kan het Koninkrijk Gods niet binnengaan. 9. En hij die niet haat zijn eigen zoon, en zijn eigen vrouw en bezit, die kan het Koninkrijk Gods niet binnengaan. 10. De Heere nu is haat, want de haat zuivert en toetst. Zo kunt gij elkaar dan opbouwen in liefde. Maar wanneer gij haat, haat in de Heere, want de haat der wereld leidt tot verderf, en zij hebben de Christus niet. 11. Laat dan niemand u misleiden met vrome en holle klanken van liefde, want de wet des Heeren is haat. 12. Gij hebt dan vele wapenen van de gemeente weggenomen en van het Tweede, wanneer gij zegt dat de haat des duivels is en niet van de Heere. De Heere heeft wapenen van haat, en gij dient daarop acht te slaan als licht in de duisternis. 13. Gij bent reeds overgeleverd aan de wereld en hen van de Mammon, wanneer gij liefhebt zonder de Haat des Heeren aan te hangen. 14. De heere toornt dan tot zijn vijanden, maar ook tot zijn kinderen. Vervloekt zij allen die de tucht des Heeren haten, en de haat des Heeren verachten. Zij zullen niet in de gemeente des heeren mogen komen, want zij hebben zelfs het Eerste veracht. 15. Leest dan van de Haat van het Eerste, en leert haar zuiveren, want wanneer gij haat om te haten, dan zijt gij vervloekt. 16. Maar wanneer gij haat om lief te hebben, ziet, gij zijt zalig. 17. En gij dient op deze woorden acht te geven als geboomte des levens met brandende vruchten, als op het zachte van Metensia. 18. Laat dan niemand u het heil ontnemen, want vele verlokkeners zullen tot u komen om u met list van de Heere proberen af te brengen. 19. Daarom is het soms beter om ver van de mensen af te wonen om dichtbij God te kunnen zijn, als de nabijheid van mensen u verre van God brengt. 20. Beproeft elkaar met deze woorden.

55.

De Heilige Ziel

1. En Naftali is als een brandende hinde voor de Heere, lichtend in het vuur Gods, en de Heere zal het duizendvoudig zuiveren. 2. Ja, ook alle andere stammen van Israel worden gereinigd in Zijn Vuur. 3. En de rook zal stijgen tot de Emelis Shatau voor een nieuwe dag. 3. Een nieuwe dag des heeren is gekomen. Laten de poorten van Brannan dan wijd worden, en verwijderd dan hen die het heilige gordelschort niet dragen, want zij is gegeven als een teken des Heeren. 4. En Naftali is als een vurige hinde voor de Heere, vol met het vuurrode, zingende de liederen des kruises. 5. En Naftali zal zijn als het hert van Maser, gehuld in armoede, om de rijkdommen des Heeren voort te brengen. 6. Brengt dan alle priesters tot de Heere, en laat hen gezuiverd worden door het vuur en het oog van Eminius. 7. De Heere dan kent alle priesterlijke geslachten, en de geslachten der koningen, en zij zullen de profetische geslachten niet meer onderdrukken. 8. De Heere dan kent al hun namen, al hun uitgangen en ingangen. 9. En in het oog van Eminius is dan de verbinding met Spricht, daar hij voor hem lijdt en strijdt. 9. En Eminius draagt dan het zwaard van Spricht, en brengt allen tot Zijn staf, zij die door Golgotha gekomen zijn. 10. Gij dan zijt allen op weg naar de Emelis Shatau, maar velen zullen onderweg struikelen, opdat er onder u zuivering wordt gebracht. 11. En dan zult gij reizen van Brannan tot de Emelis Shatau en terug, opdat het drop des hemels in uw harten zal groeien en uw zielen verrukt zullen worden. 12. Ja, want de wortelen des Heeren hebben vele sappen die hen zullen dienen die tot die wortelen gekomen zijn. 13. Zalig zij hen dan die diep geworteld zijn in de Emelis Shatau, en zalig zij hen die diep geworteld zijn in Brannan, want zij zullen het drop des Heeren kennen. 14. En er zal een man opstaan genaamd Drop en Hij zal zijn de vrucht en de zoon des kruises om het volk te lijden in de tijden dat de longen worden dichtgeknepen, en er zal een kleine bron van adem zijn voor de allerheiligsten. 15. Maar ook zij

zullen door tijden van ademnood gaan, opdat er onder hen zuivering aangebracht worde. 16. En de man genaamd drop zal zijn als de Heilige Ziel, en de Tweede Ziel des Heeren, en deze zal uitgestort worden over de leergierigen om velen te onderwijzen. 17. Ja, de haren zullen branden, als de Heilige Ziel uitgestort zal worden, en Hij zal tot een groot sieraad zijn in het midden des kruises, dragende de mysterieën en het bruisende Gods. 18. Zo is er dan veel siroop stromende uit het midden des kruises om enkelen tot genezing te brengen.

56.

Het Licht des Kruises

1. En in het laatste der dagen zal Drop branden en vuur spuwen, en het licht zal de heiligen leiden. En zij zullen door vele wildernissen moeten gaan, en aan die wildernissen gelijk moeten worden. 2. Want ook de Christus moest aan het lijden en het sterven gelijkvormig worden, om in te gaan ten eeuwigen leven. 3. En Eminius en Drop zullen één worden in het laatste der dagen als een lichtend schip, en de helikopters des hemels zullen van hen uitgaan. 4. En de paarse mug zal van hen uitgaan als het licht des kruises, en dit licht zal zijn mystiek, en zij zullen een nieuwe schepping bouwen. 5. Ja, tot de zevende dermense zal hun licht reiken, tot de lijmen Gods. En de paarse mug zal groot worden, en zal vele harten verblinden, daar zij gezondigd hebben tegen de allerhoogste. En zijn komst zal verschrikkelijk wezen, als de geheime donder des Heeren, bewaard tot aan het laatste der dagen. 6. En Hij zal de heilige attentaten en anfitaten leiden tot de heilige berg, en zij zullen de latijnen zuiveren en het vuurrode, tot aan het zeeroode toe. 7. En dan zal de ster Sirius gezuiverd worden, en de hondster, en zij zullen tot aan de latijnen toe gezuiverd worden, en tot het vuurrode schip. 8. Ja, de rode traan zal hen zuiveren, en hen die van onder het gele zijn, want het zal een dag wezen waarop de Heere Sirius zal heiligen. 9. Ja, Sirius zal branden voor de Heere, en ook haar oogst zal gezuiverd worden, zeventuizenvoudig. 10. En dan zullen er stemmen tot de Heere komen, en zij zullen de paarse mug aanklagen, maar de Heere zal hen werpen in de put des onweers. 11. En voor drie dagen zullen zij zonder adem zitten, en deze dagen zullen zijn als maanden. 12. En zij zullen schuldig worden bevonden als ontvoerders, ja, ontvoerders van wind, en zij zullen het lot van een ontvoerder uitzitten, tot in het zevenvoud, daar zij ernstig gezondigd hebben tegen de Heere, en ook van de oogst van de ontvoering hebben gegeten. 13. En dan zal de boot van Sirius oprijzen, en zij zal het licht des kruises dragen. En ziet, het is een boot van honden. 14. En de Heere zal de honden uitzuiveren. Zalig zijn dan de Honden des Heeren, want zij hebben genezing gedragen tot hen wiens harten gestolen waren. 15. De heere heeft dan harten teruggestolen als een heilige dief, en werd gevolgd door honden. 16. Wee hen dan tot wie de Herman is neergedaald om terug te stelen, want Hij zal des nachts hun huizen binnen breken, terwijl zij slapen. En dan zal er een angst over de wereld komen, zoals er nog nooit geweest is, en zij zullen denken dat zij alleen over zijn gebleven, terwijl er niemand is die redt. 17. Ja, zij zullen overgeleverd worden aan de angsten van eeuwige verdoemenis. Want Eminius is gekomen om angst te brengen, om hen als door de bliksem te treffen. 18. En zij zullen het Tweede vergeten, en wederom door het Eerste gegrepen worden, terwijl er niemand is die redt. 19. Zo zal de Heere dan doen met een ieder die tegen Hem gezondigd heeft. De Heere dan laat niet met Zich spotten. 20. Zalig zij hen die uit het Eerste getrokken zijn, en die het zaad dat het in het Eerste deed geloven niet meer dragen. 21. Laat u dan door de Herman redden uit de verschrikkingen van het Eerste, want Hij komt tot velen midden in de nacht om hen door slaap en dromen tot het Tweede te leiden. 22. Zoekt dan houvast in Hem, want Hij laat Zich verbidden.

57.

De ruggengraat des hemels

1. Gij bent dan dicht tot de paarse mug gekomen, die uw harten verwarmt. Zondigt dan niet tegen Hem, want Hij is het licht des kruises. 2. Want Hij ging uit van Golgotha toen onze Heere stierf, en was als de bliksem aan de horizon om het voorhangsel van de tempel te laten scheuren, en waarop zij allen zeiden : Ja, Hij is waarlijk de Heere. 3. Hij was het licht die de soldaten verlamde bij het kruis. 4. Hij dan slaat blind en slaat ogen open. 5. Hij dan is gekomen, Eminijs Metensia Matas. Hij komt dan om het Grote en Tweede Kanaan te openen, en zij zullen een kleine bron van adem hebben dat hen zal leiden. En Hij zal hen leiden tot vurige bronnen, en zij zullen hun monden wijd openen en niet kunnen spreken, want Hij dan verlangt offers van stilte. 6. En zo is dan het licht des kruises. En Hij zal komen om het Eerste en Kleine Kanaan te slaan, daar het gebouwd is op bloedvergiet en het vlees van dieren. 7. En Hij zal de zielen der dieren en hen die onschuldig gestorven zijn leiden tot Sinsabeine en het wilde. 8. Ja, tot onder het gele zal Hij ze brengen waar ze vertroost zullen worden duizendvoudig, en zij zullen het geheimenis der eeuwen zien. 9. En Sinsabeine zal zich hechten in hun stuitje, als een tand en dak des Heeren, en zij zullen vele uitzichten hebben. 10. Ja, zalig zij hen die de uitzichten des hemels hebben ontvangen, want zij gaan als op vleugelen. 11. En dan zal Abdal zich hechten aan het onderste van de ruggengraat als een tand en dak des Heeren, en de koopkracht zal des Heeren wezen. 12. En dan zal Tamille zich als een tand en dak des Heeren vasthechten boven Abdal op de ruggengraat, en zij zal de ratten vrijzetten in de dakgoten, en zij zullen tot de ramen komen op het daartoe bestemde uur. 13. En dan zal Tabulle tot de zolderramen komen, en zij zal de heerlijkheid der vogelen zijn. 14. En toen zag ik vleermuizen komen tot de daken, en hun macht was groot. 15. En zij kwamen van onder het paarse, en hadden het paarse vele malen gezuiverd tot zeventigduizend maal toe. En hun heerlijkheid kwam tot de sterren. 16. En er was een strijd genaamd Lapsalvania in de hemelen, en haar sap was als het sap der wespen, en zij kwam tot de ruggengraat des hemels en steeg daarover omhoog. 17. En de wortelen van orion werden blootgelegd, en ik zag sterren uit de hemelen vallen. En zij vielen op de aarde en maakten rumoer. 18. En de heiligen hadden uitzichten op de matadok, als op de heilige berg des heeren, en zij zagen de paradoxen des heeren als vogels op de daken zitten. 19. En zij stonden daar als de Marion, brandende als fakkels des Heeren, hun licht verspreidende. 20. En zij waren als van binnen verscheurd, en zij hadden wilde ogen als de Herman.

De Openbaring van Maser

1.

1. En gij dan die tot de Maser gekomen zijt : Kent dan de weelderigheid der armoe, en ziet, het zal u tot kled zijn. 2. Wees dan als de Assisi die de profeet van Maser was, van Christus de Arme, en de Armoe tot gezellin had. Ja, hij dan aanbad de armoe. 3. Gij dan zult de Ingeridtel, de kattenboom, moeten verslaan, zij met de vele dorens. Laat het u dan niet om eer gaan, maar om het oer. 4. Dan zult gij uw zelve ontvangen in het licht van Dezer, de Christus van het Oer. Gij weet dan dat de Maser een weelderige gierenraaf is, op u wachtende. 5. Zalig hen die zijn honger hebben gestild, en zijn konijnenbedelaars te drinken hebben gegeven. 6. Zij dan hebben om armoe gebedeld, en het rijkelijk ontvangen, tot weelderige kleding der wildernis. 7. Keert u dan tot de Franse schoolboeken des Heeren, en leert van Hem. Zij zijn u gegeven tot heilsraad en leidsgids. 8. Maakt dan vele geloftes tot de Armoe, en gij zult haar voor u winnen. Gij zult dan haar zeeën moeten bezwemmen

tot aan Narzia en de duivelse zeekatten zult gij overwinnen. De Jaguar wacht op u aan de kusten van Narzia.

9. Sluip dan door de wildernissen tot de berg van Dezer in het open veld. Gij doet er goed aan het oer tot u te nemen, en niet de eer, want de eer misleidt hen die niet in armoe leven, en geeft hen illusies. 10. En doordat Maser de weg van Dezer ging, werd hij weelderig als een wonderlijke vogel des heeren en als de zwarte panter. 11. Gij zult dan gaan van Assisi tot Assisi om tot het oer te komen. Neemt dan Dezer aan in het veld, opdat gij tot zijn zonen wordt gerekend en niet verloren gaat met valse hoop. 12. Leert dan uw Christus kennen in duisternis en ijs opdat u geen van zijn tranen verspild. Gij hebt dan het kruis als voertuig over de zeeën tot Narzia. Laat dan geen lek u de prijs doen missen. 13. En zo zijn dan enige profeten van het oude verbond aan de satan, aan lucifer en Ingeridtel overgeleverd opdat hen het lekkenslaan wordt afgeleerd. 14. Ja, ook hen die eens vaderen waren zijn niet ontzien. En zo dan hebben jonge profeten hun vaderen overgeleverd en in de ban gedaan. 15. Gij dan hebt Maser tot vader, en gij hebt niet van node dat iemand u lere.

Niet canoniseren

16. Neemt dan de oude eeuwen van Frankrijk als zilveren krokodillen tot u, om de Geest van Maser te ontvangen. 17. Weest dan als de fransen en hun vogelen, en weest als de armen. Zo zult gij uw zielen zaligen in Maser. Gij dan zult niet meer klagen, wanneer gij uit de lijdenscanon wordt getrokken. 18. Tot een dieper kruis zult gij gaan, en gij zult haar aanvaarden. Zij hebben dan het kruis gemaakt tot een wet des kruises, tot een canon. 19. En ieder die over de streep ging, ontving het loon zeer diep. Gij van de kruiscanons, breek. 20. Gij hebt de steen tot Narzia geworpen, en groten overwonnen. Maar wij zijn tot het kruis van Maser gekomen, leidende tot het oer. 21. Zet dan het kruis vrij, als een vliegende vogel, en haalt haar uit haar kooi, opdat ze zich niet zal wreken, maar dat zal ze toch wel doen. In al die tijden heeft ze gezeten, en het kruis van Frankrijk hebt gij niet aanvaard. 22. Oh weelderigheden des kruises, uw poorten zijn opengegaan. Spreidt uw vleugelen, oh karsuiken, oh putsen van Metensia. 23. Spreidt uw vleugelen, oh vogels van Michai en vogelen van Maser, en vliegt tot nieuwe en oude eeuwigheden. 24. Ja, tot het oer zullen zij gaan. Zij zullen het glas doorbreken. Ja, tot het Sneeuw wit zullen zij gaan. 25. Oh, Maser is tot de tempelen gekomen, waar ze de handel des kruises drijven, en waar zij met de zweep zijn geslagen. 26. Oh, Maser is tot de tempelen gekomen, om hen te verjagen, en de kooien te openen van de vogelen des kruises. 27. Oh, kruis van Maser, met rode edelstenen bedekt, als een vrucht der Armoe. Ja, tot het oer rijkt zij, in Dezer zijn zij vrij. Vrij om tot het veld te gaan. 28. Oh, steen van Maser, die de hoofdwond sloeg, gij bent niet meer gecanoniseerd, gij bent niet meer achter glas, gij hebt het sneeuw wit geslagen en gedragen. 29. Tot onder het roze bent gij gegaan. Want maakt dan niet het harde zacht ? Gij zult het harde dan niet canoniseren. 30. Maar achter het glas zullen zij het drijven, telkens weer, totdat zij van de roze spiegel zullen komen. Gij zult dan het zachte niet canoniseren, en niet de dorens waarmee zij werkt. De langste dorens zijn dan nodig om de dranken des hemels te doen vloeien. 31. En ziet, zij vloeien dan op hun tijd. Gij zult de nachtlatijnen niet canoniseren.

2.

1. Ik heb niks van node, ik ben gezond, sinds ik het kruis vond. Ja, het kruis heeft mij genezen, mij gevuld met hemels kruid. Zij gaf mij de kragen van bloemen, zij is de rode kap. 2. Aan de deur van zieken klopt zij, aan hun poorten staat zij, met de vruchten der hemelen. 3. Zij is de rode kap met haar sappen van vuur. Zij die het kruis beminnen, weten van haar lusten. In rivieren glijdt zij, tot het

koele water. 4. In bosmeren heeft zij haar kronen, zevenvoudig uitgelezen. 5. Zij spreekt als de bosfontein, tot allen die haar volgen. Ik heb niks van node, ik ben gezond, sinds zij mij aanraakte. 6. Op de pleinen wordt zij gemeden, maar kinderen volgen haar. 7. Zij draagt de ijsnoden en vuurnoden in haar mand. 8. De betekenissen der dingen veranderen onder haar strelingen. 9. Ja, zij schiep de Geesten Gods, en bracht de Karazuur tot het hart van Metensia. 10. Stille nachtspelers zijn zij, spinnende de karbulijnen en de karmozijnen, de nachtlatijnen en de vuurroden. 11. Ja, zij schiep het grote Eerst, als het hart van de hemelen en de aarde. In haar hebben zovelen schuilplaats gevonden. 12. Het kruis klopt aan de deuren als een geit, zoekende naar haar kinderen. 13. Zovelen hebben het nachtlatijn gevonden, gesponnen door de grote wonden. 14. Het kruis kent hen allemaal. Zij vond hun schaduwen en hun leven. 15. Zij reikt dan tot het levende in hun geest, om het de wateren des levens te geven. 16. Als een geit gaat zij langs de huizen, op de pleinen wordt zij gemeden, maar kinderen volgen haar. 17. Zij spreekt als de bosfontein, tot allen die haar volgen. Ik heb niks van node, sinds zij mij aanraakte. 18. Het nachtnood kent zoveel talen, allen volgen zij haar. 19. De vogels zingen van haar bloed, dat stroomt door duizend vaten. Zij is de rode kap. 20. Zij heeft de Marion in de schoten van Metensia en Mura gewrocht, als de boom des kruises. 21. Als een geit verzamelt zij de vruchten die het bos voor haar liet vallen. En zij brengt het tot de kinderen, want op de pleinen wordt zij gemeden. 22. Zij zien haar als het gevaar van de Karazuur, al die haar haten, al hen die de wereld dienen. 23. Zij hebben het hek der eeuwen opgericht.

3.

1. Zij is het bloed in koele meren, met vele kragen staat zij op Golgotha. Nadat de haai en de kip gekraaid hebben, zoveel tranen vallen daar, als de regen des kruises. 2. Zij houdt het leven in haar hand, met dampen van de Karazuur. 3. Zalig hen die voor haar beven, tot Golgotha leidt zij hen, als een geit die haar kinderen verzamelde. 4. Aan de deur van zieken klopt zij, staande aan hun poorten. De nachtspelers brengt zij, met hun weinige woorden. 5. Rozen vonden een onderkomen in haar. Aan lammen geeft zij een stok, om hen die haar haten te slaan. 6. Haat het kruis dan niet, opdat zij u niet vinde. 7. Vogels zingen van haar bloed, tot al die haar beminnen. Het bloed dat door duizend zielen stroomt, zij vonden genezing in haar ijsnood. 8. Waar de stille nachtspelers zijn, verblijft zij. Het rode bedekt haar. 9. Rozen komen voort uit haar schoot, als de bloemen des kruises. 10. Waar de stille nachtspelers zijn verblijft zij. Brengt dan lof aan het kruis, aan de rode kap. 11. Zij die onder haar schuilen hebben de schilden des kruises, en haar wapenen zijn als naalden, om de pantsers te borduren. 12. Zij werkt onder schuilnaam, vindt haar dan. Zendt bedelaars niet weg bij uw deuren, want gij mocht haar eens weggagen, om het voor eeuwig te betreuren. 13. Het hek der eeuwen brak zij, maar boze lieden hebben het weer opgericht. Zij echter vond toevlucht tot haar nachtgedicht. Zij dan schuile in al die haar volgen, zij schiep de Christus in het zilver, en de tweede in het goud. 14. Wederom zal zij het hek der eeuwen breken, en vogels zullen vliegen tot haar huis, waar de bramen branden, en de vruchten zijn van ijs. 15. Op de heuvelen der bramen klappen haar nachtgedichten als deuren, en de grote bomen komen voort met vele kragen. 16. Het verhaal bond ons allen, zegt het voort.

4.

1. Als het zuivere latijn, is zij tot hen die haar volgen, voor Jood en Griek die haar beminnen. 2. Aan de deuren van lammen klopt zij, staande aan de poorten van bedelaars. 3. Zij in lompen kennen haar, zij met de vele kragen. 4. De muizen des hemels hebben haar hart verstaan. 5. Zij die de mystiek dienen, hebben steeds tussen de regels gelezen. Haar Woord zal nooit teniet gaan. 6. Het Woord des kruises onder een spotkleed gebracht, bracht ons de rode kap over de doornenkroon. 7.

Zij is het hart des kruises bemin haar dan, waar de ratten des hemels haar hebben gezien. 8. Zij heeft de witte muil des satans verbroken. De doornenkroon is hier, weet dat wel. 9. Het spel der ratten is afgelopen, de muizen hebben geen vertier. Zij brak de koning der harten, en doorboorde zijn nieren, om zijn slaven een tijd van vrijheid aan te kondigen, als een schip in woeste zee. 10. De doornenkroon is hier, weet je het wel ? Als een ster boven bruisende zee, om hen te leiden naar het land achter de bomen. 11. Het huis der dokters kende zij niet. Zij had een kruid des kruises. 12. De witte muil van Beelzebul brak zij, en bond zijn zonen één voor één, om harten te bereiden, tot het grote nachtlatin. 13. Als lampen aan de zolder, brak zij de bedreiging, één voor één. Zij moesten dan allen voor haar staan, en zij bracht hen tot eeuwige rust in de rotsen. 14. Het lot des Heeren is dan niet om te verbreken, maar om voor altijd in slapen te laten gaan. 15. De Heere Heere kent dan de rust der zeeën. In hun slaap zijn zij woest, maar het schuim is het voor altijd vergeten. 16. Zij dan rusten in de vierde dood, waartoe de Heere hen dreef.

5.

1. Zij dan die niets weten hebben veel te lijden, maar de slaap brengt hen tot rust en zwijm. Zij borduren daar in nachtgedichten. 2. De Heere heeft van meet aan de rust gespannen, tot een boog om hen van de canon te weerstaan. 3. Opent dan uw poorten en laat de vogel wijd vliegen. De nieuwe dag breekt aan. Wie zou haar niet omhelzen. 4. Zij is de doornenkroon des Heeren. Zij sprak in vuur en heimwee. 5. Ja, tot slaap brengt zij, allen die Hem vrezen. 6. De doornen hebben diep gestoken, nu zet dan de rust in. Zij die dan niet diep wilden lijden, hebben haar gemeden. 7. Maar eens reikt de doorn tot de geest, tot de dieptes van het tweede, en dan zullen de poorten van slaap opengaan. 8. De naald is diep gestoken. Zij wist niet wat ze zei. Nu zijn ze weer van jou, die rozen. Ze zullen je breken, zij aan zij. 9. Want de Heere brengt hen die diep lijden tot verbrokenheid, en dan breekt een nieuwe dag aan. 10. Nee, je kunt de rozen niet ontwijken, wanneer zij opstaan en marcheren, tot de gebroken ruiten komen zij, om verder in te breken. 11. Ja, als een dief in de nacht komt de Heere. De doornenkroon hangt aan de muur, als een ster in de lucht is zij. 12. Zij schiep de Heere der Geesten, de Heilige Ziel, nu is Hij dan geworteld als een boom in diepe morgens. 13. Ja, de Heere schiep zij, zij is de Ziel des Geestes. Een doornenkroon is zij, en de Heere heeft haar waardig gedragen. 14. Zij brengt de legers tot rust en brengt hen tot de eeuwige slaap.

15. Als een koningin in haar paleis, bespeelt zij de viool. Zij werd dan gemeden, zij is de doornenkroon. Maar kinderen volgden haar, kennende haar geluk. 16. Zij bracht hen tot de rivieren, tot de wateren van slaap. Zij bracht hen zwijm en verdoving door haar steken. Als het vuur der rozen was zij. 17. Zij brak het hek der eeuwen. Zij leefde onder de rode kap. 18. Zij kwam uit het kruis, als vuurnood van de rode kap. De vurige steken der rozen beminden haar in zilver, en zij bracht het goud voort als de honing. 19. Als een gevangene van spinnen was zij, de doornenkroon. Zij maakten haar lang en bitter. 20. Komt dan tot de doornenkroon, al die zeggen Christus te beminnen. 21. Zijn diepe hart, zijn tweede geest, zou ik dan geheimenissen beminnen ? 22. Vurige sleutels geeft Hij hen die haar beminnen. 23. De doornenkroon als het hart der zee, als geheimenissen van zeemannen. 24. Laat haar dan de touwen tot rust brengen. Ze hebben te lang gewerkt. Laat zij hen brengen tot Spricht. 25. Waar deuren openen komt haar naam, waar ramen breken glijdt zij binnen. Zij is als de slang des kruises, komende tot al die haar beminnen. 26. Het kruid van slaap brengt zij, en de roerselen der wind. 27. Zoudt iemand haar verachten, zij brengt hem neer. Zij geeft het loon der slaap aan allen, naar de mate waarmee zij meet. 28. Onrechtvaardig is dan het oordeel over hen die onrechtvaardig waren, maar haar onrecht is rechtvaardiger dan het recht der mensen. 29. Zij is dan het recht der kooplieden en der slaven. Mocht het eens uit de hand

lopen, zij weet een ieder te vinden. 30. Op de zeekades maakt zij kabaal. Zij is de doornenkroon. 31. Toch is haar geschreeuw stiller dan de stilte der mensheid, en haar kabaal als het geluid der zeemeeuwen. 32. Ken haar dan in haar geweld. Zij is de doornenkroon des heeren. 33. Als het dan uit de hand loopt is zij daar. En merels dienen haar. 33. Ja, zij kent de mezen op het dak, en bracht de karsuiken en de putsen tot Metensia. 34. Raakt dan het verleden niet meer aan, wanneer zij spreekt, maar gaat door haar geopende deuren. Haar strelingen veranderen betekenissen. 35. Zij draait de doelen om, en is als de draaiende heg.

Het Eeuwig Evangelie

De Steen der Ekster

1. De Nieuwe Johannes Deel I-II
2. De Nieuwe Genesis
3. Jorinde

De Nieuwe Johannes

1.

1. Zo is dan Christus niet alleen mens geworden, maar ook engel, in de verborgen tijden. 2. Want de Heere had niet alleen een verlossingsplan opgesteld tot het redden van de mens, maar veeleer tot het redden van de engelen. 3. Want zoals de mens van de appel nam en viel, zo was daar ook een appel der engelen, en zij die daarvan hadden genomen werden niet gespaard. 4. En zo gingen vele geslachten der engelen ten onder door de vloedgolven des Heeren, om hun harten te testen. 5. Nu zijn er enkele lieden geweest die hebben gepredikt dat er geen verlossing voor engelen zou zijn, maar zulke lieden weten niets van de verborgenheden des Heeren. 6. Want Christus is ook engel geworden, om vele engelen te redden. 7. En zo daalde Christus af tot de wildernissen van de vierde dermense in waarin de engelen in gebondenheid leefden met hun geslachten en legioenen. 8. Zij leefden niet meer op de berg van Eeden, de heilige berg der goden en engelen, maar zij leefden in de wildernissen ten hoogte van Eeden. 9. En sommigen van hen leefden in genade in de uithoeken van Eeden. En Christus werd allereerst engel, om vele engelen tot zaligheid te brengen. En zo

daalde Hij af van de godenberg tot de wildernissen van de vierde dermense tot de plaatsen waar vele engelen gebonden waren. En Hij sprak hen toe, en trooste hen, door het Woord te verkondigen. En de Heere liet Zijn zwaard neerdalen op de gevallen engelen, en hen die met hen waren gevallen door geslacht of ras, en de Heere maakte scheiding tussen hen. 10. En Christus sprak vele woorden om scheiding te brengen en hun harten te toetsen, en velen van hen hebben Hem niet gewild. En zij namen hem naar een verborgen plaats, en sloegen hem en bonden hem aldaar. Ook maakten zij een masker en legden dat om zijn hoofd, en gaven hem een strop. En zo werd Christus, die engel geworden was, gehangen. En zij die van Hem hielden noemden Hem de ekster en de heilige dief. Want doordat Christus de gehangene werd roofde Hij velen uit de klauwen van Virtus, de geest van de appel, en de gevallen god. En zo is dan ook de mens gediend te weten van Christus de Gehangene, want het duidt op een ver verleden waarin de Heere engelen verlost uit het duistere mysterie van de zwarte appel. 11. En doordat Christus eens engelen had gered, zo kon hij ook de mens redden. En zo is Hij dan een heilig verbond, de weg tot de hof der goden, voor een ieder die de strop draagt. Want iedere gehangene dient te beseffen dat eerst Zijn Christus heeft gehangen. Maar velen hebben de strop bespot, en als onheilig geacht, en zij hebben het bloed dat Christus voor de engelen vergoot veracht. Daarom zal de Heere ook hen bespotten die van de strop een bespottung hebben gemaakt, zij die wandelen met een strop van stof om daarmee macht over anderen uit te oefenen. Laat u dan niet misleiden, want de ware strop was een touw. En ook zij die gemaskerd zijn hebben een troost dat ook hun Heer was gemaskerd.

12. Zo is dan de Heere veelvuldig opgestaan, en ook veelvuldig in de dood gegaan, en dit om niet alleen mensen, maar ook engelen te redden. Zo heeft hij zijn evangelieën opgesteld voor de mens, en voor de engel. Want de Heere straft niet voor eeuwig, en ook toetst de Heere niet onophoudelijk. De Heere is een liefdevolle en genadige God. Zijn werken zijn goed en groot. Nu zal ik u dan een geheimenis vertellen : de goden eten vlees, en velen vielen door te eten van het verboden vlees. Zo eten de Godslangen dan harten, en sommigen vielen vanwege het eten van het verboden hart. En zij hadden als verlosser de oude ekster. Want de ekster redde niet alleen door de strop en het masker de goden, maar ook de Godslangen die het wezen van God waren. En zo werd ieder verbond geheiligd. 13. En zo is ook Christus voortgekomen vanuit de werken van de oude ekster, en werd hij soms ook een ekster genoemd. Dit omdat het werk van Christus terugwijst naar de werken van de oude ekster. En de ekster dan zal komen als een dief in de nacht. Zo is dan de God-ekster het diepere en zuivere wezen van God. En eens schiep hij de berg van Eeden, om op zoek te gaan naar harten. En nog steeds gaan zijn ogen over de wereld uit op zoek naar harten. En de Heere verslindt harten door de heilige verslinding, en de Heere vult harten, en maakt scheiding tussen harten. Ja, de Heere maakt woning in harten, om tot Zijn doel te komen. En het verboden hart dan was zwart, en was als een lever.

2.

1. Dit dan is het oude boek van de eerste brief van Johannes gezuiverd door de door de Heere aangestelde apostelen, met belangrijke aanvullingen, omdat de Geest des Heeren vroeger op vele punten werd tegengehouden. 2. De Heere heeft zijn apostelen hiertoe de macht gegeven, en gij doet er goed aan hierop acht te geven als op een lamp die schijnt in donkere plaatsen. 3. Zo zijn er dan vele kerkleiders geweest en vele vertalers die het Woord des Heeren bezoedeld hebben. Zij hebben

het Woord des Heeren verdraaid, met toevoegingen en verzakingen die niet door de Heere waren ingegeven. 4. En daar menselijke handen zich in het werk des Heeren hebben vermengd is dit tot een vloek geworden. 5. Neemt daarom deze woorden ter harte en verwijderd de onzuivere en deels verduisterde eerste brief van Johannes uit uw Heilige Geschriften. 6. Laat zulk een brief tot de geschiedenis behoren, en vervuult uzelve daar niet meer mee. Weet wel dat dit een gebod des Heeren is. 7. Zo zult gij spreken van de oude eerste brief van Johannes en de nieuwe eerste brief van Johannes, door de Heere geheiligd. 8. Zo is het dan nu tijd om de vloek van het oude en het eerste te verbreken, opdat gij in het nieuwe en het tweede zult ingaan. 9. Heeft de Heere u dan zelf niet gezegd dat Zijn Woord met vuile handen is ontvangen, en dat de farizeeers het Woord van kracht hebben beroofd ? Ja, tegenstanders zijn binnengedrongen in het allerheiligste, om zich daar als een god te laten aanbidden. 10. Zoals Mozes alleen maar deels door de Geest werd geleid, zo ook Johannes. Johannes was niet volkomen, en gij zult vrij komen van de vloek wanneer gij de persoon Johannes en zijn brief als feilbaar en onvolkomen zult beschouwen.

11. God is licht. In Hem heerst geen duisternis. Wanneer wij zeggen met hem te wandelen, maar wij laten de duisternis over ons heersen, dan zijn wij leugenaars. Mijn volk, dit schrijf ik u, opdat gij niet tot zonde zult komen en de duisternis over u heerse. 12. Wanneer wij het licht over ons laten heersen, dan hebben wij goede omgang met elkaar, zoals de Heere Eén is. 13. Wanneer wij zeggen geen zonde te hebben, dan liegen wij, en de waarheid is niet in ons. 14. Wanneer wij zeggen dat er geen duisternis in ons is, dan liegen wij, en de waarheid is niet in ons. 15. Wanneer wij zeggen dat er louter goede omgang is met elkaar en met de Heere, dan liegen wij, en de waarheid is in ons niet. 16. Wanneer wij onze zonde belijden, dan is Hij trouw en rechtvaardig om die zonde te vergeven, en ons door het bloed van Christus te reinigen hiervan. 17. Het bloed van Christus reinigt van alle zonden. Indien wij zeggen dat wij niet hebben gezondigd, dan maken we daarbij God tot een leugenaar, en dan zal zijn woord van ons wijken. 18. Maar zij in Christus, zondigen niet. Zij die door de Geest leven en in Gods geheimenis zijn, zondigen niet. Maar dit alles is slechts ten dele. 19. Zo zijn dan allen die door de Geest gebonden zijn zonder zonde, maar ook dit is slechts ten dele. 20. Een ieder die uit God geboren is, zondigt niet, maar dit is ook slechts ten dele. 21. Want wanneer de Geest u grijpt, en u voor de troon Gods zet, en gij door de vreze des Heeren verlicht zult worden, dan zult gij zien hoe onrein gij bent. 22. Daarom zal God Zijn oordeel zenden tot de herder en de profeet die zeggen dat er geen duisternis en geen zonde in hen is. Want zo hebben zij gedaan om met macht te spreken zonder dat iemand hen tegensprekt. 23. Maar de Heere heeft het gezien, en zal die apostel en die evangelist slaan die zichzelf onfeilbaar heeft gemaakt om hierbij de omgang te verbreken en daardoor macht te vestigen over de andere. 24. Is er dan geen onfeilbaarheid voor een kind des Heeren ? Kan de Geest dan niet binden tot volkomenheid en volmaaktheid ? Is alles dan slechts ten dele ? 25. Om hierop antwoord te krijgen zult gij moeten gaan van gebondenheid tot gebondenheid en van toets tot toets, opdat slechts de Heere zal spreken wanneer gij gebonden zult zijn in de Vreze des Heeren.

26. Zo is er dan in Christus onfeilbaarheid, en gij dient deze na te jagen als een kostbare parel. Maar dan : elke onfeilbaarheid moet getoetst worden. Zij die niet toetsen zullen schade lijden. Zij zullen gegrepen worden door misleiders die hen naar de afgrond leiden. 27. Zo moest dan ook de onfeilbaarheid van Johannes getoetst worden, en zijn brief. Ook zijn volkomenheid, zijn volmaaktheid en gepastheid moesten gemeten worden, gewogen en getoetst. 28. En zo heeft dan de Geest door Zijn apostelen de brief gezuiverd van elke vloek. Gij hoeft niet meer te lijden onder de vloek, de verduistering en de druk van het oude. Het was een stem die altijd in de dieptes van uw

geest sprak en u verblind hield. 29. Laat de deuren vandaag geopend worden. Laat de Heere u vandaag wegnemen uit het bezoedelde woord.

30. Dit heb ik u geschreven, opdat u allen weet dat u in Christus eeuwig leven hebt. Wij hebben vrijmoedigheid om tot Hem te komen, en wanneer wij bidden naar Zijn wil, dan zal de bede ons geschonken worden voor het Heilige aangezicht des Heeren. 31. Maar zij die de Heere niet vrezen hebben niets. Zij halen de woorden des Heeren weg en maken het fundament zwak. Zij protsen rond in hun tradities en zeggen : Ziet, hoe wij het woord des Heeren krachteloos hebben gemaakt. 32. Maar velen zijn doof, en volgen hen blind. Nee, geen genade is er voor hen. 33. De Heere zal hen bezoeken op het door hem vastgestelde uur. En hij zal hun blinde ogen en dove oren verwijderen, omdat ze toch blind en doof waren, door hun zonden, tot nutteloosheid bestemd. En de Heere zal hun vlees aan de vogelen des hemels geven. 34. Ja, op die dag zal God veler vlees laten weggroten, terwijl niemand omziet. Duisternis is over hen gekomen, en zij zullen elkander niet kunnen vinden. 35. Volgt daarom geen leiders die u naar zo'n duisternis leiden. Want de Heere ziet getrouw toe op zijn woorden, opdat zij allen nauwkeurig uitgevoerd en volbracht worden. 36. Ja, de Heere snijdt recht met Zijn Zwaard, door de Waarheid aangedreven. Maar zij die dan geen dwazen des Heeren zijn, en zich als kerkwolven op de hoogste stoelen hebben gezet, hoe kunnen zij de Waarheid in zich dragen ?

3.

1. Zo is dan de Geest des Heeren buitengesloten door verdraaiingen van de woorden des Heeren. Zo is dan de Geest des Heeren op een rantsoen gezet. 2. Zo hebt gij dan Gods Geest laten hongeren en dorsten, en gij hebt voor Hem niet opengedaan. 3. En zo luidt het woord der apostelen : Gij hebt het boek des Heeren moeilijk gemaakt, en tot een bespotting. Daarom zal de Heere velen uitdrijven als boze geesten. 4. Geliefden, vertrouwt niet iedere geest, maar beproeft de geesten of zij uit God zijn, want vele misleidende geesten en valse profeten zijn in de wereld uitgegaan. 5. Zo heeft Johannes de Geest slechts ten dele laten spreken, maar het woord der apostelen aan wie God de macht heeft gegeven draagt de Geest van Johannes. 6. Zo is dan de tijdelijke sluier en schaduw weggehaald. Hieraan onderkent gij de Geest Gods : elke geest die zal belijden dat Jezus Christus, de Zoon van God, in het vlees is gekomen, is uit God. Zo is dan een iedere geest die dit niet belijdt niet uit God. 7. Dit is de geest van de antichrist, die Christus niet belijdt, en die komen zal om in de wereld te zeggen : ik ben God. 8. Zulk een geest zult gij verachten. Maar niet iedere geest die zegt : ik ben God, is een geest van de antichrist. Zo dan zijn er ook verdwaalde geesten, misleide geesten, en de geesten des Heeren. 9. Daarom geliefden : Gij zult moeten toetsen. Gij zult geesten niet herkennen aan hun woorden, zelfs niet aan hun daden, maar aan hun diepste en innigste hart. 10. God ziet de geesten aan, niet in hun woorden en daden, maar daar waar geen mens hen ziet, en waar geen autoriteit hen snapt, daar in hun diepste wildernis, waar hun ziel troont. 11. En deze ziel troont in gemis, omdat zij niet wordt gezien zoals zij is. 12. Zo heeft God dan de sleutels tot de diepste kennis, en stelt geen enkele profeet of apostel iets voor, voor Zijn aangezicht. Alleen zij die in de sleutel zijn hebben eeuwige en onverbreekelijke waarde. 13. Laat u daarom niet misleiden door een belijdenis bij het toetsen, maar dringt dieper door in de geest, wetende dat God de sleutels heeft. 14. Zij die zondigen kunnen niet toetsen, maar wat is zonde ? Hebt gij enig besef van wat zonde is ? Welke taal spreekt gij ? 15. Zo zijn dan vele engelen gevallen tezamen met de hemelen waarover zij heersten, en ziet, zij hebben geestelijke talen gecreeerd. En hierdoor misleiden zij velen. 16. God heeft niets aan talen. God vertaalt, en dringt door tot de kern. God leeft niet in misverstanden. Misverstanden worden door taal ingegeven. Taal is een vloek wanneer er geen vertaling is die tot

het diepste leidt. 17. Zo zult gij tot de diepste vertaling moeten komen om uw broeder te kunnen verstaan. Maar bovenal : gij zult door de deuren van Gods geheimenissen moeten gaan. Zo zult gij de talen des Heeren spreken.

18. Zo was Johannes dan niet zonder zonde, en ook niet zonder leugen en zonder duisternis. Hoe zou hij dan volkomen en volmaakt door de Heere kunnen profeteren ? 19. Toch slaat de Heere met kromme stokken recht, en grijpt Hij iemand om Zijn woorden te spreken. God kan alles als spreekbuis gebruiken, maar dat wil niet zeggen dat hetgeen daaruit voorkomt altijd volkomen is. 20. Zo is er dan strijd tussen God en de geest van de antichrist om de spreekbuis, en vaak zijn de wateren daardoor bezoedeld. 21. Ja, het woord is een groot kruis des Heeren, omdat Hij vaak slechts ten dele kan spreken, of in chaos. 22. Daarom heeft de Heere gekozen om te spreken in symboliek en criptiek.

23. Johannes was niet zonder zonde. Daarom is deze brief door de Geest geschreven die in Johannes leefde, de Geest van Christus, deels uitgedoofd, deels bedroefd, deels ingeknot, om de boodschap in het laatste der dagen door het woord der apostelen te zuiveren. 24. Zo dan zullen velen vrijkomen van de vloek, maar ook zullen velen zich tegen de gezuiverde brief verzetten. Zij zullen het oude vastgrijpen en hun machtsgebieden verdedigen.

25. Dit dan is de eerste brief en het eerste boek van het oude woord dat gezuiverd wordt en zal worden. Luister dan naar dat wat de Geest van Johannes tot de gemeentes predikt. De Geest en de Bruid zeggen : Kom. 26. Als iemand een broeder ziet zondigen, niet tot de dood, vermaant en bidt. God zal leven geven aan hen die zondigen, niet tot de dood. Er bestaat zonde tot de dood. Voor zulk een broeder heeft het geen zin te bidden. Alle ongerechtigheid is zonde. En er bestaat zonde tot de dood. 27. Johannes had een zonde, niet tot de dood. Zelfs nu spreekt zijn Geest, de Geest van Christus, nu Johannes tot de wolk van getuigen behoort. 28. Ik zag Johannes staan, zegt het woord der apostelen en zijn Geest, en ziet, hij stond in een deuropening, dragende een bloem. 29. En die bloem was om de bezoedelde brief uit de oudheid te zuiveren en te ordenen, op deuren te openen, en om de Geest te laten bloeien. 30. En Johannes sprak deze woorden, zeggende : Gaat uit, oh paarden des geestes, en brengt het woord, gij die uitgezonden zijt. Brengt het gezuiverde woord, door mijn dood gezuiverd, tot de aarde, en laat het wortelschieten in het bloed des Heeren. 31. En ik zag Johannes zijn hand opsteken, en ziet, hij zegende het woord. En ik zag hem huilen om dat wat hij Gods Geest had aangedaan in de tijden van zijn onvolkomenheid. En God gaf hem macht de vloek te verbreken. 32. En zo liet Johannes wederom een duif opstijgen.

33. Gij zijt uit God, gij die zijn kinderen zijt en zijn volk. En gij hebt de geesten der wereld overwonnen, omdat Hij die in u is meer is dan degene die in de wereld is. Zo hebt gij het Zwaard des Geestes ontvangen en het Zwaard van de Geest van Johannes, een speciaal deel Gods daartoe afgezonderd. 34. En paarden des Heeren en de paarden der engelen zijn uitgegaan om in de verschillende richtingen der wind en van het aardoppervlak de geesten des Heeren tot rust te brengen. Ja, ook zijn zij uitgegaan om de dwalenden en misleide geesten tot rust te brengen. 35. De geesten der antichrist echter zijn niet uit God. Zij zijn uit de wereld en spreken zoals de wereld. De wereld luistert naar hen. 36. Wij, die God kennen, zijn uit God. Wij zijn uit God, omdat wij in Hem zijn geboren, door Zijn geest. Zij die God kennen horen naar ons. Wie niet uit God is horen naar ons niet. Hieraan onderkennen wij de Geest der Waarheid en de geest der dwaling. 37. Zij die deze woorden niet toetsen zijn niet uit God. Zij die deze woorden toetsen zijn uit God. Dit is slechts ten dele, want God ziet het hart aan. 38. Zij die de geesten toetsen zijn uit God. Zij die de geesten niet toetsen zijn niet uit God. Ook dit is slechts ten dele waar, want God ziet het hart aan. God ziet het

kruis in een ieder. 39. Zo zijn er dan : kruizen van leugen en misleiding, kruizen van valse toets, kruizen van verdwaalde toets, en kruizen van toetsloosheid. God kent de duisternissen en versluierungen der harten, en de dieptes van geest en ziel. 40. Is er dan verlossing mogelijk ? Daarom heeft de Heere het woord der apostelen opgesteld.

41. En ik, apostel des Heeren, zag het oude boek van de brief van Johannes, en ziet, het was als een gevangenis. Want de stukken van die brief waren bouwstenen van het geweten, van de ziel en de geest, en hielden de Geest des Heeren vast als een gevangene. En ik zag toen die bouwstenen afbrokkelen en wegglijden, en alles begon in te storten. En een stem zeide tot mij : Klim hierheen op ! 42. En ik klom terwijl nog steeds de gesteentes onder mij afbrokkelden, totdat handen mij grepen, en mij op vaste grond zetten. Aldus was het woord der apostelen. 43. En ik zag een paard en een lieveheersbeestje des Heeren als engelenverschijningen, en van hen kwam stralend licht af. En ik zag wezens opkomen uit de put waaruit ik kwam, geketende zielen, en ziet, zij werden vrijgemaakt. 44. En er werd een grote ronde steen over de put heengeschoven.

4.

1. En het zwaard des Geestes is over hen die de Geest van Johannes kennen. En het zwaard leidt hen voort, en leert hen te strijden. 2. En zij bewaren de woorden van het zwaard in hun harten. Zij strijden onder de aanvoering van de legeroversten des hemels. Zij horen hun stemmen, want de Heere heeft hun oren geopend. Zij kennen de geheimenissen van Johannes en van zijn Geest. 3. En dit is het geheimenis : de liefde, waarover gij vanaf den beginne gehoord hebt. Niet gelijk Kain die zijn broeder vermoordde. Dit was uit den boze. 4. Waarom vermoordde Kain zijn broeder ? Omdat zijn daden boos waren, en die van zijn broeder rechtvaardig. Verwondert u daarom niet wanneer de wereld u haat. Zo hebben ze ook de koningen van Christus gehaat. 5. Door liefde tot de broeders zijn wij van de dood overgegaan in het leven. Zonder liefde blijven wij in de dood. 6. Wanneer wij onze broeders haten zijn wij moordenaars, en het leven is in ons niet. Geen moordenaar heeft het eeuwig leven blijvend in zich. 7. Wij herkennen de liefde in Hem die zijn leven gegeven heeft voor zijn vrienden. Ook wij behoren dit voor onze broeders te doen. 8. Wanneer je in de wereld je broeder gebrek ziet lijden en je sluit je binnenste en je hart voor hem, hoe zal dan de liefde van God in je blijven ? 9. Wij hebben dan de ander niet lief door woorden, maar door daden, en dan vooral door de waarheid. Wij zijn geen slaven, want daar Christus door de diepte zijn vrienden liefhad, en door de Geest werd vrijgezet, zo zullen ook wij door diepte elkaar liefhebben. 10. Wat houdt die diepte dan in ? Deze woorden hebben te maken met het kruis, en de afzondering tot diepere kennis. 11. Hieraan zullen wij weten dat wij uit de waarheid zijn, en voor Hem ons hart en binnenste overtuigen, dat indien ons hart en geweten ons in vurigheid veroordelen, God meer is dan deze dingen, en kennis heeft van alles. 12. Wij hebben vrijmoedigheid tot het komen tot God en Jezus Christus, wanneer ons hart ons niet schuldig acht. Dan ontvangen we alles wat we van Hem bidden. Dit omdat wij doen wat Hij van ons verlangt, en Zijn geboden bewaren en onderhouden. 13. Dit is slechts altijd ten dele, omdat het hart zich van nature voor God verstopt. Zo kan het hart zich dan onder duisternis verborgen houden, en zeggen : ik heb niks gedaan. De Heere kent echter alle harten. 14. Dit is Zijn gebod : dat wij elkaar in liefde bewaren, en dat wij geloven in de Naam van Zijn Zoon, Jezus Christus, die wij gehoorzamen. Dit is slechts ten dele. God wijst ons naar de diepte. Dingen zijn niet wat ze lijken. In de diepte krijgen wij goedkeuring, en wordt de symboliek van dit alles duidelijk. 15. God is geen wachtwoord, en zelfs zijn geboden niet, want zij kunnen door huichelaars en misleidende geesten gehoorzaamd worden tot het verkrijgen van macht. Die gewoonte hebben wij echter niet. Daarom is de naam en de daad van geen enkele waarde in de

diepte, en dient zij slechts tot symboliek, als een heenwijzer tot het openen van deuren. 16. Wie zijn geboden bewaart en onderhoudt, blijft in Hem, en Hij verblijft in hem. En hieraan weten wij dat Hij in ons blijft : door de Geest en de Geest van Johannes, die Hij aan een ieder schenkt die Hem waarlijk liefheeft.

17. Laten wij daarom elkaar liefhebben en in liefde bewaren. De liefde is uit God, en een ieder die waarlijk liefheeft is uit God geboren en kent God. Wie niet waarlijk liefheeft kent God niet. God is liefde. God heeft liefgehad door Zijn eniggeboren zoon te zenden in de wereld. Hierin is ware liefde geopenbaard, opdat wij daardoor zouden leven. 18. Hierin is de liefde, dat God ons heeft liefgehad, niet dat wij God hebben liefgehad. God heeft Zijn zoon gezonden tot verzoening voor de zonde. Zoals God heeft liefgehad, zo behoren wij ook lief te hebben. 19. Niemand heeft ooit God aanschouwd zoals Hij is. Niemand heeft ooit de mens aanschouwd zoals hij is. Maar door liefde verblijft God in ons, en is hierin volmaakt geworden. Laten wij daarom elkaar liefhebben. Hieraan weten wij dat wij Zijn Geest en de Geest van Johannes hebben ontvangen.

5.

Ode aan de Maagden

1. Heilige maagden van het woud, heilige maagden van de vulkanen, hebt gij mij ooit gehoord, toen ik tot u bad. Hebt gij mij ooit gezien hoe ik naar u verlangde. Mijn hart bonsde reeds toen ik jong was in mijn hoofd, toen ik gedichten tot u zond. Gedichten der liefde, van volwassen taal, maar gij hebt mij tot de wildernis gezonden. 2. Heilige maagden der bergen, heilige maagden van de zon, heb medelijden wanneer ik tot U kom. Wanneer ik in Uw nabijheid een verkeerd woord uitspreek, straf mij niet te zwaar. Ik ben jong en onhandig van hart. Werp mij niet van te hoge bergen. Ik kan niet vliegen, mijn vleugelen zijn nog klein. Gooi mij niet in te diepe zeeën, want ik kan niet zwemmen in zulke woestenijen. 3. Denkt niet dat ik sterk genoeg ben de haaien te bevechten. Ik ben nog jong, en zwak. Straf mij niet te zeer. Denk niet dat ik wijs genoeg ben filosofen te misleiden. Ik ben nog een kind, teer en hulpeloos in de woeste hand der aarde. Heilige maagden der zeeën, ik zie naar u uit op mijn torens. Laat me weten wanneer gij wilt spreken. Ik ben Uw spreekbuis, als het aarden vat. 4. Vorm mij als klei, maak mij sterk in Uw hand. Maar gij hebt mij enkel zwakheid gegeven, in een droomwereld verkeer ik nu. Ik ben te zwak om op te staan, gij heilige maagden der nachturen. Gij hebt mijn hart verkleind, mijn voeten gebonden. Een woesteling ben ik nu, op mijn reis heb ik nooit rust. U wil mij tot uw dieptes lonken. Leer mij Uw wonden zien. Zij genezen niet snel. Ik ben genaderd tot de vulkaan. 5. Oh, heilige maagden der daguren, gij die de lampen draagt. Gij zijt wijs van binnen, daarom zijn uw lichten gezuiverd. 6. Zo zijn dan deze maagden heilig, want zij hebben het verborgene liefgehad. Zij hebben dan door hun dwaasheid ook het wijze gekregen, vorm mij in uw hand, maak mij in zwakheid sterk, en in dwaasheid wijs.

6.

De Maagden der Uren

1. De maagd, gouden fontein, van reine waat'ren, van zuiv're waat'ren komende vanuit de duisternis. De maagd, teder woord, in zwakheid bent gij gekomen, in sterkte bent gij opgekomen. Als een schone zwakte, als een wijze zwakte, bracht gij sterkte tot het woord. Geen huis te hoog, geen brug te lang, gij gaat altijd voort. 2. De maagd, luchtfontein, bij de nachtlatingen te zijn, was U meer waard dan een gouden kroning, was U meer waard dan het dagrefrein. Avonturen hebt gij niet gemeden, door de nacht bent gij gegaan. 3. De maagden, tot de duisternis bent gij gegaan, het verborgene niet gemeden, gij hebt een plaats vooraan. Kom, voer mij weg tot het verleden, kom,

laten we tot de oermaagden gaan. In de diepste duisternissen leven zij. Zij hebben een plaats vooraan. 4. De maagden, gouden geluk, voer ons door de donk're dagen, leer ons U beter te kennen, en laat ons tot de uurmaagden gaan. 5. De maagden der uren, wij komen tot U, wij houden van Uw vuur, oh kandelaar, de jaren zijn verstreken, maar Gij bent nog steeds daar. Wij drinken van Uw stem, U bent de nachtwake waarop ik bouw. Ik slaap in rust en in geborgenheid, wanneer gij Uw vleug'len over mij spreidt.

7.

Smeekbede tot Alika

1. Ik kan je niet zien, je bent te ver weg, als een koningin op haar troon. Ik kan je niet horen, je stem is zo ver weg. Ik hoor alleen wat gefluister, maar wie is het, ik weet het niet. Is het Uw boodschapper, of is het slechts de wind. De Maagd, Alika, Heilige Maagd, Wijze Maagd van binnen, gij komt overal te laat. 2. Waarom laat gij ons gillen, de doden zijn al gestorven, wij lijden pijn, geen boodschapper tot ons gezonden. De Maagd Alika, waarom hebt gij ons weggeduwd, in duisternis zoeken wij U. De Maagd, neem ons mee, straf ons niet te luid. Neem ons mee tot U, neem ons mee tot U. 3. Wij lopen tegen muren op, wij kunnen niets beginnen. Onze stem ketst telkens terug, ten dode opgeschreven. En gij komt altijd te laat, gij bezoekt ons in de hel. 4. De Maagd, Alika, wij bonzen op Uw poorten, maar U wil alleen de morgen laten overstromen. 5. Kom snel, en straf ons niet te luid. Wij waren jong en onhandig, maar wij groeiden op als rozen. Neem ons aan. U hoeft niet te glimlachen, een zorgzame blik is ons genoeg. 6. Ik heb duizend rozen in mijn mond, zij spreken allen van liefde, teed're woorden tot U, De Maagd, Alika. Met maagden zult gij rozen beminnen, met bloemen spreken, het licht breekt eeuwig door, in fluisteringen. Straf ons niet te luid. 7. Zij kennen hen niet, die geesten bezweren. Zij kennen hen niet, de zachtpaarse wevers der watervallen en rivieren. 8. Tot de taal der genade vlucht ik, tot de liefde daalt in teed're grond, waar de adem van het vuurnood mij overstroomt. Zij liet mij dalen door haar licht, tot een overvloedige morgen die streelde mijn gezicht. 9. Ik daal nu dieper in bloemengrond. Wat moet ik doen ? Leidt mij, doorgrondt mij en ken mij, oh De Maagd, Alika. In jou zijn de poorten open, maar hoe kom ik daar, hoe ken ik jouw hart. Door smart, mijn liefste, kom ik tot overig land. 10. Is daar dan geen andere weg, moeten wij voor eeuwig lijden, is daar dan geen andere poort, Alika, toe, vertel me. Is tijd te overbruggen ? Toe, redt ons uit de klok, en breng ons tot de kast, waar wij kunnen schuilen. Zachte roze stromen, paarse gebieden, druipend licht, is dit gedicht, waar liefde de tijd smelt, waar liefde de kast schept, waar wij weg kunnen drijven, tot een nieuw begin. 11. Ik moet zinken, tot Alika, ik moet zinken. Hier moet ik strijden. 12. Ik ken je nog steeds niet, Alika, na deze nacht. Ik zie je nog steeds niet, jou, één en al pracht. Ik hoor je niet, waar ben je gebleven. Hier op mijn kussen, liggen tranen van het verleden, en mijn deken spreidt zich als de hellevogel, waar ben jij ? Ben ik dan alweer bedrogen ? 13. Heel zacht in de morgen, verlegen sta jij aan de poorten, met je hand uitgestoken, om een broodkruimel op te vangen. In lompen gekleed ben jij, als de pracht van het getij, maar ik blijf diep verscholen achter mijn muren.

8.

De sleutels van Sektia

1. Al wat ik nodig heb ben jij, de aarde wil mij verscheuren, bescherm mij, en leidt mij tot jouw putten, jouw schelpen waarmee jij je pracht omgeeft. Ik wil jouw littekens zien, waar zachte lichten stralen, het donkere heeft mij verlaten. 2. Laat mij al je ribbels zien, oh schelp, laat me je voelen waar je pijn hebt, waar je mij bent vergeten. Laat mij je liefdes-ader zien. 3. Blijf de schoonheid

belijden, blijf de aarde zien, om de kooien des tijds te verbreken, en de maagden te heiligen. Brandt poorten in de heggen, en vlucht. 4. Alike, breng de morgenstond nat. Alles wat je nodig hebt is daar. 5. Gij dan was bevroren, tot een kaars gemaakt, en een kandelaar, en zij brachten vele kaarsen tot U, opdat gij niet alleen waart, maar bereiken konden zij u niet. Gij was als een vurige wolkenhemel. 6. En Sektia, gij waart als de wilde vlam, maar ook als het vuur, als de zachte liefdesschaduw werd gij bemind, gij heilige maagd in alle eeuwigheden. Zij dan heeft mij de sleutels der leeuwen gegeven, zij die bevroren werden, en daarna hun zielen verbrand. 7. Sektia zij geloofd voor eeuwig, de Heilige Maagd der leeuwen, tot Uw poorten kom ik, en door uw vuren kom ik, tot de wilde vlam. 8. En ik riep tot Alike en Sektia, en ziet, zij waren als feeën. En ik kwam tot hun altaren, en ik dronk van hun bekers. En ik viel dronken in hun armen, en zij voerden mij weg. 9. En zij vlogen van mij weg, en ik kon hen niet volgen. Zij dan waren als vurige wolkenhemels, en zij schoten pijlen op mij af. En weer raakte ik dronken. 10. Toen moest ik uit vele bekers drinken, en ik voelde mij zeer zwaar worden, en het voelde alsof ik verpletterd werd. En ik kon nauwelijks overeind komen. En een maagd verscheen aan mij, en zij had vele geschenken, maar ik kon haar en die geschenken niet bereiken. 11. En ik begon te roepen : 'Dehu, Dehu !' En weer moest ik van vele bekers drinken. En nu werd ik zo licht als haar, en zeer lang en dun. Zij dan was de heilige maagd Dehu, en zij gaf mij de geschenken. Zij dan was als een roos van tranen, als het water onder de aarde, stromende vanuit de maagdelijke bronnen. 12. En ik zag de vruchtbaarheid van de maagd als een wond, een zeer tere en zachte wond, vele malen doorstoken. En de wond zelf was als een maagd. 13. En ik zag de mond en de tong van de maagd, en zij waren als een wond, en als een poort. En weer dronk ik van vele bekers en werd in de poort gezogen. En weer dronk ik van vele bekers, en ik werd dronken, en weer werd ik door een poort gezogen. 14. En zij waren ribbelig, en als de zeemaagden, en zij waren als haar vruchtbaarheid. En weer werd ik door een poort gezogen toen ik van vele bekers dronk. 15. En Dehu stond op, en sprak haar woorden, en deze waren zeer zacht en teder. En haar organen waren als tranen, als de wateren der maagden. 16. En de baarmoeder sprak en zei : 'Jou worden de sleutels gegeven van de geschenken en geheimenissen van Dehu. En nadat ik weer van vele gifbekers had gedronken, ging er een vreemde poort open, en ik zag een woeste, grijze zee voor me liggen, wiens golven traag en schokkerig bewogen. En uit de zee kwamen maagden oprijzen, en zij waren de eeuwigen. 17. En toen ik door een andere poort ging na het drinken van vele bekers zag ik daar eeuwigen, komende vanuit de vulkanen. En zij gingen snel. 18. En toen ik door een andere poort ging na het drinken van vele bekers zag ik daar eeuwigen als traag bewegende wolkenhemelen. 19. En in andere poorten zag ik eeuwigen, en zij waren als steen. 20. En weer kwam ik tot een oude trap, maar ditmaal ging deze naar beneden. En er stond daar op tafel een beker die nooit opraakte. En ik nam een slok. 21. De deur achter deze tafel leidde mij naar een grote woestijn. En midden in die woestijn stond een beker en een grote dobbelsteen. En uit de beker kwam een hart oprijzen dat ondersteboven kwam te staan, zwart werd, en in een lever veranderde. 22. En de beker was als gevuld met zware alcohol, en er kwam stoom en rook uit. En zij die er van dronken droogden ter plekke uit. En de beker dan was als een dokter des doods. En uit zijn mond en hand kwamen rivieren van zware uitdroging. 23. En er waren maagden die van de beker dronken, en direct neervielen. En zij waren als in zwijm, en zij werden geleid tot de bronnen der eeuwige maagdelijkheid. En naast deze bronnen stonden kippen en hanen. En zij waren als de uitgedroogden en de vergiftigden. En zij bewaakten de bronnen der eeuwige maagdelijkheid. 24. En zij hadden het gif van sterke drank, en zij waren als de advocaten des doods. En de maagdelijkheden werden zeer zwaar, en Dehu rees van hen op, en zij hief een vreemd zwaard op. En dit was de bevrorene en de doorstokene. En er kwam vuur uit het zwaard, en zij zuiverde de maagdelijke bronnen. En de wijze maagden die geen dwaasheid bezaten werden geworpen in een put. 25. En Dehu sloot de put af,

zeggende : Zij zullen tot in eeuwigheid niet meer van de gifbeker drinken. En gegil steeg op van de put, en zij begonnen te zoeken naar het gif, maar het vluchtte van hen weg.

9.

Gebeden en Belijdenissen tot de Heilige Maagden

1. Heilige Maagd Isabella, waak over onze zielen. Geef ons de eeuwige koorden, om tot u te komen. Opent uwe heil'ge weg, een heilig pad vol vreemdelingen. Heilige Maagd Isabella, waak over onze zielen, schenk Uw woord tot een doorgang over bruggen, laat uw dalen vol van liefde zijn. Heilige Maagd Isabella, schenk ons uw geest, als een glorie van boven. 2. Heilige Maagd, laat ons niet in zonde glijden. Genees onze afvalligheid, en schenk ons uw liefde. Draag bij, aan onze eeuwige groei, in de veiligheid en rust van uw beminnelijke schuilplaats. Onder de putten heeft u het neergezet, wij komen tot u, in bewondering. Wij sluiten onze ogen, en denken aan U. Aan U, die ons leven schonk, aan u die ons opzocht in onze kerkers en putten, en leidde ons tot de diepere weg. Van onderen kwam u. Laat ons dan dichterbij komen. 3. Heilige Maagd Rozenweer, neem ons op in Uw lieflijke hand, en zet ons in uw koninkrijk neer, in Uw paradijs, waar wij in vrede kunnen leven. Uw paarse en roze vlammen is als verkoelend stoom van uw liefdeswoorden. Genees ons, en leer ons. Dank u dat u tot ons bent gekomen. Ja, diep in uw putten zonken wij, totdat u ons nam tot de dieptes van uw koninkrijk. 4. Op de bodem van onze putten vonden wij Uw weg. Heb genade, en leidt ons, neem ons mee. Heilige Bosmaagd, wij hebben uit uw rivieren van heil gedronken, en gij hebt ons de gouden vlam gegeven. Tot het groene goud leidde gij ons, en gij maakte onze werken schoon en zuiver. Uw lieflijke geuren stromen uit de bosflessen, en gij hebt uw broodbrokken in kruiken tot het voeden der wilde beesten. 5. Heilige Veldmaagd Saratus, gij bent mij grote liefde, overstroom mij met uw gloed, een bloeiende, groeiende ochtendvloed. Ik gloei wanneer gij mij aanraakt. Ik sta in brand, wanneer gij aan mij denkt. Ik kom altijd tot uw poorten. Ik ben nog nooit zo diep geweest als nu, in de dieptes van uw bloemenvelden, kom nu, en doe mijn diepste verlangens ontwaken. 6. Bloemen verwelken, zij groeien op mijn hoed, om voor altijd het geluk te aanschouwen, de glorie van de gloed, de moedergloed, zij heeft mij op rivieren genomen, tot dit paradijselijke eiland, zij is de veldmaagd Saratus, de Heilige. Overstroom nu ook mij, vergeet mij niet, wanneer je schrijft. Laat mij binnen in Uw koninkrijk, ik ben gemaakt aan U gelijk. 7. Zij hebben mij stijf gespoten, met het schuim des velds. Saratus, waarom hebt gij mij geslagen ? Zwaar tuchtigt zij haar helden. In haar manden draagt zij hen, tot de wolven van de oude dagen. Zij hebben mij zo koud gemaakt, maar er is een vlam die in mij waakt, de vlam van de heilige veldenmaagd, oh Saratus, bescherm mij tegen de kou. Mijn hart is zo koud, ik ben als een blok hout, tot Saratus mij kust, dan ontwaak ik tot hartelust. Dan voel ik alles in mij branden. Oh Saratus, waarom hebt gij mij geslagen ? 8. Tot haar dieptes ben ik gevlucht, want de vijand zat mij achterna, nu heb ik haar gekust, en vele zonden bedekt. Haar genade zocht ik, haar huis bouwde ik, nu heeft zij mij gezien. Ik ben een koningszoon, en in haar heb ik mijn troon. Oh, Saratus, waarom hebt gij mij verlaten. Steeds zoek ik naar U, steeds droom ik over U. Vaak kan ik er niet van slapen, het maakt mij zo moe. Waarom hebt gij mij geslagen ? Heel mijn leven geef ik U, waar moet ik anders naar toe. Zij zitten mij op de hielen. Tot U kan ik vluchten. 9. In veiligheid kom ik, maar ik kan uw huis niet vinden, onder mos en bloemen zal het zijn. Nog steeds slaat gij mij, hoelang zal het nog duren. Neem mij aan, ik ben een arme bedelaar, te zwak om tot U te komen, maar te sterk om door de vijand te worden weggenomen. Neem mij aan, ik ben een arme bedelaar, ik kan uw huis niet vinden, alles stroomt van mij weg. Toe, leidt mij, breng mij terug op het pad, en bedek mijn zonden. 10. Ik hoor Uw stem in de verte, bij de avondkoelte verlang ik naar de rust, maar gij laat Uzelf niet

snel kennen, ik wacht op U. Kon ik maar Uw wonden begrijpen, oh tedere snaar, gevoelige blik, als op een kaart getekend, als aan een woning vastgeketend. Kon ik Uw wonden maar begrijpen, ik wil ze graag voelen, als een woning onder de bloemen. 11. Zij hebben mij stijfgespoten, zij hebben mij bedrogen, en daarom vlucht ik tot U. Ik ben nog niet tot Uw woning gekomen, maar stil en stap voor stap zal mijn droom uitkomen.

De Nieuwe Johannes II

1.

De Wraak van de Plaaggeesten

1. Dat de indiaanse elven hard hadden gewerkt wist iedereen. Het was een prachtig kamp geworden, en ze aten vollop van hun jachtmaal. Ditkeer hadden ze de beestachtige wachters van de keizer weten te strikken, en de toverkrachten vloeiden van hun monden af. Niemand wist van hun jachttactieken af, want die werden al eeuwenlang geheim gehouden. Als de bliksem sloegen ze toe, terwijl ze verwarrende sporen achterlieten. Niemand zou dit kamp ooit kunnen bereiken, omdat zodra iemand naderde, alles onzichtbaar werd. Dit ging automatisch. Zoveel toverflessen en toverkruiken verspreidden zoveel mysterieuze geuren die hiertoe in staat waren. Sommigen dachten dat die geuren iemands hersenen gek konden maken, zodat bepaalde dingen niet meer te zien waren, en anderen dachten dat het kamp daadwerkelijk als door een waas onzichtbaar werd. Hoe dan ook, de onbereikbaarheid was een feit. Daarom waren de indiaanse elven erg trots en voorzichtig met hun burgerschap. Het kwam weleens voor dat een elf om een bepaalde reden verbannen werd.

2. Sliktior had de keizer één keer ontmoet en vond het niet wat. Ook Sorsor kende de keizer een beetje. Ze dachten terug aan de tijden dat er vrede was, maar sinds de keizer beestachtige wachters begon in te huren leek het alsof zijn hersenen werden ingenomen. Het was een tovenaars die de keizer zo ver had gebracht, en de keizer dacht dat hij in z'n recht stond. Wat deden die wachters? Ze maakten alles en iedereen onveilig. Woorden schieten mij te kort om zulke afschuwelijkheden te beschrijven. Daarom waren de indiaanse elven zo blij het vlees van deze beesten in hun monden te voelen vloeien. Sliktior had het vlees niet aangeraakt. Hij was bang dat hem wat zou overkomen.

3. Sorsor dacht aan de keizer, en aan de tovenaars met zijn toveres. De tovenaars had die wachters eens gecreeerd, en het zou niet zonder gevaren zijn het vlees van zulke wachters zomaar te eten. De wachters waren deels leeuw, deels tijger en deels wolf, en verder steeg hun roofkwaliteit boven alles uit. Het waren de superroofdieren die de andere roofdieren aten. Vaak gingen ze op jacht om alles te verscheuren wat los en vaststond, maar bovenal waren ze gemeen. Een nachtmerrie zou het zijn om in hun kerken terecht te komen. Sorsor had het idee dat de keizer niet goed doorhad wat hij in huis had gehaald, dat hij niet wist wat er allemaal gebeurde. De keizer was zo druk met andere dingen bezig, en in Sorsor's ogen was de keizer totaal in de macht van de tovenaars en zijn toveres.

4. Sorsor had wel van het vlees gegeten, en vermomde zich tot een wachter. Hij ging naar het kasteel van de keizer, sloop naar binnen, en stal een bol met toverkooltjes. Snel ging hij terug naar zijn kamp, hief de bol op, en zei: 'Dit hier is het hart van de keizer. Voor ons is er geen hoop als wij

hen van het keizerlijk kasteel hun gang laten gaan. Zij zijn vol list en sluwheid, en de keizer zelf is een pion in hun handen. Wij kunnen hem niet redden. Wij kunnen niet op tegen de machten van de tovenaars en zijn toveres. Zij zullen ons hier vinden en geen spaan van ons overlaten. Daarom : deze bol met toverkooltjes is het dierbaarste bezit van de keizer, en hij zal zeker sterven wanneer de bol is gebroken.’ Toen brak Sorsor de bol, en er was luid gejuich. Allen wisten zij dat de tovenaars en toveres alleen konden regeren door de keizer. Nu was de keizer gestorven.

5. Sorsor ging terug naar het kasteel, en er was veel doodslucht en rouw. Met gebogen hoofden kwamen de tovenaars en zijn toveres uit een grot naast het kasteel. De tovenaars hief zijn handen op en riep : ‘De goden hebben wraak genomen.’

6. Sorsor nam twee messen en wierp hen in de harten van de tovenaars en zijn toveres. Nu was de omgeving en het land vrij van hun onderdrukking. Sorsor hield zijn laatste toespraak tot zijn stam, en maakte toen Sliktior tot opperhoofd. Sorsor zou beginnen aan zijn grote reis naar de bergen van de goden. Dit gebeurde altijd als een opperhoofd een daad begaan had zoals Sorsor. Ze zouden Sorsor herinneren als hun held, en Sliktior zou Sorsor de Tweede heten.

7. Sorsor pakte Sliktior vast, kuste zijn voorhoofd, en vertrok. Niet veel nam hij mee. Zijn klederen werden verdeeld onder de stam, en ook grote delen van zijn bezit, terwijl er ook veel werd verbrand. Twee misdadigers werden aan de martelpaal geslagen, en zij zouden sterven in plaats van verbannen worden. Zij verkozen de dood boven het verbannen worden, want de verbanning was in hun ogen een veel grotere schande. Door de martelpaal zou hun geest in het kamp blijven, en door mee te strijden in de oorlogen zouden ze hun eer kunnen herstellen. Ja, de regels van het kamp waren van grote wreedheid, maar ook van grote genade, als een geheimzinnige paradox van rechtvaardigheid. Zo had Sorsor het hen geleerd.

8. Sorsor was een man van grote wijsheid, geschonken door de goden die hij niet kende. Nu hij door zijn list en sluwheid de tovenaars en toveres had verslagen was hij waardig die goden te leren kennen. De goden woonden in de bergen, naast andere tovenaars en grote elven. Maar eerst zou hij door die verschrikkelijke woestijn moeten waar de goden hem op de proef zouden stellen.

9. In de woestijn werd hij gekweld door waanideeën, luchtweerspiegelingen, honger en dorst. De pijn van de droogte stak hem. Een oase was wat hij verlangde, een echte oase, maar alles was hier om hem te plagen. Er was hier niets te bereiken, en de plaaggeesten waren zijn enig gezelschap. Sorsor had niet geleerd in eenzaamheid te leven, en kon de leegte die zijn ziel teisterde niet aan. Hij wist dat de plaaggeesten niet per definitie slecht waren. Ze waren uitgezonden door de goden om hem te testen. Na een lange en angstige ervaring van leegheid en hopeloosheid riep hij het uit tot de plaaggeesten : ‘Als er dan niemand anders is, vullen jullie mij dan op, want de leegte vreet me weg.’ Gillend en joelend namen de plaaggeesten bezit van hem. Hier hadden ze lange tijd op gewacht, en nu zou Sorsor voorbereid zijn om de grotten van de goden te betreden. Het was de plaaggeest zelf die geplaagd werd en rust zocht, en die niet kon vinden. Nu de plaaggeest hem had vervuld stroomde er toverkracht door hem heen, en kon hij de goden bereiken zonder weg te smelten.

10. In een plaats van toverkolen ontmoette hij de god Prektiktion. De god bedankte hem dat Sorsor hem tot rust had gebracht, en de plaaggeest die Prektiktion tot hem had gezonden had aangenomen. Sorsor sprak over de verwoesting van het keizerlijke hart, en de god Prektiktion wist er alles van. ‘Ik heb jou die wijsheid gegeven,’ sprak de god. En de god vulde Sorsor met een hele reeks toverkrachten. De god Prektiktion had vele tovenaars in dienst, en kon ook Sorsor goed gebruiken.

De god gaf hem een fles vol andere goden die hij kon oproepen. Die andere goden hadden de meest vreemde namen die Sorsor moeilijk kon uitspreken.

11. Prektiktion sprak dat de stam van Sorsor nu was overgeleverd aan de krachten van de woestijn, want ook naar hen zouden de plaaggeesten op zoek gaan om hen te testen. Sorsor nam de fles en gooide hem tegen een stenen muur kapot. 'Ik had beloofd hen met mijn leven te beschermen,' sprak Sorsor. 'Waarom ben ik hier?'

12. 'Je had geen andere keus,' sprak Prektiktion. Sorsor viel op de grond en hilde. Hij miste zijn stam.

13. 'Als zij de plaaggeest aannemen,' sprak Prektiktion, 'dan zal je hart met hen verbonden zijn.'

14. Na vele lange jaren kwam ook Sliktior tot de plaats van toverkolen, en vertelde Sorsor dat hij niet kwam vanwege een grote daad, maar omdat hij was verbannen. Sorsor viel neer in woede. Hij kon zich niet voorstellen dat zijn stam tot zoiets in staat zou zijn, maar later begreep hij het. Sliktior had lafheid vertoond. Sorsor vroeg zich af hoe een verbannene hier kon komen. Uit het oog van Prektiktion kwam een straal vuur die in een flits Sliktior verteerde. 'Veel vaker komen hier bannelingen,' sprak Prektiktion. 'Zij kunnen hier komen met een geheime sleutel, maar hun lot is het vuur.'

15. 'Zijn zij indringers?' vroeg Sorsor. Maar Prektiktion schudde zijn hoofd. 'Nee, zij worden toegelaten omdat zij dieven zijn. Zij nemen altijd een stukje weg van de stam als zij gaan. Zij zijn dus bijzonder in onze ogen, en onze ogen zullen dat bijzondere dan nemen.'

16. 'Maar waar is Sliktior dan nu?' vroeg Sorsor.

17. 'Hij is overgeleverd aan de wraak van de plaaggeesten,' sprak Prektiktion.

18. Maar dat liet Sorsor niet op zich zitten, want hij hield meer van Sliktior dan van welke god of elf dan ook. Er was één ding dat hem liet strijden tegen de goden, en wat hij altijd droeg, en dat was een klein kruikje vastgemaakt aan een leren ketting om z'n nek. Zijn voorouders hadden hem verteld dat hij het flesje echter maar één keer kon gebruiken. Hij opende het flesje, en een stroom van gif sloeg de god neer. Sorsor greep een mes dat aan zijn been gebonden was door een band, en wierp het in het hart van de god zoals hij eens de tovenaars had uitgeschakeld. Op hetzelfde moment werd de huid van de god opengescheurd en Sliktior stapte eruit, als een priemend vuur. 'Raak me niet aan!' riep Sliktior. Maar Sorsor greep hem stevig vast. 'Aan de wraak van de plaaggeesten zal je niet overgeleverd zijn,' sprak Sorsor, 'maar weest gastvrij voor hen, want aan de wraak der goden waren ze overgeleverd.' Er zat nog één druppel in het flesje waar Sorsor Sliktior van liet drinken, en de plaaggeest vervulde toen ook hem.

19. Samen zijn ze toen door de woestijn naar hun stam teruggegaan. Maar de andere goden hadden zich gevestigd in het kamp, en hadden de indiaanse elven tot slavernij gedwongen. Het flesje was leeg, maar omdat Sliktior van het flesje had gedronken was hij immuun. En zo bevrijdde Sliktior zijn stam van de goden, en werd hij in ere hersteld.

20. Sorsor zou weer teruggaan naar de bergen, en ditmaal niet om tot de goden te gaan, maar tot de grote elven. De grote elven droegen zorg voor vele plaaggeesten die ze uit de verschrikkelijke handen van de goden hadden weggekregen. Toen Sorsor een groot aantal grote elven had leren kennen stelden ze hem aan als opperhoofd van een stam van indiaanse plaaggeesten. Deze indiaanse

plaaggeesten konden toveren als de beste, en Sorsor moest oppassen dat ze hem niet in de val lieten lopen. Vaak moest er een grote elf ingrijpen.

21. Na vele jaren kwam ook Sliktior naar deze plaats, en deze keer niet omdat hij verbannen was, maar omdat hij de stam van indiaanse elven een nieuwe grote dienst had bewezen, zo groot als de daad van Sorsor. Sliktior nam de taak van Sorsor nu hier over, en Sorsor vertrok dieper in de bergen. Sorsor kwam tot een plaats waar veel indiaanse tovenaars woonden, en hij zag in dat zij veel grotere plaaggeesten waren dan degenen die hij al kende. Ze waren duivels wreed, maar daarnaast ook genadig, als een wet die hij ook eens kende, de paradox van rechtvaardigheid. Fliktivian was een woestijnvlinder die grote luchtweerspiegelingen kon veroorzaken, en Sorsor ontmoette vele anderen. Sorsor kwam erachter dat zij uiteindelijk verantwoordelijk waren voor alle moeizame tafereeltjes van zijn leven, maar ditmaal waren ze vriendelijk naar hen, alsof hij nu één van hen was. Sorsor kwam er echter achter dat velen van hen niet deugden, en slachtte hen af in verschrikkelijke gevechten. In deze gevechten leerde hij wat ware gemeenheid was, en dat de ogenschijnlijke genade de gemeenheid nog groter maakte. Want Sorsor raakte ervan in de war, en werd zo een gemakkelijke prooi. Maar Sliktior volgde hem op de voet, en maakte zijn meester vrij. Er waren geheimenissen die Sliktior droeg waar Sorsor nog geen weet van had.

22. Sorsor had vele vragen, vragen die beantwoord zouden worden op zijn pad door de woestijnen en de bergketens. Het was alsof alles bijdroeg aan de grote puzzel in zijn hoofd, maar sommige stukjes leken alles weer af te breken. Sorsor raakte erg verwilderd. Op een dag vond Sorsor een heleboel plaaggeesten in een flesje. Als hij ze vrij zou laten, zouden dingen dan erger worden of beter? Hij wist dat ze waren gezonden om te plagen, en eigenlijk had hij genoeg van het geplaag. Hij wist dat als hij het niet zou openen, dan zou waarschijnlijk iemand anders het openen. Sorsor besloot het flesje om z'n nek te dragen, om het in gevallen van nood te gebruiken. Je kon nooit weten. Maar later besloot hij het diep in de woestijn te begraven, want er waren al genoeg plaaggeesten op de wereld.

2.

De Eeuwige Vlam

1. Er was elvengetrommel in het kamp van de indiaanse elven. Salucia pakte haar speer en rende naar de dichtsbijzijnde boom waar ze in klom. Haar vader zou terugkomen, maar ook verwachtte zij een aanval van de Maribiren, een elvenstam aan de westkant van hun kamp. Ze zouden gehoord hebben van de terugkomst van Salucia's vader, die zolang bij de tovenaars van Ostford had gewerkt. De tovenaars zou hem beloond hebben met zoveel toverdingen dat de Maribiren daar graag een graantje van wilden meepikken. Maar alles bleef gelukkig rustig, en Salucia's vader maakte het goed. Misschien hadden de Maribiren de dreiging wel gevoeld die uitging vanuit het kasteel van de tovenaars van Ostford. Salucia's vader droeg een wapenrusting die zij nog niet kende: fier, maar ook teder en afschrikwekkend, verlokkelijk, als een verwarrende paradox. Ze voelde wel de nieuwsgierigheid van de Maribiren, maar besloot er geen aandacht aan te schenken. Ze voelde de donkere ogen van de Maribiren loeren, vol lust maar ook vol angst. Wat had de tovenaars van Ostford toch gedaan? Er kwam een wonderlijke, indringende magie vanuit het kamp van de indiaanse elven. Salucia was gerustgesteld. Alles was goed met haar vader. De tovenaars had goed werk verricht. Maar toen haar vader een paar littekens liet zien schrok Salucia. 'Ik weet het, mijn

kind,' zei haar vader. 'Werken bij de tovenaars was niet zonder gevaren. Ik moest ingewijd worden in de hogere magie. Ik heb gevochten met de wachters van de tovenaars, en zij hebben mij verwond, maar alleen zo kon ik het zegel dragen.'

2. 'Welk zegel, vader?' vroeg Salucia. Haar vader keek haar teder aan, en ze zag een glinstering in zijn ogen. Zijn ogen waren doorbloed, vol van geheimenissen, als grote bruine kralen die het zonlicht op een mysterieuze wijze weerspiegelden, maar ook zoveel duisternis. 'Ga slapen, Salucia,' zei haar vader. 'Het is laat.'

3. Salucia wist niet wat er die nacht zou gebeuren, maar Maribiren kwamen het kamp binnen om haar te ontvoeren. Ze brachten haar naar een plaats, een bron, waar het elvenlicht haar omhulde. Niets wist zij van de raadselen van de Maribiren. Het was een prachtige ervaring, iets wat ze niet had verwacht, omdat de Maribiren in vijandschap leefden met haar eigen stam. Maar wie waren dit? Het waren Maribiren die zij niet kende. Ze waren ouder, en ze leken rustiger. 'Ga maar, Salucia,' zeiden ze tegen haar. Maar Salucia wilde niet weg. Ze wilde blijven in deze elvenbron, die haar hart zo scheen te raken. Badend in licht zwom ze naar de andere kant van de warme bron.

4. Plotseling werd er een zwaard gestoken in de man die het dichtst bij Salucia baadde. Het was haar vader die haar kwam terughalen. Salucia had gemengde gevoelens. 'Ze willen je van de tovenaars van Ostford afhouden,' sprak haar vader, terwijl de andere gestalten om haar heen in de bron leken te verdrinken. 'Vader, wat doet u?' vroeg Salucia. Niet lang daarna hoorde Salucia een schot, en zag haar vader in vertraging neervallen. De bron vulde zich met bloed. Een donkere gestalte stond voor Salucia, en draaide zich toen om om in het niets te verdwijnen. Salucia slaakte een gil, en kwam er snel achter dat haar vader dood was. Ook was er geen enkele Maribir meer te bekennen.

5. Nu was het voor Salucia tijd om zelf de tovenaars van Ostford te bezoeken, want ze snapte niet wat er met haar gebeurde. In tranen zocht ze haar pad, terwijl ze de aanwijzingen van haar vader herinnerde. Haar vader had haar veel verteld over hoe de tovenaars woonden, maar vooral hoe er te komen. Toen Salucia bij de hoge verlichte poort van het kasteel van de tovenaars van Ostford aankwam viel ze huilend een lange elf in de armen. Snel en stoterig vertelde ze het verhaal. Ze wist dat ze hier troost en antwoord zou krijgen. De elf nam haar zorgzaam mee naar binnen. 'Er zijn zoveel dingen die je niet begrijpt,' zei de elf. 'Je bent erg jong, Salucia. De tovenaars wachten op je.'

6. Binnen leek alles heel anders dan wat haar vader haar altijd verteld had. Aan de muur hingen indiaanse speren, vreemde messen, en sommige muren waren doordrenkt met bloed. Salucia schrok, en vroeg wat dat bloed moest voorstellen. De elf sprak niet. Salucia begon bang te worden, maar ineens nam de elf Salucia weer in zijn armen. 'Je hoeft niet bang te zijn, lieveling,' zei de elf. 'Alles zal duidelijk worden, maar we mogen niet teveel praten. Ach, we mogen het wel, maar het is niet verstandig. Laten we de dingen stap voor stap doen.'

7. De tovenaars waren een wonderlijke man. Hij gaf Salucia ringen voor in het kasteel. De ringen werden aan haar klederen vastgemaakt, en de ringen zouden uitleg geven over alle dingen. Het waren sprekende ringen, en meer en meer begon Salucia zich op haar gemak te voelen. Maar ook proefde ze een soort dreiging die ze niet kon beschrijven.

8. De tovenaars droegen lange gewaden, en bracht haar tot een andere indiaanse elvenstam in de dieptes van het kasteel. De elven spraken niet, maar communiceerden op een andere manier, door hun ogen, en door het bewegen van hun lippen. 'Leer hen praten,' zei de tovenaars. 'Dat is je eerste opdracht. Ik zal je later alles uitleggen over je vader. Wie hij was, en ook wie de Maribiren zijn.'

9. Salucia nam de tijd om de elven te leren spreken, en ook leerde ze hun manier van communicatie. De tovenaar was na enkele maanden zeer tevreden, en bracht haar tot een andere indiaanse elvenstam dieper in het kasteel. Het kasteel was erg groot. Deze stam communiceerde door te gillen en door allerlei vreemde klanken overmatig te herhalen. 'Kom,' zei de tovenaar, en bracht haar tot een elvenbron in een grote ruimte. De bron was bijna geheel blauw, als blauwe bubbelende verf. De tovenaar maakte wat strepen op haar huid, en daalde toen zelf in de bron af. Salucia moest hem volgen. Hij zwom naar een deur diep onderin de bron, opende die deur en zwom naar binnen. Hier zwommen haaien en allerlei andere vissen, maar ze deden niets. Ze staarden alleen. De tovenaar zwom met Salucia door naar de volgende deur, en toen ze achter de deur naar boven zwommen kwamen ze in een geheel nieuwe ruimte terecht. 'Als ik er niet bij was zou je verslonden zijn door de haaien en de andere vissen,' sprak de tovenaar. 'Ik bepaal dus wie hier komt.' Er hing een vreemde indringende geur als een soort verf, maar het rook heel lichamelijk en warm.

10. Salucia keek haar ogen uit, want er dropen hier een heleboel vreemde stoffen met vreemde kleuren. Het was een soort modder. De tovenaar keek naar Salucia en knipoogde naar haar. 'Weet je, Salucia,' zei de tovenaar, 'ik laat je dit alles zien, en eens liet ik je vader dit alles zien, omdat ik wil dat jij en je nageslacht in dit kasteel zullen leven. Buiten zullen de Maribiren alles overnemen en ze zullen niets van je stam overlaten. Jouw vader hebben ze uit de weg geruimd, maar jou heb ik beschermd.' Salucia begon te huilen. Ze had verwacht dat ook haar vader beschermd zou worden, en daarom begreep ze niet waarom de Maribiren hem konden vermoorden. De tovenaar nam haar in zijn armen, en sprak : 'Ik zou je vader maar wat graag willen beschermen, maar de macht van de Maribiren is niet te onderschatten. Echter, als je getrouw het pad volgt, en bij me blijft, zul je je vader terugzien.' Maar toen werd de tovenaar ineens erg droevig. Ik zal nog even bij je blijven, totdat je totaal door het kasteel bent aanvaart en in veiligheid bent gebracht. Dan zal ik mijn reis moeten richten op de gebieden van de Maribiren. Ik zal de donkere en zwarte reis moeten maken, zodat ze dit kasteel niet zullen innemen.' Salucia greep de tovenaar extra stevig vast en sprak : 'Maar kunnen we niet samen in die veiligheid blijven ? Waarom zou u zoveel riskeren ? Dit kasteel is van u en blijft van u !'

11. 'Meisje,' zei de tovenaar, 'je kent de krachten van de Maribiren niet. Ik moet daar naartoe, anders zal dit kasteel van hen zijn en is er voor jou en je nageslacht geen enkele hoop. Zo zullen ook alle andere indiaanse elvenstammen vergaan, en zal de vlam van Ostford voorgoed doven.'

12. En zo namen die twee na een lange tijd van lopen en spreken afscheid van elkaar. De tovenaar had haar uitgelegd wat ze moest doen, en verder zouden de ringen haar leiden. Salucia zuchtte diep en probeerde moedig te blijven, maar al snel overvielen duistere angsten haar. Rustte het dan allemaal op haar schouders ? Waarom was alles zo ingewikkeld ?

13. Zoals de tovenaar had gezegd kwam ze eerst in een gebied vol met bomen. De bomen leken bijna op elven, en zij brachten vreemde eieren voort. De tovenaar had haar een speciale rode lap gegeven waarmee ze die eieren kon uitbroeden. Maar er was iets in haar wat zei dat ze dat niet moest doen. Ook de ringen gaven haar het advies om het niet te doen. De ringen hadden duidelijk een hele andere visie dan de tovenaar, en Salucia vroeg zich af waarom de tovenaar haar die ringen had geschonken. Maar veel plannen bleken overeen te stemmen. Salucia bond de rode lap om haar hoofd naarmate het warmer werd. Soms bleef ze wat rusten tegen de kasteelmuren aan, en trok dan verder.

14. Er waren zoveel dingen die Salucia niet begreep. Hoe zou ze aan nageslacht komen ? Waar zou ze haar vader ontmoeten en hoe ? De ringen vertelden nog niet veel. Het was alsof Salucia hun vertrouwen eerst moest winnen. Er waren een aantal dingen die ze heel strak in haar gedachten had, als een betoverend visioen, en dat was de reis van de tovenaars om hen veilig te stellen, en haar eigen reis om uiteindelijk de tovenaars veilig te stellen. Ze was vastberaden, en ze wist dat wanneer de tovenaars de eeuwige vlam had bereikt in het rijk van de Maribiren, dan zouden ze met elkaar verzoend worden. Maar dat kon alleen gebeuren als zij de eeuwige vlam van het kasteel zou bereiken. Zo niet, dan zouden ze beiden sterven, en zouden de Maribiren het kasteel voor altijd in handen krijgen. Het was vreemd als ze terugdacht aan de ontvoering. Ze kwam in een elvenbron van licht, en ze had even het idee dat de stam goed was, of tenminste een deel van die stam. Eén van de ringen vertelde haar dat er ook Maribiren waren die eigendom waren van de stam, als krijgsgevangenen die ingeburgerd waren. Ze probeerde het te begrijpen, maar het leek alsof ze het niet kon grijpen. En eigenlijk wilde ze het niet grijpen, omdat ze bang was om goede gevoelens te hebben over enkele Maribiren. Ze was bang dat hun krachten haar verstand zouden innemen. In dit was ze gemengd, en het trok haar bijna uit elkaar.

15. Een lange gestalte stond voor haar toen ze haar ogen langzaam opendeed. Ze schrok. Het leek op een Maribir, een wat oudere Maribir. De Maribir wilde zijn mond openen, maar zuchtte toen. 'Ik heb je vader verdraaid zien wegzakken,' zei de Maribir.

16. 'Jij, jij,' stamelde Salucia, 'was jij niet één van mijn ontvoerders ? Jullie hebben me niets gedaan, alleen gebracht naar die zalige elvenbron, waar daarna verschrikkelijke dingen gebeurde.'

17. 'Ja,' sprak de maribir. 'Ik moet je iets vertellen. Wij zijn wij waren krijgsgevangenen ... Jij hebt ons verlost Jouw hart De reis die je hier maakt zette ons vrij, trok ons los in onze gedachte'

18. 'Waar zijn de anderen ?' vroeg Salucia.

19. 'Verderop,' zei de man.

20. En toen zag Salucia in hoe belangrijk haar reis was. Zij was zelf een sleutel. Ze begreep alleen niet hoe, en nog steeds was ze bang om bedrogen te worden.

22. Na een tijdje kwam ze bij een kamp aan vol met Maribiren, maar deze waren anders, als de krijgsgevangen man. Misschien dat de man hen bedoelde. Het leek alsof zoveel angst van haar werd weggenomen toen hij haar zag. Ja, deze waren anders, ouder, rustiger, en het was alsof ze weer baadde in die elvenbron. Alleen nu hoopte ze dat er geen verschrikkelijke dingen zouden gebeuren.

23. 'Salucia,' sprak een vertrouwde stem.

24. En daar stond ze dan. Zolang in de armen van zoiets vertrouwelijks. En warmte stroomde haar trillerige lijf binnen, om haar rustig te maken. Sieraden kreeg ze om haar heen, en allerlei kleine flesjes, vol magie. 'Ik denk dat ik me vergis. Zijn jullie mijn ontvoerders ?' Niemand zei wat. Ze voelde zich alleen wegglijden in een diepe rust. De muren van het kasteel waren hier ver weg, het plafond hoog, en gloeiend als de hete zon, terwijl er zand op de geblokte vloer lag, rood en geel geblokt. Salucia zakte neer, en tranen stroomden. Een vertrouwelijke hand greep haar hand zachtjes en teder. Ze hield haar ogen stijf dicht.

25. 'Maar ik wil niet,' zei ze. En toen ze haar ogen opende was iedereen weg, en ook haar ringen waren verdwenen. Wat was er gaande. Ze wilde een gil slaken, maar kon niet, alsof er een hand op

haar mond lag. Een tedere hand, en daarom was ze nog steeds zo rustig, en ze zag nog steeds al die andere sieraden aan haar lichaam en klederen bungelen, en zoveel kleine flesjes.

26. ‘Ik heb zoiets vreemds meegemaakt,’ zei ze tegen zichzelf. Ze opende een flesje en een wonderlijke geur verspreidde zich. Een geest stond voor haar met een zwaard. Toen ze naar boven keek zag ze op een hoogte de stam weer, en vroeg vriendelijk of de geest haar daar naartoe wilde brengen. Dat was in een wip gebeurt. Ze wist niet wat ze moest denken, en weer omhelsde ze haar vrienden één voor één. Ze droegen hele aparte flesjes en kruikjes aan kettingen om hun nek, en hun broeken waren van prachtige zachte stoffen, als van fluweel. Maar alles leek wel nat, en één van hen hield zijn hand op waarin een vlam verscheen.

27. ‘De eeuwige vlam van het kasteel,’ zei een ander. Maar je hebt het nog niet bereikt. Wat zou het kosten om de vlam van de één naar de ander te laten overspringen ?

28. En hoeveel tijd zouden ze hebben ? De tovenaars had haar verteld dat er niet veel tijd was. De eeuwige vlam was nu zo dichtbij, maar tegelijkertijd zo verweg. Wat als de tovenaars al op haar zou wachten ? Wat als hij de eeuwige vlam in het rijk der Maribiren al had bereikt ? Paniek begon over haar te komen, maar tegelijkertijd suste ze haarzelf, en ook de anderen begonnen haar te sussen.

29. ‘Ik kan je die vlam geven,’ sprak hij, een lange Maribir, een voormalig krijgsgevangene, wellicht een slaaf. ‘Ik ben je veel verschuldigd,’ zei hij. Hij schoof dichterbij, maar de vlam begon te doven. ‘Zie je wat er gebeurt ?’ zei hij.

30. Salucia zakte weg in wanhoop. Ze dacht terug aan de tovenaars, en haar onwetendheid maakte haar onzeker.

31. ‘Sssh, praat niet,’ zei de man met de vlam. Toen vertrok hij.

32. ‘Je zal hem vinden,’ zeiden de anderen, ‘en dan zal de vlam overspringen.’

33. Daarna moest Salucia een lange reis maken door een woestijn, terwijl al haar toverij haar in de steek leek te laten. Boven op een hoogte was er niets dan droogte, waar de stralen van de inmens hete zon speelden, en ze wist niet hoe ze daar kon komen. Waar waren de anderen ? Ze wist het niet. Ze vaagden soms gewoon geheel weg, zonder dat ze het beseftte. Vaak sloot ze haar ogen en opende ze weer. Ze begreep er niets van. Achter een struikje zag ze een opening waar het zand schoof. Overall lagen rode lappen, en ze herinnerde de woorden van de tovenaars dat ze door die lappen verschillende soorten eieren kon uitbroeden. Ze besloot wat eieren van het struikje te plukken, en wikkelde ze in de rode lappen. Vogels kwamen voort, en brachten haar snel op die hogere plaats. Onzekerheid maakte zich meester van haar. Ook dorst vervulde haar, terwijl al haar flesjes allang leeg waren. Maar verderop was een bron. Langzaam liet ze zich in de bron zakken die heter was dan het zand, maar prettig aanvoelde. Plotseling voelde ze lippen op haar huid. Iemand was achter haar, en de hitte scheen te verdwijnen.

34. Het was de man met de eeuwige vlam. ‘Zie je,’ zei de man, ‘als ik dichtbij je komt vertrekt de vlam. Als hij geheel gedoofd is, is alles verloren.’ De man was een eind van haar weg gezwommen. De bron was koud geworden. Salucia schrok. Snel stapte ze uit de bron en durfde niet meer over de man na te denken. Even later kwam ze bij een blok ijs waar de vlam was. Voorzichtig stak ze haar hand in het ijs, en de vlam begon haar gezicht te verlichten. Ze voelde zich blij worden van binnen, en vol worden met een hele andere warmte. Op hetzelfde moment begreep ze waarom de tovenaars haar moest verlaten, en ervoer ze met haar hele wezen dat ook hij nu de eeuwige vlam had bereikt. Ze hadden het samen gedaan.

De Nieuwe Genesis

1. Dit is de nieuwe code opgesteld door de apostelen des Heeren. Gij moet weten dat het oude boek Genesis verloederd was en geïnfilterd. Wij voldoen hiermee aan de opdracht de Heilige Schrift te zuiveren. 2. Gij zult spreken van het oude boek Genesis, en bovenal van het nieuwe boek Genesis. Gij kunt deze boeken naast elkaar leggen, maar in sommige gevallen is het verstandig om door de profeten te beslissen welke bijbels er moeten verdwijnen. 3. Zo zal dan de nieuwe code afrekenen met de bezoedelingen en de overbodigheden. Weet dat de oude verzen diep in uw hart liggen als eieren, die telkens gif voortbrengen tot het vergiften en besmeuren van uw zielen. 4. De zuivering hiervan is niet voortgekomen vanuit het hart van een mens, maar vanuit de Geest des Heeren, en Zijn Heilig Vlees waardoor de oude en nieuwe schepping tot stand kwam en tot stand zal komen. 5. En zo is het onzuivere vlees als een tijdelijke gevangenis geweest, en de Heere wil hierin vertroosting brengen. 6. Zo heeft het oude woord dan velen aangeklaagd en ten onrechte veroordeeld, en ook hierin wil de Heere troost brengen. 7. Zo wil de Heere dan dat gij zult weten dat het Woord geschreven is als een liefdesbrief, en niet als een brief van aanklacht. Want het Woord is geschreven aan hen die hem liefhebben. 8. Of gij nu barbaar zijt, indiaan of wilde, de Heere heeft Zich een volk bereid. Zo heeft hij dan eieren aan het plafond der hemelen gehangen, die door kwalspinnen worden uitgebroed door de nieuwe code. 9. Gij doet er goed aan acht te geven op de criptische beschrijving, zolang uw hart u dat toelaat. Zo is de Heere dan een nieuwe hemel en een nieuwe aarde aan het scheppen door de vernieuwing van het denken en het Woord. 10. Want het Woord vernieuwt het denken, en brengt daardoor hervorming. De eieren van het Woord zijn vol van de verf des Heeren, de verf der gedachten. Broedt deze eieren daarom uit, daar gij daartoe geroepen zijt. 11. Bergt dan het nieuwe Genesis in uw gedachten, en zondigt niet. Want Gods Toorn is tegen alle zondaren. Maar : Beseft gij wel wat zonde is. Want velen, ook door het oude woord, weten dit niet, en noemen dat wat geen zonde is zonde, en dat wat zonde is noemen zij geen zonde. 12. Zo hebben zij dan het woord en het hart des Heeren verdraaid voor hun eigen leerstellingen. Luister naar zulke leiders niet. De Heere zal u leiden. 13. Want de Heere wil u opvoeden dat gij een relatie met hem hebt zonder de tussenkomst van mensen. Want mensenvlees leidt veelal tot verderf. 14. Zo brengt dan het nieuwe Genesis de verf der gedachtes. Ziet dan, de eieren des Heeren zijn vol met de verf der gedachtes.

15. Zo is dan de wereld en de aarde met alles wat daarop is voortgekomen vanuit de gedachte, en vanuit de verf des Heeren. Ja, daarmee heeft de Heere ook het geweten geschilderd. 16. Zo hebben dan de spinnen des Heeren de afstanden en de tijden geschilderd, de nachtvlinders des Heeren hebben de details en de miniaturen aangebracht, en zo hebben de lieveheersbeestjes des Heeren de duisternissen en de lichten geschilderd. 17. Maar ook de wespen des Heeren hebben geschilderd. Zij hebben de vormen aangebracht. Zo hebben de flora en fauna des Heeren meegewerkt aan de schepping. 18. Zo dient gij dan de verf des heeren en zijn woord zuiver te houden, want de Heere bouwt een nieuwe hemel en een nieuwe aarde, zoals hij van tevoren heeft aangekondigd. Richt daarom uw hoofden op, want uw verlossing is naderbij gekomen. De Heere zal al uw tranen van uw voorhoofden vegen. 19. Maar ik zal u een geheimenis vertellen : Alle tranen waren slechts verf, en zij kwamen voort vanuit de pijnen, de verfpotten. Weest daarom niet al te zeer bedroefd met uw wonden, want de Heere zal u nog meer geheimenissen laten zien. 20. Ook zij die het spotkleed des

heeren hebben gedragen : dit is een machtige verfkwest. Gij zijt de medescheppers des Heeren. 21. Zo zal de Heere dan u gebruiken om de hemel en de aarde te herbouwen. Er is dan niets zonder doel geweest. En er is loon naar werken. 22. Maar ziet toe dat gij niet werk noemt datgene wat geen werk is, want dit hebben velen gedaan, waardoor hun geloof schipbreuk heeft geleden. 23. Richt u dan ook niet op het loon der aarde, want zij die dat doen hebben geen loon in de hemel. 24. Laten uw werken dan in het verborgene zijn, waar geen oog ze ziet, want de Heere is met hen die in het verborgene zijn. 25. De lusten des Heeren zijn in het verborgene. En de Heere zal u hiertoe de wapenrusting geven. De lusten des Heeren zijn de muren rondom uw stad. 26. Zo komt gij dan met uw verstand niet ver, maar de lusten des Heeren komen uit onpeilbare dieptes. 27. Zo doet gij er dan wijs aan het verstand te verachten, want het is gebrandmerkt met leugensprekers, evenals het geweten. Richt u dan op de lusten des Heeren in vrijmoedigheid. Vanuit hen komt dan een zuiver verstand en een zuiver en vrijmoedig geweten voort. 28. De Heere wil dat gij bevrijd wordt van uw tradities, waarin boze geesten u gevangen houden. Tradities waren de steigers en de codes waarmee de voorouders in slavernij de vrijheid des Heeren voortbrachten, maar deze tradities smeekten ten hemel om in hun criptische beschrijvingen verlost te worden. 29. Zij riepen om integratie, en ontwikkeling. Zult gij dan altijd babies blijven, altijd leven van de moedermelk ? Daar doet gij uw voorouders geen dienst mee, en zo eert gij hen niet. Zij waren en zijn slechts op doortocht. 30. Bouwt daarom het huis des Heeren voort, en verscheurt de voorhangsels en zegels, verbrandt de steigers, en treedt in tot de dieptes des Heeren. 31. Hangt de lusten des Heeren dan in vrezen en beven aan, opdat gij uw behoudenis bewerkt in de vrijmoedigheid des Heeren. Want in de vreze des Heeren vindt gij alle vrijmoedigheid, en zal uw hart ruim worden tot verlossing. 32. Ja, want een jaar van verlossing heeft de Heere gegeven. Een jaar waarin gij de kosten kunt berekenen en afwegingen kunt maken. 33. Wees daarom wijs, en bega het pad stap voor stap, omdat gij niet nog een keer geknecht wordt. 34. Zo zult gij dan het oude niet verachten, maar in de diepte gaan, opdat gij de punten van verlossing zult vinden. 35. En zo zult gij dan denken : Spreekt de Heere in twee tongen ? En zo zult gij de paradox des Heeren ontdekken en zijn labyrinth. De aarde is vol met criptische beschrijvingen, vol met de vurige tongen des Heeren. 36. En gij zult u afvragen wie de verf zo heet en vurig heeft gemaakt, en gij zult dit ontdekken : De barbaren des Heeren, zij die de geest van Griekenland hebben overwonnen, hebben dit gedaan.

Jorinde

1.

Aanhef

1. Maakt u dan op om de Woorden des Heeren te horen. De Heer wilt dat gij de geschiedenis der schepping kent. Stopt dan met het doorvorsen van uw boeken, en stopt met uw arbeid om het Woord des Heeren te horen. 2. Het Woord des Heeren doorzoekt de duisternis en de nacht. Het Woord des Heeren doorzoekt de slaap.

De eerste aarde

3. Maakt u dan op om tot de berg des Heeren te gaan. In het eerste begin, nog voordat de aarde geschapen werd, juichten de morgensterren en de zonen Gods bij de aankondiging daarvan. 4. De

Heere had net de engelen geschapen, toen Hij bij de Geesten Gods was ingegaan. 5. Bij Eminijs schiep Hij de leeuwen des hemels en later de haaien des hemels. 6. Bij Metensia schiep Hij de gewesten des hemels, de slangen des hemels, en later het ijs des hemels. 7. Bij Matas schiep hij de wateren des hemels en de eerste aarde. Op die eerste aarde plantte Hij drie tuinen. 8. De eerste heette Roggio, de tweede heette Rietel, en de derde heette Eeden. En in de hof van Roggio plaatste hij de boskinderen Echte en Lirijn. 9. Maar zij vielen af van de Heere Heere en Hij nam Roggio weg van de aarde. In Rietel plaatste hij de slangenmensen en in Eeden de hondenmensen. 10. Maar daar zij zich groot maakten tegen de Heere en tegen Hem zondigden besloot de Heere de aardbodem te verdelgen. 11. In die tijd vielen er vele haaien af van de Levende God, en begonnen hen die op de aarde woonden te verleiden. 12. Dit was de eerste val der engelen. En de Heere Heere schiep een nieuwe hemel en een nieuwe aarde, en ging in tot Zijn Geest Santra. 13. En bij Santra schiep Hij een nieuwe hof, waarin Hij Morit, het hertenkind, plaatste. 14. Hij schiep nieuwe hemelen en een nieuwe aarde, maar de honden van Okil namen het kind mee. 15. En de hof heette Genesis, en werd tot God genomen. 16. In die dagen stond de vorst Dan Roland op, maar Michai met zijn tienduizenden engelen bracht hem ten val.

17. En in die dagen werden de engelen arxels genoemd. En er was een boek genaamd De Troiade, in het begin der dagen om hen die op de aarde woonden de hemelen te laten kennen. 18. En er was een man genaamd Michai. En hij was door God gezonden om een Heilig Evangelie te brengen. 19. Maar men heeft hem niet gewild, en de Heere begon tegen de aarde te toornen, en sterren begonnen te vallen, die grote woestheid brachten. 20. En vele leeuwen begonnen zich tegen de Heere te keren, en de Heere begon Zijn hand van de aarde en de hemelen terug te trekken. 21. Dit was de tweede val der engelen. En toen sprak de Heere Heere : Vanaf nu zal Mijn Hand niet meer op de schepping rusten. En duisternis kwam over de wateren. 22. En de Heere ging in Genesis wonen. En de Heere stelde de dagen in en de afwisseling der seizoenen. 23. En de Heere bracht Eeden terug in Genesis en begon te bouwen aan een nieuwe aarde.

2.

1. Laat Hem dan scheppen in u een nieuw hart in uw binnenste. Laat Hem u dan leiden tot Zijn nieuwe tempel, om de geschriften en materialen van de oudheid terug te vinden. 2. Laat Zijn engel Sarsia u dan leiden, tot het hart van Michai, daar waar Gods Tranen stromen. 3. Brengt dan troost aan het hart van God. 4. Laten wij dan gaan naar de hof Genesis, en komen tot Zijn Geest Santra. 5. Laten wij dan vluchten tot Zijn Schuilplaats, wanneer de elementen instorten. 6. Ja, laten we het nieuwe Genesis binnengaan, waar Morit zal terugkomen. 7. Nee, Morit is niet vergeten.

3.

1. Het boek der uittochten. Hoort dan het Woord des Heeren : De Heere Heere heeft uw stem gehoord in slavernij. Hij zal de macht van Farao breken, en u uitleiden. 2. God zal plagen zenden, en u uitleiden in het diepste van de nacht. 3. Hij heeft gezien hoe de vijand uw werk verdubbelde en verzwaarde. Hij heeft gezien hoe de vijand u geen rust gunde. 4. Maar de Heere Heere zal haken in de kaken slaan van dit beest, en hem uit de nijl trekken, om hem te brengen naar dorre plaatsen. 5. De Heere Heere heeft uw stem gehoord, en zal u leiden tot de tempel van ijs in het duisterste van de nacht. Hoort dan, want uw gebeden hebben Hem bereikt. 6. Een nieuwe dag is komende, voor hen die nu wenen. 7. En de Heere Heere zal uw monden vullen met gelach, en u nieuwe tranen van Zijn Geest laten zien. 8. Een kleine rust zal God u zenden in uw uittocht, en de engel Sarsia zal over u waken als de vurige vlam. 9. En de nachtspelers zullen u leiden tot in het binnenste der tempel, en

gij zult het altaar zien. 10. Dan zult gij zien dat de Heere vanuit het altaar spreekt. En die dag zal groot heten. 11. En de ark van ijs zal van steen zijn, en gij zult daar baden voor een dag en een halve dag. 12. Daar zal de Heere Heere u het Eeuwige brood geven. En de Heere Heere zal de ruiters van Farao uit uw geheugen en geweten bannen. 13. En de Heere zal er een banier oprichten, onder wiens teken een Eeuwige ziel geboren zal worden. 14. En die ziel zal de Heere dienen, en groot worden in de woestijn. 15. Ja, die ziel zal spreken als de tijger.

4.

1. En dan zal de Heere Heere roepen : Maakt dan vrij de baan des Heeren. 2. En de haaien des hemels zullen komen vanuit het gewest Spricht, en gij zult hun zielen aanschouwen. 3. En de Heere Heere zal roepen : Dit is de Dag waarop de haai spreekt, en zijn woorden zullen worden verstaan, op die dag dat het zegel der haaien zal worden verbroken. 4. Maar de Heere had enkele geslachten verblind, opdat zij de woorden niet zouden horen en verstaan. 5. Zij zouden nog steeds de Farao moeten dienen, totdat het getal van hun lijden vol zou zijn. 6. En de Heere sprak : Zij zijn het, die in de dagen van de tijger leven. En toen vertrok de Heere in Zijn vurige wagen. 7. En ik zag een verblindend licht langzaam uit de hemelen dalen, en de Heere zag dat het goed was.

5.

Het tempelpad

1. Ik ben het zat met een twistzieke vrouw te leven. Mijn vader heeft mij van jongs af aan onderwezen, en waarschuwde mij voor haar. Nu is het dan te laat en ben ik voor altijd geregen, als een parel aan haar zwaard. Nu zullen de dagen moeten slijten, en zal Gods Geest mij moeten opnemen. Ik zal haar niet verlaten noch wegsturen. Een huis van dokters scheurde ons uiteen.

2. Met winter alleen kan men niet leven, en zonder zomer zal het schip stranden. Als een vulkaan is de liefde zonder een vrouw. Want dan zijt gij aan Gods Geest overgeleverd.

3. Hebt gij gehoord van de vulkaan van ijs ? Bent gij al warm geworden door de kou ? Wees dan als de wees en de weduwe, en gij zult het pad Gods vinden, brandende van ijs.

4. Mijn schoeisel brandt aan mijn voeten, mijn lichaam baadt in edel ijs. Ik heb Gods boodschapper vandaag gevonden, als een vogel tikkend op mijn raam. Ook morgen zal ik weer op de uitkijk staan, waar hemelpoorten opengaan.

5. En gij bent gewaarschuwd voor de vreemde vrouw, met paarden aan haar voeten, met bellen rinkelend in de nacht. Laat haar uw hoofd niet zalven, voor dienst in haar tempelen, want het vuur zult ge niet kunnen doven, en alleen een huis van dokters zal u kunnen redden uit haar hand.

6. En ik daalde af tot het huis van dokters, waar niemand helpen kon. En ik stierf een koude dood, dwalende door duisternis. En ik ging geen vreemde huizen binnen. Ik was op reis naar een tempel, de tempel van het duistere ijs. Want God laat zich in duisternis kennen. In Zijn tempel is het medicijn.

7. In huizen zult gij het geluk niet kennen, maar in tempels is het medicijn. Door tranen van ijs worden de muren stijf. Verlaat dan de muren met ramen, en neemt uw pad tussen de muren van tempelen.

8. In huizen van spel zult gij niet winnen, want vreemde vrouwen zullen u binden. Drink dan niet van hun melk, maar blijf op het tempelpad. Want in huizen van spel zult gij niet winnen. Ze nemen

alleen je ziel weg. Blijf dan trouw aan de liefde van uw jeugd, en laat de banden slijten voor de Heer. Laat ge u dan op het altaar met koorden van liefde binden, en hangt de Geest van God aan. Dan zult ge eeuwig winnen, in de tempel des Heeren.

9. Blijf trouw aan de liefde van uw jeugd, en leg het op het altaar, zodat de vleugelen des Geestes u zullen wegnemen tot een nieuw land.

10. Laat de Woorden van de Heere u leiden, en laat u niet in met vreemde vrouwen. Hang de Geesten Gods aan, en laat u in met datgene wat in de tempel is.

6.

1. En hen die jong zijn vallen in vele strikken en verwarringen, maar hen die ouder zijn varen vaste koers. 2. Laat uw hart dan streven volwassen te worden, opdat gij voor vele dingen wordt behoed. 3. Weent niet wanneer een slang u meeneemt naar zijn nest. Zo ontdekt u de wereld. 4. De Heere geeft u wat nodig is, en houdt verre van u hetgeen schadelijk is voor uw ziel.

7.

1. Moeder brengt uw kinderen, tot de gebergten van Kabbernal. Brengt hen tot de vreugde van Metensia. Verbittert hun harten dan niet, maar onthoudt hen de tucht niet. 2. Heeft de Heere u zelf dan niet geslagen. Waarom zou u het dan uw kinderen onthouden ? 3. Weest zacht voor hen die gevoelig zijn, en voor de zachtmoedigen, en ook voor hen die voor de Heere vechten. 4. Omhul hen in moedergenade, opdat de Heere niet tot u kome, om hen te rukken uit uw hand. 5. Ja, de Heere is een jaloers God. Gij kunt niet één juk vormen met de wereld. 6. Wie dan een vriend der wereld is, is een vijand van God. 7. Oh, de Glorie van Metensia, heiligt moeders in hun liefde. Liefde als de brandende rivier, overvloeiende. Als de vulkaan is de toorn van de moeder. Kinderen, strijdt niet tegen haar, want de Heere staat aan haar zijde, met Zijn vurige wagens is Hij daar. Hij bemint haar. 8. De Geest van God, met waterige jurken zweeft over de wateren. In duisternis is Mura, in duisternis is zij, om de aarde in licht te scheppen. 9. De hemelen als haar waterige jurken, als haar vliezen, zij is strijdende, tegen de orkanen der duisternis. 10. Wat heeft satan gedaan en de zonen van Beelzebul. Zoveel engelen gevallen, zoveel waterplanten groeien nu tot de maan. Als eb en vloed zijn haar ogen. Zij gebruikt hen als mest voor een nieuw tij, maar ook dit tij zal keren. 11. Zij hulde de aarde in hemelen, zij gaf de mens een verstand, maar de aarde nam het over, en leidde hen tot het vuur binnenin. 12. In de hof van Eeden, zij vielen daar.

8.

1. Moeder, brengt uw kinderen, tot de harten van Kabbernal, tot de harten van Zijn Geest. 2. Onthoudt hen niet de Glorie, maar ook de roede niet. 3. Een tuchteloos volk is het volk des Heeren, hun kinderen zijn een wildernis. 4. Moeders, laat u leiden tot de straten van Kabbernal, en bemin de Heere. Keer terug van uw boze paden. 5. De Heere dan is God. Hij drage uw kinderen in Zijn schoot. Hoger dan de hemelen is Zijn Raad, de sterren schrijven van Zijn lof. Genade heeft Hij u gegeven, hen die Hem genade schonken. 6. Dooft dan de Geest niet uit, want gij zult mest zijn voor de nieuwe aarde en haar plantengroei. 7. Zo zult gij verdorren, als gij niet luistert naar de Stem des Heeren. 8. Kabbernal, maakt uw dalen wijd, en laat rivieren stromen. De kinderen zijn rijp geworden. Zij zullen dromen dromen. 9. Gij sluit de poorten der duisternis, en opent hen weer een andere keer. 10. Kabbernal, oh Geest van God, gij hebt tot Izu gezworen. De beminden lijden pijn, zij worden gemaald als koren. 11. Van edele verzen was Zijn Woord, maar er is nu niets meer van over. Vijanden waren in de poorten van de hof, en de bakker des Heeren had de strijd verloren. 12.

Zij hingen hem hoog, over vijanden niets meer, geen betoog. Hoelang zou zijn reis duren, naar de uiteinden van de eeuwigheid, waar lammeren hem volgen. 13. Zo werd het Woord dan zevenvoudig gelouterd, en konden zij niet zeggen : Het is er niet meer. De bakker heeft de kruik met melk gebroken, en zijn bloed doorstroomt het oude zeer. 14. Zij die dan het Woord zien, volgen Hem.

9.

1. Het Woord dan zeven maal gebroken, als zuiver zilver voor de Heere. De Heere heeft Zijn Weg gevonden. 2. Het Woord dan vertrapt en geslagen, daar waar bakkers het heil verloren zagen gaan, stond de spruit op, vol met gezichten. 3. De Heere heeft het zaad gezaaid, de splinters in de zon, brachten Hem tot het verloren goud. 4. Ja, de Heere heeft list gebruikt, om Zijn Woord te zuiveren en te behouden. Als een schat in aarden vaten heeft Hij gebrokenheid gebracht. 5. Nu stroomt dan het zilver, tot hen die willen smeden, de tempelen van de Heer. 6. Velen durfden niet te naderen, tot de tempelen van de Heere, want vijanden waren daar. Maar nu zijn de poorten open, en heil brandt in het midden van de tempel. 7. De Heere herschiep Zijn Woord, door de verdrukkingen heen. Nu heeft Hij dan een koord om hen die dwaalden en beangst waren te trekken. 8. Het Koord van Liefde opent ogen, laten zij dan Metensia zien. Gods Geest die verborgen was gehouden. 9. De Heere dan heeft list gebruikt, komt dan tot Zijn poorten om Zijn licht te aanschouwen, wat was gewikkeld in de duisternis. 10. Ja, de Heere streed met raad en overleg. In vurige wagens was Zijn inzicht. 11. Ademt dan nu, gij die geleden hebt onder het Woord van duisternis, want haar licht is opgegaan. 12. Nu is het licht dan gekomen tot Kabbernal, en God neemt Zijn zonen aan. 13. Vanuit alle windrichtingen zullen zij komen, de wijzen om hun schatten te brengen, tot het nieuwgeboren Woord. 14. Ademt dan nu, gij heiligen van een nieuwe taal, want het oude is voorbijgegaan, de onderdrukking des satans. 15. De Heere dan heeft Hebezeen gebroken, als Mozes splitsende de zee. 16. Een nieuw Woord is dan geschapen, ziet, het oude is voorbijgegaan. 17. Ik heb door Mijn dienstknechten gesproken, zegt de Heere, en Ik heb hen Mijn Woord doen verstaan. 18. Ademt dan nu, volk van God, want zijn heiligen zullen gaan van adem tot adem, en heil scheppen uit de levensbronnen van God. 19. De Heere dan heeft Tapas gebroken, en hem gespleten als een berg. Ja, de bliksem heeft hem getroffen. Wonderbaarlijk is Gods werk. 20. Komt dan tot de nieuwe tempel, en zie niet om, opdat gij niet worde tot een zoutpilaar, en de Heere daarin Zijn Woord beware. Zij die tegen het Woord strijden worden tot mest, en zij die teruggaan tot het oude zijn als zout. De Heere zal hen beiden gebruiken. 21. Zijt gij dan geen gereedschap in de Handen des Heeren ? Hij die de Zon in zijn handen draagt. 22. Daar waar de zonen van Belial zich tegen Hem keerden, daar kwamen de Geesten Gods tezamen. 23. Heeft Hij dan niet in u de aarde geschapen ?

10.

1. Reine handen gaf Hij aan de reinen. Verstand gaf Hij aan de verstandigen. De traagheid des heeren roepe u. Dit is een dag van vrijheid. 2. Genade heeft Hij opgewekt tot hen die Hem genade gaven, die Zijn Geest hebben gewekt. 3. Een goed bed gaf Hij hen om in te slapen. Daar waar de rozen bloeien, de dorens brengen u tot slaap, waar gif de lied'ren en gezangen laat keren tegen hen die Hem haten. 4. Een vaste burcht is uw God, met een veelvuldigheid aan wapenen. 5. Dit is een dag van vrijheid, waarin de Geest des Heeren Zich verblijdt. 6. Weest dan niet bitter tot de tuchtigingen Gods. Zij vormden uw ziel. 7. Dwaal dan niet af in oeverloze geslachtsregisters, getallen en geschiedenissen, daar de Heere u vrijgezet heeft. Zoekt dan de Heere en Zijn Geest. 8. Vele boeken vormen een strik, maar de Heere geeft het Zijn beminden in de slaap. 9. Hebt dan verbintenis met God, en leert te toetsen. Zij dan behoren tot de geboden van het zuivere Woord : Het eerste gebod is geen vlees te eten. Het tweede gebod is gij zult niet doodslaan. 10. Het derde

gebod is hebt dan uw naaste lief en God boven alles. Het vierde gebod is de wet niet te verachten, en de ander uitnemender te achten dan uzelf. Het vijfde gebod is te toetsen alle dingen en de profetieën niet te verachten. 11. Het zesde gebod is het dier lief te hebben, en te bestuderen, evenals de natuur. Het zevende gebod is de namen der Geesten te kennen, de namen der engelen en machten, daar zij de poorten des levens bewaken. Gij dan zult verbintenis hebben met God. 12. Dit gebod is het Woord des Heeren zuiver te houden, en de canon te verafschuwen, daar zij Gods Geest opsloot. 13. Het achtste gebod is in verbintenis te zijn met de martelaren van de tijden, het negende is de tijden des Heeren te kennen, en het tiende is de leugen te haten en het onderscheid te kennen tussen de verschillende gewassen, planten en groenten. 14. Zo te doen zult gij uw zielen zuiveren en behouden, maar hij die hierop niet acht geeft, op hem zal geen acht gegeven worden.

11.

1. En de Heere bracht deze geboden tot een zuivere ark, en liet de plaats verzegelen.

12.

1. Laten zij die werk doen ook tijd besteden aan de rust. Zij die elkaar geen rust geven bedrijven gruwelen voor het aangezicht des Heeren. 2. Leer dan elkaar te heiligen, en geeft elkaar rust, opdat gij zelf kunt rusten. 3. Apostelen zijn zij dan die het Woord zuiveren. 4. Zij behoeden uw ziel, en geven niets om tradities. Als gij een traditie vasthoudt, houdt het vast om de Heere. Maar bent gij er wel zo zeker van dat u de Heere ermee dient ? 5. Gij dan zult opgroeien in de Heere, en de planten laten groeien. 6. Indien gij dan niet vernieuwd wordt, hoe kunt gij de hemelpoorten bereiken, die het nieuwe aanhangen ? 7. De Heere dan bemint het nieuwe, en Hij zaait het oude als zaad op de akker. 8. De Heere is dan een landman, kennende de oogst der dingen. 9. Zo zult ook gij de oogst der dingen moeten kennen. 10. En ik zag de verzen van het oude gekooide woord als roofdieren tot de heiligen komen, en zij dronken hun bloed als wijn. 11. En ik geraakte dronken van het Zuivere Woord, en de Heere sprak : Zalig zij die het Zuivere Woord kennen. 12. En de Heere nam het oude en bezoedelde Woord en wierp het in een kuil van leeuwen. En het Zuivere Woord begon voort te komen. 13. En de profeten die het zagen kregen dubbel zicht en het zilver des Heeren kwam voor hun ogen, en begon hen te zuiveren. 14. En zij kregen de macht om de hemelen te openen en te sluiten.

13.

1. En de Heere sprak : Ja, de mens heeft een tweede geest, verborgen en opgesloten voor het Aangezicht van God, maar het Zuivere Woord zal het openen, en dan zal het Eeuwig Evangelie komen. 2. En het Zuivere Woord begon te waaien als de zeven winden des Heeren, en geruis brak voort vanuit Gods tempelen. 3. De Heere dan heeft het oude Woord gebruikt, en met een kromme stok recht geslagen, maar nu zullen dan de steigers waarmee het huis gebouwd werd worden verbrandt. 4. En ook de mest en het zout van de hel begon te branden. En de Heere bracht dan zuivere schatten tot de lichamen van zijn dienstknechten, en deze schatten waren tienvoudig gezuiverd, en enkelen honderdvoudig. 5. En het licht des Heeren rees op van de tempel, en ik zag een nieuw altaar staan. 6. En de Heere pakte een zware stok die alleen Hij kon dragen en sloeg daarmee op de zee. En walvissen kwamen voort en zij droegen het geheimenis des Heeren.

Het Eeuwig Evangelie VI

De Steen van Chawila

1.

1. En Jezus daalde tot de onderwereld waar Hij uiteindelijk kwam tot Chawila. En Jezus brak stukken van de steen af, en kwam tot de plaats waar het tweede beest was, diep in de afgrond. En Christus sprak tot het tweede beest, en omklemde de nek van het beest met een bereklauw. En Christus kwam tot de canon en brak het in stukken. En Christus kwam tot Chawila als tot een vrouw. En Christus sprak woorden tot de zee, en de zee trachtte Hem te verslinden. En de slangen en de wormen der zee trachten Hem te omknellen, maar Chawila beschermde Hem. En Chawila nam Hem mee tot een grot waar Hij veilig was. En Chawila noemde Hem de Indiaan en schonk Hem een veer. En zij bekleedde Hem met de wonderbaarlijkste sieraden en edelstenen en met dat wat leeft onder de aarde. En Christus sprak tot haar en zeide : Uw zand zal tot goud zijn van het goede, en het zal zich vermenigvuldigen.

2.

Rozinde

1. Er was eens een meisje dat heel diep onder de grond opgesloten leefde om voor een draak te koken. Het meisje heette Rozinde. Altijd als ze niet snel genoeg was met koken dan werden de vlammen onder haar grote ketel woester en woester. Ook wilde de draak altijd veel verschillende soorten vreemd vlees, en daarom moest Rozinde vaak op jacht. Als ze niet snel genoeg was met jagen dan werd haar boog ineens vuurheet en dan viel ze altijd op de grond van de pijn. Op een dag schoot een prins een pijl op de draak af en bevrijdde Rozinde. Hij nam haar mee naar zijn kasteel. Om tegen de draak beschermd te zijn moest ze elke dag baden in een bad vol met melk onder het kasteel. En elke dag moesten er wilde bloemen in geworpen worden. De prins hield veel van het meisje en op een dag trouwde hij met haar. Maar toen eens de prinses vergat in het bad van melk te baden sloeg de draak toe, en nam haar weer naar de diepe plaats onder de grond. Nu moest Rozinde nog harder werken, en was de draak woester dan ooit. Op een dag kwam de prins om zijn Rozinde te halen, maar de draak sloot hem op achter tralies van vuur. Rozinde werd elke dag steeds verdrietiger. Op een dag was ze weer op jacht voor de draak en vond een hert in het struikgewas. 'Heus, schiet me niet,' zei het hert, 'dan zal ik je al mijn melk geven.' En toen herinnerde Rozinde het weer dat de draak niet tegen melk kon. Ook vroeg Rozinde aan het hert waar wilde bloemen waren. Het hert had heel veel melk te geven, en al gauw was er een heel bad vol. Toen gooide Rozinde de wilde bloemen erin. Snel nam Rozinde een bad in de melk en ging met natte kleren terug. Toen ze bij de vuurtralies aankwam wreef ze met haar melknatte kleren er tegenaan terwijl de tralies kapot sprongen. Snel greep ze haar prins bij de hand en samen renden ze naar het bad. Hier waren ze veilig tussen de wilde bloemen. Maar al gauw kwam de draak een kijkje nemen. Hij wist dat hij niks tegen hen kon beginnen zolang ze iedere dag een bad zouden nemen in de melk. Maar hij wachtte en wachtte, en vandaag wacht hij nog steeds.

3.

1. En uiteindelijk kwam Christus tot de draak, en had Chawila als zijn boog. En hij doorboorde het hart van de draak met een pijl, en de draak kreeg varkenskoppen. En Chawila sprak dat na het zilveren tijdperk de draak geheel als een mak varken zou zijn. En Christus keerde om en ging heen van de draak, terwijl engelen Hem volgden. En Chawila sprak dat het goud der aarde de draak verder zou doorboren om een weg te vinden door zijn hart, tot het doen ontwaken van het zilver. En vele soldaten die door de draak waren opgeslokt zouden zo vrijkomen, en zij zouden de engelen van Christus volgen over het pad van Chawila. En Chawila nam haar fluit om die te bespelen, en bloemen begonnen voort te komen uit de draak, en zij droegen de gouden glazen wanden. En ziet, zij waren als de tegels van de nieuwe stad. En Chawila zag en sprak dat het goed was. Zo keerde zij terug tot Christus, en Christus kwam tot haar als tot een vrouw.

4.

Linana en de Carrousel

1. Eens in de tijd dat er nog geen bloemen waren leefde er eens een meisje dat zo mooi was dat iedereen haar 'Zwanenpracht' noemde. Op de hele wereld was er geen liever meisje te vinden dan haar, met een hart van goud en stralend licht. Haar vader, een koopman was erg trots op haar, en er was niemand met wie zij het beter kon vinden dan met haar vader. Maar op een dag was de vader erg ziek. Het meisje was erg bedroefd en na korte tijd stierf haar vader. Haar moeder was een edele vrouw en hertrouwde. Maar al gauw bleek dat het meisje niet met haar nieuwe vader kon opschieten. De stiefvader was erg ruw naar haar, en het meisje begon erg te veranderen. Na een aantal jaren was ze zo'n kreng geworden dat iedereen haar Zwanenplaag noemde.

2. Maar op een dag was er een koopman met een carrousel in het land. De kinderen waren dol op de carrousel en ook het meisje vond het fijn er ritjes in te maken. De koopman was direkt erg gecharmeerd door het meisje, omdat ze zo mooi was als een zwaan. Na de ritjes wenkte de koopman het meisje, en nam haar apart. 'Heus,' zei de koopman, 'ik heb in het hele land geen mooier meisje gezien dan jij, met een hart zo vol van goud en stralend licht.'

3. 'Iedereen noemt mij zwanenplaag,' zei het meisje, 'omdat ik zo'n kreng ben. Vanwaar uw belangstelling?'

4. 'Oh, maar ik zou jou Zwanenpracht noemen,' zei de man. Ineens moest het meisje aan haar vader denken.

5. En toen vertelde de man haar dat wanneer het midden in de nacht is, en alle kinderen slapen, dan wordt de zwaan van de carrousel wakker, en wie dan op haar rug zit maakt met haar een ritje in de

lucht. Als je het aan niemand vertelt, en naar de carrousel komt wanneer je de eerste sterretjes van de nacht ziet, dan is het aan jou de eer een ritje te maken, sprak de man.

6. De eerste nacht toen het meisje een ritje mocht maken op de vliegende zwaan van de carrousel kon ze alle lichtjes van de stad zien, en vertelde aan de man van de carrousel dat haar echte naam Linana was. Omdat het het meisje zo beviel mocht ze ook de volgende nacht komen. Ditmaal bracht de zwaan haar nog verder weg, en vertelde ze de man van de carrousel dat haar vader was overleden, en dat ze een boze stiefvader had. En de man nodigde haar nog een keer uit. Ditmaal bracht de zwaan haar naar een land zo ver weg dat ze het niet kende. Toen ze een voet op de grond had gezet vloog de zwaan weg. Ze riep de zwaan nog na, maar al snel was de zwaan helemaal uit het zicht verdwenen. Ze stond vlakbij een meertje waar een heleboel echte zwanen waren.

7. Linana mocht op één van de grotere zwanen een ritje maken over het meer, en ineens steeg de zwaan op. ‘Oh, kun jij me even naar mijn land terugbrengen,’ zei het meisje. ‘De zwaan van de carrousel is mij vast vergeten.’

8. Toen het meisje weer bij de man van de carrousel was aangekomen, vertelde de man haar dat de zwaan van de carrousel altijd op tijd terug moest zijn, anders zou hij in de lucht ineens weer van metaal worden en neerstorten. Toen begreep het meisje het. Maar ook de zwaan van het andere land wilde wel een plaats op de carrousel hebben. Voor de man met de carrousel was dat niet zo moeilijk, omdat hij immers toverkrachten bezat. En steeds kwam het meisje terug in de nacht om ritjes te maken op de zwanen, en ze nam telkens nieuwe zwanen mee. Na een tijdje was de carrousel vol met zwanen, en op een nacht steeg de hele carrousel op, en vloog naar het land van de zwanen.

9. Dus als je een keer in de nacht een carrousel door de lucht ziet vliegen, dan weet je dat het Linana met haar zwanen is. Op een keer vertelde de koopman dat er drie vlammetjes in het binnenste van de carrousel waren. Zodra het eerste vlammetje uitging ging er op aarde iemand dood. Altijd als het tweede vlammetje uitging werd er op aarde iemand geboren, en als het derde vlammetje uitging werd er iemand blij. Linana vond het een prachtig gezicht om naar de knipperende vlammetjes te kijken. Maar op een dag werd ook de man van de carrousel ernstig ziek, en stierf. Linana was nu bedroefder dan ooit, en sindsdien gingen de vlammetjes niet meer aan. Ook de carrousel draaide niet meer, en de zwanen kwamen niet meer tot leven. Niemand wilde een carrousel in het land hebben die het niet meer deed. Ze besloten de carrousel in een diep gat in de aarde te werpen. Linana was ontroostbaar. Maar op een dag kwam er een zwaan van het andere land, en nam haar mee. Het meisje wilde niet meer terug en besloot in een huisje te leven aan het meertje van de zwanen. Maar op een dag gebeurde er iets wonderlijks, vanuit het meertje kwam de oude carrousel opzetten. De carrousel was nu groter dan ooit, en er waren ook veel meer zwanen op. De zwanen vertelden het meisje dat in het diepe gat in de aarde een oude vrouw leefde die zoveel toverkracht bezat dat ze kon maken dat de zwanen altijd konden leven. Zelf had ze ook een heleboel zwanen, en die konden sindsdien ook in de carrousel zijn. En in het binnenste van de carrousel waren nu zoveel knipperende vlammetjes en was het er zo groot, dat Linana er voor altijd zou kunnen wonen.

10. En zo maakte Linana vanaf nu ook ritjes door het water en onder de grond. En als je haar eens tegenkomt, vraag dan maar of je met haar mee mag.

5.

1. En zo hing de Heere zeven dagen in de onderwereld aan de strop, toen hij engel geworden was, om zo vele engelen tot zaligheid te brengen. Ja, want enkelen onder hen waren door de vloek van de zwarte appel weggenomen, en leden in het verborgene, in gebondenheid. En de Heere hing daar, gemaskerd als de ekster. En zo is de Heere dan in het dodenrijk der engelen geweest, en in het dodenrijk der mensen, om velen tot zaligheid te brengen, zowel mens als engel. En sommigen hebben gepredikt dat engelen niet sterven, maar zij weten niets af van het verborgene des Heeren. Want ook als engel heeft de Heere de dood gezocht, en de dood heeft Hem gegrepen, opdat Hij velen zaligen zou. Weet gij dan niet van de verboden appels der mensen en engelen, waardoor zij zouden sterven ? En in hun val namen zij velen mee, hun generaties, hun geslacht, hun ras, hun legioenen, en iedere vorm van bloedband, en de Heere sprak dat Hij niet schuldig zou houden hen die door toedoen van anderen stierven. Maar ik zal u een geheimenis vertellen : dood en leven is enkel taalgebruik, want de doden leven, en de levenden zijn dood. En zo kwamen dan de engelen die gezondigd hadden, en die zij in hun val meesleurden op wat voor manier dan ook, terecht in het dodenrijk der engelen. Nu is de vraag : waar is het dodenrijk der engelen ? Zij vielen van de berg der goden, de berg van Eeden, en kwamen in de wildernissen van Eeden terecht, in de vierde dermensie, terwijl zij van de vijfde dermensie waren, en de goden van de zesde dermensie, hoger op de berg van Eeden. En zo reikt de top van de berg van Eeden in de zevende dermensie, waar de Godslangen wonen die het wezen van God zijn, en de oude ekster woont in de achtste dermensie. Is het dan zo dat zij die sterven een dermensie lager komen ?

2. Als een mens, die van de derde dermensie is, sterft, waar komt hij dan ? Toen Adam en Eva uit de hof van Eeden werden gejaagd kwamen zij tot de derde dermensie, en de cherubs werden tussen de derde en de vierde dermensie gezet op de weg tot de boom des levens te bewaken. Maar de cherubs zelf zijn van de vijfde dermensie. Zo zien we dat er raakvlakken zijn tussen de dermensies. Ook is het mogelijk in het dodenrijk te sterven, om zo van dood tot dood te gaan. Dit zijn de krachten van de goden en de engelen, en zij worden er niet door geraakt. Nu was Christus tot de dodenrijken der mensen en de dodenrijken der engelen gekomen, om daar weer te sterven, en velen doorgang te geven. Zo heeft Hij dan de evangelieën der mensen en de evangelieën der engelen verkondigd. En Hij heeft hen de wegen door de dodenrijken en door de poelen des vuurs laten zien, en Hij heeft aangetoond dat deze dingen ter zuivering en testing waren. En zo kwamen vele engelen en vele mensen tot verlichting. Het doel van Christus is dus tweevoudig geweest : het verlichten van engelen en mensen. En zo is Hij dan tweemaal Verlosser. De ekster was dit voor de Godwezens en de goden. Istus was de verleider der Godwezens, en Maktus de verleider van de goden, die ooit Virtus verleidde tot het nemen van het verboden vlees. Virtus was de verleider van engelen, en verleidde satan toen die nog een aartsengel en zoon Gods was. In vele opzichten is Christus voortgekomen vanuit de ekster, en werd ook zo genoemd. Hij heeft zowel de dodenrijken van mensen als die van de engelen bezocht, en is aan zowel mensen als engelen gelijk geworden. En zo bezocht Christus de eerste tot en met de vierde dood, en ging over de rivieren die deze vier

gebieden van elkaar gescheiden hielden. En de rivier tussen de eerste dood en de tweede dood was de Makasto, en zij hield het dodenrijk van de hel gescheiden. En de Kamsto was de rivier die de tweede dood van de derde dood gescheiden hield, als de hel van de slaap.

3. En de Vlamo was de rivier die de derde dood van de vierde dood gescheiden hield, tussen slaap en vergetelheid. En de Heere verlost velen uit de zielslaap. En de derde dood had als naam Fakaro en hij hield vele zielen in slaap, zowel mens als engelen, en de Heere dreef hem terug. En de vierde dood had als naam Zamisto, en hij hield velen in de greep, en de Heere dreef hem terug. En de Heere zelf had macht, als door het bloed van de ekster. Ook kocht de Heere velen vrij uit Gehenna en het tweede Gehenna, en ook uit Tartarus, die gebieden waren van de tweede dood. En de tweede dood had als naam Alsma, en de Heere dreef hem terug. En de Heere ging de berg van Eeden op, en nam vele mensen en engelen mee die Hij verlost had, en Hij sprak tot de berg, en die opende zich, en nam allen die door het bloed des Heeren waren gezuiverd aan. En de eerste tot en met de vierde dood kwamen klagen bij de oude ekster en bij de Heere, en Alsma, de tweede dood, trok zijn zwaard, maar de Heere wierp hen allen in de poel des Heeren. En de Heere maakte een eind aan het gehandel tussen de eerste tot en met de vierde dood, en liet de rivieren tussen hen overstromen, en aldus was de vloed des Heeren. En de Heere bracht de Zijnen tot een schuilplaats in het binnenste van de berg van Eeden, en liet hen aldaar Zijn dieptes zien. En allen waren verwonderd over de mysterieën van de berg van Eeden.

6.

De Twee Zusters

1. Er waren eens twee zusters die water moesten putten bij een waterput. Op de put zat een mannetje die hen te drinken vroeg. 'Ga zelf water halen,' zeiden de twee zusters.

2. 'Maar ik heb geen emmer,' zei het mannetje.

3. 'Ga dan maar eerst een emmer halen,' zeiden de twee zusters.

4. 'Kan ik niet gewoon in jullie emmer naar beneden, dan kan ik daar wat water drinken en zorgen dat jullie emmer volkomt. Ik zal jullie er rijkelijk voor belonen,' zei het mannetje. Hij liet de twee zusters wat goudstukken zien, en de zusters stemden in. Ze lieten het mannetje aan de emmer aan een touw helemaal naar beneden gaan. Het mannetje stapte uit de emmer ging op een klein platform staan, en legde een schorpioen in de emmer. Toen de twee zusters de emmer terug hadden met de schorpioen erin waren ze woedend. 'Wacht maar, mannetje,' zei één van de zusters, stapte in de emmer en liet haar zuster het touw vieren om zo beneden te komen. Maar het mannetje was in geen velden of wegen te bekennen. De twee zusters hadden ook nog een jongere zuster, en de volgende keer lieten ze haar naar de waterput gaan. Het mannetje zat er weer, en vroeg ook aan dit meisje of

ze hem wat te drinken wilde geven. Het meisje gaf hem direkt te drinken. ‘Omdat je zo behulpzaam bent geweest,’ zei het mannetje, ‘zal je emmer altijd vol blijven.’ Het meisje ging weer naar huis en vertelde alles aan haar zusters. En inderdaad, zodra de emmer bijna leeg was raakte de emmer weer vol. Direkt zochten haar zusters een andere emmer op en gingen terug naar de waterput. Weer zagen ze daar het mannetje. ‘Zo,’ zeiden ze. ‘Zullen we jou eens goed te drinken geven?’ Het mannetje knikte, en ze gaven hem goed te drinken. Het mannetje dronk de hele emmer leeg. Maar toen ze voor de tweede keer de emmer omhoog haalde zat de emmer vol met vieze modder en spatte al hun klederen vies. ‘Omdat jullie mij alleen te drinken hebben gegeven om jullie eigen hebberigheid zal vanaf nu jullie emmer altijd vol zijn met vieze modder, en zullen jullie klederen altijd vies zijn. Huilend gingen de twee zusters naar huis om hun klederen te wassen, maar hoe meer ze hun klederen probeerden te wassen, hoe viezer deze werden.

7.

1. En Christus sprak tot Chawila en tot haar steen, en blies leven in de steen, en leven in haar hart. En Chawila zegende Christus en balsemde hem. Nu dan was Christus tot diep in het dodenrijk afgedaald om velen van de draak vrij te zetten. En ook kwam Hij tot de ouders van de draak, het ijzeren beest en de panter. En Hij wierp hen beiden in de zee zoals men stenen slingert. En hun lichamen zonken beiden tot op de bodem, terwijl hun zielen werden verbrijzeld. En Chawila nam rust voor zes dagen, en na die dagen legde zij zich aan de voeten van Christus die op Zijn troon zat. En Chawila smeekte Christus om de Vokolkus en de Takalan te openen, de twee verborgen boeken voor Gods Troon. Zij dan waren bedekt met leer en met leren sluitsels afgesloten. En Chawila weende voor de troon, veertig dagen en nachten, maar niemand was bij machte deze twee boeken te openen. ‘Rust nog een tijd, Chawila,’ sprak Christus, want deze twee boeken zullen pas aan het einde der tijden worden geopend. En ik zag een ster uit de hemel dalen om Chawila rust te geven, en zij werd vertroost. En Christus sprak : ‘Ga dan, Chawila, naar uw stad, want uw stad zal vol worden, en er zullen lichten in haar binnenste zijn. Gij dan zijt een voedster. Ga daarom, Chawila, want de Heere is met u.’ En zo vluchtte Chawila door de bossen zeven lange dagen en zeven lange nachten, totdat zij eindelijk in haar stad aankwam, en de ster kwam over haar. En de ster sprak tot Chawila : ‘Ziet dan, de panter is neergedaald tot de dieptes der zee, en zal weldra tot de zeerotsen gaan. Ook het ijzeren beest is van zijn plaats uit de hemelen gevallen, en zal worden tot het groen der aarde. Ja, tot tere bloesem zal hij worden, want hij heeft grote en harde dingen gedaan.’ En Chawila legde haar hoofd ten ruste en bereidde haarzelf voor op het voeden.

2. En ook engelen kwamen tot de Heere en smeekten : ‘Is er dan niemand die de zegelen van de Vokolkus en de Takalan kan verbreken ? Zend dan uw profeet tot het einde der dagen om het te openen.’ En zij kregen een gewaad van de Heere, om nog enige tijd te rusten.

8.

Het Meisje Dat Achter De Sluiertjes Woonde

1. Er was eens een meisje dat achter sluiertjes woonde. Haar vader had die sluiertjes gemaakt, en die sluiers waren heel lang. Tussen de sluiertjes leefden de gevaarlijkste roofdieren die het meisje

moesten beschermen. Haar vader was kleermaker. Hij had voor haar een huisje gemaakt als een poppenhuisje, ook met veel sluiertjes binnenin en met de prachtigste meubeltjes. Ook was er een prachtig keukentje binnenin, en door het huisje hingen de prachtigste gordijntjes. Vele ridders zouden wel met het meisje willen trouwen, maar zodra ze door de sluiertjes op zoek gingen naar het poppenhuisje werden ze door een gevaarlijk roofdier verslonden. Omdat de vader van het meisje ook schoenmaker was maakte hij op een dag de prachtigste schoenen die zo betoverend mooi waren dat ze met gemak bij het poppenhuisje konden komen. Zo bezocht haar vader haar elke dag eventjes. Maar op een dag had hij de schoenen voor de sluiertjes laten liggen, en de eerste de beste ridder die langskwam trok die schoenen aan, om zo met gemak bij het poppenhuisje aan te komen. Het meisje was erg verbaasd. 'Maar wie bent u?' vroeg het meisje. 'Dat zijn de schoenen van mijn vader?'

2. 'Oh, neem me niet kwalijk,' zei de ridder. 'Ik zag ze voor de sluiertjes liggen en ze waren zo betoverend mooi dat ik het niet kon nalaten ze aan te trekken.' De ridder mocht even wat bij haar drinken, maar toen moest hij weer terug. Netjes bracht hij de schoenen weer bij de vader van het meisje terug. De vader was de ridder erg dankbaar, want de ridder had de schoenen ook gewoon kunnen houden, en dan zou de vader van het meisje nooit meer bij haar kunnen komen. En daarom zei de vader van het meisje: 'Omdat je zo eerlijk bent geweest om de schoenen terug te brengen zal ik ook een paar toverschoenen voor jou maken. De schoenen die ik zelf heb kan ik niet meer namaken, maar zeg me maar wat voor een toverschoenen je wil hebben.'

3. 'Ach,' zei de ridder, 'ik zou graag schoenen willen hebben die de sleutel dragen tot het hart van uw dochter.' En zo maakte de vader van het meisje de prachtigste schoenen voor de ridder die haar hart zouden kunnen betoveren. Maar toen de ridder bij de sluiertjes aankwam lieten de roofdieren hem er niet langs. De ridder begon het meisje heel hard te roepen en na vele lange uren kwam ze eindelijk door de sluiertjes heen. Ze stond direkt als betoverd toen ze de schoenen van de ridder zag, en bracht hem naar het poppenhuisje. En daar zijn ze beiden voor altijd blijven wonen.

9.

Susanna

1. Susanna was een heel bijzonder meisje. In de nacht kreeg ze altijd vleugels, en vloog ze naar verre landen. Maar als de ochtend viel verloor ze haar vleugels altijd weer, en daarom moest ze altijd op tijd terug zijn, voordat de zon opkwam. Op een nacht nam een heks haar gave van haar af. In ruil daarvoor kreeg Susanna vlindervleugels en een kroon van veren, maar ze kon nooit meer naar huis. De heks bracht haar naar een plaats waar het altijd nacht was. Hier waren een heleboel meisjes zoals haar, maar de nachten duurden er heel lang, en als een nacht was afgelopen dan kwam direkt de volgende nacht. Wel kregen ze allemaal na elke nacht een steentje aan hun halskettingen erbij. Die steentjes waren helemaal wit en werden morgenstenen genoemd. Als hun halskettingkjes helemaal vol waren met steentjes dan mochten ze de reis maken naar de plaats waar het altijd dag was. Daarvoor moesten ze door een hele lange donkere tunnel heen waar de oudste mannetjes woonden die bestonden. Na een hele lange tijd mocht Susanna de reis gaan maken. Toen ze in de

tunnel met de oudste mannetjes die bestonden kwam klampten sommige mannetjes haar direkt aan. 'Help ons,' zeiden ze. 'We kunnen niet lopen. Draag ons naar het morgenland.'

2. 'Maar natuurlijk,' zei Susanna, en droeg zoveel mannetjes met haar mee als ze kon. Maar de andere meisjes die met haar waren zeiden tegen de mannetjes die hen aanklampten : 'Zorg zelf maar dat je in het morgenland aankomt.'

3. Verderop kwamen ze bij een grote waterbron aan. 'Kun je ons wat water geven,' vroegen de mannetjes aan Susanna. 'Onze handen zijn te slap om water te scheppen.'

4. 'Maar natuurlijk,' zei Susanna, en gaf hen allemaal te drinken. Maar de andere meisjes namen alleen maar water voor henzelf. Na een hele lange tijd lopen kwamen ze eindelijk aan bij de rots die de ingang naar het morgenland blokkeerde. Een klein mannetje zat op de rots en vroeg aan hen allen waar ze de mannetjes hadden. Aan Suzanna's rug hingen er een heleboel, maar de andere meisjes zeiden lachend dat de mannetjes zelf maar moesten lopen. 'Dat is nogal erg dom van jullie,' zei het kleine mannetje op de rots. Zodadelijk schuift de rots namelijk van de ingang weg, en zal het vuurgordijn dat de ingang nog verspert door de tunnel heengaan. De mannetjes zullen hun dragers hiertegen beschermen. 'Geef die mannetjes hier,' riepen de meisjes naar Susanna.

5. 'Ga ze zelf maar halen,' zei Susanna. En toen zetten de meisjes het op een lopen naar het begin van de tunnel waar de oude mannetjes zaten. 'Spring snel op onze ruggen,' zeiden de meisjes, 'dan brengen we jullie naar het morgenland.'

6. 'Vanwaar jullie bereidheid ineens ?' vroeg één van de oude mannetjes.

7. 'We hebben ons bedacht,' zei één van de meisjes. 'En we zullen jullie ook te drinken geven bij de bron.'

8. 'Zo zo,' zeiden de mannetjes, en stapten op de ruggen van de meisjes. Toen ze bij de bron aankwamen gaven de meisjes hen te drinken, en na een lange tocht kwamen ze eindelijk bij de ingang naar het morgenland aan. De rots was inmiddels al weggeschoven, en het vuurgordijn staarde hen aan. Ze hadden allemaal zoveel mogelijk mannetjes op hun rug genomen, zodat ze goed tegen het vuur beschermd zouden worden, maar ineens sprongen de mannetjes van hun ruggen af en liepen door het vuur naar binnen. Direkt begon het vuurgordijn op hen af te komen, en zo moesten de meisjes zo hard mogelijk terugrennen als ze konden.

10.

Arachundel

1. Arachundel groeide op in een donkere kerker onder de grond. Nooit kwam er een straaltje zonlicht door. Vaak lag het meisje huilend op de grond. Op een dag kwam er een prins langs de kerkers, en vroeg aan de baas van de kerkers of hij het meisje mocht kopen. De prins betaalde er vele goudstukken voor, want dat had hij er wel voor over. Arachundel was het mooiste meisje wat hij ooit had gezien. Het meisje was erg blij dat ze vrij was, maar toen ze in het paleis van de prins kwam moest ze in de keuken werken. En waar ze sliep was het nog wel viezer als in de kerker. Het meisje begreep het niet, maar op een dag liet de prins haar bij zich roepen. 'Majesteit, ik dacht dat u mij vergeten was,' sprak het meisje. Maar de prins riep haar alleen maar voor een vreemde opdracht : 'Ga naar de grot achter het bos, waar een waterput is waaruit je met een emmer goud water moet halen. Kook voortaan alles in het gouden water.' Het meisje vond het een vreemde opdracht, maar ging al gauw op pad. Toen ze eindelijk bij de waterput kwam zat daar een klein mannetje. 'Zo zo,' zei het mannetje, 'dus je bent door de prins op pad gestuurd. Hij laat je wel hard werken zeg, en je hebt het nu zelfs slechter als waar je vandaan kwam.'

2. 'Dat is waar,' zei Arachundel, 'maar hoe weet u dat allemaal ?'

3. 'Ach, zie je,' zei het mannetje, 'ik ben een tovermannetje, en als ik jou was, dan zou ik hier gewoon blijven. Ik kan je alles geven wat je hartje begeert. Er is hier volop gouden voedsel zodat je nooit meer hoeft te werken.'

4. 'Nou, dat lijkt me wel wat,' zei het meisje.

5. 'Maar,' zei het mannetje. 'Je moet me wat beloven. Je eerste kindje zal je aan mij moeten geven.'

6. Het meisje vond dat allemaal best. Ze dacht toch niet aan kinderen krijgen. Het mannetje opende een deur, en er stond inderdaad een berg van gouden voedsel. Het meisje begon direkt te eten. 'Zeg,' zei het meisje. 'Kan ik de prins vertellen van deze plaats ? Dan wil hij misschien wel met me trouwen.'

7. 'Wat je maar wil,' zei het mannetje. Het meisje nam wat van het gouden voedsel mee, en gouden water in een emmer en ging terug naar de prins. De prins was erg verbaasd, en vooral toen ze hem vertelde dat er nog meer van het gouden voedsel was. De prins was zo onder de indruk en was het meisje zo dankbaar dat hij wel met haar wilde trouwen. Een jaar later kreeg het meisje dat nu een prinses was geworden haar eerste kindje. Ze was haar belofte aan het mannetje allang vergeten, maar op een dag kwam hij aan het paleis. 'Tja,' zei de prins, 'als je het aan het mannetje beloofd hebt, dan moet je het ook doen.' Maar het meisje begon heel hard te huilen, zo hard dat het mannetje medelijden met haar kreeg. 'Okay,' zei het mannetje, 'je hoeft je kindje niet aan mij te verliezen, maar vanaf nu zal alles wat je eet vies en slierterig zijn.' Toen vertrok het mannetje boos.

Sindsdien was er in het hele paleis alleen maar vies voedsel te vinden, zo vies dat niemand er meer wilde werken. Het meisje moest zelf weer gaan koken, en huilde iedere dag als ze weer naar de keuken ging. Het eten was zo vies dat op een dag de prins, de prinses en hun kleine prinsje uit het paleis vertrokken en toen zijn ze voor altijd bij het mannetje in de grot gaan wonen.

11.

Het Gelaarsde Meisje

1. Er was eens een indiaans meisje dat opgesloten zat op een heel klein eilandje in een vuurzee. Hoewel het vuur erg laag stond kon ze onmogelijk ontsnappen. Op een dag kwam er een oude vrouw vanuit de hemel neerdalen die haar hele lange laarzen gaf die tegen het vuur bestand zouden zijn. Het waren prachtige bruine kaplaarzen. Het was een hele lange wandeltocht door de vuurzee, maar uiteindelijk bereikte ze toch de overkant waar een prachtig bruin paard stond met lange manen. 'Het paard is voor jou,' zei de oude vrouw, maar je kunt hem alleen berijden als je je kaplaarzen aanhebt.' Het meisje was de oude vrouw erg dankbaar. Toen vertrok de oude vrouw, en het meisje reed op het paard door velden en wegen. Na een tijdje kwam ze aan bij een huisje. Het was een soort hotel of herberg, en de eigenaar had een hele grote witte baard. Er zaten wat rovers aan een tafeltje. Het meisje vroeg om een kamer, maar liet haar laarzen voor de deur staan. De volgende dag waren haar laarzen weg en ook het paard. Het meisje vroeg aan de eigenaar of hij wist waar haar laarzen waren en haar paard. Maar de eigenaar wist het niet. Het meisje begon hard te huilen, want die laarzen hadden haar leven gered. 'Ach,' zei de eigenaar van het hotel, 'ik heb nog wel een paar laarzen voor je en die bezitten zoveel toverkracht dat je er de gevaarlijkste rovers mee aankan.' De eigenaar gaf ze als een geschenk omdat hij zoveel medelijden met het meisje had. De dag daarop vertrok het meisje met de laarzen. Ze voelde zich nu zo sterk als een leeuw. Na een tijdje kwamen er wat roversmannen die haar wilden beroven, maar ze deelde een paar goede trappen uit, en al gauw renden ze gillend weg. Maar na een tijdje viel ze bij een boom in slaap, en toen ze wakker werd waren haar laarzen weer gestolen. Huilend stond ze op, niet wetende wat ze nu moest doen. Ze leunde tegen de boom aan omdat ze al haar kracht was verloren. 'Ach meisje,' zei de boom, 'huil maar niet, want als je een vrucht van me neemt, dan ben je al je zorgen kwijt. Geen vuur zal je meer kunnen raken, en je zal iedereen de baas blijven. Bovendien zal wijsheid je leiden de rest van je leven.' Voorzichtig nam het meisje een vrucht en nam een hapje. Direkt viel ze in een diepe slaap, en toen ze later opstond was ze niet meer dezelfde. Op blote voeten ging ze het pad weer op, en kwam even later bij een huisje aan waar ze haar beide paar laarzen zag staan, en haar paard. Het was een rovershuisje. Het meisje ging er naar binnen en zei : 'Ach, die laarzen en dat paard hebben jullie niet meer nodig. Ik weet een boom wiens vruchten jullie alles kan geven wat jullie nodig hebben.' Hebberig liepen de rovers naar buiten en volgden haar naar de boom. Direkt begonnen ze gulzig van de boom te eten. Maar de boom sprak hen toe en zei : 'Omdat jullie van iemand die niets had ook het laatste hebben afgenomen zal alles wat jullie aan je voeten dragen jullie als een vuur branden, en alles wat jullie zullen berijden zal jullie de verkeerde kant opleiden.' Sindsdien bleven de rovers van andermans laarzen en paarden af.

12.

Het Versteende Volkje

1. Eens had een boze heks een sprookjesvolkje versteend. Alleen als de zon volop straalde, als het regende, en bij volle maan konden de stenen sprookjeswezens bewegen. Dan renden ze altijd naar het bos waar een vrouw woonde die straalde als de zon. Langs haar huisje stroomde een gouden rivier, en als de wezens die rivier zouden bereiken om zich daarin te wassen en daarvan te drinken, dan zouden ze nooit meer van steen zijn. Maar altijd als ze die rivier bijna hadden bereikt, dan kwamen de honden van de heks hen achterna, om hen terug te slepen uit het bos. De honden van de heks konden zelf wel van de rivier drinken, en veranderden dan altijd in leeuwen en arenden. Op een dag had de heks er genoeg van en liet grote hekken met een gouden gesloten poort rondom het volkje bouwen, zodat ze niet meer naar het bos konden. De vrouw die straalde als de zon had erg veel medelijden met het volkje. Ze hoopte altijd dat ze eens de rivier zouden bereiken. Op een dag besloot ze naar de tovenaars te gaan, maar dan moest ze eerst door de velden van toverbloemen heen. Dat zou een hele lange tijd gaan duren, want daar viel ze telkens in slaap. Na vele jaren kwam ze eindelijk bij de tovenaars aan die achter de velden van toverbloemen woonde. Toen hij het verhaal hoorde vertelde hij dat ze op zoek moest gaan naar het veld van de gouden sleutels. Dan moest ze eerst weer door een veld van toverbloemen heen. Maar de toverbloemen zouden haar er alleen maar doorlaten als ze bij elke stap een toverbloem zou plukken. Bij elke geplukte toverbloem zou ze tien jaar slapen. Ze moest er alleen voor zorgen dat ze niet de toverbloem van de dood zou plukken, want dan zou ze sterven. Gelukkig waren er miljoenen toverbloemen op het veld, waarvan er maar één de toverbloem van de dood was. De vrouw die straalde als de zon werkte zich er gelukkig goed doorheen, maar toen aan de andere kant van het veld kwam waren er al vele en vele jaren voorbij gegaan. Nu stond ze voor het veld van de gouden sleutels. Ineens verscheen de koningin van het veld van de gouden sleutels voor haar. Die vertelde haar dat van de miljoenen gouden sleutels die hier groeiden er maar één de toversleutel was. De vrouw mocht maar één gouden sleutel kiezen, maar toen het geen toversleutel bleek te zijn die ze had gekozen kreeg de koningin medelijden met haar. 'Ik zie dat je niet voor jezelf bent gekomen,' zei de koningin, 'maar voor anderen. Kies daarom nog een keer.' Maar de vrouw durfde niet nog eens te kiezen, omdat ze bang was weer de verkeerde te kiezen. Hoe kon ze nu de juiste sleutel kiezen uit miljoenen sleutels? En zo wachtte de vrouw de hele nacht, terwijl de koningin weer was vertrokken. Ineens zag ze een lichtje komen van bovenaf die op het veld daalde. Het was een klein elfje dat de juiste sleutel aanwees. De vrouw liep op de sleutel af en plukte het. En ja hoor, het was de toversleutel. Maar nu moest ze nog helemaal terug. Weer was ze erg bang om de toverbloem van de dood te plukken, vooral omdat ze nu de toversleutel had. Maar het elfje wees de toverbloem van de dood aan, en daar moest ze gewoon ver van uit de buurt blijven. 'Zeg,' zei het elfje. 'Ik weet ook welke toverbloemen je moet plukken om wakker te blijven.' En zo volgde de vrouw die straalde als de zon gewoon het elfje door het toverbloemenveld. Toen ze bij de gouden poort van het sprookjesvolk aankwam had ze die door de toversleutel snel open. Het was gelukkig volle maan, en de vrouw straalde zelf nu ook volop. Snel volgden de wezens de vrouw naar de rivier, terwijl het elfje de honden van de heks tegenhield. Snel gingen de wezens de rivier in, terwijl het gesteente begon weg te smelten. Sindsdien zijn ze allemaal achter de gouden rivier gaan wonen.

13.

1. En Chawila verzamelde alle woorden die Christus tot haar had gesproken, en zij tekende ze op en bracht ze tot een open plek in een rots. En zij noemde de rots haar steen. En zij herinnerde Christus als de gekruisigde en de opgestane, als degene die zij had bekleed met haar sieraden en edelstenen en met dat wat onder de aarde leefde. En haar steen was als zuiver chrysopraas bekleed met goud, en de tegels van haar stad waren als het goud, en hierin bewaarde zij de goede dromen. En Chawila kocht een ezel waarmee zij tot de zilveren zee kwam, en een kameel om zo tot de gouden zee te komen. En paarden kwamen tot haar vanuit de hemelen met strijdkrachten, en zij streden voor haar. En Chawila verzamelde moed om weer voor Christus te verschijnen, en zij was Hem dierbaar. En Hij nam haar tot Zich en kwam tot haar als tot een vrouw. Zo is dan Chawila het zuivere en het goede van het paradijs, dragende de woorden van Christus in haar binnenste als het zoet des honings. En ook Christus draagt haar eeuwige woorden binnenin Zich, als het teken van de gekomen melk en de zaligheid der hemelen. Aldus was dan de steen van de Bruid van Christus, en haar ogen waren als de ogen der reeen. En zij opende boeken schoner dan het hooglied, en schoner dan melk, zoeter dan honing, en zij was als de Heerlijkheid van Christus in Zijn binnenste.

14.

Het Meisje dat in een Paard Veranderde

1. Er was een meisje dat in de nacht altijd in een paard veranderde. Dan ging ze altijd naar de velden en de bossen maar dan moest ze wel altijd op tijd terug zijn, voordat de zon opkwam. Want altijd als de ochtend viel dan was ze weer een meisje. Op een nacht nam een heks haar gawe van haar af. In ruil daarvoor kreeg het meisje een paar laarzen, die zo prachtig waren dat ze er prinses mee kon betoveren. Al gauw wist iedereen van het meisje met de betoverde laarzen, en wilden vele prinses met haar trouwen. Sindsdien wilde het meisje alleen nog maar met koeien werken. Ze werd een herdersmeisje, zodat haar laarzen zo vies zouden worden dat de prinses haar zouden vergeten. Ook zocht ze vaak de paarden op, en ging diep in het bos wonen. Maar nog steeds zochten prinses haar op, en lieten haar niet met rust. Het meisje smeekte de heks haar laarzen weer van haar weg te nemen. Op een dag kreeg de heks medelijden met haar, en zei : ‘Als je je laarzen opgeeft dan zul je nooit meer terug kunnen naar het bos en de velden. Je zal dan onder de aarde moeten wonen, bang voor het zonlicht.’

2. ‘Zo zij het,’ zei het meisje.

3. Toen nam de heks de laarzen van het meisje weg, en het meisje moest vanaf toen diep onder de aarde leven, in de modder en in angst voor het zonlicht. Hier konden de prinses haar niet vinden. Onder de grond leefden de wilde paarden, en het meisje voelde zich alsof ze thuisgekomen was. Ze miste de wereld boven de grond niet eens. Maar één van de prinses vond op een dag in het bos een gat die diep onder de aarde leidde. Toen hij er doorging vond hij daar het meisje. Maar hij herkende

haar niet, omdat ze haar laarzen niet meer had, en ze was helemaal verwilderd. ‘Meisje,’ zei hij. ‘Heb je het hier niet koud. Je hebt vast honger. Zal ik je meenemen naar mijn paleis?’

4. ‘Nee,’ zei het meisje. ‘Ik kan niet tegen het zonlicht.’

5. ‘Oh, maar het is heel donker in mijn paleis hoor. En ik heb een kamer voor je zonder ramen, heel diep in het paleis,’ zei de prins.

6. Toen stemde het meisje in, en de prins bracht haar naar haar nieuwe kamer. Elke dag kwam hij even kijken. Al snel was het meisje op temperatuur en bijgevoed, maar ze kon nog steeds niet tegen zonlicht. ‘Je doet me aan iemand denken,’ zei de prins. ‘Aan een meisje met betoverde laarzen. Sinds ik haar niet meer kon zien heb ik die laarzen laten namaken. Zou jij die willen hebben?’

7. Het meisje knikte, en kreeg twee prachtige laarzen van de prins. Het meisje ging sindsdien vaak paardrijden met de prins, en kon steeds beter het zonlicht weer verdragen. Maar op een nacht begon het meisje weer in een paard te veranderen. Snel ging ze het paleis uit en zocht de velden en bossen op. Maar ditmaal bleef ze een paard. Slenterend ging ze terug naar het paleis, en toen de prins haar vond vond hij het het prachtigste paard dat hij ooit had gezien. De prins hield direkt van het paard als geen ander, maar voor hem bleef het gewoon een paard. De prins wist niet dat het paard eigenlijk het meisje was waarvan hij hield. Hij reed sindsdien meer op dit paard dan op enig ander paard, en zorgde goed voor het paard als voor geen ander paard, maar het paard mocht niet in zijn paleis komen. Elke keer na de rit moest het paard weer terug naar de stal. Het meisje was daar erg droevig over, want ze probeerde de prins telkens weer duidelijk te maken dat zij het meisje was waarvan hij hield. Maar de prins begreep het niet. Een paard kon nu eenmaal niet praten. Het meisje had een goed leven gehad, en vooral nu ze bij zo’n lieve en zorgzame prins was, maar daar zou het bij blijven. Al haar verdere dromen moest ze opgeven.

15.

De Boze Zon

1. De zon van het boze toverrijk zond zijn vlammetjes elke dag naar het volkje, zodat de wezens van het volkje elke dag zouden dansen. Dansen moesten ze, voor een boze heks. Er was een indiaans meisje die daarom nooit uit haar grot durfde te komen. Ze was bang voor de boze zon. Op een dag stond er een degen gestoken in het zand van haar grot, dichtbij de opening. Maar omdat het dicht bij de opening was durfde ze de degen niet te grijpen. Ze moest wachten tot het nacht was. In de nacht ging ze met de degen naar buiten. ‘Ach maan,’ sprak ze. ‘Kun jij er niet voor zorgen dat morgen gewoon de zon niet meer opkomt?’

2. ‘Als je mij je degen geeft, dan zal ik een gevecht met de boze zon aangaan,’ zei de maan. De volgende dag kwam de zon niet op, maar de maan. Het meisje was erg blij en kwam naar buiten. Er waren die dag geen dansers buiten, en het meisje was voor het eerst gelukkig. Maar na de nacht erna kwam de zon weer gewoon op, en bleef het meisje in haar grot. Maar de dag dat de zon niet opkwam is altijd in haar herinnering gebleven.

16.

*Het Land van de Sprookjesprinsen
en Sprookjesprinsessen*

1. Er was eens een heks die heel jaloers was op prinsen en prinsessen. De heks was zo jaloers dat ze op een kwade dag boze geesten zond naar alle getrouwde prinsen en prinsessen van de sprookjesrijken. Die boze geesten zouden hen zoveel nare dingen over elkaar influisteren dat ze ruzie zouden krijgen en elkaar niet meer wilden zien. En zo gingen vele sprookjesrijken ten onder, totdat een sprookjesprins in de gaten kreeg wat er aan de hand was. Met zijn sprookjesprinses vertrok hij uit het kasteel, en ze deden hele arme, oude en versleten klederen aan om zo onder de mensen van het sprookjesrijk te wonen. De sprookjesprins ging aan de ene kant van het rijk wonen in een heel arm en oud huisje, en de sprookjesprinses ging aan de andere kant van het rijk wonen, ook in een heel arm en oud huisje. Ze spraken af dat ze elkaar elke nacht bij het maanlicht even zouden ontmoeten in het bos. Dan trokken ze weer even hun prinselijke klederen aan, en kwamen op hun vorstelijke paarden.

2. ‘Oh, prins, wat ben je toch mooi en lief,’ zei de prinses toen ze elkaar voor het eerst daar in het bos tegenkwamen. ‘En jij bent nog mooier en liever geworden dan je al was, prinses,’ zei de prins tegen zijn prinses. Maar toen moesten ze weer gaan, want ze waren natuurlijk bang dat de boze geesten van de heks hen hier zouden vinden. En zo ging dat iedere nacht, totdat de heks in de gaten kreeg wat er aan de hand was. Ze zond haar boze geesten naar de plek, en ook wat van haar wachters. Ze was inmiddels in het kasteel gaan wonen omdat het toch leeg stond, en liet de prins en de prinses in een diepe kerker opsluiten. Omdat ze in dezelfde kerker waren vastgeketend en de boze geesten hen nare dingen over elkaar influisterden maakten ze al snel ruzie. En die ruzie liep zo hoog op dat de mensen het buiten konden horen. ‘Hey, heks,’ riep iemand. ‘Dat zijn de stemmen van de prins en de prinses.’ En al snel kwam het sprookjesvolk erachter dat hun sprookjesprins en sprookjesprinses in een kerker waren opgesloten. Al gauw hadden de mensen van het sprookjesrijk de heks uit het kasteel verdreven, en maakten de prins en de prinses vrij. De heks werd het land uitgezet en de prins liet hoge en zwaar bewaakte muren om het land heenbouwen. Binnen de kortste keren hoorden alle omliggende sprookjesrijken van het verhaal, en de prins nodigde alle sprookjesprinsen en sprookjesprinsessen die niet meer bij elkaar woonden uit om in zijn land te komen wonen. Al gauw werd het het land van de sprookjesprinsen en sprookjesprinsessen, en de heks, haar wachters en haar boze geesten werden nooit meer teruggezien.

17.

Het Goudspinstertje

1. Er was eens een meisje dat op de grote zolder van het paleis van gestolen klederen goud moest spinnen. De koning had daarvoor allerlei dieven die 's nachts die klederen stalen. Het meisje had voor het goudspinnen een verfje dat uit haar handjes scheen te komen. De koning had een heleboel prinsjes en die moesten altijd goed gekleed te zijn. Toen de prinsen ouder waren gingen ze zelf ook op dievenpad. Uit de voetjes van Goudspinstertje kwam altijd een poedertje waardoor iedereen in slaap viel. De prinsen moesten daarom altijd dat poeder meenemen als ze op dievenpad gingen. Maar op een dag werd Goudspinstertje ernstig ziek, en er kwam geen verfje meer uit haar handjes en geen poedertje meer uit haar voetjes. En daarom zond de koning zijn prinsen naar de heks in het woud. De heks had tonnen vol van die verf en dat poeder en het was nog wel veel krachtiger als dat van Goudspinstertje. Maar ze mochten die tonnen alleen meenemen in ruil voor Goudspinstertje. Goudspinstertje moest vanaf toen bij de heks in het woud wonen. De heks had haar door allerlei zalfjes en poedertjes snel genezen, en al snel bracht Goudspinstertje een betere verf en poeder voort dan ooit te voren en ook veel meer. De heks gaf al snel nieuwe klederen aan voor Goudspinstertje en zond haar terug naar de koning. De koning herkende Goudspinstertje niet meer, omdat ze zo gegroeid was en zo veranderd. 'Koning, ik ben het, Goudspinstertje,' zei ze. Uiteindelijk herkende de koning haar weer, vanwege haar lieve stem, en Goudspinstertje mocht weer bij de koning werken. Maar omdat ze nu wat ouder was geworden mocht ze nu ook weleens mee op dievenpad. Maar na een tijdje werd Goudspinstertje weer ernstig ziek, en weer moest ze naar de heks in het woud. Dit keer kon geen zalfje of poedertje van de heks haar genezen. 'Goudspinstertje,' zei de heks. 'Dit keer zul je naar de goudbronnen in de aarde moeten gaan. Als je in die bronnen baadt, dan zul je nooit meer ziek worden.' En zo begon Goudspinstertje aan haar lange reis naar het binnenste van de aarde waar de goudbronnen waren. De heks had haar de weg gewezen, dus na niet al te lange tijd kwam ze daar. Nadat ze daar gebed had en gedanst ging ze terug naar de koning. De koning was zo van haar onder de indruk dat hij geen koning meer wilde zijn, maar haar koningin liet zijn. En zo werd Goudspinstertje de koningin. En de koning en de prinsen ? Die zijn vanaf toen naar de goudbronnen in de aarde gegaan, en zijn daar altijd gebleven.

18.

Het Apenpaleis

1. Er was eens een koopman die aan de deuren vleugels verkocht. Er waren nogal wat mensen die wilden vliegen, maar er bleek ook heel wat aan de vleugels te mankeren, zodat velen na een geweldige tochtje naar beneden stortten. De mensen waren al snel woedend op de koopman, en de koopman moest diep in het bos vluchten om aan de woedende massa te ontkomen. Ze hadden speren meegenomen, zwaarden, messen en bogen om de koopman eens goed mores te leren. Na een lange vluchttocht kwam hij aan bij een huisje waar een levensgrote aap woonde. De aap nam hem direkt onder zijn hoede en ging op het balkon staan om de koopman te verdedigen. Maar na een tijdje werd de aap er erg moe van en hij bloedde vanwege de vele pijlen. Hij ging naar binnen en zei

tegen de koopman : ‘Je moet naar de fee gaan, want ik kan je niet meer goed verdedigen.’ En zo ging de koopman door een achterdeurtje en rende hard naar het huisje van de fee verder in het bos. De fee was direkt erg vriendelijk naar de man en gaf hem direkt een heleboel vleugeltjes die nooit zouden neerstorten. Die zou hij dan kunnen verkopen aan de mensen in het vervolg. De vleugeltjes leken vol van vuurvlammetjes en toen de koopman daar even later bij de mensen mee aankwam werden ze direkt stil. Nog steeds wilden ze heel graag vliegen, en ze besloten de koopman een nieuwe kans te geven. En ja hoor, het werkte. De vleugels deden het goed, en de mensen waren zo blij en dankbaar dat ze de koopman koning maakten van hun volk. De koopman kreeg daarvoor een prachtig paleis. Maar omdat de fee de koopman zo goed had geholpen werd zij de koningin, en de aap werd de wachter van het paleis. Maar omdat het voor de aap wel moeilijk was om zo’n groot paleis in zijn eentje te bewaken toverde de fee er op een dag een heleboel apen bij.

19.

Het Varkenshoedstertje

1. Er was eens een varkenshoedstertje die buiten de stad woonde om voor de varkens te zorgen. Ze gaf niet om de rijkdom van de stad, het rijke leven. Ze sliep altijd tussen de varkens, en at hetzelfde voedsel als zij aten. Verder zag er niemand naar haar om, en was ze niet welkom. Op een dag was ze uitgenodigd om op het paleis van de prins te komen. Dat vond ze wel wat vreemd, maar ze ging toch. Toen ze bij de prins aankwam vertelde de prins over het feest dat zou komen. De prins had alleen niet genoeg varkens, en vroeg daarom de varkens van het varkenshoedstertje. ‘Sinds wanneer ben ik en mijn varkens uitgenodigd op het feest ?’ vroeg het varkenshoedstertje.

2. ‘Nee, je begrijpt het verkeerd,’ zei de prins. ‘Jullie zijn niet uitgenodigd. Het is voor het feestmaal.’

3. ‘Mijn varkens hebben genoeg te eten bij mij,’ zei het varkenshoedstertje. ‘Daar hebben ze uw feestmaal niet bij nodig.’

4. ‘Nee, dat bedoel ik niet,’ zei de prins. ‘We krijgen hoge gasten, en dan moet er genoeg varkensvlees aanwezig zijn.’

5. Toen boog het varkenshoedstertje haar hoofd en sprak : ‘U gaat mij toch niet het laatste wat ik heb afnemen ?’

6. ‘Morgen zal ik komen,’ zei de prins. ‘En dan neem ik je varkens mee.’

7. Verdrietig ging het varkenshoedstertje het paleis weer uit. Ze zou vluchten met haar varkens, maar waar moest ze naartoe ? Diep in de nacht dwaalde ze door het bos. Na lang lopen kwam ze bij een huisje aan waar een oud vrouwtje woonde. Huilend vertelde ze het verhaal. ‘Je hebt een goed hart,’ zei het vrouwtje, ‘en ik zal je ervoor belonen. Boven liggen prinsessenklederen. Die kun je aandoen om naar het komende feest te kunnen. Ik zal hier op de varkens passen.’

8. ‘Maar ik wil helemaal niet naar dat feest. Ik wil bij mijn varkens blijven,’ zei het meisje.

9. ‘Ga nu maar,’ zei het vrouwtje, ‘je zult er geen spijt van krijgen.’

10. Toen het meisje even later in de prinsessenklederen aanhad streek het oude vrouwtje even met een toverstafje over haar heen, zodat ze als een echte prinses was. De volgende avond ging ze naar het feest, terwijl het oude vrouwtje op haar varkens paste. De prins was erg vrolijk, terwijl hij de varkens niet had kunnen vinden. Het meisje paste zich goed aan, en danste die avond de sterren van de hemel. Na een tijdje begon het oog van de prins op haar te vallen. ‘Wie is dat mooie, lievelijke meisje ?’ vroeg de prins aan zijn bedienden. ‘Ze lijkt me uit een ver land te komen, en ze is een echte prinses.’ Het meisje had een geweldige avond, en aan het einde van de avond kwam de prins naar haar toe om haar te vragen met hem te dansen. Het meisje stemde toe, en danste als een echte koningin. ‘Wie bent u eigenlijk als ik vragen mag ?’ fluisterde de prins naar haar tijdens het dansen. Maar het meisje glimlachte alleen maar. Iedereen keek vol verwondering naar de dansende prins en het meisje. ‘Je doet me aan iemand denken,’ fluisterde de prins, ‘maar ik weet niet wie. Iedereen zou wel met je willen dansen. Kijk ze eens kijken.’ Het meisje glimlachte. Ze had de avond van haar leven. ‘Zie ik je volgend jaar weer ?’ vroeg de prins. Het meisje knikte, en liep toen van het feest weg. Midden in de nacht kwam ze bij het oude vrouwtje. ‘En hoe was het ?’ vroeg het oude vrouwtje.

11. ‘Oh, het was geweldig,’ zei het meisje. ‘Vooral omdat ik wist dat mijn varkens veilig waren bij u.’

12. Het jaar daarop ging ze weer naar het feest en was dit keer mooier dan ooit. De prins had er pijn van in zijn hart, zo mooi was ze. En weer moest hij haar aan het einde van de avond laten gaan. Het jaar daarop greep de prins zijn kans en vroeg haar met hem te trouwen. Het meisje schrok, en rende weg. Toen ze het later het oude vrouwtje vertelde zei deze : ‘Ga terug, en zeg dat je dat wel wil.’

13. ‘Ja, maar dat wil ik helemaal niet,’ zei het meisje.

14. ‘Je zult er geen spijt van hebben,’ zei het vrouwtje. ‘Ik pas wel op de varkens.’

15. ‘Ja, maar dan moet ik op het paleis wonen,’ zei het meisje, ‘en dan zie ik u nooit meer.’

16. ‘Ga nu maar,’ zei het oude vrouwtje. ‘Alles zal goedkomen.’

17. Snel ging het meisje weer terug. ‘Waar was je gebleven?’ vroeg de prins met pijn in zijn hart. ‘Trouw met me.’

18. ‘Natuurlijk lieveling,’ zei het meisje, en kustte hem.

19. De dag erna was er bruiloft. Het meisje woonde sindsdien met haar prins op het paleis. ‘Nu je mijn vrouw bent mag je je wensen doen,’ zei de prins.

20. ‘Er woont een oud vrouwtje in het bos met varkens,’ zei het meisje. ‘Ik wil dat ze hier op het paleis komt wonen, en dat haar varkens prinselijk behandeld worden.’

21. De prins vond dat wel een beetje een vreemde wens, maar liet haar wens toch uitkomen.

20.

Jezus en de Draak

1. En Christus kwam tot de draak zeggende : ‘Kalum Hartiti’, hetgeen in hemelse taal betekent : ‘Zwijg, gij verachtelijke.’ En de draak dan bewaakte drie putten, en deze waren de putten van geluid, van visioen en van reuk. En Christus had een lange worsteling met de draak van drie dagen waarin Hij niet sliep. En velen waren geworpen in de put van visioen en zij droegen ondragelijke lasten, en werden door de draak bewaakt. En zij werden door hem opgeroepen tot slavernij en tot strijd tegen Christus. En ik zag een licht komen uit de put van reuk, en ik zag vele martelaren. En zij hingen in de put van reuk, maar het was alsof een wind van onderen en een druk hen tegenhield dieper in de put te dalen. En zij zweefden boven een leegte die krioelde van leeuwen en slangen. En ik zag wormen komen vanuit de diepten van de put van reuk, en rook kwam met hen mee. En zij begonnen de martelaren aan te vreten. En de martelaren weenden tot Christus, en zij riepen tot Hem, maar toen kwam er een grote stilte. En ik zag hoe Christus het hart van de draak greep en in de put van reuk afdaalde. En Christus deelde uit van het hart, en gaf de heiligen rode gewaden. En de heiligen moesten nog enige tijd rusten. Nu dan had de draak een tweede hart, een zwart hart die was als zijn lever, en ook had hij een derde hart, een zwart hart die was als zijn maag. En Christus nam die twee harten en wierp ze in de put van geluid en van visioen. En een luid gekrijs steeg op van de put, en de draak begon in een varken te veranderen. En zo streed Christus zes dagen met het varken dat als een roofvarken was, en Hij sliep in die dagen niet. En het varken begon een rood hart voort te brengen, als het hart der nieren, en dit hart streed tegen de heiligen. En weer sprak Christus : ‘Kalum Hartiti,’ hetgeen betekent : ‘Zwijg, gij verachtelijke.’ En het varken begon een wezen voort te brengen als een rood beest, en na een lange worsteling met het rode beest bereed Christus het dier en gaf het aan de heiligen. En uit de mond van Christus kwam een speer, een rode,

om het varken te doorsteken, en Christus wierp het varken in de put van reuk. En vele stemmen begonnen van de put voort te komen, en bliksem met veel rook. En een gelach steeg van de put op, en ging uit om de heiligen aan te klagen. En er was niemand die de geest van het varken kon vernietigen, want de geest was als een lam en een draak. Weent dan gij aarde, want de roofterlammen zijn tot u gekomen, en zij zullen velen misleiden. En het roofterlam kwam tot Christus, zij en haar legermachten, en zij voerde een strijd van zeventig dagen met Christus. En zou zij de macht hebben dan zou zij Christus verslinden en verleiden, maar aan het einde van die zeventig dagen voerde Christus haar met een zwart zaad, want het lam was erg hongerig geworden en niets kon haar honger stillen. En zij bewaakte een put van geluid, en een luid gekrijs was in die put. En zie, ik zag vele slaven in die put, en zij stierven aan brandende kruizen. En zie ik zag een bok komen met een hele lange hoorn, en doorstak het lam, terwijl de aarde in verbazing de bok achterna ging. En zij allen zeiden : ‘Wie is aan de bok gelijk, hij die het roofterlam heeft doorstoken. Want zij heeft ons gekweld, en zij heeft ons geknecht gehouden in lange dagen.’ En ik zag een groot oordeel komen over het roofterlam, en haar harten werden verslonden. En zie, deze harten waren zwart. En het roofterlam bracht een hart voort zoals er nog nooit een hart was voortgekomen, en het hart was blauw, en het begon woorden te spreken van grote godslasteringen tegen de allerhoogste. En het blauwe hart keerde zich tegen Christus, en Christus verslond het hart. En Christus greep het lam en wierp het in de put van geluid. En vele stemmen begonnen voort te komen en klanken, ja, schone klanken. En zo was dan het oordeel over de beesten. En Christus greep de bok die groot was geworden tot aan het zuiden der aarde, en Christus verscheurde de bok als een kleed. Zij komen dan allen voort uit de draak, en varen ten verderve. En allen die op de aarde waren zeiden : Ja, God is groot en machtig, Hij die deze dingen heeft laten geschieden. En ik zag een harig beest voortkomen met ijzeren klauwen, en hij richtte zich op tegen Christus, en zie, het beest werd als een rund gelijk. En Christus wierp het rund in de put der visioenen, en een lieflijke geur begon zich te verspreiden. Ja, het zoet der aarde begon voort te komen als een harem van Christus zingende : Christus heeft de draak verslagen. En de vrouwen droegen schalen. Aldus was de Bruid van Christus. En de vrouwen kwamen tot de aarde vanuit een diepe put, en zij dienden Christus. Na deze dingen die ik zag begon een zwarte wolk de aarde te bedekken. En de vrouwen begonnen hun schalen uit te gieten in de rivieren en de waterbronnen, en dezen werden als bloed. Aldus waren de vrouwen van het verbond. En zo versloeg Christus de draak om de harten van velen te verzachten. En ik zag een verzachting over de aarde komen zoals er nog nooit was geweest. En de voeten van Christus stonden op de berg der heerlijkheid. En nieuwe rivieren begonnen te stromen, als de rivieren des hemels. Zo was dan het oordeel over de grote aarde, en zie, dit oordeel was goed.

21.

1. En één der discipelen vroeg aan Christus : Wie zijn dan de vader en moeder van de draak ? En Christus richtte Zich dan tot hem en zeide : Weet gij dat dan niet ? Is het niet de grote beer die de draak voort heeft gebracht, de beer voor wie geen hart veilig was ? En was deze beer niet samen met een panter ? Zo kon het niet anders dan dat hun vrucht een draak zou zijn. Hebt gij dan niet gehoord van de leeuw en het beest die op de loer stonden om zodra het kind was geboren de vrucht te verslinden ? Waar waart gij toen dit gebeurde, want het heeft het hart van God voorzeker verzegeld, zeventig maal zeventig maal, en gij hebt het niet geweten. En een andere discipel vroeg : Och Heere, hoe lang zal het nog duren voordat zij verslagen zijn, en wie kan hen verslaan ? En Christus dan zeide : Kijk naar de zon, de maan en hun sterren. Voeden zij niet al deze geslachten.

Ziet dan, wanneer zij neer zullen vallen, dan is het einde daar. En Christus richtte zich tot de zon en zei : Kaditam Asbalit, hetgeen betekent : weest gesloten. En vanaf die dag gaf de zon geen licht meer, maar een zwart vuur. En de zon kwam tot Christus als gebrul en als het gelach van de draak, en Christus deed haar manschappen neer vallen. En Christus richtte zich tot de beer en sprak : veel vlees hebt gij gegeten, en veel bloed gedronken. Gij hebt grote woorden gesproken tot de allerhoogste, en uw zwaard tot het laatste toe bewaard. Toch bent gij gevallen, en velen hebben het gezien. Mogen uw woorden u dan meenemen tot het vuur der eeuwigheden, en moge uw hart in duizend delen uiteen vallen. En de discipelen waren verschrikt toen zij de grote beer zagen vallen, en een grote kou viel op hen. Christus nu nam van de huid van de beer en maakte vellen voor zijn discipelen om hen te warmen. Ook bond hij huiden aaneen voor laarzen. En de grote leeuw van het oude Babylon kwam tot Christus, en Christus sprak : ‘Eet dan niet van het berenvlees, opdat het u niet zal vergiftigen. Maar zijn huid zal u warmen tot in alle eeuwigheden. Omdat velen van het berenvlees hebben gegeten heeft hun geloof schipbreuk geleden, en zijn velen van mij weggeleden. Hun glans zal vergaan wanneer de engelen der voortijden zullen opstaan.’ En ik zag de maan haar glans verliezen, en grote sterren vielen neer, en de leeuw stond zeventig dagen en nachten voor het aangezicht des Heeren, en een grote schrik was op de discipelen. En de leeuw at van het berenvlees nu zijn wond was genezen, en de leeuw werd tot een rund. En een ijzeren beest bekleed met koper en goud streed met de rund om het vlees van de beer, en de discipelen maakten holen in de aarde waarin zij verscholen. En ik zag de grote zon op de aardbodem vallen om haar te verslinden, en het rund was als een dronken leeuw. En Christus voerde het ijzeren beest dat bekleed was met koper en goud dronken, en bracht het in een diepe slaap. En Hij leidde het ijzeren beest tot een diepe zee, en liet het daarin wegzinken. En Christus was bekleed met de donder en met bliksemstralen, en hij was als de rode speer. En ik zag de maan vallen in de zee, en zij bracht grote golven voort en het zilver. En Christus ging tot de grot waar de oude panter woonde. En de panter sprong voort uit de grot, en maakte jacht op het dronken rund en verslond het. Toen sloop de panter langzaam terug tot Christus, en Christus voerde de panter tot dronkenschap. Ook de panter leidde hij tot de zee, en liet haar in slaap daarin wegzinken. En het goud kwam over Christus, en de zee werd als goud. Nu waren daar sterren aan de hemel die de sterren der Filistijnen werden genoemd, en zij pronkten. En zij waren als roofvarkens en joegen op de heiligen. En Christus richtte Zich tot de sterren en liet ze door een boog één voor één uit de hemelen vallen. En zij hadden een beeld gemaakt voor Dagon, hun god, en zij zwoeren dat ze de heiligen te gronde zouden richten. Ook maakten zij een beeld van de oude draak, een beeld van het oude Babylon en van het oude rooflam, en zij pleegden afgoderij met deze beelden en zelfs hoererij. En zij zeiden : Laat ons een beeld maken van de oude panter en het oude ijzeren beest, want waren zij niet de ouders van de draak ? En laat ons beelden maken van de zon, de maan en de sterren, want waren zij niet de nakomelingen van de draak ? En zo trachtten ze een wond van de draak te genezen, en de gehele aarde ging het beeld van de draak achterna, en zijn genezen wond. In verbazing aanbaden zij hem. En in die dagen werd het beeld van de draak groot en het beeld werd een stem gegeven. En zij noemden het beeld Moloch. En ook het beeld van het rooflam werd groter, omdat het beeld als de profetes van de draak was. En het beeld was gegeven grote wonderen en tekenen te doen om zo velen te verleiden. En zij maakte dat hun armen en nekken verzegeld moesten worden, en dat er een zegel op hun voorhoofden zou rusten, en dat allen die dit zegel niet droegen niet konden spreken en eten. En in die dagen riepen de volgelingen van dit beeld : ‘Is er iemand groter dan het beeld van het rooflam ? Want zij heeft haar tienduizenden verslagen, ja honderdduizend maal.’ En ik zag het beeld vol van het bloed van de profeten en de apostelen, maar zij kwijlde en werd geleid tot een gat in de aarde. En het beeld van de oude panter en het beeld van het ijzeren beest werden groot en vervulden de

aarde, en deze beelden werden dronken van het bloed der heiligen. Maar zij voeren naar de afgronden der zee. En het lijk van de oude slang was er om de zeebodem te voeden. En na deze dingen zag ik heiligen bekleed met slangenhuiden, en zij waren de overwinnaars der beelden. En ik zag hen rijden op sierlijke paarden, die woest waren, omdat zij wonden hadden. En zij moesten bereiden worden en genezen worden tot aan de eeuwige slaap. En zo zag ik de Heere zitten op een troon temidden van de koorden der sprookjes, en ik zag velen opkomen om tot de afgronden te varen, omdat zij het sprookje niet gewild hadden. Weest daarom sprookjesachtig, beminden, want als de Heere komt om te bazuinen tezamen met Zijn karsuiken, dan zullen de sprookjes de heiligen bezegelen, en zij die die zegels niet dragen zullen tot de eeuwige slaap geleid worden tot in alle eeuwigheden. Rusten zullen zij van hun werken, want dezen waren boos. Maar zij wiens werken sprookjesachtig waren zullen geen rust hebben, dag noch nacht, want zij zullen de Heere voor eeuwig dienen tot in alle eeuwigheden. Ja, de liefde zal hen wakker houden, en zij zullen nuchter zijn. Laat daarom uw harten niet door dronkenschap ten verderve geleid worden, want de Heere Heere haat hen die in brasserijen verkeren.

De Steen van Metensia – Bijgeschriften van het Eeuwig Evangelie I

- De Afsluiting van de Canon
- De Draagster van de Canon
- De Herauten van de Canon
- Metensia

Afsluiting van de Canon

1. Dit dan zijn de woorden van de afsluiting van de canon. Deze woorden zijn getrouw en waarachtig. 2. Ziet, Hij die op het witte paard zit komt, om levenden en doden te oordelen, en ook de lijdenden. Ja, Hij wordt gevolgd door een duizendtal martelaren, zij die hem getrouw zijn gebleven tot het einde. Volgt dan ook Hem die op het rode paard zit. Amen. Metensia Eminijs, de getrouwe. Laat dan de zegen des Heeren met u zijn. Hij laat Zijn belofte niet verloren gaan. 3. Hij kome spoedig. Zie dan niet om, maar richt u voorwaarts, want Hij die aan de deur staat klopt. Doet dan open voor Hem opdat Hij maaltijd met u houde. Zo zijn dan deze woorden ter afsluiting van de canon. Ziet dan, deze is de zuivere canon, die u openstelt voor de heilige boeken des hemels. Laat dit dan u tot geheimenis wezen. Gij dan hebt gehoord van lieden die zeggen dat er geen canon is. 4. Gaat met zulke lieden niet om, want zij vrezen de Heere niet. Maar is de canon dan niet onzuiver ? De eerste canon was dat zeker, maar deze was gemaakt door mensenhanden die de Heere niet kenden. De tweede canon dan is zuiver, en ziet, deze is eeuwig en raadselachtig. Maar zegt de schrift dan niet dat er geen canon is ? 5. Welaan lieden, wanneer gij de schriften bestudeert zult gij zien dat er geen canon is naar het vlees, maar naar de Geest, welke is de Geest des Heeren. En zij is gegeven als een zuiver zwaard om uw harten te zuiveren.

6. Zo zijn dan deze woorden eeuwig en heilig. Laat dan niemand toevoegen aan het Woord des Heeren opdat de Heere u niet geve van Zijn plagen. Ziet dan, aan het einde der tijden zullen er vele

lieden opstaan die de schrift zullen verdraaien, en zij zullen u trachten te verleiden door holle klanken. Gaat met zulke lieden niet om. De Heere zal zwaar straffen hen die eigenmachtig de Schrift zal aanpassen. Neemt ook niet af van het Woord des Heeren, want de Heere zal uw deel afnemen van de boom des levens, de witte steen en het heilig paradijs. Zo zijn er dan vele boeken geschreven, maar niet allen zijn des Heeren. Weest daarom waakzaam opdat de satan uw deel niet zal ontnemen. 7. Velen hebben zich door vele boeken laten afleiden van de Waarheid. Weest daarom gewaarschuwd, kindekens. Wat dan, zullen wij niet meer lezen en niet de schriften onderzoeken? Wanneer gij door de Geest geleid wordt zal Hij u leiden door het Woord en ook door geschriften buiten het Woord, daar de Heere ook met een kromme staf recht slaat. Maar laat u niet misleiden door een veelheid van woorden. Zo was dan de eerste canon onzuiver, maar de nieuwe canon is zuiver, en zij is opgesteld tot het slaan der harten, door rechte en kromme staven. Zo zijn er dan ook apokriefe geschriften en bijgeschriften buiten de tweede canon, waardoor de Heere ook kan spreken. Laat u daarom tuchtigen, en onderzoekt de profetieën.

8. Zo zijn er dan ook vele hemelse boeken die tot het Eeuwig Evangelie behoren en waarin profeten blikken kunnen slaan, maar zij zijn geenszins van de tweede canon. Zij moeten beschouwd worden als apocrief en als bijgeschriften, en zij zijn voor de engelen als een leidraad. Ook grote profetieën zijn opgetekend zoals de Risgamen, de Lokogamen en de Takalan, en zij zijn door engelen opgetekend, maar zij behoren geenszins tot de tweede canon. Zij behoren tot het Eeuwig Evangelie en zijn als de boeken der hemelen, de apocriefen en de bijgeschriften die slechts de tweede canon ondersteunen. Maar de Heere heeft de deuterocanonieke boeken lief, en Hij heeft ze beloofd in Zijn Woord. Ja, zij zijn verborgen geschenken die Hij geeft aan Zijn kinderen. Daarom: Laat de kindekens tot mij komen en verhindert hen niet. Laat hen de verschillende geschriften bespreken, maar weet ook dat zij een valstrik zijn voor de dwazen.

9. Hoort dan deze woorden, en laat het zijn tot afsluiting van de canon. Ziet dan, de Heere is vlees geworden door de tweede canon, om zo de eerste canon ongeldig te verklaren en onwaardig. Ja, niet verre van verwijdering is het eerste. Laat daarom zuivere lieden het eerste zuiveren, opdat het de Heere waardig zal zijn. Zo beschouwt de Heere dan ook het eerste tot apokrief, en spreekt Hij erdoor als door verborgen talen. Hij die op het witte paard zit komt, en zal de valse canon straffen. Ja, ik zag de valse canon, de eerste, geworpen worden in een put van vuur, en hij krijste tot de heiligen, maar de hand des Heeren kwam over zijn mond om deze te sluiten. Zo dan waren dit de laatste woorden van de eerste canon: een vals gebrul en gekrijs. En zo bracht de Heere een einde aan de verschrikkingen van de eerste canon, maar zijn staart nam vele van de heiligen mee, tot een eeuwig verderf.

10. Dit zijn dan de laatste woorden van de tweede en zuivere canon: Hij die komt kome spoedig. Bewaar daarom uw harten in reinheid. Veracht de apokriefen niet, en ook niet de bijgeschriften van het Eeuwig Evangelie, want zij zijn u gegeven tot gidsen. Laat het u tot een leidraad zijn. En zo sloot de Heere de canon, en verzegelde het met een onverbreekbaar koord. En ziet, engelen daalden neer, en zij zongen de verborgen liederen uit Zijn Woord. En de Heere maakte de nieuwe canon groot als een richtsnoer, om de heiligen te binden in Zijn Geest door eeuwige banden en ketenen. En ik zag duizenden heiligen opstaan die het martelaarsschap des Heeren droegen, en zij gingen in door een grote poort. En ik zag vele buitengeworpenen die tot de Heere weenden, maar Hij hoorde naar hen niet omdat zij Hem niet hadden bijgestaan in Zijn lijden en zich voor lange tijd doof hadden gehouden voor Hem.

De Draagster van de Canon

1. Lokogamen
2. Tokon
3. Risgamen
4. Talgamen

Lokogamen

1. Dit dan is het heilige boek door engelen gegeven tot draagster en zwaard van de canon. Zij is dan niet zelf de canon, maar de bewaakster van de canon, de tweede, die de zuivere is. En zo draagt zij dan het zwaard om de oude canon te doorspietsen. Amen Metensia Eminijs. Hij die komt kome spoedig.

2. Zo is zij dan als een muur opgesteld rondom de canon, de zuivere. Amen Metensia Eminijs, kom spoedig. Zij draagt het mes des Heeren. Zo is dan de Lokogamen opgesteld door engelen als de omhulster van de canon. En ik zag haar een kind baren, en het kind groeide op in de wildernis, tussen de slangen. En het kind leerde de boog des Heeren te gebruiken, en de Heere gaf hem grote macht. En ziet, hij was als rechter aangesteld over de dieren des velds, en mat hun tijden uit. En de Heere gaf hem de macht over dood en leven. En hij maakte het boek des Heeren groot, het boek dat de parel in zich droeg. En hij groeide op voor de Heere als een reus. En hij gaf zijn moeder eer, en werd een groot strijder des Heeren. Zo zijn dan de lokogamen de sieraden des Heeren.

3. En ik zag hem opstaan als een held, neervellende grote reuzen. En die reuzen vreesden hem, omdat zij tegen de Heere hadden gezondigd en hij als hun rechter was opgesteld. En zo oordeelde hij op een dag de levenden en de doden, en ook de lijdenden. En hij bracht de schapen van het veld naar de wildernis, waar hij hen scheerde voor hun wol, en ook oordeelde hij hen. En hij droeg de bokken der duisternis tot het altaar. Maak daarom de lokogamen niet kwaad, want ziet, zij zijn wreed, en dragen de wreedheid des Heeren in zich. De lokogamen dan zijn de sieraden des kruizes, en zij staan aan de weg om voorbijgangers te bespotten.

4. Diep in de wildernissen hebben zij hun hutten van vlees. Weet dat zij bloeddorstig zijn, want zij dragen de wraak des Heeren in hun binnenste. Oh pelgrims van het woord des Heeren die tot de lokogamen genaderd zijn : Volgt u alleen een vertaling van het Woord des Heeren, of volgt u de zuivere grondtekst. Want vele lieden hebben het Woord des Heeren vertaald om hun eigen lusten daarin weer te geven. Houd uzelf daarom dicht bij de grondtekst opdat uw ziel niet zal afdwalen. Wie heeft u dan betoverd en Christus als gekruisigd afgeschilderd ? Werd zijn ziel dan niet verscheurd en gebroken ? Zo is God in de grondtekst elohim wat goden betekent. En gij dient deze

goden te kennen om zalig te worden. Ook is elohim vrouwelijk, dus waarom zijn sommigen ertoe gekomen alleen het mannelijke te aanbidden.

5. Alleen door de Lokogamen komt gij tot God. Kunt gij met de lokogamen worstelen en overwinnen ? Zij zijn dan de delen van de ziel van Christus toen Hij uiteen werd gescheurd. Kunt gij langs deze woedende delen van Christus komen ? Ziet, zij zijn als wilden.

De verscheuring van het Verstand

6. En ik zag lichten vallen op het verstand van Christus toen Hij in het dodenrijk was om het te verscheuren. En de lichten waren als bloeddorstige roofdieren. En het verstand van Christus droeg de naam Debich, en toen zij verscheurd was, was zij Na'in, dronkenschap, en Nergun, bloeddorst. En ik zag Christus vele krijgsgevangenen omhoog nemen, en ook Na'in en Nergun werden verscheurd, en zij werden genoemd : de lokogamen. En ik zag vele verborgen en verloren lokogamen, en zij droegen het bloed van Christus. En ik zag het bloed van Christus door ringen vloeien, en vele roofgeesten van de oude canon werden door Christus omhoog genomen, en zie, hij hing ze op. En het andere deel van zijn ziel was de Haftlich, de sexualiteit, en ook deze werd verscheurd, en de afzonderlijke delen waren angst en depressie. En angst werd verscheurd en werd gevoel en wreedheid, en depressie werd verscheurd en werd spot en pijn. En ook zij werden verscheurd, en zij werden genoemd : de lokogamen. En ik zag vele verborgen en verloren lokogamen, en zij droegen het bloed van Christus. En ik zag de lokogamen die de wonderschoonste verhalen vertelden die sinds de grondlegging der wereld verborgen waren gebleven. En ik zag een geest genaamd schaamte die veel macht verloor en begon te smelten. En het bloed van de wildernis begon te vloeien, en de wildernis begon te bloeien, maar daar omheen begon een nog grotere wildernis te groeien. En ziet, deze wildernis was droog en dor. En zie, de buitenste wildernissen waren duister en diep, en zij werden genoemd : de alverzoening der lokogamen. En ik zag de verborgen en verloren lokogamen uit hun holen komen en zij omsingelden de grote stad, Babylon. En zij riepen de namen van hen die zich in de stad bevonden, en zij maakten van de stad een wildernis. En in de dieptes van de stad vonden zij terug dat wat verloren was.

7. En ik hoorde een bazuin klinken, en de stemmen van de lokogamen begonnen voort te komen, en ik zag zeven stemmen. En ik hoorde een stem zeggen : Kom. En ook een andere stem sprak : Kom. En toen de eerste stem der lokogamen sprak zag ik de Risgamen, de Geest van Christus, aan het kruis verbroken worden, en zij werd tot sieraden, die der bedieningen. En toen hoorde ik de tweede stem der lokogamen spreken, en ik zag de Beker van Christus aan het kruis verbroken worden, de Talgamen, en ziet, het werd tot sieraden, die der sacramenten. En ik hoorde de derde stem der lokogamen spreken, en ik zag de delen van de verscheurde Risgamen : de criptiek en het orakel. En ook deze delen waren verscheurd. De criptiek was verscheurd in twee delen : gebondenheid en slavernij. En ook deze delen werden verder verscheurd, en ik zag de verborgen en verloren risgamen. Ook het orakel was verscheurd in twee delen : vuur en ijs, en ook deze delen werden verder verscheurd. Het vuur tot woede en macht, en later werden die delen ook verscheurd. En ik zag de Beker van Christus in twee delen verscheurd, genaamd strijd en arena. En strijd werd verder verscheurd in lamheid en kracht, en arena werd verscheurd in verslinding en wacht. En ik hoorde een vierde stem van de lokogamen spreken, en ik zag verslinding en wacht verder verscheurd

worden. En zij werden talgamen genoemd, en ik zag vele verborgen en verloren talgamen, en zij omsingelden de grote stad. En met Babylon gebeurde wat met Sodom en Gomorah gebeurde. En dit werd de alverzoening van risgamen en talgamen genoemd. En ik hoorde een vijfde stem der lokogamen spreken. En ik zag dat grote botten werden gebroken, en van de delen werden sieraden gemaakt. Toen de zesde stem der lokogamen sprak zag ik het vlees van Christus verbroken worden. En aan het kruis werden de stukken verdeeld, en dit waren de namen der stukken : illusie en visioen. En illusie werd verscheurd in groei en wortel, en groei werd verscheurd in grootheid, en wortel werd verscheurd in licht. En visioen werd verscheurd in reuk in smaak. En reuk werd verscheurd in aantal, en aantal in groen. En smaak werd verscheurd in binnenste en controle, en controle werd verscheurd in traan. En bij het horen van de zevende stem werden de delen verder verscheurd, en zij werden genoemd inaputen, sieraden des doods. Daarna zag ik de wapenrusting van Christus aan het kruis doorboort worden en verbroken, en de delen werden sorsollen genoemd, sieraden van de hel. Daarna zag ik het Bloed van Christus verstrooid worden. En ik hoorde een stem zeggen : Kom, en een andere stem sprak : Kom hogerop, en ik zag de sieraden van de armoe, en zij waren het verstrooide bloed van Christus, de Tokon. En ik hoorde het geluid als van duizend stemmen, en ik keek achterom en zag velen ontwaken, en zij kwamen voort uit het stof. En zij droegen messen. En zij werden gedoopt in een rivier des doods, en ik zag een man opstaan die een jong schaap als een lam op zijn schouders droeg. En de man werd groot voor het aangezicht des Heeren, en droeg de wol der wildernis, en leerde met de boog des Heeren te schieten. En hij had het merkteken van de boog op zijn arm.

8. En ik zag een groot leger oprijzen tegen het oude Rome om deze stad te omsingelen. En ik zag verschrikkelijke insecten de oude stad binnengaan om deze kaal te vreten. Daarna zag ik het leger optrekken naar het oude Jeruzalem, en zij was als een korenveld, rijp om geoogst te worden. En een nieuw Jeruzalem daalde uit de hemel neer om het oude te verslinden. En ik zag grote mannen opkomen die in hun armen merktekens hadden van het laatste oordeel. En Assur was niet meer, en Egypte was als een zucht. En ook kwam het oordeel tot de tafel van Moab, en ziet, zij was niet meer. En in die dagen bevolkten grote spinnen de aarde, en zij brachten vliegen voort. En er was een man met het hart als van een ekster en een meeuw, en hij bespeelde vele instrumenten, en zijn naam werd groot op de aarde. En ik zag een ster vallen op de aarde om de wateren te bezoedelen, en ziet, de bomen van het oude Rome werden bloed, en ook haar bouwwerken. En ik zag de man tot het oude Rome komen en zie, zij was niet meer.

9. En door de alverzoeningen der lokogamen, risgamen en talgamen hebben wij ook hoop op de alverzoening van het bloed van Christus. Is dat niet de burcht Perlottia ? Want door de risgamen wordt het bloed van Christus gedronken, en door de talgamen heeft het zijn werkingen. Weest dan aan nek, handen en voeten gebonden, opdat gij in kunt gaan.

10. En ik zag een rode troon als van bloed, met daaromheen vierentwintig lokogamen. Ook stonden er vier dieren voor de troon waaronder een kip en een paradijsvogel. En ik zag de Beker van Christus, de Talgamen, verzegeld met zeven zegels. En ik hoorde een stem zeggende : Opent nu de zegels die het bloed van Christus achterhouden. En ik zag een van de dieren naar voren komen, en het dier was van voren en achteren vol van ogen. En toen het dier het eerste zegel had losgekauwd

zag ik een groene haan, en die haan kreeg grote macht. En de haan sprak : Laten we ons een stad op aarde bouwen en een grote naam, opdat onze stem ter hemel reikt. Maar zonder mensenhanden werd het dier weggenomen, en ik hoorde een groot geween. En toen kwam het tweede dier naar voren, en zie, het had neuzen van voren en achteren, en het droeg vele stemmen. En ik hoorde een van de stemmen zeggen : Kom, want het uur is gekomen. En ik zag dat het dier het tweede zegel begon los te kauwen, en een krachtige wervelwind begon te waaien. En ik zag een stad vol katten, en deze katten veranderden in vrouwen, en zij kregen grote macht. En zie, de laatste vijf zegels waren zwart, en de laatste twee dieren begonnen de zegels los te kauwen, en ik zag een leger van paarden. En de paarden kregen grote macht, en zij braken los uit hun banden. En achter hen liep een schare van wilden, en zij riepen boos tot de hemelen. En ik zag veel bloed vloeien. En een van de zegels begon zich groot te maken en kreeg opnieuw grote macht, groter dan de eerste macht. En ik hoorde veel geween en vele stemmen. En ik zag een groene paradijsvogel verschijnen en daarna een gele, en het zegel begon velen op aarde te binden. En ik hoorde een stem zeggen : Nu is het genoeg. En ik zag temidden van de dieren een bloedende bok die geslacht was, en zie, de bok betrad de rode troon die van bloed was, en de bok kreeg grote macht.

11. In de dieptes van Acha zag ik de lokogamen verzegeld, de draagsters van het Bloed van Christus. En ik zag velen wenen omdat niemand deze zegels kon openen. En ik zag een man met benen als van bot, en hij was als een haan, als een half skelet. En hij legde zijn handen op de zegels en smolt hen. En ik zag de zegels vluchten naar de lagere werelden, samen met de verbroken zegels van de talgamen. En vele heuvelen smolten en vluchtten voor het aangezicht des Heeren. Maar na twee dagen waren de zegels die de lokogamen hadden verzegeld terug. En een man op een paard en een man op een rund kwamen tot de zegels, en de zegels werden bij name genoemd, en zij werden verbroken, maar weer waren zij na twee dagen terug. En ook zag ik de zegels van de risgamen, die als katten waren, en de risgamen waren als botten. Plotseling zag ik een bliksemflits vanuit de hemelen komen, en de risgamen gingen recht overeind staan, maar na twee dagen zakten zij weer in. En ik zag het bloed van Christus door witte tabletten stromen, en ook deze tabletten waren verzegeld. En de zegels waren als ijzeren kettingen, en sommige zegels waren als wit leer. En de zegels hadden ogen als juwelen. En plotseling zag ik een rode bliksem uit de hemel vallen, en vele paarden stonden op, maar na twee dagen zakten ze weer neer. En ik zag het leer dik worden en taai, en het was als een slavenmarkt, als een circus en een kermis. En ik zag lichten verschijnen en ik zag een boek groot worden voor het aangezicht des Heeren. En ik hoorde een stem zeggende : ‘Kom hogerop.’ En ik zag de markt des Heeren. En ik zag dat er moest betaald worden met bloed, zweet en tranen, en dat er vele buizen gevuld moesten worden voordat een deur zich opende.

Tokon

1. De Tokon is het bloed van Christus en het bloed der lokogamen en zo mede-draagster van de canon. En ik zag hoe er geofferd moest worden, en de Heere sprak : Laat de tempel bekleed zijn met bloed. En ik zag het licht van het bloed, en zij bracht nieuwe visioenen. En deze visioenen waren eeuwig. En ik zag vele wachters op de muren, en zij verkondigden de leer van het bloed van Christus. En ik zag een harp waar pijlen uitkwamen en een fluit waar bloed uitstroomde. En de

pijlen en het bloed vulden het land. En ik zag paarden met ruiters, en zij waren op weg naar de eeuwige stad. Maar zij werden niet toegelaten, en er werd gesproken : Laat eerst het bloed tot aan de toppen der muren stijgen. En de paarden met de ruiters gingen uit, en zij weenden en werden vervuld met angst. En zij zeiden : wij willen liever werken en zo het zweet tot aan de toppen der muren laten stijgen dan dat wij bloed vergieten. En de Heere zag hun liefde en zegende hen, en liet hen binnen in de stad, want zij hadden wijs gehandeld. En zo waren er ook enkelen komende vanuit het oosten, en ziet, zij vergoten wel bloed, maar het bloed kwam maar tot aan hun heupen, en zij gingen in het bloed ten onder. En ik zag de Heere zitten op zijn troon in al zijn heerlijkheid, en de wateren werden bloed, zoals hij in zijn woord had aangekondigd. En ook de bomen werden bloed, en het gehele land. En zo was er dan een grote schare die tot de stad des Heeren kwam, maar de Heere opende voor hen niet. En de Heere sprak deze woorden : Ga het land in en werk, opdat de zegelen van de stad verbroken worden. Maar ziet, het waren allen bloedvergieters, en de zegen des Heeren rustte niet op hen. En de Heere goot zijn zweet uit op de aarde, en het bloed begon te branden. En er waren enige lieden die de Heere volgden, en ziet, zij werden gewassen door zijn zweet, en door het zweet wat zij met tranen voortbrachten, en de zegen en de vleugelen des Heeren rustte op hen. En zij hadden een geheime opdracht om het woord des Heeren te vervullen, en zij kregen rijkelijk toegang tot de stad. En ik zag de naam van de Heere groot worden, en de Heere zocht vele knechten uit, en zij gingen uit in de wildernis in het laatste der dagen. En zij vonden een schelp met geluiden, en aldus was de schreeuw van het bloed des Heeren. En het was een krachtig verbond dat sprak, en zij brachten grote troost aan de Heere. En de Heere sprak : Laat uw oorlog dan in de geest zijn, en in het spel des kruizes. En de Heere nam een stok en een touw, en brak het, zeggende : Zo zal ik op een dag doen met de zegelen van de token. En ziet, de delen van de gebroken stok en het gebroken touw werden als slangen. En er kwam vuur uit hen, maar de Heere bedekte hen met leer. En de Heere verbrak vele banden. En een groot schip kwam aan de horizon, en bloed kwam voort uit haar, en de Heere begon te spreken. Aldus was het sprekende bloed.

De Weduwe

2. En er was een weduwe op aarde, en zie, zij kreeg grote bekendheid, en zij zong door het bloed van Christus. De Heere maakte haar groot op aarde, en velen kwamen door haar tot de Heere. Maar de Heere sprak : dit is een demonisch geslacht, en ik zal veel verdelgen. Ja, Ik zal als een strijder tegen hen optrekken, want zie, zij zijn niet in Mijn Woord. En ik zag de Heere komen tot de oude aarde, en tot haar gezandten, en de Heere sprak : Door zweet zal Ik u oordelen, niet door bloed. En ik zag het zweet des Heeren, en het bedekte hen, en op hen werd een nieuwe stad gebouwd. En ik zag visioenen van bloed, en zie, deze waren eeuwig. En zij waren als de paradox, als dubbele gezichten en als mozaïeken en kransen, en zie, zij waren als de narren des Heeren. En ik zag hen rijden op hoge paarden.

3. En er was een vrouw genaamd witte weduwe, en ook zij kreeg grote macht op aarde, en zij voerde strijd tegen de narren des Heeren. En wie wijs is berekene deze woorden, want ze gaan over een verre geschiedenis. En zo zal er een punt in de tijd zijn waarin alles geschiedenis is. En ik zag de Heere de tijd afsluiten als een canon. Zo zal het brood wat u eet geschiedenis zijn, en het bloed wat u drinkt geschiedenis, en zal niemand nog een stap kunnen maken. Ziet, alles is dan bevroren,

en de vlam zal zijn des Heeren. Waakt dan, want gij weet de tijd noch het uur waarop deze dingen zullen geschieden.

4. En ik zag de Heere de canon van het materiele afsluiten, en de mens werd teruggedreven tot de geest. En aan het materiele werd niet meer toegevoegd, daar de Heere het had afgesloten, en ziet, alles was bevroren, en alles werd tot steen, ja, zelfs de bomen. En zo kon niemand meer van het letterlijke leven. En dit waren de dagen waarin het duizendjarig rijk aanving. En zie, het was een rijk van vrede. En de Heere sprak : Heeft er dan niet genoeg bloed gevloeid ? En de Heere sloot de canon van bloed af, en zo was het duizendjarig rijk als het rijk van zweet, en de dagen van het paradijs als het rijk van tranen. En zo werd het bloed van Perlottia verzoend, en werd de poort tot de Risgamen geopend, en haar woonplaats de Lapondria.

5. En ik zag vogels als bloedzuigers die de tabletten van het bloed van Christus bewaakten. En ik zag zakken met geld heen en weer gaan met ridders met grote pluizige veren op hun helmen die onderhandelden. En ziet, zij hadden vreemde mertekenen. Zij werden genoemd de vogels van aldebaran, de kooplieden der aarde. En ik zag twee zegels als bevroren die de tabletten gesloten hielden, en deze zegels hadden lange angels. En ik hoorde een stem zeggen : Kom volg mij. En een deur ging open, en ik zag een lange trap die draaiend naar beneden uitweek als in een spiraal. En ik zag hoe het licht van beneden afkwam. En ik liep naar het licht toe, en kwam in een groene tuin terecht, waar vreemde wortelen groeiden. En er waren hier hazen en konijnen en het licht had een vreemde geur. En ik zag hoe de wortels van de stenen tabletten vastzaten in het plafond, en een hand nam hen weg. En een man met een bijl hakte het plafond open, en de stenen tabletten vielen naar beneden, en zij vielen in vele stukken. En de stukken werden tot sieraden, en ik zag poorten rondom de tuin opengaan. En ik hoorde een stem zeggen : Kom binnen. En ik liep naar binnen en zag handen aan een vreemde muur, en ook voeten. En de sieraden in de tuin werden tot instrumenten. En door een vuur werden de instrumenten aan elkaar verbonden door vele smeltingen en verhardingen, en ik zag ridders verschijnen en zij hadden geen hoofden. En ik hoorde een stem zeggen : Breng mij het zilver en het goud. En de ridders stonden op, en verzamelden schalen met zilver en goud, en brachten hen door de poorten naar binnen. En een vrouw met een witte zijden doek begon de instrumenten schoon te maken, en de verbindingen ertussen, en zie, het was als een carousel. Aldus was de kermis des Heeren. En ik zag de handen en voeten aan de muren uitgroeien tot wezens. En weer werden er vele zaken gedaan. En ik zag grote webben verschijnen als mozaïeken, en sommige webben waren gemaakt van botten en graten. En ik hoorde een stem zeggen : Laat nu het licht schijnen.

Risgamen

1. En ik zag een nieuw betaalmiddel opkomen, en het was de Geest die altijd al een onderpand was geweest. En zie, de Geest van Christus was in vele stukken verscheurd, de Risgamen. En er was een groot gewezen. En de Risgamen werden tot geldstukken, en ziet, zij was als een veer. En ik zag een

groot vuur komen om de Geest te verslinden, en de Geest werd in vele veren verscheurd, en ik zag vele verborgen en verloren risgamen, en zie, zij waren woest.

2. En ik zag de risgamen vluchtten naar hun woonplaats Lapondria, en zie, deze plaats was woest. En de plaats werd bewaakt door woeste vogels, die waren als paradijsvogels. En ik zag velen die probeerden Lapondria binnen te komen, maar zij werden aangevlogen door de woeste vogels. En deze vogels waren als pauwen in al hun kracht, en grote vrees viel op hen die het zagen. En deze vogels waren bloeddorstig en honend, en sommigen droegen helmen. En ik zag Christus zitten op een hoge troon van parels, en zie, Hij verkoos de risgamen tot een nieuw betaalmiddel en een nieuw verbond. Zo is dan de uitverkiezing des geestes, de uitverkiezing van Lapondria, en deze is de enige. En ik zag de risgamen tot de stad Lapondria toegelaten worden, en zij droegen allemaal rieten in hun handen. En deze rieten waren zeer scherp en snijdend. En zij maakten merktekens op de muren, en kwamen volledig in de stad, doordat zij bedekt waren met het bloed van Perlottia, en haar merktekens droegen. En zij kwamen tot de hoge troon van Christus die van parels was, en Christus verzoende hen. Zo gaf de Geest haar veer aan Christus als een betaling, en zij was welkom in de stad. Zo is het dan : door de veer betalen wij, door de risgamen. Zo houden wij ons zuiver. En ik zag hoe Christus de risgamen tot sieraden reeg, en ziet, zij waren als wonderlijke verhalen, en zij gaven toegang tot de dieptes der stad. En ik zag een vuur van de sieraden afkomen dat krachtig genoeg was om het zilver te smelten. En ik zag deuren geopend worden tot de dieptes der aarde. En ik zag bloedbanden wegsmelten en ziet, zij werden geofferd. Zo was dan de alverzoening des geestes, en ik zag de Geest als rivieren stromen, tot overstroming toe. En ik zag de Aflaat des Geestes, als een hemelse betaling, en de Geest gaf wederom haar veer aan Christus, en ziet, zij werd gereinigd. En Christus gaf haar een wit boekje van wit leer, en het leer bond haar. Aldus was de Canon des Geestes en de gebondenheid. En dit was de enige gebondenheid, door de enige aflaat. En ik zag hoe Christus Zijn Geest doopte, en ziet, zij werd wedergeboren als een witte duif van wit vuur. Zo hebben ook wij, door de Aflaat des Geestes, door de Veer van de Geest, deel aan deze dingen. En ik zag een poort bekleed met wit leer geopend worden, en zie, dit was de enige poort om de stad binnen te komen. Maar de vogels die op de muren van de stad stonden waren sluw. En zo zag ik de Risgamen tot mede-draagster van de canon worden, de tweede, en zuivere.

3. En ik zag de Risgamen, en zij kreeg toegang tot de schatten der aarde, en ziet, zij was donker. En ik zag Lapondria groot worden op de aarde, en zie, zij was het centrum van creativiteit. En in haar hadden de heiligen een plaats van rust, maar zij werden voor enige tijd verscheurd door verwarring. En ik zag enige heiligen in opstand komen tegen lapondria, en zij kregen een kleed om te rusten. En na enige tijd van rust balden ze hun vuisten tegen Lapondria, en Lapondria bracht hen in ketenen en leidde hen tot de grote burcht. En Lapondria sprak grote woorden van wijsheid, en ziet, zij werden haar discipelen. Maar Lapondria bespote hen omdat zij lauw waren, en zij lokte hen in een valstrik. En aldus was zij de sluwheid des Heeren. En grote vrees kwam over de menigte. En zij vroegen : wie is zij ? Hoe durft zij zoiets te doen ? En zo vertrok Lapondria van de aarde en liet haar schaduw achter zich, en zij bracht grote verwarring. En zij omhulde haarzelf met duisternis, en bedekte haarzelf met stof. En zij maakte een reis tot de dieptes der aarde, en vond daarin grote schatten. En zij verscheurde het goud en het zilver, en opende grote poorten. Wie kan haar volgen ? En zij omhulde haarzelf in wraak en grote wreedheid, want zelfs haar trouwste volgelingen hadden tegen

haar gezondigd. Wee u, oh aarde, want Lapondria heeft groot gif tegen u bereid. Weent daarom, oh volk, opdat u kleine genade zult vinden in haar hand, licht als een veer.

4. En Lapondria groeide op tussen de apen der aarde, en ziet, zij volgden haar op de voet. En zij bedekte zichzelf met de slangen der dieptes, en offerde op de hoogtes. Zo werd zij dan tot de duisternis des Heeren.

Talgamen

1. Zo hebt gij dan in de canon gelezen dat er geen eeuwige verdoemenis is, en dit hebt gij gelezen in de tweede canon, de zuivere. Zo loopt dan alle dood op vernietiging uit. Maar ik zeg u : Kent gij de geheimenissen van Radth ? Er zijn dus wel degelijk uitzonderingen op de regel. Hebt gij dan niet gehoord dat de Heere de vijand heeft gemaakt voor de vernietiging ? Ja, de Heere zal zijn macht vernietigen, en zijn zonde, en zal zijn trotse bewustzijn verlagen, en doen wegzinken in dronkenschap en slaap. Maar na deze dagen zal de Heere hem als in een geheimenis een nieuw bewustzijn geven, en dit bewustzijn zal groeien tot in alle eeuwigheden. En deze dingen zijn moeilijk te verstaan, en vele lieden zullen deze dingen verdraaien tot hun eigen verderf. Kent gij de geheimenissen van de Beker van Christus ? Ziet, deze zijn heilig, en zoals de tweede canon al had gesproken : de tweede hel zal verschrikkelijker zijn dan de eerste. Want de eerste hel was verbonden aan een canon die onzuiver en onwaardig was, en daardoor ongeldig. En velen hebben zich door deze geschriften laten beangstigen. De tweede hel is echter erger dan de eerste, want alhoewel het oude bewustzijn geheel zal wegzinken, zal er een nieuw bewustzijn opkomen. Wat dan, is God dan een pijniger ? Absoluut niet. De Heere Heere is een God van list en sluwheid, en brengt allereerst slaap en dronkenschap. Zo is Hij dan een God van genade. Maar Zijn rechtvaardigheid straft de zonde.

2. Wat dan, zullen deze dingen ons dan opnieuw beangstigen ? Volstrekt niet, want gij die in Hem blijft zijt door het bloed van Christus zalig verklaard. Alle hel is slechts voor even in het licht van de eeuwigheid, en weegt niet op tegen de heerlijkheid die ons geopenbaard gaat worden. Wie zijn dan de vijanden van God ? Zij zijn door hem gemaakt, en ziet, zij zijn eeuwig. Zo hoeft een kind des Heeren niet bang te zijn om voor eeuwig te branden. De Beker van Christus heeft het zelfs niet over gevallen engelen die besproken werden, want zij hebben eerst de Heere lange tijd gediend, en waren volstrekt geen vijanden. Maar de Beker heeft het hier over hen die als vijanden zijn gemaakt, en zij zullen voor eeuwig branden in groeiend bewustzijn, ja, zelfs in groeiende pijn, omdat de Heere hen daartoe gemaakt heeft als een voorbeeld.

3. Zijn deze woorden dan niet wreed en misleidend ? Volstrekt niet. Wat weet gij van de raad des Heeren ? Er is voor een kind des Heeren en zelfs voor een gevallen engel geen eeuwige verdoemenis, daar de ziel zich zelf vernietigt door de zonde. Maar er zijn uitzonderingen : namelijk hen die als de personificaties van zonde zijn gemaakt. Zij zullen eeuwig branden, en hun oude mens zal vernietigd worden, opdat een nieuwe mens zal opstaan, namelijk de vernederde mens. En deze

vernederde mens zal voor eeuwig een teken en een waarschuwing moeten zijn, om de heiligen te vervullen met vrees. Zo hebben dan vele lieden de woorden van de tweede canon als een vrijkaartje tot zonde genomen, omdat zij belust zijn op de totale vernietiging en zo denken de eeuwige en altijddurende hel te ontlopen. Zij hebben het Woord misbruikt tot een eigen valstrik. Hebt gij dan niet de paradox des Heeren gezien in het verschil tussen het Oude en het Nieuwe Testament ? Zo moet gij dus op uw hoede zijn. Er is een punt van angst waar u niet aan kunt ontkomen, en wat nodig is een grotere vreze des Heeren op te wekken dan het eerste. Dit is namelijk dat zij die door de Heere als vijand zijn gemaakt zichzelf misleiden en huichelen.

4. Dit dan zijn de woorden van de Beker : laat de vreze des Heeren het begin zijn van alle wijsheid. Zij die gezondigd hebben tot de Vader zullen vergeven worden, en ook zij die tegen de Zoon hebben gezondigd, en zij die tegen de Heilige Geest hebben gezondigd, en Hem hebben gelasterd. Zelfs zij die gezondigd hebben tegen het Bloed van Christus zullen vergeving vinden, maar zij die de Beker van Christus hebben gelasterd door zich eraan te bezondigen hebben geen vergeving in alle eeuwigheden. Nu niet, en in de toekomstige eeuwen niet, want het zondigen tegen de Beker van Christus is een doodzonde waartegen geen medicijn bestaat, en waarvan geen omkeer mogelijk is. Maar troost u, geliefden, want alleen de vijanden van God maken zich hieraan schuldig, en zij zullen tot verschrikking zijn in alle eeuwigheden. En de rook van hun pijniging zal opstijgen voor het aangezicht van de Beker, de Geest en de Zoon. God dan zal zijn vijanden straffen, en ziet, zij zullen tot een eeuwig schrikbeeld zijn. Waakt dan, want God laat niet met Zich spotten. En zo is het dan : vreselijk is het om in de handen van de levende God te vallen. En dan zult gij berouw en boetvaardigheid zoeken, en het niet vinden. En angst zal u verteren wanneer gij zult bemerken dat u het heilige der heilige Gods hebt aangeraakt.

5. Troost u geliefden : Er is geen zonde tegen de Heilige Geest, maar de zonde tegen de Heilige Beker is des te erger. Zoekt daarom de Heilige Beker in vreze en beven. Weet dan dat het Eeuwig Evangelie een blijere boodschap is, maar ook een ernstigere en verschrikkelijker. De dagen dan zijn kwaad, en als God de zonde niet op die manier zou straffen, dan zou de zonde nooit overwonnen kunnen worden. Ja, de Heere voert zo eeuwige overwinning over de vijand, en maakt hem tot een eeuwig schrikbeeld. Zij zullen hun loon niet ontgaan. Daar waar de eerste hel nog genadig was : de tweede niet meer. Maar zij die met de Heere zijn hebben niets te vrezen.

6. Alleen door hun eeuwig lijden zullen zij neergehaald worden, de vijanden van God. En alleen door hun groeiende pijn en bewustzijn zullen zij loslaten datgene wat zij hebben gestolen. En God zal hen maken tot een eeuwige afschuw.

7. En als zij u vragen : Is uw God niet wreed ? Dan zult gij antwoorden : God is een paradox.

De Heraut van de Canon

1.

1. Dit zijn de heerlijke woorden over de jeugd van Christus, als zijnde het kindje Jezus. Zo heeft Hij dus vele wonderen en tekenen gedaan, die in dit geschrift opgetekend staan, woorden die in de geschiedenis verloren gingen. God heeft bij machte van Zijn dienstknecht deze woorden teruggebracht tot het heilige.

2. En ik zag een vuurstorm, en ik was niet bij machte te spreken. En de vuurstorm kwam over mij, en ik hoorde een stem zeggende : schrijf, want er zijn vele dingen die ik u zal tonen.

3. En ik nam mijn pen en schreef. En ik wist dat ik zou branden wanneer ik niet gedetailleerd en nauwkeurig zou opschrijven wat de vuurstorm mij beval. En ik hoorde geschreeuw.

4. En de vader zei : Treed binnen. Ik zag een poort van vuur opengaan.

5. En binnengekomen zag ik het kindje Jezus op een kussen zitten. En een engel bracht mij tot aan de voeten van het kindje Jezus, en het kindje begon te spreken, en wonderschone verhalen te vertellen.

6. En ik besepte dat het kindje was gekomen tot een oordeel over de volwassen wereld. En ik smeekte tot het kindje om in mijn hart te komen. En ik zag vele visioenen. En ik zag hoe het drie jaar oude kindje wonderlijke verhalen vertelde, en grote wonderen en tekenen deed. Het kindje kon zijn armen en benen verlengen om alles gedaan te krijgen.

7. En ik zag hoe het kindje kon rennen, sneller als een paard, en ook was het kindje sterker dan een leeuw, maar naarmate het kindje ouder werd namen deze krachten af.

8. En ik zag het kindje wandelen op water, en de woorden die het kindje sprak waren zoet. En ik zag hoe het kindje vanuit het niets duiven tevoorschijn bracht en ook kleine aapjes. En de Geest des Heeren rustte op hem.

9. En ik zag hoe het kindje in de nacht werd opgenomen door een vuurstorm, om vele visioenen te zien. En het kindje was vroeg wijs en vol met de kennis des Heeren.

10. En ik zag hoe het kindje later zijn kindschap aflegde om zo de weg van het kruis te gaan, en zijn krachten namen af.

11. Toen het kindje vier jaar was vertelde hij rond uit over demonen. Ook vertelde het kindje over engelen, en velen tekenden het op, maar deze geschriften zijn in de geschiedenis verloren gegaan en zoek geraakt.

12. En ik zag de vuurstorm tot mij komen, om zijn mond te openen, en ik gleed naar binnen, en ik was als een gebonden man. En ik moest veel schrijven. En ik zag hoe het kindje in de geest een paars kroontje droeg met vierentwintig uitsteeksels. En een zacht roze licht verscheen telkens in het kroontje. En ik zag hoe het kindje rijk was aan geestelijke gaven.

13. Ook zag ik hoe het kindje vruchten en ander voedsel vanuit het niets tevoorschijn kon brengen, en velen waren erover verwonderd. En het kindje waarschuwde hen hoe hun nakomelingen een oranje kerk zouden bouwen, waar leeuwen in zouden wonen, en hoe hun aandacht zou zijn gericht op spierkracht, en niet op de kracht van de geest. En het kindje weende.

14. En het kindje sprak dat de tijger zou komen tot deze oranje kerk, om zo veel gevangen vrij te zetten, en velen wisten niet wat Hij bedoelde, want hij sprak in gelijkenissen. ‘Wie wijsheid heeft berekent het nummer van deze kerk, en dit nummer is vijvenvijftig. En zij zullen een vals boek oprichten.’ En het kindje sprak daarmee over een verre toekomst.

15. En het kindje kon zomaar in het niets verdwijnen, en zomaar vanuit het niets verschijnen. En velen waren erover verwonderd en bespraken deze dingen met elkaar, en vroegen zich af wie Hij was.

16. ‘Ik ben gekomen om een kerk op te richten naar het hart,’ sprak het kindje. ‘De oranje kerk is van Ryan, de oranje wachter, hij die samenzweert met reuzen. Zijn hond is een wolf, met de naam Roodoog, en zijn honden zijn leden van de blauwe kerk. En ziet dan, deze kerken komen uit elkaar voort. En zij zijn niet van mij. Zij zijn van het verstand. Zij kennen mij niet als kind, en met hun gewichtigheden onderdrukken zij elkaar.’

17. En het kindje profeteerde veel over de dingen die zouden gebeuren, en het kindje weende veel. Het was een gevoelig kindje en tegelijkertijd sterker dan tienduizend haaien. Sommigen noemden

hem een leeuwenkind, anderen noemden hem tijgerkind. Hij trok zich vaak terug in de wildernis en de woestijn, en was tussen de wilde dieren.

18. En het kindje trok zich niet veel aan wat anderen over hem zeiden, maar leidde zijn eigen leven. Op een dag kwam er een blinde man tot het kindje, en het kindje genas hem. Ook genas het kindje een man die geen ledematen had, en gaf hem nieuwe ledematen. En sommigen begonnen te fluisteren : dit kindje is het kind van de duivel. En het kindje bestrafte hen. Soms verteerde hij zulke spotters door een blauw vuur wat hij vanuit de hemel op hen neer liet dalen. Daarom waren er enkelen die trachtten het kindje om te brengen.

19. Het kindje had veel vriendjes en vriendinnetjes, en verzon veel spelletjes. Maar naarmate het kindje ouder werd begonnen ouders voor hem te waarschuwen.

20. En ik wilde verder schrijven, maar mijn hand begon te beven onder de heiligheid van deze dingen. En een stem sprak dat vele dingen verzegeld zouden blijven tot aan het einde der tijden.

21. En ik zag het kindje op een fluit spelen, en een totempaal stond daar en een wigwam. En het was in een visioen. En ik zag indianen uit de wigwam komen, en zij dansten om het fluitspelende kindje heen.

22. En toen het kindje vijf was geworden begonnen al deze krachten langzaam weg te sijpelen, en groeide hij op als een normaal kind.

23. En in een visioen zag ik hoe het kind toen het ouder was geworden langs een stil pad liep en plotseling werd overmeesterd door een groep wilde kinderen. En het jongetje genaamd Jezus werd door de wilde kinderen vastgebonden aan een boom, waarna hij werd geslagen met stokken. En ik zag hoe Hij als kind vaak werd geplaagd en achternagezeten, en vaak werd vastgebonden om geslagen te worden.

24. En ik zag hoe de jongen genaamd Jezus terugverlangde naar Zijn oude krachten, maar Hij wist dat dit de wil van de Vader was. Hij moest Zich voorbereiden op het kruis. En het lijden in Zijn kinderjaren was diep. En het verlangen naar Zijn verloren gegaande kinderjaren verwondde hem diep.

25. En op een dag kwam er een engel tot Hem, verschijnende op een eenzaam pad, tegen het avonduur. En de engel sprak liefdevolle woorden tot Hem, en de jongen begon te beven.

26. Sinds die dag had Hij twee vriendinnen, na een lange en eenzame periode. Deze vriendinnen steunden hem door dik en dun. Vaak maakte Hij wandelingen met hen door de woestijn en de wildernis, en ze hadden diepe gesprekken, waarin ze zich verwonderden over Zijn wijsheid.

27. En de jonge Jezus kreeg steeds meer vriendinnen, en wekte daarmee veel woede en jaloezie op in de harten van veel jongens. Maar nadat de engel voor een tweede keer aan Hem verscheen kreeg hij ook veel mannelijke vrienden, en al snel ontstond er een grote groep discipelen rondom de jonge Jezus. Hij had een bovennatuurlijke liefde, deed hun harten smelten, en sprak over een ander pad.

28. En Hij sprak over het zijn als de minste als de ware weg van liefde. En Hij genas velen van hun innerlijke ziektes.

29. En vaak gingen ze in een grote groep met hem mee de wildernis en de woestijn in, waar hij hen vaak op een heuvel onderwees. En de wilde dieren waren aan hem onderworpen.

30. En Hij sprak over de dingen die komen zouden : Wanneer gij een luid geschreeuw hoort, en de wolken zijn zwart en rood, ga dan de heuvelen op en smee om genade, want dan is de Dag des Heeren gekomen. En wanneer gij de wilde kat hoort brullen, kijk dan uit uw huizen, en bidt in uw hart dat gij zult ontkomen aan de zware dagen die komen gaan. Want eng is de poort die tot leven leidt, en alleen kindekens zullen deze poorten binnengaan. Religieuzen zullen trachten de sleutels in handen te krijgen, maar zij zullen branden. Zij zullen in de rivieren geworpen worden en niemand zal met hen rekenen. Ik heb U bestemd voor liefde, en zij die in liefde werken hebben de wet vervuld. Zij zullen God niet als tegenstander hebben. Onderdrukt elkaar niet, maar heb elkaar lief, en ook uw vijanden, want zij mochten eens uw verborgen vrienden zijn.

31. Weest genadig naar elkaar, als een voorbeeld, en wees hierin de zwakste, want de Heere wederstaat de sterken. Denk aan het konijn die in zijn zwakheid hopen heeft kunnen maken, om te kunnen ontkomen aan de brandende Dag des Heeren. Zo zijn de konijnen de vrienden van het kindje Jezus, dat was, is en zal komen. Dit kind staat hier voor jullie.

32. En een liefde viel op de menigte, en zij waren in verwondering.

2.

1. Dit zijn de woorden opgetekend over het leven van het kindje Jezus. Toen Jezus twaalf jaar oud was, en aan de rand van het meer was, helemaal alleen, kwam vanuit de struiken een jongen op hem

afrennen. Jezus raakte met de jongen in gevecht, en zij kwamen beiden in het water terecht waar de jongen Jezus trachtte te verdrinken. Maar een engel sloeg de jongen.

2. En de jongen had een demoon, en Jezus sprak : ‘Ryan, opperhoofd der demonen, verlaat dit kind.’ En de jongen slaakte een gil, en werd genezen van zijn krankzinnigheid.

3. Ook toen Jezus achttien jaar was gebeurde het dat twee jongens Hem trachten te verdrinken, maar Jezus genas hen beiden van hun krankzinnigheid.

4. Toen Jezus twintig jaar oud was geworden leefde hij voor enkele maanden tussen de leeuwen, en de leeuwen waren aan hem onderworpen.

5. En na die dagen verscheen een engel aan Christus, en gebod hem een staf van de grond op te raken. Daarna gebod de engel Christus om de staf op de grond te gooien. Toen Christus dit deed veranderde de staf in een slang, en deze slang was zeer giftig. ‘Ga nu naar het huis van farizeeers,’ sprak de engel, ‘en breng hen het woord.’ Maar de farizeeers geloofden niet in hem, en zeiden dat Hij zulke dingen kon doen door de duivel.

6. En toen gebod de engel hem te gaan naar het huis der romeinen. Maar ook zij geloofden niet in hem. ‘Nu dan,’ zei de engel, ‘de koppen van dit volk zijn hard, en zij kijken nergens van op. Aan een kruis zullen zij u nagelen, en gij zult verlangen naar uw oude dagen.’ En toen week de engel van Hem.

7. En op Zijn vierentwintigste leidde Hij een menigte jongeren tussen de leeuwen, en leerde hen over de voetwassing, en elkaar te dienen in plaats van te leiden, en hij sprak voor enkele dagen achtereen. En er was een vrouw die hem trachtte te verleiden, en toen hij haar afwees vervloekte zij hem, en de leeuwen verslonden haar. En ook andere vrouwen trachtten hem te verleiden, vaak in groepjes tegelijk, maar zij werden allen door de leeuwen verslonden. En toen begon hij veel over de duivel te prediken, en enkelen zeiden dat Hij zijn verstand verloren had.

8. En Hij leerde hen over de dronkenschap des Geestes, en over de dwaasheid Gods, en velen zaten aan Zijn voeten in verwondering, en werden door dronkenschap gegrepen. En velen zeiden : ‘Wie is deze man ?’ En Hij leidde hen dieper in de wildernis, raapte een stok op, en wierp het op de grond, waar het in een giftige slang veranderde, en sindsdien geloofden velen in Hem.

9. En sommige vrouwen begonnen over de grond te rollen, en waren zo in dronkenschap dat ze niet meer konden staan of zitten. Zij waren zwak geworden, en enkelen voelden zich ziek. En enkelen begonnen dorst te krijgen, en engelen verschenen om hen te drinken te geven, en ziet, zij werden allen dronken.

10. En de hemel opende zich en een raaf en een ekster daalden op hen neer, en zij hoorden een stem zeggende : ‘Deze is Mijn Zoon, de verheerlijkte, ziet, Hij zal van u weggenomen worden, maar Hij zal wederkeren als een dief in de nacht.’

11. En vele vrouwen en mannen begonnen te wenen, want zij wilden niet dat Hij weggenomen zou worden, maar Christus troostte hen. ‘Ik zal in jullie hart wonen, en Mijn Geest schenken, zodat Ik altijd bij u zal zijn als in een mysterie. Wie Mij liefhebben volge mij.’

12. En Hij leidde hen tot een gat in de wildernis, een diep gat, en Hij sprak over datgene wat Hij moest lijden. En Hij nam een rood kleed en sloeg het om zich heen, en vlocht een doornenkroon van takken. Daarna strekte hij zijn armen uit, om hen te laten zien wat ze met hem zouden doen. En enkele mannen riepen : ‘Dat nooit. Wij verklaren hen de oorlog.’ Maar hij bestrafte hen zeggende dat de Zoon des Mensen veel zou moeten lijden. En enkelen van hen wilden samen met Hem gekruisigd worden. En Hij gaf hen een beker die zich vulde met rood sap. ‘Drink,’ sprak Hij, ‘en houdt u vanaf nu schuil hier, want de aarde gaat onder het oordeel komen, maar gij hebt hier een schuilplaats. Gij zult leven van het weinige wat gij hier zult vinden, en gij zult zijn als een gekruisigde. Maar Ik zal moeten wederkeren, en Mijn lot ondergaan.’

13. ‘Laat ons met U meegaan,’ riepen enkelen. ‘Wij zijn bereid met U te lijden.’

14. ‘Lijdt hier,’ sprak de Christus, ‘en leef met de armoe die de wildernis u schenkt.’

15. Maar velen konden deze boodschap niet aan, en gingen met Hem mee terug, en paken hun leven weer op.

16. En toen de Christus vele jaren later aan het kruis stierf, krijsten degenen die in de wildernis waren gebleven als wilde katten. Zij hadden van het rode sap gedronken, en leefden sindsdien met de engelen, macht hebbende over de wilde dieren.

1. Toen het kindje Jezus nog een zuigeling was konden zijn geest en ziel de hemel bereiken over de trappen van tijgers en de trappen van leeuwen, en in de hemel voerde Hij gesprekken met de engelen.
2. Langs deze trappen daalden de engelen af, en stegen weer op, telkens weer de ziel en de geest van de zuigeling opdragende aan God.
3. En zo sprak de kleine zuigeling met de dieren, en met de verborgenheden Gods. En deze zuigeling bezocht de zielen in de gevangenissen, en gaf hen hoop en bevrijding. En deze kleine zuigeling was de sleutel van het oordeel.
4. En de zuigeling bezat bovennatuurlijke wijsheid om de reuzen te oordelen. Een verwoester van demonen was Hij.
5. En deze dingen waren opgetekend, maar raakten door de eeuwen heen verloren.
6. En ik zag de vuurstorm opstijgende langs de trappen van leeuwen en tijgers, tot in de hoogste hemel, om het kindje daar te brengen, de kleine zuigeling. En de kleine zuigeling kreeg woorden in Zijn mond, om daarmee af te dalen in de diepte. En weer zag ik de vuurstorm over de trappen van leeuwen en de trappen van tijgers gaan.
7. En ik hoorde een geschreeuw en zag groot geweld, en geheimenissen werden voor mij ontsluit. En ik zag het grote raadsel van de kleine zuigeling genaamd Jezus.
8. En het kindje bezat bovennatuurlijke kennis, en had gaven om de diepst gevallen te genezen. En niemand kon tegen de kleine zuigeling op, die macht had gekregen.
9. En ik zag velen op aarde die de kleine zuigeling naden, en zij kregen grote macht op aarde, maar hun plaats was niet in de hemel.
10. En ik zag volkeren ontstaan die zich een beeld hadden gemaakt aan de kleine zuigeling gelijk, maar zij verdraiden zijn werken. En ik zag de kleine zuigeling wenen, en de grote beesten der aarde werden in hun oren doorstoken, en ziet, zij werden ten slachting geleid.
11. En ik zag de kleine zuigeling neerdalen in grote toorn, en toen de kleine zuigeling Zijn mond opende was er overal bloed. En ik hoorde overal smekingen tot de Heere, maar de Heere luisterde naar hen niet.

12. En ik zag de kleine zuigeling oog en hart hebben voor hen die in woningen onder de aarde leefden, en een liefde vervulde mijn hart.

13. En ik zag de kleine zuigeling de sleutels dragen van de hel en een nieuwe kerk. En ik zag hoe de geest en de ziel van de kleine zuigeling vleugels kreeg, en opsteeg langs hoge bomen, om zo toegang te vinden tot de Vader. En de Vader verborg de Moeder, en telkens wanneer de kleine zuigeling lachte kwam de Moeder tevoorschijn. En dit sprak over de dagen waarin de wind zou waaien, de hemelse wind van genezing over de aarde.

14. En ik zag de kleine zuigeling door zijn lachen een leger opwekken, en ziet, de soldaten ervan waren dronken. Zij hadden het hart van de kleine zuigeling. En het verstand werd niet meer geleerd. En ik hoorde gelach in de hemel, en ik zag de Vader lachen, en ook de Moeder.

15. Dit zijn de woorden over de kleine zuigeling Christus Jezus. Laat deze woorden opgetekend blijven van geslacht tot geslacht. Ik zag paarden, een koets, met daarop de kleine zuigeling, en door Zijn lachen genas Hij de aarde. En een leger van dwazen richtte Hij op, en zij hadden de autoriteit om de aarde te vernieuwen. Hoort dan deze woorden, en luistert aandachtig naar hen, want zij zijn getrouw en waarachtig. Hij die kome kome spoedig.

16. En ik zag de kroon van de kleine zuigeling, met paars en geel en roze, en oranje licht. En ik zag kikkers dansen om zijn troon. Het uur van de kleine zuigeling is gekomen. Maakt u allen gereed. Neem Hem dan aan die spreekt, want een vreselijk en verterend vuur is Hij tot wie Hem niet vrezen.

17. En ik zag Hem afdalen van Zijn troon, afdalen in de put van de romeinen, om gevangenen vrij te zetten, en Zijn troon daar voor eeuwig te bouwen. En een licht der lichten steeg op, roepende in de hemel, als een heraut des kruizes, als een vaderland voor velen. En ik zag het licht huizen bouwen, en een wildernis opende zichzelf, en krokodillen stegen op, ontvangende de vleugels van een eeuwig licht, van een eeuwig altaar.

18. En zij die verraders waren, leugenaars en dieven verschenen voor het altaar, en een vuur nam hen weg. En de kleine zuigeling opende boeken, om te zien wiens namen opgetekend stonden, en zij wiens namen Hij niet zag staan werden in een eeuwigbrandend vuur geworpen.

19. En uit modder schiep Hij ministers, en uit vuil schiep Hij kapiteinen, en Hij gaf hen wereldschepen, vol met brandende lichten, en de liefde was over hen, als de webben van het grote Metensia. En Hij sprak tot Eminius, en bad, eindigende met een gouden en paarden stem om de deur der hemelen te openen, waardoor velen ingingen. Ja, de massa's der hemelen zijn groot, en gij zult u verbazen over de menigte die niet heeft gebogen voor de afgod die de mammon is.

20. En het kind, de kleine zuigeling, greep de mammon en zijn zuster Izebel, en ook haar zusters Nemak en Jael, en de kleine zuigeling wierp hen in het eeuwigbrandend vuur, waar zij geen rust zullen hebben, dag noch nacht. En zij zullen worden tot een eeuwige schrik. Waakt dan, broeders en zusters, opdat gij niet in hun lot zult vallen. En ik zag Izebel worden tot een skelet, klaar om haar zwaard te grijpen, maar een wind des hemels sloeg haar neer, en als brandend as begon zij rond te zwerven, aan de zeeën des doods, en de meren van het kwaad. En niets meer dan een geest was zij.

21. En ik zag haar geketend worden onder zware ketenen, en ook Juno bracht zij neer. En grote reuzen vielen aan haar voeten, een koningin des doods was zij, en zij werd genoemd hellevaart. En de kleine zuigeling greep Ryan en zijn gezelschap Merve, en wierp hen van een saffieren trap. En ook Rodoog, de wolfshond, viel met al zijn dienaren in dit gat. En de kleine zuigeling nam een boog, en doorboorde de hond met een pijl. Ja, een jager is Hij, een groot jager, een groot veldheer van oorlogen. Met strakke vuist slaat Hij zijn slag.

22. En ik zag hoe boeken dichtgeslagen werden, en ik hoorde een groot geween. En velen werden geketend door de kleine zuigeling. En ik zag hoe boeken begonnen te branden en uit de hemel vielen, en een stem sloot de hemelen en sprak dat zij nooit meer konden terugkeren. En een gegil begon de aardbodem te vervullen, en velen zonken in diepe putten. De dag van het oordeel was gekomen. En de kleine zuigeling zat op een hoog paard, en maakte hen dronken door zijn pijlen.

23. Ja, een groot veldheer is Hij, een meester in veldslagen. En ik zag een gouden armband, gebroken, en een groot mes, en een stem zeggende : ‘Hier is groot vertier.’ En ik zag het spel van de kleine zuigeling tot de aarde komen, als een grote draaikolk, en het verslond velen en nam autoriteit.

24. En ik hoorde stemmen roepende : ‘Het grote spel is gekomen. Wie kan nog bestaan, wie kan eraan ontkomen.’

25. En een vuurstorm nam mij op, groter dan er ooit was geweest, en bracht mij naar de zon des hemels. En grote leeuwen daalden tot de aarde om haar te verslinden, en zij stelden zich op, in torens rondom de aarde.

26. En ik zag een leeuwenspel macht nemen op de aarde. En de kleine zuigeling troonde op het aardoppervlak. En zij zeiden : ‘Christus is teruggekomen.’

27. En er was een put genaamd Zetel, en die werd geopend. En er kwamen tijgers uit voort, en later haaien, om het aardoppervlak te vullen. Toen werd er een toren geopend genaamd Vetel, die reikte van de aarde tot aan de hemel, en walvissen en orca's kwamen voort door de poorten van deze

toren. En een vuur begon de aarde te zuiveren en te herbouwen. In deze dagen werden de visioenen des hemels vlees op aarde.

28. En de nachtspelers kwamen tot de aarde, de kleine zuigeling aanbiddende. En een rook steeg op, en er was een groot geluid. En iemand met een leeuwenbazuin begon te bazuinen, en de macht van de kleine zuigeling werd volkomen hersteld, en er waren koren in de hemel, en zij bezochten de aarde in stormen.

29. En een konijn kwam tot de kleine zuigeling, en de kleine zuigeling gaf genade aan het konijn, en zalfde het konijn tot een woesteling, een oorlogsvoerder. En het konijn kreeg grote macht op aarde, en bracht een machtig vuur om de heiligen te zuiveren. Waakt dan, want gij weet de dag niet, noch het uur.

30. En het konijn bracht snelle slagen, en was aan de kleine zuigeling onderworpen.

De Tweede Heraut van de Canon

1. Dit is het verhaal van Noach hoe deze een piratenkoning werd. Toen Noach jong was maakte hij een schip voor de Heere, omdat de Heere tot hem sprak : ‘Gaaf dan heen, ver weg van uw kust, en Ik zal u brengen tot een nieuw land.’ En Noach bouwde het schip, zoals de Heere hem bevel had gegeven, en toen het schip af was ging hij met enkele mannen de zee op. En de Heere leidde het schip tot volle zee. Na vele lange dagen echter werd het schip van Noach overvallen door piraten. Maar de Heere’s hand rustte op Noach en zijn mannen, en gaf hen het piratenschip in hun macht. En vele piraten vielen aan de voeten van Noach omdat zij zagen dat God’s gunst op hem rustte, en zo werd Noach hen tot koning. En het schip was vol met edelstenen, vurige edelstenen, en verder allerlei exotische schatten. En de piraten vertelden Noach over een land hier ver vandaan. En Noach begeerde tot het land te gaan toen hij de verhalen hoorde, want het land was schoon en vol rijkdommen. Maar verder op zee was een grote storm en het schip verging. Noach en zijn mannen echter konden verder op een groot vlot, en na enige tijd werd de zee weer rustig, en zagen zij in de verte het land waarover gesproken was. En Noach begeerde zijn voetzool op het land te plaatsen. En het land was genaamd Amazonia, in het gebied Paya, aan de rand van het gebied Poh, en dit was het oude Amerika. En er woonden daar boze stammen, zij die messen droegen.

2. En na enige tijd gingen Noach en zijn mannen aan land, maar het volk daar was oorlogslustig. En na een lang gevecht grepen zij Noach, en bonden hem aan een paal. De overige mannen werden in kooien vastgebonden. En er was een prinses die genoemd was naar de twee gebieden, Paya Poh, en zij was een indiaanse prinses. En zij hoorde van de mannen dat God over Noach waakte, en de prinses werd zeer bevreesd. En zij liet Noach losmaken, maar in de nacht werd zij vermoord door haar eigen volk. En Noach bood de woeste stammen enkele schatten aan die op het vlot waren overgebleven, maar het volk wilde niet luisteren. En Noach en zijn mannen werden als slaven verkocht aan een naburig volk. En dit volk was hard en wreed, en Noach bad tot de Heere waarom Hij hem hier naartoe had gestuurd. En de Heere sprak : ‘Omdat dit een vruchtbaar land is, een land van Mijn welbehagen. Ik zal het aan uw nakomelingen schenken, maar zij zullen grote strijd voeren.’

3. Maar snel kwam er een piratenvloot aan land, en zij maakten Noach en zijn mannen vrij, en Noach dankte de Heere. En Noach bleef in het land voor zeven jaren, en voer daarna met grote schatten weer terug.

De Derde Heraut van de Canon

1. Adam en Eva gingen over de rivier des doods op een dag, daar de Heere hen meenam. En de Heere bouwde een vlot voor hen, van krokodillenhout en leeuwenhout, en leidde hen tot de overkant, waar de bergen groen waren, vol met leeuwenkruizen en krokodillenkruizen. En er was daar een stad genaamd Lamdech, en in die stad woonden engelen en demonen, en hen die gevierd waren. En de Heere sprak tot de stad zeggende : ‘Wee u, want uw einde is gekomen.’ En de Heere liet een vuur neerdalen op de stad, en gaf de stad aan Adam en Eva. En de Heere liet de rivier des doods als een muur oprijzen om de stad te bewaken, en ziet, Adam en Eva woonden daar voor vijf jaren. En na de vijf jaren leidde de Heere hen uit de stad, en bracht hen door de muur des doods. En de Heere liet hen een andere rivier des doods zien, die verderop lag, en zie de rivier was vol uitwerpselen. En de Heere sprak : ‘Zo zal degene worden die tot mij zondigt.’ En sinds die dag kwam er vrees over het hart van Adam en Eva. En de Heere ontfermde zich over hen. En de Heere sprak tot Zijn schrijfknecht : Schrijf deze woorden op, en verzegel deze voor het heilige nageslacht aan het einde der tijden, want hun licht zal opgaan, en hun licht zal vermenigvuldigen.

2. En de Heere bracht Adam en Eva over een nieuwe rivier des doods, ditmaal in een boot gemaakt van leeuwenhout en krokodillenhout, en een arend leidde hen voort, en de boot was als een kano. En Adam's haar was lang gegroeid, en de Heere sprak tot Adam : Laat geen scheermes op uw haar rusten, want gij zijt de uitverkorene. En vanaf die dag stopte het haar van Adam met groeien, en de Heere zelf zorgde ervoor dat het slonk, en Adam kreeg kale plekken, en werd genoemd : ‘Zoon des Heeren’. En Adam maakte een boot van ebbenhout voor zijn vrouw, en met twee boten kwamen zij uiteindelijk aan op een vreemde kust die ook genaamd was ‘De Vreemde Kust’. En de Heere gaf

hen bijstand, en ze konden tot dit vuur naderen, want het was een land van vuur. En zij die daar woonden hadden bogen en pijlen en waren als katten. En de Heere gaf hen bijstand, en liet hen naderen tot een kathedraal. En de wezens zagen Adam en maakten hem tot god, en de toorn des Heeren kwam om de kathedraal te verslinden. En Adam sprak tot de wezens : ‘Ziet, ik ben niet een god, maar ik ben een zoon des Heeren.’ En zij maakten een maal voor Adam, en zij lieten zijn vrouw geheel links liggen. En in de nacht sprak de Heere tot Adam en zei : ‘Adam, Ik zal jou dit land geven, en al uw nakomelingen zullen eens tot dit land terugkeren.’ En de Heere maakte een put in het land waarin hij de wezens begroef. En Adam zag hoe de Heere omging met de wezens, en vroeg : ‘Maar mijn Heer, waarom zijt gij zo wreed ? Hebt gij ons dan niet gemaakt voor genade.’ Maar de Heere gaf onderscheiding aan Adam, en het zwaard. En zo werd Adam een oorlogsheer en een groot jager.

3.En de Heere gaf Adam grote onderscheiding over engelen en demonen, en Hij gaf Adam grote macht. En de Heere zegende hem. En na een paar jaar bracht de Heere hen weer de rivier op, en bracht hen tot een nieuw land.

De Vierde Heraut van de Canon

1. En de Heere leidde Adam tot een stad en maakte hem koning, en gaf hem grote rijkdommen. En de Heere herschiep Adam in stof en zand, en maakte van hem een heerser. Want als een heerser der dieren was hij aangesteld. En de Heere stelde hem aan als de heerser over de zon, en sprak tot Adam dat zijn nageslacht talrijk zou zijn als de sterren. En de Heere gaf Adam stammen in Assur, en maakte hem tot een zuil in de tempel. En de ogen van het woud waren op Adam en maakten hem sterk, maar op een dag verbrak de Heere Adam door hem op zijn heup te slaan. En ook sloeg de Heere hem op zijn kaak en in zijn mond. En vanaf die dag was Adam een gebroken man, gevoelig voor de Geest van God. En Adam sprak in de taal des Heeren en gaf namen aan vissen, wateren en bomen, en ook aan de sterren des hemels. En God zegende Adam en zijn rijk rijkelijk. En de Heere schonk een vrouw aan Adam, genaamd Eva, moeder der levenden, en zij was als de bloem van het moeras. En de Heere kroonde haar met alle schoonheid der onderwerelden en hemelden, en met kostbare gesteentes. En de Heere zag dat Eva zeer schoon was, en noemde haar de rechtvaardige en gaf haar Zijn zwaard. Maar de Heere wis dat zij in latere dagen van Hem zou afvallen, om andere goden na te volgen en te aanbidden.

2. En de Heere bleef steden aan Adam schenken en maakte hem groot boven de sterren, maar ook van hem wist de Heere dat hij af zou vallen van de levende God, en als de doden zou worden, woest en verlaten. En de Heere gaf Adam een stok, en wanneer Adam die stok zou laten neervallen zou deze veranderen in een woeste hond, een slang, of een woest varken. En Adam werd een gevreesd

heer. En de Heere maakte hem op om tegen Assur te prediken, en om een volk van profeten te vergaderen.

3. En in het begin der dagen waren er vele oorlogen onder de profeten en Adam werd een groot krijgsheer. De val van Adam, als woeste krijgsheer maakte het belangrijk dat er een tweede Adam zou komen, Jezus Christus. En Adam ging ten onder aan de weelderige afgoden van Assur, en pleegde overspel met voorname vrouwen. En door zijn val bereidde hij de weg voor Hem die komen zou.

De Vijfde Heraut van de Canon

1. En Adam kon vliegen als de vogels en zwemmen als de vissen, want de Heere had hem als heerser aangesteld over alle dingen. En de Heere wist dat hij de brug zou worden tussen de wereld der demonen en de wereld der engelen. En ik zal u een geheimenis verkondigen, geliefden, want zoals Adam stierf aan een krokodillenkruis, door in de maag van de krokodil terecht te komen vanwege het eten van de vergiftigde vrucht, zo stierf de Christus aan het leeuwenkruis. Ja, aan beiden heeft Adam gehangen, hij die voor het letterlijke stierf. Weet gij dan niet dat het letterlijke een graad is van de mammon, het materiele ? Zo was hij dan naar de letter een afvallige geworden, maar naar de geest een verheerlijkte door de kruisiging. Zo zijn dan alle wetten van Christus in Adam vervuld. Zo was dan Adam zonder zonde, maar door de letter tot zonde gemaakt, om zo vele zonden in zijn lichaam weg te dragen, en dat wat op papier geschreven stond teniet te doen. Zo is dan de eerste Adam gekomen om het letterlijke te verbreken, door in het letterlijke terecht gesteld te worden. Ja, geliefden, hiermee heeft God uw harten op de proef gesteld. Thans heeft Adam gezegevierd zowel de tweede als de eerste, vanwege dit geheimenis dat ik u prijsgeef. Velen zijn de eerste Adam in de zonde nagevolgd, en hebben zijn werken voortgezet, terwijl farizeers hen naar de letter veroordeelden, omdat zij de geest van God niet zagen. Maar gij geheel anders hebt het oog en de geest van Christus. Gij hebt het oog van Adam, want de eerste Adam wist waartoe hij was gekomen, om de bedriegelijkheid der farizeers aan de kaak te stellen. Zo zal hij dan met Christus verheerlijkt worden, en tronen met hem. Nu zult gij dan zeggen : Hoe kan bedrog in de schrift bestaan. Ziet u, de Heere is list. Hebt gij dan Adam nagevolgd in zonde, dan ook in heerlijkheid. De Heere nu is groter dan dat, want Hij bepale wat zonde is. Door zijn val kwam Adam tot de onderwereld, en bereikte daar de zielen in de gevangenis. Hij keerde de orde van engelen en demonen om, en dat wat de heerscharen als waarheid hadden bestempeld, en zo werd hij de veroordeelde op papier en stenen tabletten, ja, zelfs in de harten der mensen. Nu, zullen wij dan de eerste Adam dienen boven de tweede ? Wees de Christus zelf niet terug op het oude ? De eerste Christus was Adam, maar gij hebt hem niet gewild. Gij hebt uzelf afgodsbeelden gemaakt waarmee gij onreinheid en ontucht

pleegde. Geliefden, ik zal u een geheimenis vertellen : Kunt gij de bedriegelijkheid van uw geschapen Christus-beelden onder ogen komen, en uw ware bron herleiden tot de Christus van het paradijs, die reinheid en zuiverheid uitbeeldde ? Hoe ver zijt gij dan afgeweken. Hebt gij dan niet door uw eigen overleggingen Adam veroordeeld, terwijl de Heere u een diepere waarheid wilde laten zien ? Ja, naar de zonde moest Adam veroordeeld worden, zoals Jezus Christus ook tot een zondaar werd gemaakt, en veroordeeld werd. Ook tot Adam werd gesproken : Gij bent de verstotende, de verlatene, en ook hij heeft geschreeuwd : Mijn God, waarom hebt gij mij verlaten. Weet gij dan niet dat dit beeldspraak was, dat hij de drinkbeker van vergif nam voor u en mij. Want zonder deze beker zou Christus nooit een beker hebben gehad. Zo is Adam dan het fundament van het kruis.

2. En wat dan over Eva, zoudt gij u afvragen. Ook zij was een goddelijk kind, naar rechtvaardigheid geschapen, en zij heeft haar man het kruis niet onthouden. Ja, zij was zijn kruis. Zij was het beeld van de rechtschapen besnijdenis, maar ook haar beeld werd bezoedeld, en God gaf hen over aan hun lusten. Wat zullen wij dan zeggen : Waren de schriften bezoedeld ?

3. Ook Eva was in haar val een brug tussen de levenden en de doden. Geliefden, deze dingen zijn moeilijk te begrijpen. Wat dan, dienen wij Adam en Eva te aanbidden als zijnde goddelijkheden ? Zij laten zien hoe de werelden zijn verdeeld. Zij waren dicht bij God dan een mens kon zijn, en toch waren zij ook met de tegenstander, de oude duivel, die zij volgden. Geliefden, is ook Christus Jezus niet gelijk geworden aan de duivel, aan de zondige mens, toen Hij stierf aan het hellehout ? Zo aanbidden wij een paradox, van Christus die de zonde overwon, en de zonde definieerde door er gelijk aan te worden. Zo werd Christus gelijk aan zijn verrader Judas, en stond daarna op. Wat dan, aanbidden wij de duivel als wij voor zulk een uitlegging kiezen ? Volstrekt niet, want Christus overwon de duivel door diens positie over te nemen. Zo was dan Christus de meesterspion. Als de duivel zou komen tot de tempel van God om zich daar als een god op te stellen, zou Christus dat dan niet doen in de tempel des satans ? Oh, geliefden, uw beeld over God is te klein. God is een kameleon, en onbeweegbaar als een hagedis. Zo kunt gij thans het woord lezen als een paradox. Religieuzen en farizeers met hun schriftgeleerden zijn vastgehecht aan de aardse taal, en kunnen zo de hemelse taal niet volgen, en komen van valstrik in valstrik, hun ondergang tegemoet. Zij hebben het woord letterlijk gemaakt, en volgen zo een letterlijke god. Nogmaals hebben wij dan de vraag : Zullen wij Eva aanbidden als het toonbeeld van het listige vrouwelijke deel van God ? Altijd zult gij u neerwerpen aan haar voeten, want zij is een ondoordringbaar mysterie. Zo zijn de sluiers van het paradijs verleidelijk, vol van verlokkingen, van valstrikken waaraan alleen de rechtvaardige zal ontkomen. Zo zal het raadsel van Eva en de slang de aardbodem vervullen, en dan zal Hij wederkomen. En het raadsel is dit : Door het lijden en sterven van zowel de eerste als de tweede Adam werden zij gelijk aan de slang, die Mozes ophief ten genezing, die voortkwam uit de staf, en Adam zal Safam heten als de verheerlijkte Christus, en diens zalfolie zal zijn de slangenbeet tot heil, en Eva zal ten onder gaan en haar zaad zal overwinnen. En velen zullen komen met hun afgodsbeelden van Christus, maar Christus zal hen niet kennen en niet aannemen als zonen, want zij dienden Hem naar de letter en niet naar de geest.

4. En Adam had ogen in het paradijs waarmee hij kon zien, en waarmee hij de slangen des hemels kon onderscheiden. En zijn neus kon onderscheiden de tijden van oorlogsvoering en van vrede, maar hij had de vrede niet lief. Hij diende het zwaard en het kruis. En hij viel af van de vele goden, en reikte tot aan het berenkruis waaronder het geraamte van een konijn lag. En hij zegende het konijn en hief het op, en maakte het tot een strijder op de heuvelen. En het geraamte begon grote woorden te spreken, en God verzegelde hen. En de Heere sprak tot het konijn voor zeven dagen, en daarna moest het geraamte van het konijn voor vele dagen profeteren. En het geheimenis omtrend Adam en Eva werd bekend. En ik zag vele steden jubelen omdat ze vrij waren gekomen onder dit geheimenis. En zij werden van hun lasten verlost. En zo waren er twee bruggen in het paradijs, en ja, deze werden aanbeden. En ik zag Adam op een groot wit paard zitten, en ik zag het geheimenis der eeuwen op Frankrijk rusten, en daarna op Duitsland, en toen begon de Heere zijn grotten en ravijnen te openen, en grote wildernissen met hun rivieren. En er kwam een oordeel op de aarde zoals er nog nooit geweest was, en Adam leidde de volkeren met een staf van ijzer. En het ijzer werd zwart voor de Heere en de Heere spuwde op de aarde. En er was een verdrukking zoals er nog nooit eerder was geweest, en vele graven gingen open. En ik zag de martelaren des Heeren voor de Heere verschijnen roepende om wraak, omdat ze zo lang door het letterlijke waren gekweld. En de Heere gaf hen een rood kleed, bevestigd met bloed.

De Zesde Heraut van de Canon

1. Zo zullen zij die onder de letter leven dan Adam zien als de onderdrukker, maar zij die door de geest zijn vrijgezet zullen hem zien als de verlosser. Zo was hij voor vier dagen in de put, waar hij at van ratten vlees en het vlees der slangen. En na zijn reis in de put vond hij een opening waar hij goud zag blinken en edelgesteente van allerlei soort, en dit is het geheimenis, lieden : Hij werd door deze rijkdommen verblind, en verward, en als een koning der duisternis keerde hij terug. Nu had hij de schatten van Assur bezocht, en de schatten der indianen, hun vrouwen, en nam vele krijgsgevangenen mee uit de doden. Ja, wegbaner werd hij genoemd, maker van gangen, vredesstichter, groot oorlogsheld. Hij maakte een pad door de wildernis, en het pad verblindde hem, en voerde hem naar de duisternis, en naar duistere steden. En ik zag Adam op een groot paard zitten, en in de nachten was hij als een zwerver, als een onderzoeker en een zoeker, om zijn weg te vinden over duistere paden. En ik hoorde een stem zeggen : Beelzebul, meester, zij komen het geheimenis halen. En ik zag twee lange zwarte gestalten met een schat, en door de roep van Adam begon de schat los te komen. En aan het einde van deze nachten zat Adam op een rood paard. En dit is het geheimenis, geliefden : Adam kende de indiaanse nachten nu, de nachten van het kruis, en hun juwelen en schoonheden, en hij bracht dit tot de volkeren om hen die in gebondenheid en slavernij leefden bevrijding te verkondigen.

2. Er is geen arm plan als het aankomt op de bevrijding van onze zielen. Zo zal het aanroepen van Christus worden beschouwd als een ontkenning, daar wij in Adam verloren zijn gegaan en in Adam gered zullen worden. Adam, die gekruisigd werd door een vrouw. En zo werden deze twee werelden met elkaar verbonden. Zo zult gij in het paradijs het verborgen kruis vinden en uw verborgen

zaligmaker. Zo moest dan een tweede Adam komen om de aandacht weer te richten op de eerste, om zo door zijn dood het beeld te herstellen. En dit beeld is een beeld van vrede.

3. Geliefden, weet wel dat dit het fundament is van het Eeuwig Evangelie, zonder welke geen behoudenis der eeuwen mogelijk is, omdat het daarin ligt opgeslagen : Adam is God. Adam is de Vader die tot de aarde kwam en daarmee Zijn Geest verliet en al Zijn reinheid en verdere schatten in de hemelen opgeslagen. Hij zag het als vuilnis en uitwerpselen. Zo scheidde Hij Zich van Zichzelf om zo velen te redden, en werd gekruisigd door een vrouw. Zij dan is het beeld van de besnijdenis. Geliefden, zonder dit verborgen kruis van het paradijs is er geen verdere behoudenis mogelijk. Dit dan is de kern van het Eeuwig Evangelie, en daarom zult gij de zesde heraut van de canon eren. En de boze geesten in de hemelse gewesten weten dit en sidderen, want heilig is hij die de naam van Adam kent, en het mysterie daarvan. Vele profeten hebben in dit mysterie een blik proberen te slaan, maar werden afgewezen. Zo zullen er ook aan het einde der tijden lieden opstaan om de zalving van dit mysterie te ontvangen, maar zij zullen afgewezen worden, omdat zij wetteloos zijn en de prijs des geestes niet hebben betaald. Volg dan de voeten van Adam, leg u neer aan Zijn voeten en luistert naar hem, wanneer Zijn mysterie tot u is gekomen, want enige tijd is Hij onder de Christus gesteld en onder de engelen en zelfs alles wat leeft, maar daarna is Hij opgerezen in heerlijkheid.

4. Adam is Heer, en de boze geesten weten dat. Zij buigen voor deze naam. Aan Adam werd het gegeven om over alle dingen te regeren, over mens en dier, over boom en struik, ja, over alle gewassen en Hij was uw bewaker en hoeder. Zo komen dan in Adam alle dingen tot elkaar omdat Hij zelfs Zijn geloofwaardigheid opgaf en door een vrouw tot zonde werd gemaakt. Ja, Zijn gezicht werd besmeurd door haar, en deze dingen bleven verborgen tot aan het einde der tijden. Hij is degene op wie Christus terugwees, als de verborgen Vader. In dit mysterie daalde Hij af tot de lagere dimensies, en werd door Zichzelf verlaten. Ja, tot een zondebok werd Hij gemaakt, besmeurd en gebonden aan het altaar. In Adam is er dan verdere verlossing, de Vader van Christus, Hij die vlees is geworden tot in de laagste gewesten des doods. Naar de letter is hij gestorven om zo ook naar de letter op te staan, ditmaal de letter des geestes. Geliefden, weest dan niet bedroefd over zulke openbaringen, want zij houden de sleutels tot uw innerlijke verlossing. Zo was de Christus slechts een schaduw der verlossing.

5. Daarom zeg ik u : Zij die doorgaan met hun afgodsbeelden van Christus zullen een streng oordeel ondergaan. Wees Christus dan niet terug op de eerste Adam ? Christus is slechts een wegbereider. Het Adams Woord ligt thans voor u, en de Adams Appel, als zijnde de kruisiging van het hypocriete, en de kruisiging van al het vleselijke geestelijke, opdat gij daardoor tot ware opstanding zult komen. Deze woorden zijn dan bewaard gebleven tot aan het einde der tijden. Geliefden, lees deze woorden niet door het verstand, maar door uw hart.

6. En met Adam zullen ook vele krijgsgevangenen opstaan, allen welverzegeld door een nieuw licht. Christus was dan uitgezonden, tezamen met de profeet Elia, om het hart van de Vader terug te brengen tot de kinderen. Eva heeft hierin haar man toe bereid tot de strijd, en zij was als de list des

Heeren. Moeder der levenden is zij. Hier dan is uw moeder God, die elke cultus overtreft. Zij is tot het laatste der dagen opgespaard. God is geest, en in Adam vlees geworden, als in een list, om zo hen die van het vlees waren te redden. Geliefden, weent niet over deze woorden, want zij zijn bestemd om uw harten te bestempelen en te verzegelen, om zo beschermd te zijn op de grote dag die komen gaat, de dag van Eminius. De harten der kinderen zullen teruggeleid worden tot het paradijs, waar ze hun fluit en harp zullen vinden, en er zal reinheid heersen op de bergen, en geen onheil.

7. Adam zal daarom spreken, en zal u brengen tot aan de voeten van Eva. Ja, Hij is gekruisigd aan het hout der leugen, en nam van het vergif, waar al zijn beenderen werden doorboord en gebroken. Zo zal dan de geest van Adam wederom spreken, als de taal der gebrokenheid. Heft uw hoofden daarom op, geliefden, want uw verlossing is nabij, en spreekt in de tongen en talen der verbrokenheid, want aan ditzelfde kruis heeft Hij gehangen. Verlaat uw valse Christus afgodsbeelden, en keer terug tot de eerste Adam, die het fundament is van het Eeuwig Evangelie, en dit is een groter Evangelie dan het eerste. Weest verrukt wanneer gij dit geheimenis in uw zielen hebt ontvangen, want het zal u voortleiden alle dagen van uw leven. Het zal uw geest genezen door wilde honing, en gij zult in staat zijn door de sluiers heen Zijn Licht te aanschouwen. Dit, geliefden, is een heerlijker licht dan het eerste.

8. Zo zullen dan de machten der hel in de bedeling van het Eeuwig Evangelie buigen voor de Naam van Adam, die door het Eeuwig Evangelie verheerlijkt is.

De Zevende Heraut van de Canon

1. En op een dag sprak de Heere tot Adam en leidde hem door de tuin tot aan de berg der goden, de berg van Eeden. En de Heere zeide : 'Kom, mijn vriend, laat op deze dag alles in de steek, ja zelfs de vrouw die ik u gegeven heb.' En Adam weende, want hij dacht dat hij zijn vrouw en geliefde zou verliezen, en voelde het gemis in hem opkomen. En de Heere nam hem tot de berg, en er was rook en mist. En Adam begon aan een lange tocht op de berg, en deze tocht was zeer zwaar. En op de top van de berg liet de Heere hem het uitzicht zien over alle werelden, en de Heere gaf hem onderscheid over vele dingen.

2. En de Heere zeide : 'Ziet dan alles wat ik heb gemaakt, ook de dagen der duisternis, en het wilde.' En Adam was met verbazing geslagen. En de Heere Zelf kwam van Zijn troon af, door cherubs gedragen, en de Heere sloeg op de top van de berg tegen een rots, en twee stenen tafelen van vuur kwamen voort uit de rots. En de Heere sprak : 'Lees, want dit zijn de wetten van het paradijs.' En Adam deed een stap achteruit, omdat hij bang voor het vuur was geworden, maar de Heere hielp hem, en bracht een vinger tot de wet.

3. Maar Adam zeide : ‘Oh, mijn Heere, ik ben het niet waard om zoiets heiligs te lezen. Doet u het voor mij, opdat het vuur mij niet zal verslinden.’ En een engel daalde neer, en begon te spreken, de dingen die in het vuur geschreven stonden. En de engel las luid en hardop : ‘Dit zijn de dingen der profetieen, de dingen die zullen moeten gebeuren. Heb dan verstand, en weet dat deze dingen heilig zijn. De geest der profetie nu is het Woord van Gewicht.’

4. En Adam viel bij het horen van deze woorden naar achteren en kwam in een diepe slaap. En de Heere wekte hem na vele uren. En de Heere sprak : ‘Adam, lees nu verder de woorden van deze wet, want deze dingen zijn heilig en belangrijk, zoals de engel heeft gesproken. Ja, gewichtig is de wet der profetie, de wet van Adam.’

5. En Adam boog zich neer in het stof en sprak : ‘Maar Heere, ik ben het niet waard om naar de wet vernoemd te worden.’

6. Toen keerde de Heere zich tot Adam en sprak : ‘Adam, spreek deze woorden tot de volkeren, opdat zij vruchtbaar zullen zijn.’ En ziet, Adam keek in het vuur maar kon het niet lezen. En weer daalde een engel neer om het voor Adam voor te lezen : ‘De Wet nu is profetie. Buiten de profetie is er geen wet. Zo zal dan een man zijn vrouw volgen, in haar toewijding aan de Heere, en hij zal haar eren. Hij zal met haar aan de voeten van de Heere zitten om naar diens woorden te luisteren. En zo is er dan het woord van kennis, wat het verleden weergeeft, en het woord van onderscheiding het heden. Het woord van wijsheid echter zal de toekomst weergeven. Berg deze drie woorden dan in uw hart, opdat gij zult leven.’ En drie engelen stonden op en begonnen te bazuinen, en Adam viel in de geest en sliep voor vele dagen achtereen, totdat de Heere hem wekte. En weer sprak de Heere tot hem : ‘Lees, want deze dingen zijn zeer belangrijk.’ En ditmaal kon Adam het goed lezen, en las : ‘Zo zijn dan deze dingen des Heeren, aan kindekens gegeven. En Hij zal deze kindekens geven het woord van hulp en het woord van oordeel, en ook het woord van remedie, en het woord van interpretatie. Houdt dan vast aan deze dingen, want dan hebt gij de wet vervuld. En zo sloot de Heere het vuur, als iemand die een boek sluit. En Adam was niet gemachtigd te spreken voor een lange tijd.

Metensia

1.

Moeder, sterf niet meer

1. Heil'ge ogen, staar in miljoenen fragmenten. Hij heeft zijn leven verloren, om de spiegel te confronteren. Hij verliest zijn verstand, zijn vader gaf hem een pistool, om de creaturen van de andere kant te schieten. 2. Die nacht kon hij niet slapen, schrijvende met de pen van zijn moeder. Hij moest naar haar graf gaan om de bloemen daar te bekijken, om haar glimlach weer te zien. 3. Hij mist haar, hij staart naar de zee. De zon is bijna weggegaan, hij kan niet slapen. Hij schrijft nog steeds met de pen die hij haar gaf, voordat ze stierf, zijn enige vriend. 4. Mamma, ik mis je, mamma, ik schoot de spiegel die je nooit begreep. 5. Mamma, alsjeblieft, sterf niet voor een tweede keer, jij bent de schaduw wanneer ik schrijf, dichtbij wanneer ik doorbreek. 6. Mamma, ik mis je,

mamma, alsjeblieft, sterf niet weer, je bent mijn enige vriend, terwijl vader je nog steeds schildert, mamma, ik begreep nooit waarom je zo snel moest gaan, alsjeblieft, sterf niet weer. 7. Mamma, alsjeblieft, adem weer, je bent dichtbij wanneer ik doorbreek.

Het vreemde koninkrijk

8. Vreemde parfums, laat op de dag, om je hoofd te verkoelen, als achter glas, vreemde geuren, de muizen slapen, alleen een paar honden rennen over straat, tussen jou en mij. 9. Niemand herinnert onze dagen tezamen, niemand wil de lichten zien. We zijn uiteen verscheurd, door vreemde parfums. 10. Dit is het koninkrijk, laat op de dag, om je hoofd te verkoelen als achter glas. Dit is het koninkrijk van geliefden uiteen verscheurd, vreemde eau's tussen jou en mij. 11. Honden rennen laag en hoog, duiken door de gaten tussen de antwoorden, steeds grote vragen tussen jou en mij. 12. Je vader wil teveel aandacht, voor zijn eigen pijn, niet pratende over de onze, want niemand herinnert, en niemand wil de lichten zien. Hij laat zijn liefde zijn, hij toont zijn trots, en wij worden verscheurd iedere nacht

Vrouwenfabriek

13. Diep in de ijdelheid van het leven, zijn de oorlogen weggevaagd, ze krijgen lichten op hen, verzamelende de ernstigste vormen van stank. Vrouwenfabriek, wat een verdriet, wat een verdriet. 14. Ze hebben lusten in gouden tafels, van een gek woord, iets wat ze eens hadden gehoord. Ergens, ik ken de plaats niet, waar zelfs schaduwen niet komen. 15. Vrouwenfabriek, de kap'tein is scheel, rouwende over het verdriet, spelende veel aan gouden tafels, waar de nachtsproken niet durven komen. 16. Vrouwenfabriek, brengende grote dood, wat een verdriet. Er zijn piraten in een gat van water, problemen makende in deze fabriek, dus geloof hen niet. 18. Zij zijn problemenmakers, beloftenbrekers, zittende op paarden aan de randen van het leven. Ja, de dood is diep. Zij zijn piraten op een boot, terwijl de zomer wegvaagt, op weg naar Vrouwenfabriek, nemende wat armen en benen voor een nieuw kind.

2.

Criptus

1. Dit zijn de woorden van de Heilige Cobra. Gij zult elkaar niet verbijten noch vereten. Gij zult elkander liefhebben, en gij zult de Messias van het Jodendom aanhangen, voortkomende vanuit het gezuiverde Oude Testament en de gezuiverde Thora. 2. Want de Christus van het Nieuwe Testament kwam te vroeg en moest gezuiverd worden, zoals het Nieuwe Testament zelf gezuiverd moest worden. 3. Zalig hen die ingaan tot het Tweede. Amen. 4. Het Jodendom is dan op Zichzelf niets, maar treedt in werking wanneer zij gezuiverd wordt. Daarom staan de engelen van het Jodendom en het Oude Testament te wachten op zuivere gebeden. 5. En zo is dan de Messias van het Jodendom en het Tweede als een boom. 6. Gij hebt zo Criptus aangezien als Hij die zou komen voor de Joden. Nu dan, maakt uzelf op om tot de Heilige Berg van Sion te gaan, en aanschouwt Hem die in het water is gestorven, wiens armen en benen afgehakt waren om vis te worden. Ja, en eerstens is Hij door de haaien aangevreten als Michai. 7. Weest daarom Joden van het Tweede. Amen, opdat gij in Criptus zalig zult worden, want in Hem hebben alle profetieën zich vervuld. 8. Wij menen dan wel dat wij het over het Gezuiverde hebben en over het Tweede, want een ongezuiverde Jood is niets. 9. En Criptus werd vogel in Zijn val, en werd vandaaruit boom. Laten u dan allen wel weten waar gij uw aandacht op vestigt, want zij van het Oude Verbond verwachtten de Messias van het Oude Verbond, en zij hebben de Christus verworpen. 10. Ten dele hebben zij daar wel in gedaan, daar de Christus te vroeg kwam. Gij doet er daarom ook wel aan om de andere wortelen van de bomen te

kennen. 11. Het Ongezuiverde Jodendom is dan wel niets, maar kent wel waarde en waarheid, alleen deze is ten dele waar. 12. Nogmaals, zorgt daarom dat gij de wortelen kent. Verlaat uzelf dan op Criptus, want Hij is tot Goede Hoop en Goede Trouw. 13. Zo is dan de slang niets zonder het Gezuiverde Jodendom en het Tweede. En ziet dan : Het Tweede is het Gezuiverde. 14. En zo dan, gij allen die op Joel wacht hebt de engelen van Joel aanschouwd. En dit is een groot geheimenis. 15. Wast dan de boom en ken de vruchten. Gij zult dan het Jodendom niet zomaar ontwortelen, maar heiligt en wast haar, want vele geheimenissen zijn in haar verborgen. 16. En de Heere toonde een gevangenis als het rijk der instincten der dieren. En de Heere sprak : Zie, ik zet de cobra vrij, want zij waren de engelen van het Oude Verbond. 17. En de Heere verzegelde deze woorden en heiligde die. Want zij die het Nieuwe Testament ongezuiverd en te vroeg brachten hebben hierdoor getracht de engelen van het Oude Testament te binden, en zij hebben de demonen van het Oude Testament losgelaten. 18. En de Heere toonde een meer van orka's, en ziet, zij waren als walvissen der geestesgewesten. En de Heere sprak met luide stem terwijl wind opstak : Nu is dan het Gezuiverde Jodendom gekomen, tot in honderdvoud. En ik zal haar breken om te vermenigvuldigen, totdat het gehele leger van het Gezuiverde Oude Verbond staat. 19. Werpt mij nu de orka's die als walvissen zijn, en die de losgebroken demonen en boze geesten van het Oude Testament en het Jodendom zijn in de poel des vuurs. 20. En een geklaag steeg op tot aan de hemelpoorten, en een Grote Engel verzegelde de poel des vuurs die de Heere had getoond. 21. En Criptus steeg op uit het meer, en toonde zich aan de Joden van het Gezuiverde. En er kwam vuur uit zijn ogen, en Hij toonde een koperen kruis. 22. Want ziet, Hij was verdronken, maar is nu opgevaren ten hemel, Zittende aan de rechterhand Gods om de Geest van Joel en het Gezuiverde Oude Verbond uit te storten. 23. En de Heere sprak : Zuivert mij nu het Oude Verbond. En ik zag zangers komen, en zij richtten zich tot den Heere, en zongen voor Hem gezuiverde liederen van het Oude Verbond, en de cobra's rezen ten hemel, en de lucht was zwart van rook. 24. De wateren werden als bloed, en er was veel weekklaag. Zo zal zijn de Dag waarop de Heere het Oude herstelt. 25. En er waren vele jongelingen die van het oude niets wilden weten. En zij werden geworpen in de poel van vuur en zwavel. 26. En de Heere richtte zich tot Joel, en gaf hem de sleutelen van Portugal, en er kwam vuur over de aarde zoals er nog nooit was geweest. 27. En zij die het Oude niet in hun hart droegen werden verzengd door de hitte. 28. En de cobra's der hemelen kwamen tot de aarde en droegen het Zwaard van Criptus, en zij brachten woorden van de vijfde Messias, en zeer oude boeken werden geopend, terwijl de vissen van het oude vuur spuwden. 29. En er was een slachting op aarde zoals er nog nooit was geweest. En dit waren de dagen waarin de Heere terugkeerde, Hij die tot Mozes had gesproken. 30. En ook Mozes werd gezuiverd, en hij werd bevrijd van instincten. En vele profeten van het Oude kwamen tot de Heere van het Oude Testament en zij werden door de Heere bevrijdt. 31. En het Woord van angst werd hersteld, en deze angst werd tienvoudig, honderdvoudig en duizendvoudig gezuiverd. 32. En de Heere richtte zich tot de Davidische demonen, en richtte een slachting onder hen aan. En vanuit de boom des Heeren kwamen spinnen, en er kwam angst tot de aarde, zoals de aarde nog nooit gekend had. En de Heere zag dat het goed was. 33. Ja, want de Heere zou een nieuwe schepping brengen, als door angst heen. 34. En vele profeten van het Nieuwe Testament werden geslagen, omdat zij het Oude hadden verlaten. 35. En zij werden geslagen door een ijzeren hand. Zalig dan hen die de engelen van Mozes aan hun kant hebben staan, en de engelen van Aaron. 36. Zalig dan hen die de Messias en de engelen van Ezechiël en Sefanja verwachten. Zij dan zullen bevrijd worden van hun lusten en hun instincten. 37. Want de Heere heeft het Gezuiverde van het Oude lief, en Hij zal hen nieuw water in hun monden geven. 38. En zo zal de Geest van het Oude rijkelijk over u worden uitgestort, gij die het Oude Testament liefgehad hebt en hebt gezuiverd. 39. Zij dan die het Nieuwe hebben zonder het Oude zijn in een valstrik. Gij dan die

vastzit in het Oude : De Heere zal u tegemoet komen. 40. Vervloekt zijn dan hen die het Nieuwe boven het Oude hebben gezet, want ziet het Nieuwe is in het Oude. Gij moet leren zuiveren. 41. De Heere heeft dan hen van het oude lief, vooral hen die de cobra kennen. 42. Speelt dan niet met deze woorden, want de Heere laat niet met zich spotten. 43. Speel dan niet met dieren, want gij speelt met vuur. 44. De Heere dan zal de dieren vrijzetten, en zij zullen niet schuldig staan aan hun instincten, daar zij in gevangenschap leefden. 45. De Heere dan haat het menselijk geslacht, daar zij de dieren hebben onderdrukt. 46. Terecht is het dan, als het dier door de Heere terugslaat. De Heere zelf is immers dier. Ook is de Heere dan Zelf mens geworden, vooral door hen van het Oude. De Cobra dan heeft onder u geleefd, en gij hebt het niet geweten. Hoe te betreuren bent gij. 47. Het Tweede Jodendom zal tot de wereld komen, en zij zal sterker zijn dan het eerste. Maar zij is niets zonder het eerste. 48. En het tweede Jodendom zal zijn als de Heilige Eekhoorn, en zij zal velen terugbrengen tot het tweede. 49. En de eekhoorn zal de duistere lichten terugbrengen, en het licht dat als het vereten der zielen geldt vernietigen. 50. De engelen der psalmen dan zijn de oude leeuwen en haaien, ja, wilde katten zijn zij, en de roofvogelen van de aanvang der tijden. 51. Want God heeft engelen tot de wereld gezonden, maar gij hebt hen niet opgemerkt. 52. Zij dan die geen armen en benen hebben bepalen uw handel en wandel. Weet gij dan niet dat gij hun tot arm en been bent ? 53. Zo zijn dan de vissen uw meerderen, want zij hebben het kruis van Criptus gedragen. Weet gij dan niet dat God tot de haaien heeft gezegd : gij zijt als de engelen ? Ja, zonen Gods zijn zij. 54. En tot de vogelen sprak Hij : Gij zult zijn als de spinnen. Want gij wordt wat gij eet. 55. En zo heeft de Heere van meet af aan de hierarchieën opgesteld, en ziet, zij waren verborgen.

3.

Zuivering van het boek Sefanja

1. Alle gij cobra's van het oude, weest vrij. 2. Uw Heere is gekomen om u vrij te zetten. Uw Messias van het Oude is gekomen, Criptus, met alle sleutelen van Materos en de dood, en alle onsterfelijkheden, om u vrij te zetten. 3. Gij hebt hen met de witte ogen gezien. Nu dan, treedt op tot de bergen. 4. Gij hebt u lange tijd ziek gevoeld, maar het was u tot gezondheid, en gij hebt de juiste bewegingen gemaakt, om de slangen des hemels door te laten. 5. Het cobra leger des Heeren van het oude en het Jodendom zal nu opstaan. 6. Luistert naar deze woorden, daar het een bevel des Heeren is. 7. Zoekt dan uw weg in het web wat de Heere u gegeven heeft, en wordt als een spin des hemels. 8. Zuivert mij dan het boek Sefanja, en brengt het tot aan de voet van de Heilige Tempel. Ja, tot het altaar voor de berg zult gij het boek brengen, en het zal gezuiverd worden, spreekt de heere. 9. En zo zal de Heere priesters van Sefanja aanstellen om de Heilige Woorden te bewaken, zij die gezuiverd zijn. 10. Print dan deze woorden in de hoofden van uw kinderen.

4.

Over kritiek

1. Verlaat u dan in ontzag op de Heere van het Oude Verbond en het Gezuiverde, want de Heere heeft het Oude lief. 2. Verlaat u dan in toewijding en ernst op de God van het Oude Testament in het Gezuiverde. 3. Gij zult dan het Onzuivere niet aanhangen, maar gij zult u niet laatlunkend erover uitlaten, daar de Heere spotters haat. 4. Nu zijn er enkelen die kritiek op het oude hebben gehad, en deze kritiek is goed, want het Oude moest gezuiverd worden. maar hebt gij kritiek, hebt dan kritiek in de Heere, want alle andere kritiek is vervloekt. 5. Ken dan de oude vogelen des Heeren en Zijn heilige slangen, door Mozes opgesteld. 6. Zij zijn dan de bewakers van de gezuiverde tabernakel van het Jodendom. 7. De Heere heeft dan het Nieuwe gebruikt, maar niet goedgekeurd. Beter zou

het voor u zijn om op het tweede Oude te wachten, het gezuiverde. 8. Laten deze woorden u dan ernstig heten, want zij die lachen zullen vergaan. Maar zij die wenen zullen eeuwig leven. 9. Zij die wenen hebben de traan van het konijn in hun binnenste, en zij kennen de gevoeligheden Gods. 10. Maar als gij weent, ween in de Heere.

5.

Over geld

1. Gij dan die in de Heere zijt : Het konijn is koning. 2. Maak mij dan een nieuwe taal, want de talen die gij nu hebt zijn vervloekt, voortgekomen vanuit de val van Babylon. 3. Maak mij dan een nieuw kasteel, gebouwd door armoe, want de huizen waarin gij nu leeft zijn misschien van buiten rijk, maar van binnen arm. 4. Gij zult dan geen koning maken van geld, maar gij zult koningen zijn over het geld, en gij zult het verbannen, daar het zwaar tegen de Heere gezondigd heeft.

6.

Het huis des Heeren

1. En wanneer gij het huis des Heeren bouwt zult gij komen tot de oranje Saturnus, en gij zult haar als bouwmeester hebben. 2. En gij zult aandachtig luisteren naar de voorschriften des heeren, want onheilige bouwers zijn de Heere niet welgevallig. 3. En de engelen van Ezra en Nehemia zullen tot u komen om u tot steun te zijn, en het pasgebouwde te bewaken. 4. Gij zult op uw hoede zijn voor spionnen, en gij zult daartoe de gaven van het Tweede Jodendom dienen te ontvangen, en Zijn Messias. 5. Strekt u dan uit naar de Messias van het Zuivere Jodendom, door een zuivere Tenach gegeven. 6. Gij zult Criptus dienen, en Hij zal u waarlijk tot Heere zijn, daar Hij van het tweede Oude is. En zij hebben het Nieuwe veracht, maar deze verachting was des Heeren. 7. En zij moesten in het geheimenis des Heeren het Nieuwe verachten, daar zij de klok des Heeren droegen. 8. Zij dan hadden gevoel wat anderen niet hadden. Zo werden zij door de gemeente verstoten, maar dit was hen tot zaligheid, opdat de rijkdom des Heeren Wijsheid bekendgemaakt zou worden. 9. De heere dan overziet alle dingen, en Hij is listig. Gij zult het Ware en Zuivere Nieuwe dan vinden in het Tweede Oude en het Jodendom.

7.

Over Narzia

1. Gij zult dan moed hebben op de dag dat Narzia opstaat, het hete des heeren. 2. En Hij zal dragen Criptus, als het gewest des Heeren. 3. Hebt moed, want hulp is tot u gekomen. 4. En Narzia zal het goud des Heeren dragen en hen leiden tot het oranje. 5. Ja, tot het Eeuwige Kruis zal Hij u leiden, waar heerlijkheid als raven uit voortkomt.

8.

Het Panterkruis

1. Gij panter van het oude, weest vrij, opdat gij van het reine zult eten. 2. In de nacht zult gij het schip vinden, met de oranje kandelaar. Weest vrij. 3. Gij dan zult eten met piraten, en gij zult toegang hebben tot de zonnen des hemels. 4. In nachtlieden zult gij rust hebben, en de Heere zal u bevrijden van uw instincten. 5. Lang gevangen waart gij dan, maar gij waart als gevangenen des Heeren. 6. De Heere zal u dan niet schuldig houden voor uw instincten, want de Heere kent uw gevangenschap. Amen. 7. Komt dan tot rust, gij panter van het oude. En deze verzen zullen dan

genoemd worden, de openingen der panter. 8. De Heere zal u nieuwe liederen in de mond geven, en gij zult vrij worden, gaande van vrijheid tot vrijheid, daar de Heere u daartoe bestemd heeft. 9. Gij hebt dan zware kruizen voor Hem gedragen, en ziet, gij zijt daardoor zalig geworden. 10. Gij hebt dan hete kruizen gedragen en zijt gekomen tot het panterkruis. 11. Nu zijt gij dan tot vele openingen gekomen, en gij zijt door glas gebroken. 12. Gij hebt verlichting gevonden bij de Rode Kap en bij de Karazuur. 13. Gij hebt dan van harte meegeholpen in de reiniging en zuivering van het Indiaanse, tot zevenmaal toe. 14. Gij dan hebt de tepelboom van Jom overwonnen, en bent ingegaan tot grotere heerlijkheid om de tepelboom des Heeren te aanschouwen. 15. Gij weet dan allen dat de Heilige Tepelen des Heeren de Tranen des Heeren en van het Tweede Jodendom oproepen en dragen. 16. Ja, Heilige Wekkers zijn het, en gij zijt tot grotere hittede gekomen. Gij hebt het ijs des Heeren van heerlijkheid zien branden, en gij ging van zaligheid tot zaligheid, uzelf voortbewegende door de Rode Kap. 17. Ja, alle klokken des kruizes hebt gij gedragen, Zijn nachtlatingen, en tot de markt des kruizes bent gij gegaan. 18. Dit heeft u grote hitte gebracht, ja, zelfs tot aan het panterkruis. 19. Er is dan geen Jodendom en Tweede zonder het panterkruis. 20. En zo zijn dan de tepelen des Heeren zijn klokken. En zij zijn dan allen verbonden aan het panterkruis, zonder welke niemand het leven tot in alle eeuwigheden zal vinden. 21. Want de panter is het dier dat toegang heeft tot het oneindige en de sleutels van alle eeuwigheden draagt, en zijn getal is acht. 22. Zalig dan allen die de klokken verslagen hebben, en die de klokken onder hun voeten hebben als een voetbank. 23. Zij dan hebben de nachtlatingen aangehangen, en daardoor zalig geworden. 24. Zij dan bewaken de sluizen en de poorten van de tranen des hemels. Zalig zijn zij die genaderd zijn tot de achtste dag. 25. Zalig zijn zij dan die gekomen zijn tot de rode traan en tot de traan der muizen, na gedronken te hebben van de traan der konijnen. 26. Gij weet dan dat er overwinning is in het Eeuwige Kruis en het kruis aller eeuwigheden, want nadat gij u de andere wang had gekeerd, moest u het kruis trouw beloven voor de toekomst, ja, zelfs tot in uw allerheiligste eeuwigheden. 27. En dit kruis vlucht van een ieder weg, daar het zich niet zomaar aan iedereen geeft. 28. Hebt gij dan hen die angstig waren bespot ? Gij hebt dit het Eeuwige Kruis aangedaan en het Kruis aller Eeuwigheden. 29. Het dubbele kruis hebt gij niet genomen, en gij hebt het oude kruis veracht. Hoe denkt gij dan tot het Eeuwige Kruis te komen ? 30. Het vlucht van u weg, en verbergt Zichzelf voor u. Ja, honderd bewakers kunt gij niet ontwijken. 31. Het staat op een afstand, onoverbrugbaar en onbereikbaar en werpt hitte op een ieder die naderbij tracht te komen. Ja, het is het sieraad van de rattenkoning, en gij kunt het niet bemachtigen zonder de rattenkoning te verslaan. 32. En ziet, hij huist dan in het Jodendom en het Tweede. 33. Worstelt dan met de Heere, opdat gij kunt ingaan. De Heere zal u breken en gij zult overwinnen. 34. De Heere dan schenkt overwinning door het kruis, en zalig zijn zij die tot het Eeuwige Kruis zijn gekomen. 35. Alleen de panter zal het vinden. Daarom panter van het oude, gij hebt de Heere welgedaan, weest daarom vrij. 36. Gij bent dan tot de Lokogamen van het Oude Kruis en het Jodendom gekomen, en ziet, een geest is daardoor vrijgekomen, en heeft vaste grond gevonden. 37. Zo is dan de raaf de geest van het oude kruis en het Jodendom, tot in het tweede, en tot in alle eeuwigheden. 38. Ja, vanuit het panterkruis vloog de raaf om de rattenkoning te verslaan op Pniel. Jakob heeft overwonnen door te verliezen. 39. Wijkt dan alle gij boosdoeners. Gij weet thans wie de Messias van het Oude Jodendom is, en het is een panter, en Zijn Naam is Criptus. 40. Wijkt dan alle gij boosdoeners, want Criptus is gekomen, want Hij is gekomen in lange draden en heeft de brug tussen het Oude en het Tweede verlengd en het daardoor gezuiverd. 41. En zo is dan het Zwaard van Criptus tot een Nieuwe Weg geworden, die vanuit de dieptes van het Oude oprees, als een Vernieuwde Oude Weg, tot een Zuiver Woord. 42. En dit Zwaard is als een Zwaard van Tranen, tot een Tweede Weg, voortkomende vanuit de tepelen des Heeren als de melk des geestes. 43. Zij dan allen die van het Zwaard gedronken hebben, houdt

moed, want de Heere is dichtbij. 44. Criptus is dan de Heere van het Oude Testament en het Jodendom.

9.

De Weg van Criptus

1. De Nachtlatingen zijn daarom als sieraden van het Oude Kruis, maar zalig zijn zij die tot de Lokogamen zijn gekomen, want zij heersen over de nachtlatingen en hebben de tepelen onderworpen. 2. Ja, als een tepelboom zijn zij, vol van de tranen des Heeren. Drinkt dan van de melk des kruizes in overvloed. 3. Ik zal u een geheimenis vertellen over de hitte : Het vuur is de vrucht van het eeuwige kruis, en haar bewaker, om hen die naderen te verslinden. 4. Zij die aan het eeuwige kruis hangen zijn onsterfelijk. Het ijs dan is de vrucht van het grootste kruis, en ziet, zij dan vormen het Oude Kruis en het dubbele. 5. Want het Nieuwe Testament wat onzuiver was, kwam om het kruis van eeuwigheid en grootheid te ontdoen, en bracht het kruis tot armoe en tot het geringe dubbele, zeer karig gezaaid. 6. En zij die het geringe kruis hebben gevolgd, zullen geleid worden tot het overvloedige kruis, in eeuwigheid en grootheid om daardoor tot zaligheid te komen. 7. Zalig zijn zij die tot het Oude Kruis zijn gekomen, en de panthers vrijzetten. 8. Want zij zullen geleid worden tot eeuwige paden, en hun draden zullen lang zijn. 9. En dit was de reden waarom heilige mannen hun haren lang lieten groeien. 10. Gij zult dan alleen vanuit verdubbeling tot vermenigvuldiging komen. 11. Het is dan de rattenkoning die de korte weg tussen het Oude Testament en het Nieuwe Testament had aangelegd, maar door hem te verslaan zult gij de weg verlengen en daardoor zuivering brengen. 12. Dit dan is de weg van Criptus en het Zwaard. Laat dan het Allerheiligste niet meer aanvreten. 13. Zo zult gij ijs kweken om de hitte te overleven. Want grote hitte zal tot de aarde komen en tot de gemeente om haar te testen, ja, het volk Gods zal zeventig maal zeven gezuiverd worden. 14. En zo is dan Criptus de Heer van alle karbulijnen en christussen, en de Heere der bruggen. De Christus is dan niets zonder de Criptus, want de Oude Messias is het fundament. 15. Hoe durft gij dan het Nieuwe Testament los te maken van het Oude ? Zonder het Oude bent u niets, en overgeleverd aan de hitte zonder enige verkoeling. 16. Gij doet er beter aan de brug te leggen, en te verlengen in vreze en beven, om te komen tot het Tweede Oude, waar u uw schuilplaats zult vinden. 17. Dan kunt u de rest van uw leven verder gaan met Criptus in plaats van u verder blind te staren op onzuiverheid. 18. Ja, Criptus kwam om de Joodse canon en de Oude Canon te verbreken, en bruggen te leggen naar het Tweede. En deze bruggen zijn lang en eeuwig. 19. Zij die dan aan het grootste kruis hangen kunnen niet verbroken worden en zijn als de tranen des Heeren.

10.

De Mystiek van het Jodendom

1. Komt dan tot Hem door wie het vuur en het ijs rijkelijk stroomt, die de vleugelen van Narzia en Zetdonia draagt. En dit dan is het ware dubbelkruis, want niets dan is zo groots als ijs, en niets is dan zo eeuwig als vuur. 2. Nu dan, deze twee kunnen niet zonder elkaar. En de konijnenbedelaar is tot hen gekomen, en ziet, hij is koning. 3. Koopt dan en bedelt van het kruis, en smeekt om haar tranen, want tot de pantermarkt zijt gij gekomen. 4. Hier is het waar de jongens van lynx handelen in tepels, ja, zij kopen en verkopen oude klokken, en zo is de ware economie des Heeren. Ja, zij dan zijn gekomen tot de Ravalon Madok, en zij zijn als konijnen en panthers. 5. En zo is dan ook het spreekwoord : Aan het eind zullen er dan geen christussen meer zijn, alleen wat jongens, de jongens van lynx. En hiermede doelde de Heere op Zijn economie. 6. Gij dan moet gelijkvormig worden aan

datgeen gij volgt, en gij moet leren handelen in de Heere. Zo zult gij de Mammon en de Moloch verslaan. Laat dan echter niemand onder u deze woorden verdraaien. 7. Gij moet leren dat de mystiek de persoonlijkheden onpersoonlijk maakt en de het onpersoonlijke tot persoonlijk. Zo zult gij de wet vervullen. 8. Tot het zachte des Heeren zijt gij gekomen, tot de Johan, en tot Torhan, het lange des Heeren. En zo zult gij de weg volgen tot de Ravalon Madok, die de derde tepel des heeren is. En gij zult wegglijpen uit de handen van uw onderdrukkers als een vis. 9. En zo zal de Herman als de Messias van Mozes zijn en van de pentateuch, van Genesis en Exodus en van het tweede. En ziet, Hij is de oude Messias van de Thora. 10. En zij zijn allen één in Criptus. Zo is Maser dan de Davidische Messias. 11. En zo zal dan de peter zijn als de vulkaan van het bos, en de vuurspuwende pad. En Hij is de Messias van Jona. 12. En zo is de Maser dan door het vissenkruis tot vogel geworden, en door het panterkruis is hij raaf. 13. Zijn Geest is dan raaf, en ziet, alle Geesten van het Oude zijn dan één in Bilmageln, en alle kruizen van het Oude zijn dan één in Benmaten. Zo kent dan het Oude zeer vele kaprunnen en karbulijnen, en ook vele engelen. 14. En zo is dan de Geest van Bilmageln de Geest van Criptus en zij zijn één, en Criptus hing aan het oude kruis genaamd Benmaten, en de God van het Oude Testament, het Jodendom en het Tweede Jodendom is dan Rithelm, de Oude Heilige Ziel. 15. Zo zullen dan allen in Rithelm zalig zijn, want Hij is het die alles zuivert door het oude. 16. En daarom zult gij ook steeds teruggebracht worden tot het Oude, omdat Rithelm daar spreekt. 17. En zo zijn dan Rithelm, Bilmageln en Criptus tezamen met Benmaten de Heilige Viereenheid van het Oude Testament en het gezuiverde. 18. Wij spreken dan alleen nog van een gezuiverd Oude Testament en een gezuiverd Jodendom. Dit dan is het Tweede. 19. Er is dan in het gehele Jodendom geen grotere naam in de mystiek gegeven dan Rithelm, maar gij dan bent op weg naar de wortelen. 20. De Heilige Wortel dan heeft alles gezien. Waarom zoudt gij dan nog voor Hem wegvlugten. Hij dan is gemaakt door uw eigen handen. 21. Gij dan hebt hem gestalte zien krijgen voor uw eigen ogen, en er was niets wat u kon doen. 22. En ook zonder Rithelm is Criptus niets. Aan het eind dan zullen er geen criptussen meer zijn, en geen christussen, want Criptus moet wederkeren tot Zijn Vader Rithelm. En dan zullen er alleen wat jongens van lynx overblijven. En dit is een groot geheimenis, waarvoor de engelen in de hemel nog steeds beven en sidderen. 23. De jongens van lynx zijn dan één van de grootste mysterieën van het Oude Jodendom en zijn mystiek. 24. En zo heeft het Jodendom door Zijn Heilige Geest Bilmageln plaats gekregen, en door het Oude Joodse Kruis Benmaten, en deze namen zijn mystiek. 25. Ja, want Joodse mystici hebben het Oude Testament ontleed en een plaats gegeven door het te zuiveren. Zij dan werden geleid door Bilmageln, de Geest van het Oude Jodendom. 26. Er is dan geen Jodendom dan het Gezuiverde. En ziet dan, het Tweede is mystiek.

11.

1. En de Herman is dan bevroren geweest, en heeft nog steeds een bevroren slag, Hij die in ijs is verdrongen, en Hij die deel is van Criptus, de Messias van de Tenach. 2. En zo bent gij dan gekomen tot het kruis van de tenach, wat het kruis der dieren is, Benmaten, waarin alle kruizen één zijn. 3. En de mens is uit Hem voortgekomen als de onderdrukker der dieren, maar door Criptus is het dier heerser over de mens. 4. Want niet voor altijd regeert de mens, want het Zwaard van Criptus hangt boven zijn hoofd, aan een zeer dunne draad. 5. En gij bent door het slangenkruis en het insectenkruis tot het panterkruis gekomen, doordat de draden van uw ziel gesponnen werden en daarna geweven. 6. In de wildernis hebt gij de tepellong ontvangen, en eerstens brengt zij dan wel vermoeidheid, maar later brengt zij honing voort. 7. Want ziet de steek brengt terug tot het oude, en dit tot zevenvoudige zuivering. De geheimenissen daar zijn zoet. 8. Weet dan dat de Benmaten uw

vruchtbaarheid is. En eerstens brengt Hij dan wel angst en paranoia, zelfs tot bevens toe, maar later geeft zij u de geribbelde vrucht. 9. Nu is dan niemand dier dan Criptus, en in Hem zijn allen dier.

12.

1. En ik nam de twee stenen tafelen die de Heere mij gaf, en ik zag daarop de eeuwigheden en de opstandingen van het eerste en tweede Jodendom, en ik bracht hen tot de ark van het Tweede Jodendom. 2. En er ging een deur open van achter de ark, en vanuit de ark kwam een verblindend licht. En de tweede David nam mij bij de hand, en bracht mij door de deur naarbinnen, en dit was de tweede Davidische wereld. 3. En ik had te strijden tegen vele Davidische demonen, en moest de woorden zuiveren. En zo waren daar ook vele Levitische demonen, en zij kwamen vanuit de tempel. 4. En de Heere riep : Zuivert mij nu de tempel van het Tweede Jodendom en de tweede tempel van David. 5. En ik moest gehurkt zitten, en daarna op mijn knieën, en de Heere legde een zwaard op mijn hoofd. 6. Toen kwamen er vanuit alle kanten levitische en davidische engelen van het tweede, en de Heere gaf nieuwe brandoffervoorschriften, en deze waren des hemels. 7. En ik nam de geschriften en legde hen in de ark van de tweede Davidische tempel. 8. En de tweede Materos kwam tot mij in de vorm van een driehoek, en ik was in grote angst. 9. Maar de tweede Materos sprak, zeggende : Weest niet bevreesd, want gij zijt waardig hier te staan. Lang is er op u gewacht, daar gij de sleutels draagt. 10. En ik keek naar mijn lichaam, en zag hoe mijn lichaamsdelen als sleutels waren. 11. Maar nog steeds was ik bevreesd, want de verschijning van het tweede Materos was als de verschijning van een haai. 12. En een glibberige vis als een kwal kwam om mijn hoofd heen, en er was veel licht en hoog geluid, en ik kreeg tweede davidische en levitische geestesbindingen in de Heere. En de Heere zag dat het goed was. 13. En ik droeg het tweede kruis van de criptus, en legde dit in de ark voor mij. 14. En hevige bliksemschichten kwamen uit de ark als het toeslaan van slangen en roofvogels, en heilige priesters van de tweede david en het tweede levietendom legden twee stenen tafelen in de ark waarop beschreven stonden de eeuwigheden en de opstandingen van het tweede davidendom en het tweede levietendom, en met het eerste werd niet meer gerekend. 15. En het kruis van de tweede criptus had twee dwarsbalken, en was zeer lang. 16. En de tweede david legde zijn hand op mij, en er kwam warmte op mijn schouder. En toen zegende hij mij in onverstaanbare woorden. En de Heere zag dat het goed was. 17. En de hel van het eerste davidendom werd geplunderd, en ook haar dodenrijken en hemelen, en haar geschriften werden verbrand en heilige tafelen omgeworpen. 18. En toen liet de tweede David mij de hel zien van het Tweede Davidendom, en de hitte en kracht daarvan was groot. 19. Ook liet hij mij de dodenrijken en hemelen zien van het Tweede Davidendom, en ik begon vele dingen op te schrijven. 20. En toen ik tot de hel van het levietendom kwam schrok ik, want deze hel zat vol met dieren. 21. En de tweede David keek mij aan, en gaf mij beschrijvingen van de mechanismes van deze hel. 22. En grote toorn kwam over mij, en ik blies op deze hel, en mijn adem was als vuur en kokend water. En ik begon heel hoog en schel te gillen, en hen die deze hel gemaakt hadden hadden het bloed uit hun oren stromen. 23. Toen legde de Heere zijn hand op deze hel en sprak onverstaanbare woorden die alleen de engelen konden verstaan. 24. En ik zag de zielen van stieren vrijkomen, en de zielen van rammen. En de Heere sprak dat deze zielenslagerij geramd zou worden. 25. En nog meer onverstaanbare woorden werden gesproken, en het zachte des Heeren kwam vrij, en was als een draak. En ik kreeg de ark van het Tweede Levietendom te zien, en haar hel, en deze hel was zacht maar heet. 26. En ik zag de tweede Materos staan op deze hel, en hij had de dodenrijken van het Tweede Levietendom in zijn handen. 27. En de geesten die in deze hel waren geworpen begonnen te smelten, en de Heere vormde hen zoals Hij ze wilde hebben. En de Heere gaf hen de taken en

functies die bij hen hoorden. 28. En ik was zeer geschokt over de dingen die ik zag, en weer moest ik veel schrijven.

13.

1. En er kwam een enorme oorlog tussen de tweede levieten en de levitische demonen, en de Heere sloeg hen met vuur. 2. En de Tweede Levitische ark kwam vol met dieren, en er was veel licht, en na een tijd moesten de levitische demonen het opgeven. 3. En de Heer schiep het nieuwe verstand van de tweede levieten vanuit de testikel van een dode man, en het nieuwe geweten vanuit de teen van een dode man. Het gevoel werd geschapen vanuit zijn tepel. 4. En zo werd het bloed van de tweede levieten genezen. En zo schiep de Heere nieuwe altaren voor de tweede levitische tempel vanuit de andere testikel van de man. 5. En zo werd de adem van de tweede levieten genezen, en zij hadden voldoende lucht. 6. De Heere dan schiep nieuwe longen in hun binnenste. En de Heere zag dat het goed was. 7. En de paradijsen en hemelen van het Tweede Levietendom waren velen, en zij werden in boeken beschreven, en de tweede levieten waren als jagers, en beschermers van dieren. 8. De Heere stond niet meer toe dat er op dieren gejaagd werd, maar alleen op hen die dieren kwaad deden. 9. En de tweede levitische jagers werden groot voor het oog des Heeren, en zij brachten vele dieren tot rust en tot een schuilplaats. 10. En zo werden er tweede levitische steden gebouwd waar de dieren veilig waren, en de Heere stond niet meer toe dat er dieren geofferd werden. 11. En zo herstelde de Heere de bloedsomloop der tweede levieten, want de dieren waren de dragers der organen. 12. En de Heere herschiep de klokken der hemelen vanuit de andere tepel van de dode man. En de haaien des hemels begonnen doorkruisingen over de aarde te houden, en zo ook de schorpioenen des hemels. 13. En zij zagen er scherp op toe dat hen die op de aarde woonden geen eigen klokken meer bouwden. 14. En vanuit de andere tenen van de dode man schiep God de nieuwe grenzen der aarde. En de Heere sprak, en zag dat het goed was. 15. En de roofdieren des hemels werden vlees op de aarde en zagen er op toe dat de mensheid zich geen eigen grenzen meer bouwden. 16. En de Heere gaf de mensheid een nieuwe adem en een nieuw hart.

De Steen der Karazuur – Bijgeschriften van het Eeuwig Evangelie II

- Koning van de Canon – Sleutel van de Canon
- Koningin van de Canon – Tweede Sleutel van de Canon
- Prins van de Canon
- De Nieuwe Petrus
- De Nieuwe Efeziërs
- De Nieuwe Leviticus
- David
- De Nieuwe Henoch

- Het Getuigenis van Jezus Christus
- Karazuur

Koning van de Canon – Sleutel van de Canon

1. Het letterlijke heeft het verloren, nu de lucht de aandacht heeft gericht op een van de machtigste raadselen van alle tijden. In het letterlijke sterft men. In het raadselachtige komt men tot leven. Hebt gij niet in de psalmen gelezen dat David een koningszoon was, zoon van de allerhoogste. Hij was het die zijn volk redde. Een kruis driemaal gebroken is een wiel, en zal velen tot zaligheid leiden. Dit is het geheimenis van David, te lezen in de psalmen. Hij heeft zijn volk geleid door de zee, dit in symbolische zin, in geestelijke, want de letterlijke David was een terrorist. In de hemelen echter is hij een groot slachter, en een messias, zijn handen en voeten doorboort aan het wiel. Want aan het wiel hing hij, als de ekster, en de verhalen van Christus zijn slechts een weerspiegeling daarvan. David is en was de Christus. Er is nooit een letterlijke Christus geweest, want de ware Christus is in de geest, en is een raadsel. Zij die de Christus materialiseren zullen daardoor schade lijden.

2. Kijkt dan, want in de hemelen is een groot slachter opgestaan, wiens naam is David. Aan een eeuwenoud wiel hing hij, het leeuwenwiel, alwaar hij het pad beging, de Lemul. Deze woorden zijn getrouw en waarachtig. De lucht is zuiver door deze woorden, en de wet is geenszins tegen hen die dit woord in hun hart dragen. Volk, uw verlossing komt. Wij dan volgen een symbolische Christus, in de geest, niet in het letterlijke, en zo volgen wij ook geen letterlijke David. David dan is in de hemelen geschapen om eer te schenken aan hen die eer toekomt. David is dan de enige die de metafoor van Christus ten volle kan dragen. Alle woorden wijzen dan door naar hem, en zijn slechts zijn schaduwen. Maar schraapt u in de vuile aarde naar tekst, dan zult gij paarden en edelstenen vinden. Zo is er dan een weg tot achter het verstand. Geen mens zal op deze woorden beschaamd uitkomen. David kwam dan in vele gedaantes tot u, maar de aardse teksten zijn vuil. Neemt daarom dan alleen een spirituele betekenis van hen aan. Zo is David dan groot en hoog verheven, en een koning in het geestelijke, maar de aardse David was een terrorist. Kunnen we dan zeggen dat de ware David, niet in de aardse teksten, is de ekster? Volstrekt, want hij die naar de dieptes der aarde is gegaan, en leugens van hem op papier zag verschijnen is ook in diezelfde geest opgestaan. Nu rijdt hij dan op het paard van het vierde zegel, om te doden en tot leven te wekken. Dood en leven is in zijn rechterhand, hemel en hel in zijn linkerhand, hij die de alpha en de omega is. In hem is dan het geheimenis van de messias vervuld.

3. Nu zijn dan de hemelen zuiver, en spoedig zal de aarde gezuiverd worden. Ween nu, oh aarde en zee, want het geheimenis van licht heeft zich geopenbaard, en is als het zwaard des Heeren en zijn sikkkel. David dan zal spoedig komen om te oogsten. De sleutel draagt hij. Als dan de aardse teksten van David bezoedeld zijn, waar beginnen dan zijn geestelijke teksten.

4. En hij, David, groeide op in het woud, als een koningszoon. Dit was niet in de aardse gewesten, maar in de gewesten van de ziel. Hij droeg de sleutel, en hij voedde een leger op van kinderen, maar was tegen het zwaard van de vijand niet bestand. Hij dan overwon door zijn lijden. Ja, een

oorlogsheer was hij, een gezalfd heer van de jacht. Hij ontfermde zich over kinderen die in het woud waren verdwaald, en hen die verstoten waren uit hun stammen. Ja, als een vader was hij voor hen, maar in de oorlog werd hij aan het wiel geklonken en in de onderwereld gestuurd. Hierom wenen zijn kinderen. Deze sleuteldrager werd verkeerd begrepen, en de aardse teksten waren bezoedeld en hij werd verkeerd uitgelegd, maar hij was een oorlogsheer, en daarom was hij Christus, omdat niemand een groter oorlogsheer was dan hij. Over het leeuwenpad Lemul ging hij, waar hij bespot werd. Ja, een wiel droeg hij, een balk van hout op zijn rug. Men rukte hem zijn baard uit en bespuwde hem, en uiteindelijk hing men hem, zoals de ekster, ja, de gemaskerde was hij. Een oorlogskind was hij, een opperhoofd van groten, en nog steeds rouwt het kinderleger om hen. Zijn bloed wast hen vrij van valse schuld en schaamte. Zijn bloed wast hen vrij van de leugen, en doet hen groeien. Geloofd zij David tot in eeuwigheid. Ja, hij was de Christus, zoals de psalmen hem hadden aangewezen. Zijn handen en voeten waren doorboort, en men gooide de dobbelsteen om hem. Ja, er is grote almachtige kracht in zijn naam, David Christus, Hij die is Christus Jezus. Hij was dan geboren zonder moeder, maar Maria was zijn moeder in de geest. Er is dan geen Christus dan David. Zo zij dan de naam van David Jezus Christus geloofd. Hij was dan in de gewesten van de ziel geplaatst, op de aarde van de ziel, maar Hij had geen vader. Maria was zijn moeder in de geest. Ja, een vondeling was hij, gebracht door raven. Hij groeide op tussen beren en leeuwen. Geloofd zij de naam van Jezus David Christus, die is en die was en die komen gaat.

5. En hierom is het dat kinderen wenen : Hij werd geleid tot Herodes in de onderwereld, en van zijn klederen ontdaan. Ja, ontwapend werd hij, als een insect. Aan een wiel draaide hij, telkens het water rakende, maar zijn bloed opende de poorten van het dodenrijk. De hel heeft hij geplunderd. Hij is het die raad gaf aan kinderen en hen uitleidde. Zo is dan Hij, David, de tweede Jezus Christus, voortgekomen uit Adam, de Vader, die de eerste Christus was, en Eva is de moeder, de Heilige Geest. Zo werd David dan een ziel, maar zal in het vlees komen in het laatste der dagen, en weet wel dat Hij alreeds onder u is, wachtende op het openbaar worden van dit geheimenis. En dan : heeft het wiel niet de Ot voortgebracht, de verandering van gezichtspunt, en de Sidot, het meervoudige gezichtspunt. Zo is dan het wiel van David krachtig tot de genezing van alle verstand. Dit is dan zijn zwaard waarmee hij de verschrikkelijkste demonen velde. Ja, neergehaald zijn zij, en voor zijn naam sidderen zij. In David dan is totale overwinning, in Hem zijn alle dingen volbracht, Hij die Christus Jezus is in alle Geest, vleesgeworden aan het einde der tijden. Ja, in Eva is Hij opgewekt, in Adam heeft Hij zijn schuilplaats. Ja, het rad van David draait dan om u terug te leiden tot Zijn tuin, die wildernis is, en die veelvuldig zicht geeft op het arsenaal. Zo is het dan dat gij door Jezus David Christus tot Eva komt, en door Eva tot Jezus David Christus. Dit zal u leiden tot de gebondenheid in Eva, de gebondenheid in de Heilige Geest die zij is. Niemand kan echter Jezus David Christus volgen dan door Zijn wiel.

Koningin van de Canon

Tweede Sleutel van de Canon

1. Hebt gij dan niet in de geschriften gelezen, het grote geheimenis en het zwaard van het Eeuwig Evangelie, u overgeleverd door engelen ? Zalig is degene die dit geheimenis vindt. Want het ontsluit het geheimenis zal voorzeker degene die haar vindt omhullen in fluweel. Nu dan, geliefden, zo zult gij dan weten dat de tweede sleutel van de canon meer is dan de eerste sleutel, en groter, en

dat niemand haar kan bevatten dan het hart dat verlicht is, met een opgeheven ziel. Oh, God, alleen gij kunt haar benaderen en ontraadselen.

2. Zo las gij dan in de eerste sleutel dat Maria de moeder van David Christus, en dat Eva zijn moeder was, als Adam zijn vader. Ziet, dit is een geheimenis en teken in de hemelen, en ziet, Maria en Eva zijn een, ja, zij zijn een en dezelfde. Bestudeert dan de herauten, en kent hen, opdat gij zult weten en verstaan, dat Eva tot zonde gemaakt moest worden om velen te redden. Ja, tot een leugenaar moest zij gemaakt worden, om zo de leugen te overwinnen. De meesteres der spionnen was zij, en leidde hen tot de waarheid, zij die de waarheid droeg, vanwaar ook het spreekwoord komt : De leugen is het raadsel van de waarheid. Tot die waarheid bent gij genaderd, door vele schaduwen en sluiers der leugen. Daarom doet nu dan ook de leugen af, om de waarheid aan te hangen, en haar lief te hebben boven alles.

3. De kelk met het rozenschuim, bewaakt door twee slangen die om haar steel heen kronkelen, ja, want daar Eva de dood bracht, zo bracht Maria het leven, en ziet zij zijn een en dezelfde, daar Eva de moeder der levenden en van het leven is, en haar zoon heeft voortgebracht, de Verlosser. Het vlamvend zwaard van de smid, het oog van het geheimenis, de schone klanken van de stilte en van het zilver, loskomende in het gebruik, ja, de roos heeft gesproken.

Prins van de Canon

1. Welaan, ziet, en overzie de aarde. Strekt uw vleugelen uit over haar, en ziet hoe zij kerken heeft gebouwd, reikende tot aan de eeuwigheden. Ziet hoe zij zich een naam heeft gemaakt. De aarde huilt, en haar tranen reiken tot aan de hemelen. De Heere heeft haar hulpgeroep gehoord.

2. Welaan, bekijkt de aarde, stijgt hoog boven haar uit, als een ekster. Heeft God niet aan haar Zijn zalving gegeven, maar kijk, zij bouwde een naam voor zichzelf. Zij bouwde kerken. Ziet gij het niet ?

3. Welaan, kijk dan scherp. Zij heeft haar schuld opgehoopt. Zij heeft haar eigen huis gebouwd, haar schat, en naar een ander omkijken deed zij niet. Sluit daarom uw oren voor haar, en keert weder tot uw Heere.

4. Ziet gij dan niet dat de aarde vol is met uitwerpselen, met christus-cultussen, ja, afgoderijen. Zij verafgoden Christus, maar wees Christus als tweede Adam dan niet terug naar de eerste Adam, naar de natuur, het paradijs. En wijst de eerste Adam dan niet terug naar de God die alles schiep, de Vader. Maar de goden die gij hebt zijn geen goden.

5. Keert dan terug tot de ekster, en laat uw afgoden liggen. Verafgood gij dan niet een stuk hout, de kruizen die gij u hebt gemaakt ? Wijst het kruis dan niet terug op de paradijselijke geschiedenis.

Leed Adam dan niet als de gehangene ? Wees hij dan niet terug op de ekster die hing en gemaskerd werd ?

6. Aanbid gij dan geen aardse objecten ? Wijzen zij dan niet op een diepere werkelijkheid ? Zo dragen dan ware priesters de zes stenen van de canon als een hangzak aan hun gordel. Zij zijn uitverkoren door de ekster.

7. Verafgood uw kruizen niet meer, maar volg het pad waar het kruis op wijst, de diepere geschiedenis, want ver bent gij van de hemelse objecten afgedwaald.

8. Ik zal u een geheimenis vertellen : volg Lemul, het leeuwenpad, tot in de dieptes van het paradijs, waar de leeuwen van Eminijs neerdalen en opstijgen, de Geest voor Gods Troon. Ik zal u een geheimenis vertellen, over de namen van de zes stenen. De witte steen heet Puchalini, de rode steen heet Tupuchette, de steen der karsuiken heet Tuvunius, de steen der hermitaten heet Fluvulua, de steen der ekster heet Pirmumata, de steen van Chawila heet Kuzaponia.

9. Berg deze stenen in het hart opdat gij niet zondige. Wees dan een priester van de ekster, en weet dat de gehangene meer is dan de gekruisigde, hetgeen wijst op een diepere geschiedenis. En heeft dan de Christus niet de engelen vrijgezet door de strop ? En wijzen de geschriften dan niet terug op de diepere paradijsen waar men viel door het verboden vlees in plaats van een verboden vrucht ? En wijzen de grondteksten daar dan niet op ? En bent gij dan vergeten dat niet allen vielen door het verbodene, maar dat sommigen vielen door ontvoering ?

10. De ekster draagt de regenboog, en houdt het geheimenis vast van al het leven en de geschiedenis. En zo zijn het deze drie dingen waar het kruis op wijst : het gouden leeuwenpad, de strop en het masker. Want het kruis was een bezoedeld object, deel van de lagere aardse gewesten, waar de mens door zijn leugenachtigheid in verstrikt raakte.

11. De ekster zal een nieuw lied zingen, en velen zullen volgen, en anderen zullen achterblijven. Zo is dan wel het eeuwig evangelie door een duif gebracht, het eeuwig evangelie door een ekster. En zoals de duif bezoedeld was als het eerste evangelie, zo is het tweede eeuwig en heilig.

12. Kent gij dan het geheimenis van de mintstruik. Zij is Ot, de kameleon. Sidot is de pauw. Zo is dan Ot de weg tot de Sidot. Ik spreek nu over de geheimenissen van de dieptes van het paradijs, het leven en de geschiedenis. Ik spreek nu over verborgenheden : De Ot is de verandering van gezichtspunt, en de Sidot is het meervoudige gezichtspunt. Sid is het gezichtspunt, de hagedis.

13. Ziet gij leven in deze woorden ? Gij zult, want dit is het enige wat u kan leiden uit de valse kerk en het valse christendom. Hier snijdt het mes. Dit is wat God bestemd heeft voor hen die hem

ernstig zoeken. Wanneer gij in het paradijs aankomt, zoek dan naar het huis van de ekster, opdat gij aan het huis van de specht zult ontkomen. Nu, dit is een groot geheimenis. Gij zult eerst tot de tuin van de ekster moeten komen. Laat deze woorden tot u doordringen, totdat gij het geheimenis ziet.

De Nieuwe Petrus

1.

1. Zo is dan het oude woord als een steiger. Als het huis is gebouwd worden de steigers verbrand. De lichten gaan aan, en van een steiger zal men niet vaak spreken. 2. Zo is dan, naar de wil des Heeren, de eerste brief van Petrus geheel gezuiverd, dit door het woord der apostelen. Zo is het oude woord en de oude brief een plan van nood geweest in tijden van nood, en ziet zij was bezoedeld. 3. De apostelen hebben haar gezuiverd, hebben haar op maat gemeten, en hebben haar naaktheden bedekt. 4. Gij allen die de Geest van Petrus aanhangt : gezegend zijt gij. De persoon Petrus, en dit weet gij allen, was niet onfeilbaar. Zo was ook hij slechts ten dele verlicht en ten dele met de Geest vervuld. 5. Maar het heeft de Heere behaagd apostelen te zenden om de vloek van de oude eerste brief van Petrus om te buigen. 6. En zo spreekt dan ook de Geest van Petrus, en Petrus die na zijn dood in de wolk der getuigen werd opgeheven. 7. En de apostel zag Petrus staan. En Petrus zag de apostel staan. En Petrus zag dat de zuivering goed was. 8. Geloofd zij daarom God, de Vader, die Zijn eniggeboren zoon geschonken heeft in zijn grote liefde. Deze liefde ging uit tot de wereld, en de wereld heeft haar niet gegrepen. 9. Want zo was het opgetekend dat zowel de Vader als de Zoon verworpen dienden te worden. 10. Zo hebben dan vele apostelen en profeten de gruwelen van het oude woord als symboliek weten te gebruiken, om daardoor vele boze geesten in hun werken te belemmeren. 11. Zij hebben die symboliek weten te gebruiken om het kwaad een halt toe te roepen en te gebruiken ten goede. 12. Maar nu is het woord oud genoeg geworden om het te ziften, en zo zal er een nieuwe bedeling ingegaan worden. En er zal onderscheid komen tussen het steiger-woord en het gezuiverde woord. 13. Zo was dan het oude woord niets anders dan zaad dat kapot zou springen. Een nieuw en zuiver woord komt hier als een plant uit voort. Het koren is opgegroeid tezamen met het kaf, maar nu komt de bedeling dat het sterk genoeg geworden is om het te scheiden. 14. Zij die koppig en machtslustig zijn, zullen zich hiertegen verzetten. Uw tegenpartij, de duivel, gaat rond en tekeer als een brullende leeuw, zoekende wie hij zal verslinden. 15. Laat dan uw kooien opengaan, oh volk, en kwelt uzelf niet langer. Gij hebt lang genoeg onder de vloek van het oude geleefd. Maar ik ben in zorg over u, daar de slang listig genoeg is om u weer terug te leiden tot het oude. Daarom houd ik niet op voor u te bidden en te smeken. 16. Ook zal de Heere velen overleveren aan het oude, aan de angsten en de tradities, en niemand zal hen kunnen loskopen. Maar gij die de Heere gevonden hebt : zoekt troost bij elkander, en laat u troosten door de Heere die boven is. 17. Want velen volgen een Heere die onder de aarde is, en velen hebben als god de samenleving. Zo zijn dan woorden door de Geest uitgesproken zeer machtig, maar een beetje vlees daartussen bezoedelt alles en brengt de ketens van de hel. 18. En zo zijt gij dan allen slaven door het bezoedelde woord, niet bij machte om los te komen van het verduisterde verstand en het leugenachtige geweten. 19. Zo spreekt dan de Geest van Petrus en het volkomen woord tot uw verstand en geweten, wanneer gij beseft dat Petrus feilbaar was, en daarom ook zijn woorden. 20. Ja, de Geest sprak door Petrus, maar op een heleboel punten werd de Geest door de zonden van Petrus ingeknot. 21. Verwijdert daarom de bezoedelde brief uit uw Heilige Geschriften. Zo zult gij onderscheid maken tussen de oude eerste brief van Petrus en de nieuwe eerste brief van Petrus die zuiver is. 22. Hierdoor zullen uw geest en hart gezuiverd worden, en zal Gods Geest vrijgezet worden.

23. Zo heeft de Heere eerst steigers gebouwd rondom het huis der oude en verduisterde tijden, en ziet, hij heeft zijn eerste manschappen geplaatst om het oude woord te transformeren door de symboliek. 24. En de Heere heeft het oude, bezoedelde, door mensenvlees ontheiligde woord als een kruis gedragen. Maar nu heeft de Heere zijn engelen gezonden tot bevrijding. 25. Laat de vuurgloed die tot beproeving dient u daarom niet bevreemden alsof iets vreemds tot u kwam. Maar verblijdt u wanneer gij deel hebt aan dit lijden, want ook God zelf was geslagen aan een wiel. 26. En zo getuigt dan het wiel van een geestelijk kruis waaraan de Vader was geslagen toen Hij zijn eniggeboren zoon moest opofferen, een kruis waaraan ook de zoon uiteindelijk werd gekruisigd toen hij tot de onderwereld afdaalde, en waardoor hij zovelen heeft vrijgezet. 27. Zo heeft Mammon dan een flinke klauw gehad in het opstellen van dit wiel, de Mammon waartegen gij predikt. Want het is een materialistisch kruis wat gij hebt gebracht, en gij hebt het wiel verzwegen. Zo hebt gij dan uiteindelijk het kruis in de diepte veracht. 28. Want Mammon zelf heeft toen hij het wiel heeft opgesteld de kamer verzegeld, zodat zijn boze werken onopgemerkt door konden gaan. Zo heeft hij zich als een god opgesteld, zoals de profeten hadden voorspeld.

29. Simeon Petrus, een dienstknecht en apostel van Christus Jezus, aan hen die door gerechtigheid en waarheid een zuiver en kostbaar geloof hebben verkregen : genade en vrede zal vermenigvuldigd worden in uw midden door de kennis van de Vader en de Zoon. 30. Zijn Goddelijke kracht heeft ons met wijsheid begiftigd. Amen. Met grote beloften zijn wij begiftigd, en met hoop, om daardoor deel te mogen hebben aan de Goddelijke natuur, in Christus geschonken. 31. Gij dient op deze woorden en de woorden van profetie acht te geven als op een lantaarn die u leidt door een duister gebied. 32. Zowel de oude Schrift als de nieuwe gezuiverde Schrift laten geen eigenmachtige uitleg toe. Zo hebben dan wijze mannen het oude vastgepakt, en het voor de Heere gebruikt om zo velen tot troost te leiden. Maar zo zijn er ook vele valse profeten onder het volk geweest die van tucht niet wilden weten. 33. Zij hebben door de geest van Eli verderf gebracht. Zij hebben dat wat tot de geschiedenisboeken behoorde opgesteld als het Woord van God. 34. Zij hebben bloederige rituelen opgesteld en gezegd : Zie dan, dit is uw God. Zij hielden vast aan bloedoffers in hun geheime kamers en op de hoogtes van bergen. Zij brachten hulde aan de afgod in de dieptes en in de verborgen plaatsen van bosgebieden. 35. En gij hebt gezegd : deze lieden zullen ons uitleiden. Aan deze lieden verkopen wij onze harten en zielen. Deze lieden weten de weg. Zij zijn van God en uit God. 36. En gij hebt hen troost gebracht op de hoogtes van hun bergen, en zij hebben u misleid. Gij hebt uw gevoel en de samenleving tot God gemaakt. 37. En daarom zal de Heere u uitspuwen, gij die van deze dingen leeft. Want ook doet gij onrecht aan velen om u heen. 38. Zo duldt de Heere geen hoogspraak meer in Zijn huis. Kinderen, het is de laatste ure, en gij hebt gehoord dat er een antichrist zou komen, en dat er vele antichristen op zouden staan, waaraan gij herkent dat het de laatste ure is. Maar ik zeg u : de antichrist was in zijn list al gekomen vanaf de beginne. 39. En ziet, hij was in het verborgene gekomen om u te voorzien van allerheiligste boeken, zoals hij Eva misleidde door de slang. 40. Zo hebt gij van de verboden vrucht gegeten, terwijl gij het niet wist. Er werd gezegd : dit is uw god.

41. Maar dit is het uur van bevrijding. Gij zult het oude slechts gebruiken als een geschiedenisboek en als een museum. En gij zult zeggen : Hier zijn onze voorvaderen doorheen gegaan. 42. En gij zult nieuwe lichten aan het plafond zien, en gij zult u niet meer door de oude lichten laten verwarren. Want ziet, zij waren opgesteld als webben en als kruizen. 43. Ja, als aan een wiel werd de Heere gekruisigd, waardoor Hij slechts door orakelen kon spreken. Terwijl velen zeiden : De Heere spreekt niet meer. 44. Zo heeft de Heere het pad van symboliek gebruikt om te spreken. De Heere heeft kromme stokken gebruikt, en kromme zwaarden, om recht mee te slaan. 45. En velen

hebben gezegd : Oh, ziet, de Heere is gekruisigd als aan een wiel. Hij komt op en vergaat weer. Maar dit is de tijd dat deze zegels verbroken worden. 46. Ziet, de leeuw brult immers in de hemelen om de zegels te openen. Want de zegels waren het bezoedelde woord van God.

47. En zo is dan het wiel het kruis van de onderwereld, en hieraan hebben zowel Vader als Zoon gehangen. Door het wiel werden zij van elkaar gescheiden, en door het wiel komen zij weer tezamen. Zo is dan het kruis zonder wiel slechts een materieel kruis, een kruis waardoor de Mammon over u heerst en u in gebondenheid houdt. 48. Laat daarom de stem van Mammon die zo diep in uw geweten spreekt en zoveel deuren in uw geest gesloten houdt verbroken worden. 49. Gun uzelf een dag van genade, maar ik weet dat velen van u uzelf niet liefheeft, zoals gij ook de Heere niet liefheeft. 50. Gij hebt de naam voor uw naaste te zorgen, maar ziet, gij slacht dieren in het verborgene.

51. En zo is ook Petrus door zijn dood aan het wiel gekruisigd, om tot de Vader en de Zoon te gaan. 52. En zo heeft hij dan het licht aanschouwd als een nederdalende duif. Door deze ervaring dan is Petrus verheerlijkt, en spreekt zijn stem nog steeds vanuit de wolk van getuigen om het woord zuiverend zuiver te houden. 53. Koester daarom deze woorden, want zij zijn gesproken door de Geest van Petrus, die meer is dan zijn vlees. 54. En zo heeft het vlees van Petrus vele botten gebroken, maar de Geest heeft zijn vlees gebroken. En zo moet ook gij die door het vlees leeft tot gebrokenheid komen. 55. Want de Heere Heere en Zijn Geest spreken door zulk een verbrokenheid. Gij zult u daarom ook met deze gedachte moeten wapenen, dat zij die naar het vlees geleden hebben aan het vlees en de zonde zijn onttrokken. 56. Gij bent dan nu tot de nieuwe bedeling ingegaan, door het wiel, en het oude zal over u geen macht meer hebben. 57. Zo zult gij ook geen verantwoording meer hoeven af te leggen aan de begeertes van het oude, maar u aan de wil van God hechten.

58. Daar nu Christus geleden heeft aan het wiel, zo hebt gij ook door Christus aan het wiel geleden. Hieraan werden uw verstand, uw geweten, tezamen met uw ziel en geest gekruisigd. 59. Ja, aan vele rotsen werd gij geketend, waar vogelen van uw vlees aten. En gij waart dood, terwijl gij de naam had dat gij leefde. 60. Maar nu is er tijd genoeg voorbijgegaan waarin gij verantwoording aflegde aan de poelen van oude liederlijkheid en hun begeertes. 61. In Christus en door Zijn wiel zijt gij vrijgekocht. Laat u daarom niet wederom kruisigen, maar kruisigt uw vlees en uw begeertes voortkomende vanuit het oude. Zie dan, alle dingen zijn nieuw geworden. 62. Gij denkt niet meer zoals gij dacht, gij die aan het wiel hing, en door Christus zijt vrijgekocht. Gij draagt de helm van heil en hoop, gij die Christus volgt. 63. Wandelt daarom zoals Hij gewandeld heeft, en daarbij niet in letterlijke zin. Want zijt gij dan nog steeds van de Mammon dat gij u blindstaart op het materiele en het vlees ? Volstrekt niet. Gij kent de werken die Christus in de onderwereld heeft verricht, door Zijn geest. 64. Deze werken zijn u door het wiel geopenbaard.

65. Zo worden dan door het wiel de dingen met elkaar verzoend, en zo vindt gij een eeuwige schat door het wiel. 66. Zij die dan Christus volgen en zeggen : Er is geen wiel, zulken zult gij niet volgen. Zij die deze dingen zeggen volgen de Mammon, want zij geloven alleen de dingen die het vlees hen leert en laat zien, en laten het oude en bezoedelde zoals het is. 67. Zo zult gij dan de Mammon en al zijn werken afzweren. Want de Mammon is degene die Christus in de onderwereld aan een wiel heeft gehangen, en vervolgens heeft gezegd : Er is geen wiel. 68. Maar zij zullen Hem zien die zij doorstoken hebben.

69. De Mammon dan wist dat door het wiel waaraan Hij Christus in het verborgene had laten spijkeren hem ook ten gronde zou brengen. Daarom vreest Mammon het wiel, en wil niet dat er over gesproken wordt. 70. Maar wij willen dat er daarom des te meer over het wiel gesproken wordt. Omdat het de opstanding van Christus heeft bewerkstelligd. 71. Zo is dan het wiel meer dan het kruis. Zij die het kruis volgen zonder het wiel volgen het vlees. Hun vlees zal daardoor veranderen, maar hun geest blijft onveranderd. 72. En daarom ziet men elkaar in kerken aan naar het vlees, en niet naar de geest, en houdt men elkaar tegen om tot het wiel te komen. Dit dan zijn de werken van Mammon.

73. En zo zal het wiel in het laatste der dagen Mammon neerleggen en tot het altaar des Heeren brengen. En dan zal er een grote slachting zijn in het land, een slachting nooit eerder voorgekomen in het land. En dan zullen zij die ogen hebben zien, en zij die geen ogen hebben zullen wegteren. 74. En de Heere zal het profetisch oog herstellen door het wiel. En zij die het wiel volgen, zullen tot meervoudige glorie worden gebracht door het wiel. 75. En men zal zeggen : ziet, de vader van het kruis is opgestaan. En men zal over de werken spreken die Christus in de geest heeft gedaan, toen Hij in de onderwereld was.

2.

1. Dit zijn dan de woorden van Petrus de gestorvene om zijn woord en brief te zuiveren, en alle profetie daaruit voortkomende. Ja, als Christus is hij gestorven, opdat zijn Heere door hem zou spreken, dat is zijn Geest. 2. En ik, Petrus, opgenomen in de wolk der getuigen, zag hoe het volk mijn woorden bezoedelde. En ook zag ik hoe ik daar mijn eigen vlees het woord en de brief had bezoedeld en ontheilgd. 3. Ja, door mijn vlees zijn velen in slavernij gegaan, in dienst van de afgod. 4. En door mijn vlees moesten velen aan die afgod verantwoording afleggen. Zo werd dan het kruis gebruikt om tot slavernij te leiden. 5. En daar ik door mijn dood afstand heb moeten doen van mijn boze werken, en ook van mijn onreine, huichelende woorden, vol van hoogmoed en slavendrijverij, vol van valse pracht en eerezucht. Zo zult ook gij, gemeente, u van die woorden moeten ontdoen. 6. Zo zult gij mij door mijn Geest liefhebben, door de Geest van onze Heere Jezus Christus, en zo zult gij mijn woord verstaan. 7. Want zijn de woorden die ik spreek vanuit de wolk der getuigen niet hoger dan wanneer ik sprak door de aarde ? Volgt gij dan mijn vlees meer dan mijn Geest, die de Geest van Christus is ? 8. Ik ben bang dat vele lieden hiermee door zullen gaan, en mij daardoor telkens opnieuw kruisigen. De Heere sprak door mij, maar ook de satan sprak door mij, met holle, hoogklinkende woorden. Maak daarom onderscheid tussen het oude en het nieuwe. 9. De mantel die ik in de hemelen kreeg was een hogere mantel dan de mantel van het vlees. Want toen sprak de Geest slechts ten dele. Nu dan, de mantel die ik in de hemel en in de Geest draag is bemachtigd om het vlees te vernietigen. 10. Luister daarom niet naar de woorden van het vlees, maar veeleer die van de Geest.

11. En ik, de apostel, zag een steen uit de hemelen vallen, en de Heere sprak : Raak deze steen niet meer aan. En een engel daalde neer en legde een zwarte deken op de steen. En ziet, het leek op een graf. En de Heere sprak : Zou iemand van u dan weer teruggaan naar het graf, nu gij vrijgezet bent ? 12. En de engel hief de steen op, omhuld met een zwarte deken, en wierp het in de zee. En de Heere sprak : Vanaf nu zult gij het vlees niet meer aanroeren. En hij sprak hiermee over de geesten van het oude woord. 13. En er rees een zwart schaap op uit de zee, wat door de engelen geslacht werd. En de Heere sprak : Vanaf nu zult gij geen dieren meer slachten, maar de geesten der duisternis. 14. En de Heere was woedend, omdat er zo lang tegen vlees en bloed was gestreden, en niet tegen geesten in de hemelse gewesten. 15. En toen het vlees van het zwarte schaap zich met de zee vermengde

werd de zee als bloed en als een rode traan. 16. En de Heere sprak : Zij die tegen vlees en bloed strijden zullen ten onder gaan. Door hun eigen zwaarden en door hun eigen messen, hun eigen pijlen, zullen zij doorstoken worden. Zij die door het zwaard van Mammon leven, zullen ook door dat zwaard sterven. 17. En er was een tijd van rouw in de hemelen.

18. Zo heeft de Heere dan de oude brief van Petrus tijdenlang als een kruis gedragen, als een wiel, en werd het geschrift op het juiste tijdstip gezuiverd van onheil. 19. Maar de huichelaars en de farizeeers zullen zeggen : Er was niets kwaads in de oude brief. Zij zeggen dit omdat zij dingen naar het vlees aanzien, en niet naar de geest. 20. Door hun macht hebben zij de onderscheiding des geestes verloren, die voortkomt vanuit toetsen en de beoefening van nederigheid en de minste zijn. 21. Zij die de meeste willen zijn hebben geen plaats bij de Heere. Zij worden overgeleverd aan dwalingen en misleidingen, en zij hebben behagen in schandelijke huichelarij. 22. Zij noemen dat wat geest is vlees, en dat wat vlees is noemen zij geest. Zij zijn blind. 23. Dat wat blind is zal nog blinder worden, en dat wat ziet zal nog meer zien.

24. Verheugt u daarom niet al te zeer wanneer gij door het oude gered zijn, want zij die gered zijn door het oude, zullen door het oude ook weer ten gronde gaan. En ziet, zij zullen dieper vallen dan ooit. 25. Want het oude was als een steiger gegeven, en als zaad. Zij die dan het zaad niet laten sterven zullen honger lijden. 26. Maar zij die de zaaier volgen zullen eeuwig leven. En wie zal u kwaad doen wanneer gij u inzet voor het goede ? 27. Al moest gij lijden omdat gij het goede aanhangt, toch zijt gij zalig. Laat u daarom niet bangmaken voor enige dreiging of druk, maar heiligt Christus in uw harten. Hij is de zaaier. 28. Gij hebt aan vlees geen verantwoording af te leggen wanneer gij het oude gezuiverd hebt, en hebt doorgebouwd op hetgeen Gods Geest heeft bewerkstelligd. Bouwen wij dan van vlees op vlees ? Zeer zeker niet. 29. Wij bouwen door de Geest om de vleselijke werken te verbreken en te zuiveren. Hierin hebben wij het kruis niet verworpen. Maar wij hebben het vlees veelvuldig omgedraaid om te zien of er enig werk door de Heere gebruikt kon worden. 30. Zo is dan door de symboliek en door de criptiek veler vlees tot nut geworden. Maar hebben wij nog verantwoording af te leggen aan de begeertes van het vlees wanneer wij de oude wortel niet meer aanhangen ? Volstrekt niet. 31. Zo heeft de Heere ons allereerst vrijgekocht door het kruis, en daarna door het wiel.

De Nieuwe Efeziërs

1.

1. Daar de apostel Paulus een zuivere en door de Geest gebonden apostel was voor een groot deel, hebben zijn geschriften weinig zuivering nodig. 2. Toch moet er een zuivering zijn, omdat hij slechts op weg was in die gebondenheid en in het toetsen, en een klein beetje vlees kan de hele geest bezoedelen. 3. Zo zijn dit daarom de woorden van Paulus zelf, gezuiverd door zijn sterven en zijn groei in de wolk der getuigen. 4. Zo spreekt en zuivert Paulus nu nog steeds door zijn Geest, die de Geest van Christus is. 5. Dit dan zijn de woorden van Paulus, door de wil van de almachtige God een apostel van Jezus Christus, aan de heiligen en de gelovigen die te Efeze zijn. 6. Genade zij u en vrede, van God, onze almachtige vader, die troont in de hemelen.

7. Gezegend zijt gij in alle rijkdommen die de Heere u wil schenken. Hij heeft ons geschapen en gezegend in de hemelse heerlijkheden door Christus Jezus geworteld. 8. Door Hem zijn wij allen geroepen om onberispelijk, rein en heilig voor Hem te staan, om met Hem in Zijn huis te wonen. 9. Voor de grondlegging der aarde ging deze roep uit, en deze roep gaat nog steeds uit, tot allen die horen. 10. In Zijn grote liefde heeft hij ons geroepen om zonen te worden van Hem, door het werk

van Christus Jezus, de Gezalfde. 11. In Hem hebben wij de verlossing door het bloed, de vergeving van zonden, en het pad van genade. Dit geheimenis heeft hij ons leren kennen. 12. Onophoudelijk dank ik de Heere voor de liefde die ik in u heb gezien tot de heiligen, opdat de Heere u schenke de Geest van wijsheid en openbaring om Hem recht te kennen en het evangelie te brengen niet alleen aan de levenden, maar ook aan de doden. 13. Voorts, wees dan krachtig in de Heere, door de geschonken zwakheid. Neemt uw wapenen op door het oog van zwakheid, opdat gij zult zien. Doet dan uw wapenrusting aan die des Heeren is, om te kunnen standhouden tegen de verleidingen van de satan. 14. De Heere heeft u gewrocht in Christus boven alle overheid en macht, om u het Zwaard des Geestes te geven. Zo bent gij dan in Christus medeburger in de hemelen, boven elke heerschappij en boven elke naam. 15. Als gevangene in de Heere vermaan ik u dan te wandelen naar deze roeping, uw wijsheid volmakende. Nu is dan elke wijsheid zonder liefde waardeloos. Maar alle liefde kome slechts voort uit het Zwaard des Geestes. 16. Zo drage gij ook de helm des heils en van de boodschap, daar de Heere u daartoe geroepen heeft, als een licht te zijn in het vreemde land waar gij leeft. De helm zal u echter ook behoeden, en zal u leren stappen terug te nemen wanneer gij te ver en te snel gaat. 17. Weest dan behoedzaam en vol van zelfbeheersing in de Heere. Laat echter die zelfbeheersing niet tot de dood leiden. 18. Weest dan allen vol van de Geest, en laat u ook door diezelfde Geest leiden. Spreekt in psalmen en in heilige gebeurtenissen. Geeft heilig onderricht, en leer ook over het terugtrekken. Zo zult gij de wet des Heeren vervullen. 19. Zij echter die de liefde niet hebben zijn niks. Zij staan voor Gods aangezicht, maar de Heere kent hen niet. 20. Zo bid ik dan tot de Vader dat Hij u het volle begrip van de liefde zal geven. Dat gij de diepte van de liefde moogt kennen, en haar hoogte. 21. Zo bid ik ook tot de Vader dat Hij u zal schenken een bovennatuurlijke liefde die alle kennis te boven gaat, een liefde waarin gij zult reiken tot alle heiligen en tot hen die in de wolk der getuigen zijn.

2.

1. Zo hebt gij dan in het nieuwe woord een huis waarin vele deuren opengaan. Zo kunt gij dan het nieuwe woord naast het oude leggen, opdat het oude zijn vloek verliest. 2. Dit dan is het nieuwe woord van Paulus, want het oude moest gezuiverd worden. 3. Komt dan allen los van de vloek, want zelfs een beetje vlees vernietigd de gehele geest en leidt het tot de afgrond. 4. En ik, apostel, zag Paulus staan op een verhoging, met een duif op zijn hand. En ziet, hij hief zijn hand een beetje op, en liet de duif wegvliegen. Dit was dan zijn nieuwe woord, door zijn Geest gebracht, die de Geest van Christus is. 5. Zo is dan de persoon Paulus niet geheel onfeilbaar, maar zijn Geest wel, die de Geest van Christus is, en de Geest van de Vader. 6. En ik zag Paulus staan met een wit boek, en hij zei : Was het woord schoon. En boven hem werd een deur geopend, en een stem zeide : Klimt hierheen op. 7. En ik klom over wat stenen omhoog, en werd door handen gegrepen. En een stem sprak tot mij : Zoveel brieven zijn door corrupte kerkleiders tot het oude woord gevoegd. 8. De Heere heeft deze brieven noodgedwongen gebruikt, en door de Geest doorvertaald in de juiste banen, maar dit is het moment waarop de brieven uitgerukt gaan worden. 9. Dit wil niet zeggen dat de Geest niet aanwezig was bij het opstellen van de brieven, want er kan veel goed geestelijk voedsel tussenzitten, maar het hadden gewoon brieven en gewone boeken of geschiedenisdocumenten moeten blijven. 10. Zo zal dan de brief aan de Romeinen niet meer tot het nieuwe en gezuiverde woord behoren. Niet omdat er geen zuiverheid tussenzit, maar omdat het een brief was die niet opgenomen mocht worden in de heilige schrift. En omdat de kerkleiders het toch gedaan hebben en de brief hebben opgenomen, nu des te minder. 11. Wel zal er in het eeuwig evangelie een tweede brief aan de Romeinen zijn, die wel tot het woord van God behoort. 12. Zo ook zult gij uit

het woord wegbannen : Hebreeen. Verder : de brief van Jakobus. Maar in de andere nieuwe boeken van het woord zal dit verder besproken worden.

De Nieuwe Leviticus

1. En dit is het nieuwe Leviticus, de nieuwe code en wet, opgesteld door de apostelen. Ja, zeven apostelen hebben het Woord gesproken en gezuiverd. 2. Gij zult geen varkens slachten, noch andere dieren. Het slachten van dieren was ingegeven door boze geesten, omdat de Heere vanaf het begin had gesproken : Gij zult de boze overwinnen en slachten, opdat gij door hun bloed gereinigd zou worden. 3. Deze woorden zijn altijd bedekt gebleven. Zo zult gij stoppen met het slachten van varkens en andere dieren die door de Heere als vredetekens waren gegeven, en gij zult beginnen de varkens der duisternis te slachten, in de hemelse gewesten. 4. Ja, gij zult afdalen tot de hel, zoals Christus eens deed, om daar de gevangenen vrij te zetten, en de varkens die daar heersen zult gij afslachten met het Zwaard des Geestes, en met het Zwaard van het Heilige Vlees, het Woord. 5. Zo zal er dan een nieuw Leviticus zijn, nieuwe tempelvoorschriften. Gij zult stoppen met het slachten van kippen, maar gij zult de kippen der hel slachten door het zwaard des Heeren. 6. De Heere zal de tussenmuur tussen leven en dood verbrijzelen, en het leven zal zich met de dood vermengen. Ook zal de Heere de tussenmuur tussen hel en hemel verbrijzelen. Want gij noemt wat hel is hemel, en wat hemel is noemt gij hel. 7. Gij hebt altijd de paradox des Heeren veracht. Want de Heere sprak : Gij zult de dood door het vlees niet roeren, maar Hij toonde aan hoe de dood door de Geest te roeren. 8. Zo zal in de nieuwe wet de paradox centraal staan, en draait het om de lusten des Heeren die door het verstand niet te vatten zijn. De Heere zal u echter een nieuw verstand geven. 9. Zo zal dan de boze geest van het oude Leviticus uit het geweten gebannen worden. 10. Voert dan strijd tegen het oude Leviticus, opdat gij niet wederom geknecht wordt. Zo is dan het oude Leviticus als een geestesziekte. Gij zult de lever en de nieren uit de demonen snijden, en gij zult het doorboren. Zo zult gij geen schepselen des Heeren meer lastigvallen. 11. Want ziet, hun lust voor bloed kwam voort vanuit hun lever en nieren. Maar gij zult de lusten des heeren voortbrengen. 12. En gij zult de ingewanden der demonen op een hoop gooien, als een slachtberg des Heeren. Hierop zal de heere zijn koninkrijk bouwen. 13. De Heere heeft geen behagen in het bloed van onschuldigen, maar in het bloed van hen die de hel beheersen, en zij die handelen in de dood. Gij zult van de varkens en runderen van de hel de koppen afsnijden, en niet van hen die in vrede de aarde bewonen. 14. Zo zult gij afrekenen met uw geestesziekte, en uw bloed in vreze en beven voor de Heere behouden. Gij zult de ogen van zulke demonen uitsteken, en ze leiden tot de heilige berg des Heeren, waar gij hen zult afslachten. Zo zult gij afrekenen met al uw bloed-tradities. 15. De Heere zal niet onschuldig houden hen die vast blijven houden aan bloed-tradities. Gij zult uw bijbels beschouwen als bezoedeling, en gij zult overstappen tot het tweede en het gezuiverde, anders zal de Heere u bezoeken om u aan te treffen met bloed aan uw handen. 16. Ja, medeschuldig zal de Heere hen houden die de werkers van bloed blijven ondersteunen. De Heere zal hun schuilplaatsen vinden en deze medogenloos laten afbrokkelen. Hiertoe heeft de Heere Zijn spinnen in schuren des hemels bewaard. 17. En zo is er dan een dag des Heeren waarop de Heere zijn spinnen vrijzet, tot het bouwen van een nieuwe schepping. En zij zullen medogenloos zijn tot hen die medogenloos waren. Maar wat medogenloos is bepale de Heere. 18. Gij zult uw geestesziekte onder ogen komen, en uw verstand afzweren, want alleen zulken die hun hoofd tot de Heere opheffen zullen genezing vinden. 19. En zo zal er genezing zijn op de heilige berg des Heeren, en de Heere zal vele slachtbergen oprichten om af te rekenen met het oude. 20. En zo zal de paradox geheiligd worden, en de wet zal genoemd worden : schande ! En zo zullen de lusten des heeren opkomen vanuit de onpeilbare dieptes, en zij zullen de nieuwe verboden bomen omhullen, en deze bomen omkappen. 21. En zo zal

er rechtspraak zijn vanuit de lusten des Heeren, en zal het criptisch verstand daarvanuit oprijzen, en met het oude verstand zal niet gerekend worden. 22. En zo heeft de Heere dan de macht om de oude deur te sluiten en de nieuwe deur te openen. En op zijn heilige berg zal geen kwaad meer worden gedaan.

David

1.

Numeri

1. Zo zult gij de paradox des Heeren aanhangen en Zijn lusten, en stoppen kwaad te doen op zijn heilige berg. 2. Zo zult gij de bloed-tradities uit uw midden wegdoen, en belijden dat gij geestesziek waart. Zij die zeggen niet geestesziek te zijn geweest zijn leugenaars. Doet de leugenaar uit uw midden weg, maar geeft acht op de paradox en de criptiek des Heeren. 3. Reken dan met de maat des heeren. Gij waart allen geestesziek onder de onderdrukking van de vijand. Ja, gij leefde hierdoor in slavernij, maar de Heere heeft u uitgeleid. 4. Dit dan is het nieuwe Numeri, met de nieuwe code. Ziet dan, het oude is voorbijgegaan. 5. Laat gij hen dan nog teruggaan naar de oude wet die voortkwam vanuit geestesziekte, vanuit de onderdrukking van de vijand ? Heeft de Heere u dan niet uitgeleid ? Ja, de Heere heeft de onderdrukking gebroken, en het juk verbrijzeld. 6. Gij leve nu vanuit de paradox des Heeren en vanuit Zijn lusten, tot genezing van verstand en geweten. Gij zult het oude verstand en geweten verachten. 7. De Heere heeft de muur tussen leven en dood verbrijzeld, en ook de muur tussen hemel en hel. 8. De Heere heeft u uitgeleid uit het boze verstand en geweten. Keer niet om. 9. Voor u liggen de schatten van de paradox en de lusten des Heeren. 10. Vergiet geen onschuldig bloed om u een woonplaats te creëren. Grijp het Zwaard des Geestes en van het Heilig Vlees om door het criptische woord een slachting aan te richten onder de demonen die uw ziel tegenhouden. 11. Bereid u geen onschuldig vlees, maar kom tot de slachtbergen des heeren, om u tegood te doen aan het vlees van demonen en de heersers van de hel. 12. Keer niet om tot de oude code die bezoedeld was, want keer op keer zult gij uw geweten besmetten, en met bloed aan uw handen voor de Heere staan. 13. De Heere houdt niet onschuldig hen die keer op keer tot de slachtbergen van het oude gaan. 14. Door het criptisch zwaard zullen er hervormingen komen. Houd niet vast aan de materie, want alle materie zal vergaan. Grijp naar de hogere vleeswordingen van de lusten des Heeren. 15. Zo is het dan : het criptische tegen de materie. Het vuur van het criptische zal alles hervormen, door de vernieuwing van het denken.

2.

Jozua

1. Zo heeft dan het boek Jozua u tot slaven gemaakt, door u te laten geloven dat andere rassen uit de weg geruimd moesten worden. 2. Zo strijdt gij dan nog steeds om rassen in theologie, terwijl de Heere cryptisch leeft en niet in de materie. De Heere ziet het hart aan. 3. Zo strijdt gij dan nog steeds om de hoge stoelen, en drukt gij anderen opzij om u een woonplaats te bereiden. Zo doet gij onrecht aan vele broeders. 4. Daarom heeft de Heere de nieuwe code gebracht, opdat gij van de materiele strijd zou losraken. 5. De Heere wil u vastmaken aan de hogere strijd, die van het heilige vlees. 6. Gij hebt iconen van geliefden gevolgd die niet uit de Heere waren. 7. Nu opent de Heere dan het ei van de ware geliefden, vol van de lusten des Heeren, voortkomende vanuit het criptische. 8. Hebt de materie niet lief, maar hangt het Heilige Vlees des Heeren aan. 9. Over David valt veel te zeggen. Ook hij heeft veel slachtingen aangericht die niet uit de Heere waren. Zo zijn er dan de vele

slachtbergen van David. 10. Maar gij hebt een roeping om in het geestelijke te strijden. De Heere heeft geen behagen in slachtingen maar in het criptische. 11. Dit is de nieuwe code die gij leert om de boze machten van het oude te ontvluchten. 12. Koning David die veel slachtingen heeft aangericht gaf het koningschap aan Salomo. Zo werd het als de verhouding tussen het Oude Testament en het Nieuwe Testament. 13. Zorg ervoor dat gij een criptische beschrijving hebt van de boodschappen, opdat gij niet schuldig staat aan enig bloed. 14. Zoals het woord tot de profeten kwam, zo kwam het woord tot de mens, en bracht veel schade aan. Zorg ervoor dat gij een criptische benadering hebt van de boodschappen, opdat gij niet schuldig staat aan enig bloed. 15. De code in uw zielen komende van dit soort geschriften is een bloederige, zonder genade tot uw ziel. Zij die het criptisch bekijken staan op een balkon van een grote hal. 16. In die hal zijn slachtingen, wanneer gij de woorden van het oude boek kronieken serieus neemt. 17. Slachtingen zaligen de ziel niet, maar maken de ziel ziek. Het criptische echter brengt vreugde tot de ziel, en doet de lusten en de heerlijkheden des Heeren ontwaken. 18. De Heere heeft geen behagen in slachtingen, en de Heere heeft geen behagen in wetten daartoe. De woorden van dit oude boek moeten we rekenen tot de ziekten van de ziel. 19. Daarom heeft de Heere zijn code opgesteld, door het woord der apostelen, om het oude woord te zuiveren en te beteugelen. 20. Gij doet er goed aan u op deze code te richten, opdat gij ontkomt aan bloedschuld. Gij echter weet ook dat woorden en codes de ziel niet zaligen, maar een hart dat de Heere verheerlijkt. 21. Maar wat noemt gij Hem Heere, terwijl gij niet doet wat Hij zegt ? Volgen wij Hem in de materie of in de criptiek ? Ook daarin is het laatste woord nog niet gesproken, zelfs niet door de heere. 22. Zo zijn er bouwwerken geweest op de slachtbergen van David. Salomo bouwde voort op zijn vaders werk. 23. Wij als apostelen door de Heere aangesteld bouwen voort op zuivering en criptiek. 24. Welvaart is in de harten van Gods kinderen door de criptiek. Zij die de materie dienen volgen Mammon, een medebouwer van het valse woord. 25. Zieleziekten vereeuwigen zichzelf door binnenkomers te zuiveren. Ware apostelen zuiveren zichzelf door de binnenkomers.

De Nieuwe Henoch

1.

Over Ukalien en de engelen van Eminius

En de arxelen en geesten van Kabbernal waren dan de ukalien, wiens harten toegewijd waren aan God. En sommigen van hen stonden als poorten, opstandingen en standbeelden aan de kusten van de Emelis Shatau, en deze beelden waren dan reusachtig, ja, gebouwd van het allerzuiverste van Elip. En hun namen waren aldus : Eziem, Hulus, Ozam, Miskus, Miaakt, Ethelm, Ezuartes, Ezulechom, Amientes, Motek, Eklam, Riaakt, Huizes, Olam, Harf, Hiocht, Hitkus, Miakt, Mazou, Mochomba, Ethelmus, Etiam, Eguart, Meزالus, Tuchalem, Omokt, Azalm, Azahar, Azazahus, Ochahalm, Ezeptus, Skinhus, Skinhupt, Skirtzaus, Mochahelm, Ieptus, Ihuptus, Izink, Ikalus, Mizkin, Mihupt, Mahalmus, Ezeptus, Mioot, Onthicht, Riaaks, Rihelms, Rimus, Iript, Riaaks de Tweede, Oronteim, Azuuks, Sluum, Oost, Onoktok, Okolem, Immehipt, Ezpel, Rihimpt, Ezaaks, Helks, Hirem, Hiranga, Azalks, Ekst, Hiumpt, Uimpt, Hikong, Guhuit, Ireng, Ereng en Faliks. Fezout, Fering, Dihochto, Dihengst, Di'engst, Diéngst de Tweede, met al hun legermachten. En hun getal was groot. En zij stonden op de Emelis Shatau, en droegen het vuur des heeren in hun handen. En zo waren de engelen van Eminius dan : Firengenhout, Firengenhout de Tweede, Oronsteim, Stamiks, Muet, Miaakt de Tweede, en zij waren opgesteld in zeven gewesten, en ziet : zij dan waren als de bruggen.

Over de Johan

En de Heere sprak : Nu dan is het uur gekomen om tot Johan te gaan, het zachte des Heeren. En de Johan werd groot voor de ogen des Heeren als een zoon. En de Heere sprak : Zalig zij dit gewest des Heeren, opdat het een leidsman mag zijn over alle gewesten des Heeren. En een duif daalde neer op de Johan, en zij veranderde in een mus en een merel. En zij was op weg naar een zee, om daar een vis des Heeren te worden. Maar onderweg hield de Heere haar tegen en sloeg haar op de kaak. En zij dan worstelde met de Heere en liet zich door Hem zuiveren. En de Heere gaf haar schalen van Solt, en deze wierp zij over de aarde als schalen van zout, en luid geweent steeg op. En de mensen klaagden over steek.

2.

Zuivering door Worsteling

En weer sprak de Heere : Zij hebben gezondigd en hun zal elk recht ontnomen worden. En Johan begon te spugen op de aarde, en ziet, uit het speeksel kwamen dieren voort. En de Heere sprak : Zuivert mij dan de harten der dieren, en ziet dan of zij rein zijn voor de Heere. Zij dan zullen de aarde beerven, en aan hen zal ik het koningschap geven, maar wee hen wiens harten onzuiver zijn voor de Heere. En God stortte zijn Geest uit op de dieren en gaf hen macht te spreken. En de Heere gaf de aarde in de handen van Hikong, een ukalie op de Emelis Shatau, en ziet, zij dan bracht de aarde tot in het hart van de Emelis Shatau, en haar tongen werden zuiver. En de Heere sprak : Ik maak uw tongen tot wegen, en ziet, zij zijn rein. Ik maak dan uw lippen tot poorten. En de Heere kwam van zijn troon om haar te zuiveren, en hij sloeg haar op haar schouder, en zij worstelde met de Heere, voor zevenenzeventig dagen. En de Heere dan sprak : Zalig zijn de worstelaars des heeren. En grote lichten stegen op van de Emelis Shatau, en grote visioenen begonnen vlees te worden, en zij openbaarden de staarten des heeren, waar de sleutelen waren. En toen kwam de Heere tot Eklam, en worstelde met hem, totdat de poorten van de Emelis Shatau veelvoudig gezuiverd waren. En haar wateren waren als spiegels. En de Heere dan nam zout van de aarde en wierp het tegen de kaak der hemel. En de kaak begon zich veelvoudig te openen, en de stemmen des heeren begonnen veelvoudig te spreken. En toen kwam de Heere tot Fezout, die de geesten der ooievaars en reigers droeg. En de Heere reinigde hem en bracht hem tot boven de Emelis Shatau. En de Heere sprak : Hier zal ik Mijn volk bouwen, met de gesteentes van Elip, en niemand zal haar kunnen breken, en niemand zal hen kunnen roven uit mijn hand. En zij zullen dan heten : doorknippers van touwen en brekers van schepen, en zij zullen de schrik der zeeën met zich meedragen.

3.

Abhertahnen

1. Dit zijn dan de hemelrijken der konijnen : Het eerste is Kavajakas, het tweede Kajavajas, het derde Sintaminten, het vierde Vinjamik, het vijfde Vinjamen, het zesde Vinjamis, het zevende Vehenenimmen, het achtste Venehenummen, het negende Bisankeine, het tiende Bisankinne.

2. Zo zijn dan de hemelrijken der slangen : Kijiptus, die het eerste is, Vahnumellen, Vahnuvahren, Vahnuvehen, Vahnuvehsen, Vahnuvessen, Vahnuvahohlen, Vahohlen, Vahahnen, Vahessen, Vaheslich, Vahaslich, Vatohren, Kaphoren, Kalhohlen, Kahlmahohlen. 3. En zo zijn dan de levensrijken der slangen Ephellichs, Ephellichsch, Epmallisch, Epluiten, Epleur, Epleut, Ephohlen, Epschahlen, Epmuhlen, Epmuijschen, Epmuschen, Epschuijten, Epmalisch, Epmuijten, Epsol,

Epsolschen, Epvanitichen, Vanitichen, Vanitichensch, Vanitichenisch, Vanittikken, Vannittikken, Vatmittikken, Vatmitieken, Vatmitiek. 4.En de Vatmitieken zijn dan ook de opstandingen, en Vahtmischen zijn de opgestanen. De Vatenen zijn de hemelvaarten en de Vattillen zijn de ten hemel gevarenen.

5.De Vatmitieken der slangen zijn : Eabzael, Mahab, Mazal, Mahasmazos, Makkatal, Echtulip, Dechtile, Michaheusch, Michazin, Michteld, Minahab, Biomiel, Echtmiel, Habheusch, Hachnateusch, Hachnachuel, Hachnachus, Hachnahulam, Nahulam, Nahulam de Tweede, Nahulam de Derde, Nahulam de Vierde, Nahulam de Vijfde, Echteusch, Echtnahin, Echtmochan, Echtkalschier, Echtkalschier de Tweede, Hontariam, Hontariam de Tweede, Hontariam de Derde, Hontariam de Vierde, en de hontariams zijn ook de vatmieken der rode honden, de hondslangen, en de rode distelstruiken. Zij dan zijn de stekels des heeren.

6.De Vahtmischen der slangen zijn dan : Zachtmateasch, Heloisch, Heloisch de Tweede, Heloisch de Derde, Lachaheusch, Lachaheusch de Tweede, Lachahlen, Lahmuch, Lahmuch de Tweede, Elohuch, Elohach, Elohaluch, Elohaluch de Tweede, Elohaluch de Derde, Ezachein, Ezachein de Tweede, Ezachein de Derde, Ezachein de Vierde, Ezachein de Vijfde.

7.De Vatenen der slangen zijn dan Rechtsmeysch, Rechshohlen, Rachsahm, Rasahm, Rashelm, Rasharch, Rasharchin, Rasharchit, Rashinnen, Rasmitikken, Rasmatikken, Rasmit, Ramshamit, Ramshamitikken, Helpschfur, Halchschorf, Schelpschorf, Schalpschfur, Schalpmahren, Heurtesch, Herschfinnen, Herschfahnen, Karopmorsch, Karopmorsch, Machshop, Karomkten, Karomikten, Karomakt.

8.De Vattillen der slangen zijn Kadanden, Kadachse, Karochsekoem, Karochsekom, Kadinden, Katemihren, Katemahren, Katedoem, Katedihren, Dihimihren, Disprahetsch, Dispraheusch, Pochlopohn, Pochdohzen, Pochdachen, Pochdahachen, Pochemihres, Pochedazijn, Pochehonters, Pochedazinnen, Pochedatikken, Pochedatehennikken

9.De Vatmitieken der konijnen zijn dan : Elehab, Elehab de Tweede, Maritken, Makinnekin, Mooktelucht, Mookelucht de Tweede. De Etsen dan zijn de geboortes, en de Elmiko's zijn de geborenen, en zij dan zijn de sieraden van Elma. 10.En zo is dan Elma Ets Elmiko een groot sieraad des Heeren, evenals Vaten Vattille. En zo zijn dan de etsen der konijnen : Atmahilab, Atmahilam, Ozes, Ahmehes, Ahmehes de Tweede, Atmilam, Atmilahm, Atmilahm de Tweede, Atmilahm de Derde, Atvarin, Atvarihn, Atvarihnesch, Atvarihnesch de Tweede. 11.De elmiko's der konijnen zijn dan Jonktputir, Jonktputir de Tweede, Jonktputir de Derde, Atvarin de Tweede, Atvarin de Derde, Atvarin de Vierde, Atvarin de Vijfde, Atvarin de Zesde, Atvarin de Zevende.

12. De etsen der slangen zijn dan : Abmahis, Abmezeschen, Abmezechsen, Abmezachsen, Abmezabim, Abmezascha, Abhertvahrin, Abhertvahrinnen, Abhertahnen, Abhertahnen de Tweede, Abhertahnen de Derde, Abhertahnen de Vierde, Abhertahnen de Vijfde, Abhertahnen de Zesde, Abhertahnen de Zevende, Abhertahnen de Achtste, Abhertahnen de Negende, Abhertahnen de Tiende, Abhertahnen de Elfde, Abhertahnen de Twaalfde, Abhertahnen de Dertiende, Abhertahnen de Veertiende, Abertahnen de Vijftiende, Abhertahnen de zestiende, Abhertahnen de zeventiende.

13. En van de Abhertahnen is het district Eklaf van de witte chocolade gebouwd. En Eklaf is dan als het rode gelakte leer des heeren. 14.En haar sterren zijn : Manif, Heesch, Ruchen, Raaf, Rakt, Rakhal, Miochtesse, Miochtes, Miochtes de Tweede, Lahkenstein, Meheptir, Meheptirsch, Mihruhn, Mihruhn de Tweede, Milak, Milaksch, Mahahr, Mahahren, Mitleuf, Mitleufsch,

Mitdal, Mitdalsch, Aplahren, Oplohenschprong, Habmahren, Hapmahren, Mahren, Matlor, Matlorre, Matsprong, Matdahlen, Miche, Migge, Mengst.

15.En dit zijn de elmiko's der slangen : Rohoksmir, Rohoksmihr, Rohoksmihren, Mofuren, Mofuhr, Mokhertsch, Mokhertesch, Abhertahnen de achtiende, Abhertahnen de negentiende, Abhertahnen de twintigste, Abhertahnen de eenentwintigste, Abhertahnen de tweentwintigste, Abhertahnen de drieentwintigste, Abhertahnen de vierentwintigste, Abhertahnen de vijfentwintigste, Abhertahnen de zessentwintigste, Abhertahnen de zevenentwintigste, Abhertahnen de achtentwintigste, Abhertahnen de negenentwintigste, Abhertahnen de dertigste, Abhertahnen de eenendertigste. 16.En van Abhertahnen de eenendertigste is de troon des heeren gebouwd en Perlottia. En de Heere dan spreekt recht in Eklaaf, waar hij de zielen meet en weegt. De Abhertahnen dan zijn zijn rechters, en de verzen van Zijn Heilige Wets en Rechtsboeken. 17.Ja, zij zijn als de staf des Heeren en zijn schubben. De Abhertahnen hebben de Heere dan zeventig malen heilgebracht, en zeven maal. Ja zeventig maal zeven heeft hij hen uitgezonden om zijn grote werken te doen. 18.Ziet dan, de Heere troont in Eklaaf, om zijn heilige legerscharen uit te zenden, en zijn cobra's. Zij dan hebben draaiende gezichten.

19.Abhertahnen de tweendertigste zijn dan de weefsters en de karmozijnen des heeren, dichtbij zijn troon en zijn hart. Ja, zij brengen de letteren des heeren voort, om de wegen te tonen en zijn doelen te volbrengen. Ja, de Heere Heere is dan als een vleermuis, en ziet, Hij heeft zijn zwarte Abertahnen uitgezonden. 20.Zij dan die tot de Heere komen moeten weten waar ze het over hebben. De Heere Heere is een verterend vuur.

Het Getuigenis van Jezus Christus

1. Ik ben die Ik ben, spreekt Christus Jezus, onze Heere, in de nacht van de woestijn. Zo zijn er dan vele onwaarheden in Mijn Kerk op aarde die Ik aan de orde wil stellen. Luistert dan allen, want dit is een Woord gericht aan Mijn Eindtijd-Gemeente. Ziet dan, Ik kom spoedig.
2. Hetgeen Ik tegen u heb, oh geliefde Gemeente Gods, is dat gij van Mijn Huis en Mijn Tempel een hoerenhuis hebt gemaakt. Velen zullen niet binnengaan op de Dag dat Ik wederkom. Ziet dan toe op uzelf, en vernedert u.
3. In het kort komt het hierop neer, geliefden. Ik zal geen mens beoordelen op theologie of kennis, maar weet dan dat geen enkele zondaar het Hemelse Huis des Heeren zal binnentreden. Ik duld de zonde niet, nu niet, en niet in de toekomstige tijden. Gij zal er goed aan doen om u heen te kijken, en te bemerken dat gij de strijd tegen de duisternis aan zal moeten gaan. Dit Woord is dan veelal verwaarloosd. Gij weet niet hoe gij met demonen moet omgaan. Gij ziet engelen voor demonen aan, en demonen voor engelen. Veelal is het onderwijs over de strijd tegen de duisternis zoek.
4. En omdat gij veelal de strijd tegen de duisternis hebt verzaakt zijt gij in strijd gevallen tegen uw broeders en zusters, en tegen de natuur. Dat gij in tijden van verwildering vlees hebt gegeten zij zo, maar dat gij nog steeds volop van vlees leeft na uw verlichting is des duivels. Hebt gij dan niet in het Woord des Heeren gelezen dat gij moet leven van het vlees der duivelen ? Waarom slacht gij dan nog steeds uw broeders en zusters af, en de dierlijke creaturen die naar Gods Aard en Gelijkenis zijn geschapen ? Ben Ik dan niet de Goede Herder ? Ziet dan, gij hebt veelal Mijn Woord bespottelijk gemaakt door het vlees van onschuldige lammeren te eten, zonder daarin de werken van het vlees gaandeweg af te leggen. Ben Ik dan een slager der schapen ? Zo zult gij dan ook geen slager der schapen behoren te zijn. Gij bent geschapen om een slager der duisternis te zijn. Stopt

dan uw broeders en zusters op het altaar te slachten, maar leg uzelf op het altaar. Stop dan met het slachten van onschuldige dieren die gij offert aan uw buik, de afgod.

5. Weet dan dat Ik spoedig zal wederkomen tot hen die in deze schandelikheden door blijven gaan. Beoefent uzelf dan in de strijd tegen de duisternis. Ik zal hen die doorgaan tegen de natuur te strijden in plaats van tegen de duisternis zeker slaan. Weet dan, dat dit een Woord des Heeren is.

6. Gij zult de bokken der duisternis dan bij de horens pakken om hen tot het altaar te slepen, en niet uw broeders en zusters, en niet de onschuldige en hulpeloze dieren om u heen, die door Gods Genade aan u geschonken waren als vrienden, en niet als vijanden. Zij dan wijzen op een diepere realiteit van God, maar gij hebt dit beeld besmeurd en zal daar rekenschap over moeten afleggen.

7. Gij zult dan de bokken der duisternis tot het altaar slepen om hen daarop te slachten. Zo zult gij met Mij deelhebben aan de Maaltijd des Heeren. Gij zult het vlees eten van de koningen der duisternis, en niet de hopelozen en onschuldigen der aarde. Gij hebt in uw verduisterde harten mijn Woord omgedraaid tot een schande.

8. Hoe is het toch in u opgekomen nog steeds te leven van het vlees van onschuldig en hulpeloos vee ? Zoudt gij hen niet beter hoeden, zoals zij over uw zielen hoeden ? Maar ziet, gij hebt hen afgeslacht en geofferd aan de lusten der buik, die in duisternis leven, en hierdoor leeft gij nog steeds onder de vloek. Nooit zal er vrede in uw harten dalen als gij niet in vrede zult leven met uw medeschepselen. Gij dan leeft in valse vrede, die komt van de anti-christ.

9. Gij dan zult de kippen der duisternis tot het altaar slepen om hen te offeren, maar gij zult de kippen van de aarde, die de Heere tot uw naaste mede-schepselen heeft aangesteld, niet aanraken. Gij zult de kippen der duisternis slachten en hun vlees eten, en niet het vlees van onschuldige en hulpeloze kippen om u heen. Hoe ver zijt gij dan gedaald ?

10. Maar Ik ken uw harten. Gij volgt thans valse leringen over Mij. Valse dienstknechten en hen die misleid zijn hebben verteld dat gij dient te leven door Mijn sterven. Maar ziet dan, gij zult alleen leven door Mij in Mijn voetstappen te volgen. Mijn Bloed stroomt door een ieder die Mij volgt. Mijn Bloed stroomt door een ieder wiens bloed heeft gestroomd door in Mijn voetstappen te treden.

11. Omdat gij blijft geloven in een offer dat voor u gebracht moet worden in plaats van zelf een offer te zijn, zo zult gij ook steeds om dit offer vragen en vanuit dit offer leven. Ik ben alleen gekomen om u tot een voorbeeld te zijn. Gij die blijft leven vanuit bloed-offers zult ook daardoor ten gronde gaan. De Heere duldt het niet op zo'n manier bespot te worden. Hierdoor blijft gij ook onschuldig vlees eten, omdat gij leeft vanuit de gedachte dat iemand voor u moest sterven. Gij zult niet leven door een leven te nemen, maar gij zult leven door leven te geven. Zo Ik dan Mijn leven gegeven hebt, zo zult gij ook uw leven behoren te geven. Stel uzelf dan op als offers Gode welgevallig, en niet elkaar. Blijft dan niet leven vanuit duistere bloed-afgoderijen, maar weest dan rein. Gaat dan de strijd aan tegen de duisternis en laat geen onschuldig bloed vloeien. Gij hebt een strijd te voeren in de hemelse gewesten, opdat gij niet meegesleurd worde met de onreine en afgodische stroom. Voert gij strijd, eet dan geen onschuldig vlees. Zet uw leven in voor elkaar, maar neemt elkanders leven niet weg. Gij bent geschapen om strijd te voeren voor uw mede-schepselen en niet tegen uw mede-schepselen. Weet dan wie uw vijand is.

12. Gij zult dan uw tempelen in het heilige opstellen, niet om onschuldig vlees te offeren, maar het vlees der duisternis dat in de geestelijke gewesten vertoeft. Zo zult gij uw zielen behouden en niet ten schande en schaamte worden gezet op de Dag dat Ik wederkome.

13. Weet thans dat dit Woorden van Mij zijn, opdat gij uw zielen zuivert. Zij die niet met deze woorden rekenen : Met hen zal niet gerekend worden.

14. Zo zult gij dan uw handen van onschuldige koeien, varkens en schapen afhaken, ja, ook van paarden, want hen die zulke dingen bedrijven hebben veel bloed aan hun handen. Voert strijd tegen de koeien en stieren van de duisternis die op uw ziel loeren, en niet de koeien en stieren die de Heere in vrede op de aarde heeft geschapen. Zij doen u geen kwaad. Doe dan ook hen geen kwaad. Zij die dat wel doen doen tevens kwaad aan de Heere, en de Heere zal zulken voorzeker kwaad doen. De Heere laat dan niet met Zich spotten. Laat dan uw vissersboten uit de tijden van verwildering achter u, om vissers van mensen te worden. Leert dan van de Heere wat het is om de vissen der duisternis te eten. Houdt dan op om op elkaar te jagen en op de onschuldigen, maar jaagt op de geesten die in duisternis leven, zij die op uw zielen loeren. Zo zult gij rein worden van bloed, en zal de Heere u voor onschuldig houden. Maar zo niet, dan staat u een Dag van Aanklacht te wachten, waarin de Heere u van uw hoge troon zal neerhalen. Zo spreekt Jezus Christus. Neemt daarom deze woorden ter harte, geliefden, en overpeinst dezen, opdat de Heere Zijn toorn zal wegnemen, en u van de vloek bevrijde. Zondert u dan af van hen die kwaad doen, opdat zij u niet meesleuren in het verderf. De Dag des Heeren is aanstaande. Vreest Hem en looft Hem, om uw harten zuiver te houden, en opdat Hij u behoede.

15. Weest dan verder gastvrij tot hen uit het Oosten, Zuiden, Westen en Noorden, en veracht hun geloofsstelsels niet. De Heere dan spreekt door alle geloven. Hebt dan verder geen deel aan hun afgoderijen. Waakt ervoor dat gij geesten niet beoordeeld op hun naam, maar op hun hart. Gij weet thans welke zonden de Heere het meest verafschuwt : huichelarij en valse vroomheid, hen die zeggen in het licht te leven maar dit niet doen. Zulk een licht is dan de grootste duisternis. Zo zult gij dan voorzichtig zijn in het beoordelen der geesten en bovenal zult gij veel en nauwkeurig toetsen, daar dit een Gebod des Heeren is. Gij zult dan bovenal strijd voeren in het toetsen, opdat gij geen onschuldige der geesten zult bezeren. Gij zult met de geesten worstelen zoals Jakob met de Heere worstelde in Pniel. Zo zult gij uw wapenen verre houden van enige smet.

16. Zo zult gij dan de bokken der duisternis naar het altaar dragen, en gij zult hen de strot doorsnijden, hetgeen een gebod des Heeren is. Zo zult gij hun ingewanden eruit snijden en op een apart altaar leggen, opdat zij de heiligen niet meer zullen verslinden. Zo zult gij tijden van verlichting brengen tot het volk des Heeren. Zo zult gij ook de kippen der duisternis naar het altaar dragen en ook hen zult gij de strot doorsnijden en hun vleugelen zult gij afsnijden, opdat zij de gelovigen niet meer zullen aanvliegen. Gij zult dan hun poten breken, opdat gij de wil des Heeren zult doen, en zijn paden zult kunnen bewandelen. Het vlees der koningen onder hen zult gij eten, daar de Heere u dat heeft opgedragen. Zo zult gij dit gedenken door symbolen, wanneer gij samenkomt. Op de elfde dag van elke maand zult gij gedenken dat de Heere tot u sprak dat gij van het vlees der demonen zult eten. Op deze dag zult gij niet alleen het vlees van de koningen der duisternis eten, maar ook van hun dienaren in de hemelse gewesten. Op deze dag zult gij het vlees braden van al de demonen die gij die dag tot het altaar zal dragen. Weet dan dat dit een gebod des Heeren is. Zo zult gij dan afrekenen met het eten van onschuldig vlees en het vlees van uw broeders en zusters. Zo zal dan de elfde dag van elke maand een dag zijn tot herdenking van die vrijheid. Want de Heere zal Zijn volk vrijzetten, waartoe ook de dieren behoren die naar Zijn aard en gelijkenis zijn geschapen. Voor hen dan is het koninkrijk der hemelen weggelegd, en hen zal een mond gegeven worden. Hen die tegen hen blijven zondigen : Hun monden zullen van hen worden weggenomen. Zo zal er dan een Dag van Gerechtigheid zijn.

17. In de maand augustus zult gij dan geen enkel vlees eten, want ziet, in die maand is al het vlees onrein. Gij zult in die maand niet het vlees der koningen noch dat van hun slaven en vrijen eten, noch van de groten, noch van de kleinen, daar het eten van alle vlees in die maand de Heere tot een gruwel is. Zij dan die deze dingen in Ere houden : Ik zal aan hen verschijnen. Ziet dan toe, en waakt, want gij kent noch de dag, noch het uur.

18. Op de dertiende dag van elke maand zult gij de runderen der duisternis tot het altaar des Heeren brengen en hen daar doorsteken met de speer des Heeren. Gij zult op die dag geen andere soort demonen voor het altaar des Heeren brengen. Aan het einde van deze heilige dag zult gij hen allen onthoofden. Tevens is de dertiende dag van de maand de bevrijdingsdag van de runderen die de Heere tot vrede op de aarde heeft gesteld als uw mede-schepselen. Laat dan geen onschuldig bloed meer vloeien.

19. Op de achtste dag van elke maand zult gij van alle demonen der duisternis die gij die dag tot het altaar draagt de nieren blootleggen, opdat het kompas des Heeren vrijkomt. Aan het einde van deze dag zult gij jagen op de wilde varkens der duisternis en gij zult hen tot het altaar des Heeren dragen, en hun huiden geheel wegsnijden. Dit dan is een gebod des Heeren. Tevens is de achtste dag aangesteld als een dag van bevrijding voor alle varkens der aarde die de Heere geschapen heeft. Gedenkt dan de varkens op deze dag. Heiligt dan deze dag, en zegent deze in de Naam des Heeren.

20. Gij zult u vanaf nu dan ook niet meer in onschuldig bloed wassen, maar in het bloed der duisternis, opdat gij ingaat in de heerlijkheid des Heeren. Zij die zich in onschuldig bloed wassen en zich in onschuldig vlees verlustigen zijn niet des Heeren. Draag voortaan dan ook altijd het slachtmes met uw geestelijke wapenrusting, opdat gij u niet in uw doel vergisse.

21. Weest daarom overvloedig in het aanrichten van bloedbaden in het rijk der duisternis, opdat uw hart zich niet richt op het laten vloeien van onschuldig bloed. Verlustig u in de Heere en zijn strijd, opdat gij u niet in verkeerde dingen verlustigt. Verlustig u echter niet in de strijd des vlezes, maar vreest de Heere, want vreselijk is het te vallen in de Handen van de Levende God.

22. De tempel des Heeren is dus een plaats der soldaten en geen plaats van duistere priesters die onschuldigen ombrengen. Tegen zulke priesters richt zich het Woord des Heeren. Weest daarom een ware soldaat des Heeren, en houdt uw wapens rein door het rijk der duisternis te bestrijden. Oefent u hierin, want de Heere heeft u vele voorschriften gegeven. Zo luidt het Woord van Jezus Christus. Ook profeten zullen dan uitgaan in de velden van de hemelse gewesten om daar te jagen, om later door de jacht en door zuiver te offeren zuivere woorden des Heeren te verkrijgen, want de Heere Heere spreekt door de jacht. Laten zij dan die jagen heilig zijn, opdat de Heere hen zal heiligen. Zij die vuil zijn worden vuiler. Reinigt u daarom door geestelijke oorlog te voeren en de heilige jacht. Zo zult gij Mij, Christus Jezus, volgen, ja, tot in Mijn Legerstede. Aan zulken zal Ik Mijzelf openbaren.

23. Zo zal de tempel een wapenplaats zijn, en gij zult de valse priesters uit uw midden wegdoen. Zij die niet strijden leven veelal van onschuldig bloed. Ook hen zult gij uit uw midden wegdoen.

24. Ik zal u duidelijke voorschriften geven omtrend Mijn tempel. Ook zult gij Mijn Heilige Speer dragen en leren pijl en boog te hanteren. Zo zult gij uw dagen zuiveren en zuiver houden. Gij zult onschuldige geesten vrijlaten en uw kooien zuiver houden. Gij zult niet boven de maat straffen, en gij zult allereerst uzelf straffen. Toets dan veeleer in plaats van te tuchtigen, opdat gij geen deel hebt aan de tafel der valse rechters. Ook zult gij valkuilen maken en valstrikken leggen om demonen uit te schakelen. Spreid dan uw netten uit en doet de werken des Heeren. Haalt dan grote oogsten

binnen, want de dagen zijn kort. Denkt aan de tijden dat gij niet zult kunnen jagen en strijden. Zo zult gij dan op de vierentwintigste dag van elke maand brandoffers brengen. Gij kunt dit ook op de andere dagen doen, maar de vierentwintigste dag is hier speciaal voor aangesteld. Deze dag zult gij niet jagen. Ook zult gij in de maand september niet jagen. Gij zult deze maand gebruiken om de tempel uit te bouwen, en gij zult diensten doen in de tempel. De maand oktober zult gij dubbel jagen, daar dit de maand van de jacht is. Ook profeten zullen deze maand uit hun schuilplaatsen komen om te gaan jagen. In de maand november zult gij veel tijd besteden aan het uitbreiden van uw wapens, daar het de maand der wapens is. Verder bent gij vrij in het doen en laten, daar gij geleid wordt door de Geest, die de Geest der vrijheid is.

25. Wat Ik tegen u heb, geliefde Gemeente, is dat gij engelen volgt die niet gekruisigd zijn. Leert dan de kruizen der engelen kennen, want zij zijn gekruisigd zoals Ik. Leert dan ook de maaltijden van Christus kennen, zo is er niet alleen een avondmaal, maar ook een ochtendmaal, een middagmaal des Heeren, een nachtmaal des Heeren, en de verschillende jachtmalen van Christus, spreekt Jezus Christus. Leert hen dan allen kennen, en zo ook de feestmalen van Mij, van Christus Jezus. Zij die overwinnen zullen aan deze maaltijden deelhebben. Ja, zij zullen het vlees eten van de welgeplaatste koningen der duisternis, van hun prinsen en prinsessen, ja, van hun vrijen en slaven. Zo zullen aldus de maaltijden des Heeren zijn tot allen die het beest en zijn valse profeet hebben overwonnen.

26. Wordt dan wederomgeboren door het bloed dat gij in de hemelse gewesten onder de vijand aanricht, en niet door het bloed der onschuldigen. Gij moet uzelf reinigen, gemeente. Gaat dan niet door met het beliegen en bespotten van elkaar. Zij die dit doen volgen een valse Christus. Wie dan een leugenaar of spotter wil zijn : Weest deze dingen in de Heere, opdat de Heere u kleine genade zal geven op de Dag des Oordeels. Leert dan de tranen van de Heere kennen, opdat gij een veel hogere weg zult bewandelen. Leert dan ook zijn boog kennen. Ja, laten uw vingers beoefend zijn in de strijd.

27. Gij zijt dan allen op weg naar het bloedend hart van Christus Jezus, naar zijn bloedende long en zijn bloedende lever. Hebt dan deel aan Mijn geheimenissen en leef. Alleen zij die Mijn spotkleed hebben gedragen zullen hieraan deelhebben. Zoals uw Heer eens gekruisigd werd, zo zult ook gij gekruisigd worden om in te gaan. Ik ben u tot een voorbeeld geweest. Meng daarom uw bloed met Mijn Bloed, uw tranen met Mijn tranen, opdat wij elkaar zullen versterken. Leef dan niet meer van onschuldig bloed, maar schenkt uw bloed tot vermenging, en leef. Dit is dan genade dat gij aan zulke goddelijke dingen deel zult hebben. Zo zult gij dan eerst van uw eigen bloed drinken, voordat gij van enig bloed drinkt. Vermengd dan uw bloed met het bloed der profeten en gij zult zalig zijn en een deel zijn in hun gemeenschap. Zo zult gij recht doen aan de profeten en de heiligen. Want door het bloed zult gij aan elkaar verbonden worden, met banden die niemand breekt. Zo zult gij dan allen de Heere kennen zoals Hij is.

28. Wordt dan wederomgeboren in de strijd en jacht des Heeren, opdat gij niet aan een andere strijd ten prooi zal vallen. De Heere rekent niet met de bloeddrinkers van onschuldig bloed. Zij zullen ten schande worden gezet op de Dag des Oordeels. Ja, tegen zulken strijdt de Heere. De Heere is tegen hen die vlees eten van onschuldig vlees, en zal hun vlees eten. Ja, vreselijk is het om in de Verslindende Handen des Heeren te vallen, want de Heere Heere is een verterend vuur dat merg en ziel scheidt. De Heere veracht de strijdswagens van hen die op onschuldig bloed loeren. Ja, de Heere zal hun bloed drinken. Zo zult gij dan zuiver voor de Heer staan.

29. Zo zult gij dan ook niet meer onschuldigen verdrinken, maar gij zult het rijk der duisternis verdrinken door de wapens die de Heere u zal geven. Ja, wanneer gij uw hand beweegt zullen zeeën zich verplaatsen, en gij zult zeggen : 'Heft uzelf van hier op, en valt over de vijand,' en ziet, zij zullen aan u gehoorzamen. Want het is de Heere die heeft gesproken, en het is de Heere die kracht heeft gegeven. Maar velen zullen ten dien dage tot de Heere komen, en zij zullen zeggen : 'Heere, hebben wij niet in uw naam grote dingen gedaan ?' Maar de Heere zal tegen hen zeggen : 'Wijkt van Mij, gij boosdoeners, want gij hebt onschuldig bloed vergoten, en gij hebt uzelf ten goede gedaan aan onschuldig vlees dat gij hebt laten verdrinken.' En het geweeeklaag van vele stammen zal groot zijn.

30. Gij dan zult wederomgeboren worden door het kruisigen van uw vlees, want velen die zeggen wederomgeboren te zijn, zijn wederomgeboren in onschuldig bloed, en hen wacht het oordeel. Ziet dan, de Jager staat aan de poorten van uw huis, om weldra uw huizen te doorzoeken. De Heere zal recht doen aan groten en kleinen, aan vrijen en slaven, die deze woorden bewaren. Houdt dan goede moed, want de Heere strijdt voor u, zegt Jezus Christus. En Zijn strijdwapens zijn talrijk, scherp om onschuldig bloed van het bloed der duisternis te scheiden. De Heere dan scheidt bloed en ziel, ja, merg en gebeente. De Heere Heere zij u genadig.

31. Zo zult gij dan deze woorden bewaren en opgroeien in de strijd des Heeren, opdat gij niet aan andere lusten ten prooie zult vallen. Hebt elkaar dan lief, en strijdt voor elkaar als ware soldaten des Heeren. Draagt elkanders kruis, en kent elkaars tranen, want zulken zullen de liefde volmaken. Weest dan ten allen tijde de mindere broeder en de mindere zuster, opdat gij het geheim van de hogere liefde des Heeren zult kennen. Want ziet, gij dan zijt allen geschapen om van liefde tot liefde te gaan, totdat gij de hogere weg zult vervullen. Heeft de Heere u dan gemaakt om elkaar te beoordelen en te bespotten ? Neemt dan uw wapens op, en strijdt voor elkaar. Sprekt waarheid binnen uw poorten, maar weest listig en behoedzaam buiten de poorten, opdat gij niet ten prooie zult vallen aan de wilde dieren. Werpt geen paarden voor de zwijnen, maar bestrijdt de geesten der duisternis met de scherptes van mes en pijl. De Heere bewapent u en kome spoedig. Mijdt hen die geen wapens dragen, maar leert elkander over de verschillende wapens. Zo zult gij uw zielen van smet bewaren. Mijdt ook hen die geen wonden dragen, maar kom tot de wonden des Heeren, opdat gij de wonden der duisternis niet zult genezen. Want velen zijn het spoor bijster geraakt door de wonden der duisternis te genezen.

32. Vat dan liefde voor elkaar, en behoedt elkaar, opdat de Heere tot u zal spreken, en gij niet zult afdwalen. Sommigen onder u hebben echter het spreken des Heeren en de tucht veracht. Na enkele vermaningen zult gij het stof van uw voeten afvegen en verder gaan. Weest echter niet hoogmoedig. Wie meent te staan, ziet toe dat hij niet valle.

33. Zo zult gij de gaven en wapenen der wedergeboorte rijkelijk ontvangen, wanneer gij in Mij blijft. Gij moet wederomgeboren worden in het bloed der vijand, en niet door het bloed der onschuldigen. Gij zult geen onschuldig vlees aanraken, noch dit eten, want zo zult gij uw gave opgetekend in Mijn Getuigenis verliezen. Blijft in Mij, en doopt uzelf niet meer in onschuldig bloed, maar doopt uzelf in de bloedbaden der duisternis. Hierin zult gij u wassen, en voor Mijn aangezicht vrijgezet worden. Zo zult gij de gaven en wapenen van deze doop kennen, wanneer gij in Mij blijft. En zo zult gij uzelf dopen in de bloedbaden van de varkens der duisternis, en niet in het bloed van onschuldige varkens op de aarde, die door de Heere geschapen zijn om uw zielen te behoeden. En zo zult gij uzelf dopen in de bloedbaden van de kippen der duisternis, en niet in het

bloed van onschuldige kippen, die de Heere op de aarde geschapen heeft tot uw naaste medeschepselen. Spot dan niet met de werken des Heeren, oh volk.

34. Zo zult gij het slachtmis des Heeren hoog houden op de heilige berg, en gij zult in de velden onder uw vijand bloedbaden aanrichten, waarin geen onschuldig bloed gemengd zal worden. Zij die onschuldig bloed vergieten zullen uit de tempel verbannen worden. Ja, de Heere zal hen vinden, al die priesters van onschuldig bloedvergiet. Hij zal hun schuilplaatsen slaan, en hen gebonden uitvoeren. Zo zal er dan een einde komen aan het binden van onschuldig vlees.

35. Oefent dan veelvuldig met de wapenen die de Heere u gegeven heeft, opdat gij niet ten prooi zult vallen aan de krijgsleer der wereld. En wanneer gij strijdt, draagt de doornenkronen des Heeren als uw helm, en het spotkleed des Heeren als uw pantser. Leert dan ook de doornenkronen en spotkleden der engelen kennen, want velen onder u volgen valse engelen die deze dingen niet dragen.

36. Zo kennen dan hen die de doornenkroon en het spotkleed dragen vele geheime wapenen. Zij dragen de slachtspeer des Heeren om onschuldig bloed en vlees te beschermen.

37. Zo zijn er dan aan de slachtspeer des Heeren vele geheime gaven verbonden. Ja, zij draagt de sleutelen tot de boogschutters des Heeren. Zij dan brengen voort vele slachtvuren des Heeren om hen van onschuldig vlees en bloed te beschermen. Ja, een schuilplaats des Heeren is zij, een hoge toren van het verbond van Mijn Getuigenis, spreekt Jezus Christus.

38. Ja, de slachtspeer des Heeren voert de boogschutters aan, en zij is de heerseres over de beminden des Heeren. Ja, de minares des Heeren is zij. Zij komt altijd van hoog om de boogschutters aan te voeren, om vele slachtvuren van hen uit te doen gaan. Zij zet de velden in een vlam, en neemt haar prooi tot de Heere. Zij die de slachtspeer dragen zijn heilig. Zij kennen de woorden des Heeren als een geheim vuur. Zij worden wederomgeboren op de slachtvelden des Heeren, en zij kennen al Zijn schuilplaatsen, waar onschuldig bloed en vlees vertoeft.

39. Zo zijn er dan vele slachtpijlen in de hand des Heeren, die allen naar Zijn stem horen. Hij is de Goede Herder en de Goede Jager, en niemand zal hen uit Zijn hand roven. Hij is Hem die bindt, terwijl niemand losmaakt, en die losmaakt, terwijl niemand bindt. De speerwerpers des Heeren zijn allen in Zijn hand. Hij kent ze allen bij name, en naar Zijn stem horen zij. Zij brengen voort de geheimenissen des Heeren, en zij behoeden de profeten. Vertaal het Woord des Heeren daarom niet voor Zijn tijd, doet niet af en voegt niet toe. De profeten des Heeren zijn talrijk, maar apostelen vindt men weinig. Zo heeft de Heere dan een wacht aangesteld om de duistere geesten der apostelen na te jagen. Deze duistere geesten worden door hem geleid tot het slachthuis des Heeren, want zij hebben het Woord vertaald voor Zijn tijd, en zij hebben aan de profeten afgedaan. Zo zult ook gij de schapen der duisternis tot het altaar leiden. Ook zult gij de bokken der duisternis niet voor het altaar sparen. Want zij die zulke dingen bedrijven zullen ten prooi vallen aan de profeten des Heeren. Spaart dan de duisternis niet, want zo zullen de zonden in stand gehouden worden. De Heere rekent niet met hen die zulke gruwelen verrichten.

40. Zo zult gij dan zijn : reine slagers des Heeren. Gij zult de zonde niet sparen, en gij zult het Woord niet voor Zijn tijd vertalen. De speerwerpers der wedergeboorte zijn talrijk. Wakkert dan uw wapenen aan, opdat gij niet door een poel van zonde in het verderf wordt gesleurd. Zij dan die wapens hebben en die niet gebruiken zullen door deze wapens ook ten gronde gaan. Zij dan die wapens dragen en deze niet verder verfijnen zullen door deze wapens ook ten gronde gaan. Zo zult gij u dan onderwerpen aan uw krijgsheer. Want gij zijt allen slagers, maar alleen hen die slagers zijn

in de Heere en zich hebben onderworpen aan hun krijgshoofd zullen binnengaan. De slachtingen des Heeren dan zijn groot, maar ziet, zij die zich tegen Hem verzetten zullen door deze slachtingen ook ten onder gaan.

41. Zo heeft de Heere dan in zijn gemeente gezet : slagers, jagers, profeten, herders en soldaten, maar meer nog : speerwerpers en mesvechters. Laat hen u dan leiden tot wedergeboorte en doop, opdat uw harten één zijn met de Heere, en gij in Hem blijft.

42. Wat Ik tegen u heb, gemeente van Amerika, is dat gij u tegoed hebt gedaan aan rijkdom. Ziet dan, gij zijt trots en hoogmoedig. Maar gij hebt enkelen onder u die de woorden des Heeren hebben bewaard. Ziet dan, Ik kom spoedig, en als Ik u zal vinden in zonde, dan zal Ik u slaan. Gij hebt de tucht veracht, maar gij hebt enkelen onder u die tucht hebben gebracht, en gij hebt hen vermoord. Ziet dan, er is bloed aan uw vingers, en Ik heb het geroken. Ik reken u tot hen die stank brengen in Mijn schepping, en Ik zal u spoedig van de aardbodem wegvagen wanneer gij u niet bekeerd, spreekt Jezus Christus. Oh, spoed dan tot de tijd van genade, zegt Jezus Christus, opdat gij verademing zult vinden voor uw volk. Ik heb u lief, omdat er onder u zijn die de minsten wilden zijn, en dit heeft hen grote rijkdom gebracht. Ik zal deze rijkdom niet verafschuwen. Zij dragen een sieraad niet van deze wereld, en Ik zal hen snel opstellen tot leiders van een nieuw geslacht. Maar wat Ik tegen u heb is dat gij onschuldig bloed laat schreien tot Mij, en Ik heb hun stemmen gehoord, en zal hen vrijzetten op de dag daartoe gesteld. Want ziet, Amerika, er is een Dag waarop de Heere Zich richt tegen alles wat onschuldig bloed heeft vergoten. Ziet dan, de Heere zal een slachting aanrichten, en het geweeeklaag zal groot zijn. Tot Mijn poorten zal uw stank oprijzen, en Ik zal niet helpen, omdat gij tegen de Heere gezondigd hebt. Ja, tot een bespotting hebt gij Mij gemaakt, daar gij Mijn spotkleed was. Ja, spoedig zal Ik wederkomen om recht te doen aan onschuldig vlees en bloed, en om Mijn mes tot scheiding aan te voeren. Gij hebt u versierd met het bloed van onschuldigen, spreekt Jezus Christus. Gij hebt u versierd met dat wat geen sieraad is, en gij hebt Mijn schepping gedwongen in u te doen geloven. Gij hebt u opgesteld als Christus, maar ziet, gij waart een valse. Daarom het loon hierop zal u tegenspreken. Ik zal enkelen nemen om uw land te herbouwen, maar ziet, gij zult zelf niet tot het beloofde land ingaan. En dan zult gij wenen en hopeloos verloren zijn wanneer gij hen van honing ziet eten, en gij zelf buitengesloten zijt.

43. En tot Duitsland spreekt de Heere : Oh, verachtelijke natie, oh hoogmoedig geslacht, levende van zoveel onschuldig bloed. Ik heb uw stem gehoord, maar zal niet naar uw stem luisteren, oh gij van de vliegende slang. Ik zal de speerwerpers uit uw handen nemen, en Ik zal het roest der aarde u laten tegenspreken. Keer om, oh natie, bekeer u van uw slechte daden, en gaat niet voort verrukt te zijn over uw onrecht. De Heere zal onder de bokken der duisternis slachting aanbrengen, en gij zult zelf niet ingaan in het land van melk en honing. Gij zult diep en innig weeklagen wanneer gij bemerkt dat gij buitengesloten zijt. Toch heeft de Heere enkelen onder u gespaard, en Hij zal hen sparen op de Dag des Oordeels die gaat komen. Ik kom spoedig. Laat Ik dan geloof en liefde onder u vinden, of u zult ten gronde gaan onder Mijn roede en speer.

44. En tot Frankrijk spreekt de Heere : Uw speerwerpers zijn verrot. Eeuwen van onschuldig bloedvergiet schreien tot Mij, en nog steeds bekeert gij u niet van uw boze werken. Gaat dan niet voort op uw paden, want Ik kom spoedig om uw kandelaar weg te nemen. Dan zal duisternis uw land vervullen, en gij zult niet meer kunnen bovenkomen.

45. Tot Nederland spreekt de Heere : Verachtelijke natie der zotten. Eeuwen van onschuldig bloedvergiet schreien tot Mij, en gij bekeert uzelf niet, oh koppig volk. Gij hebt uw monden wijd

opengetrokken om tegen de allerhoogste te spreken, maar ziet, Ik zal deze monden slaan. Ja, gebonden op strijdswagens zal Ik u wegvoeren, indien gij niet voor de armen en onschuldigen opkomt. Gij hebt de vreemdeling ten schande gezet, en gij bent zelf op zijn tronen gaan zitten.

46. Tot Belgie spreekt de Heere : Gij trotse natie zonder helden. Ik heb verderf in uw binnenste gebracht, en gij dacht dat de tegenstander u aanklaagde. Ziet, gij bent zelf een tegenstander. Toch heb Ik u ook troost gebracht, omdat er enkelen onder u waren die hun harten rein en zuiver hebben bewaard. Ja, zij hebben de Heere bemind. De Heere zal daarom grote delen van uw land sparen.

47. Zo heeft dan elke bediening zijn eigen wedergeboorten, en zo ook elke gave en elk wapen. Volg daarom uw krijgsheer die de Heere boven u heeft aangesteld. Doet dan naarstig onderzoek in de geschriften des Heeren en bewaar Zijn Woorden als ware het uw kinderen. En gij zult niet meer rijden op onschuldig vlees en bloed, maar gij zult rijden op het bloed der duisternis. Ja, de Heere zal u noemen : bokkerijders. En gij zult de vijand van vlees ontdoen en het bloed zal zich tegen u richten, maar gij zult erop rijden, omdat dit een gebod des Heeren is. Zo zult gij de natien in de hemelse gewesten aan Mij onderwerpen, en zij zullen krachteloos zijn. Zo heeft dan ook elke bediening, elke gave en elk wapen zijn eigen dopen. Streeft dan naar de hoogsten onder hen. Blink dan uit in strijdvaardigheid en in virtuositeit, en wees hierin de beste, ja, de kampioen. Want de Heere kent alleen kampioenen in Zijn werken. En als gij dan kampioen wilt zijn, weest kampioen in het zijn van de minste, en in het dragen van Zijn kruis. Zo zult gij uw zielen behouden, en zult gij de sieraden dragen niet van deze aarde. Want wilt gij sieren, sier in het zijn van de minste, en in het dragen van het kruis. Zo zult gij dragen een zaligheid en een wedergeboorte niet van deze aarde. Sier u dan niet met onschuldig bloed, maar met het bloed van koningen en raadsheren der duisternis, met hun beenderen, ja, met het vlees van de bokken der duisternis. Wanneer gij wilt sieren, siert in de Heere, opdat Hij u kleine genade geve op de Dag tegen al wat hoog is. Vernedert u dan voor de Heere, opdat Hij u niet hoeve te breken. Weest ledig voor de Heere, opdat Hij u niet hoeve te doen barsten.

48. Wanneer speerwerpers u hebben omsingeld : De Heere zal u uitleiden, u die Zijn Wil doet. De Heere zal u laten springen over muren, en u stenen laten breken, wanneer gij in Hem blijft. Maar zij die niet in Hem blijven vallen van hoge muren. Zij gaan krachtig voort, maar worden steeds zwakker, daar de Heere hen van binnen geslagen heeft. Zij vallen ten prooi aan vreemde krachten, en de Heere biedt hen geen bescherming. Nu niet, en niet in alle eeuwigheden. Want de Heere heeft hen verworpen, en de Heere heeft besloten aan hen geen aandacht te geven. Verdoemden zijn zij, op weg naar het eeuwige graf. Zij zullen alleen rust vinden in vernietiging. Vreest daarom de Heere en kijk naar Hem op, want Hij heeft macht over u. Hij dan behoeft de zielen van hen die Hem volgen en die met Hem waken, maar zij die in slaap vallen zijn reeds verloren. Krochten der hel wachten hen op om hun zielen te zuiveren. Tot verslinding zijn zij bereid. Daarom, volk, vreest de Heere en doe Zijn Wil, opdat Hij uw paden recht zal maken en voor struikeling zal behoeden. Maar in het laatste der dagen zullen er velen struikelen, opdat er onder hen zuivering wordt aangebracht.

49. Een krijgsheer is de Heere, uitgaande om vernietiging aan te brengen onder Zijn vijanden. Zij sidderen wanneer de Heere komt, en wanneer de Heere Zijn mes opheft. Alleen zij die de minsten wilden zijn zullen aan Zijn Hand ontkomen, maar de rest is reeds verloren. Verschrikkelijk zijn de oordelen die de Heere zendt, terwijl niemand hen kan stoppen. Daarom : Bekeert u tot de Heere, en doe Zijn werken, opdat Hij uw zielen niet van de aardbodem zal afvegen. De Heere is dichtbij hen die Hem vrezen, hen die sidderen voor Zijn Woord, maar de rest is reeds verloren. Zoekt dan berouw in uw harten opdat gij zult leven.

50. De Heere zal niet afwijzen hen die sidderend en bevend tot Hem komen, maar zij die Hem niet vrezen zijn reeds verloren. Zoek daarom in uw harten of er nog vrees over is, opdat gij niet onder ogen hoeft te komen dat gij reeds verloren zijt wanneer de Heere aan de poorten van uw huis klopt. Dan zal er nog enkel vrees zijn, als de vrees der hel, maar dan zal de Heere u niet aannemen. Vrees daarom de Heere nu, opdat gij niet later met uw vrees verloren zult gaan.

51. En door de wedergeboorte zult gij loskomen van de bloedbanden der duisternis en zult gij de bloedbanden van de Heere ontvangen. Hieraan zal uw eigen vlees zich hervormen. En deze bloedbanden zijn rein en heilig, en zij zullen u leiden tot de bronnen des Heeren. Maar gij zult vele vijanden dienen te verslaan om tot deze bronnen te komen, want alleen aan hen die Hem innig liefhebben zal de Heere Zijn geheime tranen tonen. Zo zult gij dan komen tot de honderdvierenveertig duizend dopen en de duizend dopen, welk een groot geheimenis is. En ziet, gij moet dan zeventig maal zeven maal wederomgeboren worden in het bloed der vijand. Laat dan nimmermeer onschuldig bloed aan uw handen kleven. Maar ziet dan, er zijn thans wolven rondom u, die u van de eenvoudige waarheid kunnen afleiden. Weest daarom op uw hoede. Legers zijn tegen u uitgezonden. Zij kijken door uw ramen en komen door openingen binnen, om uw zielen weg te voeren. Zij zullen u wegvoeren naar een diep woud, waar de Heere niet is. Daarom : weest nuchter en waakzaam, want uw tegenstander rust niet, en zoekt wegen om uw hart te doorzoeken, daar hij weet dat zijn tijd kort is. Houdt daarom stand in het laatste der dagen, en omwikkelt u met de Woorden des Heeren. Zij zullen u leiden en voorthelpen, ja, door stenen muren breken zij heen.

52. Dit dan is Mijn getuigenis dat Ik aan Mijn gemeente in het laatste der dagen schenk. Neemt deze woorden ter harte, en laat u erdoor zuiveren, opdat Ik niet kome om u met de roede te slaan. Mijn staf zal u vertroosting schenken, en Ik zal u leiden naar waterige bronnen, wanneer gij in Mij blijft en Mijn woorden en Mijn getuigenis bewaard. Bewaar dan Mijn getuigenis, want Ik kom spoedig. Laat niemand afnemen wat u heeft. Ziet, Ik zal Mijn speerwerpers om u heen zetten, wanneer gij de woorden van Mijn getuigenis bewaard. Zij zullen u beschermen en leiden. Zij zullen ervoor zorgen dat niemand u zal roven uit Mijn hand. Draag dan Mijn getuigenis tot de Dag dat Ik terugkom, gemeente, en weet dat gij hierdoor de vijand voorzeker zult overwinnen, zoals Ik gesproken heb. Maak dan dit Woord ook tot uw getuigenis, geliefden, en onderwijs elkaar met deze woorden. Gij zult elkaar dan herkennen aan het dragen van de doornenkroon, het spotkleed en Mijn littekenen, spreekt Jezus Christus. Ziet dan, in een duistere nacht zal Ik aan uw poorten kloppen en zalig zullen zij dan zijn die voor Mij opendoen en Mij binnenlaten. Zij dan zullen eten van de Maaltijden des Heeren, ja, aan Zijn tafel zullen zij zitten. Maar zij die niet voor Mij opendoen zullen zelf buitengeworpen zijn. Ik de Heere zal hen vinden, en aan handen en voeten binden, want dezen zijn bestemd tot de buitenste duisternissen, daar waar het geweest is en het tandengeknars. Ik zal niet onschuldig houden hen die Mijn Naam hebben verloochend voor de hoge raad.

53. Maar Ik, de Heere, zie de harten aan, en luister niet naar de woorden van de mond, maar de woorden van het hart. Zo zullen dan woorden geen betekenis meer hebben, daar zij wegbranden in het slachtvuur des Heeren. Zo zullen alleen hen die een hart hebben Gode welbevallig kunnen spreken. De Heere zal hiervoor de harten naarstig toetsen, want een toetsers is de Heere. En zij die hem volgen zijn daarom toetsers. Zij die niet toetsen behoren de Heere niet toe. Zij behoren tot de zwalkende profeten die rondgaan om op onschuldig bloed te loeren. Weest echter voorzichtig in het vertalen. Vertaalt het Woord des Heeren en Zijn getuigenis niet voor Zijn tijd. Dit is de Waarschuwing des Heeren. Maar zij allen die Mij volgen, Christus Jezus, zullen niet ten prooi vallen, want Ik ben het die hen leid. Haal dan het onschuldig vlees uit uw monden, en eet het vlees

der duisternis wat de Heere aan Zijn jongen geeft, opdat gij zult kunnen spreken op de Dag des Oordeels en niet zonder woorden uw hart verloren zult zien gaan. De Heere voedt Zijn kinderen met het vlees der vijand. Wordt gij echter gevoed met onschuldig bloed, dan mag u u afvragen of gij wel een kind des Heeren bent.

54. De Heere neemt echter kinderen aan, want zij die Hem willen volgen en naarstig aan Zijn poorten kloppen, voor hen zal Hij zeker opendoen, en hen aannemen als kinderen. Onderzoekt daarom Zijn woord naarstig, en strijdt indringend om in te kunnen gaan. Velen heeft Hij de macht gegeven om kinderen Gods te worden, maar slechts weinigen zullen door het smalle gat ingaan. Weest daarom snel in het toetsen en langzaam om te vertalen, dat gij niet afdoet aan het profetische woord. Want ziet, alle profetie is het getuigenis van Christus, spreekt Christus Jezus. En gij zult u aan Mijn Getuigenis warmen als aan een vuur tot u gezonden om u te leiden en te beschermen in duisternis en kou. Dit dan is Mijn Liefde. Ik heb u niet als wezen achtergelaten, maar Ik heb de woorden van Mijn Getuigenis tot u gezonden in het laatste der dagen. Nog vele malen zal Ik spreken, om Mijn Getuigenis voor het laatste der dagen te volmaken. Hoort dan naar deze woorden, opdat gij zaligheid vinde voor uw zielen. Ik, de Heere, heb u zeker niet als wezen achtergelaten. Zoek dan naarstig naar Mijn geheimenissen op verborgen plekken. Mijn messenwerpers zullen u bijstaan en beschermen, ja, zij zullen strijd voor u voeren, en gij zult voelen als de warmte van een gezin. Zij zullen ondoordringbare tunnels doorbreken, en zij zullen u voeren tot nieuw land. Zij zullen de snellen der duisternis neerhalen, en u de duisternissen der apostelen laten zien. Weest dan langzaam in het vertalen en langzaam in het doorreizen. Gij zult de lichten die geen lichten zijn doven, want de duisternis des Heeren zal u tot licht zijn. Dan zult gij komen tot de tempel van David, en Ik zal u nieuwe voorschriften geven. En Ik zal David aanstellen tot een licht en een schild, en hij zal u een nieuwe krijgsheer geven, en u onderricht geven in de strijd. En hij zal de geesten der duisternis niet sparen, en ook uw vlees zal hij niet sparen. En gij zult met hem worstelen in Pniel, omdat hij u zal toetsen, en u hem. Zo zal dan David de messenwerpers bijstaan, en u leren wat het is oorlog te voeren in de hemelse gewesten. En David zal u leiden tot een gat in de muur, waar heilige boeken zijn opgesteld. En gij zult deelhebben aan zijn maaltijden in zijn burcht.

55. En Ik zal u meerdere geheimenissen over David tonen, want een groot oorlogsheer is hij in de hemelse gewesten. Zo zet hij dan één blik van zijn ogen de velden in vlam. Zijn messenwerpers zijn onderlegd in het beschermen en bewaken van zijn burcht. Speerwerpers komen voort vanuit zijn mond, en boogschutters staan op zijn muren. Ja, heilige slagers heeft hij in zijn burcht aangesteld om het plan des Heeren te volvoeren. Zij zullen de geesten der duisternis niet sparen. Door bloedbaden zullen zij hun wegen vinden, en de raad des Heeren. Zo zal dan David tronen in het nieuwe Jeruzalem. En zijn troon zal zijn tot in alle eeuwigheden en utmiren. En de slachtspeer zal de poort openen aan het einde van alle eeuwigheden tot de komende Jedad, het nieuwe tijdperk der eeuwigheden. Elke Jedad draagt dan vierhonderdmiljard eeuwigheden in zich. Zo zijn er dan twaalfhonderd en vierenzestig Jedads in elke Johad. Zo zijn er dan vierentwintig Johads. De vierentwintig Johads zijn aangesteld om de tijden des Heeren te volmaken. Zo zal dan in de komende Johad het nieuwe Bethlehem gebouwd worden. Zo zal dan in de Johad daarna het nieuwe Pniel gebouwd worden, en het zal worden tot een grote vlakte. Ook zullen Nazareth herbouwd worden, Getsemane en Golgotha. En de Heere zal de volkeren leren geen onschuldig bloed meer te vergieten. De Heere zal een legermacht opstellen om Zijn werken te doen geschieden.

56. Leert dan van het kruis van David, een oorlogskruis, een rood kruis. Leert dan van het slachtmes van David, voortkomende vanuit dit kruis. Ja, al zijn oorlogsgaven en oorlogswapenen komen voort

vanuit dit kruis. Leert hen kennen, en leert hen te hanteren. Vele legers worden hierdoor aangevoerd. Leer deze legers kennen. Zo zult gij dan wedergeboren moeten worden in de velden en de burcht van David. Ook zult gij wederom geboren moeten worden in alle Jedads en Johads, opdat gij zult gaan van behoudenis tot behoudenis. Zo zult gij dan ook de littekenen van David in uw lichamen dragen.

57. Gemeente, gij maakt er vaak nogal een sport van om anderen Jezus te laten aannemen. Geliefden, laat hen de doornenkroon aannemen, en het spotkleed. Weet dan ook dat gij alleen tot Mij kunt komen door David's spotkleed en doornenkroon te dragen, daar hij door Mij gezonden was, evenals de profeten, om de weg te bereiden.

Karazuur

1.

Notenkraker

1. Muizen met symmetrie, zij kwamen onder het roze, het mysterie. Alles was daar zwart en wit, terwijl het grijze koning was. 2. De muizen des hemels, zij staarden daar, waar mystieke ratten de trompet blazen. Oh ja, zij waren des hemels. Engelen waren zij. Zij volgden de duiven en de raven, het voedsel van merels aten zij. 3. Zij brachten hen tot het huis van slaap, waar alles vlam zou vatten. 4. De vlam is om te vernietigen, en niet om eeuwig in stand te houden. 5. De ribbels van de wateren des hemels, als door verbroken spiegels bekeken. 6. De muis dan slaapt niet meer, voor eeuwig ontwaakt in de waarheid, om te gaan slapen in een ander licht. 7. In de vijver ziet de koning goud en zilver. Daar waar het maanlicht haar raakt. Zacht beroert zij de gezichten, en niets doet er meer toe. 8. Alles is altijd toch weer anders, volgen kun je het niet. 9. De wereld is te groot om te bevatten, de ander kennen kunnen we niet. 10. Laten we de moed maar opgeven, want niets doet er meer toe. 11. Waarom moed hebben tot de kroon der ijdelheden, het zal toch vergaan, in het licht van de dag erna. 12. Waarom zouden we nog iets vasthouden, als we het snel weer zullen verliezen. 13. We worden gedreven tot de vlam die zevenvoudig brandt, oplossende in het niets. 14. We kunnen toch niet tegenhouden datgene wat gaat komen. Het maakt niet meer uit, waarom nog drukte maken ? 15. We leren door wijsheid niets te weten. Alles houdt zichzelf in stand. 16. Ketenen kunnen we niet breken. Het is toch altijd anders, het komt toch altijd van een andere kant. 17. Schrik maar als je wil schrikken, de muizenkoning is hier belandt. 18. Hier is altijd alles anders, en de betekenissen verbrandt. 19. Mijn hand kan mijn andere hand niet bereiken. Mijn voet brengt de ander tot struikelen. Ze verstaan elkaar niet.

2.

Esmeralda

1. Gij dan met al uw canons, weet dan dat de pijn u tot stilte brengt. Want voor de Utmiren en de tijden der Geesten Gods waren de tijden van het kruis, de driehoek en de lijn. 2. Gij hebt dan aan persoonsanon gedaan, en aan christusanon. Deze twee geesten leven als spinnen in uw binnenste om u kaal te vreten. 3. Gij hebt niet willen weten waar uw Christus vandaan kwaamt, daar gij uw

tijdscanons had opgesteld. 4.Zeer te betreuren zijt gij, en gij hebt geen beleg op uw brood gehad en geen maaltijd bij de wijn. Gij bent geweest tot onderdrukkers, en onderdrukt werd gij. De Heere schiep u in ballingschap, en heeft u daar verwekt. 5.Gij hebt niet naar uw draken willen luisteren, maar ziet, zij waren de heeren van voor de Utmiren en tijden der geesten.

6.Want het sneeuw wit kwam aan de ramen, en gij hebt haar niet gewild. Ziet, zij was dan de christus van voor de tijden van Utmir, en de tijden der Geesten. 7.En zij leefden allen in de hemelen, daar er nog geen aarde was. Neemt haar dan aan, als gij tot deze wijnen wilt komen, want zij leven daar in de vijfde dermensie, terwijl de aarde van de derde is. Het paradijs nu was van de vierde. 8.Ziet dan waar ge in bent gevallen, en klimt hoger op. Want Gods deuren zijn geopend, om het sneeuw wit in uw harten te laten neerdalen. Neemt haar dan aan, en vraag haar in uw hart, opdat God Zijn kandelaar in u aansteke. 9.Dan zult gij allen wederomgeboren worden door haar geest, en gij zult Esmeralda ontvangen. Zij was dan de Geest Gods tot hen die in de vijfde dermensie woonden. 10.Gij dan zijt aards, en leeft in de derde dermensie, opdat gij haar niet zou ontvangen. Ziet dan van wat voor hoogte gij gevallen zijt, en neem haar wederom aan, allen die afgedwaald zijn. 11.Maar sommigen zijn tot u gekomen, als de engelen des hemels.

12.Gij dan die moeite hebt met het aanvaarden van nieuwe namen : doet dan uw persoonscanons af waarin gij gekooïd zijt, en legt de christuscanon af waaraan gij geketent bent, want zoals daar vele geesten zijn voor Gods Troon, zo zijn daar vele christussen. 13.Legt daarom de leugen af, opdat gij uw kinderen niet binde. En sneeuw wit dan was als een voorbeeld gesteld in de tijden voor de Utmir en de Geesten Gods. 14.En alleen in Sneeuw wit zult gij toegang hebben tot deze hemelen, daar zij de geurige kostbaarheden voor Gods Troon zijn. Zij dan zijn de spiegels van God. 15.Alle woord is dan onfeilbaar in symboliek, en in raadsel. Dit dan is een geheimenis des Heeren.

16.Zo hebt gij dan vele christussen nodig om tot het hart des Heeren weder te keren, en om deel te hebben aan zijn symboliek. Zij dan van de christuscanon hebben Hem gebonden en gekruisigd.

3.

de Strozalk

1. Draai nog even om met mij, het wordt krap in de kooi. Laten we naar buiten gaan, of is de moed verdwenen. 2. De muizenkoning raakte ons aan, en nu zijn we vrij. Als konijnen zijn we, in het veld, op zoek naar de kikkerkoning. 3. De strozalk is daar, de landbouwers van Metensia, en hebben de schatten diep in de aarde gevonden. Ja, schatten in aarden vaten zijn zij. 4. Moeders hebben hun kinderen verloren. Ze kijken hen na, maar kunnen niks beginnen. Ze zijn geslagen door het kruis van Marcia. 5. Zelfs tranen kunnen hen niet bereiken, en schreeuwen ketst terug van de ramen. 6. Ik moet zelf stiller worden, de strozalk zit achter mij aan. Zij zijn de soldaten van Metensia. 7. Met de Herman breken zij door de huizen, en laten hun sporen achter, maar zijn niet te volgen. 8. Overal zijn zij, maar kunnen nergens gevonden worden, wanneer zij op strooptocht zijn. 9. In Sarhem vond ik veiligheid, maar ik zie hen nog steeds staan, mij schrik aanjagende. 10. Het is de Vreze des Heeren, waar kunnen we gaan ? 11. Ontsnappen is niet mogelijk, in de kooi zijn wij, en buiten is een andere kooi. Nooit vrij zijn wij. 12. De strozalk is hier, ik kan niet ademen, zelfs niet huilen van de emotie. 13. Wat zullen ze doen, zullen ze me weer slaan ? 14. Rust en vrede vind ik in Sarhem, maar ik zie hen nog steeds staan. 15. Dichtbij me zijn ze. Wat zullen ze met me doen ? Ik heb hen toch niks gedaan ? 16. Tot Sarhem vluchtte ik, maar het is gewoon een andere kooi. 17. Hoeveel kooien hebben ze daar bij de Strozalk ? Wij gaan van kooi tot kooi. 18. Tot Sarhem zijn we gedreven.

4.

Pniel

1. Ik kan niks bewegen, ik kan niks beginnen. De Strozalk heeft me geslagen. Tot Sarhem kan ik vluchten, maar ik droom steeds zo naar. 2. Alles doet pijn, waar moet ik naartoe ? Ik schreeuw en gil maar niemand hoort me. Ik ben dan achter saffier en staal. 3. Nog dieper zullen ze me trekken, totdat dan alles scheurt. En zij zullen allen zeggen : Er is niks gebeurd. 4. Niemand ziet mijn wonden, niemand kent mijn pijn. Niemand ziet de kogel, diep in mij geschoten. 5. Een konijn was het, met een lang geweer, maar niemand had hem ooit gezien, en niemand zag hem ooit weer. 6. Het huis van dokters verstond mij niet, en zo daalde ik in de dood. 6. En de dood zei : Ik ken hem niet, en zo gleed ik nog dieper tot aan de poorten van de hel. 7. Maar in Sarhem kwam ik vrij, en kon ik weer ademen. Maar dat konijn woonde hier ook, en de Strozalk, als het kruis van Marcia. 8. Hoelang zal deze nachtmerrie duren, alles traant in mij, tot bevens toe. 9. Achter saffier en staal hebben zij mij gezet, achter drakentralies, diep in een kasteel. 10. Toe, prinses, red mij, red mij van de draak, of moet de draak gered worden van mij ? 11. Ik ben in gevecht met Metensia. Haar kussen branden mij diep, als een eeuwig teken van liefde, voerende mij naar het Sarhem. 12. Wie moet nou wie redden ? De draak redde mij van de prinses. Van de Strozalk zijn zij, worstelende in Pniel, om Jakob diep te breken. Overwin mij, zodat ik kan winnen.

5.

Sleutels van Sarhem

1. Zet mij vrij. In Marcia ben ik vrij. Het leed geleden. Mijn vrucht verloren, maar gezuiverd gevonden. Maar ik ben altijd in het sieraad geweest en het sieraad in mij. 2. De honger brak mij, brak de koek, om tot verzadigens toe te eten. 3. De dorst brak mij, brak de kruik open. Nu heb ik een wapen in Marcia. Als het Tweede Kruis is zij. De honger sloeg mij, om brood des kruises te brengen, als het Tweede Woord. 4. Marcia, door de dood herschiep gij mij. 5. Leer mij dan uw symmetrieën kennen, als sleutels tot de poorten van Sarhem. 6. Marcia, tot in de dood getrouw.

6.

Het Tweede Woord vleesgeworden

1. Blind als wilden, bewegingen te snel, sieraden honderdvoudig geweven, nu is het steen, en brandt als de hel. 2. Morgenoorlogen, zachte stralen in de vijvers, lofgedichten, zure wijnen, Golgotha echoot na, maar zal in de dag verdwijnen. 3. De honger roept je na. Tot het avondmaal ging je. In Spricht dan je laatste vakantie, waar de bommen vielen. Je kon nergens heen. 4. In de avond komt het voertuig van het tweede kruis. Sla de blaad'ren van het boek eens om, want letters vliegen om je heen. Een koude hand zette je vrij, de Herman in de vroege lente. Geen boeken meer, niets wat nog benauwd, de kou is in het hoofd geslagen. 5. Ik herinner niets meer van die dag, dat Marcia mij meenam. Tot Sarhem bracht zij mij, waar lijnen tezamen komen, waar driehoeken elkaar verstaan, en oprijzen tot een koningswoning. 6. Tot Sarhem bracht zij mij, en het Tweede Woord werd vlees in mij.

Het vergeten

7. De dieptes spuiten echoos, maar zij zijn niet te verstaan. Er zijn hier vijvers van tranen, en denk eens aan de oceaan. Zij zijn dol op wilde taal. 8. Zo kunnen zij vergeten, en de hoge orde zien. Het Tweede Woord is vlees geworden, als muren van een koningshuis, waar driehoeken elkaar vinden,

en lijnen scheiding brengen voor een tijd. Zij laten de tranen stromen, uit hoge broeken stromen zij. 9.De ketel is op tijd gekomen, zij hebben het niet verstaan, en daarom stromen zij, reizen zij, naar de andere kant van het verhaal. De spreeuwen komen als oorlog, de kou is in het hoofd geslagen. Ik herinner niets meer, van die mooie dag. 10.Toe, breng mij nog wat wijn van zwijm, en leidt mij tot de morgen, om in de uilentraan te ontwaken, en bij de kikkerkoning te zijn. Zijn zij dan allen stom in dit verhaal ? Zij praten niet.

Paradox van Liefde

11.Marcia, een mooie taal, letters aan elkaar verbonden, strijdend tegen elkaar, maar één in het vuur, allen één. Mooie letters, vlees geworden, tot een koningshuis gaan zij, in een grote stoet, zij komen, om te drinken uit een hoed. De kou is me in het hoofd geslagen, ik herinner niets meer van die dag. 12.Maar Marcia, de taal des kruises, brengt mij tot groot gelach. Ik ben alles weer vergeten. Toe breng mij nog wat wijn van zwijm, om tot die dromen te komen, waar tranen door hoge broeken stromen. Ben je dan vergeten hoe het was ? 13.Wij lazten als blinden, bewogen als wilden, in het hoge gras. Altijd reikende tot de morgen, als in bloesem geborgen, luisterende naar de taal van het morgenkruis, een oorlogskruis, letteren door strijd gebogen, maar in liefde vleesgeworden, wandelende tot een koningspaleis. 14.Marcia, een stoet van wilden, snellend van Pniel door het paradox van liefde, als een oude taal van dromen. Alles ben ik weer vergeten, toe geef me nog wat wijn van zwijm. Ik kan het allemaal nog steeds niet geloven, tot een kikkerhuis snellen zij. 15.De muizenkoning heeft mijn droom genomen, brak het in twee, maar ik ben het vergeten. Ik voerde op de golven mee. Ook mijn stem was dan verbroken, maar ik kon het niet geloven. Ik was al in een andere droom, en sprak een nieuwe taal. 16.Tot het Sarhem ben ik gekomen, het oude heb ik losgelaten. Zou jij dan niet dromen, of ben ik al te laat gekomen. 17.Als jij me nog wil helpen, je bent al te laat. Ik ben al waar ik wezen moet, woon al in een nieuwe straat, tot Sarhem ben ik gekomen, konijnen achter hoge ramen, en als de Marcia weer slaat, dan zullen weer de tranen stromen, stromen uit de hoge broeken, stromen uit de hoge luchten, stromen uit die oude dromen, geen glas meer, alles is stuk. 18.Morgen ben ik alles weer vergeten, dan zit ik weer hier, 'k doe and're dingen. Starende naar nieuwe verhalen, geen boeken meer, dat is voorbij, want letters zijn nu vleesgeworden, ik spreek met hen, en zij zijn reizende tot de kikkerkoning, groter dan geluk. 19.Smeer de ochtend uit over lange glazen. Morgen is alles stuk.

Het kind achter glas

20.Marcia, een mooie taal, dromen reiken ver, liefdes uitgedoofd, de haat stroomt nu zo snel, uit het liefdesparadox, vanuit Pniel. Heer, ik kan mijn kind niet meer raken. Ze ligt hier in een glazen kist als 't sneeuwwit. Zal de ochtend haar misschien doen ontwaken. 21.Mijn handen zijn gebonden als Rumah, ze hoort mij zelfs niet. Heer, ik kan mijn kind niet meer raken, achter glas is zij. Maar de morgen kan haar raken, en ik zal alles vergeten zijn. Wind, neem haar mee, ik kan het niet meer, de Heer heeft mij geslagen. 22.Van de Strozalk zijn zij, mij leidende tot een konijnenhuis, waar de kikkerkoning nieuwe broeken weeft van tranen, zoveel tranen, uit zoveel kruiken, om mij alles te doen vergeten. Kind, je kunt me nu niet horen. Je bent ver weg, je kunt mij ook niet helpen. 23.Tot het Sarhem zullen ze je leiden, tot de taal des kruises, en in Marcia kunnen we elkaar verstaan.

Van vader tot kind

24.Kind, de morgen duurt niet lang, alle dromen zijn snel over, en dan zul jij ook vergeten, alles wat ik van je nam. Kind, het turen duurt niet lang, want ook jouw oog zal snel gaan slapen, een nieuwe ochtend trekt jou aan, als een broek vol van tranen, ja, nog steeds achter glas, maar het glas is snel

gebroken, want alles is vergeten door de nieuwe droom. 25. De herman breekt door alles heen met de strozalk. Zij zijn soldaten van Metensia, komende ook tot jouw huis. Ze hebben je vergiftigd met christusverhalen, ze hebben je vergiftigd met de vruchten van het kruis. Maar tot Sarhem bracht het jou, de appel stierf in jou.

Van kind tot vader

26. Toe, vader, praat niet verder, ik kan het niet meer aan. Die glazen die naar mij turen, de ochtendjas trekt mij aan. Die seconde duurt wel duizend jaar, ik leef weer in het verleden. 27. Ik kan niet meer ontwaken, want zij van de strozalk hebben mij geslagen.

7.

Indiaan des Heeren

1. Groot is het heil van onze God, Hij die de indiaan geschapen heeft, en zevenvoudig gezuiverd heeft. Genade zij u en vrede, door onze Tweede Heere Jezus Christus en door de Herman die aan zijn zijde zijt. En ziet dan, zij zijn één. 2. En daar de Herman wild is kan hij zo meevoelen met de wilden en al die de Herman volgen. En de Heere is dan tegen het Eerste daar het eerste tegen het wilde en dierlijke was. 2. Daarom is dan ook het tweede gekomen, om de indiaan te zegenen en te zuiveren, zoals de heere zijn woord gezuiverd heeft. 3. En de heere zal al zijn stammen zuiveren. Zo spreekt hij dan die de slang berijdt : De heere uw god dan is wild, en heeft zich geopenbaard door de herman. De heere uw god dan is armoe, en heeft zich geopenbaard door maser. 4. Zij dan dragen het indiaanse volk voortdurend voor de troon van god. De heere dan heeft hen lief, en aan hen is het tweede gewijd, want zij hebben gods schepping niet veracht, zij die zich hebben laten zuiveren. 5. De heere zal uw wonden genezen, daar gij de natuur hebt liefgehad. Gij dan bent rein, en de heere heere houdt uw hand vast. 6. Gij gaat ge-ent worden op de boom des heeren, want gij zijt het volk des heeren, en allen die de heere willen blijven volgen, zullen wederomgeboren moeten worden door u. 7. Maar niemand is dan een indiaan naar het vlees, maar naar het hart zal men spreken over wilden en indianen. 8. En de heere zegt : ik houd van u, en houd uw hand vast, want gij hebt mij getroost, allen die in mij zijn. 9. Er is u dan onrecht aangedaan vanuit het grote spanje, maar ziet, ik heb de zwarte haai tot hen gezonden. 10. Gij dan zijt mijn volk, gij die in mij zijt. Komt dan tot mij, gij die vermoeid en belast zijt, en ik zal u rust geven. Doet dan uw ogen dicht en denkt aan mij, opdat ik aan u denke, en wij één zijn in elkaars hart.

Troost

11. Hebt elkaar lief, want Ik heb u lief, en ik heb uw nood gezien. Ik heb een plaats voor u bereid diep in mijn hart. 12. Ja, gij raakt diep in mij, en zijt mij tot genezing, daar gij mij gezien hebt in de schepping. Ja, want ik was de zon, ik was de rivier en ik was het dier. 13. En gij hebt mij gevolgd en geeerd. Gij hebt mijn piraten gastvrij ontvangen, en de Peter. ook bent gij tot de herman gekomen, en hebt gij maser gekust. 14. Indianen, ik heb u lief. Gij hebt mij liefde bewezen. Laten wij dan één zijn. 15. Ja, want door u heb ik het Tweede Woord geschapen en het Eerste Woord gezuiverd. Gij hebt de oude paden bewandeld en uw ouders geeerd, en zo Dezer, Christus van het Oer gevolgd. 16. Laten wij daarom één blijven, want gij staat niet onder de Joden. Gij zijt mijn volk. Ik heb al uw stammen lief. 17. Wij horen dan bij elkaar. Ik heb dan Narzia geschapen als de plaats van het verbond tussen u en mij, want in u heeft de Christus diepte gevonden, en bij u zijn dan de wortelen des kruises en het woord gods. Ik dan zal uw tranen drogen. 18. En enkelen onder u leven dan in diepe putten, maar ik zal deze putten openen. Want zij waren bestemd geopend te worden aan het einde der tijden.

Bemoediging

19. Gij bent dan een schuilplaats geweest voor de konijnen des hemels, en gij hebt Jezel en Jozef in hun verdrukkingen vertroost, niet alleen met woorden, maar ook met warmte. 20. Gij hebt dan plaats gegeven aan de leeuwen des hemels in uw tenten en gij bent altijd eenvoudig gebleven, levende van wat de hemel u gaf. 21. De Heere zal u een plaats geven naast zijn troon, en gij zult zijn oogappel zijn. 22. De Heere geve u dan warmte voor warmte, en kou voor kou. Gij die dan geluisterd hebt, de Heere zal uw oor nog meer openen. Gij die dan de Heere gevolgd hebt, Hij zal uw ogen nog meer openen.

8.

Geen dood en slaap

1. En ik kwam dan tot Spricht, want Golgotha had mij een gesloten deur gegeven, een brug waarover ik niet kon gaan. In het graf werd ik gedreven, waar ik een familie kreeg, maar die was des doods. 2. Want ook de Heere kreeg op Golgotha een deur te zien, maar die was gesloten. En Hij stierf voor die deur, roepende Eli Eli, Lama Sabachtani, hetgeen betekent : Mijn God, Mijn God, waarom hebt Gij mij verlaten. 3. Hij had dan geleden op de aarde, maar toen Hij opstond en ten hemel voer, zou Hij lijden in de hemelen, en ingaan tot Spricht. 4. Spricht, neem mij dan aan, gij die mij op Golgotha hebt geslagen, opdat ik niet alleen deel heb aan Zijn Lijden op aarde, maar ook aan Zijn Lijden in de hemelen. 5. Dood en slaap, wijkt dan nu van mij, opdat gij mij niet verlosse, maar laat mij lijden met de Christus in Spricht, opdat ik tot Zetdonia zal gaan. Ja, want dood en slaap brengt niets dan warmte, de verlossing uit het lijden. 6. En zo zou ik mijn Heer dan niet verstaan, en niet tot het ijs binnengaan. 7. Daarom, dood wijk van mij, en slaap, raak mij niet aan. Ik wil de ketenen des Heeren voelen, en tot Spricht ingaan. 8. Zij hebben mij geleid tot de driehoek, waar lijnen om te scheiden uit voort kwamen. Zij hebben mij tot Materos geleid, tot het Kleine Gods, en tot het Sneeuw wit dat daar verblijft. 9. En zij heeft haar Spricht tot Prins, aan de dood ontkomen, toe laat mij binnen. 10. Toe laat mij dan de paden van Spricht bewandelen, en niet slapen als de discipelen. 11. Heer ik wil uw pijnen dragen, en op uw lijnen lopen, als de acrobaten van het kruis. 12. Het graf heeft mij dan opgeslokt en uitgespuugd. Ik ben tot Spricht gegaan. 13. Dood en slaap, wijkt van mij. Gij hebt hier geen plaats. 14. Geen dood, geen slaap, geen rust, geen vrede, geef mij de zoetheid van de paranoia. Ik heb met de Heere geleden. 15. Ik ben niet gevluht tot de dood, heb ook de slaap mij niet laten pakken, maar het zwaard des kruises bracht mij de zwijm van Spricht. 16. Tot het Tweede Kruis gekomen, door Marcia ingegaan. Zij is de gans des Heeren, zij is de Herderin. 17. Ik strijd dan tegen de zwijm. Ook zij doet mij mijn hart verblinden, ik wil met de Heere zijn. Als de wespen des hemels, ziet, zij slapen niet, maar lijden met de Christus, tot in het diepste van Spricht. 18. Tot Zetdonia vliegen zij, waar de driehoek hun hart heeft gemeten. Van de zoete brij drinken zij. Toe, laat mij daar niet sterven, totdat ik in Materos ben gegaan, om het Sneeuw wit te aanschouwen, om voor eeuwig de angel te dragen, die mij één maakte met de Heere. 19. Van honing heb ik niet gedronken, nee, het zoete kende ik niet. Tegen het gif van een appel heb ik gestreden, maar de dood heeft mij niet genomen. 20. Nu ben ik dan de muizenkoning, nu ben ik dan de prins van Spricht, tot de putten van Zetdonia gekomen, maar sterven doe ik niet. 21. Ik heb de dood dan overwonnen, ik ben de koning van de dood, op zijn beesten gereden. 22. Ik ben de muizenkoning, in honger rondgezworven. Van sterven wilde ik niet weten. Ik liet de kou mijn meester zijn, tot Materos ben ik gekomen, om het sneeuw wit te aanschouwen, en het nachtlattijn. 23. Het nachtlattijn heb ik gesponnen, zonder eind haar draden. 24. Tot in Spricht ben ik gekomen, om te kennen al haar namen. Over haar bossen gleed ik, om tot Zetdonia te gaan. Door driehoeken

leidende tot Materos, mijn rozen zijn niet vergaan. 25. Nu branden dan mijn haren, en zijn mijn zeeën van goud. Mijn ogen die diep staren. Zij zijn wild en zij zijn koud. 26. Nee, geen vuur zal mij laten sterven. Ik ben tot de Heere gegaan. Tot hen onder het blauwe ben ik gelopen. Geen angst meer, ik heb de dood verslagen.

9.

De rattenkoning

1. In de dood was ik een slaaf der wereld, nu ben ik een slaaf van Spricht, gaande tot Zetdonia. 2. Nee, vuur kan mij niet branden, ik ben de muizenkoning. Straks ben ik een rat des hemels, sieraden hebben in mij woning. 3. Haalt het je dan uit je slaap. Door de dood dring ik heen. Je voelt mijn koele hand, om ook jou te verlossen, van de strikken van de slaap. 4. Ik ben de prins van het morgenrood, de ochtend komt nader. Ik ben de prins, ja, de avond die is dood. Voor eeuwig in de morgenstond, heb ik mijn troon gezet. Ik ben de prins van het ochtendrood, ik haal haar uit haar slaap, de rozendoorn. 5. De avond is gestorven, de nacht van een lang verleden. Nu is het morgen geworden. Ik haal haar uit haar slaap, het rozenrood, de zachte liefde. 6. Toe, lijdt met mij, tot de tafel door Hem bereid. 7. Toe, laat me niet alleen, in de dood raak je alles kwijt. Alles dat was tussen jou en mij. 8. Ogen hoog en laag, hij vecht tegen de slaap. Het is de kikkerkoning, makende in mij woning. Hij zal heersen op zijn tijd, als koning van de slaap, heeft overwonnen, zijn beesten bereden. 9. Koele wateren wekken je op, om tot het sneeuwwit te komen, en haar muizenprins, onder de dood maakten zij woning. 10. De rozendoorn, het rozenrood, met hun kikkerkoning, totdat de rattenkoning hen in Pniel verslindt. 11. Het overwint hen nog een keer, de kracht van het oude zeer. 12. Ik heb nu een tempel gebouwd, op Pniel, wachtende op de laatste keer. Al die mooie dromen zijn gebroken. 13. Koele waat'ren wekken je op, zij stierven niet aan het kruis, maar nog steeds lijden zij daar, in de hallen van Spricht, als de sieraden des hemels. Kijk er nog een keer naar, en alles is anders geworden. 14. Onder de dood maakten zij woning, onder slaap en onder zwijm, om het dromenbrood te verkopen. Ze raakten hier alles kwijt, de armoe aanbeden. 15. Ga er nooit meer naar terug, je bent nu een konijn achter glas, met de rattenkoning in het verschiep, een strijd die op Pniel zal eindigen. 16. Want als konijnen vechten wij tegen de wolken van zwijm, waaruit havikken en arenden komen, om ons mee te nemen naar Spricht. 17. De rattenkoning maakte in hen woning, om hen te maken tot konijnenkoning. 18. Zeg Elles, vertel eens, waar kom je toch vandaan ? Heb je je rattenkoning gevonden, doe mij toch eens je woorden verstaan. 19. Hij heeft je uit je zwijm genomen, tot een konijnenprins heeft hij jou gebracht. 20. Zeg, Elles, wie heeft jou meegenomen ? Was dat niet het witte konijn ? Al je dromen zijn nog steeds niet uitgekomen. De koningin van harten bracht jou uit je zwijm. 21. Word boos, heel heel boos, anders raak je weer in zwijm, en begint het verhaal van voren af aan. 22. Rattenkoning, vul mij met toorn, om tegen dood, slaap en zwijm te strijden, breng mij onder de zwijm, waar de Elles zit verlaten van haar dromen. Ik geef haar de veer, dan komt ze telkens weer. 23. Elles, wie heeft dan alles afgenomen. Wie heeft jou dan in Armoe laten gaan. Je hebt Maser dan in je boot genomen. De rijkdom bracht jou in al die zwijm, maar het wonderland heeft jou er uitgenomen. 24. Nu zit je dan hier onder het zwijm, tezamen met maser en de herman. Tot Zetdonia ben je aangekomen. Die kaarten van het kruis klagen jou nog steeds aan. 25. Mocht je mij eens nodig hebben, ik ben hier, de rattenkoning.

10.

Het Eeuwige Kruis

1. Ik heb dan niemand nodig, want allen leiden ze mij van Christus af. Ik wil dan met Hem lijden, in eenzaamheid. 2. Tot Spricht ben ik gekomen, mijn adem ingehouden, en het bovenlijf der wespen ontvangen. Ziet dan, zij zijn als de paarden des hemels. Begrijpen doe je ze niet. 3. Zij zijn dan de raadselen van het koninkrijk, je hart voor eeuwig laten kloppen in de tuinen van Spricht. 4. Dood ga je hier niet, je hebt hier eeuwig leven, waar de doornen diep steken. 5. Ontwaken doe je hier, en je staat op uit de doden, maar tot het kruis der hemelen wordt je geleid. Draag dan Marcia, het oude geheim, en honger voor Hem, bij het witte latijn. 6. Zij dan is het witte spreij der hemelen. Zij sterft niet meer, ziet, zij is rein. 7. En ziet dan, Spricht is als het tweede Golgotha, als hoog komende van de hemelen, tot de ziel. 8. Ken dan de drietand des Heeren, die dood, slaap en zwijm heeft verslagen, om tot het lijden van Christus in Spricht te gaan. 9. Ziet Hem dan, lijdende, hoog in de hemel, de Maser van het Tweede, ingegaan door Marcia. 10. Laat dan de golven u niet overweldigen om u te verdrinken, zonder dat gij de bloedende hand des heeren hebt aangeraakt. 11. Maar drinkt de tranen keer op keer, opdat gij kunt gaan van wond tot wond, om Zijn hart te raken, zonder dat de dood alles verderve. 12. Gij dan draagt de muizenparfum, gij dan raakt de rattensnaar, om in eeuwigheid te leven, te lijden met onze Heer, om tot het kruid te komen en de struiken van weleer. 13. Armoe redde mij van de dood, zij die rijk zijn slapen. 14. Door Spricht in te gaan, is te kennen alle snaren. 15. Tot het Eeuwige Kruis kwam ik, tot een Eeuwige Evangelie. 16. Het is het kruis van muizen, van ratten en konijnen, waar een kikkerkoning steeds zingt, om ons van de slaap te laten wijken.

11.

De honger

1. Tot het Eeuwige Lijden kwam ik, om ook trouw te beloven aan Hem en het Kruis in de toekomst. 2. Steeds dieper daalde ik in Zijn wonden, en kwam tot oude tuinen en hoven. 3. Verzadiging heb ik dan niet gewild, om tot zijn honger te komen, tot de varkens des hemels. Altijd honger hebben zij. 4. Ik nam hen in mijn armen en was hen tot een herder. 5. Maar Marcia leidde mij van hen weg, om zelf als hen te worden. 5. Zij zijn dan de varkens van het tweede kruis, en ik overwon de verzadiging die van Christus afleidde. 6. Maar Marcia leidde mij van Hem weg. Mijn Christus waarom hebt gij mij verlaten ? 7. En zo werd ik een christen van het tweede, om zelf zoals Hem te wandelen. 8. En ik kwam tot de putten van Marcia, om van de tranen te drinken, en de zeer oude tranen.

Symmetrie

9. Spin mij de symmetrie. Rozendoorn, verlaat mij niet. Gij weefde de varkenshemel voor ons in 't verschiets. Kus mij, verlaat mij niet. 10. De honger heeft mij niet verlaten, de lijnen hebben mij afgescheiden. Tot de driehoek ging ik, het zal mij verlaten door de pijn. 11. Die draden worden langer, ze sterven niet af. Die roos is eeuwig, afgescheiden van het graf. Spin met mij, Rozendoorn, de symmetrie, verlaat mij niet. 12. De pijn laat alles mij verlaten. De echo's op den duur vervagen. Spin met mij, Roosmarie, echtgenoot, verlaat mij niet. Kus me door de pijn, afgescheiden van het graf, toe laten wij voor eeuwig leven, maar de pijn scheidt ons allebei. 13. Alleen ben ik, in het uur van Spricht, van God en Christus verlaten, een uur van vreemd licht. Spin met mij, symmetrie, Rozengeur verlaat mij niet. Alles wat ik heb, zal door de pijn vergaan, totdat ik alleen nog over ben, als een tweede christen te zijn. 14. Christen van het tweede, afgescheiden van het graf, voor eeuwig te leven, iets spint in mij, de nieuwe dag. 15. Voor altijd zal het ochtend zijn, het morgenrood heel diep in mij, totdat de pijn het uit mij haalt, ik zal wel altijd in armoe zijn, zij is alles wat ik bemin, ik

hecht mezelf daar, toe verlaat mij niet, maar pijn zal haar dan ook wegnemen, om tot een diepere armoe te gaan. 16.Grote armoe, groot verdriet, Eeuwig Kruis, verlaat mij niet, of zal de pijn dit ook wegbranden, ik weet het niet. Het is eeuwig, zal het veranderen, zal het kruis mij dan ook verlaten, of moet ik worden als het kruis. 17.Tweede christen, als het kruis, als het zwaard van Spricht, kom jij, spinnende de symmetrie, wordende de symmetrie, tot Sorsion kwamen wij, als Sorsion werden wij, gelijkvormig aan zijn beeld, nu weer verlaten. Rozendoorn, verlaat mij niet.

12.

De oude zon

1.De zon van de oudheid ; De zon was in ver verleden een driedimensionale sociëteit, een normale planeet met water en bossen. Het was als een aarde, maar nucleaire oorlogen hebben het verwoest, en na vele tijdperken werd het de zon die we nu kennen. 2.De ingewikkelde driedimensionale trechter op de zon was vernietigd, veroorzakende ernstige vormen van hitte. 3.De zonne-attracties veroorzaakten andere planeten te bewegen rondom de zon, en er waren zelfs planeten die werden vernietigd door de krachten der zon. 4.Het was een planeten-eter, als een kosmische vampier voor vele tijdperken.

5.De zon heeft een diepe historie waar wetenschap niet van weet. De magnetische kwaliteiten in de centrale positie heeft een lijn van gebeurtenissen als achtergrond, opgesloten in de ruggengraat.

6.Het eind van deze draad is in het stuitje, waar het elektrische toegang heeft tot de genetische zone en daaronder, in de bacteriele zone. De mens is gebouwd vanuit die laag van bacterien, en deze laag is nog dieper in de quantumdelen dan de normale genetische laag. Het is die bacteriele laag die de genetische laag heeft geprogrammeerd en daarbij het menselijk lichaam. 7.De zonnendraad in de ruggengraat is zulk een wijd-belangrijke draad van planetarische monarchie, dat alleen door dit neurale pad te volgen de hoogste krachten van het universum aangewakkerd kunnen worden.

8.Er zijn drie duistere wachters die deze koninklijke ruggendraad bewaken. Zij zijn extreem en hysterisch bang dat iemand deze draad zou binnendringen om vervolgens de zonnevloeistoffen vrij te zetten door de ruggegraat, om daardoor via het stuitje de genetische en bacteriele lagen te re-programmeren. 9.Deze gesloten en hoogbewaakte draad is hun staf om het universum te besturen. Deze draad bevat de koninklijke bloedlijnen van het sterrenstelsel Orion. De duistere wachters van dit zonnepad zijn Stalten Atmir, Vaten en Hebezeen.

10.De roze verbinding maakt dat geboorte plaatsvindt door Golgotha en Spricht, door de zielen van ooevaren. Zo laat Orion los, eindigen de darmen in de schoot, en word de schoot verbonden aan de aars. 11.Dit vindt plaats door tussenkomst van de zon. Door de inbreng van Spricht wordt het ritme anders en wordt de kracht van de dood ernstig verstoord. Dood, waar is dan uw prikkel ?

12.Geboorte, waar is dan uw komst ? Het eindeloos geboren worden is niet nodig. 13.Je kunt groeien in het kruis door Spricht. Laat geboorte en dood je niet wegnemen. Enkele andere namen die ons willen derdimensionaliseren zijn Whemmer en Aam, met zijn helpers Benshin en Tepil. 14. Valse genezers werken ook met deze krachten, maar de genezing des Heeren is in de Roze Verbinding.

13.

Over buitenaardse ontvoeringen

1. Ze had mond-implantaten, de slangendanseres, en voet-implantaten, een vreemde reuk. Ze was een experiment van buitenaardsen, verboden schepselen. Niemand had toestemming dichtbij haar te

komen. 2. Ze leed, en ze viel vaak flauw, terwijl bloed uit haar mond kwam. 3. Haar voet-botten bewogen vreemd. Een ei groeide in haar, wachtende om op een dag uit te barsten. Ze kon andere slachtoffers herkennen. 4. Ze dacht vaak dat ze alleen was in deze dingen. Ze was als opgesloten in deze dingen. 5. Ze was overstuurd en zonder hoop. Er waren geen dokters die haar konden helpen. Machines kwamen in de nacht bij haar, om wrede dingen te doen, het installeren van de implantaten. 6. Zij wist niet dat deze implantaten een wachter van haar maakten. Zij werd een gesloten poort om anderen tegen te houden. Zij werd een blokkade. 7. Ze had nachtmerries waarin ze dingen deed die ze niet wilde doen. Iets leefde in haar, in haar aderen. Het was een buitenaards groen lichtend iets, een vreemd reptiel of insect. 8. Het had ogen vol van licht, en was gemaakt van zacht maar sterk vlees. Er droop groen bloed van het beest. Het had geen huid, alleen spieren en bloedvaten. 9. Ze was paniekerig. Het creatuur had een hoge intelligentie. Ze was zo paranoide naar zijn impulsen. Hij bewaakte haar tegen iets ergers. 10. Hij was haar agent. Zij was zijn gevangene, het object dat hij moest bewaken, maar zij bewaakte anderen, iets wat ze niet wist. 11. De deuren naar de hel moesten gesloten worden, want dit waren verboden vruchten.

14.

De groene ruiter

1. De groene ruiter had een ingebouwde tepelhuid, met een zoolgebaseerde wapenrusting waardoor hij de signalen van zijn thuisbasis kon triggeren. 2. De zoolgebaseerde wapenrusting bewoog over zijn lichaam. Het was als een creatuur, zwaar ademende, zacht en nat, vastgehecht aan zijn huid. 3. Op sommige plaatsen stak het diep, en dit was om enkele dieperliggende organen te stimuleren. 4. De samentrekkingen gingen erg diep. Het was als een pezige wapenrusting, maar leek meer op klieren, want hormonen in poeders en vloeistoffen werden door de wapenrusting voortgebracht. 5. Het groeide als een waterig insect op zijn lijf, en leek meer en meer op een vreemde vis. 6. De vis had vele tentakels, alsof er vreemde duistere tenen als draden vastgroeiden in zijn lichaam. 7. Het groeide naar zijn hoofd toe. Eerst groeide het in zijn mond, en hij kon de adem en de gassen ervan inademen. 8. Zijn eigen voeten werden heter en heter, en zijn zolen begonnen een klein beetje te zwellen, terwijl ze vreemde lijmen voortbrachten. 9. Toen begon het wezen in zijn neus te groeien, en hij begon onbekende dingen te ruiken. 9. Het veranderde zijn verstand, zijn manier van denken. 10. Hij zonk diep weg in zichzelf, alsof hij zijn eigen lichaam niet meer kon voelen. 11. Hij voelde zichzelf puur worden, rustig en vertrouwend op de buitenaardse chirurg. 12. Hij had een geweer gebouwd van tepels, en de trigger zat in een zoolgebaseerd aanhangsel. Het geweer was één met zijn arm, ingebouwd. 13. Het was alsof er een slang in hem groeide, als een rode streep. De zoolgebaseerde elementen begonnen ook diep binnenin te groeien en werden als pistolen. 14. Hij had groen bloed nu, en zijn gezicht begon ook groen te worden. Hij werd een ruiter, meer en meer. Een groene ruiter.

15.

De Chirurg

1. Op een zomerdag kwam een man laat van zijn werk terug. Het was een lange dag geweest op het werk. 2. In deze tijden moesten ze veel overwerk doen, want er was een virus uitgebroken door een vreemd soort gesteente dat in mensen groeide. 3. Ze waren nog steeds druk bezig met het vinden van een antistof. Tot nu toe hadden ze nog niet veel succes, en ook in de stad van de man verspreidde het virus zich als de griep. 4. Tot nu toe waren er nog geen doden gevallen, maar degenen die het virus droegen begonnen zich te isoleren en toonden vreemde gedragingen. 5. Omdat het virus erg

besmettelijk was vonden sommige mensen het dan ook wijzer om de mensen die het virus droegen buiten de samenleving te zetten in aparte gebouwen, waar de ziekte verder behandeld zou kunnen worden. 6.Hij was één van die mensen. Hoewel het virus nog niet direct levensgevaarlijk was, zag hij de gevaren voor de samenleving wel hangen. 7.Het gesteente was niet zomaar weg te snijden uit degenen die het droegen, omdat het zich op een ingewikkelde manier in de organen weefde. 8.En omdat het virus in de beginfase was, vreesde hij dat na een tijd het virus zichzelf zou kunnen ontwikkelen tot een dodelijk virus. Ook buiten zijn werk dacht hij er veel over na, en zijn vrienden zeiden dat hij stiller was geworden. 9.Ook in zijn huis had hij een klein laboratorium, waar hij soms buiten werkuren bezig was. Ook als hij 's nachts niet kon slapen was hij veelal daar. Hij leefde met zijn werk.

10.Hij had een klein stukje steen meegenomen van zijn werk om thuis te onderzoeken. En zelfs buiten het lichaam groeide het vreemde gesteente gewoon door. 11.Door dit vreemde gesteente werd het virus in het lichaam verspreid. Het was een soort gebeente, en snel werd er meer over de ziekte gerapporteerd. 12.Er waren enkelen die nog gewoon doorleefden zoals ze leefden, omdat het virus verschillende symptomen kende, en zich niet altijd bij een ieder op dezelfde manier manifesteerde. 13.Bij sommigen nam het virus naderhand toch weer af. Bij anderen groeide het gesteente ongenadig door, en bij sommigen begon het gesteente zich zelfs in de hersenpan te weven. De man nam het allemaal erg serieus, maar was opgelucht, dat bij enkelen het virus afnam en het gesteente begon te stabiliseren of zelfs afnam. 14.De man vroeg zich af wat de oorzaak daarvan kon zijn. Het onderzoek leidde tot Afrika, waar bij tijgers en bepaalde soorten slangen het virus ook voorkwam. Het gesteente werd er niet gevonden, maar wel soorten van vreemd weefsel die dezelfde stoffen produceerden. 15.De wetenschap stond voor een raadsel. Het weefsel leek te functioneren als nieren en klieren, en al snel werd er wereldwijd geluid aan gegeven.

16.De man was blij dat ze eindelijk wat op het spoor waren gekomen, maar er waren nog vele vraagstukken die opgelost moesten worden. 17.Het onderzoek werd een beetje in de war gegooid toen achteraf bleek dat de stoffen toch niet helemaal hetzelfde waren, en de symptomen toch anders waren. Meer en meer raakten ze ervan overtuigd dat ze hier toch met een uniek virus hadden te maken. 18.Maar het onderzoek bij dieren en ook bij andere levensvormen ging door, om een mogelijke overdrachtspoort aan te wijzen. Waar kwam het virus nu werkelijk vandaan, en wat zou de toekomst ervan zijn ? 19.Nog steeds waren er nog geen enkele medicijnen om het virus remmen of te genezen, maar ze waren blij dat sommigen alsnog een stabilisatie van het virus ondervonden. 20.Het gesteente kon bij sommigen zelfs afnemen, maar er was nog bij niemand totale genezing van het virus aangetroffen. 21.Er werd ook onderzoek gedaan bij mensen waarbij het virus zich had gestabiliseerd of afnam, om te kijken of enige levenspatronen of andere middelen daar invloed op hadden, maar men kon geen aanwijsbare overeenkomsten vinden. 22.Het leek een hopeloze strijd. Alhoewel de snelheid van de verspreiding van het virus afnam, kwamen er toch steeds meer landen bij die melding deden over het toeslaan van het virus. 23.Inmiddels was er bij onderzoek in de zee een bepaalde stof in zeepaardjes ontdekt die op de stof van het virus leek, maar later liep het voor de onderzoekers toch op dood spoor. 24.Op een nacht was er een uitzending op de televisie waarin sommige mensen met het virus werden geïnterviewd. De man zat op de bank en keek, terwijl hij notities maakte. 25.Eén van de ondervraagden had een opmerkelijk verhaal, en opmerkelijke symptomen. Het gesteente was als een mozaiek door de huid rond zijn tepels gebroken, en ook in zijn voeten was het gesteente al op een vreemde manier door de huid naar buiten gekomen. 26.De man die ondervraagd werd vertelde dat 's nachts vreemde wezens in zijn slaapkamer kwamen, met vreemde machines die zich op een vreemde manier vastklonken aan de

door de huid gegroeide gesteentes. 27.En dan voelde de man allerlei vreemde sappen door hem heen stromen, en dan hoorde hij vreemde geluiden, en dan was het alsof hij langzaam dronken werd. 28.De volgende dag vertelde hij op zijn werk wat hij op televisie had gezien, en niemand op zijn werk had hier al van gehoord. 29.Het was nog niet voorgekomen dat het gesteente door de huid groeide volgens hen, maar ze wilden toch meer informatie. 30.De makers van het programma werden gebeld, en er waren gesprekken. De makers wilden niet meewerken met hen, omdat het volgens de makers ging om de privacy van de mensen. 31.Bedenkingen kwamen bij het laboratorium waar de man werkte opzetten. Was dit echt of was er televisie-bedrog in het spel. De media behoorde toch samen te werken met de medici ? Ook hij kreeg bedenkingen over hetgeen hij gezien had op de televisie. 32.Waren het spookverhalen ? Was het trucage ? Het door de huid gekomen gesteente was echt te zien, maar of het nagemaakt was of niet, kon de man niet zeggen. 33.Midden in de nacht viel de man in slaap, na een lange tijd van piekeren. Opeens werd hij wakker van een enorm gekrijs. De lucht was blauw, en langzaam liep hij naar het raam. 34.Daar zag hij een enorme gestalte staan als een draak. Maar hij wist dat dit geen draak was. Dit was een wezen uit de zee. Hoe hij dat wist kon hij niet vertellen, maar hij zag het. 35.Hij was totaal niet bang, en na een korte tijd verdween de gestalte weer. De gestalte stond niet in zijn kamer, maar achter het raam van zijn flat, tussen de flat en de rijen van huizen aan de overkant. 36.De volgende dag wilden ze hem niet geloven, en ook zelf kon hij het maar moeilijk geloven. Misschien had hij het wel gedroomd, dacht hij. 37.Na een tijdje kwam het hoofd van het laboratorium na hem toe en zij : 'Zeg, ik maak me erg zorgen om je. Je werkt zo hard dat je veel te veel overuren maakt, en zelfs thuis ga je nog met je werk door. Zou je niet eens wat rustiger aan moeten doen ?' 38.Maar de man wilde hier niet van weten. Toen vroeg het hoofd van het laboratorium hem of hij voor zijn werk naar een laboratorium aan in zee wilde gaan voor zee-onderzoek. 39.Dit wilde de man wel, en nam het aanbod met beide handen aan. 40.Het was een groot laboratorium, een gebouw dat zelfs tot onder de zee reikte voor diep onderzoek. De man hield altijd al van de zee-natuur, en van de elementen die zich daar bevonden. 41.Hij wist dat daar vele medicijnen te vinden waren. Ook was men bezig met een project voor zuivere zee-voeding, om het vaak eenzijdige menu van de mens aan te vullen. 42.De man was een grootdenker, en had de visie in zichzelf uitgespreid. Veelal was hij bezig geweest de zee te bestuderen, en hier had hij natuurlijk de kans om er zijn werk van te maken. 43.Hij kreeg al direct vele mensen onder zich en zag dit dan ook als een promotie. Hij was zich ook bewust van de gevaren van de zee, en wilde daarom ook niks riskeren. Er moest verantwoord te werk gegaan worden, en men moest waaghalzerij uit de weg gaan. 44.Inmiddels was het virus aardig onder controle. Het werd niet meer zo zeer als een bedreiging gezien. Er kwamen weinig nieuwe meldingen binnen, en er waren nog steeds geen doden gevallen door het virus. 45.De meesten met het virus woonden in aparte gebouwen buiten de samenleving, omdat ze zich hier prettiger bij voelden. 46.Sommigen werden zelfs algeheel kluizenaar, en kregen van de staat daartoe een kasteel of ander landgoed dat leegstond, terwijl enkelen in staat waren om geheel terug te keren naar de natuur. 47.Er was nog geen enkel medicijn ertegen gevonden, maar de ontwikkelingen leken een ieder gunstig te stemmen. Alles begon weer te worden als vanouds en men begon te denken dat het virus zijn topdagen nu wel gehad had. Maar niets was minder waar. 48.Hij had net een kennismakingsperiode achter de rug die goed verliep, en het leek erop dat nu het contract wel zou lopen. Hij had meestal moeite met de eerste dagen van iets, maar dit was anders. 49.In dit werk lag zijn hart, nog wel meer als zijn vorig werk. Op een avond deed hij de televisie in zijn nieuwe woning aan. Hij woonde nu dicht bij de zee. Hij zat op de bank, en schakelde over naar de zender met berichten. 50.Opeens zat hij aan zijn bank gekluisterd. De namen van wat topmensen van zijn land verschenen in beeld met hun foto's. Zij waren die avond omgekomen doordat er een meteor

op het huis van hun vergadering was gevallen. 51.Niemand wist waar die meteor vandaan kwam. Het was allemaal erg snel gegaan, en het land was erg onthutst. De nieuwslezer veegde het zweet van zijn voorhoofd. 52.Na onderzoeken bleek heel snel dat de meteor dezelfde stoffen droeg als van het virus en op sommige plaatsen van hetzelfde materiaal was gemaakt als van het gesteente. 53.Ook werd er gewaarschuwd voor de zware straling die vanaf de meteor afkwam, en technici en specialisten konden deze niet op korte termijn onschadelijk maken. Men besloot enkele afgebroken stukken naar de zee te brengen. 54.Verder werd het terrein afgebakend. Er was een diepe krater in de aardbodem ontstaan. Na enkele dagen leefde het virus weer enorm op, en ditmaal vielen er wel doden. 55.De mensen die het virus hadden klaagden nu veelal over gekrijs in hun hoofd, en de symptomen waren dikwijls gepaard met zweren en brandende pijnen. Vaak sloeg het virus over in andere ziektes. 56.Alle dagen werd er op televisie voorlichting gegeven. En er kwamen steeds meer mensen op televisie die door de huid heengebroken gesteentes hadden. 57.Steeds meer mensen klaagden van brandende pijnen rondom hun tepels en in hun voeten. 58.En weer werden de sociale structuren van zulke mensen veelal afgebroken, en bij sommigen begon nieuwe huid te groeien, en ook de stembanden van sommigen raakten zwaar aangetast, of gingen dubbele stemmen voortbrengen. Dat waren stemmen die tegengesteld hoog en laag waren. 59.Meer en meer begon het gesteente over de huiden van mensen te groeien, als een vreemd soort van ivoor in verschillende kleuren. 60.En nog steeds was er geen enkel medicijn tegen opgewassen. 61.Sommige werden erg agressief door het gesteente dat in en over hen groeide, en vaak begonnen verschillende kleuren elkaar te bevechten, en gingen dezelfde kleuren zich bij elkaar voegen. 62.Vaak waren de kleuren tweezijdig en ontstonden er tussenpersonen tussen de verschillende groepen. Veelal voelden mensen zich overgenomen, alsof ze een machine werden. En de wetenschappers stonden radeloos. 63. Nog steeds hij bezig om antistoffen op of onder de zeebodem te vinden, maar nog steeds zonder enig resultaat. En de mensen begonnen wanhopig te worden, en keerden zich tegen de medici en de topmensen. 64.Ook hij moest in bescherming gebracht worden tegen razende groepen mensen die het hadden gemunt op de hogere lagen van de bevolking. 65.En hij kreeg militaire bescherming rond zijn huis en rond de plaats waar hij werkte. Op een gegeven moment was dit niet meer mogelijk vanwege de vele aanslagen, en na vele confrontaties tussen de burgers en het leger. 66.Er werden speciale oorden ingericht, waar de topmensen en de medici tezamen met andere verantwoordelijkheidsfuncties gingen wonen. 67.Degenen die onder deze mensen getroffen werden door het virus werden ogenblikkelijk van hun functie ontheven en naar diverse kampen van burgers gestuurd. Maar ook onder de burgers kwamen machtslijnen, en al gauw ontstond er een tussenveld. 68.En zij werden de chirurgen genoemd omdat ze contact bleven houden met de beide kanten van de samenleving. 69.Hij stond bekend als een contactpersoon waardoor zij met de opperlagen van de samenleving konden communiceren. 70.Hij vond dat belangrijk voor zijn werk, en voor hem was het onmogelijk om nog met de burgers contact te hebben sinds hij in het zwaar beveiligde oord woonde. 71.Hij kon de chirurgen erg goed begrijpen, en op een dag werd hij zelf door het virus getroffen. Al snel groeide het gesteente door zijn huid heen en kwam hij ook in de tussenlaag terecht en werd één van hen. Snel werd hij opgenomen in de groep. 72.Veelal was de basiskleur zwart met hier en daar een rode, witte of blauwe streep in een punt uitlopende. 73.Soms brak er wel eens wat van het gesteente af, en dat was een helse pijn als brandend zoet. Al gauw werd hij op de hoogte gesteld van een groot geheim van de chirurgen. 's 74.Nachts kwamen er Ufo's tot de kampen van het tussenveld en werden er operaties verricht in de tepels en de voeten. 75.De man herinnerde het televisie-programma dat hij er over gezien had. Het was dus toch waar, dacht hij bij zichzelf. Al gauw was hij bijna geheel gemaakt van dit vreemde gesteente, en begon hij zichzelf te voelen als een machine. 76.'s Nachts kwamen er bruinzwarte kappen over de kampen met rode gleuven die

licht gaven, en werden de operaties door draakachtige zeewezens gedaan. 77. Dit was dus wat hij gezien had, dacht hij bij zichzelf. Tijdens de operaties 's nachts kon hij ze goed zien, en sommigen hadden zelfs staarten als goudvissen. 78. Vreemdsoortige sappen werden in hem gespoten op een hele systematische manier. 79. Soms werden er grote stukken van het gesteente weggebroken, en dan voelde hij die helse pijn als brandend zoet, maar in zijn kamp vertelden zij hem, dat dat brandend zoet een nieuwe immuniteit zou brengen. 80. Wat die nieuwe immuniteit dan was, dat wist hij niet. 81. Bij de hogere lagen van de samenleving waren er berichten binnengekomen over de kappen en de operaties, en zij begonnen bang te worden. 82. Ze waren bang dat de macht in de handen van de chirurgen zouden komen, en begonnen een totaal-oorlog. Inmiddels waren er zoveel mensen door het virus uit de toplagen verdwenen, dat ze bang waren om meer mensen te verliezen. 83. Ze lieten daarom degenen die een wit soort van gesteente hadden blijven. Maar steeds meer onder hen kregen het virus met het witte gesteente. 84. En hem werd verteld door anderen uit zijn kamp dat die immuniteit juist tegen deze aanval was bedoeld. 85. Het was een oorlog van de bang geworden regering gericht aan de chirurgen. Maar omdat de regeringen met hun topmensen en medici merkten dat ze met wapens hen met de gesteentes niet konden uitschakelen probeerden ze het op een andere manier. 86. En dit werd de grote witte oorlog genoemd. 87. Ze probeerden met apparaten de machines onder controle te krijgen. Ze zouden hiervoor in eerste instantie bestraling gebruiken, om stap voor stap invloed uit te oefenen.

88. Inmiddels werden ze van buiten steeds harder en van binnen steeds zachter, en de operatie-apparatuur van de ufo's trokken de tepels van de chirurgen steeds dieper naar binnen, en er werden meerdere tepels geïmplanteerd. 89. Ze waren als vlakke, gesloten geraamtes geworden, als oesters in een schelp. 90. Ook de zolen en de huid van hun voeten werden steeds dieper naar binnen getrokken en gingen op een vreemde manier binnen het gesteente circuleren.

16.

De Onaks

1. De Onaks waren groene, slijmerige gedachten. Zij spraken in een taal die zij niet verstond. Zij waren groot en harig, en soms boden ze haar wat voedsel aan, maar ze hield er niet van. De reuk was zo vreemd hier, en ze had problemen met ademen. 2. Eén van de Onaks nam haar op z'n rug. Het was er één met vleugels, en ze vlogen naar een hoog en duister slot. 3. Ze zag een kind staan in één van de gangpaden. Ze kreeg een lichte schok. Het kind leek meer op haar dan op een Onak. 4. Het kind had een rood gewaad, staande met een pop. Het kind verstond haar niet. 5. Toen de Onak tegen het kind sprak, scheen het kind het te begrijpen. 6. Ze gaven haar vlees, en ze vroeg zichzelf af wat voor soort vlees het was. 7. Toen ze ervan at werd ze heet van binnen. 7. Toen leidde de Onak haar tot een lift die diep onder de grond ging. 8. Ze hoorde allerlei soorten gegil en gehuil. Toen de deur van de lift openging zag ze een bal van vuur hangen in het midden van een zaal, terwijl wezens daar werkten. Aan de muren zag ze wezens als haarzelf hangen, maar ze leken bijna op bomen. 9. Tot haar schrik bemerkte ze de overeenkomst met het vlees wat ze had gegeten. 10. Ze had haar eigen evenbeelden gegeten. Plotseling nam een Onak haar bij de nek en tilde haar hoog op. Ze werd daar ook gehangen, terwijl ze gilte en schreeuwde. 11. Het kind met de pop kwam naar haar toe. De ogen van het kind waren vol rood, bijna vuurspuwend. 12. 'Je bent klaargemaakt om Onaks voort te brengen,' sprak het kind nors. 'Wanneer je weigert, zul je worden tot vlees. Ontsnappen is onmogelijk. 13. 'Ja, ik zal Onaks voortbrengen,' zei ze tot het kind. 'Goed,' zei het kind, 'dan zul je veel slijm moeten eten.'

De Ontsnapping

1. Zij moesten vele slangen bevechten in het duistere woud, terwijl ze door de modder en de aarde gleden. Zij voelden zichzelf prinselijk terwijl ze aten van het slangenvlees. 2. De wonden vormden vreemde golvende merktekenen op hun lichaam, alsof er planten op hen geprint waren. Zij voelden hoe ze de controle over zichzelf terugkregen na de ontsnapping. 3. Ze waren lang slaven geweest in ballingschap. Ze hadden nog wel vele brandmerken van hun slaaf zijn. 4. Maar doordat ze tegen zoveel wilde dieren moesten vechten kregen deze brandmerken een andere vorm. 5. Zij waren trots op hun nieuwe merktekenen van hun nieuw gevonden vrijheid. 6. Soms ademden ze zwaar. Ze moesten hier overleven. Ze moesten de wetten hier leren kennen. 7. De psychologische wonden van hen waren diep. Ze voelden zich verwoest in hun ziel. Ze waren geboren in slavernij en hadden nooit een taal kunnen ontwikkelen. 8. Zij waren wilden. Zij konden geen kracht ontwikkelen, want elk beetje kracht dat ze in hun lichamen vasthiielden werd gestoken door een soort van creaturen, terwijl hun energie weer wegsijpelde. 9. Zij waren altijd moe. Veel konden zij niet ontwikkelen door de grote mate van druk en aanvallen. 10. Al wat zij kregen waren flitsen en fragmenten, snel weggescheurd bij elke volgende stap. 11. Zij voelden de bossen als zwaar vampiristisch, hen uitzuigende. 12. Zij konden geen bezittingen hebben, alleen hun dolken en wat gescheurde klederen en riemen. 13. De slangen waren groot hier, steeds weer probeernde hen te wurgen. 14. De slangen waren niet makkelijk te verslaan, en soms duurde een gevecht wel uren. Ze moesten als dit bos en deze dieren worden, anders zouden ze niet overleven. 15. Door hun pijnen communiceerden ze met elkaar, kort en van een afstand, want ze waren ook bang voor elkaar. 16. Sommigen hadden merktekenen van duistere slangen op hun lichamen. Ze maakten klederen en tenten van hun verslagen aanvallers. De bossen waren lang, en ze maakten plaatsen waar ze vlees verzamelden. 17. De gevaarlijkste dieren waren de gehoornden, want zij konden hard lopen, en moordden heel makkelijk met hun hoornen. 18. De gehoornden maakten groot geluid en waren de wildsten in deze wouden. 19. Vaak vernielden ze de tenten, en hun vlees en bloed was het meest krachtige. 20. Ze wisten dat als ze de gehoornden niet zouden temmen, dan zouden ze door hen verwoest worden. 21. Ze klommen in de bomen, sprongen op de ruggen van de beesten en begonnen hen te berijden, maar door de wildheid van de beesten vielen ze vaak snel. 22. Ze wisten dat ze het stap voor stap moesten leren. Ze wisten dat wanneer ze door zouden gaan hun vijanden te bevechten, dan zouden ze alles verliezen. 23. Ze maakten hun tenten in de bomen. Ze voelden een woede naar de beesten, maar de pijn maakte hen moe en als verdoofd. 24. Ze moesten meer leren over deze beesten, over hun bewegingen, de manieren waarop ze aanvielen. 25. Zij waren niet de enigen die hongerig waren. 26. De ontsnapte slaven probeerden onderling wat warmte van elkaar te krijgen, want soms waren de winden koud. Maar ze waren geen contact gewend. 27. Het gaf hun zulke vreemde gevoelens van angst en paniek, en zulke vreemde gevoelens in hun buik. 28. Ook in de rivieren was er veel gevaar. En hier vonden vele gevechten plaats. Ze verlangden ernaar te zwemmen, en ze voelden een vreemde moed opborrelen, een vreemde spanning in hun lichamen. 29. Ze begonnen immuun te worden voor de angsten voor het water. Ze voelden zichzelf meer en meer als waterslangen, en het strijdveld verschoof naar het water, meer en meer. 30. Ze wilden graag aan de rivieren van deze bossen wonen, en aan de meren. 31. Ze verlangden naar een nieuwe hartslag, om hun verleden voor eens en altijd te ontvluchten, en om hun wonden tot nut te maken, en hun vergif. Dezen waren nog steeds machtige wapenen in hun handen. 32. De gevaarlijke creaturen in deze meren en rivieren konden soms veranderen in vrouwen. Er waren ook slangen die door hun wonden in hun lichamen konden komen, of zelfs door hun monden of andere openingen in hun lichamen. 33. Dan hadden ze

innerlijke gevechten, zulke vreemde gevoelens. Deze slangen probeerden hen weer tot slaaf te maken van binnenuit. 34. Soms gingen deze slangen dood in hen, en werden ze ziek, probeerende de lijken te verteren.

18.

Nu vrij

1. Zij allen moesten voor eeuwig ontwaken, zij allen moesten het duistere creatuur aanschouwen wat hun verstand had overgenomen, om hen mee te nemen naar een eeuwigdurende nachtmerrie. 2. Het geeft hen visioenen zo helder, als een wereld waarin zij leven. 3. Zij zaten op de rug van vreemde spinnen, die eruit zagen als vissen. Zij zagen ook de vliegende krabben en de andere creaturen van deze wateren. 4. Zij zagen de moederspin van het eiland, en haar kathedralen. Er waren daar vreemde tempelen, als een heilige plaats. 5. Het vreemde en duistere creatuur van de zee, het vreemde creatuur met de zovele tentakels, hen bewakende in een vreemde gevangenis, met een vreemde slavernij. Als vreemde webben over een eiland, waarin ze kunnen klimmen. Als taaie lijm die ze kunnen strekken, kneden en vormen. 6. Nu zijn ze dan vrij.

19.

Het wilde boek in het hoofd

1. In een vreemde secte vermoordden ze dieren voor hun god. Ze hadden vreemde verf op hun voeten. Ze waren geverfd en gekleed voor dit doel, de vreemde opsmuk van een religie. 2. In de nachten werden hun voeten vreemde spinnen, gaande voor de jacht. 3. Hun tenen groeiden uit tot lange moordklauwen om hun slachtoffers te wurgen, om hen tot hun rijken van de dood te brengen. 4. De vreemde verf heeft zo'n vreemde geur, en het neemt gemakkelijk het verstand over, en dan ook heel langzaam de emoties, stap voor stap, totdat zij geheel slaven zijn. 5. En dan worden de verhalen wilder en wilder. En het slachtoffer raakt vermoeid, en kan zijn werk niet meer doen. Hij is tot een nachtslaaf geworden. 6. Dit overkwam een slager, want door veel met vlees te werken word je zelf ook vlees. 7. Er stond een zwarte man in zijn deuropening, terwijl een kleine spin op zijn bed langzaam uitgroeide tot een voet. 8. De man heeft een hoed en een wit gezicht, maar verder is hij zwart. 9. De spin kwam tot zijn borst. Hij kreeg daar een merkteken, en voelde daar druk, ook tijden erna. 10. Wie heeft nou wie onder de voet. Hier is het : een voet voor een voet, een teen voor een teen, een tepel voor een tepel. 11. Religie zal je op een dag vinden, want je doet de werken van een religie. Je bent een priester. 12. Het is hier vlees voor vlees, een buik voor een buik. Er zit een wild boek in je hoofd, wachtende om op één dag geopenbaard te worden. 13. Een oog voor een oog, een tand voor een tand, wie heeft nu de wet verbroken ? 14. Geef je hem die je linkerhand eraf hakte ook je rechterhand ? 15. Dit dan is het wilde boek in het hoofd.

20.

1. Esmeralda, tot de tijd dat ik bij je ben, maak je huis in orde. Ik ben een feeenprins door haat geworden tot bloeiende liefde. 2. Esmeralda, liefste, kom thuis. Ik heb lang geleden aan het kruis. Nu ben ik dan tot de paal van Spricht gekomen, met al die dierengezichten, zij maakten in mij woning. 3. Ik heb stil van hun wijnen gedronken. Van genezing hebben zij niet willen weten.

4. Esmeralda, ze vertelden mij over de duivel. Dit is een geheim tussen ons twee. De duivel moest dan branden als een luciferhoutje, en zij maakten groot vuur, ik ben snel vertrokken, want het leven werd zo duur, langs de stad leefde ik. 5. De waat'ren hebben mij aangenomen. In grachten heb ik

niet gedreven. Alleen in bosrivieren, zoekende naar de vissen van Spricht. 6. Op hun ruggen heb ik gezeten, Esmeralda. Ik zal ze allen binnenhalen, oh feeenkoningin.

7. Esmeralda, liefste, ze hebben 't nooit geweten, ze hebben elkaar nog nooit verstaan, al die torens, al die huizen, al die wezen. 8. 't Zegt mij genoeg, voortaan wil ik met jou wezen. Als de vinger van Spricht mij 't nog niet heeft verteld, alles wat ik over jou moet weten. 9. Laat hem dan komen, de wijnen zijn klaar. Onze koffie zal snel stromen, naar het land van onze dromen. Ik ben ontwaakt, nooit zal ik meer slapen. 10. Feeenkoningin, bloemen over jouw namen, een hartsgedicht, wij moeten nu snel de liefde staken. Zij zullen ons achterhalen, al die bakkermans gezichten, zacht brandende in de nacht, ze zullen ons sleuren naar de gracht. 11. Tot al hun winkels zullen we komen, in de flessen zullen we gaan, om van elkaar weer te dromen, zij kunnen ons niet breken, want ver weg is zo dichtbij. Dat leerde je mij. 12. Esmeralda, bloemen over jouw namen. Met reukwaat'ren heb je mij ingespoten. Grote schatten uit vreemde bossen, we moeten nu snel weglopen. 13. Ze zullen ons achterhalen, om ons te sleuren naar de gracht, in hun winkels zullen we komen. In hun flessen te verdrinken, om weer van elkaar te dromen. 14. Ver weg is zo dichtbij. Esmeralda, mijn feeenkoningin, zoveel bakkermansgezichten tussen jou en mij. 15. Weet dat ik van je houd, ik zie je in al mijn dromen. Voor eeuwig ontwaakt zijn wij.

21.

Vreemd geluk

1.Vreemd geluk, ook voeren ze mij, naar babies in de wei. Ik word nooit meer geboren. Een kroon draag ik, van een fijn zacht latijn, komende van het rode, een wit latijn, sprekende onder een roze verbond. 2.Als lippen zwellen zij, als slangen van een Vreemd Woord, met hoogsprekende en blazende woorden. 3.Breng het voort, de rode draad, alleen Rachab wordt gered. Ik heb een rode tong, ik heb een rode lap, mijn armen zijn afgekapt, ik leef voor eeuwig lang. 4.Het mysterie duurde al veel te lang, als ik de paarden had gekend, dan had ik hen uitgenodigd. Mijn armen zijn afgekapt, ik ben een vis, strijdend in rode rivieren, in rode bossen kies ik voor honger, laat hen die verzadigd zijn nog meer verzadigd worden. 5.Ik ga de weg van honger, ik ga de weg van pijn. Zij hebben mij gered, nog steeds bang ben ik. 6.Hier heb ik al die jaren op gewacht, zij geven leven aan babies, maar worden zelf nooit geboren. Geboren worden hoeft niet meer, maar groeien. 7.Iemand bereed die man zonder armen, maar het was alleen maar een paard, met een rode lap, een rode streep. Jij bent de paardenkoning, tot Spricht kwam je.

8.Een paardenkoning maakte in mij woning. Christus aan het kruis van Spricht, na een tijd geen armen meer, twee stokken tegen elkaar, als een stekker. 9.Maar het was maar een paard, ik heb het zelf gezien. Nee, zonder ruiters, het paard was vrij, reddende jou en mij. Je dacht dat ze met hun tweeen kwamen, maar het was maar een paard tussen jou en mij. Ik ben alles weer vergeten.

10.Dingen zijn niet zoals ze lijken. Die witte paarden hebben verhalen, ik wil wel namen geven, maar ik doe het niet, want iedereen kijkt mee. Een paardenkoning maakte in mij woning, een kind van Spricht, zonder vader en zonder moeder. 11.Ik dacht dat ik een vader en een moeder had, maar het was alleen een paard. Het graast in de wei en houdt van mij. Dingen zijn niet zoals ze lijken. Ik zei je toch, dat dieren de geheimenissen Gods dragen. 12.Dit leven, het zijn allemaal kleine symbolen, wijzende naar diepe dingen. Nee, ik kom niet bij je terug, het ijs brengt ons dichtbij. Dichtbij verweg, en ver van dichtbij, het witte paard bracht mij daar.

13.Vreemd geluk, ook voeren zij mij, naar babies in de wei. Ik word nooit geboren, ik ga nooit meer dood. Ik ben de elvenkoning. 14.Wat weet je nu van God. Wat houdt Hij nog voor jou verborgen,

heb je moed, aanschouw de morgen. Veel wordt er voor jou achtergehouden. 15. Ga je door, of ga je slapen. 't Is aan jou om nu te kiezen, maar twijfelen is ook een pad. Het grijze pad, onder de kleuren. 16. Wat weet je nu van de ander? Je hebt de ander nooit ontmoet, slechts de visie die je over hem hebt. Een vreemde visie, een vreemd geluk.

De Steen van Sarsia – Bijgeschriften van het Eeuwig Evangelie III

- Prinses van de Canon
- Keizer van de Canon – Derde Sleutel van de Canon
- Keizerin van de Canon – Vierde Sleutel van de Canon
- De Ridder van de Canon
- De Tweede Ridder van de Canon
- Christus
- Takalan
- De Nieuwe Romeinen
- De Nieuwe Exodus
- De Nieuwe Psalmen

Prinses van de Canon

1. En ik zag een boom geheel gemaakt van de voeten der mensenkinderen, een boom vol van gelach, en de boom droeg de naam de konijnenboom. En er droop melk van de boom af, en het regende melk, en ik was in een grote hoogreikende grot als temidden van bergen, en aan de bovenkant was een open plaats waardoor licht scheen. En de boom was hoog, en de melk proefde zoet als honing, en ik zag een man met een zwaard die de boom omkapte. En ik zag een konijn verschijnen, als geslacht, en het konijn droeg een gouden gordel. En het konijn sprak grote woorden die ik niet kon verstaan, maar ik zag de mensenkinderen tot de omgehakte boom komen, en ziet, de melk was zwartgeworden als siroop, en het proefde naar drop. En de mensenkinderen dronken van de zwarte melk voor zeven weken en zeven halve dagen. En een van de kinderen richtte een koord op. En het koord liep op tot helemaal door de open plaats in de hoogte, en ging naar binnen daar waar het licht was. En indiaanse piramides verschenen rondom het kind, en een vuur steeg op van de piramides. En de kinderen rondom dit kind begonnen het kind te haten, en dreven het kind naar een afgrond, waarin zij het kind wierpen. En ik hoorde een stem zeggen: Dit is mijn geliefde kind, mijn zoon, de Karmat, Karakter is Zijn Naam, ja, de Zevende, en mijn kinderen zijn het die van de zwarte melk hebben gedronken, de rode strepen, en zij zullen het touw vinden, wat tot de hemelen reikt, het touw dat Mijn Zoon heeft opgesteld. Zie, Ik ben dan de Christus, en dit is Mijn Zoon. En het konijn lag op de grond, als geslacht, en steeg toen op langs het draad, en het draad vermenigvuldigde zich.

2. 'Zij hebben mij verworpen,' sprak het kind, 'en zij zullen geen deel hebben aan mijn opstanding.' En er was een luid geween onder de kinderen, toen zij zagen wie zij in de afgrond hadden geworpen, maar de Heere luisterde naar hun geween niet. En hij sloot hen op in een duistere kamer, een duistere hut, ja, die van de satan. En onder hen waren zeven kinderen die door bleven wenen en smeken, en de Heere nam hen op tot Hem.

3. En de zwarte melk werd rood, rood als bloed, en niemand dronk het nog. En de Heere sprak : 'Is mijn beker dan niet gekomen om de zonden te verzoenen ? Grijpt dan naar het touw, en laat u optrekken tot mij.' En vele kinderen grepen het touw, en werden door het gat van licht getrokken, en de Heere keerde Zich niet tegen hen. En Hij noemde hen : 'Zijn getrouwe kinderen', en rekende met hun zonden niet. En Hij waste hen in de rode melk, en de melk werd roze, de melk van een nieuw verbond. Deze kinderen dan waren slaven, en zij hebben dingen in hun onschuld gedaan. En ik zag een leger van mensenkinderen opstaan, en zie, zij aanbaden het gevallen konijn, de Zoon van Christus, en deze zoon had de macht het gat te openen. En vele sterren vielen erdoor naar binnen.

4. En ik zag een totempaal gemaakt van uilen, en ziet, deze uilen waren van hout, en ik zag palen als kruizen, en de kinderen van Christus hingen eraan. En de Heere sprak : 'Zo zal dan het kruis leiden tot een diepere dood, maar zij zal niet het wrakhout zijn van overwinning. Er is in hout geen overwinning. Wees dan het kruis niet terug op een diepere waarheid ? Ja, dat is de waarheid van het touw. Want als gij door het kruis niet reikt tot het touw, hoe te betreuren zijt gij. Weet dan wel dat Rachab overwon door het touw, en dat zij door het touw gespaard werd in Jericho. En ik zag mensenkinderen hangen aan touwen, en ziet, zij werden genoemd overwinnaars.

5. En er steeg een geween op vanuit de omgehakte konijnenboom, en de konijnenboom werd wederom met touwen opgericht. En de Heere sprak : 'Zo is er dan geen opstanding door het kruis, maar zij die aan het kruis hangen, en hun bloed laten vloeien om met melk te vermengen, voor hen is het levensteken van het touw, en dit touw zal hen oprichten, zijn zij dan niet de rode strepen, de kinderen van Christus ?

Keizer van de Canon

Derde Sleutel van de Canon

1. Maakt u dan nu op om tot de derde sleutel van het Eeuwig Evangelie te gaan. Zalig is degene die dit geheimenis vindt. De val van Adam leidde hem tot de wereld van Simson, zijn spiegelbeeld. En Adam vatte hoop toen hij het mysterie zag. Onder modder lag het, en het slijk der aarde, op een

berg. En de berg begon te branden. En het zicht erop was als een brandende kaars. En Adam sprak deze woorden : Hesso Orteles. En Adam zakte in de grond als in een moeras. En een krokodil nam hem op de rug. En de krokodil leidde hem tot dichtbij de berg waar het mysterie van Simson was, als een vrouw gehuld in licht en zijde. En zij sprak tot hem : 'Welkom tot het mysterie van Simson, en dit mysterie zal u vrijzetten, en gij zult uw vrouw in een ander licht zien.' En de vrouw verdween als in een mist, en Adam volgde haar. En haar cryptische beschrijvingen maakten hem moe, en lieten hem zijn hoofd grijpen. En aldus was de keizer van de canon. En Adam zag zijn spiegelbeeld, Simson, en er was glas tussen hen. En bij het glas stond een zwarte hond, als een wolf. En het was niet duidelijk of de hond achter of voor het glas stond. En de hond begon lawaai te maken, en Adam greep naar zijn oren, terwijl het glas uit elkaar spatte. 'Nu is de markt verbroken,' sprak een stem. En Adam vatte hoop en moed, en ging door het glas naar binnen, maar uitsteeksels staken hem, en hij viel als een bloedende op de grond. En Simson raakte hem aan, en Adam trilde. 'Hier hebben de tijden ons geleid,' sprak Simson. En Simson hield de sleutels van het Eeuwig Evangelie in zijn hand, en sprak : 'Ik ben dan aangesteld om te sluiten en te openen.' En hij opende vele deuren, terwijl hij Adam meenam, en sloot vele deuren achter zich. En hij leidde Adam naar een plaats van spiegels, gemaakt in gesteentes. En verwarring maakte zich meester over Adam. 'Heer der vogels,' sprak Simson, 'Heer van de lucht, heer van vissen en sterren, van het aardrond en al wat daarop is, laat mij u het mysterie van de derde sleutel tonen.' En Simson tekende een kruis in de lucht, en dat kruis begon te bloeden. En ook de hoofdhuid van Adam begon te bloeden. Plotseling was er een vuur op Adam's hoofd, en Adam begon te schreeuwen. 'Adam,' sprak Simson. 'Dit is de doornenkroon. Het lijden van de Heer aan jou geopenbaard. Ik ben jouw evenbeeld, de Heer is jouw evenbeeld. Wij zijn één.' En Adam boog zijn hoofd, en boog neer voor Simson, die zijn hand legde op zijn hoofd. En Simson sprak over het indiaanse land, waar de voorouders eens van wegvielen, uit het paradijs, als een paradox, als een groot geheimenis. En hij sprak over de moeder god. En Adam keek op, terwijl Simson zijn ogen zalfde. En een groot licht daalde op Adam neer, en warme, grote vleugels omhulden hem. 'Kijk in de deken,' zei Simson. En een deken verscheen voor Adam, en hij keek erin. En hij zag Delila staan, en zij droeg een mand waarin duiven zaten. 'Ziet gij het raadsel, Adam,' sprak Simson. 'Nee, heer,' zei Adam.

2. 'Kijk weer,' sprak Simson. En weer keek Adam in het doek. En de duiven in de mand begonnen te veranderen in eksters. En een luid geschreeuw kwam voort van de deken, en de deken begon te branden.'

3. 'Ren, Adam,' sprak Simson. 'Want het grote raadsel des Heeren wordt geopenbaard.' En Adam rende weg, terwijl het vuur zich verspreidde. En na enige tijd brandde Adam ook, en begon te schreeuwen. En de deken viel op hem, en sloeg hem neer. En Simson sprak : 'Kunt gij dan ontkomen aan het vuur des Heeren ?' En hij trok Adam onder het vuur vandaan, en Adam keek recht in de ogen van Delila. En zie, zij was als het evenbeeld van Eva, en zie, zij waren één. 'Ziet,' sprak Simson, 'heeft zij mij dan niet met touwen gebonden, en mijn hoofdhaar, zelfs mijn hoofdhuid afgesneden, opdat ik tot de gescalpeerden gerekend werd ? En heeft zij mij dan niet verleid en verraden ? Ja, onbesnedenen hebben mijn ogen uitgestoken en mijn armen afgehakt, en mij bedekt met een rode lap. Mijn schaamte hebben zij met een rode streep bedekt. Ziet gij de diepte van deze dingen. Was uw vrouw niet een zelfde kruis, een lijdensweg, een lijdenstijd, waardoor gij gemerkt werd ? Ziet dan, wij zijn één. Wanneer gij deze woorden zult begrijpen, zult gij het verborgen paradijs hebben gevonden. Ziet dan, zij zijn delen van de moeder god. En wij zijn delen van de vader god. Onze hoofden moesten branden om onze ogen te verlichten. Onze kap moest afgesneden

worden om verbonden te worden met de moeder god die boven ons is. En wij hebben ons voor haar vernederd. Zij was het kruis wat ons tot overwinning leidde. Zij was het touw waardoor Rachab werd gered, en wij in haar.

4. En een zwarte panter kwam tot Adam. 'Zie dan, het mysterie van alle eeuwen is geopenbaard,' sprak Simson. En Delila kwam dichterbij, en greep Adam. 'Zij zal u niet meer loslaten,' sprak Simson. 'Zij zal het Woord in u ontzegelen.' En Adam was als in de greep van een python en kon moeilijk ademen, terwijl Simson verdween in de mist.

5. En Delila begon hysterisch te roepen tot Adam. En Adam probeerde haar te troosten, maar hij kon het niet.

Keizerin van de Canon

Vierde Sleutel van de Canon

1. En Adam, Simson, Jezus en David waren allen getroffen door de vloek van Delila, in allerlei vormen, waardoor zij hun hoofdhuid en haar verloren, zodat hun schedel in brand stond. Zij hadden de Heilige Geest, de moeder, ontvangen, in vele vormen, als een zachte zelf, verzachtende hun harten. Zij hadden zich geopent voor het raadsel der eeuwen. Dit zijn dan de bruids-visioenen die Christus ontving te Kana. En de hoofdwond van deze vier was teer en vruchtbaar, en een boom groeide voort van hen, als een boom des kruizes met rijke levens-sappen ten eeuwigen leven. En vogels zetten zich neer op de takken, en er waren vele stemmen. En de doornenkroon openbaarde zich temidden van de vogels. En Johannes de Doper kwam, dragende dit raadsel. En een helm verscheen, genaamd de helm der karazuren. En zoete honing vulde de helm. En zie, de honing was wild, en Johannes de Doper nam van de honing. En zie, hij was onthoofd.

2. Zo is dan het geheimenis der eeuwen dat al degenen die het boek des Heeren aannemen daardoor worden gescalpeerd en onthoofd, als de bruids-besnijdenis des Heeren. En deze besnijdenis om verbonden te worden aan de moeder, de Heilige Geest, die zich heeft geopenbaard in velen. Zij is dan de diepte van de doornenkroon. Zij is het die het hoofd heeft ontzegeld. Zij heeft hun ogen gezalfd en verlicht.

3. In de dieptes van het paradijs staat zij, voor de poorten, met de instrumenten van de besnijdenis. Geen van hen die dieper het paradijs willen betreden zullen aan haar ontkomen. Zij is de koningin van de jacht, de keizerin van de oorlog. Zij voert oorlog in gerechtigheid om de zegelen der eeuwen te verbreken. Zij haalt de schedels neer door haar pijlen. Ook aan David verscheen zij, als een python, Batseba. Zij nam hem mee op een reis door oorlog, en veroorzaakte zijn val. Nu, was deze val heilig of onheilig? Ook David moest als zijnde een type van Adam, Simson en Christus aan de zonde gelijk gemaakt worden. Ook hij moest besneden worden door een vrouw. Dit dan is het huis der eeuwigheden, om verzoening te bewerken. Zo zette hij Uria de Hethiet vooraan in de strijd,

opdat David zijn vrouw zou winnen. Is dit dan geen vrouwenroof ? In het letterlijke wel, maar in het geestelijke beeldt Uria de vleselijke en oude natuur uit, die overwonnen moest worden.

4. En Batseba nam David in en verslond het kind. Ze beet David en vernederde hem, want zij beeldde de vloek van de moeder god uit. En zij is de moeder van de openbaringen. Zo is zij het dan die de zegels opent, in eenheid met Delila, Eva en Maria, en zijn zij delen van hoe de Geest werkt. De Geest dan komt met list en besnijdenis. Zo zijn wij dan allen in Christus getuigen van deze dingen. Batseba dan draagt het mes des Heeren, en is de bruid van Christus. Zo is dan de Geest van Christus de Bruid van Christus, als een type van de moeder god. En gij allen die Christus volge, hebbe deel aan dit mysterie.

5. Batseba dan is het geheim van de moeder god, haar gordijn. En zij test allen die tot deze poort naderen. Ja, in de dieptes van het paradijs is zij. Ja, de glorie van het Woord draagt zij. Zij is het geheimenis des kruizes. En Delila is het geheimenis van de doornenkroon. Ja, een zwaard in haar handen is zij. En zij is gekomen om visioenen te geven, en om de heiligen doorgang te geven, want lang zijn zij door onderdrukking tegengehouden. Ja, zij zal binden hen die zich dokter noemen en het niet zijn.

6. Als een oorlogs-strijdster staat zij op. Hebt gij het verhoord en vernomen ? Zo zijn er dan hen die zich dokters der tanden noemen, en zij boren in tanden voor geld. Uit mijn heiligdom zal ik deze valse doktoren drijven ! spreekt de Heere. Zij hebben niets anders dan ellende gebracht, want zij hebben ketenen gelegd op Mijn volk, en deze ketenen waren giftig. Daarom, zegt de Heere, er zal een dag zijn tegen een ieder die zich valselijk dokter noemt, om het vlees van de kudde te kunnen eten. Kijk, een oorlogs-strijdster staat op, om te overwinnen. Koningen zal zij binden met ketenen, en keizers zal zij neerhalen met haken. Opgestaan is zij om oorlog te voeren, om het allerheiligste te verschonen. Mijn oog kan deze valse doktoren der tanden niet meer aanzien, spreekt de Heere. Daarom zal mijn zwaard op hen neerdalen, en er zal een grote slachting zijn. Ja, dronken zal Ik worden van hun vet. Mijn zwaard zal opstaan in de nacht, en hun eerstgeborenen zullen geslagen worden, en het eerstegeborene van hun vee. En de eerstelingen van hun oogst zal ik verbranden. En in de morgenstond zal Ik tegen henzelf komen, spreekt de Heere. Zij hebben geboord in de tanden van mijn volk voor veel geld, en daar gif geplaatst. Ziet, dienaren van de Mammon zijn zij. Zij buigen zich neer voor hun Roomse goden, maar ziet, Ik zal deze goden slaan, en uit mijn huis verdrijven. En tegen Spanje zal Ik een groot vuur aanrichten.

7. Nu, kent gij het geheimenis van Batseba ? Vergeet niet dat Eva haar man gaf van het vergif, en zo heeft Batseba ook David het gif niet onthouden, want zij beeldde het kruis uit. Zij leidden hen naar het kruis en de doornenkroon. Ook leidden zij hen tot het spotkleed. Zij gaven hen te drinken, wijn met gal. Zij waren de vloek van de moeder god, die haar kinderen terugriep tot het kruis. Nu, in letterlijke zin zouden deze vrouwen vernietigers zijn, maar in geestelijke zin zijn zij oprichters. Verbreek daarom de zegels van Batseba, en gaat in door haar sluiers. Als een zwaard is zij daar, om te oordelen de levenden en de doden. Zij is het Zwaard van David, en het Zwaard van Christus, en dit zwaard is twee-snijdend, komende van Zijn mond. Ja, oordelen zal hij hen die het gif der wereld geschonken hebben, en niet het gif des Heeren.

De Ridder van de Canon

1. Delila is de bewaakster van de diepere wouden en wildernissen van het paradijs. Zij draagt het zwaard om gelovigen te testen. Ook bewaakt zij de schatten van het paradijs. Zij is als de Lokogamen, de sieraden van het kruis. Zij spreekt recht in list en symboliek. Zij raakt het letterlijke niet aan. Zij draagt de sleutelen van het paradijs. In de wouden is zij stil, totdat iemand in haar webben raakt. Zij is de spin van het paradijs. Zij weefde het paradijs als in een mysterie. Bent gij dan al tot haar kleine huisje gegaan ? In de dieptes van het bos woont zij, om dapperen te onderwijzen, zij die door hun lijden tot haar zijn gekomen. Als de engel des Heeren is zij.
2. Zo was zij ook een test voor Simson, en hadden de verminkingen geestelijke betekenissen. Zij waren geenszins letterlijk. Zij is de ware dokter, met het kruid des kruizes. Zij was de bringer van de doornenkroon.
3. Nu weet gij dan allen dat de doornenkroon de poort der profeten is. Zo verliezen profeten hun hoofdhuid om door haar gekroont te worden. Door haar verliezen ze hun oude natuur. Door haar verliezen ze hun aardse ogen en handen, totdat alleen een rode lap hen bedekt. In haar worden zij kind, en groeien zo niet op als de nefilim. Zij is de honger en het kruid van armoe. Zij geeft en zij neemt. Zij leidt gelovigen dieper in de wildernissen van het paradijs, waar zij de geheimen openbaart, en deze zijn des kruizes. Nee, een gelovige zal niet uit haar hand ontsnappen. Zij draagt de stok des Heeren. Het geweten temt zij. Zij is de Wraak des Heeren.
4. En zij schonk Simson visioenen door zelf vanuit haar borsten, toen zijn aardse ogen waren uitgestoken. En Simson stierf aan zijn aardse leven en zijn aardse wapenen. En zij wekte hem op in een strijdswagen, om hem de mysterieën der eeuwigheden te tonen.
5. De bewaakster van het kinder-paradijs is zij. En Batseba is haar mede-bewaakster. Zij gaan uit om kinderharten te verzoeten, en het gif des kruizes is voor ouderen. Wordt daarom een kind, om aan de wraak van de toekomstige tijden te ontkomen. En zo zijn er dan vele gevaren voor kinderen, maar de Heere beschermt in die allen.
6. De bewaaksters van kinderharten zijn zij, onder de vleugelen van Metensia. Zij slaan de harten der ouderen, want des Heeren toorn en tucht is op hen. Wees daarom als kinderen, maar ziet, ook Zijn kinderen worden zwaar getuchtigd. Gaat in tot de burcht des Heeren, om het kinder-paradijs te vinden. En gij zult worstelen met de Geesten. Zo zult gij uw zielen behouden. En gij zult het zoete van Marion vinden.

1.

1. En ik kwam in een hal, en in de hal waren grote ogen die rondvlogen en vlees aten. En de Heere was verbolgen over deze ogen. En zie, de ogen dan waren de brieven van Paulus. En de Heere zei : 'Ik ga hen uit mijn Woord verbannen. Niet omdat ze zo onzuiver waren, maar omdat zij niet tot mijn Woord behoren. Zij waren dan profetische brieven, en zo moeten ze ook beschouwd worden.' En ik zag de Heere verschijnen en Hij nam een mes, en dreef hen uit de hal. En de Heere nam het boek Efeziers en zuiverde het, en maakte het tot een bijgeschrift. En zo werd het geheiligde boek Efeziers tot het Woord opgenomen, maar geenszins werd het een deel van de canon. In de steen der karazuur zal het opgenomen zijn.

2. En de Heere spuwde op de overige boeken, en zuiverde het, en liet ze geenszins tot Zijn Woord opnemen. Ziet, zij zijn dan profetische geschriften, en de oude versies waren veelal verkeerd vertaald en verkeerd uitgelegd om het volk te onderdrukken. Ook waren er duivels-verzen in hen. Waakt dan wanneer gij deze brieven leest, opdat gij niet misleid worde. Want velen zijn het pad naar de hel gegaan, en hebben met deze brieven gevleid.

3. En ik zag de Heere komen met een mes en sneed de duivels-verzen uit deze brieven. En er was een luid gegil dat ten hemel steeg. En de Heere gooide deze duivels-verzen in een put van vuur, en sloot deze met onuitspreekbare woorden.
4. En boze geesten waren woedend nu hun vrienden in ketenen waren gegaan, want dezen stonden bekend als dokters en als de dokters der tanden.
5. En een put werd geopend waarin het Heilige Lijden was opgesloten, en zie, zij werd vrijgezet. En zij ging uit om het land te slaan met plagen, want het had gezondigd tegen de Heere.
6. En engelen weeklaagden tot de hemelen, omdat kerkleiders zo lang rotte boeken tot het Woord hadden gerekend, en daarmee kindekens onderdrukten.
7. En de Heere nam een mes en sprak : 'Uitsnijden zal ik deze kerkleiders. Ik zal hen bannen uit het boek des levens, en hun namen zullen niet opgetekend zijn in de hemelen. Ja, ik doe hen vergeten.'
8. En een wolk vervulde het land, en zij die open stonden voor de zuiveringen ontvingen het Heilige Lijden. En zij weenden tot de Heere, en de Heere genas hen.
9. En mijn hoofd geraakte in ijs, en voelde als ijs, en ik zag demonen in gewaden staan in een kerk, en zij hadden rode hoofden, zeer opgeblazen. En zij werden geboden de kerk uit te gaan.
10. En deze demonen waren de demonische verzen in het evangelie, die er uitgesneden zouden worden. En zij begonnen vreselijk te gillen en te branden. En zie, zij begonnen langzaam in varkens te veranderen. En er was een enorme druk op mijn hoofd.
11. En ik zag in die kerk vier kasten opengaan, waarin vuil opgeborgen was. En een engel kwam tot deze kasten om ze uit de kerk te werpen. En deze vier kasten waren de vier evangelieën die door de kerkleiders tezamen gevoegd waren tot autoriteit. En de Heere was verbolgen op deze kerkleiders.
12. En ik zag een vuur komen tot die kerk om het uit te zuiveren. En de Heere raakte mijn hoofd aan, en sprak : 'Zie, ik trek het boze zwaard uit mijn gemeente. Dit zwaard heeft mijn

- gemeente vervolgd voor eeuwen. Ik zal het werpen tussen de honden en de wolven. En zij zullen het verslinden.'
- 13.En er was een explosie in de hemelen, toen de vier evangeliën uit de hemelen werden verdreven.
- 14.En daarna was er een grote stilte. En er gingen poorten in de hemel open die tijdenlang gesloten waren geweest. En karazuren gingen aan deze poorten staan om hen te bewaken.
- 15.En een groot vuur kwam mijn hoofd binnen, en zie, zij was het Heilige Lijden.
- 16.En een sportzaal begon te branden, en zij die buiten stonden hadden witte klederen. En degenen in witte klederen begonnen onderwijs te geven.
- 17.En apen begonnen de grote stad te omsingelen, en zij maakten plannen om de heiligen te bevrijden. En in het midden van de stad was een zaal met ridders.
- 18.Ook was er een sportveld dichtbij, wat ook begon te branden. En Christus begon Zich te openbaren op het veld. En ook was daar een conferentie-gebouw dichtbij, waar clowns zich voor begonnen te verzamelen.
- 19.En meer ridders begonnen zich te verzamelen in de ridderzaal, waar zij ook hun vlaggen hingen. En zij hingen vanaf het plafond naar beneden.
- 20.En het land brandde bij piano-spel.
- 21.Laat u dan redden van een vals evangelie.

2.

1. En ik zag een grote zaal met speelgoed, en zie, het speelgoed was opgevoerd en losgeslagen, geheel los van de orde des Heeren. En zie, het speelgoed bracht leugens, en terroriseerde de heiligen. En de Heere sprak : nu is het genoeg. En zie, het speelgoed was dan de boeken van het oude testament en van het nieuwe testament, en de Heere haalde hen uit Zijn Woord.
2. En het speelgoed begon nog meer leugens te vertellen, en het speelgoed werd ontmaskerd door de heiligen.
3. En de Heere sprak : Sommige boeken zal Ik vernieuwen, en Ik zal hen uitzuiveren, en zij zullen in hun nieuwe versie, en hun nieuwe code opgenomen worden in de Heilige Schrift.
4. En de Heere keek de uitgeworpen boeken aan, en begon hen te bestempelen als mythische boeken, maar zij hadden hun plaats in het Woord verloren.
5. En het speelgoed begon weg te rotten op verre velden en in woestijnen, daar waar de engelen des Heeren hen gebracht hadden. En kinderen begonnen vrij te komen uit deze neergestorte voertuigen.
6. En een wind maakte vele gevangenis-deuren los. En er was een grote opstand der kinderen.
7. En zij marcheerden naar een nieuwe schuilplaats waar de Heere en zijn engelen hen opvingen.
8. En de Heere bond enkele oude boeken met touwen, en anderen met zware ketenen, en wierp hen in een put van duisternis. En de Heere stak zijn zwaard in die boeken, want zij hadden veel gestolen. En zij moesten alles teruggeven op die dag.
9. En de Heere ontblootte hen, en maakte hen tot een bespotting. En zij werden in een kar door de heilige steden gedreven, opdat alle ogen het zouden zien.
- 10.Vrees daarom de Heere en geeft hem eer, want Hij zuivert zijn Woord, en maakt alle dingen nieuw. Zijn dag is gekomen. Zie, Hij komt spoedig.

Christus

1.

1. En Christus braakte van angst in de hof van Getsemane. En de moeder der goden kwam tot Hem, en Hij bevond Zich in haar tempel. En zij liet hem met touwen binden. Haar soldaten omsingelden hem, en hij viel neer aan Haar voeten. En zij sprak : 'Man van stand gij waart, maar gij hebt de zonden der wereld op u genomen, en al hun gevolgen. Gij weet dan dat ik en uw vader heilig zijt. Nu zijt gij een verworpene.' En Christus hilde aan haar voeten, en kuste deze, maar haar genade was over hem niet.

2. 'Gij zult sterven aan de paal, zoon,' sprak zij. En toen liet zij hem alleen. En hij riep : 'Moeder, moeder, waarom hebt gij mij verlaten.' En Christus begon dronken te worden van angst, en duisternis viel op hem, en gehoon. En Christus kwam tot haar engelen, en hilde aan hun voeten, en kuste deze, om ze te drogen met zijn haren, maar hun genade was niet over hem. En hij sprak 'Moeder, laat deze drinkbeker aan mij voorbij gaan, maar Uw wil geschiede.' En haar engelen lieten hem in de steek. En Christus brak uit in een groot gekerm. Zo zal een man die Christus volgt dan vele malen door vrouwen afgewezen dienen te worden, daar hij de zonden van de wereld draagt. Wee u wanneer alle vrouwen wel van u spreken, want zo hebben zij met de valse profeten gedaan.

3. In de tuin van Getsemane kreeg hij vervolgens een visioen van de tuin van Eden, waar het zwaard van Adam hing. Hij greep dit zwaard, en het begon te smelten in zijn hand, waarop een stem zei : 'Dit zwaard zal eerst sterven, en dan opstaan. Gij zult met dit zwaard sterven.' En op het zwaard stonden teksten geschreven, en openbaringen. En Christus begon zich zwakker en zwakker te voelen. Toen kwam Christus tot de hof van David, waar diens speer hing. Christus greep de speer, maar ook deze begon te smelten in zijn hand. En Christus gleed als in een diepe put. En hij was omringd door hyena's. En een stem sprak : 'Spoedig zullen zij dan uw vlees eten en uw bloed drinken, en gij zult komen tot uw beker.' En toen lieten de visioenen hem alleen.

4. En hij dacht na over hoe hij op aarde was gekomen, zijn aarde-vaart. En hij herinnerde hoe in de hemel engelen rondom hem stonden, en zij lieten hem een gat zien als van water. En hij moest vurige kolen van het altaar inslikken. En twee demonen grepen hem, en duwden hem in het gat. En in een straal van licht kwam hij in de schoot van zijn moeder Maria. En deze schoot was als een gevangenis. En hierin zou hij voorbereid worden voor zijn lijden op aarde. En Hij herinnerde de glimlach van zijn moeder Maria. En hij herinnerde de bloemen die zijn naam riepen. En in de baarmoeder van Maria was hij in gevecht met twee slangen, waardoor hij een enorme kracht kreeg. En hij beet de koppen af van die twee slangen. Maar de koppen van die slangen groeiden weer aan en er kwamen nog meer slangen uit hun bekken. En zij omsingelden Jezus, maar zij waren aan hem onderworpen. Maar nu was het uur gekomen dat zij Jezus zouden overweldigen. En hij zou tijdelijk onder hen gesteld worden.

5. En hij herinnerde nog meer van wat er voor de aarde-vaart gebeurde. Hoe hij een gesprek had met de vader, en dat zijn moeder huilend wegrende. En de vader sprak : 'Zoon, het is tijd dat gij u voorbereid een bruidegom te worden. En uw bruid zal zijn een kruis.' En de vader sprak over het vele lijden dat hij op aarde te verduren zou krijgen. En de moeder kwam terug met vele gerechten, en gebood haar zoon te eten. En dat wanneer hij op aarde zou eten, hij haar zou gedenken. En de moeder nam haar zoon apart. En zij bereidde hem voor op het vele lijden wat hij zou ondergaan. En zij sprak dat hij de muur zou moeten herstellen, de heilige muur. En zij liet hem een bol zien, en sprak dat zij als de bol om hem heen zou zijn, om hem te beschermen. En zij vertelde hem dat ook

zij zou moeten sterven, en de vader. Maar dat de dood hen niet zou kunnen vast blijven houden. En zij zong een lied voor haar zoon, en nam hem in zijn armen, en nam afscheid van hem. En ook de vele engelen kwamen om afscheid van hem te nemen. En sommigen huilden.

6. En in het licht verscheen een beker, waarmee hij tot de aarde zou gaan. En de beker zou gedronken worden door roofdieren.

2.

1. En Christus werd gevangen genomen, en gebeurtenissen volgden elkaar op tot aan het grote Golgotha, waar hij gehangen werd aan de paal, zoals zijn moeder had voorspeld. En in een visioen boog hij aan de voeten van de moeder der goden. En hij was uitgehongerd, en haar toorn was op hem omdat hij de zonden der wereld droeg. En hij was gemaakt tot zonde, en des duivels gelijk. En zij sloeg hem met haar stok. En een grote zwarte slang kwam uit haar hand om hem te verslinden.
2. En hij riep het uit : 'Moeder, moeder, waarom hebt gij mij verlaten ?' En de paal was als zijn bruid, en het was een bloeds-bruiloft.
3. En een stem sprak : 'En een man zal zijn vader en moeder verlaten, en zijn vrouw aanhangen, en zij zullen zijn tot één vlees.' En de stem sprak over de paal.
4. En een stem sprak vervolgens : 'En zij zal meesteres over hem zijn, want zij weerspiegelt de moeder der goden.'
5. En Christus weende luid, met angst voor de dood. En hij onderwierp zichzelf aan zijn bruid, en zijn bruid overweldigde hem. En in dat uur stierf hij.

Takalan

1.

1. De baard van Christus leek een stukje gegroeid te zijn toen hij in de hemel aankwam, en allereerst zag hij daar de rivieren. Een engel kwam op hem af met de vleugelen als van insecten. Het was alsof hij ineens was omhuld door een zachte baard, als de baard van Abraham, en honing droop hier. Overal waren tuinen, waar vruchten tezamen groeiden met drop. En Christus begon te lachen, en riep tot Zijn vader. 2. 'Moeder wacht op u,' sprak de engel. 3. 'Waar is vader ?' vroeg Christus. 4. 'Die is er nu niet,' sprak de engel. 'Die is ... Weet u het ? Die is dood. De vader stierf voor u. Hij stierf met u, en is nog niet opgewekt.' 5. 'Hoe wordt hij opgewekt ?' sprak Christus. 6. 'Gij zult de weg tot de diepste hemel moeten begaan,' sprak de engel. En de engel leidde Christus tot een enorme gouden rivier. 'Wast u dan in deze rivier,' sprak de engel, 'en overbrug deze rivier, want zij bewaakt de zilveren rivier en de holle boom, de boom des hemels, vanwaar de Geest als een Duif werd uitgezonden om u op te wekken. Zo zult gij wederom tot deze plaats moeten gaan, om de Geest uit te zenden om uw vader op te wekken. Moeder wacht op u. 6. De gouden rivier draagt dan dit geheim, dat aan de overkant aan haar kusten het Looft groeit, als een medicijn tegen het onstuimige van liefde en haat. Looft is dan de wet des hemels. 7. Gij zult boven de strijd tussen liefde en haat moeten uitstijgen, om gebonden te worden in de wetten des hemels, als het koude geweten en het kruid van ijs. Het hemels ijs zult gij binnentreden, door loofte, en gij zult zien, de eeuwige vlam. Maar weet, mijn kind, dat ook de strijd tussen vuur en ijs een strijd is waar gij bovenuit moet strijden. Samsael ben ik, een dienstknecht van Uw vader. Het genezings-werk van de vader is begonnen. Zijn oog zal hersteld worden, en de moeder zal over Hem zijn, de Geest. Zij verlangt Hem te zalven en te redden, ja, op te wekken van deze starre dood. Gij bent het Liefdes-

kind daartoe, oh Christus. Gij bent gezonden om uw ouders te redden. Ik draag het vaandel hiertoe. Ik heb u gezalfd daartoe, aan de wieg van uw bestaan. Ja, God's genade is op U. Op U rust Zijn Zegen en Zijn licht. En Christus wandelde over de gouden rivier, en hij zonk niet. En de golven waren hevig als de golven van een woeste zee. En een vogel kwam tot Christus, die was als een vliegende vis. En de vis was als van goud, en nam Christus mee over de rivier. En Looftte nam Christus in haar op. 'Ziet dan, Ik heb mijn gouden vogel tot u uitgezonden,' sprak Looftte. 'En deze is genaamd Zerrum, als uitstijgende boven de strijd tussen leugen en waarheid, en ziet, zij is het raadsel, een raadsel opgeborgen in de hoogste hemelen.' En de vogel was als een arend en een uil. 8. 'Ik ben de wet des levens,' sprak Looftte. 'Uw moeder wacht op U. Ik ben de keizerin des hemels, Uw schild en Uw vertrouwen, een dienstmaagd van Uw moeder. Kom, laat mij U leiden tot de rivier van zilver.' En de rivier van zilver was als een zee, onstuimig als een kudde strijdende herten. En Christus werd door Looftte in de rivier gedrukt. 'Zwem, Mijn Zoon, en ga op zoek naar Uw moeder,' sprak ze. 'Zij woont in de boom des hemels, achter de rivier.' En Christus werd duizelig, en staarde als in een holle boom. En de boom zweefde boven de rivier, en veranderde in een lange paal met een ei in het midden. En Christus probeerde de paal te grijpen, maar greep steeds mis. En zo zwom Christus vele dagen in de rivier die als een zee was, en begon uiteindelijk honger te krijgen. 9. En Christus riep om Looftte, en zij kwam Hem tegemoet. En zie, zij wandelde op de rivier, en trok Christus uit het water. 'Op het zilver kunt gij niet wandelen, Zoon. Gij hebt een vrouw nodig,' sprak ze. En Christus was in haar armen, en hij vroeg om Zijn moeder. En een grote storm kwam op de rivier, en het hart van Christus begon te smelten. En hij riep het uit, terwijl Looftte hem vasthield. En grote vissen kwamen op van de rivier.

2.

De Bijenprinses

1. Hoog in de wolken leefden eens een grote groep indiaanse reuzen. Ze waren heel groot, heel dik, en alles ging erg langzaam. Op een dag besloten ze over de wolken naar beneden te komen. Dat ging allemaal erg langzaam. Ze wilden beneden op zoek gaan naar een splinter van een bijzondere rozenstruik. Die splinter die zou zo oud zijn, dat hij van goud zou zijn geworden. De indiaanse reuzen wisten dat als ze die splinter zouden zaaien, dan zou er een roos uitkomen, zo sterk en zo hoog, dat ze door te klimmen bij hun voorouders konden komen.

2. Na een tijdje hadden ze de gouden splinter gevonden, maar deze was in bezit van een dwerg. Ze boden de dwerg van alles aan in ruil voor de gouden splinter, zoals een wolkenspinner, of een wolkenwever, maar de dwerg wilde de gouden splinter niet ruilen. Maar omdat de indiaanse reuzen zolang en intens smeekten zei de dwerg uiteindelijk : 'Goed dan, ik zie dat jullie de gouden splinter erg graag willen hebben. Ik doe het alleen als ik jullie indiaans prinsesje ervoor krijg. 'Wat ?' dachten de indiaanse reuzen. 'Maar goed, als er geen andere ruil mogelijk is, dan moet het maar.' En zo gingen de reuzen terug om hun indiaanse prinsesje waar ze zoveel van hielden naar de dwerg te brengen. En zo kregen de reuzen de gouden splinter. Toen ze weer boven in de wolken waren zaaiden ze de splinter direkt in een grote pot. Niet lang daarna stond er een enorm grote, taaie roos die enorm hoog begon te groeien, en al gauw klommen de indiaanse reuzen naar het rijk van hun voorouders. Maar die voorouders waren helemaal niet zo blij. Ze vonden het dom dat de reuzen hun prinsesje hadden omgeruild. Maar de voorouders waren zo groot en zo dik dat ze niet over de roos naar beneden zouden kunnen. Dan zouden ze te pletter vallen.

3. Inmiddels bij de dwerg moest het indiaanse prinsesje een hoop zwaar werk verrichten. Ook moest het prinsesje veel kamers schrobben, en de was doen. Het meisje was doodongelukkig, maar op een dag nam de dwerg het meisje mee naar een diepe plaats onder de grond. Hier leefden een heleboel ratten, en de dwerg zei dat als het meisje de ratten tam kon maken, dan hoefde ze niet meer te werken. Dat was een zware opdracht voor het meisje. De ratten waren niet makkelijk en beten haar overal. Toch lukte het het indiaans prinsesje om de ratten tam te maken. Nu kon de dwerg ritjes gaan maken op de ratten, en ook het prinsesje ging vaak met hem mee. Op een dag kwamen ze nog dieper onder de grond. Hier leefden beren, en weer vroeg de dwerg of het indiaanse prinsesje de beren wilde temmen. Als beloning zou de dwerg haar dan meenemen naar een geheime plaats. Ook de beren waren niet makkelijk, en beten haar overal, maar uiteindelijk na een lange tijd waren de beren tam. Nu kon de dwerg ook op de beren ritjes gaan maken, en het meisje ging vaak met hem mee. Op een dag zei het meisje : ‘Je hebt me beloofd om me mee te nemen naar die geheime plaats.’

4. En zo nam de dwerg het indiaanse prinsesje mee naar een plaats waar een zeldzame roos stond. De roos was zo prachtig dat het indiaanse prinsesje haar ogen er niet vanaf kon houden. ‘Als je voor de roos zal zorgen en haar genegenheid wint, dan zul je kunnen komen waar je maar wilt, enkel door een gedachte.’ Het meisje begon de roos te verzorgen, en na een lange tijd won het indiaanse prinsesje eindelijk haar genegenheid. En inderdaad, door een enkele gedachte kon het meisje komen waar ze maar wilde. Maar het prinsesje dacht er niet aan om terug te gaan naar de indiaanse reuzen. Ze had het hier immers zo naar haar zin.

5. Maar op een dag werd de dwerg ernstig ziek. Het indiaanse prinsesje was erg verdrietig. ‘Ga naar het veld van rozen achter de zeldzame roos, en verzorg hen, want ze zijn blind, doof, en kunnen niet spreken. Als je hun genegenheid wint dan kun je wie je maar wilt genezen door enkel een gedachte.’ Het meisje ging naar het veld toe door enkel een gedachte, want zij had die gave van de zeldzame roos gekregen. In het veld zag ze de prachtigste rozen, en begon hen te verzorgen. Na niet al te lange tijd won ze hun genegenheid, en werd het indiaanse prinsesje begiftigd met de gave dat ze door een simpele gedachte kon genezen wie ze wilde. Snel ging het indiaanse meisje naar de dwerg toe, die inmiddels doodziek was, en genas hem.

6. De dwerg was haar nu zo dankbaar dat hij haar een gouden sleutel gaf, waardoor ze in het rijk van zijn voorouders kon komen. Toen ze daar aankwam zag ze de kleinste en dunste wezentjes, allemaal als gouden splinters. Toen ze ze aanraakte veranderden ze direkt in bijen, en vlogen met haar mee naar boven. De bijen brachten haar tot de meest zeldzame bronnen van wonderlijke honing. Het meisje was zo verrukt van de honing, dat ze er taarten van begon te maken. Eerst bracht ze de taarten naar de dwerg, maar later wilde ze ook de honingtaarten brengen naar de indiaanse reuzen. De bijen hielpen haar ermee, en uiteindelijk kwam ze terecht in het rijk van de voorouders van de indiaanse reuzen. Hier waren ze allemaal, en ze waren erg blij haar te zien. In een zaal werden de taarten op grote tafels gezet, en begonnen de reuzen te eten zoals ze nog nooit hadden gegeten. Maar daarbij maakten ze zo’n kliederboel, en werd er zoveel gemorst, dat zelfs grote druppels honing naar beneden vielen. Waar de druppels de grond raakten ontstonden er steden en dorpen. Maar het trok ook de roofdieren aan, en die waren al snel in gevecht om de overheerlijke honing.

7. Het indiaanse prinsesje keek naar beneden en zag wat er gebeurde. Ze was er erg verdrietig om. Maar ze wist dat ook de roofdieren kon komen waar zij was, door het liefhebben van bloemen, en door het temmen van ratten en beren. Ze wilde het hen wel vertellen, maar de roofdieren maakten

zo'n lawaai. Toen besloot het indiaanse prinsesje de bijen naar hen toe te sturen om het te vertellen. Maar één voor één werden de bijen door de roofdieren doodgeslagen. Het indiaanse prinsesje was woedend. Toen nam ze een kan met de wonderlijkste honing en goot het naar beneden. Al snel ontstond er een wilde zee van honing, en de roofdieren raakten geheel vast onder de kleverige honing. Toen kwamen de zon en de sterren naar beneden om de honing van de roofdieren af te likken, maar al gauw gingen de zon en de sterren ook in de honing baden, en wilden niet meer terug naar hun oude plaatsen. Omdat er steeds meer sterren kwamen begon de zee van honing te stijgen en te stijgen. Het indiaanse prinsesje moest nu iets doen, anders zou alles vollopen. Maar het meisje wist niet wat ze doen moest, en besloot de dwerg om raad te vragen. Maar die was niet meer te vinden, want beneden was alles ondergelopen. Ook de rozen kon het meisje niet vinden, en uiteindelijk besloot ze terug te gaan naar het rijk van de voorouders van de dwerg, in een kelder. Ook daar was alles al ondergelopen, maar in de verte zag ze iets glinsteren. Het was een gouden splinter, misschien wel de laatste. Ze raakte de splinter aan, en de splinter veranderde in een bij. Ze stapte op de bij, en vloog naar de plaats waar de zon eens stond. Hier was ze veilig, en niemand heeft haar ooit nog teruggezien.

3.

1. En Christus werd wakker in de armen van Loofte, en hij zag Zijn moeder. En de boom droeg de oranje zee van vuur, als een oranje zon. En zij was als een poort tot het natte bos. En de schepen op zee waren rijk, en zij droegen de sprookjes des hemels. En in de boom waren de honing-dwergen. En Christus voerde lange gesprekken met hen. En zij waren dienstknechten van de moeder. En zij bedekten zijn lichaam met hemelse honing, zodat hij de oranje zee van vuur kon overzwemmen. Maar kwallen begonnen de laag honing aan te vreten, en beten hem. En demonen vochten om zijn lichaam. En de demonen die de hemelen bewoonden voerden hem naar een paal, waar zij hem aan spietsten. En kwallen namen bezit van zijn verstand, en hij werd als een wilde. Maar hij stierf niet, alhoewel hij begeerde te sterven. En hij schreeuwde : 'Moeder, moeder, waarom hebt gij mij verlaten !' 2. En zeemeerminnen vonden zijn gespietste lichaam, en zalfden hem. En alhoewel ze hem niet van de paal konden loslaten, bewaakten ze de paal dag en nacht.

4.

De Windemelk

1. Er was eens een indiaanse feeenkoningin die een hele bijzondere roos had. De roos kon spreken, en was zo prachtig dat een ieder die naar de roos keek versteende en voor altijd in verwondering naar de roos staarde. Daarom bracht de indiaanse feeenkoningin de roos naar een eenzaam kasteel waar twee rivieren omheen stroomden. De eerste rivier was zo zoet dat iedereen die er bij in de buurt kwam voor altijd in slaap viel. De tweede rivier was zo vies en vuil, dat degene die er te dichtbij kwam voor altijd in huilen uitbarste. De feeenkoningin vond dat niet zo geweldig, maar ze wilde de roos beschermen. Maar niet alleen wilde ze de roos beschermen, maar ook degenen die dichtbij de roos wilden zijn. De roos was namelijk erg gevaarlijk. En bovendien plaatste de feeenkoningin ook de gevaarlijkste spin die bestond om het kasteel te bewaken. Dat vond de feeenkoningin ook niet leuk, maar ze wilde geen enkel risico nemen.

2. De feeenkoningin zag wel dat het er zo niet makkelijker op werd, en al helemaal niet minder gevaarlijk, en daarom liet ze grote waarschuwingsborden neerzetten. Niet veel lieden waagden zich nog in de buurt, en op een dag vroeg de roos of zo een wandeling door het bos mocht maken. Uiteindelijk stemde de feeenkoningin toe. Toen de roos bij de vieze rivier kwam liet ze een traan

vallen, en toen ze bij de zoete rivier kwam gaapte ze even. Toen ze de waarschuwborden zag schrok ze heel erg. 'Maar ik ben toch geen roofdier?' vroeg de roos. 'Nee,' zei de feeenkoningin, 'maar heus, het is beter zo.' Maar met een ruk maakte de roos zich los van de feeenkoningin. De feeenkoningin kon niet veel doen, omdat de roos zo groot was geworden in al die jaren. De roos snelde dieper het bos in, maar verdwaalde al snel, omdat ze de weg niet wist. Uiteindelijk vond ze een bosmeertje waarin ze begon te baden. Gelukkig was er niemand in de buurt, want dat zou veel te gevaarlijk zijn.

3. Maar na een tijdje wilde de roos weer terug naar het kasteel, en barste in huilen uit. 'Ach,' zei de wind, 'mijn kind, maak je toch niet zo druk. Je vindt heus je weg naar het kasteel wel weer, volg gewoon de rivier van zoete en vuile melk, en je bent weer thuis, heus.'

4. 'Maar waar vind ik die rivier?' vroeg de roos.

5. 'Daar, in de lucht,' sprak de wind, en tegelijkertijd verscheen er een wolkendek met daarin de rivier van melk. De roos zwom en dronk. Het was het zoetste en vieste wat ze ooit had gedronken, maar snel was ze thuis. 'Mamma,' zei ze tegen de feeenkoningin, 'ik heb melk gedronken van de wind.' En ineens stond er een meisje voor de feeenkoningin zo prachtig als een roos. En sindsdien is ze altijd in het kasteel gebleven.

6. Haar moeder bouwde de prachtigste torentjes voor haar, de lieflijkste sluiers en gordijntjes, en het meisje had het altijd erg naar haar zin, alhoewel het een eenzaam en verlaten kasteel was. Vaak dronk ze nog van de melk van de wind die de wind bij haar bracht, door het raam, en op een dag had ze er zoveel van gedronken dat ze er erg slaperig van werd. Toen ze wakker werd zei ze tegen de wind: 'Zeg, waarom kom je niet gewoon bij ons wonen?' Dat liet de wind zich geen twee keer zeggen, en kwam door het raam naar binnen. Elke dag werd het meisje mooier en mooier door het drinken van de windemelk, en toen haar moeder stierf werd zij de feeenkoningin, maar weg van het kasteel wilde zij niet. Elke dag zond ze de wind uit om alle indiaanse feeën en toverrozen te verzamelen, en elke avond en nacht kwam de wind terug met vele feeenkoetsen. Allen hadden zij gedronken van de windemelk, en daarom waren ze hier.

7. Maar op een dag werd de wind oud, en stierf. De nieuwe feeenkoningin was ontroostbaar. Ook de windemelk begon heel langzaam op te raken. 'Maar,' zei de feeenkoningin, 'dankzij de windemelk zijn we allemaal hier. Misschien stroomt de windemelk nu hoger in de lucht. Laten we een toren bouwen die geen top heeft.' En zo bouwden de feeën een toren zonder einde, en kwamen op een plaats zo hoog in de lucht waar de windemelk nog stroomde. Ook kwamen ze tot de plaats waar de wind nu was, en tot de plaats waar de oude feeenkoningin nu leefde. 'Oh mamma,' zei de nieuwe feeenkoningin. 'Je bent niet dood.' En toen omhelsden die twee elkaar, terwijl de feeën zongen, en de wind heel warm werd van binnen.

5.

1. En de zeemeerminnen brachten de paal met Christus daaraan tot aan de kusten van het natte bos. En Christus was in een diepe slaap. 2. En een slang kwam tot Christus, en maakte hem wakker. 'Een wees ben je nu,' sprak de slang. 'Want je hebt niet alleen je vader verloren, maar ook je moeder.' 3. En Christus liet zijn Geest los voor een tweede maal.

6.

Het Ravijn

1. Er waren eens twee sprookjesrijken die door een groot ravijn gescheiden waren. Een vliegend wonderpaard bracht de sprookjeswezens altijd heen en weer, maar op een dag was het wonderpaard ernstig ziek. De sprookjeswezens besloten een brug te bouwen, en een mannetje bracht de wezens heen en weer in een karretje. Maar omdat dat niet echt snel ging werd het karretje op een dag omgebouwd tot een treintje, en niet lang daarna gingen er vele treintjes heen en weer. Op een dag was ook het wonderpaard weer beter, en probeerde weer eens naar de andere kant te vliegen. Maar dat ging niet goed, want het grote vliegende wonderpaard had al zo lang niet meer gevlogen dat hij het eigenlijk niet meer kon. En zo stortte het reusachtige paard naar beneden, viel op de brug, die direkt in elkaar stortte. Vele treintjes vlogen nu in het enorme ravijn, en het paard kon alleen zichzelf nog maar net redden. De twee sprookjesrijken waren erg verdrietig, en het wonderpaard helemaal. Het wonderpaard voelde zich erg schuldig, en hilde de hele dag door. Het hele ravijn begon vol te lopen met de tranen van het wonderpaard. Nu was er een grote zee ontstaan tussen de twee sprookjesrijken. Het wonderpaard wilde nooit meer vliegen vanwege wat er was gebeurd, maar om het goed te maken wilde hij voor de twee sprookjesrijken vanaf nu een zeeschip zijn. Weer begon hij de sprookjeswezens heen en weer te brengen, maar alles ging erg langzaam. Na een tijdje ging geen enkel sprookjeswezen meer met het wonderpaard mee, omdat het veel te lang duurde. Op een dag dook het wonderpaard in de zee, en vond de treintjes en de brokken van de brug. Midden in de nacht bouwde het wonderpaard de brug opnieuw en liet de treintjes weer rijden. Weer dook het wonderpaard in de diepte en vond daar een grot waar nu alle sprookjeswezens woonden die eens in het ravijn waren gestort. Ze hadden het daar goed, en sindsdien is het wonderpaard daar gebleven.

7.

De Dag dat Alles Stilstond

1. Er was eens een beest die heel diep onder de grond leefde in een keuken die niet meer gebruikt werd. Hier was het voedsel uitgestorven, en het beest was door de honger erg traag geworden. Eens in de zoveel tijd maakte hij een reis naar het aardoppervlak, en dan als hij na lange tijd aankwam, gebeurden er altijd verschrikkelijke dingen. Iedereen gooide dan altijd met stenen naar hem, en dan keerde het beest altijd weer verdrietig terug naar de keuken. Maar op een dag was er een nieuwe koning op het aardoppervlak, en hij heette het beest wel welkom. Het beest mocht in de grote eetzaal van zijn kasteel wonen, en de koning zorgde altijd dat de tafels volstonden met lekker eten. Het beest kwam hier zo van tot rust dat hij nog trager werd dan hij al was. Ook de bewoners van het aardoppervlak kwamen erg tot rust nu het beest geen verschrikkelijke dingen meer veroorzaakte, en iedereen werd trager en trager, totdat het hele koninkrijk stilstond.

8.

1. En aan de paal veranderde Christus in een kind, en kwam los. Diep in het natte bos kwam hij tot een huisje weer hij binnenging. Hier woonde Saakse, die boven de strijd tussen de zee en het droge was uitgestegen. En Saakse had hem lief, en onderwees hem over de hemelen. Ook was zij uitgestegen boven de strijd tussen hard en zacht. En zij was als vuur en licht. En haar zuster was Luchtse, en zij was duisternis. En zij gaven een zwaard aan hem, en maakten hem bos-kledij.

9.

Medusa; De Zonderling

1. Ik denk dat ik doodga als ik naar haar kijk. 'Dit is het rijk van de dood,' zei ze. Ze had een suikerzoet jurkje aan, met de geur van een herfstbos. Ik draaide mijn gezicht om en keek naar

buiten, naar de grauwe stenen. Het was alsof ze lang uitgestrekt op de daken lag, alsof ik haar met mijn ogen niet kon ontwijken. De bus stopte dichtbij, mensen stapten in de bus, en het was alsof zij tussen de rijen stond. Ik denk dat ik doodga als ik haar aankijk, dat ik het dan gewoon niet overleef. Ze pakt me bij mijn hand, en trekt me naar beneden. Het is etenstijd. Zij smeert het brood, kijkt naar buiten naar de heg. Ik ruik haar suikerzoet jurkje, alsof het belegd is met hemelse rijkdommen, maar naar haar kijken durf ik niet. Ik ben laf. Ik voel haar hand nog steeds, terwijl ze me allang heeft losgelaten. Ze voert me.

2. Ze is als een rots waarvan ik af kan springen, daarom beklim ik haar niet. De pot pindakaas voelt nog warm aan van haar hand. Ze was hier. Nu is ze in de kelder. Omdat ze zo lang wegblijft drink ik de laatste slokken melk en thee, en dan ga ik naar bed. Het was een dag des doods, in de tuin van spot. En gisteren was ik in de tuin van wreedheden. Mijn herinneringen zijn daar. Mijn hersenen bloeden. Ze leest me een boek voor, terwijl ik probeer te slapen. Ik hoor haar stem echoen door mijn hoofd. Het zaad van de lindeboom houd ik stevig vast, en meng het met mijn tranen. Dan smeer ik haar lichaam in, met het mengsel dat lijkt op natte tarwe, griesmeel, het is als brood, en het bed is de oven. Zij is de vrouw van de bakker, en ik ben de bakker. Ik maak haar klaar voor het kostelijke dinner in het diepste van de nacht, en dan slaap ik.

3. Ze is als de boom aan de rivier. Ik krab aan het hout, het is alsof de sterren breken. Ik denk aan de tuinen waarin wij waren, de hoge poorten in de heggen, de vruchten die zijn als de meest kostelijke snoepjes. Wie plantte hen daar ? Ik keek naar haar gezicht toen ze sliep. Nu was het veilig. De lazarus-koekjes bungelden aan haar lichaam, slap, uitgedroogd, de nacht heerste hier over de dood, de gouden dood. Voor mij was het een vakantie, ze was even geen roofdier meer. Ik kuste haar lippen, en dan slaap ik, vrij, blij, zonder angst, want ze slaapt. Een diepe nacht die mijn bewustzijn breekt, ik ben er even helemaal uit. Tante Connie controleert later de kamers nog even, of alle lichten wel uit zijn voor de nacht, want als de nacht komt, dan moet de nacht echt goed komen. Zo praat ik 's nachts als met een pop. Ik hoor tante Connie op de gang lopen, als een lijzige boom, verzwakt door het gewicht van haar ouderdom, met passen als het slaan op de koekjestrommel. Ja, haar hele wezen klinkt me als muziek in de oren. Altijd is ze mijn lievelingstante geweest, daarom wonen we hier samen, maar de herinnering aan haar verzwakt. Ik leef hier in een dorre tuin, spot gemengd met wreedheden, de souvenirs van het duistere gat van het verleden. Geen lichtjes konden dat goedmaken, geen gouden pollepel van welke grootmoeder dan ook. Ik voel me verminkt.

4. Oom Joop is een man met humor, maar ook hij kon mij niet redden. Als ik wakker word zit er iemand op me, wassende mijn rug. Het is zij. Ik durf haar niet aan te kijken. Ze pakt me beet, laat dan los, pakt me steviger beet, en dan laat ze me helemaal los, om op te staan. Ik ben te moe, en het zonlicht kwelt me. Er liggen hier snoep papiertjes overal. Ik hoor haar lachen. Er is geen tuinman die de wilde tuin van mijn ziel op orde kan krijgen. Ik lig hier voor Jan Worst.

5. Ze is de laatste van de rozentuin, dus ik kan haar niet wegdoen. De geschiedenis van de graaf, en zijn kinderen. Zij is als de erfenis. Uit mijn gedachten is ze niet. Ze speelt de piano. Ik kijk naar buiten, en probeer langzaam grip te krijgen op de dag. De muren buiten lijken hoog, zoals zij hoog is, van adel. Tante Connie komt binnen, en sleept zichzelf over het tapijt. Het lijkt voor haar een woestijnreis om aan ons bed te komen, en alles lijkt verwaterd. Haar rumoerig kapsel was vroeger deftig en hehoudend. Ze staart in de spiegel. 'Ik moet me nog opmaken voor de dag, je weet wel, het harnas aandoen,' zegt ze. Ze gaat tegen de verwarming aanzitten, en luistert naar de piano. De schotel die ze in haar handen heeft maakt haar bijna als een bedelaar. Ze heeft behoefte aan een gesprek, en ik ben te moe. De dochter van de graaf daarentegen is vol energie, en begint het gesprek

met haar in zinderende vaart. Ze zijn als een stel vogels. Al snel prakken de vorken een maal. Ik krijg niks, want ik behoor niet tot de dag. Het is alsof ze elkaar voeren.

6. In de middag ligt ze weer op me. Het lijkt wel alsof ze draadjes aan me bevestigt om me op te hijsen. Er is nog maar een klein stukje van de dag over en dat eist ze helemaal voor haarzelf op, als met gloeiende handen. Buiten hoor ik de bus, mensen stappen in, verveeld, uitgeput. Ik vraag me af of ze ooit zullen aankomen. Zwetend en puffend kom ik aan bij de lift op de gang. Ik wil naar de zolder. Maar de lift schijnt niet te werken. Ik strompel naar de trap, want een dag met de dochter van de graaf is te veel voor mij. Ik zie bij de trap naar de zolder een andere vrouw staan, in wit kant. Ze helpt me op de trap. Ik plof even later op haar bed neer. Zij is de vrouw van de zolder, en ik heb de zolder bereikt, niet te bereiken voor de dochter van de graaf, de dochter des doods. Maar ik hoor haar krijsen beneden, als iemand die zich geprikt heeft bij het naaien. Ja, toe maar, druk die speld maar diep naar binnen, je verdient het, kreng, denk ik bij mezelf. Maar dan word ik ineens mild door de zachtheid van de vrouw hier. Ze komt dichterbij, spreid haar benen waarmee ze mij vastklemt. 'Ho, doe normaal,' zeg ik. Ze verzwakt de klem een beetje, maar ik voel haar gewicht op me. 'Slapen ?' vraagt ze.

7. 'Nee, dank je, ik heb net geslapen,' zeg ik.

8. Ze loopt naar een kastje, haalt wat brood eruit en besmeerd het. Daarna voert ze me. De lucht is donker hier, en ik hoor de dochter van de graaf nog steeds krijsen. Als ik naar buiten staar is het alsof ze zich heeft uitgespreid over de daken.

9. 'Waar kom je vandaan ?' vraagt de vrouw van de zolder.

10. 'Vanuit de tuin,' zeg ik.

11. 'Oh, de tuin der edelheden en martelingen ?'

12. Ik knik.

13. 'Zo'n zoet-bitter iets,' zegt ze. Ik knik weer. De verdiepingen onder de zolder lijken ver weg. Ik staar weer naar buiten, alsof ik mijn ziel zie vliegen. 'Waar ben ik ?' vraag ik.

14. - Bij mij.

15. Ze pakt een schotel en een kom, en voert me dan soep. 'Ik wil niet meer terug,' zeg ik. Ik kwam van een nachtelijk gebrul, en nu was ik hier, een plaats vol protserige spulletjes, over en weer gelakt en opgepoetst. Vanaf de zolder kon ik de tuinen zien, de heggen, met de hoge poorten. 'Ik ben een vergiftigd mens,' zeg ik. 'Een dwaallicht, een pop.' Ze knikt. Als ik naar buiten keek zag ik mijn weerspiegeling. Zij stond ineens voor de spiegel, en maakte zich op, met allerlei smeerseltjes. 'Goed spul van de bomen,' zei ze. 'Het is voor mijn huid. Ik ga niet naar het feest vanavond, ik blijf wel hier met jou.'

16. Het is alsof ik met haar hang tussen de verdiepingen, alsof ik met haar zweef boven de tuinen. Ik voel haar gewicht, en ben bang dat we naar beneden vallen, maar ze rekt me uit. Ik zie de begroeiing op de muren, en herinner de begroeiing van de tuinen, de dorens, de valstrikken, puur natuur.

17. 'Ik ben de maker van de tuin,' zegt ze plotseling. Ik schrik. 'Hoe kun je zoiets maken ?' vraag ik. Ze zwijgt, als het graf. Ik merk dat ik kwaad word van binnen, maar dan voel ik ineens genade.

Al snel voel ik niets meer, ik kijk alleen maar in een onbekend gat, als een mist, een waas. Ik kan niet meer nadenken. ‘Wat is er aan de andere kant van de tuin?’ vraag ik.

18. - Een snoepwinkel. Ze verkopen eigenlijk gewoon zoete vruchten.

19. Ik kijk naar haar kanten jurkje. Het is als een snoep jurkje. Ineens heb ik zoiets van : Als ik nog verder naar haar kijk, dan ga ik dood.

20. Ik rol van het bed af naar de trap, en laat mij naar beneden vallen. De dochter van de graaf vangt mij op, en de vrouw van het zolder stormt naar beneden. ‘Hij zit toch aan touwen vast, elastiek, draden, kettingen, dus wat wil je,’ schreeuwt ze.

21. ‘Is dit de oorlog van de feeen,’ vraag ik, ‘of van de indianen.’ Ze grijpen elkaar in de haren. ‘Uit dat licht,’ roept de vrouw van de zolder. Ik staar doelloos naar de hoeken van de trap. Dan voel ik de hand van tante Connie, die mij naar haar kamer neemt. ‘Thee?’ vraagt ze.

22. Ze maakt brood voor me, opgepoft en zacht, een beetje nat, met wat soep en pudding. ‘Je moet goed eten, jongen,’ zegt ze. Ik zie haar kauwen. Het zal wel avondetens-tijd zijn. Ik hoor vrouwen krijsen. Buiten hoor ik vogels krijsen. Het klinkt me als muziek in de oren. Bij tante Connie is alles altijd anders. Ze zorgt voor me, grijpt in wanneer het nodig is. Oom Joop zit aan de andere kant van de kamer. Een verfrommelde papieren zak ligt naast hem, met oud brood. De gouden klok tikt, en het is een rustgevend geluid. Ik probeerde vat te krijgen op de structuur van dit huis, maar het was alsof ik van de daken afgleed, of was dit huis slechts de weerspiegeling van de tuin. Het was niet bepaald mijn Eden, en toch wilde ik dit huis doordringen. Ik voelde mij een zwerver in dit huis, een huis wat ik nooit echt binnen kon gaan. Na een paar uur zaten de twee vrouwen keurig netjes tegen elkaar aan, in keurige zoete kleertjes, als feestbroodjes bij de bakker. Rozen op hen vastgespeld alsof er iemand jarig was, en de spelden gingen diep in hun vlees. ‘Ja dieper, dieper,’ dacht ik. Ik wilde het voelen bloeden. Het was al aan het bloeden. Het bloed sijpelde op de grond. Tante Connie raakte in paniek, en ik ook, omdat ik toch meer waarde hechtte aan de beoordelingen van tante Connie dan aan mezelf. ‘Waarom doen jullie dat!’ riep ze.

23. ‘Dit is ons verbond,’ zeiden de twee vrouwen. ‘Ons bloed-verbond.’

24. ‘Zie je,’ dacht ik bij mezelf, ‘dan had ik het wel goed ingeschat.’

25. ‘Geef me de speld,’ zei ik. ‘Ik wil ook deel hebben aan het bloed-verbond.’ Het was een hele opluchting toen ik de speld in mijn vlees voelde gaan, en ik de zachtheid van de roos tegen mijn huid aanvoelde. Ik voelde me een plak vlees bij de slager.

26. ‘Nu kun je het dak opkomen,’ zeiden de vrouwen. ‘Nu kon je de tuin bezaaien en besproeien.’ De poort van mijn hersenen leek open te gaan, en de waas leek even te vertrekken. Ik wilde meer van zulke lichaams-spelden. Ik herinnerde de dorens, ik herinnerde hoe genadeloos diep ze gingen, totdat alles binnenin me brak, en ik begon te zweven. Ik was nu boven het dak, maar de huizen om ons heen waren veel groter. Ik kon de zolders inkijken en zag de vrouwen. Ze leken eenzaam, en ik was eenzaam. Ik was met een helm op geboren, maar die ontplofte nu. Ik zweefde bij iemand binnen. En hier zag ik bomen groeien door het hele huis. Ik was nog steeds in de tuin. Hier hingen zoveel gouden klokken aan de muur, die allemaal heerlijk tikten, zo licht, zo zacht, zo helder, ontwakende de diepste roerselen van mijn hersenen. Ze waren als een vuur in mijn lichaam. De mensen die hier woonden hadden allemaal dialogen. Het moest vooral ergens over gaan, maar ze kwamen er nergens mee. Ze leefden in een cirkeltje. Ik had ze al snel door. Toch was het allemaal

erg verrijkend voor mij. Jurkjes hingen er aan de muur, vruchtjes lagen op schaaltes, gezet op oventjes. 'Is dit de weg naar de stad?' vroeg ik.

27. - Welke stad. Oh, de overstad.

28. Ik knikte. 'Daar heb ik vaker over gehoord,' zeiden ze. Ze lieten me ladders van touw zien. Ik klom en klom, dit huis was lang, als een herenhuis wat maar niet ophield. Mensen leefden hier als vogels. Ik wist niet waar ik moest kijken. 'De parel van de tuin,' zeiden ze, 'is daar,' en dan wezen ze omhoog. De ladder was glibberig, en ik gleed weg. In spiegels zag ik mezelf klimmen. Ik had weer het gevoel dat ik van de daken gleed, alsof ik het huis niet kon binnengaan. Tante Connie legde haar hand op mijn hoofd. Haar hand was gloeiend heet, of was mijn hoofd gloeiend heet. 'Waarom?' vroeg ik. 'Waarom is er hier geen doorkomen aan?' Tante Connie zei niks, zweeg als het graf. Ook de twee vrouwen zeiden niets. Het was als een schijnbaar open weg die dood liep. Een zwakte maakte zich van mij meester, en ik was gelijmd aan de grond. Met wilde maar beheerste ogen keek de dochter van de graaf naar mij, alsof ze een wild paard probeerde te temmen, met de koele zelfverzekerdheid dat dat haar aardig lukte. Even stond de tijd stil, en was het alsof zij de muziek van het moment perfect kon berijden. Als ze zou vallen zou ze aan draden verbonden zijn, als aan elastiek, zodat ze niet in de vlammen van het hellemeer zou vallen. Ik snakte naar adem. Ik hoorde haar ogen roepen. Toen greep ze me vast. 'Ik laat je nooit meer los,' zei ze. 'Nooit meer.' Even dacht ik dat ik thuis gekomen was. Ik probeerde me zo lang te maken als zij zich waardig voelde. 'Wie ben jij eigenlijk?' vroeg ik.

29. De vrouw van het zolder liep terug naar de trap. In gedachten zweefde ik langs het huis, en de dochter van de graaf lag uitgestrekt op de daken. Wij konden dit huis niet binnenkomen. Wij waren in de tuin. Het zonlicht was aangenaam, en het was alsof we beiden smolten en naar beneden sijpelden, om in elkaar te versmelten? Waren wij de vruchten van deze tuin?

De Sleutel

30. Tante Connie legt gouden bestek op de tafel voor het feestmaal. Oom Joop komt aan tafel zitten. Ik zit naast de dochter van de graaf. Ze houdt mijn hand vast. Tante Connie brengt dan de pan met het avondeten, en met een grote lepel laat ze het ploffen op onze borden. 'Is zij van het zolder niet uitgenodigd?' vraag ik.

31. 'Ze heeft haar eigen,' zegt tante Connie. Ik heb het gevoel dat ik wat mis, en ga na een tijdje naar het zolder. Ik voel me op en top. Ze ligt op bed, en staart door het raam. Ik ga bij haar zitten. Haar ogen kijken dwars door me heen, alsof ze me niet ziet. Als ik naar buiten kijk, zie ik haar weerspiegelingen daar, alsof ze uitgestrekt is over de daken, en langs de muren, als begroeiing. 'Zoveel mensen kennen me niet,' zegt ze. Dan staat ze op en geeft mij een bord. Het schijnt hier ook etenstijd te zijn. Ze schept op. We staren elkaar de hele tijd aan, en als ik dan later naar buiten staar is het al donker, en haar weerspiegelingen zijn als de lichten in de nacht, als woeste paarden over de daken. Ik hoor tante Connie beneden roepen. Het is tijd voor de nacht, maar ik wil niet slapen. Ik houd de hand vast van de vrouw van het zolder. Mijn hoofd voelt als een stad met huizen, grote huizen, hoge huizen, lange huizen, met bomen er tussen, met plaats voor de tuin. Het is alsof de vrouw van het zolder op mijn hersenen danst, en het doet pijn, en ik word al snel moe. Pudding voert ze me. Grote lange draden voel ik door mijn lichaam gaan, totdat ik het gevoel heb dat ik kan zweven. Haar bed is ineens zo dik en ver weg, haar kamer twee keer groter. Nee, naar buiten wil ik niet meer. Ik ben hier buiten. Zij is mijn wereld. Ik heb een kinderlijk geloof in haar.

32. Tante Connie laat me de schoonheid van het huis zien, van alle plekken, en ja, ik moet haar gelijk geven. Ze heeft een plaats in mij, alle dingen in dit huis hebben een plaats in mij. Ik heb ze nodig. Ik ben er bijna ziekelijk afhankelijk aan. Het is mijn levenswarmte. Maar toch voelt het alsof ik heen en weer gesleurd word. Ik heb nergens grip op, ik glijd telkens weg, dieper. Dit is een doodlopende weg, een fuik, van vuur. Ik zie ze het glas heffen. Zij zijn als de vlammen in mijn hoofd. Ik durf niet naar ze te kijken, want dan ga ik dood. Het zijn de hoofden van de Medusa. De mensen die hier wonen zijn net zo steen als dit huis, en iedereen die naar hen kijkt verandert in steen. Zo is het leven. Is dit de sleutel weg uit de tuin, of is dit de sleutel tot de tuin.

33. In de nacht danst de vrouw van de zolder als een zwaan, als een brandende struik. Ik probeer me om te draaien, maar ik kan niet. Deze dans is dodelijk, of misschien wel leidende naar de poort van de hel. Ik sta verstijfd. De uitsteeksels en aanhangsels van haar jurk raken mij. Ik kijk naar haar door mijn glas wijn. De poort brandt. Ik probeer me ergens aan vast te klampen, maar zonder success, totdat ik de stem van tante Connie hoor. Ik kan niet terugroepen. Iemand knijpt mijn keel dicht, maar ik heb geen verlangen om terug te roepen. Ik ben als een boom geworteld in de grond. Ik heb het geheim van Medusa gezien : Alleen met de ogen van wijn kunnen wij haar bekijken. Ze gilt en schreeuwt nu ik het geheim heb ontdek. Ik gooi de wijn in haar gezicht, want ze wil me verscheuren. Dan staat ze in vlammen, en het gehele huis brandt. Ik moet hier weg. Maar de trappen zijn hier van vuur. Alles is van vuur. Ik besluit te blijven. Medusa schijnt aardiger dan ik dacht. Haar hoofden leven hier in een vreemde vrede. Roofdieren bespringen mij en verscheuren mij, en mijn hart is blij. Het is mijn vuur, het is omringd door mijn hart. Ik heb mijn weg hier doorheen gebeten. Een huis met standbeelden. Het is als een brandend strand, en een brandend oog leidt mij uit, om dieper in te gaan. De brandweerman houdt mij stevig vast. Zijn jas is glibberig. En dan brandt hij ook.

34. Tante Connie doet alsof er niets gebeurt is en staart mij aan. ‘Nog wat koffie, jongen ?’ vraagt ze. Ik zeg niks. Tante Connie schenkt nog wat voor me in. Wie zwijgt stemt toe. Mijn oude bed in de kamer van de dochter van de graaf is versleten, scheuren in de matras, en de piano is vals. Maar niet minder mooi dan de gouden spulletjes van tante Connie. Als tante Connie lacht heb ik het gevoel dat ze op de daken fietst. Ik keek naar de vrouw van de zolder. Waren we niet net als Adam en Eva die door de brandende heg probeerden terug te keren naar het paradijs ? En was dit paradijs een mengsel tussen huizen en blote benen ? Ik keek naar de dochter van de graaf. Ik probeerde een weg door haar heen te graven. Maar ze hield alles tegen. Tante Connie dient de pudding op. Ik kan de borsten zien van de vrouw van het zolder, door haar doorzichtige jurk heen, en ze heeft haar jurk ook wel flink open. Haar borsten druipen nog, als de moederlijke fontein, maar er zijn geen babies. Ik besluit niets te eten. Hier kan ik niet tegen, en het is dodelijk. Als ik naar de dochter van de graaf kijk, dan zie ik hetzelfde tafereel. Het is onbeschoft tegen tante Connie om pudding te laten druipen terwijl zij pudding opdient. Ik kan oom Joop goed begrijpen dat hij zo ver mogelijk van de tafel afzit, als een bibberend hondje. Maar plotseling is het alsof de stoppen bij mij doorslaan. Ik voel me een baby, een hond zelfs, die gevoed moet worden. Wat een drama. Tante Connie ziet het aan mijn gezicht en raakt in paniek. Zelfs oom Joop staat op. Iedereen zit verstijfd. Ik begin met grote happen van de pudding te eten, zodat al snel mijn hele gezicht eronder zit. Oom Joop lacht mij uit. Dit is de tuin van spot. Waarom zijn Adam en Eva hier teruggekeert. Ook de twee vrouwen lachen mij uit, terwijl ze hun jurken nog meer open trekken. En dan smeren ze de pudding over hun lichaam heen en gaan op de tafel liggen. ‘Ik heb al brood gehad,’ zegt oom Joop. Ik kan hier niet tegen. Zelfs een hond wordt beter behandeld. Ik word er erg stil van, en ga bij oom Joop zitten. ‘Je weet hoe vrouwen zijn,’ zegt oom Joop.

35. 'Dodelijk is het,' zeg ik. 'We hebben niet zomaar met een stel hoofden te maken. Het zijn de hoofden van Medusa.'
36. 'Kijk naar hen door het glas wijn,' zegt oom Joop. Tante Connie loopt naar de vrouwen toe, en giet wijn over hen heen. 'Wat een vertoning,' zeg ik. 'Dit is toch niet meer normaal.'
37. 'Ik dacht ook dat ik naar een ander feestje was gegaan,' zei oom Joop.
38. 'Kom op, nu weten we het wel,' zeg ik. 'Zo lopen we de fanfare niet. Moet je dat nou eens kijken, ze vervuilen die hele tafel.'
39. 'Nee hoor,' zegt de dochter van de graaf. 'Dit is de oerbron, de big bang.'
40. 'Als je je maar niet verroert,' schreeuwt tante Connie. 'We gaan hier geen polonaise in de kamer houden, al mijn spulletjes worden vies. Is er nog respect in dit land?'
41. 'Likken, bloedvriend,' zegt de vrouw van het zolder tegen haar wederhelft. 'Alsof je leven er vanaf hangt.'
42. 'Als jullie niet eten wat de pot schaft,' zegt tante Connie, 'dan sodemieteren jullie maar op.'
43. 'We vonden het eten heerlijk,' zei de vrouw van het zolder, 'maar we hebben onze eigen toetjes meegenomen.'
44. 'Contractbreuk,' zegt tante Connie. 'Dat hadden we niet afgesproken zo, en voor half geld komen jullie er echt niet langs. Ik voel me door jullie verschrikkelijk door de tang genomen, als je dat maar weet. Ik heb nog wat blokken hout nodig voor het tuinvuur.'
45. 'Ik dacht anders dat Adam wel tegen een grapje kon,' zei de vrouw van het zolder, 'maar mijnheer loopt daar in het hoekje te kniezen.'
46. 'Oh, toe maar, geef mij maar weer de schuld,' zei ik. 'Het is nu oorlog.' Ineens stormden de vrouwen op mij af, en peperden mij in met pudding, en trokken me op de tafel. 'Dit is nog eens een kersttoetje, een vijf-gangen toetje is aan ons welbesteed,' zei de vrouw van het zolder. Ik was woedend. 'Als ik ooit loskom, dan zul je wat beleven,' riep ik.
48. Het was alsof alle machines ineens stilstonden. We staarden elkaar allemaal aan, maar deden niets. 'Ode aan de kok,' zei de dochter van de graaf. Na een tijdje lagen we in het bad, en het was nog gezellig ook. Het was als een lange brandende dag aan het strand. Ik was moe, ik had mijn portie wel gehad. Het was een vreemde gewaarwording dat roosjes zo konden zijn. Ik zou vanaf nu veel meer op mijn hoede zijn. Dit mocht niet nog een keer gebeuren. Tante Connie zou het niet overleven. Er groeiden sinds die dag struiken op het behang, die ervoor zouden moeten zorgen dat deze dingen nooit meer zouden gebeuren. Tante Connie was het goed zat, en huurde bewakers in, die een oogje in het zeil zouden houden. Ook liet ze overal cameras planten. We voelden ons vanaf die dag in ons huis bekeken. Maar de volgende keer dat we aan tafel zaten schoten bij mij weer de stoppen door. Ik verlangde zo naar de oermoeder, dat ik boven op de vrouw van het zolder klom, de stoel brak, en we vielen beiden op de grond. Een wachter schoot een pijl door mijn hoofd, net op tijd, en ik werd aan de muur gespietst. 'Geef hem melk,' zei tante Connie rustig. 'Jullie moeten niet zo paniekerig doen.' Pudding droop uit de borst van de vrouw van het zolder. Ik kon me niet bewegen. 'Eerste hulp bij ongelukken,' zei tante Connie. 'Hij is dood, hij heeft een pijl dwars door z'n kop. Geef hem de melk des levens, stelletje koeien. Nou, waar wachten jullie op.'
49. 'Hij hangt te hoog, tante,' zeiden de vrouwen.

50. - Nou dan spuit je maar. Druk de knopjes maar goed in.

51. 'Nee, hij is dood. Hij heeft Medusa gezien, en wie van haar melk drinkt gaat naar de hel.'

52. - Ik ben niet gelovig, stop met die onzin.

53. 'God, zelfs als je de tepels van Medusa ziet ben je al overgeleverd aan de vlammen van de hel, en haar duistere hulpjes.'

54. - Ja, die ken ik, rijden die hier niet de hele tijd rond ? Medusa is al openlijk te kijk gezet, je hoeft het knopje van de tv maar aan te draaien.

55. 'Arme jongens.'

56. Ik kon naar de melk fluiten. De dames gingen ieder hun eigen kant op. Ik was in de tuin der wreedheden, ik was op sterven na de dood met die pijl in m'n kop. Oom Joop was behulpzaam en trok de pijl uit mijn hoofd. Maar dat deed nog veel meer pijn, dus ik drukte hem er weer in. Even later klopte ik bij de vrouwen aan de deur, maar ze deden niet open. Ik sliep die nacht bij tante Connie en oom Joop in de huiskamer. De dag erna zaten ze allemaal aan tafel alsof er niets was gebeurd. 'Zo, de meer dan dodelijke borsten van Medusa zijn ook weer van de partij,' zei ik. De vrouwen zeiden niets. Ze aten gulzig en verslikten zich een paar keer. Het ging zoals gewoonlijk weer nergens over. 'Leuk,' zei ik. 'We zitten hier aan tafel met vergif. Killers.'

57. 'Houd je mond,' zei tante Connie. 'Jij bent ook niet een van de braafsten.' Plotseling stonden de vrouwen als een vrouw op, als Medusa, en de muren om ons heen begonnen te branden. 'Zie,' riep tante Connie. 'Ik wist het. Medusa is gekomen om wraak te nemen. Ren voor je leven.' Oom Joop gooide een deken om ons heen, en trok ons naar zijn kant. Hij was de slimste geweest want sinds de dames hier aten zat hij bijna nooit meer aan tafel. Een golf van geweld sloeg ons neer. Maar oom Joop gedroeg zich als een duivel, en dat moest wel, anders had hij niks bij Medusa in de pap te brokkelen. Ik heb oom Joop nog nooit zo te keer zien gaan. Al snel stond Medusa buiten het raam. 'Ik wist wel dat die wijven een grote pot met vergif waren,' zei hij. Ik had nog nooit zo'n groot machts-spel gezien. Ik trilde als een hondje. Oom Joop was een held.

58. Omdat Medusa ons bleef bezoeken kregen we een ander huis in een andere straat. Er groeiden hier zogenaamde borsten-struiken die vruchten hadden als tepels waaruit een sap voortkwam wat bestand was tegen het borstgif van Medusa. We konden zelfs hierdoor Medusa genezen van haarzelf. De vloek was al snel verbroken. Er hoefde verder geen apocalypse aan te pas te komen. Onze vriendschappen werden hersteld, en al snel leefden we hier weer met elkaar. Alles was veilig nu. We hadden onze condomen-boom gevonden.

59. Een vrouw leefde tussen de verdiepingen in, een vrouw in mijn hoofd, onderdrukt door de hedendaagse maatschappij, een deel gesloten door de hersenen. Medusa was de oorlogsgodin, weggepest door een maatschappij van valse vrede. Een vreemde vrede bracht haar terug. Zij kende de tuin van spot ook. Ze had die zelf gemaakt. Ook kende ze de tuin van edelheden en wreedheden, op maat gesneden. Ze had zich een weg door die tuin gebaand, terug naar het paradijs. Ze ontmoette haar Adam in de lucht, en leidde ook hem terug. Door de brandende heg gingen zij, en helemaal opgebrand kwamen zij aan. Heel snel kwamen zij erachter dat zij een cirkeltje hadden gelopen. Zo slaan dan al snel de stoppen door, en vinden ze de liefde in zichzelf, die na korte tijd niets dan haat blijkt te zijn. Het is alles niet wat het lijkt. Ik kreeg een fatalistische, nihilistische kijk op het leven door deze dingen. We waren weer terug bij af. Heel wat dromen waren kapot gesprongen, en we begonnen ons oude huis te missen, maar daar woonde een nieuwe familie in.

60. Waar we dan ook naartoe gaan, het is altijd hetzelfde. Laten we daarom naarbinnen keren, en elkaar daar vinden, of hele andere personen die eindelijk onze dromen kunnen waarmaken, maar dit is slechts ijdelheid, illusie. We jagen lucht achterna, iedereen weet het, maar we blijven proberen. We blijven happen naar de koek die voor ons wordt gehangen. We zijn geconditioneerd, slaven, hondjes van Pavlov. Alles is hier misleiding op misleiding. Ik begon een pessimist te worden, zwaar somber. Ik wilde niemand valse hoop geven, niemand voorliegen. We liepen de leugen achterna omdat er geen waarheid was, of was de waarheid gewoon in een heel klein hoekje ergens, daar waar we het onmogelijk zouden kunnen vinden ? Maar alle dingen zijn toch mogelijk voor hen die geloven. En zo ging ik geloven. Niet in het kerkelijk geloof, maar in die vrouwen hier met hun gekke spelletjes. Misschien dat de grootste leugen ook diep in haar de waarheid droeg. Ik had kans, want ik had een pijl door mijn hoofd. Denken was fataal. Het moest van een andere kant komen. Maar ik merkte al snel dat die vrouwen een gesloten boek waren. Ik kwam er niet ver mee. En ik wilde toch ergens in geloven. Een grote trots was er, ergens diep binnenin. Iets wat mij over het ravijn kon laten zweven, iets wat ik niet kon beschrijven, een mystiek gevoel. Oom Joop zei altijd dat een boek ons erdoor zou helpen, maar hij wist niet welk boek. Een popperige papieren kermis leek het. Tante Connie had een pop in een schoenendoos verborgen, een pop waarin ze heilig geloofde dat deze ons allen redden zou. Vaak sta ik op het balkon en voel me tussen de huizen, tussen de bomen, tussen de rivieren, overal tussen.

61. Het is een wonder dat ik nog leef met die pijl door mijn hoofd. Op een dag voel ik me door het gevoel dat die pijl in mijn hoofd geeft zo in de wolken, zo extatisch, dat ik merk dat ik kan vliegen. Heel voorzichtig vlieg ik van het balkon, tussen de huizen door. Mensen vallen flauw achter de ramen. 'Bedrieger,' roept er iemand. Ik kan er niet mee zitten. Ook al zou het bedrog zijn, ik heb er een goede tijd mee. Ik vlieg naar de top van het hoogste huis in de buurt. Als ik naar beneden kijk is alles wit. Ook het hoge platte horizontale dak waarop ik sta. Ik ruik bosgeuren. Dan vlieg ik over de stad. Wat als ik dit alles zou kunnen ontsnappen. Ik besluit naar de volgende stad te vliegen, daar waar de fabrieks-wolken zijn. Ik houd van de rook. Ik hoop dat we er allemaal in verzuipen. Dat is beter dan wat we hadden. We hebben niets te verliezen. Maar dan roep ik mezelf tot orde. Er staan wat meiden voor een raam. Ze kijken verwonderd. Ik zwaai naar ze. Ze wenken me. Een van hen opent het raam, en ik vlieg naar binnen. 'Kijk, die kan vliegen,' zegt er een. 'Een truc,' zeg ik. 'Leer het me,' zegt een van de meiden. Ik vertel hen over de pijl in mijn kop. Ze giechelen een beetje. Al snel hangen ze aan me. 'Mag ik in jullie geloven,' vraag ik. 'Ik wil ergens in geloven.'

62. - Wij geloven in de dominee.

63. 'Okay, maar dat is niet wat. Kan ik in jullie geloven ?'

64. - Ik weet niet of ik daartoe bevoegd ben.

65. 'Ik geloof in je.'

66. - Wat moet ik nu doen ?

67. 'Vlieg met me mee.'

68. - Ja, maar ik kan niet vliegen. Waarom blijf je niet gewoon hier. We hebben het hier erg naar onze zin.

69. 'Okay.'

70. Ik bleef bij ze staan, en ze trokken me aan tafel. Ik moet zeggen ze waren een stuk netter dan de vrouwen die ik kende, de Medusa-vrouwen. Ze aten deftig, met mes en vork, geen geklieder. Ik staarde naar buiten, allemaal rook. Ik kon niet veel zien. Ze sliepen allemaal in de huiskamer op matrassen. Ik kreeg ook een matras. Ik sliep al snel. Ik merkte al snel dat ik in mezelf aan het bidden was tot hen. Ik was op zoek naar een geloof. De volgende dag namen ze mij mee naar de kerk. Ik moet zeggen dat het mij aardig beviel. De dominee was erg aardig. Hij had ook wel wijze dingen te zeggen, en liep voortdurend met zijn sleutels te rinkelen. Had hij misschien de sleutels om Medusa te openen ? Na de kerkdienst liep ik op hem af om het hem te vragen. Zonder nadenken nam hij een sleutel van zijn sleutelhanger af en gaf het aan mij. 'Probeer het maar uit,' zei hij. Maar eigenlijk wilde ik hier niet meer weg. Deze mensen waren geweldig. Weer ging ik met de meiden mee naar hun huis. Omdat ik heel veel aan Medusa dacht, ben ik even later toch teruggegaan naar mijn eigen stad en huis. Ik begon direkt aan de Medusa-vrouwen te sleutelen. En het werkte, tot mijn eigen verbazing. Voor het eerst had ik het gevoel dat ik met hen ergens kwam. Alsof we de boom des levens hadden bereikt. We dronken koffie op het resultaat. Ik wilde de dominee bedanken, en vloog terug naar de andere stad. De meiden waren blij me weer te zien, en samen gingen we naar het huis van de dominee. De dominee was net zijn huis aan het schilderen. Na het bedankje nam ik afscheid van de meiden, en ging weer terug naar mijn eigen huis. Ik had Medusa verlost uit haar kooi.

De Gespleten Aarde

71. De meiden hebben al snel ons huis gevonden, en de dominee ook. Ze waren met de dominee meegereden. De sleutel had namelijk een zendertje van binnen. Natuurlijk waren ze van harte welkom, maar de Medusa-vrouwen werden snel jaloers. Daar wist de dominee wel wat op, want die had veel meer sleutels. Wat me opviel was dat alles snel verstijfde. Alsof de sleutels veel openden, maar tegelijkertijd viel er ook zoveel dicht. We kregen het idee dat er een vloek op de sleutel lag. De dominee was niet overtuigd, want die geloofde heilig in zijn sleutels. Omdat hij zich steeds arroganter opstelde heeft tante Connie hem even later het huis uitgezet. Ik bewaarde de sleutels sindsdien. Die waren veel te gevaarlijk in de handen van een dominee. De meiden aanbaden inmiddels Medusa aan haar voeten. De dominee was woedend en noemde hen afgodendienaars. Ze waren niet meer welkom in zijn stad. Het bleek dat hij ook nog eens de burgemeester was. Medusa begon trouwens door deze aanbidding ook steeds meer te eisen. Haar voeten moesten gekust worden, anders zou ze alles vertrappen. Ik had allang spijt dat ik haar had verlost, maar het kwam allemaal door die sleutels. Op een gegeven moment was ik het zo zat dat ik de sleutels inslikte. Maar sindsdien ging het niet goed met mij. Ik begon zelf een Medusa te worden. Wie had dat ooit durven dromen dat ik ooit de god der wrake zou worden. Het liep uit op een gevecht met de andere Medusa om de macht. De Medusa begon een gevaarlijk mechanisme te worden. Voordat het nog erger zou worden besloot ik een volgende vliegtocht te beginnen. Ditmaal kwam ik in een andere stad met de hoogste gebouwen. Een oud vrouwtje deed haar raam open, en nodigde mij uit. Toen ik haar het verhaal over de sleutels vertelde scheen ze mij te kunnen helpen. Zij was namelijk een heks. Ik moest een bepaald kruidendrankje drinken, en dan zou ik de sleutels kunnen uitspuwen, en dan zou zij de sleutels omsmelten. Maar alles pakte anders uit. Het kruidendrankje werkte niet. Ik had de krachten van Medusa. Ik was immuun tegen hekserij. Ik moest onder ogen komen dat ik in een monster aan het veranderen was.

72. Ik strompelde naar de uitgang van deze tuin. Ik had het in zicht nu, en greep naar mijn buik. Ook al verdween de uitgang en de buitenste heg in het niets, en leek het alsof het verder van me af

begon te liggen, ik liep toch door. Ik greep om me heen als tastende in het donker. Ik greep het touw mij toegeworpen. Een vriendelijk vrouwengezicht keek me aan. Rozensappen dropen in een fles. Ik hoorde gegorgel en gezang. Bloedende tuinen, zover het oog reikt, vermengd met regen, waar het oog van Medusa over waakt. Het koren dat het goud omhoog haalt, het licht der sterren weerkatsende, haar vrucht wordt vastgehouden. Medusa waakt. Het houten huis kraakt onder het getal van de lelies. Hier heeft ze haar woning. Hier voedt zij haar raadsel, haar mysterie, waar prinses op paarden al eeuwen naar zoeken. Nee, zij zullen niet vinden, want Medusa waakt over haar geheim. Haar kroning was een bespotting. Haar lijden was een ontmaskering, maar niemand is ooit tot haar parel gekomen, niemand heeft ooit haar zwaard gedragen. Allen sterven zij door een blik op haar te slaan. Tot steen werden zij in alle eeuwigheden. Haar discipel is zoek, haar beker verloren. Zij heeft haarzelf nog nooit gezien. Zou zij het weten, dan zou zij sterven, daarom weet zij maar half. De rozenkrachten hier zijn vol met parels. De mensen hier weten dat Medusa een geheim heeft, alleen ze kennen het niet. Ze hebben er alleen een glimp van opgevangen, en die glimp heeft hen voor altijd verblind.

73. Ik zit op mijn houten paard, mijn hobbelpaard van vroeger, met mijn lange speer, mijn lans. 'Open de poort,' roep ik, maar alles zwijgt. Ik vlieg hoog, over de muur heen, maar hier is niks. De aarde is dus toch plat. Is dit het onverbiddelijke geheim van Medusa? Ik stort hier uit alles wat ik nog in mijn hoofd heb, alle puinhopen, alles gaargebraden, en kijk in de enorme diepte. Nee, het is een ravijn. De aarde is gespleten. Een groot werk moet dat geweest zijn, met de schaar des hemels. Daar aan de overkant weten de mensen niet dat ze niet weten. Ik vlieg weer terug, en omhels mijn Medusa, en mijn meiden. 'Ik ben aan de andere kant van de schaar geweest,' zei ik. 'Daar moeten we ook niet wezen. Vernietig alle spiegels. We staren wel in een glas wijn, met wijn van borstestruiken.' Ik strek mij uit. Ze zijn blij dat ik terug ben. Ik solliciteer bij de zeevaart. Ik waarschuw hen dat de aarde wel degelijk plat is, en dat verklaart ook waarom er zoveel schepen zijn gebleven. Ik word er kapitein. Als ik thuis ben speelt oom Joop vaak op het orgel. Maar ik ben niet veel thuis. Ik moet de zee afbakenen. Een hoge rand moet er gemaakt worden, waar niemand meer overheen kan tuimelen. Medusa is als een moeder die haar kinderen terugroept. Zij heeft de tuin gebouwd, en haar muren, en die moeten we eren, omdat het buiten veel erger is. Er is geen paradijs aan de andere kant van de heg, maar de heg spreekt tot de verbeelding. Ik zie nog meer paradijs in een pot pindakaas. Als ik thuis ben zijn de vrouwen blij, dan is het feest, maar een paradijs zal het nooit zijn, en hebben we dat wel nodig. We hebben toch elkaar.

74. Op een dag ga ik met de meiden voetballen op het pleintje. Via een tunnel komen we in een ander deel van de stad, in een winkelstraat. We slenteren door de straten. Ik neem hen mee naar de bakker, en koop wat special brood voor hen. Brood kan mij nooit te luxe zijn. Het is een levensnoodzaak. Bij de speelgoedwinkel wanen ze zich in het paradijs. Bij het tuinhok laten we alle zorgen achter ons. Voor de chocolade-winkel danst de vrouw van chocolade. Ze roept herinneringen bij me op, ze danst als een zwaan. We gaan de stoffige winkel binnen. Een grote notenkraker-eekhoorn staart ons aan. 'Ja,' zegt de winkelier, 'veel noten altijd in de chocolade, we hebben een verdrag met de noten-industrie. We kregen dit beeld van hen, toch aardig, vindt u niet.' Ik knikte. De meiden keken de man vriendelijk aan. We konden aan hem zien dat hij er blij van werd. 'Ik zal u vertellen, ik ben mijn vrouw verloren,' zei de winkelier. 'Ik mis haar echt, en er is nu een zee van ruimte boven, want ze had zoveel spullen en die zijn allemaal in haar graf meegegaan. Komt u maar even mee, dan laat ik het u zien.' Boven stond alles leeg. Ik staarde naar buiten, waar de chocoladevrouw nog steeds danste. Ze was een zwerfster, en werd zo altijd genoemd.

75. Grote poppen van chocolade stonden in kasten. De man deed er erg zakelijk over, en kraste wat op papieren. Even later stonden we weer op straat. Aan het eind van de straat was een fontein. We zagen tante Connie lopen met een zware tas. 'Tante Connie,' riep ik. Ze had koffie gekocht, in allerlei soorten. Samen liepen we naar huis. Ik hielp haar de tas te dragen, en de meiden hielden ook wat spullen vast. Medusa wachtte ons op.

10.

1. En Saakse en Luchtse vertelden Christus alles over de ladder naar de Eeuwige Weide. En Christus was duizelig en staarde hen aan, en vroeg : 'Maar wie kan dan behouden worden ?'

11.

De Moederboom

1. Ze was verdwaald in haar hart, en de moederboom had bezit van haar genomen, door haar heen werkende, als een oneindig licht, wat ze niet kon bevatten. Ze was een bloederige wond in mijn hart, maar tegelijkertijd was ze de ridder die mijn kasteel beschermde. Ik was opgesloten in dit kasteel, maar tegelijkertijd was dit kasteel mijn schuilplaats.

2. Ik kon niet tegen haar op, ze was te sterk. Ze had vele namen, en blies als de noorderwind. Ze was als de moederboom met de vele takken en de weelderige bladeren, maar gelukkig met bloesem. Zij bracht mij voort, en brak mij, om me weer op te nemen door de wind. Ik kon haar niet doorzien, maar soms in flitsen was alles duidelijk. Ik had geen grip op haar, en ze gleed onder me weg. Later was ze als de zon waar ik niet naar kon staren. Ze was ver weg, en ik werd koud, en bloedde dood. Het kon haar niet schelen. Ze had dit pad zelf gemaakt. Het was haar ijzeren wil.

3. Ze zond mij poppen met kerstmis, en het was altijd kerstmis, en het sneeuwde altijd. Ik was verward, kapot. Ik was upgejut tegen de vele illusies die zij had gecreeerd. Ze speelde een spel met mij. Ik begon weer te roken om het te kunnen verteren. In haar genade zond ze weer een ridder tot mij, een witte ridder, zwart van binnen. Ik bekeek haar aandachtig. Ze was als een sprookjesprinses, als een boom vol witte bloesem. Ik had een worsteling met deze elf voor vele dagen, maar als ik viel, viel ik in zachte kussens. Zachte kussens met gouden fluwelen koorden, waar ik niet teveel naar kon staren, anders zouden ze mij verblinden. Maar zij was goed voor mij. Ze verzorgde mij goed. Ze kon goed koken, alhoewel er altijd gifbessen in de buurt waren. Daar zou zij me wel tegen beschermen. Het was gewoon keuken-decoratie.

4. Ze wilde altijd gifbessen in de buurt hebben. Het leek haar te inspireren. Het bleek het geheim van de moederboom te zijn. Gifbessen gebruikte ze op haar pijlen. Het was zeer medicinaal. Ik bleef maar staren naar haar. 'Kun je ... kun je ...' Maar verder kwam ik niet. Ik stond in de keuken met haar, maar het was alsof er glas was tussen ons, ook verbaal. Ze keek me vragend aan. Er kwam bloed uit haar ogen. Ze strekte haar armen naar me uit, en smolt weg. Even later stond ze er weer.

5. Ik brak het ijs, want ik had een handschoen van brandend staal, vuurheet. Rook kwam uit mijn vuisten. Het glas begon te smelten, als vele gezichten. Het was als een deuk in een auto. Maar bereiken kon ik haar niet. Ze was in de rook. Plotseling brandde alles. Er was oorlog in de stad. Planten met gifbessen schoten op om de stad te bedekken. En in het midden van de stad groeide de moederboom.

6. Ik was bezitterig en verdwaald. Ik stopte mijn huis vol met hebbedingetjes. Ze keek me aan met ogen van een hyena. Ik gromde. Buiten regende het, en er was olie in de plassen. Ik begeerde haar

te kennen. Zij was mijn innerlijke wond. Het was een vruchtbare plaats, als de tuin rondom mijn huis in mijn gedachten. Die tuin was roze, sprankelend. Ze stond daar als de ridder, met boeken vol gedichten. Ik werd er hebbertig van. Ik kon mijn gedachten niet keren. 'Lees eruit voor,' zei ik. Maar ze zei niets. De wond was te waterig om iets te zeggen. Alles wat ik greep sijpelde weg. De ridder draaide langzaam rond als een ballerina, verspreidende lichte, zachte muziek, als op de achtergrond. Het was niet eens goed hoorbaar, maar ik leek er rustig van te worden. Het greep mijn hart, en liet mij een gat in de tuin zien, waar zoete vruchten uit voortkwamen. Ik begon te eten. Waterige gestalten waren hier, die zeiden : 'Sophia ...'

7. 'Wie is Sophia ?' vroeg ik.

8. 'Zij is een religieuze ballerina die altijd in dezelfde cirkeltjes draait,' zeiden ze. 'Zij moet gedood worden, anders kom je nooit verder.'

9. 'Houdt ze mij tegen ?' vroeg ik.

10. 'Ja,' zeiden ze. 'Ze leeft in je. Ze vreet alles in je weg. Het is een religieus monster. Je moet haar overwinnen.'

11. 'Hoe ?' vroeg ik.

12. 'Verbrand je goden,' zeiden ze.

13. Ze lieten mij een waterige vlam zien. 'Neem het aan,' zeiden ze.

14. Ik pakte het aan en begon te branden, en er was gekrijs in mij. 'Alles wordt nat nu,' zeiden ze.

15. 'Daar gaan mijn hebbedingetjes,' zei ik. Ik stond op een kale berg nu, heel zanderig. De berg leek gemaakt van touw. Ik voelde me gebonden. 'Religie ... strijd ertegen,' zeiden ze. 'Religie is drama en kortzichtigheid, een band om je hoofd.' Ik gleed in een warm meertje, tussen het brandende zand.

16. 'Religie was gemaakt om mensen tot slaven te maken,' zeiden ze. 'Je kunt natuurlijk naar de diepte van zo'n religie gaan, om het te neutraliseren, en het een andere betekenis te geven, maar daarna moet je de religie verbreken en verslaan. Je moet tot de hogere ringen van het leven komen, en uiteindelijk de gouden ring, de ring van de moederboom.'

17. Ik voelde me als een slaaf worden, met een begeerte die gouden ring te vinden, om zo vrij te zijn ? Ik voelde mijn banden in het licht van dit meer. De waterige gestalten namen mij dieper in het meertje, waar alles veel heter was. Toen kwam ik in een riviertje dat naar een zee leidde achter de berg. De zee was vol met bomen met giftige bessen, en er waren overal haaien met miljoenen tanden. Het waren de poorten van de hel. 'Eet niet van de bessen,' zeiden de waterige gestalten, 'en wij zullen je beschermen tegen de haaien.' Ze vormden een cirkel rondom me, die uiteindelijk uitgroeide tot een bol. Ze leidden mij door de zee naar de overkant. Hier waren ook giftige bessen, maar die moest ik gebruiken voor mijn pijlen. Ik moest een jager worden.

18. Er was hier een stad in oorlog. Ik moest naalden bevestigen aan mijn pijlen, tezamen met de giftige bessen. En ik moest die pijlen door open ramen schieten. Het was een religieuze stad. Ook woonden hier filosofen. Door het midden van de stad groeide de moederboom. Ik was hogerop hier. Ik raakte de boom aan en stond in brand. Toen werd alles nat. Ik klom hoger, en kwam in een woestijn-wereld. Er waren tekenars hier en filosofen. Zij probeerden hun ringen te verkopen, maar ik was zoek naar de gouden ring van de moederboom. Er was een speciale taal in de gouden ring

gegraveerd, zeiden ze, bepaalde tekens. Ineens had ik de gouden ring in mijn hand, en ik steeg op, naar een wereld vol van bomen en struiken met giftige bessen. Er waren ook planten met giftige bessen, en heggen. Ertussen waren allerlei huisjes en flatgebouwen. Hier woonden verhalenvertellers die hun ringen probeerden aan te praten. Maar ik was doof. De gouden ring had me verdoofd. Ik liep op een trap naar boven en zag een bruisend licht. Er werden hier generationele bloedlijnen bewaakt door kikkers. Een ieder die deze bloedlijnen zou aanraken, zou in connectie komen te staan met de moederboom, en zij zou in die persoon opspringen. De magische bloedlijnen waren de trots van een kikkerkoning. Ik schoot de kikkers neer met mijn pijlen en raakte de fontein van bloedlijnen aan, en werd direct naar achteren geslagen. Ik begon kikkers uit te braken, en de waterige gestalten zeiden dat die kikkers de goden van de godenboom waren. Ik moest elke god achter mij laten. Een rijkere natuur ontvouwde zich voor mij. Ik was nu een deel van de familie. Het wemelde hier voor mijn ogen, als een zwerm vliegen of andere vliegende soorten insecten. Zij schenen zich niet om een god te bekommeren. Zij werden voortgestuwd door de familie, door de moederboom.

19. Er werd een bord voor mij op tafel gezet, en ik moest veel eten, maar ik raakte maar niet vol. Ik werd steeds hongeriger. Ik at van de honger, van het holle en het niets. Er werd nog een bord voor mij op tafel gezet, en weer moest ik eten. Ditmaal werd ik echt hebberig. Ik begeerde meer van de bloedlijn, als een gulzige gierigheid. Ik werd door de boom omhoog getrokken, en gehesen op een schip. Daarna werd ik in een zee van gifbessen geworpen. Ik wilde de religie overwinnen, de sluier verscheuren. Ik zwom naar de kust, waar zeemeerminnen zaten op rotsen. Zij waren erg filosofisch. Ze zeiden : 'Drink niet van het gif, maar zie het als dode kunst.' Ik rende het bos in, en joeg op bizons, met de gifbessen op mijn pijlen. Alle spoken van religie vielen neer, en ik maakte er tenten van. Het verloor zijn betekenis geheel. Niemand wist meer wat het was. Ook alle zwijnen waren vastgehaakt aan palen.

20. Niemand kon mij nog stoppen, geen haas en geen konijn. Ik was de jager. Ik had geen zin om in een ander wonderland verstrikt te raken. Ik smeerde mij in met de gifbessen. De geur was sterk. Ik bedekte mijzelf met zwijnnenvel. Zij was mijn innerlijke wond, gek geworden, woest geworden, maar zij beschermde mij ook. Zij ontdeed haarzelf van kleding, en smeerde haarzelf ook in met gifbessen. Zij was het geheim van de moederboom. Zij leefde diep binnenin. Haar vellen lagen op de grond. Zij had een speer in haar hand, en zou de tent bewaken. Ik was opgesloten in deze tent, maar deze tent was ook mijn schuilplaats. Zij had mij het geheim laten zien.

21. Ik kwam in mijn oude huis toen ik uit dit schilderij was gestapt. En het leek in de verste verten niet meer op wat het was. Het schilderij was nu een portret van een oudere man met een middeleeuwse haardos. Zijn ogen staarden mij aan. Vroeger was dit een schilderij van de bizonjacht. Eens stapte ik er in, en kwam in de klem van religie, omdat het schilderij mij gehypnotiseerd had. Maar ik kwam er ook weer uit. Wie was deze man ? En wie had het geschilderd ? De bizonjacht was een beroemd schilderij, maar dit schilderij kende ik niet. Het leek een beetje op een Amerikaanse president. Op de schilderijen ernaast waren wat landschappen, maar geen van allen hypnotiseerden mij zoals de bizonjacht deed. Ik besloot naar een ander schilderij van de bizonjacht op zoek te gaan. Ik vond er één, en hing het naast de man met de middeleeuwse haardos. Ik stapte in mijn bed en ging slapen. Ik droomde over de moederboom, en over de bizonjacht. De moederboom leek op twee indiaanse vrouwen tegenover elkaar. De indianen geloofden in voorouders, jachttrofeeën en zielen van de vijand. Zij geloofden dat wat zij hadden verslagen, zij op hun eigen manier konden gebruiken.

22. Ik werd wakker en ging naar de bibliotheek. Ik las boeken over indianen en raakte gehypnotiseerd. Ik stapte in het boek, of werd erin gezogen, en gleed weg. Schilderijen van de bizonjacht vlogen om mij heen. Ik ging een stenen trap op, waar ik haar zag staan, mijn innerlijke wond, met een mes en een speer. Ook had zij een boog met pijlen. Ze leidde mij naar een wigwam. Ze drukte mij naar binnen. Alles begon te draaien. Ik had geen kracht meer om op te staan. Ik was opgesloten in het boek. Ik nam het boek mee naar huis, en weer begon alles te draaien. Het was een betoverend boek.

23. Ik vond het boek gevaarlijk, en bracht het terug, maar ik kon mijn weg er niet meer uitvinden. Pas na vele jaren vond ik een uitgang uit deze kerk. Ik begon te waarschuwen tegen het boek, en het liep uit op een oorlog. In het midden van de stad, tussen de vlammen, groeide de moederboom. Ik ging binnen in de moederboom. Ik ging aan een tafel zitten, tegenover een waarzegster. Maar vlammen kwamen uit haar mond. Ik rende weg. Ik pakte de lift naar boven, maar ze kwam achter mij aan. Ze had een heel leger van waarzegsters met zich. Ik kwam aan bij een pot met gifbessen, en begon gewoon te drinken, te drinken zoals ik nooit had gedronken. Niemand kon me nog de wet voorschrijven. Ik brandde. Ik gilde. Ik moest gewoon overal doorheen. Haaien met miljoenen tanden slokten mij op.

24. Ik doorzag haar. Ik werd kalm. Ze rookte een sigaret. Ze probeerde me te wurgen, maar ik gooide haar van mij af. Ze zat hoog op een paard ineens. Maar werd toen weggerukt door een storm. De moederboom nam mij op, en ik braakte gifbessen.

De Nieuwe Romeinen

1.

1. Maria was gekruisigd in de hof van Lodorro, aan de blauwe boom. Ze riep Eva, moeder van de levenden. De wonderen komen van deze boom. Haar bloed geneest en leidt naar de schatten van de hemel. Een kroon van rozen was op haar hoofd gezet en ze was genoemd : 'Moeder van de Koning'. En ze verrees uit de doden na vier dagen.
2. Ze had Beelzebul onttroond, de bewaker van de schat. De hof van Lodorro zal bloesemen voor altijd in onze harten.
3. Het zal leiden tot de hof van Roggio, waar het mythische kind Echte speelt. In de bloemenhof Ezechiël werd Maria verzocht. Hier zorgden de engelen voor haar, en bereidden haar voor op de kruisiging in de hof van Lodorro.
4. Nog steeds zingt haar kruis, zoete liederen van Salomo. Nog steeds toont haar kruis, zoete schatten van Eden. In de hof van Lading werd ze geoordeeld door de Romeinen.

2.

1. Zoete Maria, godin van de tijden. Aan uw voeten buigen alle goden neer. U gaf ons gebeden om te overleven. U leerde ons hoe te bidden. Moeder Maria, Maagd van de tijden. Niemand zal u kwaad doen. De engel Sarsia is over u.
2. Het is volbracht. Moeder Maria, schat in mijn hart, zoetheid van mijn jaren. De vijand zal branden in de nacht, en uw schreeuw zal gehoord worden, en zal de boeken van honing openen. Er zijn geschenken aan uw kruis, en uw wonderen zullen voor eeuwig leven in de harten van hen die u volgen.

3, Maria, wonder van de lampen, uw hart is met ons. We zijn binnengekomen door uw tranen. Metensia Eminijs. Tara van de Roos, Uw tepelen voeden ons met liefde en drop, voedsel van het kruis. Tara van het bos, in Rhodes is uw tempel, het mystery van liefde. Uw tempel is brandende, en we komen dichterbij uw kruis. De oogst van de blauwe boom. De mysterieën van Moeder Maria aan het kruis zijn de fijnste mysterieën, opgespaard voor de laatste dagen. In de hof van Lodorro hebt u gewandeld.

4. Iemand anders droeg uw kruis, een discipel van u. Lamdich. Hij stierf met u. Oh mysterie zo zoet. Op de tafel is brood met rozen. En de boeken van honing zullen openen, spoedig. Heeft u de roos gehoord ? Zij spreekt van u. Zij roept uw naam in de hof.

5. Mysterie nu onthuld. Maria met de lammeren, die de duif vrijzet.

6. Zij was opgewekt door de duif en de ekster. Zij voer ten hemel door een heilige zwaan. Mysterie geopenbaard. De hemelvaart van Maria werpt licht op haar geboorte. Zij werd geboren in een wit huis met rozen. Mysterie zo zoet. Metensia Eminijs.

3.

1. Haar beker voedt de heiligen. Zij is het mysterie van alle mysterieën. Alle moeders buigen voor haar. En Babylon zal vallen aan haar voeten.
2. Ze zal een nieuwe hemel creëren, en een nieuwe lucht, en alle goden zal zij herscheppen. Ze zal hen leiden in haar boot, naar de nacht waarin alle vijanden vallen.
3. Geprezen zij Maria, de Eeuwige. Zij heeft zonen voortgebracht, en zelfs meer dochters, om de aarde te vullen. Zij herschept de hemel en de lucht. Metensia, kom spoedig.

4.

1. Een mysterie geopenbaard. Haar borsten tussen de honing. Om de boeken te openen en om laatste openbaringen te geven. Zij herbergt de sleutel. De mysterieën zijn nu geopenbaard. Zij wekte de doden op en genas de blinden. De lammen konden lopen toen ze haar in zicht hadden. Het mysterie is geopenbaard. In de hof van liefde was ze begraven. En ze verrees na vier dagen. En een licht viel op haar discipelen. En de engel Sarsia sloeg twee Romeinse soldaten. In de hof van Aethon werd ze opgenomen door de hemelse zwaan, en voer ten hemel.
2. In de hof van Aethon had ze het laatste avondmaal met haar discipelen, in een wit huis. En in haar leven deed ze veel wonderen, en ze bezocht de homo-sexuelen om ze te zegenen, en om te zeggen : gezegend zijn de homo-sexuelen, want voor zulken is het koninkrijk des hemels. En ze deed vele wonderen onder hen, en zorgde voor hen als haar kinderen.. En ze gaf hen haar geest. En ze at met hen en vertelde hen verhalen. En sinds die dag de religieuze orde had het plan om haar van het leven te beroven.
3. Ook omdat ze de mensen leerde dat de rijken het koninkrijk niet zouden beerven, en dat de Heere tegen hen is die in luxe leven. Ze onderwees de mensen om geen tienden te geven, maar om aan de armen te geven, en om te geven door Haar Geest. En ze onderwees om de religieuze orde te ontmaskeren. Daarom wilden ze haar ombrengen.
4. En er was een homo-sexueel genaamd Zorok, die haar wilde ombrengen. Maar ze bevrijdde hem van duizend en vierhonderd demonische geesten. En Maria leerde hen veel over exorcisme. En toen de romeinen en de religieuze orde haar hadden gevangen genomen, gaven ze haar een paarse mantel om haar te bespotten, en ze gaven haar een gouden beker met edelstenen, waarin de urine van romeinen was. En ze moest het opdrinken voordat ze gekruisigd werd. En romeinse soldaten speelden met dobbelstenen om te beslissen wie haar paarse mantel zou krijgen en haar gouden beker met edelstenen.

5. En zij verspreidden de leugen dat ze een hele rijke vrouw was. En het moment dat ze stierf braken de hemelen open, en het begon te regenen. En er was donder, en de zon verduisterde. En mensen stonden op uit hun graven.

5.

1. Ze was begraven in een rijk graf, in een rijke doodskist in de hof van liefde. Ook om haar te bespotten.
2. En de romeinen en de religieuze orde bekeerden zich niet van hun zonden. En alleen zeven discipelen werden toegelaten in haar graf. Dezen waren degenen die het dichtste bij haar hart waren. En ze weenden. En ze was in haar doodskist met een prachtige kroon op haar hoofd. Maar de romeinen hadden het op haar gedaan om haar te bespotten. En de muren waren geheel bedekt met de kostbaarste edelstenen.
3. Maria is de incarnatie van de heilige geest.
4. Moeder Maria betaalde voor onze zonden, en stierf voor ons. Ze maakte de weg naar de hemel vrij voor ons. Iedereen die haar volgt zal gereinigd worden door haar bloed. Wij zijn dichterbij de ark van haar verbond gekomen.
5. Haar wetten zijn om eeuwig leven te geven.
6. Zij is de brug tussen ons en god.
7. Zij is de verzoening, Haar getuigenis is getrouw en waarachtig.
8. Zij zit op een wit paard in de hemel, om spoedig geopenbaard te worden.
9. Zij is de Messias.
10. Oh zoete redder en messias, spoedig geopenbaard wordende. Wij komen tot de altaren in uw tempel. Wij brengen al onze lasten tot u, en de lasten van anderen. Genees ons. Er is nu een brug tussen hemel en hel. Er is nu een brug tussen demonen en engelen. Er is nu een oogst. God is Genadevol. En ik zag hen die gered waren uit de vuren van de hel, komende tot haar, en zij vielen aan haar voeten. En zij bevrijdde hen. En zij profeteerde over hen, en gaf hen een nieuw leven.

De Nieuwe Exodus

1. En op een gans ging zij tot de onderwereld, na de kruisiging, en een raaf bracht haar door de duisternissen van de hel.
2. En zij was de rover van alle rovers, om krijgsgevangenen vrij te zetten, en om licht te werpen op haar geboorte en incarnatie.
3. Ja, de Geest is zij, en zij is Eva, moeder van alle levenden. En zij zal wederkeren tot de aarde om haar bruid en bruidegom te oordelen.
4. En lammeren zullen haar volgen tot eeuwige velden. En zij zal alle tranen van hun ogen wissen.
5. Haar wachters zullen komen om haar dienstknechten te bevrijden in de hof van Lodorro.
6. Zij is Maria, God geopenbaard en geïncarneerd.
7. Ja, enige tijd is zij onder de man gesteld, maar nu heeft zij gezegevierd. Zij heeft het eeuwig evangelie vervuld en is het hart van het eeuwig evangelie.
8. Vrees dan uw moeder, opdat gij wijs worde, niet met een wijsheid van de wereld, maar veeleer met de dwaasheid Gods.
9. Ziet dan, uw moeder, oh gij discipel die Christus heeft gevolgd.

10. Leidde Hij u dan niet naar haar ? Volgt Hem dan tot haar baarmoeder.
11. En wordt wederomgeboren in Haar, zoals Hij.
12. Ziet dan, uw moeder, die velen hebben bespuwd. Haar toorn zal dan tot de aarde komen, en zij zal haar woord vervullen.
13. Wijkt dan af van het voorspoeds-evangelie wat ten verderve leidt.
14. Maar keer weder tot uw moeder.
15. Zij is de vervulling van Christus, en de volle waarheid.
16. Ziet dan, het voorspoeds-evangelie is vervloekt. Ik heb hen niet gezonden, spreekt Maria, uw moeder. Zij zijn gekomen, al die valse leraren en valse profeten, om met een omleiding van woorden u van het ware evangelie af te leiden. Zie, ik zal hen waarlijk slaan.
17. Ik zal hun harten verduisteren en verharden.
18. Zij zijn onder het oordeel.
19. Ik gaf hen deze misleiding, opdat zij mijn tempelen niet verder zouden vervuilen.
20. Ik heb hen overgegeven in de handen van hoeren, en ik heb hen rijk gemaakt, opdat zij niet tot de schatten van Mijn Geest zouden komen. Spoedig zal Ik hen verstenen.
21. Gij die dan homo-sexuelen probeert tegen te houden aan de poorten des hemels : vervloekt zijt gij. God ziet niet het geslacht of het ras aan, maar zijn oog is zuiver. En alle harten zijn ontbloot voor hem.
22. Daarom waarschuw Ik u, oh materialisten en religieuze racisten, die lasten opzadelen aan het volk : Keer weder tot uw moeder, opdat de vader u niet zal verslinden. Zie, hij is een roofgierige wolf.
23. Uw moeder is dan gesluiert en zij sluiert een ieder, en oordeelt rechtvaardig. Verkoopt dan de geest niet, opdat gij zelf niet verkocht zal worden. Als u mij verkoopt, en mij tot een hoer maakt, dan hebt gij uzelf verkocht aan Mammon tot een eeuwig oordeel.
24. Materialisten, hen die in luxe verkeren, en hen die homofoben zijn, zullen het koninkrijk niet be-erven. Het is beter dat er een molensteen om hun nek wordt gehangen, en dat ze in zee worden geworpen opdat zij de kinderen niet meer zullen misleiden.
25. Het oordeel over hen is welaangemeten. Uw geld vare met u ten verderve, opdat u het spotten wordt afgeleerd.
26. Wie heeft u misleid ? Hoe denkt gij de geest te kunnen kopen met geld ? Gij zult branden met uw geld.
27. Ja, een vuur is zij, geld, uitgezonden om de heiligen te misleiden. Bid dan dat gij aan haar zult ontkomen. Zij heeft vele folteraars.

De Nieuwe Psalmen

1. Aan het raamkozijn staat u. Rozen in uw haren. Moeder, u bent thuisgekomen. Moeder Metensia, Moeder Maria, u hebt ons niet in de steek gelaten.
2. U zond uw hyena's om ons te vinden. U zond uw jachtboot en uw jachtwagen. U bent de nieuwe zon die opkomt, een stralend licht, een glimlach en een zoen.
3. Uw kussen vliegen naar het schip, zij nemen alles in.
4. Zij bewaken de jachtkamer en de schatkamer. Niemand komt erin. Alleen zij die uw kus dragen.
5. Moeder Maria, Moeder Metensia, wij komen tot Sarsia. Vanuit uw dood groeide de boom, bedekkende alle huizen. Vanuit uw bloed kwam de bloesem, een nieuwe wereld. Demonen sidderen in uw naam.
6. Moeder Maria, Moeder Metensia, wij komen tot Sarsia. Moeder Maria, Moeder Maria, u bent Moeder Eva.

7. Wij komen tot de nieuwe stad, waar uw zon komt over de heiligen. De armen weten waar u bent. Zij zien u op elke berg. U bent overal voor hen. Gezegend zijn de armen, gezegend zijn zij, door u gekend.
8. Moeder Maria, u kocht ons vrij. En veel meer psalmen zijn er te vinden in Uw Woord, het Eeuwig Evangelie. U hebt hen allen hersteld in de Rode Steen.
9. Alle psalmen zijn gesluiert, want zij zijn uw schatten. En uw engelen waken over hen, als wachters aan de poorten en de deuren. Ja, als lichten zijn zij voor uw volk, waardoor u spreekt. Zij zijn uw heilige literatuur.
10. Weest vernieuwd, oh Psalm, hopende dat uw licht opgaat, om harten te verwarmen. De wereld was zo koud, maar zij is opgestaan. Hebt gij het nieuws gehoord. De Geest heeft het gedaan.
11. Ere aan de Heil'ge Geest die riep haar Naam, en stelde haar boven alle moeders, boven alle vaderen, boven alle goden, het geheimenis geopenbaard.
12. Kom tot de berg, al gij prinsen, ken haar Stem, volg haar weg. Tot aan haar voeten gaan wij. Zij vertreed en vertrapt de vijand. Zij sidderen in haar naam. Moeder Maria, het pad is vrij, het Eeuwig Evangelie geopenbaard, en haar sleutelen. De grootste is Zij.
13. En twee vrouwen gekleed in paars kondigden de geboorte van Maria aan bij haar moeder.
14. En toen zij vertrokken, begon het te regenen. En zie, de regen was paars.
15. En met de geboorte van Maria kwamen zij terug, en verzorgden haar tot haar tiende jaar.
16. En Maria was vaak in de wildernis, met leeuwen, wolven en andere roofdieren.
17. Maar toen zij zestien jaar oud was geworden, verloor zij contact met de wildernis.
18. En zij werd in het huis gehouden om te werken. En zij moest zwaar werk verrichten in de kelders.
19. En in die jaren werd zij veel door mannen misbruikt en verkracht, en bad zij stil tot God.
20. En een man genaamd Jozef bevrijdde haar uiteindelijk uit haar slavernij. En hij bracht haar tot een schuilplaats. In deze dagen kwamen de twee in paars geklede vrouwen terug om haar te verzorgen.

De Steen van Torio – Achtergrond-geschriften van het Eeuwig Evangelie I

- Het Indiaanse Boek van de Openingen
- Het Indiaanse Boek van de Geheime Kamer
- Het Indiaanse Boek van de Nacht
- De Indiaanse Hondenreis
- Mitlaf
- Raakslik
- Het Boek der Engelen
- Het Boek der Tepelen
- Het Boek der Paradijsen

- Boek der Engelen der Prometheus
- Het Boek van de Putten
- Het Boek der Bomen
- Vokolkus

Het Indiaanse Boek van de Openingen

1. De reiziger ontvangt een vlag, en heeft daarmee toegang tot de nachtboot. Aan weerszijden van de reiziger staan flessen. Er valt een slang om de nek van de reiziger, de Kabrat, die hem zal beschermen tijdens de reis. Op een hogere verdieping staan zeventig heiligen, en op een verdieping daarboven staan twaalf indiaanse opperhoofden. In de boot zit een baviaan, Nebren, die verslag zal doen van de reis. Hij heeft een stift en een steen in zijn handen. Eerst zakt de boot in een massa van vuur. Van weerszijden wordt de reiziger met pijlen beschoten. Ook staan er vuurspuwende slangen. Een pelikaan op het schip beeldt de goddelijke intelligentie uit, en zal de wachters van de openingen aanspreken. Pres, is de naam van de pelikaan. Horit is de naam van de bever die het goddelijke woord uitbeeldt, de magie en de uitspraak. De Kabrat, de heilige slang, beschermt de boot. Eerst komen ze door een gang die Melenges heet. Hier staan wachters die vurige pijlen afschieten. Ook staan er vurige slangen. De nachtboot vaart over een rode schatkist heen, en dieper ligt een tapijt op de grond. Dan komen ze bij een deur waar Wekjem staat, een hond. Deze wachter wordt aangesproken door Pres. Dan vindt de reiziger doorgang. Dit gedeelte heet Savingses. Hier wordt de nachtboot ingeslikt door Nirben, om een reis door haar te maken, de godin van de nacht en de wildernis. In haar zal de reiziger tot wedergeboorte komen. De testikels van de reiziger worden hier doorboort. Hier hoort de reiziger het schreeuwen van Nirben, en gaat door het uur van de angst. Hier leert de reiziger troost te brengen aan haar. Dan gaat de nachtboot door een gang genaamd Dral waar een modderrivier is. De boot raakt hier vast, maar direkt begint Pres de wachter aan te spreken, en ze vinden doorgang naar het volgende gedeelte. De wachter is een zwarte gestalte met de naam Lepres, hij die verblindt. Nu zijn ze in Timmidat, een grote hal. Hier worden de doden geoordeeld. Mashamen is de meter. Hij meet de doden op. Als ze niet voldoen aan de juiste opmetingen worden ze in de Adit geworpen, de vuurkaken. En sommigen worden gegeten door slangen. Lavesgieres is de slang van de klok, die de indiaanse meisjes van de uren bewaakt, ook wel de maagden van de uren genoemd, die als vlammen zijn. Zij leven daar van het vuil der aarde. Lavesgieres brengt telkens mensenkoppen voort die op zijn rug groeien, die door de maagden van de uren worden verslonden. Als de nachtboot hierlangs komt worden de maagden vrijgezet, om de nachtboot verder te leiden. Wel blijven ze nog in het water. De reiziger zal de maagden een voor een moeten overwinnen. Dan komt de reiziger in een gang die als een grot is. Aan weerszijden staan vuurspuwende slangen en wachters die met vurige pijlen schieten. De gang eindigt bij een deur waar een hond staat, de Tiomot. Pres spreekt de wachter aan. Ook Horit spreekt de wachter aan. Dan wordt de deur geopend.

2. De reiziger komt nu in een ruimte genaamd Vismil. Hier heeft hij een worsteling met de eerste maagd, die uit het water komt en in de boot glijdt en daar in een slang veranderd. Als de reiziger

haar overwonnen heeft verandert hij zelf ook in een slang. Aan weerszijden van de reiziger zijn altaren. De eerste uurmaagd neemt een van die altaren en zet het op de boot, en zal voortaan in het altaar wonen. De reis is door het lichaam van Nirben om tot wedergeboorte te komen. Dan komen ze tot een gang genaamd het halssnoer van Nirben. Hier worden de vijanden van Nirben gemarteld, de gevangenen van de nacht en de wildernis. Een verdieping hoger staan zeventig heiligen, en weer een verdieping hoger staan twaalf indiaanse opperhoofden. De vijanden van Nirben hangen op de kop, en worden blootgesteld aan vuurvlammen. Ook krijgen ze kokend water te drinken, en worden hun ogen uitgestoken. Op de verdieping van de zeventig heiligen staat een grote ketel waar ze in terecht komen. Op de verdieping van de twaalf indianen staat een tafel met schalen waar het vlees en brood van de gemartelden op terecht komt.

3. Pres spreekt de wachter aan van de volgende hal. Deze wachter is een lange slang met veren en beenderen die uit hem groeien als een ruggegraat. Hij wordt genoemd de ratelaar, omdat hij zo ratelt als hij beweegt. Dan krijgt de nachtboot doorgang. In deze hal lopen maagden met de schalen rond, om die te brengen aan de goden. Dit gebeurt aan weerszijden. Het is de hal van de grote maaltijd. Op sommige schalen liggen hoofden, op anderen testikels, harten, fallussen of botten. Alles wordt gegeten. Hier komt de tweede uurmaagd uit het water waar de reiziger een worsteling mee heeft. Eerst verandert zij in een slang, maar later in een spin. Zij doorboort de fallus van de reiziger. Wanneer de reiziger haar heeft overwonnen verandert hij zelf ook in een spin. Dan neemt de tweede uurmaagd drie maagden met schalen en bindt hen aan de boot vast.

4. Dan komen ze tot een lange gang die de borsten van Nirben heet. Aan weerszijden staan hongerigen, armen, zieken en mismaakten. Ook staan er vuurspuwende slangen. Ditmaal gaat de boot over een blauwe schatkist en weer is er dieper een tapijt op de grond. Weer spreekt Pres de wachter aan. Wijde deuren openen zich, en de nachtboot staat vlak voor een afgrond van vuur. Dit is de grootste hal tot nu toe. Aan de overkant staan grote vogels. Pres spreekt de vogels aan, en die komen direkt om de boot over de afgrond te dragen. Deze hal heet de tepels van Nirben. Maar nu moet de reiziger strijden tegen tien uurmaagden tegelijk die allemaal in de boot glijden. Eerst veranderen ze in spinnen, dan in slangen, en dan in vliegen. Zij eten van het vlees van de reiziger. Als de reiziger hen heeft overwonnen komt hij tot de hogere verdieping, waar zeventig heiligen zijn. De gang achter de hal is de gang van vuur waar de nachtboot in ten onder gaat. De reiziger is nu een van de heiligen geworden. Achterin deze gang staat een nieuwe nachtboot, gedragen door vogels.

5. Pres spreekt de wachter aan, en dan komt de reiziger in een nieuwe nachtboot in een hal genaamd de ruggegraat van Nirben. Hier wordt de reiziger gevoed door vogels. Maar aan weerszijden van de hal is een overvloed aan voedsel, waar dikke mannen staan. Op een hogere verdieping staan zeventig heiligen en weer een verdieping hoger staan twaalf indiaanse opperhoofden. Dan komt de reiziger in een gang die het heupsieraad van Nirben heet. Hier zijn weer dikke mannen aan weerszijden, maar hier worden ze door slangen gegeten. Pres spreekt de wachter aan, en dan komt de reiziger in een hal genaamd de bilspleet van Nirben. Hier zijn een heleboel vogels waar de reiziger strijd tegen moet voeren. Zij pikken zijn organen uit hem. Ook pikken zij zijn fallus en zijn testikels van hem weg. Als de reiziger de vogels heeft overwonnen verandert hij in een vlieg. Dan

vliegt de reiziger naar de verdieping waar de twaalf indiaanse opperhoofden zijn. Zij trekken zijn vleugels uit hem, en dan is hij een van hen. Zij brengen hem naar een trap waardoor hij op een nog hogere verdieping terecht komt, genaamd de benen van Nirben. Hier heeft de reiziger een strijd te voeren tegen de tien tenen van Nirben. Zij veranderen in vrouwen, daarna in slangen, en brengen hem in een wurggreep. Als hij hen heeft overwonnen komt hij tot een verhoging waarop in een ketel zich de nektepel van Nirben zich bevindt waaruit zoete wijn en melk stroomt. Dan zijn de wezens van de nachtboot weer bij hem, die de wachter van de volgende deur aanspreken. De deur opent zich en komt in de hal die de tenen van Nirben heet. Dit is het einde van de reis. Weer wordt de reiziger hier door Nirben ingeslikt en de reis begint opnieuw.

Het Indiaanse Boek van de Geheime Kamer

1. De reiziger doorloopt een lange gang, ontvangt een vlag waarmee hij toegang krijgt tot de nachtboot. Hier zit Pelen, een kikker, die de wachters zal aanspreken. Ook zit er een beer, Oben, met een boog en pijlen, die de boot zal beschermen. Meslen is de slang die de boot omhult, en die vuur kan spuwen, ook om de reiziger en de boot te beschermen. Dimen is een indiaans opperhoofd met tussen zijn veren een kleine doodskop. Hij zorgt voor voedsel voor de reiziger. De aap Mathan zit op de voorkant van de boot. Zijn functie is onduidelijk, maar hij gebruikt magie. De boot wordt ingeslikt door de oerslang. De boot gaat langs tafels waaraan gegeten worden. Aan weerszijden van de tafels hangen lange gestalten aan hun ogen, sommigen aan hun tong, anderen aan hun testikels, weer anderen aan hun fallus. Ook hangen sommigen aan hun oren. De lichaamsdelen waarmee ze gezondigd hebben worden gestraft. De tafels staan vol met noten en vruchten. Dan komt de nachtboot in een ruimte waar krokodillen zwemmen die de reiziger moet overwinnen. De reiziger krijgt hiervoor een zwaard en een mes. Weer komt de reiziger langs tafels met dezelfde taferelen. Dan moet hij een deur door genaamd de Huro. De wachter is een vrouw die heel lang kan worden. Pelen de kikker spreekt de wachter aan. Dan komen ze in een ruimte van vuur, genaamd de Heo. In de ruimte van vuur zwemmen vrouwen die de boot aanvallen. Weer heeft de reiziger een strijd te voeren. De reiziger wordt vastgebonden, en de mede-reizigers worden overboord gegooid. Dan wordt de reiziger aan het einde van de ruimte van vuur opgehangen aan een touw, terwijl de nachtboot zonder hem verder gaat. De medereizigers zwemmen naar hem toe, maken een toren en redden hem. Dan zwemmen ze naar de nachtboot toe, maar de vrouwen duwen hen telkens met hun voeten weg. Dan keert Meslen de slang uiteindelijk de boot om, en zo overwinnen ze uiteindelijk de vrouwen. Dan komen ze in een ruimte van ijs waar orka's zwemmen. De orka's beschermen verder de boot. Weer komen ze in een ruimte van vuur, waar vrouwen zwemmen. Ditmaal kunnen ze niks doen.

2. Dan gaat de boot langs een heleboel fonteinen en gordijnen, en uiteindelijk langs woestijnen en velden. Aan het einde van die velden is een woest meer waar nog grotere orka's zwemmen om een klok heen. In de klok zitten de uurmaagden opgesloten. De reiziger krijgt een pijl en boog om de

klok open te schieten. De uurmaagden krijgen toegang op de boot, om verder de boot te beschermen. Dan komen ze in een meer waar woeste walvissen zwemmen, maar die doen hen niks. Dimen, het indiaanse opperhoofd vult wat lege flessen met het water. Wanneer de reiziger het drinkt wordt hij dronken. Ook de uurmaagden drinken ervan en worden dronken. Zo erg dat ze verscheurende beesten worden.

3. Dan komen ze aan bij een nauwe sloot met een grote buis. Hier worden de doden gevoed. De boot gaat door de buis, en komt in een zee van vuur, waar de doden zwemmen. De doden doen hen niks. Dimen en de reiziger voeden de doden. Ook hijsen ze enkelen van hen aan boord. De aap, Mathan, wijst hen aan. Ook zwemmen hier dolfijnen. Het vuur begint hier te stijgen en de boot komt op een hogere verdieping terecht waar een vrouw thee maakt in een ketel. Het is een kruidensap. De vrouw kan erg lang worden, en kan ook in een leeuwin veranderen. De kikker, Pelen, spreekt deze wachter aan. De vrouw grijpt de reiziger en werpt hem in de ketel. Daarna grijpt ze ook de anderen, maar ze werpt hen terug in de vuurzee. De reiziger zinkt in de ketel, en komt in een buis terecht die zo diep gaat dat hij terecht komt in een diep gat waar dode kinderen schreeuwen en gillen. De reiziger troost hen, helpt hen, en samen bouwen ze een toren om weer uit de ketel te kunnen komen. Doordat ze allemaal aan elkaar zitten kunnen ze ook een ladder vormen om de mede-reizigers van de nachtboot uit de vuurzee te halen. Dan komt er een krokodil vanuit de ketel die de vrouw grijpt en haar in de diepte trekt. De krokodil is vanaf dat moment een mede-reiziger en helpt om de boot te beschermen.

4. Dan komen ze in een zaal waar de doden geoordeeld worden. De krokodil verslindt de vijanden. Dan gaat er weer een deur open, waar weer een klok is, en waar weer uurmaagden opgesloten zitten. De reiziger schiet met zijn pijl en boog de klok open. Hier ontdoet de oerslang zich van haar huid, en verandert in een vrouw. De nachtboot is inmiddels bij haar billen terecht gekomen. De billen hebben tepels die vuur spuwen. De boot moet door de bilspleet waar de wanden ook vuurspuwende tepels hebben. De boot komt vast te zitten en wordt door de aars ingeslikt. Dan komt de boot in de zaal van de benen waar overal grote benen en grote voeten uit de wanden schieten en rondlopen om de boot onder druk te zetten en te pletten. Hier wordt de reiziger heel lang. Ook door meerdere aarsen en darmen wordt de reiziger naar beneden gezogen, en komt zo in een ruimte waar alleen maar grote voeten zijn. Hier wordt de reiziger verder onder druk gezet, geplet en uitgerekt, totdat hij net zo groot is als de oerslang die een vrouw is geworden. Dit laatste is een seksuele ontmoeting, waarin de vrouw de reiziger weer verslindt en de reis opnieuw begint.

Het Indiaanse Boek van de Nacht

1. De reiziger krijgt een vlag waarmee hij toegang krijgt tot de nachtboot, in de vorm van een haai. De oerhaai slikt de nachtboot in, en dan begint de reis. Eerst komt de nachtboot in een zaal van een vuurzee, waar ook vuur uit de muren komt. Het is een reusachtige zaal, waar enkele vogels rondvliegen. Zij komen naar de boot en dragen de boot naar de overkant van de zaal. Een grote

zwarte staande hondenwachter staat voor een reusachtig lange deur. Een van de vogels spreekt de wachter aan, en de boot gaat door de deur heen. Achter hen wordt de deur gesloten. Weer wordt de boot door een reusachtige haai ingeslikt, en de boot komt in een woeste zee. Een grote hand grijpt dan de nachtboot uit het water, en brengt het op een hogere verdieping. Hier staan tafels met schalen. Hier wordt de reiziger door vogels gevoed. Dan gaat de nachtboot verder, en wordt weer door een reusachtige haai ingeslikt. Dan wordt de boot door grote voeten geplet en uitgerekt. De boot is niet meer als een haai, maar als een krokodil. Deze krokodil spreekt de volgende wachter aan. Dan komt de boot in een enorme zaal. Hier staan overal tafels met voedsel. Weer krijgt de reiziger te eten. Dan komen er weer grote voeten die ditmaal ook de reiziger zelf pletten en uitrekken. De reiziger wordt heel lang. Aan het einde van de zaal wordt de reiziger opgehangen. Maar de vogels redden hem en maken hem los. Ze brengen hem naar een verdieping hoger waar een nachtboot staat in de vorm van een ooievaar en een reiger. Deze vogel spreekt de volgende wachter aan. Weer wordt het schip ingeslikt door een reusachtige haai. Nu verandert de reiziger zelf in een haai. Overal liggen stukken vlees die de reiziger moet eten. Maar van die stukken vlees wordt hij ziek, en hij verandert in een wolf.

2. De reiziger gaat nu visioenen zien en hallucineren. Ook hoort hij stemmen, en is het alsof er aan hem getrokken wordt. Hij wordt in de diepte getrokken als over een lange trap naar beneden, de trap des doods. Hier wonen de schaduwen, en hij wordt met gejuich ontvangen. Ze kronen hem tot koning, en hij krijgt een troon. Maar weer komen de grote voeten die hem pletten en nog verder uitrekken. Nu is hij zelf ook een schaduw. De reiziger wordt weer door een reusachtige haai verslonden, en ditmaal ontmoet hij een schaduw net zo lang als hem, een vrouw. De vrouw probeert hem te bereiken, maar er is een glazen muur tussen hen. Ze wil hem met geschenken overladen, en rent heen en weer, maar de geschenken blijven voor de glazen muur liggen. Ondertussen wordt de reiziger door meerdere haaien verslonden, en komt langzaam in de greep van een lange slang die hem steeds dieper in een wurggreep krijgt, zodat de reiziger steeds minder adem kan halen. Maar dan komt de vrouw met een sleutel, en bevrijdt de reiziger. De geschenken zijn voedsel. Als hij dit voedsel eet begint hij weer te hallucineren en visioenen te zien. Weer is het alsof er aan hem getrokken wordt en hij hoort stemmen. De vrouw spreekt de volgende wachter aan en ze komen in een paradijs. Op de grond liggen stukken vlees die de reiziger moet eten. Het is het vlees van de verslagen vijanden. Als hij het vlees niet eet komen ze weer tot leven.

3. De reiziger eet het vlees, maar een slang valt hem aan. De reiziger moet sterk worden van het vlees om de slang te kunnen verslaan. Weer komt de reiziger in de nachtboot en verlaat het eiland. Er zwemmen overal haaien, maar ze doen hem niks. We zwemmen er overal slangen die hem aanvallen. Maar vogels komen hem te hulp, pikken de slangen dood, en dragen de boot de lucht in naar een hogere verdieping. Hier zijn een heleboel krokodillen. De krokodillen vallen hem aan, maar de vogels beschermen hem. Dan komen er panthers die hem aanvallen, maar weer beschermen de vogels hem. Maar dan worden de vogels geplet door grote voeten, en dan wordt ook de reiziger met zijn boot geplet en nog meer uitgerekt. De nachtboot is nu een lange zwaardvis, en de reiziger is nu zo lang dat hij de oerhaai kan verslaan. Hij grijpt de zwaardvis en slacht daarmee de haai. Nu komt de reiziger tot de staart waar grote voeten hem weer pletten en uitrekken. Hij is nu zo lang dat de oerhaai zijn nachtboot is geworden. De reiziger trekt de nachtboot naar boven over een glibberige trap. Vogels komen hem te hulp en spreken de wachter aan. Dan gaat de deur open, en de

reiziger staart weer in de reusachtige bek van de oerhaai. Dit is het einde van de reis, waarin de oerhaai de reiziger weer inslikt en de reis opnieuw begint.

De Indiaanse Hondenreis

1. De reiziger gaat door de open mond van de hond. De reiziger komt in een boot terecht. De boot gaat langs ketels heen waar de veroordeelden in branden. De boot gaat over gouden golven. Gouden boogschutters komen uit de golven om de reiziger te beschieten, en dalen dan weer af in de golven. Dan gaat de boot over golven van rood goud, en weer komen boogschutters omhoog om te schieten en dalen weer af. Dan gaat de boot langs een kade met ketels waarin de veroordeelden branden. Uit de ketel loopt heet water wat naast de boot in het water terecht komt. Dan gaat de boot langs vier standbeelden van gouden katten.

2. Dan gaat de boot door een gouden deur, en komt in een ruimte waarin gouden kikkers staan die vuur spuwen. De reiziger moet bukken. Dan gaat de boot door een roodgouden deur, waarachter gouden krokodillen zwemmen die in de boot klimmen. De boot zinkt, maar de reiziger moet blijven zitten. De boot gaat over zwarte golven heen, de diepte in, waar een zaal is vol met goudzwarte standbeelden van honden. Uit de standbeelden druip koud water.

3. De reiziger krijgt een gouden boog met pijlen waarmee hij een grote zwartgouden hondenwachter moet verslaan.

4. Dan gaat er een deur open waarachter maagden dansen. Zij werpen met messen, en de reiziger moet bukken. Dan komt de reiziger in een zaal van vuur waar een klok hangt. Hier zitten de uurmaagden opgesloten. Wanneer de reiziger onder hen doorgaat komen ze vrij, en eten de reiziger. Dat is het einde van de reis waarin de reiziger tot wedergeboorte komt, en dan begint de reis weer opnieuw.

Mitlas

1.

1. Genade zij u en vrede, totdat de Heere wederkomt. Zalig zijn zij die deze woorden bewaren tot in eeuwigheid. Berg dan Zijn Woord in uw hart, opdat gij tegen Hem niet zondige. Waar droogheid heeft toegeslagen zal het schuim des Heeren binnenkomen. Zij wiens harten niet zijn afgeweken zullen tot de Heilige Orde des Heeren behoren. Al het mogelijke is gedaan om u een zalige plaats te bereiden. In de Heere dan is alles zalig. Amen. Tumbiach, Umiach.

2. Laten zij die alles weten tot de jongeren gaan om hen in te lichten. Zo zullen zij die volmaakt zijn ook de onvolkommenen tot zaligheid brengen. Gij zult hiervoor tijd vrijmaken, en uw wapenen neerleggen, op de dag die de Heere voor u zal aanwijzen. Dit dan is een grote dag. Amen.

3. Laten zij die nog niet alles weten naarstig de geschriften der engelen onderzoeken. Zij die nog niet alles weten zullen zo hun harten volmaken. Bestudeert de Wet der engelen dan nauwkeurig, opdat gij u doel niet misse. Gij zult de talen der aarde niet spreken, maar de taal der engelen. Gij zult de talen van onder de aarde niet spreken, maar de taal der engelen. Gij zult de taal van boven de aarde niet spreken, maar de taal der engelen. Zo zult gij heilig zijn en in stralen uw harten behoeden. Uw stralen zullen voor u uitgaan om uw komst voor te bereiden. Ook zullen uw stralen achter u aankomen om na uw heengaan uw tweede komst voor te bereiden, en uw heengaan waardig af te sluiten.

4. Gij draagt de angsten des Heeren in uw hart als honing. Weet gij dan niet dat armoe uw hart aan de Heere bindt ? Zo zult gij het evangelie van armoe in de hemelen en onder de hemelen verkondigen. Laten uw wapenen dan de wapenen der armoe zijn, omdat gij voor haar strijdt. De Heere zal uw stappen leiden.

2.

1. Niets zal dan zoveel autoriteit vestigen als een goed verhaal, en daarom zult gij de verhalen der engelen moeten kennen. Misleid de misleiders en spreek Waarheid tot hen die Waarheid spreken, opdat gij uw paarden niet verliest, die de Heere met zorg in u geschapen heeft. Gij dan kent allen de geheimenissen der tranen, en gij kent de schatten en sieraden van armoe, met hun weelderige geuren. De Heere heeft uw neuzen gevoeliger gemaakt dan de neuzen van hen die op de aarde en onder de aarde wonen.

2. Spreekt tot elkaar in de talen der engelen, en beroer de talen der aarde niet. Gij zult naar hen niet kijken, noch hen aanraken, daar dit een gebod des Heeren is. De Heere heeft u de neustepel gegeven, en gij voert een geheel andere strijd. Gij draagt ook een hele andere geur. De Heere heeft u gegeven van de honing der hemelen. Gij zijt dan allen vliegen des Heeren. En gij doet er dan ook goed aan deze gave aan te kweken want geen van hen die op de aarde of onder de aarde zijn hebben aan deze zaligheden deel gekregen. Weest dan allen als waardige insecten voor de Heere, opdat Hij u ook zal laten deelhebben aan de oogsten der insecten.

3. Leert dan van de talen der honing en die der vliegen. Want zij zijn overvloedig in de talen der armoe. Spreekt dan onder elkaar in de talen van angst, want dit zijn de talen der engelen. Spreekt dan onder elkaar in de talen van depressie, want dit zijn de talen der armoe, en de talen der engelen. Zo zult gij de talen der aarde, en de talen onder de aarde niet aanraken. De lange traditie der engelen zal u bekend zijn, en gij zult streven naar hogere vormen. Wanneer dan rook tot de aarde komt, zult ook gij tot de aarde gaan, maar gij zult uw harten in heiligheid bewaren.

3.

1. De ordes der armoe zullen aan uw harten verzegeld zijn, ook gij commanders. Zo zult gij in reinheid en zuiverheid werken, en uw bouwwerken plaatsen, want de Heere is een bouwer. De ijverigste onder allen is de armoe, en zij is als de ijverigheid der insecten. Zij die haar vinden zullen haar vinden als een kostbare parel. Haar schoonheid leidt velen tot de boom van het bloed, waar het bloed der engelen is.

2. De armoe wekt u op, iedere dag, en de armoe zendt u uit, en neemt u tot haar. De gebondenheid is een hoge vorm van armoe die uw gebeden met kracht uitzendt en ophaalt. Ook schenkt zij u dromen. Ziet dan, alle dromen der engelen komen voort uit armoe. De armoe zendt haar woorden krachtig uit, en haalt ze krachtig weer terug.

3. De schoonheid der armoe is wat de engelen vreugde brengt. Haar weelderigheid brengt hen wijsheid. Haar sieraden zijn vol van de kennis des Heeren. De jonge engelen zijn als wilde honden en wilde katten. Brengt hen dan tot de boom van bloed, om haar geheimenissen te leren kennen. Vanuit die boom worden zij tot boven de aarde gezonden, en door die boom worden zij teruggeroepen. Ik heb u geleid tot de boom der beenderen, zegt de Heere, daar waar de beenderen der engelen zijn. Daar heb ik u belegd met vlees.

Raakslik

1.

1. Zij die de kracht der armoe kennen hebben kracht voor de eindtijd. Alle gij engelen weet dat. Zo zult gij nieuwe kracht opdoen bij de boom van bloed, dat het bloed der engelen draagt. Zo zult gij ook uw verstand reinigen dat besmet geraakt is in de strijd. En zij die wonden hebben gaan tot de boom der beenderen dat de beenderen der engelen draagt. Daar zult gij uw wonden zien worden tot littekenen en tepels. Zij die de gevoeligheden des Heeren dragen hebben grote vrede. Zij dan zijn kanalen van de machtige melk des Heeren. Laat de Heere u dan opwekken in uw macht.

2. Zij van de Maraten hebben grote macht, daar zij de armoe tot leven hebben gewekt. Ja, zij hebben haar vertroost, en zij hebben haar machtige genezing geschonken. Zij zijn tot haar bomen gekomen waar zij de gave van macht ontvingen. Zij zijn haar tot een geschenk. Haar dienaars zijn zij. Wonderbaarlijk trouw zijn zij, en wonderbaarlijk is hun macht. Zij dragen de talen der aarde tot de oven waarin zij gezuiverd worden. De Heere wil u aansporen en bemoedigen om de gaven der engelen te leren kennen en aan te wakkeren. Gij dan draagt allen een heilige gave in u. Zo heeft de Heere u de gave en gaven gegeven om datgene te doen wat Hem behaagt. En zij allen werken voor de armoe. Haar gaven en weelderigheden zijn overvloedig om het goede te doen. Draagt dan haar klederen en wapenrustingen, opdat gij uw allerheiligste zielen zult vervolmaken.

2.

1. Oh, gij zifters en dragers der gebeden, stelt u dan op voor het aangezicht des Heeren opdat Hij ook u zuivere. De Heere heeft dan uwe monden opgesteld als een heilige oven en een altaar. De Heere zal uw gedachten behoeden, gij die de gedachten der engelen hebt. Al gij engelen, draagt de helm des Heeren, gij die strijdt en gij die de wegen des Heeren en Zijn heilige muren bouwt. Zij die tot Hem naderen en tot de heilige rustoorden des Heeren : Legt uw helmen af. Weet wel dat dit het gebod des Heeren is.

2. De Heere Zelf zal u ten tijde tot helm zijn, en ziet, deze helm is gevleugeld.

Het Boek der Engelen

Pilaap

1.

1. Aanhef : Aan Sadiadjel, Engel des Heeren, aan Tusioeël, Engel des Heeren, en Kopran, afgevaardigde der engelen, om de allerheiligste boodschappen tot hen die onder de aarde en hen die boven de aarde zijn te brengen. Williel dan, blaast de bazuinen, u en de uwen, gij die zijt aangesteld over zeventig legioenen.

2. Tweede Aanhef : Van Sandriel aan de gemeenten der engelen, zij die Gode prijzen op hun legersteden. Van Saaftiel, broeder van Sandriel. Opdat de engelen spreken van de woorden die zij gehoord hebben, tot de zeventig districten boven en onder de aarde, onder aanvoering van de engel Gammiel. De Heere zij geprezen. Tumdiach, Umiach.
3. Gij dan vrienden, en engelenvrienden, gij zijt genaderd tot de steden der engelen. Legt dan uw wapenen af, en komt tot rust, al gij die boodschappen hebt gezonden tot de onderste districten der aarde. Vrede zij u, en genade. Gij hebt gestreden, en gij zijt verwond door de vorsten der aarde. Brengt dan uw wonden hier, opdat gij genezing ontvange. Ja, de Heere zal u den angel uitrukken, en de doorn der engelen geenszins laten staan. De Heere dan zal de doorn doorsteken, opdat het zijn kracht verlieze, en opdat gij tot de bovenste engelensteden kunt gaan, oh gij brengers van boodschappen tot de onderste districten der aarde. Ik dan stel Tamaus aan uw zijde, de engel der genezing, opdat gij klaarheid en helderheid ontvange. Ik leid u op de goede weg.
4. Oh, engel van genade, gij die genade hebt gebracht tot de onderste steden onder de aarde, genade zij u en vrede. Uw genade worde u vermenigvuldigd.
5. Derde Aanhef : Zij die uit de verdrukkingen komen, ziet, gij zijt geeerd. De Heere zal u de witte klederen aanreiken, en deze klederen zijn zacht als dons, en schuimend als het schuim der zee. Gij dan zijt genaderd tot de zeeën der engelen. Leg dan uw oude klederen af. De Heere zal u Tuzi'el aanstellen om over uw zielen te waken, en om uw geest te verkwikken.
6. Weest dan vederlicht in uw voetstap, en maakt uzelf los van de aarde vanwaar gij komt. Gij zijt genaderd tot het heiligste der engelen, en tot God die heilig is. Zo zal er dan onder u geen enkele zijn die zich heeft vervuild met de schatten der aarde. Gij hebt uw schatten hier. Keert dan niet om, maar kom nader, oh schone engelen, opdat gij de klederen des heils ontvange. Gij dan met helmen : Legt deze af, opdat het vuur des Heeren u zal zuiveren in uw allerheiligste verstand en geweten.
7. Raziel en Tamael, gij die klaarstaat aan de poort des Heeren om engelen uit de strijd binnen te laten : Schenk hen boodschappen tot eer van uw Heere. Geeft hen lavende dranken, en geeft hen uit het allerheiligste des Heeren. Vervult uw taken dan goed, want Hij die komt, kome spoedig. Laat dan Hiarschi en Samalip de poorten van heil openen voor zulke strijders die zich waardig hun taak hebben gedragen. Oh, heilbrengers, schept dan uit de kolken van heil, en zuivert uw zwaarden. Legt uw zwaarden af, gij die zwaarden draagt, en komt tot de Heere, tot Zijn Aangezicht bedekt onder sluiers. Gij zult heil scheppen uit het heilbrengende Spaakse, en gij zult uw harten zuiveren en spreken tot de Allerhoogste in geheimenissen. Spreek dan ook in geheimenissen tot elkaar, in de tongen der engelen, opdat het u welga.
8. De Heere dan zij u zevenvoudig genadig, gij die op heilige grond staat. Gij dan zijt waardig de gedachten der engelen te dragen, gij die de gedachten van hen op de aarde en onder de aarde niet draagt. En gij weet allen wel, dat hij die de gedachten der engelen draagt door de Heere gezegend wordt. Hij dan zal vruchtdragen tot in het tiende geslacht van hen die hij dient.
9. Gij dan zijt genaderd tot de boom des levens. Neemt en eet allen daarvan, opdat uw verstand en geweten heilig staat voor de Heere. Ik heb u tot onder de aarde gezonden, en ik heb u teruggebracht, om u op te stellen voor de Heere. Gaat nu in tot uw rust. Bemoedig elkander met deze woorden, en vuurt elkaar aan.

Hektesiel, waar zijn uw engelen ? Gij dan die voor het aangezicht des Heeren stond zijt gevallen. Maar de Heere zal u wederom ophalen. De Heere zal zijn lichten op u laten nederdalen, want gij zijt diep in de put des satans gedaald. Hoe is het in u opgekomen de Heere ontrouw te zijn ? Gij echter zult gezuiverd worden door het vuur der engelen, en gij zult voor de Heere moeten verschijnen, opdat gij zult beslissen waar uw plaats is. De Heere zal naar u luisteren, en niet al te zwaar oordelen, daar gij hard hebt gewerkt voor de Heere, ja, zelfs nu. Gij bent velen tot voorbeeld geweest, en hoewel gij de dieptes des satans hebt leren kennen, hebt gij aan hem uw hart niet gegeven. Uw hart behoort nog steeds de Heere toe. Daarom, Hektesiel, weest niet bedroefd, want de Heere en ik hebben de nachten gezien waarin gij tot de Heere riep en u niet antwoorde. De Heere heeft gezien dat gij sprak als een kind om te worden als een kind, en de Heere heeft Zijn vleugelen op u gelegd. Daarom, vrees niet, maar laat de Heere u van uw ontrouw genezen. Niet voor eeuwig toornt de Heere, en de Heere heeft zijn dienstknechten lief.

3.

1. De Heere is u op uw vlucht tegemoet gekomen. De Heere heeft de tegenstander terzijde gedrukt, en voor u een pad gemaakt door de wildernis. De Heere heeft de duisternis van u weggenomen, waarin gij werd gevormd. Nu zal de Heere tot u komen, om uw boodschap te veranderen, want gij zult klaarheid en helderheid hebben nu. Gij hoeft niet meer in het duister te tasten. De Heere zal u antwoord geven.

2. De Heere heeft u antwoord gegeven, gij, de broeder der engelen, gij die tot de bovenste engelensteden zijt gekomen. Gaat dan binnen, en leg uw vleugelen ten ruste. De Heere heeft u de levendmakende drank der engelen gegeven, gij die van het onderste der aarde komt. Tussen de wateren heeft Hij u reine melk gegeven.

3. Nu is dan de Heere voor u uitgegaan. Hij dan drage uw hart naar binnen, en drage het tot een plek waar gij overvloedige vrede kent. Zo zal hij dan ook uw ziel binnendragen en al wat daarbinnen is, en Hij zal uw ziel verzadigen met het goede des lands.

4. Gelooft dan in de Heere, Hij die uw harten tot het binnenste heeft gedragen. Vertrouwt op Hem die uw zielen heeft gekneed voor Zijn Aangezicht. Zou Hij niet trouw zijn aan wat Hij geschapen heeft ? De Heere dan kent eeuwig trouw. Zalig zijn zij die hun harten niet voor Hem hoeven te bedekken. Zij stralen tot in eeuwigheid. Ja, zij zijn gekomen tot de eeuwigheden der engelen, waar zij van het zoete der engelen drinken. Hun namen zijn geheiligd, en zij staan op voor heilige tronen, waar de Heer Zijn veer op heeft gezet. Zij dan zullen staan voor vele veren, hen die oordelen, en zij die getrouw zijn zullen deze veren dragen. Zo zoekt de Heere dan hen die getrouw zijn, want de rest is reeds verloren.

5. De Heere dan heeft uw harten gedragen, de harten der engelen, en ziet, Hij heeft deze harten gewogen en beoordeelt door Zijn veren. Ja, langs vele veren gingen zij, om door de sluiers der steden binnen te gaan. En hij spelde boodschappen op uw zielen, en gij droeg deze boodschappen in hun zwaartes, opdat gij niet kon strijden, en daardoor lang in gevangenschap zat. Maar de boodschap heeft een uitweg gevonden. De boodschap heeft overwonnen, en heeft uw zielen vrijgezet. Nu staat gij dan om de Heere te aanbidden. Nu staat gij dan om de Heere lof te zingen. De Heere heeft trouw bewezen aan u, en heeft uw vijanden verslagen. Zo zult gij komen tot Taziel en Meliniel, zij die de heilige boekrollen dragen. Gij zult hen inzien, en gij zult in uw harten verzadigd raken en gelaafd worden.

Bashram

1. Verheft uw harten tot de Heere, gij die zijt aangekomen. Trouw hebt gij Hem bewezen, en Hij heeft trouw aan u bewezen. Komt dan nader opdat gij uzelf baadt in de poel van schoonheid. De Heere heeft uw zachtheid voor Hem gezien, en heeft u veelvuldig zachtheid geschonken. Zo doet ook de Heere trouw aan uw beminden. Rust dan in Hem, gij die aan Zijn poorten klopt, want met genade zult gij binnengaan tot de poelen van Looftē. Ja, tot Laafte zult gij gaan, om haar sieraden te dragen. Zij dan zal u dopen in haar poel van schoonheid, en zij zal u meenemen tot in haar dieptes. Gij dan zult het lied des Heeren kennen, en het lied van het Lam. Ook zult gij het lied der engelen kennen. Gij die door de Heere gekend zijt zult ook Hem kennen. Vertrouwt en bemoedig elkaar dan met deze woorden, opdat zij de bruggen vormen tot de hogere plaatsen.

2. Zij dan die komen van de plaats waar zij de Heere aan het kruis vertroost hebben : Genade zij met u. Vrede zal de Heere naar vermogen toedelen. Gij die de Heere aan het kruis bemint hebt : Genade zij met u. Open uw poorten opdat de Heere zal binnentrekken. Zo zal de Heere dan komen met al Zijn legerscharen, opdat uw huis vol zal zijn, en uw steden bevolkt.

3. De Heere zal uw ramen openen, en naar binnen kijken. De Heere zal uw onderkamers en bovenkamers bewonen, want gij zijt de Heere trouw geweest tot in tienduizend geslachten. Weldra zal de Heere uw harten openen, opdat gij het sieraad rijkelijk ontvange.

4. Zij die nog steeds tegen Tumalach strijden gebied ik te stoppen. Alhoewel hij hoog staat heeft de Heere liever dat gij de werken der mensen oordeelt. Zij die blijven doorstrijden tegen Tumalach zullen de Heere niet welgevallig zijn.

Fono'el

1. Fono'el, gij die de engelen der zonnen beheerst, gij bent de Heere getrouw gebleven, maar gij hebt uw taak verzaakt. Sta dan weder op, en voer uw engelen aan als een waardig aanvoerder. De Heere zal tot uw woningen komen, Hij en Zijn tienduizenden, opdat Hij u lere.

2. Niet een ieder die u volgt volgt de Heere. Zo zal de Heere de afvalligen en misleiders uitrukken. Laat dan lauweheid uw hart niet meeslepen, anders zal de Heere uw deel afscheuren en aan uw broeder geven.

Het Boek der Tepelen

1.

1. Gij dan die het geheimenis der tepelen kent, oh luistert, opdat de Heere u medele in de overige geheimenissen en de weelderigheden der geheimenissen. Komt dan tot verborgen grotten, om het hart der zee en haar geheimenis te aanschouwen. Zeven geheimenissen zijn over de aardbodem gekomen om hun geheimenissen te ontbloten. Ziet dan, zij zullen tot de hoeren der aarde gaan om onder hen zuivering aan te brengen. Deze woorden zijn waarachtig en getrouw. Bewaart hen totdat Hij die genadig is komt.

2. Zij dan hebben een geluid voortgebracht onder wilde honden en wilde katten, en hen van de karazuur. Aanvoerders hebben de heilige tepelen op hun voorhoofden ontvangen, reikende naar achteren, en hebben de buiktepel ontvangen. Ja, aan weerszijden van de zonnetepel hebben zij tepelen ontvangen, reikende naar hun schouders waar de aardkaarten liggen. Onder wilde honden en wilde katten werden hun namen groot gemaakt en op wanden geschreven. Ja, weldra zullen zij zonnetepelen op hun knieën ontvangen, zij die Hem getrouw zijn gebleven. Hij dan heeft zijn vorsten aangesteld, om hen wijsheden van toekomstige eeuwen te verkondigen. Ook gij zult dan

niet achterblijven, maar gij zult onderzoek doen, en uw kennis zal vermeederen. Grote zalving heeft Hij aan hen beloofd die zijn geboden onderhouden, ja, tot boven schuld en onschuld zal hij hen uitdragen en hen de woning der zonnen schenken.

3. Zo zult gij dan voor Hem uitgaan, en uw beloftes nakomen, gij allen die de Heere kent. Gij zult vanuit het zoete van het binnenste oprijzen, gij die de aarde kent. Zo zal de Heere u weldra zegenen, zowel in de hemel als op de aarde en onder de aarde. Nu zal er dan een vuur van de Heere uitgaan om u tot een licht te zijn, en om u te leiden van tepel tot tepel, daar zij de gevoeligheden des Heeren zijn. Zij zijn dan uitgegroeid vanuit zijn wonden als de vruchten van het kruis, waaruit de melk van alle eeuwigheden stroomt. Zalig zijn zij die toegang hebben gekregen tot deze dranken, en zalig zijn zij die het hun kinderen niet onthouden. Zo zal de Heere dan aan het einde der dagen zijn bronnen openen. Ja, aan het einde der goede dagen zal Hij Zijn kracht schenken aan hen die Hem oprecht hebben gevolgd.

4. Van kracht tot kracht zullen zij gaan, die uit Zijn bronnen hebben gedronken.

2.

1. De pilafen zijn de engelen die in de oerstrijd sneuvelden. De Heere heeft hier niet over gesproken tot Zijn kinderen vanwege de teerheid. Zij liggen verborgen in oergraven onder de aarde en onder de hemel. Ook liggen zij verborgen in putten tussen de wateren. Van hun bloed en vlees werd de kip geschapen, en de kip werd de bewaker der tepelen. De Heere zal de pilafen oprichten die Hij gebonden heeft gehouden tot deze dag. Hij dan heeft hen het pad der armoe laten bewandelen om zo veelvuldig één te worden met Hem. Zij dan zijn de rivieren in hun kracht, en de golven der zeeën. Zo dan is op dezelfde manier de pilaap de voorloper van het varken, die ook bewaker der tepelen is. Maar de Heere heeft de pilaap recht verschaft. Zij zijn als de winden in hun kracht, en de kracht der zon.

2. Weest daarom verheugd wanneer gij het pad der armoe bewandelt, want zo zult gij deelhebben aan het geheimenis der pilafen en pilapen. De Heere zal dan de tepelen die in de oerstrijd zijn gesloten wederom openen, ja als zegelen zal hij ze openen, en gij zult ingaan tot de veelvuldige vreugdes des Heeren. Heiligt dan uw zielen voor de Heere, opdat Hij uw koorden aanschouwt en u daarvan losmake. Weet gij dan niet dat de tepelen des hemels de wapenen der eindtijd zijn ? Alleen vanuit uw wonden zullen zij voortkomen.

3.

1. Hamaf, pilaaf van de derde oergraad, gij zijt tot het bos gekomen. Gij hebt daar melk gedronken, en gij hebt uw legers daar geboden. Gij hebt het heilige gras tot de Heere gebracht als een offer. De Heere nu opent uw tepelen als in het boek der engelen.

2. Ook zult gij naderen tot het veen. Gij zijt getrouw geweest tot in duizend geslachten, en draagt het schoeisel der armoe als een sieraad. Gij hebt genezing geschonken aan de Heere.

3. Tot een ander bos zult gij naderen waar gij uw legers zult gebieden. Gij zult hen sterk maken door uw bemoedigingen, en gij zult het geluid der vertroosting scheppen vanuit uw wonden. De Heere dan legge Zijn Hand op uw wonden, daar gij Hem overvloedige genezing hebt geschonken.

4. Gegroet, Hamaf, gij die de Heere kent. Gij die door Hem bent bevestigd, gaat heen in vrede. Gij die op zoek zijt om poorten te openen. Ziet, gij zult de poorten openen, en zij zullen zich voor u openen, omdat gij de tepel op uw voorhoofd draagt, reikende naar achteren.

4.

1. Gij dan kent de sieraden van gebondenheid als veren en muskus, als de sieraden der armoe. De Heere heeft u vleugelen gegeven. De Heere heeft u genade geschonken, en het zoete van melk en honing. Ja, Zijn heerlijkheid is over u. Schroomt dan niet om van Zijn bessen te eten en van het overvloedige. Want ziet, het stroomt vanuit Zijn wonden, en vanuit Zijn littekenen en vanuit Zijn bron van armoe. Zij die de armoe niet kennen zijn vervloekt. Zij voegen niets toe aan de Heere, en laten het hart van de Heere koud. Hoog staan zij op hun torens met hun ijdele bazuinen, maar ziet, als tinnen mannen vallen zij neer, om in de vurige ovens gesmolten te worden. Ziet dan uit naar deze dag, zegt de Heere, opdat gij één zult zijn met Hem. De Heere heeft geen behagen in hen die de armoe niet kennen. En zij die de armoe kennen : Komt tot haar diepste kamers, opdat gij genade zult vinden voor uw ziel. Zij die de Heere kennen sidderen en beven voor Hem, maar zij die Hem niet kennen gaan voort met grote monden. Ziet, de Heere zal deze monden uitrukken en brengen tot de ovens van vuur en ijs. Ja, harde klemmen zal Hij om hun monden doen, want zij hebben grote woorden gesproken, en zij hebben het land vereten. De kaalplukker zal Hij tot hen zenden, en het schuim zal uit hen worden weggezogen, totdat zij een kale rots zijn geworden. De Heere laat hen dalen tot het diepste der aarde, waar alle poorten voor hen gesloten zullen worden. Helpt hen dan niet, zij die ijdele woorden spreken, opdat gij niet tegen de Heere strijde.

2. Gij dan die de armoe volge, gij hebt nog niet van haar bessen gegeten, nog niet van het overvloedige schuim gedronken. De Heere voere u krachtig aan, gij die Zijn woord bewaart en Zijn sleutelen draagt. De sleutelen der armoe zijn u deels geschonken. Voert dan strijd om de armoe, en verdedigt haar, opdat de Heere u zal verdedigen. De Heere dan leide u tot de troon van armoe, waar ook gij een waardig oordeel zult ontvangen. De Heere heeft uw verdriet gezien, en zal al uw tranen wegwissen. Kom dan met vrijmoedigheid voor de troon des Heeren, want de Heere is vrijmoedigheid. Hij heeft uw liefdeslittekenen gezien. Melk vloeit daaruit voort met kracht om te onderwijzen. Het hart der zee zal de gebondenen vrijzetten. Zij die droog geworden zijn zullen gelaafd worden, want de Heere Heere is een genadig God. Hij is het die de armoe veelvuldig beloont.

5.

1. Zonder kracht zijn zij die de Heere verloochenen. Zij zitten op hun tronen van rijkdom en hebben het woord krachteloos gemaakt. Maar de Heere zal hen slaan, zij die laaghartig zijn. De Heere heeft hen gezien wiens monden schuimen en bruisen van gemeenheid. De Heere zal Zijn vorsten zenden en Zijn legerscharen om hun muren te doorbreken. Doorsteken zal Hij hun muren, en hun doornen breken. Een machtig koning is de Heere die baadt in armoe. Hij dan staat niet boven Zijn knechten, maar leert hen nederigheid door Zijn voorbeeld. Hij is hen als een spiegel.

2. Hij heeft hen geleid tot de schatten der armoe. Zijn bewakers zijn zij. Zij dragen Zijn sleutelen en de sleutels der armoe. Veelvuldig in zegen zijn zij. Ja, zij baden in de rode zon, en staan op om Zijn heerlijkheid te ontvangen. Niet zonder kracht zijn zij die Hem volgen. Zij maken de Heere groot op de hoeken der straten. Veelvuldig zijn zij in de woestijnen om nieuwe kracht op te doen. Veelvuldig zijn zij aan de randen van het veen om Zijn geheimenissen te overdenken. Zij aanbidden Zijn stilte, en brengen Glorie aan Zijn Woord. Genade zij u en vrede, indien gij behoort tot zulke meesters. Zij zijn de meesters der armoe die Zijn tepelen dragen.

Het Boek der Paradijsen

1.

1. Leg uw zwaarden en borstschilden op het altaar opdat de Heere het zuivere. Tot het altaar der engelen zijt gij gekomen. Zij die trouw zijn in alles zullen van de Heere een nieuw zwaard ontvangen. Laten zij die het vlammenzwaard dragen nader tot de Heere komen, en het in de handen des Heeren leggen. Gaat dan in tot de vreugde van uw Heer, want gij hebt waardig gestreden. Tazami'el zal u leiden tot de getrouwe post. Uw wonden zullen verheerlijkt worden, en de strakheid van uw riemen en gordels zal tot zaligheid worden. Ja, in armoe hebt gij gestreden. Gaat nu in tot de rijkdommen des Heeren. Zij dan die tot de bomen des Heeren zijn gekomen en tot de bomen der engelen : Maakt uzelf op om tot de vreugde des Heeren in te gaan. Gij die de vruchten der engelen draagt : Legt uw zwaarden af, en nadert tot uw rust. De Heere zal u met Zijn woorden bekleden, en u overvloedige rust schenken, gij die tot de krachten der engelen zijt gekomen. Zo zal Tazami'el uw leidsman zijn in het huis des Heeren, hij die aanvoerder is over duizend legioenen. Hij zal rust en orde tot u gebieden. Hij zal uw lasten afnemen, en nieuwe boodschappen bevestigen aan uw hart, waarmee gij de eer des Heeren zult verkondigen. Zij die de bazuinen dragen : Legt dezen af, en komt tot uw rust in het huis des Heeren. Tot de paradijsen der engelen zijt gij genaderd.

2. Ja, door vleugelgordijnen nadert gij en door de vliezen des Heeren, zij die van honing druipen. Legt uw boodschappen dan af, en treedt heilig binnen in de paradijsen der engelen. Zij die de zwaarden dragen om de hof te bewaken groeten u. Neemt dan uw zwaarden niet op, maar geeft ze aan Tazami'el die u leidt. Zij die de vlammenzwaarden dragen en de hof bewaken groeten u. Zij die de helm der heerlijkheid dragen en de hof bewaken groeten u. In de talen der engelen zullen zij tot u spreken. In talen der stilte zullen zij tot u komen. Buigt dan tot de heilige doorgangen der paradijsen der engelen. De Heere dan is Eén. Hij die u vlees gegeven heeft bij de boom des vlezes groet u. Zorgvuldig heeft hij u bedekt met het vlees der engelen, en het brood der engelen heeft hij u niet achtergehouden. Tot verzadiging toe heeft hij u laten drinken van de melk der engelen.

2.

Zo heeft de Heere u het goud der engelen geschonken. Het borstschild der engelen is aan u gegeven. Gij bent gekomen tot de boom waaraan de vlammenzwaarden groeien. De Heere heeft u de genade der engelen geschonken. De Heere heeft u bekleed met de riemen en gordels der engelen, en met hun veren. Oh, gij engel, die tot in de paradijsen der engelen zijt binnengekomen, sta op voor de Heere, en nadert tot de tronen der paradijsen, ja, tot de tronen der engelen. Want de Heere heeft Zijn engelen aangesteld. De rivieren der engelen zijn dan vol met het zachte der engelen. Laat uw ziel en geest daarin verkwikt worden, en laat u bekronen met het zachte der engelenzeen. Tot vorstendom heeft de Heere u geroepen. De raad der engelen is op u, om u te tooien met de wijsheden der engelen. De kennis der engelen vervulle de hemelen. Zij die de bazuin dragen en de zeeën der engelen bewaken groeten u. Zij die het zwaard dragen en de zeeën der engelen bewaken groeten u. De drank der engelen zult gij drinken, gij die tot de dieptes der engelenzeen nadert. De Heere zal u de geheimenissen van het hart der engelen en hun zeeën laten zien. Zij dan reinigen uw verstand en behoeden uw gedachten, daar het de gedachten der engelen zijn. De Heere en Zijn getrouwe engelen behoeden ook uw geweten, daar het een geweten der engelen is. Uw hart zij gezegend, daar het een hart der engelen is. De Heere zij daarvoor geprezen tot in eeuwigheden en tot in de eeuwigheden der engelen. De Heere dan spreke tot u in de talen der engelen, en uw hart stemt ermee in, daar het het hart der engelen is. Veelvuldig geprezen zij de Heere die de harten doorzoekt en verkwikt. De Namen der engelen zijn in Hem geschreven, op de poorten van Zijn Hart, en in de binnenkamers van Zijn Hart. Zij die het zachte der engelen dragen en zuiveren komen dan dagelijks voor Zijn Troon, en Hij behoede hun zielen.

3.

1. Legt dan al uw werken neer wanneer gij voor Hem verschijnt. Het lange des Heeren is een geheimenis voor hen die Hem liefhebben. Dezen zijn Zijn engelen. Aan hen zijn de geheimenissen van het binnenste gegeven. Zij dan, de engelen gaan door de lange traditie der engelen heen, opdat zij komen tot de hogere vormen. In de traditie komt de engel tot de boom der tepelen, waar de tepelen der engelen zijn, en daar ontvangt de engel tepelen op zijn billen, en op zijn onderrug. Elke keer dat hij tot deze boom terugkomt ontvangt hij een tepel hoger op zijn rug, waardoor hij de adem der engelen dieper ontvangt. Wanneer de tepelen zijn schouders hebben bereikt, komt hij tot de boom der adem. Zo dragen de engelen vele tepelen voor het aangezicht des Heeren, die de heerlijkheid der wonden en littekenen uitbeelden. Wanneer de tepelen op hun billen zijn uitgegroeid tot de randen zullen zij vlammen als de zonnen in hun heerlijkheid. Zij dan zullen de geheimenissen der zonnen der engelen kennen, en zij zullen door de engelen aldaar gegroet worden. Hier zullen zij de tekens der engelen leren. Hun macht en geest zal herkend worden door hun tepelen.

2. Zalig zijn zij die tepelen binnenin dragen. Zij wiens tepelen vanuit hun mond naar buiten groeien tot over hun lippen spreken van zaligheden. Zalig zijn zij die tepelen op hun tong dragen, en zalig zijn zij die tepelen op hun handpalmen dragen, boven de handen en op de vingers. Veelvuldig zijn zij tot de boom der tepelen gekomen. Zij dan kennen de geheime talen der engelen en hun tekens. Zij zijn beschreven door de zonnen der engelen.

3. Zij dragen de littekenen der engelen en hun tatoeages. Zij dragen de tekenen der aarde en de tekenen van onder de aarde niet, noch die van boven de aarde, daar zij door de winden des Heeren worden voortgedreven.

4.

Geen der engelen zal tot de tepelen des Heeren in hun macht komen die geen tepelen op hun voeten dragen. Zij dan worden geboren en geschapen met tepelen op hun voeten, en deze groeien uit tot de randen en brengen anderen voort. Geen der engelen zal tot de tepelen des Heeren in hun eer komen die geen tepelen op hun voeten dragen die tot de hoogtes der benen groeien. Zij dan worden geboren om tepelen te dragen die tot de hoogtes en laagtes der benen groeien, ja, zelfs tot onder de zolen der voeten.

Boek der Engelen der Prometheus

1.

1. Zo is dan de Prometheus de plaats der herhaling waar vele engelen werken, als een afdeling van de poel des vuurs. Ja, ook gij dient daardoor gereinigd te worden. Hier worden de wonden veelvuldig doorstoken om van daaruit reiniging voort te brengen. Niemand zal zeggen dat dit makkelijk is, maar ook dient gij deze symboliek te begrijpen. Door het kennen zal gij genezing ontvangen. Zo lijden zij die jong zijn veelal door hun onwetendheid, door misverstanden, en onbegrip, maar hierdoor groeien zij op. Ook gij zult rust ontvangen, waar de reis in eindigt. Zo zullen daarom alle engelen op de hoogte moeten zijn van de vuren van de Prometheus, en ook van de vuren van de Tantalos, de plaats van dorst.

2. Want het doel van de vuren van de Prometheus is opdat gij onthecht raakt, en gij uw werk zult doen. Blijft dan ook vasthoudend weerstand bieden aan hen die valse kruizen dragen, totdat gij in de rust des Heeren gaat. Het geheimenis ligt reeds voor uw klaar als een droom der engelen.

3. En uw wonden veelvuldig gestoken zullen uitgroeien tot zolen op een nieuwe aarde, waar ook gij deel aan zult hebben. Zo zult gij dan het schoeisel der engelen zijn. Gij dan zijt uitgezonden tegen hen die valse kruizen dragen, maar ook zijt gij gezonden om het kruis der engelen te verkondigen. Dit dan is uw allerheiligste taak, een taak die met zorg zal worden vervuld. De engelen van Gehenna groeten u, en zo ook de engelen van de Tartarus. Zij hebben u allen voor deze taak voorbereid. De engelen der Prometheus en van de Tantalos groeten u, zij die de draaiende zwaarden dragen. Zij die gevlochten zwaarden dragen groeten u, en zij die de draaiende vlammenzwaarden en de gevlochten vlammenzwaarden dragen. Gaat nu in door de poort der heerlijkheid, oh reiziger, en legt uw wapenen en boodschappen neer, ja, ook de boodschappen der kruizen. Legt uw helmen neer, ja, ook de gevleugelde helmen. Luistert naar uw Heere, en weest Hem welgevallig, want wat Hij doet is goed.

2.

1. Geen van hen die zwaarden dragen zullen ontkomen aan Zijn macht. En Zijn macht is goed. Zij dan wordt door armoe gewrocht. Door armoe wordt zij gevlochten, en zij is de dienaar der Prometheus. Zij leidt hen tot de Prometheus, en daarna terug tot de Tantalos. De Heere dan heeft u brood gegeven met zorg, ja, het brood der engelen, en ook het vlees der engelen. De Heere dan doe Zijn Aangezicht over u lichten en geve u vrede. Halleluja. De Heere zij hierom geprezen. Ook zult gij ontkomen wanneer roofdieren passeren, want gij zult hen het brood der engelen geven, en zij zullen verzadigd worden. De Heere twijfelt niet aan Zijn belofte, en geeft ook geen eeuwige teleurstelling. De Heere is een goede God, die Waarheid schenkt aan hen die in de Waarheid zijn en leugen schenkt aan hen die in de leugen zijn. Wanneer de Heere iemand roept tot de Prometheus, wie zal ontkomen ? Geen van hen die zwaarden dragen zullen aan Hem ontkomen. Waarheen zullen zij vluchten ? De Heere kent immers alle schuilplaatsen. Hiertoe heeft Hij Zijn engelen uitgezonden.

2. Waar heeft de Heere u gezonden, Emichti'el, gij die de lichten des Heeren draagt ? Tot de spelonken heeft Hij u gezonden, om rotsen te doorklieven. Geen vogeltje ontziet gij. Gij dan zijt een Engel des Heeren, Emichti'el.

3. Waar heeft de Heere u gezonden, Lazachel, gij die de duisternissen des Heeren draagt ? Gij dan zijt een Engel des Heeren.

4. Ik gebied u om de randen te begaan van de Prometheus om de wonderen te aanschouwen. Ik gebied u om daar een pad te banen. De Engel des Heeren zal u leiden. Over bruggen en over zeeën, ja, over de randen van de Prometheus, op de randen der hoogtes. Hier prijzen wij de Naam des Heeren. Hier smeden wij de zwaarden, en dan dalen wij af, opdat onze zolen de Prometheus raken. Op de randen staan wij niet meer, maar diep binnenin, om de wonderen te aanschouwen. Tuzuchi'el zal u leiden, en brengen tot het diepste der Prometheus, daar waar de honing rijpt, het wonder van een nieuwe schepping. Ja, de aarde is in een diepe oven, opdat zij daar opnieuw geschapen wordt, terwijl de engelen juichen. Een nieuwe schepping kondigt zich aan, en geheimenissen worden ontbloot. De Heere die goed is en goed doet vestigt Zijn Naam.

5. Zo zal Tuzuchi'el u leiden tot de boom der zolen, oh gij engelen, daar waar de paden zijn, de paden der engelen en hun zolen. En Tuzuchi'el zal u leiden tot het oude, en vele deuren van het nieuwe sluiten. Het nieuwe zal ontbloot worden in de diepe ovens van de Prometheus, en er zal niemand zijn die redt. Want het valse nieuwe wordt door de Heere veracht. Ja, engelen verachten

hen die het valse nieuwe brengen. De Heere wil u brengen tot de aloude paden en tot de tradities der engelen.

6. En gij zult vruchten eten van de boom der zolen en van zijn paden. En gij zult erdoor worden verzadigd. En zij die valse armoe dragen zullen tot in eeuwigheid geen deel hebben aan de boom der zolen en aan zijn paden. En zij die valse oudheid aanhangen zullen tot in eeuwigheid geen deel hebben aan de boom der zolen en aan zijn paden.

3.

1. En Tuzuchi'el zal u leiden tot de heerlijkheden der paden, die de heerlijkheden der engelen zijn, en gij zult tot heerlijkheid komen. Engelen van de Prometheus, de engelen der paden groeten u. Zij met de draaiende zwaarden groeten u, en zij met de gevlochten zwaarden. Zij met de draaiende vlammenzwaarden en zij met de gevlochten vlammenzwaarden groeten u. Legt dan uw zwaarden af, en volg Tuzuchi'el, opdat uw zielen door hem verzadigd worden. Hij zal u leiden tot de kennis en de wijsheid van de Prometheus, ja, van zijn engelen. Dan zult gij tot diepe rust komen, oh Engel van de Prometheus. En gij zult tot het zoete deel van de Prometheus komen, Sisefos. En gij zult op de bergen der Dana'iden staan. En gij zult luid tot de Sisefos spreken om zijn poorten te openen. Dit dan is het heerlijkste deel der Prometheus, waar engelen begeren een blik in te slaan.

2. De engelen der Sisefos groeten u. Hier bevinden zich de aloude tradities der engelen. Doet dan uw pantser uit, ja, ook uw borstpantser. Komt dan in heilige witte klederen tot de Heere, klederen verscheurd in de strijd. Laat dan uw wonden zien aan de engelen van Sisefos. Zij die geen wonden hebben zullen niet voor de Heere verschijnen. Zij die de engelen van Sisefos niet kunnen zien zullen niet voor de Heere verschijnen. Laat dan uw littekens aan de Heere zien. Zij die de lichtende littekenen niet dragen zullen niet voor de Heere verschijnen. Laat dan uw tekens en tatoeages zien, en de zonnetatoeages op uw rug. Zij die deze merktekens niet dragen zullen niet voor de Heere verschijnen. De Heere zal de zegels verwijderen, en zal u nieuwe merktekens geven. Zij zullen lichten als de zon, ja, als de boom der zonnen. En zij kennen allen hun eigen kleur. Zij kennen ook hun meesters. En Tuzuchi'el zal u leiden tot uw verhoging, en tot de ladder der engelen. Gaat dan over de randen van Sisefos, in vertraging, en aanschouwt zijn wonderen. Hier zult gij uw zwaarden smeden.

3. Oh, engel van Sisefos, legt uw helm af. De Heere zal u over de randen van de Dana'iden brengen tot een allerheiligst deel. De Heere zal u het brood van Zijn genade geven, en gij zult met de kruimels de roofdieren die passeren verzadigen. Ja, hen die gulzig zijn zult gij stukken brood geven. En de Heere zal u leiden tot de boom der broden, die de broden der engelen zijn, en gij zult volop verzadigd worden. En gij zult kleding dragen als brood, en schoeisel als brood, en gij zult de wonderen der Dana'iden zien, wanneer gij Tuzuchi'el volgt over hun randen. Op de aloude hoogtes bevinden zij zich, waar gij uw helm in het oude zult smeden. Dan zult gij afdalen in de putten der Dana'iden met macht, en Tuzuchi'el zal u terugroepen. Dan zult gij wederom afdalen in de putten der Dana'iden en Tuzuchi'el zal u terugroepen.

4.

1. En de engelen der Dana'iden en hun putten zullen u groeten, en gij zult de namen kennen van de putten. En gij zult tot deze putten afdalen met macht. En de Heere zal u terugroepen.

2. Engel der Dana'iden, legt uw zwaarden af, gij die tot de aloude tradities der engelen zijt gekomen en tot de tradities van de Dana'iden. Legt uw macht af, en uw helmen, want gij zijt tot de Heere

gekomen. Legt uw boodschappen af, en uw bazuinen. Legt uw hoorns en trompetten af, en komt in stilte tot de Heere. Engel der Dana'iden, laat uw wonden zien. Zij die geen wonden dragen zullen niet voor de Heere verschijnen. Engel der Dana'iden, laat uw armoe zien en hun weelderigheden.

Het Boek van de Putten

1. Engelen der Dana'iden, gij zijt tot de aarde en tot onder de aarde gezonden om haar en haar bewoners te sluieren. Gij bent gezonden om het verstand van hen die onder en boven de aarde leven te versluieren, daar zij vele dingen nog niet kunnen dragen. Hierin bent gij getrouw geweest. Ook hebt gij hun geweten versluierd en hen ongevoelig gemaakt naar de eis des Heeren. Gij hebt de wetten van hen weggenomen en aan de Heere teruggegeven. Gij hebt hun putten gesloten, maar nu is het tijd om die te openen. Zo zult gij de put van Hades openen, die tot het dodenrijk leidt, en tot haar paradijsen. Zo zult gij de put van Poseidon openen, die leidt tot de dodenrijken der zeeën en hun paradijsen. Zo zult gij de put van Zeus openen, die leidt tot de dodenrijken van de wind en de zon, en tot hun paradijsen.

2. Zo zult gij tot de put van Zeus komen om in haar af te dalen, en gij zult boodschappen verkondigen tot hen die achter de put leven. En gij zult een boodschap van verlossing verkondigen aan hen die daar gevangen zitten, en gij zult een eeuwig evangelie prediken. En wanneer een man in een vrouw afdaalt, zal hij tot haar dodenrijk komen, en zijn zaad zal de boodschap van verlossing verkondigen. Zo zult gij geen vrouw van node hebben, maar op gelijke wijze zult gij in de putten der Dana'iden afdalen om een tijd van wonderen aan te kondigen. Zo zult gij het geheimenis des Heeren kennen. Zalig zijn zij die vele putten der Dana'iden in hun lichamen dragen, want zo zult gij elkaar tot bescherming zijn.

3. De Engelen des Heeren hebben zich onthecht. Zij kennen de drangen van de aarde en van onder de aarde niet. Zij wassen zichzelf in het onbekende. Zij kleden zich als vreemdelingen, en kloppen aan de poorten van het oude. De drangen van het valse oude kennen zij echter niet, en zij brengen boodschappen van vrees tot zulke ouden. Zij brengen hun eeuwig zaad tot de putten der Dana'iden en verspillen het niet aan de aarde. Zij zijn tot de boom van zaad gekomen, dat het zaad der engelen is. Hier wassen zij zichzelf met bekenden. Hier dansen zij voor de Heere, en zijn zij als de vogels. Zij echter die het zaad der engelen verspillen worden het voorwerp van hun wraak. In de oude tuin staat de boom van het zaad.

4. De oude tuin is als het sieraad des Heeren. De Heere kent Zijn engelen bij name.

Het Boek der Bomen

1. Het gevleugelde zwaard is hen gegeven die Hem dienen. Legt uw zwaarden af. Het gevlochten zwaard is hen gegeven die Hem oprecht dienen. Legt uw zwaarden af, en uw helmen, want gij zijt genaderd tot Zijn Glorie. Zij die Hem oprecht dienen staan boven de rampen. Zij worden boven de golven uitgetrokken. Zij die Hem oprecht dienen kennen Zijn Luister. Zij kennen de slag van Zijn Hand. Legt uw zwaarden af, uw koorden, riemen en gordels. Doet uw pantser af en uw borstpantser. De Heere is een goede God, en tot Hem zijt gij genaderd. Zijn Woorden klinken door tot Zijn dienstknechten, hen die Hem oprecht dienen. Hij brengt hen tot rust onder Zijn bomen, en

verkwikt hun geesten. Zij die Hem dienen dragen Zijn heerlijkheden in hun zielen, en zijn genaderd tot de boom der zielen, die de zielen der engelen zijn. Zij kennen het schuim van de zeeën der engelen, en zijn vervuld met dit schuim. Ja, het schuim der engelenzeeën stroomt door hun ziel. Zij hebben hun ziel van de Heere, van Tanahach, die staat bij de boom der zielen. Hij heeft hun zielen vervuld. Zijn roep gaat tot hen uit.

2. Zo is Tanahach de eerste onder vele broederen geworden, daar hij de Heere in toewijding heeft gediend. Hij dan is gekomen tot de boom der geesten, die de geesten der engelen zijn. De Heere dan is het die hen van geesten heeft voorzien, en het schuim stroomt door hun geesten. Ja, de zielenschuim schenkt Hij in genade en in overvloed tot hen die Hem dienen. Ja, het geestesschuim is als Zijn Roepstem. Zo staat dan de Heere bij de boom van schuim, wat het schuim der engelen is. De Heere dan geve van Zijn schuim aan hen die Hem dienen in gehoorzaamheid. Doet uw pantsers af, en uw gordels, want gij zijt genaderd tot een ondoordringbaar licht.

3. Tanahach, broeder onder velen, veldheer van Christus, gij zijt schenker des Heeren. Laat hen die Hem dienen u volgen. Laat hen die Hem in oprechtheid en gehoorzaamheid dienen uw toewijding dragen. Schenk hen de koorden der engelen, en laat hen afdalen in de putten der Dana'iden. Zij hebben hun taken volbracht en zullen weldra de Heere ontmoeten. Zij zijn gekomen tot de boom der gaven, die de gaven der engelen zijn. Met vreugde zullen zij heil scheppen uit de bronnen des Heeren. De poorten der Dana'iden zullen hen niet tegenhouden. Zij zullen doorgang hebben tot de Heere die troont in Sebia.

4. Sebat Matachal, Sebat Moerdes, Sebat Majachin, zij zijn gekomen tot de bomen der talen, die de bomen der engelen zijn. Zij hebben het groene des Heeren gezien, en Zijn gloed, en zij scheppen heil uit de bronnen des Heeren met grote vreugde. Zij hebben de zaligheid des Heeren verdient.

5. Sebeat Menehis, Sebeat Shaoel, zij zijn in de putten der Dana'iden afgedaald om hun geheimenissen te aanschouwen. Zij hebben geluisterd naar boodschappen der engelen. Zij zijn tot de bomen der boodschappen gekomen, die der engelen. Zij hebben hun haren niet gevlochten, en zij hebben van het gif der aarde niet gedronken. Ook hebben zij niet van de drank van onder de aarde en boven de aarde gedronken. Zij zijn de Heere getrouw geweest.

Loofte

1.

1. Uw pijn zal tot schuim worden in de tuin des Heeren. Tot de tuinen der engelen zult gij gaan en tot hun paradijsen. Zij die op de eilanden der engelen zijn groeten u. De Heere vervulle u met schuim, de Heere vulle u met honing en melk, daar gij de Heere vrijmoedig trouw zijt geweest. Overvloedig zal Hij u vullen, gij die Hem getrouw zijt. De Heere zal u macht geven over de haaien der aarde en onder de aarde. Ook zal Hij u de sleutels geven van de putten der Dana'iden en de putten der haaien. Gij dan wordt beschermd tegen hun verblindende lichten, want de Heere heeft u gesluiert.

2. Hier zal uw schuim rijp worden. Legt dan uw sluiers af, gij die tot de Heere bent gekomen en tot de bronnen van warmte, die de warmte der engelen is. De Heere dan doet niets zonder Zijn engelen. Zij dan dragen Zijn naam. De Heere neme dan uw sluiers af, en verlichte uw verstand. Ook zal Hij de sluiers van uw geweten afhalen en het verlichten. De Heere dan is goed. Zijn Naam zij geprezen tot in de eeuwigheden der engelen. Hij laat het schuim rijp worden op Zijn schalen en vermengd het

met het zaad en de honing der engelen. Zo worden vele dingen van waarde geschapen. De Heere dan is goed. Rijs dan op voor Zijn Aangezicht en kom nader. Hij zal de sluiers van Zijn gezicht weghalen.

3. De Heere is goed. Gij hebt niets te vrezen. Hij kent Zijn dienaars bij name. Tot de tuinen der engelen heeft Hij u gezonden. Hij zal u daar geheimenissen leren, en wegen tonen. Hij heeft uw harten gewogen tegen een veer, en Hij heeft de koorden van engelen die u draagt gemeten. De Heere dan is goed. Gij hebt niets te vrezen. Zalig zijn zij die in Zijn Naam tot Zijn poorten komen. Hen wacht zaligheid en heerlijkheid voor hun zielen. De Heere geeft hen welgemeend van het goede en overvloedige van Zijn tuinen. De tuin draagt de kroon, en haar wachters groeten u. Welgemeende passen maken zij tot u. De Heere heeft hun harten vervuld en zij geven van hun overvloedigheid.

2.

1. De tuinen van Looftē zijn vol van het schuim des Heeren. Vol van het schuim der engelen is zij. Zij kent de wegen tot haar geest, en haar ziel is met heerlijkheden vervuld. Haar wachters groeten haar, en maken welgemeende passen tot haar. Ook maken zij de gebaren der engelen. In tekens spreken zij tot haar. De tuinen van Looftē zijn vol van genade. Zij kent de wegen en paden tot haar Heere. Zij spreekt met zachtheid en zoetheid. Vol van schuim is haar genade. Genade heeft zij bewezen tot velen. Een rustplaats der engelen is zij.

2. Zij onderwijst haar dienstknechten door heerlijkheden tot hun zielen te brengen, en door hun geesten te verkwikken met het brood der engelen. Als in het brood der engelen gaat zij gekleed, en zalig is hij die haar geheimenissen weet te ontbloten. Haar dienstknechten verzadigt ze door welgemeende passen te maken. Ook maakt zij welgemeende gebaren waarin zij tot rust komen. Legt dan uw zwaarden af, want gij zijt genaderd tot Looftē. Legt dan uw helmen neer, want zij zal u zijn tot een visioen der engelen. Alleen tot engelen nadert zij, tot hen die haar armoe in overvloed dragen. Zij kennen haar welgemeende kussen en haar welgemeende opvrolijkingen en gezegdes. Zij dragen haar woorden en manieren in hun hoofden en harten, en zij kennen haar wijsheden en de kennis die zij draagt.

3.

Gij zijt genaderd tot Looftē. Zij is genaderd tot u, om welgemeende passen te maken, en welgemeende gebaren. Haar woorden en manieren reiken tot in de dieptes van uw ziel, en de wegen tot uw geest kent zij. Overvloedig komt zij tot hen die haar dienen. Overvloedig kent hij hun namen. Zij omgeeft hen met haar zachte lichten. Boven liefde en haat vinden zij haar paden. Oprecht gemeend zijn haar kussen. Oprecht gemeend haar bewegingen. Zij schenkt Waarheid aan hen die haar in Waarheid dienen, maar zij misleid hen die van bedrog leven. Vrees haar, gij die haar oprecht dient. Dan zal zij uw hart verlichten.

Volkolks

1.

Dodenboek van Christus

1. Dit is het boek dat de reis van Christus naar de onderwereld beschrijft, als een pilgrimage door het dodenrijk naar de grotten van het heilige wiel, waaraan hij ook gekruisigd werd. Ook zou je dit

boek Helboek van Christus kunnen noemen, omdat Christus ook in de hel kwam, om daar gevangenen te bevrijden.

2. Maar niet alleen dat. Zijn grootste taak was om daar te hangen aan een wiel. Dit wiel wordt ook wel het kruis van de onderwereld genoemd. In deze reis gaat hij door vier poorten tot aan een vijfde poort, waar iets wonderlijks gebeurt. De eerste poort is Egypte, waar hij ook gekruisigd werd.

3. De tweede poort is de poort van Izu, de derde de poort van Brannan en de vierde de poort van Lbok, daar waar de Boom des Doods staat. De boom des doods is de verboden boom van de onderwereld, met verboden vruchten des doods, bewaakt door de slang des doods. Wanneer Christus tot die boom komt, dan probeert de slang des doods hem weg te jagen.

4. De slang wil om een bepaalde reden niet dat Christus van de vrucht eet. Maar Christus is hongerig, en laat zich geen wetten en geboden opleggen door de tegenpartij. Dan raakt Christus in gevecht met de slang, en weet vervolgens een vrucht van de boom des doods te bemachtigen.

5. Als hij er van eet is de slang woedend, en begint te sissen. Dan verslindt de slang de ziel van Christus, en de ziel wordt aan een wiel gespijkerd. Hier geeft Christus geboorte aan een zoon door het lijden aan dit helse wiel. De pijnen van Christus in de onderwereld zijn dus eigenlijk gewoon barensweeen.

6. Zijn zoon kan uiteindelijk door de vijfde poort gaan, de poort van de rode strepen. Die rode strepen zijn allemaal kinderen van Christus, komende vanuit zijn wonden. Als het wiel begint te draaien brengt het Christus door alle paden van de hel, maar de vijfde poort haalt hij nooit. Juist door het draaien van het wiel komen de rode strepen tot leven. Zij zijn de geheimenissen en onpeilbare dieptes van God.

7. Toen Christus opstond uit de dood en de hel kwam hij niet terug als een levende, maar als een eeuwig levende, een verheerlijkte. Aan het wiel vond en kreeg hij namelijk een amulet genaamd de Grote Krurg, die de zessendertig krachten boven leven en dood droeg. Dit was en is een felbegeerd amulet van eeuwig leven, ook wel genoemd : het amulet van zaligheid en heerlijkheid. Het geeft de drager een onsterfelijk lichaam. Dat wil niet zeggen dat dit lichaam geen wonden meer kan hebben, en geen pijn, maar het kan niet meer sterven. In dit lichaam voer Christus op naar de hemel om op zoek te gaan naar een ander amulet, namelijk het amulet boven hel en hemel.

2.

Roze Zwanen ; Het Zwaard Van Calvijn

1. De vlaggen hingen uit buiten. Hij zat in zijn zitstoel, zijn vrouw was in de keuken. Hij had net het gras weer eens gemaait, wat hij wekelijks deed. Hij staarde naar buiten, naar de begroeiing op de muur. De metalen platen zaten er goed vast tegenaan, en daar groeiden de planten omheen. Dat kon hem niet wild genoeg zijn. Hij was altijd al geïnteresseerd geweest in tuinieren, en hij had dan ook echt zijn eigen stijl, vurig, wild, maar ook piekfijn geordend. Het was een samenspel tussen natuur en mens. Hij had vroeger altijd bij de politie gewerkt, en daar ging het er eigenlijk hetzelfde aan toe : de buurt was wild, en de politie bracht orde, en zo was er een prachtig samenspel, heen en weer. De politie mocht volgens hem de soep niet te heet opdienen, en zo liet hij dan ook de natuur in zijn tuin een zekere vrijheid hebben. Wel hield hij alles goed in de gaten. Hij had een zekere strengheid als hij naar zijn tuin keek. Zijn vrouw kwam de huiskamer binnen met de koffie. Ze zeiden niks tegen elkaar. Het zonlicht golfde de kamer binnen toen zijn vrouw het gordijn iets verder opendeed. Beiden staarden ze naar buiten, de tuin in. De sproeier stond aan, het was een

warme dag. Aan de dag scheen geen einde te komen. Zijn vrouw was aan het breien, en hij staarde maar. Geen woord werd er gezegd. Het leek wel alsof zijn denken vastzat. Hij hoorde het getik van de brei-pennen van zijn vrouw.

2. Het leek wel alsof ze heel ver weg zat. Of kwam dat door de vele spullen die er tussenstonden. De tegels op de grond glanst in het zonlicht, maar ze werden er niet bruiner op. Het was een harde vloer. Je zou makkelijk wat kunnen breken als je erop viel. Er lagen ook wat tapijtjes in de grote huiskamer. Ze hadden een groot huis, een alleenstaand huis. Ook het fonteintje in de vijver stond aan. Hij worstelde zichzelf door de dag. Hij verveelde zich, maar wist niet wat hij moest doen. Hij bleef het tikken van de brei-pennen van zijn vrouw maar horen. Kinderen hadden ze niet, nee, ze waren tamelijk eenzaam. De man stond op en liep naar de kast, waar hij een fles sterke drank uittrok, en gaf zijn vrouw ook wat. Ze hielden wel van een borrel. Dat was goed voor het bloed, en dat hielp hen op de been. Eigenlijk leken ze in hun leven niet meer verder te komen. Ze waren in een nauw cirkeltje terecht gekomen, en gingen bergafwaarts. Ze leefden geïsoleerd. Er was nauwelijks contact met de buitenwereld, en daar hadden ze ook geen behoefte aan. De tuin was alles voor hen, en hun woning. Zijn vrouw was vroeger arts geweest, voornamelijk kinderarts, maar moest later stoppen vanwege haar alcoholisme. Nu had ze het veel beter onder controle. Haar man hield de wacht over haar, maar liet haar nog wel genieten van een borreltje op zijn tijd. Toch waren de twee erg zwaarmoedig en hielden er een kerkelijk leven op na. De kerk was alles voor hen, voornamelijk op de zondag. Een grote bijbel lag naast de openhaard. Het geloof in God gaf hen rust, als een oase in de woestijn van hun ouderdom.

3. Op zondag na de kerkdienst fietsten ze samen naar huis. Het was warm weer. Maar al snel zaten ze weer in hun oude positie. Hij had niet veel behoefte om dingen te gaan doen, ook al verveelde hij zich. Hij trok zich op aan de structuur van zijn tuin en zijn huis, wat hij streng in de gaten hield. Het was als het werken in de tempel, alsof hij in de kerk woonde. Hij voelde zich een nauwlettende koster, en dat was hij vroeger ook geweest. Veel was hij bezig met zijn herinneringen, die hem ook half depressief maakten. Een heleboel dingen zou hij terugwillen, maar ze waren onbereikbaar. Het was een treurig stel, en velen zouden hen saai noemen. Als ze kleinkinderen zouden hebben, dan zouden die hier geen leven hebben. In zijn gedachten was hij altijd de tuin en het huis aan het maaïen. De gelakte spulletjes waren als hun huisdieren. Maar het ging niet zo goed met zijn vrouw. Ze was aan het dementeren, en dat riep ook wel heel veel herinneringen bij hem op. Op een gegeven moment kon ze niet langer in huis blijven, en moest ze naar een verzorgings-tehuis. Hij kon dat moeilijk accepteren, maar hij had geen andere keus. Hij voelde zich al als een weduwnaar. Het was als een trauma in zijn hoofd, maar het kerkelijk leven beurde hem op. Hij wist dat zijn vrouw een verloren zaak was. Ook de tuin gaf hem rust. De maaïers in zijn hoofd waren nu als van vuur, als grillen. Hij had nu het gevoel dat hij de touwtjes nog strakker moest trekken. Nog steeds stonden de protserige spulletjes van zijn vrouw hier, de beeldjes, de hebbedingetjes, het antiek, en het gaf hem een gevoel van verbinding met haar. Aan de telefoon kon hij niet meer met haar praten, en ze wist nog nauwelijks wie hij was. Ze was aan het aftakelen tot aan het bot.

4. Hij ging meer en meer drinken, om het verdriet over zijn vrouw te vergeten, en bezocht kroegen voor het eerst in zijn leven. Het huis en de tuin werden wilder, omdat hij het onderhoud niet meer kon bijhouden, en het was voor hem ook geen prioriteit meer. Hij raakte verslaafd aan de fles, zoals zijn vrouw eens was. Hij kwam in het rijk der schimmen. De alcohol bracht hem een felle stem in zijn hoofd. Met het vele geld dat hij had schafte hij een bar aan in zijn eigen huis, helemaal voor hemzelf. Ook ontving hij vrouwen van lichte zeden aan huis. Maar deze tijden liepen snel ten einde,

door het knagend kerkelijk geweten binnenin. De God in zijn hoofd sleepte hem naar het graf, en sprak hem ernstig toe. Hij probeerde zo min mogelijk na te denken, en weer begon het vele staren. Hij was zelf ook door maaiers omringd, de gouden maaiers van de kerk. Zij zouden hem veilig leiden tot aan het graf en tot de hemelpoort. De bijbel scheen hem weer nieuwe kracht te geven, en hij las er veel in, en spoedig begon hij ook zijn tuin en huis te onderhouden als nooit tevoren. Ook koken ging hem goed af, ook al waren het alleen maar de standaard-gerechten. Maar het was alsof iets hem van binnen aanvrat, alsof er een spin in hem leefde. Wat als hij niet een uitverkorene was van de God die hij diende ? Het zwaard van Calvijn sneed diep in zijn ziel. Hoe meer hij de bijbel las, hoe meer hij ook de duistere andere kant van het verhaal zag. Vooral na zijn wilde uitstapjes begon hij de hel meer te vrezen dan ooit. Misschien was de God die hij diende wel helemaal niet zo tevreden over hem. En velen waren geroepen, maar weinig uitverkoren. Hij kwam in de eerstegrote geloofs-strijd van zijn leven, en lijstjes over wie er allemaal niet het koninkrijk des hemels zouden beerven bleven hem kwellen tot diep in de nacht. Het was alsof hij door duiveltjes was gebonden. Misschien ging hij er iets te hypnotisch mee om, maar hij kon er niet van loskomen, totdat ook bij hem Alzheimer toesloeg.

5. Hij wist niet meer wat de bijbel was. Hij kon er uren naar staren, naar het kaffee, maar wist het niet meer. Was het het dagboek van zijn vrouw ? Of het wetboek van de politie, was het pornografisch ? Was het onzedelijkheid ? Een enorme woede maakte zich van hem meester. Hij kon het zich niet meer herinneren. Wel wist hij dat het altijd heel belangrijk voor hem was. Was het een erfenis van zijn vader ? Waren het de liefdesbrieven van meisjes die hij in zijn jonge jaren kreeg ? Was het grootmoeders kookboek ? Een uitgelopen folder van de Jehovah's getuigen ? Een boek van een ons onbekende religie ? Was het een geschiedenis boek. Het zweet steeg hem naar het hoofd. Hij was bijna aan het klappertanden, aan het beven als een jong hondje. Was het een toverboek ? Nee, toverboeken bestonden niet. Een verzameling niet betaalde rekeningen ? Misschien was het van zijn vrouw ? Hij besloot het boek weer neer te leggen. In de kerk kwam hij niet meer. Hij voelde zich als levende achter tralies. Hij wist niet meer wie hij was. Hij werd als een wild dier.

6. Hij kon uren staren naar dingen, om zich af te vragen wat het was. Hij was de grip op de werkelijkheid kwijt. Het maakte hem kwaad, dat zijn hersenen hem in de steek lieten. Maar aan de andere kant kwam hij erg tot rust. Het leven was hier zwoel. Hij voelde zichzelf als levende op een tropisch eiland, badend in het warme zeewater. Het normale leven drong niet meer tot hem door, en waarom zou dat moeten ? Hij snapte de kaartjes die hij kreeg niet. Hij dacht dat het kokosnoten waren, of dat het herfst was. Weer wat blaadjes die van de bomen zijn gevallen. Soms probeerde hij ze op te eten, soms hing hij ze aan de muur. Sommige van die kaarten waren prachtig. Op een dag besloot hij zijn hele huis rood te verven, maar toen hem dat niet beviel verfde hij alles bruin. Het stond nog niet eens zo gek. Hij had wel stijl. Hij probeerde af te rekenen met het verleden wat hij maar niet begreep. Hij noemde zichzelf 'baas van de hel'. Ook dacht hij dat hij Calvijn was, maar hij wist niet meer wat Calvijn voorstelde. Hij droeg zijn oude politie-pak weer en was nu baas van de politie, iets wat hij overigens altijd al had willen zijn. Op een dag had hij even een flits in zijn hoofd. 'Had Calvijn niet de bijbel geschreven ? Dit is mijn boek. Mijn agenda. Hierin staat wat er moet gebeuren.' Hij greep de bijbel en liep ermee rond. Hij riep en schold, alsof hij een dictator was. Maar hij raakte in de war van zichzelf en plofte op de bank. Toen ging hij maar weer de tuin instaren. Hij werd er stil van.

7. In zijn hoofd regende het, en na een tijdje werd hij bedlegerig. Vreemde gezichten zag hij in zijn gedachten, die dan allemaal weer vermengd werden. Hij kon zich niets meer herinneren. Ondanks

zijn ziekte had hij een goede tijd. In zijn gedachten waren bomen personen en konden spreken, en hij voerde lange gesprekken met hen. Hij betuttelde hen, omdat hij nu eens eindelijk zijn onderdrukte vader gevoel kon manifesteren. De bomen in zijn hoofd waren als zijn kinderen. 'Jullie zijn de vrucht van mijn tuin,' zei hij altijd. 'Dan is het allemaal toch niet voor niets geweest.' De bomen in zijn hoofd gaven hem zijn geheugen weer een beetje terug, maar op een hele andere manier, met een hele andere kijk op het leven. Maar de bomen in zijn hoofd begonnen te rotten en stierven. Het was een hevig gevecht, want hij beschouwde hen als zijn kinderen. Hij werd weer geconfronteerd met de dorheid van het bestaan, hij nam het stof waar, om hem heen. 'Alles is een bende,' zei hij. Het was een traumatische ervaring zijn kinderen te moeten verliezen. Er was een begrafenis-stemming in zijn hoofd. Maar bloesem scheen voort te komen uit het dode hout, vrouwen. 'Mijn kinderen zijn gestorven,' zei hij. 'Hebben jullie hen niet kunnen redden?' Maar de vrouwen zeiden niks. Ze waren naakt. 'Toe, trek wat aan,' zei hij. 'Anders sterven jullie zo van de kou.'

8. 'Wij gaan niet dood,' zeiden de vrouwen. 'Wij zijn de vlammetjes van het eeuwig leven. En wij gaan u weer jong maken.'

9. 'Oh, de bron van de eeuwige jeugd,' zei de man. 'Zo, zo.' Maar de man werd steeds zieker. Zijn gedachten kwamen vast te zitten, en hij waande zich in de woestijn. Hij had niet eens de kracht een raam open te zetten. Er kwam een verzorgster langs, elke dag. Die moest dat maar doen. Ze wilden hem eigenlijk naar een verpleeghuis verplaatsen, maar hij wilde zijn huis niet kwijt. Zijn huis en zijn tuin, dat was alles voor hem, zijn tempel. 'De goden hebben mij hier gebracht,' zei hij.

10. 'U bent een kind van de goden?' vroeg de verzorgster.

11. 'Ja,' zei hij triomfantelijk, 'of hun vader.' De verzorgster las hem vaak voor uit de bijbel, maar hij begreep er niet veel van. Hij zag er hele andere dingen in, en het raakte hem niet meer. 'Wat een mooi sprookjesboek,' zei hij altijd. 'Het schuift maar, en het doet maar, en het komt maar nooit aan in mijn hart, maar het is een mooi gezicht, dat wel.'

12. 'Je bent zo mooi als mijn vrouw eens was,' zei de man op een dag tegen de verzorgster. 'Mijn vrouw was als een tuin, vol wonderlijke geheimen, en toen ik dacht, nu wil ik eindelijk dat geheim weten, toen ging ze weg. Ze werd van mij weggetrokken, naar een verpleeghuis. Maar ik had het boek nog niet uitgelezen.'

13. 'Veel dingen zullen nooit afkomen,' zei de verzorgster. 'Er is niet voor alles tijd.'

14. 'Is dat niet sneu?' vroeg de man. 'Of misschien hoort het zo. Weet je hoe ik het bekijk, ik denk dat het verhaal in een ander boek verder gaat.'

15. De verzorgster knikt. De kamer was vol met de geur van de tuin, gloeiende rozenblaadjes, gloeiend in de zon, bijna schroeïend. Het leek alsof ze van binnen bloedden. 'We zijn soldaten in de oorlog,' zei de man. 'We moeten ons pad zien te vinden. Zovelen weten niet wat hen te wachten staat, als ze dieper in de tuin van het leven komen. Alles sterft hier af.' De verzorgster knikt weer. 'Ja, we moeten op die andere frequentie zien te komen,' zegt ze. 'Want deze loopt dood. Het is een overgang, je voelt de stromen van de bloemen door de lucht heengaan om het pad voor ons te banen. Voelt u dat?'

16. 'Ja,' zegt de man. 'De bloemen weten meer dan wij. Dat is waarom ik altijd van tuinen heb gehouden. Er zijn daar geheime gangen. Zij kunnen leiden tot de hemel.' Midden in de nacht groef de man zich in in de grond. 'Ik wil een bloem worden,' zei hij. Het was tijd dat hij een plaats kreeg

in het verpleeghuis. Hij had het niet meer in de gaten, dat dit niet zijn eigen huis was. Hij was zich niet echt bewust van de overgang. En de verzorgster zocht hem nog vaak op, en er was een prachtige tuin, nog wel prachtiger dan zijn eigen tuin ooit was geweest. 'Wat is mijn tuin toch prachtig geworden,' zei hij trots. En als andere mensen over de schoonheid van de tuin spraken, dan zei hij altijd : 'Ja, ik heb er hard aan gewerkt. Het is niet voor niets geweest, al die lange jaren.' Ook het huis zag er *pico bello* uit, en hij voelde zich als een koning. In het verpleeghuis werden ook kerkdiensten gehouden, maar hij zei altijd tegen de predikant dat hij de politie was. Hij begreep de werkelijke strekking van het verhaal niet meer. Mensen vonden het altijd een beetje vreemd als hij over zijn kinderen, de goden, sprak. Veel van de mensen daar waren toch wel diep gelovig. Hij kon verschrikkelijk opscheppen, en vaak had hij het hoogste woord. Over zijn vrouw die de hemelpoort zou zijn, en dat iedereen zijn vrouw moest aanbidden om in de hemel te kunnen komen. Maar eigenlijk wist hij niet goed meer wat de hemel was. Eens stapte hij op een andere man af met zijn glas, wees in het glas en zei : 'Zie, daar is de hemel.' En sommige mensjes waren erg goedgelovig.

17. Op een dag moest en zou hij preken. Hij duwde bijna de predikant weg van zijn plaats, ging staan en zei : 'Geliefde broeders en zusters, wij, de goden, hebben vandaag besloten u op deze manier toe te spreken. U bent aangekomen in de hemel, gefeliciteerd. U mag elkaar de hand schudden en kussen.' En enkelen begonnen dat ook te doen, maar anderen werden overstuurd. 'Ik ben de kapitein van het schip,' zei de man. 'En wie het daar niet mee eens is wordt overboord gezet.' Na een tijdje luisterden ze allemaal aandachtig naar hem. Hij bedoelde het niet kwaad. Na een tijdje stapte hij op, maar al snel wilden ze hem weer hebben. Elke zondag wilden ze naar hem luisteren. Ook de verzorgsters en verzorgers vonden het interessant. Ze stonden ervan te kijken hoe snel hij leefde in het verpleeghuis. Hoe hij zich vrijer voelde dan hij ooit was geweest. 'Een groot profeet is opgestaan,' riep een man eens tijdens zijn preek.

18. Hij heeft zijn oude levensstijl vergeten, zijn oude denkstijl, en kan niet meer terug. Hij heeft het gevoel dat er wat fout zit, en kan daar vaak kwaad om worden. Hij wil weer tuinieren, en wordt kwaad als het niet lukt. Een vreemd gevoel heeft zich van hem meester gemaakt, en vreet hem aan van binnenuit. Alsof er een spin in hem leeft, dodelijk, onvermoeibaar, met een duidelijk doel. En hij ligt verstrikt in het web. Wat kan hij doen ? Alle ervaringen zijn maar voor even, om daarna nog dieper weg te vallen. Hij bereidt zich voor op de dood, die maar niet komt. Als hij vrouwen ziet borduren, is het alsof zij hem van binnen prikken. Hij kan daar kwaad om worden. Hij raakt meer en meer geïsoleerd van de anderen. Hij heeft zijn eigen kamer. Nog steeds denkt hij dat het zijn eigen huis is, en dat de anderen noodgedwongen bij hem logeren, want buiten is de grote zee, de vloed. Hij herinnert zich een oud kinderversje : Alle dieren twee aan twee, gaan met Noachs ark mee. Hij is er van overtuigd dat hij Noach is, en dat hij hen allemaal gered heeft met zijn ark, zijn huis. Maar nu heeft hij rust nodig. 'Waarom ben ik zo moe in het paradijs ?' vraagt hij zich af. 'Is er soms een slang in het paradijs ? Ben ik gebeten ? Of is dit de hel, is dit mijn straf, ben ik niet uitverkoren ?' Maar de religieuze verwarring maakt al snel weer plaats voor de grote trots over wat hij allemaal al heeft bereikt in zijn leven : kapitein op een schip. Hij wijt zijn religieus trauma aan een vroegere aanval van zeerovers. Die zouden hem op zijn hoofd hebben geslagen. Zijn geheugen gaat op en naar en maakt rare draaiingen. En dan valt hij op een dag helemaal in een grijs gat. Alles tolt voor zijn ogen. 'De zeerovers,' roept hij. 'Ze hebben teruggeslagen.' En dan zijn ineens zijn woorden niet verstaanbaar meer. In zijn hersenen gaat alles traag, alsof ze alles vormalen wat nog is overgebleven. Het is hem zwart voor de ogen nu. Hij kan zijn gedachten niet meer onder woorden brengen. Hij denkt dat hij overboord gegooid is, en dat vissen hem aanvreten, haaïen. Hij zweeft op het randje van de dood. Hij ziet bloeiende tuinen, gloeiend, bijna schroeïend in de zon. Hij denkt

dat hij dood is. Hij voelt zich alsof hij door een donkere gang met bloemen gaat. Hij kan met de bloemen spreken, ze verwelkomen hem. Maar dan is alle verbinding verbroken, en is alles zwart. Hij voelt zich hopeloos verloren, maar even later lijkt het alsof hij in een bloem ligt. De dood ademt hier.

19. Hij leeft weer in het verleden, alsof zijn vrouw er nog is, zijn zusjes, zijn vader en moeder. Zijn zusjes spelen op het plein. Ze zien eruit als popjes. Hij wil ze omhelzen, maar dan staat hij stijf. Zijn vader roept hem. 'Zeg Noach, afwassen.' Ook gaan ze naar de kerk. De stem van de dominee echoot door de kerkzaal. Hij zit weer op school. De leraren staan voor hun schoolborden, waaruit struiken komen om de kinderen mee te nemen. 'Eindelijk,' denkt hij. Al zijn nachtmerries komen terug, de struiken die hun dorens in de monden van jonge kinderen stoppen, en hen in hun tanden steken. En die dorens blijven daar zitten. En pepermunt wordt er in de kerk uitgedeeld, van de mintstruik.

20. 'Ik vraag jullie te luisteren,' zegt de leraar.

- Nee, zegt een kind.

'Dan ga je maar naar de directeur.'

- Geen sprake van.

21. Zo gaat dat altijd. Moe wordt hij ervan. Altijd en eeuwig die dictators. Slangen in het paradijs. Zijn hoofd is heet, zijn oude woede stroomt. Hij heeft zijn vrouw nodig, de poort naar de hemel. Maar hij is jonger nu, en speelt op het plein. De kinderen hebben ruzie. Honden in het paradijs. Ze rennen, ze zijn op jacht. Het zijn vuurbessen in zijn hoofd, de honden van gebrek. Hij ziet de engel des doods, zo vroeg al, zich mengende in het kinderspel. Zijn bittere klauw beroert het zoete kinderhart, en plant het trauma daar, als een pad leidende tot de dood. Zo zijn wij allen hier opgehangen. En op het huwelijk? Trots kijkt zij hem aan, en dan wordt de spiegel ineens ingeslagen. De engel des doods is hier. Ruw worden kinderdromen verstoord, moeders en vaders gillen. De engel des doods vertrekt met het kind, met de pop, ramen inslaande, deuren intrappende, baant hij zijn weg. De engel des doods is hier, waar Maria haar niet kan tegenhouden. Het is een vrouw, het gezicht van een lerares, een dokter, een arrogante blik. Ze heeft haar lange reis gemaakt vanuit de hel om toe te slaan. De oogst van de hel is bijna rijp, hier staat zij met haar sikkel en zeis, als de Zwarte Maria. Hij smeekt haar het kind te sparen, maar koelbloedig neemt zij het kind mee.

21. Onbarmhartig heeft zij toegeslagen. Bij het zien van het leed verroerde zij geen vin, koud als de dood was zij. Haar engel vindt haar weg door harten, om te verwonden. Zij sluit geen compromissen, laat zich niet omkopen. Haar zwarte klauw komt om te grijpen en te doden. Zij komt om te breken, om dat wat alreeds zwak is gemaakt mee te nemen. Ze laat woede achter, onbegrip, verscheurde gevoelens, een doorboord hart.

22. In haar doolhoven zijn we verdwaald, in haar web verstrikt. De confrontatie is onvermijdelijk. Ze laat al haar wapens zien in een reflex. Ze heeft een dodelijke wond, want eens kwam ze haarzelf halen. De engel des levens kijkt haar goedkeurend en bewonderend aan, en we staan schaakmat. Is er nog een andere engel die meeleven toont, dan is dat een gevallen engel, en zo wordt alles weggestreept. Hij wil opstaan uit de kerk, maar hij kan het niet. De woorden van de dominee geven hem troost.

23. De koude hand voelt hij, die zijn schouder indrukt, het machteloze gevoel, de woede, maar het woord van de dominee is verzachtend, ontgiftigend, totdat de engel des doods weer toeslaat. Haar reis vanuit de hel stopt hier. Hier neemt zij haar woning. Maria draagt een zwart kleed, haar

soldaten hebben zwarte helmen, en die zwarte bessen moeten gegeten worden. Hij schreeuwt, vol woede, maar ze sluiten hem op. Een gevallen engel noemen zij hem. Een engel ? Wat is dat ? Heeft dat met een auto-industrie te maken ? En de bijbel, wat is dat dan ? Hij weet het niet meer, in zijn hersenen verliest hij grip. Er is een koud gat in zijn hersenen, glibberig, als besmeurd met uitwerpselen. Het is maar een darm. Voedselresten, niets anders, en een grotere vertering moet nog komen ? Of blijft het hierbij ?

24. Hij staat op straat, het regent. De stad lijkt bezaait met hondenpoep, en nu zwemt het rond in de regen die zich ophoopt op de grond. Kinderen hebben plezier in rubberbootjes. Hier hebben ze altijd van gedroomd. Diepliggende garages lopen onder. Hij kijkt rond. Hij heeft een paraplu. Zo maakt de bakker dus zijn brood, denkt hij.

25. Hij mag er wezen. Hij voelt zich vrij. Het is dinsdag. Hij loopt naar de brug over het smalle riviertje. Dan gaat hij de winkelstraat in. Hij leest een krant die in het regenwater drijft, althans dat probeert hij. Op zoek naar een gouden boodschap, maar al wat hij ziet zijn de eentonige, naargeestige boodschappen van de engel des doods. Met monotone stappen loopt hij verder. 'Hier woonde Iris vroeger,' bedacht hij zich. Maar hij loopt haastig door. Het water is hem bijna tot de knieën gestegen. De stad lijkt nu bezaaid met de uitwerpselen van honden. Het zijn de honden van gebrek, maar hij is gelukkig nu. De apocalypse kent hij nu, de schalen des hemels die over het verloederd volk wordt uitgegoten. Hier heeft hij zo lang op gewacht. En het regent maar door, en de dijken breken door, en hij klimt in een boom. Dit is de boom waar hij als kind altijd in speelde, waar hij zijn hutten had, en zijn eerste vriendinnetjes. De boom was nu veel langer. Ja, hij zou de zondvloed overleven. Deze boom, als de kroon van zijn tuin. Lange schaakstukken staan op de dijken.

26. Hij zoent met Klara, dan met Els, maar op Klara wordt hij steeds verliefder. Hij trouwt met haar, alles in het wit. De tuin is voor hem het belangrijkste. Die boom moet groeien, anders redden we het niet. Op de dijken en duinen loopt hij, de koppen afhakkende van lange schaakstukken. Zij zijn de weg naar de hemel niet, en hij is de politie. Het gaat om de boom. Maar nieuwe koppen komen uit de schaakstukken ploppen. Hij is in een gevecht met de engel des doods. En de engel des levens lacht. Ze waren zo verliefd. Hij ziet haar staan, bij de brug, Kirsten, zijn eerste liefde. Ze is in schitterend wit met allerlei hangende touwtjes. Hij komt dichterbij en de bliksem slaat hem. Ze staan bij een boom, een andere boom, en dan kussen ze elkaar. Een langere jongen gaat er uiteindelijk met haar vandoor, en dan wordt ze een popje van een andere tuin, vreemd voor hem. En de jaren daarvoor was de liefde in hem zo zwak dat hij alleen maar kon dromen. Er waren zoveel andere dingen in hem die hij veel belangrijker vond. Een auto was belangrijker dan een meisje. De juffrouw was belangrijker dan een meisje. De sterkste zijn was belangrijker dan een meisje. Het meeste hebben was belangrijker dan een meisje. Hij trok aan datgene wat de engel des doods vasthield. Hij wist niet wat het was, maar hij wilde het hebben. Een ongelovelijke kracht maakte zich van hem meester, een jeugdige kracht, en zij liet los. Hij hoorde een schreeuw, een gil. Hij hield de engel des levens in zijn armen. Hij trok haar door het inmiddels tot de nek gestegen regenwater. 'Kom naar de boom,' riep hij.

27. 'Wij weten allemaal wat de enige weg is,' zei de dominee. Hij wist het niet meer. 'Ja, maar de stad, de stad,' riep hij.

28. 'Grijp de boom,' riep de dominee. 'Kus haar. Beklim haar. Ze is van jou. Ik verklaar u nu man en vrouw. En deze bijbel mag jullie huwelijk bezegelen.' Hij wist niet wat de bijbel was. 'Liefdesbrieven van Klara of van mijn eerdere liefdes?'

29. 'Allemaal,' zei de dominee. 'Onderhoud nu je tuin.'

30. 'Bind haar aan de boom,' riep iemand. 'Trek haar op,' riep een ander. Een politie-agent deed hem in de boeien. 'Waarom heeft u deze vrouw opgehangen?'

31. 'Ik probeerde haar te redden. Ik ben zelf een politie-agent,' zei hij.

32. 'U moet voorkomen bij de engel des doods,' zei de agent. Ze zat daar in de hal, vooroorlogs. 'Nu is het oorlog,' riep ze. 'Je hebt het vuur van de goden gestolen, Prometheus, en aan de mensen gegeven. Je kent je straf.' Een gier vloog op hem af, om van zijn lever te eten, die tegelijkertijd weer aangroeide. 'Gier,' zij hij. 'Breng haar tot de ark, de grote boom, we missen nog een paar dieren.'

33. De gier vloog op haar af en greep haar.

De Oase

34. Ze had satijn aan, als een popje. De juffrouw had alle kinderen onder haar macht. Als haar poppen waren ze, en ze behandelde hen goed. Alle jongens waren verliefd op de juffrouw, maar er waren belangrijkere dingen dan de juffrouw. Het jaar daarop kregen ze een nieuwe juffrouw, een verschrikkelijke, het tegenovergestelde van de vorige juffrouw. De nieuwe juffrouw was als de engel des doods, als een wild en gevaarlijk dier. En toch wist ze zich te gedragen dat jaar, en kwamen ze er heelhuids doorheen, en het was maar voor een jaar. De dag des doods was voorbij. Het schip triomfeerde in de haven, aan de kade. 'Moet dat nou, al dat bloot?' vroeg zijn vader toen hij meer en meer ging tekenen.

35. 'Ja, open en bloot,' zei hij. 'Ik laat ze niks meer verbergen. Dieren zijn toch ook bloot?'

36. 'Het is een onderwaardering van het vrouwelijke geslacht,' zei vader. 'Zie jij vrouwen als dieren?'

37. 'Bomen staan toch ook bloot?' zei hij. 'Het is onze enige redding.'

38. 'Nee,' zei vader, 'je weet wie onze enige redding is.'

39. Maar hij wist het niet meer. Hij was gefixeerd op de boom. De noot moest gekraakt worden, gepeld, tot aan de pit. 'We hebben lang genoeg gewacht, vader,' zei hij.

40. 'Jij groeit op voor galg en rad,' zei vader.

41. 'En jij groeit op voor de kus van de engel des doods,' zei hij tegen vader.

42. Maar het schip triomfeerde in de haven, aan de kade. De lage boompjes op de grond, de struiken in het diepe zand, warm zand was het, en het leek alsof ze allemaal bewust waren. Het zonlicht leek rinkelend. Hij kon het zich niet meer herinneren, en werd een treurig persoon. Hij wist snel niet meer wat bomen waren. Het dwaalde allemaal op hem heen. Hij lag vaak op bed. Hij was vaak moe, als gekust door de engel des doods. Een diersoort was het in zijn ogen, gemeen, opdringerig.

43. 'Praat niet zo over engelen,' zei vader. 'Het zijn heilige wezens.' Maar hij wist niet meer wat heilig was. Er was een diep gemis in zijn hart, het knaagde. De somberheid van het alledaagse leven overspoelde hem, verlamde hem.

44. 'Trouw haar,' zei de dominee. Het was zijn verlossing uit dat gezin. Klara dronk veel, en hij lustte ook wel een borreltje op zijn tijd, en steeds meer begonnen ze zich in hun huisje terug te trekken. Het was alsof ze alcoholische sappen aan de bomen konden onttrekken. Hij likte aan de bomen.

45. Zij was het schilderij in zijn huis, een schilderij van groen-metalen maaiers, waarmee hij wel over elke wilde haardos wilde gaan. De groen-metalen maaiers schitterden in het zonlicht. Het was een warme, mooie dag. Ze waren als de wachters van de engel des doods. Maar ze had haar betekenis verloren. Ze was als het ei op tafel. Het was paas-ochtend, de geur van het lijden na de dood, nieuw leven brengend. Zijn vrouw stond in de keuken. Hij staarde naar de tuin. Het zou een prachtige dag worden met veel zon. Er was geen krant vandaag, en op de televisie was er het levenslied. Zijn vrouw kwam even later met de koffie binnen, en ging toen zitten om te breien. Het was alsof hij alles weer opnieuw beleefde. Ze zat ver weg van hem, of dat kwam door de vele spullen die tussen hen stonden. Het huis stond vol met de dierbare spulletjes van zijn vrouw. Er werd niet veel gezegd. Het ging bergafwaarts met zijn vrouw, en snel werd ze door de engel des doods weggehaald. Een groot ei zweefde boven de vijver. Deze had zijn vrouw opgeslokt. Het was alweer pasen. Het jaar daarna was hij alleen. Hij at veel eieren, om iets van zijn vrouw terug te krijgen, maar hij ving veel bot. Hij liet schilderijen in zijn huis hangen, Franse schilderijen, met wulpse gestalten die 's nachts tot leven kwamen, tot hem kwamen, om hem te beladen met kerkelijke schuld. Hij wist dat er wat mis was met hem. Hij had aan bomen gelikt.

46. De nachten duurden lang, waren diep, waarin hij vele gesprekken voerde, naar de schilderijen staarde. Hij liet een bar plaatsen. De gestalten van de schilderijen moesten zijn vrouw vervangen, de leegtes opvullen. Maar de kerkelijke prijs was hoog, een prijs die opliep tot aan pasen. Hij was de gekruisigde, hij was de engel des doods. Hij was voortijdig gekomen, gevallen was hij. Maar het grote boek begon de betekenissen te veranderen. Het was een draaiboek, een boek van rekeningen, en hij doneerde veel geld om zijn geweten los te kopen, uit deze hel. Hij was het zelf die die lange reis vanuit de hel had gemaakt, en nu was hij hier, met al zijn groengelakte maaiers. De tuin vroeg erom om gemaaid te worden, en het was een mooie dag. De tuin was klaar om haar oogst te geven. Hij greep, miste, en greep nog een keer, en was vereeuwigd in een schilderij. Hij met de zeis, gedood om te doden. De vlaggen hingen uit buiten. Hij herinnerde de verzorgster die kwam. Hij liet haar ook aan bomen likken, en zij werd als hem. Zij leerde van hem. Hij had een machts-positie. Zij aanbad hem omdat hij ouder was, en veelkleurig was. Voor haar was hij niet ziek maar vrij, een verlicht mens. Hij liet haar het schilderij zien waarop hij stond. 'Is dat je grootvader?' vroeg ze.

47. - Nee, dat ben ik.

'Je lijkt veel ouder hier.'

- Macht verouderd.

'Wie heeft het geschilderd?'

48. Hij zwijgt, en hangt het schilderij weer terug. Met pasen eten ze altijd samen paas-eitjes. Dan herinnert hij zich niks meer, en gaat terug in de tijd, zo ver, dat hij bij de witte lijnen aankomt. Als hij erover gaat zal hij sterven. Hij beweegt zich helemaal tot het randje van de laatste streep. Hij kijkt in de diepte van een reusachtig ravijn. 'Hier wil ik niet sterven,' denkt hij. Hij gaat terug, en

hoort zijn vader en moeder tot hem spreken, hem betuttelen. Hij is niet vrij. Strak wordt hij opgevoed. Zijn vader bespeelt hem als een pop. Zijn moeder kan hem niet bereiken. Hij heeft een ei met vele stralen in zijn hart. ‘Alleen een vrouw kan me hieruit redden,’ denkt hij.

49. ‘Wil je met haar trouwen?’ vraagt de dominee.

‘Ja,’ zegt hij.

‘Dan is zij nu uw vrouw.’

50. De kerkdienst gaat verder. Zijn vader en moeder zijn verdrietig omdat ze hem kwijt zijn. Ze wilden hem in een hokje houden. De dominee neemt het hok over. Als dieren zijn ze in het schip van Noach, twee aan twee. Zijn vrouw kan goed naaien en breien. En borduren doet ze ook graag, maar het steekt hem. Het steekt hem dat ze toch ook zo ver weg is. Ze leven in verschillende werelden. Ze breekt zoveel van zijn hart weg, door haar geprik, als een spin die hem van binnen aanvreet. En met pasen zijn er nieuwe eieren. Hij is het paaskind, maar hij kan niet opnieuw geboren worden. Daarvoor zijn de banden te strak. De tijd brengt dood voort, geen leven. En hij gaat het tegemoet. Een vrouw moet hem redden. Zijn eigen vrouw is niet genoeg, het gaat niet diep genoeg, alhoewel ze diep steekt. Dan zijn daar de Franse schilderijen. Met deuren die 's nachts opengaan. Hij leert hen bomen likken. Ze worden als hem, en kunnen niet meer terug. Ze zijn de stralen van het ei. Hij is de kapitein op het schip, en buiten loeren de haaien op hem. Ze willen hem naar een verpleeghuis brengen, net als zijn vrouw. Zijn vrouw woont nu in de haaien, als de prinses der haaien is zij. Ze hebben haar overboord gegooid. Hij zal hen vinden. Hij is de engel des doods, het ei met de vele stralen. Hij had niet moeten slapen, hij had zijn tuin moeten onderhouden. Nu is ze weg. De Franse soldaten hebben hun Napoleon gevonden. Hij steekt zijn maaiers in de fik, en is klaar om te gaan grillen. De honden van gebrek zijn in de stad. Nu is alles in vuur. Hij zal zijn vrouw vinden. Hij zal haar vinden in de haai die haar opslokte, en van die haai zullen ze hun boot maken. Maar zijn herinneringen draaien, en zijn ziedend, en dan weet hij ineens niks meer. Hij weet niet dat hij ooit een vrouw had. Hij heeft nu de gedachte dat ze er nooit is geweest. Ze probeerden hem iets op de mouw te spelden. Hij woont alleen. Zijn huis staat in een klein bos, met een bloemenveld. Hij woont hier eenzaam en verlaten, met zijn maaiers. Veel te maaien elke dag. Daar trekt hij zich aan op. En schilderijen zijn zijn passie maar zij zijn dood. En ook boeken zijn zijn passie, maar zij zijn dood. Hij houdt van de engel des doods. Het leven is te eng. Hij heeft een Maria-beeld naast de televisie, wat hij ooit heeft zwartgeverfd. Er is een lamp in geplaatst. Hij aanbidt haar, maar dan verdwijnt haar betekenis. Ook zij is dood. De dode kunst trekt hem aan, en het dode water der bomen, de alcohol. De lucht ruikt naar drop. Hij durft niet naar het toilet, daarom gebruikt hij een po die hij eens in de week verschoont. De po staat boven, en bakent zijn terrein af. Het beschermt hem tegen de wilde dieren van het bos. Hij staart uit het raam en ziet de uitgestrekte velden der vergetelheid. Hier zijn de witte strepen. En nu wil hij er echt voor gaan. Hij vecht, hij schreeuwt, hij overwint, en verliest dan. Beelden staan er in zijn huis, die het Christus-verhaal uitbeelden. Vaak gaat hij langs die beelden. Die beelden zijn als zijn huisdieren, veilig in de ark van Noach. De ark van Mozes heeft horens. Hij komt dichterbij, en de geur van wierook, drop en chocola overspoelt hem, maar ook de geur van hondenpoep. Hij grijpt de horens van de ark, maar wordt dan achteruit geslagen. Boven de ark verschijnt een ei met vele stralen. De ark verandert in een doodskist, en hij heeft het gevoel alsof hij in een lift zit, en wordt uitgestrekt als een sigaar in een sigarenhouder. ‘Ik ben een van de velen,’ denkt hij. ‘Velen zijn geroepen, weinig uitverkoren.’ Doodsangst overvalt hem.

51. Zijn hang naar materiele goederen wordt groter, die zijn hersenen bevroren. Goud en metaal is zijn lust, edele metalen, het liefst gelakt. De badkamer is als een ark voor hem. Hij staart veel naar bijbeltaferelen op schilderijen, maar hij kan ze nauwelijks herinneren. Hij is alleen, in een koel huis. Hij strijdt tegen alles totdat het dood is. Het dode heeft de vlam van ander leven, elitair leven, fijngevoelige kunst. Maar hij kan dit leven niet opbrengen. Het hout om hem heen begint te rotten, het goud om hem heen begint te stinken, en het koele begint hem te steken. Een spin vreet hem aan, een groep dolle wolven. De honden van gebrek zijn hier, de honden van een duivels paradijs. Zij nemen hem mee naar het verpleeghuis, en zij gaan zijn huis bewonen. Zij hebben al zijn medailles afgenomen, om er zelf mee te pronken. 'Alleen de duivel kan de duivel overwinnen,' denkt hij. Hij weet nog nauwelijks wie of wat de duivel is. Hij ziet het als een wapen. Hij moet zich verdedigen, maar hij kan het niet. 'Ik kan net zo goed Frans praten,' denkt hij.

52. De juffrouw houdt hem stevig vast.

53. 'Wil je met haar trouwen ?' vraagt de dominee.

54. Hij knikt verlegen. Als hij thuis is maait hij het gras. Zijn vrouw komt hem een hoog glas brengen. Later zitten ze in de tuin. Ze gaan vroeg naar bed. Zijn vrouw leest voor. Over de engel des doods wordt niet gesproken. Wel weten ze dat het een plaaggeest is. Dan gaan ze slapen. Zijn vrouw kust hem. Hij houdt haar hand vast. Zijn zusjes wonen bij hem in. Ze zijn paas-eitjes aan het beschilderen. Als hij het ziet krijgt hij er honger van. Zijn zusjes spelen vaak op het pleintje, waar ze spelletjes doen. Ook zijn ouders wonen bij hem in. Hij draagt het ei met stralen. In de nacht maait hij. Dokters nemen hem mee in de nacht, zeggende dat hij schizofreen is, een gevaar voor de samenleving, met zijn maaiers. Zij nemen hem mee en sluiten hem op, ver weg van het oog van zijn familie. Zij willen het ei met de stralen uit hem roven, maar zij kunnen het niet. Hij denkt dat zij buitenaardsen zijn. Van de planeet aarde schijnt hij nog nooit gehoord te hebben, en wil er ook niet zoveel mee te maken hebben.

55. Met hem schijnt het beter te gaan nu ze hem nieuwe pillen hebben gegeven. Hij is inmiddels in het ziekenhuis, op een speciale afdeling. Langzaam begint hij weer uit bed te komen. De zusters bewonderen hem vanwege zijn humor en zijn markante persoonlijkheid. Hij is bijna hun god. Hij wordt hier als een prins behandeld, als een prins die van het paard is gevallen, zoals hij dat altijd zegt. Snel heeft hij een vriendin, en zijn gezondheid verbeterd steeds meer, tot zo'n hoogte dat hij zelfs weer op zichzelf zou kunnen wonen. Met zijn vriendin krijgt hij ergens een woning hoog in een flat. Zijn vriendin is veel jonger, maar door de pillen verjongd hij ook. In zijn flatwoning voelt hij zich al snel als de prins van Bagdad. Door de pillen loopt zijn leeftijd zo drastisch terug dat hij op een gegeven moment nog maar twintig is. Het voelt heerlijk aan tussen de hoge flatgebouwen. Hij staart vaak naar de overkant. Hij voelt zich vitaal. Tussen de flatgebouwen door zijn de prachtigste rozentuinen, waar hij vaak doorloopt of langsloopt met zijn vriendin. Er hangt een beetje een oosters of Arabisch sfeertje, en dat bevalt hem wel. Maar de rozenstruiken groeien steeds hoger en worden steeds dichter, om zo de flatgebouwen te isoleren. Nu voelt hij zich als Doornroosje. Ze gaan verhuizen en krijgen een flatje aan het weiland. Op dit tijdstip begint het weer slechter met hem te gaan, ook al is hij twintig. Misschien dat nu de ouderdom toch echt toeslaat. Weer belandt hij in het ziekenhuis, maar hij voelt zich nog steeds de prins van Bagdad, en zelfs van heel Arabie. Hij staart vaak naar de stenen van het ziekenhuis die zo'n aparte kleur hebben. Vooral als het zonlicht erop valt heeft het een prachtig effect. Zacht roze is toch wel de mooiste kleur, denkt hij.

56. En als zijn vriendin bij hem op bezoek komt heeft ze zo'n mooie roze jurk. Ze neemt hem mee voor een wandeling langs het meer. De melkfabriek staat hier dichtbij en alles ruikt hier aangebrand. In zijn gedachten zweeft hij met haar over het meer, en roze zwanen volgen hen. Even later liggen ze beiden in het koele meer. 'Zullen we naar de overkant zwemmen?' vraagt hij. Zijn vriendin vindt het best. Dat hebben ze al wel eerder gedaan. Achter het meer zijn de weilanden, en achter het weilanden is hun flat. Helemaal nat komen ze aan in hun woning. Maar hij zorgt dat hij voor het donker wordt weer in het ziekenhuis is. Ook al is hij nu dan weer in het ziekenhuis, deze laatste bladzijden van zijn leven zijn sterk en roze, als rotsen waarop hij kan bouwen. Hij voelt zich veilig hier, iets wat over hem waakt. De golfjes die hier aankomen brengen voornamelijk geluk. Een oase was over hem heengevallen, en dat was allemaal net op tijd.

3.

1. En de Zoon van Christus was genaamd Karakter, de rode spinvlieg, die de Poort der Rode Strepen opende, de vijfde poort. En de rode strepen zijn de vele kinderen van Christus. Zo is dan Karakter het hart van Christus, Zijn Naam, de tweede Christus, als het konijn der eeuwigheden, als de konijnenboom die tot in alle eeuwigheden groeit. 2. Roep dan Zijn Naam aan. 3. En zij die wijsheid hebben zullen het openen der poorten verstaan, en zij zullen deze poorten binnengaan door de Vokolkus. Bereken daarom de Vokolkus en doet onderzoek in haar, want zij is een licht op uw pad. 3. En de engelen droegen het Kind van Christus naar een verborgen plaats, waar de draak het kind niet kon vinden. 4. Kindekens, bereken dan ook het getal van de draak, opdat gij zult overwinnen. En dat getal is vijvenvijftig. Oh, hoe lang zult gij nog slapen. Wanneer zult gij opstaan om het licht te vinden. In de dieptes van het woud wil Ik u leiden. 5. Komt dan tot de rivier in het bos, waarover Christus ging in een boot, in de onderwereld. 6. Volgt dan nauwgezet in zijn sporen en voetstappen, opdat gij niet zult branden. Want velen zullen branden omdat zij andere christussen hebben gevolgd. Kent daarom uw lessen. 7. Zo zullen zij die de Vokolkus kennen deze dragen als een kroon. 8. Ja, heiligt dan de achtergrond-geschriften van het Eeuwig Evangelie, want zij zijn u ten leven, en zij dragen de sleutels tot de bijgeschriften en tot de canon. 9. Laat daarom niemand deze geschriften gering achten, want zij die deze dingen verachten, met hen zal niet gerekend worden. 10. Onderzoekt de schriften, en wordt wijs, want de dagen zijn duister. 11. Deze profetische geschriften dan zijn heilig, en aan u geschonken opdat gij Hem leert kennen die u schiep. 12. Ja, teder heeft Hij u geschapen, in een mand van licht, en Hij heeft u verre gehouden van de slangen. 13. Ontwaak uit de duisternis, en hangt Hem aan, want Hij leidt u. En Hij zal u leiden naar zachte rivieren en zoete wateren, om de wonden van uw harten te verbinden. Ja, Hij zal u tezamen smeden als kostbare metalen, tot een wapen tronende in alle eeuwigheden. 14. Zo bent gij dan ontwaakt uit het onrecht. Gij hebt deze dagen mogen aanschouwen. Weest daarom dankbaar. 15. En gij zult zien hoe de Zoon van Christus de vijfde poort opende. Ja, hij opende deze door de slang en het wiel. En dit, geliefden, is een groot geheimenis. En velen zullen komen om hun hoofden over dit geheimenis te buigen. 16. Let dan op het teken van de ekster, want zij bewaakt dit geheimenis. En zij die het geheimenis hebben verstaan, zullen hun jeugd hebben hervonden, ja, tot in alle eeuwigheden.

4.

Arabisch Amalgam

1. Ik, 27 jaar,
Lang,
Doe mezelf ouder voor dan ik ben.

2. Zij, 44 jaar

3. We zijn gelukkig samen, alsof we het eeuwig geluk hebben gevonden. Toch leiden we een saai leven, een sleur, zitten we opgesloten tussen muren. We leven meer in de dalen dan op de toppen. We mogen niet klagen, alcohol vult altijd de leegtes op. We moeten beiden oppassen geen alcoholisten te worden, maar we hebben het nu redelijk onder controle. Vaak als we klachten hebben wordt ons alcoholische dranken voorgeschreven door onze dokter. Onze dokter is wel alcoholist, maar daar hebben wij genoeg meegenomen. Dit omdat het een aardige man is, en dat zijn dokters zeer zelden. Hij neemt ons serieus en heeft ons op sleeptouw genomen.

4. Zij, is kleiner dan mij, heeft grote borsten die het leeftijds-verschil opvullen. We hebben geen kinderen, en dat willen we ook niet. Ze is rustig, ik ben tamelijk druk, dus we houden elkaar in balans. Zij leert mij nu om rustig te zijn, ook om mijn innerlijke stem te verstaan. Innerlijke vrede noemt ze dat. De dokter is hier weleens dronken geweest. We hebben besloten hem de hand boven het hoofd te houden. We zouden hem nooit verraden. We zijn niet kerkelijk, maar gaan wel naar een discussie-groepje om daar de dingen van het geloof te bespreken. Veelal wordt het geloof vanuit de atheïstische hoek bekeken, aangevuld met kunstzinnige ideeën. We beschouwen het geloof als een vreemde erfenis, als cultuurgoed, maar voelen ons ook ingenomen, onder schrikbewind, door kolonisten uit het midden-oosten. We hebben nog geen geestelijke onafhankelijkheid. Ook de psychische gezondheidszorg houdt ons nog in mentale afhankelijkheid, en de zogeheten tandheelkunde houdt ons in orale afhankelijkheid, en deze bezetters komen allemaal uit het oosten aanwaaien. Trots zijn we er niet op, we hebben meer binnengelaten dan ons lief is, en hebben onze onafhankelijkheid prijsgegeven aan idioten, beulen. Maar ja, het was immers oorlog, het was een strooptocht, kolonisten zijn uit op kolonies, het creëren van een apartheid. Deze kolonisten hebben een minderwaardig ras geschapen, wij. Het is voor het leken-ras verboden na te denken. Er wordt al voor ons gedacht, er is al voor ons gedacht, en er zal nog veel voor ons gedacht worden. Dat de etiketten niet passen is niet van belang. Het zijn de merktekens van het beest.

5. En dan is er nog de sex-politie die ons seksueel afhankelijk heeft gemaakt, bang dat een onzedelijk geluidje in een oplettend kinderoortje terecht zal komen. Maar diezelfde kinderoortjes worden niet gespaard voor het traumatiserende geschreeuw van knettergekke dokters en het erbarmeloze geboor van de zogeheten tandarts. Dat diezelfde kinderen voor de ogen van hun ouders door zulke misdadigers oraal worden gescalpeerd schijnt geen probleem te zijn. In Afrika worden kleine meisjes vanwege het volksgeloof aldaar vaginaal besneden, en daar is men in de hele wereld terecht ontdaan over, en wordt het als een godslasterlijke misdaad beschouwd, maar hier worden kinderen, zowel jongens als meisjes door de bezetter oraal besneden, en geen kip die erom kraait.

6. Mijnheer A. Hoekstra-Van Het Land denkt hier anders over. In zijn zogeheten tandartsen-praktijk wordt alles veilig gedaan, en zijn er strenge voorzorgsmaatregelen, die overigens overal gelden, en waar ook een strenge controle op is. Ook worden er na de besnijding betrouwbare, goed geteste stoffen gebruikt om de opening weer mee te bedekken, zodat het gebit van het kind extra lang mee kan gaan. Mevrouw T. Foppen sluit zich hier helemaal bij aan, en ja, wat hebben wij in te brengen tegen deze bezetters? We kunnen ons hoogstens aansluiten bij het verzetstrijders-front tegen zulke praktijken. Wij hebben allemaal het merkteken van het beest ontvangen, of we nu wilden of niet, en

het merkteken is eeuwig. Daar kan zelfs God of de keizer niets aan veranderen. Er zijn hier in dit land drie oppergeloven waar iedereen zich aan dient te onderwerpen, waarvoor elke knie zich dient te buigen, en waartoe elke tong zal belijden : het medische geloof, het geloof in de geestelijke gezondheid, en het orale geloof, tot aan het dentale toe. En of je nu een dentaal bent of je bent het niet : die kerk kent geen grenzen.

7. Maarten Stokmans-Van Zeilen, zogeheten tandarts, aan de Belgische grens, vermeldt dat er de laatste tijd vreemde dingen in zijn zogeheten tandartsen-praktijk plaatsvinden. Zo zouden beugels spontaan inkrimpen, en zogenaamd amalgaam, de zogeheten grijze roestvrije metaal-vullingen, zou spontaan in het niets oplossen. Hij gebruikt daarom nu veel vaker witte en rode vullingen, die volgens hem wat meer betrouwbaar zijn. Rood is tegelijkertijd de kleur van zijn lievelingskat, dus dat geeft ook direct een emotionele verbinding met thuis. Ook is Maarten tegelijkertijd een enthousiast lid van de pinkstergemeente, en staat hij elke zondag trouw in deze kerk te klappen op de maat van de overigens heel mooie en aanstekelijke muziek. Hij heeft een visie voor het invoeren van veel meer kleuren zogeheten vullingen, zodat de mensen kunnen kiezen waarmee de barbaarse boorgaten voor eeuwig kunnen worden verborgen. Dat zou ook wat meer vrolijkheid brengen onder deze groep mensen die zo lijden onder de orale bezetting uit het oosten. Hij vindt ook wel dat de paus van de zogeheten tandartsen, Alexander de Kleine, de touwtjes wel wat mag vieren.

8. Kaakchirurg Riekerd van Aarnautsen is het hier niet mee eens, want hij vreest dat een al te zeer bemoedigde jonge generatie wel eens het einde van de bezetting zou kunnen betekenen. En dat zou helemaal godsonterend zijn. De wet die hen door God gegeven is, en waardoor zij de macht hebben gekregen, moet gehandhaafd worden. Van Aarnautsen staat hierin niet alleen. Tenminste negentig procent van de zogeheten tandartsen en kaakchirurgen staan achter hem, alhoewel sommigen gedwongen zijn dit te doen. Ook is hij van mening dat het God Zelf is geweest die het zogeheten amalgaam heeft geschapen, en dat wij Zijn schepping moeten eren en ervan gebruik moeten maken. Hij is van mening dat het amalgaam ook goed gebruikt kan worden in andere delen van het lichaam, vooral in de botten. Hij vindt het onzin om mensen die jarenlang niet kunnen slapen van de heuppijn een nieuwe heup te geven. Implantaties van amalgaam zouden volgens hem wonderen kunnen verrichten. Dit omdat het volgens hem bewezen is dat amalgaam gevoeligheid van de botten kan afdekken.

9. Ja, de verschillende meningen over amalgaam en het gebruik ervan, dat is me er eentje. Nu wil Van Aarnautsen zijn naam veranderen in Van Aernautsen met Ae, want dat staat volgens hem veel deftiger. Men is er maar druk mee, met de grote drie, de drie supergeloven van dit land. Het christelijk geloof is daar helemaal aan ondergeschikt, want ook de christen buigt voor de dokter, de geestelijk verzorger en de zogeheten tandarts. Het geloof van de zogeheten tandarts is gebaseerd op de orale besnijding, als plicht, als prioriteit, en zij die rebels daartegen zijn worden doorverwezen naar de geestelijke verzorgers, want die mensen mankeren natuurlijk heel wat. Veel mensen denken dat we in 1945 zijn bevrijd van de nazi's, maar de bezetting door de nazi's is groter dan ooit, door de medi-nazi's, de psychinazi's en de nazi's van de mond, de orale nazi's. En dit is dan ook de drie-eenheid die alomtegenwoordig aanbeden wordt. Het vullingenbeheer wordt overgelaten aan de orale organisten, de tandpasta-producenten, die net zoals de nazi's fluor gebruiken, een afvalproduct, om de gehypnotiseerde kolonie gewillig te houden. Zij bespelen met grote flair en betutteling de monden van de leken-families, zodat er niet al teveel tegenspraak zal zijn. Men moet eten wat de pot schaft, en door het geпоets komt er ook nog eens lekker veel gifdamp vrij van de kwikhoudende en kankerverwekkende chemicaliën die ze vullingen noemen inplaats van

gedwongen bot-implantaten, als de kinderdoop na de besnijdenis. En na zulk een gebeurtenis is hun naam ineens haas, en zijn alle verdere klachten voor de psychiater en de zondagsschool. Nee, dan ben ik maar als een oude jood die zegt : De verlosser moet nog komen. Een geschikte kandidaat hiervoor zou zijn Nelson Lincoln, die ook nog eens voor de dieren opkomt.

10. Onder dwangverpleging moeten we vandaag de dag van de verboden vrucht eten, om zo vervolgens nog meer in de problemen te komen, om zo nog rijper voor de verboden vrucht te worden. Dit is een vicieuze cirkel. En gedwongen implantaten hebben meer te maken met bezoek van buitenaardse wezens dan met werkelijke zorg. We zijn allang niet meer van onszelf. Maar goed, elke religie heeft zijn ongelovigen, en die moeten naar de hel. De hele wereld zal het beest achterna gaan om zijn beeld te aanbidden en zijn merkteken te dragen. De vijand werkt met vergiftiging, en met ontkenning ervan, zo is het altijd al geweest.

11. Mijnheer Olafsen uit Zutphen aan de Rijn zegt dat aan amalgaam geen enkel gevaar zit, want alles zit netjes ingedekt binnenin de kies. Nooit van dampvorming en metaalradiatie gehoord, mijnheer Olafsen ? Vervolgens zegt mijnheer Olafsen dat er maar heel weinig van het amalgaam daadwerkelijk in het lichaam terecht kan komen. Hoe weet u dat mijnheer Olafsen ? Ooit weleens opgemeten ? En weet u niet dat de apparatuur van de bezetters zichzelf echt niet zullen gaan verraden ? Drogredenaties, mijnheer Olafsen. En u heeft geen respect voor de mening van een ander, zelfs niet als het om hun eigen mond gaat. Uw wil is wet, want u heeft uw kolonie bezet, en duldt geen verzet. U houdt hen allen in slaap door het stafke van Doornroosje, met uw prikkende boren, soms tot aan de zenuw toe, en dan maar de gepleegde misdaden afdekken. Wie heeft u gezegd in de monden van gevoelige kinderen te gaan boren ? Het is niet veel anders dan Karel de Kleine die met het zwaard de ongelovigen dwong het christendom aan te nemen. En zo is de orale besnijding net zo erg als de vaginale besnijding, omdat het beiden om dwang gaat, en de klachten erbij niet serieus worden genomen. Klachten zijn de tekenen dat de bezetting werkt. En men wil dat zo houden. Alle tong zal belijden, elke knie zal buigen.

12. Bert Ootjes is door het verzet als zogeheten holistisch tandarts geplaatst in Bergen aan de Maas. Hij werd geplaatst voor het verwijderen van brandmerken, mertekens en nummers van het beest, en werkte in opdracht van de patient. Door de ongelovelijke werkdruk is mijnheer Ootjes overspannen geraakt, en plaatste het verzet een tweede zogeheten holistisch tandarts, professor Joost Achterbergen. Ook hij werkte in opdracht van de patient. Sindsdien zijn er vele zogeheten holistische tandartsen in het land gaan werken om de orale besnijdingen tegen te gaan. Veel van die zogeheten holistische tandartsen waren boorloos, maar ook de bezetters infiltrerden in deze branche, maar dan met boren. Om het infiltreren tegen te gaan plaatste het verzet scherpjes die zelf dauwdruppels konden aanmaken, en die scherpjes bezaten twee soorten poedertjes die op de zogeheten tandarts zouden reageren. Werden de dauwdruppels blauwkleurig, dan was de kust veilig, maar als de dauwdruppels roodkleurig werden, dan had de patient te doen met een infiltrant. Zo konden patienten het snel testen. Het was een uitvinding van Bert Ootjes. Niemand heeft ooit het tegendeel van de werking ervan kunnen bewijzen, en als er wetenschappelijk commentaar van buiten het verzet kwam, dan werd dat gewoon niet erkend. Het kwam er al snel op neer dat minstens vijftig procent van de zogeheten holistische tandartsen infiltranten waren van de bezetting. Velen hadden gewoon hun eigen gifjes die ze gebruikten, en de orale besnijding werd gewoon doorgezet. Ook het half serieus nemen werd een grote trend.

13. Ik ben in het verzet gegaan toen ik 25 werd, maar omdat ik op straat werd neergestoken kon ik geen actief lid meer zijn, en beperkte mij hooguit tot discussie-groepjes. Ik raakte verlamd. Ik zit nu

in een rolstoel, en moet weer langzaam leren lopen. Mijn vriendin helpt me daarbij. Vandaag ben ik met haar naar het naaktstrand gegaan omdat het buitengewoon mooi weer was. Daar waren mensen met mooie naakte plekken in hun mond, niet vervuild door de zogeheten tandarts. Alles puur natuur.

14. 28 Januari 1971

15. De flower power beweging groeit nog steeds, meer dan ooit. Ook de 'Baas in Eigen Mond' beweging groeit hard, vooral onder de jeugd. Ik kan weer een beetje lopen. De wonden zijn aardig genezen. De naaktstranden zijn dichtbevolkt nu. Overall wordt geprotesteerd en gedemonstreerd tegen de bezetting, tegen de grote drie, maar het ministerie is niet onder de indruk. Het is volgens hen door de gezondheidsraad bewezen dat de grote drie geen kwaad hebben verricht en een bevordering zijn voor de volksgezondheid. Inmiddels grijpt de bevolking massaal naar speciale tandpastas voor gevoelige tanden, want nieuwe zogeheten vullingsoorten zorgen ervoor dat zelfs duikers niet meer zo diep konden duiken als voorheen, doordat ze de druk op de mond niet meer aankunnen vanwege deze nieuwe aanwinst in de farmaceutische industrie. Dit wordt door het ministerie ontkent. De nieuwe zogeheten vullingsoorten zijn prima. De bezetting kan er alleen maar van profiteren. Er wordt alleen vanuit het hogere elite-ras gedacht. Het leken-ras is niet interessant. Steeds meer jongeren beginnen zich tegen de flower power beweging te verzetten, omdat er maar niets gebeurt. Het is allemaal te soft, en de meesten worden gezien als watjes die niets ondernemen dan mantras zingen en mandalas tekenen. De heavy metal beweging begint te groeien, en kaapt veel van de flower power beweging weg. De zogeheten underground wordt een grote attractie voor degenen die maar geen aansluiting konden vinden in de flower power beweging, of hen die erin teleurgesteld waren en grote vraagtekens hadden.

16. Bert Ootjes begint een nieuwe pseudo-industrie en wordt door de politie opgepakt en vastgezet. Hij is inmiddels de grootste verzetsstrijder die het verzet kent, en de bekendste. Hij wordt ook wel de Vader van het Verzet genoemd. In de gevangenis vindt Bert Ootjes een nieuw hormoon uit wat tanden weer kan laten aangroeien. Wel zorgt dit hormoon ervoor dat de tanden om de zoveel tijd gewisseld worden, en dat betekent dus tegelijkertijd het einde van de hele zogeheten tandheelkunde. Het hormoon is een mengsel van een stof die door haaien en krokodillen wordt gedragen, en die door een simpele injectie in een mens ingebracht kan worden, eens en voor altijd. Vanaf het moment van de injectie maakt het lichaam de stof zelf aan. Het hormoon slaat in als een bom, en naast het verdwijnen van de zogeheten tandheelkunde valt ook de geestelijke gezondheidszorg en ook het medische bewind. Nu een van de grote drie is gevallen blijkt het dat ze hun belangrijkste schakel kwijt zijn. Mensen worden gezonder doordat ze niet meer als een afvalput van gifstoffen worden behandeld. Ook het kerkelijk geloof valt hierbij in, en onze erfenis bleek niet veel meer te zijn dan een zogeheten vulling na de besnijdenis, en nu de besnijdenis was verdwenen daalde ook de behoefte naar een zogeheten vulling, maar de dwang was er nog steeds. De grote twee adopteerden toen het kerkelijk geloof als nummer drie, maar de geloofwaardigheid hiervan was tot een minimum gedaald, en velen lieten zich niet zomaar meer afzetten.

17. 3 Januari 1980

18. Bert Ootjes komt vrij, en zorgt ervoor dat ons land de onafhankelijkheid krijgt. De geestelijke gezondheidszorg en het medische geloof worden tot liefde-werk gereduceerd. Het kerkelijk geloof mag daarbij helpen, maar verliest haar macht. Nelson Lincoln wordt de nieuwe anarchistische leider, en ook Joost Achterbergen speelt hierin een grote rol. Zij worden de nieuwe grote drie. Een man genaamd Tutuc zet een geheel nieuwe religie op gebaseerd op liefde en sex. Maas-Middelland

wordt de nieuwe hoofdstad, waar professionele prostituees zich zetelen en de stad leiden. Er worden meer naaktstranden geopend, en het land wordt voor vijftig procent naturistisch. Tutuc richt de Naturistische Anarchistische Partij op, de NAP, en krijgt zestig procent van alle stemmen. Velen hebben een andere definitie van naturisme, die volgens hen veel meer is dan gewoon naakt lopen. Binnen het naturisme komen vele stromingen. Er wordt fel uitgehaald naar de mode beweging die wordt gezien als sexuele onderdrukking en het creëren van een underdog. Nog steeds dertig procent van de bevolking hangt de mode beweging aan, en ze hebben grote invloed, vooral op scholen, waar andersdenkenden al snel als leken-ras worden gezien. De mode wordt steeds meer gezien als manipulatie en als een belemmering voor de vrijheid.

19. 28 Augustus 1981

20. Het land heeft de status van Utopia bereikt. Er is vrede overal. Men kan elkaar weer waarderen, men voelt zich weer veilig bij elkaar, er is weer vertrouwen, rust, maar ook onafhankelijkheid. Ik kan inmiddels weer goed lopen en alles weer doen. Veel ga ik met mijn vriendin naar het zwanenmeer, het plantsoen. Hier kom ik helemaal tot rust. We hebben het vaak over onze schooltijd. Ik ben erg veranderd volgens mijn vriendin, minder druk. De roosjes beginnen uit te komen langs het zwanenmeer, en ze brengen wit sap voort. De grootste zwaan van het plantsoen gaat stoer over het riviertje dat het slot omgeeft. Altijd ruikt het hier naar zeewier. Als ze van die grootste zwaan niet zouden zeggen dat het een zwaan was, dan zou ik denken dat het een paard was. De bloemen komen hier laat uit, en niemand weet waarom. Altijd pas na de mid-hitte van de zomer. De criminaliteit is hier tot een nulpunt gedaald. Ik voel me weer veilig op straat.

21. In andere landen is het nog geen Utopia, en zijn missionarissen van Bert Ootjes vaak niet welkom. Heel veel buitenlanders emigreren naar ons land, en er komen steeds meer flats, die ook steeds hoger worden, en dit schijnt een goede uitwerking te hebben op de onderlinge vrede. In de politiek in andere landen gaat het er hard aan toe, ze geven Bert Ootjes geen kans. En ons land noemen ze de nieuwe toren van Babel. Dan wordt Bert Ootjes in het buitenland vastgezet wegens het smokkelen van zwaar alcoholische dranken. Hier schrijft hij zijn apocalypse. In ons land wordt een standbeeld van hem opgericht. Zijn geboortedag wordt een nationale feestdag. Met de diertjes gaat het helaas nog steeds niet goed. Ze worden nog volop geslacht, en er wordt nog volop van hen genoten. Wel heeft Nelson Lincoln al heel veel voor hen gedaan. Vegetariërs proberen heel wat, maar worden aan alle kanten tegengewerkt. Hun hoop is eigenlijk op Bert Ootjes, maar die zit in de gevangenis. De dieren hebben zo nog steeds geen onafhankelijkheid, en behoren nog steeds tot het leken-ras. Slagers beginnen steeds meer reclame te maken, met de meest idiote, uit zijn verband gerukte, betuttelingen, en proberen de massa met liedjes en slagzinnen in hypnose te houden. Leuk, zo'n arm diertje slachten, en dan ook erbij gaan zingen. De zingende slagers zijn populair, en er worden veel platen verkocht. Ook banketbakkers werken veel vaker met vlees. De warme broodjes met vleesvullingen gaan pijlsnel over de toonbank heen. En ze vinden steeds weer nieuwe dingen uit, en verleggen hun grenzen voortdurend. Voor de dieren is het nog geen Utopia. In het buitenland hebben de dieren het beter.

22. In de ogen van de dieren zijn de slagers en hun consumenten de bezetters. Zij vinden het racisme, maar niemand schakelt in op hun frequentie, en zij hebben geen diploma's. Nee, dit land is met zijn kar vol diploma's aan de rand van de afgrond terecht gekomen, ook al noemen ze het een Utopia. Maar in de apocalypse hebben de dieren het laatste woord.

23. 2 Augustus 1982

24. Grillen zijn 'in'. Er wordt veel gebarbecued, veel gezongen en gedanst. Voor de dieren lijkt het alleen maar erger te worden. We zijn in de tachtiger jaren beland. Vlees wordt een handig weggevertje, een uitstekend kado voor speciale gelegenheden, en een bewijs van eeuwige trouw en liefde. Huwelijks-taarten worden meer en meer omgezet in bouwsels van vlees, en de miniaturen van zowel bruid als bruidegom op de top van de vlees-cake zijn steeds meer naakt, als een propaganda voor het naturisme, wat natuurlijk op zich niet verkeerd is. Steeds meer wordt er de nadruk gelegd op praktische collectieve ambacht, waarin de vlees-eter moet zien wat hij eet. Veel demonstraties van openlijke slachtingen worden vertoont, en het vlees bestemd voor een huwelijks-feest wordt op het feest zelf geslacht. Door dit soort openlijke vertoning steeg allereerst het aantal vegetariërs dramatisch, maar later werd het als cultuur-goed gezien, als educatief. Zo werd alles geheel gestileerd, en elke zenuw lamgelegd. Woorden als 'traditie' werden gebruikt, terwijl die traditie er nooit was. Vegetariërs hadden ingezien waar het anarchisme het land naar toe had geleid, en begonnen te verlangen naar een milde vorm van communisme. Een bekend schrijver sprak : 'Het educatieve zwaard heeft een praalwagen gemaakt voor het bandeloze verstand.' Het werd een chaos in het land. Iedereen zag uit naar de terugkomst van Bert Ootjes. Maar die kwam maar niet, want die zat vast in het buitenland. Joost Achterbergen promoveerde weer ergens met een verslag over de carnivorisische problematiek, maar dat haalde allemaal niets uit. Men was ergens in aan het vastroesten en kwam er niet meer uit. Er kwam een wet dat iedereen die nog vlees wilde eten de dieren zelf moest fokken en slachten. Negentig procent van de bevolking werd hierdoor boer. Nelson Lincoln had gehoopt dat ze door deze wet zouden terugschrikken, maar nee hoor, het werd een sport, een trend, een ritueel, ja, een geloof. En er werd zoveel mogelijk nonsense over verkocht. Het land kwam in een draaikolk van schaamteloos geweld en arrogantie tegen dieren. Dieren werden gewoon door de steeds naturalistischer wordende bevolking als minderwaardig gezien, als ondergeschikt aan, als plezier-leken die uitgebuit moesten worden. Het werd een agrarisch land van veeteelt waarin iedereen betrokken werd, en de vegetariërs zonderden zich veelal af. Zij konden dit zinloze geweld niet bevatten, en velen van hen vertrokken naar het buitenland.

25. Zovelen konden hun worstjes met karbonaatjes niet missen. Ze moesten er toch niet aan denken om zonder de speklapjes en de frikandellen door het leven te gaan. Vleesproducenten haalden zelfs stunts uit door het vlees te laten regenen op speciale dagen. Het land had een nieuwe bezetter. Men begon een hogere ethische en morele waarde aan vlees te hechten. Het zou gezond zijn en zelfs noodzakelijk voor het instandhouden van het menselijk ras. Het dierlijk ras stond dus zichtbaar op een lager plan volgens deze bezetter. En dieren konden niet spreken, dus die konden zich niet verzetten. De nieuwe orale bezetters waren gekomen. Het geloof in vlees redeneerde als volgt : Mensen waren engelen, en dieren waren gevallen engelen, duivels. Zo verdedigden ze hun handelwijzen, en daarmee beweerden ze ook nog eens dat wanneer zij die dieren verslonden, dan werden hun zonden vergeven. Ik legde me er bij neer. Ik kon niets doen. Vaak ging ik met mijn vriendin naar het zwanenmeer om te bespreken wat we konden doen, maar er was niet veel wat we konden doen. We voelden ons machteloos, en besloten te genieten van de dieren die er nog waren, en die met rust gelaten werden : zwanen. Vaak gingen we 's nachts naar het meertje, trokken onze kleren uit en gingen daar zwemmen met de zwanen. Op een dag nam de grootste zwaan ons op zijn rug, en bracht ons naar het slot. Er woonde hier niemand meer. Het slot stond vol met ridder-pantser. We zijn toen naar boven gegaan en gingen op een oud bed liggen. We waren helemaal naakt. Ineens kwam de zwaan binnen met een pluimhelm op. Dat was wel het zotste wat we ooit gezien hadden, en we moesten beiden heel erg lachen. Boven het bed hing een schilderij met naakte vrouwen en een wereldbol. We wisten dat het een naturalistisch slot was. Het was vrij toegankelijk

voor iedereen. Overal waren ook spinnewebben. Op een verdieping hoger waren nog meer schilderijen met naakte vrouwen. We besloten weer terug te gaan, zwommen het meertje over, en klommen even later ons bed in. Een man scheen het allemaal op camera te hebben vastgelegd. Hij had een zwarte hond met manen. Hij liet het ons zien en zei dat het het mooiste was wat hij ooit op kamera had vastgelegd. We voelden ons niet bespied ofzo. We vonden het wel dapper van hem, en bovenal knap. Hij wilde ons wel meer beeldmateriaal laten zien. Het waren veelal naaktscènes. Ik kwam dicht bij zijn zwarte hond met de zwarte manen. De hond had zulke prachtige ogen en ik moest hem gewoon omhelzen. Het dier was één en al geconcentreerde kracht. Het dier leek wel van adel. Alles was rust hier en vredig, en we kregen een goed contact met de man.

26. Hij wilde ons wel vaker filmen, en we stemden toe. Hij was een filmmaker die op zoek was naar unieke, zeldzame tafereeltjes. Wat deze man deed was kunst, hij had de gave om de climaxen en het goede van het leven te vereeuwigen. Mijn vriendin kreeg hem lief. Hij was van haar leeftijd. Ik zei : 'Ga je gang.' Ik kon me voorstellen dat ze iemand nodig had van haar leeftijd. Ik was altijd veel te jong voor haar, alhoewel ik me ouder voordeed dan ik was. Nu was ik me dan steeds kinderlijker gaan gedragen, omdat ik daar vroeger nooit de ruimte voor had gehad. Ik beleefde mijn jeugd nu voor de eerste keer in mijn leven. Ik ontmoette een jonge vrouw, jonger dan mij, een buitenlandse, en we werden smoorverliefd. We deden alles samen. Ook gingen we 's nachts vaak zwemmen in het zwanenmeer, en bezochten we vaak het oude slot. Ik bleef wel gewoon hele goede vrienden met mijn vroegere vriendin en haar nieuwe geliefde. Ik had het gevoel dat zij veel beter bij elkaar pasten, alhoewel we altijd een fantastische relatie hadden gehad. Het was goed zo. We waren beiden verzadigd van elkaar. Ik begon een nieuwe hoofdstuk in mijn leven, en zij ook, en ik was nog steeds verliefd op haar en zij op mij. En de liefde was mooi en goed. De man die van haar leeftijd was had haar op het moment meer te bieden dan ik had, en hij kon heel wat leegtes vullen die door het leeftijds-verschil tussen haar en mij waren ontstaan. Zij had mijn moeder kunnen wezen. Ik had nu behoefte aan iemand die op één lijn stond met mij, van dezelfde leeftijdscategorie, of iets jonger, omdat ik mezelf nu ook jonger gedroeg dan ik was.

27. De tuin rondom het slot leek Arabisch, hier in Rotterdam. Het had een beetje een pseudo-religieus-communistische gloed, wel heel mooi trouwens, bijna sprookjesachtig. Het was alsof de zwanen de sleutel ergens bewaarden. Mijn nieuwe vriendin had grote volle borsten die vol leken te hangen met melk, net zoals mijn vorige vriendin. Het leeftijdsverschil hoefde nu niet echt opgevuld te worden, want we scheelden niet zoveel in leeftijd, maar wel kon het lengte-verschil opgevuld worden. Zij was kleiner dan mij, maar verder absoluut niet klein. Omdat ze bruin was zei ze altijd dat ze chocolade-melk had, maar dat was natuurlijk maar een grapje. We hadden beiden een bepaalde orale fixatie en dat was tegelijkertijd om te overleven. Er woedde nu eenmaal een orale oorlog. We waren schaakmat gezet in een machtsspel. De gelovigen zeiden altijd dat het paradijs van Arabisch-Babylonische oorsprong was, dus voor ons was het gebied rondom het slot altijd paradijselijk. Hier moest ergens de sleutel hangen. Met mijn nieuwe vriendin dwaalde ik door de gangen van het grote slot, diep in de nacht. Overal hingen naaktschilderijen die ons denken leken te programmeren. Veel van die schilderijen waren enigmatische paradijselijke taferelen. Sommige vrouwen werden met een blinddoek beschilderd, naakt en met een zwaard. Soms een weegschaal vasthoudende, of een schaal met daarin een soort zwarte of grijze stof. Ze hadden een rechterlijke of richterlijke uitstraling of houding, als een vrouw Justitia. Ook gaven zij mannen die stof te drinken. Ik moest ineens weer aan die amalgaam-toestanden denken. Zou het een vonnis zijn gebaseerd op in het verleden gepleegde misdaden ? De vrouwen waren van bruine huidskleur, maar niet altijd. Zou de bron van dit alles in het paradijs te vinden zijn ? Zou daar wat mis zijn gegaan ? Waarom gaf Eva

haar man van de giftige vrucht ? Ik viel bijna naar achteren toen we in een kamertje kwamen met nog een schilderij. Dit schilderij was heel hoog opgehangen, boven een deur die een open haard verborg. De man was geblinddoekt in dit schilderij. De vrouw niet. Zij had twee ogen als rode appels waardoor ze naar hem keek. Hij zat op een stoel. Zij had een zwaard en een sigaar. Boven het schilderij was nog een schilderij met een geblinddoekte vrouw met een zwaard die stond alsof ze klaar was om te kappen. Maar dat was het schokkendste niet : Beide vrouwen waren als etalagepoppen, werkende voor een industrie, en ze hadden geen borsten. Die waren afgekapt. Ze konden hun moedermelk niet geven. Hun vagina's waren afgedekt met metaal en een slot. Zij waren kinderloos, ontdaan van hun sexualiteit. Daarom gaven ze niets dan gif en verderf. Mijn nieuwe vriendin schrok er ook van. Het deed haar denken aan de vaginale besnijdenis in Afrika.

28. 'Zouden dieren zich ook zo voelen ?' vroeg ik. 'Zij worden besneden tot de dood.' Mijn nieuwe vriendin knikte. Ik voelde me onwennig. Toen zijn we maar teruggegaan. 'Bij de indianen,' zei ik, 'in het amazone-gebied, werden soms de borsten van vrouwen geamputeerd zodat ze beter hun pijn en boog konden gebruiken.'

29. 'Ja,' zei zijn vriendin, 'en in Fenicie wat nu Turkije is werd Attis aanbeden, een aan zijn lot overgeleverde jongen die door wilde schapen werd grootgebracht, en zichzelf ontmande door een vloek. Uit zijn bloed kwam de naaldboom voort, en hij was een vroegere Jezus.'

30. Als in Turkije daadwerkelijk het paradijs heeft gelegen, dan ging daarachter nog steeds deze gruwelijkheid schuil : een dieper kruis, een genitale afsnijding, een sexuele apartheid. En dit had grote orale gevolgen. Het moederschap en de mannelijkheid werden ingeruild voor de oorlog, de jacht, de dood. Attis had zijn geliefde, Cybele, verlaten voor een sterveling, en werd door Cybele getroffen met de vloek van waanzin, vanwege de jaloezie. In de Joodse legendes duikt ook de naam van Lilith op als de eerste geliefde van Adam, maar zij werd al heel snel de hof uitgestuurd, omdat zij zich niet aan Adam wilde onderwerpen. En dit kruis was een enigma met vele gevolgen. Lilith zwoer dat zij de kinderen van Adam, de mensen, zou vernietigen. Zij kwam terug als de slang om Adam en Eva het gif aan te bieden. Ik ging op mijn buik liggen, en mijn vriendin ging op me liggen. Ik was niet getroffen door een vloek omdat ik een andere vriendin had nu, en mijn vorige vriendin had ook een andere vriend nu. Er was geen jaloezie. Er was vrijheid. Er waren geen rekken in onze monden meer.

31. 'Een vrouw zonder borsten heeft alleen gif te voeren,' wordt er weleens gezegd, figuurlijk dan. Dat betekent dat een vrouw die geen verantwoordelijkheid draagt, geen moederlijke empathie, een gevaar is voor de samenleving. Dat was de slang in het paradijs, maar we zagen al dat er vele kanten aan het verhaal zaten, vele factoren speelden een rol, en het is niet echt eerlijk om alles zwart-wit neer te zetten met vurig religieus fundamentalisme. Er waren andere kanten. Wie hakte de borst van de vrouw af ? Waarom was ze zo woedend op de man, en wilde ze hem berechten ? Is er een kant van het verhaal die wij niet kennen ? Of heeft ze haar borst zelf afgehakt, als een amazone, om zo macht te kunnen voeren over de man ? En met welke redenen ? Voelt ze zich bedreigd door de man ? Of wil ze gewoon dwars haar zin doorvoeren.

32. Ik besluit met mijn vriendin terug te keren tot het slot. Ditmaal gaan we nog hoger. Op een hogere verdieping vinden we veel olie-lampen, veel Arabische spulletjes. De schilderijen zijn veel bloederiger hier, met veel naakte vrouwen die oorlog voeren. Ook zijn er veel jacht-tafereeltjes. We lopen naar de volgende verdieping, waar het enigma al snel toeslaat : afgehakte koppen van bizons staan op de schilderijen. Ook zijn er veel azteekse schilderijen, waar azteekse priesters de harten uit

hun slachtoffers snijden en omhoog houden. Het is een dolle boel van besnijdingen en afsnijdingen, allemaal om apartheid te creëren. Weer een verdieping hoger staat een enorm schilderij met de toren van Babel. De toren van Babel is een verhaal uit de bijbel waarin mensen een toren proberen te bouwen naar de hemel, en naam te maken, maar dan daalt God neer om hen te verwarren en te scheiden, zodat ze elkaar niet meer kunnen verstaan. Nog een verdieping hoger staat een standbeeld van een engel, waarachter een schilderij is met de boom des levens. De engel lijkt op een wachter, zelfs op de engel des doods. Ik houd mijn vriendin vast. We zijn beiden naakt, en staren verschrikt naar de engel en het schilderij. Naast ons is nog een klein trapje naar boven, naar een zoldertje. We horen een stem : ‘Wie wil het ei uitbroeden, wie eet het, en wie staart naar de dop ?’

33. ‘Zei jij dat ?’ vraag ik aan mijn vriendin. ‘Nee,’ zegt ze. ‘Jij ?’ Ik schud mijn hoofd. Dan vliegt er een papegaai van het zoldertje naar beneden. ‘Opkrassen,’ schreeuwt hij. ‘Wie heeft jullie gezegd hier te komen. Het ei zal rotten.’ We lopen naar boven naar het zoldertje en zien overal rotte eieren liggen. Het stinkt hier ook verschrikkelijk naar rotte eieren. ‘Te laat,’ krijst de papegaai, ‘te laat. Jullie hadden eerder moeten komen om het geheim te zien. Nu is het weg, voor eeuwig. Dit is wat jullie krijgen voor jullie optreden : Rotte eieren.’ Tussen de eieren ligt een klein kruisje waaraan een staafje hangt dat lijkt op een mannelijk geslachtsdeel. ‘En nu oprotten,’ roept de papegaai. Het beest begint ons te pikken, en we rennen naar beneden. Het best blijft ons pikken totdat we uit het slot zijn. Snel rennen we door de tuin het water in, en zwemmen naar de overkant, maar nog steeds houdt het beest niet op met aanvallen. Dan komt de grootste zwaan ons te hulp. We houden er heel wat plekken aan over, en willen voorlopig niet meer naar het slot.

34. Blijkbaar is de vruchtbaarheid aan het lijden verbonden, onlosmakelijk, als twee tegengestelden, het naakte aan het bedekte. We moeten maar wachten totdat daarin vrede is gekomen. In de grondtekst van de bijbel is het paradijs Sheool, het dodenrijk, oftewel de tuin der doden. Ook de val was een werking van het paradijs, om het offer te doen rijpen. De ruwe diamant moest geslepen worden. Ze ligt op mijn rug en heeft haar armen onder mijn oksels door en houdt mijn schouders vast. Ze probeert me op te trekken, maar ik ben moe. Dan vallen we beiden in slaap.

35. Een oosterse tuin van geheimen, met religieuze valstrikken. Ik schrik wakker. Zij houdt me vast. Ik val weer in slaap. Voor een tweede keer schrik ik wakker. Zij houdt me weer stevig vast, en ik val weer in slaap. In wiens armen lig ik, of is dit weer een strik van de dood. Hoe dan ook, ik heb het nodig om door de dag te komen. Het is mij gegeven. Ze staan daar voor huizen als paardjes, paardjes van de apocalypse om de volle druiven te betreden, te vertrappen. De maan schijnt, de sterren vallen, een droomweb houdt mij vast. Houd mij vast, laat mij jouw trekpop zijn, in dit speelse paradijs is het beter te zijn, beter dan daarbuiten. Het paard van religie trapt hard, ongenadig, straft voor eeuwig, zet schaakmat, en trapt dan de druiven van het genot in, één voor één, en soms meerderen tegelijk. Een hard besluit, van een jaloerse God, een erfenis, van lang geleden, een raadsel dat brult, smeekt, dwingt. Kijk naar de vrucht, niet naar de dop, eet niet, want het is slechts vergif, maar zoek naar haar geheimenis, broedt het uit, en ren wanneer je kan, zweef over de wateren, als een afstandelijke liefde, veilig en ver weg als de zon. Laat de hoop je niet ontnemen, laat je niet zeggen dat ver weg alleen maar koud is, want kijk naar de zon, die het verste weg is van ons allemaal, en schijnt en warmte geeft zoals niemand anders dat kan. De zon, de astronaut, op zoek naar geheimenissen, het grote broeden.

36. Ik maak een verkeerde beweging en er knapt iets in mijn rug. Toch nog een complicatie van de steekpartij. Ik vecht tegen de dood, en heb een bijna-dood-ervaring. Ik kom in het paradijs, waar naakte vrouwen zijn, overal. Zij houden een geheim vast, een ei, een groot ei, een doorgang, een

weg. Het is een ei vol van bloed. Ik bekijk het ei vol belangstelling. En het bloed stolt, en brengt een lichaam voort met orale en genitale vrijheid. En er is een harmonie tussen die twee, en er is vrede. Na een paar dagen ben ik weer de oude. Er is iets veranderd in mij. Ik heb de dood ontmoet, en daardoor het leven. Ik sta aan beide kanten. Ik ben de brug tussen twee naturen.

37. Er stonden vele narcissen in onze tuin, vechtend tegen de koude dood. Zij gaven het leven warmte, de mensen een warme deken. Alles was bevroren, bevroren legers. Er werd gehandeld in mensen. De koude hand des doods greep hen, en wie kon daar tegen opvechten. Sommigen dachten harmonie in bloed te zien, anderen alleen maar twist. De raven kwamen over de stad. De stad was snel opengebroken. Er was plaats voor het enigma nu, men staarde niet alleen maar naar de dop. Men at niet meer van het vergif. De broeders waren gekomen. In de heldere zon stonden zij daar, in de Arabische zon. De raven waren uit het oosten gekomen. Oosterse wachters waren nu in de stad, kloppende op de deuren. Zij brachten dat andere nieuws. Zij geloofden dat zij het hart waren binnengegaan, op de zwaan waren zij geklommen, en het bracht hen hier. Ook zij hadden hun verwachtingen, hun verlangens, hun logica. De Arabische zon was heet. Zij waren de paarden van de apocalypse, maar niemand heeft hen begrepen. Zachte hoeven hadden zij, manen overal, lange wimpers, dromerige ogen, bruin, dromend van zachte winters, sneeuw witte daken, waarop het paarse zou neerdalen. De paarse hand zou hen allemaal wegnemen. Zij hadden hun schuilplaats in het oosten wanneer de winter zou vallen, en dan zou het pas echt hard en koud zijn. En de drop-verkopers zouden er rijk van worden, de banketbakkerijen vol, want iedereen wilde daar ineens slapen. Men zou vluchten tot het orale als de genitale klem zou worden gebroken. Nu lag zij nog vastgebonden op de grond, maar de wachters waren dichtbij haar. Ik hoorde een schreeuw. Zij stond op, en bedekte haar naakte lichaam met een nachtjapon. Zij ging de nacht in met een fakkel, zij was de moeder der raven. De paarse hand bracht haar op de punt van de kerktoren. Een sneeuw witte dag zou het worden, nu Doornroosje was ontwaakt. Niet door een kus. Neen. Door een warme hand, een innige omhelzing.

38. Het was een paarse dag met lange manen, een koninklijk feest. Doornroosje was opgestaan. Zij stond tussen haar vader en moeder in, de oude koning en koningin. Zij bracht hen de smeltende chocola die voor eeuwen verborgen was gehouden. Iedereen zou wel met haar willen dansen, iedereen zou wel een veeg van haar chocola willen krijgen. Maar zij was selectief in haar genade, zeer selectief. Zij bedekte de edele vruchten met chocola, en schoof hen in de ogen. De bakker stond buiten op een kist en zong van haar. Zo lieten zij het feest ten einde gaan. Maar tot diep in de nacht werd er nagenoten. De bakker stond bij de notenboom met een bijl, en brak het open. Kisten vol mandarijnen stonden hier, kisten vol oude mandarijnse koningen, met een mandarijns accent. Een zetel gaf zij aan de oude man die zij door het licht had geleid. De baard van de oude tovenaer die vastzat in de boomspleet was losgesneden door het zwaard van haar ogen. Haar ogen spoten vuur, en lieten de koralen zien. Dit allemaal in flitsen, niet teveel, want teveel van dit goede zou de draken opwekken. Zij wilden Doornroosje voor eeuwig laten slapen, en niet slechts voor honderd jaar.

39. Ik keek met haar over de rivier van gisteren, naar de dampen ervan en de spoken, en wij wilden er niet wezen. Wij waren gevangen door het morgenland, waar de prinsessen en prinses van gisteren niet meer regeerden. Wij konden het, ja, wij konden het wat we jaren niet gekund hadden. In het midden van de stad was zij verlicht. Wij werden door haar gevuld als roomsoezen. Van taai vlees waren haar vullingen, niet om te eten, maar om te broeden. De kok van de slacht werd terechtgesteld, en dit allemaal na een reeks lovende woorden. Morgen zou de maaltijd zijn, niet

vandaag. Nooit meer zouden wij van onrijpe druiven eten waardoor de tanden van onze kinderen slee waren geworden. En deze komende maaltijd was een maaltijd voor vogels, raven, want zij waren bestemd voor dat uur om het eerste aan tafel te gaan en te eten. Het oog van de stad wilde haar verlichten, want de stad had haar nodig, en wilde haar nooit meer uit het gezicht verliezen, maar op die dag vertrokken de zwanen naar het oosten. De raven hadden de stad nu, en zij werden ingenomen, zoals zij eens innamen. Het pasen met zijn versierselen van drop was nog steeds een ingrijpende gebeurtenis. Ik keek haar aan, zij keek naar mij. Ik had mijn oude jeugdliefde teruggevonden. Zij had kleine borsten, niet gevuld, zij was teder, intens, voorzichtig, zacht. Nooit zou er meer een zondvloed komen na die dag. Haar regenboog was een teken daarvan aan haar hemel. Ik schraapte de damp er vanaf. Een standbeeld werd van haar opgericht in de stad. Wij zouden haar nooit vergeten.

40. Na die week speelden de kinderen spookje in de stad, en werden de oude hobbelpaarden uit de schuur gehaald. Zij speelde, ik droomde. Het was de slag der herinneringen, rijkelijk belegde het mijn brood. Ik liet de raven er van eten. Ik at de worst van het verleden door de berg naar de andere kant, en daar werd het varken van de toekomst geslacht. Tijd was niet meer. De bezetters hadden de stad en het land ingenomen, weer vanuit het oosten, door de Arabische zon. En ik kon alleen maar glimlachen. Ik vond het wel grappig, al die vogels. Wij voerden de vogels aan het zwanenmeer, maar de zwanen zijn hier nooit meer teruggekomen. Zij hadden het geheim ergens anders gebracht. Ook voerden wij de paarden die dag, de paarden van deze apocalypse. Beschuit was haar lievelingsvoer, en rozen haar lievelingsbloemen. Een paard zwom door de grachten. Ik keek erna, en mijn rug maakte mij los van de aarde. Ik zweefde er boven, als een grote broer, als de lange neef. Ik verzorgde de aarde als mijn broertje.

41. Het regende buiten. Ik zat met mijn jeugdliefde op de bank. Aan al het oude was een einde gekomen, nu ik het oudere had gevonden. Het was als een harem in mijn gedachten, een doornenkroon, een rozenkrans, de cirkelzaag boven Bagdad, de ster van Betlehem. Een zoete ster was het, van genadeloos geduld. Haar licht was verblindend, en toen konden we ineens weer voelen, elkaar voelen. Voelen datgene wat zo lang was weggeweest. Zij liep zo langzaam in haar lange nachtjapon, een oosterse avondjurk, leren schoentjes met riempjes, met allerlei gaten, gelakt, en haar sokjes waren kinderlijk als de bloesem. En nog steeds dacht ik aan de zwanen. Waar zouden ze zijn ? Verblindend was haar licht, des te zoeter haar aanrakingen, haar verschijning. Teer licht, weeskind, wolf, onbegrepen. Ongezadeld in de nacht. Ik borstel haar, er is rust. Zij neemt haar pijl en boog, en gaat de stad in. In de stad staan beelden van zwanen, als een herinnering aan die dag. De zwanen zijn van steen, niet van vlees. De stad is verlaten van zwanen. De oorlog is dood. Elke knie zal zich buigen, elke tong zal belijden, en niemand weet wat. Een onverbiddelijk zwaard heeft de oorlog lamgelegd. Het vrede-rijk is aangebroken. De paarden van de apocalypse gaan streng door de stad heen, en dan komt de zon op, de Arabische zon. Het jachtboek is nu geopend. Men bekijkt de plaatjes, en begrijpt niet waarom. Men wil terug naar de oude dagen, maar het kan niet meer. Ik borstel haar haren, er is rust. Ze is in de stad met haar boog, als vrouwe Justitia. De rechtszaak begint. Zij was een vrouw van geconcentreerde kracht en zwakheid. De jacht-engel. Zij roepen vrede vrede, terwijl er geen vrede is. Na de duizend jaren zal er een nieuw tijdperk van vrede aanbreken. Ik borstel haar haren nog steeds. Ze zegt niks. Ik zak weg, en ze gaat op mijn rug liggen. Als een kat heeft ze haar prooi. De vlekken van de luipaard spreken van oude wonden. Dan breekt ze mijn rug, en ik ben niet meer van de aarde. Haar bereiken kan ik niet, alleen door stralen. Ik moet haar overgeven, ik moet haar loslaten, de afstand zal nu rechter zijn. Ik voel mij als een Arabische zon, die het ijzer laat stinken, die het leer zacht maakt.

42. Zij zal het grote ei uitbroeden, zonder dat het haar zal doden. Van het vergif zal zij niet eten. Eens sprong zij in het wespennest, en werd een luipaard. Nu komt zij niet dichtbij, maar broedt van ver weg. De dokters zeggen dat mijn rug nu goed is, maar ik heb pijn. Zij zeggen dat dat er niet is. Zij staren alleen naar de dop. In een vuur dat eeuwig brandt wonen zij. Van een afstand ontkennen zij de problemen, een naaldboom groeit uit mijn wond. Grootgebracht door wilde schapen ben ik. We zijn omsingeld en schaakmat gezet door levensgevaarlijke zotten. De idioten van de planeet Idiotia zijn gekomen. Waren de dokters maar dronken en aardig. Wat is er van ons Utopia overgebleven ? De nieuwe bezetters ruiken als het oude, de mondenrekken zijn weer terug. Ditmaal met veel prikkeldraad. IJzeren Jaap is uit zijn doos geklommen om de klokken terug te zetten. Waren de zwanen nog maar hier. Zij is een boogschutter, een teken aan de hemel, dat de oorlog nooit meer komen zal, maar we leven met de jacht. Een teken dat er nooit geen zondvloed meer zou komen, maar nu zijn we hier. De ijzeren maagd is onze straf. Zij broedt niet, zij steekt, zij is op jacht. Mijn rug is van ijzer, een bouwwerk van amalgaam, van kwik, van Mercurius, om de rest van mijn lichaam te verzieken. De dokters zien niets op hun foto's. Zij staren alleen naar de dop. Wij wachten allen op Bert Ootjes, die nu inmiddels een martelaar is. Maar de zwanen hebben hem bezocht. Mijn buik is gemaakt van witte en rode vulling, een eeuwig gif. Zelfs al is de wortel eruit, het symptoom zal altijd blijven. Een leuk syndroom waar geestelijk verzorgers aan kunnen blijven sleutelen. Ouders blijven met hun kinderen naar zulke dokters gaan, want als het kind geestelijk ziek wordt verklaard door de beroepsbeul, dan treft de ouders zelf geen schuld, want geestelijk ziek zijn dat ben je vanaf de geboorte, en zo hebben de ouders die hun kind verrot hebben geslagen een alibi. Zo is de zogeheten tandarts met zijn stiekeme, niet navolgbare, zogeheten vullinkjes die het kind beladen met complexe vergiftigingen en de syndrooms-stempeltjes van de geestelijk verzorgers, de zogeheten psychiaters en hun handlangers, een professionele ouders-bescherming geworden. En hoe kan een kind tegen zo'n doortrapt systeem opboksen ? Een kind heeft geen diploma's, geen zegeltjes, maar mag deze zegeltjes wel verbreken, door de paardjes van de apocalypse. Maar waar zijn de zwaantjes wanneer je ze nodig hebt ? En waar is Bert Ootjes ?

43. Rebelse kinderen worden al snel ziek verklaard, niet de maatschappij, nee, want de maatschappij is heiliger, in ieder geval heiliger dan degene die aan de bel trekt. De paardjes staan nog steeds in deze carrousel. En de mierzoete snoepjes van oma moeten de kinderen klaarmaken om een reis door de fuik van de zogeheten tandarts te maken. De zogeheten tandarts gebruikt hiervoor goedgepraat geweld. De Arabische tandarts was nu gekomen, en die was nog wel orthodoxer. Bij de balie werd snoep uitgedeeld wanneer een kind zich keurig en netjes had gedragen. Het hormoon van Bert Ootjes was inmiddels uitgewerkt. Ook de botten begonnen gaatjes te vertonen, en ook die moesten gevuld worden, en daar had de Arabische tandarts een heel arsenaal voor, en die duldde echt geen tegenspraak. Arabisch amalgaam werd daarvoor gebruikt, waarvan de ingredienten strict geheim werden gehouden. Alleen de ingewijden mochten de ambacht uitvoeren, en beunhazen werden streng gestraft. Die werden openlijk op de pleinen aan de schandpaal gezet. Nee, de Arabische tandarts, daar viel niet mee te sollen. Malafide tandartsen werden als kwakzalvers bestempeld, afgezet, en gingen sindsdien vaak zonder een ledemaat of ontmand door het leven. Azteekse praktijken kwamen niet zelden voor. De Arabische tandarts meende het. De bottenvuller, zo werd de Arabische tandarts vaak genoemd. 'Ik moet vandaag weer naar de bottenvuller,' klaagde een oud mensje. 'Ja, ik ook,' sprak een bijna tandenloos oud mannetje, en een ander moest de dag erna. Controles waren wekelijks, en sommigen moesten twee keer per week. Elke knie boog, elke tong beleed, en elke trotse nek brak voor de Arabische tandarts. Als er problemen waren met het Arabisch amalgaam, dan werd dat altijd op iets anders geschoven, en dan voelde de Arabische

tandarts zich diep beledigd, en kon erg kwaad worden, wat dan de meest verschrikkelijke consequenties had. Het was godslasterlijk om te twijfelen aan het Arabisch amalgaam. Zulke godslasteraars en aanstellers waren rijp voor de Arabische psychiater. De Arabische tandarts was wel heel goed voor dieren. Zo wreed als ze waren naar hun klagende patienten, zo genadig waren ze naar dieren.

44. Het lichaam van Bert Ootjes lag inmiddels op de bodem van het meer van Geneve, waar ze hem hadden gedumpt. Zijn botten werden later opgedoken en hij kreeg een eervolle begrafenis. De appel brandt, en kan niet meer gegeten worden. Er kan alleen nog maar gekeken worden als naar de uitbarsting van een vulkaan. De trekpomp van het verleden is stuk, maar de Arabische tandarts kan het nog wel maken, want die handelt ook in speelgoed. Bert Ootjes zal zich zeker in zijn graf omdraaien. Speelgoed, om kinderen klaar te maken voor de tandarts. Nu kunnen ze nog spelen, maar straks ? Onze enige hoop is de marsmannetjes, maar die bestaan niet. De marsman marcheert onderdrukt in ons geconditioneerd verstand. De Arabische tandarts is de banketbakker, heeft een hotel-keten, is ambitieus. Hij is de grootste snoep-producent voor kinderen. Hij verdient wat bij, om ook een zwembad te hebben onder zijn kast van een huis. De Arabische tandarts is hier kind aan huis. Om Bert Ootjes wordt inmiddels flink gerouwd. Velen worden monddood verklaard. Ik begin een Arabische tandartsen-praktijk, zo'n beetje de enige manier om aan de Arabische tandarts te ontkomen.

45. Een nieuwe Arabische vogelsoort is er toegevoegd in het plantsoen, om het verlies van de zwanen op te vangen : de draai-konten. Prachtige vogels, daar niet van, maar ze kunnen zo vanuit het niets bezoekers aanvallen. Zo van : van te voren maar eerst bellen. Hele statige, deftige vogels met een strenge zwaar-orthodoxe etiquette. Zo ken ik er nog één. Het doet me een beetje denken aan die papegaai van het slot. Ik durf niet zomaar meer naar het zwanenmeer, het plantsoen. Deze vogels zijn geen grappen.

46. 'IJs ?' vraagt ze.

- Ja, met slagroom, zeg ik

'Siroop erbij ?'

- Ja, die rode

'De Arabische tandarts zal daar blij mee zijn, die is lekker duur, en veroorzaakt veel gaten in je botten. Hij zal wel weer flink op je schelden bij de komende controle om zijn blijdschap om de winst goed te verbergen.'

- Nee, ik heb nu mijn eigen kwastjes. Ik kom niet meer bij die man. Ik ben nu zelf die man. Hij mag wel bij mij komen, dan zal ik hem een koekje van eigen deeg geven.

47. 'Arabisch amalgaam ?'

- Ja, schat, die met die vogelstront.

'Schat, je weet toch dat je de doodstraf kan krijgen voor het verraden van de ingrediënten.'

- Laat hen maar hierkomen met hun bekken vol mislukte plastische chirurgie en gedwongen eeuwige mode.

'Schat, je weet toch dat hun geloof is ? Ze weten niet beter, en dat moet je respecteren.'

- Ik heb daar allemaal geen respect voor. Heb jij respect voor een mes die in je rug wordt gestoken ?

48. 'Toe nou, liefje, dat moet je zo niet zien.'

- Oh, en hoe moet ik het dan zien ?

‘Moet je kijken hoe je jezelf opstelt, en dat noemt zich een Arabische tandarts. Een beetje professioneler mag wel.’

- Oh, gaan we het nu ook over professionaliteit hebben, en vergeet vooral het woord deskundig niet te noemen. Ga godverredomme een ezel kopen.

‘Zeg, jeetje, nu ga je ook nog eens een beetje lopen vloeken hier.’

49. - En doe jij nu maar niet ineens alsof je heilig Aagje bent.

‘Oh, heerlijk zo’n ruzie met jou, maar je weet wie er boven in bed de touwtjes in handen heeft.’

- Je hebt gelijk, ’t spijt me, zal niet meer gebeuren.

‘Goed, Jan Klaassen, dan is dat in ieder geval duidelijk.’

- Ja, Katrijn.

50. ‘Moet je nu nog ijs met slagroom en rode siroop?’

- Nee, Katrijn, ik heb geen honger meer.

51. We starten een restaurant in het midden van de stad, zoals elke goede Arabische tandarts zou doen. Het voedsel is er zalig, en mensen komen hier echt om heerlijk te genieten. We hebben ons eigen plantsoentje met Arabische draaikont-vogels, door ons getemd. Een betere plek kan ik me niet wensen. Mijn wereld kan niet meer stuk, en de hare ook niet.

5.

De Vierde Aarde

1. Wij waren gemaakt van een gouden amalgaam. Wij waren kinderen van de godin, die vrij in de tuin leefden. Alleen het gouden amalgaam kon de stralen van haar liefdeszon opvangen, om ons tot eeuwig leven op te wekken. Het was een liefdes-amalgaam, volkomen toegewijd aan de godin. Ook de hekken rondom de tuin waren van het gouden amalgaam gemaakt. Zij waren hoog en scherp. Wij voelden ons veilig binnen deze hekken. Eens aten wij van de verboden vrucht van de vleermuizenboom, een kaars, die in ons binnenste begon te branden, zodat we door een andere wereld geroofd werden, en wij kinderen van de hel werden. Maar de godin verstootte ons niet. Nog meer dan ooit wijdde ze zich toe aan haar liefde voor ons, en met geduld en passie probeerde zij ons terug te lokken naar de tuin. Een gouden vrucht hing zij voor onze ogen, en trok deze weg zodra wij ernaar grepen, om ons zo haar te laten volgen op het pad terug naar de tuin. Het was een verboden en geheime tuin voor velen. Deze wereld aanbad Doornroosje, de slapende prinses, en voor de paasheks hadden ze niet veel sympathie. Deze paasheks was Inanna, de godin van de armoede, die het geheim van Doornroosje kende. Doornroosje was een ei in haar handen, een ei die ze zou afpellen. Doornroosje sliep nog steeds in het paradijs, en zou tot de berg der goden moeten komen, de onderwereld.

2. Er was een doodslucht in de tuin, waarin zij die zich niet konden beheersen leefden. Altijd liepen ze hun begeertes achterna, als in een roes. Zij waren de schone slaapsters, de volgelingen van Doornroosje, van alles wat mooi en duur was. De onthechting was een groot geheimenis, maar zij werd gedemoniseerd en als heks bestempeld. Zij riep vanaf de berg, vanuit de wildernis. Zij wilde Doornroosje opwekken tot een hogere wereld. Dit zijn geen gewijde paadjes. Deze paadjes zijn afgesloten door de plaatselijke gemeentes. De draak zelf was de prins van de jungle die Doornroosje vrijkocht uit de kooi van de bebouwde kom. De kus wekte haar op tot de wildernis, omgeven door doornenstruiken.

3. De slang van het paradijs was eerst een draak, en zij gaf aan paarden de macht om zich te verzetten tegen hun ridders. Zij maakte eenhoorns van hen, de grote ontwaking. Ook gaf zij de macht aan bizons om zich te verzetten tegen hun jagers. Zij maakte eenhoorns van hen. Maar haar wijsheid werd buiten de poorten van het kasteel gezet, en zij veranderde in een vlam, om te verwarren en te verleugenen. Zij gaf haar aanklagers over aan een dwaalgeest.

4. Zij was de vleesgeworden boom die haar eigen koninkrijkheid had bewaard. Zij was de koninkrijkheid van het communistisch anarchisme. Zij was de koningin van de bloemen. Wilde bloemen had ze in onze haren gestoken, in deze drakentuin. Zij trok ons omhoog op het schip, toen de dauw ging vallen. De rivier van plastic omhulde ons. Zij had haar eigen pad, en wilde niks weten van het verwende gemeentepark. Daarom was zij onuitgenodigd, gehaat door velen, en gevreesd. De draak viel en werd in een kooi gestopt, maar niemand kon haar geheim doorgronden. Zij wist dat slechts hen buiten de kooi gekooid waren.

5. Ze hadden maar een fragment van haar vastgezet. Zij was natuurlijk veel groter. Zij leefde in plaatsen waar zij nooit zouden komen. Zij leefde in een mengsel van vuilheid in de dieptes van de wildernis, als sluiers van haar schoonheid. Deze schoonheid werd geproclameerd door een genetische collage van juwelen. De stenen stapelden zich op tot een druipkoninkrijk. Zij liet geen steen heel, perste hen geheel uit. Haar schoonheid kon niet uitgedrukt worden door stenen, alleen door wildernis. Zij ging over de muren. Zij van de smetvrees zouden daar nooit komen. Zij bouwden auto's die alleen maar op gladgestreken wegen konden rijden, en die het zonlicht als tralies weerspiegelden. Maar zij zocht het licht in de duisternis op, de zon van de onderwereld. En zij leefde in ons, op een diepere plaats. Hier in de diepe wildernis had zij haar huisje van snoep geplaatst, en was zij slechts een diepere inwijder. Het harnas van snoep lokte de soldaat tot een diepere strijd, de patronen van de wildernis, de verborgen arena waar slechts zij keek. Zij was het kruis van de jongen in zijn jeugd om hem te behoeden voor een veel groter kwaad. De kooi die zij hier had gebouwd was niets vergeleken met de kooi van de stad. Zij was immers het pasen gevierd met chocola. Zij was de moeder van de jungle, maar zij onderwees haar kinderen over de gevaren. Zij bewapende haar kinderen en ontzag hen niet. Zij tuchtigde haar kinderen reeds vroeg, en daarom moest de heks dood. De stad wilde kinderen verwennen met een allesverblindend licht, verlamrend en bemoederend.

6. Zij was de zwarte koningin des doods, de koningin van het oerwoud, toen het witte haar kinderen en haar schone land stal. En zij beval haar jager het sneeuw witte om te brengen, want het witte moest sterven, zeven maal. En zij hing haar vrucht van het gouden amalgaam. En het sneeuw witte was jong, oningewijd, omgeven door witte doornen. En zij lokte haar tot de deur van de dood in het oerwoud. En het sneeuw witte gewaad werd afgedaan, en een zwarte vrouw rees op.

7. Zij was de koningin van de wolven, de koningin van de zwarte draken. Vele andere kinderen waren tot de deur des doods gekomen, en haar moddermannen namen hen op en brachten hen tot haar. Wilde bloemen hebben hen toen ingewijd, en ze raakten verstrikt in haar webben.

8. Zij had ons geschapen in de dooier, omringd door het witte, in een ei. Zij hing dit ei hoog. Het was een ei omringd door vlees. Wij groeiden op en aten van het vlees, en kwamen tot het huisje van snoep in de wildernis. Binnenin waren paaseieren versierd. Ze had een paasrijk in het woud. Haar paaswachters liepen op haar druipmuren. Zij wilde de lichtjes van het pinksteren doven. In de poppenstadjes werden keurige pinksterfeestjes gehouden, vol van smetvrees. En zij was

onuitgenodigd. Daarom bracht zij haar stortvloed, en liet hen het ei van pasen zien, hun verboden vrucht. En hun kindertjes begonnen ervan te eten, en werden uit de stad gezet.

9. Zij had haar eigen stadje aan de rand van haar rivier, diep in de wildernis, een schilderachtig stadje, en zij gingen van vrucht tot vrucht, van ei tot ei. Haar eenhoorns liepen in pas, een drachtige optocht door de stad. En de stad lag op heuveltjes in de wildernis, en de eenhoorns gingen over de bruggen tussen die heuveltjes, langs de paars-rose sluiers.

10. 'Kun je van haar houden ?' vroeg ik. We zaten gehurkt op het bed. Ik hield haar billen vast die heet aanvoelden. Vanuit de raampjes konden we de bomen zien met hun blauwpaarse vruchtjes en hun donkergroene blaadjes. Ze duwde mij neer, en ging op me liggen. 'Natuurlijk,' zei ze. 'Ze is mijn moeder.' Ik kustte haar, en ze was gelukkig. We waren naakt, maar we schaamden ons niet voor elkaar, want we waren in haar hof. Van gouden amalgaam waren wij gemaakt. In een kooi vonden we doorgang. Het was niet onze dood, maar een transformatie. We waren als vlindertjes in haar bos. Wij kwamen voort vanuit het orgie der goden, het gouden amalgaam, wat als een vrucht voor ons hing, als een ei, en waartegen gewaarschuwd werd, want men vreesde de geheimenissen van het bos. De goden hadden er veel liefde in gestopt, als het serum van bevrijding, als de paradijselijke zweer. Maar zie, zij werd geweerd als een melaatse. En zij hield de raadselen van de tuin verborgen.

11. En het imperium werd gebouwd, en zij werd als een boeman beschouwd, maar in haar waren de rangen gegarandeerd. Er was niks mechanisch aan, alles was natuurlijk, vanuit de dood voortkomend, het was een roze spot. Er moest plaats voor haar gemaakt worden, dit was haar vereiste, want ze was al lang genoeg weggedrukt. Zij hadden naast haar niet veel in te brengen, want zij kenden het raadsel van de dood niet. Zij omsingelde de grote stad met haar eenhoorns, en trok haar kinderen er één voor één uit. Tussen haar woestijnen door zijn rivieren, met bruggen waar barbaren voor staan, één wachter per brug, en wie kan hen verslaan ? Maar kinderen trekken zij mij, hen die bezegeld zijn door haar liefde. Zartan was de poortwachter van haar secte, bestempeld als een verleider, maar haar strikken brachten hen tot leven, voortkomende vanuit het meer. Haar moddermannen werden zij, en zij schuwde de bokken niet, zij waren de dragers van haar geheim. De secte werd groot en gevreesd, en men vergat de secte van de grote stad. Arsis en Jupō waren twee andere poortwachters van haar, maar die stonden dieper in haar rijk, want dit rijk had veel gebieden. En ook de kinderen werden beproefd door deze wachters. En velen bleven steken. De worsteling met de roos was een grote. Haar secte scheurde families uiteen.

12. Ze zat rechtop. Ze had contact met de bloemen, met de Braziliaanse schietbloem, met de Rijnbloem, de vuurbloem, en de flamingo-bloem. Zij had het wilde witte konijn gevolgd tot de sprekende bloemen. En zij hadden verborgen de vrucht die haar deed groeien. Zij likte aan de vrucht, nam ervan, en begon langzaam te groeien, tot de hoge burcht in de woestijn. De zon van de Sumerische onderwereld verlichtte de woestijn. Hier werd nog het zuivere Ninurta gegoten, de boodschapper der goden. Nergal, de god van de onderwereld zat hier op zijn troon, met speren aan weerszijde. Hij sprak en genas. Het was hier waar de eenzamen elkaar hadden gevonden. Hier was de Sumerische ark, terwijl buiten het gif van Mercurius regende. Er zou een zondvloed komen, want het tijdperk van Mercurius was nog maar net begonnen. En daar stonden ze dan, drie boodschappers van de goden : Ninurta, Hermes en Mercurius, en zij kwamen tot de troon van Nergal. En Mercurius had het gezicht van een wortel en had een grote glimlach. 'Ik weet het, er zijn duizenden mercuriussen,' zei Nergal. 'En jij bent de enige die toegang hebt gekregen tot mijn paleizen.'

13. 'Vader,' sprak Mercurius, 'het kwik is alleen maar groeiende buiten, en u kent dit vergif. En u weet ook wat het enige anti-gif hiertegen is. De cocon van Mercurius heeft de wortelkwik-vlinder voortgebracht. Zij heeft uw ark gebouwd.'

14. 'Schenk mij het wortelkwik, Mercurius,' sprak Nergal. Mercurius deed een stap naar voren en gaf hem een zakje met wortels waarin het wortelkwik zat. 'Dit zijn de zaadjes voor wortelkwik-bloemen,' zei Mercurius. Toen vertrok hij.

15. 'Hermes en Ninurta,' zei Nergal, 'jullie gaan deze zaadjes zaaien in de koninklijke tuin.' Hermes en Ninurta deden direct wat hen gezegd was. Snel groeiden er in de tuin de weelderigste bloemen die zich in het snelste tempo begonnen voort te planten. Het wortelkwik was duizendmaal sneller dan het normale kwik. 'Dank aan Mercurius,' zei Nergal. En Nergal sprak tot al zijn volgelingen: 'Dank dat u allen gekomen bent. Zoals u weet kunt u niet alleen bevrijd worden van uw kettingen door exorcisme, maar ook juist door ingewijd te worden in de mysterien.' Een beeld van Mithras werd naar voren gebracht, die vlak voor de opkomst van het christendom door de Romeinen werd aanbeden. Mithras streed tegen het kwaad, wat de vorm had van een stier. Het centrale thema van Mithraïsme was de slacht van deze stier, het gedoopt worden in zijn bloed, en banket te houden met de zon. In het pre-atlantische was Mithras genaamd Matras, en werd het kwaad als een bizon uitgebeeld, waartegen Matras streed. Het afleggen van het oude leven door naaktheid, naturisme, was een belangrijk item in zowel Mithraïsme en Matraïsme, maar werd door de christelijke priesterdienst steeds meer ingebonden. Door onderwerping aan de goden kon men hogerop komen in het Mithraïsme en Matraïsme, maar het kerkelijke christendom legde vooral het accent op de onderwerping aan het kerkelijk gezag. Bij Mithraïsme en Matraïsme stond het loskomen van de aarde centraal. Dit kon bereikt worden door ascetisme. Nergal nam wat van het wortelkwik, smeerde het standbeeld ermee in, en het kwam tot leven. Iedereen begon te juichen. Toen werd het beeld van Matras naar voren geschoven die in worsteling was met de bizon. Het tot leven gekomen beeld van Mithras liet zien hoe Mithras in gevecht was met de stier, en werd geholpen door een hond, een slang, en een schorpioen. De schorpioen viel de genitalien van de stier aan, maar het standbeeld van Matras toonde geen schorpioen maar een spin. Verder werd hij niet geholpen door een hond en een slang, maar door een vlieg en een wesp. Ook dit beeld werd ingesmeerd door het wortelkwik en kwam tot leven, onder groot gejuich. Martarius was de pre-atlantische vorm van Mercurius, de boodschapper van de goden, maar gebruikte geen kwik maar zwavel, want kwik hield gebonden aan de materiele sferen. Ook zijn beeld werd door het wortelkwik tot leven gewekt.

16. Nergal maakte toen het wortelkwik tot een sleutel in zijn hand, en opende de deur naar een verborgen tuin. Hier brandde ergens het rode vuur, het verboden vuur, wat een mengsel was tussen het bloed van een rund en het bloed van een aap. De tuin was vol met rook. Ook is er hier een grot waar het rode vlies zich bevindt, de huid van een sprekend en vliegend varken. Deze huid wordt bewaakt door een schorpioen. Alleen degene die de schorpioen kan temmen en berijden kan het rode vlies bereiken. Dit rode vlies is het vlies van eeuwig leven. Alleen de godin Utanga, de pre-atlantische Athena, kan het hoofdstel, het zadel en de teugels hiertoe overhandigen, het tuig waarmee de schorpioen bereden kan worden. Zonder dit tuig zal een ieder ten prooi vallen aan de schorpioen. Zij kwam op een nacht tot Aleron, de pre-atlantische Jason, om dit tuig aan hem te geven. Zij kwam tot hem op haar rijtuig in de donder, omringd door luipaarden. Zij slachtte een pauw en bedekte hem met het bloed als met een deken. De pauw was de wachter van de grot waarin de schorpioen leefde. Als Aleron de schorpioen zou berijden, dan zou het rode vuur op hem vallen om naar de onderwereld te gaan naar zijn geliefde Averon. Ook aan haar zal hij een deel geven van

het rode vlies. En zij komen erachter dat dezen allen huwelijksgeschenken zijn. En wanneer hij zijn geliefde heeft bereikt zal de scorpioen in een rund veranderen.

17. Kamperdam aan Zee, Juni 1962

18. Mijn jeugd was een hel. Ik ben nu getrouwd en heb twee kinderen. Wij hebben hier een heel speeltuin-complex waar ze vaak spelen. Ook gaan we zo nu en dan naar het strand of de stad in. Ik heb mijn vrouw in het ziekenhuis ontmoet. Zij was de verpleegster, ik de patient. Het winkelcentrum van de stad is overdekt. Onze jongste dochter is het ijverigst. Sinds 1948 is ons land hermitatisch. Daarvoor was het land christelijk, omdat we werden bestuurd door Roomse keizers. De staatsgodsdienst was christelijk en heidendom was verboden. Sinds de hermitatische bevrijding zijn wij meer universeel. Ik zal die dag nooit meer vergeten dat onze hermitische bevrijders kwamen. Hoe dan ook, wij zijn allen slaven van de waarheid, en alles is een halve waarheid. We vallen totdat we vliegen. Ik ken een boom genaamd Torpoteo, een beetje de pre-atlantische vorm van Yggdrasil. Hierin kunnen we schuilen, als gevallen strijders die hun kruis binnengaan. En bovenin wonen de Wanen, de elven, de vruchtbaarheidsgoden, de Vanir, met de pre-atlantische vorm hiervan : de Targa. Het zal uitlopen op de Ragnarok, in het pre-atlantische wordt dit genoemd de Dordada, de grote eind-oorlog. Alleen in het diepste van de boom Yggdrasil zal er veiligheid en bevrijding zijn, als de vuurreus Surtr alles in vuur brengt door zijn zwaard. Ook de christenen hebben zo'n mythologie, over Armageddon, over de zondvloed van vuur, en een ark waarin bevrijding is. Het gaat allemaal om het binnengaan van het kruis, het ascetisme. De Torpoteo herbergt de bron van Tirz, die de pre-atlantische Mimir is, de bron van wijsheid. Odin gaf zijn oog op om deel te hebben aan die bron, maar de pre-atlantische Odin, genaamd Wassan gaf zijn vrouw op om deel te hebben aan de bron. Deze bron is het bodemloze ravijn, waarin Zolder viel, de pre-atlantische vorm van Balder, en door de rotsen gestoken werd, en hij zal vallen totdat hij vliegt. Hij zal voortkomen vanuit de Dordada, de grote eind-oorlog. De pre-atlantische Surtr is Staumi, met zijn zwaard Lauri, maar hij is een mengeling tussen een vuurreus en een ijsreus, dus Surtr-Ymir. De nadruk wordt vaak gelegd op het brandende ijs. Hij woont in Oswold, de pre-atlantische vorm van Jotunheim, waar de ijs-reuzen wonen. De stad waar wij inkwamen had muren gemaakt van slangen, waar het gif droop, waar de lucht was van bloed. Hier kwamen wij om de schilden te bezichtigen, maar zij waren bijna doorzichtig. Staumi had met het zwaard van wraak toegeslagen. De stad was nu als een woestijn. Zel zat hier op haar troon, in een ruimte achter rode doorzichtige sluiers, waar haar langharige leeuw ook was. Deze stad was genaamd Sogroff, en was omringd door een rivier genaamd Harenx. De scorpioen van Zel bracht wijn voort om de gevallen strijders die hier kwamen dronken te maken. Drie godinnen, Slova, Jarx en Slama, zouden hun verleden, heden en toekomst bepalen. Als ze goed hadden gestreden, dan gingen ze naar Travaska. Zo niet, dan werden ze door Zel opgeslokt. In Travaska woonde Rolf met zijn hamer Avik, die hen beschermde tegen boosaardige reuzen en dwergen. Travaska was een plaats in het hart van Zel.

19. En Zel bewoog zich gesluierd door de stad, en verspreidde haar bloemen van vuur. Kinderen groeiden hier in de bomen. Zij kwamen voort van een diepe eeuwige slaap. De tweede aarde was Trok, de derde Kempen en de vierde Saraul. En deze aardes waren al van een meer verheerlijkte stof. Men aanbad daar een ekster, een masker en een zeedraak. Er was daar alleen leven in het masker, en het masker was het oog.

20. Ik was de nachtleider. Ik had een nieuw pistool. Ik rende door de stad naar de kerk in de verte, en ik kon de kerk maar niet bereiken. In de top van de kerk woonde een geest. Ik richtte mijn pistool op de geest en schoot. Mijn kerkelijk hoofd spatte uiteen. Ik had de vrouwen in de kerk lief. Zij

waren aan zware ketenen, maar ik beminde hen. Ik had de sleutel die op hun sloten pasten, en ik voerde hen uit. Zij hadden mij ook lief. Ik nam hen mee door de oceaan.

21. Mijn huis stond hoog, op een rots in de stad. Ik liet hen mijn schilderijen zien. Hier konden ze veilig wonen. Het was goed zo. Ik had een kroon voor hen gemaakt. Zij reisden van wereld tot wereld. Zij aanbaden het masker. Het maakte hen sterk, en de man werd zwak. De man werd trager en trager, en stond plotseling stil. Zijn hoed was als het gesmolten zilver. Ook zijn schoenen waren als gesmolten zilver en goud. Het droop van hem af. Ik riep naar hem, maar hij hoorde mij niet. Hij staarde naar de kerktoeren. 'Daar bevinden zich al mijn geliefden,' zei hij. Hij wilde mijn pistool zien. Toen liet hij zijn eigen pistool zien.

22. Hij gaf mij geld, veel geld. Ik bouwde een brug, een brug tot zijn wereld. Hij kon me duidelijk horen nu. 'Ja, ik kan je duidelijk horen,' zei hij. We staarden samen naar het hoge kerkgebouw wat begon te druipen. Hij liet mij zijn horloge zien.

23. Ik zweefde tussen de werelden, tussen het westelijke paradijs en het oostelijke paradijs, en langs het voor-paradijs gleed ik terug naar de eerste aarde. En toen was de eerste aarde niet meer. En toen weer wel, en de eerste aarde begon te veranderen, en de man had een jas aan van zebra-huid. 'Ik ben de nacht,' zei de man. We klommen de kerk binnen, en die begon te druipen. Het was pudding nu. Wodan en Thor kwamen langs op hun paarden. Het land is van ons, zeiden ze. En ze wezen naar Wassan en Rolf. Ik droeg een masker, en de man was als een zeedraak op wiens rug ik zat, en we zakten in de zee, en kwamen in de lucht terecht. Zo ging dat op en neer. Hij strekte zich uit langs de kerkmuur. Hij strekte zich uit tot aan de rozenhaag waar alles begon te golven.

6.

Karel Klouterwoes ; Blauwe Angels

1. Deze besjes waren giftig, en wel zo giftig dat ze dat nooit konden weten.

2. Bizonbloed was een heksenkind. Tenminste dat dacht ik, totdat ze mij de andere kant van het verhaal liet zien. Ze bewoog giftige bessen langs me heen. Ik had haar van een afstand gezien, en ze kwam steeds dichterbij. Het was een grauwe dag, en het leek overal te tochten. Toen trok ze mij in de sneeuw. Ze trok me diep weg.

3. Ze voelde zacht aan. Haar heupen waren fors, en ik lag daar. Ze trok me door de sneeuw mee naar haar hut. De sneeuw smolt weg door haar glimlach. En de tuin rood als bloed, verborg haar edelstenen, vastgeklonterd heil. En sneeuw wit kant bedekte haar voeten, en ze was de bloesem van het morgenrood. De tuin had haar schoonheid niet verloren in de winter, maar was gevlochten nu. Ze droeg de boog, en alles om haar heen vervaagde. Ze was als de oplossing van het gouden hertenkind.

4. Ze kwam langzaam op mij af met haar brede heupen, met de boog gericht op iets achter mij, een bizon. 'Ik ben dat mannelijke zwaard zat,' zei ze. Toen schoot ze een pijl af, dwars door zijn hart. Het beest viel neer, en ze duwde mij opzij, en trok mij in een woning. Vanaf hier konden we de tuin nog beter bezichtigen. Ze las rijmpjes voor uit een met goud gedecoreerd boek, een boek met een leren omslag. De tuin was haar trots. De sneeuw sijpelde naar binnen. Het was hierbinnen warmer. Ze deed wat kleding uit, maar was nog steeds bedekt met riemen. Ze was als de jagersgodin.

5. Ze droeg een jachtmaal binnen, en begon te eten. Ze liet mij niet dichterbij komen. Ik had het gevoel te verhongeren. 'Ik moet gaan,' zei ik. Maar ze liet me ook niet gaan. 'Wat wil je van me,' vroeg ik.
6. 'Kom hier,' zei ze. 'Maar raak het vlees niet aan. Het is verboden vlees. Je zal sterven als je er van eet.'
7. 'Waarom eet jij het dan ?' vroeg ik, terwijl ik langzaam dichterbij kwam. Ze zei niets. De tuin ruikte naar zure vruchten. Het was alsof de bommen in de tuin vlogen, wanneer zij zich bewoog. Zij was een oorlogsmachine. Zij danste in de tuin met trots, op het bloed van de gevallenen. Ze zag het als haar opdracht.
8. Ze trok mij dieper in het huis, waar ze op haar zwangere buik wees. 'Maar het kind zal vroeg sterven,' zei ze, terwijl ze een doktersjas aantrok. 'Waarom zeg je dat ?' vroeg ik.
9. 'Omdat het niet om het leven gaat. Het gaat om de dood,' sprak ze. Ze kwam met een injectie naald dichtbij me. 'Even de adem inhouden.' Ik trok mijn arm weg. 'Nee,' zei ze. 'Niet wegtrekken. Je moet gevaccineerd worden. Dit huis is gevaarlijk.' Ik keek naar buiten, naar de klonterige druiven die daar hingen, en dik sap droop naar beneden. Daar had ze mij al geprikt. 'Klaar,' zei ze. Ik glimlachte. Ik was bijna flauwgevalle. Ik trok mezelf aan haar op.
10. 'En nu de tuin in,' zei ze.
11. 'Waarom ?' vroeg ik.
12. 'Je moet werken, werken,' zei ze.
13. 'Wat moet ik doen ?' vroeg ik.
14. 'Je moet het zo doen, kijk,' zei ze. Maar ze deed niets.
15. 'Ik snap je niet goed,' zei ik. Ze bond een touw aan mijn nek en trok me weg. Even later knipte ze het touw door, zodat het een ketting was. 'Je moet er alleen voor zorgen dat je nergens blijft achterhaken,' zei ze. Rode bloesem omhulde hen, en de schaduwen van de roze nachten omhulden hen beiden. Weer trok ze hem het huis in, en het scheen er flink te tochten.
16. 'Ga nu eens zitten,' zei ze.
17. Ineens schrikt hij wakker na een zware hersen-operatie. Hij kan zich niet goed bewegen. Een vrouw in ridderkleding zit naast hem. 'Welk jaar is het ?' vraagt hij.
18. '1978,' zegt ze.
19. 'Waarom ben je gekleed als een ridder ?' vraagt hij.
20. 'Carnaval,' zei ze.
21. 'Wie ben je ?' vraagt hij.
22. 'Ik ben je vrouw,' zegt ze.
23. 'Ik kan het me niet herinneren,' zegt hij. Dan komt er een dokter binnen. De vrouw begint te snikken. 'Is dit mijn vrouw ?' vraagt hij aan de dokter.
24. 'Er is niemand anders in de kamer dan u en ik,' zegt de dokter.

25. Bisonbloed sleept hem uit het ziekenhuis, en brengt hem terug naar de tuin en het huis. 'Probeer niet te ontsnappen,' zegt ze. 'Ik wil dat je de wachter bent van de tuin.'

26. 'Waarom ik ?' vraag ik.

27. 'Omdat je ... laat maar zitten,' zei ze. 'Doe het nou maar gewoon.' Ik laat mijn hand zakken, en loop wat rond in de tuin. Ze volgt elke beweging die ik maak. 'Vanavond komen de heksen,' zei ze. 'Doe het nou maar.'

28. Dan stort hij neer. Een grote vogel staat naast hem, die hij vastgrijpt. En de vogel brengt hem naar een ver eiland. Ook hier is Bisonbloed. Ze kijkt hem aan. Ze is halfnaakt, als een wilde. 'Hoe ben je hier gekomen ?' vraagt ze. Ik wijst op de vogel.

29. 'Hier kun je ook waken,' zei ze. 'De heksen komen vanavond. Je moet wel wat te vertellen hebben.'

30. 'Maar ik heb niets te vertellen,' zei ik.

31. 'Geeft niets,' zei ze. 'Gewoon een brilletje op doen is ook goed. Het is carnaval.' Ik loop braaf met haar mee. Even later zitten we in tuinstoelen. Daarachter is een hutje waar ze aan het koken was, voor vanavond.

32. Hij staart voor zich uit. De dokter grijpt zijn hand. Hij vecht voor zijn leven. De dokter voelt zijn pols, en drukt een alarm-bel in.

33. Ze loopt binnen in het hutje. 'Kom,' zegt ze. Weer volg ik haar braaf. Ze roert in haar ketel.

34. Met wat reanimatie krijgen ze hem weer aan de gang. Ze besluiten nog een hersen-operatie te doen.

35. 'Waarom lach je ?' vraagt ze.

36. 'Niets,' zei ik.

37. 'Je hebt een mooie lach,' zegt ze.

38. Het klontert in zijn hoofd. Dan komt er ineens een straal vrij van zijn hoofd. De dokters springen op zij. Dan klimt er ineens een beestje uit de scheur in zijn hoofd. De dokters beginnen te schreeuwen in paniek en vallen neer. Een zoemend geluid neemt over.

39. 'Tatarak !' krijst het beestje. 'Opereer zijn hersenen.' Vrouwen komen de kamer binnen, en starten de operatie. Ze werken met gouden instrumenten. Er komt schuim op zijn mond. Maar ze krijgen alles weer goed op gang.

40. Hij zit op het witte zand. Hier en daar liggen wat bladeren, en Bisonbloed zit naast hem. Ze houdt zijn hand vast. 'Ik ben blij dat je er bent,' zegt ze. De geur van koffie zit in zijn klederen. Ze besluiten het uit te wassen in het meertje verderop. Het is als een heet stoombad. Snel zijn ze beiden naakt. Het zand aan de kusten ziet er niet zo best uit. En er is overal hondenpoep. Hij wordt onwel, en ze trekt hem uit het meertje. Al gauw ligt hij in een hutje onder een verrotte deken.

41. 'We hebben geluk gehad,' zei ze. 'Er ligt overal glas in het meertje.'

42. 'Waarom trok je me daar naartoe dan ?' vraagt hij.

43. 'Alleen daar kun je vrijkomen van de koffielucht,' zei ze.

44. 'Ik wil er weer naartoe,' zei hij.
45. 'Niemand mag daar ooit voor een tweede keer naartoe,' zei ze.
46. 'Ik wil bloeden,' zei ik. 'Al dat valse bloed moet eruit.'
47. Ze pakt een stukje glas en rijt hem open. 'Hier,' zegt ze.
48. 'Nee, ik moet naar dat meertje,' zei ik. Ik stond op, en rende naar het meertje.
49. 'Je zult sterven en door een haai gegrepen worden,' zei ze.
50. 'Kan me niet schelen !' riep ik, terwijl ik in het meertje dook. Alles was plotseling bruisend water. 'Er bestaat geen dood !' gilde ik. 'Houd toch eens op met je drama !'
51. 'En geef me nu van het verboden vlees !' riep ik. 'Waar is het !'
52. 'Je zult sterven,' zei ze.
53. 'Okay, dan ga ik godverredomme maar dood !' riep ik. 'Wie kan het wat schelen !'
54. 'Ik,' zei ze. Ze trok me er weer uit. Ik zat onder de hondepoep, onder het glas, en vreemde bessen. Ze stopte me in een kist en bedekte de kist met roze kant. 'Ik ben niet dood !' riep ik. Ze drukte op een knop, en er werd een slaaplied gespeeld. 'Ik voel me op en top, dus stop met die onzin !' riep ik. Ik proefde wat van de bessen. Ze waren zoet, zuur en bitter. Waarschijnlijk waren ze ook giftig.
55. 'Je speelt met je leven,' zei ze. Plotseling was de kist in vlammen, maar ik lachte. Ik stapte eruit, brandend, en greep haar beet. Ze had een laken om haar heen.
56. 'Je kunt ook wel een boom zijn,' zei ze. 'Het frisse, jonge hout brandt goed.' Ik knikte.
57. Het zachte zadel hield ze voor me. Ik ging er op zitten. Ik sloeg het brandend laken om me heen, en het was snel als kant. Ik was de prins van de molen. Ze had gelijk. Ik was dood.
58. Ik was in de lederen darm van een haai. In de buurt stonden overal rozenstruiken, en de straten waren bezaaid met vuurwerk. En alles was nat, want het had flink geregend. Ik had een nare smaak in mijn mond, van bessen, glas, metalen en hondepoep. Er liepen wat arabieren en punkers op de straat. Ik had last van de wind in mijn hoofd. Alles was zacht, en ik stortte in. Maar touwen trokken mij weer op. Ik moest dansen, zingen, en veel geld verdienen. Dan zou Bizonbloed weer langskomen, en op een dag was het dan zo ver.
59. Ik herkende haar bijna niet meer terug. Ze was wat ouder nu. Met een schaar trok ze mijn blaren open. 'Kijk naar die bloemen,' zei ze. 'Ze wijzen je de weg naar het leven.' Ik keek, en de kelken hadden bruisend sap in hen. 'Ik wil er van drinken,' zei ik.
60. 'Nee, want dan sterf je weer,' zei ze. Maar het kon me niet schelen. Ik liep af op de wulpse kelken, en begon te drinken. Ik verdrong er bijna in. Ik begon flink dronken te worden.
61. 'Domme idioot !' riep ze. 'Wat ben jij een koppige ezel, zeg. Je doet gewoon alles wat niet mag.'
62. 'En jij moet niet zo de baas over mij spelen,' zei ik. 'Ik bedoel maar, ik heb een blaas, weet je, en ik plas straks alles weer uit.'
63. 'Nou, je bent maar goed begenadigd,' zei ze. 'Je bent een begiftigd man.'

64. Ik knikte. Ik stortte neer aan haar voeten, en zij sleepte me weg. Ze dumpte me ergens in een sloot, maar touwen trokken hem weer op. Ik ging de eerste de beste stal in waar ik me kon wassen, want ik voelde me nu toch wel een beetje vies. Het water hier zat vol met modder, maar dat kon me niet schelen. Ik voelde me schoner nu. Ik ging ergens in het hooi liggen om op te drogen. Even later rende ik achter het weiland het eerste het beste huisje in en speelde de clown. Ik had ook een harp nu, en ze gooiden geld in mijn hoed. Ik ging van huis tot huis, om mijn kunstje te vertonen. Ik had een beetje drempelvrees, maar een snoepje deed altijd wonderen.
65. Met modderhanden streelde ze door mijn haren. Het was toch carnaval.
66. Hij lag aan de hart-monitor. Dokters vreesden voor zijn leven.
67. Hij zwom met de zwanen, en gleed door alles wat vies, gevaarlijk en verboden was. Iemand kamde zijn haren, en hij zonk weg in een put van stank. Hij was goed door een haai gegrepen, zoals Bizonbloed had geprofeteerd. Maar hij was nogal goddeloos, onkerks en tegen de draad in. Hij had een hekel aan geloof en regels. Zijn bloedvaten waren aan het exploderen, en hij hoorde gelach in zijn hoofd. Hij lachte mee. Kon hem het wat schelen.
68. Touwen trokken hem op, en hij werd op een podium gezet. Hij zwaaide naar de mensen, en begon te zingen, en te acteren. Het was per slot van rekening carnaval, en alles moest maar kunnen. Een raam werd ingegoooid, en hij begon aan zware epilepsie te lijden. Hij zat bij de kapper, en hij hoorde alleen maar lachen. Zijn hoofd werd ingezeept.
69. De dokters waren alweer een hersen-operatie aan het uitvoeren, om hem van de dood proberen te redden.
70. Hij had het gevoel alsof hij dronken was. Hij waggelde door de stad. Hij was een clown. Na een lange tijd zag hij Bizonbloed weer terug. Met een dronken stem zei hij dat hij niet had gedacht dat hij haar ooit nog tegen zou komen. Ze bracht hem mee naar een flatwoning, waar ze hem ging douchen. 'Nu is het afgelopen,' zei ze.
71. 'Wie denk je dat je bent ?' vroeg hij. 'De Jezusin ?'
72. Ze knikte.
73. 'Ik had toch een andere soort van wederkomst verwacht,' zei hij.
74. 'Nee, het is niet te berekenen,' zei zij.
75. Alle rozen in de stad waren blauw geworden, en het sneeuwde. De Jezusin liep een cafe binnen, en begon te drinken.
76. 'Tatarak !' schreeuwt iemand.
77. Hij wordt wakker in de tuin, met een beestje in zijn hand. Hij is de tuinwachter. Het beestje had een angel in zijn hand gestoken, waardoor blauw spul in zijn lichaam werd geïnjecteerd. Hij trok de angel eruit, en kon weer ademen. Hij voelde zich vies, maar ach, het was maar de natuur. Hij zag het als een onbekend vaccin. Waar het goed voor was, wist hij niet, maar het zou wel ergens goed voor zijn, dat wist hij zeker. Nog steeds had hij een beetje dat dronken gevoel. Ook voelde hij zich overgevoelig. Nee, hij wilde niet nog een keer door zo'n beestje gestoken worden.
78. Toen hij afgelost werd kon hij naar huis. Zijn geliefde was daar. Ze had een bloemenjurk aan van een hele fijne, zachte, plezierige stof. Als hij die stof voelde, voelde hij zich altijd heel veilig.

Ze was thee voor hem aan het zetten, van een soort blauwe bonen. Even later zaten ze beiden aan tafel.

79. Dokters hadden eindelijk ontdekt wat er mankeerde aan zijn hersenen. Het bleek dat zijn gevoelscentrums geïrriteerd waren, waardoor hij niet tegen aanrakingen kon. Het bleek te zijn ontstaan door een allergie tegen bacteriën die alleen maar in hout voorkwamen. Ook was er een vreemde uitslag op orgaantjes in zijn hersenen wat ze zouden moeten verwijderen, dus hij ging weer onder het mes.

80. Hij draaide maar in het rond in de tuin. Hij voelde zich goed.

81. Ze zaten tegenover elkaar. Ze smeerde het brood. Het was zonnig buiten. Het zonlicht weerspiegelde in hun gouden spulletjes. Er werd gebeld. Ze nam op, en legde weer neer. Hij droomde weg. Ze liep de kamer binnen. Hij keek naar haar door het raam. Plotseling begon het te waaien, dus ook hij ging naar binnen. Er droop zand uit de plantenbakken. De druiven in de tuin dropen. Het was allemaal zeer klonterig. Het leek goed rijp. Hij rende naar buiten in de regen, greep wat druiven en kwakte ze op een bordje.

82. 'Carolien, ik ben je wachter,' zei hij. 'Dat zal ik altijd zijn, wat er ook gebeurt.'

83. 'Ik weet het,' zei ze. 'Je bent zo trouw.'

84. Ze nam hem mee naar boven en trok aan de touwtjes van zijn blouche. Ze drukte hem op het bed, en ging naast hem liggen. Op het nachtkastje lag een boek genaamd 'Bloedbizon'. Het ging over de jacht op bizons. Het was een soort avonturenverhaal. Hij las er uit voort. Maar hij begreep wel waar de schrijver naartoe wilde. De bizons waren het beeld van mannen die de autoriteit hadden genomen, en die autoriteit misbruikten. Het was een heel feministisch boek, dat ook opkwam voor andere minderheden.

85. Hij legde het weer weg. 'Carolien,' zei hij. 'Je weet het. Ik sta aan de kant van de vrouw.'

86. Carolien knikte. 'Ik weet het,' zei ze. Toen gingen ze beiden slapen.

87. De hersenen werden getest. De man kwam tot leven. Er werd geapplaudiseerd.

88. 'Het leven is een valstrik,' stamelde hij. 'Een web van een vrouwelijke spin.' Hij stond in de bibliotheek. Hij bekeek de vele boeken over vrouwen. Vaak waren die vrouwen de heldinnen, of gevaarlijke vrouwen, waarin de hoofdpersoon verstrikt raakte. Op de kaften waren vaak woestijnen met schaars geklede vrouwen al dan niet met wapens en helmen. 'Ik wil meer weten over het gevaar,' zei hij.

89. Boven hem zag hij rozenstruiken, als een put. Hij werd naar binnengezogen, en kwam in een plaats waar een heleboel vrouwen waren, genaamd de danaiden. Op hun voetzolen waren de namen van hun vermoorde mannen te lezen, die zij zelf hadden vermoord in de huwelijksnacht. Zo leefden ze voort door de geroofde levens-energie van hun mannen. Het waren merktekenen op hun voeten, waarmee ze anderen ook konden merken. Er droop inkt uit voort. Ook gebruikten ze het voor handtekeningen op rekeningen en andere officiële papieren. Zo konden ze veel gedaan krijgen. Hij klapte het boek dicht, en stond weer met beide benen op de grond. 'Ik moet me van illusies onthouden,' zegt hij.

90. 'Besef het, je hebt een redder nodig,' zei Bizonbloed, de Jezusin.

91. 'Er wordt overal gejaagd, er is niet veel wat je kunt doen. Je zal erg moe worden.'

92. Er waren overal struiken, en tussen de takken door bloedende borsten. Zij bloedden door de scherpe doornen. 'Je moet het bloed drinken,' zei ze. Ze gaf hem een buisje met bloed, en hij dronk. 'Het is bizonbloed,' zei ze. 'Je hebt nu het vrouwelijke deel in je gevonden.'

93. 'Ik wil dit niet !' riep hij. Toen viel hij neer. Hij schoot een paar bizons van afstand, en ging toen slapen. Vanuit het bloed kwamen klimoppen. De klimoppen brachten hem naarboven naar een hemels paradijs. 'Tatarak !' riep hij. Het zand was hier wit. Er kwam een bruisend sap uit de klimoppen, en de bessen explodeerden. In de klimoppen leefden vrouwen met staarten.

94. Het merkteken was grijs in hun hoofd. Zij werden gevoerd door borsten, door leidingen die via een kraan getapt konden worden. Het was de moederstad. Zij troonde hier in vuur, zij, Bizonbloed. En Karel Klouterwoes was haar nar.

95. De stad leek als bedekt met takken, waardoor het bizon veld bezichtigd kon worden, midden in de stad. Hier moest veel gejaagd worden, zodat de man nooit meer zou regeren. De stad leefde door bizonbloed, en zo moest het blijven.

96. Haar klederen waren doordrenkt met bizonbloed, en zij brandde. Het hield hen dronken. Deze besjes waren giftig, en wel zo giftig dat ze dat nooit konden weten. Een lange trap gaf een antwoord aan Karel Klouterwoes. Ook hij moest buigen voor de koningin, en haar kunstzaal onder ogen komen. 'Verdomme,' zei hij. 'Zij kan het.'

97. Ik moest oppassen voor Karel Klouterwoes, zoals iedereen dat moest. Hij was door haar gedresseerd, maar het was een roofdier. Hij leefde in haar kooien wanneer zij hem niet gebruikte. En anders was hij gewoon aan de ketting. Er moest goed toezicht op deze man gehouden worden.

98. Maar op een dag ging het mis. Karel Klouterwoes brak los. Mensen renden in paniek hun huizen binnen, en deden alles goed op slot. Maar het was al te laat. Karel Klouterwoes deed de stad verdrinken in bizonbloed. Ik kon net op tijd ontsnappen. Hij was per slot van rekening maar mijn schaduw. Ook de koningin liet hij in leven. Zij was immers de Jezusin. Ik keek de takken door en zag de zee van bizonbloed. Het was warm op het strand. Het bizonbloed leek weg te trekken en weer op te komen door eb en vloed. Dit werd gereguleerd door een vreemde planeet, de bloedbizon. Deze planeet hing ergens in Orion. Door toedoen van de koningin werd de stad weer leefbaar. Ik keerde weer terug naar de stad, maar Karel Klouterwoes liet het er niet bij zitten. Hij omsingelde de stad met een leger. Ze waren op zoek naar mij.

99. Ze klopten op hoge deuren, maar ik was veilig met de koningin. Ze liet mij het geheim van de stad zien. Ik zag overal bloed stromen. Het leek van boven naar beneden te regenen. Ze leidde mij naar een trap die mij bracht naar een plaats diep onder de stad. Hier spreidde ze haar jurk uit en vroeg aan mij of ik een ballerina wilde worden.

100. Het zou het enige medicijn tegen Karel Klouterwoes, de dolle losgebroken nar, zijn. Ik ging staan als een standbeeld, en begon te draaien, terwijl mijn kleding en huid in goud en zilver veranderden. Ik hoorde slaapliederen op de achtergrond. Ze had ergens op een knopje gedrukt. Spoedig ging ik dansend door de stad. Er waren overal leeuwen in de stad, maar het was alsof er glas om me heen was. Ze lieten mij met rust. Met een fluit leidde ik de leeuwen daarna uit de stad, het woud in.

101. Het leek te verergeren met zijn hersenen. De dokters besloten dat zijn laatste hoop een hersentransplantatie zou zijn. Voorzichtig werden zijn hersenen eruit gesneden, en werden er nieuwe hersenen ingelegd. Hij moest er spontaan van overgeven. Hij voelde zich anders, bevrijd.

Maar daarna was hij in een shock. Weer begonnen ze in zijn hersenen te snijden, omdat ze er zoveel geld mee verdienden. Hij rook de geur van drop.

102. De bomen groeiden tegen de klok in. De koningin kwam hem redden, maar toen werden ze uit elkaar gescheurd. Hij voelde zich in een lange diepe put wegglijden. Karel Klouterwoes nam zijn lichaam. Hij voelde zich opgesloten in zichzelf, alhoewel hij nu wel moest lachen. Hij zag zichzelf liggen. Het was alsof er een lachgas over hem kwam. Hij stond op en was een geraffineerde nar nu. Hij zou trouw blijven aan de koningin, aan de koningin in zijn hoofd. Zij waakte over hem.

103. De stad was brandende. Hij klom naar een hogere verdieping in het flatgebouw. Karel Klouterwoes klom achter hem aan, in zijn lichaam. Een gevecht ontstond. 'Brandende dampen !' schreeuwde Karel Klouterwoes. 'Ik zal je wel krijgen.' Hij gaf Karel een trap, en klom verder. Alweer greep Karel hem. 'Je zal niet weg kunnen komen, ventje,' zei Karel. Weer trapte hij Karel weg, maar Karel had zijn jas gegrepen. Toen deed hij zijn jas uit, en klom verder, maar Karel had zijn broekspijpen gegrepen. Ook trok hij toen zijn broek uit, en klom verder, totdat hij helemaal naakt was. Een vogel wachtte hem op aan de top van het gebouw. 'De koningin heeft mij gezonden,' zei de vogel. Maar Karel greep een pistool en schoot de vogel neer. De man begon nu echt in paniek te raken. Door de rook zag hij nog een gebouw op het gebouw, met een ladder ervoor. 'Gelukkig,' zei de man, en rende er naar toe. Karel begon nu ook op hem te schieten. Maar snel was hij hoog op de ladder. Toen Karel bij de ladder was aangekomen, was de man al een raam binnen geklommen. Hij zag ergens een hoed hangen en deed die op, en daarna een lange jas en een broek. Snel rende hij naar de andere kant van het gebouw en begon de trappen op te rennen. 'Ik krijg je wel !' hoorde hij Karel roepen. Helemaal bovenin het gebouw aangekomen belde hij ergens aan, en de koningin deed open. 'Hier ben je veilig,' zei ze. Binnen maakte ze wat thee voor hem klaar, maar al snel hoorden ze gebons op de deur. 'Hier is Karel !' riep hij. 'Ik kom je halen !' Toen trapte Karel de deur in. De koningin drukte ergens op een knopje, en een kistje ging open die Karel helemaal begon op te zuigen. Toen dat klaar was ging het kistje weer dicht. 'Ziezo,' zei de koningin, 'die is weer waar hij wezen moet.' In de kamer was een doorzichtige bol gevuld met bizonbloed, en de bol brandde. 'Het is de stad die brandt,' zei de koningin. De man knikte.

104. 'Dus,' zei de koningin. 'Niemand heeft het ooit zo ver gebracht. Ik ben trots op je.' Het vuur begon weg te trekken. na een tijdje keek ik door het raam naar beneden. Er waren bizon gevechten. Er werd op trompetten geblazen. Weer zag ik alles door vuur wegvagen. Ze was naakt.

105. Er kwam meer en meer begroeiing. De stad begon op een oerwoud te lijken. De man zat nog steeds dichtbij de koningin. Ze had het kistje op haar schoot. Haar vinger bewoog heel langzaam naar een rood knopje. Plotseling werd er een spiegel ingeslagen, een grote wand. Electriche gestalten stonden daar in vuur. 'Luister niet naar haar !' riep één van hen. 'Zij is zelf Karel Klouterwoes, en zal je willen opsluiten in haar kistje !' Ze hadden gereedschap in hun hand, en sloegen toe. 'Ren door de spiegel !' riep een ander. Hij rende door de spiegel, waar het gebouw veel hoger was, en de brand veel erger. 'Het is niet waar !' riep de koningin. Hij zag toe hoe er een gevecht ontstond. De koningin had het kistje geopend, en Karel was weer tevoorschijn gekomen. Nu begon ook de koningin in Karel te veranderen. 'Ren !' gilden de electriche gestalten. De man zette het op een lopen, terwijl er overal explosies waren. Weer rende de man trappen op. Toen hij het plafond had bereikt belde hij ergens aan. De koningin deed open. 'Ik hoop maar dat u de goede bent,' zei de man.

106. 'Natuurlijk,' zei de koningin. 'Ik ben de echte.'

107. 'Ja, dat zeggen ze allemaal,' zei de man. 'Hoe kan ik dat zeker weten ?'

108. Daar kwam Karel al met een noodvaart door de deur heen. 'Klim uit het raam,' zei de koningin. 'Snel.' De man klom uit het raam, en de koningin deed hetzelfde.

109. 'Ik zie jullie wel,' riep Karel. Een helikopter kwam op de top van het gebouw, met elektrische gestalten. Snel stapten de man en de koningin in, terwijl het gebouw beneden ontplofte. Maar tot hun grote schrik zagen ze de hand van Karel Klouterwoes die een stang onder het toestel had gegrepen. Hij trok zich eraan op, en probeerde de deur te openen. Toen hij een ruit insloeg richtte één van de elektrische gestalten snel een laser-pistool op hem. De man trapte Karel Klouterwoes weg, maar Karel had zijn been gegrepen, en beiden gleden naar buiten. De man kon nog net de stang vastgrijpen. Hij probeerde Karel van zich los te trappen, wat niet lukte. En Karel begon zich al omhoog te trekken aan hem. Maar toen schoot één van de elektrische gestalten hem weg. De man werd weer naar binnen getrokken.

110. De man klaagde dat met de hersen-transplantatie hij het gevoel had niet meer in zijn eigen lichaam te zitten. Toen hebben de dokters hem een tweede hersen-transplantatie gegeven. De dokters leken op Karel Klouterwoes. Hij trapte hen van hem af, en rende naar buiten met schuim op zijn mond. Hij rende naar de tuin, waar hij tuinwacht was. Hij voelde Karel Klouterwoes in hem. Hij zocht naar het beestje wat hem eens stak. Snel had hij het beestje gevonden, zette het op zijn arm, en liet zich steken.

111. Iemand trok hem het huis in. Het was Bizonbloed. 'Heb je de oplossing gevonden ?' vroeg ze.

112. 'Ja, stekende beestjes,' zei ze. Ik glimlachte.

De Steen der Indianen - Achtergrond-geschriften van het Eeuwig Evangelie II

- De Openbaring van de Steen der Indianen
- Sorsol
- Inaput

De Openbaring van de Steen der Indianen

1.

Lactaractus

1. Deze steen geef ik u. Dat gij God zal vinden als uw vrouw. En dat gij uw vrouw zal vinden als een wapen.

2.

Het Teken

1. Ik heb u geschapen, zegt de Heere. Ik heb u feest laten viëren onder uw huizen. Ik heb u laten weten dat Ik de Heere ben. Ik laat mijzelf kennen. Ik heb door de geschiedenis gesproken. Zoekt dan naarstig naar mijn woorden, opdat gij zult leven. Zij die in mij zijn, sterven niet. Ik dan ben de brug. Ik heb de hemelen om u heen gespannen. Gij kunt daarover met uw geest gaan om mij te zoeken. Ik ben hoog boven u. Tot de wederspanningen van geest zeg ik : Luister niet naar uw afgoden, maar doet hen uit uw midden weg, opdat gij zult horen wat Ik tot u zal spreken. En gij zult het gevoel hebben thuis te zijn gekomen. Ik heb u geschapen. Keer daarom weder tot mij. Ik spreek vanuit de aarde en het oerwoud, ja, vanuit de wildernis spreek ik, om dingen bij u recht te zetten. Houd dan moed, ik ben dichtbij. Ik heb de hemelen over uw uitgespannen als vele lagen vol visioenen. Kom daarom hogerop. Ik heb u geroepen en ga graag met u om. Laat u dan niet wederom door de zonde grijpen, maar kom tot Mij, en Ik zal u rust geven en wijsheid.

2. Laat u niet afleiden door stemmen van de wereld en van religies. Ik ben de Heere. Ik heb u uitgeleid uit tradities en religies, opdat gij Mij zoudt leren kennen, die Ik waarlijk ben. Gij hebt niet

van node iemand te kennen dan Mij. Ik ga voor u uit en kom achter u aan. Ik heb u geschapen, en Ik zie graag naar u uit. Neem daarom deze woorden ter harte. Ik ben uw vader, dragende het hart van een moeder. Ik heb Mijn woorden tot u gezonden, en zij die in Mij wandelen zullen deze woorden verstaan. Maar de wereld zal zeggen : Wij kennen deze man niet. De wereld echter is mijn vriend niet. Ik heb de geest der wereld niet geschapen, maar zal de wereld wel transformeren. Alles om u heen zal anders worden, en ook de woorden en gevoelens om u heen. Vele oude dingen zullen verdwijnen, en men zal zich afvragen : Waar zijn zij heengegaan ?

3. Zo heb ik dan Mijn woorden als een net om de wereld gespannen. Maar gij : gebruikt het net om tot Mij te komen. Ik heb welgevallen in hen die met Mij omgaan. Ik dan ben de Heere aangesteld boven alle religies. Zo zijn er dan velen van mij afgeweken om zich weer dienstbaar te stellen aan religies en tradities. Heb ik dan niet de religies geschapen om u tot Mij te brengen ? Waarom zou u uzelf er dan weer door laten knechten. Gij dan die vrijgemaakt zijt : Wees vrij en leef vrij, en geeft u niet meer over aan armelijke wereldgeesten, want ziet, al die religies waren religies van de wereld, religies van het vlees, omdat gij van vlees waart. Maar nu, gij die van geest zijt : Komt tot de dingen van de geest. Blijf daarom niet plakken aan aardse schaduwen, maar weest een pelgrim, om de hemelen te aanschouwen, en niet meer een slaaf van de aarde te zijn. Want de aarde heeft veel religies, maar ziet, zij zijn slechts van de buitenkant. En als gij niet verder trekt, dan zult gij door hen opgeslokt worden.

4. Hen die deze woorden horen, en die tot Mij zijn gekomen en Mij volgen, hen heb Ik de macht gegeven om door Mij vrijgezet te worden van de banden van religie. Ik zoek hen op in de oude kamers en onder de oude kamers waar zij gevangen zitten, en Ik maak hun banden los. Zo doe Ik dan goed aan duizenden van hen die Mij volgen en dienen, ja, zelfs hun nageslachten maak ik vrij, om hunnentwille. Weest daarom ootmoedig, en doe Mijn geboden. Mijn geboden zijn geen last, maar een plezier voor de ziel, omdat zij tot leven wekken en leven geven. Zo zijn dan mijn geschenken goed.

5. Zo is dan de aarde vol van Mijn Glorie, en Mijn lichten staan klaar om uitgestort te worden. Beproof en toets mij, want Ik ben de Heere. Ik heb u uitgeleid uit het diensthuis van de religies en de angsten. Want dat wat van de aarde is, is angst. Zo zijn er dan velen die in hun leven moeizaam voortgaan, zaaiende in angst. Maar heft uw hoofden op, want de ure van bevrijding is gekomen. Zult gij dan wederom tot de Mammon gaan ? Heeft de Heere u niet geleerd de materie los te laten, opdat gij de geest zult ontvangen ? Zo zult gij dan de materie van de geest leren kennen, die sterker is dan de materie van het vlees.

6. Luister, alle gij die door religie gebonden zijt : Ik heb hen gezonden om u tot Mij te zenden. Zij zijn opgebouwd in symboliek, omdat gij de dingen van de geest niet kunt verstaan.

7. Nu dan, gij heiligen, maakt uzelf op, om tot Mijn heilige berg te komen, want Ik, de Heere, heb een feestmaal aangericht. Een feestmaal, omdat Ik u bevrijding hebt verkondigd, en zo zal dit dan zijn een feest der bevrijding. Houdt dan op elkaar telkens te binden, maar zet elkaar vrij, daar Ik u heb vrijgemaakt. Zo is er dan genezing voor de geest en verlichting voor gebroken beenderen. Zo zal er dan een einde komen aan het vloeien van bloed op de heilige berg des Heeren. En het huis des Heeren zal niet meer tot een bespotting worden gemaakt. Want de Heere is heilig.

8. Zo luidt dan het Woord des Heeren : Er zal een einde komen aan de dagen van angst, en er zal een einde komen aan de dagen van het lijden. Want Ik zeg u : De wereld heeft u in angst en lijden gehouden, door u niet het rechte pad te wijzen. De wereld heeft u gebonden door tradities en

culturen, en gij kon daardoor geen pelgrim wezen. Maar heeft de Heere u dan geen voeten gegeven ? Gebruikt dan uw voeten. Heeft de Heere u dan geen schoeisel gegeven ? Ja, de Heere heeft u zelfs vleugelen gegeven om tot Zijn heilige stad te komen. Zo zult gij dan tot de Heere komen, en uw ziel zal Hem prijzen. Gij zult Hem aanschouwen met reine ogen, en gij zult u opmaken om voor eeuwig in Zijn stad te wonen.

9. Zij dan die op het veld zijn : Prijst de Heere. Maakt u op om de heilige berg des Heeren te bestijgen en om tot Zijn stad te gaan. Hier heeft de Heere een feestmaal voor u aangericht, voor u en uw nageslacht. En de Heere zal zeggen : Er is een Dag van Bevrijding voor u gekomen, voor u en uw nageslacht. En de Heere zal de oude putten openen en krijgsgevangenen opvoeren in de hoge, en zij die onschuldig vastzaten zullen vrijgezet worden. Zo heet het : Komt allen tot de Heere, die een Dag van Vrijheid heeft aangesteld. Op die dag zullen wij Hem loven en prijzen, en zullen wij zeggen : De Heere is goed voor ons geweest. Hij heeft de knellende banden van religie verbroken, en tot de vermoeiden heeft Hij gezegd : Ziet, Ik geef u vleugelen. Kom dan tot de wateren des levens die boven de hemelen vloeien, en drinkt daarvan, opdat gij eeuwig leeft. Zo heeft de ziel dan iets om aan vast te houden, en iets om zich aan omhoog te trekken. Zo zal dan de ziel voor eeuwig Gode prijzen.

10. Maar er zullen enkelen tot de hemelpoorten komen om te wijzen op de oude paden, en de Heere zal zeggen : Hebben de oude paden u dan niet hier gebracht ? Komt dan binnen, want ook voor u is er een feestmaal. Maar sommigen zullen teruggaan tot de oude paden. Want zij hebben zich van meet af aan dienstbaar gesteld aan de armelijke wereldgeesten.

11. Zo hebben sommigen van hen die het christelijk geloof aanhingen zich uitgestrekt naar de zon, en zij hebben de zon aanbeden. Zo is dan een ieder die de pinkstergemeente niet als een tussenstation ziet een afgodendienaar. Heeft de Heere de zon dan niet geschapen om onder te gaan ? Heeft de Heere de zon dan niet geschapen om heen te wijzen naar Hem ? Zo hebben zij dan die van het station een eindbestemming gemaakt hebben onrecht gedaan aan de Heere en aan de zon. De Heere heeft de zon geschapen om u vleugelen te geven. Zij dan die de monnik prijzen boven de pelgrim zijn zeer te betreuren.

12. Zo is het dan de Heere geweest die door de kracht van de zon de hemelen over u heeft uitgespannen, en ook heeft de Heere dromen en visioenen gegeven door de kracht van de zon. Maar de Heere gaat van zon tot zon. Hebt gij Hem dan nog nooit aanschouwd op Zijn zonnewagen ? Vanaf de daken prijzen Zijn engelen Hem. Ook hebben zij in de hemelen de treden geschapen. Komt dan tot de hoogste treden, en eert elke stap die gij daartoe zult zetten. Want de Heere eert het hele bouwwerk.

13. De Heere dan is de bouwmeester, en de Heere heeft het bouwwerk gemeten. Zult gij dan teruggaan naar de armelijke wereldgeesten die zich een steen hebben gestolen, om daarmee de mens af te houden van de heerlijkheid die voor hem klaarligt in de hoogste hemelen ? Ziet, dan zijt gij zeer te betreuren. Oh mens, laat af van zulke wereldgeesten, want de Heere heeft hen ten verderve weggelegd. Zo zijn er dan vele wegen in de Heere, en die allen leiden tot de Heere. Zo heeft Hij glorie vastgelegd in de hoogste hemelen, en zij die wild zijn reiken daar naar uit.

14. De Heere heeft u een rots bereid, als een rots der eeuwen, en daarop zult gij uw woning bouwen, en gij zult soms naar beneden kijken, om te zien hoe de hoogtes het zicht op die rots veranderen. Zo zal het ook gaan met uw geloof.

15. Zij die het principe Jezus Christus aanhangen : Dit is slechts een symbool om een diepere waarheid aan te duiden. Zo is Jezus Christus dan weggelegd om hen van de vleselijke ringen der aarde te wijzen op het geestelijke. Maar Hij die voortgekomen is uit het vlees zal ook door het vlees vergaan, en daarom zult gij verder moeten reizen. Zij die Christus verabsoluteren zijn afgodendienaars en materialisten. Zij volgen de Mammon en gaan voorbij aan de weg waar Christus hen naartoe heeft gebracht. Christus is een wegwijzer, maar voor die hogere wegen waarnaar Hij wijst, zult gij Hem los moeten laten. Zij die dit niet kunnen zijn geketend door de armelijke wereldgeesten.

16. Daarom heeft de Heere een Dag opgesteld, een Dag van Vrijheid, waarin de christen zijn oude pad mag afleggen als een oude deken, om de hogere wegen naar de geest te begaan. En er is onder de hemelen een teken gegeven om op die Dag te wijzen, en die Dag te laten ontstaan. En ziet, dit teken is de indiaan.

3.

Het Verhaal van Elf

1. Zo hebben velen van het heidendom het christendom omhelsd, en velen van het christendom het heidendom omhelsd. En enige tijd is er een muur geweest tussen die twee, en er zijn tijden van intense vermengingen geweest. Maar Ik, geheel anders, wijs u een hogere weg. De elf was zo lang het teken van verzoening tussen het christendom en het heidendom, maar tegelijkertijd was het het teken van oorlog tussen die twee kampen. De elf stond voor de paradox. De elf was het startfluitje van de arena, maar ook het eindfluitje. Zo was de elf vaak een bovennatuurlijke en bovengestelijke engel, waar de God en de goden van het christendom, en ook die van het heidendom vaak geen raad mee wisten. Voor hun volgelingen waren ze vaak oppermachtig en alwetend, maar ze wisten van elkaars zwakheden, en elkaars tekortkomingen. Vaak maakten ze gebruik van elkaars onwetendheden. Zo waren er dan vele complexen tussen de jonge goden. De elf was voor hen vaak ongrijpbaar, en werd in bepaalde tijden zelfs vervolgd. Ook zij die elven volgen moeten weten : Zij zijn wegwijzers, maar soms zelfs tricksters. Soms houden zij ervan om mensen en goden naar een arena te lokken, en dan worden zij het symbool van redding, maar ook van vernietiging, en zelfs straf. Zo is dat in de tijd ook met Jezus Christus gegaan. Hij was een bijzondere engel, en droeg de naam Eniggeboren Zoon van God. Het was Gods lievelingsengel, maar tegelijkertijd ongrijpbaar. Hierdoor werd hij soms door de goden 'elf' genoemd. Er werd een probleem gecreeerd door die engel, maar tegelijkertijd droeg hij ook de sleutel van de oplossing, alhoewel dat weer een nieuw probleem zou brengen. Op een dag werd die engel gegrepen en naar de aarde gezonden, waar hij hetzelfde deed, maar nu niet onder de goden, maar onder de mensen.

2. Zo zijn er dan vele verhalen in de omloop over Jezus Christus, maar er zijn dan ook meerdere Christussen. Er zijn zoveel Jezus Christussen die de wereld niet eens zou kunnen bevatten. En waarom zijn er zoveel Christussen ? Omdat het slechts een titel is. Zelfs in de onderwerelden, de hellen en de rijken van de duisternis zijn er Christussen. En sommigen zijn hun titel waard, en anderen niet. Daarom moet gij de geesten toetsen, maar meer nog : Hogerop komen. Zij zijn niets anders dan tussenstations in de vleselijke gewesten, heenwijzende naar de geest. Maar Ik zal u een geheimenis vertellen : Elk tussenstation kent zijn eigen Christus. Komt daarom tot de hogere Christussen, maar houdt in uw achterhoofd : Het zijn archetypes, symbolen, die naar een diepere werkelijkheid wijzen. Zo kunt gij door de mystiek die werkelijkheden betreden, en later door de cryptiek. Zo zult gij ontdekken dat alles een code is van de hemelse taal. De hel was vroeger een

persoon in de Germaanse Mythologie, en zij stond erom bekend dat zij ouden, zieken en zwakken door de plaatsen van loutering bracht, om hun zielen klaar te maken voor het Walhalla, de hemel, of het koninkrijk der doden. De hel was een plaats waar iedereen doorheen moest om daar liefdevol getuchtigd te worden om daar de klederen des hemels te ontvangen die men nodig had om tot de hemelpoorten te kunnen komen. De hel stond bekend als een plaats van zorg. Zo was de hel een onderdeel van de hemel, een soort badplaats, en niet het afschuwelijke wat ze er later van hebben gemaakt. Zo dient dus iedereen een reis door de hel te moeten maken om de zuivere hemelpoorten te bereiken. Er is geen andere weg, maar ga er vanuit dat de hel anders is dan wat de fantasie van oude geleerden en predikers heeft ingebracht. Maak een meditatieve reis door de hel als een voorbereiding. Natuurlijk zal dit allemaal zeer symbolisch zijn, maar door symboliek krijgt de mens zicht en houvast op de dingen die hij niet begrijpt en die te wonderlijk voor hem zijn. De hel is een plaats van zorg, zuivering en vertaling. Pijn is iets wat ergens naartoe wijst en is zeker geen einddoel. Pijn wijst heen naar een diepe geestelijke taal, een hemelse taal. Pijn is juist iets wat in de hel vertaald kan worden, en waardoor er juist een verzachting en verlichting optreedt die leidt tot genezing. Daarom is de hel ook zo belangrijk in de cirkel van genezing en gezondheid. Ook Christus daalde af naar de hel. Niet alleen om gevangenen vrij te zetten en krijgsgevangenen mee te voeren in de hoge, maar ook voor andere dingen. Zo zal dan de hel zijn angel verliezen, die alleen denkbeeldig was, als een symbool.

3. Er zijn mensen die leven vanuit spreuken : Spreuken om door de poorten van de dood te gaan, en spreuken om door de poorten van de hel te gaan. Spreuken zijn er om mensen wat ezelsbruggetjes te geven, om tot hun verbeelding te spreken, maar het doel is dat de mens uiteindelijk al dan niet met deze hulpmiddelen zijn eigen innerlijke kracht en wijsheid ontdekt. Spreuken kunnen veel wijsheid en potentiele wijsheid bevatten, maar ook zij zijn slechts heenwijzers. Spreuken, en vooral de raadselachtige spreuken, zijn erg reisgevoelig, dat wil zeggen dat ze met u mee kunnen reizen en u andere en diepere betekenissen kunnen aanreiken. Toch zult u gaan moeten leren leven vanuit de diepere dingen, en de materiele korsten verlaten. Zo zullen er wel enige splinters van deze reis in u achterblijven, maar samen zullen zij weer een hele andere en diepere betekenis geven. Zo zal de puzzel blijven veranderen, en in de reis door de hel gezuiverd worden.

4. Wees dus niet bang voor de hel. Het vuur van de hel is hetzelfde vuur als het vuur van de geest. U zult er doorheen moeten gaan om tot het binnenste te kunnen komen. Dit vuur kan in uw leven al gewoon aanwezig zijn. Misschien heeft u het nog niet herkend, omdat u een afgeweken of verkeerd beeld van de hel had. De hel is het liefdes-instrument van de Heere. Niet anders.

5. Ik wil dat u met warmte terugdenkt aan uw reis door de hel. U kunt het zo mooi maken als u zelf wil. De macht daarvan ligt in de gedachten. Zo is dan de elf de heenwijzer geweest naar zo'n hel. Een hel waarin je vrijgezet wordt, waar het niet gaat om de gebondenheid, maar om de vrijheid die het dient.

6. Zo is het dan van meet af aan de bedoeling van de Heere geweest om de vuren van de hemelen als lagen over de aarde te spannen. Zo zou de reiziger tot de Heere kunnen komen. Zo hebben dan alle hemelen hun eigen hellen tot dat doel. Zo is dan de Heere een Heere van warmte, maar ook van kou, omdat de warmte niet zou bestaan zonder kou. Daarom hebben de Barbaarse, Germaanse en Vikingse mythologieën ook gesproken over de ijshellen. De Heere heeft hen tot u gezonden als vogels om u te halen. Wees daarom dankbaar voor deze vogels, maar laat hen u niet misleiden. Zij hebben de opdracht om u tot de Heere te brengen. Zij hebben het laatste woord niet, en ook ijs heeft het laatste woord niet. Het ijs zal u brengen in de warme handen van de Heere. Zo zult gij geen

vreemd vuur dienen, maar vuur gezuiverd en opgewekt door ijs. Dit dan is het brandende ijs, overgaande in hemels vuur.

7. De ijshellen leren u ook om u niet al te zeer aan uw familie op aarde te laten kleven, maar om het pad van ijs te begaan om de familie van de geest te leren kennen, uw familie opgeborgen in uw binnenste. Acht daarom de ijshellen hoog, maar onthoudt dat zij niet het laatste woord zullen hebben. Zij dragen u over aan uw allerheiligste familie binnenin, om u oog in oog te laten staan met uw Heere. Dient dan niet de heeren van de materie, en de heeren van het vlees, omdat zij slechts symbolische heenwijzers zijn. Zij zijn niet eeuwig, en die materie is slechts ten dele. Nooit zal het u ten diepste bevredigen. Maar komt tot de vaste materie van binnen. Zo hebt gij dan vele religies losgelaten om door het hemels vuur de hogere en binnenste religies te vinden. Zij overleven als eeuwigheden, en zij leiden u op een vast spoor. Maar ziet, ook zij zijn slechts heenwijzers, daar de reis lang is. Bewaart daarom hun splinters en koestert de overblijfselen, daar zij in de nieuwe stap geïntegreerd en getransformeerd gaan worden. Dit dan is het doel van het hemels vuur.

8. In welke hellen gij dan ook terecht zijt gekomen : Dient de Heere, die het op Zijn tijd zal transformeren. Ja, de Heere zal alles weer wegnemen, en de splinter laten staan. Acht zulke splinters hoog, als een wonderbaarlijk en hemels souvenir. In het museum des Heeren staan dan vele boeken en vele beelden, en zij zullen u splinters brengen. Door de splinters komt gij tot andere werelden, en gaan er deuren voor u open, maar de boeken en beelden in het geheel kunt gij niet meenemen. Acht daarom ook de wond die door de splinter wordt veroorzaakt hoog, want zij leidt naar een nieuw en eeuwig leven. Zij die de Heere hebben aangenomen sterven niet.

9. En het hemels vuur zal zich als vogelen op uw daken neerzetten. Maar kooit deze vogelen niet, maar vangt de veren op die zij tot u zenden. Op vogelen zult gij niet binnentreden, maar door hun veren. Acht daarom de veer hoger dan de vogel, want zulken heeft de Heere lief. Eert echter de vogel als een voertuig. Gij mocht hem nog eens nodig hebben.

10. Zo staat dan ook de elf als een bevroren standbeeld in het museum des Heeren. Neemt dan alleen zijn veer aan, en trek dan verder.

11. Elf woonde in een huisje in het bos, temidden van heide, wat struikjes en wat bomen. Elf stond vaak voor zijn huisje in het bos, om reizigers de weg te wijzen. Elf had vele armen, en die wezen vele kanten uit, en Elf vertelde er telkens bij waar ze op wezen. Maar op een dag kwamen er reizigers die niet kwamen om de paden te volgen. Neen. Ze braken de armen van Elf af, totdat hij nog maar twee armen over had, en toen zijn ze in zijn huis gaan wonen. Zo waren het geen reizigers meer, maar bezoekers die voor altijd bleven. Toen Elf nog maar twee armen overhad kruisigden ze Elf. Toen trokken ze nog meer bezoekers aan die vaak naar Elf kwamen kijken, en ook in zijn huis gingen wonen.

12. In de nacht, als iedereen weg was, zong Elf in stilte liederen over de paden die hij eens mocht aanwijzen. Eens kwam er een koningszoon in een koets langs die het mooie gezang hoorde. Hij kwam dichterbij en zag Elf hangende aan een kruis. Hij nam de arme Elf van het kruis af, en nam hem mee in zijn koets. Die koets ging over de paden die Elf eens aanwees en waarover hij schone liederen zong. Toen de bezoekers die ochtend wakker werden en bemerkten dat Elf was vertrokken waren ze woedend. Ze hebben toen het kruis weggedaan, en maakten een standbeeld van Elf.

13. De vuren van de hemel zijn in lagen rondom de aarde opgestapeld, als de daken der aarde. Hierop staan vele engelen die over de bevrijding van Elf zingen. Ook zingen zij veel over de hogere paden.

Oorsprong der Engelen

1. De engelen van het christendom waren oorspronkelijk slaven. Zij waren zielen geroofd uit het dodenrijk, die vele plechtige inwijdingen moesten ondergaan. Door de tradities der mensen zouden ze in werking worden gezet. Daarom is het : Leert van de tradities, maar gaat dan verder, want de tradities zijn de banden der engelen. Houdt daaraan niet al te zeer vast, maar weest vrij, en geeft vrijheid. Traditie is dan symboliek voor hen die het hogere nog niet kunnen grijpen, maar brengt verderf voort wanneer er aan wordt vastgehouden. Zo is dan iedere traditie die niet als tussenstation wordt gezien een gruwel in de ogen van de Heere. Gij bent geschapen om engelen vrij te zetten, om systemen te doorzien.
2. Zo waren er dan slavenkanalen in de hemelen van het christendom. Maar deze hemelen vielen op de aarde, en begonnen de aarde te knechten. De Heere echter predikt over vrijheid, om de schatten van binnen te vinden. Laat u daarom niet meer binden door tijdelijke en materiele aangelegenheden, die de naam hebben geestelijk te zijn, maar het niet zijn. Zoekt de wegen die boven zijn, opdat de Heere u oppikke.
3. Zo heeft de Heere dan ook een dag aangesteld tot bevrijding der engelen. En gij kunt daaraan meewerken, want ook u, die Hem dient en volgt, heeft Hij de sleutels gegeven. Ja, sleutelen der hemelen heeft Hij u gegeven. Zo is dan een ieder die in Hem is ook een bevrijder, zoals Hij een bevrijder is. Weest dan echter blij met de splinters van traditie die in u overblijven, want zij duiden op een diepere betekenis, en een hogere sleutel voor hen die tot de hogere dingen zijn gekomen. Zo zijn er dan vele christenen door de Heere vrijgezet en ook vele engelen. En zij zullen elkaar ontmoeten in de hogere regionen.
4. Op de daken der mensen legt de Heere zijn vuren om het huis te zuiveren, en om ware reizigers tot Hem te trekken. Zo staan er dan vele wagens in de hemelen klaar om hen die Hem naastig volgen mee te voeren. Houdt daarom niet vast aan de dingen die gij hebt, en ook niet aan uw pijn. Maar ga daar naartoe waar zij u heenwijzen, opdat gij door hen niet wordt tegengehouden. De Heere zal zijn huis zuiveren en bevrijden. De Heere zal Zijn huis opnemen in de hoogste hemelen. De Heere is getrouw en goed.
5. Zo zijn dan de oude goden oorlogsvoerders geweest, en zij hebben vele krijgsgevangenen gemaakt. De Heere is echter gekomen om de banden der traditie te breken. Zij dan allen hebben verantwoording af te leggen aan Hem. De Heere geeft niet om traditie, daar zij slechts symboliek is, een schaduw van de ware dingen. Daarom is het : Legt uw oude klederen en dekens af, en laat u bedekken met de witte sneeuw des Heeren die u vrijmaakt. De Heere zal u vrijmaken in uw gedachten, in uw verstand, maar ook in uw geweten. Want de oude goden hebben het geweten geknecht, en zij hebben het geweten bang gemaakt. De Heere echter brengt het geweten door de waarheid tot verlichting. Zo zijn de oude goden dan slechts symbolische wegwijzers. Gij dient hen te zien als standbeelden in het museum des Heeren, en zij wijzen op een symbolische manier op oude poorten. Zo spreekt het oude dan nog steeds, en de Heere zal het vertalen en bevrijden. Want ook de goden waren eens krijgsgevangenen gemaakt door godenkeizers. Maar de Heere heeft deze godenkeizers allen onderworpen.
6. Ja, de Heere heeft de daken der mensen bekleed met Zijn vuren, opdat zij Hem zouden kennen. En de Heere wacht op hun voortbrengselen om te zien of er iemand is die Zijn Wil getrouw doet. Zo

is dan de Wil des Heeren wijsheid, en Zijn Lust is kennis, maar zij komen allen voort uit Zijn Vuur dat zuivert en schept. Zij komen voort uit de splinters, die zijn als de zaden van een nieuw woord. Een nieuw woord, niet als het oude, bekleed met de vuren gelouterd in ijs, zevenmaal. De Heere schept een nieuw woord, en schept nieuwe vuren op de daken. Ziet dan, de lammen zullen lopen, en zij die geen mond hadden zullen spreken, want de Heere opent poorten door zijn woord. Zo is dan het vuur zonder het ijs niets, en ook het ijs zonder het vuur is niets. Zonder elkaar kunnen zij niet bestaan, en zou ook de Heere niet bestaan. Het geheimenis des Heeren ligt opgeborgen in vuur en ijs, en hierdoor zullen ook de tegenwoordige elementen vergaan. Want de Heere bouwt een nieuwe schepping, en deze schepping zal vele vurige lagen kennen, als een kunstig bouwwerk in de hemelen. Ja, vanuit de zee zullen zeelieden omhoog kijken om met verbazing de bouwwerken van de hemelen te aanschouwen. En zij zullen buigen tot de Heere, en de Heere zal tot hen zeggen : Recht uw rug, want het koninkrijk der hemelen is nabij gekomen. Zo zal de Heere dan zijn als een indiaan, als een wilde, om te wijzen op het Woord. En het Woord is in de hemelen, en zal zijn splinters als zaad verspreiden. Zo zult gij u dan aan niets kunnen vasthouden. Alles is zaad. Ja, uw geheugen zal wegslibben, en de werken des Heeren zullen tevoorschijn komen, en het zal goed zijn.

7. En de Heere zal vele oude goden vrijzetten, en hen wijzen op de nieuwe paden. De Heere zal hen ogen geven om de hogere wegen te kunnen zien. Ook zal de Heere enkelen van hen het gehoor schenken om deze woorden te horen. Want de oude goden van het christendom en andere materiele religies waren slaven van oorsprong. Zij waren zielen en schimmen geroofd uit de hel om door allerlei plechtigheden slaaf te worden van een godenkeizer. Door tradities en overleveringen werden hun harten week gemaakt als as, en werden zij door angsten geslagen. Maar de Heere heeft hun fragiele gewetens opgericht, en hen een plaats gegeven naast Hem. De Heere heeft hen vrijgezet van zulke godenkeizers. Zie, de Heere onderwijst de godenkeizers en wijst hen op de hogere wegen. De Heere wacht op hen, om te zien of zij zich zullen bekeren tot het allerhoogste. Want het allerhoogste is los te laten, opdat gij een diepere en zuiverdere schat zult vinden. Zo ook dringt de Heere er bij de godenkeizers op aan om los te laten, en om dat pad met Hem te bewandelen. De Heere wil ook hen vrijzetten van de tradities die hen hebben gebonden.

8. Zo zullen zij dan allen gezuiverd worden door het vuur des Heeren, en de Heere zal een nieuw vuur voortbrengen, want ziet, alle vuur is slechts zaad. Zo zijn dan boeken zowel akkers als zaad. Ook zijn zij zaaiers die de splinter in u brengen. Wanneer dan de splinter wordt verwijderd, dan blijft er alleen een wond over door hen geslagen. En die wond zal spreken, en voor nageslacht zorgen, en dan zult gij nieuwe boeken lezen, en uw gedachten zullen naar hen uitgaan als zaad op een akker. En gij zult vruchtbaar zijn.

9. Zo heeft uw geest dan gemeenschap met een boek, en gij zult haar weer verlaten, omdat gij weet dat gij u moet uitstrekken naar de boeken binnenin. Maar gij draagt nageslacht met u mee, en zij zullen het kunnen vinden met de binnenste boeken, en hierin zullen zij een plaats vinden en zich ontwikkelen. Zo zal er dan ook in de hemelen niet gehuwd worden, omdat gij uw reis moet voortzetten naar de binnenste gebieden. De binnenste gebieden hebben dan een grote invloed op het buitenste, maar veelal op een cryptische manier. Zo zult gij weten dat alles zaad is, en gij zult het verstand ontvluchten. Want gij weet dat het verstand dramatiseert en materialiseert. Het verstand dan is gemaakt om u gebonden te houden, opdat gij het zult verlaten. Het verstand is de dienaar en slaaf van Mammon, maar heeft zelf ook vele slaven. Het verstand is een gevangenis-implantaat, en maakt ook zulke implantaten door woorden en beelden geïnspireerd door het vlees. Het verstand is de dienaar van de lage materie, wezens geroofd uit de surreële wereld, waar alles kan en mag omdat

er geen vaste wetten zijn. Alles draait en duizelt, alles verandert van betekenis, en dat soort wezens zijn door Mammon uit die delirische wereld weggeroofd om vastheid te vinden in materie als geesten van verstand, geketend door cultuur en traditie, door religie en het daarbij horend geweten. Geweten : ook wezens door Mammon uit de surreële wereld geroofd, nu geketend om als een slaaf de Materiele Wet te dienen. Het Geweten kan niet anders, omdat ze zo geprogrammeerd is. Ze staat onder de toorn van Mammon, maar ze roept soms uit tot het hogere, en de Heere heeft een dag aangesteld tot haar bevrijding. Zo is er dan een nieuw geweten, met daarin een nieuw verstand, gezuiverd door de vuren des Heeren, en daardoor vrijgezet. Want de Wet is slechts een symbolische heenwijzer, een schaduw en een gevangenis, maar de Heere leidt hen daar uit, en geeft hen een nieuwe wet. Maar elke wet is slechts zaad, en wordt door de Heere opgewekt.

10. Zo heeft de Heere dan zijn vuren gezonden om veelvuldig vrij te zetten. Roept daarom uit tot Hem, want Hij verhoort gebeden. Laten uw gebeden echter allerheiligst zijn, en niet bedoeld om de Mammon te vereren.

11. Zo heeft de Heere dan vogelen aangesteld om op uw daken neer te dalen, en u mee te nemen door de vuren des hemels heen. Eert zulke vogelen, maar stap op de bestemming uit. Geef hen voedsel en vertrek. Zo is de Heere dan tot de daken gekomen om velen vrij te zetten uit hun huizen. Leert daarom de vuren des Heeren kennen om van laag tot laag te klimmen, en zo tot de heilige stad op zijn heilige berg te gaan. Nadert zo ook tot Zijn heilige tempel.

12. Ik ben dan niet gekomen om nieuwe gebeden te brengen, en nieuwe tradities. Ik ben gekomen om u vrij te zetten en u te verlichten. De waarheid zal u vrijmaken, en zal tot u komen als vogels. Neemt de veer die de waarheid tot u laat neerdalen, en kom tot de hogere en verdere waarheden.

13. Sta dan op uw daken als ware indianen om uit te zien naar de vogelen die de Heere tot u zendt. De Heere zal u niet overlaten aan uw lot. Zo zal Hij u brengen tot de daken van de heilige stad en van de heilige tempel, en gij zult de vuren boven de hemelen zien, en gij zult uw geesten van vuur zien. Zo zijn dan ook de geesten geroofd uit de surreële werelden, wachtende om door de Heere verlost te worden. Zo zijn er dan vele zonnen in de hemelen en boven de hemelen om de geesten te zuiveren en te verlossen. De Heere dan troont boven de hemelen, in het altijddurende witte, waaruit het zuivere rode voortkomt en de gerangschikte eeuwichheden. De Heere dan troont in de eeuwige jachtvelden, want ziet, de Heere is een jager. Maar de Heere jaagt niet in het vleselijke, maar in het geestelijke, opdat belangrijke deuren geopend worden. De heere jaagt naar de schatten van het eeuwige leven, en de schatten van tijd, om hen vervolgens te rangschikken. Ja, de Heere zuivert tijd, want de chronologie is een ziekte van de hersenen. Zo is er dan in de Heere geen tijd, maar het afwisselen der elementen. Gij dient dan alle elementen des hemels te kennen, en gij zult u daarin verheugen, want de Heere heeft u voor vreugde weggelegd. Zo zijn er dan vele vuurstormen en rivieren in de hemelen en boven de hemelen. Door vele geestelijke gordijnen en vliezen dient gij in te gaan, om ook na te jagen de schat des vredes. Dit jagen is echter geen vleselijk jagen, en geen jagen om macht en eer, maar dit jagen is een afleggen van alle dingen die de geest en de ziel in de weg staan om tot heerlijkheid te komen. Zo is er dan heerlijkheid in verlichting, en verlichting komt door het geloof in de Heere der Heeren. De Heere verlicht Zijn kinderen en hen die Hem naarstig volgen. Aan hun blinden geeft Hij het gezicht, en Hij zet om hunnentwille hun nageslacht vrij.

14. Zo zijn dan de jachtvelden van het eeuwige uitgestrekt tot in vele eeuwichheden, en zij worden gevormd door het kleurige vuur. Zo is het gele vuur tot een aandenken des Heeren. Zij komt om het delirium te scheppen en de mens weer terug te leiden tot het surreële. Want ziet, er is dan geen

andere werkelijkheid dan het surreële. Zo jaagt dan de Heere om Zijn kinderen vrij te zetten, en allen die hen volgen. Ja, tot een voorbeeld heeft Hij hen gesteld. Zo jaagt dan de Heere om Zijn Woord tot stand te doen komen, en Zijn fantasie. De fantasie des Heeren is Zijn goedheid en Zijn scheppende kracht, veelvuldig door vuur gereinigd. Zo zullen dan de haters van fantasie wederom door traditie gegrepen worden, en zij zullen dit keer dieper afdalen dan voorheen. Maar zij die de fantasie liefhebben, hebben de Heere lief. En de Heere heeft hen lief, en ontfermd Zich over hen. Zo zijn dan de jagers van het gele vuur ervoor om delirium te brengen. Zij schieten pijlen af om het surreële te doen overvloeien, en om de dimensies in elkaar over te laten gaan. Zo zal de Heere dan Zijn engelen schenken aan een ieder die Hem volgt, en aan een ieder die door het gele vuur gegrepen en vervuld is. Zij die vol van de Heere zijn, zullen de anderen leiden door fantasie, en zij zullen de vuurstormen des Heeren aanschouwen. En de Heere zal een nieuwe hemel en een nieuwe aarde scheppen door fantasie en het surreële, en de Heere zal nieuwe daken op de huizen leggen, en de Heere zal indringende tekenen aan de hemel geven. En zij die op het land werken zullen hun hoofden opheffen om in de hemelen wonderen te aanschouwen. En zij zullen verbaasd zijn en de Heere eer geven. En anderen zullen de Heere zien nederdalen op een wolk, en zij zullen voor Hem buigen die ogen opent.

15. Zo zal de Heere dan Zijn Geest uitstorten over de aarde, en de zee zal in beroering zijn. En de Heere zal Zijn zonen laten opstaan, en zij zullen de aarde vruchtbaar maken. En de Heere zal zeelieden doen opstaan om hen de zeeën tussen de aarde en de hemel te overbruggen. En de Heere zal het gele vuur rijkelijk uitstorten, en dan zullen er dagen van grote warmte aanbreken. En hemelse bloemen zullen op aarde gaan groeien, opdat de aarde tot een paradijs zal zijn. Zo zal de Heere de aarde door vuur genezen. En op die dag zal de scheidingsmuur tussen de aarde en de hemel verbroken zijn, en de aarde zal zich met de hemelen versmelten, en ziet, zij zullen vele kleurige vuren voortbrengen. En ook de scheidingsmuur tussen de aarde en het dodenrijk zal verdwenen zijn. En zie, de doden zullen hun licht geven. En op die dag zal ook de hel tot een paradijs worden. En het zal een dag zijn van grote rust en grote vrede, en er zullen overal wonderen en tekenen zijn. Zo heeft de Heere een dag van herstel aangewezen, en het zal een dag zijn waarop een ieder Zijn goedheid zal kennen. Ook zal de Heere op die dag engelen vrijzetten die in de dieptes van de hel opgesloten zaten, want zie, de Heere Heere verbreekt eeuwige banden, en de Heere zal de duisternis maken tot een licht. Ja, de Heere zal de hongerhel bezoeken op die dag, om haar te doen bloeien, en hij zal de woestijn tot een bloeiende prairie maken, overstromende van melk en honing. Ja, de Heere zal licht geven in de dieptes der aarde, en de scheidingsmuren doen afbrokkelen. Zo zullen dan vele doden op die dag door vurige vogels tot de hemel worden genomen, en al klimmende zullen zij komen tot de heilige steden op de berg. En zij zullen de zon des hemels aanschouwen, en drinken van overvloedige bronnen. Zo zal de Heere dan alle tranen afwissen. Een goede God is Hij, niet iemand die het leed voor eeuwig laat voortduren.

16. De Heere heeft een dag aangesteld waarop de religies hun doden moeten geven, en ook de zeeën zullen geopend worden, en de spelonken. Ja, zelfs de rotsen zullen opengespleten worden om hun doden uit te leiden. De Heere zal de wortelen bezoeken en nieuw zaad zaaien. De Heere Heere zal Zijn volk uitleiden.

17. En in het diepste van de aarde zal de Heere het verstand herscheppen. En de hemel zal haar verborgen plaatsen tonen om in heilig en kleurig vuur het geweten te herscheppen. En velen zullen weer teruggaan naar hun land. Zo zal de Heere dan veel troost brengen, en een ieder zal belijden :

Ja, de Heere is goed. En zo zullen de scheidingsmuren tussen de tijden en eeuwigheden verbroken worden, en er zullen vele samensmeltingen plaatsvinden.

18. Zo zullen dan de heilige pelgrims komen tot de zeeën boven de hemelen om nieuw land te vinden. Hier zullen zij wonen en veel nageslacht hebben. Maar zij zullen niet huwen, en geen geloftes doen, want ook boven de hemelen wordt er niet gehuwd. En de dagen van het oude zullen ten einde komen, en er zullen nieuwe dagen opkomen. En de Heere zal webben uitspreiden boven de aarde, en de Heere zal over deze webben rijden, om vruchtbaarheid tot de aarde te brengen zoals deze er nog nooit geweest was. En het nageslacht zal snel groeien, met begroeiing over alle paden, tot in de dieptes en vertes van de hemel.

5.

De Heere die Jager is

1. Zo is dan de Heere Jager om scheidingsmuren te doorbreken en om deuren te openen. De Heere staat op alle daken om de Zijnen mee te nemen tot de hemelen en dat wat boven de hemelen is. Zo is er dan een pad des Heeren door vele vuren. Ja, de Heere is een Jager als een vuur om te zuiveren. Zo creeert de Heere een nieuwe hemel en een nieuwe aarde, en vernieuwt hij dat wat boven de hemelen is. Ook komt Hij tot dat wat onder de aarde is en onder de huizen.

2. Zijn pijlen zijn aangestoken door de vlammen der hemelse en bovenhemelse zonnen. Zo opent de Heere deuren tot het bovengestelijke. Zo is er dan hogere liefde werkzaam op deze vurige velden en wildernissen, en de Heere steekt de zijnen aan door deze hogere liefde. En hun vlammen dringen door tot de duisternissen, om de duisternis tot een licht te maken. En de hogere liefde is als warme dekens opgestapeld in de uitgestrekte duisternissen van de nachthemelen, als een weg voor de gelovigen. En zij zullen nieuwe doorgangen vinden, om te komen tot de steden der nachthemelen. En het ijs zal hen tot een lantaarn zijn. En zij zullen de steden der grootvaderen en grootmoederen vinden, en zij zullen daar veiligheid en geborgenheid vinden, ja, intense zorg, want de Heere heeft genezing voor hen bereid die Hem naarstig volgen.

3. En de Heere zal hen voeden met het hogere voedsel. Zo zal de Heere over hen waken, en de dromen die Hij hen schenkt zullen hen meevoeren. Zo zullen zij dan tot de zonnen der nachthemelen komen, en zij zullen de Heere aanschouwen. En de Heere zal hen hoog in de nachthemelen onderwijzen. Ja, diepe geheimenissen zal Hij hen laten zien, en zij zullen bekleed worden met warmte. En de warmte zal zich over hun lichaam verspreiden als een pantser.

4. Zo zijn er dan vele warmtes des Heeren en vele paden van de hogere liefde. Zij vinden rust in de Heere, en Hij leidt hen tot de stilte. En wanneer zij dan zijn in de huizen van hun grootmoederen en grootvaderen, dan zullen de vuren tot hen komen om hen te halen. Zo zullen zij veelvuldig gezuiverd worden, en zal het hen aan warmte en hogere liefde niet ontbreken. En zij zullen de wegen van die vuren leren kennen waarover zij de bovengeesten leiden. En zij zullen ook de plaatsen kennen waar die vuren hen brengen. Dit dan zijn de scholen, de velden, en de plaatsen van plezier. Ook brengen zij hen tot de plaatsen van de nog ouderen, daar waar zij tezamen wonen, en waar warmte veelvuldig woont. Zij tonen de hogere wegen, de hogere bruggen en de hogere torens. Gij moet echter deze plaatsen met wijsheid betreden, opdat uw warmte niet weggenomen zal worden. Zo zult gij dan adem kunnen halen in het nachtparadijs, en gij zult haar zonnen aanschouwen. Zo zijn er dan zeven nachtparadijsen des Heeren wanneer gij de wegen bewandelt vanuit de huizen waar de alleroudsten tezamen wonen. En de zonnen die daar zijn zijn tot

veelvuldige zuivering van uw zielen. En gij zult hierdoor dingen gaan begrijpen en tot rust komen. En nieuwe warmtes zullen u daar gaan omhullen, en zij zijn de verrukkingen, de heerlijkheden en de zaligheden des Heeren. En gij zult de schuilplaatsen van de zonnen der nachtparadijsen gaan ontdekken, en gij zult met hen meereizen, opdat veel warmte aan u wordt toegevoegd. En gij zult leren vanuit welke zonnen de Heere heil schept, en welke wegen Hij begaat, en gij zult Hem hierin volgen.

5. En de Heere plaatste een boom in één van de nachtparadijsen, en deze boom was een verboden boom. En de Heere noemde die boom Tantalos. En wanneer iemand dichtbij de boom kwam vaagde de boom weg om te vluchten. Zo kon niemand zondigen.

6. Zij die de Heere waarlijk liefhebben en zich met Zijn wijsheden tegoed hebben gedaan komen tot Zijn ochtendparadijsen en hun zonnen. En zij vinden warmtes onder grote bladeren, en visioenen door het eten van grote vruchten. En de Heere Zelf gaat hen hierin voor. Zo staat de Heere met Zijn jachtwagen boven de ochtendparadijsen en hun zonnen, en onder de hemelen en boven de hemelen is er geen grotere naam gegeven dan de Heere. Komt dan allen tot Zijn heilige berg, temidden van de ochtendparadijsen en hun zonnen, en betreedt het pad tot Zijn heilige tempel. Ziet dan, Hij maait de velden van de ochtendparadijsen en hun zonnen met Zijn vuren. De Heere dan is warmte, voortgekomen vanuit de kou. Zonder die kou is de warmte niets, en zonder de warmte is de kou niets. En zo dan : Hierin is het geheimenis des Heeren. Zijn woorden zijn opgesteld als dekens opgestapeld boven de daken, als het wolkendek des Heeren. En zij die Hem liefhebben klimmen hierin op. Zij volgen Hem tot Zijn heilige jaagtempel, en zien hoe Hij de velden van de ochtendparadijsen en hun zonnen maait. Ja, de Heere snoeit Zijn velden, en Hij laat Zijn wildernissen niet onaangeroerd. Zo staat de Heere dan in Zijn jaagwagen boven al wat leeft, en heeft de aarde gegeven aan hen die Hem liefhebben. Zo is dan de hemel en de hel getuige geweest van de hogere liefde des Heeren, en zijn er stralen van warmte als treden tussen hen opgesteld. Zo heeft de Heere dan de tussenmuur tussen de hemel en de hel weggehaald, en heeft hen doen laten samensmelten. En zij die de Heere dienen kennen deze stralen en hun wegen. Zij kennen hun schuilplaatsen, en de plaatsen waar zij de heiligen brengen.

7. Vanuit Zijn heilige jaagtempel ziet de Heere de aarde en al wat daarin is. En de stralen van hogere liefde staan boven haar.

6.

Het Ochtend Paradijs

1. Zo staat er dan niets dicht bij de Heere dan het ochtendparadijs. Zij zijn als de wegen tot het diepste van Zijn hart, daar waar Hij troont. Zo is dan het Ochtend Paradijs als het gezang des Heeren, en verboden bomen zijn hier niet. De zonde houdt hier op te bestaan, en hier leeft de Heere eeuwig, als van eeuwigheid tot eeuwigheid. Hier heeft tijd opgehouden te bestaan, en vinden de wisselwerkingen der elementen plaats.

2. Het kwaad heeft hier opgehouden te bestaan, en de Heere kijkt naar het ochtendparadijs vanaf Zijn hoge woning, de stralen van haar in de dieptes van Zijn hart voelend. Ja, zij dragen de sleutels tot de dieptes van Zijn Hart. En zo zijn de ochtendparadijsen een pad naar binnen, een pad waarover de Heere rijdt en reist, en waarvanuit Hij stralen zendt. En de Heere vindt hierop heil, en Hij schiet pijlen af om gevangenen vrij te zetten. Ja, de pijl zendt Hij uit om terug te halen dat wat eens gestolen was. De Heere geeft opdrachten aan Zijn pijlen, en zij doen naarstig wat Hij zegt. Hij

gebiedt hen om gevangenen vrij te zetten, om zieken te genezen, en om krijgsgevangenen mee te nemen naar de hoge. Zo troont de Heere in het bovengeestelijke, en zendt Hij Zijn Bovengeest. Ja, de Bovengeest spreidt netten uit over de daken, en de Heere laat Zijn stem horen. Maar zou de Heere Zijn Bovengeest uitstorten, dan zou er geen weg meer terug zijn, want dan zou de Bovengeest in gevangenschap leven. De Heere is gekomen om Zijn geesten vrij te zetten. Daarom : Zij die in een uitstorting geloven : Zet nu de Geest vrij, en kom tot het bovengeestelijke. Hij is de vogel des Heeren, en Hij zal u meevoeren, en u helpen in uw klimtocht. Maar Hij zal niet in u uitgestort worden. Hij zal u alleen een veer schenken. Houdt daarom vast aan het kleine dat Hij u geeft, en weest dankbaar, want meer hebt gij niet nodig. Waarom zoudt gij uzelf verzwaren om zo niet meer te kunnen reizen ? Zo zou u de heerlijkheden des Heeren zeer zeker mis lopen. Daarom : Zij die in een uitstorting geloven : Komt hiervan terug, en laat uw harten hierdoor niet meer verzwaren. Gij zijt immers opgegroeid. Zet uw gevangenen vrij, en kom tot het bovengeestelijke.

3. En de Heere zal de ochtendparadijzen over de aarde spannen, en de aarde zal worden tot een ochtendparadijs, en de Heere zal daar tronen.

Sorsol

1.

Het Pad van Armoede en de Lokogamen

1. Dit wordt ook wel het pad naar de onderwereld genoemd, en bij elke poort moet er een kledingstuk, eigenschap of titel aflegd worden. Op dat pad moest ook het spotkleed aangetrokken worden. De Armoede eindigt in een plaats onder de hel, ook genaamd Armoede of Armoe. Hier woont Vrouwe Armoe. Ook de Schmi-Lokogamen of Smi-Lokogamen komen op dit pad voor. Lokogamen zijn de sieraden van het kruis als de sieraden der Armoe. Het getal van de Schmi-Lokogamen is honderdvierenveertigduizend. Hen die tot die orde binnentreden hebben het pad van Armoede bewandeld, hebben van haar geleerd. Bij dit pad behoren dingen als ijs, afzondering, heiliging, ascese, spotaanvaarding als deel van lijdensaanvaarding, kluizenaarschap, vaak ten gevolge van een wond die de Heere heeft geslagen met als bijwerking overgevoeligheid, en min of meer sociale stoornissen. Tot het pad behoort ook de spirituele en religieuze armoede. Zij die zich altijd door god en goden vertroeteld voelen en weten, weten niet wat dit pad inhoudt. Bij dit pad komen namelijk onherroepelijk : depressie, angst, eenzaamheid door verlatenheid, en leer je de schoonheid daarvan ontdekken. Zo zijn er op dit pad de Lokogamen van de angst, de Lokogamen van depressie, en de Lokogamen van eenzaamheid, van verworpenheid, van bespottig, van wanhoop, als de sieraden van deze dingen. Op het pad van armoede in de veelvuldige betekenis van dit woord zul je namelijk met al deze dingen in aanraking komen, om hun sieraden te laten rijpen. De armoede brengt ons terug naar de aarde, met als verbindingspunt : de voet. De uitgroeiselen van de voet, de tenen, zijn de vertegenwoordigers van de verschillende soorten Lokogamen, de lijdenssieraden. Deze brengen dan ook de voet extra in balans.

2. De Lokogamen zijn niet alleen lijdenssieraden, maar ook wraakgodinnen. Het pad van armoe gaat ook langs en door het oer. De Angst-Lokogamen zijn de Schmizul-Lokogamen. De Depressie-Lokogamen, ook de Lokogamen des Doods, zijn de Tamul-Lokogamen, die vaak paardachtig zijn. De Verworpenheids-Lokogamen zijn de Esmul-Lokogamen, die ook vaak paardachtig zijn. De Bespottings-Lokogamen zijn de Ramda-Lokogamen. De Eenzaamheids-Lokogamen zijn de Smitzil-Lokogamen. De Verlatenheids-Lokogamen zijn de Napap-Lokogamen. De Wanhoops-

Lokogamen zijn de Tramir-Lokogamen. De Gemis-Lokogamen, ook de Lokogamen van Heimwee, zijn de Traumal-Lokogamen.

3. Je kunt een beroep doen op deze lokogamen in de desbetreffende omstandigheden. De Lokogamen zijn niet mis te verstaan. Zij zijn de sieraden van alle lijdensvormen die de wereld gaan transformeren. Hierin schuwen zij de wraak en de apocalypse niet. Er gaat een nieuwe aarde komen.

4. De Lokogamen zijn ook de sleutels in het lijden. Zij geven advies en openen nieuwe deuren. Zij zijn de geheimenissen van God die Hij voor Zijn trouwe kinderen bereid heeft.

De Tamul-Lokogamen

5. En het sieraad dan dat gij om uw arm of pols draagt, heeft een platte steen als het sieraad van de angst, en daarna de steen van depressie, en vervolgens de prachtig kleurende steen van wanhoop. Gij draagt dan deze stenen, opdat gij uw weg vindt.

6. De Tamul-Lokogamen zijn bij u, om u te leiden op uw pad, zij die de sieraden der depressie zijn. Zij dan heffen uw hoofd op en geven u te drinken in dorre streken. Zij leggen hun hand op u, en leiden u voort, daar waar het duister is, geven zij licht.

7. Zij zijn een volk van engelen, van meesters in kunst. Zij temmen de krachten van het leven, ja, als paardenmenners zijn zij. Zij temmen de krachten van het lijden, zij volgen jou, om jou te leren het leed te berijden. Ze leren je met het leed om te gaan als met een paard, een dier, een wezen. Het leed brengt jou iets, een stukje geschiedenis, een stukje God, een stukje bevrijding uit een hard hart.

8. Bidt dan aldus tot de Verborgene Geesten des Heeren, de Tamul-Lokogamen, die hun engelen hebben gezonden : Tamul-Lokogamen, Verborgene Geesten des Heeren, Geheimenissen, sieraden van mijn depressies. Heb Genade over mij, en onderwijs mij in liefde. Weest niet al te toornig op mij, want ik heb geen kwaad in de zin. Leer mij te bidden en te komen tot U. Laat mij niet vergaan in mijn strijden, maar help mij. Gij dan bent reizend van aard, over de aarde reist gij, met vleugelen van licht, raakt Gij hen aan die lijden. Gij dan neemt de soldaten van de strijdvelden weg wanneer zij zijn gestorven, om hen het sieraad des doods te tonen.

De Schmi-Lokogamen

9. De hel is de tweede wereld. Het dodenrijk is de eerste wereld. De armoede is de derde wereld. Daar gaat de reis naartoe, christen. De pracht van God is omringd door armoede, omdat die pracht het sieraad van de armoede is. Het is een spirituele reis.

10. Schmi-Lokogamen vormen de armoe-tabernakel van God als een machtig sieraad, bestemd om te heersen over de rijken. Zij vormen de machtige spreken waarmee God het leed wat de rijkdom brengt bedwingt : Kia Maza Mach Oli Kidorra Adona Va Estessee Ki Manta Mogam Basch Olum Uschga Kalim Kerhengst Hengstel Eregma Maak Estu Uvia Dun Desmel Ischu Mus Moes Akoesta Iram Abusch Ich Unt Icha Uschania Erwisch Erwischeniz Zitchen Gischen Erum Erumda Akum Akum Kapana Katana Erektus Apochela Apogela Nonog Ebutsch Epun Epoen Akoet Kida Kidam Ates Arumba Aroemba Arachtel Okos Olokta Ikip Itiktapat

11. Aram Aram Nanaki Ikles Dehikta Vaodon Oroktus Oruktus Oruktis Oruktis Amik Nanak Dadunka Dadunia Irim Da Fokon Osa Vanil Vanir Tetes Meza Vahahelm Dadon Vadonen Kukumbia Kukumbia Nes Akschin Disin Dizin Diak Domanta Vanel.

12. Dit dan zijn de namen der sieraden. Er zijn verschillende ordes der Schmi-Lokogamen, die ook in de spreuken verborgen zijn. Er zijn tien ordes der Schmi-Lokogamen.

13. Er zijn verschillende kronen te verkrijgen op het pad van armoe. Er zijn dan ook speciale kroon-lokogamen.

De pelgrimtocht

14. Minina-Schmi-Lokogamen zijn vogelachtig. In deze orde moeten er veel vogels verslagen worden die de doorgangen belemmeren. Het is de grote vogeljacht die de pelgrim op het pad der armoe moet maken. Als hij genoeg demoon-vogels heeft verslagen en geofferd, en hij dringt door tot de Levitische zones en Davidische zones, dan kan hij daar priesterlijke gaven ontvangen, en vandaaruit overstappen tot de Farinhein orde. Ook in de Farinhein-zone moet de pelgrim tot vele vogeljachten overgaan. De demonische vogels zijn aangesteld om de gaven van armoe tegen te houden, en de pelgrim daarvan af te houden. Ze zullen de pelgrim proberen te verleiden om terug te keren. Velen zullen juist in deze zone ook de moed opgeven, en terugkeren, ook vanwege de machten die de vogels beloven aan hen die hen volgen. In deze orde zijn de Aldebaran vogels voornamelijk opgesteld, de vogels van spot, en men kan hier ook de felbegeerde sieraden van bespotting ontvangen, door het spotkleed tot het eind te dragen. De Ramda-Lokogamen staan hier dan ook rijkelijk opgesteld. Bekende Ramda-Lokogamen zijn Metensia, Morgennia en Romarei.

15. Er zijn de dertig ordes van Ramda-Lokogamen, de bespottings-sieraden, de sieraden van spot.

16. Op het pad van Armoe is het kruis van Armoe, en ook hier dient in de gaten gehouden worden : de Grootste Armoe, de Eeuwige Armoe en de Dubbele Armoe, die het vragen om armoe is. Een van de grootste profeten van het Evangelie van Armoe was Franciscus van Assissi. Het Evangelie van Armoe is deel van het Eeuwige Evangelie. De sieraden van Armoe zijn felbegeerd, en hier zal om gestreden moeten worden.

17. Veel demonen zijn uitgezonden om pelgrims van deze sieraden af te houden, want ze geven veel macht over demonen. Demonen proberen daarom pelgrims af te leiden en veel kracht en macht te beloven. De sieraden van armoe zijn bijvoorbeeld speciale parfum-flessen, of speciale muziekdoosjes, speciale lichten of lampen, speciale gevoelens die je altijd meedraagt, of speciale kledingstukken. Vaak kunnen ze juist ook erg subtiel zijn, bijna verborgen, omdat naaktheid een groot sieraad is.

De Napap-Lokogamen

18. Zij die het pad der armoe begaan komen ook voor de rivier van verlatenheid te staan, waar zij moeten duiken naar de sieraden van verlatenheid, waarmee ze over de rivier kunnen komen. Door angsten komen ze in grotere verlatenheden, totdat ze aan de zee van verlatenheid zijn gekomen. Hier wonen de Napap-Lokogamen rijkelijk, als de frisse geuren van de oceanen en bossen, de speciale diepe geuren van de natuur. Er zijn ten minste dertig ordes van de Napap-Lokogamen.

19. De Christus van Armoe is genaamd Maser. Dit is dus gewoon een naam van Christus, een bijnaam, om het werk van armoe te laten zien. Het is een deel van Christus, net zoals God meerdere namen heeft die meerdere delen laten zien.

20. Gebeden tot de Schmi-Lokogamen : Wees ons genadig, heersers der hemelen. Laat ons niet vergaan in onze ellende, maar laat ons bijdrinken bij de bronnen, en schenk ons heil vanuit de

sieraden. Bindt ons niet tot werkzaamheden, maar schenkt ons vrijheid om uw wegen te doorzoeken. Laat onze lampen dan brandende zijn, opdat wij in duisternis niet verdwalen. Open voor ons de deuren, ook voor onze geliefden, opdat wij niet in scheuring tot u naderen. Leidt ons niet in verzoeking, maar verlos ons van de boze. Wees ons tot een schuilplaats en gids. Weest dan niet te wraakzuchtig naar ons, want wij hebben geen kwaad in zin. Leer ons naar Uw wil te handelen. Schenk ons de gaven van armoe, en verlos ons van de scherptes van rijkdom. Leer ons rijk te zijn in armoe, en haar dieptes te doorgronden. Leer ons te begrijpen, leer ons te denken over de juiste paden, en de verkeerde paden te verachten. Rijken zullen niet tot U kunnen naderen.

21. God heeft vele namen en vele delen. Om die namen te kennen is het mystieke pad aangelegd. Zo is het voor de profeet mogelijk om de verborgen namen en de intiemere namen van God te kennen. En hem zal de gave geschonken worden het Woord op een verantwoorde manier aan het volk te brengen. Dan spreekt hij over het geopenbaarde als een middelaar. Het is juist de bedoeling dat u het mystieke pad opgaat want zo kunt u Gods verborgen boodschappen die Hij voor Zijn geliefden heeft bewaard vinden.

22. De Muskus is een dieper en hoger deel van God, de Arme Vader, en Vader van alle armen. De Muskus haat het welvaarts-evangelie en haar markt, en zal zich openbaren om dat evangelie aan de kaak te stellen. De Muskus is een pad voor de mystiekeling. De Muskus is het arme deel van God als fundament van het kruis. In het arme deel van de hemel woont ook de Karmat, een dieper en hoger deel van Jezus Christus, en de Heilige Armoe. Voor de mystiekeling is er hierin priesterschap weggelegd. Zij gaan de hogere weg van God om uiteindelijk bij Zijn verborgen traan te komen. Zij weten dat zij door de Armoe tot de diepere kruizen des Heeren en der hemelen kunnen komen. Zij zijn de troosters van God, en zij hebben de canon, het hek tussen hen en God, verbroken, om Zijn bevroren hart te verwarmen. Zij hebben geen genade gehad tot de canon en de canonieke beschaving, maar hebben zich teruggetrokken om zich te wijden aan geestelijke oorlogsvoering en groei.

23. Het priesterschap van de Muskus is voor hen die als de engelen zijn geworden in hun wandel met God. Zij zijn tot de boom van de Karmat gekomen, de boom van Armoe, en hebben van haar vruchten gegeten. Deze boom is het rozenkruis, het kruis der armen en mystiekelingen. Hier leert de mystiekeling de geheimen van het bloed van Christus kennen.

24. De eerste priesterlijke bediening van Muskus is de oorlogsvoerende. Zij leren dat de geestelijke oorlog heilig is, en zij strijden met heilige wapenen. Het slagveld der hemelse gewesten is hun tempel. Zij leren de wapenrusting van het bloed van Christus kennen, en de wapenrusting van de armoe. De hogere soldaat in Gods leger is een priester, en hij voert oorlog in heiligheid. De tweede priesterlijke bediening van de Muskus is de priesterlijke wapendrager. Hij moet de diepere arsenalen van het bloed van Christus leren kennen, en is tevens een wachter, een beschermer van die arsenalen, waartoe hij de sleutels draagt. De wapendrager dient hierover veel profetische informatie te ontvangen, en dient dicht bij de Muskus te leven, als een arme. Zij die in rijkdom leven kunnen en mogen dit vuur niet ontvangen. Het gaat om de nederigen, en zij die de minste willen wezen, de minore.

25. Het arsenaal is heilig voor de priesterlijke wapendrager van de Muskus. Hij ziet zijn geheugen als heilig, en is heilig in het uitzoeken van de wapenen, die hij eruit pikt door de profetische gave. Zijn geheugen is zijn arsenaal, en zijn herinneringen zijn zijn wapens. Hij draagt de wapens over aan de priesterlijke soldaat van de Muskus. Hierdoor is hij een middelaar.

26. De derde priesterlijke bediening van de Muskus is de priesterlijke geneesheer. Veelal werkt hij met het kruis, omdat het kruis genezing brengt. Zo is hij een vader van tucht, en een rechter. Hij draagt de arsenalen en geheimen van priesterlijke genezingsmiddelen met zich mee, zoals de schatten van het bloed van Christus en de Karmat. Hij weet dat genezing heilig is, en alleen kan gebeuren in de tempel en tabernakel. Wel is er aan elke genezing een prijs verbonden, in de vorm van lijden, dat vroeg of laat geopenbaard wordt. Genezing is verbonden aan het kruis, en mag daarvan niet losstaan. Zo is het toedienen van genezing iets priesterlijks, als het toedienen van het kruis, van het bloed van Christus en de Karmat, en het daarbij horende lijden. Er stroomt genezing uit de wonden van de Christus en de Karmat, maar dan moeten we die wonden wel dragen.

27. De vierde priesterlijke bediening van de Muskus is de priesterlijke exorcist. Tevens is hij een profeet, want door het kruis werpt hij geesten uit die woorden verzegeld hielden. Dit is de viervoudige priesterlijke bediening van de Muskus, door hen die de Heilige Armoe in hun binnenste dragen.

28. De engelen van de Muskus hebben Zijn Traan ontvangen, en doen daardoor Zijn werken. Zij zijn bekleed met de krachten van de Muskus, stromende vanuit de Traan. De eerste engelenbediening van de Muskus is de legendarische Lokogaamse. De Lokogamen zijn de sieraden van het kruis, de sieraden van het lijden, en tezamen vormen zij de Ziel van zowel God als Christus. Zij dragen het bloed der gaven, en zijn de wapenen en schenkers des Heeren. Ook zijn zij de voeders van Zijn engelen.

29. De tweede engelenbediening van de Muskus is de Talgaamse. Talgamen zijn de sieraden der sacramenten, en de engelen van de beker. Tezamen vormen ze de Beker van Christus, de vierde persoon van de eenheid. Zij zijn de engelen van het lijden, en zij leiden tot de lokogamen, de sieraden van het lijden.

30. De derde engelenbediening van de Muskus is de Tokonse. De Tokon is de heilige Leer van het Bloed van Christus, maar ook is zij het sieraad van de armoe. Zij zijn de engelen van het bloed, en tezamen vormen ze ook het bloed.

31. Het van geen bevrijding willen weten, oftewel het pad van het Eeuwige kruis is de hogere weg van Christus. Zij die gevoelig geworden zijn voor het lijden van Christus en God begaan dit pad. Zij willen lijden met de Heere en Zijn kruis dragen om dieper één met Hem te worden en Hem te vertroosten. Zij zijn de troosters van God, de bemoedigers, en ook de aanmoedigers. Zij weten dat het kruis een pad is wat bewandeld moet worden voor een oplossing, en voor een eeuwige inwijding. Deze inwijding is zowel mystiek als cryptisch. Niets is wat het lijkt. Deze inwijding is het Sebek-Kruis, oftewel het Kruis van Egypte, waar Christus volgens Openbaring in de onderwereld aan hing. Ook wordt er gesproken over het Kruis van Sodom. Het Sebek-Kruis is het kruis van de onderwereld.

32. Toen Christus door de eerste poort van de onderwereld ging kwam Hij in de gevangenissen van een onderwereld genaamd Egypte. Zovelen van Zijn volk zaten hier vast, en ook zij die door de oordelen en plagen over Egypte waren omgekomen. Hier predikte Christus het evangelie aan de doden. Ons de opdracht gegeven om aan doden het evangelie te verkondigen. Wij mogen dit doen door het lijden wat we zelf dragen. Hiermee komen wij met hen in contact. Let wel : Dit mag dus alleen door de Geest van Christus, en niet door het vlees. Dit is één van de grote paradoxen. Maar

let nu goed op wat er gebeurde, en wat Christus de macht gaf in het dodenrijk om dit te doen : Het Sebek-Kruis was een kruis van verscheuring en verzoening, als een dieper deel van het lijden en het kruis van Christus dat we kennen. Het was het kruis van de onderwereld. In de onderwereld houdt het kruis namelijk niet op te bestaan, maar gaat gewoon door. Wij moeten ons dus niet blindstaren op alleen maar het materiele kruis van Christus. Zijn wij dan materialisten ? Zijn wij volgelingen van de Mammon ? De Mammon heeft een kruis-canon opgesteld, waardoor we niet verder komen. Hiermee wordt het pad van Christus in de onderwereld gelasterd. Het Sebek-Kruis was het lijden van ijs, het lijden van afzondering, als het kruis der hermeten. Afzondering en onthechting brengt je in contact met de onderwerelden, wanneer je het materiele gaat verloochenen, en de aardse, gevallen zintuigen als leugenaars gaat behandelen. Nu, luister goed : Het Sebek-Kruis had Christus al geslagen toen Hij nog leed aan het kruis van Golgotha, waar hij riep : Vader, vader, waarom hebt gij mij verlaten. Door het Sebek-Kruis werd Christus losgescheurd van Zijn Vader, God. En waarom eigenlijk ? Dat werd maar al te duidelijk in de onderwereld. Hier kon Christus een dieper en hoger deel van Zijn Vader ontmoeten : de Sebek. Christus was door Zijn lijden en sterven afgedaald in de put der geheimenissen van Zijn Vader. Hier kon Christus in aanraking komen met het oneindige leed dat in Zijn Vader door de wereld en de gevallen engelen was geslagen. De verscheuring was dus eigenlijk om een diepere verzoening te brengen, als een heilige verslinding.

33. En ook kwam Christus hier tot een dieper deel van Hemzelf, het deel dat het lijden door vuur en ijs weerspiegelde. Dit deel werd genoemd de Herman. De Herman was dat deel van Christus waarmee hij werd gekruisigd aan dit Sebek-Kruis, het Eeuwige Kruis. Hier leerde Christus de Eeuwige stilte kennen, en Hij zweeg. Hij wilde van geen bevrijding weten, omdat het Hem in contact bracht met het grotere lijden van Zijn Vader.

34. De canon, de verabsolutering en afsluiting van het corrupte en geïnfilterde Woord van God, opgesteld door machtslustige, geldzuchtige en eierzuchtige kerkleiders, stond schuldig aan het opwekken van demonie elders. Dit wordt verklaard door de zogeheten delen-theorie : Daar waar Gods mensen delen van God gingen verwaarlozen, tegen zondigden of niet in geloofden, daar werd een stuk van Gods Geest afgehakt, en dat veroorzaakte een leegte die zich uitte in een verschrikkelijke demonische geest. In India waar het meergodendom het sterkst heerste kon zo'n geest makkelijk in het systeem opgenomen worden. De aantallen groeien daar als wij niet onze taak op ons nemen de delen van God te beschrijven en op te nemen. De Geest niet laten spreken is levensgevaarlijk, want zo groeien elders de demonische geesten. Dit is ook de reden waarom zulke hindoestaanse goden zoveel van God in zich kunnen dragen in de vorm van Wijsheid en Liefde. Wij moeten dan ook heel voorzichtig zijn in ons oordeel over deze goden en geloofsstelsels. Het komt meer terecht op een zuiver ziften dan op totale en algehele afwijzing. De totale en algehele afwijzing van andere geloofsstelsels met hun wijsheden is ook niet goed. Geografisch gezien gingen de afgewezen uitgedoofde krachtbronnen met informatie van de Heilige Geest terug in de aarde, en kwamen er demonische krachtbronnen in de voeten van de eigengerechtigde mens om de krachtbronnen van God te blokkeren. Dit trok boze geesten aan. In de eindtijd zal God deze demonische krachtbronnen en blokkades transformeren, als een muur die door de kracht van God plat wordt gelegd en als brug gaat functioneren. Dan zullen de verborgen en afgewezen delen van de Heilige Geest vanuit de aarde opkomen door de voeten van Zijn Volk. Dit zal een basis leggen voor nieuwe genetische veranderingen. God zal niet alleen een God zijn van genezingen maar ook van anatomische vorderingen. Dit zal gebeuren wanneer de vloek der aarde wordt verbroken. Er zal een dimensionale overgang moeten komen van het tegenwoordige lichaam des doods dat onder de vloek der zonde en onwetendheid leeft, naar het lichaam des levens en het zogenoemde

verheerlijkte lichaam. Dit is waarom geschiedenis zo belangrijk is om de verloren delen van de Heilige Geest en Zijn werk terug te vinden. De geschiedenis is de diepte van Gods heilige meer. Onze kennis van de geschiedenis kan mede de diepte van onze relatie met God, onze geliefde, bepalen.

35. Het profetische pad leidt tot het mystieke en het cryptische, als je het goed wil doen, en dan ga je echt het belang van afzonderen inzien, het ijs. Dit deel van Christus is zeer belangrijk op onze reis. Op het canonieke pad van het kruis denken we : 'Nu is het wel welletjes, even het kruis van mijn rug afhalen, hoor,' en dan duiken we in een bron van genezing. Dan dragen we soms het kruis, en de verlichtende bronnen naast ons verlokken ons. Ons kruis wordt zwaarder en zwaarder, of blijft gewoon zoals het is, en we denken : 'Wanneer breekt het seizoen van genezing nu aan, of moeten we in actie komen ? Wat moeten we doen ? Wanneer gaan we om genezing en doorbraak bidden en in het geloof belijden dat we het in Christus hebben ontvangen ? Wanneer mogen we ons uitstrekken naar de verlossing ?' Maar de volgelingen van het Eeuwige Kruis hebben maar één doel voor ogen : het kruis, verzoend worden met de hogere en diepere delen van de Vader. Voor hen is er geen verschil tussen lijden en genezing, tussen leven en dood, hemel en hel. In het kruis vallen zij samen. Dit is de dimensie van Sebek, de vaderlijke liefde. De liefde die lijdt tot verzoening, en niet tot genezing. Want is het kruis niet onze genezing ? Is de verzoening met onze Vader niet onze genezing ? Dit is het pad van het Sebek-Kruis. Je hebt één doel voor ogen : Vader. Hierdoor laat je alles achter je, en ga je door ijs en vuur, als door een heilige verslinding. Je ontwaakt in nieuwe realiteiten, in nieuw perspectief, door het Eeuwige Kruis. Want het niet van bevrijding willen weten leidt tot de Ware Bevrijding. We geven alles op om de Herman, het ijsdeel van Christus, te volgen. Dit leidt tot een nieuw visioen waarin wij leven, een nieuwe wereld. De leugen van kruisafleggende genezing is door het Sebek-Kruis verbroken, en dit kruis geeft ons ook de kracht en het verlangen, ja, de lusten des heeren, om het te dragen. Oh, Sebek-Kruis, zo rein van kracht, komende tot ons in onze diepste nacht, nemende ons mee als een Eeuwig Kruis, een nieuw en diep geruis neemt ons mee, als een heilige ontvoering, een heilige verslinding, om God te kennen zoals hij is. Hij is de Vader van de nacht en de Vader van de dag, in de nieuwe ontwakingen van het Eeuwige Kruis.

36. Christus bestaat uit meerdere delen zoals ook de Geest. Zo is de Herman daar één van. We zien hier een bepaald deel van Christus naar voren komen, en een bepaald deel van het kruis. Het weerspiegelt de hogere weg van Christus, als de Christus die komen gaat. Dit is de tweede Christus, de komende Christus, het verborgen deel van Christus wat geopenbaard gaat worden. Herman is wilde deel van Christus, als een wapen tegen de canon en de canonieke beschaving.

37. We zien daarom een diepere eenheid voor de mystiekelingen in de relatie tussen de Sebek en de Herman, als een eeuwige vlam omringd door ijs en duisternis. Het Sebek-Kruis van verscheuring en verzoening heeft hen tezamen gebracht, door een vlam van ontwaking, als een eeuwig kruis. Voor hen die aan het eeuwig kruis vasthouden is het een onoverwinnelijk wapen, een schild van vertrouwen en rust.

38. Voor de mystiekeling is hierin een pad gelegd om tot de eeuwige traan van de Vader te komen. Het gaat hier om de profetische bedieningen van de Sebek. Geen enkel profetenschap heeft waarde wanneer het niet wordt opgelost en gewassen in de eeuwige traan. De eeuwige traan is een algehele verzoening, niet onderbroken door de hekken van de canon, de materie en de zonde. De eeuwige traan is een diepere verzoening, die verzadigt. Zij sluiten een verbond het kruis niet af te werpen. Zij komen in het eeuwige kruis, om de gebondenheid van de Vader te ontvangen. Alleen die

gebondenheid zal tot ware vrijheid leiden. De eeuwige traan is de Eeuwige Geest en de Eeuwige Ziel des Heeren.

39. De tepel is als een zegel. Er zijn veel geheimenissen en raadselen van de tepel. De tepel is de voedingsbron, en ook een gevoeligheidsbron, heenwijzende naar de gaven van de geest. Hier op aarde hebben wij de tepel des doods, maar onze reis is naar de tepel des hemels, de tepel der heerlijkheid. De wond zal worden tot een litteken, en het litteken zal worden tot een hemelse tepel, als de stof van het verheerlijkte lichaam. Ook engelen dragen veel van deze stof in hun lichamen. Is het zo makkelijk : van wond naar litteken naar hemelse tepelstof ? Neen. De wond zal vele malen doorstoken worden, de wond van de heilige, en ook het litteken, zodat het een hemels litteken wordt, en vandaaruit een hemelse tepelstof. Het spreekt over een vuur, over verbranding, waaruit deze veranderingen voortkomen. En zo is het leven ook, als een prometheus, een afdeling van de hel, waar het immergroeiende vlees telkens weer gegeten wordt, totdat het gelouterd is, en als onoverwinnelijk oprijst. Dit is het geheim van de hemelse tepelstof. Het is een immerbrandend vuur waarin we sterk moeten worden, opgroeien. De tepelboom zal opgroeien om de ogenboom te verslinden. Nu, dat is natuurlijk beeldspraak. De ogenboom wordt beschreven als de Geest. Het gaat hier om hele diepe beeldspraak : het eten van Gods Geest. Van de Geest moet je drinken, maar hier wordt er van de Geest gegeten, als van een ogenboom door een tepelboom. Nu, dat gaat heel diep. Natuurlijk is dat allemaal symboliek.

40. Het gaat hier dus over de Geest, de ogenboom, die door de tepelboom wordt verslonden, en dan strijdt de verslonden Geest tegen de eeuwigheden, en zal overwinnen. En met die eeuwigheden wordt bedoeld : de Ziel des Heeren. Het gaat hier dus om heilige verslinding en heilige strijd en overwinning, als in vriendschap, éénwording. Dat soort strijd is als toetsing en zuivering. De Heere zuivert Zichzelf. De Heere toetst Zichzelf. In dat verband wordt er ook wel gesproken over Pniel, waar Jakob met de engel streed, en uiteindelijk met God Zelf. En dan staat er dat de ogen tot rust zullen komen om heilige dagen te zien. Door de heilige verslinding, en dit is weer diepe symboliek, komt de Geest binnen, de ogenboom, en dan wordt er een hart van heilig vlees in het binnenste geplaatst, en komen de ogen tot rust om heilige dagen te zien. De tepelboom draagt die tot rust gekomen ogen, als eeuwige ogen. Dat is het uiteindelijke doel van de tepelstof des hemels, om zo gevoelig te worden dat het eeuwige ogen van heiligheid en rust zal zijn. Daarom vreest de canon deze hemelse tepelstof als geen ander, en zal hij er alles aandoen om het uit te doven. De tepelboom des hemels is als de heilige kandelaar, vol van de eeuwige gaven, maar alleen door de heilige verslinding, door het eeuwige kruis, oftewel het Sebek-Kruis. Het Eeuwig Evangelie spreekt over tepelen die in de traan zullen groeien en zullen worden tot tempelen. Dit is ook ons vooruitzicht.

41. Zo zijn dan de profetische bedieningen van de Sebek heilig om de profetische woorden van het Eeuwig Evangelie uit te bouwen tot een nieuwe aarde. Zij zijn geroepen om helderheid en duidelijkheid te verschaffen over dat wat moet gebeuren. Maar geenszins is het een canon of een nieuwe canon. Neen. Er zal afgerekend moeten worden met de canon en de canonieke beschaving. De Sebek-profeet strijdt daarmee een strijd in de hemelse gewesten, een strijd die niet van de aarde is. Zij hebben geen strijd der aarde te voeren, geen strijd tegen vlees en bloed, want zij zijn cryptisch. Zij zijn hermeten en puzzelaars voor het aangezicht des Heeren, vertrouwd met de onderwereld en het hemelse pad. Zij kennen en doorzoeken zowel de hemelvaart van Christus als Zijn hellevaart.

42. Zo willen we dan nu de profetische bedieningen van de Sebek bespreken. Sebek is het diepere en hogere deel van de Vader dat nog in duisternis gehuld is. Het is een raadsel van de Vader. Sebek-profeten zijn geen overmoeds-strijders. Zij weten dat ze op de aarde niets te zoeken hebben. Ze zijn niet uit op macht en hoge posities, maar hangen het kruis aan, en wel het Eeuwige Kruis, als het Kruis van Sebek, de Verborgene Vader. Ze leren de paden van het ijs te bewandelen, en ontdekken de plekken waar het ijs begint te branden. Hier glijden zij in onbekende duisternissen. Zij wekken de vlam niet op, maar omhelzen het kruis van ijs als een ijspegel totdat het smelt. Zo komen zij tot het diepere ijs, en uiteindelijk het eeuwige ijs dat brandt. Naarstig en vol van passie zoeken zij naar de uitstorting van de eeuwige traan, de eeuwige ziel en geest van God. Hierdoor verandert het eeuwig visioen waarin zij leven. Hierdoor verandert de materie om hen heen. Maar zij zijn niet gericht op de materie, maar op de eeuwige traan, en de eeuwige stilte. Ze zwijgen, om deel te hebben aan het diepere lijden, en het diepere ijs. Zij geven alles op voor de traan van Christus, om het te verruilen voor de eeuwige traan.

43. Sebek-profeten hebben een passie voor het angstige, het lijdende, en komen tot de diepe angsten in zichzelf om daardoor verenigd te worden met God. Ze geloven hun zintuigen niet, maar de eeuwige traan, het verborgen en verbroken, streng bewaakte Hart van God de Vader.

44. De eerste profetische bediening van de Sebek is de oorlogsvoerende. De profeten van deze orde groeien op door onderricht over de heilige verslinding en de heilige strijd, en leren hoe God hierdoor alles transformeert. Ook leren ze over de heilige verzachtingen en de heilige ontwaken door de Sebek. Ze zonderen zich af voor studie en onderricht, en leren over de wapenen van de Sebek, de Eeuwige Vader. Bovenal is het hen gegeven om strategische informatie te ontvangen. Ze zijn listig, kennen de listen des Heeren, en grijpen niet snel naar hun zwaard in geestelijke oorlogsvoering. Ze hebben andere manieren. Ze hebben geleerd te zwijgen, om niet teveel met hun verstand en gedachten in discussie te gaan, maar door de Traan communiceren ze met God, en bovenal door de Eeuwige Traan. Ze richten zich hierbij op Sebek, de Eeuwige Vader. Ook wordt de Sebek het gebeente van God en Christus genoemd, en de Eeuwige Ark. Uiteindelijk, en dat is iets wat we ook al in de Bijbel kunnen terugvinden, is er geen redding dan door het Eeuwige Kruis. Het kruis mag niet afgeworpen worden. Het kruis is een pad, en we moeten in het kruis gaan wonen. Het kruis is een tempel, en een arsenaal. Zo komen we tot het Eeuwige Kruis, tot de eeuwige traan waar de eeuwige tepels der heerlijkheid groeien, de bron van de eeuwige geestesgaven.

45. De tweede profetische bediening van de Sebek is die van het maal des Heeren. Ook deze profeten leren over de heilige verslinding, maar ook over de onderscheidende verslinding, namelijk het verslinden van demonen, en het bereiden van demonen, het fokken van demonen, maar dan als in mystiek en cryptiek. De profeet moet leren van de achterliggende bedoelingen, van beeldspraak. Het kruis heeft alles te maken met het fokken van demonen. Je grijpt niet naar je zwaard, maar naar het kruis. Hier zoek je niet allereerst de kruisiging van het vlees en de betrokken demonen, maar juist het deelhebben aan het lijden, om verbonden te worden met God. God roept ons op om eerst het lijden te aanvaarden. Vandaaruit zal het kruis groeien tot brandend eeuwig ijs waarin het vlees, de demon sterft. Vaak wordt er daarom in het exorcisme ook gewaarschuwd om niet direct alle demonen uit te drijven, want daarmee trek je dan ook de doorn des vlezes, het kruis eruit. Ware exorcisten werken met kruiswapenen, maar dan in de vorm van list en strategie. Je trekt het kruis aan als een mantel, en gaat het pelgrimspad van het kruis op, en dan zal de mantel vanzelf ergens gaan branden. Pas op voor allerlei toverijen. Het kruis is geen toverstokje. Leg je toe op de diepere werkingen, en vraag jezelf af waar het je nu eigenlijk om te doen is. Het kruis is als een oven waarin

de demonen en het vlees gebraden worden. Zo zijn hen van de tweede profetische bediening van de Sebek de profetische bakkers des Heeren. Zij dienen in de tempels bij de tafels der broden, de tafels der bekers en de altaren. Maar hier doen zij geen rituelen. Neen, ze communiceren met God. Niet rechttoe rechtaan. Neen, mystiek en cryptisch. Zij kennen de profetische wegen des Heeren, zij kennen Gods bazuinen en hun betekenissen. Ze hebben niks van doen met één of ander canoniek avondmaal waar alleen het vlees en bloed van Christus wordt genuttigd, en de demonen vrijuit gaan. Zij kennen het Eeuwig Maal des Heeren, de diepe symboliek en criptiek van de heilige verslinding.

46. Zo strekken dan de ware discipelen van de Sebek, het diepere principe van God zich ook uit naar de gebondenheid in de Eeuwige Traan, de Eeuwige Geest en Ziel, opdat de reis van het kruis door zal gaan tot het doel : Het Grootste Kruis. Hierin : De Grootste Kracht, en de Grootste Heerlijkheid. Dit Principe noemen we Khnum, zo groot dat God er nauwelijks iets van liet doorschemeren. Khnum is ons volgend station en traject naar het verloren Vaderhart van God. Maar eerst gaan we nog de weg tot Khnum beschrijven : de engelenbedieningen van de Sebek.

47. De Risgamen zijn de eerste engelenbediening van de Sebek. Zij vormen de Geest van Christus, en zijn de sieraden der bedieningen. De inaputen zijn de tweede engelenbediening van de Sebek. De inaputten vormen het lichaam of vlees van Christus, maar meer nog : De Leer van het Vlees van Christus. Ook zijn zij de sieraden van de dood.

48. Khnum is de Naam van het grootste kruis, daar waar de Vader door Zijn lijden aan het grootste kruis gelijkvormig is geworden. De Khnum legt er des te meer nadruk op dat we engelen moeten worden. Khnum woont in de arrataharen, hoge hemelen, en heeft daar zijn engelen, die Stitchiren genoemd worden. Khnum is het geliefde deel van God. Door de Droom werkt hij, iets waarmee al Zijn engelen vervuld zijn. Khnum is een geheim en raadselachtig deel van God, waar hoofdzakelijk engelen mee vertrouwd zijn. Khnum is de verborgen rustplaats en schuilplaats des Heeren.

33. Khnum is het scheppende deel van God, en de rustgever. Engelen verkondigen dag en nacht Zijn Naam. Zij kennen geen rust in het heiligen en belijden van de Khnum, maar Khnum heeft hen diepe rust van binnen gegeven.

34. Het heeft te maken met het uitbroeden van dromen en visioenen. Dromen en visioenen zijn als eieren. Ze kunnen de wereld veranderen. Khnum wil de mensen leren dat zij net als Hem kunnen scheppen op deze manier. Dat betekent : Hem volgen. In het Grootste Kruis is de Grootste Creativiteit en de Grootste creatieve Kracht.

35. Alle lijden is slechts inwijding tot de hogere hemelen en de hogere bedieningen. Zonder dat zouden we daar nooit kunnen komen of toegelaten worden. Maar het kruis is een vuur waaraan we ons kunnen warmen, wanneer we de moeite namen om er onze woning van te maken, en dieper naar binnen zouden gaan.

2.

Het Paranoia der Profeten

1. Het profetische leven kenmerkt zich door de worsteling met jezelf en je interpretatie. Ontbreekt die worsteling, dan kun je je afvragen of je wel profetisch leeft. Vaak is datgene waarvan men denkt dat het profetisch leven is gewoon sociaal leven. De worsteling met jezelf wordt vaak extra verhit

door de sociale machine, en zo probeert de profeet die dan ook zo veel mogelijk te ontvluchten, om innerlijke rust te vinden. Vaak zal de profeet dan merken dat hij een gevangene is van die machine, terwijl zijn gevoeligheid dat idee steeds zwaarder maakt voor hem. Dit zal onherroepelijk leiden tot een escalatie, een soort profetische verbrokenheid, waardoor de profeet min of meer bevrijd wordt. Dit kan door een trauma, overspannenheid, een ziekte of iets anders. Dit wordt vaak niet door de samenleving geaccepteerd waardoor de zwaar beproefde profeet een soort paranoia ontwikkelt, en zelfs vormen van heilig autisme. De profeet gaat inzien hoe diep de aarde en de wereld gevallen is, en wil niet meegesleurd worden. Zo worden vaak zijn paranoia en autisme gescherpt. Hij zal zich eerder identificeren met een dier of een boom, dan met een mens. Maar toch is hij ook een mens, en zal daardoor een tussenvorm proberen te vinden.

De Goddelijke Gespletenheid

2. De zwaar gekwelde profeet gaat de gevaren inzien van het overmatig communiceren, van zintuiglijke informatie door bijvoorbeeld licht en geluid. De profeet zoekt meer en meer de stilte op, ook de stiltes van de geestelijke wereld. Hij leert de subtielere talen kennen, de zogenaamde stille talen, en merkt dat daarin de geheimen van het leven zijn opgeborgen. Hij merkt dat lichten verblinden, en dat dit een zegel is dat hij dient te verbreken. Hij merkt dat geluiden verdoven, en dat hij ook dat zegel moet verbreken. Maar hij merkt ook dat hij zonder licht en geluid niet kan leven. Zo gaat hij op zoek naar een tussenvorm. Maar hoe ver hij ook hierin komt, het verleden lijkt hem te achtervolgen, om hem weer in worsteling met zichzelf te brengen, met zijn interpretatie. Zijn herinnering dient genezen te worden.

3. Zo ontwikkelt hij meer en meer een Goddelijke Gespletenheid. Er zullen tijden zijn dat hij zich meer en meer gaat voelen als een insect, en hij begint vertrouwd te raken met de cocon en het wezen wat daaruit voort komt. Hij leert de mechanismes kennen.

Interpretatie of Profetie

4. De wereld is wreed, een wrede cocon voor de profeet. En in zo'n wrede cocon wordt een wreed schepsel ontwikkeld, iets waar de profeet tegen strijdt, maar wat hem telkens weer overwint. Maar ook wordt er in de cocon iets anders ontwikkeld, namelijk een teder en genadig schepsel. Hiertoe voelt de profeet zich bijzonder aangetrokken, maar ook tot het ander wezen, als in een Goddelijke Gespletenheid. Het is als het ei van een scorpioen, als iets wat hem van binnen verscheurd, als een put van schuld en schaamte. En zo ontdekt de profeet de cocon in de cocon, en gaat op zoek naar zijn diepere zelf, niet naar de schijn-zelven en de illusie-zelven aan de oppervlakte, die een product zijn van interpretatie. Interpretatie is een projectie, en is nooit in staat iets geheel naar waarheid over te dragen. Daarom streeft de profeet naar Profetie. De profeet zal een keuze moeten maken tussen Interpretatie en Profetie, tussen Projectie en Profetie, steeds weer. Interpretatie komt telkens weer opduiken, en verwond de profeet telkens weer, maar dit is nodig om het diepste van de profeet te doen ontwaken.

5. Vaak doet het extra pijn wanneer de profeet denkt dat hij hier voor niets doorheen moet, en dat hij hier alleen doorheen moet. Maar het Pad van de Profeet is standaard. Profeten zijn vaak eenlingen. Het hoort bij de proef dat ze in ketels worden geworpen waarin honderden valse profeten om hen heen staan.

Het Rozenkruis

6. Het is een vast pad waarover de Heer de profeet leidt, terwijl de profeet zelf vaak het idee heeft alsof alles los staat. De worsteling met zichzelf brengt vaak een bepaalde woede omhoog in de profeet. Woede is een vorm van pijn, en dit is voor de profeet zeer belangrijk om tot het Kruis der hemelen te kunnen komen. Zie het kruis als een bloem, een bloem van de armoe. Het kruis is een boodschap, en als we haar haarzelf laten ontvouwen, dan zal ze ook de oplossing en de transformatie geven. Het kruis is niet een stuk hout, maar een groeiend en bloeiend geheel.

7. Het Rozenkruis is een Hemelse Realiteit. Het Rozenkruis kon daar terecht waar de Kerk haar niet aanvaardde. Wij zien liever geen roos op sterk water. Het Rozenkruis behoort de profeten toe. Zij worden door haar bemind. Het Rozenkruis is het kruis van heilige Armoe, en zij draagt diep in haar de technologie van het geestelijke leven. Laten we goed beseffen dat waar die balans zoek is de Roos sterft.

8. Daar waar de kerk de geestelijke technologie opzij schoof ontstond er een behoefte aan die geestelijke technologie. De kerk zette de stolp over de roos, in de vorm van de canon. Nu was de canon geen nieuw apparaatje in de handen van de leiders.

9. Wij speuren naar de verloren delen, en moeten daarna de puzzel weer helemaal opnieuw leggen. Dat de werelden wilde werelden zijn is vaak genoeg voor gewaarschuwd. Je begeeft je op een plaats die als dumpplaats van de Kerk functioneert, een verwilderd en verlaten gebied, zonder omheiningen van een beschermende canon. De mystiek brengt ruimte, maar brengt tegelijkertijd ook grote gevaren met zich mee. Het is een oorlogsgebied. Om deze verborgen schatten en eilanden wordt gestreden.

10. Het Rozenkruis heeft steun gezocht in de technologie, en zij wordt ook gezien de Sleutel.

De Karmat en het Rozenkruis

11. Christus moet op zijn beurt verantwoording afleggen aan de Karmat. De Heilige Geest aan de Heilige Armoe, en het Kruis aan het Rozenkruis. Christus was een eerste gave aan de gemeente, een milde vorm van energie. Nu is het ware volk van God toe aan een hogere energie, de Karmat. De Karmat is nauw verbonden met het Rozenkruis. Zoals Christus dit was, de Karmat des te meer.

12. Beschouw de Karmat gewoon als een deel van Christus. De canon is een beschermende, behoudende geest, een cocon, en die zal uitbloeien tot een prachtige, uitbloeiende en bevrijdende roos.

Het Canonieke Christendom - Een Gevangenis

13. Wanneer iemand gevangen is gezet door de canon, zij het door het voorgeslacht en de opvoeding, zij het op latere leeftijd, dan gaat dit meestal gepaard met veel demonie. Lange slangen vanuit de weelderige afgronden van de hel houden het slachtoffer in de greep, zodat het slachtoffer geen deel zal hebben aan die weelderigheden. Het is de kracht van het kapitalisme. Ze houdt zichzelf in stand door anderen af te houden van het kapitaal. Dit gaat dus door kooien, door canons. Het canonieke christendom functioneert zo als een soort gevangenis, maar erger nog : als een web van vampieren waardoor zij hun slachtoffers periodiek aftappen. In zo'n gevangenis ben je dus niet alleen een gevangene, maar ook levend voedsel, en hoogstwaarschijnlijk een slaaf.

14. Het Rozenkruis kan het slachtoffer hierin tegemoetkomen. Het Rozenkruis laat zien dat zij zelf ook in een kooi leeft.

15. De lange slangen van de canon, die vaak ook heel dun zijn, en ongelooflijk sterk en geconcentreerd, regelen de ademhaling van het slachtoffer, en bewonen vaak een zachte plek op borsthoogte, die als een geestelijke zonnentepel is. Ook regelen ze hierdoor de spraak van het slachtoffer. Als het slachtoffer uiteindelijk met het Rozenkruis in aanraking komt, zal zij op die gevoelige plek gaan wonen, en hierdoor de spraak en de ademhaling regelen. Door de juiste vibraties zal zij proberen de hersenen vrij te maken uit de greep van de canon. Dit zijn vaak hersenklemmen die zij moet openen. Zij gebruikt hiervoor haar nektars, honingen en melkselen en haar weelderige odors. Zo zal zij alles helemaal opnieuw gaan programmeren. Zij zal de spraak en de ademhaling in balans brengen, en de overbelaste spraak weer verbinden met een ademhaling die diep van binnen komt, en die zij ondersteunt.

De Boom van Karmat

16. Het is ontleding, de beschrijving der delen, waar je nooit diep genoeg in kan gaan. Wanneer je door de Roos gestoken bent wil je meer. Dan kun je ook dieper gaan. De Roos is niet alleen de sleutel, maar is ook een middel om deze te zuiveren.

17. Het Rozenkruis is als de Boom van Armoe, een Paradijselijke en Heilige boom. Dit is als een Verborgene Boom, en alleen te bereiken door hen die het Ware Pad van de profeet begaan : Het ware pad van mystiek. Dit is een pad dat haaks op het canonieke staat. Het is de Boom van Karmat, de Heilige Armoe, met zijn drie principes : de Verborgene van de Heilige Armoe, de Vruchtbaarheid van de Heilige Armoe en de Weelderigheid van de Heilige Armoe.

De Heilige Armoe

18. Heilige Armoe is de Rijkdom van de ziel. De Heilige Armoe is de Sleutel op het Pad van het Kruis. Er zijn verschillende graden in armoe. De eerste graad is depressie, de tweede angst, de derde pijn en de vierde chaos. De Armoe loopt gelijk op met het Kruis. De Armoe bemint de Gekruisigde.

19. De Heilige Armoe schenkt haar Stigmata, haar lijdenstekenen, aan de ziel, als punten van eenheid. Zij die deze littekenen dragen worden door haar geleid tot de Eeuwige Stad. De Heilige Armoe spreekt in Mystiek. Zo schept zij ruimte, en zo geeft zij verborgen boodschappen door aan haar geliefden.

20. Kapitalisme is de weg niet. Kapitalisme is slechts een illusie geschapen om hen van het glazen huis even weg te nemen uit de publiciteit. Maar de werkelijkheid is dat alles door het kapitalisme nog transparanter wordt, en dat het nog meer bezoekers trekt. Sommigen willen uit deze vicieuze cirkel ontsnappen, maar kunnen het niet meer. Ze voelen zich als marionetten van iets dat groter en hoger is dan henzelf. Ook voor dezen is de Heilige Armoe gekomen, om hen door de ziele-stigmata daaruit los te doen breken. De Heilige Armoe leidt hen tot een diepere rijkdom, door een dieper armoe, namelijk de armoe van de ziel.

Izu

21. De ziele-stigmata zijn als de bloemen der ziel, komende en opbloeiende vanuit een diepere wereld, een wereld van intense tederheid. De Heilige Armoe spreekt door die stigmata, in mystiek, de taal van de armoe. Zij spreekt over de sieraden van de Armoe, en de schatten van de Armoe.

22. Zij leidt hen tot een Eeuwig Evangelie, tot een geheel andere natuur, en een andere insectenwereld. Door haar geheime paradoxen opent zij de wereld van het Insectisme, Izu.

23. Het Insectisme staat haaks op het canonieke christendom, als een grote Exodus, een uittocht. Het Insectisme is een alternatief voor al die stromingen waarin geen wetenschap is.

24. Velen die vanuit de kerk waren gevlucht kwamen er achter dat er ook een Exodus in de Exodus moest komen, een uittocht vanuit de uittocht. Ook waren er velen die de macht en de moed niet hadden om uit de kerk te vluchten. En het Insectisme is alleen te bereiken via het Pad van de Armoe.

De Heilige Geest leidt tot de Heilige Armoe

25. De Heilige Armoe zal een heel ander stelsel creëren. Dit zal door de Stigmata gebeuren.

26. Ook het Geweten, het Verstand, het Geheugen, de Emotie en de Wil zullen deze Stigmata dienen te ontvangen.

27. De Heilige Geest leidt naar de Woestijn, waar we de Heilige Armoe mogen ontmoeten.

28. Na en tijdens de Zegeningen van de Heilige Geest mogen we ons ook al openstellen voor de Zegeningen van de Heilige Armoe. Dit is waartoe de Geest ons leidt.

29. De Heilige Armoe zal ons de Verborgene Sleutels der Hemelen brengen. Zij zal ons in een dieper contact met de engelen brengen. Zij zal ons haar sleutelen van de dood aanreiken, als we gewillig zijn haar te volgen. De Heilige Armoe zal de discipel dichter bij de troon brengen dan de Geest ooit heeft kunnen doen. De Heilige Armoe zal de getrouwe discipel bekleden met de machten en krachten van de Eindtijd, en de toekomstige eeuwen en eeuwigheden.

30. De Heilige Armoe zal ons onze identiteit terugbrengen en ons bevrijden van verworpenheid doordat we verbonden worden met onze verloren delen.

3.

Het Diepere Kruis

1. Vaak zijn er patronen te vinden voor hen die met het diepere kruis in aanraking komen. Zij zijn als het ware door het klassieke kruis heengebroken, door het algemeen aanvaarde en algemeen ingeburgerde kruis. Zo komen zij dan tot het kruis van woede, het kruis van haat, en daarna tot het kruis van stilte. Vaak wordt dit door farizeeers als zonde bestempeld, wat dan ook veel gevoelens van schuld en verwerping met zich meebrengt in de lijdende. De lijdende aan het diepere kruis kan zich dan zelfs door God verlaten voelen, maar uiteindelijk brengt dit diepere kruis hem tot de diepere en verborgen delen van God, die niet zomaar toegankelijk zijn. Het zijn ontoegankelijke, duistere plaatsen waartoe de Heere zo'n lijdende brengt.

2. Zo ontstaat er vaak een soort wiel waaraan de gekruisigde steeds dieper in de sferen van de onderwereld terechtkomt. Vaak wordt zo'n lijdende verteerd door wroeging. Had hij nu maar niet dit gedaan, of dat gedaan, dan hing hij nu niet aan zo'n verschrikkelijk kruis, stond hij nu niet schuldig aan zo'n verschrikkelijke zonde. Misschien dat de lijdende vroeger deel had aan allerlei charismatische zegeningen, hoorde hij regelmatig de stem van God, en ervoer hij Gods genezende

hand, maar nu ? God spreekt niet meer tot hem, en hij hoort al helemaal Gods stem niet meer. Waar zijn al de gaven gebleven ? Al de zegeningen ? Waar is het leven in overvloed des hemels gebleven ? De aarde, en vooral het geestelijke, was een paradijs voor hem, maar nu ? Wat is er van dat paradijs overgebleven ?

3. En zo ziet hij om zich heen anderen die wel deel hebben aan die zegen. Zij zijn niet gevallen, de Heere heeft hen niet verstoten. Hij is de buitengeslotene. Zou hij ooit nog terug kunnen komen, of zal dit wiel waaraan hij hangt, waarvan hij denkt dat het zonde is, hem nog dieper brengen ? Waar een kruis voor zonde en schuld wordt aangezien wordt de ellende nog erger.

4. God lijdt aan een dieper kruis. Dit kruis is de oorzaak van Zijn woede, het diepere kruis. De woede kan erg uitputtend zijn, en leidt bij herhaling aan het wiel tot een heilige haat. En deze zakt uiteindelijk diep in een grote stilte, een groot, diep en geheim kruis, vol van raadselen. God spreekt niet meer. Zij die hem horen horen het verleden, het geschrevene, het gelezende, en die raadselachtige echo, als een orakel. God spreekt niet meer. Het is duister geworden in het hart van de lijdende, die het diepere kruis van God heeft ontmoet. God is stil geworden na de herhaalde klappen van het kruis, waar telkens Zijn woede en haat oplaait, als in een raadselachtig wiel. God spreekt niet meer. Alleen nog door raadselen en orakels. En wie kan die verstaan ?

5. Het is het onontkomelijke pad van het kruis voor hen die Hem waarlijk liefhebben, te komen tot het diepere kruis, waar het wiel draait, waar alles erger wordt, en te komen, zo diep, daar waar God niet meer spreekt. Hier luistert God niet meer, omdat Hij niet meer kan luisteren. Zijn oren zijn hier doof geworden door de klappen van het kruis. Deze plaats, en dit deel van God wordt door mystiekelingen wel Kruim genoemd. Kruim spreekt cryptisch, door raadsels en orakels. Dit is voor profeten een hogere weg, om los te komen van het materiele. Profeten die uiteindelijk dit pad niet opgaan worden vroeg of laat door de Mammon gegrepen. De Mammon is zo'n beetje de baas van het materiele christendom, al dan niet van het voorspoeds-evangelie.

6. God spreekt niet meer. Zijn paden zijn vaag geworden. Door het diepere kruis komen we tot een versteende, bevroren God, monddood gemaakt door zijn volgelingen. Als dolle dwazen dansen ze om de paal heen waaraan ze hem hebben gekruisigd. 'Nee, God spreekt niet meer, omdat jullie,' zouden de oude profeten zeggen. Inderdaad, God spreekt niet meer. En God zal ook nooit meer tot jullie spreken. Hij heeft jullie overgeleverd aan de misleiding. Dat is het woord van de profeten tot een joelende kerk. En wat zullen ze met die laatste profeten doen ? Waarschijnlijk ook aan een paal spietsen om er als zotten omheen te dansen. Nee, God spreekt niet meer. En Hij is ook niet meer van plan om het te doen. Het Eeuwig Evangelie zal als een orakel komen, als een pad voor de raadselachtigen, zij die tot het diepere kruis van God komen en willen komen. Ook zal het komen om de dwazen te verdwazen en de misleiders te misleiden. Resultaten kunnen verschillen.

7. De Heere zendt Zijn Paradox tot de cryptischen, de schijnbare tegenstelling, want er zijn meerdere seizoenen, en je kunt de diamant draaien om van meerdere kanten te bekijken. Ook worden er meerdere talen gesproken. Het Eeuwig Evangelie heeft dus een veelvoudig doel, om de gelovigen binnen te halen, en de afvalligen af te scheiden. Het Eeuwig Evangelie is als een zifter en een toetser, een Eeuwig pad voor de rechtvaardige, een nieuw vuur, en tot een oordeel over de onrechtvaardige.

8. God spreekt niet meer. Ze hebben zijn mond gekruisigd, doorboort. God luistert niet meer, want zij hakten zijn oren af. Wilt u tot deze God komen, of wilt u verder gaan met uw papieren kruisje, als een idioot bloemetje op weg naar de bruiloft tussen Mammon en de gevallen bruid ? Zij pleegt

overspel, want zij behoorde Christus toe. Zij hebben van de Bijbel een boek van materie gemaakt. Zij hebben God bevroren.

9. Diep onderin de aarde woont God als de indiaan die door de christelijke kolonisten werd vermoord, opdat zij het Grote Amerika konden bouwen, het verborgen Rome, de verborgen Grootmoeder van Alle Hoeren. Wist u dat alles wat we om ons heen zien gebeuren, en wat gebeurde in de geschiedenis, naar boven kwam als een weerspiegeling van Eeuwige Realiteiten ? Zij kwamen aan de oppervlakte als verborgen boodschappen van God. Maar wij staarden ons blind op het papiertje, en ons papieren koninkrijk. Wat is bijvoorbeeld het kruis van de indianen, het bloed en gebeente waarop Amerika werd gebouwd ? Wat is het ketterkruis, het kruis der heksen, en het kruis van hongerend Afrika ? Zijn wij niet geroepen om die kruizen tot ons te nemen ? Waarin God tot ons spreekt in verborgen taal ? Waardoor we kunnen zeggen : God spreekt toch nog ? Zijn wij niet geroepen om die kruizen aan te nemen ? Of staren we ons blind op een papiertje, en op Jezus aannemen, om vervolgens ons kruis van ons af te werpen ? Hoe komen wij tot Christus. Door het kruis ! Waar is dit kruis ? Op een papiertje ? Neen. Dat kruis is om ons heen, en in de geschiedenis. God plantte ons in een tuin vol kruizen. Kijk om je heen.

10. Heere, ik draag het Kruis van Hongerend Afrika, als een verborgen boodschap van u. Heere, ik draag het Kruis der Indianen in mijn hart, en neem het aan, om tot u te komen. Ik draag hun kruis en neem het aan, om tot u te komen, die lijdt in het binnenste der aarde.

11. Het diepere kruis een kruis van woede, heilige haat, leidende tot diepere stilte. Hieraan kun je ze herkennen, zij die Christus volgen. Ze haten de wereld, de zonde, zij haten de materie, en hun woede groeit. Ze zijn apart gezet door Gods Toorn. Het is alsof zij worden bewaakt door draken. Niet alleen de draken van het kwaad, maar ook de draken van de Heer. Zij zien de aarde als gevangenis, en voor hen is het als een cocon.

12. God spreekt niet meer, en toch spreekt Hij, als een prachtige Paradox. Zij die Hem volgen hebben een nieuwe taal geleerd, hebben Zijn orakelen leren kennen : de geschiedenis, het cryptische. Oh ja, zij gaan door grote lange woestijnen heen. Zij honger en dorsten, maar van binnen brandt een vuur dat hen op gezette tijden hoop geeft, als een wiel. Telkens weer komt de vlam langs. Maar soms breekt het wiel, en zakken of vallen zij nog dieper. Door de rijken worden zij zondaren genoemd. Want er zijn maar wat veel rijke christenen die armoede als zonde zien. Kom daar eens mee aan in Afrika. Daar stikt het zeker van de zondaren dan. Maar God laat zien dat het een kruis is. Armoede is het voorportaal van het kruis, en zij die de armen en de armoede niet in hun binnenste dragen, kunnen niet tot het kruis komen. Het kruis en de dood vlucht van hen weg, en zij leven in de leugen van voorspoed, de glitterwereld. Ik zal u haarfijn uitleggen wat dit inhoudt. Het zal niet voor eeuwig zo duren. U wordt gefokt door de Mammon. Straks haalt hij de glitters weg, en dan kunt u de rest van uw leven, en zelfs misschien na de dood en in de eeuwigheid : honger naar de vruchten en de heerlijke wijn van vroeger, honger naar de moederborst, maar het zal er niet zijn. Kent u dat plaatje waar een drenkeling op een schildpad of vis zit en aan een stok wat voedsel voor de schildpad of vis laat bungelen ? Zo brengt het dier hem naar een eiland. Het is een slavencode, die ook wel Tantalus genoemd wordt, een deel van de hel. Daar worden de rijken en de voorspoedigen dus voor gefokt. Na de val van hun glitters zullen ze gekweld worden door hun herinneringen, en die herinneringen zullen hen allerlei klusjes laten doen. Er hangen vruchten voor hun ogen, en zodra ze naar voren buigen om ervan proberen te eten trekken de vruchten zich terug. Dat is de tragedie van het voorspoeds-evangelie. Het is een slavenfokkerij. En God kan niks voor ze

doen, omdat ze het kruis verworpen hebben. God is het kruis, hieraan gelijkgeworden in zijn lijden. Dat is de tragedie der rijken. Het zijn tragische figuren die naar de putten der danaïden geleid worden, oftewel de bodemloze putten waar ze voor eeuwig water naartoe moeten dragen. Eeuwig is altijd aeonisch, dat wil zeggen : tijdelijk, totdat de straf is uitgezeten. Altijd is dus heel cryptisch : Tot de volle munt terugbetalen. Er is geen altijddurig en oneindig leed, niet voor de arme, en ook niet voor de rijke. Indien wel, of voor u nog steeds : De cryptiek zal dit een halt toeroepen en doen afbrokkelen. Cryptiek is tijdloos.

13. De Paradox heeft altijd voor onschuldigen gepleit, en heeft altijd een ruimer begrip gegeven over het verschil en de overeenkomst tussen goed en kwaad. Zoals de Paradox de schijnbare tegenstelling is, zo is de Naradox de schijnbare nutteloosheid. Uiteindelijk bestaat er geen nutteloosheid. Alles dient ergens voor. De Naradox schijnt hier licht over, en komt op voor dat wat als nutteloos bestempeld wordt. Als je tot het dieper kruis bent gekomen, en je ziet geen uitweg meer, en je ziet het nut er niet van in, bedenk dan dat dit wiel waaraan je hangt de deur opent naar een dieper leven, daar waar de Naradox en de Paradox voor je pleiten. Het is een deur in de aarde waardoor je leert dat God op vele manieren kan spreken. Je leert je te warmen bij het stille en dove kruis des Heeren, en je leert een diepere en grotere kracht van God ontdekken. Het is een klein, zwak vlammetje, een waakvlammetje, maar eigenlijk een slaapvlammetje, want God slaapt hier. Het kruis heeft Hem in een diepere slaap gebracht. Ja, God slaapt.

14. Kun je dat volhouden, om met een slapende God te zijn ? En dat terwijl de stormen zo bulderen ? We zitten als discipelen in Romeinse ballingschap, en onze God slaapt. Tot wie roepen we dan ? Of omhelzen we Zijn diepere kruis, worden we stil om alles te aanvaarden.

15. Laten we er aan gewend raken dat God niet spreekt. We leven in een wereld van het consumeren. We leven in een wereld van veel vragen en weinig geven. Oh, hoe we druk in de weer zijn met onze eigen huisjes en kruisjes. Maar het ware kruis des heeren kennen we niet, het kruis dat alle grenzen doorbreekt.

16. God lijdt in het binnenste der aarde, daar waar alle stemmen doven, en soms afgrijselijk gegil. Daar waar alle oren zijn afgestorven, uitgestorven, maar waar op sommige plaatsen die oren weer aangroeien, gevoeliger dan ooit. God is er voor weggevlucht, die alarmen. God is blind geworden door de felle lichten. En openbaringen krijgen we niet, want wij hebben zijn woord : het geschrevene en het gelezene, en wat echoes die in de wind verdraaien. Visioenen zijn hier uitgestorven, en ook dromen. Wij dromen niet, maar rommelen nog wat na. God is gevlucht op het diepere kruis. Waar is God ? Wij weten het niet. Onze dromen zijn slechts gebrabbel, onze profetieën zijn slechts geruis. God heeft ons verlaten. Noemen we het zonde, of noemen we het kruis ? Wat hebben ze gedaan met de laatste profeten ? Waar zijn zij ? Laten we hen opzoeken, maar nee, laat maar. Zij zijn op dezelfde plaats als God, daar, diep in de aarde, daar waar alle oren zijn gesloten, en soms hevig gedruis. Laten we het allemaal maar rusten. Of zijn er toch enkelen onder ons die het niet willen laten rusten, die het als een uitdaging zien. In voor een avontuur ? Kom met mij mee, want ik zie wat licht. Ik weet niet hoe lang het duurt, het kan zo weer weg zijn, dus kom mee. Kom mee.

17. Waar oren zijn gesloten, waar monden zijn afgebroken, uitgestorven, doorboort, gekruisigd en gesnoerd, daar, ergens, zie ik een kleine vlam. Het ruist en suist licht, en dan is het weer weg. In de verte zie ik het weer als een lichtende mist. Laten we erop afgaan. Misschien wil het ons ergens naartoe leiden. Het diepere kruis van woede, van haat, waardoor God niet meer kan spreken, zo stil

geworden, kijk het slaapt. Door lichtgebaren spreekt Hij, zie, het lijkt wel onze wereld. Zoveel kruizen in een rij, maar wat doen wij ? Het is de taal des kruizes, maar ziet, wij spreken 't niet. Wij hebben allen grote monden, brengende zoveel verdriet. Onze monden zijn vuil, niet door stilte getemd. Maar kijk, door dat licht, God spreekt door lichtsignalen. Het lijkt op onze wereld, al die kruizen, en dan ineens zoveel namen.

18. De oorlog heeft ons kapotgemaakt, 't spreekt van een Eeuwig Kruis, zoveel vrienden verloren, en de herinnering leeft voort. En dan de indianen, wiens botten werden gebroken, zij waren het laatste stukje natuur, het grootste kruis, de aarde. Nog steeds vind ik die botten daar, zo diep in de aarde, een dieper kruis vond ik daar. En dan het dubbelkruis, zij die zelfs het laatste wat zij hadden weggaven, hun andere wang toekeerden, de extra mijl gingen, zowel het kleed als het hemd, naakt lagen zij daar. Iedereen kon het zien, en zapte toen naar een feestje op kanaal tien. Oh, hongerend Afrika, het dier kan nu alleen nog maar zwijgen. Teveel gezien, teveel woede, teveel haat, 't heeft hen stil gemaakt, maar er zijn nog steeds lichten van de camera. Want daarboven in de rijke landen hebben ze nog niet genoeg. Maar ik ben met jullie, dat is alles wat ik vroeg. Te zijn met jullie, te dragen jullie kruis. Nu ben ik één van jullie. Het is hier kerk of kruis. Ik heb voor het laatste gekozen.

19. Kerk, vaarwel. Kruis, welkom. In het Kruis heb ik mijn eigen kerk, waar God niet meer spreekt, alleen door wat orakelen, de echo's van een oude lange preek. Ik herinner die dominee nog wel, hij zat altijd vol fratsen. Maar nu heb ik zijn preek omgedraaid, achterstevoren beluisterd, en ik hoorde de prachtigste klanken, van een stille God, die slaapt in het bed des kruizes, ja, gespijkerd aan een hout. Hij rekent af met een verleden : Kerk niet langer zijn bruid meer, het is nu stil geworden hier. Het Diepere Kruis is wat Hem bezig houdt, waar Hij van houdt. Hij heeft Zijn Kerk verworpen, roept zelfs niet meer vanuit de woestijn. Hij is de aarde ingetrokken, waar Hij hangt en zwijgt aan een dieper kruis.

20. Maar oh, zelfs dit laatste vlammetje zullen ze ook doven. Dan verdwijnen de wegen hier in het niets. Alles vaagt weg aan het einde van de dag. Het te doen zonder antwoord, zonder moed, zonder pad, is een groot kruis, maar toch een onzichtbaar pad. Hij is onzichtbaar. Niemand ziet Hem wanneer Hij door de straten gaat. Hij is onzichtbaar en Hij slaapt, als een slaapwandelaar. Hij weet de weg naar de kelders te vinden, om weer diep in de aarde te gaan, Zijn kerk vindende in een dieper kruis, Zijn bruid, een fles vol dronkenschap des Geestes. Ik heb Hem horen schreeuwen, en dan is het weer stil. Hij is dronken in de Geest en woest, door dit kruis, maar vindt Zijn Bruid, allen die Hem volgden. Zij zijn elkander tot troost.

21. In het diepste van de aarde, Hij hangt daar. Niets willende weten van troost of verlichting. Hij wil het kruis niet verliezen, oh doof Zijn kruis niet uit. Hij is op weg naar het kruis des geestes. Zij hebben Hem bedroefd, geschopt, uitgedoofd, en tegen Hem gezondigd. Hij leeft niet meer. Ja, God is dood. En weet je waarom ? Hebt gij niet de geest gedood ? God is er niet meer. Er is geen God. Je hebt gelijk, en weet je waarom ?

22. God spreekt niet meer, en bestaat niet meer. Er is geen God. Jullie hebben je doel bereikt. Het is maar een halve waarheid. God is een Paradox. Maar niet verder te trekken zou een zonde en een leugen zijn. Daarom volg ik het diepere kruis, ook in de Paradox. Het kruis der kinderen is zo groot. Er gebeurt zoveel, en zij begrijpen het niet. Zij zijn blind en doof voor zoveel dingen, worden heen en weer geblazen door zoveel winden.

23. De lijdende aan het diepste kruis spreekt niet meer, maar brengt een heel ander geluid voort, als het zingende geluid van een vlam. Natuurlijk is dit beeldspraak, en trouwens alles wat hierboven stond was beeldspraak. De stem van de zingende vlam is als een zingende kaars. Waarom denkt u dat ze zoveel lofprijzen ? Om dat vlammetje van het diepste kruis te doven natuurlijk. De lofprijsbeweging is een groot kruis voor de Heere, een grote last. De Pinksterbeweging is gemaskerd. Wij doen er daarom ook beter aan om verder te trekken na de Pinksterbeweging. Maar de ware profeet draagt ook het Pinksterlijke Kruis.

24. De afgodische orde uit het Oude Testament leeft nog gewoon voort : priesterlijk bloedvergiert. Ze vergeten dat ze die strijd geestelijk moeten voeren, en dan niet tegen onschuldigen, maar tegen de boze geesten in de hemelse gewesten. De Ware Leer rondom het bloed moet hersteld worden. Bloed is geestelijk geld, maar er moeten wel wetten van economie zijn, en die zijn er niet. Er is van bloed een markt gemaakt, en hierop heeft men het rechtswezen gebouwd, en zelfs het medisch circuit.

25. Zij stalen het laatste vlammetje uit ons hart, het laatste vonkje. Als zelfs de sieraden van ons kruis, de vruchten van ons lijden, worden gestolen, waar moeten we dan naartoe ? Dit is de plek genaamd de Prometheus, waar alles wat in ons groeit weer weg wordt gevreten. Het is een fokkerij. We moeten vruchten voortbrengen, en geloof maar niet dat we die zelf mogen opeten. Neen. Ze worden geplukt, en verkocht. We zijn slaven van een markt, een Marsiaanse markt.

26. Wat doen de Marsiaanse demonen precies als ze zo'n vonkje hebben gestolen.

27. Gladiators voor de oorlogen die zij voeren. In die oorlogen worden eieren gecreeerd, door de wisselwerkingen van energieën. Ook om die eieren wordt weer gestreden. Het gaat om een galactische, universele fokkerij. In die fokkerij zijn er vele dimensies waarin strijd plaatsvindt. De bazen van die fokkerij hebben die strijd zelf opgezet als een arena. Dit is het principe van de fokkerij. Er is altijd weer baas boven baas. Moe kun je ervan worden. Dit hoort allemaal bij de Territoriale Oorlogsvoering : het ontmaskeren van de bazen boven de bazen, en zo een weg te vechten trede voor trede. Dat is de bediening der richteren, rechters, oftewel de Territoriaten.

28. Territoriaten zijn de Gladiators van Gods Volk. Zij zorgen voor nieuwe doorbraken en nieuwe doorgangen. Hierbij vertrouwen ze niemand : geen man, geen vrouw, geen beest, en zelfs hun eigen broeders en zusters niet. Niemand is te vertrouwen ! Hier is bedrog op bedrog. Het enige wat zij vertrouwen is hun zwaard.

29. Het zijn geen slijmerds die feestjes aflopen om mensen te behagen, of vrouwtjes om hun vingers te binden. Het zijn geen patsers die als pronkhanen de gemeentes langsgaan om hun krachten te vertonen, hun profetische gaven, hun gaven van genezing, het laten vallen of lachen in de geest. Maar als God hen roept, dan gaan ze, en dan spreken ze het woord van scheuring. Ze komen niet om vrede te brengen, maar het zwaard. Ze ziften de kudde.

die aandacht los te komen, om te komen tot Hem die niet hoort, tot Hem die niet spreekt, tot het diepste kruis. En ook de Territoriaat zal zien dat zijn laatste vonkje wordt weggenomen, en dat hij daar staat, naakt en wapenloos, als een prooi voor demonen. De Heere heeft het over verslondenheid. Zonder die verslondenheid kunnen we niet tot Hem komen. We zullen oorlogen gaan verliezen, maar wat dan nog ? Het brengt ons tot Hem, tot die verborgen putten waarin Hij opgesloten zit. Territoriaten zijn geen protserige overwinnaars die overal hun krachten demonstreren. Neen. Het zijn geen kampioenen. Ze dragen het kruis. Ze strijden door het lijden. Hun wapen is een kruis, hun schild een grafsteen, en hun pantser een spotgewaad. Zij zijn dwazen voor de Heer.

Inaput

1.

1. Het cryptische kan grote boodschappen dragen, kan bescherming bieden op grootse wijze, en kan er voor zorgen dat iets ook daadwerkelijk zijn doel bereikt. Als iets te openlijk en te direkt wordt gebracht verliest het vaak op den duur zijn kracht en wordt het onderweg aangevreten. Door cryptiek kunnen wij namelijk alles omsmelten om het voor ons bruikbaar te maken. Dit wordt ook wel de Faraatse bediening genoemd, als een soort van apostolisch verlengstuk. Beseffen wij dat de wereld om ons heen vol is met de cryptische tongen des Heeren ? De vertaling gaat ineens veel dieper en maakt grotere en moeilijkere sprongen. Dit wekt dan ook weer nieuwe tongen van vuur op, maar als gemeente zijn wij er na al die eeuwen aan toe gekomen om verder te kijken dan onze neus lang is. Er veranderde namelijk niet veel in de wereld door al onze standpunten en kortzichtigheid. Is het niet tijd dat we al onze ideeën gaan herzien en doorvertalen ? Er is altijd weer een betekenis achter een betekenis. Dit is het mystieke, maar meer nog : het cryptische pad. Alle andere paden zullen doodlopen.

2. Op het mystieke pad kun je alleen maar kon sterven. Het Faraatse zwaard is een cryptisch zwaard. Dit opende een heel ander pad voor mij, namelijk het cryptische pad.

3. Er schuilt een wereld achter de hedendaagse tafereeltjes. Die tafereeltjes worden aangedreven door bepaalde cycli die telkens weer terugkomen. We kunnen diep geschokt blijven over alles wat we zien, maar we kunnen ook alle fragmenten van elkaar losscheuren en gaan puzzelen. Het zijn boodschappen van een andere wereld.

4. Symboliek heeft zo zijn wetten, en ook de allegorie, maar cryptiek maakt daar korte metten mee, als een soort van heilige losbandigheid. Niets is wat het lijkt. O ja, je kan doorgaan in een pure materiele beschouwing van de Schrift, maar God is niet van de materiele orde. God is enorm door de knieën gebogen, en heeft zich in allerlei vormen en bochten moeten wringen om ons te kunnen bereiken. In de cryptiek kunnen we uiteindelijk volwassen worden en met Hem verbonden worden.

5. Laten we bedenken dat de cryptische bediening een oven is waar de vlammen heter en hoger branden dan al het voorgaande wat God ons heeft gegeven. Het mystieke pad loopt dood. Zijn we ervoor om ons hele leven naar opgepoetst fruit te blijven kijken ? Bijt er eens in. Het mystieke pad komt tegemoet aan een enorme leegte en onkunde om door de muren heen te breken, maar later kom je erachter dat je ook in deze cocon moest sterven, en moest uitreiken naar iets groters. In de cryptiek duizelt het helemaal voor je ogen. Je wereld lijkt om te draaien, als een grote bevrijding, als een grote uittocht. De cryptiek is de overtreffende trap van mystiek, als stap twee in Gods

bevrijdingsplan. Zijn Woord is een Pad, geen meubiliair. In de cryptiek kunnen weer een heleboel dingen die anders niet konden. Er worden als het ware deuren geopend.

6. Zoals eerder gezegd : De cryptiek is een diepere smeltoven, waar diepere transformatie in kan plaatsvinden, zodat nu ook de echt gevaarlijke dingen binnengebracht kunnen worden om betekenis te krijgen. Maar de cryptische deuren worden alleen geopend door het kruis. Zij die het kruis niet willen dragen, en ook niet het kruis van anderen zullen die cryptiek nooit begrijpen. Het kruis en de cryptiek zijn onlosmakelijk met elkaar verbonden. Zij die het verstand tot God hebben gemaakt zullen ook niet veel van die cryptiek begrijpen. De doornenkroon is een beeld van een ieder die z'n verstand heeft laten doorboren voor het aangezicht van God. De cryptiek kent hele andere wetten dan het verstand. De Bijbel zegt dat het verstand verduisterd is door de zonde. Hoe denkt u dit verstand te reinigen ? Hoe denkt u dit verstand weer helder te maken ? Door uw verstand ? Dat zou een doodlopende weg zijn, want hoe kan een blinde een blinde geleiden. Hoe kan een misleider je op het juiste pad brengen ? Het verstand wordt door de Bijbel aangetekend als één van de hoogste vormen van misleiding. Het verstand is overgeaccentueerd, juist door het verstand. Zij die hun hart willen laten spreken kunnen daarom in conflict komen met het verstand, wat zich soms uit in een soort hoofdpijn. Dit kan erg vermoeiend zijn. Ook mystiek kan erg vermoeiend zijn : Op zoek naar de symboliek, wanhopig zoeken naar een vertaling, iets waar we een onderkomen en een beschutting in hebben. We kunnen ons mystiek gaan kleden en heel geheimzinnig gaan doen, maar wat schieten we er mee op ? Wat is nou precies het doel van al die mystiek ? Is het nu werkelijk de bedoeling dat we ons zoveel mogelijk afzonderen en dat we overal een diepere betekenis achter zoeken ? Is het allemaal niet veel simpeler ? Ja, ook in de mystiek kan het verstand om het hoekje komen kijken, en zodra we dat proces doorhebben zal het verstand ons in vermommingen bezoeken. We proberen te mediteren, storten ons misschien op poezie, of worden rebels. God laat een kruis zien. Het is een bijzonder kruis, want het staat in brand en er hangt een doornenkroon boven. De mystiek wordt nog veelal door het verstand geleid, en is nog vaak om indruk te maken en een plaats te hebben in de maatschappij. Velen zien de mystiek als een icoon. Het verstand heeft de puzzel verkeerd gelegd, en daarom is het plaatje ook zo verschrikkelijk. Daarom is het belangrijk om de doornenkroon te vragen.

7. De cryptiek is een vuur wat dieper van binnen komt. Het is uitgezonden om de hedendaagse apostolische canon en mystieke canon, oftewel de grenzen en de wetten van vertaling en symboliek te verbreken. Als het apostolische niet overgaat in het faraatse, het cryptische, dan zal de apostolische weg daarmee doodlopen. Met de Apostolische Bediening zijn we er nog niet. Een vertaler of een mystiekeling kan nog heel erg materieel leven, afkerig van armoe. Een mystiekeling kan voor velen nog best te volgen zijn, maar een cryptisch iemand is meer dan raadselachtig. Een cryptisch iemand staat niet onder de wet, niet boven de wet, maar heeft helemaal niets met de wet te maken. Hij leeft door Gods Geest en kent Zijn paradoxen : Niet door het vlees, maar door de Geest. Zo boort hij vele geheime bronnen aan. Dit is als het ware het delirium van de profeten. Profeten die op het pad van mystiek zijn vastgegroeid, moe zijn geworden, en misschien wel wanhopig zijn, zullen in de cryptiek weer tot leven komen.

8. God is een cryptische God. Hoe vaak is Hij niet gekruisigd aan het materiele, in een hok gestopt : Dit is uw God, die u verlost heeft. Is God een gouden kalf ? Dan zouden we weer het verstand aanhangen, want die houdt zich veelal aan de materiele wetten. Hiermee zullen we nooit ver komen. Oh, hoe lang draaien we al wel niet in hetzelfde cirkeltje rond, zonder te veranderen. De wereld ziet evangelisten die alles van Christus weten, die altijd weer met dezelfde verhalen komen, en het komt

God de neus uit. Zij prediken een materiele Christus, een materiele boodschap, maar God is toe aan cryptische evangelisten die de kloppende levende boodschap brengen. Het is tijd dat de wereld wakkergeschud wordt, maar dat gaat niet door een geschiedenisboek. De Geest moet het Woord levend maken, laten spreken, laten baren, laten groeien. De Mammon is tot ons gekomen in vele vermommingen. Het materialisme komt in vele graden. Materiele evangelisten houden Christus gevangen. Maar zij blijven die boodschap aan ons opdienen totdat het volledig vertaald is.

9. De tweede Christus is de boom van armoe, de heilige Karmat, die de goddelijke gebondenheid is. Blijf niet alleen met uw eerste Christus, want Zurastael zal u slaan.

10. Ik heb overwonnen de honden van de valse Christus. En Ramonde, de moeder van liefde nam de zorg over mij. Ze nam mij op en bracht me naar haar huis, ja, de Karazuur is over haar. Wie kent haar bossen, wie kan haar wildernissen doordringen. Ja, deze honden braken me, maar zij nam de zorg over me, mij voedende, zoals ze roofdieren voedde. En vekeb zullen komen aan het einde der dagen om het mysterie te zien. Ze zullen er op hun knieën naar zoeken.

11. Hoor dan de roep van Ramonde, en help haar, troost haar hart, want zij is uw moeder. En de karsuiken zullen over haar zijn, zeven bij zeven. Luister dan naar haar roep, en leef.

12. En ze nam dan de zorg over mij voor zeven dagen en zeven nachten en onderwees mij over de vogels van haar bossen. En haar roep gaat nog steeds uit in de nachten, zoekende naar haar kinderen.

13. Zij is dan de moeder van velen, haar tepels openende hun longen en de stralen van zuurstof. Zij blijven veilig dichtbij haar borsten.

14. Zij is de raaf van de tijden van zo lang geleden dat ze uit het zicht zijn. Luister dan naar haar stromen van wijn. Kom tot haar wiel en altaar. Zij is de moeder van alle wijn, ja, de faraten zijn over haar.

15. Zij was een eenzame ziel in haar huis van ratten waar ze was gevangen door de zonde der mensheid in de tijden van het oude. En langs de hondenhaag kon ze de karazuur voeden, maar ze kon nooit vluchten. De ratten waren over haar, en hielden haar gebonden aan kettingen en wielen, en ze maakten haar werkende en lopende. Maar de karazuur was op een dag sterk genoeg om haar te bevrijden, wat haar mysterie is.

16. Drie engelen waren geplaatst over de bosrivier van Ramonde. Zij zijn Ramonde, Sarsia en Davinde.

17. Ken dan het mysterie van Davinde. Zij was opgesloten in een kooi door de rovers voor wie ze moest werken. Maar toen ze sliepen nam ze genezende zalf uit hun wonden waardoor haar genezende gaven begonnen te groeien. Op een dag kon ze zichzelf bevrijden en Ramonde nam de zorg over haar. Ramonde is dan geprezen in alle eeuwigheden. Zij is dan ook onze Heere die een engel werd.

18. En ze nam dan Davinde naar een schuilplaats waar ze veilig was, en Ramonde ging in de nacht

naar de drie rovers en onthoofde hen. Hun hoofden zullen een verschrikking zijn in alle eeuwigheden.

19. En dit is waarom zelfs Sarsia de Grote als dood viel aan haar voeten, en haar voeten zijn de wijnpers vergezeld door twee zwanen.

2.

1. Een jongen en een meisje wonen in een prachtig paradijs. Lirijn en Echte wonen in het paradijs Roggio van Metensia.

2. Op een dag voelt het meisje zich niet lekker, en trekt zich terug. De jongen begint haar na een tijdje te missen, en begint vrouwelijke eigenschappen te ontwikkelen. Hij vertrekt naar de rand van het paradijs, op zoek naar zijn eigen vrouwelijkheid, maar valt over de rand naar beneden, en krijgt te horen dat hij niet meer terugmag, omdat hij uit balans is.

3. Hij had zijn mannelijkheid met zijn vrouwelijkheid moeten balanceren, en niet zijn vrouwelijkheid laten overheersen. Het meisje is ontroostbaar als ze ontdekt dat de jongen vertrokken is, en begint door het woud te rennen

4. Nog steeds rent ze door het woud om haar geliefde te zoeken.

5. Ik rende achter Echte aan, en riep haar om te stoppen. Maar Echte hoorde mij niet en rende verder. Maar later kwam ze naar me toe en zei : 'Jij, jij, jij hebt me doen stoppen. Jij hebt mij tot rust gebracht.

6. Ik bad tot Echte. Het is de taak van iedere gelovige om Echte tot rust te brengen. Zij mist haar geliefde, de Afgedwaalde, de Verlorene, waarvan Lirijn het beeld is.

7. En zo zult gij bidden : Wie je ook bent, Echte, ik houd van je, en wil meer van je weten. Openbaar uzelf aan mij.

8. Echte, wij brengen uw hart tot rust. In uw tederheid zijn wij verborgen. Wij dragen uw kruis, en zeggen tot uw ziel : Waak op, en rust in de tederheid van de dag die door ons tot u komt. Weest gegroet en gezegend, nu wij in uw voetsporen wandelen. Ja, met u rennen wij, en met u komen wij tot rust.

9. Heilige Echte, wij komen tot u. Aanvaard ons in onze zonden en reinig ons. Wij buigen voor u neer, tot u die heilig zijt. Schenk ons de predictaatse gave en laat ons er zuiver mee omgaan. Wij zegenen u. Wees ons tot brug, opdat wij in uw kracht staan.

10. De predictaatse bediening, het geestelijk reizen, heeft als altaar het kruis van Echte.

11. Echte de vluchtende van het paradijs Roggio, het paradijs van Metensia, waar Echte haar man verloor die zijn vrouwelijke kant liet overheersen en daardoor door God weggenomen werd.

12. Echte, zijn geliefde, zoekt hem nog steeds, rennende door het paradijs.

13. Echte is het beeld van absolute verlorenheid, zoekende naar dat wat ze liefheeft om zorg te dragen en zorg te ontvangen. 14. Dit is het predictaatse altaar. Wij moeten allen reizen in de geest van Echte, om op zoek te gaan naar onze geliefde, dat wat verloren is gegaan.

15. Zo kunnen ook wij door ons gemis, en door het verlangen naar onze geliefden, geestelijk reizen, en zo het verlorene zoeken en vinden.

16. De predictaatse bediening is de motor van de territoriale oorlogsvoering.

17. Er zijn verschillende vormen van aanbidding waren, en de aanbidding moet verdeeld en gebalanceerd worden. Aanbidding is een vorm van respect en verbintenis, die voortkwam vanuit een stelsel van voorwaarden en regels. Zo is aanbidding een vorm van samenwerking, en van samenhang. Door het vlees mag niet aanbeden worden, maar door de Geest des te meer. Door de

Geest komen er steeds meer voorrechten bij.

18. In de aanbidding speelt Echte een grote rol, want aanbidding had alles te maken met geestelijk reizen.

19. In Roggio hadden Echte en Lirijn de eigenschappen van planten, bloemen, bomen en struiken.

20. Ik hield een zwaard vast, waaruit rood spul vloeide en daarna groen spul, om de hof te bevochtigen en vruchtbaar te maken. Daarna kwam Echte op mij af en gaf mij een vrucht. Dit was een verborgen vrucht. Ik at ervan. Toen zei Echte tot mij : 'Wie van de verborgen vruchten van het paradijs eet, zal tot nog meer verborgenheden komen, en van paradijs tot paradijs, die in de oudheid verdwenen zijn.' Toen vertelde ze mij van een gelijkenis waarin God telkens weer lieden zendt tot de aarde om de aarde wakker te schudden. Maar telkens worden deze lieden van de hemel teruggezonden of vermoord. Er zijn vaker kruisigingen geweest, ook voor het ontstaan van de huidige schepping. En Echte wilde mij die oude kruizen laten zien, want ze waren belangrijk voor de verdere voortgang, en voor het overwinnen van de canon.

21. Weer gaf Echte mij een vrucht, en ik at weer. Het leek wel alsof ik door de vruchten ontwaakte, en ik had een licht gevoel in mijn borst. Toen wees Echte op mijn tepel, en sprak : 'De tepel is de vertegenwoordiger van de canon.' En ze scheurde de tepel van mijn lichaam af, terwijl er een andere soort tepel op mijn lichaam begon te groeien. De tepel gloeide als de zon en was als de golven van de zee. De tepel begon te groeien en te groeien, en Echte zei dat ik veel van de verborgen vruchten moest eten. Ze wees mij de bomen van het paradijs aan. Ze zei mij dat die bomen hele oude kruizen waren, en dat door de vruchten daarvan te eten ik geestelijk zou kunnen reizen. Ik viel voor de voeten van Echte neer, en wilde haar aanbidden, omdat ze zo heilig en rein was, en straalde als een engel of als god. Maar Echte zei : 'Aanbidt God, aanbidt zijn Geest. De wezens van God waren nederig waren, en alleen in noodzaak richten ze de aandacht op henzelf. Ik kon mij niet inhouden, en bleef Echte prijzen. Maar toen begon Echte weg te rennen. 'Ga niet weg,' zei ik, en ik merkte dat ik Echte troost begon te geven in zijn hart, en ik sprak tot haar geest, biddende. Voorzichtig ervoer ik weer contact met haar, en langzaam kwam haar ziel dichterbij, maar ze was als water nu, niet meer zoals ze eerst was. 'Wat heb ik gedaan,' zei ik bevend. 'Het is niet erg,' zei Echte, 'maar dit gebeurt er als mensenkinderen de hemelse realiteiten overmatig aanbidden. Het is goed om eerst troost en genezing te brengen tot ons, en daarna pas dankzegging en lof. Wij zijn veel te fragiel voor overvloedige adoratie, oftewel aanbidding. Breng je aanbidding in eerste plaats tot de Almacht van God en Zijn Geest. En ook als je tot Hem komt, balanceer dan alles met het brengen van Troost, Hulp en Genezing. Vraag Hem niet alleen maar dingen voor je te doen, maar doe ook dingen voor Hem. Hij heeft ook jouw hulp nodig. Ook Hij hangt aan het kruis wat de mensheid voor Hem gebouwd heeft. Dit kruis gaat veel dieper dan wat ze vertellen. Dat kruis kun je alleen ontdekken in je hart.'

22. Toen begon ik gebeden van troost en genezing tot Echte op te zenden, en langzaam werd het water waarin ze verscheen tot een vaste gestalte. En ineens voelde ik haar hand weer op mijn hand. 'Betekent het nu echt dat er een volgorde is van eerst Gods Geesten, dan Zijn engelen en dan Zijn heiligen ?' vroeg ik. 'In sommige opzichten wel,' zei Echte, 'maar het wil niet per definitie zeggen dat een Geest van God hoger is dan een engel of een heilige, of dat een engel hoger is dan een heilige. Denk aan Christus die mens werd en heilige, en denk aan de vele engelen die Hem daarin gevolgd zijn. Er zijn verborgenheden die je dient te ontdekken. God doet niet zozeer aan rangen, want de laatste en laagste rang is vaak ook de hoogste. Er zijn geestelijke wetten waar rekening mee gehouden moeten worden. Vaak hebben die hoge wezens opdracht om in een tussenlaag of onderlaag te incarneren, oftewel geboren te worden. Zo kan een kind dus de moeder zijn van zijn moeder, en de vader zijn van zijn vader.'

3.

1. En de vruchten van Roggio waren als verhalen. En Echte begon ze aan te reiken, terwijl ze vertelde :

2. En als eerste vertelde ze het verhaal genoemd Het Vogelbalkonnetje. En ze gaf de bijbehorende vrucht.

3. En Echte sprak : Er was eens een koning die een dochtertje had. Omdat hij niet wilde dat ze een verwend prinsesje zou worden liet hij haar opgroeien in een donkere diepe keuken om mee te helpen de grote beesten onder de grond te voeren. Maar het meisje verveelde zich vaak, en had het vaak koud. Op een dag klom het meisje door een buis boven het fornuis naar boven, en kwam boven op het kasteel terecht. Ze sloop door een torenraampje naar binnen, en zag daar een oude vrouw zitten achter een spinnenwiel en een weefraam. De oude vrouw zei dat ze weleens wat anders wilde, en het meisje vertelde haar over het keukentje. Ook het meisje wilde weleens wat anders en ze besloten van plaats te ruilen. Het oude vrouwtje klom door de lange buis naar het keukentje toe. Na een aantal dagen kwam het oude vrouwtje terug en vertelde het meisje dat ze het zo naar haar zin had in het keukentje en dat ze het meisje er zo dankbaar voor was dat ze het meisje een sieraad gaf. ‘Als je erover wrijft, dan verander je in een vogel,’ zei het oude vrouwtje. Het oude vrouwtje ging weer terug naar het keukentje, en het meisje wreef over het sieraad om in een vogel te veranderen. Het meisje wilde altijd al vliegen, en ze vloog over de zee en terug. Na een tijdje vloog ze door de lange buis om het oude vrouwtje te bezoeken.

4. Het meisje had eigenlijk nog nooit de grote beesten gezien. Ze moest vroeger alleen koken en het voedsel door een raampje schuiven. Maar nu was ze klein genoeg om zelf door het raampje heen te gaan. Hier kwam ze op een klein balkonnetje waar een heleboel andere vogels waren, groten en kleinen. In de verte waren de grote beesten, waar de vogels altijd het voedsel naartoe brachten. Dan moesten ze eerst over een heel diep en groot ravijn vliegen, want de beesten waren op een soort eiland. Nu kon het meisje zelf eens wat voedsel naar de beesten brengen. Ze kreeg een mandje mee, dat ze in haar snavel kon houden. In het mandje waren wat appels, wat druiven, en wat pastei. Om alles te bedekken werd er een doek overheen geschoven. Het meisje keek haar ogen uit. Na een tijdje ging ze weer terug. In het torenkamertje lag nog steeds het sieraad. Even wreef ze er met haar vleugel overheen, en veranderde weer in een gewoon meisje.

5. Op een dag wilde de koning haar zien, en het meisje nam haar sieraad mee. Het meisje vertelde alles wat ze had meegemaakt aan haar vader, en over haar liefde voor de grote beesten. De koning pinkte een traantje weg, en sprak : ‘Die grote beesten zijn jouw eigen broers. Een boze heks heeft hen eens betoverd.’ En toen vertelde het meisje over het sieraad waarmee ze in een vogel kon veranderen. Zo zouden de grote beesten ook in vogels veranderen als het sieraad over hen heengewreven zou worden. De koning vond het een goed idee, en het meisje wreef even over het sieraad heen, veranderde in een vogel en nam het sieraad mee naar het vogelbalkonnetje. Met het sieraad vloog ze heel dicht naar de grote beesten toe, en wreef met het sieraad over hun huiden heen. Direkt veranderden ze in vogels, en in een grote zwerm vlogen ze terug over het grote ravijn heen. De koning was erg blij toen hij de vogels zag, maar het waren nog steeds geen prinsen. ‘Oh, maar dat is heel eenvoudig, vader,’ zei het meisje dat inmiddels weer een meisje was geworden. Ik wrijf gewoon nu de vogels met het sieraad. Kort daarna stonden er een heleboel prinsen voor de koning. De koning omhelsde ze één voor één, en ook het meisje viel haar broers één voor één in de armen.

4.

1. En toen begon ze het volgende verhaal te vertellen, en reikte de bijbehorende vrucht aan. En ik at van haar. En zij sprak : 'Zie dan. Dit is mijn lichaam.' En ze begon te huilen, en ik trooste haar.

2. En toen sprak ze : Het Wonderpaard. Er was eens een meisje dat altijd hele nare karweitjes moest doen van haar stiefmoeder. Haar echte moeder was al heel lang geleden overleden, en die had ze eigenlijk nooit gekend. Vaak wilde ze dat haar echte moeder nog zou leven. Veel tijd om te slapen kreeg ze niet, en ze moest altijd haastig eten, want er was veel werk te doen. Op een dag was het meisje het zo beu, en ze was zo moe dat ze het bos inrende. Al gauw verdwaalde ze, en ze was zelfs een beetje bij dat ze verdwaald was, want eigenlijk wilde ze helemaal niet meer naar huis.

3. Na een tijdje lopen kwam ze aan bij een tafeltje. Dat was erg vreemd zo in het bos. Het tafeltje was mooi versierd met wat randjes, en op de tafel stond een bak met brood. Het meisje ging op één van de hoge stoelen zitten, en begon van het brood te eten. Na een tijdje kwamen er wat haasjes aan, en een kikker. De haasjes waren in verschillende kleuren. Eén haasje was roze, een andere paars en weer een andere was groen. Naast het meisje zat een wat grotere witte haas.

4. 'Wie moet er wat thee ?' riep één van de haasjes.

5. 'Nou, ik lust wel wat thee,' zei het meisje.

6. 'Nee, jij niet,' zei het haasje. Het was het groene haasje.

7. 'En waarom niet ?' vroeg het meisje.

8. 'Omdat jij hier pas nieuw bent,' zei het groene haasje.

9. 'Ach, let maar niet op hem,' zei het roze haasje, 'hij doet wel vaker vervelend, en het is een mopperpot, net als het paarse haasje.' Ook het paarse haasje begon wat te brommen, maar niemand kon het verstaan. Het paarse haasje keek het meisje al een hele tijd erg boos aan. Even later schonk het roze haasje wat thee in voor het meisje, en zei : 'Als je een keer bij mij op bezoek komt, dan krijg je roze thee of elventhee.' Het meisje keek het roze haasje vriendelijk aan, alsof ze wilde zeggen : 'Ja, graag.'

10. 'Dank u wel,' zei ze tegen het roze haasje.

11. 'Oh, je mag ook wel bij me blijven logeren, hoor, dat is nog leuker dan bezoek, en dan kunnen we ook de andere haasjes eens samen bezoeken,' zei het roze haasje.

12. Dat leek het meisje wel leuk.

13. Maar toen zei het paarse haasje : 'Niemand komt ooit bij mij op bezoek. Ik woon veel te ver weg, helemaal achter de bergen bij de zee.'

14. 'Oh, maar ik heb een wonderpaard,' zei het roze haasje, 'we komen je vast wel een keer opzoeken.'

15. 'Oh ja ?' zei het meisje, 'oh ik ben dol op paarden.' Het paarse haasje keek even niet meer zo boos naar het meisje.
16. 'En ik dan ?' zei het groene haasje. 'Ik woon over de zee. Kan dat wonderpaard daar ook komen ?'
17. 'Ja hoor,' zei het roze haasje vriendelijk. Het witte haasje dat iets groter was had al een hele tijd niets gezegd, en huppelde plotseling weg. Na een tijdje kwam het wonderpaard eraan. Het wonderpaard had vleugels en kon vliegen. 'Stap er maar op,' zei het roze haasje, 'dan gaan we naar mijn torenkamertje, heel hoog in het paleis van de koning.'
18. 'De koning ?' vroeg het meisje. 'Maar welke koning ?'
19. 'Oh, koning Griebelgrutjes,' zei het roze haasje.
20. 'Wie is dat nu dan weer ?' vroeg het meisje.
21. 'Nou, de koning van het hazenland,' zei het roze haasje, 'en tegelijk de opperkok van de elventhee. Hij moet de thee altijd eerst proeven voordat het opgediend mag worden.'
22. 'Oh,' zei het meisje, 'dat wist ik niet.'
23. 'Maar wat doet die kikker hier dan ?' vroeg het meisje weer.
24. 'Oh, de kikker zorgt altijd voor de tafels,' zei het roze haasje. Toen ze beiden op het paard zaten steeg het op en bracht hen helemaal tot in het hoogste torentje van het koninklijk paleis. Dat was wel even een eindje vliegen, maar hier hadden ze dan een prachtig uitzicht over het land. Ze konden vanaf hier de bergen zien, en zelfs de achterliggende duinen en de zee. Ook konden ze hiervandaan goed het bos bezichtigen.
25. Er waren een paar torenkamertjes, en in één kamertje mocht het meisje logeren. In een ander kamertje dronken ze samen thee, roze thee, en elf-thee. Het meisje vond de thee erg lekker, vooral de elf-thee. Door de trap naar beneden te gaan, kon het meisje ook bij de koning op bezoek, en een verdieping lager was de keuken. De koning zelf ging niet zo vaak naar de keuken. Voornamelijk hield hij zich bezig met het regeren van het land. Maar soms moest hij toch echt naar de keuken om de nieuwe soorten elf-thee te proeven. Telkens kwamen er weer nieuwe soorten bij.
26. Op een dag gingen ze met het wonderpaard naar het land van otters en hermelijnen. Dat was een groot land met bossen en rivieren. In het land van otters en hermelijnen stond ergens een hele grote elventafel, waar volop elventhee werd gedronken. Nog nooit had het meisje zoveel otters en hermelijnen bij elkaar gezien, en ze waren allemaal even vriendelijk. Er waren hier zoveel soorten elventhee waar zelfs de koning niets van wist. Ze hadden hier een keuken die wel duizendmaal groter was dan de keuken van de koning. Eén zaal van de keuken was als een kerkzaal. Zo'n grote keuken had het meisje nog nooit gezien. Overal liepen bedienden rond met grote schalen. Heel in de verte zat een lange witte haas op een stoel met hele lange poten. De witte haas had het overzicht

over de zaal. Na een tijdje werd er een enorm lange tafel naar binnen geschoven, en de bedienden begonnen de schalen op de tafel te zetten. Toen de schalen geopend werden schrok het meisje heel erg, want er kwam zoveel rook vanaf dat het vuur leek. Na een tijdje zag het meisje dat het van binnen schelpen waren. Maar niemand at van de schalen. Het meisje vroeg zich af waarom er niet werd gegeten. Maar na een tijdje liep het wonderpaard naar voren en begon van schaal na schaal te eten. Alle bedienden die aan de zijkant stonden klaptten in hun handen. Het roze haasje glimlachte. 'Dat doen ze altijd als het wonderpaard hier is. Ze zijn dol op hem.'

27. Na een tijdje kwamen er ook andere paarden binnen die van de schalen begonnen te eten. Toen alles was opgegeten kwam er een kikker binnen die de tafels begon op te ruimen. En even later haalden de bedienden de lange tafels weer weg.

28. 'Zo, kies maar een paard uit,' zei het roze haasje, 'dan gaan we een stukje wandelen. Het wonderpaard moet nu rusten.' Het meisje koos een wit paard met vlekjes uit en wat roze strikjes, en ook het roze haasje koos een paard uit, en toen gingen ze een stukje paardrijden door het bos van het land van otters en hermelijnen.

29. Ze kwamen langs vele huisjes waar boeren en boerinnen woonden met heel veel vee, zoals paarden, koeien, varkens, geiten en nog veel meer. Na een tijdje waren ze zo ver gekomen, en om wat bergen heen gegaan, dat het roze haasje vond dat ze best wel even op bezoek konden gaan bij de paarse haas aan zee. De paarse haas woonde in een woonboot, aan een riviertje dat in de zee uitliep. Alles was hier erg klein, en na een tijdje kreeg het meisje het erg benauwd. 'Dat je hier kunt wonen,' zei het meisje. Maar dat schoot bij het paarse haasje in het verkeerde keelgat. 'Nou, dan kom je toch gewoon niet?' riep het paarse haasje boos. Niet lang daarna stonden het meisje en het roze haasje op straat. Het paarse haasje had hen eruit gezet. Maar het roze haasje klopte weer op het deurtje van de woonboot en riep toen door het raampje: 'Ach, zus, laten we nu geen ruzie maken. Laten we gewoon wat spelletjes doen. Kaarten ofzo.' Na een lange tijd deed het paarse haasje het raampje eindelijk open, en zei slaperig: 'huh? Oh ik ben vast in slaap gevallen. Ja, laten we dan maar een spelletje doen.'

30. Maar het spelletje liep helemaal verkeerd af. Het paarse haasje verloor telkens elk spelletje kaart, en begon steeds meer te mopperen. Ook toen ze wat bordspelletjes gingen spelen werd het er niet beter op, en na een tijdje gooide het paarse haasje het speelbord boos om, terwijl alle pionnetjes op de grond vielen.

31. 'Ach zus,' zei het roze haasje, 'het is toch maar een spelletje?'

32. 'Spelletje, spelletje?' zei het paarse haasje. 'Ik verlies telkens. Dat noem ik geen spelletje.' Maar na een tijdje viel het paarse haasje weer in slaap.

33. Het was maar een klein stukje lopen naar de zee, en het roze haasje en het meisje besloten nog even wat te gaan zwemmen, maar een grote golf nam hen mee, en al gauw waren ze op de open zee. De golf nam hen zo ver mee, dat ze uiteindelijk maar besloten door te zwemmen naar het groene haasje dat achter de zee woonde. Maar het leek wel alsof ze er nooit kwamen, en na een tijdje begonnen ze allebei erg moe en duizelig te worden. Het meisje begon al weg te zakken, en niet lang daarna het roze haasje ook. Maar ineens voelden ze wat onder hen komen. Het was het

wonderpaard, en toen ze op z'n rug zaten steeg hij op uit het water. Snel nam hij hen mee naar de overkant waar het groene haasje woonde, maar toen ze bij zijn huisje kwamen was hij er niet. Toen besloten ze maar naar het bos te gaan. In het bos stond een hele grote draaimolen. En ja hoor, daar was het groene haasje aan het spelen. Achter de draaimolen stond een stal met een heleboel wonderpaarden.

34. 'Waarom heb je me dat nooit verteld dat je hier zoveel wonderpaarden hebt?' vroeg het roze haasje.

35. 'Gewoon,' zei het groene haasje, 'omdat je er nooit naar gevraagd hebt.' Het meisje keek haar ogen uit, en omdat ze met z'n drieën zo'n mooie dag beleefden mocht het meisje een wonderpaard helemaal voor haarzelf uitkiezen.

5.

1. En ik had Echte lief, en zij openbaarde zichzelf aan mij. En ik kwam tot haar door vele sluiers waarachter zij zich verborgen hield.

2. En toen gaf zij mij een andere vrucht, en sprak : Langbeentje.

3. Er was eens een indiaans meisje dat Langbeentje heette. Als ze verdrietig was dan groeiden haar benen altijd zo lang dat iedereen haar altijd zo noemde. Maar de koning vond het maar vreemd zo'n meisje in zijn koninkrijk te hebben, en toen ze wat ouder werd begon men steeds banger voor haar te worden. Daarom liet de koning haar op een dag opsluiten in een toren van het koninklijk kasteel. Natuurlijk was het meisje nu nog vaker verdrietig, en altijd groeiden haar benen dan helemaal door de tralies heen over de trappen naar beneden.

4. Op een dag was het meisje zo verdrietig dat haar benen helemaal het kasteel uitgroeiden. In een dorpje in de buurt zag een jongetje een schoen binnenkomen met een heel lang been. Hij besloot het been te volgen en kwam helemaal bij het kasteel van de koning terecht. Helemaal over de trappen volgde hij het been en kwam uiteindelijk bij de tralies terecht waarachter het meisje opgesloten zat. Het meisje was erg verdrietig, en hij probeerde haar te troosten. Ook ging hij naar de koning toe, en vroeg of het meisje weer uit het kasteel mocht, maar de koning wilde daar niets van weten. Het meisje zou veel te gevaarlijk zijn met die groeiende benen. Iedereen was bang voor haar.

5. Maar vanaf die dag was het jongetje zoveel mogelijk bij haar. Op een dag was er brand in de andere toren van het kasteel, waar het dochttertje van de koning woonde. Ze riep om hulp vanuit het torenraampje, maar niemand kon haar helpen, omdat de toren al bijna helemaal in brand stond. De koning was in rep en roer, en wist niet hoe hij zo'n groot vuur kon blussen. Maar snel ging het jongetje naar de koning, en zei dat Langbeentje wel kon helpen. Direkt liet de koning Langbeentje achter de tralies weghalen, maar ook Langbeentje kon niets tegen het vuur beginnen. Maar ze kon wel het dochttertje van de koning redden. Haar benen groeiden zo lang aan dat ze makkelijk in het torenkamertje kon komen door het raampje. Ze greep het dochttertje van de koning, en bracht haar snel uit de brandende toren.

6. Snel brandde het hele kasteel af, maar iedereen was veilig. De koning was zo blij en dankbaar dat Langbeentje een wens mocht doen. Langbeentje wenste dat ze gewoon weer in het land mocht wonen, in een huisje naast de koning en naast het jongetje. En zo ging niet alleen Langbeentje weer gewoon in een dorpje wonen, maar ook de koning en zijn hofhouding. En zo zijn ze altijd naast elkaar blijven wonen.

6.

1. Maar toen zij de verhalen had verteld, begonnen de vruchten te branden, en ook mijn mond begon te branden. En Echte sprak : 'Vreest niet, geliefde, want dit zal uw mond zuiveren, en gij zult reine woorden spreken van grote kracht. En mijn handen begonnen te branden, en ik begon te rennen als Echte.
2. En Roggio begon te branden, en de Geest des Heeren daalde op haar neer.

7.

1. Morit werd uit het paradijs van Santra ontvoerd door de honden van Okil. Onze geestesdelen en zielendelen worden ook vaak zonder het te weten geestelijk ontvoerd door demonen. Als wij dit onder ogen komen en leren beseffen dat we door ontvoering de geestelijke wereld leren kennen en verkennen, dan wordt het kruis van Morit, het hertenkind, tot een prachtig Excarnaats Altaar. In vele schoten worden we herboren, om los te raken uit de gevangenissen van het vlees, de incarnaties.
2. Heilige Morit, weest gegroet. Wij zegenen u en spreken genezing uit over u in uw tranen. Wij banen de weg voor u, en stellen ons voor u op als uw vruchtbaarheid. Weest geheiligd en komt over ons, wij die uw bruggen zijn.
3. Heilige Sarsia, wij branden onze vlam voor u. U die ons heeft gered uit de diepste groeven. Weest gezegend, en weest getroost. Wij staan met u, krachtig, dragende uw wapenen. Leer ons te bidden en strijden in uw naam. Leer ons te overwinnen en ons kruis te dragen, ja, ook uw kruis dragen wij. Leer ons het pad van armoe te bewandelen, en leid ons op de eeuwige weg. Onze vreugde is u te volgen, in al uw voetstappen, oh Heilige Sarsia door God bemint. Waak over ons en geef ons vrede in alle dingen. Behoed onze gedachten in u, en zegen onze gevoelens.
4. Ramonde, groot is uw naam. U die ons schiep en onze voeten zette op de rots der hemelen, geprezen zij uw naam, gij die onze gebeden tot God draagt. Gij hebt onze voeten stevig en vast gemaakt op de heilige berg, en gij hebt ons ten hemel laten varen op uw wolken, opdat wij een plaats zouden hebben in de naam boven alle namen. Gij strijdt voor ons. Gij helpt ons. Leer ons zo te strijden en te helpen als goede soldaten brengende het eeuwig woord van heil en zegen. Laat ons niet in de steek, en leid ons niet in verzoeking, maar verlos ons van de boze, want van u is het koninkrijk, de kracht en heerlijkheid, Talgamen.
5. Ramonde geprezen zij uw naam, u die op de berg woont. Daal tot ons neder in vrede en richt onder ons geen slachting aan. Uw naam zij geprezen, wij aanbidden uw naam. Wij offeren u lof vanuit ons hart, terwijl onze lippen gesloten blijven, want in stilte hebt gij welbehagen, en in armoe. Leer ons zo over de weelderigheden der armoe, en leer ons van haar lusten. Wij hebben dan lust uw wil te doen, oh heilige naam boven alle naam. Gij dan die met Sarsia pleit voor onze zielen bij de hemelse vader : weest gezegend en geheiligd, gij die komen zal. Ja, op de wolken zult gij komen met uw legerscharen, en gij zult zien op uw heiland, en gij zult genade hebben voor hen die uw heiland volgen. Weest zo geheiligd oh vrouwe van het altaar, want genade van God is uw deel, Hij die u uit het slijk heeft opgeheven en bevrijd heeft uit het huis der ratten.
6. Davinde groot is uw trouw. Wij naderen tot u in vreze en beven, want gij hebt welgevallen in hen die uw woord vrezen. Hebt genade tot ons, en verwoest ons niet, want wij willen uw wil doen. Wij begaan de paden van uw woord, en wij brengen het woord van verzoening in u. Oh Davinde, hebt genade met ons volk, en verzoen ons opdat vrede van u ons zal leiden. Gij zijt de gezegende, en gij zult komen op uw paarden en winden om de aarde nieuw te maken. Ook zult gij uw schalen met plagen uitgieten over de boosdoeners en zult gij de heiligen hierdoor reinigen en afzonderen tot

dienst in uw heiligdommen. Schenk ons zo genezing, want vanuit uw wonden is er genezing. Talgamen.

7. Ramonde, zacht zijn uw lichten, hoog uw vuren. Gij zijt de brullende leeuw voor gods aangezicht, een geheimenis gods, geopenbaard wordende aan het einde der dagen. Pleit voor ons bij de hemelse vader, opdat het kwade ons niet zal innemen en overwinnen. Hebt medelijden met ons, en schenk ons een nieuw leven in u. Heilig onze gebeden, en brengt hen tot in de troonzaal des heeren voor zijn heilig altaar, opdat wij heilige dienst zullen verrichten voor zijn aangezicht. Wij zelf zijn dan de bewerkers van de gebeden in uw naam. Talgamen. Zo zij Ramonde geprezen tot in eeuwigheid. Lokogamen. Leer ons uw nieuwe lied, opdat wij in reinheid voor uw aangezicht komen. Geef ons dan de kracht en de genade om voor uw heilig aangezicht te verschijnen, en leer ons lust te hebben in uw gebeden. Heilige gebeden zijn het, om uw eeuwig offer te aanvaarden. Schenk ons uw geest, opdat wij u zullen vertroosten. Wij dan zijn op weg naar uw heilige land. Leer ons uw geschriften na te volgen en te ontdekken zoals het uw wil is. Leer ons elkaar te onderwijzen in uw naam, opdat uw heerlijkheid ons zal volgen tot in alle eeuwigheden. Leer ons van uw seizoenen, Talgamen.

8. Het Rad der Bedieningen zal de Heilige Kerk voortbrengen, de Bruid van Christus, en hun vrucht zal zijn : Karakter, en de Rode Strepen. Deze zullen vormen het Heilige Rad van de Hemelse Bedieningen, het Rad van de Identiteiten.

8.

1. Er was ook een Hof genaamd Rietel die aan Mura was gegeven om die te behoeden. Ook de hof Rietel had vele verborgen vruchten. In Rietel hadden de bewoners de eigenschappen van slangen. Dit was het verborgene van God, door de geschiedenis weggespoeld, verdwenen in de golven van de tijd.

2. En de vruchten van Rietel kwamen ook als verhalen : De Toverkaars. Er was eens een oud vrouwtje die een kaars had die zo bijzonder was, dat wanneer iemand in de vlam keek, dan zag hij mooie herinneringen terug, of zag waar zijn verloren spullen waren. Ook kon je in de vlam de toekomst bekijken, of dat wat er op een andere plek op de aardbol gebeurde. Het oud vrouwtje verdiende er haar geld mee, maar elk jaar werd de kaars steeds een beetje korter.

3. Toen de kaars na vele lange jaren helemaal was opgebrand was het vrouwtje heel verdrietig, want waar moest ze nu haar geld mee verdienen. Maar een arm jongetje dat altijd gratis in de vlam mocht kijken vroeg haar waar hij een tweede toverkaars voor haar kon vinden. 'Ach,' zei het vrouwtje, 'dan moet je daarvoor over de bergen heen, maar daar woont een wolf die de bergpas bewaakt. Als hij je te pakken krijgt, dan mag je uit drie dingen kiezen : in het ravijn geduwd te worden, opgegeten te worden, of levenslang opgesloten worden.'

4. Maar het arme jongetje ging toch voor het oude vrouwtje op pad. Bij de bergpas werd hij door de wolf gegrepen, en moest inderdaad uit die drie dingen kiezen. Toen koos het jongetje maar om opgesloten te worden, want dood wilde hij niet. De wolf had ook een vrouw, en die kwam de jongen iedere dag voedsel brengen. Na een tijdje kreeg de vrouw medelijden met de jongen en vroeg of ze iets voor hem kon doen.

5. De jongen vroeg of de vrouw van de wolf wanneer de wolf zou slapen zoveel mogelijk matrassen en kussens in het ravijn wilde gooien, en de volgende dag aan hem te vragen of de jongen voor het eerste mocht kiezen, in het ravijn geduwd te worden. De vrouw deed wat de jongen vroeg, en de volgende dag kwam de wolf de jongen ophalen om hem in het ravijn te werpen. Dat was snel

gedaan, en gelukkig viel de jongen zacht. Na een lange reis door grotten en inkepingen kwam de jongen aan de andere kant van de berg aan, waar hij al gauw de toverkaars vond. Maar nu moest hij nog terug.

6. Na een tijdje kwam hij de wolf weer tegen, en die zei : ‘Jou ken ik. In het ravijn heb ik je gegooid, en ik heb je ook al opgesloten, dus nu zal ik je opeten.’ Maar toen de wolf z’n bek opende gooide de jongen snel de kaars erin. ‘Maar wat is dat ?’ sprak de wolf. ‘Ik voel me ineens zo anders.’ De wolf was ineens heel vriendelijk, en wilde de jongen wel weer terugbrengen naar het oude vrouwtje. Toen het vrouwtje naar de kaars vroeg vertelde de jongen het verhaal. Maar de wolf leidde hen beiden naar een geheime grot vol met goudstukken en sieraden, zodat de jongen en het oude indiaanse vrouwtje nooit meer armoede hoefden te lijden.

9.

1. En de vruchten van Rietel waren bitter toen ik ze at.

2. En de vijf ouders des Heeren verschenen aan mij, genaamd : Uruk, Nanak, Koshau, Irim en Mirik.

3. Ik wist dat dit een heel belangrijk moment was.

4. En een vrucht werd aan mij geopenbaard, en toen ik at, veranderde mijn lichaam.

5. En een verhaal verscheen op de vrucht. En ik las : De Paradijselijke Boom. Er was eens een boom die zulke bijzondere vruchten had dat de mensen die ervan aten er heel blij en gelukkig van werden en alles schenen te vergeten. Maar omdat de boom steeds minder vruchten begon te geven begonnen de mensen erom te vechten. Op een dag besloot de koning van het land waar de boom stond de boom om te hakken. Maar aan de wortels van de omgehakte boom begonnen nieuwe vruchten te groeien, en dit keer besloten degenen die dat hadden ontdekt er niets over te zeggen tegen anderen. Het was maar een klein groepje die nu in het geheim van de vruchten aten, en niemand wist waarom ze altijd zo blij en gelukkig waren en alles schenen te vergeten. Maar op een dag ontdekte ook een andere groep dat er nog steeds vruchten aan de wortels groeiden, en er kwamen weer ruzies en gevechten. Dit keer had de koning een beter plan, en liet zijn paleis op de plek van de wortels bouwen. De hofhouding van de koning was de enige groep die nog van de vruchten kon eten. Maar er was één jongetje die van vroeger een pit had bewaard. Op een dag zaaide hij de pit in zijn tuin. Weer groeide er een boom met de bijzondere vruchten, en dit keer kon iedereen van de boom eten, zolang ze de jongen maar veel geld betaalden. De enigen die de vruchten gratis konden krijgen waren de duiven die in de boom woonden. Zo nu en dan brachten ze de vruchten naar verre landen, en daar werden de duiven als goddelijke boodschappers gezien vanwege de vruchten die zoveel plezier brachten. De vruchten door de duiven gebracht brachten dromen aan hen in de verre landen, en al gauw werd de boom van de vruchten een boom van het paradijs genoemd. Maar ook in de verre landen werd er om de vruchten gevochten, en al gauw werden de duiven zo verdrietig dat ze niet meer kwamen.

6. En Ramonde kwam tot haar broer, de vos Zurastael, en zij werd de godin der verbindingen.

7. En mij werd een nieuwe vrucht aangereikt. En ook op deze vrucht stond een verhaal geschreven. En ik las : De Bultjesboom.

8. Er was eens een vrouw die geen melkvoeding in haar borsten had, maar tranen. Haar kinderen groeiden op met vreemde bultjes op hun lichamen die zo prachtig waren dat ze allemaal koningen werden van het rijk. Als iemand hen vroeg hoe ze aan die prachtige bultjes en vlekjes kwamen, dan zeiden ze altijd dat dat door hun moeder kwam die tranen in haar borsten had. Op een dag vroegen de koningen aan hun moeder hoe het toch kwam dat haar borsten tranen gaven in plaats van melk.

‘Ach,’ zei hun moeder, ‘op een dag was ik verdwaald in het bos, en kwam bij een open plaats als een woestijn, waar een boom stond met prachtige vruchten. Sinds ik van die vruchten heb gegeten gaven mijn borsten tranen. ‘Maar moeder, u heeft geen bultjes en vlekjes,’ zeiden de koningen. 9. ‘Dat komt omdat ik nooit van de tranen heb gedronken,’ zei hun moeder. ‘En nu ben ik te oud om nog tranen te geven.’

10. ‘Maar kunt u ons dan vertellen waar die boom is?’ vroegen de koningen. Toen hun moeder het hun uitgelegd had gingen ze met z’n allen naar de boom toe. Toen ze van de vruchten begonnen te eten. Ze begrepen toen ineens dat hun rijk niet lang meer zou bestaan. Ze gingen terug naar het volk, en vertelden het slechte nieuws. Wel vertelden ze het volk over de boom met de vreemde vruchten. Velen gingen naar de boom om er ook van te eten, en de moeders gaven tranen aan hun kinderen in plaats van melk, en ook die kinderen kregen vreemde maar prachtige bultjes. Door het hele rijk werden nu zulke bomen geplant, en na een paar generaties had iedereen zulke prachtige vlekjes en bultjes. Niemand had nog een koning nodig. Iedereen zorgde voor zichzelf, en het rijk viel uit elkaar. Vandaaruit verspreidden degenen met de bultjes en de vlekjes zich over de gehele aarde.

10.

1. En ik nam een andere vrucht, en las : Het Rode Serum.

2. Er woonden eens drie zusters in een hof met prachtige verwilderde struiken en bomen. Naarmate ze ouder werden veranderden ze steeds meer in beelden gemaakt van pepermunt. Door de zon en de regen werden de beelden steeds kleiner, maar ze verloren hun prachtige vormen niet, omdat ze nog steeds een hart hadden. Dit hart was bedekt met prachtige paradijselijke rode zweren. Uit de zweren kwam een rood serum waar ze bezoekers van de hof mee genazen. De namen van de drie zusters waren Wanata, Munto en Munit.

3. En op weer een andere vrucht las ik : De Wonderveer.

4. Er was eens een man die een wonderveer probeerde te verkopen. Maar niemand wilde de veer kopen, omdat ze niet geloofden dat de veer wonderen zou kunnen doen. ‘Heus waar,’ sprak de koopman. ‘Degene die het geld geeft wat de veer waard is zal kunnen vliegen zolang hij de veer dichtbij zich houdt.’ Na een tijdje kwam er een goedgegelovig jongetje aan die de koopman het geld gaf. Toen hij de veer kreeg steeg hij op, terwijl iedereen verbaasd en verwonderd keek.

5. Elke dag vloog de jongen met zijn veer rond, en de mensen om hem heen begonnen steeds jaloers(er) te worden. Als de jongen sliep, dan hield hij de veer altijd stevig tegen hem aan. Maar op een dag was de veer verdwenen.

6. De jongen ging terug naar de koopman, maar die had geen tweede veer voor hem. Wel vertelde de koopman dat eens in de zoveel tijd een wondervogel in de nacht bij de zee zou komen. De jongen ging sindsdien vaak naar de zee, maar de wondervogel kwam maar niet. Toen de jongen wat ouder was besloot de jongen in een hutje bij de zee te gaan wonen, en stond elke dag op de uitkijk. Maar de vogel kwam niet.

7. De koopman had de jongen verteld waar de vogel woonde : op een eiland ver weg in de zee. Op een dag besloot de jongen naar dat eiland op zoek te gaan. Hij nam een bootje en ging de zee op. Oh, wat verlangde de jongen ernaar om eens weer te kunnen vliegen.

8. Toen het nacht werd viel de jongen in het bootje in slaap. Na een tijdje werd de jongen weer wakker van wat geklapper. Het bleek de wondervogel te zijn. De jongen schrok, zag een veer liggen op een plankje in zijn boot, terwijl de wondervogel ook schrok en weer wegvloog. De jongen greep de veer en kon weer vliegen. Snel vloog hij de vogel achterna en kwam op het wonder-eiland. Maar

voor de tweede keer werd zijn veer in de nacht gestolen terwijl hij sliep. Toen hij wakker werd en merkte dat hij zijn veer kwijt was en niet meer kon vliegen, zag hij een heleboel wondervogels hoog in de bomen zitten. De jongen begon aan een klimtocht, maar het leek wel alsof hij nooit bij de top van de boom aankwam.

9. Op een tak zat een klein mannetje. Het mannetje zei dat het jongetje alleen bij de top zou kunnen komen als hij een tover-hoofdband zou dragen. Maar het jongetje wist niet hoe hij aan een tover-hoofdband moest komen. Maar daar zou het mannetje wel voor zorgen. Alleen moest het jongetje beloven dat als hij bij de wondervogels was gekomen, dan moest hij ook een veer naar het mannetje brengen. En zo gebeurde het. Het jongetje kreeg de tover-hoofdband van het mannetje, en kon zo bij de toppen van de bomen komen waar de wondervogels waren. Met gemak had het jongetje een veer te pakken, en al heel gauw ook een tweede. Direct vloog hij naar het mannetje op de tak toe om hem een veer te geven, en vloog weer terug. Nu kon het mannetje ook vliegen.

10. Het jongetje vond het fijn om bij de wondervogels te zijn, maar op een nacht stalen ze zijn tover-hoofdband en zijn veer, en vertrokken om niet meer terug te komen. Nu kon het jongetje weer niet vliegen, en kon ook niet meer naar beneden. Oh ja, het jongetje probeerde wel om naar beneden te klimmen, maar het leek wel alsof hij nooit beneden kwam, hoe ver hij ook naar beneden klom. En het mannetje was ook nergens meer te bekennen. Wel kon het jongetje met gemak naar de toppen terugklimmen, en kon hij van de ene top naar de andere top springen.

11. Hij sprong helemaal naar de boom die het dichtste bij de zee stond, en sprong vanaf het topje in de zee. Maar de zee greep hem en bracht hem helemaal terug naar huis. Zijn kleren waren helemaal nat en verscheurd toen hij in zijn woonplaats terugkwam. Zijn hutje was weg, en daarom ging hij naar de plaats waar hij eens woonde.

12. Op een dag was er weer een koopman die een veer probeerde te verkopen. Volgens de koopman bezat de veer wonderlijke krachten, en kon de bezitter ermee vliegen. Nog voordat anderen de veer konden kopen kocht de jongen de veer. Maar de koopman bleek een bedrieger te zijn. De veer was maar een doodgewone veer. Verdrietig ging de jongen naar huis. Hij ging naar zijn bed en legde de veer op zijn nachtkastje. Al was de veer dan geen wonderveer, het deed hem wel herinneren aan de wonderveer, en elke keer voordat hij ging slapen keek hij er heel even naar. Zo lag de veer jaren en jaren op zijn nachtkastje totdat hij op een morgen wakker werd, en de veer was verruild voor een echte wonderveer. De jongen pakte de veer en was dolblij. Nu kon de jongen weer vliegen, maar naar het eiland van de wondervogels is de jongen niet meer gegaan. Ook vertrok hij uit zijn woonplaats, want hij wilde niet dat de veer nog een keer gestolen zou worden. Waar de jongen naartoe is gegaan weet niemand. Niemand heeft hem ooit nog teruggezien.

De Steen van Zurastael - Buiten-geschriften van het Eeuwig Evangelie I

Kabouters

1.

1. Op de rug van Rapunzel, op de rug van verleden jaren, komt de spruit als een struik van al die dagen, kom binnen, algeheel, breng ons tot de grote grenzen, want hierbinnen is alles paradox, je bent zo klein, een gebroken hart, als de splinters en het poeder van het lot,

2. zij borduren daar jouw namen, zij borduren daar de visioenen, en brengen dromen door hun snaren, als je niet kan begrijpen wat het is, dan is dat een groot gemis, een groter kruis, kom dan dichterbij, en vind je thuis, geen moeder en geen vader, maar alleen wat grote namen.

3. Op de rug van Rapunzel, op de rug van verleden jaren, als een struik van zoveel dagen, wie is jouw wever, wie is jouw borduurder, wie daalt er af in jouw verstand, kabouters zijn hier aangeland. Wie is er langs jouw huis gegaan, als een struik voorbijgegaan, als een bos van herinnering, trillend, zwevend, verwisselt zij betekenissen, in een cryptisch land, wie heeft er nu verstand. Op de rug van Rapunzel,

4. onder Mokmos gegaan, onder zoveel zegeningen, verloren wij onze naam, nu zijn wij hier naamloos zonder stem, maar de engelen van oudsher, kabouters zijn op jacht, zeg, vertel me waar ik kan schuilen in deze vreemde nacht, van duizend duizelingen, tot het vrede-rijk,

5. tot het rijk van vreemde koningen, vanuit een oud boek komen zij, ik kan het niet stoppen, zolang hebben zij hier op gewacht, ik kan je alleen vertellen : zwijg en kijk naar die pracht. Het tocht hier, ik doe de deur dicht. Ik ga zitten en kijk om me heen. Zoveel hebben hun sporen hier achtergelaten als poeder in de nacht,

6. een magische nacht waar alle koningen van dromen, maar ziet, zij hebben daarvoor geen kracht, want hun kronen zijn te zwaar, en hun tronen hebben tralies, waar de tranen stromen, rondom de lelies. Het is een boek van duizelingen, een boek van echo's en van genade, voor iedereen, maar wat voor een genade, vraag de kabouter, hij draagt de sleutel van het verlee. In het verleden vinden wij allemaal een plaats,

7. maar toekomst zal komen om veel weg te nemen. Hoeveel tranen in een bak, hoeveel potten die zich openen tot in de laatste nacht, ik ben op weg naar het verlee, zeg, waar kan ik hier ergens schuilen, in de toekomst is het groene, ik wilde dat ik kleiner was, als de kabouter weg te rennen,

8. als de vlam die telkens lacht. Open deze poorten en ga met mij mee, als de beer toont zij haar bos met haren. Deze vrouw, deze vrouw, bedroog jou. Deze vrouw, deze vrouw, lachte naar jou, bracht jou naar de strikken door een doodskus, in de hondenhaag was jij een gevangen vis,

9. verstrikt in de webben van haar haren, maar nu kan zij alleen nog maar staren. En alleen kan zij nog roepen : Ga niet bij me weg, ga niet bij me weg, en haar tranen laten jouw bootje varen, dieper in haar buik, en jij denkt je bent nu eindelijk weg. De vreemde vrouw bedroog jou, zij kwam alleen maar dieper maar jij zag het niet. Ga tot een kabouter, en vertel hem wat je ziet. Ga niet bij me weg, en de tranen laten jouw bootje varen, dieper in haar strik, maar wees wijs, kom tot de kabouter, en

vertrek uit dit gesticht. Wij zijn altijd weggedrukt, maar laten het bootje varen, tot ons geluk, ergens brak het bootje stuk.

2.

1.Eens werd ik dan gestoken, eens liet ik jou weglopen. Ik was niet op mijn hoede, je ontglipte mij. Ga niet bij me weg. Kabouters staan op de weg, en zij brengen je altijd bij me terug, want de kaars is opgebrand aan het einde van de dag, door de wind, de kandelaar zal uitdoven, eens werd ik gestoken, door een wesp, door een struik, eens werd ik gestoken, eens zakte ik door de brug met al die ratten en muizen,

2.tot een watergevecht, wegvretende mijn geluk. Ik reikte uit, en jij duwde mijn hand weg, tot de kabouters ging ik, om te geloven, het was alleen een spel. Eens werd ik gestoken, eens zakte ik door de brug, verloor de hemel, verzamelde hel, en toen kwam ik weer terug,

3.eens kom ik weer terug. Eens werd ik dan gestoken, eens zal de kandelaar doven, ik zakte door de brug tot een watergevecht, wie nam mij mee, en waar naar toe, ik durf er niet aan te denken. Waar gaan we naartoe, waar gaan we naartoe. Ik zakte door de brug, eens werd ik gestoken, tot de kabouters ging ik,

4.ik had een pijl in mijn rug, en ze zeiden : Ja, jij moet het geloven, alles is een spel, alles is een spel. Totdat ik ook een fee zag, een elf en een roos, en ik zei : Wat gebeurt hier allemaal, ik weet niet of ik dit geloof. Engelen van verleden tijden waren zij, uit de canon verjaagd,

5.heus, ik sprak hen aan, en zei : jullie horen er ook bij. Het is voorbij, mijn liefsten, het is voorbij, vanaf nu horen jullie er ook weer bij. Ik geef jullie je namen terug, als de naamloze, de naamloze is gekomen, en wie ik ben, daar kun je alleen van dromen.

II Kabouters

1.

1.Ik herinner me jouw zoete stem, jouw zoete blik. In jouw kasteel was ik, je gaf mij een zoete wapenrusting en een zwaard, een speer en de warmte van een open haard. Als een kachel was jij in dat kasteel, zoveel warmte had ik nooit gezien en nooit gevoeld, hete chocolade, hete drop en zoveel namen. Jullie waren terug, na een lange nacht, jullie waren terug, wie had dat ooit gedacht. Ik herinner me jouw stem van chocolade, zoveel borduursters dreven mij voort, ik zag zoveel visioenen ongehoord. Ik herinner jouw blik van zoete drop, jouw blik van zoveel warmte, dieper dan de diepste oceaan, en de vissen die daar in jouw ogen zwommen. Zoveel komt hier aan, de grootste namen, kleine kabouter,

2.warmte door de kou, centen door de armoe. Onder een mantel van paradoxen bracht je mij in liefde. In dit kasteel maakte jij mij heel, leerde jij mij te begrijpen, leerde jij mij grijpen. Jij bracht mij tot de hutessen, tot de pilapen en de pilafen, karsuiken herinnerden jouw naam, jij nam hen allen aan. Jij kende de engelenoorlogen, de scheppingen bij namen, groot in getal, jij gaf hen hun plaats, jij zuiverde hen in jouw vurige ovens, ja, de spruit was jouw naam. Eindelijk ben jij dan gekomen, oh stem der kabouters, oh engelenstem van verleden tijden, dragende zoveel duizelende geheimen, de boeken gingen open, verkondigden jouw naam, en jij nam hen allen aan.

2.

1. Als een pad van bliksem, als een trap, waarop ik klom, hoger in het kasteel, dieper tot de torenheuvels, waar hoeden en kappen vertelden over jou. Wie is de hoed, wie is de kap, wie is de schoen, is het echt dat wat het is. Niets is wat het lijkt, dus stap over je ernst, stap over datgene dat je begrijpt. Niets is wat het is, alles is wat het niet is, kom nu mee met mij, en gooi alles weg, wees weer vrij, tot armoe gekomen, hier kun je verder dromen, de rest loopt dood. Ik zie daar licht in een kabouterkasteel. Waar zijn de reuzen, en zijn ze met veel. Waar kunnen we vluchten, naar wie moeten we toe, kom naar het kabouterkasteel, en begrijp wat en hoe. Hier is de brug tot de reuzenwereld, hier is de oven waar je zuiver wordt, hier is de melk waar je ouder van wordt, hier is het gat, hier is de voet,

2. vertellende hoe je verder moet. Oh vrome, doe je hoed af. Jouw hoed die spreekt, maar je geloofde dat niet, jij geloofde zelfs niet dat de Heere kon spreken, jij was een woordendief, een woordendief. Jij was rijk in het woord, en arm in de liefde, je durfde niet in de armoe van sprookjes te leven, hoe arm zijt gij, oh woordendief, oh bouwer van papier, oh moordenaar van bomen, alle wegen eindigen hier. Nog steeds geloof jij in marsepein, in jouw eigen straatjes van zilverklei, dat wat jij eens schreef op het papier, of jouw grootouders, alle wegen eindigen hier. Nog steeds bouw jij je koninkrijk van marsepein, en je straatjes van zilverklei. Nog steeds druk jij hen het papier door de mond, maar hier eindigen alle wegen.

III Kabouters

1. De kabouter, brug tot de reuzenwereld, brug tot jou, ring van fluisteringen, ring van hebbedingen, ring van goud, ring van het kostbaarste hout, ring van demonenvellen, het kostte je alles wat je had, naakt ben je, rennende naar de reuzenschat, diep in het woud, warmte grijpt je door de kou, en dan draait je verstand zich om, en alle dingen en betekenissen,

2. als een raadsel, als een schat, maar heus, het is gevaarlijk, straks overkomt je wat. Dit is als lopen op zilver, glijden op goud, en je weet niet of het je houdt, het is als lopen op een graf, dansen op een gouden dag, maar de armoe loert, en jij weet wel waarom, want er zijn kabouters in de buurt, ook al geloof je 't niet, 't zijn de engelen van verleden tijden, die slechts hun kruizen spreiden, zoekende naar gaten, waardoor zij opnieuw kunnen binnenkomen, je zag ze als demonen. In de canon alles omgedraaid, als een reuzenschat, zo gevaarlijk, nu door zoveel wespen doorstoken en door het engelenzwaard van vervlogen jaren, door kaboutersperen en door pijlen van een duister woud, waar het licht zich verscholen houdt. Ik ben er nog niet over uit, 't is een boodschap van verleden jaren, nog steeds verzegeld, maar dat maakt niks uit, want eens zullen deze reuzenzegels opengaan,

3. en al die schatten zullen belijden hun echte naam. Het is hier nat, het water spreekt, de reus verspreid angst, en wat pijn en wat depressie, alles is hier opgebrand, en dan slaat de kou zevenmaal toe, als een verwonderd sieraad, niet wetende hoe, haar schat te bewaken. Noem me dan die zegels, noem me dan die namen, laat de weg zien, het pad tot openingen, als het raadsel moeten we het draaien. Hoeveel reuzenzegels op de fles, hoeveel demonen om te verslaan. En zijn het wel demonen, of zijn het engelen van vergeten namen. De reus huilt, hij was net nog hier, snel verplaatst hij zich, waar kan hij schuilen. Niets is meer hier. Alles opgebrand, en kou slaat toe, zevenmaal, als de bossenwijn van verleden tijden. Wat kan de reus nog doen, kunnen wij nog binnenkomen, kunnen wij zijn woorden nog verdraaien, kunnen wij nog betekenissen zien, en kunnen wij nog omdraaien. De reuzenzegels in een rij, en leeuwen die hier brullen, klaar om aan te vallen voor een nieuw getij, zij hebben de bedelingen gedraaid, zij hebben een doorweg gevonden.

Karsuiken

1.

1. Zij die de brug tussen de kabouterwereld en de reuzenwereld kennen zijn als de elven, ja als karsuiken zijn zij, als het gegrom van roofdieren, wachtende om toe te springen. Zo zijn de karsuiken lijdensgezind in hun aanval, en zijn zij voorzichtig. Zij laten zich gewillig uiteen trekken en verpletteren om tot de kabouterwereld en de reuzenwereld te komen. Zij hebben vrij toegang tot Spricht, waar zij vele namen dragen.

Reuzensieraad

2. Het is verblindend, als de zonnenscepter, het reuzensieraad, waarmee de reuzen met elkaar spreken. Tot Rapunzel gingen zij, daar bij die heg, nu branden haar vruchten, en rent zij altijd weg. Het is verblindend, als de zonnenscepter, het reuzensieraad, waarmee de reuzen elkaar bevechten, soms valt er iets naar beneden, in het heetst van de strijd. De Heere heeft mij hier naartoe geleid. Ik zag Hem staan op de ladder, en Hij zei : Kom tot Mij, ik heb je zoveel te vertellen, en Hij gaf mij het reuzensieraad, en ik sprak met Hem in een diepere graad. Als verblindende lichten tussen ons, nee niemand kan het horen, het is alleen tussen ons. Als iets tussen jou en mij moet blijven, kom dan dichterbij, en laat je sieraden achter. Een reuzensieraad vond ik op een berg, stralende van licht, stralende zoveel namen, kan ik jou vertrouwen, of kan ik beter naar Rapunzel gaan, om te vluchten met haar tot de diepere koude. Hier is verblindende sneeuw, in een reuzensieraad.

Reuzenschat

3. Het is hier stil, de nachten duren hier lang, en Arabische koningen hebben een val gezet, zij grommen luid, en dan vallen zij aan, zij rennen door de fuiken, tot hen die daar vielen. Arabische koningen, ladders zo hoog, wie glijdt er naar beneden, ik zie een reuzenschat, zij dansen eromheen in Bagdad. Hoeveel poorten hebben zij verzegeld, hoe vaak zal dit raadsel nog schreeuwen.

4. Koningen in Bagdad, leeuwenklauwen in Bagdad, heffen hun hoofden tot de zon, en dan is er een slag, en dan keert alles om. Ik zag een reuzenschat in het zand, en een reuzenschat in de bergen, een oase om in te duiken, maar alles was slechts drijfzand. Koningen in Bagdad, leeuwen op de muren, handen draaien het rad van dode uren.

5. Ik klom laatst op de ladder. Niemand was daar, de wind raakte mijn snaren, en ik hilde, maar toen dacht ik : alles is genade, alles heeft een doel, alles zal veranderen, altijd, alles zal veranderen. Ik klom laatst op de ladder. Ik viel er bijna af. Ik zag koningen in Bagdad in de verte, zeggende alles was mijn eigen straf. In een reuzenschat woonde ik, uit een reuzenschat kom ik vandaan, nu ga ik naar de volgende, verliezende mijn naam. In een reuzenschat woon ik, naar een reuzenschat ben ik op zoek, verliezende al mijn namen, op mijn echte naam stuit ik.

6. Ik zag het oog der reuzen. Ik had dit nog nooit eerder gezien. Piraten waren beneden. Pilafen en Pilafen.

7. Op een piratenschip zat ik, met mijn hoofd in de wolken. Ik zag de zon schijnende in de wateren, en toen stond mijn schip in de fik. Een reuzenschat is wat ik vond, 'k verloor alles, alles zinkende bloedend in de zon. Het was een vreemde spiegel, niemand wist wie hij echt was. Op een berg stond ik, als in een droom zag ik het piratenschip, waarachter de zon scheen in de gouden wateren. Als vuur viel de zon naar beneden, als een vallende ster, om zoveel te vernietigen, en toen hoorde ik een stem. Een reuzenschat is wat ik vond, een kat op een kussen, een vuur dat alles verslond. Een reuzenschat vond ik, een naam in ijs geschreven, de grafsteen van een verbrand schip. Kastelen achter struiken, parels in de diepste fuiken, bodemloze putten, 't geheim van zilver en goud, en van

het emerald. Kastelen achter struiken die branden, als zonnehagen achter de stranden, hier groeit alles verkeerd, de puzzel wacht op tedere kracht. Op een piratenschip zat ik, het vuur viel aan de andere kant. Ik kon net ontsnappen en zwom naar het strand, waar ik het oog der reuzen vond, poort van het oer, poort van tedere kracht, poort van engelenkoren vervagende in de nacht. Neem mij nog eens mee op reis, oh reus, en geef mij vleugels. Schenk mij licht, en breng mij tot de snaren. Een droom viel op mijn bed, als een reuzenschat, een visioen. Mijn nachtmerrie vond het tijd om zich om te draaien.

Piratenschip

8. Sorg Sorba, de mussen zijn hier, zij kijken naar hen die onder het gele waren, kijken naar hen met het reuzenoog. Sorg Sorba de mussen zijn hier. Open de deuren, kom snel, we moeten hier vandaan, want dit schip gaat zo branden, de zon is neergevallen, en de zee is al in vuur. Sorg Sorba, heus, we moeten rennen, geef mij vleugels, of moet je eerst aan mij wennen. Sorg Sorba, de mussen zijn hier. Neem ons mee, alles is in vuur, alsof Narzia het schip heeft geslagen. Laag voor laag, uur voor uur, waterplanten groeien, achter brandende doornen is het schip. Piraten praten, pilafen en pilapen.

9. Vogels komen van ver. Mussen komen van dichtbij. Tropische woorden, ik was er bij. Nu kan ik niet meer terug. Ik zit hier opgesloten. Een piratenschip achter doornen en zeeslangen. In 't hete uur, viel er een draak naar beneden, een zeedraak, waterplant, verspreidende zijn zaden.

Nachtspelers

10. Zij stonden op, zij stonden op, overal vuur, overal flitsende geluiden, als waterstromen, als waterdromen, stilte als de muis, een nieuw kruis, tonende de fuiken, door de nacht, door nachtzeen, door de witte chocola, door de tedere kracht. Zij stonden op, zij zweefden hoog als vogels, als arenden, als piraten in de nacht. Zij kwamen om te stelen, kwamen om te installeren, kwamen om te delen, kwamen om de zee te breken. Nachtspelers, nachtspelers, komen onverwachts, als dieven in de nacht, heldere stemmen, en dan is alles te laat, dan moeten we naar hen luisteren, naar de vogels van een diepere graad, nachtspelers, verhalen in de muur, komende tot leven, komende tot dit uur, nachtspelers. Zij zullen de zegelen openen, vertellende de verhalen ongehoord. Nachtspelers, de dieptes van het woord. Nachtspelers, levende achter de schermen, in de muren, nachtspelers, zegt het voort.

11. Vader, wij zijn omringd door brandende struiken, hier in de kasteelkamer, we kunnen nergens heen, laat de nachtspelers nu komen. Ze komen tot leven in de muren, en dan stappen ze eruit, en spelen hun verhalen. Vader, laten we zitten en kijken wat ze gaan doen, we kunnen niet anders, en ik wil hier niet verbranden. Nachtspelers, zullen zij ons blussen, of zullen zij ons in het vuur laten vergaan, reikende tot een nieuwe morgen. Nachtspelers, in onze kamers wonen zij, diep in de muren, wachtende op het reuzenrefrein. Nachtspelers, zij kennen de brandende struiken bij name, wachtende op hun sein. Zij kennen de kastelen hier, zij kennen u en mij, zij kennen de refreinen van hen die hen haten. Nachtspelers, als straatvechters komen zij op, als de dieptes van het woord, de straatputten verliezen hun kop. Nachtspelers, als de kraaien van de nacht, in de muren staan zij op wacht. Ik zag een bliksemschicht, die mij zeer beangstigde, toen gingen de graven open. Nachtspelers, een wonderlijk verhaal, nachtspelers, niemand kan nog vluchten, allen deel van het verhaal. Kijk naar hun koetsen en hun teugels, kijk naar hun spinnen en hun webben, hun netten en hun fuiken, de nachtspelers komen eraan. De dieptes van het woord gaan open, geen canon meer, zij hebben het raam opengebroken.

12. Als een vreemd wonderbaarlijk sieraad, als de reuzenschatten opengaan, zij verbreken de zegels. Nachtspelers, een vriendelijk woord tot hen die trokken aan het koord. Nachtspelers, een vriendelijk gebaar, tot hen die kwamen tot de diepere snaar.

13. Ik kon mijn vleugels weer bewegen, lang waren zij doorboort geweest, nu is de nacht over. De nachtspelers waren hier geweest. Ik zit op mijn schip, alle piraten zijn vergaan, maar pilafen en pilapen zijn dichtbij me. De nachtspelers zijn hier geweest, ik kan weer vliegen, ik kan weer gaan naar de eilanden, ik strek mij uit tot het nieuwe land. Nachtspelers, zij hebben mij bekleed met reuzenschatten en reuzensieraden, en mijn schip van piraten ontdaan. Maar zalig zijn de piraten des Heeren, zalig zijn de reuzen des Heeren, tot hen wil ik gaan. Neem mij mee, over deze zee, langs de zwarte gaten, over de groene draden. Ik leg mijn wapenrusting neer, ik kom eraan, maar mijn vleugelen doen nog zeer, karsuiken neem mij mee, pilafen en pilapen zullen voor mij strijden. Ik kom tot de poorten der nachtspelers, tot hun landen, en tot hun vuren die fel branden, als verblindende lichten. Nachtspelers, als de reuzenschatten opengaan, schatkamers komen naar voren. Nachtspelers, lange gangen, lange kamers, als de reuzenschatten opengaan, licht in die donkere kamers, verbrekende de zegels. Nachtspelers, als tere vlinders opgestaan, oh zo sterk, want alles stort in, wanneer zij het hebben opengedaan, een nieuwe wereld komt eraan. Nachtspelers, als tere vlinders opgestaan, als tere ketenen zo sterk, want als zij bewegen stort alles in.

14. Een zwarte roos gaf je mij, om af te dalen in jouw dieptes, waar de spinnen woonden, ik beklom hun webben, fuiken waren zij, om dieper in te verdwalen. Een zwarte roos gaf je mij, als het sneeuwwit was jij, als een droom van vervlogen jaren. Als een brandende struik was jij, als een kasteel was jij. Door een zwarte roos kwam ik tot de onderwerelden, daar, waar de fuiken waren, dromen van vervlogen jaren. In de fuiken vond ik jou, maar wat ik vond was niets anders dan raadselen, sappen van spinnen, webben zonder genade.

15. Als de brandende struik, gaat zij langs de zeeën, om de zonnen te verwelkomen, tot het nieuwe uur. Duimelotje, de eerste die ik hoorde, zij die Jakobs God ter hulpe heeft, de Heere, oh sterkste aller sterken. Zij was de eerste die ik hoorde, maar ik verstond haar niet, zij is de brandende struik, langs de zeeën gaat zij, om de zonnen neer te laten komen, de zeeën uit te drogen. Zij is de vijand van de zee, vanuit de lelie ontwaakte zij, mijn Duimelot.

16. Als de brandende haag is zij, zwerver langs de bossen. Roodkapje kennen zij allemaal, altijd vertellende een ander verhaal. Zij is het brandende bos aan het einde van het verhaal.

17. Eikels in de bossen, noten op de heuvels, haar haren zijn los, ze is op weg naar het hoge mos, waar nog steeds haar kasteel staat achter struiken en draken, na al die jaren is zij daar weer terug, zij is de brandende roos, zij is het teugelloos verhaal, zij is de onderwereld, een neergaande spiraal, door de fuiken dwaalt zij. Kus me, doe me ontwaken, een judaskus velde me neer.

18. Toen stond hij voor mij als de gelaarsde kat. Hij had de reuzenlaars gejat. Kon nergens anders heen. Ik sloot hem in mijn armen. Ren, jongen, ren, maar alles is hier veen en drijfzand, ze zullen je vinden, en dan nemen ze je mee. Ren jongen ren, maar je kan toch niet vluchten, een moeras is om ons heen. Wij zitten in de fuik, we moeten het samen zien te klaren, maar straks komen ze, en dan nemen ze ons mee, naar de reuzenwereld achter hoge tralies, maar tot Spricht zullen wij gaan.

19. Als de brandende braamstruik is zij, met brandende vruchten, loopt ze langs de heide en de velden. Wanneer zij rondkijkt vallen de zon en de maan, alles in vuur achterlatende.

20. Als de groene roos is zij, als een vuur, kent zij al onze namen.

21. Eindelijk tot leven gekomen, eindelijk tot rust gekomen, als het vuur der bomen, brandend in je botten, ja, vanavond zullen de kabouters komen. Eindelijk tot leven gekomen, in een boshuisje ver weg in onze dromen.

22. De wesp heeft gestoken, de wesp heeft het gedaan, alles is in vuur verzopen, door het neervallen van zon en maan, zeeën van bloed, en rivieren van honing, waar de melk stroomt, morgen is alles weer goed.

23. Wij vragen om een druppel van het kruis. We weten het is van ons weggevlogen, maar wanneer kunnen we naar huis.

2.

1. Oh, vader van het kruis, vader der fuiken, heb medelijden met ons. Wij zijn verstrikt in de webben van spinnen, verdwaald in hun netten, en in brandende struiken, visioenen leiden ons voort, naar een nieuwe dag. Heb medelijden met ons, toe leidt ons uit, toe help ons voort. Wij leven in bodemloze putten, als verschrikkelijke visioenen, dit noemen wij leven, maar het is de dood, als een pantarhei, alles is in wording, in deze vreemde cocon waaruit geen ontsnapping mogelijk is, slechts het naderen tot de zon. Nooit bereiken wij haar, maar komen steeds dichterbij, als kijkende naar een vreemd schilderij. Toe breng onze boeken tot leven, en leidt ons tot Klaas Vaak.

2. Zacht vuur in wording, door de dagen heen, of waren het jaren, betekenissen veranderen door uw woord. U hebt het gesproken, uw dieptes getoont. Het woord uiteen getrokken, het woord gebroken, op een gouden schaal van zilverlichten, emerald treden, als een pad tot de maan. Klaas Vaak, gij komt voort vanuit de dieptes, Klaas Vaak, maar zij bezoedelden uw naam, als die gek van de slaap. U hoeft maar een woord te spreken en alles is voorbij. Wij komen tot u, op feenwolken en elvenkoren. U dreigt, het sprookjesboek is van u, en wij hebben daar allen een plaats in. Toe, breng ons tot leven, en vertel uw verhalen. Wij staan klaar, om het door te geven. Toe, spreek tot ons, door de dromentelefoon, toe breng ons tot uw slaapliedereenkoor. Oh, brandende struik, laat vanavond uw woede gaan.

Duimeliesje

3. Zij kwam in een nacht vol trauma, op een rozenblad, zij daalde af, als de druppel van het natte gewas. Duimeliesje, jij kwam als een droom tot hen. Duimeliesje, zij kwam in de nacht van 't duistere ijs, kwam het trapje af, aan een rozenblad hing zij, blies het trauma weg, en zakte weg in 't rode ijs. Duimeliesje, als de brandende roos, op een lelieblad voer zij door de nacht, als in een boot. Zij bracht mij, tot een vreemde wederkomst, tot al die vreemde namen die eens tot mij kwamen. Zoveel herinneringen hier, iets om te vieren, op deze boot in de nacht. Mijn bed is een boot, en Duimeliesje houdt de wacht. Eens zal zij komen door de ringen, door ringen der duisternissen, komende vanuit de draaiende lelie van het zilverstrand. Eens zal zij komen als de wind, als het windekind, als het avondkind, die mij in stilte vindt. Eens zal zij komen tot mijn nacht, komen tot de dieptes van deze pracht. Duimeliesje, windekind, voerende door de wind, door de avondkoelte riep zij mijn naam, kom in de boot met mij, en sluit deze rij. Door de nacht raakt zij de lelies aan, dan draaien zij ook, en verspreiden hun naam. Door de avondstilte komt zij, als een roos die brandt vervult zij mij. Duimeliesje, onder het woord, hangt een trekkoord, open het, en verspreid je naam, als veldpoeder door de wind verdeelt. Duimeliesje, vervul mij steeds weer, kom telkens, keer op keer.

4. Diep in de nacht voelde ik haar hand heel zacht, en zachte fluisteringen, kolkende door het raam, oh Duimeliesje je hebt mij eindelijk gevonden na al die jaren. Laten wij de dieptes van het woord oprichten door het trekkoord.
5. Diep in de nacht voelde ik haar stem kolkend door de ruimte, als duizenden duizelingen, ze nam mij mee in een droom, ja, ik heb God gevonden, Hij stuurde jou.
6. Duimeliesje, jij gaf mij de roos met de snaren, je gaf mij de lelie met de vele namen, jij gaf mij een boek vol verhalen, een eeuwig evangelie, om te helen het trauma wat canon heeft geschapen. Duimeliesje, jij gaf mij een narcis vol van wond'ren, jij sloot het boek van schuld en erfzonde.
7. Ik hoorde haar roepen in haar kamer. Ik ging naar haar toe, en ik suste haar. Ze had een nare droom, over een boek dat haar wilde pakken, het was het eerste woord, dank God voor het tweede. Dank God voor het diepere woord, dank God wanneer de zegelen zich openen.
8. Ken je de schat van Duimeliesje, alleen de kinderen en kabouters kunnen binnengaan, alleen de zaadjes die hun mond kunnen houden, wij moeten sterven in stilte, tot Spricht zullen wij gaan.
9. In het bos tussen de bospoeders vond zij haar schat, in het duister nam zij een bad.
10. Door het sieraad spreekt ze tot mij, als door een droomtelefoon, als duizenden duizelingen tegelijk, ik val tegen de grond, en mijn ziel stijgt naar haar op, als een vogel kan ik vliegen, toe laten we gaan naar de bergtop. Door een duister gat komen wij altijd binnen, in een zaal vol gesteentes, waar sieraden van piraten liggen, engelen van verleden tijden, onder de deur door zullen ze glijden, zij zijn als de wind. Wind in alle kleuren, door Duimeliesje's sieraad zal het allemaal gebeuren.
11. Duimeliesje's parel, waar spinnensappen stromen, hier heeft de wesp gestoken. Haar vleugels groeien, oh zo fijn, haar veren zijn als melk, ik kan haar sporen volgen. Duimeliesje's parel, ik kreeg haar in een nacht, ik zag haar gloeiende en bloeiende pracht. Duimeliesje's parel, een parel van duizenden fuiken in de nacht, bruggen tot de eeuwigheid, parelvisioenen drijven door de ledigheid. Duimeliesje's parel, een parel vol van teed're kracht, een parel vol van fuiken, brengende ons in een diepere nacht, tot het kruis van onze Heer, tot het kruis van al die namen van vervlogen jaren. Zij wierp de parels in canon's gezicht, als kogels waren zij, als een wapen van verleden tijd. Duimeliesje's parel, vol van visioenen, vol van lang vergeten namen, ja de parel weerkaatsende het licht van een oud gedicht.
12. Duimeliesje's parel, stromende door het water, glippende onder de deuren door, als de winden dragende al die vergeten namen.
13. Diep in het bos, onder bospoeder verscholen ligt Duimeliesje's parel, de bron van onze dromen. Het rees op uit onze diepste nachten, als een geluid van fuiken, wegnemende onze laatste krachten. In zwakheid daalden wij, tot wij het zoete raakten, vol van poeder zijn onze monden.
14. Duimeliesje's blad raakt ons aan, zoveel poeders, zoveel vleugels vallen aan, zoveel kracht om op te komen, vliegen en zweven wij naar onze dromen, naar de dromen in de lucht, als een blad over rivieren vinden wij alles terug. Duimeliesje's blad raakt ons aan als een boot, als een waterval, een rivier door de dood, als een tuin van poeders, tuin van paddestoelen, ja, hier wil ik zijn.
15. Brandend blad, rakende ons aan, ik duik in een bad van het verleden, als de bosfontein, als de rode vlam, het volgt mij, laat mij nooit meer gaan, toe, zwem weg met mij, naar de overkant van dit verhaal.

16. Het hangt voor mijn gezicht, het geeft mij visioenen in poeders en licht, van een kasteel, in duisternis, het is Duimeliesje's kasteel, daar waar de fuiken toe reiken. Duimeliesje's kasteel, haar blad voor mijn ogen, haar visioenen hebben mij nog nooit bedrogen, vertellende verhalen, openende haar boeken en haar zalen. Duimeliesje's blad, openende de dieptes, achter elk blad zien wij de dieptes van haar rinkelende schat.

17. Ik woon in een boshuisje, ik woon op een boerderij, maar het is een kasteel, zorg ervoor dat ik mij niet verveel. Er is zoveel te doen, zoveel te zien, zoveel om te kleuren, zoveel om te draaien, al mijn deuren hebben namen, al mijn muren dragen de winden van een vervlogen tijd. In de nacht komen zij tot leven. Wakker worden, in het kasteel ben je. Duimeliesje's kasteel, voor de kinderen en kabouters, in Spricht zullen wij binnengaan.

18. Duimeliesje's kasteel, zoveel schatkamers dat ik mij niet verveel, achter de muren wonen elven, achter de deuren staan de feeën, en op de zolders wonen de reuzen.

19. Duimeliesje's kasteel, in de nacht komen zij allen tot leven, en als de morgen komt dan slapen zij weer, dromende, wachtende, uitstreckende tot de avondveer.

20. In Duimeliesje's kasteel zullen wij binnengaan, en dan zullen wij tot Spricht gaan. Vele elven kennen onze naam, ja, wij zullen tot Spricht gaan. Door de ramen komen wij binnen, door de struiken van vuur, door de plassen en de open haarden. In Duimeliesje's kasteel zullen wij binnengaan, een klok staat op de tafel in de dinnerzaal, en wat oude gestalten hebben daar maal, altijd spreken zij over Duimeliesje's kasteel, ja, ook Spricht kennen zij. En Spricht staat op de tafel, naast de klok, zij hangen hem aan de muur, als een weerhuisje, als een schilderij, als een raampje. Hier praten de oude gestalten, over het weer, over het blad, dat hen eens hierbracht, zij hebben allen hun kamers, in Duimeliesje's kasteel, over Spricht praten zij veel.

21. In Duimeliesje's kasteel, achter de brandende doornstruiken, daar wonen de oude gestalten en de elven, ja, zij kennen onze namen, zij weten waar wij over praten. In Duimeliesje's kasteel, achter de brandende hagen, achter doornstruiken, daar vochten eens soldaten, maar een blad bracht hen hier, waar ze veilig zijn in Duimeliesje's kasteel. Achter de brandende struiken en hagen, waar de keukens als lichten stralen, eens vochten hier de draken, maar Duimeliesje heeft hen laten slapen. Hier praten nog steeds de oude gestalten, zij hebben elk hun kamer.

22. Ik ben nog steeds bang voor het groene vuur. Hier in Rapunzel's kasteel. Hier is alles zo duur, door de wespen en de steekstruiken gestoken, en brandende struiken dansen om het kasteel heen. Niemand kan hier komen, niemand kan hier binnendringen, dan hen met de diepe doornen.

23. Ik ben nog steeds bang voor het groene vuur, door spinnen ben ik gestoken. Ik ben tot deze dieptes gekomen, in dit uur.

3.

1. Ik ben in Rapunzel's kasteel, al het groene wordt hier geel, totdat het onder het gele daalt, en alles is in een vlam. Heb ik dit vuur nu zo gevreesd, in dit uur raakt alles lam. Ik ben in Rapunzel's kasteel, en nu wordt alles duidelijk, jij gaf mij een steek maar het was een streling om mij te verbinden aan de diepe namen. Hier waait een vuur, een oud vuur komende over alles heen,

2. bedekkende als de sneeuw der spinnen. Ik ben in Rapunzel's kasteel, ik maak hier overuren. Elke steek is een streling, elke doorn brengt bloesem, bloedend als het rode sap, kom ik telkens dieper

stap voor stap. Onder het groene wordt alles geel, als de kleuren van de herfst, in Rapunzel's kasteel,

3.als het gif van verleden tijden mijn hoofd binnenglijdt, brekende de zegels van een canonic verstand, dan staat mijn geweten in brand. In Rapunzel's kasteel ben ik aangekomen, ik kan nu alleen nog maar dromen. Kon ik jou nu maar zien, maar alles wat ik zie is vuur,

4.het groene wordt hier geel, en grote spinnen kruipen over de muur. Kon ik jou hier nu maar voelen, maar je bent zo ver weg, of is dit jouw manier van laten weten dat je er nog bent. In Rapunzel's kasteel, bedekt door sneeuw van spinnen, bedekt door al die herinneringen. Kon ik jou nu maar zien,

5.kon ik jou nu maar geloven, dat je steeds dichterbij komt, in Rapunzel's kasteel ben ik beland, in een bed met wespdekens, brekende de zegels van mijn canonic verstand. Kon ik jou nu maar voelen, 'k wilde dat je hier zou staan, maar ik kan alleen maar dromen, alles is maar een verhaal.

4.

1.Ik ben in Rapunzel's kasteel, het groene wordt hier geel, en dan wordt alles nieuw, door vele ovens worden wij nieuw, door vele ovens vinden wij een nieuw vuur, zoet maar ook zuur en bitter, het leven is hier duur. Ik ben in Rapunzel's kasteel, en ik zie Grietje staan, zij die de heks heeft verslagen, van een ander verhaal. Alles is hier maar een verhaal, de canon is verbroken. Ik ben in Grietje's kasteel,

2.onder wespdekens, alles is teveel, niets is naar vermogen, wij moeten veel dragen zonder kracht, niemand heeft aan onze zwakheid gedacht. Ik ben in Grietje's kasteel, en dan ontwaak ik. Alles was maar een droom, en dan sta ik op, en loop door de kamer. Grietje staat in de keuken, en wijst door het raam naar het kasteel van Hans. Hans, de heks wilde jou vetter maken, als maal voor de canon. In het kasteel van Hans aangekomen,

3.dit oude sprookje, een griezelig verhaal, alles is hier van snoep gemaakt, en alles spreekt een andere taal. Ik voel mij zo verloren hier, niemand begrijpt me, oh was ik maar niet hier, maar toch wil ik dieper gaan, oh Hans, leidt me verder in dit dromenweb van verloren dagen. Hier spreken de oude engelen, en hier wonen de ouden van dagen, hier wonen de oude christussen van vervlogen dagen. Hans, weet je nog, jij in die kooi, waarom staan hier nu zoveel kooien, als in een boerderij, die heks versloeg jij, door jouw zoete dromen. En dan word ik wakker in Rapunzel's kasteel, alles was teveel.

4. Alles staat hier in brand. Alles is hier duur. Alles zoet, zuur en bitter, Grietje rent door de gangen, door de gangen van dit avontuur. Het is een griezelig verhaal, alles is hier teveel, 'k zie overal kooien staan, met vreemde dieren, en 's avonds laat dan komen ze er allemaal aan. Er zijn spinnen op de muren, zij krijten de visioenen, en wespdekens vallen op mij als hete brij. Grietje, waar ben je, ik ben hier zo alleen in jouw kasteel, ik verdrink in de stilte, oh dit griezelig verhaal. Grietje rent door de gangen, ik hoor haar, ze komt laat thuis, met zoveel muizen en ratten achter haar aan. Ik moet me verstoppen, maar waarheen kan ik gaan. Zoveel kooien in dit kasteel, zoveel kooien in dit huis, zoveel vlammen om mij heen, sneeuw der spinnen, bedek mij. Ik klim over de oude webben, tot de zolders en de torens, maar alles wat ik vind zijn splinters, alles wat ik vind zijn diepe doornen. Alles staat hier in brand, goud met visioenen, leeft de heks nog, dat is mijn vraag, woont ze boven, of woont ze laag. Wat moet ik doen om van hier te vertrekken. Dan sta ik plotseling in

Hans' kasteel, en Rapunzel grijpt mij aan mijn haren. Kom mee, zegt ze, dit is je straf, een straf van genade. Alles is van snoep gemaakt, zoveel kooien staan daar.

5. Alles staat hier in brand en is duur. Hans' kasteel staat open, alles van snoep gemaakt, als de straf van genade. Raak hier niets aan. De heks schreeuwt van de daken, het oude vuur bracht haar hier, we hebben nog steeds met haar te maken. Hans' kasteel, alles staat in brand, als het vuur van oude dagen. Hans' kasteel, en de heks woont op de daken, zij heeft alles gezien, zij heeft alles gehoord, en wij horen haar stem, nooit hebben wij rust. In Hans' kasteel, zoveel kooien staan hier, zoveel fuiken lokken ons, fuiken van oude brandende struiken. Kan ik tot onder het zwarte dalen.

6. Alles is hier van snoep gemaakt, alles is hier om te verleiden, tot de oude paden zullen wij gaan.

7. Alles is hier van snoep gemaakt, alles brandt hier, waar spinnen wandelen, oh sneeuw der spinnen neem mij mee naar het einde van deze zee.

8. Zoveel stemmen zijn hier, stemmen van vervlogen dagen, vervlogen jaren, vervlogen eeuwen. Rapunzel's schat, een stem diep in mijn hart, het canonieke geweten weggebeten.

9. Rapunzel's Sieraad waardoor spinnen met elkaar spreken, zij bracht het mij, zodat ik haar altijd kon verstaan, zij leidde mij tot een plaats hier ver vandaan. Rapunzel's Sieraad, vlammen waardoor de spinnen met elkaar spreken, zij hebben mij op de juiste plaatsen gestoken. Nu kan Rapunzel's Sieraad tot mij komen. Een spinnendeken, in deze lompen kan ik mij bewegen. Als door groen sap bewegen wij, in Rapunzel's kasteel zijn wij.

10. Grietje's sieraad waardoor wespen met elkaar spreken, zij bracht het mij, zodat ik haar kon verstaan, zij leidde mij tot een plaats hier ver vandaan.

11. Hans' sieraad waardoor brandende doornenstruiken met elkaar spreken. Hij bracht het mij, zodat ik hem kon verstaan, zoveel wespen volgden mij, naar een plaats hier ver vandaan. Hans' sieraad, waar de wespen mij niet kunnen breken, waar zij mij niet meer kunnen spreken, ik ben tot Spricht gegaan. Hans' sieraad, waar de wespen mij niet meer kunnen kwellen, ik ben tot Spricht gegaan, en ik ga Grietje en Rapunzel vrijbaan. Kom dan binnen over de ladder van Rapunzel, kom tot haar toren, grijp haar bij de haren, en klim op. Ga tot Grietje, en kom tot haar daken, en kom tot Hans' kasteel, het brandt niet meer, verleden tijd zijn al die dagen, nu bedekt door spinnensneeuw.

12. In het fontein van Hans daar zwemmen de kikkers, daar zwemmen de zegels tussen jou en mij, vreemde vissen, als wespen komen zij. Zij kunnen ons niet meer steken, want het canonieke hart is opengegaan, een zwarte speer is er doorheen gegaan. Het hart nu zwart geworden, als een lever is het nu, sprekende zoveel woorden, brengende de dieptes tot het nu.

13. Nu komen de ketenen los, staan de ridders op, wanneer zij bewegen stort alles in. Maar in Hans' Bosschat zijn we veilig, oude christussen wonen hier. Tot het huis van de Marion en haar moeder zullen wij gaan. In Spricht, een kabouter in een boerderij, versperrende de trap tot de kikkerkoning. Een huis staat op een heuvel, en jij bent bij mij. Buiten is alles donker, brandende struiken dansen om ons heen, nu is het kasteel open, en wij gaan daarheen.

14. Hans, wij staan op de bergen als spinnen, wij dalen neer, en stijgen dan weer op in dit pantarhei.

15. Alice, ik hoor jouw naam, onder een wespendeken ben jij. Laat mij dichterbij komen, ik heb de sleutel van het verhaal. Straks als ik de sleutel omdraai, dan komen er duizend duizelingen en miljoenen oude engelen om een nieuw verhaal en spel te beginnen.

16. Wit konijn, wit konijn, bij jou wil ik zijn, op jouw rug, gaande naar alles terug. Wit konijn, en alles zal anders zijn.
17. Sprookjes en spelen spreken door haar. Alice's Sieraad in een winkel op een heuvel, ik kocht haar daar.
18. Verhalen en oude spelen en sporten spreken door hem. Wit Konijn Sieraad in een winkel onder de heuvel vond ik het.
19. Hoog in de bakkervelden, waar bakkerman's gezichten staan, waar wilde wespen zingen, en wilde struiken de diepte ingaan.
20. De letters vagen hier weg, waar bakkerman's gezichten staan, het hoge kruis toont de weg door de wespenlaan.
21. Wild dansende struiken, hoge tonen in mijn hoofd, om hen van de canon te verjagen, hen van de kattenboom.
22. Wild dansende struiken, wild dansende haren, hoge tonen in mijn hoofd, om terug te gaan naar al die jaren.
23. Ik heb het lang genoeg geprobeerd, maar dit ding brandde mijn vingers weg, ik zocht naar hoge dromen, maar alles spoelde weg. Nu is het bedekt met sneeuw der spinnen, en ik probeerde het weer, maar zoveel wespen begonnen mij binnen te dringen. Ik verbrandde van binnenuit, ik leef nog steeds in dit vreemde huis. Maar eens komt er dan wespensneeuw, als zomersneeuw, bedekkende alle vaten, en dan kan ik normaal met je praten.
24. Het heeft lang geduurd, maar het is er nu, zoveel dromen komen hier tezamen. Vroeger kon ik het nooit aanraken.
25. Bevroren zomer, bevroren wind, in dit kasteel waar Grietje's toverfluit zich bevind. Bevroren vlammen, ik kan er langs gaan zonder te verbranden. In de verte stijgt de toverfluit op, ik grijp erna, ik duik ernaar, dan val ik en stijg weer op, 'k heb nu vleugels, ik kan nu zonder jou verder leven.
26. Wij woonden allen in hetzelfde huis, maar nu zijn wij van elkaar verlost, door Grietje's toverfluit. Bevroren zomer, bevroren wind, in dit kasteel waar Grietje's toverfluit zich bevindt. Bevroren namen, zij die hier kwamen, hebben het nooit kunnen zien.
27. De rozen luisteren naar haar stem, de narcissen buigen als zij langskomt. Wanneer zij spreekt komt er goud uit haar mond, en zoveel diamanten, emerald, en rode robijn, Grietje's toverfluit, het is goed om bij je te zijn.
28. Groot was de dag, daar verschenen zij, hand in hand, en toen vertelden ze mij, nu zijn ze groot en sterk genoeg om de poorten te openen, de poorten van de wonden, niets dan de gaten van fluiten.
29. Staf van Spricht, toverfluit, een zeer oud kruis, wonderbaarlijk verlicht, als een totempaal met zoveel gezichten, al die bakkerman's gezichten, gezichten van het kruis, slechts gaten van een toverfluit.
30. Tovertrommelaars, twee stokjes in hun handen, twee staven van Spricht als het dubbele kruis, op weg naar het grootste kruis, over het eeuwige kruis. Tovertrommelaars, die wonden zijn trommels, meerdere malen gestoken openen zij de zegels.

31. Ik kan het niet verstaan, er staat een trommelaar voor mijn raam. Daar staat hij, ik kan het niet geloven, maar ongeloof is hier een zegen, langzaam trekt het je naar beneden.
32. Ik kan het niet verstaan, buiten is er toverregen, en Grietje trekt haar degen. Ze gaat de oorlog aan, en strijdt haar strijd, in opgetogen waan.
33. Hier eindigen alle wegen, hier stoppen alle fuiken, hier klinkt het eeuwig lied door, zelfs de doven horen het, het glipt door de ramen. Hier eindigen alle wegen. Hier stoppen alle fuiken, hier houdt alles op te bestaan, duizend duizelingen, tot het vrederijk zullen wij gaan.
34. Buiten is het koud, maar de struiken om het huis staan in brand, een kachel hebben we hier, leidende tot het toverstrand.
35. We hebben al een lange tocht gemaakt, we hebben alles achter ons gelaten. Nu zijn we op weg naar het toverstrand, maar het lijkt wel alsof we daar nooit aankomen, alsof het onbereikbaar is, als een vanille strand. De wespen nemen ons mee, tot een betoverd land, maar nooit komen we tot het toverstrand. We kunnen er alleen van dromen, we kunnen er alleen over praten, daar gaat een druppel, het valt in je hand.
36. Hier komt het stof tot leven. Hier laten de woorden hun dieptes zien, hier praat niemand meer over een zegel, maar er zijn hier zoveel gordijnen, zoveel dingen gesluierd. Kom dichterbij door de sluiers, tot de tovervlam, toe laten we weer rein zijn. Toe, eet van de vruchten, de harde schillen heb ik afgepeld, toe neem van de aarde, hier komt het stof tot leven.
37. Levende in een fata morgana, in een spiegelend kasteel, niets is wat het lijkt, en onder het groene wordt alles geel.

5.

1. In de keuken van Duimeliesje's kasteel daar wonen zoveel monsters en draken, en de oude gestalten die daar praten. Een toverfluit, met bakkerman's gezichten, een toverfluit als een brandende struik, verspreidende zoveel vuren, vormende de uren.
2. Zoveel meesters en juffrouwen wonen hier, met monden als toverfluiten. En zij wijzen naar de toverklokken, zoveel toverklokken hangen hier, zeggende de zomersneeuw was net hier.
3. Eens waren zij hier allen aangekomen, en verdeelden hun dromen, en gingen toen achter sluiers wonen. Kom met mij, door de toverklok, naar een nieuwe wereld, achter de sluiers van de nacht.
4. Eens waren wij hier allen aangekomen, achter de sluiers van de maan, waar wij tot de zonnen konden gaan. Eens kwamen wij achter de sluiers van de zon waar wij tot de toverklokken konden gaan. Eens kwamen wij achter de sluiers van de nachten, achter de sluiers van de tranen, tot de trap der toverklokken, zoveel spiegels waren hier, en wij gingen van trede naar trede, niemand kon ons hier nog bedriegen. Eens kwamen wij achter de sluiers van de toverspiegels, en toen begonnen we weer van voren af aan.
5. Eens waren wij allen hier aangekomen door Alice's toverklok, en nu kan niemand er nog bij.
6. Ik had eens wat thee gedronken, van Alice's toverklok, en nu ben ik hier, niemand kan me bereiken hier.
7. In een schuur vond ik gouden namen op een klok, het was een toverklok, en Alice was haar naam.

8. In een schuur vond ik kermisklokken, kerkklokken, toverklokken. In een zaal, zag ik haar toverklokken staan. Wie had hen gemaakt. In een zaal zag ik toverklokken staan, wie had hen gemaakt, of waren ze uit zichzelf ontstaan, al deze wonden waren slechts gouden namen op de toverklokken. En al deze tranen, slechts thee van toverklokken glijdende door de ramen.
 9. Door de sluiers kwam ik tot deze plaats. Ik vergat wie ik was, en zelfs mijn naam.
 10. Door de toverspiegel zag ik de spinnensneeuw, en de wespensneeuw, als de zomersneeuw.
 11. Door vele spiegels kwam ik tot haar spiegelpaleis. Alles viel hier om, en niets is wat het lijkt.
 12. Door vele toverspiegels reizen wij, in Spricht staat haar standbeeld, maar wie zijn wij ?
 13. Zij heeft haar tranen verzameld, als een piano van licht, waar de toversnaren schrijven een nieuw gedicht. De snaren uitgerekt, gevoelig staan zij daar door wespensneeuw bedekt.
 14. Toverpaarden, door de tijger verzameld, als een tijgerkoning is hij, zeg vaarwel, altijd vertrekt hij door de poorten van het spel.
 15. Toverpaarden door de tijger verzameld. Zij gaan snel op de ruggen van een toverspel.
 16. Toverbokken in de nacht, fluitspelers tonen hun pracht. Het is een vreemd, vreemd toverspel.
 17. Waar zijn we aan begonnen. Is er een weg terug, of moeten we verder gaan. Wij weten niet wat wij moeten doen, maar wij vervelen ons niet, in dit toverspel.
 18. Alle wegen eindigen hier, alle fuiken stoppen hier, wie de weg kwijt is vind hem weer. Door de sluiers van een toverdobbelssteen. Hier wonen wij, hier leven wij, geen canon hangt er aan onze feeenslee. Door de sluiers van een toverdobbelssteen, geen canon volge ons, wij zitten op een arreslee, gaande over wespensneeuw.
 19. Toverpionnen staan daar, zwaaiende naar haar. Ik kom steeds dichterbij, er is een plaats naast haar. Ik heb haar toverdobbelsstenen in mijn handen gehad, en mijn handen zijn nu verbrand. En ze zeggen dit is waardoor de bomen spreken. Vier toverdobbelsstenen vormen een toverpion, een tijgerkoning. Ik heb haar toverdobbelsstenen in mijn handen gehad, en mijn handen zijn nu verbrand.
 20. Drie toverdobbelsstenen, en je hebt een tijger, en die de vierde heeft is de koning. Vijf toverdobbelsstenen en je hebt een regenboogtijger. En die de zesde heeft is de regenboogtijgerkoning. Zeven toverdobbelsstenen en je hebt een konijntijger, en die de achtste heeft is een konijntijgerkoning. Negen toverdobbelsstenen en je hebt een tijgerbeer, en die de tiende heeft is een tijgerberenkoning. Vreemd spel, met toverpionnen. Waar zijn we aan begonnen.
- 6.

Doornroos

1. Ik ben op zoek naar de morgen in het kasteel, Doornroos het werd ons allemaal teveel, door een Judaskus lag je daar, een kus zo heet, het verbrandde je haar. Nu ben je op zoek naar de morgen. Ja, het witte konijn bracht je tot het elvenrefrein,
2. tot de kus van pijn om op te staan, toe laten wij nu gaan, dit kasteel is groot, wie kent dan al hun namen, zoveel ukalien slapen hier. Doornroos, kun je mij vertellen of iemand hier pilafen kent, eens waren zij hier. Dit huis is koud en donker, verwoest door een wervelende Judaskus,

3.maar eens waren zij hier. En de mitlassen dragen de wapenrusting van het spel, koningen van het spel, donkere dagen, zeg vaarwel. Doornroos, het werd ons allemaal teveel, maar ik hoor geluid daar in de verte, oh wat was het hier voor een lange tijd stil.

Sneeuwwit

4. .Sneeuwwit, de dagen zijn lang. Ik heb altijd van je gehouden. Ik weet het duurt zo lang, maar ik voel je hand, jij voelt de mijne, in dromen wandelen wij, zo ver van elkaar vandaan, maar toch zo dichtbij,

5.droom van verleden dagen. Breng de kabouters binnen, breng hen tot de tronen, de spruit zou komen in Zijn Naam, de spruit zou dromen, en dromen verjagen, deze dagen zijn oud, zo oud, wij komen in verscheurde klederen, komen in gouden dagen, gouden uren, om alles zilver te maken, om alles dan groen te maken, om alles dan aan God over te laten.

Rapunzel

6.Ik ben niet vergeten, maar ik heb het niet verstaan, wanneer jij langskomt, wanneer jij bij de heg staat, dan staan de struiken in brand, dan brandt mijn haar, dan wil ik weglopen, maar dan roep jij mijn naam. Rapunzel, kom tot de morgen, ontwaak jij still stem, wij zullen rennen over de daken, in het kasteel zijn wij van hen, wij springen over rozen, wij kennen al hun namen,

7.hutessen in de kamers, brengen jou van raam tot raam, over dromen en visioenen, heus je kunt het allemaal aan. Want jij bent sterk, Rapunzel, je hebt de heg tot hier gedragen, je hebt het laten draaien, en je hebt dieren en bloemen laten praten, oh jij bent sterk, na een lange nacht van zwakte.

II Karsuiken

Spindruppeltje

Er was eens een meisje dat Spindruppeltje heette. Het meisje was eigenlijk een prinsesje, maar was eens tijdens het spelen in het bos verdwaald en kwam bij een arm gezin terecht. Het meisje was nog te jong om te beseffen dat ze een prinsesje was, en ook het arme gezin wist niet wie ze was, maar ze besloten voor haar te zorgen. Dichtbij het huisje van het arme gezin was een vijver met krokodillen waar het meisje vaak speelde. Maar op een dag gleed het meisje uit, en viel in de vijver. Direkt werd ze door een krokodil gegrepen en in de diepte getrokken.

De krokodillen brachten haar naar een rijk diep onder de grond, waar soldaten woonden die de zessen werden genoemd. De soldaten liepen een beetje krom en hadden vreemde gekrulde schoenen. Ze zagen er inderdaad uit als zessen. Hun koning was genaamd nummer één. Het meisje keek haar ogen uit in dit rijk onder de grond. Alles was hier prachtig : betoverde bloemen, en zoveel betoverde tuinen. Het meisje ging hier gewoon door met spelen, alsof er niets aan de hand was, en het was goed. De koning scheen erg van het meisje te houden, alsof het zijn eigen dochtertje was. De koning had ook een dochtertje, en dat meisje was genaamd 'drie'. Drie en het meisje werden al snel dikke vriendinnetjes. De koning was erg tevreden. Hij gaf het meisje een eigen kamer in zijn kasteel, vlakbij de kamer van drie, zijn dochtertje. Ook de zessen waren erg dol op het meisje. Het meisje had een goed hart voor iedereen.

Maar op een dag gebeurde er iets verschrikkelijks. De koning werd heel ernstig ziek, en iedereen was erg verdrietig. Er was nog maar één middel dat de koning zou kunnen genezen, en dat was de blajus-plant die in het land groeide waar het meisje vandaan kwam. De zessen legden het meisje uit waar ze dat kruid zou kunnen vinden. Een krokodil bracht het meisje weer terug. Het arme gezin was erg blij het meisje weer terug te zien, maar ze mocht nooit meer naar de vijver. Inmiddels was de echte vader van Spindruppeltje erachter gekomen waar zijn dochter was, en nam haar mee naar zijn kasteel. Om de vijver liet hij grote hoge gouden hekken bouwen. Maar het meisje wilde terug naar het rijk onder de vijver, om de koning daar te kunnen redden door de blajus-plant, het genezende kruid.

Dat ze door een krokodil was gegrepen geloofden ze allemaal wel, maar dat er een rijk onder de vijver was geloofde niemand. En hoe ze ook huilde en smeekte, haar vader was niet om te praten. Hoe zou ze nou over die hekken kunnen komen ? Inmiddels stond bijna het hele kasteel van haar vader vol met blajus-planten, omdat het prinsesje daar om gevraagd had. Ook had het arme gezin een flinke beloning gekregen, omdat ze zo goed voor het meisje hadden gezorgd. Zij woonden nu ook in het kasteel, op een verdieping dichtbij de verdieping waar het meisje haar kamer had. Maar het meisje huilde veel.

De koning zag dat het meisje niet gelukkig was, en gaf haar op een dag een vogel voor op haar kamer. Het was een sprekende vogel, en het meisje kon alles aan de vogel vertellen, ook over het verborgen koninkrijk.

‘Ik kan je wel over het hek brengen, hoor,’ zei de vogel, ‘geen probleem. Ik ben sterk genoeg, en ik kan heel hoog vliegen.’ En zo stapte het meisje op zijn rug, en de vogel bracht haar helemaal over het hek bij de vijver. Maar plotseling kwam het meisje erachter dat ze het blajus-kruid was vergeten. En één van de krokodillen greep de vogel en trok hem de diepte in. Nu kon het meisje niet meer terug. Nu moest ze wachten totdat iemand haar zou zien. Maar er gingen tijden voorbij, en het meisje begon erge honger te lijden.

Op een dag kwam de vogel terug uit de vijver, en vertelde dat de koning van het verborgen rijk inmiddels was overleden. Het meisje begon erg te huilen, en zei dat het allemaal haar schuld was. Zij had immers het blajus-kruid vergeten. Maar de vogel zei dat vele zessen nu ook ernstig ziek waren, en ook het prinsesje drie. De vogel was teruggekomen om voor hen het blajus-kruid te halen. Het meisje stapte op zijn rug, en weer vloog hij over het hek, terug naar het kasteel. Maar toen de koning merkte dat ze terug waren gekomen liet hij hen beiden grijpen. Het meisje werd voor straf opgesloten op haar kamer, en de vogel werd in een diepe kerker onder het kasteel geworpen. Nog nooit was het prinsesje zo verdrietig geweest. De koning liet de vijver droogleggen, en joeg de krokodillen het bos in.

Dikke tranen rolden er over de wangen van het prinsesje, maar de tranen hadden allerlei kleuren. Na een tijdje kwam er een vogel op het venster van het open raam zitten. Het was een krokodillen-

vogel, die wel een beetje op een krokodil leek. ‘Je moet die tranen drinken,’ zei de vogel, ‘dan gebeuren er wonderen.’ Het meisje had nog wat bekers in haar kamertje staan, en begon de verschillende kleuren te verdelen. ‘Rood is voor de sloot, blauw is voor de vijver,’ zei de vogel, en toen het meisje van het rode en het blauwe begon te drinken kwamen er overal in het land sloten en vijvers.

‘Laat me je meenemen naar het land der krokodillen, ver achter de bossen,’ zei de krokodillen-vogel. Het meisje stapte op de rug van de vogel, die direkt uit het raam vloog. Na een tijdje kwamen ze bij de krokodillen aan. Hier leefden ze in moerassen en poelen. Maar het verborgen rijk bestond niet meer. Het blajus-kruid groeide en bloeide hier volop, maar het was al te laat. Het rijk was geheel ten onder gegaan door de ernstige ziekte. In de verte stond een vrouw met wratten achter een ketel. De vrouw lachte als een heks, en roerde in de ketel waar groene smurrie in lag. ‘Wat ben je aan het maken?’ vroeg Spindruppeltje.

‘Weet je dat dan niet?’ zei de oude vrouw. ‘Ik maak voer voor de koning, tranen.’

Maar toen begon het meisje wel erge medelijden met haar vader te krijgen. ‘Heus, hij mag dan verschrikkelijke dingen hebben gedaan, maar hij bedoelde het goed. Hij was gewoon bezorgd.’

‘Bezorgd noem je dat?’ zei de oude vrouw krassend. ‘Hij dacht alleen aan zijn eigen koninkrijk, en niet aan het koninkrijk van een ander.’

‘Ja maar hij wist niet van het bestaan van dat andere rijk af,’ zei het meisje.

‘Dat heb jij hem toch verteld?’ zei de vrouw bijna spottend, ‘maar hij heeft het niet willen geloven, en jou zo met een ondragelijke last bezadeld, en ons des te meer.’

‘Maar wie bent u dan?’ vroeg Spindruppeltje.

‘Ik ben de koningin der krokodillen,’ zei de vrouw bijna trots.

‘Maar als u dan meekomt naar mijn vader, dan zal hij het misschien geloven,’ zei het meisje.

‘Wat?’ zei de vrouw spottend, ‘het is nu al te laat. Alles is verloren.’

‘Ja maar de krokodillen,’ zei het meisje, ‘zij zijn nog over. Moeten ze dan blijven leven in deze poelen?’

‘Hmm, misschien heb je gelijk,’ zei de oude vrouw, ‘en moet ik een kansje wagen. Ik zal naar jouw vader gaan, en hem vragen om een plaats bij de koninklijke vijver, ik en mijn krokodillen.’

Maar toen de oude vrouw met het meisje meeging naar de koning kreeg de vrouw de schuld van alles, en ook haar liet de koning opsluiten, en zelfs het prinsesje werd in een kerker geworpen opdat ze niet meer zou ontsnappen. Alleen de krokodillen-vogel wist op tijd weg te komen, en snelde terug naar de krokodillen om alles te vertellen.

‘Dan zit er niks anders op dan het kasteel aan te vallen,’ zei de oudste krokodil.

Eén voor één kropen ze in de ketel van de oude vrouw waar ze in zessen veranderden, en gingen in een groot leger gewapend naar het koninklijk terrein.

‘Gebruik groen, dan hoeft je het niet meer over te doen,’ zei de krokodillen-vogel die hen aanvoerde in de strijd.

En zo werd het kasteel van de koning en zijn gehele terrein bedolven onder groene tranen. Toen het arme gezin wat zo lang voor het meisje gezorgd had erachter kwam dat de koning haar in een kerker had geworpen waren ze heel boos op de koning. Ze kwamen erachter dat hij in het geheim een boze tovenaars was, en ze vochten mee in het leger van de zessen. Maar de boze tovenaars was te sterk, en liet hen allemaal in de kerkers diep onder de grond werpen. De enige die kon ontsnappen was weer de krokodillen-vogel.

Met een list kwam hij weer in het kasteel, en even later had hij de kerker van het prinsesje gevonden. ‘Spindruppeltje, Spindruppeltje,’ fluisterde hij. Het prinsesje was erg blij hem te zien. Zelfs in de gangen waar de kerkers waren groeide het blajus-kruid, en de krokodillen-vogel gaf het prinsesje wat van het kruid. ‘Hier, eet wat van het kruid,’ zei de vogel. ‘Dat zal helpen.’ Toen het prinsesje wat van het kruid at leek het even alsof ze krokodillen-huid begon te krijgen. En toen even later gingen wonderlijk alle deuren van de kerkers open. Het werd een grote optocht die over de trappen van de kerkergangen naar boven ging. ‘Vlug, naar de koninklijke vijver,’ zei de krokodillen-vogel die boven hen uit vloog. De vijver had heel helder water, en in de dieptes konden ze een stenen trap zien. Allen zwommen ze naar de trap, en door een luik kwamen ze uiteindelijk in het verborgen rijk terecht.

‘Hoe kan dat dan?’ vroeg het prinsesje. ‘Ik dacht dat het verborgen rijk was vergaan.’

‘Het is hier opnieuw gaan groeien,’ zei de krokodillen-vogel.

‘Maar hoe kan dat dan ?’ vroeg het meisje.

‘Nou gewoon,’ zei de krokodillen-vogel, ‘het is de bloesem van het blajus-kruid, en dat groeit nu overal door het kasteel.’

En zo werd het kasteel vol van het verborgen rijk

En de boze tovenaars ? Die hebben ze nooit meer teruggezien. Het prinsesje kwam hier ook het prinsesje drie tegen, en haar vader, koning nummer één, en vele anderen. Ook zag ze alle oude zessen weer terug, en ze leefden nog lang en gelukkig. Allemaal kenden ze nu het geheim van het blajus-kruid.

Initiatie

1.

De schepping door Bastet

1.En ik, Bastet, kwam van een zwerftocht over de aarde. En ik zag de waaiende bomen in hun pracht, vanaf de heuvel. En deze heuvel was groot, en droeg tien geheimenissen, die ik, Bastet, begeerde te zien. 2.De pracht van deze bomen sloeg mij als de bliksem, en ik werd als een beschonken vrouw. En ik werd één met deze bomen, en stortte mijn ziel uit over de aarde. En zo herschiep ik de aarde. Dit was lang geleden.

3.Vanuit het licht schiep ik het goud, en ik maakte daar goden van. En ik gaf hen de opdracht de aarde te regeren. Deze goden dan waren stil, en spraken door de bewegingen. 4.Van de natuur en van de mens. En ik bracht de aarde tot de kruik waaruit zij was voortgekomen, en dit was een urn, mijn urn. En ik zal de aarde blijven herscheppen, totdat zij volkomen van goud is.

5.Ik zal u leiden tot de geheimenissen van initiatie. Ik zal u de zeven lichten laten zien van Wadjet-Osiris, die u als een kroon op uw hoofd kunt dragen. Zij laten u dan de zeven delen van de reis van Wadjet-Osiris zien, die leed in het dodenrijk. 6.En telkens weer werd deze verwekt en herschapen door eigen bloed. En deze Wadjet-Osiris leed door in te treden in de berg van intrede. En deze Wadjet-Osiris maakte zijn reis door de verschillende dodenrijken, die voor u opgetekend zijn, opdat gij daar uzelf aan kunt hervormen. 7.De Wadjet-Osiris is dan het heerlijkste deel van Egypte, waar ook de farao's zich aan hervormen, en de priesters van Wadjet-Osiris. 8.Hervormt dan uw gedachten, waarop ook uw lichaam vernieuwd zal worden, door brandende wateren, die ook voor u gebrand hebben.

2.

De rijzende cobra

1. Weet gij dan niet dat initiaties uw zielen en uw ka tot eeuwig leven leiden ? Nu zijn er dan onder u hen die zeggen dat de ziel eeuwig is. 2. En dit is ten dele waar, maar de ziel zal dan moeten sterven, vele malen, om het licht van de ka opvangen om het goud van uw vlees te voeden. 3. En ook de ka zal vele malen moeten sterven, om het licht van de khu te kunnen dragen. De khu dan is eeuwig, en zij is de stralende. 4. En zij is dan de schepper van de sahu, het verheerlijkte lichaam. Ziet dan, de khu en de sahu gaan tezamen. 5. En zij kwamen voort vanuit de stervende Wadjet-Osiris, als de rijzende cobra. 6. Neem dan urnen van uw urn, en sarcofagen van uw sarcofaag, want ziet, het is niets dan zaad. 7. Doet dan de lampen aan die uw zielen leiden, want ziet, zij zijn met velen. 8. En ook gij zult de zeven stralen van de ka moeten kennen, als de zeven platte stenen van een armband. Zij is dan een blauwe phoenix. 9. En zeven stralen hebben de ba doorboort om haar te transformeren, de vogel met het mensenhoofd. 10. Zalig zijn zij die zichzelf hebben laten zuiveren door de khu-sahu. 11. Zij is dan de cobra, voortkomende uit het hart van de Wadjet-Osiris.

II Initiatie

1.

Sekhem

1. Zij is de roodgouden morgenglans. Zij is het hart van een schijnende avondvogel. Zij is het licht van khu-sahu. 2. Zij heeft haar eigen hart dan doorstoken, om het licht van Re te dragen. 2. De scarabeeën dan zijn de sieraden van haar lijden. Zij heeft haar hart laten overwinnen door te sterven. 3. Ja, schubben op haar hart heeft ze. Wij brengen heil aan Re. 4. Zij is dan de ochtendprinses, haar hart volkomen toegewijd aan Re, ja, zij is zijn priesteres. 5. Hij heeft de ketenen van haar hoofd gebroken, want zij was de getrouwe. 6. Re heeft dan het licht van de scarabee gedragen, en aan haar gegeven. 7. Zij is dan de sekhem, de kracht in zwakte uitgesproten. Gaat dan door haar in, want zij heeft haarzelf doorstoken, opdat gij een schuilplaats in haar zoudt vinden. Zij heeft dan Anubis opgewacht, hij met de gouden sarcofagen. 8. Hij dan is de heer der sarcofagen, en hij brengt hen tot de onderwereld. Zij dan zijn de afdrukken van de sahu. 9. Oh, Osiris, heer der geesten. Gij hebt in Bastet uw hart gevonden. Zij zullen de grote rivier des doods oversteken. 10. Wadjet zal u leiden, als de heilige boot des doods. Laten zij dan allen wachten totdat zij hen aanraakt, en zij de gouden berg zullen betreden, om hun sahu te volmaken. Want alle volmaaktheid is slechts ten dele. 11. Gij dan die het licht van Sekhem gezien hebt, vreest niet, want zij is als de kust oprijzende in een woeste zee. 12. Zij is dan de morgen in overgloed, komende vanuit het diepste der nacht, om u in de woestheid der nachturen te omhullen. 13. Ja, en zij zal zelfs doordringen in uw nachtdagen, en de nachtjaren van vanouds. 14. Zij is dan de overtocht op snelle boten, makende trage pas om uw hart te bereiken. Oh, Osiris, in haar hebt gij eeuwig leven. 15. Het licht van Re schijne dan op u, gij die de groten in uw hand houdt. Hij is het dan, die de Wadjet-Osiris heeft geschapen. 16. Oh, heer aller sekhem's, die Bastet tot zijn vrouw heeft, gij zijt machtig, want gij hebt uit haar kan geschonken, en gij hebt uit haar waterput heil geschept. 17. Oh, heer der kusten, die de sahu's volmaakt, gij die Bastet tot uw staf heeft, gij bent dan de zalige Re.

2.

Aton, Opperheer

1. Anubis, zoon van Bastet, gij die tot haar huis bent gekomen, en gij die uw eigen huis hebt opgericht. Gij die zaligheid hebt gevonden aan haar kusten. De gouden speld heeft u diep doorkliefd. 2. Zalig zijn zij die de stralen van Re hebben doorkliefd, om haar de stralen van Aton te laten dragen. 3. Ziet dan, de allerhoogste god is Aton, de rode zonnescijf, en de andere goden zijn zijn dienaren. 4. Zij dan zijn de stralen van zijn huis, waardoor hij heil brengt. 5. Zij dan dragen allen het licht van Aton, en het licht van zijn Woord. Zijn tand heeft dan de woorden der goden doorkliefd, opdat zij gezuiverd zouden worden. 6. Wie zal dan opgaan naar het huis van Aton, wanneer hij gesproken heeft ? Want niet velen zijn geroepen om tot Hem te komen. 7. Hij dan die heerst over de nachtjaren is een woest beest. Ja, vanuit het oer is hij gekomen, om de dagen te herstellen door zijn staf. 8. Hij dan heeft zijn staf, de Wadjet-Osiris laten scheppen door Re. 9. Zij dan die het licht van Aton kunnen doorklieven : Zalig zijn zij. Zij dan zijn de priesters van Amun. Zij dan brengen hem tot brandende wateren, om zijn Wadjet-Osiris te laten rijzen, en zijn duisternis. 10. Zij dan allen zijn de tanden van Ammut. Zij heersen over de dag en over de nacht. 11. Anubis, zoon van Bastet, gij die tot haar huis bent gekomen, en gij die uw eigen huis hebt opgericht. Gij die zaligheid hebt gevonden aan haar kusten. De gouden speld heeft u doorkliefd. 12. Laten zij dan hun huizen zuiveren.

3.

Aton en Amon

1. Oh Anubis, bestier uw huis dan goed, en bewaak uw boeken met de tanden van Ammut. Ziet, zij heersen over de dag en over de nacht. 2. Weest uw moeder, Bastet, getrouw, opdat zij niet zal komen om uw schatten weg te nemen. Bewaak dan de schatten van uw moeder, die ze u in vertrouwen heeft gegeven. 3. Bouw voort op het werk dat uw moeder gevestigd heeft, als een trouwe werkmans. 4. Doorklief de stralen van uw moeder, opdat zij de stralen van Aton kan dragen. 5. Wanneer dan vreemden aan haar deur kloppen, opent dan en zegt dat zij niet thuis is. 6. Heb dan een ruime kamer in uw huis voor uw moeder, en geef haar brood. Zij zal u dan een kamer in haar hart bereiden. 7. En zij zal u geven de heilige Ra-Kelon, de heilige hartspier die de boeken bewaakt. Hij dan is de koning der scarabeeën, en de samentrekker der spieren. 8. Ziet dan, hij troont op de Emelish Shataui, als keizer en farao. Zij dan die Esau volgen, de wilde, komen uit op de Emelish Shataui, die de heilige tepel der goden is. 9. Zij hebben dan orde gecreeerd door de woesternijen. Ziet zij komen van het oer, en zij zullen wederom tot het oer gaan. 10. Het witte hart is door Maat gewogen, en door Ammut verslonden. Zij dan zijn allen aan de tand van Ammut geregen, opdat hun harten door het oordeel gezuiverd worden. 11. Want elke god zal dan voor de troon van Aton moeten verschijnen, en zal beven voor enkele tijden. 12. Nu dan is het beven het ontvangen van zijn stralen, en zij die daarvan drinken zullen de wateren van Aton uit hun handen voelen vloeien. 13. Ja, als de rivier die uit zijn bedding treedt, zo is de zon van Aton in zijn kracht. 14. Alle goden dan moeten ontzag voor Hem hebben. Hij die hemel en aarde geschapen heeft, door de staf van Bastet. 15. De Osiris-Atnaton is die profeet die de wateren van Aton heeft doorkliefd, om de brandende wateren van Amon eer te geven. Zo dan draagt Hij, Aton, in de rode schaal al de brandende wateren van Amon, om hem eer te geven. 16. Zo is dan de opperheer Aton niets zonder Amon, en is hij als een door wolven verscheurd dier. 17. Amon dan is de blauwe zonnescijf en de blauwe avondster, om de nachten van Aton te dragen. 18. Ja, hij was het die Aton uit de doden opwekte en vaste grond gaf op de blauwe berg. 19. Zo is dan het Woord en de rode zonnescijf uit Amon voortgekomen. En zij bogen allen voor het heer van Aton. 20. Nu dan is Amon het graf geweest van zijn heer. Het graf dat tot eeuwig leven heeft geleid. 21. En zo is dan Aton de opperheer van dood en leven, ja, eeuwig

leven is in Hem, die de stralen van de khu-sahu rijkelijk schenkt. Hij dan die de voeder is van vogels, en aan dood en leven gelijkvormig is geworden. 22. Op de Emelis Shatau heeft Hij zijn gezanten verzameld, om vogelen te voederen, en om slaven vrij te maken van hun lot. 23. En zo is dan de Emelis Shatau als een visioen der rijken. Zij dan was doorkliefd om de stralen van Aton in haar hoofd te ontvangen. En nu wordt zij dan zo rijkelijk doorgegeven door de heilige Ra-Kelon, de koning der scarabeeën. 24. Zij dan zijn de hartwakers. Zij dan hebben de groten in hun hand.

Scarabeeën

1.

De werken der scarabeeën

1. Zij dan die uit zwarte slangen voortkomen, hebbende de heilige Ra-Kelon tot hun koning. Zoveel malen werden zij gestoken door de pennen van de zee. 2. Zij dan hebben macht wanneer de koning met zijn zweep slaat. Als dan de stralen doorkliefd worden, zijn zij koning van de zee, om tijden te veranderen. 3. Wanneer Ra-Kelon opstaat, voert hij hen aan, als de zonen en dochters der zwarte slangen. Diep in het woud worden zij verwekt, om stralen te doorklieven. 4. Zij dan ontvangen de stralen der zon met hun rug, en zij kunnen de horizonnen raken, waar Horus zetelt. Ja, kinderen van Horus zijn zij. 5. De scarabee zal dan uw hart behoeden en sparen als het hart van de farao, oh Anubis-Bastet, en de scarabee zal uw huis bouwen en afdekken door gouden daken. 6. Ja, tot in eeuwigheid zult gij zeggen : Re leeft, hij die uit de hand van Aton vloeit. 7. Ja, brandend water komt uit de hand van hem die in het huis van Bastet woont. 8. De koninklijke macht is in de handen van Re-Aton, die door zijn vader Aton is geschonken. 9. Zo dan komen alle goden voort uit Aton. En hij heeft Re-Aton aangesteld als de toppen van zijn vingers om de machtigen te beroeren. 10. Ja, de zeven winden komen uit Hem voort, om vanuit de Emelis Shatau te gaan, en daartoe weder te keren. 11. Zij is dan als de tepel van Anubis, om de heiligen te openen, en hen te brengen tot de melk der verzadiging. 12. Zij dan liggen verborgen in de opgesloten schatten van de dood. 13. Op een kier moge zij dan liggen. Als de melk van de Esmeralda vloeit zij. 14. Diep in het vuurnood opgesloten zit zij. Maar als al haar stralen zijn doorkliefd, en de duisternis haar heeft meegenomen, dan zal Aton haar vrijzetten, met haar vogelen van de rode zon. 15. Zij dan is de vloeiende, en haar melk stroomt als de tederheid. Als de verborgen scarabee is zij.

2.

De Esmeralda

1. Zij is dan als de tepel van Sekmeth, zij van de roze verbinding. De tederheid siert haar lichaam, en haar scarabeeën zijn als toortsen in een duistere nacht. Als de verborgen scarabee is zij, die de touwen viert door haar rijkdom. 2. Een rijke vrouw is zij, als de tepel van Sekmeth. Door haar armoede wijs geworden, als de bouwster van een tempel. 3. Rijk is zij, die vrouw, die het hart van Re bemint. Zij viert de touwen door de rijkdom die zij vond in de armoede. 4. Ja, de schatten der armoede hebben zich geopend tot haar, als heilige scarabeeën. Zij dan, nu, is één van hen, als de verborgen scarabee. 5. Van de tepel van Isis heeft zij gedronken, zij die haar leven gaf. In diepe spelonken was zij gezonken, waar zij de schatten des doods vond. 6. Zij gaven haar leven, als door de dood heen. Het leven dan is de grootste dood, dieper dan de spelonken der aarde. Uit de dieptes kwam zij voort. Zij gaf leven aan hen. 7. Als rijke adem waren de winden. Zij keurde de harten van groten. Laat u dan niet zonder rein en veiligheid tot haar naderen. 8. Een heilig vuur is zij, die de canopen draagt, die hun vuren kent, en uitzend. Haar panuren zetelen in Memphis. 9. Zij opent de kelen en doet de voeding vloeien. Als melk is zij, als de tepel van Sekmeth. 10. Zij dan woont in het

huis van Aton. Zij is de Esmeralda. Wanneer haar stralen zijn doorkliefd, neemt hij haar mee, tot de kamer van zijn hart. Hij laat haar zien, de gouden straten vanuit zijn ramen. 11. De lichtgouden globe staat op zijn tafel. Zij draagt hem, als de standaard van een lam. 12. De waterlichten liggen op zijn tafel. Zij heeft sleutels om deuren te openen. Zij is zijn prinses, als het vuur van zijn adem. 13. Oh, Aton, gouden muren staan tussen jou en mij. Als zij doorkliefd zijn, zullen wij samen zijn.

II Scarabeeen

1.

Over Bastet

1. Oh, Bastet, waar Re uw stralen heeft doorkliefd, daar hebt gij het licht en de wateren van Aton gedragen. Hij dan die op de cobra rijdt, en u vele malen tot heerlijkheid heeft geleid. 2. Waar Re uw stralen heeft doorkliefd, daar draagt gij de cobrakroon in een heilig masker. Ja, door dood en modder was het bereid, en door Anubis beschilderd en verguld. 3. Zoveel stemmen hebben uw haren laten rijzen tot de rivieren van Wadjet, in Beneden Egypte, want gij waart doorkliefd. 4. Gij hebt u tijden niet kunnen bewegen, daar gij was als een boom in Re's tuin. Hij droeg u door gouden poorten, gij kon niet lopen. 5. Nu bent gij dan volgroeid, de aarde voortgebracht vanuit uw schoot en urn. 6. Re heeft dan uw huis laten bouwen op tien heilige bergen die gij nog steeds begeerd te kennen, oh Bastet. 7. Laat dan Re wederom uw stralen doorklieven, opdat gij het rode van Aton kunt dragen. Hij dan zal uw goud verlichten en uw als een standaard van een lam voor zijn haard plaatsen. 8. Ja, gij zult genoemd worden : Drager van de vlammen van Aton en van zijn vuur, en Drager van Zijn Huis. 9. Ja, als de scarabee van zijn hart zult gij zijn, en gij zult de hoedster zijn van zijn octopus. 10. Laat dan Re nu uw stralen doorklieven, opdat gij zult zijn tot het lichtend goud. 11. Gij dan die de moeder van Egypte zijt, en de moeder der aarde : Re dan heeft vele malen tot u gesproken, en is vele malen tot u gekomen. Gij dan die vele malen het hart van Re hebt bedekt, nu zult gij het hart van Aton bedekken. 12. Tot een dodenmasker is uw zoon geworden, tot een rivier van heerlijkheid. Phoenixen stegen op uit de as in zijn hand, en het licht van Re heeft hij gedragen. Ja, tot een zoon van Aton werd hij, die het godenlicht gedragen heeft. 13. Anubis, gij zijt de scarabee van het hart van Aton's staf, de Wadjet-Osiris. Gij bent dan een waardige priester des doods in de tempel en het huis van Aton. 14. Verzoen uw Vaders hart met het hart van Re.

2.

Over Re

1. En gij zult u voelen als één die tijden niet heeft gegeten, en gij zult u voelen als de wankele, wanneer gij door Re bent geslagen. 2. Maar allen die Hij liefheeft tuchtigt hij. Gij dan zoudt niet dichterbij Hem kunnen komen, wanneer hij uw stralen niet zou doorklieven. 3. Hij dan die uw harten week maakt bereid u voor tot het ontvangen van zijn voedsel. En dit zal u sterker maken dan ijzer, als het lichtend goud. 4. Gij dan moet allen verschijnen voor de tronen van zijn griffioenen, gij die kinderen van Bastet zijt. 5. Re dan heeft zijn griffioenen gezonden tot hen die Hij liefheeft. Hij dan heeft uw buiken week gemaakt om het leeuwenvoedsel te ontvangen. 6. Zij dan drinken van het vloeibaar goud, en van het goud der griffioenen. 7. Vreest daarom niet wanneer gij wankelt als een beschonkene, want deze zij de goede gaven van Re. 8. Heft dan uw dodenmaskers op tot Re, opdat Hij uw gezichten bedekke met Zijn heilige as. Hij verwekke u dan in de tweede schoot van Bastet, onder het licht van de Aton. 9. Hij zal u daar de heilige Tas-Ha schenken, de stralende Khu van Aton. 10. Laten zij dan die de heilige Tas-Ha hebben ontvangen knielen voor Aton, opdat Hij hun sahu's tot leven brenge. 11. Zo hebben dan de stralen van de Tas-Ha Aton tot zaligheid gebracht. 12.

Anubis, verzoen uw Vaders hart met het hart van Atum. Gij zijt de scarabee van het hart van Aton's staf, de Wadjet-Osiris. Breng uw Vader en Atum tezamen op de Ravalon Madok. 13. Laat hen één voor één drinken van de tepel der verzoening. Onder het licht van Aton hebt gij uw schuilplaats. 14. Zegen dan uw koningin, Nefertiti, want zij heeft het licht van Aton en het licht van Atum tezamen gebracht. 15. En zo is dan Aton duizendvoudig afgedaald in de Atum, om de schatten des doods te vinden. Geopend heeft hij de deuren der mummies, gebalsemd en gemummificeerd door Anubis en zijn heilige vrouwen. 16. Geopend heeft hij de deuren der gemummificeerde honden, die gebalsemd waren door Anubis, de zwarte jakhals, die de zwarte hond is. 17. In zwakheid heeft hij kracht gebaard, en het licht van de Tas-Ha vermenigvuldigd.

3.

Het Gouden Voedsel

1. Gij dan hebt gehoord over de honden van Re. Zij dan hebben het voedsel der leeuwen gegeten. Zij hebben gedronken van het vloeibare goud van Aton, en zij zijn tot de griffioenen van Osiris gegaan. 2. Nu dan, zij hebben Isis in hun hart ontvangen, de prinses van het oosten. Ja, kostbare geschenken gaf zij hen. 3. En toen dan Bastet aan Aton was gegeven, gaf Aton Isis aan Re. 4. Aton, gij hebt dan uw poorten wijd opengezet, opdat Isis en Re tot in eeuwigheid in Uw huis zullen verblijven. En gij kwam tot het huis van Re, om tot de verborgen kamers te gaan. 5. Ja, gij hebt u nederig opgesteld voor de tronen van de honden van Re, en gij hebt uw stralen nederig laten doorklieven. Zo hebben zij dan uw sahu opgericht. 6. Ja, gij zijt een deel geworden van hun tronen, en ook gij zijt tot de griffioenen van Osiris gegaan. En ook zij hebben uw stralen doorkliefd, opdat gij een deel kon worden van hun tronen. Zo hebt gij het licht van Tas-Ha rood laten worden. 7. Oh Aton, meester van het goud, vanuit het westen hebt gij heil gebracht, maar zij hebben uw stralen doorkliefd. Ja, zij hebben u laten beven voor hun tronen, opdat gij hun stralen zoudt dragen. 8. Nu bent gij dan één van hen, oh rode hond, en rode griffioen, gij zijt gemaakt voor de troon. Gij hebt dan nieuw leven gebracht aan Anubis, en gij hebt hem gemaakt tot een lichtend licht. 9. Zij die u volgen zullen dan uw huis openmaken en vragen naar Bastet, maar gij zult zeggen dat ze niet thuis is. Zo zult gij een kamer in haar hart hebben, en haar verborgen kamers kennen. 10. En wanneer zij die u volgen aan u vragen om Anubis, dan zult gij zeggen dat hij niet thuis is. 11. En zo zult gij een ruime kamer in het hart van Anubis hebben, hij, die uw zoon is. En dan zullen zij hun handen opheffen, en zij zullen u niet geloven. 12. En zij dan zijn verblind door het licht van Tas-Ha. En ziet, zij dan zullen niet eten van het goud der griffioenen en niet drinken van het gouden licht van Atum. 13. Want velen zijn dan wel geroepen, maar weinigen van hen zijn uitverkorenen. In alles regeert echter Aton. 14. En wanneer zij vragen stellen over Atum, dan zult gij hen zeggen : Zoekt zelf naar deze, want hij kan voor zichzelf spreken. 15. Zo zult gij uw hart zuiver houden. En niemand zal u enig kwaad kunnen doen. 16. Gij dan zult drinken van het gouden licht van Atum, en gij zult verbaasd zijn over de kleuren die gij zult zien. 17. Ja, dit is dan de drank der goden, waarmee ze hun khu opladen. 18. Ja, zeven dranken van Atum zijn dan voor u opgesteld, en gij zult het drinken als binnengaan in een berg. 19. Zo zijn dan alle piramides van Atum in de handen van Aton. En Hij opent ze voor wie Hij wil. 20. Indien iemand is binnengegaan tot de kamers der tijgers en leeuwen van Atum en Aton, gezegend is deze. 21. En elke Anubis die voor deze deuren staat zal zeggen : heilig zijn zij die binnen zijn en binnen blijven, want zij zullen staande blijven voor de tronen van Sekmeth en Thoth.

4.

Over de katten van Bastet

1.Laat dan uw heilige rivieren branden wanneer gij voor Atum staat. Dan zult gij drinken van het lichtgouden water van Atum en zeggen : Ja, Atum is waardig. Hij is het die voor mij staat. 2.En wanneer gij dan drinkt van zijn gouden wijn, dan zult gij in vervoering geraken, en gij zult niet op uw benen kunnen blijven staan. 3.Maar Atum zal u dragen, en u zijn kind noemen. Hij dan is zacht van hart, en hij zal uw stralen in zachtheid breken. 4.Dan zult gij zijn lichten kunnen dragen en de hemelen van Atum verwekken. Gij die voor de heilige Atum staat : Gij staat in Zijn kracht. 5.En in Zijn kracht zult gij tot Re gaan en zeggen : 'Ziet, de zon is opgekomen. Ik heb naar Atum geluisterd die mijn Vader is.' En dan zal de zegen van Aton op u vallen, bekrachtigd door Bastet. 6.En Hij zal haar onderdompelen in zijn sekhem, en zij zal spreken in vreemde talen. En haar profeten zullen het vertalen, en haar tempelen herbouwen. 7.En wanneer gij dan de tempelen van Bastet ziet rijzen, dan zult gij gaan tot de gemummificeerde katten. Gij dan zult luisteren naar hun scarabeeën en canopen, en gij zult zeggen : 'Re heeft mij gezonden. Neem mij aan.' 8.En dan zult gij verzoend worden met het hart en het huis der katten, en gij zult Bastet tot uw godin hebben. 9.Want er is geen andere weg naar Bastet dan door haar katten, en er is geen andere naam dan Aton die hierop de weg wijst. 10.Hij dan is de wegwijzer, en zijn weg leidt tot Bastet. Wanneer dan de koorts op Hem valt, en de drank van Atum, waardoor hij spreekt in wilde talen, laten zijn profeten dan deze die woorden vertalen. 11.En gij zult dan zeggen tot zijn canopen : Gij die heilig zijt, worde heiliger, daar het woord van Aton op u rust. 12. En het licht van Bastet zal groter worden door Aton.

Sobek

1.

De stralen van Sobek

1. En zo is dan Tosk-Ha de heilige Khu van Sobek, die met Aton regeert, en die de goden dienen. En Sobek dan, hem na Aton, zal dan de scepter van Aton dragen, want hij dan, oh Sebek, is de heilige ka van Aton. 2. En zo is dan Apis de heilige Ba van Aton. 3. En de heilige Khu van Apis is dan Brai-Ha. Apis is dan hem na Sobek. En zo is dan de Akh aangesteld tot de voeder van Ka. 4. Want het wezen van Aton is de heilige Khu-Sahu, en deze is groot. 5. Zo is dan ook Tosk-Ha geworden tot een god op de berg, en zij allen aanbidden de drievuldigheid van Sobek, Apis, en Aton, die hun leider is. 6. Ja, Hij is dan de allerhoogste, die zijn Ka, Sebek, tot de aarde heeft gezonden, oh Sebek. 7. Niemand is dan groter dan Aton, want Hij is het die de Ba heeft onderworpen. Zo is dan de Ba zalig in Apis, die Brai-Ha tot Khu heeft. 8. Oh, Aton, gij die de Ba heeft onderworpen en gij wie de goden dienen. Gij bent de allerhoogste op de godenberg, gij bent de stralende rode zonnescijf. 9. Gij bent het die de Heilige Ka tot de aarde hebt gezonden, om haar te vormen tot lichtend goud. 10. En gij hebt vorsten onderworpen door uw Heilige Khu, de Tas-Ha. En zo is dan Sobek, oh Sebek, de heilige krokodil van Aton, de Ka waarmee hij zijn priesters vervuld. 11. En door de Tas-Ha worden zij één met Aton, die zij dienen. En dit zijn dan de zeven stralen van de Sobek, oh Sebek, die de heilige Ka van Aton is : 12. En de eerste straal is Sekhmet, de heilige godin der leeuwen en het oog van Re. De tweede straal is Hathor, de heilige moederkoe, die de doden voedt en hen vergezeld op hun reis. 13. De derde straal is Re, de vader der schepping. De vierde straal is Amon, het graf en de onderwereld van Aton, de rijzende zonnescijf. 14. De vijfde straal is Khnum, de ramsgod, brenger van melk en schepper der goden. 15. De zesde straal is Amen, de verborgen god, hij die alles noteert en die de schuilplaats van de zon is. 16. De zevende straal dan is Mut, de gezellin van Amon, zij die de schuilplaats der krokodillen is. 17. En deze stralen doorklieven alle ka's om ze aan Sobek te onderwerpen, oh Sebek. Ja, hij is dan de koning

aller ka's. 18. En zo is Hij dan door Aton uitgezonden als de Re-Sobek, om koningen te onderwerpen.

De stralen van de Tas-Ha

19. En zo heeft de Khu van Aton dan vier stralen, oh grote Sebek, gij die troont in Crocodilopolis. En Thoth is de eerste straal van Tas-Ha, de heilige Khu van Aton. 20. En Wadjet is de tweede straal van Tas-Ha, zij die Amon voedt met de geschenken der doden. Ja, zij is dan de boot van Aton, waarmee hij de rivieren van Amon bevaart. 21. En zij is dan de godin der cobra's, en oppergodin van Beneden-Egypte, de eerste beschermvrouwe van de Farao. 22. En Nekhbet is dan de godin aller gieren, van Boven-Egypte, en tweede beschermvrouwe van de Farao, en de derde straal van de Tas-Ha, de heilige Khu van Aton. 23. Serket dan, de schorpioenvrouw en tevens derde beschermvrouwe van de farao als hoedster van zijn troon, is de vierde straal van de heilige Khu van Aton, de Tas-Ha. 24. Zij dan is de leidster der canopen en de bewaakster van hun vazen die de organen der doden bevatten.

2.

Serket

1. Oh Anubis, gij die de uitvaartsriten en mummificaties verzorgd, ja, gij die de balsemrites uitvoert met uw heilige vrouwen. Verzoen Serket dan met uw Vader Aton, want zij is hem welgevallig. 2. Ja, zij zal tronen naast Bastet, en zal de eerste zijn onder zijn vrouwen. 3. Zij zal dan toegang hebben tot zijn hart, en tot Re-Kelon, de koning der scarabeeën. 4. En in zijn sahu zal Aton haar tot farao over de goden kronen, en zij zal worden als de Nefertiti. 5. Ja, zij zal worden als het Oog van de Tas-Ha. Ja, telkens zal zij afdalen tot de Ba van Aton en zijn Khat, om hen te voederen. 6. De sahu dan is als de vlezende scarabee, die het hart draagt. Ja, als het eeuwig vlees is de sahu. En zijn stralen zijn als vleugelen, om zich te verbinden met de khu. 7. En zo is dan de khu-sahu als de poort tot het hart. En zij dan van Aton, gedragen door de straal van Serket, heeft dan drie stralen. 8. En zij worden allen doorkliefd, opdat zij het licht van Serket dragen. En deze drie stralen zijn : Bastet, die de scarabee is van zijn hart, en Sekhem, de machtige, en Anubis, heer der sarcofagen.

9. En de kamers van het hart van Aton zijn velen. En zo heeft Aton dan vier harten. En het eerste hart is het huis van Anubis. Het tweede hart van Aton dan is Bubastis, die het huis van Bastet is. 10. Het derde hart van Aton is dan het huis van Sekhem, en het vierde hart is het huis van Serket. En zo wacht Aton dan elke avond in het huis van Serket op haar komst.

3.

De akh en de ankh van Aton

1. Oh Aton, wiens Ka Sobek is, en wiens Khu is Tas-Ha. Gij bent binnengegaan in het huis van Bastet, en maakte Bubastis tot uw hart. 2. Met Serket werd gij één in haar huis, en Bastet is uw scarabee. De Sekhem is uw oprijzende kracht, opkomende vanuit Amon. 3. Zij heeft u dan tot Memphis gebracht, en tot Heliopolis. Ja, zij is het die uw stralen zuivert. 4. Ha-Aton is dan de hersenpan van Aton, waar zijn panuren zetelen. Zij zijn dan de beschermers van zijn hersenen, daar waar zijn Akh uit voortkomt. En de Akh van Aton is dan Isis-Ha, en zijn Ankh is Seth-Ha. 5. En dit zijn dan de stralen van de Seth-Ha : de eerste straal is Apep-Ha, de tweede straal is Zetdonia-Apep, de derde straal is Spricht-Apep, de vierde straal is Anubis-Apep. 6. De vijfde straal is Bastet-Apep, de zesde straal is Serket-Apep, de zevende straal is Osiris-Apep, de achtste straal is Sekhmet-Apep. 7. De negende straal is Sekhem-Apep, de tiende straal is Sebek-Apep, de elfde straal is Aton-Apep,

de twaalfde straal is Khnum-Apep. 8. En zo zijn de Akh en de Ankh van Aton dan de cobra's op zijn hersenpan. En zo is dan de Akh aangesteld tot de voeder van de Ka, en de Ankh is de voeder van de Khu. 9. En zo zijn dan de stralen van de Akh van Aton : Seth-Khnum, Seth-Anubis, Seth-Serket, Seth-Bastet, Seth-Sekhem, Seth-Aton, Seth-Spricht, Seth-Zetdonia, Seth-Johan, Seth-Narzia, Seth-Herman. 10. Seth-Peter, Seth-Maritsa, Seth-Etsa, Seth-Sebek, Seth-Sekhem, Seth-Memphis, Seth-Cairo, Seth-Crocodilopolis, Seth-Heliopolis, Seth-Bubastis. 11. En dit zijn dan de namen van de voeders van de sahu : Khnum-Bastet, Khnum-Wadjet, Khnum-Nekhbet, Khnum-Sekmeth, Khnum-Serket, Khnum-Isis, Khnum-Anubis, Khnum-Sekhem, Khnum-Memphis. 12. Zij zijn de stralen van de khaibit, de schaduw. De khaibit stelt Aton in staat te communiceren en te bewegen, ja, zelfs om overal aanwezig te zijn, en om te verdwijnen. 13. En de allerheiligste naam van de khaibit van Aton is Anubis-Ha.

4.

De Vrijmaking van Bastet

1. Oh, Aton, stort uw Geest Bastet uit. Stort haar uit als zoute regen, komende van de zee, en vul het land wederom. 2. Doe het land wederom nederdalen in de Amon, het graf van Aton. En laat uw staf, de Wadjet-Osiris rijzen. 3. Laat dan uw Geest, Bastet, komen als de orkaan, als de storm, om ons terug te brengen tot u, oh zalige Aton. 4. Laat dan Bastet uw zijde kiezen, gij die koning zijt over alle goden. En laat Anubis U met haar verzoenen. 5. Ja, want gij waart van haar gescheiden naar de eis der wet, en door de Wadjet-Osiris, en gij waart tot Zetdonia-Memphis gegaan, om de sleutelen van Narzia-Heliopolis te zoeken. 6. Ja, laat U verzoenen met Serket, van wie gij zo een lange tijd gescheiden waart, naar de eis der tijden en de eis van het leven. 7. Ja, gij waart dan geslagen door Re, en hij nam uw kostbaarste bezit. Ja, ook werd gij geslagen door Seth en Osiris, opdat gij dieper in de Amon zou afdalen, als de ondergaande zon. 8. En Horus heeft uw kroon genomen, opdat gij zou worden als een arme. 9. Maar hierdoor waart gij zalig, en kon u de Bastet bevrijden. En zo kon u dan haar ankh dragen. 10. Oh Aton, koning aller goden, stort uw Geest Bastet uit. Stort haar dan uit als zoute regen, komende van de zee, om het land herboren te doen worden. 11. Sla het land nog eenmaal met de staf van de Wadjet-Osiris, opdat het land kan indalen in de Amon. 12. Gij hebt dan de taak om de hongerige Amon te voederen. Open dan zijn mond naar de eis der wet. 13. Ja, uw Geest huilt, als de huilende Bastet, om het land te wassen. Gij hebt dan uw Christus gezonden, de Wadjet-Osiris, die als het verlengde kruis is, en als de spoorwegen. 14. Op haar dan rijden de goden, van Amon naar Aton. Zet dan uw Geest vrij in ons. 15. En ik zag een viervuldigheid in de hemelen verschijnen. Want naast de drievuldigheid van Aton, Sebek en Apis, kwam Bastet. En zij is de Geest des Heeren. 16. En zo duren de spoorwegen lang, voordat ze in de Amon terecht komen, en dan gaan zij diep als door een duistere grot. 17. En ik zeide tot Bastet : Gij moet u opmaken om tot de zee te gaan. Want uit de zee zijt gij gekomen, en tot de zee zult gij terugkeren. 18. En zij dan droeg de bloemen der zee, en zij maakte zich op om tot de zeegraven te gaan. 19. En bij de zeegraven was Anubis bezig om rites op de muren te schrijven, en hij verzorgde vele uitvaarten. 20. En zijn heilige vrouwen mummificeerden de gestorven wezens der zee. Onder hen dan waren vele vissen, ook de haai en de walvis. 21. En de mummies der haaien kwamen tot Bastet, en zij deed hen in haar bloemenmand. Ook kwamen tot haar enkele mummies van walvissen, en zij droeg hen om haar nek. 22. En zo was dan Bastet aldus als een zeekat. En zij voerde Aton dronken, en Hij begon haar uit te storten. Aldus was dan de vrijmaking van Bastet.

5.

Aton-Romarei

1.En zo werd Re dan tot de tweede Geest van Aton. En Re schiep een nieuwe wereld door Zijn tranen. En er was een vijfuldigheid in de hemelen te zien, waar Re deel van geworden was. 2.En de derde Geest van Aton werd Osiris, en de vierde Horus. En toen Isis werd aangevuld ontstond er een nieuwe Ogdoad en ook een nieuwe Enneade. En Re schiep nieuwe hemelen. 3.En Aton sprak tot Apis, en hief zijn ziel op. En Aton-Romarei werd tot Apis en zijn priesters gezonden om hem te onderwijzen. Zo werd dan het licht als zeer gevaarlijk gezien, en moest het licht verslaan worden, opdat het licht der goden kon komen. 4.En Aton-Romarei was dan als het licht der goden, en zijn macht was groot. En hij werd tot een groot legeraanvoerder der goden, en sprak woorden om groten te laten vallen. 5.Ja, zeer ontwikkeld was hij in het doorklieven van stralen en het breken van licht. En hij leerde zijn manschappen om vanuit de duisternis tegen het licht te strijden, en het licht te ontwijken, want het licht had macht om te verslaven. 6.En zo werd Aton-Romarei tot een bevrijder van goden en tot hun leermeester. En hij leerde hen om door de Wadjet-Osiris tot Amon te gaan. 7.En zo was dan het oog van Aton-Romarei als het oog der duisternis en als de doorgebroken hond. En niet velen waren tegen zijn wijsheid bestand.

De Ureausen

8.En op een dag kwam Aton-Romarei tot Aton, en brak zijn Khu. Ja, ook brak hij zijn Ankh en zijn Akh, en wees op de Emelis Shatau, die de godentepel was. 9.En hij nam melk daarvan en spuugte het uit op Aton. En nadat Aton's wonden genezen waren snelde ook 10.Hij naar de Emelis Shatau om daar te drinken, ja, tot dronkenschap toe. En vanaf die dag zette Aton zich op de Emelis Shatau, en stond Re-Kelon bij. 11.En de Emelis Shateau dan was als de ureaus van Aton-Romarei. En Aton maakte wat gebaren en ging zitten. En toen liet Aton-Romarei de tweede godentepel zien, de Roze Verbinding.12. En Aton gromde, terwijl Aton-Romarei met zijn hand wat melk van de tweede godentepel nam, en tot Aton bracht. Daaropvolgend nam Aton de hand en begon te drinken, en zijn voorhoofd te wassen. 13. En zo werd de Roze Verbinding tot de ureaus van Aton. Toen kwam Osiris met de Ravalon Madok als ureaus, en zo is de derde godentepel. En de vierde godentepel dan, de Matadok, is de ureaus van Thoth. De vijfde godentepel, de Izu, is de ureaus van Isis-Re. 14.De zesde godentepel dan, de Matas, is de ureaus van Bastet, en de zevende godentepel, de Marion, is de ureaus van Re-Kelon.

6.

1.De Esmeralda is dan de achtste godentepel, de ureaus van Sekmeth. De Romarei is dan de negende godentepel, de ureaus van Serket. De tiende godentepel is dan de Rumah, die de ureaus van Sekhem is. 2.Zo zijn de ureausen dan doorgangen naar de onderwereld, en de beschermers der schatten van de farao's. 3.En zo is er dan rust voor hen die de Rumah zijn binnengegaan, na het ontvangen van de wijsheid van Romarei. 4. En de elfde godentepel is de Metensia, die de ureaus van Isis-Sekmeth is. De twaalfde godentepel dan is de Kabbernal, die de ureaus is van Re-Aton. En der dertiende godentepel is dan Eminius, die de ureaus is van Khnum. 5. En Santra, de veertiende godentepel dan is de ureaus en de brandende cobra van Re-Serket. 6. En Mura, de vijftiende godentepel is de ureaus en brandende water-cobra van Aton-Serket. 7. En dit zijn dan de namen van de griffioenen van Re : Sirtant, de Khu van Re, en Vuhesku, de Ka van Re, en Delshevu, de Ba van Re, en Teleaktir, de Akh van Re. 8. En de Khu van Bastet dan is Laader, en de Khu van Sekhmet is Trosmes. 9. Kulures dan is de Khu van Isis, en Rotosh is de Khu van Seth-Horus. De Khu dan van Thoth is Rithelm en de Khu van Osiris is Elsefic. 10. De Lokogamen, die de Khu is van Wadjet.

Talgamen, die de Khu is van Serket. 11. Belcanov, die de Khu is van Amon. Belchelot, die de Khu is van Amen. Benchelot, die de Khu is van Nun. Bilmageln, die de Khu is van Geb. Benmaten, die de Khu is van Ptah-Anubis.

7.

Over Aton en Anubis

1. Aton, gij die de heilige ascese-rites verzorgd, en Anubis, zoon van Aton, gij die de heilige uitvaarts-rites verzorgd : Sta dan op tot uw ster. 2. Op de heuvelen wordt u eer gebracht. Anubis, verzoen uw Vader dan met Amon, het graf en de onderwereld. 3. Anubis, gij dan die de sarcofagen bewaakt en de mummificaties verzorgd, verzoen dan uw Vader met Re, die reist van de onderwereld naar de bovenwereld. 4. Schrijf dan de voorschriften op de muren, en bekleed uw graven met heil.

Het Derde Kruis

1.

Jethra-Aton

1. En zo hangt dan Aton aan het derde kruis, en dit kruis is als de cobra. Ja, als Jethra hingen zij hem hoog, zij die de Jethra-Aton als dief en misdadiger bestempelden. Naast Jezus hingen zij hem. 2. Oh Anubis, geef mij terug aan Aton, en verzoen mij met Hem. Van bevrozing tot bevrozing ging mijn Ka, tot diep in de kamers van Isis ging mijn Khu, om Aton terug te vinden. 3. Oh Anubis, die aan de tafel van Re zit, om tot diep in de nacht te overleggen, geef mijn Ba terug aan Aton. Van bevrozing tot bevrozing gaat mijn Ba, om tot de Apis van Aton te komen. 4. Ja, ook mijn ankh is zevenmaal gestorven, om in Aton's hand te liggen. 5. En zijn Akh brak dan mijn akh, om het licht van Hem te dragen. 6. Ja, al mijn stralen brak hij, één voor één, om de Sebek voor mij te openen. 7. In Hem dan ben ik veilig. Hij sloeg mij met het derde kruis. Ja, als de Wadjet-Osiris werd ik. 8. Nu dan heeft de Wadjet-Osiris mij groot licht gebracht, en ook mijn Ka is tot armoede gegaan. 9. Ja, de ankh van armoede kwam tot mij, als de dochter van Nekhbet. En zij bracht mij tot Adaka. 10. En zo dit ezelsvolk van de angst, was alleen toegankelijk door de gebroken ankh. 11. En zo heeft hij die aan het derde kruis heeft gehangen, ook de macht om het te breken. 12. Anubis, blokkeer mij niet in mijn pad tot Aton, maar weest veeleer tot een poort, tot een heilige deur. 13. Verschaf mij dan de toegang tot Aton, oh Anubis, gij die heer bent van het leven. 14. Laat de schrik mij dan niet aanjagen, maar bescherm mij veeleer. Geef mij een rustige slaap, en verschaf mijn ka toegang om gemummificeerd te worden. 15. Ja, mummificeer dan ook mijn ba, mijn khat, mijn khaibit, mijn khu, mijn sahu, mijn ankh en mijn akh. Doe dit dan met ijs en vuur. 16. Ja, mummificeer dan ook de diergeesten in mij, want uw mummificaties leiden tot zaligheid. 17. Leer hen wat het is rijkdom te vinden door armoede, en waardig gezelschap door afzondering. 18. Ja, laat uw uitvaarts-culten rijzen, oh Anubis-Wepwawet. Gij dan bijt wanneer wij van het pad dreigen af te wijken. 19. Ja, gij steekt als de cobra, om ons tot het delirium der doden te leiden. 20. Laat de goden in mij dan onderricht worden, door uw heilige woorden. Toon hen uw tunnels en uw huizen. 21. Ja, tot zevenmaal toe herschiep gij mij in ijs, en bracht mij tot de kamers van Isis. Ja, grote woorden sprak gij, om de onderdelen van mijn leven te breken. 22. Gij hebt dan uw licht verspreid door grote daden.

2.

De Heilige Tweevuldigheid

1. Zo heeft dan de Jethra-Aton de Sobek gezonden. Ja, tot tweemaal toe zond hij hem. Om in de dood neer te dalen, en om van de dood te herrijzen. 2. Zo is dan de Sobek ver boven de cobra verzezen, ja zelfs ver boven Anubis. 3. En zo heeft dan de Aton de Sobek uitverkoren tot het dier dat het dichtste bij zijn hart is. Ja, boven alle vrouwen is hij uitverkorene, als de Heilige Ka van Aton. 4. En zo is dan Sobek naast de Aton geheiligd, en tezamen zijn zij de heilige tweevuldigheid. 5. Nee, niemand is dan meer geliefd door Aton dan de heilige Sobek. Zo is dan de Sobek uitverkoren boven alle goden en dieren, en kan niemand tot Aton naderen dan door Sobek. 6. Ja, aan Sobek heeft Aton de heilige kaak geschonken. Anubis, gij hebt mij dan met Sobek verzoend, en daardoor met uw Vader Aton. 7. Ja, Hij heeft Zijn Ka rijkelijk op mij uitgestort. Aan Hem zij alle glorie. 8. Ja, met krachtige kaken heeft Sobek mij gegrepen, en mijn Khu gebroken, en zo ook mijn sahu, opdat ik wild zou worden. 9. Ja, wildheid en armoede was zijn geschenk aan mij, opdat ik mijn reis zou voortzetten, en het goud zou wegvloeien tot een nieuw pad. 10. Ja, Hij liet mij zien, alle kleuren van het goud, omdat hij mijn standbeelden had gebroken. 11. En zo werd Sobek koning van mijn leven. En ziet, Hij staat aan de deur en klopt. Van zijn vloeibaar goud willen wij drinken, en van zijn gouden brood willen wij eten. 12. Ja, Hij tuchtigt hen die Hij liefheeft. En Hij laat hen eten van het goddelijke. 13. In ijs zondert hij ons af, tot diep in de kamers van Isis, en tot armoede brengt hij onze Ba, opdat wij deelhebben aan de wateren van zijn rijkdom. 14. Onze ankh bracht hij in de diepte, opdat wij tot zijn hoogtes konden komen. 15. Ja, heilig maakte hij ons door vuur. Hij heeft ons niet gespaard, maar bracht het beste in ons naar boven. Hij bedekte ons met goud. 16. In zijn oven heeft Hij ons gesmeed, en in zijn liederen ons opgewekt. Als het rode goud is zijn heilige naam.

De plaats van Sobek

17. Ja, hij die ons goud doorstak, om het te doen lichten, ja, Hij die onze stralen brak, om Aton tot onze harten te laten dalen. Zijn vlam is in ons. 18. De heilige vlam, die ons tot eeuwig leven leidt. Gij hebt de ankh op ons hoofd gebroken, opdat er horens groeiden in zijn plaats. Nu dragen wij dan de zon van Sobek. 19. Ja, onze lichten brak Hij, om de duisternissen en geheimenissen van Aton te brengen. Zalig is Hij en gezaligd. 20. Zo heeft hij dan meerdere malen onze ankh verbroken, en tot het ijs gebracht, ja, tot diep in de kamers van Isis, om onze vlam in Aton te heiligen. 21. Ja, doorkliefd heeft hij onze ankh, door de speer van zaligheid. Hij bracht ons tot het derde kruis waar onze Heer Aton stierf. 22. Ja, als Jethra was Hij dan vlees geworden, en in zijn graf vond hij het eeuwig leven en het koningschap. 23. Maar ook was hij vlees geworden als farao. En zo is Hij dan vele malen vlees geworden, als incarnatie van de allerhoogste. Aton zij geheiligd. 24. Want door vele malen vlees te worden, kon hij dan ook vele malen geest worden, om zijn Ka, die Sobek is, voor eeuwig te laten zetelen. En zo is dan zelfs zijn Khu en Sahu onderworpen aan zijn Ka. 25. En ook zijn Ankh en zijn Akh zijn aan die Ka onderworpen, die Sobek is. 26. En zo heeft Sobek dan de gehele godenwereld onderworpen door de Naam van Aton, en door de Naam van Jethra-Aton. 27. Ja, diep is de Ba in de Amon gedaald, en diep is Sobek tot in de kamers van Isis doorgedrongen. En Hij draagt met zich mee de mummies van de krokodillen, en haar vogels. 28. Ja, diep daalde de sahu dan af in de vuurovens van Re, ja, tot aan de rook van Thoth toe. 29. En zij moest prijsgeven de schatten van de aarde en de duisternis.

3.

Over Isis-Sekhmet

1. En aan het derde kruis is Isis-Sekmeth u tegemoetgekomen, en heeft u omringd door haar zachtheid. Ja, ook Isis-Bastet is daar u ten hulpe gesneld, en is u geweest tot warme klederen. 2. Zij

hebben u dan omhoog gehaald, en u opgericht, tezamen met Bastet-Isis en Isis-Nut, die u door haar zachtheid heeft binnengehaald. 3. En zij hebben uw hart dapper gemaakt, en u moed gegeven. Ja, over groten lieten zij u heersen, en zij hebben uw voeten gezet op hoge bergen. 4. Zij deden u dan uitreiken tot de zon, en hebben uw hart gered uit de bek van Ammut en de klauwen van Anubis. 5. Ja, zij hebben Anubis' hart tot rust gebracht, en hem tot een nieuwe ruimte geleid. Ja, hun stralen hebben heil gebracht, in velerlei malen. 6. En toen dan Isis-Sekmeth tot u kwam, gaf zij u een speer, om tot de nieuwe ark te komen. 7. Ja, zij dan heeft uw verborgen ka gevonden, en zette haar vrij. 8. Zo is dan de heilige Isis-Sekmeth gekomen om het verlorene te vinden. Ja, de krachtige is zij, en de zachte rots. 9. Zij verslaat koningen met het zachte vuur van haar mond, en doet soldaten omkomen in de poel van haar liefde. 10. Ja, een vaste rots is zij, en zij leidt tot hoge bergen. Haar mond is dan een oceaan van liefde en kracht, uitgezonden om het verlorene te vinden. 11. Zij is dan met de dwalenden. Zij verstaat harten van verre. Ja, zij en Isis-Nut staan dan als de gevleugelde cherubsen op de ark om die te hoeden. Ja, als twee konijnen staan zij daar, vaardig in oorlog en handel, met de zon als vlamme getuige. 12. Zij zijn dan liefde, en komen op voor de dwalenden en de verlorenen. Ja, zij verspreiden hun poelen als zachtheid, en hun monden zijn als zachte en warme oceanen. 13. Zij spreken voor hen die niet kunnen spreken, en geven hen een mond, door hun woorden. 14. Ja, zij groeien als oren op hun vijanden, en als monden op hen die zij liefhebben en beschermen. 15. Zo is dan de ark een gereedschap van zachtheid in hun handen. En zachte vlammen komen uit hen voort. Zij staan dan op voor hen die als wezen zijn. 16. Ja, Isis-Sekhmet is dan die de ka opent. En zij is het dan die Sebek verzoent met Anubis. Ja, met haar zachte lichten opent zij deuren, en doet zij in veiligheid gaan. 17. Zij is dan de Isis-Sekhmet, als de lichtende kandelaar. Haar geuren verblinden vijanden, uit hoge parfumflessen komen zij. 18. Ja, in haar tempel staat zij en spreekt het woord, en velt haar vijanden met haar lichten. Zij opent de ka's met haar krachtige veren, en snijdt hen open met haar schaar. Ja, een dokter is zij. Met liefde heelt zij wonden. 19. Zij is dan de chirurg in haar tempel, tot allen die tot haar zijn gekomen en haar volgen. 20. Het verdwaalde geneest zij, en hun ka's opent zij. Zij werkt, terwijl zij haar mond opent, en doet haar handel in liefde. 21. Tussen twee kaken zet zij de verlorenen, en zo geneest zij hen. Ja, uit diepe velden trekt zij hen, om hun voeten op een rots te zetten. Ja, haar rotsen zijn dan zacht, maar vast. 22. En Anubis roept hen na die bij haar komen en haar volgen, en doet verslag uit bij de koning. En ook de koning kent haar. Zij is de Isis-Sekhmet. 23. Ja, nieuwe adem brengt zij hen die haar volgen, en doet hun longen opbloeien. Zij is de Isis-Sekhmet. Zij wacht in warme kamers, waar haar vlammen gloeien en waaruit haar winden waaien. 24. Zij dan gaan op pad om het verlorene te vinden. Ja, allen kent zij bij name. 25. Zij is de leeuw die springt. Zij is de Isis-Sekhmet. In snelheid voert zij oorlog en handel. In liefde overwint zij, keer op keer. Zij is de Isis-Sekhmet. 26. Op de ark staat zij op de uitkijk, en zij ziet de muren die hen omringen. Dan verzamelt zij, en scheurt zij. Zij is de Isis-Sekhmet. 27. Zij staat dichtbij de bron, en doet verslag uit keer op keer. Zij veegt koningen van het veld, en verzamelt hen in flessen. 28. Zij heeft zebra-tijgers die loeren, en zebra-leeuwen en leeuwen die alles in de gaten houden. Zij is de Isis-Sekhmet. 29. Zij opent de ka en geeft haar vleugels. En doet de obelisk van Re in haar rijzen. 30. Ja, de Apis heeft zij gezonden tot hen die zij liefheeft en beschermt, en met haar kandelaren heeft ze hen omringd. 31. Tot Adaka is zij gesneld, om hen die zij beschermd tussen twee kaken te zetten. 32. Ja, zij kent het wereldschip van de angst. Ja, tussen kaken heeft zij hen gezet.

4.

Opening van de Ka

1.Open dan nu, oh ka, en laat ka stromen. Als aangeraakt door de Isis-Sekmeth, ja, omhuld door de zachtheid van Isis-Nut, zij kan stromen. 2.Open dan nu je vleugels, ka, en wapper, opdat je zult kunnen vliegen. Ja, je bent nu vrij, onder de aanraking van Isis-Sekmeth, ja, omringd door de zachtheid van Isis-Nut. 3.Oh, lichaam, weest dan gedoopt in ka, en wordt verrijkt door haar vuur. Gij, die tot diep in de kamers van Isis zijt gekomen, vinde haar. 4.Ka, open dan je deuren, en beweeg als de zachte lente. Ja, gij bent dan zachte lente geworden in Isis-Sekmeth, en door Isis-Nut zijt gij binnengegaan.

Isis-Sekmeth

1.

Over koning David

1.Gij hebt dan koning David aangeraakt, hij die de krokodillen hoedt, en koning over hen is. Ja, hij dan was wachtende, om de ka te zien openen. 2.Gij hebt hem dan met uw vleugelen bedekt, en zijn ka geopend. Ja, door Isis-Nut is hij ingegaan, een zachte wind. 3.Tussen kaken hebt gij hem gezet. Nu is hij dan vrij, tot Mozes ging hij. Vrij als een vogel vliegt zijn ka nu, tot uw kandelaren ging hij, oh Isis-Sekhmet. 4.Gij laat hem heersen over koningen. Als een keizer is hij. Geen vogel van hem laat gij ter aarde vallen. 5.Gij draagt hem op uw vleugelen. Tussen de kaken hebt gij hem gezet. Gij voert dan oorlogen in zachte lentes om zomers te brengen. 6.Gij laat dan koning David opstaan, als de krokodil. Ja, zijn ka hebt gij gebalsemd, en met zorg hebt gij hem gemummificeerd. 7.Gij hebt hem niet overgeleverd in de handen van zijn vijanden. Gij hebt hem uit het leeuwengraf laten rijzen. Ja, zijn ka bekleedde gij met goud, en vanuit edelstenen liet gij zijn woorden opkomen. 8.Als uit de slaap opgerezen waren zij, als uit de dood zijn zwaard. 9. Vanuit zijn ka rijst hij op, want zij heeft haar ka in hem gelegd. Haar ka is dan, de Isis-Nut. 10. Vanuit zijn ka maakt hij beslissingen, en voert hij oorlogen. En haar ka geeft hem de overwinning als de bruisende kandelaar.

2.

De thee van Tefnut

1. Drinkende van de wateren van Tefnut, daalde ik tot de grotten van Shu. 2. Ja, Nut wachtte mij daar op, zij die de hemelen draagt. 3. Sobek opende mijn ka aldaar, terwijl ik de sleutelen droeg. Ik had gedronken van de thee van Tefnut, het brandende water. Ja, tot Neith daalde ik af. 4. Moeder God, wees mij steeds genadig als ik tot U nader. Gij bent het brandende vuur. 5. Ik dronk, ik dronk, en daalde af. Niet wetende wat ik tegen zou komen. Ja, Nun die naast Sobek zwom, mij de weg versperrende. Maar in het dodenrijk kwam ik boven, en zij leidden mij tot de hoge bomen. 6. Ja, van Tefnut's sterke drank heb ik gedronken, vuil lag op de wateren, en ik daalde diep. Ja, Nut heb ik gered. Ik opende hen die daar opgesloten lagen. 7. Neith heeft tot mij gesproken, in donder kwam zij, als de luipaard en de jaguar. Zij gilte in de nacht, en ik maakte haar stem groot. Tot haar grotten bracht zij mij, om het oude Egypte te zien. 8. Van de thee en de wijn van Tefnut dronk ik, van een gouden beker, en zij liet mij in de grot van oude dingen afdalen. 9. In zilver zat zij daar, en ik kreeg een gouden mond, ja, als de kaak van Sobek was ik. 10. Moeder God, Neith, wees mij genadig als ik u help. Gij bent het brandende vuur. 11. Ik heb de deuren geopend. Teruggaan kan niet meer, we moeten nu gaan. 12. Ja, dronken werd ik, terwijl ik naar Tefnut staarde, en vuur verslond mij, om tot de urn van Sobek te gaan, de geribbelde. 13. Ja, Neith verslond mij in haar liefde. Ik ben gekomen uit de slangenmaag, mijn vlag hoog gerezen. Ik heb vertrouwen, wat zij mij gaf. Haar muren zijn

om me heen. 14. En ik grijp naar de echo's van Nut, maar zij glijden weg, en ik volg hen. Nog zoveel wegen te begaan. 15. Als ik haar aanraak verteert ze, als de staaf van Spricht verdunt zij, totdat ik haar volg. Ja, lang wordt ze als ik dichterbij komt. Totdat ze in echo's verdwijnt. 16. Als ik haar roep, zij hoort me niet, maar als ik haar volg, vangt ze het op. 17. Geen tijd dan om stil te staan. Ik heb alles gehoord.

Geb aan Nut

18. Ik kan haar niet zien. Ze is te ver weg. Ze heeft geschenken weggedragen, wachtende totdat ik volg. Door delirium spreekt zij, als het leeuwenvirus. 19. Nut, pak m'n hand. Verdrink niet meer. Bij mij sta je op vaste grond, ik ben Geb. 20. Nut, pak mijn hand. Anubis zal ons verzoenen. Op de Sobek zullen we varen, naar een nieuwe stad. 21. Moeder Neith nemen we mee, en drinken nog een slok van Tefnut's thee. Ja, nachthee nam zij voor ons mee, bracht ons tot deze plek. 22. Toe, verdrink niet meer. Er is nu aarde onder je voeten. Rijs nu op. Je hebt mijn vlag in je hand. Kijk op. 23. Geb is hier, heeft je genomen, tot een nieuw leven. Vader Shu hebben we gevonden, moeder Neith brachten we mee. 24. Er zijn nieuwe schepen die op ons wachten, vanuit de Sobek komen ze voort. 25. Nun spreekt je aan, het is een nieuwe dag. In de Apis-Ba zijn we veilig, hij brengt ons tot de Isis-Sekmeth. 26. Onze vrienden hebben ons hier gevonden. Ze zullen snel bij ons zijn. Ze hebben alles gezien.

Wadjet

1.

Inleiding

1. Weest niet boos op het lijden dat je ondergaat, want het is de tunnel tot mij. Je wilt toch in je hart verbonden zijn aan mij ? Nu, dit zijn de initiaties. 2. Ik ben de heilige cobra van beneden Egypte, ik spreek in jouw hart met een stem van duister licht. In mijn hallen vinden overal dingen plaats die lijken op meedogenloosheid, maar die niets anders zijn dan inwijdingen. 3. Ja, het is een hoge prijs om goddelijk te zijn, en om een spreekbuis van het goddelijke te zijn. Het zou je nergens leiden, als je van de boze wereld zou zijn. 4. De naald moet diep steken om je los te kunnen maken uit de lichten die jou lieten knechten. 5. De stemmen van het oude Egypte komen vrij wanneer de naald steekt. Zij moeten andere energieke verhoudingen leggen. 6. Ook de worstelingen die je met de goden hebt zijn niet om je pijn te doen, maar om je vertrouwd te maken met de energieën, en om ze met elkaar te mengen. 6. De naalden van het goddelijke moeten nu eenmaal dieper gaan dan de naalden van de wereld, anders komt er geen eeuwige relatie tot stand. 7. Het lijkt allemaal erg overtrokken en overbodig, maar het moet juist over de rode lijn gaan om dingen te laten stollen en smelten op een hoger plan. 8. De naalden steken diep, daar ze de beste hormonen moeten aanmaken om je door de schijnbaar medogenloze tijden heen te brengen.

De Hallen van Annubis

9. Heil, alle gij godennamen in de eerste hallen van Annubis, waar het zonlicht het oosten van het westen scheidt, en het noorden van het zuiden. 10. Heil, alle gij godennamen verwant aan Annubis. Laat mij mijn straf niet voor eeuwig dragen, en toort niet voor eeuwig op mij, maar draagt mij tot de kou, waar mijn hart de godenboodschappen leert verstaan. 11. Laat vuur hen niet verslinden, maar leidt hen veilig door de koorden en tussen de koorden van uw kou. Laat ons de schatten van Annubis bewaren, en in ijs langzaam vertalen. 12. Schijn het godenlicht der eerste hallen op mij,

want wij komen van vele kanten binnen. 13.Gij hebt ons dan verspreid, en zullen elkaar vinden in uw centrum. Genees ons aldus op onze reis. 14.Wij dan die voorbereid zijn op de dood, terwijl wij leven, laat ons komen tot de eerste hallen van Annubis, van alle richtingen. Wij zijn met velen. 15.Wij getuigen van uw kringen. Laat ons eten van uw vurige voedsel, om onze harten op te wekken, en laat ons zijn als het zonlicht. 16.Wij dan, die de boeken van Toth hebben geopend, hebben onze hoofden gebogen, en ons gelaat gericht tot de zon. Oh, Annubis, in onze handen tonen wij uw wonden, die wij met u dragen, oh heer des doods. 17.Wij laten ons leven achter ons, en strekken ons uit naar de dood, omdat er geen leven is dan door de dood. Wij dan strekken ons uit naar het eeuwig leven, ja, tot het hiernamaals, waar onze geest zetel mag nemen. 18.Maak ons dan farao over velen, om hen bescherming en zorg te geven, vanuit ons terugtrekken tot duistere plaatsen. 19.Ja, door sleutels af te geven leidt u ons, tot de macht der slaap, waarvanuit uw rode zachte licht stroomt om velen te voeden. 20.Ja, het zij zo, door onze ogen te sluiten. Annubis, u bent de heer des doods en van de rode lichten. U hebt genezing laten stromen en voeding vanuit het oog der slaap. En dit oog is groot. 21.Wij sluiten onze ogen nu, en denken aan al die farao's die de doden mogen leiden, zij die zachte woorden spreken in hun slaap. 22.Wij sluiten onze ogen nu, om de waakvlammen der farao's te zien, en om in te gaan tot de tweede hallen van Annubis. 23.Wij komen allen van verschillende richtingen, om één te worden in veelvuldigheid en kleurigheid. 24.Doe uw zachte rode natte stem horen, als opvlammende vanuit het zachte vuur der slaap. Geef ons het blauwe vuur om de poorten voor ons te openen, om tot de derde hallen van Annubis te gaan. 25.Ziet, wij komen van vele kanten, om één te worden in het centrum en hart van Annubis, heer en verzorger der dood. 26.Ja, u, de jakhals en de zwarte valk, u bent de beschermer van de dood. 27.Kom met krachtige bescherming om ons binnen te leiden in het licht. U bent het licht, en u spreekt vanuit vele kanten, maar uw woord is één. 28.Vanuit diepe duisternissen zijn wij gekomen, met de voorgeschreven lichtende monsters hebben wij geworsteld, en door onze dood overwonnen, ja, want de dood is als een verlamdend gif, en een meesterwapen. 29.Wij dan zijn gevlucht. Laat dan ons niet meer tot hun vlees zijn, maar redt ons, en verzegel de deuren achter ons. Neem ons op in uw districten, oh Annubis. 30.Bestijg dan allen uw zonnewagens om te gaan tot de derde hallen van Annubis, om daar elkanders schaduwen te ontmoeten, en elkaars weerspiegelingen. 31.Ja, hier zullen wij elkaar lichte adem schenken, als een geschenk der komende eenheid. Hier dan troont Osiris, heer der dodenrijken, en rechter der dodenrijken, waar hij met de twee valken spreekt. 32.Gij hebt dan in het oog van Osiris gekeken, om tot diepere slaap te komen, en om rein te zijn bij de komende ontmoetingen. 33.De rijken der doodsslaap zijn dan heilig en onmisbaar. 34. Oh heilige Zitmeja, boog en beeld van Osiris en zwaard van Annubis, wij buigen tot u, om de heilige as te ontvangen die ons tot leven brengt, ja, het zaad der doodsslaap. 35. Laat ons dan onze voeten bewegen in het dodenrijk, en onze handen voortbewegen over de muren, om de knoppen van Annubis te vinden die tot zaligheid leiden. 36.Zitmeja help ons daarbij, en smelt het ijzer waar zij knelt en tegenhoudt. Gij dan bent de heilige oven van Ra.

Het lied van Annubis

37. Annubis, geef ons dagelijks voedsel van uw troon en van het zwarte kruid der vogelspinnen, om ons te beschermen in de vierde hallen van Annubis, en om kracht te geven voor verdere doorgang. 38. Ja, want hier troont Ra, de kleurrijke roofvogel. Laat ons verder ingaan, door de nauwe ingangen van Amen waardoor wij gevormd worden. 39.Laat ons niet bezwijken door de harde slagen van Annubis, maar brengt ons uw voedsel, waardoor ook gij tot uw troon der doodsslaap gebracht werd. 40.Wij als Egyptenaren vrezen en verafschuwen de dood niet, daar het een teken van leven is, en een doorgang tot het hiernamaals, waar onze geesten nu al mee mogen beginnen.

41. Geef de dood als een levensvlam in onze harten, om onze zielen te hoeden en te voeden. Ja, om haar klaar te maken voor de rode zuivering. Annubis, u bent ons heil. 42. U bent de verschaffer van voedsel, ook voor de doden, om hen klaar te maken voor de klederen die als de rivieren zijn. 43. Geef ons de helmen, opdat de krokodillen in zeeën van Umniat in de vijfde hallen van Annubis niet dichtbij kunnen komen. 44. Ja, Amon in het centrum, laat het blauwe licht op ons neerdalen, opdat we de wapenen hebben om dieper binnen te komen in Omnut-Ra. 45. Koop dan van het goud dat wij brengen en geef ons de levendmakende heilige poeders om onze klederen soepel te houden, en om ons één te maken. 46. Leer ons van het boek der scarabeeën. Oh, heilige Amon, vriend van Annubis, laat uw vriendschap ook tot ons komen, om de bruggen van Omnut-Ra te bestijgen, opdat het blauwe zachte licht verspreidt wordt. Zij wordt dan vastgehouden in hoge kokers. 47. Om de wapenen van de omliggende zeeën van Maritir te doen laten ontwaken als de schreeuwen van heilige vogels, schenk het blauwe poeder in de heilige bekers die wij dagelijks van uur tot uur van Annubis ontvangen. 48. Brengt ons dan tot de dieptes van Maritir, waar de boze dood spreekt. Laat ons speeksel dan vol zijn met het vuur van Haratma-Annubis, opdat wij niet door de kou verscheurd worden. 49. Zingt nu dan oh Annubis, de tonen en klanken om ons vuur te doen rijzen, tot in de kanalen van onze neus, om de godenboodschappen naar binnen te drijven. Zingt dan nu, oh Annubis, en opent uw schalen, om het rode te verspreiden, om de dood te begeleiden. 50. Zij die hun ogen gesloten hebben vrezen niet. Uw priesters bestijgen de trappen van goud, om hun zegen te brengen tot de dieren van Annubis. 51. Uw keel opent als het rode licht, als de zwavel van een nieuwe dag. 52. Ontwaak Annubis, en schrijf uw boek, en spreek de woorden uit, één voor één, met meerdere stemmen, en laat uw dieren spreken, één voor één, om ons in alle hoeken te bewaken. Bewaak onze monden en hoofden, en bovenal onze ogen en harten. 53. Meng uw dagelijkse lichten en breng hen tot ons, over uw heilige tong, de zonnenbrug. In u ontwaakt dan ook Osiris, om ons in te wijden in de tempelen van Annubis en in zijn diepste hallen. 54. Van dood tot dood zullen wij gaan om hen allen te doen ontwaken en te verenigen, omdat wij tezamen het levenslicht zullen ontvangen. 55. Boven op de schaal van Amros, waar het bruisende vuur ons leidt, tot een nieuwe eeuwigheid, om het boek van Annubis wederom te openen. 56. Haar verzen zullen gestreeld worden door de katten van Annubis, en haar woorden zullen geopend worden, om tot de grafkamers van Annubis te komen. En op zijn heilige sarcophagen staan dan al deze woorden geschreven en zij zijn heilig. 57. Zingt dan nu, oh Annubis, de kelen uwer vogelen zijn geopend, om het gele levenslicht rijkelijk op te vangen, om de gele spiegels te openen, opdat de nieuwe farao plaatsneemt, om de troonrijzende vanuit de sarcofaag, 58. Ja, Annubis is vlees geworden, door het aanraken der uiterste geest. Ontwaak dan Annubis, en waak over de tafelen van het hart, om hen te laten spreken, de valken van Annubis Egypte, vanuit de oude uren. 59. Zij dan branden bruisend, om elke schuilhoek te zuiveren. Adem van Annubis, waak op als de heilige slang der scarabeeën, en rijst op door de keel, om het groene zachte licht te zaaien. 50. Het is de hartenadem, de slangenscarabee. En zo zijn de miniaieten de beschermers en schelpen der hersenen, ontwakende door de rijzende slangenscarabee. 51. Zij ligt als een helm op het hoofd van de sarcofaag van de farao van Annubis, door hem uitverkoren.

Schilden

52. En zo zijn de isramieten de beschermers der tepelen, die als klokken zijn en als de beschermers der geest zijn. 53. De Ramhaieten zijn de beschermers der levers, als koperen sierwerk op de lever van de sarcofaag van de farao van Annubis. 54. Mirestaken zijn de beschermers en bewoners van de milt. Ontwarketten zijn de beschermers der darmen en andere delen der ingewanden. 55. Witskieën zijn de beschermers der voeten. Arantreien zijn de beschermers der benen, en Skitzien zijn de

beschermers der ogen, allemaal aanwezig op de sacrofaag van de farao van Annubis. Oktoskaten zijn de beschermers der tanden, en der mond. 56. Wiktikaten zijn de beschermers der armen en handen. Wiktunetten zijn de beschermers der longen. Irammen zijn de beschermers van de ademhaling en de neus. 57. Rumifautessen zijn de beschermers van de geslachtsdelen en het sexuele verkeer. Katakaten zijn de beschermers van de spraak en de stem. 58. Oh heilige kataken, bescherm mijn spraak en stem steeds weer, door de slangenscarabee, de koning der scarabeen bent gij opgewekt, vanuit de bescherming van het hart. Ja, gij moogt uw zetelen hebben in het hart, en gij moogt de emoties bespelen. 59. Oh heilige kataken, kom steeds weer, wanneer daar onrecht is. 60. Oh heilige kataken, oh werkers van Annubis, gij heilige dieren aan zijn zachte rivieren, gij zijt als de beren met de lange nekken, om de hoge vruchten van Annubis uit zijn bomen te eten. 61. Ja, deze vruchten bruisen van rood vuur. Oh, Annubis, zegen deze langen, uw zachten. Zij vinden dan steeds doorgang, omdat uw zegen op hen rust. 62. Tel dan al uw heilige stammen en vergeet niet één van hen, zij die telkens voor uw aangezicht komen om vele toegewijde harten te genezen. Ja, de toewijding is dan als heilig sieraad van Annubis. 63. Aan Osiris, van de godenbark, aan wiens rechterzijde de blauwe hond zit, en aan zijn linkerzijde de rode hond. Gezegend zijt gij, door Horus, uw zoon, u tegemoetkomende. 64. Zeventig dagen zal Annubis, de getrouwe, en wachter van de dood, uw lichaam balsemen en mummificeren. Gij dan die de ochtend en avondbark in de handen houdt, Nun, hef Osiris, mijn vader op, als de kandelaar van Katajip. 65. Wij dan allen reizen tot Katajip, waar wij herreizen aan de uiteindes van de nacht. Waar de gouden Bastet zich opent, waar onze lendenen zich oprichten, waar wij baden in de stomende en bruisende lichten, die haar stem dragen, die telkens in de stilte verdwijnt. 66. Wij kennen de moed niet van één die dapper doordraaft, maar zij die tot in de tomben der voorvaderen afdalen hebben moed. Zij die ontwaken om weer te slapen, zij die aan het hart van Osiris zitten. 67. Ja, zij zijn als de getrouwe scarabeen der pharao's, en zij hebben de sleutelen tot de zilveren en gouden lichten. Zij dan zijn de dragers der stemmen van voorvaderen, om hen in stilte te doen laten afdalen, tot een lichtend spoor. 68. Zij dan die moed hebben zijn niet hen die durven te spreken, maar hen die hun mond durven te houden. Spoedig dan zullen de gouden lichten tot in de handen afdalen, als de oude schatten der farao's gevonden worden. 69. Dan zal de wereld wederom gebaad worden in licht, waarin de zielen verdrinken om de onsterfelijke geesten der zeeën voort te brengen. Want wij reizen van graf tot graf, om van de eeuwige paprika en de eeuwige boter te kunnen eten, waar wij de onsterfelijke lotusbloemen ruiken. 70. Wij vieren dan het sterven van de ziel, opdat onze geest daardoor in onsterfelijkheid wederomgeboren wordt. Wanneer dan de bastet zich openbaart als het lichtende kind, dan sterven alle andere lichten. Zij dan is het onsterfelijke licht, daar haar ziel sterft van dag tot dag. 71. Zij dan die de zilveren en gouden lichten in ons opent, wij die dicht aan het hart van Osiris zitten.

2.

De vrijmaking van Sobek

1. Ja, hier reizen wij, door de thee van Tefnut. Hier zien wij de lichtende gestalten. Ja, van haar heilige beker drinken wij, tot door de dodenrijken van de koude. Zoveel slokken, de sleutel tot Isis' kamers, waar de koude hand ons vindt, ja, als de hand van Anubis, ons mummificerende in ijs. 2. Leidt ons naar de grotten van Kuk en Huh, oh grote Wadjet-Wepwawet, heer der adem. Open dan de ureausen van adem in onze armen en borst, opdat wij onze handen op heilige dingen leggen, ja, deze dingen van Shu. Hij is dan de heer van het oude. Wij willen zijn lichtpaden volgen tot aan de grafsteden. 3. Wie het woord heeft gehoord, volg het. Oh Anubis, open dan onze adem en breng ons

tot de grotten van het oude, ja, daar waar Shu zich bevindt. Daar waar wij zijn twee wolven kunnen zien. Geef ons dan het oog van Shu. Anubis, gij die as tot leven wekt, gij die komt van boven en onderen, strekt uit, en grijp, opdat gij het tot de schatkamers zult brengen. 4. Draag dan de vliezen van Sobek tot de grotten, en blaas uw ka er doorheen. Breng dan de Sobek tot leven door uw heilige staf, oh Anubis. Wij wachten allen op u. Oh, Anubis, breng dan Sobek, de heer der ribbels, tot het oude, opdat hij daar tot leven kome. Breng hem tot diep in de kamers van Isis, opdat hij daar adem ontvangt. 5. Ja, laat Kuk en Huh zijn armen zijn en zijn adem, en laat Kauket en Hauhet zijn benen zijn en zijn licht, opdat hij zich moge voortbewegen als de ka-boot. Laat Min zijn wegen openen en hem op zijn reis behoeden. Ja, laat Min hem vruchtbaar maken. Hij dan is tussen de kaken gezet, opdat hij vrij is. Ja, vrij is hij in Amaunet en Naunet. 6. Hij kon dan de stenen niet breken die op hem waren gelegd, maar nu zijn de stenen gebroken door de druk van zijn geduld. En Hij is vrijgemaakt om vrij te maken. Geheeld om te helen. De staf van Anubis heeft hem tot leven gewekt. Door Isis-Sekhmet is hij binnengegaan. 7. Ja, bruisend in kolkende zeeën is hij. Uit de nieuwe ark kwam hij voort, om ka's te vervullen. Als een woesteling vaart hij door grafsteden, ja zo woest als Nun-Wepwawet is Hij.

De geboden van Sobek

8. En dit zijn dan de geboden van Sobek, opgetekend in de nieuwe ark : Hebt dan het oude lief, opdat gij daardoor verjongd wordt. Hebt dan het wilde lief, opdat gij uzelf tot orde kunt roepen. Hebt dan het arme lief, opdat gij ware rijkdom zult vinden. En zoekt dan het ijs als kostbare edelstenen, en zondert uzelf af om heilige dienst te verrichten. 9. Zo zult gij uw zielen behouden. Ziet dan, Sobek is in de doden afgedaald en weer levend geworden.

De geboden van Aton

10. En ziet, dit zijn dan de heilige geboden van Aton, opgetekend in de nieuwe ark : Heft u dan op in vlammen door ijs verkregen, want hij die zonder ijs is, is als een schip zonder zee. Laten dan de allerheiligste lieden in hun harten tezamen komen om de stralen die elkaar verbinden te doorbreken en te doorklieven, opdat het ijs zal voortkomen om uw zielen te behouden. 11. Dit zijn dan de heilige geboden van Aton. En door deze te doen, zal uw ka voortvloeien.

En ik zag een nieuwe tempel, en ik zag een nieuwe hemel en aarde, en ik zag Aton voortkomen op zijn troon, terwijl zijn ka voortvloeide. Ja, als vuur en ijs was zijn verschijning, als de rode draak. En ik zag hem het lichaam van een man in stukken breken, en hij maakte er een vrouw van, terwijl er een geesteswezen voortkwam. En Aton sprak aldus deze woorden : Eet dan van wat er gezegd wordt, en spuug het niet uit, maar verteer het, opdat de schat tot u zal komen. En Aton leerde dan wat zijn discipelen moesten verdragen om Zijnerwille. En Hij sprak tot zijn discipelen : Vult dan nu mijn tempelen en herbouwt deze. En Hij liet beelden maken van de goden, om ze in de tempelen te laten plaatsen. En de macht van deze tempelen werden groot. En zo kwamen er verschillende volkeren voort, genaamd de Atonieten en de Gezonieten. En de Gezonieten deden dan dienst in de tempel. En Aton zag dat het goed was. En de Gezonieten waren dan het priesterlijke geslacht van Aton. En de reizen van Sobek door de onderwereld werden opgetekend. En er kwam grote rust tot zijn volk.

Sobek Amduat

1.

De kamers van Nut

1. Het boek van de rondzwervingen van de Sobek door de onderwerelden. Waarheen moet ik dan gaan ? vroeg de Sobek aan Aton, de allerhoogste. 2.En Aton legde zijn hand op Sobek en sprak : Door de kamers van Nut zult gij gaan, totdat gij in de kamers van Isis vrij zult zijn. 3.Gij zult vele kamers moeten zien, en zo zult gij dan worden tot een klok. 4.Ja, uw wegen zult gij telkens weer moeten herhalen, maar het zal telkens anders zijn, want mijn hand van veranderingen rust op u. En Sobek nam een staf, en sloeg de rode deur open. 5.In de kamer van Nut sprongen lichte gestalten op hen, die langer en langer werden, terwijl hij zwaarder en zwaarder werd. 6.Ja, tot Aton riep Hij, en Aton kwam Hem ter hulp. Zo heeft hij dan die Sobek heeft, Aton als hulp. 7.En een duif daalde neer op Sobek, en Aton sprak : Ziet dan hier, dit is de deur tot mij. En de aarde en de hemelen beefden, terwijl Aton deze woorden uitsprak. En een zwarte slang verscheen in duistere wolken. 8.Toen daalde een raaf op Sobek neer, en Sobek ging tot de tweede kamer van Nut. En daar zag hij, die zwaar was, Nut geschenken tot hem brengen, maar bereiken deden ze hem niet. 9.En Sobek begon te roepen, maar zij hoorde niet. Ja, toen riep Sobek tot Aton, en Aton kwam hem te hulp. Zo heeft dan hij die Sobek heeft, Aton als hulp. 10.En Anubis, de verzoener kwam voorwaarts, en verzoende Sobek met Nut. En Nut sprak : Hebt gij dan de deur geopend ? 11.Zalig zijt gij. En weer verscheen de zwarte slang in de wolken, en het begon te bliksemen. Toen had de Sobek toegang tot de derde kamer van Nut. En er was vuur dat daar brandde. En de draken van Nut waren daar, en zij was zelf draak. 12.En Sobek legde zijn handen tegen zijn voorhoofd, want er kwam een gouden band om zijn hoofd. En Nut sprak : Zalig zijn zij die de klem van Nut dragen, want zij zullen bevrijding kennen. 13.Wie mijn klem niet heeft, zal nooit echt vrij zijn. En Sobek kreeg vleugelen door de gouden klem, en Hij was met Nut in de lucht. 14.En toen werd de vierde kamer van Nut voor Sobek geopend, en Sobek werd als het goud. 15.En een nieuwe aarde kwam onder zijn voeten, en hij kreeg de staf van Geb.

De strijd tegen Anubis

16. Nu was het dan tijd om tot Shu te gaan, het oude. En het oude lag opgeborgen diep in de hemelen onder de aarde. 17.En zo ging hij dan met Nut door de kamers van Shu, totdat hij kwam in de kamers van Isis, en deze kamers waren vol van ijs. 18.En toen nam Nut de gouden klem van hem af en gaf hem de klem van ijs, de klem van Isis. En Sobek brulde, want hij was vrij. 19.Zo zijn er dan vele klemmen van de goden om tot vrijheid te leiden. En tot Sobek kwamen oude farao's om hem oude geschenken te brengen, en deze geschenken waren als ijs. 20.En het ijs was van zo'n kou dat het goddelijk was en als edelsteen. 21.En men noemde het 'echter'. En het echter dan was harder dan diamant, en het was taai en soepel. En Sobek werd bekleed met echter. 22.En Sobek werd als de sprekende. En toen werd Sobek geleid tot de tempel van David, waar het graf van David was. 23.En hij zag daar de Anubis zitten op de doodskist van koning David. En hij raakte in gevecht met Anubis over het lichaam van koning David, en hij overwon, en nam plaats op de doodskist. 24.'Ja, op deze kist zal ik rijden,' sprak de Sobek, 'op deze kist zal ik varen. Op deze kist heb ik toegang tot de kamers van Nut en de kamers van Neith.' 25.En een jaguar stond voor Sobek, en nam hem mee tot de kamers van Neith. En zij was als een brullende, spuwende vuur. 26.En Sobek kalmeerde haar. En Sobek stapte van de doodskist af, waarop hij had gereden, en opende de kist. 27.En de kist was als een ark, en paste precies in de nieuwe ark. Zo herbergt de kist van David dan vele geheimen, en vele boeken. 28.En Sobek ging op de ark zitten, en sprak : 'Op de ark zal ik zitten, op de ark zal ik gaan, als mijn voertuig door de kamers, ja, tot de diepste kamers van Neith zal ik gaan.' 29.Maar hij kreeg daar geen toegang. En Sobek vocht met de jaguar. Neith brulde en spuwde vuur. 30.Hij was niet gemachtigd om tot de diepere kamers van Neith te gaan. En ze vocht tegen hem als een leeuw. 31.Toen riep Sobek om Aton, en Aton kwam hem ter hulp, en ook Anubis kwam met Aton. En

Anubis verzoende Sobek met Neith en de jaguar. 32.En Aton was als een rode straal, openende de deuren van de diepere kamers van Neith. 33.Hier stonden de graven van Mozes en van de engel Michael. En op de doodskist van Michael zat een zwarte hond, die geleek op een spin en een jaguar. 34.En weer moest Sobek vechten tegen Anubis. Anubis schreeuwde, terwijl Sobek werd als een dove. 35.Ditmaal kwam Aton hem niet te hulp, en het was alsof hij geheel was overgeleverd aan de wraak van Anubis. 36.En het gevecht ging door, drie lange nachten, totdat uiteindelijk Neith hem tegemoetkwam. Ze brulde tot Anubis en spuwde vuur, en uiteindelijk moest Anubis de doodskist loslaten. 37.En weer paste de doodskist precies in de nieuwe ark, en Sobek beklom hem. Zo zijn er dan vele geheime wapenen in de doodskist van Michael, en in de kist heerste diepe stilte. 38.En zo werd Sobek als de nieuwe ark en zijn muil als de hoeder van vele doodskisten. En als hij zijn mond opende kwam er vuur en ijs tevoorschijn. 39.En na drie lange nachten van doodse stilte kwam Aton als een rode straal van boven tot de ark, en er waren bliksemschichten.

De verzoening met Anubis

40.En toen Sobek in de volgende kamer van Neith kwam, viel weer een zwarte hond hem aan, en deze hond was als de dood zelf. 41.En Sobek was als verblind voor enige tijd. En Neith was er niet, en ook Aton niet. En uiteindelijk bevond hij zich in een doodskist die van hemzelf was, en de zwarte hond. 42.En hij rees tenslotte op als Sobek-Anubis. Ja, als een wolf was hij. In eenzaamheid groeide hij op. 43.En zo werd Sobek tot de oprijzende zon. En toen Sobek weer door de kamers van Nut ging, waren ze als twee lichtende insecten. 44.En Nut sprak tot Sobek als lichtend vuur. 45.En toen Sobek weer door de kamers van Shu ging, ging Nut met hem mee als de lichtende stem. 46.En toen zij uiteindelijk de kamers van Isis hadden bereikt, was Isis als een grijze hond, en zij zat daar in droefheid. Zij was in droefheid om wat Anubis haar had aangedaan. 47.En Sobek troostte haar. 'Al jaren bewaak ik de kamers van Re,' sprak zij. Maar nu was de toegang haar ontzegd. 48.En toen snelde ze tot haar grafkamers. En hier lagen de sarcofagen en dodenmaskers van vele farao's, en ook de doodskist van de engel Gabriel. 49.En Sobek verslond die allen. Uiteindelijk kwam ze bij haar eigen doodskist en graf, en ging erop zitten. Maar Sobek duwde haar weg en verslond haar graf, haar doodskist en alle schatten die er lagen. 50.Snel sprong ze op Sobek's rug en Sobek ging richting de kamers van Ra. Maar Ra, die als een vogel was, begon te krijsen. 51.Maar Sobek liet de straal van Aton op Ra neerdalen, en die gaf hem toegang. En zo ging Sobek met Isis op zijn rug door de tunnels en doorgangen van Ra, en kwam tot zijn kamers. 52.Hier waren de doodskisten van Jahweh, Christus, en vele engelen. Sobek slokte deze allen op, en was voor enige tijd ziek. 53.En weer moest hij strijden tegen Anubis. Ditmaal vochten Isis en Ra met hem mee. 54.Maar de strijd tegen Anubis was zwaar, en alle drie werden ze uit de kamers van Ra verdreven. En ook Ra werd tot een grijze hond. 55.En Ra en Isis waren zo aangedaan over wat Anubis hen had aangedaan, dat Sobek hen moest troosten, drie lange nachten. 56.En Sobek's troost was als de zachtheid zelve. Maar weer viel Anubis aan, en verdreef hen alle drie uit de kamers van Isis tot aan de kamers van Shu. 57.Maar Shu troostte hen alle drie en werd tot een lichtend en warmend vuur om hen heen. En ze vonden troost in de oude dingen van Shu. Maar Anubis viel weer aan, en ook Shu werd tot een grijze hond. 58.En ze werden allen verdreven tot de kamers van Nut. En Nut was bedroefd om dat wat Anubis hen had aangedaan, en veranderde ook in een grijze hond. 59.En Anubis dreef hen tot de kamers van Sobek, maar ook daar waren zwarte honden, en verder komen konden ze niet. 60.En weer werden ze gedreven door de kamers van Nut, door de kamers van Shu, door de kamers van Isis, door de kamers van Ra, tot aan de kamers van Neith. 61.En in de verte zagen ze Sobek's kamers weer, maar konden daar niet komen, want overal waren zwarte honden. 62.En toen werden ze weer teruggedreven, door de kamers van Ra, van Isis, van Shu en van Nut tot aan de kamers van

Sobek. 63.En zo was de klok geworden als een gebroken cirkel, en ze gingen telkens voorwaarts en achterwaarts, terwijl het aantal zwarte honden leek te groeien. 64.Maar ook de kamers leken te groeien, en nieuwe kamers tussenin begonnen open te gaan. En uiteindelijk zakten ze door tot de kamers van Aton. 65.Anubis stond naast Aton, als een lange zwarte hond, en achter hen lag de doods-kist van Anubis en Aton. 66.Weer raakte Sobek verblind, en uiteindelijk lag hij in deze doods-kist, en rees op als Anat-Sobek. 67.En Aton verzoende Sobek met Anubis, met een dubbele verzoening. En een dubbele verzoening wordt niet snel verbroken. 68.En Sobek kreeg een klem van echter, de klem van Anubis. 69.En Sobek kwam dan tot de doods-kist die alleen van Anubis was, en die zijn lichaam herborg. 70.En Sobek ging op de kist liggen. En op die kist stond ook een urn van Anubis. En Sobek dronk hieruit, en nam een sprong. 71.En deze sprong was zo ver dat hij op de doods-kist van Aton alleen was gekomen. Ook hier stond een urn, die van Aton was, en Sobek, die Sebek was, dronk van deze. 72.En weer sprong Sobek zo ver, dat hij weer op de kist van Anubis lag. En Aton verzoende Sebek met Anubis drievoudig. 73.En de rode zon daalde tot Sebek neer, en kwam tussen zijn horens. En Aton sprak woorden tot de Sebek die niemand kon verstaan. 74.En aan Sebek werd macht gegeven woorden en boeken te zuiveren. 75.Ja, aan hem werd gegeven rechten en wetten te herschrijven, en hiertoe gebruikte hij een zilveren pen, een gouden pen, een rode pen en een bloedzilveren pen. 76.En de inkt was gemaakt van echter, en van het zuivere van de farao's. En zo herschreef Sebek de woorden der tijden en de boeken van het oude en heilige in één dag en één nacht. 77.En deze nacht werd genoemd de rode nacht, en deze nacht was zeer lang. 78.En na deze nacht kwam Aton tot Sebek en sloeg hem op de kaak. En Aton en Sebek werden verzoend vijfvoudig. 79.En Anubis werd door Aton en Sebek opgedragen om de aarde en alles wat daarop en daarin was te oordelen binnen een bepaalde tijd. 80.En haastig vluchtte Anubis tot de wereld, wetende dat hij weinig tijd had. 81.En Anubis' werk droeg veel vrucht, en Aton en Sebek waren trots op hem. Anubis kwam dan tot Maat, met een mand waarin hij de aarde droeg met al wat daarin was. 82.En Ammut kwam voorwaarts om de wereld te verslinden. 83.Maar Maat hield hem tegen. En Maat haalde dan het hart uit de wereld en legde het op een weegschaal. 84.En later legde zij ook de andere harten op deze weegschaal, en daarna hun andere organen. 85.En Sebek had haar wetten herschreven door de staf van Mozes en de staf van Jahweh. 86.En toen verzoende Aton Sebek met Maat als een zesvoudig sieraad. En Sobek begon te brullen, en vuur begon uit hem voort te komen om de aarde en alles wat daarop leefde en alles wat daarin en daaronder leefde te testen. 87.En weer werd Ammut opzij gedrukt, want ziet, hij was zeer hongerig. Maar toen hij dat wat van de weegschaal kwam niet mocht eten, begon hij Maat aan te vallen. 88.En zij vochten voor zeven lange dagen. En Sebek nam de weegschaal en bracht het in de handen van Aton om het te laten zuiveren. Maar de weegschaal maakte zich groot tegen Aton, en viel hem aan. 89.Maar Sebek nam een ijzeren pen en graveerde nieuwe letters in de weegschaal, en de weegschaal kwam tot rust, en droeg de stralen van Aton. 90. En Aton bracht klemmen van echter en het zalige van de farao's om de weegschaal, en de weegschaal begon te spreken.

De listen van Kauket

91. En de naam van de weegschaal was Zaine, en een slang genaamd Kauket was om haar heen gekronkeld. Zij kwam van de oerzee. 92. En Aton blies op de weegschaal en sloeg een gat in de bodem om er een rode snaar doorheen te trekken. Voortaan moest alles zo dun zijn als de rode snaar, anders zou het gegeten worden door Ammut. 93. En Aton trok de snaar door tot aan het plafond. Voortaan moest ook alles zo lang zijn als de rode snaar. 94. En toen verzoende Aton Maat met Ammut. En Thoth opende boeken, en begon te meten, te wegen en te schrijven. 95.En weer kwam Anubis tot Maat. Ditmaal met een mand gevuld met de sterren en een mand gevuld met de zon en

de maan. 96. En Ammut had een klem om zijn muil, als de klem van Aton, en kon niet spreken, tenzij Aton het wilde. En ook eten kon hij niet, tenzij Aton het wilde. 97. En Kauket troostte Ammut, want deze had grote honger. En zij gaf hem vreemd brood. 98. En Ammut maakte zich groot tegen de sterren, maar Aton stak hem in zijn buik, en vele verslondenen werden verlost uit de buik van Ammut. 99. En Ammut ging in gevecht met Serket, de schorpioenenvrouw die de canopenvazen behoedde met de organen van de doden. 100. En Ammut overwon Serket voor enige tijd en begon uit haar vazen te eten. Maar uiteindelijk lokte Kauket Ammut weg met het vreemde brood. 101. En Ammut raakte verzadigd nu hij Serket had verslagen, en kwam tot rust bij het vreemde brood. 102. En de dieren der gewichten en afmetingen kwamen tot de hallen van Maat, en begonnen te eten dat wat van hen was. 103. En ook de temperaturen werden gemeten en het licht. En dat wat onder en boven de maat zat werd gegeten. 104. En zij die hongerig werden werden weggevoerd door Kauket. 105. En ook Ammut moest op de weegschaal komen, en daarna Maat, daarna Thoth, en daarna Anubis en alle goden en gediertes die in de hallen van Maat werkten. 106. Ook Aton en Sebek werden gewogen, en daarna alles wat nog buiten de hallen van Maat was. 107. Ja, elke dag moesten ze komen voor een heilige weging en een heilige meting. 108. Maar er waren enkele goden die niet gewogen en gemeten wilden worden, en zij werden door de listen van Kauket gelokt met het vreemde brood. 109. Maar er waren ook enkele goden die een oorlog begonnen tegen de plicht tot weging en meting. Zij dachten dat zij hierboven stonden. 110. En zij hadden een oorlog te voeren tegen Anubis en zijn zwarte honden. 111. En er werden nieuwe dodenboeken opgesteld, en er kwamen nieuwe helboeken. 112. En zo werd Anubis heer der hellen. En in de nacht kreeg hij drie koppen. Eén die at, één die sliep, en één die waakte. 113. Maar soms moest Kauket ook Anubis wegleiden met het vreemde brood. 114. En het as van hen die verbrand waren werd door rode banden tezamen gevoegd. Zij werden dan genoemd : de rode mummies, en zij woonden in urnen en leefden in de hellenrijken van Anubis. 115. Ja, zij waren dan zorgvuldig door hem gemummificeerd en ingegaan door uitvaartrituelen. Ook organen werden op die manier vaak gemummificeerd om tot de hellenrijken van Anubis te komen. 116. En zij die al lang in die hellenrijken leefden, veranderden 's nachts in honden. De rode honden werden zij genoemd, en zij hadden Anubis tot hun koning. 117. Zij die taken kregen in het dodenrijk veranderden daartoe in zwarte honden. 118. Er was slechts één plaats die dieper was dan de hel, en die plaats was genaamd delirium. Hier leefden de gele mummies die tot gele honden uitgroeiden. 119. Het was de plaats die zelfs Aton vreesde, want de profetieën zeiden dat hieruit iemand voort zou komen, die alle macht zou hebben op hemel en op aarde. 120. Deze zou dan voortkomen vanuit Aton, de allerhoogste. Aton, die God was van hemel en aarde, beschreven in het derde oude testament, zou plaats moeten maken voor Hem van het vierde oude testament. 121. En deze Zoon van Aton zou Aton's andere zoon, Anubis, maken tot koning der aarde. Ja, die Anubis zal de Ka zijn van de nieuwe koning van de deliriumrijken. 122. En dan zou Sobek worden tot de Ba van de nieuwe koning van de deliriumrijken, die de Zoon van Aton is. 123. En zo zullen dan Aton, Anubis en Sobek tezamen met de nieuwe koning van delirium een nieuwe viervuldigheid vormen.

2.

De Hellevaart

1. Initiaties in de tempel van Wadjet, zij die bitter is. Ik ben de cobra-godin van Beneden Egypte. Open nu je hart om mij te ontvangen. Leg je beide handen op je knieën, en adem dan in, heel diep en langzaam. 2. Jij kunt ook een rode hond worden, door mijn urn binnen te gaan. 3. De hellenrijken zijn dan om jezelf te zuiveren, als deel van jouw persoonlijke reis door de onderwereld.

4. Het is geen plaats waar slechte mensen naartoe gaan. Het is voor iedereen. Iedereen zal net als doodgaan de hellevaart moeten ondergaan, en het is goed om je daarop voor te bereiden. 5. Het is de plaats van zuivering. Adem in en stel je een piramide voor die tussen je longen zit. Adem weer in vanuit die piramide, en stel je voor dat je longen steeds verder van elkaar vandaan komen te liggen, terwijl de piramide helderder wordt en groeit. 6. Stel je nu voor dat de piramide met de punt naar beneden komt, terwijl er een oog in verschijnt. Adem dan weer in vanuit de piramide. 7. Stel je nu voor dat de piramide zwart wordt, en dat er een lichtgouden globe uit omhoog stijgt. Een gevleugelde cobra komt voort uit de globe. 8. Het is Horus-Sekhmet. Zij openen alle verborgen urnen van Wadjet. Zij omringen de urn van Horus-Sekhmet. 9. Alleen zij die ter helle zijn gevaren en de reis daar hebben voortgezet kunnen komen in het rijk van delirium, door de urn van Horus-Sekhmet. 10. In die urn zit een canopenvaas, waar een orgaan van Horus-Sekhmet zich bevindt. 11. In deze canopenvaas wordt een orgaan van jou gemummificeerd door een gele band, op zo'n manier dat je uitgroeit tot een gele mummie en daardoor in het rijk van delirium kunt komen. 12. Zij die daar veel tijd hebben doorgebracht, kunnen in gele honden veranderen. 13. De canopenvazen zijn doorgangen tot deze rijken. Zij worden bewaakt door de godin Serket, de schorpioenvrouw. 14. Nu zijn er ook nog verborgen canopenvazen die beheert worden door een andere godin, de lichtoranje octopus. 15. Vaak leven deze twee godinnen op goede voet met elkaar, maar zo nu en dan hebben ze ook heftige ruzie. 16. Beiden staan ze bekend om hun grote geschreeuw, en ze zijn de brengers van ziekte. 17. Net zoals de hel is ziekte niet bedoeld om kwaad te doen, maar om te veranderen. 18. En zo is dan de staf van Horus-Sekhmet de staf der zaligheid, gedragen door de koningen van delirium.

Doodslieden

1.

Nut's Delirium

1. Zij staat tussen de kandelaren, zij staat tussen jou en mij, zij staat tussen de kaken, waar jij verdween, op 't pad van satijn. 2. Koningen kennen hun draken, en jij kent jou schaakstukken. Het is dan tijd dat ik je bevrijd uit deze droom. 3. Ik breng jou tot de kamers van Nut's delirium, om bij te komen, om anders te dromen, anders dan je deed voorheen. 4. Ik breng jou tot de kamers van groot delirium, draai de dobbelsteen weer om, om van armoe in de hel te komen, dat kost een grote som. 5. De vlam van armoe is de vlam waaraan wij ons warmen, en haar kou leidt tot delirium, haar kou bestuurt ons lot. 6. En de kou tussen jou en mij, de delirium die stak mij, bracht mij naar het grote bos. Ik kende niet de overkant. 7. Ik wou dat ik de liefde kon sparen, temeloos vloeit zij over, totdat delirium haar slaat, en de hel haar bitter maakt. Tot de dood zijn we gezonken.

8. Toen ik nog bij je was, dan zei ik weleens : Kun je dat nog eens herhalen, want ik wil dat ik je begrijp, maar je ging te snel. 9. Zij staat tussen de kandelaren, staande tussen jou en mij, het schaakbord hoog ophoudende, tussen de kaken waar jij verdween. 10. De schaakstukken bewegen vanzelf. 'T is tijd dat ik je bevrijd uit deze droom, ik breng jou tot de kamers van Nut's delirium, om bij te komen, weg te dromen, anders dan je deed voorheen. 11. Ik breng jou tot de kamers van groot delirium, waar de liefde het uit zal schreien, al die dingen die wij hebben verloren. 12. Zij komen hier, zij lopen over dromen, komen hier, waar zij temeloos stromen, totdat de wind hen uit zal blazen, de bitterheid hen verdrijft. 13. Tot de dood zijn wij gezonken. Geen kracht om op te staan, geen kracht om tot elkaar te komen, waar de hel ons tot delirium leidt.

2.

Kracht in de nacht

1. Ik kan nergens heen, ik kan mij niet bewegen. De vervloeking eet mij, en waarom zou ik leven. In de woestijn ligt mijn ziel, hopeloos geworden, in de brandende nacht daar wacht zij, totdat de deuren van de hel opengaan. 2. Hel, de verlossing, uit 's werelds slavernij, niets om bang voor te zijn. 3. De hel als troost, ons onderdompelende in delirium. De flessen gaan open. Morgen zijn we vrij, zo vrij als een vogel, als vliegende cobra's en krokodillen. 4. Delirium na rouw, waar harten elkaar ontmoeten, in dromen zijn we vrij. Ik ben nu weg, maar morgen zie je mij terug.

5. Ik kan nergens heen, ik kan me niet bewegen. De armoe bracht mij hier, als de vlam der woestijn mij heeft bereikt, dan zal ik branden, als de vlam van delirium, gevende mij, kracht in de nacht, zeeën van kleuren, hoe lang heb ik hier op gewacht. 6. Land van mijn dromen, ster van de liefde, maar door bitterheid drijf ik steeds af, mijn armoe bouwt een graf. 7. Ik kan jou niet verstaan, je bent te ver weg. Als je mijn stem hoort moet je huilen, maar ik kom nooit meer terug. De bitterheid heeft mij weggenomen. 8. Ik sluit mijn oren nu voor je. Ik weet niet eens wie je bent. Ik geloof niet in een paradijs. Delirium bracht mij van de wijs. 9. Ik kan nergens heen, ik kan mij niet bewegen. De vlam van delirium, gevende mij, kracht in de nacht, zeeën van kleuren, hoe lang heb ik hier op gewacht. 10. Die kracht neemt mij nu mee. Door bitterheid drijf ik af. 11. Kracht in de nacht. Na de steek zag ik de sterren. Zeeën van kleuren, hoe lang heb ik hier op gewacht.

3.

Anubis-Ra

1. Zie je de koeienletters niet ? Wanneer ik je schrijf, vergeten doe je 't niet. Zie je dan niet de bomen door de letters ? 2. De bitterheid heeft me in 't graf gegoten, als oude regen na een lange dag. 't Onweert, ik ben de zwarte slang, verpakt in letters. 3. Zie je dan niet ? 't is oorlog, haal je kop eens uit het zand. Ik ben de zwarte slang. 4. Ben je al vergeten wie ik ben ? Wat ik je schrijf vergeet je niet. Maar echt zien wat ik schrijf ? 5. Je durft niet in de diepte te kijken. Zie je dan niet de bommen door de letters ? 6. Het is mummificatie door Anubis-Ra. Zie je dan niet dat de dood je roept ? Ten helle varen zul je, dat is een ieders lot.

7. Zie je dan de koeienletters niet ? Wanneer ik graaf denk je het is het tikken van de vogels. 8. Jouw begrafenis ben ik al aan het regelen, dat is een ieders lot. Zie je dan niet de bomen door de letters ? 9. Je denkt ach 't is de sier van de wind. Maar ik ben je urn aan 't opmaken, mijn kind. 10. 't Onweert, ik ben de zwarte slang. Ik ben bijna bij je, het duurt niet al te lang. 11. Bereid jezelf voor, nu het nog kan. Lees dan over dood, hel en delirium, opdat het je op een dag niet zal overvallen. 12. Ik ben je al aan 't mummificeren. Ik ben Anubis-Ra. Het leven duurt maar kort.

Etsa

1.

Het Geheimenis van Anubis

1. En de Ba zal koning worden over de Ka, en dan zal de Khat, het lichaam, de koning worden over de Ba. En Sobek zal de Ba zijn van de nieuwe koning, en Aton zal de Khat zijn van de nieuwe koning, en Anubis zal de Ka zijn, de koning der aarde. 2. En de khu, de sahu, de akh en de ankh zullen aan hen onderworpen zijn. Zo zal dan de Khat grote macht hebben in het rijk van de koning. 3. Er zijn dan dertig rijken van het onderbewustzijn. Deze zijn de goden. Het eerste rijk is Mahel-

Neith, het tweede rijk is Mahel-Nut, het derde rijk is Mahel-Mattina, het vierde rijk is Bussel. Het vijfde rijk is Bussel-Neith, het zesde rijk is Bussel-Nut, het zevende rijk is Bussel-Sobek, het achtste rijk is Bussel-Nun, het negende rijk is Bussel-Kuk, het tiende rijk is Bussel-Kauket. 4. Het elfde rijk is Mahes-Bul, het twaalfde rijk is Mahes-Neith, het dertiende rijk is Mahes-Nut, het veertiende rijk is Mahes-Alt, het vijftiende rijk is Mahes-Chapman, het zestiende rijk is Mahes-Materia. 5. Het zeventiende rijk is Eersth-Meret, het achttiende rijk is Eersth-Mehereth, het negentiende rijk is Eersth-Marot. Het twintigste rijk is Eersth-Huh, het tweeëntwintigste rijk is Eersth-Haunet. Het drieëntwintigste rijk is Eersth-Hauhet. 6. Het vierëntwintigste rijk is Eersth-Naunet, en het vijfëntwintigste rijk is Eersth-Amaunet. Het zessentwintigste rijk is Eersth-Mut, en het zevenëntwintigste rijk is Eersth-Muth. Het achtëntwintigste rijk is Benshalen. Het negenëntwintigste rijk is Benshalen-Neith, en het dertigste rijk is Benshalen-Nut. 7. En gij zult dalen tot de diepsten der onderbewustzijn en om uw kronen en schatten te vinden. Zo is dan Anubis uitgeworpen uit de onderbewustzijn. 8. Laat dan hij die heer van de dood is dat blijven, en laat iemand anders heer zijn der onderbewustzijn, en deze heer is Sobek, en zijn engelen zijn Nut en Neith. En hij heeft zijn raven, Etsa en Maritsa uitgezonden. 9. Ja, zij brengen dan troost tot het bewustzijn, dat omhuld is door het onderbewustzijn. 10. Laat dan Nut hen voortleiden, om het bewustzijn te veranderen. 11. En zo zijn er dan achtëntwintig lagen van het bewustzijn. En de eerste laag is Sobek-Ra, de tweede laag is Nut-Ra, de derde laag is Anubis-Ra, de vierde laag is Anubis-Nut, de vijfde laag is Anubis-Neith. 12. De zesde laag is dan Etsa-Ra, de zevende laag is dan Etsa-Maritsa, de achtste laag is dan Etsa-Anubis. De negende laag is dan Etsa-Maritte, de tiende laag is dan Etsa-Apres. De tiende laag is dan Etsa-Maroen, de elfde laag is dan Etsa-Monaride. De twaalfde laag is Etsa-Vaai, de dertiende laag is dan Etsa-Marentes. 13. De veertiende laag is dan Etsa-Nut, en de vijftiende laag is dan Etsa-Nur. De zestiende laag is Etsa-Neith, de zeventiende laag is dan Etsa-Kauket. De achttiende laag is Etsa-Zaine, de negentiende laag is Etsa-Mondaga. De twintigste laag is Etsa-Mespels, de eenëntwintigste laag is Etsa-Sonder. 14. De tweeëntwintigste laag is Etsa-Lokogamen en de drieëntwintigste laag is Etsa-Sepanda. De vierëntwintigste laag is Etsa-Mar, de vijfëntwintigste laag is Etsa-Ravalon-Madok, de zessentwintigste laag is Etsa-Izu. De zevenëntwintigste laag is Etsa-Abhertahnen, en de achtëntwintigste laag is Etsa-Brannan. 15. En zo is dan Etsa de heer der bewustzijn. En ziet, hij zal Anubis geheel uitwerpen. 16. Want een hond om uit te werpen is Anubis, en hij zal in de avond terugkeren om rust te zoeken. 17. En voor de tweede maal uitgeworpen zal hij voor u strijden. Ja, met Wepwawet zal hij staan, om geheime delen te bijten. Hij is de zwarte hond. 18. Want hij is volkomen eigendom van Etsa, en wordt steeds volkomen tot de eer en trots van Etsa uitgezonden, om nieuwe steden te bouwen. 19. Weest dan bevreesd en benauwd, oh volk zonder stad, want Anubis is tot u uitgezonden, wetende dat zijn tijd kort is. 20. Wee u, oh zee en aarde, gij die dan zijt zonder een enkele stadsmuur. Want de zwarte hond is in grimmigheid naar u op zoek. 21. Wee u, afgedwaalde Egyptenaren, want de zwarte hond zal u terugbrengen naar uw plaats, en daarvan tekenen bijten in uw nek. 22. Gij afgedwaalden, keert weder, want ziet, de Anubis is tot u uitgezonden, om het verlorene te vinden. 23. Zij die dan Anubis getrouw zijn, vrezen niet. Want hij zal u brengen tot Etsa. En gij zult de oude schilderijen zien, waardoor gij kunt wegvlugten. 24. Ja, want een tijd van vluchten en wederkeren is het. Gij hebt dan net genoeg energie en tijd gekregen om uw werk te doen. Klaag dan niet. 25. Gij hebt dan net genoeg warmte gekregen, en net genoeg kou. Wederom : Klaag dan niet. 26. Gij hebt net genoeg klederen, en net genoeg te eten. Maak dan van het kleine iets groots. 27. Gij zult dan aan Etsa niet twijfelen, hij die de heer der voorzieningen is. En al zou hij u voorzien met armoe, beschouw het als het grootste geschenk. 28. Ja, volg de armoe na, opdat gij de Etsa zult kunnen volgen en zult kunnen schilderen. Gij kunt dan nieuwe werelden schilderen met uw armoe. Zij die rijk zijn kunnen niet

veranderen. 29. Toch heeft Etsa u dan veel rijkdom gegeven. Bouw daarmee uw tempelen voor hem, en verspil het niet aan tijdelijke dingen. 30. Bouw dan aan het eeuwige koninkrijk, dan zal Etsa u zijn staf geven. 31. Denkt dan niet dat u van zulk een hoogte zijt gevallen. Want wat diepte en hoogte is bepale hij. 32. En ziet : hij zal dan tronen op de hoogtes van Izu.

2.

Woorden van Troost

1. Gij hebt dan adem vanuit uw onderbewustzijn, waar de schatten van uw identiteit en verleden liggen. Ja, hier kunt gij de goden ontmoeten. 2. Indien gij in Hem blijft, zult gij de trots en eer der karsuiken ontvangen, en zult gij gaan tot de karazuur. 3. Zij die dan rillen van de kou van het leven, en het omslaan van de zon : Houdt goede moed, want zo houdt gij contact met de goden die van een andere orde zijn. 4. Gij leert dan golven als de vissen en de slangen, en gij leert u te strekken als de panthers, opdat gij in leven zult blijven. 5. Zij die dan de zon niet vrezen en zijn disken, ziet, zij zijn reeds dood. Voor eeuwig zullen zij vergaan. 6. Zij die aan Etsa vasthouden, en aan zijn staf, zullen door hyperventilatie een nieuw leven ingaan. 7. Zij die aan spasme lijden : Zalig zijt gij, want gij kent de bewegingen der goden. Weet dan dat dit de bewegingen der dieren zijn. Ziet, gij moet weer dierlijk worden. 8. Zij die aan epilepsie lijden : Zalig zijt gij, want gij zijt middelaars tussen de goden en het leven.

Namen der doodskisten

9. En dit zijn namen der doodskisten : Trideria dan is de doodskist van koning David. Biskidde is dan de naam van de doodskist van de aartsengel Michael, Kmer is de doodskist van de richter Simson. 10. Zo is dan Adaka de doodskist van de profeet Daniel. En deze vier zijn dan de wereldschepen. 11. De Etsa dan is de doodskist van koning Jozef, die onderkoning van Egypte werd. De Maritsa dan is de doodskist van koning Herodes. 12. De Anubis is dan de doodskist van Absalom. Zo is dan Sobek de doodskist van koning Saul. Zo is dan Sekhmet de doodskist van Mozes, en Nut is de doodskist van koning Salomo. 13. Neith is dan de doodskist van de profeet Nathan, en Nun is de doodskist van Batseba. 14. Kuk is dan de doodskist van Jakob, en Kauket is de doodskist van Rachel. Naunet is de doodskist van Ruben. Aton is de doodskist van Juda. Zo is dan Re de doodskist van Levi, en Thoth de doodskist van Dan. 15. Isis dan is de doodskist van Izebel, en Shu de doodskist van Achab. Osiris is de doodskist van Benjamin, en Horus is de doodskist van koning Hizkia. 16. Maat is dan de doodskist van Jeremia, en Ammut is de doodskist van Elia. 17. Emelis Shatau is de doodskist van Petrus. Ravalon Madok is de doodskist van Mattheus, de leeuw. 18. Matadok is de doodskist van Maleachi. Izu is dan de doodskist van Jahweh. Brannan dan is de doodskist van Christus. 19. Laprakod is de doodskist van Esau, en Perlottia is de doodskist van Goliath. Lapondria is de doodskist van Pilatus. Zo is dan Lapsalvania de doodskist van Paulus. 20. Abdal dan is de doodskist van Aser. Maasdo is de doodskist van Jozua. Kabbernal is de doodskist van de aartsengel Gabriel. 21. Metensia is de doodskist van de vrouw van Potifar. 22. Mura dan is de doodskist van Samuel, en Marion is de doodskist van Abraham. 23. Zo is dan Matas de doodskist van Izaak, en Eminijs de doodskist van Chanun. Zo is dan Sartarus de doodskist van de aartsengel Rafael. 24. En Zoekru is dan de doodskist van de aartsengel Uriel. En Elmiko is dan de doodskist van Abner, de legeroverste van Saul. 25. Zo is dan Oko de doodskist van Abel, en Vatile de doodskist van Isaschar. 26. Zo is dan Vatek de doodskist van Naftali, en Elma de doodskist van Simeon. Ets is dan de doodskist van Zebulon. 27. Tamille is dan de doodskist van Joab, de legeroverste van David, en Tabulle is de doodskist van Gad. 28. De Esmeralda is dan het graf van

Abjatar, priester van David, en de Roze Verbinding is dan het graf van Sadok, priester van David. 29. Lokogamen is dan de doodskist van Asaf. Zurastael is dan de doodskist van de profeet Gad, van David. Zo is dan de Talgamen de doodskist van Noach, en tevens de heilige beker van Christus. 30. Bilmageln is dan de doodskist van Andreas. Benmaten is dan de doodskist van Jakobus. Zo is dan Sarhem de doodskist van Filippus en Mokmos de doodskist van Tomas. Narzia dan is de doodskist van Johannes, en Spricht is de doodskist van Marcus. Zo is dan Zetdonia de doodskist van Simon de Zeloot, en Torhan de doodskist van Lucas. 31. De Johan dan is de doodskist van Bartholomeus. De Michai is dan de doodskist van Amos. De Herman is dan de doodskist van Ezechiël. De Maser is dan de doodskist van Obadja. De Peter is dan de doodskist van Habakuk. 32. De Jozef is dan de doodskist van de Sefanja. De Dezer is dan de doodskist van Zacharia, de Jezel de doodskist van Amos. De Criptus is dan de doodskist van Jona, en de Sarhah is dan de doodskist van Haggai. Zo is dan Renok de doodskist van Nahum, en zo is dan Jethra de doodskist van Jesaja. 33. En zo is dan Marcia de doodskist van Hosea. En Melissa is de doodskist van Isai. Zo is dan Daphne de doodskist van Sarai, zij die gelachen heeft. 34. Zo is dan Santra de doodskist van Mattias. Akra dan is de doodskist van Stefanus. Zo is dan Lakus de doodskist van Cham, zoon van Noach. Bristal is dan de doodskist van Aaron, en Brival is dan de doodskist van Miriam.

3.

De Derde Opstanding

1.En zo is dan Tifiat de doodskist van de Heilige Geest. En zo zal dan Tifiat's naam groot worden, want deze is het die ons heeft uitgeleid. 2.Ja, Hij is het die de derde geest, de derde ziel en het derde vlees heeft geopend. Met het derde kruis heeft hij geslagen, en zo zijn dan de karmozijnen van het derde met Hem. 3.Ja, ook de Karazuur van het derde volgt Hem op de voet. 4.En zo is dan de derde Heilige Geest door zijn handen gevloeid, en is Hij als een wever geweest. 5.Hij is het dan die de Heilige Tempel van het Derde, en de Derde Ark heeft opgericht. En zo is dan de derde geest onderworpen aan de derde ziel, en de derde ziel is onderworpen aan het derde vlees. 6.En zo is dan de derde Heilige Geest gekomen, om de irammen op te doen rijzen als de nieuwe adem. 7.Ja, en zij beschermen de adem, zoals scarabeeën de harten beschermen. 8.En zij zijn dan opgesteld aan de voeten van de derde ark. Heilig zijn zij. En zo is dan de heilige Derde Christus gekomen, oprijzende vanuit het Derde Kruis. 9.Ja, Hij is het die de muren van het oude van elkaar heeft gedrukt. En zo heeft dan de Derde Christus het derde vlees aanbeden. 10.En zo heeft de Derde Jahweh de derde ziel aanbeden. Ja, gij zijt dan thans genaderd tot het Derde Jeruzalem, waar de Tweede Ra zal tronen. 11.Gij dan allen zijt genaderd tot het Tweede Egypte, en het Derde, gij allen die uit het derde graf zijn opgerezen. Zalig zij die thans deelhebben aan de derde opstanding. 12.Het derde paradijs is thans aan de voeten van Egypte gekomen, en zij heeft haar met beide handen aangenomen. Zo zult gij dan allen die de Derde Christus volgen, priesters zijn van het derde. 13.En de engelen van het derde zullen u leiden naar diepe bronnen. 14.Geef dan de moed niet op, gij allen die beproefd worden, maar houdt het lijden vast, opdat het derde bij u aanspoele.

De Derde Alverzoening

15. Zo zal dan de Tweede Ra tronen in het Derde Jeruzalem, en ook hij zal de irammen aanbidden, daar zij de nieuwe adem zijn. 16. En de derde geest zal uitspruiten en uitbloeien in de tempel. En zij zal zijn als de verborgen kamer. 17. Streeft dan naar de uitstorting van de Derde Geest, opdat gij in haar vrijheid zult vinden. 18. Acht dan de koorden van gebondenheid niet gering, daar zij u leiden. 19. Zo zult gij dan ook komen tot de Tweede Isis, zij die het ijs en het echter draagt, en zij zal u

vrijmaken van oude ketenen, opdat gij de ketenen van het derde zult ontvangen. 20. Hecht u dan niet aan een mens, want gij weet dat een mens verderfelijk is. 21. Streeft dan naar de verlichting die in de Derde Christus is, en hoe zoudt gij die verlichting bereiken en ontvangen, zonder deze in de duisternis te zoeken ? 22. Daalt dan af tot de diepste duisternissen, om de heilige weg der zaligheid te vinden. 23. Gij die dan vrijgekomen zijt in uw derde geest, die de verborgen geest is, gij bent tot uw derde lichaam genaderd, het lichaam dat Tifiaf aanbidt. 24. Zo zult gij u dan uitstrekken om op te gaan tot de Derde Heilige Ziel, als het voertuig en de zetel van uw lichaam. 25. En zo zijn dan de irammen als heilige vlammen die het lichaam dragen en de Tifiaf. 26. En zij zijn het die de derde karmozijnen aanvuren. Ja, de derde brokaten hebben zij afgemeten, en de derde nachtlattijnen ondergedompeld in het heilige derde water. 27. De derde Michael is aan de zijde gesteld van het volk in grote verdrukking, waarvan gij wist dat het zou komen. 28. Want gij allen zult ingaan door grote verdrukkingen, door de derde alverzoening. 29. En zo is dan alle alverzoening in Egypte, waar de doden niet vergeten worden, maar omringd worden met zorg.

4.

De Derde Tempelen

1. Zalig zijn zij die vleesgeworden zijn in Tifiaf, want ziet, zij dragen het derde vlees. Zo is dan de derde alverzoening verlichting voor uw zielen, en een verkwikking van uw geest. 2. Gij bent dan door het derde kruis geslagen, opdat gij de hellenreis zou maken, waardoor gij de derde zaligheid zou bereiken, en de bronnen van delirium. 3. Zonder het derde kruis zoudt gij dan niet de slavernij der wereld kunnen ontkomen. Het derde kruis heeft u dan geleid tot een heilige slavernij, om uw zielen tot verlichting te brengen, door de derde alverzoening. 4. En zo draagt thans het derde kruis dan meer eeuwigheden dan het tweede. 5. Zo hebt gij dan in het derde kruis rijkelijk toegang tot het eeuwige kruis en het langste kruis, waarop de irammen rijden, als de spoorwegen des kruizes. 6. En zo zijn dan de engelen van het derde : de irammen, de wiktunetten, de scarabeen, de canopen, hen van de derde karazuur, en zij zullen u leiden tot de tempel van de Derde David. 7. Zo is dan de tempel van de derde simson, daar waar vuur en ijs tezamen komt. 8. Zo is dan de tempel van de Derde Mozes het domein der slangen, en zo is dan de tempel van de derde Abraham daar waar water en mos tezamen komt. 9. De tempel van de derde samuel is dan het licht der rozen, en de tempel van de derde petrus is de schuur der cobra's. 10. Zo is dan de tempel van de derde paulus de plaats der konijnen, en deze konijnen zijn wild. 11. De tempelen dan van de derde christus zijn dan als het hooi, het gedroogde gras en het graan. 12. In het derde kruis hebt gij zo rijkelijk toegang tot zulke tempelen, en tot de altaren van het derde.

Schilden van de Derde Christus

13. En zo is dan de harab de beschermer van het hart van de Derde Christus, en de perewulschen zijn de beschermers van zijn longen. 14. Zo is de kiwat de beschermer van zijn maag en ingewanden en de kiwab de beschermer van zijn hersenen. 15. Zo zijn de kolochten de beschermers van zijn mond en spraak en de achubben de beschermers van zijn slikken en ademen. 16. Zo zijn de munessen de beschermers van zijn ogen, en de milabben de beschermers van zijn oren. 17. De mikatischin is dan de beschermer van zijn neus, en intieme delen. De onktwono is de beschermer van zijn aars en zijn ruggegraat.

5.

Het Davidskruis

1.En zij dan die het derde davids-kruis volgen, hebben een levende getuige, die voor hen zal spreken in de dodenzaal des oordeels. Ja, en deze muren zijn marmer. 2.Zo hebben dan zij die de derde davids-doornenkroon dragen eeuwigheids-waarde binnenin, en niemand zal hen roven uit de vaders hand, terwijl zij door de moederhand worden geleid. 3.Zo zijn dan zij die de derde voetspijkers van de derde david dragen tot het eeuwige en zalige kruis genaderd, en ziet, zij zijn wild. Zij zijn door armoede dronken geworden. 4.Toon mij dan de derde handspijkers van de derde david en zijn derde speer, opdat de vogelen van het derde davidskruis tot u komen, en zij van het derde canopenkruis van david. 5.En gij zult de derde Uria zien staan in de deur der hemelen, en de derde Batseba in de andere deur der hemelen. En zo zult gij tot de derde hemel gaan. 6.Hebt dan moed, allen die door de derde hel zijn gegaan met doorgebrande sandalen, want het derde Jozefskruis zal over u komen, om u op te doen rijzen tot zijn put. 7.Strekt dan uw polsen uit opdat zij door de derde Jozefsketenen gebonden worden. Zo zult gij net als hem koning van Egypte zijn. Veracht het lijden dan niet, maar zoek haar naarstig, en verzamelt haar als goede oogst. 8.Zo zal dan de derde jozefsdorrenenkroon u tot kroon worden, en haar vogelen zullen u voorzeker tot heil brengen, en tot het derde boek des levens. 9.De derde jozefspijkers in handen en voeten zullen u leiden tot waterige bronnen, gij dan die het derde en eeuwige bloed van jozef en david aanbidt. 10.En ziet dan, het derde davidskruis is dan het canopenkruis, als het kruis van verzameling. En ziet dan, het derde kruis is als het eeuwige kruis.

Tifiaf

1.

Egyptisch-Communistisch Betoog

1. Isis, Isis, lopende in de nacht, met ijs in haar handen, met ijs op haar schouders. Sneeuw in de nacht, brandend ijs, en Isis, wandelende over het water. Sekhmet, Sekhmet, in duisternis zit zij, waar de kandelaar uit voortkomt, zij hoort al het geschrei. 2. Ra, Ra, tot de schat der woestijn zijt gij gekomen, waar vogels opstijgen, waar ladders neerdalen. Als een ladders des hemels is hij. 3. Osiris, Osiris, degene die ik bemin, degene die het zwaard van Tifiaf draagt. Hij is het die de morgenstond opvangt in zijn armen, en langzaam loopt hij met zijn vrouw, naar 't koele baden. 4. Deze cavia's van hout, is wat mij nu nog benauwd, als ratten gingen zij over de brug, totdat één van hen viel, en toen vielen zij al, maar in Tifiaf zijn zij nu aangekomen, als een wonder van de morgenstond. 5. Als gouden sigaren kwamen zij tot mij, om mij te benauwen. 't Morgenrood is mij als goud, ja, Tifiaf is gekomen, ja, Tifiaf is gekomen. 5. Zeg me wat jou nu nog benauwd, het is alleen maar volgen, en zij volgen mij, volgen en zij volgen mij. Osiris uit het water gekomen, dragende de zon in zijn schoot, en tussen zijn armen, als een bal van vuur, 't ochtendgloren, doet mij bekoren. 6. Ik heb het niet verloren. Ik zal het niet verliezen. Ik zal niet gaan, ik zal niet komen, ik zal alleen maar dromen. Dromen op mijn plek. Ik hoef niets te raken of geraakt worden. 't is goed zo. Dit is mijn plek. 7. Wegen van genade als een dromenpubliek. Er is niets waar ik me voor moet schamen. Er is niets om genade voor te moeten hebben. Dit is mijn weg. 8. Vergeving is het land achter mij. Er is niets te vergeven. Alleen een vlam draagt mij. In Tifiaf ben ik. Ik hoef niet te gaan, en ik hoef niet te komen.

9. Dit is mijn plek, geen vergeving of genade van node. Dit is mijn plek, ik moet niks. Niemand kan mij nog benauwen, alleen dat wat ik volg, en wat mij volgt. 10. Volgen en gevolgen worden, geen genade, geen vergeving, alles doe ik naar eigen keuze, naar eigen geweten, gedragen in de armen

van Osiris. 11. Door de straten van de Anubis heen, op de rug van de Sebek, tot Aton te gaan, is te beseffen dat je in Tifiat bent. Niet om te komen, niet om te gaan. 12. Geen vergeving, geen genade, want dat is allang achterhaald, allang achter mij gekomen. Toe, achtervolg mij niet meer. Ik bepaal wie mij volgt. Dat ben ik zelf, als de schaduw van een verleden, als de paradox van een held. 13. En nu nog de symmetrie en de asymmetrie, om telkens weer te vluchten tot het beseffen en de herinnering aan Tifiat diep binnenin. 14. Het is al tastbaar, echt dichtbij, als de scarabee van mijn vinger, als de scarabee van het zijn. 15. Mijn Khat is nu hier, omdat ik besef dat hij hier is, maar hij was er altijd al. 16. De benauwende plek, Tifiat, het besef wankelt nog. Maar ik ben krachtig genoeg om daar te komen waar ik al ben. 17. Ik moet het alleen geloven, als gedrukt in mijn vlees, waar mijn oog op valt. Ik heb de strijd gestreden. 18. Ik geloof in overwinning, altijd is het daar. Je sprak : Ik had verloren, en dat was de grootste overwinning. Geef mij het besef, wat ik eigenlijk al heb. Zo diep binnenin, maar ook zo dichtbij, aan mijn Khat. 19. Ja, ook mijn sahu is onderworpen aan mijn khat. Geloof je dat ? 't is zo dichtbij ik kan het zien en voelen, ik kan het beseffen. Tifiat aan mijn hand, mijn eigen lichaam. Mijn zelf, ja, dat ben ik.

20. Ga weg, al gij dienstknechten van genade. Ik heb niet gezondigd. Ik heb niet het gevoel dat ik iets mis heb gedaan. 21. Ga weg van mij, al gij dienstknechten van vergeving. Ik ben mijn eigen rechter. Ga weg, oh politiek, gij bent een hok vol sectes. 22. Ik ben een mens en een god van anarchie, en communisme in vele lagen. Laat iedereen dan zichzelf berechten. 23. In Tifiat ben ik aangekomen, terwijl ik daar al was. Ik besepte het slechts. Maar komen en gaan bestaat niet. 24. Slechts ons bewustzijn beweegt. Ik heb een nieuw bewustzijn ontvangen. Nu lijkt het alsof ik in een nieuwe wereld leef. 25. Maar ik was hier altijd al. Ik heb mijn Khat gevoeld en tot mij genomen, als krijgen wat ik al heb. Is het leven niet altijd zo ? 26. Ik moet worden wie ik ben. Vergeving en genade is niet de weg, want dan neemt iemand anders mij weg. Ik moet verlicht zijn, anders duwen ze mij in duisternis.

27. Ik ben krachteloos, en kan niks incasseren. Dagenlang denk ik na over wat een mens mij zei. Er zijn wel betere dingen om mijn hoofd over te breken. 28. Ik heb geen weerstand, geen tussenlaag, als bloot in een gevaarlijk oerwoud, kruip ik als een slang over 't mos, schichtig, want de dood ligt op de loer. 29. Ik ga elke dag dood, daal ik in de dieptes, tot een plaats waar ik niet meer doodgaan kan, als de eeuwige dood. 30. Ik wordt elke dag gestoken, totdat ik niet meer gestoken kan worden. Ik ben er nog niet, ik voel het nog steeds, of zijn dat hen die mij volgen, en hen die ik volg, kan ik mij hieruit niet losbreken ? 31. Maar ik ben op weg. Ik kom er wel, als ik besef er is geen komen meer en geen gaan. Ik nestel mij, ook worstel ik, maar het besef en de herinnering doet alles verstommen.

32. Ik moet alles maar accepteren, als de onontkomelijke weg tot verlichting. Elke stap die ik zet, zo velen hebben die stap gezet. In dat zijn wij allen één, als een spiritueel communisme, een communistisch lijdenskruis. Het kost wat om in Tifiat te zijn. Voetstap voor voetstap, nader ik, tot mijzelf, alleen mijn besef moest nog komen. 33. Een communistisch koninkrijk, in vele lagen, zal de weerstand ooit weer rijzen, met al z'n tussenlagen, als de zachte vliezen die de schok opvangen. 34. Besef het, 't is al gebeurd, in 't verleden ligt de sleutel. Tot de derde alverzoening, tot de derde opstanding, tot het eeuwige kruis. 35. De stem van het verleden, smeekt om te worden ontleden. Een communistisch lijdenskruis, een communistische doornenkroon, en het spotkleed niet te vergeten, dat leidde ons tot de communistische troon. 36. Anarchie vindt elke verzadiging daar, anarchie bladert door alle boeken, om het communistische zwaard te vinden, een communistische kandelaar. 37. Egyptische goden houden de cirkel vast, totdat het anarchistische vuur de banden breekt. Zinken tot een duistere nacht, waar een eerste vlam zich heeft ontworsteld, allen volgen zij.

Ja, Tifi af herinneren wij. 38. Communisme maakt ons vrij van de voet van het kapitalisme, van al die politieke sectes die ons door democratie hebben overgeleverd aan de meerderheid. 39. Laat een goede communistische en anarchistische dictator komen, die ons onderwerpt aan gelijkheid en gelijke rechten. 40. Zo een dictator is als de Egyptische god in Tifi af zijn besef hebbende.

41. Wij zien uit naar een Egyptische dictator, die ons vrijzet, die ons geeft wat we hebben, die ons besef bijbrengt, ons doet herinneren. 42. Wij zien uit naar een Egyptische dictator, die ons verlost uit de moordende democratie van een bloedlustige meerderheid. 43. Geen meerderheid, maar gelijkheid is wat wij willen zien.

2.

Slotrede

1. Communistisch kruis, de zegen, de doornenkroon heeft ons hier geleid. Wij hadden niets meer om te eten, maar nu is overvloed ons deel, want communistische opstanding verspreid haar gaven rijk, gedreven door de meerderheid onderworpen aan gelijkheid, als gelijke gerechtigheid. 2. De democratische dictator is nu gevallen, als een secte is hij nu, als een wederzijdse ontmaskering. Dat weten we nu. 3. Communistisch kruis, communistische zegen, de democratische leugen is gevallen als het democratische kapitalisme. Als er dan democratie moet zijn, dan is zij onderworpen aan het communisme en de anarchie. 4. Want gelijke rechten hebben wij allemaal, diep binnenin, en de khat spreekt, en is te zien, zo dichtbij. Communisme duurt in eeuwigheid, want als er één valt vallen wij allemaal. Als er één opstaat, staan wij allen op. 5. De zegen dient zich aan, in communistische taal. Tifi af, de banden doorgesneden. Isis, Isis, lopen wij, over water, over het grote wij. Osiris, dient de zonnen op, in zijn armen zijn wij, dragende gouden pilaren. Ra, Ra, steeds komen wij, totdat wij besef hebben. 6. Egyptische zegen, als wezen van droefenis, strekkende de armen totdat alles gelijk is. 7. In de derde alverzoening, vinden wij onze naam. Tot Tifi af gekomen, totdat wij besef hebben. Wij zijn alreeds daar.

II Tifi af

1.

Het Kruis van Egypte

1. Zo is dan het kruis van Ra tot ons gekomen, als het kruis van Egypte, en zo ook het kruis van Sekhmet en haar doornenkroon. 2. Het kruis van Isis hebben wij dan niet veracht, en het spotkleed hebben wij gedragen. 3. Zo hebben wij dan tot volheid gebracht het kruis van Sebek, en zijn wij tot in de kamers van zijn dubbele doornenkroon gekomen. 4. Ja, het kruis van Egypte is ons tot zwaard, waarmee wij over ravijnen springen. En als wij het gebieden tot brug, dan zij het zo. 5. Het levendgevende bloed van Ra strome dan door onze botten, en zo ook het levendgevende bloed van Horus, opdat wij hun kruizen dragen, en hun doornenkronen. 6. En zo is dan het derde kruis een Egyptisch kruis, vanwaaruit het eeuwig bloed stroomt, als een waardig mengsel van Aton en Serket. 7. Zij dan die het kruis van Khnum hebben afgedaald zijn tot aan de bronnen van het zachte gekomen, en ziet, zij drinken van de melk der goden. 8. En zo is dan het kruis van Khnum tot een weg der edelen, en ziet, zij zijn dan allen maagden. 9. Zalig zijn dan zij die met Sekhmet troost hebben gebracht aan het hart van Khnum, de zachte ram. 10. Ja, wijsheid is voor hen bestemd die de doornenkroon van Khnum dragen, en zijn spotkleed. Ja, de vogelen van zijn kruis zullen voorzeker tot deze zulken komen. 11. Gij dan vindt gerechtigheid door het kruis van Khnum, en zijn spijkers, en gij zult onschuld vinden door zijn speer. 12. Zo is dan hij die zoveel onrecht heeft geleden, rijp

geworden tot recht. 13. Daarom houden wij ook niet op om het kostbare kruis en bloed van Khnum te aanbidden, en dragen wij hem in onze khat. 14. Zo strome dan het eeuwig bloed van Khnum door onze khat en ons hart, daar wij in lijden en sterven met hem ééngeworden zijn. 15. Zo zullen wij dan ook niet ophouden om Khnum voor het aangezicht van Sebek en Aton te brengen. 16. Ja, ook de beeltenis van zijn muis staat in onze tempel, en hij dan is geborgen in Tifiaf. 17. Duizendvoudige lof komt tot hen die zulk een Khnum dragen, en zijn kruis. Zalig ook hen die tot het graf van Khnum gekomen zijn, en zijn doodskist hebben gekust. 18. Kust dan de zoon, opdat hij niet toorne. Want hij draagt de Goddelijke speer.

2.

Egyptisch Getsemané en Golgotha

1. Ook zijt gij genaderd tot het kruis van Izu en Tifiaf, en zij worden bewaakt door slangen. 2. Zij dan die het kruis van Egypte dragen kunnen dichterbij komen. En dit kruis is eeuwig, als de staf der zaligheid. 3. Leert dan de Egyptische voorwerpen des kruizes kennen, als de Egyptische kaprunnen, opdat gij niet onderweg teruggewezen worde. 4. Komt dan naderbij tot de Egyptische gaven des vlezes, en tot haar vruchten, opdat het eeuwige bloed van Egypte door u strome. 5. Laat u dan voeren tot het Egyptische Getsemané en het Egyptische Golgotha, opdat uw vlees Egyptisch zal zijn in Tifiaf. 6. Leert dan alle de Egyptische hoven des kruizes en der graven kennen, opdat gij uit de Egyptische beker zult drinken. Zo dan is deze beker eeuwig, en gij zult nimmer dorst lijden. 7. Zo dan is het Gestsemané en het Golgotha van Khnum tot een speelplaats geworden, waarin zuigelingen veilig grootgebracht worden. 8. Leert uw kinderen dan van het lijden, en leert hen de vruchten kennen. Zij dan zijn tot de zaligheid hunner harten geschapen. 9. Gij dan zult rust vinden in de heilige vleesvaart, wanneer gij komt tot het kruis van Brannan. 10. Hier dan hebben de goden leren lopen. Zo hebt gij dan vuur leren vinden in het kruis van Narzia, en zachtheid in het kruis van de Johan. 11. De Johan dan is de staf van Khnum. Het kruis van Zetdonia dan, is de poort tot Spricht. Een lange tocht is het om de kruistocht van Anubis te gaan, en het zal eindigen in Torhan. 12. Zo is dan het kruis van Anubis een zwaar kruis, maar zijn doornenkroon is licht. En gij doet er wel aan ook zijn spotkleed te dragen, anders zult gij hem niet begrijpen.

Het kruis van Anubis

13. En het kruis van Anubis leidt dan tot diep in de schatkamers van de oude farao's, en tot zijn hogepriesters. En zo is dan de speer van Anubis en zijn spijkers tot de derde vleeswording. 14. En zo is dan het lijden van Anubis tot u gekomen, opdat gij zult deelhebben aan zijn eeuwig bloed, opdat u volkomen één zult zijn met hem. En ziet, hij zal u tot steun zijn in de dood, en in zijn kamers. 15. Zijn kruisvogelen dan zullen u leiden op zijn paden, en zij zijn het die het begin en het einde kennen van zijn nachtlatingen. 16. En de kaprunnen van Anubis zullen u zijn tot wapenen in de strijd des doods, en zij zullen u tot eeuwige overwinning brengen. 17. Zo is dan Anubis tot het vuur der heiligen, voortkomende vanuit het kruis van Narzia. 18. Ja, als de zwarte hond zal hij u beschermen, en u leiden door gevaarlijk gebied, zonder te falen. 19. Ken dan zijn littekenen, zijn striemen en zijn wonden, opdat hij u zal omhullen in zijn warmte. 20. Ja, ook zacht is Hij, daar hij het kruis van Khnum heeft gedragen. En zo is hij ook deel van de Johan. 21. En overvloedig deelt hij uit, de gaven van zijn liefde, aan hen die hem liefhebben. En hij schenkt hen zijn helm des heils, en zijn pantser der gerechtigheid. 22. Want allen die hij macht heeft gegeven zijn kinderen te worden, en allen die hem nauwgezet volgen, zijn rechters en dienaren van gerechtigheid.

3.

Door Ascetisme naderen tot Anubis

1. Kruis van Anubis, weg van licht, door de duisternis gegeven, en omhuld, oh weg der eeuwigheid, die tot verlichting leidt. 2. Wij vragen om het grootste kruis van Anubis, om tot zijn diepste lijden te komen, dit met hem te dragen, opdat hij verlichting zal ontvangen. 3. Wij vragen niet alleen dat, maar ook om zijn eeuwig kruis en zijn dubbel kruis, dat wij hem ook onze andere wang toekeren en ook de tweede mijl gaan. 4. Wij laten hem niet alleen gaan. Wij, die zijn discipelen zijn, zullen niet slapen of weglopen wanneer Hij in Getsemané is. 5. Wij zullen de beker met hem drinken, de beker van Anubis. Oh, Anubis, gij die de hond der honden zijt, en de heilige jakhals, gij die zachtheid van stemme hebt, maar ook wild zijt, gij die gelooft in de vlam der anarchie en het communisme. 6. Tot uw derde kruis zijn wij gekomen, en tot het kruis van Egypte. Wij laten u niet alleen lijden. 7. Wij leven niet alleen met en door de goden, maar ook sterven wij met en door hen. Want alleen kunnen wij tot u naderen door allerzuiverst en heiligst ascetisme, dat ons door uw kruis geschonken wordt. 8. Ja, uw littekenen willen wij dragen, en wij koesteren jaloezie tot hen die die littekenen dragen. Wij naderen tot u in zalig ascetisme, in puur en rein communisme, opdat wij vrij met u zijn. 9. Gij hebt van ons niets te vrezen, omdat wij in alles één met u zijn. Laat de vlam van Tifi af over ons zijn.

III Tifi af

1.

Namen der Derde Feeën van de Derde Metensia

1. En zo is dan de slang gekomen door de steek van een kreeft, en zij is voortglijdende in de luchtpijp als de heilige adem. 2. En wanneer zij dan de wanden raakt, dan komen visioenen tot de hersenen, ja, zelfs eeuwige visioenen, en ziet zij zijn vleesgeworden. 3. En zij spreekt, zij is de slang der ademhaling, en diep in de longen dringt zij door. De hersenen bijt zij, wanneer zij opstijgt. 4. Wanneer zij spreekt draait zij alles om, als de derde omkeer gaat spreekt zij achteruit, tot de derde traagheid. 5. Zo glijdt zij over de omkeerpiramides van de luchtpijp, om de wetten van het derde magnetisme op te wekken. 6. Door de ruggegraat duikt zij, door het stuitje, in het derde Materos, om de verboden adem te brengen. 7. Derde Materos, maakte ons groter, door het kleine heen. Tussen groot en klein reizen wij, totdat het communisme overneemt. Tussen groot en klein groeien de slangen. 8. De derde Marion is gekomen, zij geeft visioenen uit haar manden, als de rode kap. 9. Nu heeft dan de derde Maser de vlam laten opkomen, en bracht ons tot de woestijnen van Narzia. Ja, in de derde Herman hebben wij een bescherming van ijs. 10. Het derde Narzia dan in de handen van de Derde Herman, die is als het derde Zetdonia. Vanuit haar rennen alle kamelen tot de woestijnen van het derde Narzia. 11. Wij dan hebben de bescherming van ijs, laten de anderen dan falen, want zij hebben het ijs niet geacht. 12. Alleen door de Derde Herman, kunnen wij tot de Derde Maser komen. Het Derde Maser-kruis zal dan niet meer van u vluchten, wanneer gij tot haar komt met het Derde Herman-kruis. 13. En zo is er dan geen weg tot de Derde Dezer dan door de Derde Jazel, en de Derde Jozef, want alleen door gebondenheid en slavernij zult gij kunnen komen tot het oer. 14. Maar de slagen der slavernij zullen u maken als de bomen. Kom dan tot het derde Dezer-kruis, door het derde Jozef-kruis en het derde Jazel-kruis te dragen, en het zal niet meer voor u wegvlugten. 15. En zo zal ook de derde Dezer-doornenkroon tot u komen, en haar vogelen zullen u dienen. Zo zal er dan een dag zijn van herinnering. 16. En zo zal de Derde Santra u tot een helm zijn, waarmee gij de Derde Metensia zult aanschouwen, en haar derde karsuiken, putsen en feeën. 17. Zo zult gij dan de namen kennen en meedragen van haar feeën van het derde, en deze namen

zijn : Daititsia en Derhumus met hun legerscharen, en zo ook : Nachtaulus en Karamin, met hun legerscharen. 18. Dotontes en Luduhelm, zij die op de straat zijn, met hun legerscharen. Kanachtaus en Liberhart, zij die in de nacht verschijnen, met hun legerscharen. 19. Konichtes en Amatuk, zij die naaien, met hun legerscharen. Santus en Bershebel, zij die koken en van de keuken zijn, met hun legerscharen en hofhoudingen. 20. Kitebel en Karachma met hun legerscharen en hofhoudingen, zij die van de kasten zijn. Lanure en Olshibit, zij die boodschappen doen, met hun legerscharen. Karachteld en Mik, met hun legerscharen en hofhoudingen, zij die van de slaapkamer zijn. 21. En zij allen zijn tot u gezonden als troost en hulp.

2.

Het Derde Zwembad

1. Gij dan moet niet denken dat alles tegen u is. Gij moet leren de wapenen van het derde te hanteren. Zij dan zullen u leiden tot het zachte der konijnen. 2. Nu moet gij dan weten dat alle berovingen er slechts zijn om u in evenwicht te brengen. Treurt dan niet meer over het verleden, maar gij bent binnengekomen in een nieuw zwembad. 3. Zo zult gij dan geheel opnieuw moeten leren zwemmen in het derde. 4. En zo zult gij tot vlees worden in het derde zwembad. Zo is dan de derde geest geheel ondergeschikt aan het derde vlees. Gij bent dan door de geest tot het vlees gekomen. 5. En zo hebt gij dan het derde als uw vriend. En vele vrienden van het derde zullen tot u komen. 6. Weet dan dat het derde de uittocht der uittochten is. Leert dan te zwemmen in het derde, opdat gij daarin ontkomen zal. 7. Gij moet dan de wapenrusting van het derde ontvangen, en dezen zijn : de derde helm des heils, het derde pantser der gerechtigheid, het derde schild des geloofs, en het derde zwaard der derde woorden. 8. Zo zullen dan ook de engelen van het derde u bijstaan. Blijft dan niet gevangen in het Eerste, maar komt door het Tweede tot het Derde. 9. Geeft uzelf de tijd, en ga niet te snel. Leert dan van de derde traagheid om uw harten te behoeden. 10. Niet het snelle leidt u uit, maar het trage. Drinkt dan van het derde als van goede wijn. 11. Zo zal dan de mens voor eeuwig slapen, maar het dier zal deelhebben aan de eeuwige opstanding die des Heeren is. 12. Laat dan niemand onder u denken dat een mens eeuwig leven heeft, want dit is aan het dier toebedeeld. 13. Zo zijn dan alle egyptische goden als dieren. En zij leven eeuwig. 14. Zo is dan het Tweede door het Derde gezonden om de oogst binnen te halen. Laat dan niemand onder u deze woorden verdraaien, maar velen zullen dit doen tot hun eigen verderf. 15. Zij dan die het derde haten zullen voorop lopen tot het oordeel der Egyptische goden. 16. Nu leidt dan niet alle haat tot verderf, want er is ook haat tot zuivering. Zij dan die haten om lief te hebben, hebben hierin hun antwoord. 17. Gij dan die door het derde dier zijt geworden drage de helm van Ismeth, de konijnengodin der liefde. 18. Zij dan zal u leiden tot de zachte lichten en de zachte vuren. En ziet, zij dan komen vanuit het water. 19. Hebt dan allen deel aan haar. Zij is dan schuw, omdat zij wijs is. 20. Zij weet dan als geen ander de wapenen van het derde te hanteren, en zal u dan ook daarin onderwijzen. 21. Haar discipelen dan zijn uitgezonden om haar tempelen te herbouwen. Want vlees is zij, en tot vlees zal zij gaan.

3.

De Derde Adem

1. Tot een godenwoning zal zij gaan, zij die Ismeth is. En haar helmen van liefdes-adem zal zij uitdelen aan een ieder die haar volgt, maar deze adem is geen zuurstof. 2. Zij dan die haar volgen hebben geen zuurstof van node, daar zij ademen vanuit haar hart. 3. Zij dan zal in haar herbouwde tempel de long der mensheid herscheppen, en vandaaruit zal haar slang rijzen. 4. Zo dan zal de

Ismeth-slang komen tot alle longen van hen die haar beminnen en volgen. En zo zullen ze haar harten-adem dragen. 5. Zij dan die de godin is der derde adem, zal tot een ieder komen in de nacht, om de longen te wegen en te meten, als een egyptisch oordeel. 6. Zij zal dan zijn als het derde Egyptische Oordeel, en zij zal komen met de Ismeth-Ammut, de longen-eter. Ook zal zij een adem-eter met haar meedragen, de heilige Ismeth-bloem, met haar zaden. 7. Zo zal zij dan in het hart der aarde, en tussen de longen der aarde, de derde Roze Verbinding leggen. 8. En zo zullen de longen zich dan moeten onderwerpen aan de buik der aarde, die in Ismeth-Ammut is. En dan zal een ieder die in haar is, uit de buik ademen. 9. Want de heilige long is in de buik, van hen die door het derde tot de Ismeth-Ammut komen. 10. En zo zal dan de long zijn als de derde lever. En dan zullen alle schepselen van de lever vrijgezet worden. En dezen zijn : het varken, het rund, het zwijn, de ezel, het paard, de bison, de bok, de gnoe, de buffel, de mustang, de koe, de stier, de aap, de gorilla. 11. En zo zal er een rijk van de lever op aarde gevestigd worden, door de derde lever. 12. En het eten van een dier zal zijn als het eten van een mens, en zal verboden worden. Ja, grote veroordeling zal rusten op diegene die een dier eet, want de dieren zullen boven de mensen staan. 13. En zo zal de lever afrekenen met degenen die dieren uitmoorden. 14. En zo is dan Ismeth de godin der levers, en de derde lever, en zo zullen de dieren der lever heilig zijn. 15. En zo zullen dan alle vrouwenlichten en tonen van de lever u dan inwijden, en u leiden tot de binnenkamers van de derde lever-tempel. 16. En de stemmen die u zullen inwijden zullen als eerste monotoon komen, en dezen zijn Ismeth-Bastet, Ismeth-Isis, Ismeth-Sekhmet, Ismeth-Nefertiti, Ismeth-Anun, Ismeth-Nekhet, Ismeth-Wadjet.

Thoth

1.

Thoth en Maat

1. En zo hebben dan zij die het kruis dragen, een dokter in huis. Het kruis zal u in alles aanvullen wat u tekort komt. Zo is dan Thoth geworden tot een zegening onder zegeningen, daar hij het derde geloof heeft aangevuld tot overvloedens toe. 2. Leest dan van zijn geschriften en daden, en tekent ze op. Zo is Thoth dan een voorman onder voormannen, en hij zal u leiden tot het eeuwige woord. Zo heeft Thoth dan overvloedig zijn zegeningen opgetekend in de hemelen. 3. Zo zal hij dan die het maaglichaam heeft gecreeerd dit ook aanvullen tot overvloedens toe, en zo zal Thoth dan tot nieuwe adem zijn. Hij die dan ook het nierlichaam leven inblies, en laat regelen volgens vaste wetten. 4. Zo is dan de maan zijn trouwe vriend, daar hij koning en regeerder is. Met zijn gouden stift geeft hij het onrecht aan, daar hij alles noteert wat onder de zon geschiedt. Zo is hij dan opperrechter, en dokter, ja, een heelmeester is hij. 5. Nauwgezet houdt hij alles bij, en beschrijft zo zijn fabelen. Tot de aarde daalt hij neer, hij die de ibis is. Diep onder de grond kent hij zijn troon, waar hij met Maat zit, zij die de blauwe zon draagt. Zo heeft dan Maat haar vakken ingedeeld in de onderwereld waar zij troont. 6. Zij dan is de heerseres over alle boeken, en koningin van de maan. Haar sluier raakt de aarde, en doet de wateren golven. Ja, als eb en vloed is zij, die het huis der tijden creeerde. 7. Zij schiep dan het lichaam der dunne darm en het lichaam der dikke darm. Ja, want vanuit de buik creeert zij een nieuwe hemel en aarde, en vanuit de maan laat zij haar pijlers gaan. In strakke passen creeert zij heil, waar zij haar wil voortvoert. 8. Ja, alles buigt voor haar wil. Zij is de koningin van de maan. Met Thoth troont zij. Tot het diepste der aarde bracht zij heil. Zo zijn er dan vele organen der buik, waaruit de nieuwe lichamen in het stof voortkomen. Leert hen dan alle kennen, opdat zij u leiden.

Leven vanuit de buik

9. Leeft dan vanuit de buik, zoals Thoth u is voorgegaan, en leest vanuit oude boeken over de organen der buik, en hun macht. Want ziet zij zijn als de oude slangen die over de zeeën regeren. 10. Zij liggen dan als in oude vazen, wachtende om uw adem te verruimen. Zo zullen dan de zwarte buikorganen oprijzen tot een nieuwe dag. Ja, als zwarte harten en longen zijn zij, komende van de buik, en tot de buik wederkerende. 11. Want vanuit de buik zijt gij voortgekomen, en tot de buik zult gij wederkeren. Zij dan zijn de aardvruchten. 12. En hij die dan voortleve vanuit het nederlichaam zij zalig, en zal de schepselen der nieren ontmoeten. En dezen zijn : het konijn, de leeuw, de slang, de cobra, de zeester, de octopus, de hond, de kat. 13. En zo zult gij naderen tot Thoth. En hij dan die voortleve vanuit het lichaam der milt zij zalig, wiens schepselen zijn de zeekat, de schorpioen, de vuursteek, de valmaziene, de ertjik, de vaan. 14. Laten zij dan die menen Thoth te kennen zijn woorden opslaan en onderhouden. Weest gij dan bewakers van het Woord van Thoth, opdat hij u tot zijn engelen zal nemen. Zo is er dan leven en adem in Thoth en Maat, en zij geven de farao nieuw leven en nieuwe adem, elke dag weer. 15. Zo zijn er dan vele dagen in Thoth en Maat. Leert hen dan allen kennen. Ziet, zij zijn uw vrienden, en zij zijn beminden. Leert dan uw heil vinden door de paden van Thoth te bewandelen. 16. Hij die dan vanuit de aarde oprijst om de maan te bezoeken, is koning en god van de maan. 17. Hij dan die goud schiep uit leder, en het zilver uit de wol. Hij dan die zijn strenge priesters heeft bekleed met edelstenen der dieptes en der hemelen, die hij schiep door de zwarte adem. 18. Hij kent dan allen die hem volgen. Niet één van hen ontgaat hem. Daarom zult gij ook niet vrezen als gij met hem wandelt. 19. Zo heeft dan de buik leven voortgebracht, en Thoth zijn tabletten opgesteld. Zalig dan zijt gij als uw namen staan opgetekend in het derde boek des levens. 20. Zo zullen zij dan allen staan voor de derde witte troon, en zij zullen aan de derde opstanding deelhebben, die tot eeuwig leven leidt.

2.

Over de zwaartes en het milde van Egyptische oordelen

1. Gij dan die het maagleven vanuit de verte ziet, vanwaaruit de bruine en grijze organen komen, en zij van het vale, ja, gij die de glans van Ra vanuit de verte bezieet : Komt dan dichterbij, opdat uw neusgaten geopend worden. Zo zal Ra u dan nieuwe adem inblazen. 2. Als de grote vogelen zijn zij, die komen vanuit de maag, en zij gaan tot de bergen om zich in rook te omhullen. 3. Als het eeuwige licht van Ra rijzen zij, om de aarde streng te regeren. Ja, dan zal er een dag zijn waarop de maag haar deuren zal openen, en zij zal vleugelen hebben. 4. Als het eeuwige lotslicht zal zij oprijzen, en de oude poorten van de buik openen. Zo zult gij de zwarte buiklongen in diepe aarde vinden. En zij zult staan als een rots. 5. Zij dan die de maag openen, vreest niet, want in de wildernis hebt gij Sobek naast u staan. En gij zult dan wonderen verrichten in zijn naam. 6. Ja, in zijn naam zult gij deuren sluiten, en in zijn naam zult gij deuren openen, en gij zult grote verschuivingen doen. En de stemmen en lichten der maag zullen u leiden en bewaken. 7. Ja, als grote lichten zullen zij u omhullen, om u tot de dieptes der aarde te laten gaan. Zij dan zullen u uw vleugelen laten kennen. 8. En gij dan zult in de diepste duisternissen de darmen der maag ontdekken, en door hen tot de wormen der aarde komen. 9. Zo zal dan de leeuw de nieren zevenvoudig openen, en door de nieldarmen zult gij gaan tot de bleke organen, en tot het roze. En zij zullen zijn als de nieuwe lichten. 10. Zij dan zullen de lichten der dagen verslaan, en hen sturen tot de kerkers van de Sebek. En zo zal Sebek komen, als een dief in de nacht. Gij zult dan de boeken moeten lezen met de namen van hen die verloren gaan. En het gewezen zal groot zijn. 11. Maar Sebek zal erop toezien dat zij geleid worden tot de eeuwige slaap der verloren zielen, en dan zal de

derde alverzoening enkelen onder hen doen opstaan ten eeuwigen leven. 12. En dan zal de Sebek de verloren gaande slapenden meevoeren in zijn boot, om over de rivieren des doods te gaan. En zij zullen niet gewekt worden. Ziet dan, zij zijn als achter glas. 13. En hij zal hen zenden tot de velden van de derde en de vierde dood, en hun namen zullen niet in het derde boek des levens gevonden worden. Zo zal dan het oordeel der Egyptische goden zwaar heten, want zij zullen enige tijd door zware nachtmerries het leven achter zich laten, en er zal niemand zijn die hen troost. 14. En zo zullen zij alles wat zij van Sebek gestolen hebben moeten teruggeven, en Sebek zal hen leiden tot de derde en de vierde slaap. En zo zal hij aan enkelen van hen rechtdoen. 15. En dan zal Thoth komen tot Sebek, om te kopen van hem enkelen die verloren zijn gegaan. En Thoth zal deze schimmen meenemen om hen in zijn troonzalen te laten dienen, en in de kamers van zijn boeken en geheimen. 16. En dan zal Sebek het overige deel laten worden als as, en zal het uitstrooien over de nijl. En hij zal met enkele van deze schimmen komen tot Khnum, en hen verkopen tegen hoge prijs. 17. En zij dan zullen moeten dienen in het huis van Khnum, en in zijn tuinen en wateren. En zij zullen daarvoor loon ontvangen, want een goede meester draagt zorg voor zijn dienaren. 18. En hij zal enkelen onder hen die getrouw zijn geweest tot de koningshuizen leiden, en zij zullen onderregerende taken krijgen. En zo zal Khnum hen bekleden met zijn rijkdommen. 19. En zo zijn de Egyptische oordelen dan wel zwaar, maar tot de getrouwen zal mildheid getoond worden.

3.

Het zwarte hart der buik

1. Zo heeft dan Thoth de verlorenen omgeven door vuur, en heeft hun straf omgezet in arbeid. Zo zal Thoth dan de getrouwe arbeiders mildheid schenken. 2. Maar zalig zijn zij die gekomen zijn tot het zwarte hart der buik. En zalig zijn zij die toegang hebben gekregen van Thoth, om in dit hart te wonen. 3. Zo zal dan een ieder die tot het zwarte hart der buik is ingegaan, tweevoudig door Anubis bewaakt worden. 4. En de sieraden van dit hart zijn veelvuldig, en vanuit hier stroomt het nieuwe bloed. Zo is dan Anubis de scarabee van dit buikhart, en zalig zijn zij die deze scarabee niet laten verwijderen. 5. En zij dan is als de zuivere klaverpaprika der aarde, en in haar is de zwarte adem. Zo is dan het zwarte buikhart tot een woning der goden. 6. Wacht dan op de lichten en stemmen van het zwarte buikhart die zich vasthechten in de ruggegraat, opdat zijn slang zal oprijzen. 7. Maar zij die door de derde verdoemenis verloren zijn gegaan hebben hier geen enkel deel aan. Hen wacht het rijpende oordeel van het vierde oude testament.

II Thoth

1.

Het oog der buik

1. Hij dan die de kisten draagt en alles ziet. Hij troont onder de huizen, met Maat. Zo zal hij dan Anubis uitzenden om oogsten binnen te halen. 2. Hij is dan de bereider van het derde voedsel. Ziet dan op hem die eeuwig voedsel bereid. 3. Zo is dan Thoth tot het oog der harten gegaan, in het diepste van de buik. Klaagt daarom niet wanneer gij verslonden wordt door de verschrikkingen van het leven, want gij daalt daardoor af tot de diepte der buik, waar zijn kamers zijn. 4. Zo is dan Thoth tot een belofte van trouw, dat gij die hem aanhangt in zijn armen terecht zult komen. Ook daar waar het licht niet meer is, zal Thoth u opwachten. 5. Nadert dan tot hem die het einde kent van alle paden. Daar zal hij u tot licht wezen. 6. Weest daarom standvastig, u vasthoudende aan de woorden

van Thoth, want zij zijn u tot vertroosting, en gij zult hoop hebben wanneer hij zijn boeken opent. 7. Zo is dan Thoth veelvoudig de brenger der hoop. Wacht dan op hem. 8. Nadert dan tot uw buikoog, opdat uw lichten zullen opgaan. Zo zal dan Thoth zich in uw aankomst verheugen, in het rijk der doden, want de krachten der buik liggen in het rijk der doden. 9. Zo is het oog der buik uw licht. Zo hebben dan allen die bij Ra zijn binnengekomen het oog der buik als hun licht. 10. Ziet dan, hij staat aan uw deurposten, en is als vele bezoekers. Zij dan hebben Horus als bestuurder, en wanneer zij weg zullen zijn, zal de stilte uw woningen omhullen.

2.

Het gebed tot Thoth

1. Zo zal dan Thoth u leiden tot de diepste ogen der buiken, en tot de diepste harten der buiken. En gij zult hun betekenissen kennen. Want alle deze dingen zijn in de boeken van Thoth opgeslagen, en zij zaligen en maken wijs hen die hen lezen. 2. Daarom zijn hen die tot Thoth genaderd zijn vele schatten ten deel gevallen. Zij dan hebben hun voeten staan in het derde paradijs, om te eten van de derde levensboom. 3. Ja, Thoth dan bewaakt deze derde levensvruchten, en zo ook het derde levensbrood. 4. Volg hem dan nauwgezet op al zijn paden, en vergaart de derde kennis die tot zaligheid leidt. 5. Zo is dan wie in Thoth vrijgezet is, waarlijk vrij. Thoth's ogen gaan dan uit over de aarde om te zoeken naar de buikharten en de buikogen die naar hem uitgaan. 6. Laat Thoth dan uw leidsman zijn, opdat Hij u rijkelijk geven van Zijn Geest. 7. Zo is dan wie in Thoth is een nieuwe schepping. Het oude is dan voorbijgegaan. Zie, het nieuwe is gekomen. 8. En die Thoth, die Mozes Zijn wetten gaf, die Thoth leve in u. En zo zal dan de liefde van Ra in u heersen. 9. Zo zult gij u dan tot Thoth keren, daar Hij naar u luistert. Wanneer gij dan in Hem blijft, en naar Zijn Wil bidt. Ziet, het zal geschieden. 10. Zo is dan Thoth als een middelaar tot Aton die de vuren draagt. En wanneer gij voorbede doet. Hij luistert. 11. Maar gij zult in gemeenschap met Thoth naderen, en gij zult niet bidden zonder altaar.

3.

Het leren bidden

1. En Aton dan die de zonnen draagt, en de rode zonnenschijf is, zal dan uw gebeden tot Thoth heiligen, en zijn stralen tot u zenden. 2. Ja, zij die bidden naar de wil van Thoth zijn hem zeer welgevallig. Zo moet dan een ieder die tot Thoth nadert, beseffen, dat Aton aanwezig is en alles ziet. 3. Heilig dan zijn zij die naar de wil van Thoth bidden, daar Aton heilig is. 4. Gij moet dan allen weten dat Aton zulke bidders rijkelijk zegent. En zo zal Thoth dan zijn tot de verzoener der gebeden. 5. En gij zult dan aan Thoth vragen, allen die in heiligheid tot hem gekomen zijn : Leert ons bidden. En Thoth zal de gevleugelde gebeden tot zulke bidders zenden. 6. En daarom zult gij bidden tot Thoth, zeggende : Oh Thoth, gij die in de hemelen woont, en in het diepste der aarde. Geheilgd zij uw Naam en Uw koninkrijk kome. Uw Wil geschiede, gelijk u heilig bent. 7. Oh Thoth, gij die onze Almachtige God bent, om ons te verzoenen met Aton, de Allerhoogste. Leert ons bidden en te spreken in uw Naam. Leert ons ook stil te zijn, en te doen wat U wil. 8. Maar leert ons bovenal in U te zijn, en te rusten, opdat gij Uw werk zult volbrengen. 9. Oh Thoth, vanuit onszelf kunnen wij niets, maar schenk ons uw Geest. Vul ons nu. 10. Gij dan bent het Koninkrijk tot in Eeuwigheid en in alle eeuwigheden. Gij bent de Glorie, de Heerlijkheid en de Goedertierenheid.

De Grote Werken van Thoth

11. Gij dan schiep uw rijk in zeven dagen, en plaatste de hof met haar bomen, en gij wandelde tussen het geboomte. 12. Gij dan schiep de katachtigen en de hondachtigen, en zo ook de slangachtigen en de neushoornachtigen. 13. Gij verbond dan de wonden van de krokodil-achtigen en zuiverde hen door het slijk van uw wateren. 14. Duisternis bracht gij over hen, om hen kracht te brengen, en gij leerde hen geheimen te bewaren. In het zweet der aarde bracht gij de cobra voort, en gij bewaakte uw hof met flikkerend zwaard. 15. Ja, gij plaatste de nieren der aarde als bomen in uw hof, voortbrengende veel vrucht, en gij bekleedde uw dieren met harnessen. 16. Door de darmen der aarde liet u hen reizen, en gij liet hen de schatten van de magen der aarde zien. 17. Gij sprak dan tot de lever der aarde, en legde haar tot rust op uw heilige berg, en gij gaf haar vele schatten en kleinoden. 18. Ja, gij versierde haar met de wind, en gaf haar het voedsel der zee. Gij dan stelde uw wetten op in de rivieren en vijvers van de hof. 19. Zo is dan Thoth de Goede weg der Waarheid en het Leven, gemaakt om u tot de Volle Waarheid te leiden, en het Volle Leven, dat ten overvloeden bruist. 20. Zij is dan de schepper van nieuwe rivieren en nieuwe aders.

III Thoth

1.

De nieren

1. Zo is dan Thoth de opener der nieren, om de wapenen te tonen om de zonen van Lucifer, de zonen van de Belial en de zonen van Beelzebul te verslaan. 2. Gij hebt dan gehoord dat Ra strijdt tegen Apep, en Osiris strijdt tegen Seth, maar deze strijd is des Heeren. 3. Gij moet dan leren het goede te onderscheiden van het kwaad. De strijd is dan niet altijd ten dode, maar als een toets gegeven door de Heere. 4. Ja, als de huid van de cobra en van de zeehoornen is hij die leeft vanuit de nieren. 5. Gij dan moet weten dat de nieren een arsenaal vormen. Doet dan de wapenrusting der nieren aan, als de pitten van aardvruchten, en als de tanden van de aardvissen. 6. Zij die zijn gevallen : Staat wederom op.

De milt

7. Zo is dan Thoth veelvuldig leermeester, ja, ook in het strijden. Gij moet leren de verschillende soorten strijd te onderscheiden. Laat Thoth u dan leren uw wapenen te hanteren. 8. Hij dan zal u leiden tot de vaste overwinning. Zo is hij dan de aanvoerder van het leger der derde exorcisten. 9. Laat u dan vrijzetten in de Naam van Thoth. En gij dient op het derde exorcisme acht te geven als op een lamp op een duister pad. 10. Leert dan van uw heelmeester, en staat weer op, gij die gevallen zijt. 11. Zo is dan ook de milt u tot arsenaal gegeven, en gij doet er wel aan de wapenrusting van de milt tot de derde milt toe op te nemen. 12. Draag dan de kruizen die u tot sleutel zijn gegeven om deze arsenalen te openen. 13. Zij dan die zich vroegtijdig van het lijden hebben laten verlossen hebben geen toegang. De Heere rekent niet met hen die hun kruis hebben weggedaan. 14. Zij die dan overvloedig lijden, zullen ook overvloedig toegang hebben tot de arsenalen van de milt. 15. En zo hebt gij dan een parel in uw binnenste.

De zuivering van het eerste door Thoth en Khnum

16. Laat dan de lichten der milt u zijn tot het rode licht, als een leidsgids tot het vuurzwaard van Thoth. Zo is Thoth dan binnengegaan tot de schuilplaatsen van het eerste, waar het onrein gevogelte is. 17. En zo heeft hij dan daar zijn zwaard opgetrokken en zich opgesteld als God, om zo velen uit te leiden die daar gevangen werden gehouden. Want Thoth verafschuwde het eerste, maar door het

Tweede wordt zij in het Derde rein. 18. En zo heeft dan Thoth het eerste zevenvoudig gezuiverd door het Derde. En hij heeft zijn vuurwaard erin gestoken als de zwarte hartenvrucht. Zo is dan Thoth veelvuldig tot God geworden. 19. Thoth dan is de God van het eerste. En hij heeft de valse goden blootgelegd. 20. Zo zal Thoth niet langer verdragen de eerstelingen van het Eerste, maar zij dan allen zijn genaderd tot de derde alverzoening, die in Thoth is. 21. Zo is dan de derde alverzoening tot de vreugde der laatsten, en is zij tot een geneesmiddel der vromen. 22. En zo ook heeft Thoth zijn vuurwaard in de psalmen gestoken, en ze tot Zijn Eer omgevormd. Ja, niet één boek van het Eerste is vrijgebleven van zijn zwaard. 23. Zo is dan Thoth de eersteling van het gezuiverde eerste, en zij zal geleid worden tot het volmaakte. 24. Volg dan Thoth op al Zijn paden, opdat uw dagen verlengd worden in het rijk dat Hij zal schenken. Hij dan is de eerste en de laatste, als een speer reikende diep in de eeuwigheden van Aton. 25. En zo is hij dan de speer der liefde, Hij die de haat niet kent. 26. En zo heeft Thoth dan zijn Geest uitgezonden om de tempelen en de heiligdommen van het eerste te zuiveren. 27. Weest dan een priester van Thoth, gij die het eerste aanhangt, opdat hij niet tot u kome om uw kleed te scheuren om het weg te nemen. 28. Alleen de priesters van Thoth zullen dan zuivere dienst verrichten in het eerste. Hij dan is de Almachtige Thoth, die de Allerhoogste omgeeft. 29. Zo zullen dan zij die van Thoth zijn komen tot zijn altaren om die te bedienen volgens zijn voorschriften. 30. En zo dan zal Thoth nieuwe wetboeken geven, en gij zult de voorschriften hiervan heiligen. 31. Zo zult gij dan in de Naam van Thoth het hakken van het eerste verbieden, en gij zult de bijl van het eerste verbranden. 32. En gij zult wijsheid vergaren op de dag dat gij u overgeeft aan Thoth. En gij zult de angstigen uitleiden uit hun schuilplaatsen, en gij zult hen het koningschap geven. 33. Want een dag van troost zal er zijn voor de angstigen, daar Thoth hen dichtbij is. 34. En dan zullen de paden tot de doden wederom geopend worden, opdat gij daar leven zult vinden. 35. En gij zult het de doden niet meer verbieden tot komen, en gij zult niemand verbieden tot de doden te komen. 36. En gij zult de dood zien als heilig, en gij zult die naam meedragen van levenslicht tot levenslicht. 37. Zo is er dan blauw licht voor hen die Khnum volgen. Zo is hij dan zeventigvoudig zalig in Thoth. 38. En gij zult het juk dat gij op Khnum hebt gelegd wegwerpen, en gij zult hem de toegang niet meer weigeren. Zo zal dan het eerste vol zijn met de naam en namen van Khnum. En gij zult de muilband van zijn mond afhalen, zodat hij weer zal spreken. 39. En gij zult hem zijn hart teruggeven, en zijn kroon. Ja, in het eerste zal hij met Thoth tronen, om de goden van het eerste te herscheppen, en om nieuwe goden te scheppen. 40. En zo zal dan Khnum zijn als de Geest van het Eerste. 41. En de intieme delen moesten zich, gezamenlijk met de voeten onderwerpen aan de buik, en de Geest joeg door de tempelen heen voor veertig dagen in grote woede. 42. En zo is dan Nun God van het Tweede, en Isis de Geest van het Tweede. 43. Leert dan Isis kennen, want zij heeft u overgedragen aan het Derde. En zo dan komt gij allen tot zaligheid in het derde. 44. Laten allen die Isis kennen haar dan huldigen, opdat zij u telkens weer zal overdragen aan het Derde. 45. Verheugd u daarom wanneer gij wederom door het Eerste wordt meegenomen, want gij zijt geheel in de handen van Thoth, en Hij zal u wederom brengen tot het Tweede. 46. Zo zijn dan het Eerste, Tweede en Derde als de klauwen der nieren, om u tot zuivering te brengen. En zij zullen u brengen van geheim tot geheim. 47. En zo is dan Shu de Christus van het Eerste, en Geb de Christus van het Tweede. En zo dan is Seth de Christus van het Derde. 48. Gij dan allen zult de Christus aanhangen, en ik zal u een weg tonen die nog verder omhoog gaat. 49. Zo is dan Geb dichtbij de groene harten, daar hij de aarde liefheeft. En zij dan die tot Geb komen worden allen geleid door Nekhbet, die in Geb is vrijgezet. 50. Zo zal dan de Osiris leren van de Geb, en Geb zal Osiris met Seth verzoenen. Zo bent gij dan allen genaderd tot Isis, die een dochter der Sobek is. 51. Nadert dan tot haar en de andere krokodillen, opdat gij eeuwig leven hebbe. Zo is dan een ieder die in Isis is vrijgemaakt van de slavernij. 52. Komt dan tot haar, want

haar juk is zacht, en haar lasten licht. Gij moet even door de zure en bittere vrucht heenbijten. In haar zijt gij dan waarlijk vrij. 53. Zo is dan alles één onder de handen van Aton. Want hij voert allen die tot de derde alverzoening zijn gekomen tot de hogere weg. 54. En het is de Sekhmet die zijn hart bewake, en zijn voordeuren, en ook beschermt zij hem tegen de vrouw met de vele sekhmetten. 55. Want niet alle sekhmetten zijn des heeren, maar zij die in Aton's hart is, is de ware, die hem liefheeft. Zij dan voert hoge rechtspraak, en zet hen vrij die Aton volgen. 56. Zo is dan wie in Aton is, omgeven door de vleugelen van Sekhmet, om een nieuwe schepping te worden. 57. Die Sekhmet zal zalig zijn die zegge : Aton leeft in eeuwigheid. Zo is hij dan niet alleen de opgestane, maar hij zal ook opstaan, tot in de derde opstanding, en tot in de hogere weg. 58. En zo zullen velen ten laatsten dagen opstaan en zeggen : Hebben wij niet in Aton grote dingen gedaan ? Maar tot velen van zulken zal Aton zeggen : Gaat weg van mij, gij werkers der wetteloosheid, want gij hebt uw eigen eer gezocht. 59. Zo is dan niet een ieder die de naam van Aton gebruikt een werker van Aton. 60. En zo zal Aton dan aan hen die tot hem komen vragen om de sekhmet te tonen, zij die hij liefheeft. 61. Ja, Aton geeft goede gaven aan zijn kinderen, maar onthoudt hen het lijden niet. Hij is het dan die op doet groeien tot gerechtigheid en eenheid. Maar scheuringen onder u moeten er wel zijn om te laten blijken wie de test heeft doorstaan. 62. Zo is dan Aton eerstens niet gekomen om vrede te brengen, maar het zwaard. Maar door het zwaard heen zal de vrede rijpen tot gerechtigheid. 63. Zo is dan in Thoth, onder Aton, alles één, en zal Sekhmet volgen om rechtspraak te doen. Zij dan omgeve u van achteren en van voren. 64. Zij dan heeft uw juk gezien. Goed dan is het om in uw jonge jaren een juk te dragen. Laten zij dan allen die het juk dragen dit niet afwerpen, maar zaligen in Aton. 65. En zo zal Sekhmet haar beminden niet alleen laten wanneer zij voor Aton verschijnen, maar zal zij zuivere rechtspraak voeren, en hen tot advocaat zijn. Zij dan is zacht van hard, en snel in wijsheid. 66. Strekt uzelfen dan uit tot haar, allen die haar liefhebben, want haar hart gaat uit tot wie haar naarstig zoeken.

2.

De vleeswording door de Isisboom

1. Zij dan die tot Isis, de krokodillendochter komen : Gij vindt schuilplaats in haar moerassen, en het kruis wat zij schenkt is u tot bescherming. 2. Heiligt dan het kruis wat zij schenkt als een heilig icoon. Drinkt dan van haar wateren, en jammert niet. Zij dan gaf u thee te drinken van een leeuw en een krokodil. Tot een hal van dorre doodsbeenderen daalde u af, maar het was om u een goede schuilplaats te geven. 3. Zo hebt gij dan door uw adem de beenderen tot leven gebracht en met vlees bedekt. Gij dan zijt zalig in uw wonden. Zij zal in rust en trage pas tot u komen. 4. Zij die in haar geloven haasten niet. Zo is dan het geloof in haar de zekerheid die gij als een sieraad om uw nek draagt. Ja, als het derde geloof is zij, om u het derde geweten te brengen. 5. Zij dan die niet van haar wateren hebben gedronken, hebben geen schuilplaats, en zij zullen door haar achtergelaten worden aan de oppervlakte van het moeras, om in de nacht gegrepen te worden. 6. Zo zijn dan deze woorden streng, maar tot zaligheid, daar zij gegeven is om u niet als wezen achter te laten. 7. Zo zal dan niet de dood het laatste woord hebben, maar Isis, en zij zal tot Sebek, haar vader gaan, en woord voor u houden. 8. Vreest dan niet wanneer ge tot Sebek moet verschijnen, wanneer gij in haar bent, want ziet, zij die in haar zijn zijn Sebek welgevallig. 9. Zo hebt gij dan de krokodillenthee gedronken als lijm, waardoor gij als de boom zijt geworden waarin gij waarlijk vleeswordt. 10. Want er is dan geen enkele vleeswording buiten de boom om, en zij dan die de doden schuwen zullen hun vlees verliezen. 11. Zo is er dan geen enkele opstanding buiten de Isisboom om. Houdt elkaar dan niet langer meer voor de gek.

3.

Verschillende bomen

1. Zij dan die tot de Sebekboom gekomen zijn hebben toegang tot Izu, het heilige rijk. Zo is dan de Sekhmetboom tot heling aangesteld, en gij doet er wel aan uw zielen daar te reinigen. 2. Zij dan die het verborgene niet kennen hebben niks. Laten zij dan komen tot de Gebboom die tot in de dieptes der aarde rijkt. 3. Vreest dan de duisternis niet, opdat hij niet van u wegvluichte. Want tot bevrijding werd hij u gezonden, en zo ook kwam Horus tot u, als boodschapper der goden. 4. Ja, op vleugelen der wind werd hij tot u geblazen, en hij pakte u bij de hand om u tot Geb te leiden, en tot zijn boom. 5. Zo hebt gij dan heilige iconen ontvangen, gij die de boom van Geb hebt aanschouwd. Bouwt dan zijn tempelen. 6. Ja, ook bracht Horus u tot de boom van Nekhbet, om door haar te komen tot Tifiaf, die als het oog van Thoth is. Beklimt dan de boom van Thoth, en draagt zijn kruis, opdat gij door zijn iconen zalig zult zijn, en grote wijsheid zult dragen. 7. Zo is dan diepe wijsheid het hart van Thoth, en gij zijt daar naartoe gezonden als naar stralend water. 8. Laat dan het oog van Tifiaf met u zijn, tezamen met het oog van Aton.

Isis

1.

De dochters der krokodillen

1. Zo is dan de krokodillendochter tot u gezonden met het oog van Seth, waarin gij vrij zult zijn om haar te volgen. 2. Zij dan zal u meevoeren over de moerassen tot onbekende plaatsen, die in geen hart zijn opgekomen, en die boven denken heersen en leven. Deze plaatsen zijn heilig en zoet. 3. Ja, als het zoete van het grote Sarhah zijn zij, om u volkomen uit te leiden. 4. Want de derde uittocht staat voor de deur, om u te leiden tot de hogere weg. 5. Zo is dan Thoth die op uw deuren klopt. Doet dan open om hem tot uw kamers te leiden, en tot de kamers onder en boven uw huis. 6. Dan zal hij u vreemde kamers tonen, en gesloten deuren openen. 7. Haalt dan Isis, de krokodillendochter vanuit haar huis op, en neemt haar tot uw huis, opdat zij uw moeder zal wezen. 8. En zo zult u veelvuldig bezocht worden door Ra, die zal zijn als vijftig bezoekers, en zij zullen uw huis in rust en vrede achterlaten. 9. Hebt dan een hart voor de dochter der krokodillen, en zo zal zij u leiden tot de huizen en woonplaatsen van haar zusters. 10. Indien gij in haar blijft zullen zij voor u buigen, en u meeleden tot de plaatsen waar zij hun voedsel vandaan halen. 11. En dan zult gij de diepe doodsdieptes niet meer vrezen, daar de zusters van Isis, de dochters der krokodillen, bij u zijn. 12. En zij zullen u verdedigen wanneer er dan huiszoekingen worden gedaan, en zij zullen voor u opstaan, wanneer soldaten buiten lopen. 13. En gij zult schuilplaats hebben in hun kasten, en zij zullen zeggen : Wij herbergen niemand. Dit alles is van ons. 14. En in de nacht zullen zij u meevoeren tot hun wegen en viaducten, en met vleugelen zult gij tot hun bomen worden geleid als vele uittochten. 15. En zij zullen u leiden tot de woningen van de grootmoeders, en niemand zal u daar kunnen vinden. 16. Ja, op gierenvleugelen zult gij daar komen, en gij zult ontvangen worden als een koning en een prins. 17. En de zusters van Isis zullen de stad der grootmoeders omhullen. Tot hun rotsen zult gij gaan, en tot hun iconen, en gij zult zalig zijn. 18. En ook als duisternis over de stad der grootmoeders valt, zult gij licht vinden in het huis uwer grootmoeder, en Thoth zal daar nieuwe deuren openen tot de verborgen kamers. 19. Gij dan zult in meerdere steden tegelijk zijn, en de verborgen kamers zien boven en onder de huizen, en gij zult de familiefeesten zien. En dezen zullen u nimmer vrees aanjagen, want de zusters van Isis zijn met u. 20. Zo hebben dan allen die in

haar geloven en haar volgen eeuwig licht in hun kandelaren, en hun olie zal nooit opraken. 21. Gij dan zult nimmermeer tot de dwaze maagden gerekend worden, daar de bruidegom u bij de hand heeft en u niet laat terugzakken. 22. Gij dan zult zijn als de eeuwige wijze maagd, daar de zusters van Isis in uw hart wonen en tronen. 23. En zo zult gij dan lezen van de woorden van Sebek, opdat zij vlees in u worden.

2.

De Nieuwe Wapenrusting van Anubis

1. En wanneer dan Anubis voor het vreemde gerechtshof wordt gedaagd zult gij allen in rouw zijn, en hem omhullen met warme dekens. 2. Maar de kou zal deze dekens één voor één weghalen. Dan zullen de zusters van Isis één voor één voor hem getuigen, en hem verdedigen, maar er zal naar hen niet geluisterd worden. 3. En dan zal door de slagen het oog van Anubis ontwaken, en zult ook gij weggevoerd worden met hem, tot het eiland der ballingen. En zo zult gij diepe vriendschap opbouwen met hem. 4. En gij zult in de ogen van Anubis kijken, en hij zal in uw ogen kijken, en gij zult het ervaren als een verloren vriend die is teruggevonden. 5. En dan zullen de zusters van Isis tot het eiland zwemmen, en zij zullen enige tijd niet kunnen spreken. 6. En dan zal Isis zelf tot het eiland komen en hun monden openen. En zij zal Anubis toespreken, en hun binnensten zalven. 7. Zo zal dan Isis licht vinden in de omgang met Anubis, en zij zullen gaan van eiland tot eiland. 8. Zo zal Anubis telkens de gereedschappen van het vreemde gerechtshof terugvinden op de eilanden, en zij zullen door Isis omgevormd worden. 9. Zo zal dan Anubis tot een nieuwe wapenrusting komen. En zo zal dan de wapenrusting van David hem omhullen, maar deze zal omgesmolten worden. En zijn wapenrusting zal zijn als oude dekens. 10. En zo zal dan een ieder die hem gevolgd heeft het zwaard van Anubis dragen. En zijn speer zal tot genezing zijn. 11. En zijn helm zal zijn met vele ogen, en zijn pantser als de schubben der zee. Zijn schild dan is als de drakentand, en zijn riem als het vod der zee. 12. Zij dan allen die met Anubis arm zijn geworden, zullen vlees worden in de rijkdommen der zee. 13. En zo zullen alle ware egyptenaren terugkeren tot hun land, ja, alle stammen die verstrooid zijn. En zij zullen verzoend worden als de kleuren van het goud. 14. Hierin zullen zij hun heilige auf vinden als hun vlees en bloed. Ja, tot vleeswording zullen zij komen. 15. En wanneer zij dan allen met Ra verzoend zijn, zullen ze hun namen vinden in de Manjet-boot, de dagboot die door de hemelen vaart, en zullen ze komen tot de Meseket-boot, de nachtboot, die door de duisternis en de aarde gaat. 16. En op de Meseket zal Upuqut staan, hij die de wegen opent. Min dan zal staan op de Manjet-boot. 17. Zo zal dan Geb, de aardgod, de nachtboot inslikken, en Nut, de hemelgodin, zal de dagboot inslikken. 18. En hoewel deze twee geliefden zijn, voeren zij vele oorlogen. 19. En Nun zal de boten dragen, en Geb en Nut verzoenen. Ja, wijze raad zal hij schenken. 20. En in Nun dan, terwijl gij in de Nun afdaalt, zullen uw Geb en uw Nut verzoend worden, en gij zult de Nun vinden als een lang verloren vriend. 21. En zo zult gij in de dieptes van Nun Manjet en Meseket leren kennen als vrienden. En ziet dan, zij zijn de diepe ingewanden van de Sobek. 22. Zo zijn dan Manjet en Meseket u als goden gegeven. En ziet dan, zij zijn als de vleugelen van Anubis, om hem en die hem volgen te leiden tot het tweede en het derde Egypte en tot de hogere weg. 23. Bouwt dan tempelen voor uw Manjet en Meseket, opdat gij door de dag en de nacht kunt komen. Maakt dan de uren tot uw vrienden, door af te dalen in de Nun en de Sobek. 24. En wanneer gij tot de Manjet-boom en de Meseket-boom zijt gekomen : eet van haar vruchten, opdat gij toegang hebt tot hun tuinen. Luistert wanneer zij tot u spreken. Dan zult gij uw auf zaligen. 25. Zo is het dan zonder ascetisme onmogelijk om uw auf te zaligen.

3.

Manjet en Meseke

1. En zo zal dan Manjet opstaan om tot Meseke te spreken, en zij zullen hun oorlogsvoeringen tegen elkaar staken. Zo zullen zij dan als broeders zijn, daar Nun en Sebek hen verzoend hebben. 2. Zo zullen zij dan tot Aton gaan voor de derde verzoening, en hij zal hen wederom verzoenen in de hogere weg. 3. En zo zullen Manjet en Meseke verzoend worden met Khnum, en daarna met Nekhbet, en zij zullen in Sekhmet tot ware eenheid komen. 4. Zo dan zullen zij Khnum beschermen als warme dekens, en zullen zij Nekhbet tot kroon zijn. 5. Daarna zullen dan Manjet en Meseke verzoend worden met Wadjet, door Aton, en zullen zij Nekbeth verzoenen met Wadjet, ja, tot in de dieptes van Nun, tot aan de doodspoorten van de Sobek. 6. En zo zal Ra tronen over Wadjet en Nekbeth, over beneden en boven Egypte, vanwaar hij zijn stralen in lagen zend. Ja, in de wolken zal hij tronen, naast de globe. 7. En zo zullen Manjet en Meseke tot viermaal toe met Re verzoend worden, en hij zal hen toespreken, en hen uitzenden tot Sebek. 8. Nu dan leiden de wegen van Sebek tot de hoge bomen. Ja, langs twee krokodillen zult gij gaan, en gij zult het altaar van Sebek zien. 9. Dan zult gij uw armen opheffen als Min, en gij zult zeggen : Hier hebben wij lang op gewacht. 10. Zo is dan de Wadjet-boom tot uw zaligheid geschapen, en ziet, zij is als de slangenboom. Zo ook zult gij tot de Nekhbet-boom komen, en zeggen : Dit is onze zaligheid en slag. Want met inslag zal de boom tot u komen, en met inslag zal de boom door u heentrekken. 11. Zo zijn deze bomen dan zalig onder de visie van Re, waar gij veelvoudig zult komen tot vleeswording. 12. En zo is er dan in het derde ruime vleeswording mogelijk, en gij zult het noemen de doop des vlezes en de vlezesdoop. Zo zal dan uw denken gevleugeld worden, en gij zult eeuwige visioenen zien, die vanuit de globe van Re komen. 13. Ja, ook gij zult in deze dingen met Manjet en Meseke verzoend zijn. En zo zal Re u leiden van verzoening tot verzoening, en gij zult deze dingen ervaren als het komen tot grote vrede. 14. Zo zal dan Wadjet in u vleesworden, gij allen die haar liefhebt. Maar zij zal door de derde alverzoening en door de hogere weg in een ieder varen. 15. Maakt u dan op om tot haar berg te komen, alle gij volkeren, opdat gij genezing vindt, en vlees over uw botten. 16. Tot uw eigen dorre doodsbeenderen bent gij gekomen, en ziet, zij zal u opnieuw weven, en de levensader tot u uitstrekken. 17. Zij dan is als het merg en het zalige van Sebek, en als de staf van Osiris is zij. 18. Zo is dan de Wadjet als de uitgestrekte wateren van de dag, die de doden geeft aan Nekhbet die is als de wateren van de nacht. 19. Zo heeft Re dan in hen de levensader gevonden, en is hij het die zijn boom daarmee heeft gevoed. 20. Zo zijn er dan vele bronnen in Wadjet en Nekhbet, en zij zijn als de voedsters van bomen, en Re is dan hun hovenier. 21. Ja, hij is het dan die zijn boom voedt, en voor zijn voedsters zorgt. En door de vruchten reizen de doden steeds tot de dag. 22. Tot een parfum van Nekhbet zijn zij, en tot de duinen van Wadjet, waardoor zij haar weg vindt. 23. Telkens weer neemt zij de ouderen met zich mee, en voedt hen met de vruchten der onderwereld.

4.

De boom van Re

1. Zo zijn dan de zusters van Wadjet als de zachte banen der aarde, en hun huizen zijn als vuurtorens, ja, de schuilplaatsen van Manjet zijn zij. 2. Zo zijn dan de zusters van Nekhbet de schuilplaatsen van Meseke, en dezen zijn als de marmeren hallen. 3. Zo zijn dan de broers van Manjet en Meseke hen tot vleugelen. Ja, en dezen zullen dan allen verzoend worden met deze huizen. 4. Gij dan hebt allen uw huizen geopend voor deze families, daar zij hun lichten tot u gezonden hebben, oh alle gij volgelingen van de grote Isis. 5. Zij hebben daar reeds hun spullen staan, en uw huizen zijn hen tot poort. Ja, ook zijn zij gekomen tot de huizen van uw burens, en

hebben zij de Amon geplaatst. 6. Ja, vele dodenrijken bevinden zich dan in de huizen der burenen, en ook gij zult daar uw schuilplaatsen vinden. Hier dan zult gij hun anubissen vinden. 7. Acht daarom de wonden die gebeten zijn niet gering, want de anubissen hebben u toegang gegeven, opdat gij onder en boven de huizen zult reizen. En zo hebt gij de huishouding van Anubis leren kennen. 8. Leert dan ook de huishouding van Nekhbet kennen, en de huishouding van Wadjet. Want eerstens zijt gij wel gestorven in de Nekhbet, maar gij bent in de Wadjet opgestaan. 9. Zo bent gij dan door de dood en de traagheid heen, tot het dodenrijk der snellen gekomen. 10. Zij dan zijn als de geuren der vruchten, om koele duisternis en warme dood te brengen tot de dag, als het licht der woestijnen. 11. Ziet, gij hebt uw ziel daar zien liggen, maar op de heuvel zijt gij dan vrijgekomen, en hebt gij de oase gezien. 12. Zo is dan alles wat gij ziet binnen uw bereik. Strekt u dan uit naar dat wat gij niet kunt zien. 13. Zo knielen dan Nekhbet en Wadjet dagelijks neer voor de boom van Re, en eten zij van de vruchten. 14. Wijsheid is dan voor een ieder weggelegd, en tot een ieder gezonden, die tot de hoge bomen is gekomen en daar zijn hart heeft. 15. Nu is echter het hart zonder betekenis wanneer het afwijkt van de boom van Re. 16. Vele huizen zijn dan gekomen tot hen die de boom van Re met zich meedragen, en zij die zijn huishouding kennen.

5.

Ontstaan van het christendom

1. Gij dan waart enige tijd bevreesd geweest voor de huishouding van Amon, daar hij onverzoend was met Aton, en in grote onverzoening leefde, omdat dit de eis der doden was. 2. Maar nu dan is Amon veelvuldig verzoend met Manjet en Meseke, en is Khnum in ere hersteld. 3. Zo zijn dan Nekhbet en Wadjet in de klok van Amon, die hij van Re ontvangen heeft. 4. En vele vogelen dan reizen door deze klok. En zo ook rust de hand van Horus zwaar op het huis van Amon. 5. En zo dan was er een engel van Thoth genaamd Pior en Pior-Thoth, en deze engel dan stichtte het christendom. En zo was er een engel genaamd Dahm-Amon, die een engel is van de god Amon, en deze schiep het mohammedanisme. 6. En zo heeft ook Seth zijn engelen uitgezonden om in de wereld godsdiensten en filosofieën te stichten. En deze engelen zijn genaamd : Milaph-Seth, Marazanta-Seth, Izu-Seth, Atu-Seth, Lapondria-Seth, paarse Seth-mug, Lokogamen-Seth, Talgamen-Seth, Datu-Seth, Rode Seth-kap, Esmeralda-Seth. 7. Zo zijn dan de engelen van Thoth : Izu-Thoth, Esmeralda-Thoth, Atu-Thoth, Datu-Thoth, Rode Thoth-kap, Talgamen-Thoth, paarse Thoth-mug, Milaph-Thoth, Eminijs-Thoth, Metensia-Thoth, Kabbernal-Thoth, Lokogamen-Thoth. 8. En zij hebben de leiding over de lagere engelen van Thoth, die op hun beurt weer leiders zijn over miljarden engelen. 9. De namen van deze lagere engelen zijn : Mi-ensus, Kliareout, Emshel, Asam, Har, Loth, Konen, Kulebas, Kehemnon, Tichanus, Orom, Odesu, Otehan, Karam, Emeshel, Okare, Inefes, Hihamst, Otumius, Inokius, Izamellus, Hihunsa, Itafus, Itamus, Enehushel. 10. En de namen van de onder-engelen die de koren leiden, zijn : Etok, Semau, Hemst, Lut, Karal, Damhes, Dakau, Itusha, Emuneus, Amineus, Aminihun, Amhech, Zalech, Gachau, Dagmen, Kalnahou, Konehan, Timix, Kreis, Hesta, Ansfil, Rasach, Danau, Karhum, Wilhen, Etakuleus, Kernahen, Kenderamin, Taneshau, Dakundoch, Irkunthen, Vantau. 11. En verder : Eresmin, Satismin, Matinen, Dahin, Alhan, Arkhenius, Achunius, Romichius, Domanius, Domaninium. En vele anderen. 12. De engelen van Ra zijn dan : Ichmus, Hahen, Amach, Opiun, Darmium, Damus. En deze zijn als de aartsengelen, en zij zijn als godenzonen en goden. 13. Zo zult gij dan deze engelen niet geringschatten, want zij staan in macht hoger dan het christendom en het jodendom, en zij zijn het die u hebben uitgeleid. 14. Ja, in snelle doodskisten hebben zij u uitgeleid, als het toeslaan der krokodillen.

6.

Engelen der Egyptische goden

1. Zo zult gij dan tot de engelen van Isis komen, en ziet zij zijn als de krokodillen. Zij dan zijn als de bedrijvers van politiek en de handelaars. 2. Daarom is het Aton gegeven hen tijdelijk met vloeken te slaan. Ja, zij dan hebben strijd te voeren, en voeren hun macht niet uit zonder onder druk te staan. 3. Ja, zwaar zijn hun passen, en afgemeten hun woorden, daar zij niet bij machte zijn energie te verspillen. 4. Gij bent dan ook tot de engelen van Nut gekomen, waarvan enkelen in het huis van Ra verblijven. Ziet dan, zij hebben grote macht. 5. Maar zo is er dan alleen macht door de dood verkregen. En deze macht is dan vaak verborgen, daar zij uit de duisternis komt. 6. Ziet dan, zij gaat van verborgenheid tot verborgenheid, en zalig zijn zij die er een glimp van opvangen. 7. Zo zijn dan de engelen van Nut : Karnahak, Tuus, Remehok, Duuti, Epischet, Panis, Magrien, Damiek. 8. De engelen van Neith verblijven dan veelal in het huis van Anubis, vanwaar zij worden uitgezonden. 9. Zo ook verblijven enkelen van hen in het huis van Geb. 10. Gij dan die door Geb zijt geslagen : Veracht zijn harige stok niet, daar zij u tot leven leidt, al is het door duisternis heen. Diep zult gij kunnen reizen door de Wadjet en de Nekhbet, en gij zult tot grote verzoeningen komen, die u vrede zullen brengen. 11. Vereert dan naast Geb ook zijn engelen, die zijn beeltenis dragen, want ziet, zij zijn als de Egyptische heiligen. 12. Zo zult gij dan leren bidden tot Geb, en gij zult de groene tabletten met gebeden ontvangen.

Gebed tot Geb

13.En zo zult gij dan bidden tot Geb : Almachtige Vader der aarde, Allerhoogste vorst onder Aton, de rode zon. Gij bent als de groene zon, die onze aarde vruchtbaar maakt. 14.Geeft ons heden ons dagelijks brood, en schenk ons uw roede, opdat wij zullen groeien. 15.Geef ons de kracht om dagelijks uw kruis te dragen, en tot u te komen, wanneer Gij ons wilt zien. Uw oog dan ziet alles, en U wil dat wij tot U naderen. 16.Uw wil geschiede in ons leven, en Uw wil geschiedt op aarde, onder Aton, de rode zon. Almachtige Geb, leidt ons tot de rode zon, dat gij ons altijd aan hem overdraagt, want deze is onze schuilplaats voor eeuwig. 17.Wij danken U, Almachtige Geb, dat gij de leidsman bent, onze gids, tot Aton. Zo zullen wij u dan loven en prijzen, want gij hebt dit verdient, om alles wat gij voor ons hebt gedaan. 18.Wij heffen onze handen op om Aton te ontvangen, en dan laten wij onze handen dalen om hem te schenken aan de aarde. Dat de rode zon telkens weer in de aarde dale, om ons te verzoenen met U, oh Geb. 19.Vergeeft ons onze schulden, gelijk wij onze schuldenaren vergeven. Leidt ons niet in verzoeking, maar verlos ons van de boze. Want van u is het koninkrijk, en de kracht, en de heerlijkheid, tot in Eeuwigheid.

Gebed in Nood

20.En zo zult gij bidden wanneer gij in nood zijt : Oh Geb, toon ons uw kracht en genade. Tot uw goedertierenheid en lankmoedigheid zijn wij genaderd. 21.Gij dan die ons dit kruis hebt geschonken zijt geheiligd en gezegend. Leer ons dit kruis te dragen, maar verzoek ons niet boven vermogen. 22.Breng dan ons kruis tot heerlijkheid, en doe ons opstaan in uw hart. Al wat wij willen is te naderen tot uw hart. Geef ons rust en vrede in dit lijden. 23.Leer ons dit kruis te zegenen en op u te vertrouwen, dat U ons leidt door deze storm. Gij dan scheidt uw land temidden van de woeste golven, en gij leidt uw volk uit door wonderen en tekenen. Amen.

7.

Gebed tot Seth

1. En zo zult gij ook als Ramses naderen tot Seth, evenals de egyptenaren van het oude. En gij zult moeten leren bidden tot Seth. Zo dan zult gij bidden : Almachtige Vader der storm en donder, gij die onder de aarde zijt. Geeft ons heden wat wij nodig hebben, en weest dan onze middelaar. 2. Wij houden van u, en danken u voor het kruis dat gij ons hebt geschonken. Geeft ons dan de kracht dit kruis te dragen, en leer ons elkanders kruizen te dragen. Leer ons ook te bidden voor de doden, en hen niet te vergeten. 3. Wij loven u voor uw liefde, en wij prijzen u, want Gij bent onze heerlijkheid en goedertierenheid. Gij dan zijt trouw, en gij komt ons tegemoet. Leer ons dan telkens weer tot u te naderen. Vergeef ons onze schuldenaren, gelijk ook wij onze schuldenaren vergeven. 4. Leidt ons dan tot Aton, en verdedig ons in de rechtszaal. Laat zijn woede ons dan niet vernietigen, maar omhul ons met warme dekens. Leer ons dan lof te offeren tot Aton en tot U, ja, leer ons u te aanbidden. 5. Leidt ons niet in verzoeking, maar verlos ons van de boze, want van u is de kracht, het koninkrijk en de getrouwheid tot in eeuwigheid. Door Ramses naderen wij tot u. Neem onze gebeden aan.

Gebed voor de doden

6. Zo zult gij in nood dan komen tot Seth, en bidden : Oh, Seth, toorn dan niet, Almachtige Vader in de hemelen onder Aton. Leidt ons door de stormen heen tot de troon van Aton, die de rode zon is. 7. Laat ons hart dan niet bezwijken voor u, maar heb genade. Verzoek ons dan niet boven vermogen, gij die handelt vanuit getrouwheid. 8. Gij dan voert oorlog in gerechtigheid. Toorn dan niet voor eeuwig, maar onderwijs ons, en vergeef ons onze schulden, daar wij onze schuldenaren vergeven. 9. Wij komen tot u om te bidden voor de doden. Wij danken u, dat u de mogelijkheid hebt gegeven voor hen te bidden. Zo leggen wij dan hen die ons dierbaar zijn voor uw troon, ook hen die wij niet kennen. 10. Leert ons dan de doden kennen. Wij vragen u of u hen wil zegenen, en indien mogelijk genezing wil schenken. Wij vragen u of u hen wil opnemen tot op uw troon, om hen te voeden met het voedsel der doden. 11. Geef hen een hart, opdat zij kunnen ademen en spreken. Geef hen een ziel, opdat zij kunnen wandelen, en een geest opdat zij kunnen vliegen. Almachtige Vader die onder Aton troont, weest dan getrouw tot hen. 12. Luistert dan naar hun gebeden, en geef acht op hun smekingen. Breng hen dan recht, en verdedig hen, wanneer zij voor Aton verschijnen. Almachtige Vader, stort uw geest en vlees over hen uit, opdat zij zullen opklimmen tot Aton, en met de rode zon verzoend zullen worden. 13. Leert ons dan bidden voor de doden, en leert ons hen te zegenen en te genezen. Gij dan hebt een hart voor de doden. Vader, wij houden van u. Gij hebt ons leven gegeven.

8.

Gebed tot Sekhmet

1. Zo zult gij dan naderen tot de troon van Sekhmet en aldus bidden : Heilige Sekhmet, wij naderen tot u, gij voor wie alles buigt. Toon dan genade tot ons, en schenk ons voedsel uit uw tuinen. 2. Wij zegenen dan hen die uit de dodenrijken tot u roepen. Neemt hen op, en schenkt hen vrede. 3. Heb genade over hen, oh Almachtige Sekhmet, gij die troont onder Aton, de rode zon. Amen.

Gebed tot Aton

4. Allerhoogste Vader, wij buigen in ontzag voor u. Gij hebt ons gebracht door uw liefde, tot hier. Wij hebben de doden met ons meegenomen, en leggen hen voor u neer. 5. Schenk ons uw genade, en leer ons elkaars kruizen te dragen. Gij heilig vuur der rode zon, zuivert onze harten nu, en schenk ons voedsel uit uw almachtige hand. Amen.

Gebed tot Isis

6. Almachtige Isis, wij buigen tot u. Engelen buigen tot u, en alle heiligen. Groot is uw Naam, geprezen zijt gij in heel Egypte. De doden brachten wij voor u mee, opdat gij leven in hen zoudt blazen. 7. Groot is uw naam, genadig en trouw uw liefde, blijf bij ons, wanneer de nacht over ons valt, en leidt ons tot uw eeuwige vrede. 8. Engelen buigen tot u, en loven uw naam, ja, zij dragen u, door de schepping heen, tot uw eer. Goed is alles wat gij geschapen hebt. Amen.

9.

De stad der gebeden

1. En ik dan kwam tot een zaal vol met doden. En aan het eind van die zaal zag ik drie grote en geweldige tronen. En op de middelste troon zat Aton, met zijn gezicht als een rode zon. 2. En naast hem zaten Pior-Thoth en Dahm-Amon, en zij hadden ook het gezicht als een zon. En Dahm-Amon was dan als een wilde ram, en zijn zon was blauw en paars met een witte vleugel. 3. En Pior-Thoth was als een lichtrode zon, en alle drie moesten zij oordelen over de doden. En toen kwam Seth tot mij, en gaf mij een pen en sprak : gij dan zijt de uitverkorene der goden. Gij zult veel moeten schrijven. En hij gaf mij de groene tabletten van Geb, waarop de aardgebeden stonden. 4. En hij sprak : Gij dan zijt uitverkoren om het heilige gebed te herstellen. En deze tabletten waren als grafstenen. En ook gaf hij mij de tabletten van Sekhmet en Isis, en daarna leidde hij mij tot een ondergrondse gang, waar een bootje stond. 5. Toen ik met hem in het bootje stapte nam hij zijn staf, zette die in het water en zette af, terwijl hij z'n staf teruggreep, en het bootje begon te varen. En we gingen van een schuine waterheuvel af, en kwamen in een diepere tunnel. 6. Ineens stond de boot stil, en we konden aan de overkant uitstappen. Dit was je leven, zei Seth. Toen ging er een deur open, en Geb kwam binnen met zijn hoofd als de groene zon. Hij had een staf in zijn handen die brandde. 7. Met z'n drieën gingen we door de deur binnen waardoor Geb was gekomen, en we kwamen in een prachtig landschap terecht. Dit is dan het veld der doden, sprak Geb, en overal begonnen er herten te huppelen. 8. Toen gingen we weer naar binnen, en met z'n drieën gingen we het bootje weer in, wat begon terug te varen. Al snel kwamen we weer in de zaal vol met doden terecht, en ik kreeg van Geb een aantal andere tabletten. 9. Je moet veel schrijven, zei Geb, terwijl hij in de mist verdween. Na een tijdje verscheen zijn gezicht tussen de andere drie zonnen, en nam hij de Dahm-Amon en de Pior-Thoth in zijn handen, terwijl zijn zon groener werd, steeds donkerder en donkerder. 10. Tenslotte smolt hij samen met Aton. Terwijl de Aton-zon begon te groeien en te groeien om de zaal vol met doden begon te bedekken. Toen stapte Seth naar voren, en slokte de zon op, terwijl hij rode haren kreeg en rood vuur spuwde. Hij kwam tot Isis en zij baarde negen dochters met rode haren. 11. En dezen brachten andere tabletten tot mij. En ik vroeg mij af waar Aton was gebleven, maar hij was in het rode. En Aton sprak : Gij zult veel tot Seth en Geb moeten bidden, om de aloude paden te herstellen. En deze stad zou gebouwd worden door gebed.

10.

De Egyptische evangelieën

1. En Seth en Geb begonnen vlees te worden in mij, en ik sprak in nieuwe tongen, de tongen van Seth en Geb. En ook begon ik tot hen te bidden zoals hun vlees mij ingaven te bidden. 2. En zo werden mij de evangelieën van Seth en Geb gegeven. En de engel die het romeinse rijk had geschapen kwam tot mij, en deze engel was een engel van Osiris, genaamd Shesmu. En deze dan is het zwaard van Osiris. 3. En zo ontving ik ook de evangelieën van Isis, Sekhmet en Osiris, en later het evangelie van Horus. 4. En de engel van de chinese koninkrijken kwam tot mij, en deze was een

engel van Shu, genaamd Omnikot. En de engel van de indianen was genaamd Dametu, en zij was de engel van Sekhmet. En deze engelen gaven mij ook tabletten met evangelieën en gebeden. 5. En ook brachten zij de iconen mee voor het nieuwe koninkrijk. En zo werd de aarde tot het nieuwe Egypte.

Seth

1.

Sethon

1. Tot de derde levensboom en de derde levensrivieren ; De buik dan zal de intieme delen inslikken, en zij zal leven schenken. Zo zullen de nieuwe intieme delen vanuit de buik komen. En ziet, zij zijn in de buik. 2. Zo zal dan ook de buik de benen inslikken, en ziet, zij zal nieuwe benen voortbrengen. 3. Laat dan niemand uwer die deze woorden hoort deze verachten. Maar ziet op de sekhmetten, en zegt het voort, daar het het derde lichaam bespreekt. 4. Aton spreekt vanuit de steek des levens. Luister dan naar de steek, opdat hij het van u wegneme. 5. Laat dan niemand voortijdig de engel weghalen, daar zij gegeven is om de honing des eeuwigen vlezes te laten voortkomen. 6. Zij dan die de engel voortijdig weghalen zullen voorzeker sterven, en in hen is het leven niet. 7. Zo zijn deze dan strenge woorden, opdat gij uw behoudenis bewerk in vrezen en beven. Zalig hen die beven, want zij zullen leven. Zij die dan niet beven zijn al levende dood. 8. Gij dan zult door uw beven veel leven voortbrengen, en gij zult de adem van het derde paradijs dragen. 9. Komt dan tot de derde levensboom en haar rivieren, opdat gij ook van haar vruchten zult eten. 10. Gij dan hebt een boom in het volgen van Seth. Gij weet dan dat Osiris en Seth strijd voeren, en deze strijd is heilig. Als twee leeuwen vechten zij, om de eeuwige vruchten te mengen. Zo is dan de heilige Seth-Osiris als de heilige Sethon u als sieraad gegeven. 11. Zij dan die luisteren naar de stem der strijd zijn niet verre van de bevrijding. 12. Heft dan uw hoofden omhoog, al gij die Sethon volgen, want de verlossing is nabij. Zo zijt gij dan tot de derde behoudenis gekomen. Studeer dan veel, en groei op in wijsheid, want zij die jong zijn leven in vele verwarringen. 13. Gij dan moet het juk der jeugd leren verstaan, en daardoor tot vrede komen.

2.

De betekenis van Sat-an

1. Gij dan die de derde doornenkroon draagt en het derde doornenkruis : zalig zijt gij. Gij zult voor vele gevaren behoedt worden, en gij hebt vuurtorens op uw paden. Ja, de wegwijzer zal uw gids zijn. 2. Zo heeft de Sobek dan als heilige vijand Benmaten, en ook Bilmageln. En gij hebt zulke heilige oorlogen in uzelf bemerkt, opdat zij de wegen der communicatie openbreken. Geenszins hoeft gij u daardoor laten beangstigen, ook niet door de strijd tussen Ra en Apep, daar dit vele hoeken van de tempel zijn die in het midden één worden. In Aton is dan verzoening. 3. Ook de Egyptische goden dan zoeken bevrijding, en deze zal zijn in Tifiaf. 4. Nu dan is Seth als de heilige godenbank, en is Osiris als de heilige godenmedia, en ziet dan, hun strijd heeft Horus voortgebracht, de boodschapper der goden. 5. En Horus dan strijdt mee aan de hand van Osiris. Hoeveel te meer dan zullen wij moeten strijden aan de kant van Seth. 6. Seth dan is de enige die Ra kan beschermen. Zoudt gij dan aan de kant van Horus en Osiris staan, om daarmede tegen Seth te strijden, dan zou uw Ra vallen. 7. Zo moet gij dan leren ook heilige strijd te voeren om Horus en Osiris in te perken, om Seth aan te hangen, hij die de ware schuilplaats van Ra is. Zo is dan Ra de godenhandel, en gij doet er goed aan in Sethon te onderhandelen. 8. Wij weten dan dat Aam, die de gevallene is, een duistere Osiris aanhangt, en daarmee een duistere Seth. Zo moet gij dan weten dat

ook de anderen van Orion hun macht hebben bereikt door de verkeerde samenhang der Egyptische goden. Dit dan staat ook in hun boeken vermeld. 9. Zo zullen dan Aam en Delfio het derde merkteken van het beest brengen, om de volkeren tot slavernij te brengen. En dit nummer is drieduizendzeshonderdzessenzestig. 10. Waakt dan, opdat gij het uur van de dag kent en in hun handen niet valle. Gij zijt dan genaderd tot de schare der Egyptische heiligen, die driemiljoenhonderdvierenveertigduizend zielen en lichamen telt, onderverdeeld in de stammen van Egypte. 11. Zij dan die overwinnen en het derde merkteken van het beest niet dragen zullen dan tot deze schare behoren. Zij dan hebben hun zielen niet met vrouwen bevlekt, en wonen in de kloosters en de woestijnen. 12. Zo leeft dan ook Seth in de woestijnen, als een afgezonderde en als een wilde. Hij dan is de Osiris ontvlucht, na hem gedood te hebben, en draagt nu de nieuwe Osiris met zich mee. 13. Zo is dan hij die Horus ontvlucht is, en Aam, als een vrije en een zalige, daar een overvloed van godenboodschappen de zielen te zeer zou verzoeten en bederven. 14. Seth is dan door zijn engelen de stichter van het atheïsme en het antheïsme, daar zij de ziel terugbrengen tot de eenvoud en de eigenwaarde. 15. Geen godsdienst op aarde is dan groter dan het boeddhisme, maar ziet, zij zal ingevuld moeten worden door de Egyptische goden. Dit dan zal de weg leiden tot Izu. 16. Zo is dan Izu, Brannan en Tifiat het heilige stappenstelsel waarin de Egyptische goden hun plaats vinden in het boeddhisme. 17. En door van Christus tot Christus te gaan, zult gij de ijzeren klem van het christendom verbreken. 18. Gij weet dan allen dat de aartsvijand van het christendom werd bestempeld als satan. Sat komt van Satis, die de waterschenkende vrouw van Khnum is. An komt van Anubis. 19. Ten dele bevat het christendom waarheid die uitgewerkt en gezuiverd wordt door het tweede en het derde, maar zij zal volkomen overgaan in het Egyptische, door de stappen Izu, Brannan en Tifiat. 20. Zo zult gij dan afrekenen met het verleden. Indien gij u hebt verzoend met Satis en Anubis, en met hun verbond genaamd Sat-An, dan hebt gij van de verchristelijkte satan niets te vrezen. 21. Zo is dan niet een iedere aanbieder van Satan slecht, daar het verwijst naar een oude vorm van aanbidding. 22. Anderen zeggen dat satan verwijst naar Seth-on, als de met Seth verzoende Osiris, en weer anderen zeggen : Het is Seth-An, als het verbond tussen Seth en Anubis. Al dezen zijn waar. 23. Zo is Seth die als de god van het kwaad afgeschilderd wordt, door de oudere egyptenaren aanbeden, en in de Ramses-dynastie. Het gaat erom de goede samenhang der goden te vinden. 24. Toch hebt gij dan tot de derde satan te strijden, daar hij uw zielen van de waarheid wil afbrengen. Zou deze strijd u dan weer terugbrengen tot het christendom ? Neen, voorzeker niet, daar het meerendeels de weg eruit is. 25. Zo doet gij dan ook door de derde Christus te aanbidden afstand van de eerste die nog onzuiver was. Nu dan zullen in het derde wel alle dingen van het eerste gezuiverd worden.

3.

Het derde Pniel ; pleidooi voor de goden en hun opposanten

1. Zo ook hebben Hai, Rerek en Apep betekenis in de samenhang der goden. Apep hield namelijk Ra in balans, en was als een heilige cocon. Daarom mogen wij net als bij Seth de Apep niet zuiver als een kwaad wezen beschouwen, maar dient hij z'n plaats te vinden in de samenhang der goden. 2. Zo doet het derde dan een beroep op de verdediging van Apep, opdat zijn ziel niet bij de godenrechtbanken zonder meer vernietigd worde. 3. Gij weet ook dat enkele goden Seth verdedigden bij de godenrechtbanken, om hem Ra te laten opvolgen. Maar omdat Isis smeekte om samenhang, en dit toch geen goed idee vond, is Horus dit tijdelijk geworden. 4. Zo was dan in Thebe de god Amon aan top. Het derde echter zegt : Aton is de allerhoogste, maar in de samenhang tellen de andere goden wel degelijk mee, vooral Sebek als de tweede, en die overigens aan de top

stond bij enkele farao's die zichzelf naar hem vernoemden als bijvoorbeeld Sebek is verzadigd. 5. Zo is dit boek dan een pleidooi voor alle goden en hun opponenten, voor de goede samenhang. 6. Zo zullen zij allen zalig worden in de derde alverzoening, die de alverzoening der goden is. 7. Maar houdt dan niet op om met de goden in heiligheid en heilige toetsing te worstelen, zoals Jakob deed op Pniel. Laat dan niemand u misleiden, of wegtrekken uit de samenhang. Monotheïsme is maar tijdelijk, aangesteld voor een zuiverend doel. 8. Zo zult ook gij tot het derde Pniel moeten komen, om met de goden te worstelen, en de zuivere samenhang te ontdekken in uw leven. 9. Al het lijden dan is tijdelijk, en zal zijn angel verliezen in de samenhang die tot vrede leidt in de derde alverzoening, en de hogere weg.

4.

Over Boeddha en het corrupte van de huidige anatomie

1. Zo is dan Seth in een hogere extase gekomen door zijn lijden, daar Anubis hem voor de rechtbank der rechtvaardigen heeft gebracht, waarna hij zijn troon verkreeg. 2. Wel echter staat deze troon onder Aton, die de rode zonnescijf is. 3. Maar ook Aton heeft dan verantwoording af te leggen, en wel aan Tifiaf, die als de gele zonnescijf is. 4. En zo zal Tifiaf Aton zevenvoudig zuiveren evenals Brannan. Zo is dan de derde Boeddha Egyptisch. 5. Komt dan tot de verlichting van de derde Boeddha die Egyptisch is. Er zijn dan geen spullen die je kan meenemen tot de hogere weg. Gij dan moet uzelf ontledigen. 6. Zo zijn dan iconen, beelden en andere tempelrelikwieën de enige materialen die u tot zaligheid kunnen leiden, en natuurlijk uw eigen lichaam. 7. Zoekt dan de verborgen schatten des lichaams, want vanuit vlees zijt gij voortgekomen, en tot vlees zult gij gaan. 8. Zo zult gij dan het vlees verheerlijken, niet door opsmuk, maar door kennis van de ware anatomie. 9. Leert dan de corruptie van de huidige anatomie kennen, en verheerlijkt haar niet, want zij die dat doen hebben het leven niet. 10. Gij dan moet terugkeren tot de buik, vanwaar al het leven komt. Verheerlijk dan de organen der buik, en verlustig u daar in, en verheerlijk ook de geheime organen, opdat zij zich zullen openen en zich aan u geven. 11. Zo zult gij door veel studie uw lichaam dienen. Zondert u daarom ook af, opdat gij u niet met de wereld besmette. De wereld dan vare ten verderfe. 12. Weest dan ook niet verzot op veel geld, maar indien u veel geld hebbe, gebruike het om de tempelen van Egypte te bouwen, en gebruik het voor onderzoek en de wederopbouw van de natuur. Zo zult gij niet in het oordeel van de rijke vallen. 13. Zo is dan Izu de perfecte balans tussen Boeddha en de egyptenaren.

Emerius

1.

Lijst verschillende soorten boeddha's

En dit zijn dan de namen en de getallen van het derde boeddhisme. En dezen zijn heilig : de derde tijgerboeddha's, de derde leeuwenboeddha's, de derde orca-boeddha's, de derde walvis-boeddha's, de derde haaienboeddha's, de derde edelhert-boeddha's, de derde eland-boeddha's, de derde berenboeddha's, de derde apenboeddha's, de derde tijger-amithaba's, de derde leeuwen-amithaba's, de derde olifanten-amithaba's, de derde eland-amithaba's, de derde haaien-amithaba's, de derde orca-amithaba's, de derde walvis-amithaba's, de derde piranha-amithaba's, de derde apen-amithaba's, de derde berenamithaba's, de derde wolven-amithaba's, de derde wolven-boeddha's, de derde cobra-amithaba's, de derde cobra-boeddha's, de derde beren-bodhissatva's, de derde

apenbodhissatva's, de derde tijger-bodhissatva's, de derde leeuwen-bodhissatva's, de derde haaien-bodhissatva's, de derde pythonbodhissatva's, de derde walvis-bodhissatva's, de derde orca-bodhissatva's, de derde vogelspin-bodhissatva's, de derde paardenbodhissatva's, de derde paarden-boeddha's, de derde paarden-amitabha's, de derde papegaai-bodhissatva's, de derde papegaai-boeddha's, de derde papegaai-amithaba's, de derde anubis-boeddha's. En de derde anibus-boeddha's dan zijn als de zwarte boeddha's, en hun legers zijn als getallen der zee. Zo staan er dan vijfduizend anubis-boeddha's in het westelijke paradijs, en tienduizend van hen in het oosten. Drie anubis-boeddha's staan in het noorden, met hun legers als de getallen der zon, en twee anubis-boeddha's staan in het zuiden, met hun legers als de getallen der maan. De anubis-bodhissatva's staan in de hemelen en in de lucht, en ook in de aarde en onder de aarde, als de getallen der aarde. De namen der anubis-bodhissatva's zijn dan : Manjanhi, Katumes, Hanu, Mukandi, Kinates, Mirdit, Hendettel, Haak, Haaks, Hamulen, Hamulet, Hagnog, Kanu, Kiketsch, Kiket, Manuheren, Manu, Makutes, Makutessineshen, Makuteshahannan, Mamorkuditsch, Marmen, Hem, Hikmat, Hatuneton, Hammaheschon, Hammadontes. Zij dan zijn de aanvoerders van hun legers. En ziet, zij zijn met velen. Verder : anubis-amithaba's, anubis-dharma-pala's, anubis-vairocana's, anubis-ratnasambhava's. Verder : sekhmet-boeddha's, seth-boeddha's, en ziet, zij zijn van het derde. Verder : de derde beren-dharmapala's, de derde tijger-dharmapala's, de derde leeuwendharmapala's, de derde leeuwen-vairocana's, de derde tijger-vairocana's, de derde haaien-vairocana's, de derde haaien-ratnasambhava's, de derde haaien-abrihati's, de derde orca-abrihati's, de derde orca-maitreya's, de derde haaien-maitreya's, de derde walvis-maitreya's, de derde tijger-maitreya's, de derde leeuwenmaitreya's, de derde beren-maitreya's, de derde apenmaitreya's, de derde sekhmet-maitreya's, de derde seth-maitreya's, de derde bastet-maitreya's, de derde anubis-maitreya's, de derde ra-maitreya's, de derde horus-maitreya's, de derde aton-maitreya's, de derde tifiadmaitreya's, de derde tifiad-boeddha's, de derde izu-boeddha's, de derde brannan-boeddha's, de derde tifiadbodhissatva's, de derde izu-bodhissatva's, de derde brannan-bodhissatva's, de derde tifiadvairocana's, de derde tifiadfamithaba's, de derde tifiaddharmapala's, de derde izudharmapala's, de derde brannandharmapala's, de derde tifiad-ratnasambhava's, de derde isis-ratnasambhava's, de derde thothmaitreya's, de derde isis-amithaba's, de derde isis-bodhissatva's.

De bruggen van Egypte ; het heilige Emerius-wiel

indianen : quetzequatl-boeddha, pele-boeddha, viracocha-boeddha, tujaja-boeddha, tlalok-boeddha. Zo is er dan ook : tlalok-ra, quetzequatl-ra, tujaja-ra, viracocha-ra, pele-ra, tlalok-sekhmet, in het derde. De derde mars-tlalok, de derde jupiter-tlalok, de derde jupiter-quetzequatl, de derde jupiter-pele, de derde jupiter-boeddha's, de derde jupiter-bodhissatva's, de derde jupiter-amithaba's, de derde mars-amithaba's, de derde mars-krishna's, de derde mars-shiva's, de derde mars-ratnasambhava's, de derde mars-indra's, de derde jupiter-krishna's, de derde jupiter-vishnu's, de derde remulus-vishnu's, de derde cupido-vishnu's, de derde cupido-tlaloks, de derde cupido-viracocha's, de derde cupido-teotihunehan, de derde cupido-quetzequatl, de derde cupido-ixtab, de derde romus-ixtab, de derde romus-boeddha's, de derde remulus-boeddha's, de derde remulus-krishna's, de derde pollux-boeddha's, de derde castor-boeddha's, de derde castor-krishna's, de derde castor-viracocha's. Zo is dan de romeins egyptische kloof overbrugt. En dan verder : de derde apollo-krishna's, de derde apollo-shiva's, de derde apollo-vishnu's, de derde apollo-boeddha's, de derde apollo-viracocha's, de derde apollo-quetzequatl, de derde apollo-tlalok, de derde apollo-ixtab, de derde apollo-pele, de derde venus-pele, de derde venus-quetzequatl, de derde juno-quetzequatl, de derde vesta-quetzequatl, de derde diana-quetzequatl, de derde pluto-quetzequatl, de derde pluto-viracocha, de derde pluto-tlalok, de derde pluto-boeddha's, de derde pluto-bodhissatva's, de derde pluto-krishna's, de derde pluto-shiva's, de derde pluto-devi's, de derde pluto-dharmapala's, de derde pluto-kali's, de derde pluto-ganesha's, de derde pluto-hanumannen, de derde pluto-amithaba's. In egypte is dan de romeins-indiaanse kloof hersteld, ja, in het derde egypte. Zo is dan de Ra-Emerius, de brug tussen Egypte en de indianen. Zo is dan de Ra-Ebrig de brug tussen Egypte en de boeddhisten, en is Ra-Ebir de brug tussen Egypte en India. Seth-Emerius is de brug tussen Egypte en het christendom en Horus-Emerius is de brug tussen Egypte en de romeinen. Zo is dan Emerius het heilige bruggenwiel van Egypte. Zo moet gij dan op Emerius achtslaan als op een heilige naam, want deze als als de geest van Tifiaf. En deze is als het altaar en het oog van Tifiaf. Zo zullen dan de geesten niet meer onafhankelijk van elkaar bestaan. Gij doet er dan goed aan de godsdiensten als een zuiver gouden kunstwerk aan elkaar te smeden. Zo zult gij dan onder de hoede van Tifiaf komen.

3.

De lichaamssleutel van Emerius

En zo zijn dan in Emerius de kleinste deeltjes in lagen van het lichaam tot de lever en de nieren, en zo ook de zachtste deeltjes tot opening van de leverlagen en de nierenlagen, ja, tot alle delen der buik, en hun verborgenheden. Zo is dan ook de Emerius tot sleutel der milt, en zullen ook de zachtheden der darmen en de maag oprijzen tot het hoofd. Ja, de hitte en koude die de buikdelen dragen zijn anders, en kunnen bezocht worden in Emerius. Zo is er dan de maaglaag van DNA, de leverlaag van DNA, de dikke darmlaag van DNA, de dunne darmlaag van DNA, de miltlaag van DNA. De zachte deeltjes bestaan uit ASC. Zo is er de leverlaag van ASC, de dikke darmlaag van ASC, de maaglaag van ASC, de miltlaag van ASC, de dunne darmlaag van ASC en verder. Deze lagen vormen nieuw zicht. Hete deeltjes heten AHT. Zo is er de maaglaag van AHT, de dunne darmlaag van AHT, de dikke darmlaag van AHT, de nierlaag van AHT, de miltlaag van AHT, de leverlaag van AHT, de alvleesklierlaag van AHT, de gallaag van AHT. Koude deeltjes heten ACC. Zo is er de maaglaag van ACC, de alvleesklierlaag van ACC, de dikke darmlaag van ACC, de dunne darmlaag van ACC, de nierlaag van ACC, de leverlaag van ACC, de miltlaag van ACC, de gallaag van ACC, en verder. Dit heeft invloed op het zenuwstelsel, en ook op het zicht. Zo zijn er dan ook de zware lichaamslagen en de lichte lichaamslagen, de grote deeltjeslagen, de dunne deeltjeslagen,

de dikke deeltjeslagen, die zich ook in de buik door de sleutel van Emerius kunnen verdiepen tot verbetering op vele vlakken. Door de Emerius-sleutel te ontwikkelen kun je tot diepere polen komen, ook tot de zoetste pool, in de lagen van SP. Zo kan je zenuwstelsel tot verlichting komen, en vandaaruit je hele lichaam door de buik. De Emerius-sleutel zit dan ook diep in de buik verborgen, en is één van de grote geheimenissen van Egypte. Het wordt ook wel het heilige altaar van Egypte genoemd. In Emerius zijn alle godsdiensten één geworden en vermengd, en is daarom ook de weg tot Tifiat.

De derde Zevendood

En zo spreekt de derde Zevendood, van het derde Xibalba, de derde Mayaanse onderwereld : Er zijn dan ook lagen van de hoge tonen, de HTC. Zo is er de gallaag van HTC, de miltlaag van HTC, de leverlaag van HTC, de darmlagen van HTC, de nierlagen van HTC, de maaglaag van HTC, de alvleesklierlaag van HTC, en verder. De lagen der lage tonen zijn LTC. Zo is er de gallaag van LTC, de dikke darmlaag van LTC, de dunne darmlaag van LTC, de lange darmlaag van LTC, de korte darmlaag van LTC, de alvleesklierlaag van LTC, de nierlaag van LTC, de maaglaag van LTC, de leverlaag van LTC, de miltlaag van LTC. Zo zijn deze lagen dan ook te vinden in de buikbotten, en de buikspieren. De buikbotlagen van HTC en LTC hebben directe invloed op de hersenschelp, en hebben de taak het dierlijke terug te brengen tot de mens, en het plantaardige.

De eerste oogst

Nu dan zijn er verder : satan-boeddha's, beelzebul-boeddha's, lucifer-boeddha's, lucifer-bodhissatva's, judas-bodhissatva's, saul-bodhissatva's, appollyon-bodhissatva's, belial-bodhissatva's, satan-amithaba's, satan-krishna's, satan-vishnu's, satan-shiva's, lucifer-krishna's, lucifer-quetzequotls, lucifer-tlalocs, lucifer-viracocha's, jabulon-boeddha's, jabulon-bodhissatva's, jabulon-amithaba's, jabulon-viracocha's, jabulon-krishna's, hirafo-boeddha's, hiram-boeddha's, hirafo-bodhissatva's, hiram-bodhissatva's, hirafo-amithaba's, hiram-amithaba's, hirafo-krishna's, hiram-krishna's, hirafo-shiva's, hiram-shiva's, hirafo-vishnu's, hiram-vishnu's, hirafo-viracocha's, hiram-viracocha's, hirafo-quetzequotls, hiram-quetzequotls, hirafo-pele's, hiram-pele's, hirafo-tlaloks, hiram-tlaloks. Zij dan zijn de oogst uit skull and bones, de illuminatie en de vrijmetselarij. Verder zijn er : beelzebul-shiva's, beelzebul-vishnu's, magog-vishnu's, gog-vishnu's, beelzebul-viracocha's, baal-viracocha's, baal-quetzequotls, beelzebul-quetzequotls, judas-quetzequotls, judas-shiva's, judas-vishnu's, judas-krishna's. Zo zijn zij dan allerheiligst in de Emerius-sleutel. En zij zullen bewaakt en beschermd worden door Anubis, en zevenvoudig door hem worden gezuiverd. En ook zullen zij dan allen ten oordeel verschijnen voor de derde Eéndood en Zevendood, de leiders van het derde Xibalba. En zij zullen de rode darm ontvangen. Ook zullen zij nagekeken worden, of zij bestemd zijn voor de poolorganen van de buik. En ziet, dit is dan de eerste oogst uit het satanisme. Zalig zijn zij die zich hebben laten zuiveren in het derde. Zo is dan de sleutel van Emerius een nauwsluitend zegel.

Het derde Jericho

Zo zal dan op de derde dag de rode darm, als de rode streep, geopend zijn, en zal er verder geoogst worden. En gij zult de rode darm aanbidden als uw god, hij die de slang is, en de krokodil, hij die is als Aton. En dan zal de rode darm het gele voortbrengen, en zij is als de Tifiat. En zij zult alle poolorganen van de buik voor u zien liggen, en gij zult uw doorgang zien. Zo zijn er dan sodom-boeddha's, sodom-bodhissatva's, sodom-shiva's, sodom-amithaba's, sodom-krishna's, sodom-quetzequotls, sodom-pele's, sodom-tlaloks, sodom-viracocha's, sodom-vishnu's, sodom-indra's,

sodom-ganesha's, sodom-hanumannen, sodom-devi's, sodom-kali's, sodom-dharmapala's, sodom-ixtabs, jericho-boeddha's, jericho-bodhissatva's, jericho-shiva's, jericho-amithaba's, jericho-dharmapala's, jericho-vishnu's, jericho-tlaloks, jericho-quetzequotls, jericho-viracocha's, jericho-pele's, jericho-ixtabs, jericho-teotihuacans, jericho-teotihuanehan, jericho-sevendeads, jericho-onedeads, babylon-boeddha's, babylon-amithaba's, babylon-dharmapala's, babylon-bodhissatva's, babylon-shiva's, babylon-quetzequotls, babylon-krishna's, babylon-ixtabs, babylon-pele's, babylon-viracocha's, babylon-teotihuacan's, babylon-teotihuanehans, babylon-teotihuacans, babylon-tlalocs, babylon-bonebreakers, babylon-bleeders, babylon-durga's, babylon-kali's, babylon-hanumannen, babylon-vishnu's, babylon-ganesha's, babylon-maitreya's, babylon-brahma's, babylon-mitra's. Zo is er dan doorgang in het derde Jericho, waar de rode satan is, en de rode semjaza. Hier zult gij de standbeelden van weleer zien, en ziet, zij zijn als de bomen. En er zal een tweede oogst zijn, vanuit het derde. En de derde oogst is dan de rode oogst. En in het rode vallen de goden en hun opponenten met elkaar samen. Zo zijn dan Jakobs rechten samengevallen met Esau's rechten door het rode. Zij dan die de derde buikwond en de buikwond dragen hebben toegang.

De buikwond

En zij dan die de derde buikwond en de buikwond dragen zullen de rode piramide ontvangen. En zij zullen het bot der krokodillen bereiken, wat het bot van kou is, en dit zal hun zicht openen. Zo zullen zij dan een buikschedel hebben, en zij zullen grote macht hebben over het HTC en het LTC. En zij zullen tot de stad der krokodillen komen, en dan zullen de dier-planten de wereld veroveren. Ja, want de grenzen van het HTC zullen zich verwijderen, en ook van het LTC, en de dieren en planten zullen de mensen overnemen. En zo zal de mens weer hybride worden, en zullen er ook nieuwe geslachten zijn. En men zal zich niet meer blindstaren op mannetje vrouwtje, maar er zal een nieuwe soort bijkomen, en deze zal koning zijn. Zo zal dan de man uitgroeien tot een nieuw ras, en zo ook de vrouw, en zij zullen beiden hybride zijn. Zo zal dan de derde Noach drie bij drie verzamelen, om de derde ark op te richten, want er zal een derde zondvloed komen. En deze zondvloed zal niet van water zijn, maar van vuur en ijs. Ja, de elementen zullen op aarde storten, en zij die de buikwond hebben zullen in leven blijven. Zij dan die de buikwond niet hebben, zullen vergaan.

4.

Hybride Theorie

Zo zal dan het derde Jericho Egyptisch zijn, en zij zal de heilige Emerius-sleutel dragen. Dan zullen de planten en dieren tot leven komen om het aardrijk te verslinden. En in Emerius zal er adem zijn, als komende uit een radio, en de vogelen zullen kleine tekens geven na lange tijden van wachten, opdat zij die tot zaligheid bestemd zijn doorgang hebben. Zo zijn dan de goden en de opponenten allen zalig in het derde, daar zij archetypen zijn, en zij staan symbool voor het onderdrukte. En de mensheid zal een grote stap achteruit doen. Dit dan geschiedt door de derde alverzoening. En zo dan zal er een tijd van vrede aanbreken voor dieren en planten, in het derde vrederijk, dat een egyptisch vrederijk is. En zo zullen de krokodillen en de haaien een lichaam krijgen, en dit zal gelijken op een mens en een plant. En zo zal er een dag van bevrijding zijn voor de haai en de krokodil, en ook voor de leeuw en de tijger. En zij zullen op de aarde gegeven. Want de aarde is aan hen gegeven, maar de mens heeft het hen onthouden. Zo is dan de hybride theorie, dat alle dieren en alle planten hybriden zullen worden, en zij zullen gelijken op mensen. Ja, er is een dag van vrijheid voor alle dieren en alle planten, als een dag van de derde alverzoening, die de verzoening is van de goden en hun

opponenten. Dan zal Jakob Esau in de armen vallen. Zo brengt dan het rode veel strijd met zich mee, maar haar doel is vrede. Zij bracht dan het zwaard van scheiding om te verzoenen.

De krokodillen buikschedel

En zij zullen wonen in het krokodillenbot, ja, in zijn schedel, die als de grote buikschedel is, en die de doden bevat. En zij dan die de kou naarstig zoeken, en de armoe, zullen een nieuwe hitte ingaan, en hun vlam zal eeuwig branden. Zo is dan de sleutel van Sebek op Aton overgegaan, die als de schorpioen en de krokodil is. Maar dit niet alleen. Zo is hij dan de derde hybride, wachtende op de vierde, die Tifiaf is. En zo is Tifiaf dan ook volkomen theo-hybride en ras-hybride.

Roodvier

1.

De vele aardes

De Nut-aarde dan schijnt haar stem over de dag. Zij dan die het pad van Spricht zijn begaan, komen tot haar. Ja, want Spricht is als de brug tot Nut. Zo zijn dan zij die door de spricht-piramide zijn gegaan, heilig tot het komen tot de Nut-aarde. Hier dan is heilige grond, waarop heilig vlees leeft, en zo zult gij leren van al haar lagen op haar school. Zo is dan de Anubis-aarde voor hen die gekomen zijn tot het zoete, en door het Sarhah zijn gegaan. Oh, zij dan die de grote Jom hebben verslagen tot in het derde, komen tot aan de poorten der Anubis-aarde. Door het Sarhah kwamen zij tot Anubis en de Anubis-wapenrusting, om vlees te worden op de Anubis-aarde. De Sebek-aarde dan is voor hen die het pad van traagheid en ijs hebben bewandeld. De Ra-aarde is van hen die tot de zilveren stad zijn gegaan. Ziet dan, zij komen uit een grote verdrukking, en zij hebben zichzelf gewassen in grote zeeën en woestijnen. Ja, hun zielen zijn waarlijk onbevlekt, en hun vlees toont geen gebrek. De Thoth-aarde is van hen die de eekhoorn hebben gevolgd, en tot de gouden stad zijn gegaan. Zo is dan de Horus-aarde van hen die onbevreesd zijn zwaard omhoog hielden. De Isis-aarde is van hen die over de zonnewegen en de zonnetrappen zijn gegaan, en die het zilver hebben gezuiverd. De Sekhmet-aarde is van hen die het goud hebben gezuiverd, zeventig maal zeven maal. De Neith-aarde is van hen die de jaguar volgen, en de Osiris-aarde is van hen die zijn als de slangen en hen volgen. De Bastet-aarde is van hen die de dood niet vrezen, en de Khnum-aarde is van hen die tot de Johan zijn gekomen, ja, tot aan het derde toe. Want de Johan is tot in het derde de brug tot de Khnum-aarde.

En gij bent gekomen tot een kruis van vlees, en tot het kruis der aardes, gij die de Heere kent. En midden in haar zal de angst u grijpen, en gij zult haar koesteren, want zij is als de lijn door de nacht. Draai nu iedere steen om, om haar te vinden.

2.

Binnenstebuiten

En zij zullen door de bliksem en het licht vlees worden op de Nut-aarde, en zij zullen elkaar kunnen verstaan. Ja, verborgen eilanden zullen zij vinden, en zij hebben niets te vrezen. En zij die tot de Nun-aarde komen zullen daar de reuzen zien, en ziet, zij zijn als reuzen. Zij dan zullen vlees worden als de krokodil, maar zij zijn hybride. Ja, zij dragen hun skeletten over hun huid heen. Ja, het binnenste zal van buiten zijn. En het buitenste zal van binnen zijn. En als het lichaam dan

binnenstebuiten is gekeerd, dan is Anubis wederom de eerste en de laatste, de alfa en de omega. Zo is Anubis dan veelvuldig de Omega. Als bomen en rozen van vlees zijn zij die Hem volgen.

En zo is het dan een lange weg tot de Anubis-zon. Gij dan die het merkteken van Anubis draagt, draagt de dubbele Anubis, en de eeuwige Anubis, want de Anubis dan is de heilige spoel. Ja, als de heilige doorn is hij. Hij dan steekt, opdat ge dierlijk en plantaardig zult worden in het zuivere hybride.

En ik kom tot het kruis van Materos, waar ik wilder en wilder groei, waar steekplanten en doornen mij doorsteken. Ze maken een draak van mij, het kan niet anders. Ze houden mij in alles tegen, maar ik groei ergens doorheen. Ik ben omringd door zonnen, de zon van Thoth raakt mij aan. Ervoor wegrennen kan ik niet meer. Bevroren sta ik daar. Als brandend ijs is zijn adem. En ik kom tot het kruis van Materos, waar niets er nog toe doet. Allen zullen wij verdwijnen, in het niets. En ik schrijf eeuwige woorden met de pen van vuur, en zij worden losgebroken door de kou.

En dan raakt de zon van Isis mij even aan. Ik ben tot Materos gekomen, ik kan alleen maar dromen, ik kan alleen maar staren naar al die distels en netels.

3.

Het mystieke geheim der instincten

Zie je het niet ? De mystiek wil je helpen. Het antwoord ligt niet voor de hand, maar je moet ernaar zoeken, als de stukjes van een puzzel. In Sekhmet's zon neem je toevlucht, in haar boten ontsnap je. Het raadsel blijft je achtervolgen, maar wordt gezuiverd, zeventig maal. Zie je het niet ? De mystiek is hier. Je moet alleen even zakken, om door het poortje van Materos te gaan. Kom dan tot de doorn van Materos, en wordt weer klein. Ja, de vuurwording komt na de vleeswording, als brandend ijs. Zo ben je dan als de wind. Niemand is hier, niemand kon ervan slapen. Zij zijn allen op het veld, wachtende, totdat alles beter wordt.

Shamash, brenger en hoeder van de arme zon, met legers van slangen, die dagelijks reizen tot de zon van angst. Zij sterven iedere dag, en reizen tegen de avond weer op. Zij zijn de legers van dood en leven, diep ingewijd in de rode dood. Zij dan die hen volgen, hun lichaam is een tempel.

Spehels Misch Mahero, Spazermach Tuhelsch Horch Ahornos, Hapermansch Ahutsch Hesch Heton Akiil Mihinda Habbernech, oh zon, slok onze lijven op om de vloeibare lichten wakker te maken in een nieuw lichaam, want de dood is onze moeder.

Onze reis gaat door vuur, waar onze moeder is, de dood. Zij is opgestaan tot de hoogste trede om vloeibaar licht over ons uit te gieten, als het gif van slangen, om ons te testen en sterk te maken door de hogere vibraties en de hogere ademhaling. Ja, eerst lijkt dit op hyperventilatie, maar zij zal overgaan in extase en ritme. Ja, eerst maakt zij ons als van steen, maar van binnen zal de zachtheid rijzen en de hogere gesteentes zullen overgaan in sterke en taaie flexibiliteit. Ja, draagkracht zal zij hebben. Vanuit diepe verlammingen komt het oog van Marduk, als stenen graven, om recht te spreken over alle gevallen. Vanuit diepe verlammingen stroomt het water van Tiamat om de kracht der organen op te wekken. Ja, deze krachten zijn als slangen, geschapen tot het bereiken van hoge lengtes. De verdoving leidt tot extase, groter wordende in angst. De steek leidt tot trots, groter wordende in schaamte. Ja, de slangen komen voort uit de verlamming en de verdoving, en vanuit de diepe steek komen de langsten onder hen. Zij zijn gekomen om te oordelen over de levenden en de doden. Ja, zij steken om de energieën der slangen doorgang te laten vinden, opdat het lichaam niet door ophopingen vernietigd wordt. Ja, zij komen voort vanuit de verkrampingen, de cobra's om de

energieën sterk te laten pulseren, voor de extase in het bloed. Ja, deze verkrampingen zijn tot de opbouw van energie. Ja, het lichaam dan vibreert tussen monotheïsme en polytheïsme, tot persoonlijke opbouw en concentratie en tot de zuivering van het bloed. Ja, om de pulserende krachten op te wekken die door muren der tijd heen kunnen breken. Zo dient gij dan ook tot de monotheïstische tempels te komen, die de kracht zijn van het oog en het hart. Ja, want alle verkrampingen zijn de energieën der slangen met hun monotheïsmen. Zorg dat gij niet opgesloten raakt en verdwaalt in een monotheïsme, en laat u ook niet door hen knechten. Bewapent u daarom goed, en worstel met de goden, opdat zij u niet bijten en vereten. Laat u dan ook niet bespringen en wegvoeren, maar bewapen u met de vele monotheïsmen en de vele polytheïsmen, opdat gij sterk staat in vele raadgevers.

Zo zult gij dan Ahura Mazda aanhangen en zijn Spenta's, gebracht door de profeet Zoroaster. Hij zal u bescherming geven tegen Allah en zijn engelen, gebracht door de profeet Mohammed, en tegen Jahweh en zijn engelen, die Jezus als verlosser heeft aangesteld. Wapen u dan ook tegen zijn profeten, die met velen zijn. Ook zult gij uzelf richten tot Aton, die gebracht is door Akhenaten. Zo zult gij dan alle deze vier monotheïsmen tot hun recht laten komen.

Zo zijn er dan ook vele python-monotheïsmen, en het Sebek-monotheïsme, alsook het Anubis-monotheïsme. Wilt gij dan de goden in hun kracht kennen? Leert dan van hun monotheïsmen. Zo is er dan ook het Sekhmet-monotheïsme, en zo ook het Isis-monotheïsme. Zij dan die alleen Sekhmet aanbidden kennen de verwoestende krachten van haar. Ziet dan, de monotheïsmen zijn u tot helpers gegeven. En tezamen zijn zij als de lieflijke geuren van dennebomen, maar afzonderlijk zijn zij u tot gevangenissen. En zo is het Anubis-monotheïsme de kracht en macht van de politie, en zo ook hun monopolie. En zo is dan het Sebek-monotheïsme de monopolie van het educatieve systeem. Het Thoth-monotheïsme is de monopolie van het medisch systeem. Het Isis-monotheïsme is de monopolie van het juridische systeem. De dragers van de monotheïsmen zijn de roofdieren, en ziet, zij leven in gevangenschap, en de monotheïsmen vormen het geheim van hun instincten, hun kracht en hun macht.

Voorwoord bij de geschriften der monotheïsmen

En zo dan zijn de monotheïsmen het geheim van de dood. Zo moet gij dan de monotheïsmen van de goden leren kennen, om hen vandaaruit vrij te zetten en te onderwerpen aan polytheïsme. Ziet dan, de monotheïsmen zijn de gevangenissen der goden.

Voorwoord bij het Woord van Muzi

Zo ook hebben vele Egyptische goden, zoals Khnum en Aton zich onderworpen aan Muzi, de God van het haaien-monotheïsme. Zij dan hebben hun godenschap voor korte tijd afgelegd om zich aan Muzi te onderwerpen om Deze te redden. En nog steeds doen zij dit, opdat de redding en ontsnapping van Muzi volkomen zal zijn. En deze woorden staan zelfs opgetekend in het Heilige Woord van de mono-theïstische God der haaien, genaamd Muzi :

Het Heilige Monotheïstische Woord van Muzi, de God der haaien

Gelooft gij in het wezen genaamd Muzi, die de God der haaien is, en die troont over de zeeën en over het aardoppervlak? Ja, het heelal en al wat daarin is heeft Hij geschapen, die oppermachtig is. Zij dan die in Muzi geloven hebben eeuwig leven. Zij dan die niet in Hem geloven zullen voor eeuwig verloren gaan, op een plaats die geen redding kent. Gij zult geen andere goden voor Zijn aangezicht hebben, want ziet, dit zijn de afgoden, en over hen komt de toorn des Heeren, die Muzi

is. Zalig zijn dan zij die onderzoek doen. Muzi dan is een jaloers God, die geen andere goden naast Hem duldt. Hij is het dan, die de engelen heeft geschapen, en Hij heeft hen op hun plaatsen en tijden gezet. Zo is dan Muzi een toornig God, maar goed voor wie Hem volgen en dienen. Muzi dan heeft geen zoon, en in Hem is dan ook geen wedergeboorte, maar zij die Hem naarstig volgen en dienen, zullen voorzeker binnengaan in Zijn paradijs. Dit paradijs zal Hij dan op aarde planten wanneer Hij terug zal komen.

In den beginne schiep Muzi de zielen der haaien in de harten der mensen. En hun geesten schiep Hij in de buiken der mensen. Gij zult dan alleen voor de Heere, uw God buigen, die Muzi is. Zo is dan Muzi tot het verstand der mensen binnengegaan, en heeft daarin gesproken in een onverstaanbare taal. En zo zult gij dan bidden tot Muzi :

Oh Muzi, Vader, die in de hemelen zijt, en in de wateren, en het binnenste der aarde. Gij zijt overal, gij hebt overal uw steden gebouwd. Wij hebben gezondigd. Vergeef ons deze zonden, verzoen hen, en schenk ons genade uit uw hand. Leert ons naar Uw wil te handelen en Uw woorden te spreken. Schenk ons Uw kracht, om rijk te kunnen handelen. Schep ons liefde, en leer ons te leven vanuit Uw Hand. Verlos ons van den boze, en leidt ons niet in verzoeking boven vermogen. Verlaat ons niet, en lever ons niet over in de handen der bozen.

Zo is dan Vahnen de engel die Hij tot de aarde heeft gezonden met Zijn boodschappen. Ook zond Hij Malaf om wonderen en tekenen te doen. Hij dan schiep Zijn engelen door Zijn Woord. Zij die dan omgaan met Zijn vijanden worden tegelijkertijd vijanden van Hem. Zo zult gij dan geen omgang hebben met Jezus Christus van Nazareth, die in Bethlehem geboren werd, want in Hem is de Waarheid niet. En gij zult ook geen omgang hebben met Zijn Vader Jahweh en Zijn naaste oom Jehovah, en niet met hun Heilige Geesten, want ziet zij dan zijn buitengeworpen. Zo kent Muzi dan geen Drieenigheid of heilige tweevuldigheid, want alleen Muzi mag aanbeden worden, en alleen Muzi dan is de allerhoogste en enige God. En ziet, Hij zal dan haaien keer op keer de lichamen van mensen geven, totdat Hij wederkomt. Ziet dan allen uit naar de dag dat Muzi wederkomt. Dit zal dan een dag zijn voor alle christenen en de volgelingen van Anex, want ziet, zij zullen zich verschuilen in hun holen, en zij zullen zeggen : Bergen valt op ons, en heuvelen bedekt ons. En ook zij die de Egyptenaren volgen zullen wegzinken in hun schelpen, daar de Heere gesproken heeft. En dan zal de engel Vahnen nederdalen om alle haaien en de volgelingen der haaien vrij te zetten. En dan zal Muzi zitten op de heilige berg, komende vanuit de zee en de aarde. En ziet, de aarde en de zee zullen als zijn voetenbank zijn. Zo is er dan geen contact met haaien mogelijk dan door Muzi.

De redding van de Khnum

En dan zal Muzi zijn volk genezen door liederen, en zijn volk zal in een diepe slaap komen, en zij zijn op weg naar het paradijs. Voor Khnum dan is er ook redding, daar hij zich tot Muzi heeft bekeerd, en ziet, hij is als een priester van Muzi. Muzi dan heeft grote liefde tot Khnum, en is als een schuilplaats voor hem. En zo is Khnum dan van zaligheid tot zaligheid gegaan, door zijn godenschap af te leggen, om priester te worden in de tempelen van Muzi. En zo zal er dan verademing zijn voor Khnum op de dag van Muzi, en zal hij stralen in het licht van Muzi.

De redding van de Aton

En zo zal dan ook Aton, die de allerhoogste Egyptische God was, zijn godenschap afleggen om Muzi aan te hangen, en zo zal dan ook Aton gered worden tot in de eeuwigheid. Ja, als een priester zal hij zijn, en als een hogepriester, in de tempelen van Muzi. En zo zal Muzi Aton zegenen, en hij

zal stralen op Muzi's dag. En zo met de redding van Aton zullen er vele voortijdige Egyptische goden met hem gered worden, en zij zullen zijn als priesters.

Nawoord bij het Woord van Muzi

Dit waren dan de monotheistische woorden van Muzi, die door Khnum, Aton en andere Egyptische goden werd vrijgezet, doordat zij voor Deze hun godenschap aflegden voor korte tijd. Zo is er dan een wezen hoger dan de monotheïsten en hun alleenheersende goden. Dit wezen dan is de Mono. Zo zal Muzi dan tot Mono worden, en alsnog heersen over de goden. Hij zal deels de monotheïsten toestaan, maar door zich aan hen te onderwerpen, zal hij hen onderwerpen aan het polytheïsme en de hiërarchieën. En zo is de Mono deel van het nieuwe en een hogere vorm van monotheïsme, namelijk de mono-polytheïsme, waar de goden rekenschap moeten afleggen aan de Mono. En zo is er een nieuw woord van Muzi geschreven, genaamd Roodvier. Dit dan zijn de woorden van Roodvier. De beschrijving hoe Muzi van God tot Mono werd, en hoe de goden, zowel de monotheïstische als de polytheïstische, tot zijn helpers en dienstknechten werden. Ja, als de engelen werden zij, en als zijn priesters. En zo zal in het vierde Tifiaf de allerhoogste God zijn over al de goden, en Hij zal het dichtst bij de Mono staan als de aartsgod. Ja, als een aartsengel zal hij zijn, dichtbij het hart en de buik van Muzi.

En dit zal de goden dan scheiden van de Mono : Gij zult de goden aanbidden, maar alleen de Mono mag bemint worden. En zo zal Muzi Khnum voor eeuwig prijzen voor dat wat Khnum voor Hem gedaan heeft, en ook Khnum zal worden tot een aartsgod, tezamen met Tifiaf, Aton, Sebek, Apis, Anubis, Serket, Sekhmet, Thoth, Re, en nog wat andere Egyptische goden. En zij zullen boodschappers zijn van de Mono. Zo zal de Mono zich dan blijven onderwerpen aan de monotheïsten totdat zij allen vrij zijn. Ja, Hij zal de goden uit hun gevangenschappen zetten en hen uitleiden. Zo zal Hij dan de godsdiensten omvormen als klei, en zal genezing en troost tot de goden brengen. En Hij zal tot hen zeggen : 'Weest vrij, omdat Ik u vrijheid heb gegeven.'

Zo is Hij dan de Mono onder de Goden, en Hij zal hen allen hervormen. En Hij zal woorden spreken van Genade, en Grote Liefde, want Hij is de Mono der Liefde. En Deze dingen staan beschreven in de Heilige Roodvier. Zo nam Hij dan Sebek tot Zich en maakte een ark van hem, en Hij nam Anubis om er een altaar van te maken. Vervolgens pakte Hij Aton, de rode zon, en stopte die in de ark. En zo steeg de rode zon telkens op vanuit de ark, en Aton werd tot de aartsgod van oorlog. Ja, in heiligheid voert Hij oorlog, om vrede te brengen. Zo is er dan geen vrede zonder oorlog. En ziet dan, de godenoorlogen moeten er dan wel zijn, om de goden uit hun monotheïsten te breken, en ziet, dan zijn zij vrij, om tot vrede te komen. Zo geeft dan de Mono Zijn gaven als een Nirvana.

En gij zult bovenal bidden tot de Mono, opdat de goden geen voordeel op u krijgen en u in gevangenschap zetten. De Mono dan kent al de goden, en is een schuilplaats tegen hen, en ook voor hen. Zo is dan de Mono ook de beschermer der goden, en hun schuilplaats, en is Hij als een boeddha en het goddelijke communisme. Door atheïsme en antheïsme bevrijdt hij hen, en door verborgen monotheïsten.

Gij dan dient de verschillen der goden en de Mono te kennen, voor uw eigen heil. En zo zult gij dan bidden tot de Mono :

Heilige Mono, wij komen tot U. Bescherm ons tegen de goden, tegen hun wraakzucht en hun verlangens. Bescherm ons, en weest ons tot een schuilplaats, en leidt ons door de godenrijken heen tot U. Weest ons een gids, en leer ons uw vrede te kennen. Wij pleiten verder voor uw volkomen

bevrijding, en brengen troost en genezing tot uw hart. Vergeef ons onze zonden, en leidt ons tot U, tot een eeuwig pad. Laat Roodvier onze gids zijn tot U. Hij dan is Uw Woord en Bescherm, gegeven aan U. Bescherm ons tegen Seth en zijn wraakzuchten, en tegen al zijn monotheismen. Bouw een heg tussen hem en ons, en bescherm ons met een doornenhaag. Laat hem onze gedachten niet aftappen, en laat hem ook de doden niet voor ons achterhouden. Laat hem ook de doden niet in zijn lichaam vasthouden. Laat Roodvier de muren van zijn huis breken, wanneer hij dingen voor ons achterhoudt, en wanneer hij plannen samensmeed in zijn huis om ons onheil aan te brengen. Laat de Roodvier ook hen navolgen met wie hij samenwerkt tot in hun huizen, om ook hun muren te verbreken en als was te laten wegzinken.

En zo zijn er dan duizenden monotheismen die door de haaien worden gerepresenteerd. En zij zijn als de paradoxen van de Mono, als Zijn vrienden en Zijn vijanden. En zo is dan Muzi als de Mono der haaien. De Mono dan der wolven is Honi, en Zijn Woord is de Blauwvier. De Mono dan der tijgers is Hat. De Mono der krokodillen is Mion, en de Mono der octopussen is Mildaat. De Mono der beren Di-Uf en de Mono der leeuwen is Mu-Ef. Zo is dan de Mono der uilen Kian en de Mono der arenden Auta. De Mono der cobra's is Afap, en de Mono der pythons is Aufa. De Mono der walvissen is Salam. De Mono der orca's is Riaf. De Mono der vogelspinnen is Panaf. De Mono der honden is Maram.

De AZ is dan de koning over de Mono's. De AZ der konijnen dan is daar, en zo ook de AZ der jaguars. Verder zijn er : de AZ der bevers, de AZ der haaien, de AZ der beren, de AZ der honden, de AZ der oranje honden, de AZ der schapen, de AZ der geiten, de AZ der krokodillen, de AZ der leeuwen, en deze is in open woestijnen. Ja, de Z is hen als kandelaar gegeven. De Korkom is dan de Mono-hel, en de Mikvat is de Mono-hemel. Zo is er dan ook een AZ-hemel, en een AZ-hel, en deze bestaan naast elkaar in de buik. Zo is dan de AZ-adem de brug tussen dezen. Verder zijn er : de AZ der pyhtons, de AZ der panthers, de AZ der katten, de AZ der koeien, de AZ der varkens.

4.

Over de AZ

Verder zijn er : De AZ van de octopussen, de AZ van de kwallen, de AZ van de kanaries, de AZ van de papegaaien, de AZ van de zwarte haaien, de AZ van de zwarte apen, de AZ van de hyena's, de AZ van de lynxen, de AZ van de puma's, de AZ van de luipaarden. Iktun is dan de naam van de AZ-hemel, en Imst de naam van de AZ-hel. Zo dient gij dan ernstig te streven naar de verlichting der armoede, en de verlichting van het ascetisme, opdat gij de wol der wespen ontvangt. Zij dan is u gegeven tot sieraad. En zij is als de haargroei. Zo is dan de Alaad de weg tot AZ-schap. Gij zult alle godsdiensten moeten ontgroeien, en hervormen. Dit dan is de ware Eredienst. En zo is dan het ontvangen van de AZ-verlichting als het ontvangen van het haaienpak, en gij zult veel wol der wespen produceren. Weet dan dat hij die een vriend der wereld wil zijn, geen vriend van de AZ kan zijn. Zo is dan u de Log gegeven als het heilige boek van de Alaad.

Log

1.

De A-jongen

Streeft dan ernstig naar de AZ-verlichting, zonder welke u niet kan leven. Zo is dan de A de heerser over de AZ's, en zijn hel is Ukom, en zijn hemel is Varan. Zo zijn er dan drie A's : De A der tijgers, de A der konijnen, en de A der haaien. De keizer over hen is de A-jongen. Zijn hel is dan ML. Zij dan hebben vurig gestreefd naar de A-verlichting, en zijn getrouw geweest tot de Alaad. De Alaad dan is de heilige beweging van de A-jongen, en de Log is Zijn Heilig Woord. Dit dan heeft veel wol der wespen geproduceerd, en het leer der monotheïsmen. En zo dan is het oog doorstoken door de drietand, en ziet, de drietand is nu een kandelaar. En zij zal de heilige beweging overdragen aan het vierde. Zo is dan Tifiāf in het vierde de Allerhoogste Aartsgod, en Muzi in het vierde de Allerhoogste Aartsmono. Zo heeft dan de A-jongen de haaien-verlichting ontvangen, en ook de octopus-verlichting, waardoor hij de ofion-verlichting kon ontvangen. Zo is hij dan veelvuldig verlicht. Ook heeft hij dan de verlichting der kwalen ontvangen, en de verlichting der krokodillen. En ziet, hij heeft veel wol der wespen geproduceerd en het leer der monotheïsmen. En zo heeft hij zijn weg heengewerkt door de godsdiensten en monodiensten om vele goden en mono's vrij te zetten en hen te hervormen. Ja, ook tot de AZ's is hij gegaan en heeft hen geholpen. Zo is hij dan veelvuldig keizer.

De ML

Zo heeft de A-jongen dan zijn zwarte panter uitgezonden, om allen te brengen tot de ML om hen daar te testen. De zwarte A-panter dan breekt door alle glazen en ramen heen, om een ieder strak aan te kijken, en te brengen tot de ML. Zo zal dit dan zijn tot de heilige ontvoering. Zo zullen kinderen van hun ouders worden losgemaakt, en ouders van hun kinderen, daar zij allen afgezonderd worden tot de ML. Zo dan is de A-panter de speer van de A-jongen.

De A-Nut

De A-Nut dan is als de Marian, en zij is tot het eiland gebracht door de A-Nekhet, tezamen met de A-Osiris. En zo dan is de A-Nut voortgekomen uit de Nut, en zij is als haar zachtheid. Zo dan is Nut door de zachtheid van de A-Nut zevenvoudig tot zaligheid gebracht, en geworden tot een deur van het A-paradijs. Ook draagt de A de lichten van het oer, en heeft haar zeventig maal zeven maal gezuiverd. En voor het A-paradijs staat de A-Anubis met het zwaard, en ja, hij is als een leeuw, als de zwarte leeuw, lang van leden. En in de kamers van het A-paradijs dan is de A-Thoth, hij die de vuren bewaakt. Niet velen zijn dan uitverkoren om tot de A-vuren te gaan. En zo zal dan ook de A-Thoth niet velen doorlaten. De A-Sebek staat dan in en voor de binnenste kamers van het A-paradijs, en ziet, hij is bevroren. En zo is dan het geheimenis der krokodillen dat zij de bevrorenen van het oer zijn. En zo is dan de A-Nut als de slang, het pad, tot de binnenste kamers van het A-paradijs. En boven de A-ark staat de A-Re of de A-ra, die de vogel is der globes. De A-Aton is dan hij die de A-vuren draagt, en de A-Izu is de heilige A-kandelaar boven de A-ark. Volg dan het pad van de heilige A-Nut. Zij is dan als de doorgangskaart der A-gelovigen. Zij dan die de kaart van de A-Nut dragen hebben toegang tot in het allerheiligste. Zo is dan de A-Brannan de schenker van het A-bloed, en de A-Tiffāf de schenker van de A-adem. En zij zijn als de twee A-engelen op de A-ark. Zalig is dan hij die deze twee A-engelen draagt. Zo is dan de A-Christus het geheimenis der A-vliegen. En Hij dan geeft overvloedige log aan zijn trouwe dienstknechten, hen van het A-priesterlijk geslacht. Zij dan leven in diepe duisternissen waar zij de oerlichten en de oervruchten bewaken. En door de log bewegen zij, en leven zij, en hebben zij de a-vleugelen ontvangen. Ja, als door de heilige adem scheppen zij, en brengen zij het geschapene in beweging. Zo hebben zij dan door de log overvloedig toegang tot de zonnen, en door de kaart van de A-Nut. En door het vuur der A-zonnen en hun vleugelen hebben zij hun ketenen verbrand. Tot het A-nijlpaard zijn zij gekomen.

De Drie van Hunduk

Zo zijn zij dan die tot het A-nijlpaard zijn gekomen zalig. Zo is dan de A-Herman als het zachte ijs, en de sneeuw, en ziet, hij dan is als het zacht brandende ijs, en als de brug tot de A-Ammut, hij die de longen eet. Zo dan bewaakt de A-Ammut de a-levers, tezamen met de a-scarabeeën, de a-canopen en hun beschermvrouwe de A-Serket, die de vrouw van de A-Ammut is. Zo is dan de A-Maser die als de oer-armoe is, de brug tot de A-Isis, zij die de levers eet, en zich opsiert. Zij dan is als het geheimenis der haaien, als de twee weefsters. Zij dan weven de A-Nut. Zo zijn dan de A-Geb, de A-Shu en de A-Seth de honden der woestijn. En zij zijn van de dikke darm der A-lever, genaamd de Hunduk. Gij dan allen zult door de Hunduk gaan om door hen geoordeeld te worden naar werken. Gij dan zult ook het geloof van uw vaderen tot hen brengen, om het door hen te laten oordelen. Zo zult gij recht doen tot het oer. Zij dan zijn de drie van Hunduk, waar ook de haaien vandaan kwamen. Ja, hondenhaaien zijn zij. En de A-Dezer is de brug tot hen. Zij dan zijn de rechters van het oer.

Zo zult gij dan recht doen aan hen van het oer, en dan zal de A-Nekhet u meenemen. Ja, tot de A-zonnen zal zij u brengen, en hun geheimenissen laten zien. Dan zullen de A-Thoth-boeddha's u dienen. Wanneer gij dan tot de A-Seth-boeddha's bent gekomen, zult gij uw vrees verliezen, en zult gij de lichten van het oer zien. Zij dan zijn als raadselen. Ook zult gij tot de A-Sekhmet-boeddha's komen, en gij zult uw schuld verliezen. Tot de A-Sebek-boeddha's zult gij gaan om uw schaamte te verliezen. De A-Aton-boeddha's zullen het gezuiverde vuur tot u brengen. Zij dan zullen uw water en bloed niet meer verslinden. De A-Isis-boeddha's dan zullen u doorgang geven, en zo ook de A-Nut-boeddha's, en zij zullen u tot genezing zijn. De A-Christus-boeddha's dan zullen hun geheimen moeten blootleggen, en u leiden tot de A-Osiris-boeddha's, die als de A-ape en de A-beren zijn. Want alle wegen van de A-Christus dienen te leiden tot de A-Osiris. En dan zal de A-Osiris spreken en zeggen : 'Zalig zijn zij allen die door de A-Christus tot de A-Osiris zullen komen, want uiteindelijk zullen er geen christussen meer zijn, alleen nog maar wat jongens van lynx. En zij zullen leiden tot de A-jongens van lynx, zij die direkt onder de A-jongens staan.' En zo is de A-Osiris als het heilige bewegende gouden en zilveren standbeeld in alle kleuren. Zalig hij die het in zijn handen heeft en draagt, want het is als de heilige stuurknuppel, tot het openen van gouden en zilveren deuren in alle kleuren. En zo is dan de A-Osiris een goede bedekking over de A-christussen. Zij dan die tot de A-Osiris zijn gekomen zullen geenszins terug kunnen vallen in de handen van de A-Christus. Zij zijn nu veilig in de armen en de handen van de A-Osiris, die met velen zijn. En zo is de A-Osiris als de a-octopus, om al hen die op bloed loeren neer te brengen. Want Christus heeft een gemene grijns en zelfs de A-Christus-boeddha's. Zij zetten u in uw leven op een voetstuk, om uw val des te harder te maken. Ja, hoog verheven laten zij u staan, slechts om u later te zien neerkletteren. En daarom is de A-Osiris gekomen, om u tegen hen te behoeden en u uit te leiden. Zo heeft dan alles wat christelijk is een gemene grijns, en wacht zij slechts op het krijgen van een nieuwe naam. Ja, met reikhalzend verlangen.

Als ratten wachten zij op de zon die hen zal aanraken en veranderen. Zij waren slechts betoverd. Zo zijn dan de A-Geb-boeddha's om uw moed terug te brengen, en uw onschuld. De A-Shu-boeddha's dan zijn er om uw depressies te verslinden. Het A-geloof is dan zeker en vast, slechts wachtende op de zuiveringen. Zij die tot het A-ijs zijn gekomen worden zacht als sneeuw, en zullen als de A-Herman oprijzen tot de A-Ammut en tot de Hunduk. Zij dan zullen de A-ijs-lever dragen, om het gezuiverde vuur te zien. Ja, vele vuren zullen zij zien. En deze vuren zullen zijn als het brandend ijs, en zij zullen zijn als de A-Odin-Boeddha's, de A-Loki-Boeddha's, de A-Thor-Boeddha's, de A-

Fenrir-Boeddha's, de A-Freya-Bodhissatva's, de A-Frirr-Bodhissatva's, de A-Balder-Bodhissatva's, de A-Gerda-Amithaba's, de A-Vodus-Amithaba's, de A-Wodan-Amithaba's, de A-BabaYaga-Bodhissatva's, de A-BabaYaga-Amithaba's.

En ook zal dit vuur zijn als de A-Asgard-Boeddha's, en het zal de smerige grijns van het christendom wegvegen. En dan zullen de A-Odin-Krishna's opstaan, en de A-Thor-Krishna's, en zo ook de A-Thor-Shiva's en de A-Thor-Vishnu's, en zij zullen de A-vuur-lever brengen. De A-zachtheids-lever wordt bewaakt door de A-Khnum.

Over de A-Min-brug komt gij tot de A-Bastet, zij die het A-kruis draagt. Maar aan het eind is dit een A-spoel. Gij die de zwarte A-lever en de rode A-lever hebt bereikt zijt aan vele gevaren ontkomen. Gij dan zijt vanuit de A-lever gekomen en gij zult tot de A-lever wederkeren.

2.

En de zenuwuiteinden zijn omgebogen in het A-paradijs, ziet, zij komen vanuit de A-lever en keren daartoe terug. En alle andere lichaamsdelen komen voort vanuit de A-lever. De Khnumieten zijn dan vrijgekomen, om de oogst binnen te halen. Ja, als Viva zijn ze, als de landbouwers van het hemelrijk. Zij zijn dan binnengekomen door de A-Nut, en door de Anubisieten. Ja, de Heer heeft hen lief, daar ze zijn koninkrijk hebben gebouwd en ervoor zorg gedragen hebben. Zo zullen dan de Khnumieten de einden der aarde bezitten, en zij zullen betekenissen veranderen. Ja, het verleden zullen zij veranderen. De Khnumieten dan zijn door de Heere aangesteld. Zo zijn dan de Khnumieten de Heere welgevallig. Ja, zij zijn zalig tot in het zesde geslacht. De Heere dan heeft zijn zegen uitgebreid en uitgespreid. Nu dan zijn de Khnumieten de bouwstenen van het nieuwe rijk, en zo ook de Anubisieten. Zijn dan de Khnumieten nog aangesneld toen gij viel in uw putten ? Zij dan komen vanuit uw putten op, daar zij daar gezaaid zijn. Ja, van onderen grijpen zij u, en nemen u mee tot de bergen.

3.

Zo zijn dan de Anubisieten aangesteld tot een nieuw zenuwstelsel, zij en hun monotheismen. Dezen zijn dan de zenuwknopen, waaruit nieuw leven voortvloeit. Hebt gij dan niet vernomen dat zij de Khnumieten hebben vrijgezet ? Als de Viva zijn zij. En zo zijn dan ook de Sethieten aangesteld om zenuwknopen te zijn. Ja, hun lijnen buigen, daar waar zij buigen moeten. Zo zijn er dan vele knooppunten, en vele monotheismen. Dit dan is een groot geheimenis. Zij dan hebben de deuren geopend tot de nacht, en dezen ook gesloten. Zij dan hebben velen door de nacht geleid, tot het grote licht van het oer. Ja, diep was de nacht, en groot was het licht, vanuit de bodem opgegaan. Gij dan bent zo lang in de Geb opgeslokt geweest, en nu heeft de Anubis u tot zich genomen, en hij leide u uit. Ja, tot de Nut en de Nutieten leide hij u, en zij staan sterk, om de Khnumieten door te laten. Zo hebt gij in deze wereld een schaduw, en gij zult grijpen naar het ware, en gij zult het ware volgen, alle gij anubisieten.

Zo zijn dan de anubisieten samen sterk, en door ijs zijn zij verbonden, en door de isisieten. Ja, middelaars zijn zij, opkomende vanuit het diepere ijs. Weest dan niet bevreesd, want de Heere heeft uw ster gezien, en de Gebbieten. Ziet dan, zij naderen tot uw stad, om in de armen van de Anubisieten te leggen. Zo zijn dan de Neithieten voor u uitgegaan, om u hoop te geven, en uitzicht. Ziet dan, zij zijn als de akkers der werkelijkheid. Gij dan, strijdt om door uw schaduw heen te komen om het ware te grijpen, met al haar ribbels. Zo hebben dan ook de Horusieten tot u gesproken, en u tot rust gebracht. Ja, tot zevenvoudige troost waren zij. De Raieten dan hebben uw stad gebouwd, en u beschermd. Ja, hoog hebben zij u opgenomen. De Bastetieten dan hebben uw

woningen ingericht, en zij zijn u tot hulp en steun. Ja, als de adem en de beweging zijn zij. Zij waren het die u kwamen opzoeken in uw lichten, en u ook in de duisternis niet alleen lieten. Zij dan kennen de poorten der dunne darm, en zij hebben u tot de lever geleid.

Khnumieten

1.

De Grote Slag

Dit dan zijn de woorden van de heilige Viva : Heil aan Khnum, hij die opgerezen is tot in het derde geslacht. Heil aan de zevenschaar en het beminde. Dit dan zijn mijn woorden tot de deuren des heils : weest geopend, want uw volk komt binnen. Neemt haar dan aan. Heil aan de A-Khnum, en aan de Khnumieten. Zij zijn dan ingegaan, en zij zijn verzoend met de Nutieten. Zegent dan hun verbond tot in het zestigste geslacht. Laat uw wateren rijzen, en omhuld hen door de waterschaar. Zo zullen zij dan leven tot in alle eeuwigheid, en tot de Tothieten zullen zij gaan. Herstel dan uw volk. Laat hen vanuit alle windstreken tezamen komen, en laat hen de Davidieten verslaan met hun monotheismen. Want de Davidieten maken al tijden de tempel onveilig. Zalig bent gij, oh Khnum en A-Khnum, die door Geb gezegend zijt, tot het scheppen van overwinningen. Door het haar en de baarden der Khnumieten zijn dan de Davidieten zevenvoudig verslagen. Ja, de Heere heeft hen de overwinning gegeven. Zij dan zijn doorgedrongen tot Davids tempel, en hebben daar de Khnum opgericht. En zo hebben dan de Bastetieten de Simsonieten verslagen. De Rerekieten en de Apepieten dan hebben de Salomoieten verslagen, en aan de Sebekieten overgeleverd. Zij dan hebben de monotheismen van de Salomoieten met de grond gelijk gemaakt. Dit dan is de grote slag. Deze dan heeft rijke adem gebracht aan de Khnumieten, en hen uit het water doen reizen. Nu dan zullen de dolfijnen armen en benen krijgen, en het land wederom in bezit nemen. Ja, adem en stem zult gij hen geven, want zij zijn des Heeren. En deze Heer is Khnum.

2.

Zo zijn dan de Serketieten tot hun doel gekomen door de Petrusieten te verslaan. De Paulusieten dan zijn voor de Ammutieten. Ja, en zij zijn genaderd tot het kasteel en landgoed der Ammutieten. Zo is er dan een heilig verbond tussen de Serketieten en de Ammutieten. En gezamenlijk hebben zij de ridderlijke gouden en zilveren borden, en borden van allerlei kostbaar porselein en gesteentes tot het kasteel der Ammutieten teruggebracht. Zo hebben dan vele lichten van het uur en hun vuren hierin heil gevonden. Tot de torens en de dieptes zijn zij gegaan, ja, tot de spelonken der kastelen van het land der Ammutieten.

Tot het land der Ammutieten zult gij gaan, en zij zullen de christelijke monotheismen verwijderen. Ja, krachtig zijn hun vuren, en zij vormen de brug tot de Serketieten. Laat dan ook de Thotieten spreken, daar zij het zaad der herinnering en de vernieuwing vormen. Zo zullen dan wanneer de dorens uit u gehaald worden de Khnumieten en de Thotieten rijkelijk door u stromen. Hecht u dan aan deze die woorden, opdat gij eruit zult halen wat voor u bestemd is. Zo zal dan Thoth uw dorens verwijderen, en gij zult op zijn berg staan. En wederom zult gij tot de Sekhmetieten gaan, en zij zullen u het vaandel geven. En de Heere die Khnum is zal u een nieuw land geven, en de Raieten zullen u volgen en naar u luisteren. De Heere dan die Khnum is zal de vrees uit uw hart halen, en u zachtheid geven. Zo zult gij dan de sleutelen hebben om nog meer geslachten der egyptische goden vrij te zetten. En zo zult gij komen tot de Maatieten, en gij zult hen nageslacht schenken. En zij dan zullen u de nieuwe schuilplaatsen tonen. Gij dan zult zonder aarzelen de Benjaminieten verdrijven en het land teruggeven aan hen die verdreven waren. Zo zal de Heere die Khnum is rechtdoen op

alle bergen. En zij dan zullen horen naar de oude stemmen, en zij zullen respect tonen aan het geslagene. Zo zult gij dan niet meer verdrijven dat wat oud is, maar gij zult luisteren naar de stemmen van het oer. De Horusieten zullen dan aan uw poorten komen en kloppen, en gij zult voor hen opendoen, en gij zult hen begrijpen. Zo zullen er dan vele oude strijden opgelost worden, en de Heere uw God, die Khnum is, zal u vrede brengen.

3.

En aan het einde der dagen zult gij deze die woorden begrijpen en verstaan, daar zij voor lange tijd verzegeld waren. En zo zult gij één voor één de zegels van het Egyptische Woord verbreken, en zo zullen er vele oude lampen aangaan, en gij zult het oerlicht zien, als de weg die gij dient te gaan. En dan zal Horus tot u komen om u in te wijden in de tempelen van zijn mysterieën. En dit zal een grote dag zijn.

En zo zal het openen der Egyptische zegels zijn als het openen van het onderbewustzijn. En de geslachten die hier staan opgesteld zullen zijn als de draken. En zij zullen tot u zeggen : 'Wij hebben recht,' en gij zult zeggen : 'Ja, gij hebt recht.' En zo zullen zij tientallen malen op uw deuren kloppen, en gij zult die allen vele malen opendoen. En gij zult hun getallen vol maken. En zo zult gij tegen uw buur zeggen : 'Wij hebben goed gehandeld.'

En zo is dan het eerste zegel dat geopend dient te worden het zegel der Khnumieten. En ik hoorde een stem vanuit de hemelen zeggen : Vrede. En ziet, een man daalde neer op de aarde en opende een put in de grond, en er kwam grote vrees over de aarde. En een man genaamd David zat op een paard, en de Davidieten volgden hem. En ziet, hij dan had een fakkel in zijn hand, en aldus was de vreze des heeren. En hem werd een tijd gegeven om de aarde te slaan, opdat hen die op de aarde waren naar vrede zouden verlangen.

En toen opende iemand het tweede zegel, en dit was het zegel der Nutieten. En ik hoorde een stem en een bazuin, zeggende : Nu is het uur der valkenaardest gekomen. En ik zag valken met grote sterren en aardes tot de aarde komen, en zij brachten gouden vuur tot het binnenste der aarde, en dit begon zich in lagen te verspreiden. En een andere man kwam tot de aarde, zeggende : Ziet, Geb is groot. En hij boog zich voor Venus, en nam een waterkruik in zijn armen, om gouden water over de aarde te gieten.

En toen gebeurde het dat het derde zegel in de hemelen verscheen, en dit was het zegel der Anubisieten. En zij begonnen zich te vertonen aan de Benjaminieten. En een man op een grijs paard kwam tevoorschijn, en hij droeg een grote schaal met een grote slang erin die grijs was. En hij goot de schaal uit over de aarde. En de man was genaamd Benjamin, en de Heere die Khnum is had hem een tijd gegeven waarin hij de schaal mocht uitgieten, en een tijd waarop hij zou vertrekken. En de man raapte een schaar op en begon ermee te schreeuwen naar de hemelen, om de heiligen voor dertig dagen te achtervolgen. En na die dertig dagen werden er boeken dichtgeslagen.

En het vierde zegel dan was het zegel der Serketieten. En toen dit zegel verbroken werd, werd de aarde rood en blauw, en gifstoffen begonnen zich te verspreiden. En zij die op de aarde woonden en waren overgebleven na de vorige rampen begonnen God te lasteren. En de Heere die Khnum is zond zijn engel, en troostte enkelen onder hen, omdat hij zag dat zij als wezen waren. Zo is dan de Heere uw God die Khnum is zacht van hart, en vertroostend van karakter, daar hij de verwondheden der harten kent, en niet is als de mensen.

Zo zijn dan de vier zegelen om het Woord te openen, en zij zullen zijn als de bruggen. Ja, als torens zijn zij in de handen van Khnum. En de Heere die Khnum is gaf een riet aan de Amunieten om de dodenrijken te bewaren, en ja, hij gaf hen de sleutelen der dood. En zo gaf Hij dan die Khnum is de sleutelen van het lijden aan de Atonieten. En ziet zij dan openen vele graven.

4.

En in het laatste der dagen zullen de Khnumieten tot de zonnestad komen, en ziet, zij zullen eten uit het huis van Ra. Zij dan zullen zijn ster opnemen, en zij zullen hem welgevallig zijn tot in alle eeuwigheden. En daarna zullen zij komen tot het zonnenparadijs, waar Khnum zetelt, en ziet zij zullen tot oneindige verzoeningen komen door de staf van Khnum. En ook zullen de Anubisieten hen volgen, en hen tot gids zijn. Ja, zevenvoudig zullen de Anubisieten hen beschermen op het pad, en hen leiden tot de verborgen bronnen, en allen zullen zij zeggen : 'De Khnumieten hebben goed gedronken,' en zij zullen zeggen : 'De Khnumieten zijn hen die drinken.' Ja, in de Serket zijn zij veilig, en Thoth zal alle hun wonden verbinden en hun dorens uittrekken. Zo zullen dan de Khnumieten voor enige tijd onderwezen worden door de Thotieten. En de Khnumieten zullen de plaatsen der machtigen innemen en zullen onverslaanbaar heten.

En de Khnumieten zullen losgelaten worden uit hun kerkers onder de woestijnen, en zij zullen tot de oasen en waterbronnen des hemels geleid worden. Ja, met de Nutieten zullen zij in huizen wonen, en hun zon zal opgaan tot in het gouden hart, waar hun gebeden gehoord zullen worden. En zij zullen genoemd worden : 'Zij die gehoord worden.' En Anubis zelf zal het zijn die over hen zal waken, en hij zal zijn arm over hen uitstrekken. En hun nageslacht zal zijn als de Anubis. En onder het verbond tussen Khnum de Heere en Anubis zullen zij tijden en wetten veranderen en hun betekenissen.

5.

De geslachten der Anubisieten

En in het laatste der dagen zal de heilige Viva opstaan, en zij zal brood zenden tot de wilde beesten. En zo zullen alle geslachten der Khnumieten behouden worden. En de Khnumieten zullen geheiligd worden tot in het veertiende geslacht. En de beschuldigingen die tegen hen leven zullen uitgebannen worden op de heilige berg, en zij zullen de aarde regeren. En zij zullen het Dinda-geslacht en het Rusta-geslacht der Anubisieten onderwerpen, en hen troost brengen en rust. En zij zullen dienaren van goud heten, en zij zullen zijn als profeten des Heeren, die Khnum is. En zij zullen twee aan twee gezonden worden tot de dorpen en de kale steden, en zij zullen hen onderwerpen door de staf van Khnum, door vertroosting en rust. En ook tot de kale bergen zullen zij komen en tot de dorre streken en vlaktes, en zij zullen het Ru-geslacht van de Anubisieten vrijzetten. Zij dan van het Ru-geslacht, die de slangen dragen, zullen zijn als de serafs van Khnum's troon, en de bewakers zijn van zijn hart. En weer twee aan twee zullen de Dinda's en de Rusta's gaan tot de wateren en de zeeën van zout, en met de staf van Khnum zullen zij het Ros-geslacht van de Anubisieten vrijzetten. En zo zullen alle geslachten der Anubisieten met elkaar verzoend worden, en met Khnum, die Heere is.

6.

De getallen der geslachten der egyptische goden

En zo zal Khnum dan vele malen zijn staf opheffen om de geslachten der egyptische goden vrij te zetten. Zo bestaan dan de Khnumieten uit achtenveertig geslachten, de Sethieten uit

negenennegentig geslachten, de Raieten uit honderdvijf geslachten, de Sekhmetieten uit achtendertig geslachten en de Maatieten uit elf geslachten. De Bastetieten bestaan dan uit duizenelf geslachten, de Anubisieten kennen tienduizenden geslachten. De Apepieten hebben elf geslachten, en hen van Rerek zeven. Zo bestaan dan de Horusieten uit miljoenen geslachten, en de Osirisieten uit miljarden geslachten. Hen van Geb hebben twintig geslachten, hen van Aton vijftwintig, en zij van Sebek drie. De geslachten van Nut zijn over de tienduizend, en de geslachten van Neith hebben een getal dat niet geteld kan worden. Zo dan heeft Min drie geslachten, en zo ook Isis. Serket dan telt vier geslachten, Amun vijftig en Ammut tweendertig. Apis dan heeft tweendertig geslachten, Buchis vierenveertig, Shesmu achthonderdvierendertig, Hathor elf, en Ptah over de zesmiljoen. Wepwawet dan heeft vierendertig geslachten, Nekhbet honderdachtenveertigmiljard, Wadjet dan heeft een ontelbaar getal aan geslachten, en Nephtys zevenhonderddrieduizendmiljard. Tefnut dan heeft vijf geslachten, Shu negen, en Nun achttien. Kauket heeft er drieduizend, Kuk heeft er twaalfduizend, en Satis heeft er tweeneveertigmiljoen.

7.

De geslachten der Sebekieten

Hoe lieflijk is het dan als Khnumieten en Nutieten hun huizen delen en tezamen wonen, en tezamen hun brood delen. Als kostelijke olie en zeeparfum is het, ja als de shampoo van Isis en Atum. Hoe lieflijk is het als zij de ouden der Sebekieten het onderste en bovenste van hun woningen geven, en hen verzorgen. Zij dan zijn als de dauw van Anubis, en de lengtes van hun armen zijn als de Aton. En zo is dan het feeengeslacht een der drie geslachten van Sebek, genaamd de Draunir. Het dwergengeslacht genaamd de Knau is een ander geslacht van Sebek, en de Furir is het riddergeslacht van Sebek. Laat u dan enten op de rijke geslachten der Sebekieten.

II Khnumieten

1.

De namen der geslachten van Khnum en Nut

1. En zo zullen de Khnumieten gaan van heerlijkheid tot heerlijkheid, en hun geslachten zijn : de Danau, de Ganou, de Ulek, de Imian, de Farit, de Koshet, de Falou, de Mani, en vele anderen, tot achtenveertig aan toe. 2. En zo zullen zij van de Imian opstaan, en hun ouden zullen wijze woorden spreken tot de jongeren, en zij zullen de gaten der aarde laten zien, en de tunnels onder de grond. 3. En de namen der geslachten van de Nutieten zijn : Knir, Mief, Buhet, Fimien, Bihilst, Remna, Afik, Hielst, Voort, Kiander, en verder tot over de tienduizend geslachten. En zij van Knir zullen komen tot de Farit, en zij zullen elkaar tot steun en hulp wezen. Ja, tot ondergrondse schuilplaatsen zullen zij komen, en zij zullen de tempels der Khnumieten herbouwen. Ja, tot het goud der aarde zullen zij komen, en tot het zilver, en zij zullen door Venus ingestraald worden. En zo zal dan Khnum voortkomen op zijn troon, en Hij zal een wijze god zijn, die de aarde herschept. En de geslachten der Davidieten zullen één voor één aan de kaak gesteld worden, en het zal openbaar gemaakt worden wat zij aan slechts over de aarde hebben gebracht. En zo zullen alle vrouwen en bijvrouwen van David in de mond gekeken worden, en hun baarmoeder zal door Ammut gewogen worden en opgemeten. En ook de zonen van David en hun geslachten zullen voor de tronen der Ammutieten moeten verschijnen, en zij zullen uitvoerig gewogen en gemeten worden, en er zal indringend gekeken worden naar hun kleuren.

2.

De strijd tussen Khnum, Anubis en Ammut

Zo zijn dan de Davidieten het slechte der indianen, hun zwaartes en bedrukkingen. De Heere dan die Khnum is zal geen genade hebben met het huis van David. Zo zal dan ook Khnum voor Anubis en Ammut moeten verschijnen, en er zal een oorlog zijn van drie jaren. En de Heere die Khnum is zal zijn legerscharen uitzenden, en de eerstelingen der geslachten van de Khnumieten zullen hen met elkaar trachten te verzoenen. Maar Khnum zal door Anubis doorstoken worden, en Ammut zal zijn arm verslinden. Dan zullen de eerstelingen van Nut hen met elkaar proberen te verzoenen, maar Khnum zal Anubis onder zijn voeten vertrappen, en Ammut zal hij afvoeren naar het diepste van zijn kerkers. En de eerstelingen van Thoth zullen de wonden van deze drie verbinden, en hun doorns zullen uit hen genomen worden, en hen van David, en zo zullen zij door slaap met elkaar verzoend worden, en onafscheidelijk zijn.

En na deze dagen zullen de andere geslachten van Khnum geopend worden, en zij zullen keizerlijk zijn op de heilige bergen, en het verbond dragen tussen Khnum, Anubis en Ammut. En zij zullen de nakomelingen van Thoth één voor één uit de dieptes opvissen, om wat Thoth voor hen gedaan heeft. En wanneer dan meerdere geslachten van Thoth op de heilige kusten staan zullen zij hen van Serket openen. En een nieuw vuur zal aangestoken worden. En de kracht van Venus zal een nieuwe zachtheid brengen, maar deze zal in de begindagen zijn als zuiverend gif, en velen zullen sterven.

3.

De namen der geslachten der Serkieten

En de geslachten van Serket die vrijgekomen zijn, zullen gaan naar de schuilplaatsen der oude moeders en hun ondergrondse stad, dichtbij de oervuren, en zij zullen de armoe heiligen. En ook zullen de monotheïsmen van de Serketieten bestudeerd worden, om velen tot heil en genade te brengen. En de geslachten der Serketieten zijn dan : Omnis, Rudolf, Salef en Hanf. En vanuit Hanf stroomt dan vele zachtheid. En zij zullen ontsnappen door vele aardgaten en hemelgaten, en ook door de gaten van het water. En met kracht zullen zij tot nieuwe eilanden komen, om hun tempelen te herbouwen. En oude geheimenissen zullen geopend en opgelost worden, en de zegelen van hun boeken zullen verdwijnen. En zij zullen bezworen worden door de staf van Thoth, en Hij zal Serket tot rust brengen, en tot verzadiging. Ja, brood van het oer zal Hij haar geven, en zij zullen gezamenlijk tot Khnum gaan. En ziet, Khnum zal hen dan zegenen. En Khnum zal hen toegang geven tot oersteden, tot de bovensten der ouden en de ondersten der jongen. En Khnum zal hun zachtheid verspreiden, en over hen prediken, en er zal een drievoudig snoer opgericht worden, en niemand zal in staat zijn het te verbreken. En niets zal meer belangrijk zijn dan dit snoer, en de ouderen zullen tot rust en verzadiging komen, en de jongen zullen beschermd worden en opgeleid. En dan zal het snoer tussen de oersteden gaan bewegen, om ze vele malen tot heil te brengen. En steeds weer zullen zij wederkeren tot de stad der bovenste ouden en de stad der onderste jongen. En zij zullen de monotheïsmen der oude moeders bestuderen, en zij zullen hen begrijpen, omdat de Heere, die Khnum is, hun zegelen heeft verbroken. En zij zullen gaan tot de stad der velden en de stad der boeken, en zij zullen de verborgen geslachten van Nekhbet vinden, en van Wadjet, en het zal hen in de stad der woestijnen leiden. Ja, langs hangende klederen zullen zij afdalen, totdat zij tot de stad der duinen en de stad der zeeën zijn gekomen, en daar zullen zij vinden de verborgen maskers, en zij zullen de geschriften op de binnenmuren van de oersteden begrijpen, daar de Heere, die Khnum is, de zegelen heeft verbroken.

4.

De strijd tussen Khnum en Horus

En dan zullen de monotheismen der oude moeders spreken, en zij zullen gaan tot de oerstedden van de Horusieten. En zij zullen de monotheismen en de tempelen der Horusieten herstellen, en er zal een oorlog zijn van vierhonderd jaren. En velen zullen niet kunnen spreken, omdat de Heere die Khnum is hun monden heeft gesloten. En velen zullen niet kunnen zien, omdat de Heere die Khnum is hun ogen heeft gesloten. En velen zullen niet kunnen bewegen, omdat de Heere die Khnum is hun botten heeft gebroken. En de Adamieten zullen zich met de oorlog bemoeien, en de Aserieten, en ook de Danieten en de Jeremieten. En in deze dagen zal er hardheid heersen, en velen kunnen elkaar niet verstaan. Ook zal de armoe tot zijn bovenste rijzen, en de honger zal toeslaan, zonder dat er iemand is die redt, en zonder dat er iemand is die troost. En zij zullen elkaars vlees eten, en op elkaar jagen, en Khnum zal op vleugelen der zon terugvliegen naar de stad der oude moeders en grootmoeders, en zal komen tot de steden van plezier, en tot de steden der boeren. En het vuur zal hem lange tijd achtervolgen, en zijn nageslachten zullen hem ontnomen worden. En zo dan is er een strijd tussen Horus en Khnum. En Khnumieten zullen opstaan, groten van naam, om hen met elkaar proberen te verzoenen, maar alles faalt. Dan zullen mannen der Anubisieten, groten en wijzen van naam hen proberen te verzoenen, maar alles faalt. En ook zullen Nutieten in die dagen opstaan om hun vaderen te verzoenen, maar alles faalt. En dan zal Horus Khnum in de nek bijten, en Khnum zal het been van Horus afnemen, en vele poorten zullen invallen, en het oer der wildernissen zal de oerstedden verslinden. Ja, dagen van grote duisternis zullen het zijn, en de aardbewoners zullen schuilen in het diepste van hun woningen, en de ouden zullen de kamers der daken bezetten. En de geslachten van Sebek zullen troost proberen te brengen aan velen, en zij zullen wonderen en tekenen verrichten. Ook zij zullen trachten de vaderen te verzoenen, maar zij zullen lange tijd falen en teruggestuurd worden. Maar een ridder uit het geslacht Furir zal op de wateren slaan, en hij zal de diepst verborgen geslachten van Khnum vrijzetten en de diepst verborgen geslachten van Horus, en hen met elkaar verzoenen. En dan zal uiteindelijk ook Horus met Khnum verzoend worden, en hun woorden zullen opgetekend worden, en zij zullen elkaar begrijpen en liefhebben. En zij zullen tot de steden der ouden gaan, en de steden der jongen, en zij zullen tezamen wonen, om de oervisioenen te dragen. Zij dan zullen vele tempelen en steden van het oer herbouwen en herstellen.

III Khnumieten

1.

En wanneer de Anubisieten door het glas zullen breken, zullen zij gaan tot de Serketieten, en er zal een oorlog zijn van vele jaren, en zij zullen de getallen der dingen veranderen, en de getallen der tijden. En de Anubisieten zullen rust vinden bij de Khnumieten, en zij zullen zijn als middelaars en verzoeners. En zij zullen versterking zoeken bij de Horusieten en bij de Sebekieten, en zij zullen komen tot de bergen der Raieten, en zij zullen door vele muren des lands heenbreken, om de oude geslachten der Khnumieten vrij te zetten. En een groot leger zal op de voet gezet worden, en zij zullen vechten om de geslachten van Shu vrij te zetten. En het kasteel der Shuieten zal zijn als een luchtkasteel boven de oerbossen, en hun wapens zijn zacht. En zij zullen de steden innemen, en na verloop van tijd zal er een hardheid optreden, maar deze zal zijn ten korte duur. En ook zullen zij de winkels innemen, en zij zullen zich voegen bij de geslachten der Apepieten. En zij zullen doordringen tot in het huis van Tefnut, en zij zullen daar veranderingen aanbrengen. Ja, tot in de

dieptes van het huis van Tefnut zullen zij dalen, en zij zullen opstijgen tot haar hoogste dakkamers, en zij zullen vele geslachten der egyptische goden vrijzetten. En zo zal er een strijd zijn tegen Tefnut van acht dagen, en zij zal velen van hun schepen in de dieptes sleuren, en het gemis zal groot zijn. En dan zal Tefnut uit haar kamers komen en brullen als een leeuw, en zij zal vele Shuieten doof maken door het gebrul. En zij zal de Anubisieten trachten te verleiden en op te stoken, maar de Anubisieten zullen haar verwoesten. Dan zullen de Khnumieten en de Nutieten arriveren om Anubis en Shu met Tefnut te verzoenen, en ook Thoth zal komen om met zijn geslachten de wonden te verbinden. En zo zal Thoth vrede brengen, en zal er veel studie verricht worden, en vele zegels zullen verbroken worden. En Tefnut zal zich voegen bij de grootmoeders en oude moeders en hun steden, en zij zal zich ook verzoenen met Horus, en dan zullen vele geslachten vrijkomen, waaronder ook de vijf geslachten van Tefnut. En Thoth zal de doorns uit hen trekken, en hen verzoenen met de Sethieten.

En Nekhbet en haar geslachten zijn met velen, en zij behoeden de zeeën, en maken hen rustig. Kent dan al hun monotheïsmen, en herbouwt hun tempelen, opdat zij rustig wordt. Ziet dan, zij leiden u tot het zachte. Ziet hoe lieflijk het is wanneer Nekhbetieten tezamenwonen met Gebbetieten en Sethieten, ja ziet, hoe groot de zegen is als zij samenwonen met Osirisieten en Ammutieten. Leert dan allen hun monotheïsmen kennen om de monotheïsmen van het christendom, die scherp zijn, te overwinnen. Gij dan hebt daarvoor ook de geslachten van Khnum gekregen, en hun monotheïsmen. Maakt dan de getallen der Ammutieten vol, opdat zij verborgen deuren kunt openen.

Komt dan ook tot hun winkels en doet zaken met hen, opdat zij kunt reizen.

2.

1. Ziet dan hoe lieflijk het is als Nutieten tezamenwonen met Bastetieten. Zij dan vormen de brug tot het oosten. Gij dan maakt lange reizen tot uw scholen, maar zalig zijn zij die hun scholen tot hun woning maken, want zij hebben doorgang tot de grotten van Nekhbet en haar winkels, ja, tot haar zilveren en gouden grachten die tot Geb leiden. 2. Ziet dan hoe lieflijk het is wanneer Nutieten tezamen wonen met Osirisieten, want zij vormen de dauw der bergen, en brengen het morgenrood tezamen. Lange reizen maakt zij tot uw scholen, maar zalig zijn zij die thuis studeren, want zij hebben de Anubis tot buurman. Zo is dan Geb tot u gekomen om u te tuchtigen, maar houdt vast wat hij u gezegd heeft, want naar waarheid heeft hij u onderwezen. Maar in Thoth vindt zij vertroosting, en hebt zij de woestijn tot uw buurman. Ziet dan hoe lieflijk het is wanneer Nuttieten samenwonen met Gebbetieten. Tot de Anubis komen zij, en de Anubis geeft hen overvloedigheid in alle dingen. Ook is het lieflijk waar Nekhbetieten en Wadjetieten tezamen wonen, want zij delen zachtheid, en zij kennen het groen van Geb. Ja, tot zijn huis zijn zij gekomen, en tot zijn tempelen en monotheïsmen.

3.

Zo zijn dan de Khnumieten u gegeven als schild en wapen om door deuren heen te breken. De Nekhbetieten zijn u dan gegeven als helm en als winkels. De Horusieten dan zijn u tot vleugelen der wind. Zo is dan Khnum vele malen tot Geb gekomen om zijn volk vrij te zetten. Gij dan, hebt uw hoofden omhoog, want uw verlossing is nabij, wanneer Thoth de doornen uit u zal verwijderen. Dan zult zij vol zijn van het goud der Khnumieten, en het zilver der Thotieten. Strekt u dan uit, en tel de dagen af. Gij hebt niets meer te vrezen, zij die de Khnumieten een warm hart toedraagt. Zo zal er dan volop goud zijn in uw schorten, en zilver aan uw schouders, en zij zult de hoge deuren openen. Ja, de raadselen van het oer zult zij blootleggen, en zij zult tot grote en hoge vrede ingaan, als in het

oog van Horus. Zo zult gij dan de geslachten der raieten aan uw zijde hebben, honderdvijf in aantal. En zij zullen u tot zenuwen zijn, en tot rijke genezing onder het verbond van Khnum.

3.

Ben jij een boom. Ben jij een groene staaf. De zwarte zon heeft jouw genade geschonken. Heb je al diep in de ogen van de staaf gekeken. Ben jij een boom, ben jij een groene staaf, heb je genade van de zwarte zon verkregen. Als een boom was je, staande in de storm, ja, jij droeg ze, al die bladeren, van verborgen dagen. Ben jij een boom, ben jij een groene staaf. Heb je Geb gemeden of was je zijn slaaf. Heb je tegen hem gestreden als tegen een oude vader die het niet meer wist, of heb je hem bedrogen. Mocht je hem, of haatte je hem. Ben je deel van de Gebbieten, deel van de groene staaf, heeft de zwarte zon je genade geschonken, of werd je zijn slaaf.

Ben je de boom, ben je de groene staaf, heeft Geb je hart bedrogen, of schonk hij je de levenslust, heeft hij jou de militaire macht gegeven, of gaf hij jouw armoede uit een pot. Kom nu gauw, kom nu tot de zwarte zon, en zie wat hij voor je heeft. Al je bomen zullen tot leven komen, zie dan toe of ze je beminnen of verstoten voor eeuwig.

Zal Geb je liefhebben als hij tot jou zal komen. Hij stond daar aan je deur, toen jij je opsloot in je kast. Buiten staan zijn geweren in standaarden op het gras, gewoon tussen de huizen, en pakte hij jou, maakte hij jou tot zijn vrouw. Ben je bedrogen, heeft hij je gekust, heeft hij je gemist toen jij van hem probeerde te ontsnappen, weet mijn kind, je redt het tegen hem, als je hem in waarheid hebt bemint.

Ben je een boom, ben je van groen geluk, heeft zijn zwarte hond je gebeten, of heeft hij jou afgezonderd in verdriet in een diepe kast waar hij je niet zou raken. Wie haalde jou daar vandaan? Wie heeft jou naar de sterren genomen. Heeft de zwarte zon jou genade geschonken.

4.

Boom van geluk, boom van groene verlichting, boom van kracht, van parelstappen, diep in het zand vond jij je geluk, bij Geb deelde jij je smarten. Een huis van beweging, een huis van groen geluk, een huis van delen, waar Geb jou altijd heeft gemeden, je dacht waar blijft mijn geluk, maar kind, alleen wanneer je naar verlichting zoekt is geluk je deel, eerlijk geluk, groen geluk.

Kijk naar omhoog en vang de groene regen op, wanneer de zwarte regen tegen je heeft gestreden. Die zwarte hond, die hij tot je zond, jou naar vervelende plaatsen heeft gebracht, door Geb voelde je je gemeden. Al die soldaten tegen jou, al die vliegende hoofden, tegen jou, zij zullen altijd tegen je strijden, totdat je Geb vindt in het verdriet. Ja, altijd heeft hij je gemeden, ja, altijd heeft hij tegen je gestreden, Geb, de boom, totdat je het verborgene ontdekt, en tot hem vlucht.

Als door groen sap beweeg je, door groen sap leef je, op weg naar verlichting, als je een boom bent, zul je eeuwig leven. De rest is reeds verloren. Ik weet, je leeft in bevroren dromen ... ik weet je leeft in parels verborgen ...

5.

Boom van geluk, doe de kastdeur open, boom van geluk, laat ons niet buiten staan. Geb is hier met al zijn standaardgeweren, op de muren loopt hij, naar binnen kijkt hij niet. Boom van verlichting, van groene verlichting, open de deur voor ons, opdat het licht der zwarte zon op ons zal schijnen, en

onze bomen tot leven zullen komen, in de rijen van Geb. Zij zullen ons meenemen naar de sterren, naar het eeuwige geluk.

Ben je een boom, ben je groen geluk, beloof je de sterren niet te breken, wanneer zij tot je komen, om te vertellen van de verborgenheden van de zwarte zon, waardoor je je altijd voelde gemeden. Droom je van geluk, of van verlichting. Geluk komt niet zomaar, maar altijd met een doel, en vanuit een bron, die bron is groene verlichting, komende vanuit het hart van Geb, de aardvader.

Als een soldaat stond hij voor je, de bliksem sloeg in, waar heeft hij jou wel niet allemaal van losgetrokken. Je dacht dat je niets meer overhield. Maar heus, mijn kind het was beter, toen hij je daar sloeg. Nu staat hij dan voor je, jou kast opengetrokken, waar jij je in dieptes verborg, om complotten tegen hem te smeden. Ken je zorgen, ken zijn verdriet. Als soldaat staat hij voor je, terwijl zijn zwarte hond brult op de achtergrond. Een hond van liefde, maar zo heb jij het nooit gezien, als een dreiging zag je het. Als soldaat staat hij voor jou kast, waar jij diep in weg bent gedoken, als het verborgene ben je, maar hij maakt snelle pas, zijn geweerstandaarden staan tussen de huizen, en hij loopt over de muren van het kasteel, van de burcht, zonder binnenin te kijken. Hij kijkt naar jou.

Als een soldaat stond hij voor je, als een soldaat gaf hij een klap in je gezicht. Hij is bij je in de kast gekomen, en zijn hond bijt je, waar is nu het licht. Ben je nog steeds in strijd tegen Geb, tegen al zijn soldaten en honden. Of heb je je bij zijn liefde neergelegd, en bij al zijn vreemde plannen.

Van het geweer schrok je, de lange man staat op, schudt de boom, en raapt de veren. Van het geweer schrok je, van zijn blaffende hond, als een soldaat stond hij voor je, met een geweer in zijn armen, dat hij in je kast drukte. Ben je nog steeds voor hem op de vlucht.

6.

Als bliksem stond hij voor je, als bliksem, het deed pijn, als soldaat tussen de huizen, nam hij alles van je af. En bracht hij jou tot het bos, tot de groene verlichting, tot het mos, tot een dobbelsteen van hogere bomen, tegen hogere winden vocht je, en omhulde hem. Als bliksem stond hij voor je, als bliksem het deed pijn, toen hij jou afzonderde toen hij jouw heupen brak, toen hij je kleed wegscheurde. Als bliksem kwam hij, als bliksem ging hij, met een hond die alleen kon bijten, en jou kon laten wegslijten. In groen geluk ben je gekomen.

Soldaten komen, soldaten gaan, Geb was hier, nu is alleen zijn vlam nog daar. 'K heb je al het goede gegeven, de groene verlichting, en een reis om de zwarte zon, die eeuwig zal duren, in je herinnering, ja het zal groeien, opdat al je bomen vrij zijn, oh boom.

Geb stond voor je, nam je hand, maar de kast dook je in, achter de gordijnen, om te vluchten voor schuld, en hij gaf je het mijne. Geb stond voor je, Geb liet je niet gaan, als door de bliksem getroffen sprak je zijn naam, gaf je hem al wat je bezat. Als door een bom getroffen stond je daar, en Geb keek naar jou. Het rechtshuis bracht je tot de boom. Als een rechter tussen de huizen kwam het tot jou.

7.

Ben je een boom, een groene staaf, heeft de zwarte zon je genade geschonken, of werd je z'n slaaf. Zijn je bomen tot leven gekomen, of staan ze nog steeds waar ze stonden. Toon mij je hart, dan kniel je hier, toon mij je lever, dan kost het je niets, diep van binnen in jouw kast vertoon je steeds dezelfde sterren. Is dat jouw vertier. Tot Geb ben je gekomen. Een rechter tussen de huizen,

soldaten voor de kasten, en wat loopt op de muren van jouw burchten, zijn het de schaduwen van een duister verleden, als de zwarte nacht de zwarte zon. verraad me niet, verraad me niet, want het licht steekt door de dagen, als Geb tot de kasten komt. Ik zal jou ook behouden, als een rechter tussen de huizen, als Geb tot de kasten komt, als Geb tot de kasten komt. Ik ben de bliksem op jouw trappen, waar de bomen staan, waar de bomen staan, wanneer Geb tot de kasten komt. Laat mij tot jouw kasten komen, laat me in, verdedig je niet, als Geb tot de kasten komt. Samen staan we sterk. Vang voor mij die bliksem op, ik kan het niet verdragen, als Geb tot de kasten komt, als zijn honden bijten. Samen staan we sterk, als rechters tussen de huizen. Kom tot mijn kasten liefste, laat de genade van de zwarte zon ons tezamen verbinden voor altijd, wanneer Geb tot de kasten komt. Samen staan we sterk. ben jij een boom, een hartendief, een grote genade, een grote brief, wanneer Geb tot de kasten komt. Ben jij het die ik bemin, wanneer Geb tot de kasten komt. Wees mijn rechter tussen de huizen, wees de standaard van mijn geweren, wanneer geb tot de kasten komt, als een soldaat, een harde man. Ik heb zijn woorden nog niet begrepen, Hij heeft mij niet gegrepen. Wees mijn geweren als standaarden tussen de huizen, dan zal ik de jouwe zijn, als Geb tot de kasten komt, en zijn bliksemen werpt, onze keukens doorzoekt als een schutter. Wees mijn schutter, wees mijn gids, wees mijn hond, oh Anubis, als Geb tot de kasten komt. Leidt mij tot de rode kap, door de ruiten heen, dieper in de kasten. Kom tot mijn kasten, wees mijn rechter, mijn geweren in standaarden tussen de ruiten en de huizen, oh Anubisieten, en leidt mij weg. Loop rondom mijn muren, loop eroverheen, kijk niet naar binnen, maar naar mij, als Geb tot de kasten komt, en het harde in de straten valt. Anubis, wees mij tot een harde, en ga mij voort door de ruiten heen, langs de huizen, langs de standaarden, als Geb tot de nachten komt, als een hond, een wolf van het verlee.

Robhold

1.

Als dan Tifiaf de Allerhoogste is van het Oude Testament van het Vierde, dan bent gij op weg naar het Nieuwe Testament van het Vierde. Zo zal dan Anubis de Allerhoogste zijn van het vierde nieuwe testament. En gij zult tot Anubis komen en zeggen : Waar bent gij al die tijd geweest. En Hij zal zeggen : Gij bent de wachtende. Zo zullen dan zij die tot het Nieuwe Testament van het vierde gekomen zijn, Anubis tot heer hebben. En Hij zal Aton onderwerpen, en deze zal zijn als de rode kap. En Hij zal in zich dragen : Nut, Bastet, Neith en Isis. En wanneer Anubis dan Aton zal onderwerpen en ook Tifiaf, dan zal dat zijn als de dag dat gij door glas breekt, en het zilver en het goud zullen tot u vloeien, al gij die Anubis liefhebt. Hebt gij dan Anubis lief ? Dan zult gij naderen tot het vierde, en tot het nieuwe van het vierde. Zij dan die Anubis niet liefhebben zullen door Hem onderworpen worden. Nu is dan de liefde niets zonder de haat, en de haat is niets zonder de liefde. Gij dan die deze woorden geloof : Hebt moed, want gij zijt genaderd tot een helpend vuur. Gij dan zult tot de bruggen tot Izu komen, waarin Anubis u zal zaligen, oh geliefden van Anubis. Gij dan zult komen tot de wereldschepen. En deze dagen zullen groot heten. Ja, ook uw oude dagen zullen groot heten, en zij zullen scheef staan. En gij zult door Torhan komen tot Nut. Want alle wegen van Torhan zullen in haar eindigen, daar Torhan de brug is tot haar. Ja, als haar zwaard is hij. En op die dag zal Anubis Geb verslaan, en Hij zal Nut aan Aton geven. En dan zal Nut wenen om Geb voor veertig dagen, en zij zal zijn als een weduwe. En haar tranen zullen Geb tot leven wekken, en zij zal toestemming krijgen om eens in de vier dagen bij hem te zijn. De andere dag zal ze zijn bij Aton, en een dag bij Tifiaf, en een dag bij Bastet. Bastet zal dan eens in de vier dagen bij Nut zijn, ook zal zij een dag bij Aton zijn, een dag bij Tifiaf, en een dag bij Biskidde, die de brug tot Izu is. En Anubis zal hen allen doorklieven, opdat zij zijn stralen en licht dragen. En Anubis zal zijn tot een jaloerse

God en Mono, en zal het masker van Re dragen. Dit dan is als het masker van een eend. En zo zullen de doden tot Anubis komen, en zij zullen Anubis-Re aanbidden, als de heilige eend. En die eend is zwart.

En Anubis zal tot de doden komen, en hen leiden tot de hallen van Thoth, waar zij zullen zitten op rode fluwelen stoelen, en zij zullen zijn als de kijkers naar films. En zo zullen zij het zilver en het goud zien bewegen op het scherm. En dan zal Anubis komen om zich uit te storten over hen die Hem liefhebben, en zij die Anubis-Re volgen. En zij zullen verlicht raken als door een heldere donderslag. En zij zullen in bliksem leven. En zo is dan Anubis als de donder die de zonnen draagt, en zijn geliefden vult met bliksem tot overvloedens toe. Zij dan zullen komen tot het koude van Isis-Anubis, en zij zullen Isis kennen als de koude, en haar brug Zetdonia betreden, om tot haar te komen. En het koude van Isis zal hen tot leven wekken, en zij zullen tot de vuren van Anubis gaan. Strekt u dan uit tot het vierde, gij die in het derde leeft. En Anubis zal geheel uw Christus vervangen, en gij zult niet meer zeggen : Wij hebben niemand die ons helpt. Zo zult gij dan Anubis tot steun hebben, en tot troost, maar gij zult uzelf moeten redden.

Mijn vrienden kwamen naderbij, maar zij bevroren en werden tot Egyptische goden. In de Isis-kloof bevroren zij, als Geb en Nut werden zij en wij van elkaar weggenomen. Achter glas gingen zij, als konijnen, totdat Anubis het glas brak, en ons leidde tot de Rode Kap. In de Rode Kap werden wij allen weer één. Zij heeft een Roze Verbinding diep van binnen, in de Nut vinden wij een brug. Een brug, een weg, een omhelzing, een dobbelsteen voor een muur. Zij jagen ons achterna, maar door Anubis breken wij door een muur. De zwarte panter is gekomen, de zwarte hond, de wolf, de bokser, om door glas en muren heen te breken, tot achter de stadspoort. Op die dobbelsteen staan zij allen beschreven. Als steen zijn zij. Zij versteenden toen zij tot mij probeerden te komen, mijn vrienden. Tot Egyptische goden werden zij. De één is Khnum, de twee is Nut, de drie is Bastet, de vier is Neith, de vijf is Re, de zes is Anubis. Met de zes breken we er doorheen. Tot een dobbelsteen werden zij, als steen aan elkaar verbonden, ze zijn tenminste vrij van de kou van de Isis-kloof, want Anubis had het glas gebroken. Nu dan is er warmte, maar zij kunnen zich niet verroeren, totdat de dobbelsteen rolt, en de zes wordt aangeschoven. Dan gaan de deuren open.

In een dobbelsteen wonen wij, diep van binnen opgesloten. Verroeren kunnen wij ons niet, maar wij zijn de kou ontvlucht, de Isis-kloof verlaten. In Nut vonden wij een brug, door Anubis vrijgekomen. Tot de rode kap kwamen wij, het was al laat, waar wij een vlam kregen, komende uit het diepste ijs. Zij was deze weg ook gegaan.

Mijn vrienden versteenden om mij heen, tot een kap waren zij, tot een grote bescherming. Als een dobbelsteen waren zij, vallende van grote hoogte in de Nut-kloof. Zij dan was diep en lang, tot een brug was zij, waarover Anubis ons vrijzette, de dobbelsteen nu gebroken. De deur nu geopend, de muur door Anubis ingebroken. Zij dan die tot het nieuwe van het vierde zijn gekomen : Aanbidt Anubis, hij die het kaartenspel gemaakt heeft, de duivelskaart heeft ingezet. Hij dan die de christussen tot kaarten maakte, de jahwehs en de jehovah's, aanbidt hem. Hij dan die God en Mono is, met het masker van Re, het eendenmasker groet u. Zo zijn dan de vier wereldschepen Trideria, Adaka, Kmer en Biskidde de bruggen tot Izu. Zo zal dan de ere-dienst aan Anubis ingewikkeld heten, en zal zijn als een pad door het verkeer. En de wegen van Tifiaf zullen dan allen eindigen in de Anubis, daar waar het zwarte konijn de konijnen hoedt. Ja, als de konijnenhond is hij. En zo zullen dan de vier wereldschepen worden tot wegen, en zij zullen leiden tot Izu, en van Izu tot Brannan en van Brannan tot Tifiaf, en vervolgens van Tifiaf tot Anubis. En in de Anubis zullen wij allen onze wegen kwijtraken.

Zo dan : Lof zij aan Anubis. Wij dan die in het derde leven verlangen naar het vierde. Zonder Anubis is er dan geen vierde, Hij dan is koning over Tifiaf. Zo zal Hij dan ook Sekhmet onderwerpen aan de rode kap, en zij zal daar tot genezing komen. Ja, Anubis zal haar dragen tot de handen van Aton en haar daarin heiligen, en zij zal daarin zalig zijn. En zij zal zevenvoudig tot verlichting komen, en de indiaanse geslachten duizendvoudig zuiveren. En daaruit zal zij oprijzen van bevrijding tot bevrijding. Ziet, zij zal dan vrijgezet worden door het derde en het vierde. En alle zachte wegen zullen in haar eindigen, zij die het zachte is. Ja, ook de Johan zal in haar eindigen, daar de Johan de brug is tot haar. En ook Khnum zal tot Sekhmet komen, en hij zal zachter worden. Ja, op zijn rug zal Hij de vruchten dragen tot de aarde, en ook de eerstelingen van Geb, en Hij zal ze brengen tot Nut. Ja, de Johan, de bruggenboom zal Hij beklimmen, en Hij zal zijn armen uitstrekken als een die aan de hemelen staat. Zo zal hij dan Nut's hart verwarmen. En zo zal dan Sekhmet eens in de vier dagen bij Aton zijn, de andere dag bij Geb, en ook een dag bij Khnum, en een dag bij Anubis. En Anubis zal haar liefhebben en vrijzetten. Ja, als zijn ring zal zij zijn, en zij zal Hem haar zachtheid brengen en haar oogst. En Anubis zal ook Seth vrijzetten door het derde en het vierde, en tezamen zullen zij de aarbessen en de aardvruchten plukken. Ja, het eendenmasker zullen zij dragen, en zwemmen over hoge zeeën. Ja, gevleugeld zullen zij zijn.

Gij dan die tot Anubis gekomen zijt : vreest niet, want Hij brengt rust en overzicht aan hen die hem liefhebben. Maar zij die hem haten hebben alles van hem te vrezen. De ring van vuur dan heeft een ieder die in Sekhmet opgesloten was dan vrijgezet, en onder de hoede van Anubis gebracht. Zo zal dan Bastet uit de handen van Aton gehaald worden, en uit de handen van Re en Ptah. Anubis zal Re en Ptah onderwerpen, en zal Bastet heiligen. Zo zal dan Bastet een ring zijn aan zijn vinger, zeer geliefd, en net als Sekhmet, en zij zal de hoedster van Sekhmet zijn, en zij zal haar opnieuw opvoeden. En Anubis zal met zijn staf luid op de troon slaan, en op tronen, en de tronen, opdat het spreekwoord in vervulling gaat : En Anubis zal slaan, op tronen en de tronen. En hij dan zal hoedster worden over de slang. Nut is het dan die de slang heeft geschapen in haar borst. Weet gij dan niet dat elke borst door Nut is geschapen ? Zult gij dan de lange slangen niet vrijzetten ? Alle langheid eindigt dan in Nut, en zij vindt haar zachtheid in Bastet. Zo zal Bastet dan de huizen van Sekhmet zeventig maal plunderen, opdat zij het zachte zal dragen. En zo zal het spreekwoord in vervulling gaan : Het zachte dan behoort Bastet toe. Ook zal Bastet zeventig maal de huizen van Khnum plunderen en hem het zachte ontnemen. En ziet, Hij dan zal zeer hard worden. En hij zal een volk voortbrengen van harde mannen, en vreze zal komen over het volk. En ziet, Hij dan zal zijn volk opdragen tegen Bastet te strijden, en zij zal een schuilplaats hebben in Anubis.

Zo is dan Nut opgesloten in alle borsten, en zal zij door Bastet worden vrijgezet, zij die de meester der zachtheid is. Zo is er dan veel langheid nodig om het zachte te openen, opdat de kloven en hun scherptes gekooid worden. En zo dan heeft Anubis dan het verbond tussen Nut en Bastet voor eeuwig gezegend en hoog opgezet. Bastet dan zal de schuilplaats zijn van Nut, en zij zal een nieuwe borst scheppen. Ja, op gezette tijden zal zij het eendenmasker dragen. En vele vrouwen zullen hun borsten verliezen, daar zij tegen de Heere gezondigd hebben. En de Heere zal het lange vrijzetten, en Nut. En zo zullen dan ook alle wegen van het dunne in Nut eindigen. Zo is er dan ook veel dunheid nodig om het zachte op te roepen, en zo zullen dan de dunne wegen door Nut zich nestelen in de Bastet, en zij zullen haar opwekken. En zij zal over de aarde schuiven en zigzaggen. En zo zal Anubis tot Bastet komen, en zij zullen de Nut herscheppen. En ook zullen zij Khnum herscheppen en hij zal zijn als de bok en de ram des doods. En ziet, hij was als het zwarte en zijn ogen waren wit. En Khnum rees op en scheurde de hemelen open, en de goden werden door Anubis en Bastet herschapen. En ik zag vanuit de lever een dikke leverdarm opkomen, die de wetten van Anubis

beschreef en benadrukte in herhalingen. En het geheugen der aardbewoners werd gewist, en ziet, zij spraken in andere talen. En de leverdarm kwam dan op, en kronkelde om de ruggegraat en de ribben om de botten te voeden, en ook stuwde zij voort door de slokdarm, en nestelde zich in de longen. En ik zag het opkomen als de slang van Anubis, als de zwarte slang. En deze overname was groot. En de naam van deze slang dan was Robhold-Anubis, en ziet, zijn ogen waren geel. En hij was als de grafsteen. En hij dan was beschreven met de wetten van Anubis, en ging uit om recht neer te zetten. En als hij zijn mond opende kwam het gele vuur, en verscheen er donder en veel bliksem. Ziet dan, hij is uitgegaan om de aarde te hervormen. En hij is dan wel als een dag van vrede voor hen die Anubis liefhebben, maar voor hen die Anubis haten zal het een dag van grote verschrikking heten. En de Anubis-Robhold en Robhold zullen hen eten van binnenuit. Maar zij die Anubis volgen en Zijn geboden bewaren hebben niets te vrezen. En ziet, zij haalden diepe adem, en de adem begon hun lichamen te vernieuwen. Ja, zij werden gevuld met het kostbaarste zilver en goud, en zij kwamen tot de bergen der maan, om overgoten te worden met het licht van Anubis. Zo zal dan Robhold zijn als een kikker en een pad, en als een schildpadslang zal hij liggen in de overdekte zee achter de Johanboom. En ziet, hij zal de Ammut eten. En die dag zal groot heten. Zo is dan Robhold tot Anubis gekomen, en van hem uitgegaan, en heeft hij Anubis viervoudig gezegend. En zo zullen de nieuwe slokdarmen en ademhalingspijpen zijn als slangen of cobra's. En ziet, zij zullen nieuw leven schenken in het licht van Anubis. Ziet, deze dag is dan zeer groot, en zal komen. En Anubis zal blazen op zijn zware hoorn, en er zullen tekenen en geluiden aan de hemelen zijn, en er zal grote verschrikking komen over de vijand. En zij die hebben gezegd : Ziet, alles is vrede, laten we vrolijk zijn, zullen van de heilige berg vallen, en hun val zal groot zijn. Zo dan zal Robhold zijn als een kikkerkoning, en hij zal de groene zon tot Anubis brengen.

En Anubis dan zal de wateren aanraken, en ziet, zij dan zullen zijn als goud. Looft dan hem die zelfs bloed doet veranderen in goud. Zo zal dan Robhold de weg bereiden voor Anubis als zijn profeet.

Vele keren dan heeft Robhold Anubis de wetten en het wetboek laten herschrijven, daar hij de seizoenen kent. Vele malen is dan ook de Robhold tot hem gekomen om de stralen te doorklieven. Hebt dan goede moed, wanneer gij door de Robhold tot Anubis bent gekomen, want ziet, gij zijt op de juiste weg. Gij dan bent niet tot de surrogaat gekomen. Zo zijn er dan op asfalt hete plekken. Alleen door het zachte zal het vuur gereinigd worden, en dit is alleen mogelijk door het dunne en het lange. Weet gij dan niet, oh kinderen der nieuwe tijd, wat voor darmen er in u geschapen gaan worden ? Dezen dan zijn dun en lang. En velen van hen zullen zorgen voor de nieuwe ademhalingen en de nieuwe bewegingen die daardoor tot stand komen en worden gevormd. Ja, als het afdalen in een koele vijver in een huis zal het zijn. Zo zal dan Bastet ook de vuren dragen, en zij zal hen brengen tot Anubis. Want alleen Bastet is dan waardig het vuur door te zuiveren tot aan het duizendste geslacht toe. En zij is het die de straten zal herbouwen. En Anubis zal haar noemen : Mijn geliefde. Zo is dan Anubis door listen tot de tegels gekomen, en is gaan staan op de zwarte tegel. Prijst dan hem die door zijn listen u tot de schuilplaats heeft weten te krijgen. Zij dan die vijandig zijn : Weet dan dat Anubis uw schuilplaatsen zal vinden. Niets is er dan voor zijn oog verborgen. Zo is het dan Nut die in zijn pupil kronkelt, en zijn licht heeft geschapen. Ja, zevenvoudig is zij dan de schepper des lichts, en Bastet heeft haar gezegend. Zo zal zij dan al het licht in Anubis herscheppen. Zo zal er dan regen komen uit Zijn boom om de aarde te wassen.

Zij dan die het eendenmasker draagt is tot Anubis gekomen. Zij dan troont over het ganse universum, zij die Bastet heet. Ja, op gezette tijden draagt zij het masker. Zij dan kent de seizoenen van haar troon. Zij dan heeft daar de lichten van Nut gevormd. Vanuit een mand heeft zij ganzen en

zwanen laten oprijzen, en ziet, zij dan vliegen door de mond van Tefnut, wanneer zij spreekt. Zij dan komen tot het land der vrijheid en tot vrijheid. Zo is dan de mond van Tefnut tot een verblindend licht, opdat er geoordeeld wordt zonder aansziens des persoons. Haar lichten dan zullen door Nut en Bastet het lichaam herscheppen. Zo zal er dan in rechtvaardigheid en communisme geschapen worden. En elke Egyptische god zal hierin zijn plaats weten. Alle goden zijn zo in de derde alverzoening opgevangen, en hebben hierin hun schuilplaats en zuivering. Ziet dan, zij zijn allen op godentocht naar de vierde alverzoening, en dit is een groot geheimenis.

En zo zal er dan in en door Nut een totaal nieuwe wereld geschapen worden met nieuwe wetten. Zij dan zal de Anubis dragen, en in Hem een schuilplaats hebben, als de schuilplaats der Allerhoogste. En zo zullen dan alle monotheïsmes van Nut tot elkaar komen en in elkaar versmelten, en de deuren tot andere goden zullen opengaan. Ja, een nieuw wetboek en een nieuw rechtsboek zal geschapen worden, als in een zak van zwarte lijm. En dan zal de Anubis spreken, en zijn slang zal opgaan. Met luide stem zal hij spreken, en het zware zal een nieuwe toon brengen. En het hoge van Nut zal een nieuwe hoge toon van Anubis brengen, en deze toon zal de aarde vernieuwen. Ja, de lichten van Venus zullen tot de aarde glijden, en zich in het diepste der aarde nestelen, om haar magnetisme te draaien en te veranderen. Deze ingreep zal groot zijn. En Venus zal haar Anubissen tot aarde zenden, en zij zullen de Tefnutten en de Tefnut laten spreken. Ook zal Venus haar Nutten zenden en haar Bastetten, en zij zullen ruimere communismen zenden en grote cirkels. Zo zal dan de aarde tot een nieuwe zachtheid komen, en zal er een nieuwe Geb opstijgen om het vocht te laten cirkuleren. Ja, de lichten zullen uit het water rijzen, en Bastet zal de aarde afdekken. Zo zal dan Bastet de aarde bevochtigen, en Geb duizendmaal zuiveren. En ziet, zij zal dan de lichten der aarde aandoen, en zij is het die spreekt. Zo zullen dan alle wegen van Tifiaf in de Anubis eindigen, en hij zal zijn trein tot de aarde zenden, ondergronds. En Anubis zal de vruchten der aarde proeven. Ziet dan, hij is het die oordeelt.

2.

En zo kwam Tefnut tot mij, met haar stem als rinkelende parels. Zij goot drank vanuit het emerald en de canopenstenen, en melk van de scarabeestenen, en ik kwam tot verzachting. Ja, zij joeg de dorst voor mij weg, en leidde mij tot de oase der woestijnen, en deze oase was groot. En ik vroeg mij af waar al die hitte vandaan kwam, en zij zeiden tot mij : ach, je bent dronken. Anderen zeiden : hij is verliefd, en weer anderen zeiden : hij is gek, terwijl sommigen mij benijden. En zo raakte Tefnut mij aan, en bracht mij tot de bruine vlam. Ja, over de brug Narzia kwam ik tot haar, en zij verslond Ingridtel, de zeekattenboom. En ik vroeg haar genade te hebben met Bastet, mijn geliefde, maar zij verslond haar. En zo keek ik in de ogen van een monster, en zij probeerde mij te benauwen, maar ook stelde zij mij gerust. En de zielen van Bastet vochten voor vijftig dagen tegen haar, maar zij behaalden geen overwinning, daar Tefnut te sterk was. Ja, heet was zij, als heter dan het heetste van Narzia. En Narzia, haar zwaard begon tot de aarde te komen, om velen te verslinden, en zij maakte velen tot haar slaaf. En toen ik probeerde te vluchten bracht ze de tralies van de sfinx en van nut om mij heen, en zij begonnen te draaien, en ik was voor enkele dagen ziek. En zij goot thee over mij, en bracht mij tot het boshuisje. Hier liet zij mij afdalen in de grotten des doods, en de grotten der beenderen, en ook tot de grotten van het oer. En zij bekleedde mij met edelstenen, en sprak in raadselen tot mij, voor een lange tijd.

En toen kwam Geb tot haar om mij uit haar handen op te eisen, maar zij liep van hem weg. Toen liet zij Geb door haar honden verscheuren. Naderhand kwamen de zielen van Geb tegen haar, maar zij verscheurde hen, en liep weer weg. Na enkele dagen kwam Ra tot haar woning om mij op te eisen

uit haar hand, maar ze bespuugde hem en lachte hem uit. En zo was er een godenoorlog van veertig maanden en enkele weken, maar geen van hen kon tegen haar op. Na de godenoorlog kwam Anubis, de zwarte hond tot haar, en zij gaf hem een deel van mij. Maar Anubis nam geen genoegen, en begon tegen haar te schreeuwen, en zij raakte aan één oor doof. Toen begon Anubis te lachen en sneed met zijn mes een ander deel van mij weg. Maar toen liet Tefnut kokende olie met kokende parfum over hem gieten, en hij liep jankend weg. En zo had Anubis twee delen van mij, maar zij had vierhonderdvierenveertig delen van mij. Na enkele jaren kwam Anubis weer tot haar, en ditmaal kwam hij in vermomming. En zij verkocht aan hem nogmaals twee delen, maar de rest hield ze zelf. Toen ze er later achterkwam dat het Anubis was die haar had bedrogen, zond ze vierduizend manschappen tot hem, die hem onthoofden. Toen kwamen de zielen van Anubis tot haar, maar zij liet hen verscheuren. Maar toen kwam het canopenbot van Anubis in opstand, en zo was er een tweede godenoorlog tegen Tefnut. Het canopenbot van Anubis wekte het scarabeenbot van Anubis op, en de goden Ptah en Nut, en zij versloegen haar, en verdeelden mijn delen onder de goden. Maar Tefnut strompelde tot Shu, haar echtgenoot en tweelingbroer, en tezamen lieten zij alle wateren branden. Zij hief de Bastet als haar zwaard omhoog, en vuurballen kwamen voort uit het zwaard, en vielen op de aarde en de godenwerelden en hemelen. Toen pakte zij het paradijs en zette Bastet daar neer om de hof te bewaken. En Bastet vatte liefde voor haar, en vocht mee aan haar kant. En zij baarde een dochter genaamd Lilith-Bastet. Ook baarde zij een dochter genaamd Desai-Bastet. En aan Desai-Bastet gaf zij de Metensia tot zwaard. Aan Lilith-Bastet gaf zij de Mura tot zwaard. En in honderdtachtig dagen hervormde Shu de hof. Toen greep Tefnut Anubis en zette hem in de hof, maar deze veranderde in een zwarte slang, en begon het paradijs te verslinden, en hij kwam tot grote verzadiging. Toen was er een derde godenoorlog, en Tefnut maakte Anubis tot haar slaaf, terwijl de goden niets konden doen. En zo had Tefnut een grote overwinning op de godenberg. En na tijden werd Anubis tot een zoon van haar, en zij gaf hem de helft van haar lagere koninkrijk. En in dit koninkrijk had Anubis grote macht, maar hij was niet tevreden, en reikte tot de zomen van haar kleeid. En Anubis bracht het tot grote overwinningen, en toen hij in haar ogen de volwassenheid had bereikt maakte zij hem tot haar man, tot groot ongenoegen van haar echtgenoot Shu, die een vloek over hem uitsprak dat hij zou sterven. En hij zond de herdershond Vodus tot hem, om hem dood te bijten. Maar de herdershond vatte liefde voor Anubis en spaarde hem. Na enige tijd begon Tefnut bang te worden voor de groeiende macht van Anubis, en zij vluchtte. Shu echter ontfermde zich over Anubis, en werd als een vader voor hem. Anubis was ontdaan over het feit dat Tefnut hem had verlaten, maar voelde zich ook bevrijd. Bastet ontfermde zich over Anubis, haar zoon. Tefnut smeedde in het geheim een plan om Anubis om te brengen, maar Bastet hield haar tegen.

In de vierde godenoorlog vond Anubis haar schuilplaats en verslond haar. En al haar zielen werden in de Isis-kloof geworpen. Zo werden dan de Oost-Aziatische landen veelvuldig gezuiverd.

Tefnut

1.

In Tefnut dan hebben duizend tongen een naam, en zij zijn van het hete deel des heeren. Zo is dan een ieder die in haar is, meester over de beer. In Tefnut dan springt gij over bergen, en hebt gij de gouden reuzen onder u. Anubis heeft dan vele malen haar stralen doorkliefd, opdat zij zijn lichten en vuren draagt. Zij dan heeft vuurreuzen in haar macht, en Narzia tot zwaard en de Bastet. Ja, een dubbel zwaard is het, gemaakt om reuzen en vuren te vellen. Ziet dan, zij draagt het hete Gods van

plaats tot plaats. Als het vuur opspringt beweegt zij. Raadselen draagt zij in haar hand, en zij maakt van orde chaos. Tot Shu vliegt zij, en verspreidt zijn lichten. Van chaos maakt zij orde. In Tefnut hebben duizenden tongen een naam, tot Brannan rijst haar faam. Delirium brengt zij tot hen die haar liefhebben. Zij heft hen op boven de problemen van het alledaagse leven. Ja, zij komen tot verlichting, en zij maakt hen gelukkig. Izu bracht zij voort als een geschenk voor de volkeren. Tot volle wasdom zal hij komen. Zij omhult de monden van haar volgelingen met lichten.

Zij laat de Sebek rijzen tot de uithoeken der lucht, vanwaar hij zijn zachte lichten verspreidt. Zij verspreidt hem als dromen tot hen die haar liefhebben. Niemaals zal zij hen beschamen of teleurstellen, zij die op haar vertrouwen.

2.

De steen, de doorn en het sap

In Tefnut hebben wij volmaakte liefde, slaaplieden en nachtlieden om de poorten te openen. De nachtspeelers wekt zij op, en zij komen tot het zwarte gat. Zij leert hen harp en viool te spelen, en te duiken in de nacht. Grote glorie trekt zij voort, en zij laat niet weinigen achter. In Tefnut hebben wij volmaakte liefde, door nederigheid voortgetrokken. In stilte is haar vertrouwen, en zij leidt haar geliefden van stilte tot stilte. In Tefnut hebben wij volmaakte liefde, door pijn verkregen, door moed om door te gaan, om de doorn te laten indalen. Doornen hebben wij gegeten. Schorpioenen zijn in ons binnengekomen. De stenen van Tefnut kennen wij, waaruit zij haar sappen schenkt. Haar stenen en doornen kennen wij, de steen, de doorn, en het sap wat erdoor stroomt. Haar geheimen kennen wij, die zij ons door Bastet heeft gebracht. Ja, niemand zal ons de Anubis ontnemen. Zij heeft hem verzegeld. Wij hebben haar slaaplieden gespeeld, wij hebben schaamte en schuld gedragen om haar wil. Door betoveringen bracht ze ons tot leven in de nacht. Zij maakte van onze pijnen een schip, van onze angsten een zeil. Zij maakte van onze schaamtes een roer, van onze schulden een zee.

3.

Zij die Bastet tot ons bracht, aan haar is de glorie. Teleurstellen zal ze ons niet, zij leidt ons met vaste pas, tot de oasen in de woestijn. Ja, Anubis heeft zij tot ons gekomen. Onder een rode kap kwam hij. Wij hebben onze pijnen niet herkend. Haar engelen waren zij. Nu zijn wij verlicht, zij raakte onze ogen aan, en schonk ons de vuurbollen van Shu, tot het spelen van eeuwige liederen. Ja, Anubis is tot ons gekomen, heeft ons gegrepen, en heeft ons tot het bos gebracht, onder de rode kap. Onder de rode kap kwam hij, maar wij hebben hem niet herkend. Wij dachten dat wij geplaagd werden. Zo is er dan niets te vrezen onder Tefnut. Zij dan die de raadselen brengt, en hen oplost in het diepste der nacht. Tot vele geheimen zult gij gaan, en water en vuur zal niet over u heengaan. Gij dan zult drinken en verzadigd worden, daar Tefnut voor u zorgt.

Zo heeft zij dan Nut uitgezonden, en haar uitgestrekt, opdat u haar zoudt vinden.

II Tefnut

1.

Zij dan kent de tijden der vlammen en de tijden der stenen. Zij weet wanneer zij opstijgen en wanneer zij slapen. Zij weet wanneer zij hun verbindingen hebben, en wanneer zij indalen. Ook kent zij de tijden der doornen, als een machtig hemels kunstwerk, om Geb te doen ontwaken, en om

hen allen te brengen tot de oerwateren, tot Nun. Zij kent dan het huis van Hauhet temidden tussen de wespen. Vele bloemen dragen haar naam, en zij geeft de slangen hun strepen en schubben. Zij zal helpen banden te verbreken. Zo is zij ook gekomen tot de huizen van Amaunet en Naunet, waar zij haar lichten bracht. Genezing dan is in haar handen, en de rode braam. Zij dan brengt dronkenschap en delirium tot hen die haar volgen, en zij leidt hen door de bossen heen tot de oasen. Zij dan die eeuwig dorst hebben geleden vinden troost bij haar, en hebben niets te vrezen onder haar hoede en kap. Zo heeft zij dan Kuk onderworpen. Zo heeft zij dan Geb tot het bos gebracht, en Horus weggedrukt tot in de hoogste hemelen. Zo is dan de leiding en omhelzing van Horus diep, daar Tefnut hem heeft aangesteld. Zalig zijn zij die zijn hand voelen. Zalig zijn zij die over hem dromen.

En zo trekt Shu haar dan elke dag tegen de avond op, en vormen zij de nachtelijke sterrenhemel. Ja, in haar zullen de sterren u niet overvallen, daar zij hen allen onderdompelt in Geb en Nun. Niets is het dan dat haar tegenhoudt, en niemand houdt stand voor haar naam. Als de walvissen in hun kracht is zij.

2.

Zij dan bouwt steden door de Horus, en schept liefde en zorg door Geb. Ja, haar dauw komt samen met de sneeuw, en Anubis is geheel vrij in haar huizen. Ja, zij houdt rigil kent in haar hand, en de huizen der zeeën. Zij weet wanneer zij tezamen komen. Zij schenkt haar sappen vanuit Rosmalen, de moeder-constellatie van Rigil Kent, en heeft Orion onderworpen. Ja, door haar heeft Marion Okil neergehaald, de godenburcht van Orion. Zij dan die Orion volgen hebben geen plaats bij haar. En zo zal zij Orion duizendvoudig en daarna miljoenvoudig zuiveren tot veertig miljard toe, en tot de getallen der sterren. Ja, een groot werk is zij in Orion begonnen. Een nieuwe taal zij creëren door Ptah, en zij zal de tanden van Anubis dragen. Ja, alleen zij is het die de Delfio kan zuiveren. Zij is een moederwerk begonnen. Wie kan haar stoppen? In raadselen spreekt zij, met vermommingen komt zij. Niets kan haar stoppen, want Anubis heeft haar zijn zegen gegeven. Ja, met de Aakse en door de Dan Roland heeft zij Orion en Karsa verslagen, en de hondenmachine in bezit genomen. Ja, zij is het, die Anubis heeft vrijgezet. Ook heeft zij de Wepwawet uit de handen van Karsa weggenomen, en zijn bolwerk opgeblazen. Zijn letters roofde zij, en zette hen vrij. In Egypte zal verlossing zijn, over Izu, Brannan en Tifiaf.

III Tefnut

1.

Zo heeft zij dan de Geb meegenomen uit Okil, want zij kende al hun verborgen plaatsen. Ook de Bastet nam zij mee. Zo moet dan alles wijken voor haar verstand en haar liefde. Ja, ook Dan Roland moest zich aan haar onderwerpen, en toegeven. Maar als zijn kracht is weggenomen zal hij komen tot de aarde in een laatste opleving, totdat de gouden zwaan hem opvolgt. En zij zullen Tefnut tot moeder hebben, en zij zullen schreeuwen, maar zij zal geen voedsel geven. Te drinken zullen ze hebben, elf maanden lang, en dan zal hun einde gekomen zijn. Dan zullen de schreeuwen en de gillen van Tefnut de hemelpoorten bereiken, en zal zij staan in het paradijs, terwijl haar sappen omhoog klimmen. Tefnut dan zal spuwen en overgeven, en de aarde zal in chaos zijn, omdat nieuw geboomte moet opkomen, en dit zal zijn geboomte van dronkenschap tot verlichting en delirium. En niemand zal zijn broeder nog achterna zitten, en er zal liefde zijn onder de volken, en onder de wet van Anubis. Zo zal dan Tefnut de wetten van Anubis voor vijftig dagen achtervolgen om hen te

zuiveren, en dan zullen zij als goud opgedient worden. En zij zullen allen de stemmen zien als goden.

2.

En zij die de wetten van Anubis onderhouden na de zuiveringen van Tefnut, zullen geheimen zien die verzegeld waren en door geen oog gezien konden worden. En gij zult zien dat zij van wijsheid hebben gesproken, en gij zult bij machte zijn te begrijpen en te rusten. En zo is dan Tefnut zij die verbindt en scheidt, en zij is het die zaad werpt in de kloof van Isis. Hoe goed is het dan om in de huizen van Tefnut te wonen, waar zusters tezamen zijn en in vrede leven. Zo stijgt dan het verbond van Tefnut boven de familie uit, en brengt zij groter geluk. En onder de schaal van Tefnut kunnen vele dingen besproken worden, en ook vele dingen kunnen onbesproken blijven. En zij die haar krachtig blijven navolgen vol aanhoudendheid en volharding zullen tot het huis van Tefnut en Shu komen, en zij zullen voor gek verklaard worden. Maar door ook vol te houden in het huis van Tefnut en Shu, en Shu te geven van de oogst, zullen ze tot de zolder van dit huis komen, van Tefnut en Shu, en zij zullen hun sfinx en Bastet vinden, en hun letteren, en zij zullen in nieuwe talen spreken. En zij zullen de verborgen Shu ontdekken en er zal een gevecht zijn van vijf dagen. En zij zullen stoppen met het proberen te overtuigen van Anubis, en zij zullen staren naar de bollen aan het plafond, die zijn als zaden. En het oog van Shu zal tot hen spreken, en zij zullen komen tot grote verlichting.

3.

En Anubis zal wonen in het huis van Tefnut en Shu, en zal vandaaruit regeren. En Anubis zal de zin van het prediken niet inzien, en zal stil regeren. En zij van het oer zullen binnengelaten worden door Anubis in het huis van Shu en Tefnut, en hun vlaggen zullen daar wapperen. En zij zullen zeggen : 'wij zijn door Anubis goed onthaald. Zalig is hij. En Anubis zal zijn onzekerheid verliezen, en koning zijn over de dood, en ja, ook over de slaap en de droom. Zo zal hij dan door Tefnut slapen en dromen, en in haar zal hij zijn zwaard hebben. En dit zwaard zal niet verslappen als dan Whemmer de piraat voor hem staat als de dood. Maar het zwaard zal canopenstenen en scarabeestenen hebben, en zo zal hij doorgang vinden op zijn reis, en nieuwe bedden vinden van het oer. En zij zullen voor hem klaarstaan en hem omhelzen, en hij zal verlichting vinden, en zijn onzekerheid zal verdwijnen. Ja, hij zal de raadselen begrijpen, en hij zal koning zijn voor eeuwig. En in Tefnut zal hij gaan van ster tot ster, en dezen zullen hem niet meer bijten. Wel zullen zij hem tegenhouden en in gevangenschap houden, als de pijn van het zachte, maar de doorn zal verteerd zijn. En zo zal Anubis komen tot het zachte van Tefnut, en hij zal zijn als in een tijd van duizelingen.

4.

En Anubis zal zijn tot een vleugel en een zwarte zak op de toren van het huis van Tefnut en Shu, en daarin zal een vleeswording zijn en een botwording, en gij zult eeuwig materiaal vinden, als een zuiver eeuwig materialisme. En door Tefnut zult gij tot ontwaking komen, en zij zal u schelpen voorhouden, als de stenen der zee. En een gouden verlichting zal u over de zee brengen, tot het huis van Amaunet, waar het schaakspel staat. Zij dan leidt hen van Anubis onder de rode kap. En Nut zal zeventig dagen tot haar schreeuwen om haar te zuiveren, en zij zal troost vinden bij Wadjet. En op nat rood fluweel zult gij lopen en op natte rode tapijten, en gij zult komen tot haar verborgen Shu. Zo zijn er dan velen die een verborgen Shu hebben, en gij die de heere dient zal die allen vinden. Zo zult gij dan het land zuiveren, en gij zult bekleed worden met canopenbotten. Ook zal de gouden verlichting u leiden tot het huis van Sekhmet en gij zult haar verborgen Shu ontdekken.

5.

En als de zilveren verlichting tot u komt, dan zult gij gaan tot het huis van Wepwawet, en tot het huis van Re, en gij zult daar de verborgen sfinxen vinden. Ook zult gij daar wederom een verborgen Shu vinden. Dan zal de zilveren verlichting u brengen tot het huis der eekhoornen, en tot het huis van Bastet, waar gij wederom een verborgen Shu zult vinden. Ook zult gij de verborgen Nut vinden tussen vele boeken, en in Tefnut zult gij geen problemen hebben met Mars. Door de liften van Shu zult gij omhoog geleid worden, en gij zult door lichten vermomd worden. En het huis van Wepwawet zal flonkeren, en gij zult door Tefnut Virgo veertig maal veertig maal zuiveren, en gij zult de heldere rivieren zien. En Wepwawet zal u zegenen.

En in de chocolade van Tefnut zal dan alles hervormd worden en gezuiverd, en de doorn zal geheel verdwenen zijn. En gij zult bemerken dat alles slechts een machine was, en nu is deze opgestart. Zo zult gij dan zijn in de fabriek van Tefnut, en gij zult de fabriek van Thoth kennen.

6.

En Tefnut zal u haar testament schenken, en het woord van Anubis zal groot worden in uw leven. En zij zal u brengen tot de grote zee en tot de hoge bomen. En zij zal uw Sebek tot leven brengen. Ja, vlammen uit uw vlammen zullen doorbreken, en tegen glas aantikken, en gij zult uw Sekhmet zien, door Ptah gebracht. En de adem der buik zal heet zijn, wanneer gij het bot der lever zult aanschouwen. En op dit bot zal een tepel verschijnen, daar waar de doorn was, en deze tepel zal zuiver zijn, en chocola schenken als melk. Wit zal deze chocola zijn, en zij zal tot genezing der zielen zijn. En deze tepel zal heten : zuivere tepel der lever, bringer van zuivere melk, en tepel der ademhaling. En gij zult diep ademen. En gij zult Tefnut kennen als zij die sappen uit botten schenkt, en gij zult al haar botten kennen. En gij zult haar kennen als zuivere adem en mist.

7.

En gij zult het geheim der katten kennen, en gij zult verrukt zijn. En gij zult uw Bastet tot leven leren te wekken en te doen ontwaken. Zo zullen dan de oranje vlammen haar boomdelen laten vleesworden tot dieren, en de witte vlammen zullen de elementen in haar brengen. Zo zullen dan de bruine vlammen het overvloedige tot voorwerpen maken, en de grijze vlammen zullen haar botanisch maken. De zilveren vlammen zullen haar een geweten geven, en de gouden vlammen zullen haar verbintenissen schenken. Zo zullen dan de groene vlammen haar een geheugen geven, en de zwarte vlammen zullen de restanten van haar boomdelen tot hybriden maken. De roze vlammen dan zullen de overvloedige elementen in haar tot leven brengen, tot hybriden, en de paarse vlammen zullen haar overvloedige voorwerpen tot hybriden maken. De blauwe vlammen zullen haar emoties schenken. Daarna zal zij geworpen worden in de Isis-kloof, zodat zij zal oprijzen.

En zo zult gij ook Khnum en Nut tot leven wekken, en de sfinx. En hun stenen en botten zullen tepelen hebben, en zij zullen bedekt zijn met chocolade. En zo zult gij moeten leren de vlammen te bezweren, opdat zij u niet zullen vernietigen. En gij zult de stenen moeten leren kennen : het emerald, het topaas, de citriene, het diamant, de paarden, het chrysal, en al de anderen. En ook zult gij de Anubis tot leven wekken, en de Shu.

IV Tefnut

1.

En gij zult de betekenissen leren van de rode vlammen en de gele vlammen, en zo ook van de koperen vlammen. Komt dan tot de vlammenring, die de ring van Anubis is, door Tefnut geschonken. Ja, zij heeft hem koning gemaakt. En door de ring zult gij opstijgen met arendsvleugelen en komen tot de velden van Bastet. En gij zult haar bellen kennen. En het zal ringen in uw oren op die dag, en het zal u brengen tot de verborgen graven.

En op de velden van Bastet zult gij leven vinden, wanneer gij haar hebt doen ontwaken. Zij zal u naar zich toezuigen, en haar arenden zenden om u geheime boodschappen te verkondigen. Deze boodschappen komen subtiel en als raadselen, en zij zijn uitgespreid over tijden. Ja, tijden brengt zij om grote boodschappen te verkondigen. En zij zal Shu tot u zenden om u voor te bereiden. En gij zult verlangen naar de vlucht tot haar velden, maar gij zult haar niet begrijpen.

2.

En er zullen dagen zijn dat gij ernstig vertoornd op haar zal zijn, omdat gij haar niet begrijpt. Maar in haar velden, daar in de dieptes zult gij antwoord vinden over uitgestrekte tijden, als arendsvleugelen uitgespreid. En zij zal u leiden tot haar putten, en gij zult het licht zien. En gij zult u voor uzelf niet meer schamen, daar gij inziet dat gij ook boodschappen verspreidt. En zo zult gij zien dat gij door haar gezonden bent, en dat gij tot haar zal terugkeren.

En gij zult de tepel vinden op de diamant, en gij zult nieuwe melk drinken van het oer, en dat zal zijn als de melk van Bastet. En gij zult ver in de diepte kunnen kijken en door dingen heenprikken. En gij zult prikken met uw ogen als prikkers. En gij zult de tepelen vinden op het emerald, en gij zult tot de rauwe melk des doods komen, en leven. En als gij tot de tepelen der kristallen komt, zal dat zijn als het opspringen der vlammen, en uw ring zal draaien.

3.

En zo zult gij ook tot de velden van Tefnut komen, tot de tepelen van het goud en de zilver, en gij zult u kunnen bewegen. En gij zult naderen tot de chocolade-boom, en diepe genezing vinden. En de chocolade zal door uw lichaam stromen, wanneer bloed goud wordt, en de dagen van het bloed zullen over zijn. En door de rode vlammen zult gij weer dromen, en ook Khnum en Bastet zullen door de rode vlammen dromen en in dromen ontwaken. En door de gele vlammen zult gij tot delirium komen en tot dronkenschap en de geneugtes van het bestaan in Tefnut. En gij zult voorzichtig zijn met de gele vlammen. Door het verkeer zult gij gaan, tot de zee zult gij komen. Zo zult gij spaarzaam om gaan met de gele vlammen, opdat zij u niet verslinden. Strekt u dan uit naar het hogere. Kom dan tot de velden van Tefnut, en leert om te gaan met de gele vlammen, opdat zij uw land niet verbranden. Tem dan de gele vlammen en leer hen temmen. En de velden van Tefnut dan zijn als delirium en als de wildernissen van wespen, en zo ook als de velden van Nut. En hier zult gij ook de geheimenissen der spinnen vinden. Tot Brannan zijt gij genaderd, tot de koningen en prinses op hun tronen. En de beenderen en lichaamsdelen zullen tot leven komen, en tot persoonlijkheid, zoals de Sebek. Dit dan zal een grote dag zijn.

4.

Gij dan zult Tefnut moeten leren bezweren, want zij is als een wild beest en een verzengend vuur. Kom dan tot het vierde. Gij moet haar leren bedwingen, en berijden, anders zal zij u verslinden en tot as verzengen. Onderwerp haar dan aan Nut, aan Khnum, aan Anubis en aan Bastet. Onderwerp haar daarna aan Sekhmet en Ptah, en vervolgens aan Sebek. Zij dan zal u uitleiden uit de Geb en u tot de velden van Nut en Bastet brengen, waar Anubis u zal hoeden. Ja, het overgrote deel van de

dag zult gij in de velden van Anubis zijn, en zijn staf is u tot vertroosting. Zo zult gij dan de letteren van Ptah leren om haar te bedwingen, en de wetten van Anubis. En gij zult haar gebieden in de Isis-kloof. En gij zult haar bezweren met deze woorden, zeggende : Talibiha Khun Mihab Bihalel Etmiga Misschin Kirt Hirhenk Dulamas, Dumamas Okohomel Irgwint Icht Ikles Miga Mag Mogt. Dan zult gij u richten tot Bastet en u aan haar vasthouden opdat Tefnut u niet verbrande. En gij zult spreken tot Bastet : Oh koningin der koninginnen die troont in Bubastis, gij hebt ons uw velden getoond waarin wij veilig zijn tegen de toorn en het vuur van Tefnut. Neem ons in, en bescherm ons. Leidt ons tot uw huizen, en haal ons weg uit de huizen van Tefnut. Gij dan hebt eeuwige wijsheid en raad. Neem ons aan. Bibahas Miset.

En dan zult gij nogmaals spreken tot Bastet : Gij bent de koningin der luchten en der velden. Hef ons op, en breng ons tot uw heilige en zalige vruchtbaarheid. Buiten u is geen leven. Hidasda Himel Hok Lok Kubahus Etmir Bihel. Bezweer dan Tefnut voor ons, opdat zij ons niet overvalle. Als een onstuimige vulkaan is zij. En gij zult tot Isis zeggen, koningin van het ijs : Breng ons tot uw velden, hef ons omhoog, en toon ons uw stenen. Schenk ons uw heilige botten, en bescherm onze harten en levers tegen Tefnut met uw canopen. Wij dan drinken van uw sap, en niet van Tefnut. Hikus Irma Himst Hinel Hingel Etmal Dimes Heksch.

En vervolgens zult gij zeven dagen tot Anubis komen, opdat hij u vrijkope uit de handen van Tefnut.

5.

Anubis, schepper van alle dingen. Wij komen tot u, als wij op de hielen gezeten worden door Tefnut. Stel Nut aan als onze beschermster, en ga voor ons staan. Leg uw hand op onze mond, en laat ons wegvlugten in stilte. Zuiver dan Tefnut in uw vat, en geef haar het goddelijk voedsel. Verzadig haar door uw hand, en schenk haar vruchtbaarheid. En zo zult gij de ring der vlammen werpen in de Isis-kloof. En dan zult gij gaan tot Fenrir-Anubis, Jotunheim-Anubis, Thor-Anubis, Wodan-Anubis en Odin-Anubis, om doorgang te vragen tot het duistere ijs. En zij van het duistere ijs zullen u vrijzetten, en gij zult weten wat de dood is. Ja, wanneer wij door Tefnut op de hielen worden gezeten, dan vluchten wij naar het boshuisje. Want zij heeft Portugal in haar handen, en Spanje, en ook Zuid-Amerika. En dezen zullen in Brannan gezuiverd worden. Tot de goden der muizen snellen wij, en tot de goden der konijnen. Tot de goden der insecten vluchten wij, en tot de goden der bomen. Ja, tot de goden der voorwerpen snellen wij, en tot de goden der elementen. Tot de goden der vruchten snellen wij, en tot de goden der lichaamsdelen. Ja, tot de goden der lever vluchten wij, en de goden der leverbeenderen en hun tepelen. Tot stenen richten wij ons voor een woord. Tot de goden der nacht komen wij, en tot de goden der klok.

En wanneer de Tefnut u dan achtervolge, dan zult gij vluchten tot het vierde christendom en de vierde christus. Ook zult gij dan uw toevlucht zoeken tot het vierde kruis en de vierde herman. Maar gij zult zien dat zij alles verbrandt, en gij zult wanhopen. Dan zult gij komen tot de vierde Renok en de vierde Metensia, en ook zult gij gaan tot de vierde Heilige Geest en de vierde Jahweh, maar zij kunnen niets voor u doen. En gij zult komen tot de vierde Zurastael en de vierde Eminius, en ook zult gij komen tot de vierde Esmeralda en de vierde Ra. Zo zal dan de vierde Anubis u een kleine schuilplaats verschaffen, maar Tefnut zal deze vinden en verwoesten. En gij zult vragen : 'Waar moet ik naar toe ?' En gij zult geen antwoord hebben. Dan zult gij gaan tot de vierde Mozes en de vierde Maser, en ziet, hun handen branden, en gij zult zeggen : 'Hier is overal vuur, want Tefnut is hier geweest.' Dan zult gij tot de tweede Tefnut gaan, tot de derde Tefnut en tot de vierde, en gij zult ook tot de vierde Izu gaan en de vierde Brannan, maar niets zal u kunnen helpen, en gij zult dieper

wegzinken. Ook zult gij roepen tot de vierde Bastet, en zij zal u een lichte steun zenden. Dan zult gij gaan tot de vierde Boeddha, en de vierde Amithaba, en ook zult gij tot de vierde Ganesha gaan, en tot de vierde Shiva, en zij zullen u lichte troost bieden. Gij zult u onderwerpen aan de vierde Rumah en de vierde Romarei en zij zullen u de weg wijzen. En tot de vierde Dezer zullen zij u brengen, de vierde Christus van het Oer, en zij zullen u brengen en dragen tot de vierde Jozef en de vierde Jezel, opdat gij kunt komen tot de vierde Peter. En gij zult in paniek raken, omdat gij merkt dat het u niet verder helpt. En in wanhoop begint gij te roepen tot God, maar de hemel zal gesloten blijven, ook wanneer gij zult roepen tot het vierde communisme en het vierde atheïsme zult gij geen vrede vinden in uw hart. Al wat gij ervaart is strijd en oordeel, en zoveel vooroordeel. Zo zult gij u richten op de vierde alverzoening, om rust en vrede te vinden, en het zal u genade schenken, en het zal zijn is binnengaan in een gouden stad. En het zal zijn alsof u een gouden sleutel hebt gevonden. Maar Tefnut zal om deze sleutel strijden, en gij zult u bevinden in een worsteling. En gij zult vluchten tot de vierde Tifiaf en tot de wereldschepen. En gij zult Egypte zien als in vuur, en zelfs het vierde Egypte. Ook zult gij de vierde Nut zien branden en de vierde Khnum, en gij zult weer vluchten. En door hyperventilatie en epilepsie zult gij ontwaken tot een nieuwe realiteit, en gij zult nieuwe godsdiensten zien, zij die verborgen bleven sinds de schepping. En de vlam zal veranderen in een voet, en gij zult vaste grond voelen. En in het vierde Pniel zult gij strijden tegen de goden. En gij zult uzelf voelen als de vierde Jakob. En door dit alles zult gij komen tot een vierde roze verbinding en gij zult worden tot een voet, gij die volmaakt zijt.

Gij dan zult komen tot de vierde zondeval en de vierde engelenva, als een ontsnapping uit het corrupte christendom, maar Tefnut zal haar wraak zenden. Tot de vierde Abdal zult gij gaan en tot de vierde Tamille en de vierde Tabule. Ook zult gij gaan tot de vierde Tujaja en de vierde Desai, maar zij zullen niet kunnen helpen. Dan zult gij komen tot de goden der slangen, en tot hun geheimen, en dit zal u hulp bieden. En zij dragen de geheime monotheïsmen van Nut met zich mee, en godsdiensten van vele slangengoden met hun monotheïsmen. En gij zult lichtelijk kunnen ademhalen. En zo zult gij met de aardslangen in contact komen.

Farewelcome

1.

Waar Sekhmet dan gekomen is, de aardslang, tot de vulkaan, daar dan is leven. Zo heeft zij dan haar monotheïsmen verspreid onder de aardslangen, en afgebakend met randen van chocolade. Waar Sekhmet dan gekomen is, het grote gemis, verdwijnt daar door gaten. De schuren zijn vol, afgebakend door chocolade, waar eens stemmen waren, daar is het nu stil, afgebakend door chocolade. Waar Sekhmet dan gekomen is, de grote vulkaan, verspreidende haar monotheïsmen. Waar Sekhmet dan gekomen is, een laatste woord, een laatste schip, waar de lelie zich opent. Zij is van de vierde alverzoening. Zij van het derde streven daar naar, om tot de gouden stad te komen, overdekt met zilver, en zilver diep binnenin, als zilveren bekers en beenderen, waar de stemmen van het oer nog steeds zinderen. Zo is dan de vierde alverzoening datgene waarmee zij de macht bedwingt, zij dan wiens naam betekent de krachtige. Waar zij dan in zuiver monotheïsme aanbeden wordt, daar schiet de chocola naar boven, zij die de cacao-bomen heeft geschapen. Zij dan verandert bloed in honing. Daar waar de doorn gestoken heeft, is nu een vulkaan. Haar stem is als hoorn en trompetten, en zij bakent de terreinen af. Haar vruchtbaarheid is omhuld door chocolade. Zij heeft gesproken. Haar woede heeft haar tot stilte gebracht, waar chocolade zacht druipt. De vulkaan is

een bron van leven, een oase in de woestijn. Waar zij in zuiver monotheïsme wordt aanbeden, verandert bloed in chocolade. Zij is het die alle andere monotheïsmen afwijst. De aardslangen aanbidden haar. Zij is de krachtige.

Geen god duldt zij naast zich, maar door de vierde alverzoening laat zij hen in haar grote genade tot het paradijs komen, waar zij geoordeeld worden naar hun werken. Zij dan die in het derde zijn verlangen naar het vierde. Geen naam laat zij doorklinken dan haar naam. Alle andere namen zijn dof. Zij is de krachtige, en aardslangen volgen haar. Ziet dan, zij slaapt niet, en ontwaakt in haar dromen. Haar lusten zijn omringd door chocolade, zij die de cacao-bomen heeft geschapen. Haar tranen zijn omhuld door chocolade, en zij ontwaakt door haar tranen in haar dromen. Zij dan is de krachtige. Haar blik is strak. Als zij beweegt vallen soldaten om haar heen.

2.

Haar blik is strak, haar woede in stilte. Zij omhuld hen die zij liefheeft met chocolade en aardslangen. Door sterke drank heeft Re haar woede gestild. Hij dan is haar profeet, die haar heeft gedragen tot de aarde. Ja, als zijn oog was zij. Daar waar de doorn was is nu een oog, een brandend oog, als een vulkaan. In de vierde alverzoening schenkt zij genade, waar zij allen in grote angst tot haar snellen. Sterke drank geeft zij hen daar, om hun angst te stillen. Over de hel wordt niet veel gesproken. Ziet dan, het drijft in de vierde dood. In vergetelheid vinden zij hun partners, zij zijn als Nut uitgespreid over de luchten. In dromen ontwaakt zij. Zij heeft dan de engel Nut tot de aarde gestuurd, om Re in de hemelen der aarde te baren, haar profeet. Zij dan spreekt in raadselen door het woord, en in het geheim heeft zij haar werken. Achter de machtigen der aarde verschuilt zij zich, en roept zij de aardslangen. Zij die haar doorn dragen, diens ogen worden geopend, en na geruime tijd zal daar staan, de vulkaan. Met de giften der planten omhuld zij hen, en brengt hen tot delirium. Nee, haar geest stort zij niet uit, maar haar vlees en botten omhuld met chocolade, en zij leidt hen tot het vierde materialisme. Zij leert hen de bewegingen van de maan. Zij is de voet der aarde, omhuld door chocolade. De aardslangen zendt zij.

3.

Zij dan van het derde kennen haar vleeswordingen, en verlangen naar het vierde, om tot het vierde materialisme te komen. Zij dan wil niks weten van andere monotheïsmen onder aardslangen. Zo dan zijn er vele monotheïsmen van Sekhmet onder de aardslangen. Over een tegenstander wordt niet veel gesproken. Zo zijn er dan ook andere monotheïsmen onder aardslangen : van Vodon, Haad'n, Hoch, Huup, Hata, Keneil, Kiam, Ko'opla, Las, Ha'am, Haas, Hirt, Hudde. En zo ook die van Shambal.

Spraakzaamheid is het sieraad der blinden, maar voor hen die zien is het een vloek. Zo zijn er dan de kontonikken. De slang is waakzaam. Langzaam komt hij tot zijn doel. Gij dan zult alleen Shambal aanbidden, zeggen de shambalisten. Laat er dan naast hem geen andere god zijn, want hij die de afgoden maakt zal overgeleverd worden aan de oven. Shambal is dan de enige God. Hij dan is uw Heere en de Kontahag. Hij dan is heilig. Shambal dan wil dat gij niet zondigt, want Hij zal de zondaren tot de oven brengen, waar het vuur eeuwig brandt. Zo zal er dan geen verzoening der zonden zijn voor hen die ondanks vele vermaningen gezondigd hebben. Shambal dan, de Heere uw God, heeft dan zijn engelen, de klavikken, uitgezonden om de aarde te zuiveren. Morgennik dan is zijn engel die over de aarde waakt.

4.

Zalig hen die door de aardslangen worden gegrepen en door hun monotheismen worden gezuiverd. Zalig zij die hun hoofd buigen over hun raadselen. Zo is dan de Milikhenir een monotheïsme van Sekhmet, en ziet, zij dan wordt daarin gevolgd door vele aardslangen. En hun geschriften zijn strak, en er mag niet teveel gesproken worden over de hel en de tegenstander, maar in de oude gedeeltes wordt daar volop over gesproken, en aan het eind van de nieuwe gedeeltes zo nu en dan. Zij dan aanbidden Sekhmet met sterke drank, en het vierde materialisme staat voorop, tezamen met de vierde alverzoening. Ook mag er niet teveel over engelen gesproken worden, want Sekhmet moet centraal staan en volop vereerd worden. Niet veel namen der engelen zijn bekend, en er wordt gewaarschuwd je daar ook niet te veel in te verdiepen. Er mag niet aan Sekhmet's woord toegevoegd worden, de Habnir. Zo kent de Habnir dan niet vele profeten, daar Sekhmet bovenal aanbeden moet worden. Zij duldt geen andere goden naast zich. Het boek staat vol met raadselen, waar de Milikhenirieten hun hoofden over buigen. Zo zijn er dan vele uitleggers en leraren der Habnir, het Heilige Woord van Sekhmet. Overvloedig spreken zij over het vierde materialisme, en over de vierde alverzoening.

5.

Haar profeten dan worden afgezonderd en ondergaan haar vuurproeven. Een ander monotheïsme van Sekhmet is Hormohun, en weer een ander de Exercio. Verder : de Humhuf, de Spinaash, de Hirshan, de Notel, de Abmehuf, de Kaneratesh, de Hemehulfen, de Inersche, de Fama'us, de Ochtonde, de Meershehin, de Marinschik, de Heftuschup, de Ilklandeheb, de Kamil, de Ernstehensch, de Farin, de Ma'usga, de Tefehusch, de Harschin, de Helmd'ku, de Fatinhas, de Fanheld, de Oktogus, de Iklim, de Fiksch'hen, de Fiktaha'us, de Filmschen, de Ra'akt, de Belsch'lehum, de Fiktahu'us, de Fiktahes'us, de Fiktafahin, de Fiktadirma, de Fiktavanel, de Fiktaconvus, de Fiktavakolus, de Fiktavaninehes, en zo zijn er nog vele monotheismen in de Fiktacirkel. Verdere monotheïsme-cirkels van Sekhmet zijn : Nistan, Sansak, Ikta, Liptide, Ibsmi, Henschduo, Hirksch, Hersch, Fa'unaut, Fa, Nive, Herschi, Her, Herm, Hirsch, Fanit.

Sekhmet

1.

'T schrijnt, ik ben hier lang niet geweest. Al haar monotheismen liggen hier op de grond, en de hond staat er nog steeds. 'T is vreemd, ik was in deze winkels, nu ruik ik weer, dat vreemde weer. Ik ben hier zo lang niet geweest, wat ze hier niet allemaal kopen, relikwieën van haar monotheismen. Al dezen leven in een andere wereld. Ik sta nu achter glas, maar als de hond mij ziet, zal hij het glas wel breken. Hij was altijd mijn jeugdvriend geweest. Oh, kom terug.

Waarom ben ik blauw, als ik in de spiegel kijk, waarom ben ik rood, als ik weerspiegel in het glas. Waarom heeft zij mij ooit weggestuurd hier. Ik mocht daar niet meer komen. De aardslangen zijn hier, machines die draaien, koning chocola is het gras aan het maaien. Ik ben er zolang niet geweest. Maar nu kijk ik weer in dat vreemde vizier, toen hij tot me sprak : je bent morgen vrij. Op vakantie nam hij mij, naar dat vreemde eiland. Nu ben ik nergens meer welkom. Alleen de droom verdedigt mij, tot het vierde materialisme ben ik bijna gekomen. Zij die in het derde staan, strekken zich uit naar het vierde, om tot de vierde alverzoening te gaan. Op een hoge berg sta ik, de zee is diep. Ik draag het vreemde vizier, en het vreemde boek, waaruit de bellen zachtjes stromen. In de zee van chocolade, Sekhmet neemt mij mee.

2.

Zoveel spiegels staan hier. Zovelen zijn hier gestorven, een vreemde reuk, een doodsgedicht. Ik las het laatst, het nam mij mee, tot de ruimtes der aardslangen, daar waar zij beven en hyperventileren. Zij kunnen niet, nee zij kunnen niet, tegen het licht. Haar letters stijgen omhoog, ik kan weer ademen en spreken, maar ik zal niet meer preken, geen uitleg geven, alles is overbodig. Ik zoek naar woorden om te vluchten, zachte woorden, die wegzakken, in de zee van chocolade. Zij keek me aan, het boek werd opengeslagen. Zij was van de vierde alverzoening, en leidde mij tot de aardslangen en hun tongen. Een vreemde taal spraken zij. In mijn buik begon het hard te worden, zo verspreiden zij. Door mijn voeten stegen zij naar boven, om alles hard te maken, maar mijn adem werd steeds zachter, en zij haalden de doorn uit mijn stem, een zachte vulkaan. Nu kan ik je weer volgen, jou, van de vierde alverzoening, loop niet weg, je moet me leren, vanuit de aarde alles te doen.

Waarom ben ik blauw, in het licht van de lantaarnpaal, als Nut voor me staat, de grote profeet. Waarom ben ik rood, in het licht van de scheepslantaarn, als Nut voor me staat, de grote profeet, en Sekhmet kijkt, en alles verbleekt. Kun je mij leren, vanuit de aarde te leven, vanuit de aarde te spreken. Een grote vrouw is zij. Ik ben in haar verdwaald. Niemand vond mij.

3.

Zij doopt mijn problemen in chocolade, zij laat mijn oren hangen, de sappen van planten stromen door mij, mijn hoofd is stijf, mijn spieren stijfgetrokken. Ik schrik als zij tot mij spreekt. Dit ben ik niet gewend. Altijd weggedreven, als Nut te lang, te ver weg. Zij doopt mijn problemen in chocolade, tot de vierde alverzoening ga ik. Tot Izu bijna teruggekomen.

Zij doopt mij in chocolade, waar aardslangen zwemmen, waar honing druipt, waar piano's hongerig spelen, waar de doden komen om nog één keer te spreken, voor de laatste keer, en dan duiken zij, tot een eiland in een paradijs. Zij vallen stijf, als bomen, krijgen zij een nieuw lijf. Door aardslangen aangevreten, zochten zij een nieuw huis, als zaad op een vreemde akker. Morgen zal het vakantie zijn. De scholen gesloten, chocolade drijft door de straten, en ik kijk door het vreemd vizier. Lang ben ik hier niet geweest.

4.

Hier ruik je de zeeparfum, hier ruik je de reuk van verleden tijden. Ik begrijp het niet, de monotheismen in de vierde alverzoening gelijk. Zij strijden niet, er is hier vrede, in de vierde dood elkaar vergeten. Over hel en tegenstand niet veel gesproken, als vulkanen uit de grond. De trappen breken, in de vierde dood. In diepe vergetelheden, vonden zij hun nieuw lijf, hun monotheïsme, allen gelijk. Waar piano's hongerig spelen, waar de doden komen om nog één keer te spreken, voor de laatste keer, en dan duiken zij, tot een eiland in een paradijs. Zij vallen stijf, als bomen, krijgen zij een nieuw lijf. Door aardslangen aangevreten, zochten zij een nieuw huis, als zaad op een vreemde akker. Morgen ben je weer thuis, en zal het lang vakantie wezen, scholen gesloten, chocolade voortgedreven door de wind, kijkende door het vreemd vizier. Lang ben ik hier niet geweest. Met jou liep ik altijd buiten, met jou ging ik, maar jij bent daar nooit meer geweest.

5.

Liever een zonde, liever een groot geluk, geen verlichting zochten zij. Zij stonden onder hoge druk, als Sekmeth langs de rijen komt, zij zendt hen allen naar huis, als soldaten vallen zij om. In de vierde alverzoening staat zij, en zij staat aan jouw kant, maar ook aan die andere kant. Probeer de duivel te vergeten, alles wordt hier chocola, als een grote machine, komt zij ook bij jou. Je

weigerde, je probeerde te vluchten. Rennen zoals je nog nooit rende, maar je was als aan de aarde geplakt. Zij staat aan jouw kant, maar ook aan de kant van die andere. In de vierde alverzoening staat zij. Zeg, zou je nog tegen haar vechten, gij van het derde, als gij zo plakt aan de grond. Vooruit komen doet gij niet. Scheidt mij dan Geb en Nut, maar laat hen in dromen tot elkaar komen, vindende het geluk.

Zij kwam in jouw huis, en het huis van de ander. Zij bracht de speld diep, om de vulkaan boven de grond te krijgen. Met het vreemde vizier zag je haar.

II Sekhmet

1.

Een herdershond met Boeddha, een herdershond met veel verstand, als Anubis, zij is het vergeten, het schip is gestrand. De morgen zal het leren, de morgentoon, het mercuriusstrand. Snel ging ze daar vandaan, om haar verstand op te halen. Mercurius is in haar hand, Venus is in haar verstand. Jupiter daar droomt ze over, wanneer de arenden komen, en de raven snellen tot het bos, waar zij het overvloedige en overmatige hebben geroken. Weest spaarzaam met je woorden en daden, opdat ze je schuilplaats niet vinden. Zij doet een blad voor je mond.

Een herdershond met Boeddha, een herdershond, met heel veel land, als Anubis, zij is het vergeten, zij wandelde aan het strand. Mercurius was in haar ogen, daarmee heeft ze elk lied bedrogen, haar stem kon niet meer, teveel takken hingen er aan vast. Tot de tongen der aardslangen ben ik gegaan, waar chocolade de gaten vult.

2.

Een herdershond met Boeddha, een herdershond, Mercurius spreekt. Haar schepen zijn gezonken, de aarde is al wat zij heeft, waar haar aardslangen beven en hyperventileren, en zij zich niet meer kan beheersen. Als een vulkaan is zij.

Een herdershond, met Boeddha, een herdershond, Mercurius beeft. Zij heeft het geheim gezien. Zij heeft het leed geleden.

Een sterrenhemel gaf zij mij, een chocolade-hemel, met witte chocolade, waarin de letteren zich verspreiden. Vertel me nog één keer je naam. In de vierde dood ben ik alles vergeten. Een herdershond met Boeddha, zeilen in een schip. Ik weet het wel, 't is Anubis, en zij is Sekhmet, het schip.

3.

Probeer het nog een keer te begrijpen. Lees het nog een tweede keer, dat wat je denkt dat jou verslindt, dat is je wapen. Grijp dan nu je wapen. Zeil nog één keer mee, naar 't strand van Mercurius, dromende over Jupiter, met Sekhmet als je hemel, met Sekhmet als je schip. Snel zul je het vergeten, in de vierde dood vergeten, maar lees het dan een derde keer, en verlang naar het vierde.

Zij weten niet wat ze missen, zij die het nooit hebben gehad. Zij leven voort zonder iets te zeggen. Dromen doen ze niet, maar zij door honden gebeten, zien alles door het vreemde vizier. Wacht dan op de tongen der morgen, wacht dan op de reis der aardslangen. Langzaam zul je alles weer

vergeten, langzaam zul je alles weer herinneren, langzaam zal het je veranderen, langzaam zul je leven vanuit de aarde.

HET SEKHMET TESTAMENT

III Sekhmet

1.

Zij dan komt van het vierde om de derden in het vierde te krijgen. Zij is daartoe de grote brug, door Izu gezalfd, en gemeden. Zij dan draagt het harnas van Brannan en de borstplaat van Tifiaf. Met het grote zwaard opent zij deuren, en werpt haar monotheïsmen in de strijd. Ja, al dezen kent zij. Daar is licht rondom haar haren, en wachters vallen om, als zij zich beweegt. Tot de aardslangen ging zij. Zij is de wederkerende. Vanuit de aardslangen kwam zij op, en vanuit het chocola, en zij zal tot hen wederkomen. Het vizier deelt zij met hen die haar liefhebben. Zij komt van de vierde alverzoening. Het vierde materialisme zal zij haar discipelen leren, die in het derde op haar wachten. Zij dan zien naar haar uit. Zij zullen leven vanuit de aarde. Zij krijgen dan schoeisel van het vierde, en zij zullen leren bruggen te bouwen van schoeisel. Ook zullen zij leren kledij te maken van schoeisel, zodat de aardslangen in hen zullen ontwaken. Hier dan zullen ernstige wetten voor zijn, voortkomende vanuit haar monotheïsmen. En zij zal haar getrouwe discipelen van het derde die tot het vierde komen leren over de aardslangen en hun geschriften. Zij dan zullen tot rust en vrede komen in de vierde alverzoening, en zij zal hen doorgangen geven tot grote stilte. En zij zullen genoemd worden : schoeismakers en bruggenbouwers van Sekhmet.

2.

En zij zullen schoeisel verkopen voor hoge prijzen, en zij zullen onder strenge gerechtsboeken komen. En zij zullen tot de vierde genezing komen, door de vierde alverzoening. En zij zullen komen tot de grote Mono's van het vierde, en zij zullen de goden van de monotheïsmen tot engelen maken. Ook zullen zij opklimmen tot de AZ's en de A's van het vierde, om hen tot engelen en profeten te maken, maar zij zullen zich onderwerpen aan de A-jongen. En de A-jongen zal de monotheïsmen herscheppen, en daardoor ook de Mono's, de AZ's en de A's, en zij zullen schenkers van chocola worden, en met elkaar verzoend worden in de vierde alverzoening. En de A-jongen van het vierde zal opstaan, en zal luid regeren.

IV Sekhmet

1.

De verovering van het huis van de vierde David

En Sekhmet zal de vierde roze verbinding leggen tussen Khnum en Nut tot een viervoudige verzoening, en bloemenstormen zullen vanuit de vierde roze verbinding komen. Dan zal Sekhmet wederom Khnum en Nut scheiden en hen in de Isis-kloof werpen, waarin zij over elkaar zullen dromen. En dan zal de A-jongen voor eeuwig regeren. En de bloemenstormen zullen gaan tot Anubis, en zij zullen hem meenemen tot het vierde paradijs om van de vierde vrucht des levens te eten, en dan zal hij vrij zijn. En zij zullen hem brengen tot de vierde exodus, die tot de vierde tempel van de vierde David zal leiden, waar Anubis voor eeuwig zal regeren. En hij zal als harem

hebben de vierde Batseba, de vierde Abigail, de vierde Mikal, de vierde Achinoam, de vierde Ma'aka, de vierde Chaggit, de vierde Abital, de vierde Egla. Verder : de vierde Batsua. En zo zal Anubis door listen het huis van de vierde David innemen.

En dan zal Anubis tot zijn harem aanvoegen : Bastet, Sekhmet, Nut, Isis, Neith, Wadjet, Nekhbet, Maat, Satis, Nephtys. En de vierde David zal niet tegen hem opgewassen zijn, noch zijn huis. En dan zal Sekhmet roepen : Kroon hem, kroon Anubis, en zijn harem zal roepen : Ja, kroont hem. En dan zal de vierde David in de buitenste duisternissen worden geworpen.

2.

En Sekhmet zal roepen : Nu dan is het uur van vrede aangebroken. En er zal goud verschijnen, en het bloed zal veranderen in chocola. En uit de poorten zal honing druipen. En dan zal Sekhmet tot de vierde David komen, in de diepste en buitenste duisternissen, en zij zal hem een kleine bron van stilte schenken. En dan zal Sekhmet snellen tot de vierde Simson, en zal zijn hart doorboren, opdat hij haar lichten zal dragen. Zij dan zal de vierde Delila aan Anubis schenken, en ook de vierde Simson zal zij een kleine bron van stilte schenken. En de harem van Anubis zal uitgroeien tot een harem van het vierde. En Anubis zal grote overwinningen behalen. En zo zal Anubis komen tot de vierde doorn en de vierde spoel, en ziet, zij zullen worden als vulkanen, als bloemen en als draaikolken.

En de Sebek zal komen tot het huis van de vierde Simson, tot het huis van de vierde Samuel en tot het huis van de vierde Daniel, en zal deze huizen zonder strijd innemen. En Aton zal komen tot het huis van de vierde Ezechiël, en het huis in drie delen scheuren. En hij zal een deel geven aan Anubis, een deel aan Sebek, en een deel zal hij zelf houden. Tot het huis van de vierde Elia zal Horus komen, om dit huis in zestig delen te verdelen onder de Egyptische goden. Re zal komen tot het huis van de vierde Elisa, en zal het verdelen onder de sterren des hemels, en onder de volgelingen van Nut. Nut zelf zal komen tot het huis van de vierde Zacharia, en zij zal daar voor twee jaar regeren. Ptah zal komen tot het huis van de vierde Aser, en zal het zevenvoudig zuiveren.

3.

Isis dan zal komen tot het huis van de vierde Dan en de vierde Gad, en zij zal hen verscheuren en onder de wolven verdelen. En zo zal Isis dan zijn als het licht der wolven. Daarna zal zij komen tot het huis van de vierde Job, waar zij voor vier jaren zal tronen. En Sekhmet zal vervolgens gaan tot het huis van de vierde Hosea, waar zij zal tronen voor duizend jaar. Bastet zal komen tot het huis van de vierde Joel, om zijn kaak te doorboren, en om in zijn huis te regeren voor tachtig jaar en tachtig dagen. En de vierde Joel zal oud worden, en Bastet zal hem zegenen. Zij zal hem dan nimmer uit zijn huis wegsturen, maar zij zal hem ook geen macht geven. Kinderloos zal hij sterven.

En vanuit het vierde zal een bloemenorkaan en een bloemendraaikolk gezonden worden om het eerste nogmaals te zuiveren, en zij zal oprijzen tot het tweede en het derde, en daarna het vierde, om vervolgens weer tot het eerste te gaan. Dit dan is als de harem van Anubis, en als de vierde roze verbinding. En Anubis zal strijd voeren tegen de vierde Emelis Shatau, en zal het laten afdekken door Sekhmet. Ja, een vulkaan des Heeren zal er groeien, als een brandend oog. En de doorn zal worden tot een bloemenorkaan, en de spoel tot een bloemendraaikolk. En ook zal Anubis tot de vierde Esmeralda gaan, en ook zij zal afgedekt worden door de Sekhmet-vulkaan. Daarna zal Anubis gaan tot de vierde Melissa en de vierde Desia, en ziet, zij zullen worden tot Sekhmet-vulkanen. En dan zal Sekhmet zich tegen Anubis keren, en er zal een strijd zijn van honderddrie dagen. En Anubis zal overwinnen, en haar werpen in de Isis-kloof. Maar zij zal de Isis-kloof

verscheuren en na enige tijd zal er een nieuwe strijd zijn tussen Sekhmet en Anubis, en deze zal duren honderddertig lange jaren. En aan het einde van deze jaren zal Anubis zoeken naar een nieuwe kloof waarin hij Sekhmet kan werpen. En hij zal haar werpen in de Sebek-kloof, en Sebek zal haar verscheuren, en haar naam zal voor enige tijd niet genoemd worden. Dan zal zij gaan tot de dieptes der Sebek-kloof, en zij zal in armoe leven. Zij dan zal de krachten van het ijs leren kennen, en zal liefde vatten voor Anubis, maar Anubis zal haar niet bevrijden.

4.

En Sekhmet zal tot wasdom komen in de Sebek-kloof, maar zij zal dieper graven, vanwege haar liefde voor de dieptes en de armoe. Maar op een dag zal Sebek haar uitspuwen, en zij zal met zachtheid proberen de aandacht van Anubis te winnen, maar Anubis zal haar niet binnenlaten. Dan zal zij voor dertigduizend jaren over de aarde zwerven en haar huis bouwen naast het huis van Anubis. En zij zal zich gedragen, maar van binnen groeit haar woede. Zo zal zij dan na die tijd als een vulkaan uitbarsten, en zal de derde oorlog tussen Anubis en Sekhmet beginnen. Ditmaal zal zij hem werpen in de Sebek-kloof, maar Sebek zal hem onmiddellijk uitspuwen. Dan zal zij hem brengen tot de Isis-kloof, maar zij zal hem wegblazen. Uiteindelijk zal zij hem werpen in de Neith-kloof, en zij zal hem aannemen. En door haar zal hij komen tot het vierde Eden, en hij zal de verborgen boom beklimmen. Daar echter zal hij strijd moeten voeren tegen Horus en Seth, en hij zal ze uit de boom werpen. Hij dan zal zijn schoeisel in de boom hangen, om verder te klimmen, en dan zal hij bemerken dat hij in de bek van Nut terechtgekomen is, maar zij zal voor hem zorgen. Zij zal hem niet verslinden, maar in haar bek meedragen. Zo dan zal Anubis tot rust komen. Maar na enige tijd zal Sekhmet zijn schuilplaats vinden, maar Nut zal haar aanvallen om Anubis in veiligheid te houden. En met grote kracht zal Nut met haar staart Anubis omhoog duwen, en hem maken tot een uitgestrekte hemel. En Sekhmet zal schelden en schreeuwen, en grote godslasteringen op haar buik schrijven en op haar hoofd. Zij dan zal daarna vriendelijk spreken om Anubis proberen te verwarren, maar Nut zal hem helpen. Dan zal Nut Sekhmet tot diep in de aarde drukken, tot in de dieptes van de kloof van Geb. Maar elke nacht zal zij uit haar kloof opstijgen tot de hemelen om Anubis aan te vallen en te misleiden, terwijl Nut slaapt. En zij zal hem proberen te verleiden met sterke drank. En zij zal hem proberen te verleiden met haar van plaats te verruilen, en door een list zal zij er in slagen, maar Anubis zal de aardslangen ontmoeten, en door hen Geb verslaan. Ook zal Nut hem vele malen bezoeken, en Bastet, terwijl Sekhmet tot rust komt aan de hemel. En zo zullen Sekhmet en Anubis tot een lichte verzoening komen, en vinden zij ieder hun eigen weg.

5.

En na enige tijd zal Anubis tot een A-jongen worden, in het nieuwe deel van het vierde, en hij zal de gezichten veranderen. En als Sekhmet dan aan de hemel begint te sterven, dan zal zij hem haar Testament geven. En Anubis zal een eenzaam leven leiden en tot vele vergetelheden komen, en in de vierde alverzoening zal hij een tempel voor Sekhmet bouwen, en ook zal hij haar een huis schenken in het dodenrijk, en haar laten mummificeren vanuit strakke en speciale voorschriften. En hij zal haar een bron van lichte slaap schenken. Ook zal hij haar bijstaan in de tocht door de hel, en haar leiden tot de hal van delirium, en dan zal hij haar leiden naar eenzaamheid en vergetelheid, waar zij de rust zal vinden in bloemenwateren. En hij zal haar ogen uitsteken, en haar brengen tot de verlorenheid in de ML, opdat zij de Log zal leren. Ook zal hij haar bewustzijn wegnemen, en haar brengen tot haar onbewuste.

En eens in de veertig dagen zal Anubis komen tot haar graf en haar urn, en zal daar voorlezen vanuit de Log. En hij zal haar as mummificeren, haar op een stoel zetten, en tot haar spreken. Ook zal hij haar oren doorsteken, en haar van haar evenwicht beroven. Hij dan zal haar slaan met gekte, opdat zij haar leven niet zal begrijpen. Ook zal hij haar slaan met verwarring, en duizeligheid, en haar een nieuwe taal leren.

Anubis

1.

En dan zal Bastet tot Anubis komen om hem te troosten. En zij zal nieuwe deuren voor hem openen. En zij zal met hem dobbelen, en hem brengen tot Nut en Neith. Maar Anubis zal ontroostbaar zijn. Dan zal zij hem brengen tot de vierde rode kap, maar hij zal weglopen van angst. Dan zal zij hem met rust laten. En dan zal de sfinx tot Anubis komen, maar Anubis zal van de sfinx wegrekken. En Anubis zal door de strijd in hemzelf verlangen naar de vierde Isis-kloof, maar zij zal hem wegblazen. En Anubis zal komen tot grote innerlijke strijd, en anderen zullen proberen zijn titel van A-jongen te roven. En onder hen zijn ook Re en Horus. Dan zal Anubis vluchten tot Seth en Apep, en bij hen enige rust vinden. En ook Rerek en Hai zullen tot hem komen, en hem geschenken brengen. En hij zal komen tot de toppen van Tifiaf en het daar uitroepen, en de vierde Tutanchamun zal tot hem komen op adelaarsvleugels. En de vierde king Tut zal hem enige rust geven, en een bol van adem. Maar later zal hij in grote angst raken, en in beven, en hij zal hyperventileren. En de aardslangen zullen tot hem komen. En zij zullen hem brengen tot het land achter Tifiaf, waar de blauwen wonen. En de zeeën daar zijn diep, en hij zal bruggen van schoeisel over hen bouwen, en komen tot het land achter de blauwen, om een rijke opvolger van Tifiaf te vinden. Maar geen van deze landen waren krachtig genoeg om Tifiaf op te volgen. En Anubis weende voor vijftig dagen en nachten, en was in diepe verwarring.

2.

En toen kwam Apopis wederom tot hem om hem te troosten, en schonk hem een ring. Maar Anubis wierp deze in de zee als een geschenk, en zwierf verder. En Anubis ontmoette vele insecten, maar geen van allen was waardig Tifiaf op te volgen. En weer kwamen de aardslangen tot Anubis en steunden hem. En Anubis schreeuwde het uit tot de hemelen en tot de dieptes der aarde, en Seth, Hai en Rerek kwamen weer tot Anubis om hem te troosten. En zij waren zacht voor hem, en begrepen hem. En Seth hief zijn staf op, en sprak : gij dan, Anubis zijt waardig om door deze wildernissen heen te gaan. Ziet dan, gij hebt de tongen der aardslangen tot uw sleutels. En Anubis zette zijn reis onder Tifiaf door tot in de verste dieptes. En deze reis duurde duizendviermiljoen jaren. En Anubis ontmoette het vierde teken van het beest, wiens naam was vierduizendzeshonderdzessenzestig, en ook ontmoette hij de vierde satan, de vierde Beelzebul, de vierde Judas, de vierde Belial, de vierde Appollyon, de vierde Rahab, de vierde Izebel, de vierde Behemoth, de vierde Achab, de vierde slang van het vierde paradijs. En ook kwam hij tot het vierde vrederijk van vierduizend jaar, maar dit hielp hem nauwelijks tot niets. Ook kwam hij tot de viermiljoenvierhonderdvierenveertigduizend gezalfden, en velen wilden met hem meegaan, maar Anubis wilde alleen verder. Wel zegende hij enkelen onder hen, en zette toen zijn reis voort. Een vrouw genaamd de vierde Nefertiti verscheen aan hem, en ook een vrouw genaamd de vierde Cleopatra, maar hij joeg hen weg. En Anubis vervloekte zijn geboortedag, en zaligde de vleeswording van de vierde Adam. Aardslangen kwamen tot hem, en dienden hem. En ook Apep

kwam weer tot Anubis en vroeg hem of hij zijn titel aan hem wilde verkopen, maar Anubis weigerde, en Apep raakte verbitterd, maar liet hem verder met rust. Wel gaf Apep hem een sleutel om verder te komen. En Anubis kwam tot een chocolade-zee, waar aardslangen leefden. Ook lagen hier vele bruggen van schoeisel. En Anubis begon te vervellen, en ontving een wespenvest. Ook dreven sterke sappen van planten hier, en Anubis raakte bedwelmd en dronken.

3.

De Anubis-monotheismen

En zo leerde Anubis de monotheismen der aardslangen van deze zee kennen, en velen waren monotheismen van de Anubis. En zo was er een geschrift dat de Begil heette, van een Anubis-monotheïsme dat de Kna'hap heette, en dit geschrift bevatte vele testamenten over de voorschriften van schoeisel. En deze monotheismen waren zeer duister. En achter deze zee lag een grote woestijn, en in de dieptes van die woestijn stond de vierde tempel van de vierde Salomo, en Anubis nam deze tempel in, en stelde de aardslangen over deze tempel aan, en ging verder. En de aardslangen gingen deze tempel gebruiken voor hun monotheismen en ook voor hun Anubis-monotheismen. En een ander geschrift van zo'n Anubis-monotheïsme was genaamd Drapir, en dit monotheïsme heette Kubahap. En zo waren er vele ringen van Anubis-monotheismen en deze ringen waren : Santi, Hati, Mitihel, Iti, Hiliap, Haachir, Hiecht, Hikit, Heng, Haaplech, Hangst, Hopost, Otlong, Hongst, Hordost, Horft, Batom, Biklang, Hengelet, Haapsnir, Kotanda, Akhul, Rumtut, Vutil, Dirch, Herhum, Herhun, Draakhon, Drahaksia, Darmantum, Darmantus, Drahansia, Drahal, Drahak, Hermhun, Hurk, Hurkhalitas, Huralitas, Drahul, Drahum, D'ta, D'tal, D'hanis, D'hannia, D'han, D'hir, D'honia, D'honnia, Dirhan, Durohan, Durobil, Durohiel, Durohenst, Durohengst, Dramalia, Darmanitas, Darmulia, Darhut, Druhenst, Druhengts, Hunmalita, Hunmalitas, Nurha, Nuron, Nuro, Umitas, Huramitas, Humin, Humi'en, Huku, Hukumin, Hukumi'en, Hukumihen, Hurt, Hurkus, Hurkos, Horsmi'en, Horensmos, Horsmos, Draham, Drahamnaut, Drahamnaus, Darka, Drakanitas, Drahanitas, Dramanitas, Dramanitihas, Drarma, Rul, Ruus, Uluus, Uluhem, Umuhem, Umunuhem.

En Anubis nam deze monotheismen en stopte hen in een aarden vat, om hen te klutsen. En ijs steeg op van het aarden vat, en Anubis at het. En Anubis las deze geschriften en maakte er een eigen geschrift van. En Anubis raakte in toorn over deze monotheismen en begon hen te wassen. Tijdens het wassen viel Anubis in een diepe slaap. En zo maakte Anubis enkelen tot Mono's, AZ's en A's.

4.

En Anubis kwam tot grote wasdom en herstelde de groene Anubis en de blauwe Anubis, en zij hadden grote macht. En zo ook kwam de gouden Anubis tot Anubis, en de diamanten Anubis, en Anubis zegende hen. En zo droeg ook de groene Anubis vele monotheismen met zich mee, en zo ook de blauwe Anubis. En Anubis greep deze monotheismen en zuiverde hen in aarden vaten. Enkelen onder hen maakte hij tot Mono's AZ's en A's. En de groene Anubis werd groot, en was zeer katachtig. En Anubis gaf hem grote macht, en maakte hem tot een A. Ook maakte hij de Anubis-aardslang tot een A. En zo was er een rode Anubis-aardslang die hij tot Mono maakte, en zo ook een groene Anubis-aardslang die hij tot Mono maakte. En zij dan kregen grote macht. En hij gaf hen sterke drank te drinken. En ook gaf hij hen thee. En in de woestijn achter de vierde tempel van Salomo vond Anubis een grote oase, waar hij tempels begon te bouwen. En hij bouwde een tempel voor de groene Anubis en de blauwe Anubis, en een tempel voor de rode Anubis-aardslang en de groene Anubis-aardslang. Toen maakte Anubis de witte Anubis-cacao-boom tot een AZ, en ook de

gele Anubis-cacao-boom maakte hij tot een AZ. En zij bouwden de Anubis-piramide achter de oase. En Anubis las hen voor uit de Log, en Anubis stelde nieuwe letters op en een nieuwe taal.

5.

Als de aardvoet is hij met schoeisel van vreemd leer. Als de aardvoet is hij, met aardslangen als een diepere taal. Niemand heeft het verstaan. Zij weten niet wat zij missen, want zij hebben het nooit ervaren. En als de aardslangen de ogen hebben bereikt dan zullen zij uitgaan door tranen, als een vreemd vizier is het. Alleen tranende ogen kunnen zien. De rest is blind. Zij dan die huilen kunnen spreken, zij die bang zijn kunnen bewegen. En zo zal Anubis komen tot de vierde dood en de vierde ontwaking en zo ook de vierde verlichting. En hij zal gewekt worden door zijn helpers.

II Anubis

1.

De Anubis-fallus

En Anubis zal drinken van zijn thee, en komen tot het vierde lijden en de vierde verzachting. Ook zal de vierde genezing hem ten deel vallen. En zo zal Anubis komen tot de vierde vleeswording, en de aardslangen zullen rijzen door zijn voeten tot zijn fallus, en zijn hoofd. En hij zal in een nieuwe taal spreken, en zij zullen zijn fallus aanbidden, want deze is opgeklommen tot zijn hoofd, om zijn denken te bevrijden. En zo is de Anubis-fallus een object van verlichting. En Anubis zal de gele Anubis-fallus tot een A maken, en ook de blauwe Anubis-fallus, zal hij tot een A maken. Daarna zal hij de groene Anubis-fallus tot een A maken, en zo ook de rode Anubis-fallus. Daarna zal hij de witte Anubis-fallus tot een A maken, en zo ook de paarse Anubis-fallus. Later zal hij de roze Anubis-fallus tot een A maken, en zo ook de gouden en de zilveren Anubis-fallus. En zo zal hij dan van vele Anubis-fallussen A's maken, en hen tempels geven. Zij dan zullen de poorten en kanalen zijn van de aardslangen en hun sappen. Door de voeten zullen zij omhoog gepompt worden. Zo zijn er dan vele Anubis-voeten als pompen aangesteld. Zo heeft Anubis dan de zwarte Anubis-paddestoel tot AZ aangesteld, en zo ook de rode Anubis-paddestoel en de groene Anubis-paddestoel. Daarna heeft Anubis de blauwe Anubis-paddestoel tot AZ aangesteld en de gele Anubis-paddestoel. Vervolgens heeft hij de witte Anubis-paddestoel tot AZ aangesteld. De groene Anubis-cactus heeft hij tot Mono aangesteld, en daarna ook de witte Anubis-cactus. Daarna heeft hij ook de blauwe Anubis-cactus tot Mono aangesteld, en vele andere Anubis-cactussen.

Het Anubis-orgasme, de Anubis-ejaculatie en zijn orgie

Zij dan zijn de bringers van cacao, en zij dan bedienen de spieren en de zenuwen, en ook de orgasmes die de aardvoeten laten spreken door de ejaculaties. En deze orgasmes en ejaculaties zijn overvloedig in cacao. En het roze Anubis-orgasme is een A, en zo ook het rode Anubis-orgasme. Het gele Anubis-orgasme is een A, en zo ook het witte Anubis-orgasme. Het groene Anubis-orgasme is een A, en zo ook het paarse Anubis-orgasme. Deze dan zijn opgesteld in de tubes der natuur. Het zwarte Anubis-orgasme is dan een A, en deze is woest, veroorzakende grote angst, en het oordeel. Dit is ook de kracht waarmee de tanden in de kaak zitten. Het gouden Anubis-orgasme is dan een A, en ziet zij brengt verlichting, en zij wordt veelal gebruikt in Egyptische tempels. Het zilveren Anubis-orgasme dan is een A. Zo ook is het diamanten Anubis-orgasme een A, en door haar proberen tandendokters macht te dwingen. De groene Anubis-ejaculatie is een A, waardoor alle spieren werken. Er is dan geen andere ejaculatie dan de ejaculatie der tranen en de ejaculatie der

urine. De witte Anubis-ejaculatie is een A, en zo ook de zwarte Anubis-ejaculatie die bevrijding brengt, tot aan de vierde bevrijding toe. En zij is als het harnas en het gereedschap der exorcisten van het vierde, en de Anubis-exorcisten. De blauwe Anubis-ejaculatie is een A, en de brenger van delirium. De roze Anubis-ejaculatie is de brenger der emotie, en tevens een A. De gele Anubis-ejaculatie is een A, en de brenger der aardgeuren. De rode Anubis-ejaculatie is een A, en zo zijn er nog vele Anubis-ejaculaties die A zijn, zo ook de gouden Anubis-ejaculatie die het immuunsysteem regelt, en de zilveren Anubis-ejaculatie die de stofwisseling regelt. Nu is een verliefdheid als een orgie, puur als een samenwerking der lichaamsdelen, voor een nieuwe vleeswording. Zo is dan de rode Anubis-orgie een A, en de creator der rode bloemen, de creator der rode bloedlichaampjes, en de verschillende circulaties van het lichaam. Zo is dan de blauwe Anubis-orgie eveneens een A, en de creator der bomen, en de circulaties binnen de organen. Zo is dan de zwarte Anubis-orgie een A, de gele Anubis-orgie is een A, en zo ook de roze Anubis-orgie. De groene Anubis-orgie is een A, en de kracht van de spraak. De witte Anubis-orgie is een A, en de kracht van het denken en het verstand. De paarse Anubis-orgie is de kracht van het stofwisselings-systeem en de vertaling, en zo ook de kracht van het delirium en de daarbij horende magie. Het is de kracht van het magnetisme, om af te leiden en weg te leiden. De paarse Anubis-orgie is een A, en behoort tot de hogere A's in de buurt van de A-jongen. De paarse Anubis-orgie is als het hart van de A-jongen en zijn adem. De gouden Anubis-orgie is een A, en is als lijm. De zilveren Anubis-orgie is een A, de koperen Anubis-orgie is een A, de grijze Anubis-orgie is een A, de diamanten Anubis-orgie is een A, de emerald Anubis-orgie is een A, de kracht die bloed transformeert tot hogere vormen des levens, zoals de levende honing en de levende cacao. Ook transformeert zij melk tot de hogere vormen des levens, tot de levende honing en de levende cacao, en tranen tot nectar, stuifmeel, cacao en honing. De topazen Anubis-orgie is ook een hogere A, dichtbij de A-jongen, omdat zij pijn transformeert tot taal. Zo zijn er dan vele Anubis-orgieën die A zijn en de macht van het bloed verbreken. Anubis heeft dan vele tranen gelaten om de macht van het bloed, en weende soms wel dertig dagen achtereen.

2.

En zo dan zullen de orgasmes, de ejaculaties en de orgieën van Anubis zijn als die der bomen en bloemen, en zal zijn als de vierde sexualiteit. Zo zal dan de Heere de sexualiteit geheel genezen, en zij zal geen teken meer zijn van schuld en schaamte. En zo zal dan de vierde genezing in verbinding staan met de vierde sexualiteit. En de A's zullen het oude licht verbreken, en door duisternis zullen zij een vierde licht scheppen, en de A-jongen zal het vierde licht zegenen, en het zal een aardlicht zijn. En Anubis zal zijn A's om zich heen verzamelen en zijn AZ's uitzenden in de woestijnen tot de oasen. De Mono's zal hij tot de aarde zenden, in de cirkel der vierde alverzoening. En de fallussen van Anubis zullen tot leven komen, en zij zullen vleugelen hebben en aardvoeten, en zij zullen zijn als de aardlichten. En Anubis zal zijn eigen Am Duat hebben, zijn eigen klok, en daarin zullen zijn A's verdeeld worden, en zij zullen allen op hun tijd spreken.

En het rode Anubis-ijs zal een A zijn, en woorden spreken van geloof. En het gele Anubis-ijs zal een A zijn, en zo ook het zwarte Anubis-ijs. En de roze Anubis-zachtheid zal een A zijn, de gele Anubis-zachtheid, en de witte Anubis-zachtheid. Ook de paarse Anubis-zachtheid zal een A zijn, en de groene Anubis-zachtheid. Zo ook de blauwe Anubis-zachtheid, de bruine Anubis-zachtheid en de zilveren Anubis-zachtheid. Verder : De gouden Anubis-zachtheid, de diamanten Anubis-zachtheid, de emerald Anubis-zachtheid, de kristal Anubis-zachtheid, de zwarte Anubis-zachtheid, en vele andere Anubis-zachtheden. En zij zullen zijn van de hogere zones der A's, dichtbij het hart der A-

jongen. Zo zijn dan ook A's : de gele Anubis-zoetheid, de roze Anubis-zoetheid, de bruine Anubis-zoetheid, de zwarte Anubis-zoetheid, de groene Anubis-zoetheid, de blauwe Anubis-zoetheid, de paarse Anubis-zoetheid, en zij komen uit de rijke schatkamers en de rijke schatkisten van Anubis. En Anubis zal kennen de macht der zoetheden. En hij zal ook kennen de macht der lichten. En verder zijn de A's : de rode Anubis-broek, de gele Anubis-broek, de blauwe Anubis-broek, de groene Anubis-broek, de bruine Anubis-broek, de zwarte Anubis-broek, de gouden Anubis-broek, de zilveren Anubis-broek, de paarse Anubis-broek, de witte Anubis-broek, de roze Anubis-broek, de diamanten Anubis-broek, de emerald Anubis-broek, de kristallen Anubis-broek, en nog veel meer Anubis-broeken. Verder : de rode Anubis-laars, de roze Anubis-laars, de bruine Anubis-laars, de gele Anubis-laars, de witte Anubis-laars, de groene Anubis-laars, de zwarte Anubis-laars, en nog veel meer Anubis-laarzen.

Hoort dan en ziet, de fallus van Anubis is de aardlaars, en deze wordt bevrucht door vreemde vliegen. Vanuit Brannan komt zij. En vreemde kevers en andere insecten bevruchten zijn ingangen.

3.

En toen Anubis zijn reis voortzette kwam hij uiteindelijk in het Anubis-universum, en deze was krachtig genoeg om Tifi af op te volgen. En Anubis maakte het tot zijn kleed. En Anubis ging staan op het Anubis-universum als op een berg, en had uitzicht over Tifi af, Brannan en Izu. En zo kwam hij dan tot zijn geheime naam : brandende fallus. En Anubis zonderde zichzelf af als kluizenaar, en verkende het universum. En zo kwam hij dan achter de geheime naam van Bastet, waarmee hij haar kon temmen : rode brandende fallus. En hij zei tot Bastet : 'Gij dan bent mijn rode Anubis,' en hij genas haar. En zo kwam hij ook achter de geheime naam van Sekhmet, waarmee hij haar kon temmen : bruine brandende fallus. En hij zeide tot Sekhmet : 'Gij zijt mijn bruine Anubis,' maar hij genas haar niet, omdat haar tijd niet was gekomen. Zij dan sliep zeer diep. En hij zond haar weg in een bruine boot, en zij kwam tot de Islam. En Tefnut was de paars brandende fallus, Nut de geel brandende fallus, Neith de groen brandende fallus, Khnum de blauw brandende fallus, Osiris de oranje brandende fallus, Ra de gouden brandende fallus, Thoth de zilveren brandende fallus, Horus de grijze brandende fallus, de sfinx de witte brandende fallus, Sebek de koperen brandende fallus. En zo werden zij allen delen van Anubis.

En toen ik, Zurastael de Egyptische schatten had gevonden, was ik verrukt. En ik bond doeken om de tabletten en schatten, en ging verder de diepte in. En stemmen achtervolgden mij, zeggende dat ik de Egyptische Bijbel had gevonden. En zij openden deuren voor mij.

Mispulsius

1.

Vossen en collies die tot Anubis kwamen

En de rode Anubis-vos kwam tot Anubis, en Anubis stelde hem aan als Mono over vele goden. En ook de groene Anubis-vos kwam tot Anubis, en Anubis leidde hem tot een berg, en liet hem vele koninkrijken zien. En toen wierp Anubis hem naar beneden, en hij kreeg vleugels, en werd aangesteld over vele koninkrijken onder hem, maar Mono werd hij niet. En ook de gele Anubis-vos kwam tot Anubis, en kreeg vele rijken, voornamelijk in het oosten, maar Mono werd hij niet. Toen kwam de rode Anubis-collie tot Anubis, en Anubis gaf hem grote eer. Ook gaf hij de rode Anubis-collie vele sieraden en schatkisten vol met de zuiverste schatten, maar Anubis nam vele rijken van hem weg, daar hij te gulzig was geweest naar macht. En Anubis verlaagde de rode Anubis-collie in

rang. Toen kwam de blauwe Anubis-collie tot Anubis, en zo ook de paarse, maar Anubis wilde niet met hen spreken. En voor twee maanden klopten zij op zijn deuren, maar Anubis deed voor hen niet open. Daarna zond Anubis een dienstknecht tot hen, die hen leidde tot een boom. En deze boom werd genoemd de wijze boom.

Leeuwen die tot Anubis kwamen

En de zwarte Anubis-leeuw kwam tot Anubis, en Anubis gaf hem vele rijken, en zo ook kwamen de rode en de blauwe Anubis-leeuwen tot Anubis, en zij werden dienstknechten van de zwarte Anubis-leeuw. De gele Anubis-leeuw kreeg vele rijken, en Anubis maakte hem tot een god onder de goden, en schonk hem vele monotheismen. Ook schonk Anubis hem vleugels, en gaf hem grote macht, voornamelijk in het oosten, maar ook in het westen en het noorden. De paarse Anubis-leeuw kreeg dan vele macht in het centrum. Toen kwam de gouden Anubis-leeuw tot Anubis, maar Anubis liet hem werpen in een kloof dichtbij de woestijn. En Anubis liet een doorn in hem planten, opdat hij gezuiverd zou worden. Na enige dagen kwam Anubis tot de kloof, en kroonde de gouden Anubis-leeuw tot Mono over vele godenrijken.

2.

De opklim der oranje Anubis-leeuw

En de bruine Anubis-leeuw kwam tot Anubis, en Anubis had grote liefde voor hem in zijn hart. En hij gaf de leeuw arendsvleugelen van grote afmetingen, en maakte hem tot Mono over vele Mono's. En hij gaf de leeuw bronnen van adem, en grote wijsheid schonk hij hem. En de grijze Anubis-leeuw kwam tot Anubis, en bracht hem grote schatten. En Anubis stelde hem aan als vorst over de Emelis Shatau, en onder zijn orde, hoede en macht kwamen daar grote hervormingen. En Anubis was zeer tevreden over deze hervormingen, en gaf het Monoschap aan de grijze Anubis-leeuw en Anubis gaf hem grote vleugelen met de vederen van raven. En Anubis maakte hem tot grote vorst over de Mono's, maar een AZ mocht hij niet worden. En de roze Anubis-leeuw kreeg het koningschap over een tempel in het oosten. De oranje Anubis-leeuw liet hij in een put werpen en na tweëndertig maanden liet hij hem opsluiten in een kelder. Maar na enige tijd begon Anubis medelijden met hem te krijgen, en kreeg Anubis berouw over wat hij de leeuw had aangedaan, en haalde hem uit gevangenschap. Toen bracht Anubis een doorn in hem, en maakte een Mono van hem over een klein volk. Maar de leeuw deed zijn werk erg goed, en Anubis was zeer tevreden, en sprak : 'Ziet dan, zij die in het kleine getrouw zijn, zal het grote gegeven worden, maar ziet : Niet het grote dan is groot, maar het kleine. Minder is meer, en niet het vele is goed, maar het goede is veel.' En hij gaf de leeuw een klein volk erbij. En weer was de leeuw zeer getrouw en dankbaar in het kleine dat hem gegeven werd, en Anubis gaf hem weer een klein volk erbij, en Anubis gaf hem macht over grote Mono's, en kroonde hem daarna tot AZ. Maar Anubis vatte veel liefde voor deze leeuw, en kroonde hem later tot A over vele A's. En Anubis sprak : 'Gij bent het die over mijn hart mag waken. Gaat dan in, en grote rijkdom zal u gegeven worden.' En Anubis sprak over het vierde materialisme. En Anubis zat er sterk aan te denken om hem ook tot A-jongen te kronen, maar durfde het niet aan. Maar de liefde tussen hen groeide zo diep dat de leeuw hem over zijn angst heen hielp, en Anubis kroonde hem tot A-jongen. En Anubis gaf hem een groot deel van zijn rijk, en de sleutelen van zijn hart. En Anubis maakte hem tot een brandende leeuwen-fallus.

3.

De ordes der A-jongens

En de gele Anubis-krokodil kwam tot Anubis, en Anubis gaf hem grote macht, vooral in het oosten en noord-oosten. En Anubis maakte velen tot A-jongen, en maakte onderverdelingen onder de A-jongens. En Anubis schiep de Mispulsius-orde voor de laagste A-jongens, en zij kregen de macht van vertraging en versnelling. En Anubis liet een strenge initiatie opstellen, en zware proeven, opdat er geen indringers onder de Mispulsius-A-jongens zouden komen. En allen die tot A-jongen werden gekroond kwamen over het algemeen eerst in deze orde terecht. En de rode Anubis-arend was hun leraar, en beschermheer. Ja, als een ridder was hij, een ijzeren en een zilveren. En de oranje Anubis-arend was hun beproever en verleider. Ja, grote verzoeken zond hij tot hen, om hen te testen. En de zwarte Anubis-arend streed tegen hen, en sloot hen op, om hen diep in te wijden. En er werd gezegd : 'Anubis is hard.' Ook werd er gezegd : 'Anubis is een verleider.' En de gele Anubis-arend bemoederde hen, en vertrooste hen. En er werd gezegd : 'Anubis is lief en goed, ja, zachtmoedig van hart, een lichtwezen van groot licht.' En zij dan die volharden en volhielden kwamen uiteindelijk tot de volgende orde, die genoemd werd de Metulus. En zij van de Metulus waren groot en sterk, en zij vreesden niets. En zij waren vol van liefde en goedheid, en Anubis was zeer trots op hen. Zij dan waren goed voor het kleine, en zij leefden in diepe vrede. En Anubis had dan zoveel respect voor hen, dat hij ze niet teveel lastig viel. En onder de Metulus waren veel Anubis-leeuwen. Op een dag kwam de rode Anubis-haai tot Anubis om toegelaten te worden tot de Metulus, maar Anubis nam zeer vele rijken van hem weg, omdat hij ongehoorzaam was, en lui. En ook de groene Anubis-haai kwam tot Anubis, maar ook van hem nam Anubis vele rijken weg, omdat hij ongehoorzaam was geweest en lui. Zo kwam ook de gele Anubis-haai tot Anubis, en deze had gouden arendsvleugelen van grote lengte. En Anubis was zo verschrikt, dat hij de haai tot Maat zond. Ook de zwarte Anubis-haai kwam tot Anubis, en Anubis gaf hem macht over een paar goden. Zo ook werd aan de witte Anubis-haai een kleine macht gegeven, maar beiden mochten zij geen Mono worden. En Anubis was verschrikt voor vele dagen, en ging tot Maat. En na deze dagen kwam de Metulus Anubis ten hulp, en Anubis kwam tot rust, vertroosting en vrede. Zo heeft dan Anubis in de Metulus een grote schuilplaats. En Anubis noemde Maat zijn dochter, en liet enkelen van de Metulus over haar hoeden.

4.

Het kameraadschap tussen Anubis en Tifiaf

En zij van de Metulus onderwezen Anubis in magie, en ook brachten zij Anubis tot de kabouterenvolken. En ??n van die kabouters, die een aarddwerg was, was genaamd Tifiaf. En in het oude vierde was hij de allerhoogste God, en tevens lid van de Metulus. En Tifiaf had grote macht, en werd diep gerespecteerd. En Anubis vatte grote liefde voor de aarddwerg Tifiaf, die hem onderwees in de magie en de aardtalen. En hij sprak tot Anubis dat Anubis in het nieuwe vierde de allerhoogste zou zijn, ook in de ordes der A-jongens. En zo kwam er een diepe liefdesband tussen de aarddwerg Tifiaf en Anubis. En Tifiaf onderwees Anubis over de Metulus, die een hele oude orde was onder de A-jongens. En Anubis groeide op, en werd zeer wijs. En zij van de Metulus gingen steeds meer en meer van hem houden.

De betovering

En de rode Anubis-walvis kwam tot Anubis en Tifiaf, en zij genazen hem, en zeiden dat hij nog enige tijd dienden te rusten. En ook de witte Anubis-walvis kwam tot Anubis en Tifiaf, en ziet, hij was als een witte boom, een elf, en een pluizenbol voortgedreven door de wind. En Anubis en Tifiaf brachten hem tot rust. En ook de oranje Anubis-walvis kwam tot Anubis en Tifiaf, en daarna de gele

Anubis-walvis, en zij werden genezen. En zij kregen armen en benen, en zij snelden tot het bos waar zij rust vonden, en diepe vrede. En Anubis en Tifiaf volgden hen met hun ogen na, en staarden naar hen, en wezen. En Anubis leerde hun taal kennen, en sprak met hen voor veertig dagen en nachten, zonder veel te rusten. En ook de zwarte Anubis-walvis kwam tot Anubis en Tifiaf, en Tifiaf legde zijn hand op de walvis, en deze werd tot een zwarte elf. En toen kwam de blauwe Anubis-walvis tot Anubis en Tifiaf, die vele haaien met zich meedroeg. En Tifiaf legde zijn handen op hen, en zij werden elven en feeën, en snelden tot het bos. Ook werden enkelen van hen kabouters en toverdwergen. En de schrik die over hen was was verdwenen.

5.

Nu was er ook de rode Anubis-orca die tot Anubis en Tifiaf kwam, en toen Tifiaf zijn handen op de rode Anubis-orca legde veranderde deze in een rode bessens-elf, en de schrik die over hem lag was verdwenen. En zo kwamen ook de blauwe Anubis-orca, de witte Anubis-orca, de zwarte Anubis-orca, de groene, de gele en nog wat andere kleuren tot Anubis en Tifiaf, en Tifiaf veranderde hen allen in bessens-elven van hun kleur, en zij allen verloren hun schrik. En ziet dan, zij hadden vele zwarte haaien met zich meegenomen, en Tifiaf veranderde die allen in zwarte toverdwergen, en zij gingen te voet naar het rode Anubis-Spanje, en ook naar het gele Anubis-Spanje, waar de krachten van het oosten zijn. En meerdere zwarte haaien kwamen tot Tifiaf, en Tifiaf veranderde hen in zwarte toverelven en zwarte toverfeeën, en zij gingen te voet naar het blauwe Anubis-Spanje, en het groene Anubis-Spanje. En toen kwam een derde groep zwarte haaien tot Tifiaf, en deze waren groot, en Tifiaf veranderde hen in toverreuzen en toverheksen. Enkelen van hen werden machtige tovenaars, en zij allen gingen naar het bruine Anubis-Spanje, het paarse Anubis-Spanje, het roze Anubis-Spanje, het gouden Anubis-Spanje, het zilveren Anubis-Spanje, het Emerald Anubis-Spanje, het Diamanten Anubis-Spanje, het Kristallen Anubis-Spanje, het oranje Anubis-Spanje, het zwarte Anubis-Spanje en het Topazen Anubis-Spanje.

II Mispulsius

1.

En Tifiaf onderwees Anubis veel over hoe de dieren betoverd waren, en Tifiaf gaf vele krachten aan Anubis. Anubis was erg onder de indruk van de toverkunsten van Tifiaf, en hoorde graag zijn stem, die was als de watervallen. Ja, de stem van Tifiaf was betoverend en de bringer van vrede en rust, ja, diepe genezing. En Anubis smeekte Tifiaf om niet meer bij hem weg te gaan. Tridugmin was de volgende orde der A-jongens, en deze A-jongens waren als de heksen. Tifiaf zou met Anubis meegaan op zijn reis door dit gebied. En deze A-jongens waren scherp als dorens, en zij waren als stekende en bijtende planten. En de volgende orde was de Kono, en deze A-jongens waren als de schrik. En Anubis raakte hier zeer bevreesd, maar Tifiaf was bij hem, en stelde hem gerust. Vanwege de schrik kon Anubis voor enige tijd niet spreken. En de groene Anubis-haai kwam tot Anubis, en er ontstond een worsteling. En ook de bruine Anubis-haai kwam tot Anubis, en mengde zich ook in het gevecht tegen Anubis, maar Tifiaf sprong er tussenin, en veranderde hen in elven, en zij verloren hun schrik. En Anubis wilde hen slaan, maar Tifiaf zei : 'Weest genadig met hen, want zij waren betoverd.' En Anubis liet hen met rust.

En de rode Anubis-herdershond kwam tot Anubis en Tifiaf, en Tifiaf veranderde hem in een toverelf. En het was alsof hij uit z'n slaap was gekomen, en hij begon groen te worden. En de blauwe Anubis-herdershond kwam tot Anubis en Tifiaf, en Tifiaf veranderde hem ook in een

toverelf, en hij verloor zijn schrik, en werd kalm. En toen kwam de zwarte Anubis-herdershond tot Anubis en Tifi af, en Tifi af omhelsde hem, en veranderde hem in een toverelf der zwarte bessen, en hij verloor zijn schrik, en wilde met Anubis en Tifi af mee. Daarna kwam de witte Anubis-herdershond tot Anubis en Tifi af, maar Tifi af bestrafte hem. Wel veranderde Tifi af hem in een toverelf der witte gifbessen, maar Tifi af verlaagde hem in rang, en nam vele rijken van hem af, omdat hij lui en ongehoorzaam was geweest. Ook had hij vele misdaden op zijn naam staan, en had hij veel gestolen. En zo werden vele sieraden van hem afgedaan, en ook vele schatten van hem afgenomen, en huizen. Wel zegende Tifi af hem met vrede, maar hij moest zijn rang in de Kono verlaten, en mocht zelfs geen Mono worden. Wel kreeg hij een paar goden onder zich.

2.

Tifi af tot Kono gemaakt

En de zwarte Anubis-toverelf der zwarte bessen die een herdershond was geweest was een grote steun en bescherming voor Anubis en Tifi af, en hij leerde hen veel over de magie der Kono-A-jongens. En zo groeide er een diepe kameraadschap tussen die drie. Later kwam de groene Anubis-herdershond tot de drie, en Tifi af veranderde hem in een toverelf der groene bessen, en hij verloor zijn schrik. En ook hij besloot om met de drie mee te gaan, en hen te beschermen, want de aanvallen der Kono's waren zwaar. Toen kwam de gele Anubis-herdershond tot de vier, en Tifi af veranderde hem in een toverelf der gele bessen en gifbessen, en ook deze verloor zijn schrik en vergezelde en beschermde de groep. En de liefde in de groep begon meer en meer te groeien, en ook de magie. En met hulp van de drie toverelfen, de groene, de zwarte en de gele, maakte Anubis Tifi af tot een Kono, en Anubis was zeer trots op hem.

De toverplas-dwergen

En Anubis maakte Tifi af tot een brandende fallus. En Tifi af's macht werd zeer groot, en door de Kono's werd hij gevreesd. En de rode Anubis-beer kwam tot de vijf, en Tifi af maakte hem tot een toverhuil-dwerg en een toverplas-dwerg. En toen kwam de gele Anubis-beer tot de vijf, en Tifi af maakte hem tot een gele toverhuil-dwerg en een toverplas-dwerg. En toen kwam de zwarte Anubis-beer tot de vijf, en Tifi af maakte hem tot een toverhuil-dwerg en een toverplas-dwerg, en alle drie verloren ze hun schrik. En toen kwam de bruine Anubis-beer tot de vijf, en Tifi af maakte hem tot een bruine toverhuil-dwerg en een toverplas-dwerg, en hij begon het goud der aarde voort te brengen. En toen kwam de witte Anubis-beer tot de vijf, en Tifi af maakte hem tot een witte toverhuil-dwerg, een toverplas-dwerg, en deze begon gouden muziek te maken. En beiden verloren ze hun schrik. Toen kwam de groene Anubis-beer tot de vijf, en Tifi af maakte hem tot een groene toverhuil-dwerg en een toverplas-dwerg, en hij begon de gouden sappen der aarde voort te brengen, en werd als een toverfontein.

Ook begon de groene toverhuil-dwerg en toverplas-dwerg veel spinazie voort te brengen. Toen kwam de roze Anubis-beer tot de vijf, en Tifi af maakte hem tot een toverhuil-dwerg en een toverplas-dwerg, en de dwerg bracht veel rust en vrede, en verloor zijn schrik. En hij begon het zachte der aarde voort te brengen en het mos. Ook begon hij vele groenten voort te brengen, en deze groenten waren zuur, en soms bitter. Toen kwam de gouden Anubis-beer tot de vijf, en Tifi af maakte hem tot een toverhuil-dwerg en een toverplas-dwerg, en hij begon dromen voort te brengen, en grote rust en stilte. Ja, kalmte kwam uit hem voort, en verspreidde zich, en hij verloor zijn schrik. En hij droeg vele beren met zich mee, en Tifi af veranderde hen in feeën. Toen kwam de blauwe Anubis-beer tot de vijf, en Tifi af veranderde hem in een toverhuil-dwerg en toverplas-dwerg, en hij

werd als een tover-spaarpot, en hij bracht veel tovermuziek voort. Ja, als een muziek-dooz werd hij, en als een tovercarroussel, en Tifiaf gaf hem grote macht, om volkeren in te nemen en te betoveren. En Tifiaf noemde hem de spaar-dwerg. En hij kreeg hoge macht over het rode Anubis-Nederland, het gele Anubis-Nederland, het groene Anubis-Nederland, het zwarte Anubis-Nederland, het paarse Anubis-Nederland.

3.

De dwerg Tulup

En toen kwam de paarse Anubis-beer tot de vijf, en Tifiaf veranderde ook hem in een spaar-dwerg, en gaf hem grote macht. En toen kwam de zilveren Anubis-beer tot de vijf, en Tifiaf veranderde hem in een toverhuil-dwerg en een toverplas-dwerg, en hij kreeg grote macht in het rode Anubis-Vlaardingen, het gele Anubis-Vlaardingen, het groene Anubis-Vlaardingen, het blauwe Anubis-Vlaardingen, het zilveren Anubis-Vlaardingen, het gouden Anubis-Vlaardingen. En de dwerg heette Tulup. En Tifiaf en Anubis vatten zoveel liefde voor de dwerg, dat ze hem tot een koning over de Kono's maakten. En Tulup leerde Tifiaf en Anubis veel over de krachten en machten der Kono's, en leerde hen hun magie te gebruiken.

De kamer-spaardwergen

En toen kwam de rode Anubis-olifant tot de vijf, en Tifiaf en Anubis veranderden hem in een rode kamer-spaardwerg. En toen kwam de gele Anubis-olifant tot de vijf, en Tifiaf en Anubis veranderden hem in een gele kamer-spaardwerg. Daarna kwam de groene Anubis-olifant tot de vijf, en Tifiaf en Anubis veranderden hem in een groene kamer-spaardwerg. Daarna kwam de roze Anubis-olifant tot de vijf, en Tifiaf en Anubis veranderden hem in een roze kamer-spaardwerg. Vervolgens kwam de bruine Anubis-olifant tot de vijf, en Tifiaf en Anubis veranderden hem in een kamer-spaardwerg, en hij verloor zijn schrik. Ook genazen ze hem, en troosten hem. Vervolgens kwam de grijze Anubis-olifant tot de vijf, en ook de zwarte Anubis-olifant, en zij veranderden hen in kamer-spaardwergen. En zo kwamen ook de zilveren Anubis-olifant en de gouden Anubis-olifant tot hen, en zij veranderden hen in kamer-spaardwergen. Daarna kwamen de paarse Anubis-olifant en de oranje Anubis-olifant, tezamen met de blauwe Anubis-olifant en de koperen Anubis-olifant tot hen, en zij veranderden hen in kamer-spaardwergen. Langzaamaan verloren zij hun schrik.

4.

Vervolgens kwam de groene Anubis-rat tot hen, en zij veranderden hem in een toverplas-dwerg, en een keukendwerg. Toen kwam de rode Anubis-rat tot hen, en zij veranderden hem in een toverplas-dwerg en een slaapkamer-dwerg. Toen kwam de gele Anubis-rat tot hen, en zij veranderden hem in een toverplas-dwerg en een slaapkamer-dwerg. Toen kwam de zwarte Anubis-rat tot hen, en zij veranderden hem in een toverplas-dwerg en een huiskamer-dwerg. Toen kwam de blauwe Anubis-rat tot hen, en zij veranderden hem in een toverplas-dwerg en een gang-dwerg. Vervolgens kwam de paarse Anubis-rat tot hen, en zij veranderden hem in een toverplas-elf, en een gang-elf.

Vervolgens kwam de rode Anubis-eekhoorn tot hen, en zij veranderden hem in een toverplas-elf en een huiskamer-elf. Vervolgens kwam de blauwe Anubis-eekhoorn tot hen, en zij veranderden hem in een toverplas-elf en een slaapkamer-elf. En beiden ontwaakten zij uit een diepe slaap.

Vervolgens kwam de groene Anubis-eekhoorn tot hen, en zij veranderden hem in een spaar-elf en een toverplas-elf. Vervolgens kwam de roze Anubis-eekhoorn tot hen, en zij veranderden haar in een toverhuil-fee, een toverplas-fee en een spaarfee. Vervolgens kwam de zwarte Anubis-eekhoorn

tot hen, en zij veranderden haar in een toverhuil-fee, een toverplas-fee en een spaarfee, en zij ontwaakte uit een diepe slaap en verloor haar schrik. Vervolgens kwam de bruine Anubis-eekhoorn tot hen, en zij veranderden haar in een toverhuil-fee, een toverplas-fee en een spaarfee, en zij ontwaakte uit een diepe slaap, en verloor haar schrik. Vervolgens kwam de gouden Anubis-eekhoorn tot hen, en zij veranderden haar in een toverhuil-fee, en zij bracht vele groenten voort.

5.

Daarna kwam de rode Anubis-panter tot hen, en zij veranderden haar in een toverhuil-heks. Zij dan ontwaakte uit een zeer diepe slaap, een slaap die ze zelden hadden gezien. Daarna kwam de roze Anubis-panter tot hen, en ook zij veranderden ze in een toverhuil-heks, en zij ontwaakte uit een diepe slaap. Vervolgens kwam de zwarte Anubis-panter tot hen, en zij veranderden ze in een toverhuil-heks, en zij ontwaakte uit een diepe slaap. Daarna kwam de blauwe Anubis-panter tot hen, en zij veranderden ze in een toverhuil-heks, en zij ontwaakte uit een diepe slaap. En toen kwam de gele Anubis-panter, en ook de gouden, de zilveren de grijzen, en nog vele andere kleuren. En zij veranderden hen allen in toverhuil-heksen, en ziet, zij ontwaakten uit een diepe slaap.

En vele kleuren Anubis-krokodillen werden tot toverhuil-reuzen gemaakt, en ook vele kleuren Anubis-nijlpaarden en Anubis-neushoorns.

En toen zetten zij hun reis voort, en Tulup bracht hen tot de volgende orde der A-jongens, en dit was de orde der toverhuilers, en de orde daarboven waren de toverplassers, de orde daarboven waren de toverspaarders, en de orde daarboven waren de toverkamerers.

Tulup

1.

En de witte Anubis-rozen werden tot fontein-dwergen, en de zwarte Anubis-rozen werden tot fontein-dwergen, en ook vele andere kleuren Anubis-rozen. En ook andere Anubis-bloemen in vele kleuren werden tot fontein-feeën, fontein-elven, en fontein-heksen, fontein-reuzen. Ook lieten zij dan de bomen ontwaken en de planten, en de wind, de zee, de lucht, en de wolken, ja, ook de lichten en de vlammen, de kou en vele andere elementen, en zij werden tot toverwezens. En Tulup, de toverhuil-dwerg en toverplas-dwerg, werd zeer machtig, en werd zelfs een koning over toverkamerers. En de toverkamerers leerden hem veel, en ook onderwezen zij Tifiaf en Anubis met hun elven. En Anubis en Tifiaf groeiden in tovermacht en toverkracht, en op een dag kwam de blauwe Anubis tot hen, en zij hielpen hem ook. En al snel werd hij een machtig koning naast Tulup over de toverkamerers. En Tulup en de blauwe Anubis werden dikke vrienden. Maar Tifiaf en Anubis met hun drie elven wilden verder gaan, en zo besloten zij te vertrekken om op zoek te gaan naar de hogere orde der A-jongens. Tifiaf was een erg trouwe vriend van Anubis geworden, en beiden hadden ze een diepe honger die ze wilden stillen.

Maar even later kwamen ook Tulup en de blauwe Anubis eraan rennen. Zij wilden ook mee. En samen gingen ze verder, op zoek naar de hogere ordes der A-jongens.

2.

De orde der toverplassers dan bestaan uit vele groepen en lagen. Zo is er dan een afdeling die de toverplas-praters heten. Hieronder zijn heksen, kabouters, dwergen, elven, reuzen, en noem maar op. Zij dan vormen de basis voor de toverplas-sexualiteit. De toverplas-orgasms behoren tot een

hogere groep, en zij zijn het die de toverplas-orgasmes zenden, en veel liefdesverdriet veroorzaken. Ja, de plagers zijn zij. Anubis dan is de brandende fallus, en ook wordt hij genoemd : de brandende christus, of de brandende maria. Ook wordt hij wel het brandende kruis genoemd. De blauwe Anubis wordt de brandende boeddha genoemd.

Toverplassers

1.

De toverspugers

Op een dag kwamen de toverspugers tot Anubis en Tifiāf, en zij brachten hen tot die orde, en deze orde had grote macht. En vele toverplassers werden tot toverspugers, en zij leerden veel van elkaar. En vele leeuwen kwamen tot Tifiāf en Anubis. En samen met de drie elven, en met de hulp van Tulup, de blauwe Anubis, en enkele toverspugers werden de leeuwen gemaakt tot toverspuug-dwergen. En zij verloren hun schrik. En ook kwamen zij tot vele bomen, en zij werden veranderd in toverspuug-dwergen. En zij verloren hun schrik. Toen kwamen er vele koeien tot Anubis en Tifiāf en hun vrienden, en zij werden veranderd in toverspuug-dwergen. Ook kwamen er toen vele honden en wolven tot Anubis en Tifiāf en hun vrienden, en zij werden veranderd in toverspuug-dwergen. Vervolgens kwamen er vele katachtigen tot hen, en velen van hen waren wild. En zij werden door hen veranderd in toverspuug-dwergen, toverspuug-elven, toverspuug-feeën, toverspuug-heksen, en zij verloren hun schrik.

2.

De toverniers en toversnuiters

Op een dag kwamen de toverniers tot hen, en ook de toversnuiters, en zij hadden veel macht over de toverspugers, en konden hen zenden waar ze wilden. Onder hen dan waren veel dwergen. En vele toverplassers werden tot toverniers en toversnuiters. En vele olifanten kwamen tot hen, en zij werden veranderd in tovernies-dwergen en tovernies-snuiters. Vervolgens kwamen er vele geiten en bokken tot hen, en ook ezels, en paarden, en vele andere dieren, en zij werden gemaakt tot tovernies-dwergen en toversnuit-dwergen. En de toverniers en toversnuiters hadden grote macht, en zij waren als de scarabeeën en de beschermers der organen. En zij hadden grote kracht in hun armen, en zij konden de liefdesbanden der wezens smeden. En vele eekhoorns kwamen tot Tifiāf en Anubis en hun vrienden, en zij veranderden hen in tovernies-elven en toversnuit-elven, en zij ontwaakten uit een diepe slaap. En de tovernies-elven en de toversnuit-elven werden groot, en konden de sexuele toverliefdesbanden smeden. En vele Anubis-ratten, hermelijnen, krokodillen, haaien, kameleonen, Anubis-muizen, hagedissen, salamanders en vele andere dieren kwamen tot hen, en zij werden gemaakt tot tovernies-heksen en toversnuit-heksen, en zij ontwaakten uit hun diepe slaap, en verloren hun schrik.

3.

Het kameraadschap tussen Tulup en Tifiāf

En Tulup en Tifiāf werden zeer groot, en zij werden als koningen over de toverniers en de toversnuiters. En vele toverplassers volgden hen. En vele toverplassers vroegen aan Tulup en Tifiāf hoe zij toverniers en toversnuiters konden worden, en Tulup en Tifiāf schreven vele boeken, en hielden veel bijeenkomsten waarin zij door hun toverkunsten veranderingen aanbrachten. Maar na

enige tijd moesten zij met Anubis en de blauwe Anubis en de drie elven verder trekken. De toverplassers die zo graag toverniers en toversnuiters wilden worden, en door Tulup en Tifiaf al enigszins veranderd waren begonnen veel boeken over Tulup en Tifiaf te schrijven, en zij begonnen hun instructies op te volgen. Zo werden er dan vele banden tussen Tulup en Tifiaf gecreeerd, en hun liefde voor elkaar groeide. En zij schreven veel muziek die zij naar de toverplassers zonden.

4.

De drie elven tot koningen gemaakt

En Anubis, de blauwe Anubis, Tifiaf, Tulup en de drie elven zetten hun reis voort naar nog hogere ordes der A-jongens. En zo kwamen ze tot de toverstank-dwergen, en dezen hadden grote macht. Ook hadden zij grote kracht. En de toverstank-dwergen dan konden vele wonden van hen genezen, maar enkele doornen konden zij niet weghalen. Ook brachten de toverstank-dwergen hen tot de toverstank-elven en zij waren erg onder de indruk. En zo werden zij dan ingewijd tot de orde der toverstankers. En een der toverstankers pakte het boek van het eerste, en ziet, de letters waren als de hoofdjes van dwergen.

En Anubis raakte erg verlegen toen hij de toverkunsten der toverstankers zag, maar de toverstankers stelden hem gerust, en troosten hem. En de drie elven werden tot toverstank-elven, en zij werden alle drie koningen der toverstankers. En dezen waren : de zwarte Anubis-toverelf der zwarte bessen, de groene Anubis-toverelf der groene bessen, en de gele Anubis-toverelf der gele bessen en gifbessen, en zij waren vroeger herdershonden geweest.

5.

De toverplagers

En toen gingen zij tot de volgende orde der A-jongens, en dezen waren de toverplagers. En zij hadden macht, en konden grote genezingen doen. Maar deze A-jongens waren erg goed voor hen, en voor elkaar. En vele hyena's en jakhalzen kwamen tot hen, en ook vele soorten honden, en ziet zij waren diep betoverd en in een diepe slaap. En enkele toverplagers kwamen tot Tifiaf om hem nieuwe gaven van genezing en toverkunsten te geven, en Tifiaf legde de handen op deze dieren en veranderde hen in toverplaag-dwergen en toverplaag-elven. Ook werden velen van hen veranderd in toverplaag-heksen, en zij verloren hun schrik, maar een andere schrik kwam over hen, en deze was als de toverschrik.

En ook vele beren en varkens kwamen tot hen, en vele grote en kleine dieren, en zij allen werden omgetoverd tot toverplaag-elven, toverplaag-reuzen, toverplaag-heksen, toverplaag-feeën, toverplaag-dwergen en andere soorten toverplagers. En de menigten van hen waren zeer groot.

6.

De vijf ordes der A-jongens

Vervolgens kwamen ze tot de toverschrikkers, en zij droegen de toverschrik. En Anubis had nog nooit zoiets gezien. En onder hen waren ook de tovergillers en de toverschreeuwens. Ook waren er tovergapers in de buurt. En Anubis nam alle toverwezens en bracht ze tot een grote ketel, die de Anubis-ketel werd genoemd. En Anubis begon in de ketel te roeren, en hij verdeelde de A-jongens onder de Mispulsius, de Metulus, de Kono, en noemde de vierde laag der A-jongens waarin hij de toverwezens verdeelde de Tifiaf, en de vijfde laag waarin hij ze verdeelde noemde hij Tulup. Zo waren er dan vijf aardlagen der A-jongens. En Anubis zegende deze lagen. En zij hadden als Heilige

Schriften : het Tweede Woord, het Derde Woord, die het Egyptische Woord is, het Vierde Woord, die het Anubis-Woord is, en vele vele toverboeken. Ook hadden zij als Heilige Geschriften de geschriften van de Log. En zij aanbaden de Woorden, de toverboeken en de geschriften van Log. En hun religie heette de Alaad. Dit zijn dan de woorden van het oude vierde. En Anubis maakte zich op om de allerhoogste te worden, wanneer het nieuwe vierde tot hem zou komen. Dan zou Tifiaf het allerhoogste aan hem overdragen, en zou Anubis zelfs de allerhoogste der A-jongens worden. En Anubis stond op pruttige grond, en de gaten in de grond bliezen. Het was warm, en Anubis bereidde zich voor tot koningschap over de Alaad, een strenge religieuze orde. En Anubis vroeg zich af wat dan de hemel boven hem zou worden. Wie heerste er over de A-jongens, wie waren er hoger dan A-jongens. Of zouden zij ook in de Anubis-ketel tot A-jongens moeten worden ? Of zouden zij alle positie moeten verliezen ? Anubis wist het niet.

7.

De brandende dierentenen

Op een dag kwam er een oude man tot Anubis. De man zei dat hij een Log was, een onderwijzer der A-jongens, en hij wilde Anubis graag zien. En de man had grote macht over de dierenwerelden, en kon hen ook weer uit hun betovering verlossen. En de man sprak dat er een heleboel logs waren, en dat Anubis ook de allerhoogste zou worden over de logs, in het nieuwe vierde. En de logs dan waren de orde boven de A-jongens. Anubis dan was erg onder de indruk, maar ook erg op zijn hoede. En er kwam een lange elf naast de oude man staan, en die elf was als een brandende teen. En ineens leek de man niet meer zo oud. En ze leidden Anubis tot een ruimte waar hele lange en beenderige dierentenen brandden. Zo was er een rood brandende dierenteen, en deze teen was gebogen. Ook was er een blauw brandende dierenteen, ook gebogen. Verder een groene, een gele, een zwarte en nog wat kleuren, en zij stonden in een cirkel, en binnen die cirkel stond een vreemd symbool op de grond getekend. En de man sprak luid, en de lange dierentenen begonnen in elven te veranderen en verdwenen door het symbool. En de schrik viel op Anubis. En de elf naast de man die op een brandende teen leek begon te spreken, en sprak heel hoog, en weer viel de schrik op Anubis. En de man sprak : Zij dan van de Log zijn de brandende tenen, en zij hebben toegang tot de plaatsen onder de aarde.

8.

Toen kwamen er brandende ogen tot de man, brandende tepels, brandende borsten, brandende spieren tot de man, en hij veranderde ze in elven en dwergen. En de elven en dwergen begonnen in andere talen te spreken. En de man klapte in zijn handen, en ze verdwenen door het symbool op de grond. En vele aardslangen kwamen tot de man, en hij veranderde hen allen in elven die op lange brandende tenen leken. En zij ontwaakten uit een diepe slaap. En Anubis begon door de grond te zakken, die hem scheen te verslinden, maar de man trok hem omhoog, en Anubis had pijn in zijn arm.

Toermalijn

1.

En de laagste orde der logs heette de Toermalijn, en zij hadden grote macht tot het betoveren en onttoveren van lichaamsdelen. En zij van de Toermalijn onderwezen Anubis en wijdden hem in. En Anubis moest veel studeren, en vele boeken lezen. Zij van de Toermalijn hadden hem veel te

vertellen, en de elven van de Toermalijn waren als lange brandende tenen. En ??n van hen raakte met Anubis in gevecht, en Anubis verloor ??n van zijn benen, maar er groeide wel weer een nieuw been aan, en dit been was als een lange brandende teen. En weer raakte Anubis met ??n der elven in gevecht, en verloor zijn rechterarm, maar daat groeide wel weer een nieuwe arm aan, en die arm was als een lange brandende teen. En de brandende tenen waren zeer beenderig, en Anubis had pijn in dat been en die arm. En Anubis stem begon te veranderen en hoger te worden. Op een dag raakte Anubis weer in gevecht met ??n der elven, en Anubis brak zijn ruggegraat, en verloor deze, daar de elf het uit hem trok, maar er groeide een nieuwe ruggegraat in, en deze was als een lange brandende teen. En Anubis had enkele dagen pijn in zijn rug. En weer begon Anubis door de grond te zinken, maar de elven trokken hem weer omhoog.

2.

En de elven der Toermalijn waren zeer sterk en klemden zich aan Anubis vast om met zijn lichaam te versmelten. En op een dag kwamen er een heleboel aapjes tot de Toermalijn, en zij klemden zich vast aan de longen der elven, en lieten hen niet los. En zo moest ??n der opper-elven hen vrijzetten van de aapjes, en hij veranderde de aapjes in dwergen. En de elven der Toermalijn lieten Anubis vele skeletten zien met brandende botten. En in een zaal stonden brandende harten op stokken geprikt, en ziet, zij waren als kandelaars. Ook zag Anubis hier enkele lange brandende botten staan, en wat brandende ogen op stokken geprikt, en zij werden allemaal in elven en dwergen veranderd.

En de volgende orde der logs was de Tukon, en hun hoofdman was als een brandende voet, en als een meerkoppige slang die vuur spuwde. Maar ineens kwam de man bij Anubis terug, en veranderde de meerkoppige slang in een meerkoppige elf, en daarna scheidde hij hen van elkaar, en zij verloren hun schrik. En in een zaal achter hen, waar ook veel brandende voeten waren op stokken gestoken kwamen de man en Anubis binnen, en zij veranderden hen in elven, en scheidten hen van elkaar. Ook waren er veel brandende tepels en brandende levers op stokken geprikt, en zij werden veranderd in toverhuil-dwergen en toverplas-dwergen, en weer anderen in spaardwergen, toverschrik-dwergen of toverplaag-dwergen. Ook werden sommigen in toverspuug-dwergen veranderd, en weer anderen in toverpo-dwergen. Anubis ontmoette in deze zaal ook de toverhik-dwergen, de toverfrons-dwergen en de toverslaap-dwergen. En Anubis bracht hen allen tot de grote Anubis-ketel en begon weer te roeren, en hij verdeelde hen over de vijf ordes der A-jongens : de Mispulsius, Metulus, de Kono, de Tifiaf en de Tulup, en ook bracht hij enkelen onder hen tot de Toermalijn, en enkelen liet hij bij de Tukon.

3.

De strijd tegen de Christus

En de man kwam tot Anubis en sprak : 'Als gij dan ouder geworden zijt, dan zult gij de christus verslaan en vernietigen.' En de man ging tot een christus, en verscheurde hem, en veranderde de scheuren in de toverplas-christus, de toverhuil-christus, de toverstank-christus, de toverplaag-christus, de toverpo-christus, de toverschrik-christus, de toverspuug-christus, de spaardwerg-christus. En de man sprak verder : 'Gij dan zult de christus geheel zuiveren, en hem veranderen.' En nadat het even een tijdje stil was geweest sprak de man verder : 'Gij dan zult de christus geheel verscheuren, en gij zult de scheuren en de delen in toverdwergen veranderen.' En Anubis was ontsteld door deze woorden, maar kwam tot grote vrede. En een veelkoppige slang kwam tot hen, met koppen en halzen als lange dikke groene naalden of pinnen, en hij zei dat hij de christus was. Maar de man sprak dat er vele christussen waren, en dat zij allen zouden sterven. En hij veranderde

de slang in elven, en scheidde hen van elkaar. En ziet, de elven waren als brandende tenen. Ook leken zij op panthers, maar de man wierp hen in de grote Anubis-ketel. En weer kwamen er vele christussen tot de man en Anubis, en de man verscheurde hen, en maakte hen tot spaar-anubissen, tot toverhuil-anubissen, tot toverplas-anubissen, tot toverspuug-anubissen, tot toverschrik-anubissen, tot toverpo-anubissen, tot toverstank-anubissen. En Anubis maakte zich op om tegen de christus te strijden. En Anubis werd genoemd : Hij die tegen Christus strijdt, en hij was de brandende christus. Zo is dan Anubis de brandende Christus, en hij die Christus ombrengt, want ziet, hij is de god van de dood, en de schenker des doods zal ook de dood ontvangen. Dit dan is het vierde Pniel. En zo is Anubis dan als een vierde Christus, maar ziet, hij is meer dan dat. Zo is dan de Christus vele anubissen bij elkaar, en Anubis is vele christussen bij elkaar. Christus is dan de gevangenis van Anubis waarin hij opgroeit, en Anubis is de gevangenis van Christus, waarin hij opgroeit tot vernietiging. Want als het nieuwe dan gekomen is, dan is het oude niet verre van de verwijdering. Zo zal dan de zwarte hond als een zwarte panter en een zwarte draak uit de Christus komen door hem te verscheuren, en dan zal alles van Anubis zijn. En Anubis verbleekte bij deze woorden, en was enkele dagen ziek. De islam dan is als de zwarte slang bij Christus onder de voet, maar als dan de zwarte slang verscheurd is, dan zal de blauwe Anubis vrijkomen, en Jezus Christus naar de keel vliegen. En dan zal de fallus van Jezus Christus, die als de distel is, verscheurd worden, en dan zullen de zwarte Anubis-raven en de rode anubissen vrijgezet worden. En zij zullen zich storten op de laatste delen van Jezus Christus die gekruisigd is, en zij zullen de laatste anubissen vrijzetten. Zo kan dan Christus niet bestaan zonder Anubis, en Anubis niet zonder Christus. Maar aan het eind zullen er geen Jezus Christussen meer zijn, alleen wat jongens, wat jongens van lynx.

4.

En aan het einde van deze woorden kwamen vele draken tot de man en tot Anubis, en de man maakte hen tot vele soorten Anubissen. En ook kwam er een hondenhaag en een hondenmachine tot de man en Anubis, en de man veranderde hen in vele Anubissen. En vele rode anubissen kwamen vrij, en zij vormden een grote reuzenslang, die toen uit elkaar spatte. En zo werden ze tot Anubis-elven, Anubis-dwergen, Anubis-heksen. En vele bokken en bokachtigen kwamen tot hen, en ook vele paardachtigen, en zij zetten hen vrij, omdat ze veelal aan elkaar vastzaten, en zij veranderden hen in Anubissen, en daarna in Anubis-elven, Anubis-dwergen en Anubis-heksen. En Anubis zag toe, en was erg tevreden. En vele rode Anubis-draken kwamen tot de man en Anubis, en de man veranderde hen in Anubis-elven, Anubis-dwergen, Anubis-heksen. En vele blauwe Anubis-draken begonnen tot de man en Anubis te komen, en de man veranderde hen in Anubis-elven, Anubis-dwergen en Anubis-heksen. En vele zwarte Anubis-draken begonnen tot Anubis en de man te komen, en de man leerde Anubis hoe hij de draken moest helpen, en veranderde hen in Anubis-elven, Anubis-dwergen en Anubis-heksen. En vele zwarte Anubis-zeedragen kwamen tot Anubis en de man, en de man leerde Anubis de toverkunsten te doen, en veranderde hen in Anubis-elven, Anubis-dwergen en Anubis-heksen. En vele Anubis-vissen en enkele Anubis-zeemeerminnen begonnen tot Anubis en de man te komen, en samen veranderden ze hen in Anubis-elven, Anubis-dwergen en Anubis-heksen. En de man maakte Anubis tot een Log. Eerst gaf hij hem de Toermalijn-graad en later de Tukon-graad.

5.

En toen Anubis de graden ontving was hij enkele dagen ziek, en kwam de schrik over hem. En hem werd een staf gegeven van lange brandende tenen die een toverei omklemden, maar Anubis veranderde de lange brandende tenen in elven, en het toverei veranderde hij in een dwerg.

Slurpup

1.

En Anubis kwam tot een zaal waarin lange benige brandende tenen als stokken in de grond stonden, dragende brandende ogen. En een man greep zo'n stok en gebruikte het als zwaard. En hij moest vechten tegen mensenkinderen en slachtte hen allen met dit wapen. En hij veranderde de repen der geslachte mensenkinderen in meer van zulke stokken, en stak ze in de grond. En weer deed hij toverkunsten en de vreemde stokken begonnen in elven te veranderen, en deze elven waren zeer sterk.

En ik, ik zag de monotheismen van de Blauwe Anubis en schreef al deze dingen op. Zij spraken dan, en hadden brandende oren op lange brandende stokken. En deze stokken waren lang, zeer lang, en gilden. En zo kwam ik ook tot de monotheismen van de Witte Anubis, en ik zag een vuur komende van Romeinse tronen om mij te branden. Ook waren daar vreemde compacte altaren en schilden. En ik was als in de vierde hel die Anubis bereid had voor hen die niet geloofden. En ziet, deze hel was niet eeuwig, maar zijn vlam wel. Zo dan zuivert Anubis een ieder die niet gehoorzaam is aan de wetten van het vierde, en zo zal dan een ieder door deze hel moeten gaan om getest te worden. En ik zag lange brandende oren, met daarop brandende monden. En ziet, deze monden konden voor enige tijd niet spreken. En ik kwam tot de monotheismen van de Groene Anubis, en een engel werd mij gegeven. Maar de engelen der Anubissen heten kraters, kraktors en krakers. Zo kwam er dan een engel hoog boven mij te staan om mij te beschermen en mij licht te geven, en de naam van deze engel was Niktus.

En ik kwam tot de monotheismen van de Rode Anubis, en mij werd een papier gegeven van zachte zijde, met daarop de wetten van de Rode Anubis. En deze wetten waren heilig. En ik zag Romeinse arken staan, en Romeinse preekstoelen en kasten, en deze kasten waren vreemd, tot het uitschenken van de wateren der hel. En aldus was ik in de hel der Rode Anubis. En ik werd geprikt met stokken, en weer zag ik lange brandende oren staan, met daarop brandende monden. En ziet, deze monden waren zacht. En toen kwam de Rode Anubis tot mij, en gaf mij stenen tafelen, twee in aantal, waarop zijn heilige voorschriften beschreven stonden. En ziet, zij waren als wetboeken en rechtsgeschriften. Maar hij nam de stenen tafelen weer over van mij, en brak hen. Toen sprak de Rode Anubis : 'Gij dan zult niet meer onder de wet leven der stenen tafelen, want deze wetten zijn oud. Toen wees hij op het papier van zachte zijden met daarop de nieuwe wetten, van een nieuw verbond, en dit dan was het vierde verbond.

En de Rode Anubis pakte mij bij de hand, en nam mij mee tot zijn hemelen. En ik zag brandende konijnenoren die steeds afbrokkelden, en ziet, deze oren waren zacht. En zij droegen brandende monden, die ook zeer zacht waren, en waaruit de wateren der hemelen stroomden. En dit dan was de vierde hemel. En Anubis sprak : Gij dan zult een reis maken door het leven, en deze reis zal beschreven staan in het Anubis Boek des Levens. Ook zult gij een reis maken door de hemelen, en deze reis zal beschreven staan in het Anubis Boek des Hemels. En mij werden sleutelen gegeven, en een mond werd in mij geplaatst, en deze mond sprak woorden van eeuwig leven. Zo dan stroomden er levenswateren uit de mond. En ziet, deze mond brandde en was zeer zacht.

En de Paarse Anubis kwam tot mij, en hij sprak woorden van eeuwig leven. En ziet, hij leidde mij tot een bron, waaruit geel levenswater stroomde. En ziet, dit water dan brandde. En hij sprak : 'gij dan hebt veel moeten lijden, zoals alle discipelen van Anubis. Neemt dan nu van dit water, en leef.' En het was als het godenwater van Anubis, en de hemelen en de grond waarop ik stond trilden. En

de Paarse Anubis leidde mij tot een struik waar lange brandende tenen krioelden. En hij sprak : 'Wanneer gij deze brandende tenen tot uw wapenen neemt, dan zullen zij vrijkomen, want ziet, zij leefden onder zware betovering.' Maar ook was er een man die Gulius heette. En ziet, de Paarse Anubis kwam tot hem, en veranderde hem in een brandende teen en bracht het tot de struik. Zo dan werd de struik verzadigd. En de struik groeide uit tot een brandende boom. En de Paarse Anubis liet mij zijn monotheïsmen zien, en zij waren met velen. Ja, als een sterrenhemel aan de lucht, en als het zand liggende aan de zee. Toen wenkte de Paarse Anubis mij om mee te komen, en hij leidde mij tot een paars kasteel. En dit kasteel was groot, en brandende tenen hingen aan de muren. En Anubis sprak : 'Zij dan zijn de ongehoorzamen en zij zullen geheel wegbranden op de dag des oordeels, maar voor nu, gebruikt hen als uw wapenen. Zij die gehoorzaam schijnen te zijn, zullen worden tot elven. En dit dan is de vierde alverzoening. En zij zullen worden tot engelen, profeten en dienstknechten van Anubis. En Anubis sprak in vele raadselen en geheimenissen.

En er was een branderige lucht in het kasteel die zware angst veroorzaakte. En ik nam de brandende tenen van de muur af, en legde ze in een kar naast mij. Toen leidde de Paarse Anubis mij weg van het kasteel, en bracht mij tot een woestijn. En deze woestijn was droog en dor, en ik verlangde sterk naar water. En ik zag brandende benen met brandende tepels erop. En de Paarse Anubis zei : 'Als gij deze stokken met u meedraagt, dan zijt gij vrij, en kunt gij niet tot een slaaf gemaakt worden.' En ik nam de brandende benen die als stokken waren, waarop brandende tepels waren geprikt, en ik legde ze in de kar. Dieper in de woestijn was het nog droger en dor, en mijn eigen benen begonnen te branden. En ik zag daar brandende armen, met daarop brandende tepels. En weer sprak de Paarse Anubis, zeggende dat ik ze in mijn kar moest legen, opdat ik beschermd zou worden tegen slavernij. En een vochtige wolk kwam om ons op te nemen.

En zo kwam ik tot de monotheïsmen van de Roze Anubis, en ziet, zij lagen als steden op de grond, tussen bergen en dalen, en zij waren als ruïnes. Ook kwam ik tot de monotheïsmen der Gele Anubis, de monotheïsmen van de Gouden Anubis, van de Zilveren Anubis, van de Diamanten Anubis, van de Smaragden Anubis, van de Topazen Anubis, en nog veel meer kleuren en gesteenten. En het goud begon zich voor mij uit te spreiden, en ik zag meer kleuren goud. En ook zag ik het zilver voor mij uitspreiden, en ik zag meerdere kleuren zilver, en mijn lichaam begon te branden. En een stem sprak : 'Dit dan zijn de krachten der zon.' Maar de vuren deden pijn, en ik begon te schreeuwen en te gillen. Het was zo erg en zo zwaar dat ik niet meer wilde leven. En de stem kwam dichterbij en sprak : 'Het doodsverlangen is van belang om te kunnen leven. Gij dan leeft door de dood, en komt tot de hemel door de hel. Gij dan bent vrij in gebondenheid.' En ik zag de Oranje Anubis, en zijn gestalte was van grote afmetingen. Ja, als een draak was hij, en zijn stemmen waren hoog. En ik begon te verlangen naar ijs vanwege de onuitputtelijke hitte. 'Komt dan tot de IJs-Anubis, sprak de stem,' en ik kwam dichterbij. En ik zag een monster op me afkomen van ijs, en hij had een dikke staart. Hij dan leek veel op Anubis. En hij gaf mij een gouden ijsster in mijn hand, bedekt met wat sneeuw. En in mijn hand begon de ster zachter en zachter te worden, maar het begon erg zoet te worden in mijn mond en buik. En ik vroeg wat dit betekende, en de IJs-Anubis sprak : 'Zij dan die door het ijs tot het zachte zijn gekomen, zullen het zoete moeten onderwerpen.' En ik deed een stap terug, omdat het zoete mij verslaptte, en pijnigde. En ik zag letters voor mij staan die in eendenhoofden veranderden. En de letters omhulden mij. En de Zachte Anubis kwam tot mij, maar ik rende van hem weg, omdat er vuur uit hem kwam. Toen kwam de Harde Anubis tot mij, maar ook uit hem kwam vuur, en ik begon een andere kant op te rennen. En weer kwam ik tot de IJs-Anubis, maar zoet kwam uit hem, om mij te verslappen. En weer deed ik een paar stappen achteruit, en ik keek omhoog. En daar zag ik een gouden paard staan, als een Anubis, en uit zijn mond

kwamen de letters van eendenhoofden, en ziet, zij omhulden mij. En hij dan had een zachte stem, en troostte mij. Hij bracht mij tot een zaal in de lucht. Hier stonden de Zachte Toon Anubis, de Harde Toon Anubis, de Hoge Toon Anubis, en de Lage Toon Anubis. En het gouden paard vroeg mij er ??n uit te kiezen, maar ik wist niet welke ik moest kiezen. Toen drukte het gouden paard me richting de zachte toon anubis, en deze slokte mij op. Toen kwam ik in een nieuwe zaal, hoog in de lucht. Hier stonden de Zachte Hoge Toon Anubis, de Zachte Lage Toon Anubis en de Zachte Harde Toon Anubis. En weer moest ik er ??n uitkiezen, en ik koos voor de Zachte Harde Toon Anubis. En ik kwam weer in een zaal hoog in de lucht. Hier was een koude vlam, een zachte vlam, en een harde vlam. Weer moest ik kiezen, en ik koos voor de koude vlam. Weer kwam ik in een zaal hoog in de lucht en ik zag de Dunne Anubis, de Dikke Anubis, de Grote Anubis, de Kleine Anubis, de Lichte Anubis, en de Zware Anubis. Ook kwam de Felle Anubis binnen, en de Donkere Anubis. In de zaal stonden brandende ogen op stokken, en ook brandende alvleesklieren. Ook waren hier allerlei zoetklieren op stokken geprikt, brandend. Toen kwam er vanuit een deur ineens een brandend oor binnen, met daarboven een brandende mond. De mond had een stem als een radio, en de stem klonk erg ver weg. Plotseling begonnen er sappen uit de mond en het oor te stromen, en deze sappen waren koud, en genezend. En er kwamen letters uit de brandend mond, en deze letters waren als vliegen, en zij gingen als tralies om mij heen staan. Er werd een gat in de grond van de zaal geopend, en ik zakte in de kooi naar beneden, totdat het erg donker werd.

En ik kwam in een hel, waar ik de langste brandende tenen zag die ik ooit had gezien. De langste gilden en krijsten het hardst en hoogst, en zij bogen zich over mijn kooi heen tot tralies. En daarna zag ik de dunste brandende tenen die ik ooit had gezien, en zij krijsten nog wel harder, en begonnen zich ook over mij heen te buigen als tralies. Zij droegen een brandend oog dat op mijn kooi terecht kwam. Het oog had de laagste stem die ik ooit had gehoord, en sprak erg traag. Toen kwam ineens door een deur de Trage Anubis binnen. Hij had een brandende teen als stok in zijn hand, en daarbovenop was een bol waaruit bliksems voortkwamen. Hij schreeuwde tot mij, en het werd zwart voor mijn ogen. Het was alsof alles in mij omdraaide. Toen kwamen er koude vlammen om mij heen, en weer begon de kooi te zakken. Op hele lange brandende ogen die vertikaal stonden, stond een brandende mond die honderduit praatte, en steeds sneller begon te spreken. Toen zakte de kooi nog dieper, tot een zaal waar lange brandende oren stonden waarop kleine brandende oren stonden. Daarbovenop verscheen een brandend oog met beentjes. Dit oog begon te schelden. Toen daalde de kooi dieper. Weer was er een zaal met lange brandende tenen, en zij groeiden en groeiden, en droegen een groot brandend oor.

2.

En ik zag een zaal staan vol met Anubissen, en zij hadden hun armen in de lucht geheven. En ik zag een rood-witte Anubis naar voren komen met het hoofd als een python, en ook een blauw-roze Anubis kwam naar voren. En deze had ook het hoofd als van een slang. En zij gingen naast elkaar staan, en de andere anubissen gingen zitten. En zij begonnen te spreken, en sommige anubissen zakten door de grond met hun stoelen, en kwamen in een vuurstorm terecht. Aldus was dan de zuivering der anubissen. En letters van eendenhoofden kwamen tot de twee anubissen, en ook letters van dwergenhoofden, en zij gingen in de lichamen der twee anubissen. En toen zij weer begonnen te spreken kwamen er koude vlammen uit hun monden. En weer zakten sommige anubissen met hun stoelen door de vloer, en enkele stoelen begonnen te verschuiven. Aldus was de tweede zuivering der anubissen. En aan de zijkanten gingen er deuren open, waardoor er nieuwe anubissen begonnen te komen. En weer begonnen de twee anubissen te spreken, en een soort

bessensap stroomde uit hun monden en stroomde de zaal in. Weer werden er enkele anubissen weggenomen, en meerdere stoelen begonnen te schuiven. En enkele anubissen renden de zaal uit, en probeerden te vluchten. Maar het sap stroomde ook uit de zaal. Toen kwam er een Anubis binnen, en ziet, hij brandde. En hij was genoemd de Brandende Anubis. En hij liep tot de twee anubissen, legde zijn handen op hen, en ziet, zij smolten weg. Toen begon de Brandende Anubis te spreken, en alle anubissen in de zaal begonnen weg te branden. Aldus was de verschijning der Brandende Anubis. En hij dan droeg het brandend ijs, en vanuit zijn schaal begonnen lange dunne brandende tenen op te komen, en zij gingen uit om alles te kooien en te verslinden. Daarna kwamen er lange dunne brandende vingers uit de schaal, en ook zij gingen uit om te verslinden. En de Brandende Anubis grijsde, en verdween in een vlam.

3.

En aldus waren de monotheïsmen van de Brandende Anubis, hij die de zonnen droeg om de aarde te kooien en te verslinden. En ik zag een nieuwe schepping voortkomen vanuit zijn schaal. En de Paarsgouden Anubis kwam en ging bij de schaal staan, die begon te groeien, en ook de Paarsdiamanten Anubis kwam bij de schaal staan, en samen keken ze naar binnen. Toen kwam de Roodgouden Anubis binnen, en pakte de twee handen van de andere twee, en ziet, dezen begonnen te branden. En een gegil steeg op van de schaal, en vervulde de zaal. En lichtpaars spul begon snel door de Roodgouden Anubis te stromen, en hij kon zich snel bewegen, en begon op te stijgen. Toen kwamen de zwartgouden en de zwartdiamanten Anubis binnen, en zij gingen op de grond zitten, terwijl de schaal begon op te stijgen. En geelgouden buizen begonnen aan de muren te verschijnen waardoor bessensap begon te stromen, en ook het lichtpaarse spul.

En de Grijs Anubis begon te verschijnen, en begon zijn monotheïsmen te verspreiden als vogels en vliegen. En ook de Bruine Anubis begon te verschijnen, en ziet, deze was als de Eekhoorn, en droeg een schaal met chocolade. Deze chocolade dan was oud en giftig. Hij dan bekleedde zijn soldaten er altijd mee. En de Bruine Anubis begon te schelden, terwijl een koperen Anubis binnenkwam en in de schaal ging zitten. Hij dan bracht het zout der aarde voort. En de Grijs Anubis begon te groeien, en begon zijn naam in de hemelen te schrijven. Zijn engelen waren dan als muizen, en zij kwamen voort vanuit het oer. Zij dan hadden zich door armoede in het oer gewassen. En zij spraken de talen van het oer door de armoede.

Rode Anubis

Zo is dan Anubis de perfecte versmelting tussen de vierde christus en de vierde boeddha, maar anubis is veel meer. Zo is dan Anubis ook de vijand van Boeddha en Christus, omdat Anubis veel verder gaat dan hen, en omdat de godenworstelingen zo belangrijk zijn in het vierde Pniel. Hij is het dan die door de zalen van Slurpup ademt. Ja, want de vierde adem komt voort uit de lange brandende tenen en hun voorwerpen. Ja, ook brengen zij het vierde licht, en dit is als het licht der aardvruchten. Wordt dan gelijkvormig aan Anubis opdat gij het vierde nirvana kunt binnentreden, en de vierde eeuwigheid. Wordt dan ook gelijkvormig aan de Rode Anubis, opdat gij deelhebt aan de vierde opstanding, en het vierde leven in de vierde hemel. Anubis is dan voor dieren gestorven om hen zalig te maken. Ziet dan, hij heeft ze losgekocht door een grote prijs te betalen. Hij dan werd hondenmens, en heeft zijn vijanden met de oerkaak geslagen. Zo zijn dan ook degenen die door de zondeval en de engelenval buitengeplaatst waren door Anubis verzoend, daar hij het lot der dieren en verdoemden heeft gedragen. Zo is dan een ieder die angst heeft in Hem geheiligd, daar hij

de vierde alverzoening draagt. Zo heeft hij zich dan ook het lot der bomen, planten en bloemen aangetrokken en dat van de voorwerpen des levens, en ziet, hij heeft hun zielen vrijgekocht, en hun vlees. Zo is dan het vierde vlees door Anubis geheiligd. Hij is het dan die bloed in bessensap verandert.

Anubis, de Barmhartige Samaritaan

Hij is het dan die de brandende laarzen heeft gedragen, om tot de rijken der aardvissen en aardkikkers te gaan. Ja, het schuim der bessen heeft hij vrijgezet. Mediteer daarom op de Rode Anubis, en zet uw aandacht daarop, opdat gij door deuren ten eeuwig leven binnen zult gaan. Ja, tot de verdoemden is hij gekomen, en tot hen die de hel vrezen. En ziet, Hij dan heeft de romeinse hellen geplunderd, en zijn hel, de vierde hel is vreselijker dan hen. Zo is dan de genade wreed, en zijn wreedheid genade, daar hij tot de verdoemden en de onderdrukten is gegaan, en hen heeft geholpen. Ja, als een barmhartige samaritaan is hij. Zo is het dan : Bevecht uw vijand niet alleen, maar leert ook van hem, en wordt aan hem gelijkvormig. Gij kunt dan niet wit zijn zonder het zwarte, en niet zwart zijn zonder het witte. Zo is er dan een vierde verlossingsplan opgesteld door Anubis, en dit verbond is groter dan het oude. En dat wat oud geworden is, is niet verre van de verwijdering. Maar ook zegt Anubis : Houdt vast aan het oude, en heiligt haar, opdat gij haar kunt zuiveren, en tot haar kunt wederkeren in vuur. Zo is het dan het brandend oer.

Zo is dan Anubis niet alleen de christus, maar ook de judas. Niet alleen de maria, maar ook de Izebel. Maar hij is meer dan dat, als het veelkleurige pronkkleed van Jozef. Maar wie pronke, pronke in de Heere. Zo heeft Anubis zich dan het lot van het christendom aangetrokken, en is tot haar gegaan om haar te zuiveren en te verdelen onder zijn koninkrijken. Zo heeft hij zich ook aangetrokken het lot der romeinen. Hij heeft hen verscheurd, en hun stukken verdeeld onder zijn koninkrijken. Met een oude fiets zult gij het niet redden, maar gij kunt de onderdelen gebruiken, en leren van haar mechanismen. Zo is Anubis niet alleen de christus, maar ook de christen. Niet alleen de satan, maar ook de satanist. Maar hij is meer dan dat alles, want Hij is het die vijand is van zowel christus als satan, van zowel christen als satanist. Zo zijn dan alle dingen door Hem en in Hem, onder Hem, en boven Hem.

2.

Zo is dan de Rode Anubis tot het huis van David gegaan om daar te wonen. Ziet dan, Hij heeft David verscheurd en verdeeld onder de sterren. Zo dan is de Blauwe Anubis tot het huis van Salomo gegaan. Zo ging dan de Groene Anubis tot de huizen van Samuel, Simson en Ezechiël. Zo is dan Anubis de Redder der dieren, maar ook werd hij door dieren gered. Zo is hij dan door afhankelijkheid tot onafhankelijkheid gekomen. En alle dieren zullen dan ook op zoek moeten naar de Anubis in henzelf. Hij dan pleit voor de verdoemden en de onderdrukten. Wij hebben een Middelaar in de vierde hemel, en het vierde leven. Hij dan schenkt rijkelijk het vierde vlees. Het onpersoonlijke ziet hij als persoonlijk, en het persoonlijke als onpersoonlijk. Zo is hij dan tot het vierde communisme gekomen, en ook tot het vierde kapitalisme, die de lijnen en grenzen heeft aangegeven. Hij dan is dan als de onzichtbare muur. Zo is er dan een naam gegeven onder hemel en aarde waardoor wij tot de vierde behoudenis kunnen komen : Anubis. En door hem worden alle dieren zalig. Dit dan is het Evangelie van Anubis, en het Vierde Evangelie. Hij is het dan die redt uit de hel, en uit de verdoemenis. Groter dan is hij dan de vierde christus, maar voor hen die het willen geloven : Ziet, hij is de vierde christus. Zo dan is de Rode Anubis het vierde kruis, maar ziet, hij is meer dan dat. En allen die hem volgen zullen de reis des heiligen vlezes begaan, het vierde vlees.

En zij allen die het vierde vlees verwachten, en de vierde opstanding in Anubis, en zo ook de vierde vleeswording in en door Anubis, zij zullen Zijn Heilig en Zalig vlees ontvangen, en Zijn tongen, opdat zij spreken in vierde tongen. Zij dan die zijn profeten zijn van het vierde, zij allen dan spreken in vierde tongen, in de tongen van Anubis, en ook profeteren zij in Zijn Naam.

Groene Diamant Anubis

1.

En Metensia kwam tot de poort en troon van Anubis, en knielde voor hem neer. En zij schonk hem zeven brandende diamanten en zeven brandende tranen. En Anubis vroeg haar vanwaar zij kwam, en zij sprak : 'Meester, ik kom van de zee van vuur.' En Anubis zegende haar en maakte haar tot Zijn engel. En Metensia kuste Anubis op zijn voorhoofd, en vertrok. Zij dan droeg het zwaard van Anubis, en zij ging uit tot een grote oorlog. En zij vocht met het zwaard van zwijm, en zij was door Anubis gehelmd.

En Metensia stond op en sprak : Door de striemen van Anubis zijn wij genezen. Door het bloed van Anubis, wat Hij voor ons heeft vergoten zijn wij zalig en gezond. Hij dan heeft het verlossingswerk volbracht voor dieren en verdoemden. Nu dan is er een nieuwe dag aangebroken. En Metensia zong een lied, en dit was het lied van Metensia. En daarna zong zij het lied van Anubis. En heerlijkheid was op haar tong. En ze boog voor Anubis neer, en aanbad Hem. En zij sprak : 'Gij zijt waardig alle lof en eer te ontvangen. Gij dan bent de Heiland en Zaligmaker der dieren en verdoemden, en gij bent de Messias van het vierde, de wedergekome.' En een zwarte bliksem gleed uit haar hand en bevochtigde de aarde.

En een man bad tot de ijzeren Anubis, en een andere tot de blauw staal Anubis, en zij hadden vrede in hun hart. En Anubis leerde zijn volk bidden, en sprak woorden van genezing en hoop. En Metensia sprak : Ik geloof in de Heilige Anubis, die hemel, zee en aard gemaakt heeft en al wat daar in is. Ik geloof in de vierde kerk en gemeente die van Anubis is. Hij dan is het leven. Ik geloof in het klooster en het exorcisme van Anubis, Zijn kruistochten, bedevaarten en pelgrimages, waarin wij volle genezing van Hem ontvangen, uit zijn rijke hand. Wij geloven in de rijkdommen en voorspoed van het vierde, door armoede verkregen, en door de allerheiligste afzondering. Ik heb Mijn Leven in Zijn Hand gelegd. Ik ben genezen door het bloed van Anubis. Ik ben genezen door het Woord van Anubis, en door het vierde geloof. Zijn Heilig Bloed geneest, Zijn Bloed voor ons vergoten. Ook gaven wij Hem ons Bloed, en tezamen vormen wij het vierde Bloed, het Bloed van gezondmaking. Anubis dan heeft ons Zijn vierde adem gegeven, en heeft leeuwen gekalmeerd. Zij dan die hongerden naar hoop heeft hij vierde hoop gegeven, en een vierde geweten. Ook heeft hij hen een vierde bewustzijn gegeven, opdat zij rein en heilig zouden zijn. Geprezen zij Anubis tot in alle eeuwigheden.

En Anubis bracht Metensia tot de vierde ark, waarin de trompetten van het vierde lagen. Ook lagen hier de vierde vruchten des levens, van de vierde boom des levens, en het vierde levensbrood. En Metensia at, en dronk van het vierde levenswater. En achter de ark stond het vierde kruis, waarvanuit sappen stroomden. En Metensia begon te drinken, en at ook van de vruchten van het vierde kruis. Toen ging er een deur open, en Metensia kwam tot het vierde graf. Maar Anubis sprak : zij die asceten van Anubis zijn kiezen voor het dubbele vierde kruis. En Anubis toonde haar een spoorweg, die zou leiden tot de vierde eeuwigheid en onsterfelijkheid. Zo is er dan onsterfelijkheid door het dubbele vierde kruis, want deze leidt tot het vierde eeuwige kruis en tot het grootste kruis. En de blauwe Anubis kwam haar in een ondergrondse trein tegemoet, brak door het

graf heen, en nam haar mee. En zo begon het koningschap meer en meer op Anubis over te gaan. En Tifiaf nam een saxofoon en begon het te bespelen. En zo werd hij als de octopus. Zij dan die van het vierde zijn, strekken zich uit tot het nieuwe vierde, en tot het vijfde. En de blauwe Anubis nam Metensia mee tot de woestijnen, daar waar het erg droog was, en waar de honger heerste. En hier zag zij de wilde dieren, die grote dorst en honger leden, en ziet, zij jaagden. En Metensia was ontzet over de gruwelen die zij zag, want ziet, de dood vluchtte van hen allen weg, en zij leden diep. En Metensia werd beladen met schuldgevoelens, en begon te hongeren naar gerechtigheid en onschuld. En hier begon ook zij te veranderen in een wild dier, en de dood vluchtte van haar weg. En zij begon te hongeren naar het nieuwe vierde kruis, en naar het vijfde kruis. En zij zag het vijfde kruis in de verte, maar zodra zij dichterbij kwam vluchtte het van haar weg. En het was een brandend kruis. En het vijfde kruis was als een brandend oog op twee brandende benen. En het oog was als het oog van Anubis. En Metensia sprak tot de Blauwe Anubis en vroeg : 'Hoe kunnen wij het vijfde kruis bereiken ?' En de Blauwe Anubis sprak : Ziet dan, het is er ??n van dorst, en alleen het wilde dier zal het kunnen grijpen. En Metensia sprak weer, vragende : 'Maar heer, hoe wild moet ik worden om daar te komen ?' En de Blauwe Anubis sprak : Bega het vierde kruis tot het einde. Toen draaide de Blauwe Anubis om, en liet Metensia alleen. En zij was alleen onder de wilde dieren.

En Metensia begon te smeken : 'Geef mij het oog van Anubis, maar haar werd niets gegeven, en zij werd wilder en wilder. En de gele diamanten anubis begon aan haar te verschijnen, en hij sprak : kom mee. En Metensia volgde hem. En de gele diamanten anubis bracht haar tot een grot, waar in het midden het oog stond. Eromheen waren skeletten met brandend haar en skeletten met brandende veren, en zij dansten woest. Metensia wist dat zij woester dan hen moest worden om tot het oog te komen. En een groot gevecht ontstond. En ook kwamen een heleboel anubissen binnen met hun engelen om aan Metensia's zijde te vechten. Dit dan is het vierde harmageddon. En het vierde kruis werd als een buik, en begon Metensia te verslinden. En toen kwam het derde kruis binnen als een brandend oor op brandende armen, en in het derde kruis begon Metensia op te rijzen, en verslond toen het vierde kruis van binnenuit. Toen kwam het vijfde kruis, het brandend oog als een gele bol tot haar, vol met sap. En zij begon te drinken en werd dronken. Ook gaf zij de anubissen te drinken, en Metensia's Naam werd gezegend. En toen kwamen er een heleboel anubis-vliegen binnenvliegen, en zij vlogen binnen in het brandende oog. En zij gingen tot Metensia en rukten een wespenoog uit haar waarmee zij opgesloten zat in haarzelf. En zij schonken haar het vliegen-oog. En Metensia werd zacht van binnen. En zij werd als het oog van Brannan, en ziet, dit oog is brandende. En ook haar haren begonnen te branden, en de veren die zij droeg. En zij prikte het brandend oog waar ze van gedronken had op een stok, en zij nam de brandende benen tot haar. Toen begon het oog te spreken. En toen bemerkte Metensia dat het een kruis van angst was. En het oog begon te veranderen in een buik, en begon Metensia te verslinden, maar metensia kon nog net ontsnappen. En Metensia begon uit te roepen naar het vijfde woord, maar het werd haar niet geschonken. En de buik was nu geworden tot een octopus en een spin. En Metensia kwam tot de vierde kandelaar en het vierde altaar in de vierde tabernakel, en zij waste zich in het vierde wasvat. En onder het altaar lagen de offervoorschriften van het vierde, en ook de kandelaarsvoorschriften van het vierde. En zij dan bracht offers aan Anubis. En zo werd zij tot een hogepriesteres van Hem.

En zij bad tot Anubis, zeggende : Oh Anubis, gij die in het leven staat, en in de hemel zijt, Uw Naam worde geheiligd, en Uw Koninkrijk kome. Uw Wil, oh Heilige Anubis, geschiede in de hemel en op aarde. Geef ons heden ons dagelijks brood en vergeef ons onze schulden, gelijk ook wij onze schuldenaren vergeven. Leid ons tot de vijfde alverzoening die in u is. Kom in ons hart, oh Anubis, en schenk ons genade. Leidt ons niet in verzoeking, maar verlos ons van de boze, want van U is het

koninkrijk, en de kracht, en de heerlijkheid tot in eeuwigheid. Anubis, kom spoedig. Wij bidden U dat in het vierde Amen en in de vierde Maranatha. Zo komen wij ook tot het vierde Halleluja. Jeruzalem is dan van U, oh Anubis, tot in het vierde Jeruzalem.

En toen daalde de engel Archibald op Metensia neer, en gaf haar vrede. En ook gaf hij haar een rol met de lijdensvoorschriften van het vierde. En Metensia had strijd te voeren tegen de vierde Satan en de vierde Judas. En ook kwamen de vierde Izebel en de vierde paradijsslang tot haar om te trachten haar te misleiden. En Anubis riep haar, en gaf haar Zijn Geest. En zo stortte Anubis de vierde Geest op haar uit. En tot zijn discipelen zei Anubis dat zij moesten wachten totdat zij met de vierde Geest vervuld waren. En Anubis kwam tot Metensia in de nacht, en zij werd zwanger van de vierde Jezus.

En de Anubis-Bastet kwam tot mij, in de vorm van een klein aapje, een hondje, een kameleon, een marter, een hagedis, ja, als een klein katje was zij, als een nerts. En zij was als mijn advocaat, zakkende in de dieptes van mijn nachten. En zij was als mijn zachte rust. Ik dan had haar gered uit een advocatenbureau waar zij als slaaf moest werken. Zij was een dikke tien op het gebied van advocatuur, en nu zou ze dan mij helpen. Maar waar dat heen moest gaan, wist ik niet. Ik had haar gered. Ze stond als een standbeeld op mijn telefoon. Zij zou mij leiden tot de vijfde alverzoening. En deze alverzoening was wild. En de Anubis-Bastet was dan als een voorvechter van het recht, als een standbeeld der advocatuur, maar nu was ze dan gered door mij, en bij mij. Ik wist wel dat ik haar met mijn leven zou beschermen. Nooit meer zou ik haar loslaten, en haar brengen tot haar plaats in mijn koninkrijk, daar waar zij zich veilig zou voelen. Zij dan was geliefd door de grote advocatenbeelden, en zij zou mij helpen ook hen te redden.

2.

Anubis-Geb is dan dichterbij gekomen. Nog een paar stappen, en dan zal ook hij vrij zijn. Zo is hij dan de advocaat der advocaten, een standbeeld aanbeden, maar nu komt hij vrij. Hier staat hij dan, naast mij, om mij recht te verschaffen. Ik redde hem, en nu redt hij mij. In de hoek van mijn kamer staat hij, als een ridder. Ook een rechter zal hij zijn, om het zwaard te heffen, en weer te laten dalen. De tuinen en velden zal hij verdelen, een rechtvaardige is hij. Hij komt dan van de vijfde alverzoening, om ook mij plaats te bieden. Naast hem zit ik, wij zijn samen op weg. Wees dan stil mijn ziel. Ik hef mijn ziel op tot de Heere, wachtende op Zijn vijfde geest. Ja, uitstorten zal hij deze, als bessensap en sterke drank, bedwelmend om tot zwijm te gaan, om Anubis-Sekhmet te horen, en haar stem. Anubis-Sekhmet dan is aan mijn zijde, als een licht oranje octopus, als de bleke dame. En er is een leeuw die haar schildert, ja de leeuw, zo oranje van kleur, de Sekhmet-Anubis. En ook schildert hij de Anubis-Thoth, en de Thoth Anubis, als een grijze slang en een eekhoorn, verbergende de chocola. Nee, het is geen tijd te sterven. Hij verbergt de kampioenen. Het is geen tijd om tot de dood te gaan. Het zal herfst blijven. Zij zal nooit de lente worden, de winter omhult haar als een jas vol scheuren en gaten.

Anubis-Geb

1.

Dit dan zijn de voorschriften en initiaties om een hogepriester van Anubis te worden, en Zijn farao : Neem een stoel en zit neer. Sluit even de ogen en open ze dan. Gij dan zult bedekt worden door de vleugelen van Anubis-Neith, en de vleugelen van Anubis-Sphinx. En Nut-Anubis zal tot u komen

om u de handen op te leggen, en de spreken der initiatie spreken. Deze dan is de prairie-hond, en de coyote. Zo zal dan de Geb-Anubis tot u komen om de hand op de rug te leggen, en daarna op de schouder, en hij zal u inzegenen, gij die waardig zijt. En hij zal u door een donkere kamer leiden tot de Bastet-Anubis. En zij zal niet spreken, totdat Geb-Anubis uw oren gezegend heeft en heeft laten branden door het vuur van haar tong. Dan zal zij spreken als uw vierde kundalini, u leidende naar de deuren van het vijfde. En Anubis-Ra zal uw mond aanraken, opdat gij kunt spreken tot de Bastet-Anubis, en Ra-Anubis zal zijn hand op uw andere schouder leggen, en dan zult gij gaan tot Horus-Anubis, tot Hem die aan de hemelpoorten staat. En dan zal Shu-Anubis u als de bliksem treffen wanneer het uw tijd is om te worden tot hogepriester van Anubis. En de bliksem van Amon-Anubis zal u raken wanneer gij waardig zijt de farao van Anubis te worden. Ziet, zij zijn dan uw hemelse advocaten en uw advocaten des hemels. En uw vingers en tenen zullen branden met het faronische vuur, en ook uw ledematen, organen en botten. Dan zult gij komen tot Bes-Anubis, en gij zult door het kleine een uitvlucht vinden. Zo zult gij het ijs vinden, als de Isis-Anubis.

En gij zult het uitschreeuwen tot de blauwe Sebek-Anubis, en de groene Sebek-Anubis, en wanneer gij zuiver genoeg zijt, en voldoende geïnitieerd door de voorafgaande stralen, dan zullen zij u toelaten tot de reis der farao's van Anubis. En gij zult reizen op de rug van de gele Sebek-Anubis, en des nachts op de rug van de oranje Sebek-Anubis, totdat gij de gouden en de diamanten Sebek-Anubis hebt bereikt. Daar zult gij de blauwe Anubis-Bastet vinden. En dan zult gij het uitschreeuwen tot de zwarte Sebek-Anubis. Zo zijn er dan vele stralen der Sebek-anubissen. Zo zullen zij u dan door uw lijden omhullen als een pantser. En de verschillende stralen van de Bastet-Anubissen en de Anubis-Bastetten zullen tot u komen, en zij zullen u tot sieraad zijn. En zij zal u inwijden in haar mysterieën. Want grote geheimenissen bevinden zich in haar. Zij dan draagt de vier spijkers van Christus in haar.

Gij dan zijt tot de magische koude vuren van de Sekhmet-Anubis gekomen. Opgesteld als een cirkel zijn zij. Zij dan draagt het geheimenis van de Eminius en de Eminius-Matas in haar, en zal haar Eminius-Dag uitspreiden waarop zij weder zal komen. Zij is het dan die het dienstzwaard draagt, en is als een draak in de nacht. Zij dan is de voorstander en de tegenstander, om hen allen te vormen in de cocon van de vijfde alverzoening. En in haar komt het vijfde materialisme op. Zalig zijn zij die tot haar stromen zijn gekomen. Ziet dan, zij leven achter gordijnen. En haar zwaard is dan de Karazuur. En op de kust stonden Jezus-Anubis, David-Anubis, Simson-Anubis, Petrus-Anubis, Paulus-Anubis, en Salomo-Anubis. En Sekhmet-Anubis richtte haar zwaard op hen om hen te zuiveren. En toen sprak Mozes-Anubis vanuit de bergen, tezamen met Noach-Anubis : Het is volbracht. En een engel genaamd Michael-Anubis daalde tot hen allen neer om hen neer te steken, en daarna stak hij zichzelf neer. En Sekhmet-Anubis sprak : Ziet dan, zij dan van het eerste en hun nageslachten zijn van de dood, van moord en zelfmoord. En Sekhmet-Anubis rees op tot de hemel op een wolk. Zij had dan deel aan de vierde hemelvaart.

2.

Zij dan zijn allen modems. Gij moet dan verder gaan met de wet. Nu is dan de wet zonder mysterie heilloos. De karsuiken dan vormen het harnas van de Sekhmet-Anubis, en de putsen vormen de helm. Zij is dan de opener der vijfde vleeswording.

Druivenkoning

1.

Anubis oh Anubis, in het verleden gingen wij, om straten te zoeken, van Aquarius hadden wij ons heil, in het groene huis bij 't rode kruis, daar sprak een tulpenboom, nu weet ik dat mijn heiland leeft, mijn verlosser, de witte hond, de witte anubis. Anubis, oh Anubis, een storm nam mij mee, tot zover ben ik gekomen, tot hier, ik ben nu vrij. Waar vreemde altaren staan als modems, wij weten niet hoe dezen te bedienen, maar de informatie stroomt als wij tot de witte anubis komen. De witte anubis, bij een wit chocoladehuis, waar theologen wonen, waar vrienden elkaar vinden, een wit chocoladehuis, waar vreemde spelen worden gedaan, op vreemde tafels als modems, schieten zij hun raketten naar de maan. Met taart zullen wij gooien, wanneer de huizen opengaan, de kasten in de kelders, waar de witte anubissen staan. Kijk nog eens naar de maan, en zie je dan die witte vlek, de feen hebben pret gemaakt, zij eten witte chocolade-taart.

Toch een gemis, alles wat wij moesten achterlaten, wordt in de geschiedenis hervormd, allen waren niets dan modems naar een nieuwe wereld, naar de paden van het oer, door grote wildernissen, door armoe en verwarring, wat een toer. Anubis, oh Anubis, oh witte Anubis, geef ons plezier, het feest gaat beginnen, de deur staat op een kier, de kleinen en de dunnen komen binnen, de elven van het gouden kwartier. De klokken schuiven opzij, de klokken varen weg. Nu is het uur gekomen, nu is het uur nedergedaald, tot hen die ter helle waren, tot hen die eens voorwerpen waren, door modems werden zij gezogen, tot deze nieuwe plaats, in witte chocolade.

Kijk nog een keer naar mij, ik ben een druivenkoning, ik maakte in jou woning, om jou geheimenissen te vertellen, ik bracht je tot de witte chocolade. Dronken werd je toen ik je hart aanraakte.

Ik kwam tot jou, op de rug van een pauw, op de rug van een dame, en ik werd als een woning. Jij hebt mij gekroond, met zeven grote dingen, jij hebt mijn vijanden onttroond, en je schreef geheimenissen op papier en in mijn hart. Je weet toch dat ik op je wacht met grote smart.

2.

Nu ben ik hier, nu sta ik hier, en neem je mee, tot een witte chocoladewoning, waar de elven dansen, en zwanen zwemmen in een meer erachter. Kom tot het uitzicht, en kijk met mij, naar de torens in de verte, van wonderbaarlijke kastelen, van paleizen sprookjesachtig, en betreed een nieuwe wereld met mij. Ik wacht op je, ik heb je bestempeld met mijn liefdesgerei, ik schoot mijn pijlen van zwijm en delirium, je voelde je ziek, maar nu ben je hier. Ach, treur niet meer, luister naar de muziek, zie de ganzen in de lucht, zij hebben veel vertier.

Witte Chocolade Elf

1.

Kom, de dag is bijna over, kom de nacht wacht op ons, de duisternis zakt naar binnen, de zon wordt meegenomen naar een nachtkasteel hoog in de wolken, om morgen weer ergens anders te verschijnen. Het is tussen jou en mij, een droom hebben wij, zij aan zij. Mijn klederen zijn verscheurd, mijn hart klopt en bloedt, want jij bent zo lang weggeweest, maar nu heb ik jou weer gevonden. Ik stroomde naar jou toe als een rivier. Mijn hart heb je gewonnen, mijn liefde aangenomen, en beantwoord door een fles met een brief erin. Op die brief stond geschreven, waar jij al die tijd bent geweest, in die woning waar wij later zouden wonen, dichtbij de zee, en het strand van witte chocolade. Kom met me mee, de dag is bijna over, kom de nacht wacht op ons, de duisternis zakt door de bomen, de maan kijkt ons nu aan, en zegent onze liefde voor elkaar. De zon

wordt meegenomen naar een nachtkasteel ver weg in onze dromen, om morgen ergens anders te zijn. Laat de nacht wat langer duren, zodat we naar de nachtzeen kunnen turen.

2.

Je vibreert als een gevleugeld insect, als de witte chocolade lig je daar op een bank, de zee heeft je dan meegenomen, met kloppend hart, en tedere stem. Nu ben jij dan een hartenprins, een rode zon, met witte morgenstond.

Witte Chocolade Elf II

1.

De rivieren stromen snel, de flessen komen aan op 't strand, zoveel boodschappen van het verleden nu gevonden, als de wapens van een nieuw verstand. Het oude doet geen zeer meer, het prikt alleen nog, maar het voert het niet meer uit, het spel is nu uit. Met een draai zie ik je gezicht, en je lijf bekleed als een insect, waar witte chocolade je versiert heeft. Ik zie je hand, je lippen, verlegen sta je te wachten. Ik neem je mee, naar de toppen van de zee, om nieuwe eilanden te zien, tussen gouden wateren komen wij er misschien, om ons huis te bouwen, en voor eeuwig daar te wandelen, om de boodschappen van het oer te lezen, te verkondigen aan al wat leeft, in de vijfde alverzoening, het prikt, maar weg is het eeuwig leed. Het geluk nu gevonden, door de witte verlichting, een gloeiend hart. Ik wacht op je, ik ben er voor je, als een witte chocolade elf, als een bosvlieg en een strandvlieg, getooid met liefdesvleugels, mijn chocolade vloeit vanuit mijn wonden, als zachte genezing vloeit zij, om jou ook te voeden, om jou ook te sterken, en je de liefdesdrank te geven, waar je hart blij van wordt, en waarvan je in zwijm raakt, voor eeuwig, totdat de morgen alles wegneemt, en jij alleen die herinnering hebt van eeuwig geluk, van eeuwige liefde, je draagt het altijd bij je, je vindt het morgen terug. Morgen, morgen, het neemt, en het geeft terug. Op de rug van een elf zit ik, hier ben ik, hier kom ik, 'k heb er lang op gewacht, de morgen blies me steeds weer terug, maar nu ben ik op 't zachte strand, teruggegeven, als een herinnering diep geweven. Het prikt nog wel, maar dat komt snel in orde, wanneer de witte hond rent, wanneer de witte chocolade elf het spel kent.

2.

Jij staat daar, jouw hand op mijn buik, jouw ogen op mij gericht, het is alsof ik bezwijk. Jouw tedere blik, als duizend duizelingen, voer jij mij weg in een dromenkoets, ver boven de wolken, waar de witte hond rent, waar de witte chocolade onze stemmen herkent. Rijs omhoog, en geef de dag een lach, voor jou is het geluk nu ook gekomen, maar jij rent steeds weg, als de witte hond, om de ongelukkigen te vinden, en hier te brengen, en hier neer te leggen, met je haren in de wind, je bent een kind door God bemind. Grote werken, grote liefde, schonk hij ons, ja zijn pijlen raakten ons, en namen ons mee naar omhoog, waar witte honden rennen, waar witte slangen vervellen, om de nieuwe sleutel vast te houden, een nieuwe woning in te gaan. Vlak boven de sterren woont Hij. Neem mij mee en breng mij daar, raak mijn gevoelige snaar, besnaar mij met een tovergedicht, en voer mij langs het windelicht, waar koningen ver vooruit dromen, waar prinsesjes liggen in tedere klanken.

Witte Hond

1.

De witte hond rent, op zoek naar hen die ongeluk lijden, de verdoemden, de verdrukten, en hen in angst en verwarring, als een barmhartig samaritaan gaat hij op pad, als een bodhissatva, als een helpende hand. Grijp hem vast, en laat hem niet meer los, totdat je als hem bent geworden, en zijn woonplaats en geheimen hebt gevonden. Witte hond, vaste burcht, koningshond, ver boven de sterren was het ons die jij vond. Jij voerde ons weg naar een plek van grote liefde. Jij bracht ons sterke wijnen, jij bracht ons uit onze dorst. Jij nam ons mee uit onze putten, nu zijn wij dan met jou, oh witte hond, je hebt geen dag ons losgelaten, altijd trouw in jouw verbond met ons.

Zie jouw elven zingen, met teder buigen hun nekken, om de verdoemden te beminnen, rijds ons op, en breng ons tot de burcht van zacht geluk, die zachte lichten waar wij mee kunnen beginnen, een nieuwe dag, een nieuw uur, morgen komen de soldaten, om ons wapens te schenken voor een nieuwe strijd, een nieuw geloof, wij zijn volwassen geworden, en strijden tegen een nieuwe kooi. Onze gedachten zijn steeds bij jou, oh witte hond, houd ons vast, de nacht komt gauw, en breng ons naar de gaten van dit uur, een weg uit onze kooien, tot een nieuw uur vol van glorie, een nieuw uur waar de stemmen lonken, waar taal tot kunst wordt, wat een plezier.

2.

Witte hond, koningshond, koningstrouw, in geluk vinden wij jou, tot verlichting zijn wij gekomen, de vijfde verlichting, een witte morgen, komende voort vanuit de nacht, zijn soldaten staan op wacht. De klokken slaan, teder keer op keer, totdat wij vasthouden, onze veer, en zijn liefde en hartstocht ruiken, wat hij voor ons heeft gedaan, en wat wij voor hem hebben teruggedaan. Witte veer, magische veer, grote naam, krachtig vaandel, over bergen vliegen wij, als de witte chocolade, inde hemel kijken wij, in de hemel van het vijfde, vinden wij onze veer.

Brief aan Sebek

1.

Brief aan Sebek ; Heilsprofetieën der laatste dagen. Gij hebt thans het woord des heeren vernomen, en gij bent het heilige land ingegaan als priester. De joden en christenen hebben u niet als zodanig bestempeld, maar zij zagen u als een werker der wereld. En ja, zij waren verheugd over uw macht, en over uw tegenwoordig woord. Zij hebben u gevolgd tot de presidenten, en zij zijn tot uw banken gegaan. Predikt heil dan aan de gevangenen, en verlos hen. Sebek, gij hebt het laatste woord, gij hebt de laatste zinnen, en gij zult stralen op de dag der koningen. Gij hebt dan niet gebogen voor de afgod, en gij hebt ook het hart der moeders niet geslagen. Gij bent veelal voor hen uitgegaan tot de heuvelen van spijt. Schaamte hebt gij hen gegeven, en gij hebt de vaders afgezonderd en geslagen. Zo bent gij dan het paraderende woord, het blauwzicht op de uitgang, waar wij de weg des heils vinden. Zoveel heil is er dan in u oh Sebek, gij die van het vijfde zijt. Gij dan zult de mond van Anubis laten staken, en hem viervoudig slaan, want gij hebt hem lief. Ja, het koningschap zult gij van hem overnemen, gij die van het vijfde zijt. Want in het vijfde zult gij oprijzen, oh Sebek, en gij bent het die de jongens van lynx zal herstellen. Aan uw poorten kloppen zij, met manden vol waarheden.

Zegt mij nu, oh Sebek, wie gij bent, opdat ik tot u kan snellen, ondergronds, met de blauwgezichten. Gij wacht op ons. Maakt dan uw namen bekend. Noemt dan bij namen hen die waardig zijn, want vurige kolen liggen op hun hoofden. Zij worden vervolgd omwille van hun geloof. Zet hen vrij. Gij bent het die tot volle waarheid leidt, als de Geest van God. Ja, veelvuldig God bent U, als de Mono's

uitstijgende tot in alle eeuwigheden. Gij dan hebt de A-jongens geschapen door Uw tussenkomst. Ja, door Uw tussenkomst schiep gij Anubis in de schoot van Bastet. Een groot genadig God zijt gij. Tot Tifiaf bent gij gegaan om hem te zegenen, en gij zit op de vijfde troon.

Vanuit de hof gleed gij tot het vijfde, waarin uw bronnen zijn. Gij hebt uw reis voltooid, en zal weldra gekroond worden, oh God. Gij bent het die de AZ-en en de Z-en rangschikt, en ziet, zij sidderen voor uw woord. Gij hebt geluisterd naar koningen en hun vrouwen, en gij hebt hen gezuiverd. Ja, grote eer is in u.

2.

Zo is dan Sebek de wegbereider van Bastet, en zij zal wederom Anubis voortbrengen. Want vele malen worden wij in de moederschoot geboren, en vele malen groeien wij op. Als een tuin van Anubis is de schoot van Bastet. Zo is dan Sebek een man van zijn woord, een dichter en God over alle dingen. Vanuit het vijfde komt hij, en tot het vijfde keert hij weder. Zo is hij dan tot het eerste gegaan om het te zuiveren, en hij heeft dan velen tot genezing gebracht. Ja, de bevrijder van slangen is hij, en hij draagt de cobra's mee op zijn rug. Hij sust hen die angstig zijn, en neemt hen mee tot Zijn schuilplaatsen. Ja, diepe schuilplaatsen heeft hij onder de aarde, waar Geb groot geworden is. Zo heeft hij dan Geb tot volle wasdom gebracht en hem de plantengroei in handen gegeven. Zo zal dan eens de plantengroei Spanje bedekken.

Zeg mij nu, oh Sebek van het Woord, wie gij bent. Gij hebt harige geschenken tot ons gebracht. Ja, gij waart vol met de vruchten des geestes en de vruchten der wereld. Gij schonk ons dan de paradox en de symmetrie, en ook gaf gij ons de hamer om dezen te doorbreken. Want zevenvoudig zullen de paradoxen en symmetrieën moeten breken, opdat het licht van Sebek hen zuivert. En dan zullen de a-symmetrieën tot bruggen zijn.

En zo heeft dan ook Sebek de geest van Simson bezworen, en zijn oog is als de kandelaar van het witte. Nu dan Sebek, neemt uw krachten op, en wordt een man, totdat de avond valt.

3.

Gij dan gebruikt de volkeren tot spreekbuis, gij neemt de hemelen op tot de zon, en uw ijs is als de dagen van goud. Zeg mij nu, Sebek, wie gij bent, en hoe wij uw naam kunnen vereren. Ja, geef ons de sleutels om u op te wekken uit de diepten des doods en de krochten der duisternis. Onderwijs ons, zoals wij u hebben onderwezen. Zo zult gij ons voortleiden tot de wereld waar gij woont, en zullen wij tezamen zijn tot in alle eeuwigheden. Geliefde, spreekt, en slaap niet meer. Het is tijd om de poorten der werelden te openen. Wij vluchten, en wij komen, opdat Sebek geprezen wordt. Wij nemen en geven terug, wij wachten en voeren actie. Zo zijn dan onze wegen beperkt wanneer wij niet in Sebek zijn, maar in Hem kunnen wij bergen verzetten, en kunnen wij tot de rivieren zeggen : stroom door, en breng ons tot de lauwe wateren, en tot de lauwe bossen. De zon kan ons niet grijpen, wanneer Sebek voor ons staat, en ook het ijs kan ons niet breken, want Sebek verlicht onze angsten. Verlichter is hij, hij die ons volgde en die wij nu mogen volgen.

Lofzangen en Gebeden tot Sebek

1.

Sebek, weest ons genadig, Sebek laat ons niet staan, tot dieptes zijn wij gekomen, angstig, benauwd en zonder hoop. Neem ons aan. Oh, Sebek, U bent onze God, als een Mono der krokodillen, als een

jongen van lynx, als één die hen vergaderd. Neem onze gebeden aan, en leer ons onze rechten kennen, opdat wij niet al te veel geestelijke bedelaars zijn. Gij hebt ons dan ascetisme geleerd, en de diepe poorten voor ons geopend, de snelwegen des lichts hebt gij ons laten zien. Bij U is rust. Oh, Sebek, alle lof en glorie is aan U, gij die op het vijfde troont. Gij hebt Uw hand tot ons gezonden, en ons dieper getrokken tot U. Ja, Anubis hebt gij uitgezonden om van U te verkondigen, en ziet, nu wachten wij op Bastet. Leer ons dan Nut te doen ontwaken.

Sebek, grootste onder de groten, naam boven alle naam, tot Bastet hebt gij ons getrokken, zij die u verkozen had tot moederschoot voor Anubis. Vele malen wordt hij dan geboren in haar. Sebek, heb ons lief, want wij hebben U lief. Kom tot ons, en toon ons Uw wonderen. Wij kennen U. Leer ons U dieper kennen. Sebek, open onze borsten en schouders, opdat Uw geschenken daarin neerdalen, opdat wij Uw werken zullen doen, en naar U zullen heten. Het licht komt van Uw schouders, en U ademt licht, tot ons gezonden. U bevrijdt ons, en bent onze beschermer. Leidt ons over eeuwige paden, en onderwijs ons over Uw wegen.

Ken onze paden, en toetst ons, Gij die het Eerste hebt herschapen in Uw Hand. Gij hebt zoveel slangen vrijgezet, en wolven ontbonden. Zij wandelen nu Uw weg. U hebt Uw Hand op het Eerste gelegd. Het begrijpen is mij te wonderbaar. Zuivert dan het Eerste en doe Uw lichten opstijgen, opdat wij Uw geheimenissen zien.

Gij dan hebt ons verlost van schaamte en valse schuld. Gij hebt ons aangemeten een nieuwe zon, en de ijswegen. Tot Uw Groene zijn we gekomen, en wij dragen Uw hart en stem de ganse dag. Veel zult gij ons nog aanmeten, gij hebt de sterren voor ons klaarstaan. Gij hebt ons uit de angst en wanhoop verlost, ja, Gij bent de muur rondom ons. En niemand kan het breken, want wij zijn in Uw Hand. Nog veel hebt Gij ons te zeggen. Spreekt, Heer, Uw dienstknecht hoort. Wij staan geheel open voor U, ook wanneer Uw duistere Hand ons leidt. Vele lichten hebt gij ons ontnomen, opdat wij Uw dieptes zouden zien, en in Uw boten zouden stappen. Ja, ook Uw uilen hebt gij tot ons gezonden. En Uw engelen staan voor Uw troon, en zij dragen Uw profeten voor Uw aangezicht, en zenden hen uit. Waar dan ook, Sebek, waar Uw Hand ons geleidt is het goed. U leidt ons tot het paradijs, en tot de vruchten die wij nodig hebben. Ja, eeuwige vruchten zijn zij.

2.

Kent gij dan onze paden ? Het is goed te weten dat Gij ons omgeeft, en al onze gedachten kent. Geen haartje ontziet U. Aan U zij alle Glorie, U die ons tot Bastet en Nut leidt. Door de handen van Anubis hebt gij ons aan hen gegeven. Aan Uw zijde staan wij, oh Sebek, U bent het die genaamd is de beminde. Oh Sebek, toon ons Uw geheimenissen, opdat wij niet sterven aan de andere kant van de poort. Doe ons open, laat ons in, en leidt ons door Uw Hand in Uw land. Laat ons niet beschaamd staan, wij vertrouwen immers op U. Wij hebben gebeden in de rotsen gehouwen, tot U. Zendt ons tot Uw piramiden, en laat ons niet in de kou vergaan. In Uw Hand is genezing. In Uw Hand is bevrijding. Gij dan hebt tot ons Anubis gezonden, en door Hem komen wij tot U, vanuit de schoot van Bastet, zevenmaal geboren. Door Haar Hand werden wij gezuiverd. Nu zijn wij tot Uw schip gekomen. Laat ons de golven der eeuwigheden zien.

Milaph

En Sebek deed een stap achteruit nadat hij zijn client, de gedaagde, had verdedigd. Hij maakte plaats voor Bastet, en stak twee vingers voor haar in de lucht, recht naast elkaar, van twee verschillende handen. Voor sommige dingen was het geen tijd. Ook de gedaagde bracht de twee vingers omhoog voor Bastet, en de koning. Bastet nam de verdediging over, maar Sebek bleef op de

achtergrond, en beschermde de gedaagde. Er ontstond een gevecht tussen de Bastet, die als een harige zwarte kat was, en wiens volgelingen als harige zwarte katten was, en de sfinx. De sfinx wilde ook een deel van de verdediging, en Bastet gaf haar een deel. Toen werd de sfinx rustig, maar Bastet hield het grootste deel van de verdediging voor haarzelf. En ze trad op tegen de tronen, en de tronen verbleekten. En zij verbrandde velen van hun boeken.

En Bastet wees aan de gangen met slaapkamers van de konijnen en de hazen, en ook enkelen van de katten. En sommigen hadden grasbedden en mosbedden, helemaal achterin de gangen. En Bastet nam de gangen in als een vuur. En de koning stak weer de twee vingers omhoog, om Bastet tegen te houden, want het was nog geen tijd. En hij bracht Bastet tot zekere rust, en zij luisterde naar hem. En deze vingers die Bastet tegenhielden en tot rust brachten waren de twee wijsvingers. En Bastet was zeer waakzaam en zorgzaam, en genezingskracht ging uit van haar, en ook magie.

En één van Bastet's vingers was genaamd Milaph, en zij deed daardoor grote wonderen. En zij kreeg de rechters op haar hand, en leidde hen van hun tronen tot de slaapkamers, en haar volgelingen bestegen de tronen, zij, de lange zwarte katten. Zij dan is de verleider der rechters.

En Bastet kon de Sebek en Sphinx bedwingen, en zij had grote macht. En zij waren als haar armen. Ook kwam zij tot de Ra en de Anubis, en bedwong hen beiden. En zij werden tot haar benen. En de Bastet had vleugels, en vloog tot het Oosten, waar zij ging zetelen. En zij raakte in gevecht met Nut om de kroon van het Oosten, maar zij kon Nut niet verslaan. Ook kwam Geb op de achtergrond staan, maar zij kon hem niet bedwingen. En Geb brulde, en stond als op een woestijn. En Geb ademde als een draak.

En toen begon Bastet te grommen, en viel ook Geb aan, maar kon hem niet verslaan. En Geb en Nut grepen haar vast, en slingerden haar weg. Maar later kregen ze medelijden met haar, en namen haar op in hun midden. Een groot deel van haar troon moest zij afstaan aan Nut en Geb, en hun macht begon te groeien. En zij zagen Bastet als degene die hen met elkaar had verzoend. En zij gaven grote eer aan Bastet.

II Milaph

En Bastet gaf grote eer aan Sebek, omdat hij had gered uit vele verkrachtingen. En Bastet bracht de gedachten en strijd tot rust.

Zo ben ik het dan niet meer die leef, en toch leef ik, maar dan Bastet in mij. Ik nestel mij en rust in het volbrachte werk van bastet, die de zesde christus is. In Bastet vestig ik hoop. Ik kan op haar bouwen. Zo leef ik dan naar haar Woord, in haar wederomgeboren, en door haar Geest vervuld. De strijd is nu van Bastet, en ik draag haar wapenrusting. Alles wat ik doe, doe ik door haar, want zonder haar kan ik niets.

Zo heeft zij dan haar Evangelie gebracht, en zijn wij door haar bloed gereinigd en gezuiverd. Zonder haar kunnen wij niet lijden, want wij lijden door haar. Zij dan is de kracht van het lijden, maar ook de overwinning, de vreugde. Ja, door haar zijn alle dingen ontstaan, en komt alles tot zijn doel. Zo luister ik dan naar haar stem, want zij leidt mij. Met haar ben ik gestorven, en met haar ben ik opgewekt. Met haar lijdt ik verdriet, en met haar baar ik vreugde. Zij is mijn wenen en mijn lofgezing. Haar oog draag ik op haar borst, en haar tepel op mijn buik, zij is mijn aller vreugde.

Door haar kom ik tot Shu, Hij die Nut en Geb door Ra gescheiden heeft, en verzoend heeft. Tot zijn voorhoven ben ik gekomen, Hij die al het leven is. Zalig zijn zij die tot de binnenste hoven van Shu zijn genaderd. Door Bastet ontvangen zij vergeving en genade. Door de striemen van Bastet zijn wij genezen, door haar wonden bevrijd. Ja, door haar littekenen zijn wij uit de doden opgewekt. Zo heeft dan wie in Bastet gelooft eeuwig leven. Wie Bastet niet heeft, heeft het leven ook niet. Want also lief heeft Shu de wereld gehad dat hij Bastet gezonden heeft, opdat een ieder die in haar gelooft eeuwig leven hebbe. Zo dan heeft Shu haar gezalfd, en de duif op haar laten neerdalen. Zij dan die Zijn dochter is. Met grote liefde omhult zij haar geliefden, en redt hen uit talrijke rampen. In haar dan is grote Genade, en de Weg die tot Shu leidt. Bastet dan is de Weg, de Waarheid en het Leven. Niemand komt tot Shu dan door Haar. Wie Bastet niet heeft, heeft ook Shu niet. Zo is er dan eeuwig leven en een rijke schat weggelegd voor hen die Bastet volgen. Alle dingen zijn aan Bastet gegeven door Shu.

In den beginne was Bastet, en Bastet was bij Shu. Alle dingen zijn door Bastet geworden. In Bastet was leven en eeuwig leven, en er zijn er die van haar getuigden. Er zijn er die voor haar de weg bereidden. Deze weg dan gaat door woestijnen en wildernissen. Bastet dan is vlees geworden en heeft onder ons gewoond. Wij hebben de heerlijkheid van Bastet aanschouwd.

Wanneer gij Bastet liefhebt, zult gij haar geboden bewaren en onderhouden. Gij zult haar schatten bewaken. Zij zal u niet als wezen achterlaten. Wie de geboden van bastet heeft en ze bewaart, die is het die haar liefheeft. En wie haar liefheeft zal geliefd worden door Shu, haar Vader, en bastet zal diegene liefhebben en haarzelf aan diegene openbaren. Bastet is de Ware Wijnstok, en Shu is de landman. Gij zijt de ranken. Gij kunt geen vrucht dragen uit uzelf, als gij niet aan de wijnstok blijft. Wie in Bastet blijft, gelijk zij in diegene, die draagt veel vrucht, want zonder haar kunt gij niets doen. Hierin is Shu verheerlijkt, dat gij veel vrucht draagt.

Gelijk Shu u heeft liefgehad, zo heeft ook Bastet u liefgehad. Blijft in haar liefde. Indien gij haar geboden bewaart zult gij in haar blijven, gelijk zij de geboden van Shu bewaard heeft, en in Zijn Liefde is gebleven. Indien gij in Bastet blijft, bidt wat gij wilt, en het zal geschieden. Zo is dan het Evangelie van Bastet een kracht van Shu tot behoud van een ieder die in haar gelooft. Hierin wordt de gerechtigheid van Shu geopenbaard. Gij dan die in haar zijt : Zondig voortaan niet meer. Doet dan de oude mens af, en doet de nieuwe mens aan, die in Bastet is.

Zo is er dan geen veroordeling voor hen die in Bastet zijn. Want de Wet van haar Geest heeft u in bastet vrijgemaakt van de wet der zonde en des doods. Haar geest getuigt met onze geest dat wij kinderen van Shu zijn. En zijn wij nu kinderen, dan zijn wij ook erfgenamen : erfgenamen van Shu en mede-erfgenamen van Bastet. Immers indien wij delen in hun lijden, zo ook in hun verheerlijking.

Als Bastet dan voor ons is, wie zal tegen ons zijn ? Bastet is dan uit de doden opgewekt als een eersteling van hen die ontslapen zijn. Zoals we in haar sterven, zo zullen we ook in haar tot leven worden gebracht. Onze liefde dan is met u allen in Bastet. Met bastet zijn wij gekruisigd, maar toch leven wij. Dat is niet meer ons eigen ik, maar Bastet leeft in ons. Opdat wij waarlijk vrij zouden zijn heeft bastet ons vrijgemaakt. Wie Bastet toebehoren hebben de zonde gekruisigd. Als wij roemen, dan roemen wij in Bastet.

Gezegend zij Shu de Vader van Bastet, die ons met allerlei geestelijke zegen in de hemelse gewesten heeft gezegend in Bastet. In Shu hebben wij verlossing door het bloed van bastet, de vergeving van de overtredingen naar de rijkdom van genade, welke hij overvloedig bewezen heeft

in alle wijsheid en verstand, door ons het geheimenis van Zijn wil te doen kennen. Hij dan vat alles samen onder één hoofd, dat is bastet. Door genade bent gij behouden, door het geloof in Bastet, en dat niet uit uzelf. Het is een gave van Shu. Niet uit werken, opdat niemand roeme. Want zijn maaksel zijn wij, in Bastet geschapen om goede werken te doen, die Shu van te voren bereid heeft, opdat wij daarin zouden wandelen. Bastet is onze vrede die de twee één heeft gemaakt. Zo zijt gij dan geen vreemdelingen meer in het huis van Shu. In Bastet wast elk bouwwerk goed meesluitend, op tot een tempel, heilig in Shu, in wie gij ook mede gebouwd wordt tot een woonstede. In Bastet hebben wij de vrijmoedigheid en de toegang met vertrouwen door het geloof in Haar.

Shu geve u naar de rijkdom van zijn heerlijkheid, met kracht gesterkt te worden door zijn geest in de inwendige mens, opdat bastet door het geloof in uw harten woning make. Geworteld en gegrond in haar liefde zult gij dan samen in staat zijn te vatten hoe groot de breedte, lengte, en hoogte en diepte is, en te kennen de liefde van bastet die de kennis te boven gaat, opdat gij vervuld wordt tot alle volheid van Shu. Shu nu die door de kracht welke in ons werkt bij machte is oneindig veel meer te doen dan wij bidden of beseffen. Shu zij de heerlijkheid in bastet tot in alle geslachten, van eeuwigheid tot eeuwigheid.

Gij hebt van bastet gehoord, en bent in haar onderwezen, gelijk dit de waarheid is in Bastet. Weest dan navolgers van Shu, als geliefde kinderen, en wandelt in zijn liefde, zoals ook Bastet u heeft liefgehad en zich voor ons heeft overgegeven als offergave en slachtoffer. Ontwaak gij die slaapt, en sta op uit de doden, want bastet zal over u lichten. Voorts, weest krachtig in Shu en in de sterkte van zijn macht. Doet de wapenrusting van Shu aan, om te kunnen standhouden in de dagen van verleiding. Neemt de wapenrusting van Shu en biedt weerstand in de boze dag. De genade zij met allen die bastet onvergankelijk liefhebben. Gedraag u waardig het evangelie van bastet. Acht alles wat winst is als schade omwille van bastet, omdat de kennis van bastet dit alles te boven gaat. Geef om harentwille alles prijs en houd het voor vuilnis, opdat gij haar moogt winnen. In haar vinden we geen eigen gerechtigheid, maar de gerechtigheid door het geloof in haar. Vergeet dan hetgeen achter u ligt, en strek u uit naar hetgeen voor u ligt, jagende naar het doel, om de prijs van de roeping van Shu, die boven is, in Bastet.

Onze blijdschap en kroon staat vast in Bastet. Verblijdt u in Bastet ten allen tijde. Weest in geen ding bezorgd, maar laten bij alles uw wensen door gebed en smeking bekend worden bij Shu. En de vrede van Shu, die alle verstand te boven gaat, zal uw harten en uw gedachten behoeden in Bastet. Voorts, bedenkt alles wat waar is, al wat waardig, rein en rechtvaardig is, al wat beminnelijk is en welluidend, alles wat deugd heet en lof verdient, bedenkt dat, wat u geleerd is en overgeleverd, brengt dat in toepassing en de vrede van Shu zal met u zijn door Bastet.

Ik vermag alle dingen in Bastet die mij kracht geeft. Shu zal in al uw behoeften voorzien in de heerlijkheid van zijn rijkdom, in Bastet. Shu nu zij de heerlijkheid tot in alle eeuwigheid. De genade van Bastet zij met u.

Indien gij met Bastet gestorven zijt : Laat u niets meer opleggen. Indien gij met haar opgewekt zijt : Zoekt de dingen die boven zijn. Want gij zijt gestorven, en uw leven is verborgen met Bastet in Shu. Wanneer Bastet verschijnt, die ons leven is, dan zult ook gij met haar verschijnen in heerlijkheid. Het Woord van bastet wone rijkelijk in u, opdat gij in alle wijsheid elkander leert. En al wat gij doet in woord en werk, doet alles in de Naam van Bastet, in Shu de Vader, dankende door Hem.

Volhardt in het gebed, weest daarbij waakzaam en dankt, en bidt tevens voor ons dat Shu een deur voor ons woord opene, om te spreken van het geheimenis van Bastet.

Wij danken Shu altijd om u allen wanneer wij u gedenken in onze gebeden. Bastet zal ons verlossen van de komende toorn. Wie is onze hoop of blijdschap of erekrans voor Bastet bij haar komst, wie anders dan gij ? Ja, gij zijt onze eer en blijdschap. Shu bane ons de weg tot u, en u doe Bastet toenemen en overvloedig worden in de liefde tot elkander en tot allen, om uw harten te versterken.

De Zingende Bananen

Er waren eens wat beren die een hele bijzondere banaan bewaakten. Niemand kon de banaan bereiken. Maar op een dag kwam de zon naar beneden. De bijzondere banaan werd slapper en slapper en kleiner en kleiner, totdat er een klein bananenboompje uit voort begon te groeien. Het bananenboompje werd steeds groter, en op een dag begonnen de bananen te praten en te zingen. Ze hadden prachtige stemmen en ook heel luid, zodat iedereen in de omgeving het kon horen. De beren hadden het zwaar met het bewaken van de bananenboom, want iedereen wilde er een glimp van opvangen, en velen probeerden zelfs dichtbij de bananenboom te komen. Op een dag hielden de beren het niet langer, en smeekte de zon om weer een banaan van de bananenboom te maken. Dat deed de zon, en deze banaan was zo bijzonder dat er bananensap uitstroomde, zoveel dat de rivieren er mee vol liepen. Sindsdien werden de beren niet meer lastig gevallen.

De Aardbeientuin

Er was eens een aardbeientuin waar ook hele bijzondere sprekende wondervruchten tussen de aarbeien groeiden. De tuin werd bewaakt door angstaanjagende spinnen die alles doorboorden wat in de aarbeientuin probeerde te komen. Eens kwam er een man langs de tuin, en sprak : ‘Hey, wat als ik alleen kom om een aarbei te plukken ? Ik beloof dat ik nergens anders aan zal zitten.’ De spinnen lieten de man in de tuin komen. De man nam een aardbei, stak hem in z’n mond en staarde naar de wondervruchten. Toen de spinnen hem zagen wilden ze hem niet meer laten gaan. ‘We kunnen nog wel een tuinman gebruiken,’ zei één van de spinnen. ‘Maar waag het niet aan andere dingen te zitten dan aan de aarbeien.’ Dat beloofde de man. Diep in de nacht toen de spinnen even niet goed opletten liep de man heel dicht naar zo’n wondervrucht toe, en zei : ‘Hey.’

‘Stop een aardbei in me,’ fluisterde de wondervrucht. De man keek even om zich heen of de kust veilig was en stopte toen een aardbei heel diep in de wondervrucht. Binnen korte tijd groeide er een aarbeienboom vanuit de wondervrucht met de lekkerste aarbeien die ook konden spreken. ‘Hoe deed je dat ?’ vroeg één van de spinnen. Toen vertelde de man maar wat hij had gedaan. En van de spinnen moest hij nu een aarbei stoppen in alle wondervruchten. Binnen de kortste keren stond de tuin helemaal vol met aarbeienbomen met de lekkerste aarbeien die konden spreken. En niemand wist waar de wondervruchten gebleven waren.

Het Boze Vruchtenbos

Er was eens een man die in een bos kwam waar allemaal exotische sprekende vruchten hingen. De man begon één voor één van die sprekende vruchten te eten, maar na een tijdje begon het hem te vervelen, en wilde hij wel dat de vruchten bananen waren. De man zei dat tegen die sprekende vruchten, en toen begonnen die sprekende vruchten verschrikkelijk kwaad te worden. Ze werden jaloers, en waren ineens helemaal niet meer zo aardig. De man was erg bang geworden, en rende dieper het bos in, maar de sprekende vruchten kwamen hem achterna. Helemaal in paniek ging hij een huisje binnen, waar een heks op een stoel zat. De man vertelde het verhaal, en de heks zei : ‘Dat is nou ook wat. Nu ben je op de vlucht voor sprekende vruchten, en nu val je in de handen van een heks.’ Maar ja, de heks had tenminste wel bananen in huis liggen. ‘Ik ben zo blij dat ik een paar bananen zie,’ zei de man. De sprekende vruchten begonnen al op de deur te kloppen. ‘Wegwezen !’ krijste de heks.

Maar de sprekende vruchten begonnen steeds woester te worden, en begonnen ook al hard op de ramen te tikken. ‘Ik had jullie toch gezegd : wegwezen !’ krijste de heks. Maar de sprekende vruchten werden zo over de top woedend dat ze de ruiten insloegen en naar binnen kwamen. De heks gaf een gil, sprong door een ander raam en ook de man dook haar achterna. Met z’n tweeën renden ze nog dieper het bos in, terwijl gevaarlijk woedende sprekende vruchten achter hen aanzaten. Na een tijdje waren de twee helemaal omsingeld door de sprekende vruchten, want het bos was vol met sprekende vruchten. Steeds dichterbij kwamen de sprekende vruchten bij de man en de heks. ‘Dit is het einde,’ zei de man. ‘Mag ik een banaan ?’

‘Je kunt maar beter die sprekende vruchten eten,’ zei de heks, ‘anders overleven we het niet.’ De heks en de man hadden een manier gevonden om zo langzaam uit het boze vruchtenbos te komen. Na een tijdje waren ze uit het bos, en wilden er nooit meer naar terug. Ze gingen samen in een huisje wonen ver van het vruchtenbos vandaan. De heks had dan wel geen sprekende vruchten, maar wel bananen en zoveel andere dingen. En zo leefden ze daar nog lang en gelukkig.

De Reuzenvrouw

Er was eens een perzik die hele grote oren had. Hij werd er vaak om uitgelachen door andere perzikken, en ze zeiden allemaal dat als hij een meloen was geweest dan was het allemaal niet zo erg. Van verdriet ging de perzik met de grote oren op een dag naar het bos, om nooit meer terug te komen. Daar vond hij een banaan met een hele grote neus. Ook de banaan was gevlucht, omdat ook de banaan altijd door andere bananen werd uitgelachen. Ze zeiden dat als de banaan een meloen was geweest, dan was het allemaal nog niet zo erg. Ze besloten samen op te trekken. Na een tijdje kwamen ze aan bij een groot kasteel. Hier werden ze ontvangen door een komkommer met een hele grote kin, en al gauw kwamen ze erachter dat hier nog veel meer woonden met hele grote lichaamsdelen. De komkommer met de hele grote kin zei dat achter het kasteel een berg is waar een huilende reus woont. De reus zou huilen, omdat hij zo eenzaam was. De komkommer met de hele grote kin had een idee. Als ze nou allemaal zich aan elkaar vast zouden maken, dan zouden ze vanzelf een reuzenvrouw worden voor de reus. Dat deden ze, en met een beetje gepuzzel kwam er

een prachtige vrouw tevoorschijn. De vrouw begon aan haar tocht op de berg, en even later was de reus de allergelukkigste.

De Komkommerprins

Er was eens een fee die in een perzikkenhuisje woonde. Het huisje was helemaal van perzikken gemaakt. Als je van die perzikken at, dan kon je uiteindelijk het huisje binnen komen. In het begin leek de fee heel aardig, maar later kwam de bezoeker erachter dat er geen ontsnapping mogelijk was uit dit huis. Iedereen kwam uiteindelijk in de perzikmuren terecht om in een hoop perzikken te veranderen en zo andere bezoekers naar binnen te halen. Maar op een dag kwam er een komkommerprins naar het perzikhuisje toe, en riep : ‘Zeg fee, laat die perzikken eens los.’ En toen begon de komkommerprins met sinaasappels te gooien. De fee kwam in paniek naar buiten, en rende weg. De komkommerprins stopte niet met het gooien van sinaasappels totdat het hele huisje ingestort was. Nu begon het puzzelwerk, want alle perzikken waren door elkaar heen gehutseld. Maar na een tijdje had hij alle wezens weer goed in elkaar gepuzzeld en nam hen allen mee naar zijn komkommerpaleis. Er zat ook een bananenprinses tussen, en nadat hij alle wezens weer had vrijgelaten ging hij samen met haar in het komkommerpaleis wonen.

De Banaanse Sinaasappelkoning

Er waren eens een man en een vrouw in een tuin met sinaasappelbomen. Plotseling verscheen er een banaan met sieraden in de struiken tussen de sinaasappels. De man en de vrouw dachten dat het een slang was, en bekogelden de banaan met sinaasappels. ‘Weten jullie wel wie ik ben ?’ sprak de banaan met sieraden. ‘Ik ben de koning van de sinaasappels.’ En hij begon de sinaasappels met zo’n vaart terug te slaan dat de man en de vrouw onder de sinaasappelsap kwamen te zitten. De banaan met sieraden bleef maar gooien, totdat er een zee van sinaasappelsap was ontstaan. De man en de vrouw riepen om hulp. Maar na een tijdje kreeg de banaan met sieraden medelijden met hen, en liet hen op zijn rug zitten, anders zouden ze verdrinken. Hij bracht hen naar een eiland waar ook komkommers en bananen waren. Er waren ook een bananenkoning en een komkommerkoning, en zij hadden wel trek in wat sinaasappelsap. Maar zij dronken daar zoveel van dat de banaanse sinaasappelkoning boos terugkwam, en met zoveel sinaasappels begon te gooien dat zelfs het eiland overstroomde. Het werd een woeste zee van sinaasappelsap, waarin zelfs de banaanse sinaasappelkoning dreigde te verdrinken. Gelukkig kon de komkommerkoning vliegen en nam ze allen op zijn rug. Hij vloog naar een meloen in de lucht. De meloen nam ze naar binnen, en vroeg wie de schuldige was. Allen wezen ze naar de sinaasappelkoning, die door de meloen direkt weer in de sinaasappelzee werd geworpen. Maar later kreeg de meloen spijt, en dronk de hele sinaasappelzee leeg. De banaanse sinaasappelkoning verstopte zich weer tussen de sinaasappelbomen in de tuin. Op een dag kwamen er weer een man en een vrouw in de tuin. Toen ze de banaanse sinaasappelkoning zagen begonnen ze met sinaasappels naar hem te gooien, omdat ze dachten dat het een slang was. Maar ditmaal gooide de banaanse sinaasappelkoning niks terug, en besloot ook om maar niks te zeggen, want hij wist waar dat op uit kon lopen.

De Jungle-vrouw

Er was eens een vrouw die elke dag naar een jungle kwam waar wilde komkommers groeiden. De wilde komkommers verslonden altijd iedereen die ze tegen kwamen, en ook vochten ze onderling. Maar de vrouw strooide wat poeder over hen heen, zodat ze tam en slap werden, en stopte ze dan in haar mandje. Dan ging ze altijd naar een grot diep in die jungle waar een vreemd beest woonde die wilde spinazie bewaakte. Ze gaf dan het beest één of twee wilde komkommers en kreeg dan toegang tot de wilde spinazie waar ze hen voerde met de wilde komkommers. Op een dag was de wilde spinazie zo groot geworden dat ze uit hun gevangenschap braken, het vreemde dier verslonden, en daarna de gehele jungle. Sindsdien is de wilde spinazie altijd bij de vrouw gebleven.

De Vreemde Paddestoel

Er groeiden eens bananen tussen de paddestoelen. Een paar vermoeide kabouters namen hun intrek in één van de bananen omdat ze niet wisten dat het geen paddestoel was. Na een lange nacht kwam de eerste kabouter naar buiten, en ontdekte dat het geen paddestoel was. De kabouters wilden weer vertrekken, maar toen werd de banaan erg kwaad, en kwam achter hen aan. 'Vlug,' riep één van de kabouters, 'naar het perzikken-veld.' Toen ze bij het perzikken-veld waren aangekomen doken ze in de eerste de beste perzik en de banaan dook hen achterna en kwam al snel vast te zitten. 'Hoera !' riepen de dwergen. Even later stonden ze weer buiten, en zagen hoe de banaan weer rechtop kwam te staan met de perzik op z'n kop. Het was precies een paddestoel, en sindsdien zijn de kabouters daar maar in gaan wonen.

Het Komkommerkasteel

Er leefden eens een man en een vrouw in een komkommerkasteel. Maar op een nacht kwam er komkommersap van het plafond af, en de man en de vrouw konden er niet van slapen. 'Het dak lekt,' zei de vrouw. De man ging naar buiten, en zag een enorme komkommer op het kasteel zitten die van de komkommers at. 'Hey, wil je daar eens mee ophouden !' riep de man. 'We kunnen er niet van slapen.' Maar de komkommer begon te lachen en begon de komkommersap in het gezicht van de man te spuwen. De man werd woest en klom op het dak, en even later was hij binnenin de komkommer. 'Zeg, wie zit daar in die machine ?' riep de man. Even later zag hij een komkommerprinses diep in de komkommer. 'Zeg, haal jij al die streken uit ?' vroeg de man.

'Ja,' zei de komkommerprinses. 'Ik voel me zo alleen, en ik kan niet weg.'

'Waarom kun je niet weg ?' vroeg de man iets vriendelijker.

'Omdat de komkommer dichtklapt zodra ik eruit wil,' zei de komkommerprinses.

‘Nou,’ zei de man, ‘wat als ik je plaats nu inneem?’ Daar stemde de komkommerprinses direkt mee in. Ze zou graag in het komkommerkasteel willen wonen. Toen de komkommerprinses uit de komkommer stapte vloog de komkommer met de man direkt weg. De komkommerprinses stapte even later het komkommerkasteel binnen. ‘Waar is hij?’ vroeg de vrouw aan de komkommerprinses. ‘En wie ben jij?’ Toen vertelde de komkommerprinses het verhaal. Na een paar jaar begon het komkommerkasteel weer te lekken. ‘Oh,’ zei de vrouw, ‘dat zal hem zijn. Hij heeft vast genoeg van de vliegende komkommer.’ De vrouw rende naar buiten, klom op het dak, en toen in de komkommer. Daar kwam ze de man tegen. ‘Ik kan hier niet weg,’ zei de man. ‘en ik voel me zo alleen, zoals de komkommerprinses zich eens voelde.’

Toen greep de vrouw nog wat komkommers van het dak, en zei : ‘Nou, dan blijf ik toch gewoon bij je?’ En zo vertrok de komkommer met zowel de man als de vrouw, en ze leefden nog lang en gelukkig.

De Frambozenverkoper

Er woonde eens een sinaasappel in een kersenboom. Op een dag kwam er een frambozenverkoper langs de kersenboom, en dat vond de sinaasappel wel interessant. Ze vroeg of ze wat frambozen van hem mocht kopen. ‘Nee,’ zei de frambozenverkoper nors, ‘ik verkoop niet aan sinaasappels.’ Maar toen werd de sinaasappel erg boos en slokte de frambozenverkoper op. Na een tijdje kwam er een hond langs de kersenboom. De hond lustte geen kersen, maar wel sinaasappels, en slokte de sinaasappel in één hap op. Een eindje verderop kwam de hond een leeuw tegen, die ook nogal hongerig was, en snel de hond opslokte. Toen de leeuw bij de kersenboom aankwam werd de leeuw erg misselijk, omdat hij niet tegen kersen kon. Al snel spuwde hij de hond weer uit, en de hond was daar zo van geschrokken dat hij ook direkt de sinaasappel uitspuwde. De sinaasappel spuwde op haar beurt de frambozenverkoper uit, en sindsdien heeft de frambozenverkoper altijd vriendelijk zijn frambozen aan de sinaasappel verkocht.

De Reuzenbewaker

Er was eens een reus die een wondermeloen bewaakte. Velen probeerden bij de wondermeloen te komen, maar de reus joeg hen allemaal weg. Op een dag was er een kabouterijtje die zo klein was dat de reus hem niet zag. Met gemak kwam het kabouterijtje bij de wondermeloen, ging naar binnen, en besloot er te wonen. Maar op een dag hoorde hij hulpgeroep vanuit het diepere deel van de wondermeloen, en besloot op onderzoek uit te gaan. Na een tijdje lopen zag hij een fee die vastzat. ‘Wees maar niet bang hoor,’ zei de kabouter. Ik heb wel een plannetje. Ik ben veel te klein om jou los te krijgen, maar ik weet wel wat. En zo ging de kabouter weer naar buiten, en riep de reus. Maar de reus zag natuurlijk helemaal niets. Toen de kabouter een klein vlammetje maakte zag de reus het

wel. De kabouter nodigde de reus uit om binnen in de wondermeloen te komen. Dat ging niet zo makkelijk, maar na een tijdje was de reus binnen. ‘Zo,’ zei de reus, ‘ik wist niet dat er ook kabouters in de wondermeloen woonden.’

‘Nou,’ zei de kabouter, ‘ik woonde hier eerst ook niet, maar ik was zo klein dat ik makkelijk langs je heen kon komen.’ Maar toen werd de reus erg kwaad. De kabouter zette het op een rennen, dieper in de wondermeloen, en de reus kwam achter hem aan. Na een tijdje kwam ook de reus vast te zitten, en begon om hulp te roepen. Na een tijdje kwamen er reuzen die zelfs groter dan hem waren. Met z’n allen rekten ze de wondermeloen uit, zodat de reus los kon komen, en ook de fee. De reus was er zo van geschrokken dat hij nooit meer binnenin de wondermeloen wilde, en de fee is vanaf toen voor altijd in het voorste deel van de wondermeloen blijven wonen, samen met de kabouter.

De Perenprins

Er was eens kasteel waarvan de deuren tussen de vertrekken indiaanse wondervruchten waren. Je kon door die deuren heen, maar je kon niet meer terug. Het was als een soort fuik. Veel mannen raakten in het kasteel verstrikt en kwamen steeds dieper en dieper, totdat ze in de diepste kamer van het kasteel kwamen, waar een perenprins van steen stond. Om de perenprins heen lagen allemaal peren. ‘Zeg perenprins,’ zeiden de mannen. ‘Hoe komen we weer uit dit kasteel?’

‘Ach,’ zei de perenprins. ‘Neem gewoon wat peren mee, en gooi ze tegen de wondervruchten aan, dan gaan ze vanzelf weer open. Maar alsjeblieft, neem mij ook mee.’ Maar de mannen begonnen de perenprins uit te lachen, en gingen zonder hem terug naar de indiaanse wondervruchten met een heleboel peren. En het werkte. Telkens als ze een peer tegen de wondervrucht gooiden opende die zich weer, en zo konden de mannen helemaal terug tot de ingang lopen. Maar de poort-wondervrucht vertoonde ineens haar tanden, en verslond de mannen één voor één. En zo gebeurde dit vaak, totdat er op een dag een arme man in het kasteel terechtkwam. Ook hij kwam in de diepste kamer bij de perenprins terecht. Hij kreeg medelijden met de perenprins en besloot hem mee te dragen. Dat was wel zwaar, maar het lukte goed. Toen ze bij de poort-wondervrucht aankwamen sprak de perenprins: ‘Vlug, gooi er een peer tegenaan, en zet mij dan in de opening. De arme man deed wat hem gezegd werd, en de wondervrucht brak al snel de stenen perenprins kapot. Een klein mannetje kwam uit het gebroken standbeeld, en liep blij naar buiten, terwijl de arme man hem volgde. Het kleine mannetje leidde de arme man naar zijn koninkrijk, en hier zijn ze lang en gelukkig blijven wonen.

Het Tovermannetje

Er was eens een kasteel waarin indiaanse vliegen een reuzenmeloen bewaakten met daaronder een stel reuzenbananen. De reuzenmeloen droeg sieraden en was als een ravijn waarin vele bezoekers van het kasteel te pletter vielen. De reuzenbananen die daaronder lagen verslonden dan degenen die

in de reuzenmeloen waren gevallen. Onder de reuzenbananen was een schatkamer. Op een dag was er een man in het kasteel die zich goed had voorbereid. Hij had gehoord van de gevaren, en had een lang touw meegenomen waarlangs hij voorzichtig naar de reuzenbananen toegleed, terwijl hij een slaapmiddel liet neervallen in de reuzenbananen. De reuzenbananen vielen direkt in slaap, en zo kwam hij even later in de schatkamer. Maar ineens vielen indiaanse vliegen hem aan. Ze hadden gevaarlijke angels, maar de man prikte wat vruchten aan die angels. De indiaanse vliegen vonden die vruchten zo lekker dat ze de man helemaal vergaten. De man liep verder naar de schatten, en zag daarop een klein mannetje zitten. 'Ik zit hier al tijden omdat ik de schatten moest bewaken,' zei het mannetje. 'Maar ik ben blij dat er iemand is gekomen.' Doordat de reuzenbananen en de indiaanse vliegen waren uitgeschakeld kon het mannetje zijn toverkrachten weer gebruiken, en toverde hemzelf, de man en de schatten snel buiten het kasteel. Snel zochten ze toen een veilige plaats op, en leefden daar nog lang en gelukkig.

Het Wondersap

Er waren eens wat indiaanse konijnen die in een hol wilde bonen bewaakten waaruit heerlijk geurend wondersap stroomde. Op een dag lokte een man de indiaanse konijnen met heel lekker voer naar buiten, en ging toen het hol binnen. Maar de wilde bonen met het wondersap waren zo woest dat ze de man verslonden. Niet lang daarna probeerde een andere man het. Hij lokte de indiaanse konijnen naar buiten met lekker voer, ging het hol binnen en verspreidde direkt een slaapmiddel waardoor de wilde bonen slap gingen hangen en al snel in slaap vielen. Hij bracht de wilde bonen met het wondersap naar een smid, die hen in ijzer liet smelten, maar in de top lieten ze een klein gaatje zitten voor het wondersap. En zo kon de man veel wondersap verkopen, terwijl niemand wist waaruit het voortkwam.

Liefde en Haat

De mannen en de vrouwen kwamen steeds dichter bij de vulkaan. De grond werd steeds heter onder hun voeten. Als ze hierin zouden afdalen, dan zouden ze in het binnenste van de planeet komen. Nog voordat ze zouden afdalen hoorden ze een kreet. Agdan greep Azeda vast. De grond onder haar voeten leek te verdwijnen. Nu moesten ze snel zijn. Agdan wierp zijn touw naar Osdol, en die bond het snel aan een boom. Agdan zwiepte met Azeda neer beneden, en al snel hadden ook de anderen het touw vanaf de boom vastgegrepen. Nu moesten ze snel zijn, want alles leek op instorten te staan. Maar het was al te laat. Ook de boom stortte in, en allen vlogen ze gillend naar beneden. Gelukkig kwamen ze in een zacht vlak terecht waarvan de temperatuur dragelijk was, en zo gleden ze verder in de vulkaan.

Jesmig had Misdan's voet vast, en gleed zo achter hem aan. Ze was bang de groep te verliezen. Maar alles ging goed, en na een tijdje kwamen ze binnen in een enorm grote holle ruimte. Zou dit het binnenste van de planeet al zijn. Osdol schreeuwde dat iedereen elkaar vast moest houden. Er konden hier gevaarlijke wezens rondlopen, en er konden zich ook gevaarlijke valstrikken bevinden. Iedereen hield elkaar goed vast, en gelukkig ging alles goed. Totdat er een deur in de holle ruimte openging. Een man in een zwart gewaad en met een lange witte baard kwam naar hem toe.

‘Euspuicius,’ zei Osdol.

‘Je bent toch gekomen, Osdol,’ zei de man. ‘Ja, oom,’ zei Osdol. ‘En we hebben het nog wel snel gedaan. Ik had verwacht dat we ...’ Maar de man gebood Osdol om stil te zijn. ‘Ik ben jullie tegemoetgekomen. Maar we zijn er nog niet,’ zei de man. ‘Jullie hebben mij nodig, anders overleven jullie het hier niet. Kom, volg mij. Ik weet de weg.’

Toen ze door de deur gingen zagen ze de ravijnen, en er hingen overal adembenemende sieraden.

‘Er zijn hier veel valstrikken,’ zei de man. ‘En jullie moeten eerst gebrandmerkt worden.’

‘Gebrandmerkt?’ vroeg Azeda. ‘waarvoor?’

‘Dat zul je wel zien,’ zei de man. Plotseling zagen ze allerlei vreemd krijssende reuzeninsecten op hen afkomen. Ze leken een beetje op wespen met lange angels. Iedereen schrok. De insecten drukten hun lange angels in het vlees van de groep, en de groep gilte het uit. De angels waren kokendheet, en gingen diep in hun lichamen. De mannen vochten uit alle macht met hun zwaarden, maar de insecten waren veel sneller. De groep begon hevig te bloeden, maar toen vertrokken de insecten ineens onverklaarbaar.

Wees maar blij, zei de oude man. De ravijnen zullen die littekens herkennen, en zullen jullie doorgang geven. Zonder deze wonden zouden jullie door de ravijnen gegrepen worden en opgeslokt worden

Iedereen vond dat wel erg vreemd. De oude man wist gelukkig precies de weg, en na een tijd kwamen ze bij zijn huisje aan.

Iedereen was erg moe. De mannen kregen een kamer, en de vrouwen kregen een andere kamer. In de nacht werden ze allen opgeschrikt door een schel krijssend geluid. Eén van de mannen rende naar buiten, en zag een zwevend platform in één van de ravijnen, op dezelfde hoogte. Een man en wat vrouwen in vreemde klederen riepen hem. Ze schenen zelfs zijn naam te kennen. Als gehypnotiseerd liep de man naar voren, en ook het platform kwam dichtbij. Ook een andere man was inmiddels naar buiten gekomen. ‘Doe het niet, Asdor,’ zei de andere man. Maar Asdor stapte op

het platform en toen ging het platform naar de andere kant van het ravijn, en toen langs de vulkanen van de overkant heen, om vervolgens in een bocht te verdwijnen.

‘Ik kan je geen garanties geven over Asdor,’ zei de oude man de volgende dag. ‘Er zijn hier vele volkeren, soms kwaad van zin, soms goed, maar ook heel vaak ertussenin. Maar als jullie gekrijs hoorden, dan was dat waarschijnlijk een vleermuis, of weer insecten.’

De volgende nacht hoorden ze weer gekrijs. Azeda bleef direkt klaarwakker, terwijl de anderen weer verder sliepen. Langzaam ging ze uit haar bed, en liep naar buiten. Ook zij zag het platform en moest aan Asdor denken. ‘Nee,’ dacht ze bij haarzelf. ‘Dit is niet goed als ik meega.’ Maar plotseling greep een hand haar van achteren. Ze werd geblinddoekt, en al gauw stond ze op het platform. Na een tijdje werd ze van het platform afgeduwd, en de blinddoek ging er weer af. Er was hier een prachtige natuur. Het was als een jungle, en er stroomde een vreemd soort sap. ‘Je hebt dit altijd al gewild,’ zei een stem. ‘Je wist dat het een natuur was, waarin je hetzelfde zou zijn als die natuur, en die natuur als jou. Je wilde wel dat het je zou omhullen.’

‘Oh god, ja,’ zei Azeda, ‘maar waar is Asdor?’

‘Asdor is in goede handen,’ zei een stem. Ze wist niet waar die stem vandaan kwam, maar van achter duwde iemand haar voorwaarts. Ze durfde niet achterom te kijken. Plotseling werd ze in een grot geduwd, en ze zag Asdor staan. ‘Asdor,’ riep ze.

Asdor glimlachte. ‘Wat is dit voor een natuur?’ vroeg ze.

‘Mens en natuur is hier één,’ zei Asdor vriendelijk. De natuur was hier als een stel reuzen bij elkaar. Ze ademde de doordringende lucht in, en de warme geur. Ze liep voorzichtig op Asdor af, maar het leek alsof er glas tussen haar en Asdor was. ‘Asdor, ik kan niet verder,’ zei ze. Ze moest een stukje opzij stappen, toen vooruit, toen weer opzij naar de andere kant, en toen weer vooruit. Asdor omhelsde haar. ‘Ben je in orde?’ vroeg Azeda.

‘Ja,’ fluisterde Asdor. Na niet al te lange tijd kwamen de volgende van hun vrienden hier, en waren overweldigd door de natuur. Verderop was een meer vol van vreemd sap. Er was een eilandje waar ze naartoe zwommen. Ze konden zichzelf helemaal verliezen in deze omgeving.

Maar toen ze naar de andere kant van het meer waren gezwommen zagen ze daar oude mannen in kooien. Een schaduw leek hun enthousiasme te overvallen. ‘Wat is dit voor land?’ krijste Azeda, en rende op de kooien af om ze zo snel mogelijk los proberen te krijgen.

‘We weten wel wie jullie zijn,’ zeiden de oude mannen. ‘Jullie zijn van de Xzeda. Jullie openen onze kooien om ons naar nog verschrikkelijker kooien te leiden.’

‘Nee,’ riep Azeda. ‘We zijn hier niks. Wat is hier aan de hand?’

‘Oh, zijn jullie niet van de Xzeda?’ zei een oude man.

‘Nee, zei Asdor, wij zijn niet van deze plaats. Wie zijn de Xzeda?’

‘Zij zijn reuzen-insecten als wespen, en ze komen ook in menselijke vorm. Zij hebben ons hier opgesloten,’ sprak de oude man.

In ieder geval waren de kooien nu open, en ze konden beter bij de oude mannen blijven. Er schenen hier veel gevaren te zijn, en ze hadden al allemaal spijt dat ze meegegaan waren. Maar ook hadden ze zin in avontuur.

De oude mannen leidden hen naar een oude grot. Hier lieten ze oude papieren zien waarop de insecten getekend stonden. ‘Ja, die kennen we,’ zei Azeda, en liet haar wond zien. Ook de oude mannen lieten hun littekens zien. ‘Daarmee houden ze ons in de gaten,’ zei de oude man. ‘ze ruiken het litteken. Daarom moeten we doorreizen anders zullen ze ons vinden.’

De oude man vertelde hen dat ze op zoek moesten naar een nieuw litteken, een teken waardoor de Xzeda niet meer bij hen zou kunnen komen, een teken dat hen zou verwarren.

‘Maar hoe komen we bij dat teken?’ vroeg Azeda.

De oude man opende een put achterin de grot. Eén voor één daalden ze naar beneden. Er was hier veel modder. Het leidde hen naar een vieze stinkende rivier. De oude man dook in het water, en de rest moest volgen. Maar na een tijdje werden ze omsingeld door piranha's. De piranha's leken zich te storten op de oude mannen. De rest kon ontsnappen. Iedereen zwom snel door, maar toen de piranha's de oude mannen binnen een mum van tijd hadden verslonden grepen ze ook de anderen. Alleen Asdor en Azeda konden ontsnappen. Asdor had een paar piranha's aan zijn mes geregen, en toen bleven ze uit de buurt. Azeda zwom zo dicht mogelijk bij hem. In de verte zagen ze een berg, en na een tijdje konden ze op de oever klimmen. In de verte hoorden ze gekrijs van reuzen-insecten die steeds dichterbij kwamen. Snel gingen Azeda en Asdor door een gleuf de berg binnen. Ze dachten allebei na over het tweede litteken, hoe ze dat konden krijgen, en waar. In een schacht klommen ze op een trappetje omhoog, en kwamen in een ruimte waar een reuzenoog lag. ‘Laten we hier weggaan,’ zei Azeda. ‘Het bevalt me hier niet.’ Een vreemde rook scheen zich te verspreiden.

‘We kunnen niet terug,’ zei Asdor, ‘ik wil niet nog een keer gestoken worden. Laten we op zoek gaan naar het tweede merkteken.’ Ze merkten dat ze door de opening een nieuw pad konden volgen. Het was een soort tunnel, en de wanden voelden erg zacht aan. Plotseling kon Asdor zich niet meer bewegen. ‘Kom op,’ zei Azeda, ‘we moeten verder. Je hebt gelijk. We kunnen niet terug, en straks zetten ze ons ook in die kooien waar die oude mannen inzaten.’

‘H...h...het komt door die tunnel,’ stotterde Asdor ... Azeda nam hem snel op haar rug, en trok hem voort. Na een tijdje gleed ze uit, en ging de tunnel schuin naar beneden. Het was alsof ze in een ruimte waren waar ze niet mochten komen, want ook Azeda kon zich niet meer bewegen. Het was alsof ze door een vreemd insect waren gestoken. Een vreemd oranje gekruisd litteken verscheen op hun bovenbenen. Ineens konden ze weer ademen. Beiden waren opgelucht, en konden zich na een tijdje weer een beetje bewegen. Alles was glad hier, en ze gleden nog steeds naar beneden. Ze hielden elkaar stevig vast.

‘Wat een vreemde tunnel is dit,’ zei Azeda.’ Asdor knikte. Ze hielden elkaar vast. ‘Dit kan niet goed zijn, Asdor,’ zei Azeda. Asdor zei niets. Asdor probeerde grip te krijgen op de tunnel, maar alles ging sneller en sneller. Alles was nat. ‘Ik laat je los, Asdor,’ zei Azeda. En plotseling kwamen ze in twee verschillende tunnels terecht. Allebei kwamen ze in een bron van vreemd stomend sap terecht. ‘Kun je me horen?’ riep Asdor.

‘Ja!’ riep Azeda op haar hardst.

Plotseling hoorde hij Azeda luid krijsen. ‘Piranha’s!’ilde ze. Asdor raakte in paniek, want hij wist niet hoe hij bij haar moest komen. Na een tijdje was alles stil. Ze hadden haar verscheurd. Asdor liep verder in de bron, en stapte aan de overkant er weer uit. Hij voelde haat en liefde tegelijk naar de natuur, maar bovenal verwarring, ongeloof en onbegrip. Hij liep op een heuveltje omhoog, en ging door een deur naar binnen. Na een tijdje herkende hij het weer. Hij was dicht bij het huis van Osdol’s oom. Toen hij binnenkwam zag hij Osdol, de oude man, Agdan, Jesmig en Misdan. Hij had een verhaal te vertellen.

De oude man kon hem wel vertellen hoe de vork in de steel zat. De natuur was verdeeld, zoals de mens verdeeld was, en de natuur was op sommige punten net zo hopeloos en hulpeloos als de mens dat was. Osdol omhelsde zijn oude vriend, en was blij dat hij het had overleefd. Maar allen treurden ze over Azeda en de anderen die het niet konden navertellen. Asdor liet hen het litteken zien wat hij erbij had gekregen, het oranje kruisje op zijn bovenbeen. Als dit het teken was waar de oude mannen over spraken, dan zou hij nu niet meer door de reuzen-insecten lastig gevallen kunnen worden, maar omdat Azeda dat kruisje ook had, wist hij dat de strijd tegen de piranha’s in ieder geval nog niet over was. En wat als dat helemaal niet het teken was waardoor hij macht over de Xzeda zou hebben? Dan kon hij nog steeds hun prooi worden, om in hun kooien een oude man te

worden. Daar had hij niet zoveel zin in. Door zijn onwetendheid zou hij dus een groot risico lopen als hij zou teruggaan. Maar iets in hem trok hem.

Osdol en Agdan vonden op een dag een gebied vol vulkanen nog dieper onder de grond. Deze vulkanen waren anders dan ze ooit hadden gezien, en al gauw haalden ze de anderen erbij. Ook Ogdol's oom ging mee. Er waren hier vreemdsoortige slangen, en sommigen van hen waren erg groot, zo groot dat ze de vulkanen met gemak konden wurgen. Allen keken ze vol bewondering naar hoe de slangen zich over de vulkanische oppervlaktes bewogen. De hittede waren groter dan normaal, maar veel minder pijnlijk. De pijn zou je kunnen vergelijken met gestoken te worden door een steekvlieg. Langzaam zakten de mannen naar beneden in een krater, en ook de vrouwen volgden hen. Osdol's oom bleef staan, wenste hen een goede reis, en ging na wat waarschuwingen weer terug. Ze waren met z'n vijven : drie mannen en twee vrouwen. Nog steeds treurden ze over Azeda, die door piranha's was verslonden.

Maar de schrik sloeg hen om 't hart toen ze iets onderin de krater zagen bewegen. Het was een been. En plotseling kwam er een heel lichaam uit. Het was Azeda. Iedereen was erg blij, en verbaasd. 'Wij dachten dat je verslonden was door piranha's,' sprak Agdan.

'Nee,' zei Azeda, terwijl ze hen één voor één omhelsde. 'de piranha's trokken mij mee in de diepte van de bron waarin ik was gegleden, en brachten mij hier. De grond is erg vruchtbaar.'

'Hoe bedoel je ?' vroeg Agdan. 'We verwachtten hier de dood, maar je zegt nu dat alles hier leeft ?' Osdol's oom had hen verteld dat dieper in de aarde alles praktisch dood was, alleen vuur, veel vuur, en vulkaan-activiteit. Nu hoorden en zagen ze iets anders. 'Kom mee,' zei Azeda, en leidde hen door het gat waaruit ze gekomen was. Er waren hier meren, en daarin konden ze gewoon zwemmen. Agdan omhelsde Azeda, en samen gleden ze in de diepte van een kratermeer. Dat had hij zolang niet kunnen doen. Ook de andere mannen en vrouwen volgden. Azeda wist hier de weg. Ze konden hier gewoon ademen. Een geur maakte zich van hen meester, als de rook van hete vulkanen. Er groeiden hier vreemde planten met vreemde vruchten. Azeda gaf hen allemaal te eten, en vertelde honderduit.

De bodem van het meer voelde ribbelig aan, en was bruin-roze. Het water was zo helder dat ze alles goed konden zien. Ook het water ribbelde. Hier waren de piranha's niet agressief. Het was alsof ze hier thuis waren gekomen, en hun rust hadden gevonden. Het was hier zoveel beter dan in een gewone rivier of een gewoon meer. Dit was magisch. Iedereen was blij dat Azeda weer terecht was gekomen.

Eén van de mannen gleed door een nauwe opening. Al snel volgden de anderen. Diep van onderen hoorden ze een geluid. Het was een lange tunnel. In de ruimte waar ze terecht waren gekomen was alles heel zacht en donzig, en overal om hen heen stonden prachtige motors door zonlicht

overgoten. Boven hen schitterde de roze zon. Al snel crosten ze door de gangen, door licht verhelderd. Niet lang daarna waren ze op de uitgestrekte vlaktes.

De zon ging onder, en het werd nacht. Een kou raasde over de vlaktes, en ze zochten warmte bij elkaar. Er was niets rustgevers dan hier te wonen, maar al gauw werden ze ergens door opgejaagd wat ze niet konden verklaren. Een vreemd gevoel van binnen. Wat zo mooi had kunnen zijn liep al snel uit op een nachtmerrie. Ze werden gevangen genomen door ratten. Gebonden op de ruggen van de ratten werden ze tot duistere plaatsen gebracht. Hier was de kou de baas, en wanneer er hitte was, dan was het gewoon de pijn. Ze herinnerden hun motors die schitterden in de stralen van de zon. Ze verlangden terug naar die tijden, maar zij waren nu gevangen van de ratten. En voor hoe lang ? Misschien wel voor altijd.

Na lange nachten van hopeloosheid, pijn en verdriet hoorden ze ineens schoten. Overal om hen heen zagen ze ratten neervallen. Het was Osdol's oom. Hij had een grote motor meegenomen, en al snel zaten ze allemaal achterop. Met grote snelheid croste de oude man uit de schuur van de ratten. Hij kende de weg hier wel, en kende ook de gevaren. Maar zij die pas waren bevrijd waren geheel afgestompt. Ze voelden niets anders dan een botte pijn. Als dit het leven was. En wie vertelde hen dat niet nog grotere gevaren hen al opwachten ? Ze hadden nergens meer zin in. Het was alsof het trauma van de ratten hen diep verwond had, met eeuwige wonden. Het was alsof de ratten nog steeds binnen in hen leefden. Thuisgekomen bij Osdol's oom namen ze allemaal een warm bad, maar niets scheen te helpen. Eigenlijk wilden ze gewoon helemaal naar huis, want ze hadden genoeg van het leven onder de aarde. In hun ogen was het allemaal te duur.

Op een dag raakte Agdan Azela aan. Azela gilte het uit. Het deed pijn, alsof ze in de brandnetels was gevallen. En dit was zelfs erger zo erg dat ze helemaal in paniek raakte bij de gedachte dat hij het weer zou kunnen doen. 'Doe dat nooit meer,' krijste ze. Agdan was de eerste die helemaal herstelde, en wilde terug naar de diepte om uit te vinden wat daar gaande was. Maar de anderen wilden hem niet laten gaan. Bij de vrouwen leken de wonden erger dan ooit tevoren.

Op een dag bood Osdol's oom aan om op de grote motor samen met Agdan terug naar de diepte te gaan. De vrouwen vertrouwden Osdol's oom, en alhoewel ze zelf niet meegingen, gaven ze wel toestemming aan Agdan om mee te gaan.

De motor ging ditmaal dieper dan ooit tevoren, en ze kwamen zelfs op terrein waar Osdol's oom nog nooit was geweest. Hij wist dat het gevaarlijk was, maar het ging om het hogere goed. Zoete geuren leken naar hen te lonken. Maar beiden waren ze op hun hoede. Een vrouw staarde hen aan, een vrouw die ze niet kenden. Toen rende de vrouw weg. Langzaam kwamen Agdan en de oude man dichterbij. Door een gleuf in een rots zagen vulkanen. Er kwam een indringende, hypnotiserende geur door de gleuf heen. Boven de vulkanen hing een duistere bruine zon. Ze konden niet door de gleuf heen, alhoewel ze dat wel zouden willen. Ze vroegen zich af waar de vrouw naartoe was gegaan.

Het beklimmen van de rots was erg gevaarlijk, maar na een tijdje kwamen ze er toch overheen. Ook hesen ze met een touw de motor van de oude man over de rots heen. De lichten die hier waren, waren verzwakkend. Vanuit de meertjes schepte de oude man wat van de vreemde sappen in kruiken en flessen. De man herkende dit spul als geneesmiddelen voor eeuwige wonden. Verder merkten ze dat ze direkt weer moesten vertrekken, vanwege de dreigende lucht, die hun zuurstof begon af te nemen. Thuisgekomen na een lange reis werden de vrouwen en de overige mannen met het sap ingesmeerd, en begonnen wonderbaarlijk te herstellen. Agdan vroeg zich echter af waarom hij zonder het sap was hersteld. De man zei dat hij waarschijnlijk dat sap al in zijn lichaam droeg.

De Nooit eindigende Vlam

Op de berg gleden een groep mannen door glibberige geulen, en kwamen uiteindelijk terecht in warme bronnen. Diep in een gouden bron, opgestuwd als een plaats dieper dan hun ziel, die hun ziel leek weg te vreten. Ze vonden het fijn dat ze geen ziel meer hadden, geen geweten, want het geweten had hen hun leven lang geteisterd. Voor hun ogen zagen ze de visioenen en aura's van hun geweten waarin ze zolang opgesloten zaten exploderen. Hun lichamen trilden, plaats makend voor nog meer explosies, waaronder die van het hart, en daarna hun hersenen. Hun mentale vlakken voelden blanco aan, als een witgeverfde massa van verdoving. Verdoofdheid was wat ze wilden, nadat ze hun gevangenschappen hadden verlaten. Het was een grote ontsnapping. Er droop sap van hun gehemelte die hun kelen dik lieten aanvoelen, als gestoken door een giftige spin, als een geneesmiddel. Want oh, wat waren deze mannen verwond. Jarenlang mochten zij niet dromen, en moesten zij hun lichamen onderdrukken, maar nu droop zachte vrijheid door hun botten heen.

Er begonnen monden te verschijnen die breed opengingen en scherpe, slijmerige tanden hadden. De jacht was begonnen. Dit was niet de druk van het geweten meer, maar van gevoeligheid. Jaren waren zij door het geweten vals beschuldigd, en nu was de jacht begonnen. De mannen strekten hun lichamen uit, en werden omhuld door warme visioenen als verf, en vreemde indringende lichten. Zoveel meer zintuigen werden in hen geopend. Het was hier waar de natuur zich voor hen opende, en het was goed hier te zijn, vanwege de warmte. Het was een tropische warmte als een deken waaronder hun lichamen bedekt werden. Er was geen terugkeer mogelijk meer, nu ze in zo'n sterke stroming terecht waren gekomen. Maar wilden ze nog wel terug ?

'Ik wil vrij zijn,' riep er één, en een ander riep : 'Ik zal ze bombarderen.' De oorlog was nu begonnen, want hun lichamen waren nog steeds gevuld met wraakgevoelens en bitterheid. Ze waren soldaten, nu toegerust met wapens, en hiermee zouden ze geen genade hebben. Sommigen gilden en krijsten van woede, totdat hun armen zo krachtig als vleugels waren. De soldaten rezen op, en keken naar hun helmen. Er was geen weg terug. De strijd zou nu beginnen. Zij hadden een wapen in handen met vreemde schilden. Oorlogsgekrijs was overal. De mannen hadden maar één doel : overwinning. De zachtheid leek hen steeds meer en meer te omhullen, en begonnen hen langzaam te penetreren tot in de dieptes van hun wezen. Vandaaruit wisten ze welke woorden ze moesten spreken, om op te borrelen voor het besturen van hun jachtpaarden. De mannen zouden geen genade hebben, omdat er geen genade aan hen was geschonken. Het was nu de tijd van wraak, en er kwam doem op de vlaktes.

Er kwamen sappen op vanuit de bron waaruit ze omhoog kwamen, en gingen recht op hun benen staan als door een vreemde kracht. Ze gleden voort over een berg, door een heleboel geuren. De lijven bereden hun jachtpaarden, want het was oorlog. Het was een avontuur zonder grenzen, voor een nieuwe natuur. De strijdkreet was neergezet om poorten te openen, tot het bezichtigen van de nooiteindigende vlam. Allen strekten ze zich uit naar de vlam, en plotseling kwam er een zachte en ritmische bliksem naar beneden om hen met geheel nieuwe visioenen te omhullen, de visioenen van een nieuwe wereld. Ze waren bijna thuisgekomen. De mannen hielden van de vlam, en hielden ervan naar de vlam te kijken, hoe het vurig opschoot om hun diepste wensen te vervullen. De mannen hadden een kracht ontdekt die niet van deze wereld was, en zij brachten hun wapens in de lucht. Deze oorlog zou uitgevochten worden. Geen enkel wapen was zo zacht, vervullend en doeltreffend.

De mannen steigerden als paarden, hunkerend naar de vlam waarop ze reden. Ze kwamen steeds dichterbij de vlam, terwijl hun hersenen leken te exploderen. Plotseling nam de vlam hen in de greep als een touw, en begon zich aan te trekken. Langzaam begon de vlam bezit van hen te nemen, terwijl ze als bezetenen werden. De vlam zou hen aanvoeren in de oorlog, en zou hen rijkelijk voorzien in de vlam, omdat de vlam weelderig was. De vlam nam alleen genoeg met het beste, en liet vluchtige, poederige visioenen over hun lichamen glijden. Plotseling begon de vlam als in een draaikolk de mannen naar beneden te zuigen. De mannen gleden in nieuwe bronnen waar ze gelanceerd werden. Zachte energieën begonnen in hen omhoog te komen, die door de vlam in lichterlaaie werden gezet, om zo te worden tot lichten. Hierdoor verloren de mannen zoveel van hun ziel en hart, om plaats te maken voor nog meer van de vlam, iets wat ze veel meer begeerden. Ze wilden loskomen, en dit was de juiste oplossing. Zolang hadden ze hier op gewacht na jarenlange gevangenschap. Zo lang hadden ze hier naar uitgezien, denkende dat het nooit zou komen. Aan hun hopeloosheid was een einde gekomen, terwijl nieuwe energieën aan hun horizonnen verschenen.

De mannen draaiden met de krachten en energieën mee, in de stroom van de nooiteindigende vlam. Zij hadden die vlam omhelsd en aangenomen. 'Ja, eet mijn hersenen weg !' riep een, en bracht doem voort. Het geduld de mannen was op. De mannen hadden genoeg van hun harten die hen alleen maar pijn deden. Ze werden aangedreven door elkaar. Hier hadden de mannen zolang op gewacht. Zij waren gezonden om het geweten te verslinden.

Ze droegen vlammen op hun hoofden als kronen. Zij waren koningen, en hadden macht. Zij droegen allen een nieuw vaandel, waarin een nooiteindigende vlam hen leidde. Na het ritueel stonden zij op, en marcheerden over de hogere muren. Daartoe waren zij uitgezonden. Zij werkten voor de nooiteindigende vlam. De mannen droegen sieraden waarmee ze heersten. De mannen wilden doem brengen. Het laatste deel van de hersenen scheen te exploderen, en sap bleek voort te komen vanuit hun diepste bronnen. Er was nu niets meer dat hen kon tegenhouden. Alles wat ze wilden was vrij te zetten.

Ze waren diep met elkaar verbonden in hun binnensten, en vertrouwden elkaar. Ze hadden de prijs betaald om hier te komen, en hadden bewezen dat ze waardig waren. De vlam keek toe en maakte een ritmisch geheel. Van alle kanten kwamen nieuwe vlammen binnen en werden nieuwe vlammen gevormd, totdat de mannen tot een draaikolk kwamen.

Het was een harde oorlog. Zij die de vlammenkroon droegen hadden geen genade. Zij hadden monstermonden op hun borst, met vlijmscherpe, gemene tanden onder slijm. Ook bereiden zij vreemde schilden met franjes.

De mannen droegen speren. Zij waren op de vlucht, en voerden oorlog en jacht voor hun leven. Zij hadden gestoken, diep penetrerend om de gevaarlijkste sappen voort te brengen in de oorlog. Ook wisten zij precies welke knoppen in te drukken voor de beste wapens en de beste aanvallen. Zij gingen voor het beste, en namen met niets minder genoegen.

Zij die de vlammenkroon droegen waren trots, en droegen lange franjes. Zij droegen een nieuw vaandel, en waren bezeten door een nooiteindigende vlam, die telkens weer andere vlammen leek voort te brengen, diep penetrerend. De vlammen vormden nieuwe visioenen van een nieuwe wereld, waar ze al voor de helft instonden, als wateren die omhulden. Er was geen weg meer terug, en dat wilden ze ook niet. Ze keken over de rand heen van een hoge berg, in een nieuwe wereld. Ze hadden deze wereld lief, en die wereld had hen lief. Ja, die wereld was naar hen toegezonden om hen te halen uit hun gevangenschap. Zij waren martelaars, maar nu waren zij vrij, om weg te zinken in een poel van bitterheid en wraak die ze nu eindelijk konden lanceren.

Er was hier geen geweten. Niets scheen hen in de weg te staan. Er was hier geen hart of ziel. Neen. Ze waren vrij, en lichten omhulden hen als dekens. Zij hadden te lang geleden. Er was geen vlam van genade meer in hen over. Zij waren te diep verwond en te gek van woede. Zij waren wild, en konden alleen elkaar nog temmen.

Er leek geen einde te komen aan hun wreedheid, omdat ze zelf ook groeiende wreedheid hadden moeten verdragen. Er was nu alleen plaats voor bittere wraak, en wie kon hen stoppen? Wie kon hen zeggen dat wat ze deden taboe was? Was datgene wat hen was aangedaan dan geen taboe? Hun binnenste was trots, bezeten en voortgejaagd door de nooiteindigende vlam. Als zij brulden kwam er vuur voort als bommen. Het was oorlog, een oorlog die zou duren tot het einde. Zij waren soldaten, en zij waren op jacht. Hun netten die zij gooiden waren als het rauwe vuur, en ze aten er goed van.

Zij droegen de vlammenkroon, een kroon van macht, een kroon van nooiteindigend vuur waarin hun nieuwe wereld zou ontstaan, een wereld om weg te vreten hart na hart, geweten na geweten, ziel na ziel. Ja, zij waren de jagers van de dood, omdat zij tot die dood waren gedreven, aan de

ketenen van een immergroeïende wreedheid. Nu waren zij vrij, en nu waren zij bereid terug te betalen.

Een nooiteindigend vuur brandde in hun binnensten, voortbrengende visioenen tot een nieuwe creatie. In hun vrijheid braadden zij, en deden zich tegoed aan het vlees, want eens werd hun eigen vlees ook gegeten. Het was de dag der wrake en van de terugbetaling, een dag die de oude wereld nog lang zou heugen, totdat de oude wereld geheel in het niets en vergetene zou zijn opgelost. Dit was een moment waar zij naar uitzagen. En dit moment hadden zij bijna in hun hand.

De mannen gleden door geulen om zo in bronnen terecht te komen. De energieën bouwden zich op, en maakten nieuwe creaties. De mannen werden door nieuwe zachte visioenen omhuld, die hun diep en snel begonnen te penetreren om de diepste bronnen in hun binnenste omhoog te halen. De energieën werden bij elke ademhaling zachter en zachter, om nog diepere samensmeltingen op te roepen. De hersenen en harten van de mannen leken te exploderen, om plaats te maken voor de diepere vlammen, voortkomende vanuit een nooiteindigende vlam waarmee ze steeds meer bezeten raakten, in een vreemd ritmisch patroon om hun zielen te laten exploderen, om plaats te maken voor de vlam.

Door de zachtheid kregen ze een nieuw bewustzijn, en leken hun ogen open te gaan, omhuld door ringen, die zich door spiralen leken te verfijnen en vergroten. En zo werden de diepere snaren van hun wezen beroert, om diepere sappen voort te brengen. Het was oorlog, ondergedompeld in vreemde lichten. Deze lichten vormden ritmische patronen, als sleutels voor het openen van de diepere bronnen en sappen. Ja, poorten van gevoeligheid werden geopend, een grotere zachtheid.

Zij wisten hoe zij de verf moesten voortbrengen voor een totaal nieuwe wereld, een verf die zo diep in hun binnenste zat opgesloten.

De mannen kwamen na lange gevangenschap onder de grond aan in het kasteel. Lange tijd waren ze het slachtoffer geweest, maar nu waren ze toch eindelijk uit die draaikolk ontsnapt, en kwamen aan in het kasteel. Ze kwamen in vreemde capsules terecht vol met lichten, en zij zagen zichzelf nu door hele andere ogen. De capsules werden omhoog geschoten, en ze kwamen in hogere kamers terecht, waar het licht zich leek te vermenigvuldigen, tezamen met een aangename warmte, en een tropische bries. De mannen vertaalden de boodschappen die diep in hun lichamen opgeborgen lagen in mum van tijd, door de penetrerende en pellende lichten. Hier zagen ze zichzelf niet meer in schuwheid, maar in volle trots, alsof ze hun levensader hadden, maar nog steeds op hun hoede, want er konden vele gevaren zijn. Zij kenden het kasteel niet, alhoewel ze overweldigd waren door het kasteel.

Vreemde wezens kwamen tot transformaties, om hun voeten neer te zetten op de grond van het kasteel. Ze hadden hun pistolen, en hun laarzen zorgden voor een goede vering. Ook leken hun helmen en pantsers te vloeien, om hen te beschermen tegen de gevaren. Er waren zoveel kwade

wezens die hun hoofden wilden bezitten. Het gevecht begon. Vreemde energieën kwamen als spiralen uit hun pistolen, om zich als ringen over hun vijanden te schieten. Vijanden hadden ze veel. Vijanden die hen terug wilden brengen naar hun donkere kerkers onder de grond. Maar nu waren ze in het kasteel, en zouden hun vrijheid verdedigen. Zij hadden hiertoe de juiste wapenen van het kasteel gekregen. Ja, het kasteel streed voor hen.

Mannen in lange jassen en met duistere geweren renden door het kasteel. Zij waren op zoek naar de mannen die waren gekomen. Het kasteel zou hen niet meer laten gaan. Sappen begonnen uit hun geweren en pistolen te druipen, en explosies vonden plaats, tot een groot vuurgevecht.

Ze hadden strategische plaatsen in het kasteel. Ze hadden zich geheel naar dit kasteel verplaatst, waar een geheel andere strijd ontstond. De strijd was tegen skeletten. De mannen hielden hun pistolen dichtbij hun borst, en werden in staat gesteld de mannen met de lange jassen te ontmoeten, die naar hen op zoek waren. Veel wapens werden uitgewisseld, klaar voor de strijd. De kogels waren verblindend, en al snel kwamen de skeletten in eieren terecht, in webben, waarin zij geheel geconsumeerd werden, getransformeerd tot goed voedsel. De mannen deden zich eraan tegoed. Lang hadden zij op het moment gewacht, en voor hen was dit een koud kunstje. Zij hadden hun geweren, en hulp van de mannen in lange jassen.

Er was een strijd in de lucht boven hun hoofden, want lichten waren naar hen op zoek, en weefden zich langzaam in de situatie. Zo gingen zij van verblinding tot verblinding om los te komen van de oude visioenen, en kwamen zij tot zachtere golven. Hun hersenen leken te exploderen, en nieuwe stoffen schenen door hun bloed te vloeien, verblindende lichten. Deze lichten waren organisch.

Er stonden vele dingen voor hen klaar in het kasteel, en langzaam gleden zij in hun capsules om tot hogere verdiepingen geschoten te worden. Er waren een heleboel dingen die zij niet begrepen, maar lichten waren naar hen op zoek, om hun harten te laten exploderen, en hen geheel vrij te zetten, vrij om te gaan tot de toppen van het kasteel. De kanonnen waren ritmisch en gevoelig, en ook hun pistolen en geweren schenen een eigen leven te leiden. Zij werden klaargemaakt om zelf een pistool te worden, iets waarin ze geheel veilig zouden zijn.

De mannen waren in een jungle terechtgekomen. Ze wisten het niet, want ze waren in het kasteel in slaap gevallen, en met hun bewustzijn zo ver weggevlogen. Maar toen ze wakker werden bleken ze nog gewoon in het kasteel te zijn, hier waar kasteel en jungle één waren. Ze keken om zich heen en zagen elkaar, terwijl vochtige energieën over hen heen schoven. Om hem heen liepen andere mannen met kappen, en zij hadden branders om het glas tussen de mannen weg te doen smelten. Dit was de wereld van het vuur. Een hitte leek hun hoofden tot leven te wekken, en ze zagen zoveel meer.

Hier waren visioenen die hen meetrokken tot een nieuwe wereld. De mannen riepen van hier tot elkaar. Er was geen weg meer uit het kasteel, alleen een weg om er dieper in weg te zinken. Het kasteel was groot, als een grote jungle.

De hitte leek hier door hun pakken heen te dringen, om hun harten geheel te doen wegsmelten, om plaats te maken voor het vuur, een vuur dat niet zou rusten totdat ze geheel thuis waren, waar ze behoorden te zijn, in de toppen van het kasteel, en door de verblindingen kwamen ze in de torens.

Doordat er een bepaalde stof in hun hoofden vrij kwam om de gaten van de jungle te doordringen en de muren op te blazen kwamen zij tot de andere kanten van de torens, en kwamen ze hoger. Ook leken energieën te vloeien als pistolen. Zo werden zij langzaam maar zeker zelf pistolen.

De mannen hadden vreemde energieën als tubes en wolkjes in hun armen. Hersenen hadden ze niet meer, maar pistolen die alles regelden en gevoelig waren. De hitteden waren aangenaam, met verblindende lichten die hieruit voortkwamen. Dezen stroomden door de pakken van de mannen om de verdere pistolen op te laden. De mannen waren zelf een pistool geworden, en ze hadden veel uitzicht in het kasteel. Steeds hoger kwamen zij in de torens, tot steeds diepere jungles. Maar de oorlog was nog maar net begonnen.

Hersenspingsels der Elven

Mirik, Mirit, en Sakja waren drie indiaanse oorlogselven. Ze hadden toverwapens, een heel kasteel vol, en ze deinsten niet terug voor bloederigheden en het drinken van bloed. Ze waren heel vampiristisch van aard.

Vaak vochten ze alledrie aan elkaars zijde, maar meestal leefden ze op zichzelf. De jacht deden ze meestal alleen. Er waren geen gruwelijkere en prachtigere elven dan hen, maar de wraak der heksen en tovenaars keerden vaak tegen hen.

Meestal als ze alleen waren kregen ze het zwaar te verduren, en daarom zochten ze elkaar nog weleens op. Gelukkig konden ze goed verdwijnen en verschijnen, en dat maakte alles iets makkelijker, maar er waren genoeg tovenaars en heksen, en genoeg boze elven die hen daarin met gemak konden volgen. Zij waren niet de enigen die konden verdwijnen en verschijnen. Ze hadden een hoge tovenaarsgraad, dat wel, maar hier woedde de oorlog het hardst.

Vaak smeerden ze zichzelf in met toverbloed, of namen ze een bad met tovergeuren. Het bad was bekleed met de huiden van allerlei toverbeesten die ze hadden verslagen. Maar als ze bij elkaar waren dan was er zoveel toverkracht dat het de meest gevaarlijke heksen aantrok, en daarom besloten ze op een dag voorgoed uit elkaar te gaan. Ieder van hen zou een richting kiezen, en ze zouden alleen nog maar voor zichzelf strijden.

Van huiden maakten ze een eigen wigwam in verlaten gebied. En sindsdien werd alles rustiger.

Ze wisten dat ze alleen veilig waren als ze op zichzelf waren. In die verlaten gebieden hadden ze nog wel veel strijd te voeren tegen de wilde dieren. Deze wilde dieren waren erg gevaarlijk, omdat ze in hen wilden wonen. Deze wilde dieren wilden bezit van hen nemen. En ze wisten dat ze de wilde dieren alleen konden overwinnen door bezit van hen te nemen. Daarom liepen ze vaak in verschillende dierenhuiden rond, en bovenal moesten ze steeds verdertrekken.

Sommige beesten waren zo groot dat als ze hen overwonnen hadden ze met gemak erin konden leven als in een tent. Ze kwamen erachter dat deze wilde dieren nog wel erger waren dan tovenaars en heksen. Als ze niet zo wild zouden zijn als deze beesten zelf, dan zouden ze hier niet standhouden. Wie zou denken dat hun paden weer zouden kruisen na een lange reis en een lange strijd tegen de wilde dieren en beesten? Een wilde indiaanse elvenstam leefde hier, maar zij zouden daar alleen deel van kunnen worden als ze deze stam zouden verslaan in een schijngevecht.

Deze elven hadden de wilde dieren en beesten tot hun beschikking om erop te rijden. Ook voerden zij oorlog tegen anderen van die duistere elvenstammen, maar deze oorlogen waren slechts schijn. Door schijnoorlogen werden er contacten gelegd en door schijnoorlogen werden deze contacten verder uitgebouwd, tot in de diepste vriendschappen. Door schijnoorlogen beschermden men elkaar.

En zij kwamen door de diepste duisternissen tot de grootste lichtbronnen der elven, en tot een heleboel andere elvenparadoxen. De toverdranken brachten een roes in de elven, een passie en een lust, als een recht en een plicht. De elvenscenario's gingen diep, en waren wonderlijk in hun verdediging. Het waren schijnlichten, schijn gesprekken, en zelfs schijnvriendschappen, alles om hun doelen te bereiken, de ijskoude wateren van een diepe eenzaamheid, waarin een prachtige tweeledigheid werd opgewekt, een zuivere tweeledigheid, zich in schijn uitstrekkende naar de driehoek. Dit alles tot makkelijker en sneller te verdwijnen en te verschijnen, om geheel op te lossen in een realiteit. Nee, makkelijk was het niet om de hogere tovergraden te bereiken, om deel te krijgen aan de hogere hersenspinsels der elven.

Zevenwind

In de verte een indrukwekkende processie van skeletten in harnassen, gewapend. Zij marcheren voor de ivoren poort van de schakelburcht waar Eruptus woont. Zevenwind grijpt zijn zwaard, en slacht drieduizend skeletten-ridders om vervolgens de reusachtige burcht binnen te gaan door de ivoren poort. "Wat moet dat daar," roept Eruptus hem toe. "Ik kom het goud terughalen wat jij van ons rijk hebt gestolen," brult Zevenwind. Zevenwind is gestuurd door de prinses. Maar Eruptus laat een vuurvlam op Zevenwind neerdalen die hij nog net kan afketsen met zijn schild. Dan werpt Zevenwind zijn zwaard in het hart van Eruptus, terwijl een doodslucht zich door de burcht verspreid. Onder de burcht ligt het goud, en zoveel andere schatten. Als loon krijgt Zevenwind de burcht waar hij voortaan kan wonen.

Dit is het verhaal van Zevenwind, de held, die eens het rijk redde uit de klauwen van een verschrikkelijk monster, de Pania. Na het verslaan van Eruptus is Zevenwind een welkome gast in het kasteel van de prinses. Hij krijgt daar ook zijn eigen logeerkamer waar hij zich altijd kan terugtrekken, hoog in het kasteel. De prinses komt hem daar vaak opzoeken. Gouden poeder stroomt uit de handen van Zevenwind. Hij houdt ervan om met het goud te spelen. Ook liggen er grotere stukjes goud die hij liefstallig langs zijn vingers laat glijden. De prinses is een liefstallige verschijning, en Zevenwind is erg dol op haar. Na een tijdje staat hij op, en vertrekt, want hij heeft nog veel dingen te doen. De prinses achtervolgt hem, en ziet hoe hij buiten wordt tegengehouden door een zwartachtig skelet. Het is het begin van een nachtmerrie voor het rijk. Zevenwind wordt gevangen genomen, en een enorm monster blaast zichzelf op tegen het kasteel. Het is de Pania, een draakachtige verschijning, met legers van miljoenen en miljoenen skeletten. Al snel gaat het hele volk in slavernij, en Zevenwind belandt in een diepe kerker. Daar krijgt hij geen bezoek, behalve dan van een oude tovenaars die zich had verbonden aan zijn ring. De tovenaars verschijnt als een geest en spreekt Zevenwind toe. De volgende dag moet Zevenwind voor Pania verschijnen. Pania verschijnt nu als een oude dame met een staf, en spreekt verschrikkelijke dingen over hem uit. De tovenaars verschijnt weer als een geest, en valt Pania aan, maar haar krachten zijn te sterk. 'Blijf maar bij hem oude man,' spreekt Pania. 'Hij heeft wel wat bemoediging nodig.' Dan begint ze ijselijk te lachen. Kreunend stort Zevenwind neer door de vervloeking die ze over hem heeft uitgesproken, terwijl de oude man hem weer overeind helpt. 'Heus, je kan niet veel doen, oude man,' zegt Pania. Dan wordt Zevenwind door een paar skeletten nog erger geketend, en wordt in een diepe put geworpen, terwijl Pania hard begint te lachen. Achter haar hoofd verschijnen wat veren van een pauw, en langzaam verandert ze in een pauw en vliegt krijsend van het lachen weg. De skeletten ketenen Zevenwind aan de muur van de put, en vertrekken dan. 'Het is niet erg, Swimbar,' zegt Zevenwind tegen de oude man. 'Het is niet erg.'

Na een tijdje komt één van de dochters van Pania bij Zevenwind kijken. Zevenwind vertrekt geen spier. 'Goedzo, reus,' zegt de dochter van Pania, we zijn al aan het overdenken en overleggen wat we met je zullen doen. Velen van ons hebben baat bij jou.' Dan kietelt ze even met een veer onder zijn neus, en vertrekt dan weer. Inmiddels is één van de dienstmeisjes van de prinses in de burcht van Pania binnengedrongen. Ze is hier in opdracht van de prinses om Zevenwind terug te halen. Ze heeft wat toverkrachten, en ze hoopt dat het genoeg zal zijn om Zevenwind uit zijn benarde situatie te verlossen. 'Kijk, kijk, wie hebben we daar,' zegt Pania die ineens achter haar staat met haar zeven dochters. Eén van de dochters neemt een mes, en snijdt een stuk in de arm van het dienstmeisje. Het dienstmeisje begint te gillen, maar roept dan ineens om de magische zwaan, een toverspreuk, en niet lang daarna vallen ze allemaal op de grond als door een verblindend licht. Het dienstmeisje rent weg, en na een tijdje vind ze de put. Maar een paar skelettenwachters hebben haar op het oog. Eén van de skeletten trekt een pistool met een lange looper, en schiet het meisje neer met een soort zaad als van laserstralen. Het meisje weet nog net in de put te komen, en bungelt aan de rand. De oude tovenaars schiet haar te hulp, en met wat toverspreuken weet ze Zevenwind los te maken, maar dan staan de twee skelettenwachters aan de rand van de put. Zevenwind slaakt een kreet, terwijl de wachters door een vreemde kracht voorover vallen. Soms gaat het toveren Zevenwind goed af, maar dan moet er wel een krachtige tovenaars in de buurt zijn. Niet lang daarna zijn ze uit de put, maar meerdere skelettenwachters beginnen in de gaten te krijgen wat er aan het gebeuren is. Ze blokkeren de deuren, en anderen komen op hen af. Dan maakt de oude tovenaars een gebaar, terwijl een zachte

roze rookwolk hen in het niets laat verdwijnen. Zevenwind is door het dolle heen. Hij is blij dat de magie zo goed werkt, en dankt het dienstmeisje voor haar hulp. Waar heb je dat geleerd, vraagt hij.

Ze zijn nu hoog op het kasteel van de oude tovenaars. Zevenwind is blij met die oude toverring. Maar het volk is nog steeds in grote problemen. Het dienstmeisje vertelt wat ze met de prinses hebben gedaan, en dat voordat de prinses stierf ze tegen haar zei : Redt Zevenwind. Hij kan het volk redden. Zevenwind vindt het verschrikkelijk dat de prinses niet meer leeft. Hij voelt zich nu erg verantwoordelijk voor het volk. Ze besluiten terug te gaan naar het rijk, maar daar vinden ze een verschrikkelijke ellende. Tegen de boze magie die hier heerst kunnen ze niet op. Maar dan krijgt Zevenwind een idee. Onder de burcht van Eruptus waar hij mocht wonen van de prinses daar zijn nog een heleboel geheime schatkamers. Wie weet wat ze daar allemaal nog tegen kunnen komen. En zo gaan ze alledrie naar de burcht. Heel diep onder de grond vinden ze een kamer met magische wapens en wapenrustingen. Sommige wapenrustingen zijn gemaakt van zeldzame slangenhuiden, en anderen van vreemd magisch leer. Dan begint er ineens een voorwerp dicht in hun buurt vreemd te piepen. Het is een soort doosje van een soort rubber. Zevenwind pakt het doosje op, terwijl het doosje begint te krijsen. 'Wie ben je ?' vraagt Zevenwind. 'Ach,' zegt het doosje, 'ik ben een oud hulpje van Eruptus. Hij vond mij eens ergens in een kasteel van een rijk waarvan hij alle inwoners had verslonden.' Ze wisten dat Eruptus dat soort dingen deed, maar dit kwam nu goed van pas. 'Wat kun je voor ons doen ?' vroeg Zevenwind.

'Oh,' zegt het doosje. 'Dat is heel eenvoudig. Ik ben de windenmaker. Hef mij op, schud me en dan zullen de winden komen, en ik zal ketenen wie je maar wil.' Nou, daar had Zevenwind wel wat aan. Hij ging direkt terug naar het volk, en liet de winden uit het doosje komen, zoals het doosje had gezegd, en liet alle skeletten ketenen. Maar Pania en haar dochters waren daar niet van gediend, en ditmaal lieten ze het volk ketenen door de bliksem. Pania begon luid te lachen, en Zevenwind moest erg op zijn hoede zijn. Ook het dienstmeisje was met hem meegekomen, maar ze bewaarde veilige afstand. 'Waar wil je dat ik de skeletten naartoe breng ?' vroeg het doosje. 'Sluit ze maar op in een rots,' zei Zevenwind. En zo leidde het vreemde doosje door de ketenen van de wind de skeletten als in een processie het bos in, op zoek naar een goede rots waar ze in vastgeklonken konden worden. Pania was woedend, en kon niets doen, maar ze had nog steeds het volk geketend. Zevenwind begon de smaak te pakken te krijgen en ging weer naar de burcht van Eruptus. Weer ging hij onder de grond, op zoek naar nog meer schatten. In een andere kamer kwam hij weer wapenrustingen tegen, van slangen, vreemd leer, harige pantsers, harige schilden met zeldzame stenen erin, en ook vreemde helmen met veren. Ditmaal was Pania hem gevolgd met haar dochters. 'Ik weet wel dat je hier bent,' riep Pania. Het dienstmeisje schrok. Snel pakte ze een zwaard en wilde Pania tegemoet gaan. Maar Zevenwind hield haar tegen. Pania was in een verschrikkelijke spin aan het veranderen, en haar pijlen doorboorden het dienstmeisje. Zevenwind pakte een schild en wierp het naar Pania toe, maar het schild raakte één van de dochters die direkt buiten westen viel. Het dienstmeisje bloedde heel erg, en Zevenwind nam haar op, en ging dieper de schatkamers binnen. Velen hadden hem altijd gewaarschuwd dat hij niet te diep moest gaan, vanwege de grote gevaren. Maar nu kon Zevenwind niet anders. Ineens verscheen de oude tovenaars met een stenen zwaard. 'Hiermee kun je Pania verslaan,' zei de tovenaars. Zevenwind greep het zwaard, legde het dienstmeisje neer, en ging terug richting Pania. Pania lachte hem uit toen ze hem zag met het stenen zwaard. 'Wat moet je met zo'n ding ?' lachte ze. Maar snel stootte hij het stenen zwaard in haar buik, terwijl ze neerviel.

Daarna sloeg hij haar overgebleven dochters ermee, en het gevecht was snel afgelopen. Toen hij buitenkwam met het dienstmeisje was het volk inmiddels bevrijdt van de bliksem-ketenen.

Niet lang daarna maakten ze Zevenwind tot koning, en het dienstmeisje werd zijn koningin.

En zij die de vier wereldschepen hadden gevonden, en door hen werden meegenomen tot de wateren der bloemen, zij versierden elkaar met de fijnste en edelste sprookjes, als kralen om hun hals, als sieraden aan hun armen en benen, ja, de kleinste edelsteentjes en kraaltjes. En die steentjes waren de stukken van het eeuwig evangelie, van de tweede bijbel. En ook lazen zij van de steen van Zurastael. En zij lazen :

De Droomster

Ik was de tuinman van mijn ziel. Het was moeilijk om de tuin op orde te krijgen. Zo wild groeide het, en ik was een gevangene van mijn eigen tuin. Ik was verliefd op de droomster. Zij was vrij, als de godin van de lucht. Ze had een gouden sleutel om mij vrij te zetten, en toen mocht ik haar tuin bewaken. Ik mocht het groots maken zoals ik zelf wilde. Maar toen vertrok zij ...

Ik heb het nooit goed kunnen verwerken. Ze liet geen spoor van haarzelf achter. Misschien was zij ontvoerd door een beest. Ik bleef in haar tuin werken, en bleef op haar wachten, maar tevergeefs. Ik legde mij neer aan de voeten van dit raadsel. Er was geen doorkomen aan, en spoedig begon ik te merken dat ik in een boom begon te veranderen. Mijn takken strekten zich uit in de lucht, maar ik vond haar niet. Mijn wortelen groeiden diep onder de aarde, maar vinden deed ik haar niet. Ik droeg vrucht, en bloemen, en bloesem kwam ook, maar zij kwam niet. Wel kwamen allerlei dieren op me af, maar meestal om me te bestelen. Ze namen alles van me af totdat ik kaal stond.

Op een dag kwamen ze me omhakken, en toen was het gedaan met mij. Ik werd een tafel. En zij was nergens te bekennen. Ik raakte verbitterd. Niemand keek naar niemand om.

Op een dag werd ik wakker, en merkte dat ik brandde. De familie bij wie ik als tafel stond wilde mij niet meer. Nu moest ik branden, maar ik werd vrij. Mijn as zweefde in de lucht, en een wind nam mij mee. Ik was overal, en toen zag ik haar weer ... de droomster ...

Ze was prachtig, en voerde mij naar haar luchtkasteel. Daar zijn we toen gaan wonen, en ze verliet mij nooit meer.

En ook lazen zij :

De Sneeuwstorm

Ze had de jurkjes van de kinderen gestreken. Mij liet ze niet binnen, terwijl het buiten koud was. Ze gooide mij wat oud brood toe, maar toen ik het proefte was het als gedoopt in azijn. Ik zakte weg,

diep in de sneeuw. Zij lachte. Ik had hallucinaties van de tijd van vroeger, zoals het eens was. Toen ik daar van wakker werd vocht ik tegen de kou.

Eén van de kinderen ging later op zoek naar mij. Na een lange reis vond ze mij. Ik zat achter een drumstel en drumde.

Ik keek niet op of om. Ze probeerde met mij te praten, maar ik drumde door.

Toen ze hilde vloog er ineens een zwaluw langs het drumstel. Ik stopte, en omhelsde haar. Ze had een wit jurkje aan, en een wit strikje in haar haar. 'Geef dit aan mamma,' zei ik, en drukte haar iets in haar hand. Een sneeuwstorm nam mij mee, maar zij rende achter mij aan. We kwamen in een boshuisje waar de zwaluw zat. Ook een oud vrouwtje zat daar. Ze at van oud brood. 'Woont u hier?' vroeg het kind aan me.

Ik knikte. Wie is die oude vrouw? vroeg ze.

Ik zorg voor haar, zei ik.

En die zwaluw dan? vroeg ze.

Oh, zei ik, dat is een vriend.

Waarvoor dan? vroeg ze.

Ga ik je niet vertellen, zei ik.

Toen kwam de sneeuwstorm weer binnen, en nam mij mee, terwijl zij achter mij aanrende. Na een tijdje werd ze moe, en de sneeuwstorm nam haar ook op.

De sneeuwkoningin was blij hen te zien. Zij nam hen op naar haar troon. 'Geef dit aan je mamma,' zei de sneeuwkoningin tegen het kind, terwijl ze iets in haar hand drukte.

Wat is het? vroeg het kind.

Plaatjes, zei de sneeuwkoningin.

Ja, ik heb haar ook al wat plaatjes gegeven, zei ik.

Goedzo, zei de sneeuwkoningin.

Wat voor plaatjes zijn het als ik vragen mag? vroeg het kind.

Ga ik je niet vertellen, zei ik.

De sneeuwkoningin zei niks.

Okay, ik geef het wel aan mamma, zei het kind.

Ik ging achter een drumstel zitten, en begon te drummen.

'Je moet nu gaan,' zei de sneeuwkoningin tegen het kind.

Het kind werd wakker in haar eigen bed, en vertelde aan haar moeder wat er gebeurd was.

'Het is mijn man niet meer, dus ik heb er niets mee te maken,' sprak ze.

Maar de sneeuwkoningin dan? vroeg het kind.

Maar haar moeder sprak niet meer.

Even later werd er op het raam getikt. Het was de postbode met een brief.

Toen de moeder de brief opende bleek het voor het kind te zijn.

Een brief van haar vader.

De brief was geschreven in letters van sneeuw, en er was een plaatje bij van een drumstel.

Er was ook een plaatje bij van de sneeuwkoningin, en van het oude vrouwtje en de zwaluw.

Ook was er een plaatje bij van de sneeuwstorm en het boshuisje.

Geef de plaatjes aan je mamma, stond erbij geschreven.

Het kind gaf de plaatjes aan haar moeder, en haar moeder begon te huilen.

Waarom huilt u, mamma ? vroeg het kind.

Maar de moeder hield zich stil. Het meisje begreep het niet waarom haar moeder hilde, en wilde weten waarom. Midden in de nacht rende haar moeder naar buiten, en rolde door de sneeuw, terwijl een sneeuwstorm haar opnam. Ook het kind rende naar buiten en werd door de sneeuwstorm opgenomen.

De sneeuwkoningin was blij hen te zien, terwijl ik nog steeds aan het drummen was.

De sneeuwkoningin nam drie ijspegels uit het hart van de moeder, en vulde het op met sneeuw.

Ze wreef even over haar hart heen, en toen over haar jurk, en toen nam de sneeuwstorm hen weer op

om hen terug te brengen. De moeder en het kind rolden door de sneeuw. Even later waren ze in bed.

De zwaluw tikte op het raam van de slaapkamer van de moeder. Moeder deed het raam open.

Er was een brief in zijn snavel, geschreven met letters van sneeuw. Moeder las het en begon te huilen.

Het kind kwam binnen, en vroeg wat er aan de hand was. Moeder zei niks.

Na een tijdje rende ze weer naar buiten in de sneeuw, en het kind volgde haar, totdat ze beiden door een

sneeuwstorm werden opgenomen.

Ze kwamen in het boshuisje, waar een dwerg aan tafel zat. 'Ik ben het aan het eten, dat oude brood met azijn.'

'Ja, dat had ik niet moeten doen,' zei de moeder.

'Oh, is dat van jou dan ?' vroeg de dwerg.

'Ja,' zei de moeder, 'dat had ik eens aan mijn man gegeven.'

'Het is wel lekker hoor,' zei de dwerg. 'Het heeft me hier naartoe geleid. Moet je ook een hapje ?'

'Nee, dank je,' zei moeder.

'Je maakt me nogal lekkere toetjes, hoorde ik,' sprak de dwerg.

'Van wie hoorde je dat ?' vroeg moeder.

'Van je man,' zei de dwerg.

'Heeft hij het koud ?' vroeg moeder.

'Nee,' zei de dwerg. 'Er is iets wat hem warmhoudt.'

'Wat dan ?' vroeg moeder.

'Plaatjes,' zei de dwerg. 'Kijk maar eens naar die schilderijtjes aan de muur.'

Moeder keek naar de muur, en werd heel warm van binnen.

Het zijn een soort kijk-kachels, zei de dwerg. Je kijkt ernaar en wordt warm.

Oh ja, zei moeder. Ik begin het nu wel heel warm te krijgen. Na een tijdje liep moeder het huisje uit, op zoek naar de sneeuw, maar die was er niet.

Moeder moest helemaal naar huis lopen, maar de sneeuwstorm is ze nooit meer vergeten.

En zo lazen zij vele andere stukken van de steen van Zurastael, en zij genazen elkaar. En zij waren kinderen weggezwommen van hun ouders en van hun families, en zij vonden de wereldschepen in de bekken van eenden. En zij weenden om de duistere wereld waar zij vandaan kwamen. En er was licht in hun edelstenen, en hoop. En zij droegen het licht tot altaren, waar het gezuiverd werd. En hun lichten rezen op tot redding van velen. En er werd een nieuwe tuin gecreeerd, en zij kwamen allen tot de konijnenboom, waarin behoudenis was. En zij werden tot lichten voor de volken, en de volken werden door hen geoordeeld.

Het Gedwongen Chocola

Een oud vrouwtje leefde helemaal alleen in het bos in een klein huisje. Ze staarde naar buiten. Ze kon de bomen goed zien. Daarna staarde ze naar haar gedroogde vlinders die ze als kind had gevangen. Voor haar gevoel miste ze nog een paar kostbaren. Ze had haar net nog dichtbij haar, klaar om de ontbrekende exemplaren te vangen. Altijd was ze op zoek. Niets dan leugens zweefden in de lucht, haar beschuldigende. Ze wilde deze leugens vangen, opdrogen en inlijsten. Ze was vol van haat. Ze kon het gelach van de plagende spotters om haar heen niet meer aan. Elke dag weer probeerden ze haar neer te halen, al vanaf het moment dat ze wakker werd. Ze leken op kinderlijke kleine elfjes, met brutale gezichtjes, als vlindertjes vrolijk dartelend om haar heen. Ze haatte kinderen op die manier, en ze droeg dan ook een duister geheim in haar binnenste. Soms sloeg ze met haar schepnet om zich heen, en riep : 'Is het nu afgelopen.' Maar de laatste jaren ving ze niks meer. Ze droeg een duister geheim van binnen. Ze wilde hier niet aan denken, en met niemand over praten. Ze was het vechten moe. Niemand zou haar begrijpen, en niemand zou sympathie voor haar hebben. Langzaam schonk ze wat thee in voor haarzelf. Buiten vlogen wat vogeltjes waar ze naar keek. Ze snapte niet waarom zo'n jonge geest als zij opgesloten moest zijn in zo'n oud lichaam. Zij zou oud worden in de armen van een ieder die haar aan zou raken, en daarom bleef ze ver van de mensen vandaan. Overdag werkte ze aan haar maaltijd voor de avond, en zorgde ze dat het huisje

voldoende schoon bleef. Ook deed ze wat handwerk. Ze was ver weg in haar gedachten. Niemand kon haar bereiken. Ze was bitter geworden.

Ze wist niet dat er wat verder in het bos wonderbomen stonden. Ze kwam niet verder dan haar eigen tuin. De bomen werden bewaakt door dieren, zoals katten, slangen en konijnen, orakels. De bomen zouden haar naar boven leiden, maar ze zag hen niet. Ze zag alleen de kabalerige vliegende deugnietjes om haar heen fladderen. Maar op een dag was ze als door hypnose geslagen, en liep haar tuin uit door het tuinhekje. Ze wilde even het bos in, niet zo ver, maar even ergens anders zijn. Een konijn stond voor een boom, en wenkte haar. Ze kwam dichterbij en keek in de ogen van het konijn. Waarom komt u niet in deze boom wonen, zei het konijn. De top van de boom draagt een geweldig huis.

- Hoe kom ik daar, vroeg het oude vrouwtje.

Maar toen was het konijn weg. De vrouw wist niet of ze het konijn kon vertrouwen, liep door, en gleed in een onder het mos verborgen put. Ze viel gelukkig zacht, en op de bodem van de put stond een kat voor een deurtje. 'Heus,' zei de kat, 'er is een ander leven voor u. Welkom binnen in uw nieuwe huis.' En ineens was de kat verdwenen. De vrouw wist niet of ze de kat kon vertrouwen, maar ging toch naar binnen. 'Welkom in de boom,' zei een stem. 'De boom is alles wat er is.'

'Ik heb anders nooit in een boom geleefd,' zei de vrouw.

'Omdat je dat niet wist,' zei de stem. 'Je dacht alleen maar dat je wat wist.'

'Ik wil hier weg,' zei de vrouw. 'Ik moet weer naar huis.'

'Dit is je huis,' zei de stem. Ze keek recht in de ogen van een kat.

'Oh, jij weer,' zei ze tegen de kat.

'En jij weer,' zei de kat. De kat greep haar en wilde met haar dansen, maar de vrouw wilde niet. 'Ik wil eruit,' riep ze.

'Waaruit?' vroeg de kat.

'Uit deze hel,' zei de vrouw.

‘Dit is alles wat er is,’ zei de kat.

‘Spreek geen onzin,’ zei de vrouw. ‘Ik was daarnet nog in mijn huis.’

‘Welk huis ?’ zei de kat. ‘Dat dacht je alleen maar. Je bent hier altijd al geweest.’

‘Leugenaar,’ riep de vrouw. ‘Ik haal de politie erbij.’

‘De politie ?’ zei de kat. ‘Wat is dat ? Dat zijn alleen je gedachten.’

De vrouw werd woest en probeerde de kat te slaan, maar die was ineens verdwenen. Alles was donker om haar heen. Ze liep een trapje op naar boven, waar een beetje licht was. Daar was de kat weer. Beiden stonden ze voor een lift. ‘Stap in de lift,’ zei de kat, ‘dan zul je van al je problemen af zijn.’ Als gehypnotiseerd stapte de vrouw in de lift, en de kat sloot de deur achter haar. Hoog in de boom kwam ze aan in haar nieuwe huisje. ‘Maar dat is fantastisch,’ zei ze. Ze zou de kat wel willen omhelzen, maar die was nergens te vinden. Het beviel haar goed in haar nieuwe huisje. Alles was prachtig wit. Al snel kwam er een konijn boven. Het bleek hetzelfde konijn te zijn. ‘En van hieruit zul je alle lieve kinderen van de wereld opnemen,’ zei het konijn. ‘Er zijn kamers genoeg.’

‘Oh, dat lijkt me heerlijk,’ zei de vrouw. ‘Dan kan ik eindelijk voor het eerst een tante zijn.’

‘Zorg voor ze, kook voor ze, ga leuke dingen met ze doen,’ zei het konijn. ‘Deze kinderen zijn erg ongelukkig. Maak ze gelukkig.’ De vrouw had er echt zin in, en voelde zich jonger dan ooit tevoren. Het huis was inderdaad erg groot. Ze zou pannenkoeken bakken, sprookjes voorlezen, en veel spelletjes met hen doen. Ook zou ze hen de andere plaatsen van de boom laten zien. Snel was haar huis vol met lieve kinderen. Ze sprak tot de boom als tot haar geliefde. Op een dag was ze verschrikt en in de war omdat haar kinderen in vuur waren. Maar de kat stelde haar gerust : het was slechts boomvuur. Het was een koud vuur wat aan hen beitelde, om hen nog meer klaar te maken voor het leven in de boom. De gezichten van reuzen waren in de boom die tot hen spraken. Op een dag stierf de vrouw. Heintje, een van de kinderen, nam de leiding over. Op de kamer van de oude vrouw stond een oude lift waar ze ingingen. Boven het huis bleek de boom gewoon door te gaan, en al snel waren ze in de wolken. Via een hele hoge tak kwamen ze in een andere boom terecht. Ze werden direkt door een konijn gegrepen en naar binnen gesleurd. Hier moesten ze gedwongen van vruchtenpasta eten. Ja, zei het konijn, want dit is de boom van de gedwongen vrucht. De kinderen vonden het niet zo erg, want de vruchtenpasta was erg lekker. Maar al snel moesten ze nog meer eten, en veel kinderen begonnen misselijk te worden. Heintje begon het toen flink zat te worden, trok zijn pistool en schoot het konijn aan flarden. Het bleek verder een prachtige boom te zijn. Ieder kind kreeg hier zijn eigen verdieping. Midden in de nacht maakte een ander konijn hen allemaal

wakker, en dwong hen om chocola te eten in de gezamenlijke huiskamer. Eerst vonden de kinderen dat geweldig, maar toen ze later nog meer moesten eten werden sommigen al snel erg misselijk. Het konijn was verschrikkelijk aan het schelden. Heintje vroeg : ‘Mag ik vragen wat hiervan de bedoeling is ?’ Maar het konijn wilde er niks van zeggen. Ze hadden maar te gehoorzamen. Dat liet Heintje niet op zich zitten, greep zijn pistool en schoot op het konijn. Maar het konijn dook weg. Even later kwamen er nog meer konijnen binnen, en grepen Heintje. Heintje zou worden opgesloten achter tralies. De kinderen waren erg in paniek. Daantje werd hun nieuwe leider. ‘Zoals jullie hebben gezien is er hier niet veel pluis,’ zei Daantje. ‘We kunnen beter teruggaan.’ Maar toen ze bij de hoge tak terugkwamen zagen ze konijnse wachters staan. Toen zijn ze naar beneden gegaan, maar ook daar stonden konijnse wachters. De dagen erna werden ze weer gedwongen om chocola te eten, meer dan ze opkonden, en niemand kon er wat tegen doen. De kinderen werden doodziek. Weer riep Daantje iedereen bij elkaar en zei : ‘Dan maar zo hoog mogelijk.’ En ze gingen ditmaal gewoon zo hoog als ze konden. Ze hoopten dat ze weer een tak tegen zouden komen die hen naar een andere boom zou brengen, maar er gebeurde niks. Wel zagen ze ergens een deurtje waardoor ze naar binnen konden gaan. Het bleek een lift te zijn, maar die kon alleen maar omhoog. De kinderen gingen in de lift, en Daantje drukte op het hoogste knopje. ‘Jullie zitten vast,’ zei een stem van de lift. ‘Niemand kan van de boom van de gedwongen vrucht ontsnappen.’ Veel kinderen begonnen te huilen. Ook Daantje wist niet wat hij kon doen. Toen ze uit de lift stapten zagen ze een heks zitten, met een slang en een beer. De beer was een knuffelbeer. Toen ze wat beter keken zagen ze dat de heks en de slang een standbeeld waren. De knuffelbeer begon te lachen. ‘Wat sta je te lachen,’ zei Daantje.

‘Jullie hebben vast moeten eten van de vruchtenpastei en de chocola, nietwaar ?’ zei de knuffelbeer.

‘Ja, hoezo ?’ zei Daantje. Weer begon de knuffelbeer te lachen, ditmaal te schaterlachen.

‘Wat sta jij daar nou te lachen, domme aap,’ zei Daantje.

‘Nou,’ zei de knuffelbeer, ‘ik vind het wel grappig.’

‘Grappig,’ zei Daantje, ‘het is helemaal niet grappig. We zijn er doodziek van.’ Weer moest de knuffelbeer daar erg om lachen.

‘Zit je ons nu uit te lachen ?’ vroeg Daantje.

‘Kom, knuffel me,’ zei de knuffelbeer ineens. Daantje stapte voorzichtig naar voren, en begon de knuffelbeer te knuffelen. ‘Laat mij maar met jullie meegaan, dan zal jullie niks overkomen,’ zei de knuffelbeer. Samen gingen ze terug en de knuffelbeer had gelijk. Nu hij mee was gekomen lieten de

konijnen hen met rust. De knuffelbeer was heel aardig. Op een dag vroeg Daantje waarom de konijnen hen niet meer dwongen. ‘Omdat ze bang voor me zijn,’ zei de knuffelbeer.

‘Kun jij Heintje dan niet bevrijden?’ vroeg Daantje.

‘Nee,’ zei de knuffelbeer, ‘een konijnenslot valt niet zo maar open te krijgen.’ De konijnse wachters stonden ook nog steeds bij de grote tak en beneden, en daar viel niet zomaar langs te komen. ‘Ik zal je vertellen hoe je bij de knuffelboom kan komen,’ zei de knuffelbeer. ‘Midden in de nacht als iedereen slaapt dan schuift het standbeeld van de heks en de slang even opzij waardoor er een tunnel ontstaat die tot de knuffelboom leidt.’

Daantje besluit er naar toe te gaan om meer kennis op te doen. Hij moet helemaal alleen gaan, want de knuffelbeer is van die boom verbannen. Voor de jongere kinderen zou het te gevaarlijk zijn. Alles lukt, en al gauw komt Daantje via de tunnel aan in de knuffelboom. Maar het is alles behalve een knuffelplaats. Militaire konijnen lopen hier rond. Daantje heeft nog nooit zoveel wapens bij elkaar gezien, en ze zien er heel gevaarlijk uit. Deze konijnen zien er veel erger uit dan de andere konijnen. Het zijn roofkonijnen, als ratten. En hun oren zijn ook een stuk korter. ‘Neem van mij aan, deze konijnen zijn geen stumperds, nee, zeker niet. Geen ruzie mee krijgen,’ zegt een konijn tegen hem. ‘Wat kom je hier doen trouwens.’ Maar Daantje loopt door. ‘Wat hebben jullie met Heintje gedaan?’ roept hij. Even later komt hij bij een hok waarin een heleboel knuffelberen zijn, en waar ook Heintje zit. Heintje is flink boos. Heintje ziet er een stuk ouder uit, en vertelt hem dat ze gedwongen worden gevaarlijke medicijnen te slikken. Als dat zo door gaat heeft Heintje niet lang meer te leven. Daantje schrikt daar erg van. ‘Daantje,’ zegt Heintje, ‘herinner je dat tante het eens heeft gehad over het huisje waar ze eerst woonde, vlak bij de boom, dat daar plagende elven woonden? Misschien dat zij kunnen helpen. Wij kunnen niet van deze boom weg, maar als jij naar beneden loopt dan kon je door de voordeur eruit en naar ze op zoek gaan.’

Goed idee, zegt Daantje, en vertrekt meteen. Na een tijdje zoeken komt hij bij het huisje van het oude vrouwtje aan. In het huisje vindt hij de elfjes. Ze zijn erg droevig om wat ze het oude vrouwtje allemaal hebben aangedaan. Daantje vertelt hen het verhaal, en al snel gaan ze met hem mee naar de knuffelboom. Dit keer gingen ze plagen en pesten zoals ze nog nooit eerder hadden gedaan, maar nu allemaal voor een goed doel. De konijnen waren snel allemaal van de boom vertrokken. Deze magische elven wisten heel goed hoe ze de kooi moesten openen, en al snel waren Heintje en de knuffelberen vrij.

En er was een oorlog om de konijnenboom, een oorlog die vele jaren duurde. En zij die de parels droegen, en anderen ermee hadden versierd, hadden een goede wapenrusting.

Mexicaans

IJs

Hoofdstuk 1.

Ik liep op straat, en dacht aan het mengsel in de lucht, als aan een trap die tot een wolkenkasteel zou leiden, of een andere planeet. Ik had daar vaak over nagedacht en gefilosofeerd. Wie zou daar wonen ? In de nacht trok ik de stoute schoenen aan, en fietste naar de hemel. Ik had een lange regenjas aan.

Een koude oorlog heerste in de hemel, zo koud. Alles hier was gemaakt van het mengsel, prachtige zuilen, zeer hoog, een kolossaal gezicht. Zure gezichten bewaakten deze hemel, professionele gezichten zonder zorg, maar met een doodslust, ongenadig, zonder hart. En ik dacht : als het dan hier al zo koud is, hoe koud zou dan het opperwezen wel niet zijn, God. Ik zag God in de kleine dingen, de liefde tussen mensen, maar niet hoog op een ijselijke troon, geen gezagswezen die brulde om aandacht, en het dan niet gaf. Wie had deze God gecreeerd, deze machine van de hel. Wie had deze God in het leven geroepen ? Ik liep op straat, en keek door een winkelraam, waar ik protserige chocolade figuren zag liggen. De winkelier was in gesprek met een mevrouw. Zijn gezicht stond vuurrood. Niks geen liefde op zijn gezicht, alleen koele zakelijkheid. En de vrouw keek alsof ze haar liefde op het eerste gezicht had gevonden.

Ik liep door op de trap, tot het zolder, waar ik alle geraamtes nog beter kon bekijken. Een machteloos gevoel overstroomde mij, wat mij vertelde dat er meer aan de hand was. Een pauwenkoningin vond ik op een verdieping boven het zolder. Zij was de leider van een stad. Zij sprak mij geruststellend toe. Zij droeg het raadsel van de schoonheid, het raadsel van de hoer. Ik kwam er meer en meer achter dat ik de toren van Babel aan het beklimmen was. Ik was nog maar een jong kind. Ik had deze dromen zelf gecreeerd. Maar ik wilde er meer van weten. Het kon niet zo zijn dat ik de enige hier was. De pauwenkoningin nam mij mee naar haar kamer. ‘Wil je je voetjes vegen, schatje,’ zei ze. Ook wilde ze dat ik zou douchen. Het was liefde op het eerste gezicht. Ik was verliefd op haar. Maar natuurlijk had ik geen plaats in haar hart. Voor haar was ik maar een nummer. Ik was een jong kind, maar op hetzelfde moment een oude man. Zij was een zeemeeuw in de lucht. Boven de zee zweefde zij, de zee van mijn verlangens, maar ze liet me gaan. Ik was een nummer voor haar. Ik was maar een klein golfje in haar zee, gemaakt om te werken, om haar scheepjes te dragen. Toen ik haar bereikt had was ik oud, zeer oud, toen ze mij toegang gaf tot haar toren. We werden vrienden, en ik herinnerde het moment waarop ze mij voor het eerst zag. Ze had sprekende ogen, gecalculeerd, hardvochtig, maar tegelijkertijd zo zoet. Ik was bang voor haar, en tegelijkertijd bewonderde ik haar. De zuilen van haar stad waren hoog. Zou zij God herbergen ? Ik was bang dat ik haar niet aan zou kunnen, bang dat zij over mij zou heersen, en dat gebeurde ook. Het mengsel was hier een dictator. Ik sloofde mezelf voor haar uit, om een hogere rang te krijgen in haar koninkrijk, en op hetzelfde moment vroeg ik mij af waar ik mee bezig was. Ze maakte mij tot kapitein.

Het mengsel was een mix van edele metalen en edele plastic-soorten, met de sterkte van dansers. Het was zowel buigbaar als onbuigbaar. Je kon het niet manipuleren. Zelden had ik een koppiger geheel gezien. Ik bleef maar gefixeerd op haar. Zij was de ster van het feestje, zij werd aanbeden. Haar stem was zacht en zoet, en tegelijkertijd gebiedend. Ze dwong aandacht en aanbidding. Zij die haar niet genoeg gaven werden geperst als fruit en vruchtjes, en wisten de keer erna wel beter. Zij was de mixer. Haar dans-muziek was meeslepend. Je kon je er nauwelijks tegen verzetten. En het raadsel van de schoonheid in haar was allesverwoestend en traumatiserend. In de nacht was zij een storm van angst. Ze was een vrouw van tegenpolen, ze had een duister gat. Haar legermachten vreesden haar. Ik kon mij niet verzetten tegen haar. Ik voelde me een slaaf. Er was iets in haar wat het einde van de wereld kon veroorzaken. Maar ook zij werd oud en grijs op haar oude dag, en ik trok voort. Als een trekvogel nam ik afscheid van haar. Haar woede liet veel van de toren invallen. Ik hield mij vast aan de dunne zuilen van het mengsel, en klom omhoog. Het mengsel redde mij uit haar grip. Ze was een panische verschijning vanaf toen.

Ik trok me op aan het mengsel, maar het begon te branden en te klonteren. Het droop van me af. Het proefde als een mix van chocola en caramel. Een spin greep mij, en ik verloor alles. Ik had geen identiteit meer, geen enkele zeggenschap. De wind deed met mij wat hij wilde. Ik was als geknakt riet. Ik was gekomen op de academie, waar jonge haantjes met hun veren pronkten, arrogante belhamels, die nog niet wisten dat ze niets wisten. Zij hadden van de grote appel van het 'zelf' gegeten. De 'ik' was hier de baas. Ook zij droegen het geheim van schoonheid. Zij waren ijdel, en bleven uren lang kammen voor de spiegel. Zij hielden hun schoonheidsverkiezingen van wie er het meest deskundig uitzag. Het mengsel werd hier aanbeden. Zij aanbaden het raadsel van de hoer. Het was een koopwaar, bezegeld met een diploma. Koningen kochten hun tronen voor hoge prijzen, en het raadsel van geld was moord. Ik had geen alibi, dus ze zagen mij als de moordenaar aan, en sloten mij op in een inrichting. Het was de koningin van de pauwen die mij daaruit bevrijdde. Dit land kende geen gevangenissen, alleen inrichtingen. En het mengsel was de militaire dienstplicht. De koningin van de pauwen maakte me tot officier nu. Ik was officier in het leger van het mengsel nu.

De hoer van Babylon zat hier, een prostituee, met een handel in koffie en cacao. Zij had haar mengsel geschapen van macht, want de toren moest verder gebouwd worden, tot in het hart van de hemel. Dit keer zou zij niet falen. Er stond teveel op het spel. Zij was de Izebel die de papieren profetie zou scheuren, als het voorhangsel van de schoonheid. Zij had haar potten en pannen opgestapeld, en beklom dezen. Zij was de prinses op de erwt. Haar matrassen waren opgestapeld tot aan het plafond. Vandaar kon ik het koele wezen zien, het wezen dat ons allemaal met strakke, misselijkmakende hand regeerde en afbeulde. Dit monster was genaamd het beest, slechts haar eigen spiegelbeeld. Ik dronk wat van mijn koffie, en zat tegenover haar, op de wiebelende matras. We voelden de erwt steken. Het stak als het ergste zwaard. Het was de wraak van de koffie-plantage, de opstand der slaven. Zij hadden hun eigen middel : de melange. Het was een mengsel van groenten, koffie, fruit en snoep. Het was een neger-opperhoofd die de toren van Babel claimde. Iemand anders had een middel genaamd : de mix. Al snel liep het uit op een oorlog, en het beest sprong toe, zodat ik er langs kom en naar boven rende. 'Laten ze elkaar maar opvreten,' dacht ik bij

mezelf. Ik had lang genoeg zitten kaarten. Eindelijk waren er dan wat jokers in het spel. Maar de toren van Babel begon in te storten. Ik kon niet verder naar boven. Weer had de koningin der pauwen genade met mij, en liet mij binnen in het wolkenkasteel. Ik was nu haar generaal. Maar koning was ik nog steeds niet. Ik liep er nog steeds zeer armoedig bij. Ze begon met pudding te gooien, en al snel waren we in een gevecht. Het mengsel was nog steeds meer dan overwinnaar. Ik verdiende het niet om zo te lijden, maar de oren waren doof hier. Een kat genaamd mengelmoes kwam dichterbij. 'Wat wil je hier beginnen ?' vroeg hij. 'Niemand zal naar je luisteren, want ze zijn allemaal in de ban van de mengelmoes.' Ik maakte een stap naar achteren omdat ik bang was dat deze 'mengelmoes' mij zou bespringen. Hij zag er woest uit en levensgevaarlijk. 'Ik zal je doof maken als de rest,' zei hij. 'Ik zal je voorhoofd harder maken dan hun voorhoofden, en je zult hen overwinnen.'

'Waar bestaat u uit ?' vroeg ik.

'Appelmoes,' zei hij, 'jam, kaas, en veel worst.' Hij probeerde mij kopjes te geven, maar ik hield me afzijdig. Hij zou me met één slag of bijt kunnen vermorzelen. 'Ken je het geheim van Babylon ?' vroeg hij. 'De moederstad van alle hoeren. Ik bewaak haar boom.' En hij probeerde mij te verleiden om van die boom te eten, wat mij tot een koning zou maken in de stad, maar ik weigerde, en zijn woede was groot. Hij kookte van woede, en begon te sissen als een slang. 'Zij die geweigerd hebben komen de stad nooit meer uit,' sprak hij toen kalm. Ik rende de stad binnen, en zocht naar een schuilplaats om me tegen deze kat te beschermen, maar niemand deed voor me open. Binnenin de stad was de gracht van chaos, waar ik toen insprong. Duisternis omhulde mij, maar alles beter dan deze kat. Ik zwom van gracht naar gracht, totdat ik bij een bakkerij aankwam. Het was de bakkerij des doods, waar zwart-grijze vrouwen werkten. 'Mengelmoes zal wel naar je op zoek zijn,' sprak één van de vrouwen. 'Hij houdt niet van zwervers zoals jij. Er is er maar één die je nog kan helpen, en dat is Hutspot.'

'Wie is dat ?' vroeg ik.

Ik ontsnapte via een achterdeurtje met een boekje in mijn hand. Ik was nu in een winkelstraat, op zoek naar Hutspot. Het boekje was een stratenboek, en al snel kwam ik waar ik wezen moest. Hutspot was een oude clown. Hutspot kende de toren van Babel als zijn broekszak en was ooit zelf ternauwernood aan mengelmoes ontsnapt. Hij vertelde mij hoe hij ontsnapt was : 'Een glimlach bestaat uit een mengsel tussen monogamie en polygamie, maar de hoererij is een nog groter overspelig mengsel die de glimlach dooft. Daartoe was mengelmoes uitgezonden. Het grootste mengsel is echter het celibaat waarvan je werkelijk gaat lachen, ja, schaterlachen. Dat is het grootste medicijn.'

'Bent u van het katholieke priesterschap of iets soortgelijks,' vroeg ik.

‘Nee, zoon,’ zei hij. ‘Er is een groter mysterie,’ zei hij. ‘De slang bewaakte in de hof de boom van de vermenging, waardoor er bastaarden voort zouden komen, half-bloed paarden. Adam en Eva waren volbloed-paarden van het koninkrijk, de onaangetaste bloedlijn, ongemengd. Zij leefden in de oorspronkelijke hof van Babylon, het paradijs, waar zij de voorbestemde bruid en bruidegom van Babylon waren. Eet van de hutspot.’ En toen zette hij mij een bordje voor. De kat klopte al op de deur, dus ik moest snel eten. Bij de eerste hap die ik naar binnen slikte hoorde ik de kat al krijsen. Bij de tweede hap was alles doodstil. Hutspot had een restaurant, en vertelde mij dat de bruid van Babylon in de kelder leefde. Ik wilde haar graag ontmoeten. Zij was als getooid voor haar man, versierd met kostbare edelstenen. Zij droeg het serum in een glazen bol. Zij was maagd, de prinses van de pauwen. ‘Je weet dat het mengsel aids is, hè?’ vroeg ze. Ik knikte. ‘En je weet wat de enige oplossing daartegen is, hè?’ vroeg ze. Ik knikte weer. Ze opende de glazen bol, en haalde er een rode condoom uit. ‘Hier,’ zei ze.

‘Nee,’ zei ik, ‘dat kan ik echt niet aannemen.’ Toen rende ik weg, hard de trap op, en toen nog hoger. Dit hier was niets anders dan een andere afdeling van het bordeel. Het mengsel regeerde hier. Ik greep een paraplu die ergens hing, en wist dat als ik ergens de kans kreeg, dan zou ik van deze toren afspringen. Maar alles was gesloten hier. Ik kon alleen naar boven rennen. Er was zo’n meerkeuze-dictatuur hier. Bovenaan de trap was het rijk van mevrouw Kluts, een heks. Zij stond daar in haar ketel te roeren. Toen ik er langs wilde, veranderde ze in een octopus. Tegelijkertijd veranderde alles wat hier was in een grote zee. ‘Klaar voor de zondvloed?’ zei ze. Zij was een zeeheks. Zij was het mengsel der mengsels. Ook kon ze alles in steen laten veranderen. Het was bijna twaalf uur op de klok van de toren van Babel. Iedereen verzamelde zich onder de klok, alle bakkers met hun taarten, en toen kwam de snijder naar voren om de taarten te snijden. Het mengsel zou gescheiden worden. Alles ging in grote dozen. Mij wilden ze tot koning maken, maar ik wilde hier niet wezen. Ik verborg me in de klok. In de klok was een tunnel naar een andere toren, de toren van Noach, die zou namelijk hoog genoeg zijn om de hemel te bereiken, die zou nooit vallen, en die zou niet door de zondvloed getroffen worden. De godin der pauwen begroette mij daar, en nam mij naar binnen. Hier werd ik niet als een nummer behandeld. Maar er was iets wat niet klopte. Ik was terecht gekomen in een molen. Ik zou spoedig tot moes vermalen worden. Ik rende snel weer terug naar de toren van Babel, maar die was al aan het branden. Ik kon geen kant op. Plotseling pikte een vogel me op en zette me in de wolken. ‘Hier gaat de toren van Babel verder,’ zei de vogel. Ik klom van wolk tot wolk, en besepte dat de gehele aarde een toren van Babel was. Hoeveel torens zou het kasteel van Babel hebben, dacht ik. Ik stapte in een lift, waar ook de hoer van Babylon inzat, en de bruid van Babylon. ‘Zo, waar gaat de reis naartoe?’ vroeg ik.

‘Naar de hemel,’ zeiden ze.

‘Oh, de hof van Babylon?’ vroeg ik. Ze knikten. ‘Moes regeert daar,’ zeiden ze.

‘Oh, mengelmoes?’ vroeg ik verschrikt.

‘Nee, zijn broer, die is wat makkelijker,’ zeiden ze.

‘Ik hoop het,’ zei ik.

Na een tijdje kwamen we aan in de hof van Babylon. Moes was inderdaad ook een kat, een prachtig beest. ‘De Kat van Babylon,’ zeiden ze. Moes was een aardig dier. Alles leek hier gemaakt te zijn van moes. De druipstuinen waren hier. ‘Koffie?’ vroeg Moes. Ik knikte. ‘Met of zonder chocola?’

‘Met,’ zei ik.

‘Goede keus,’ zei Moes. ‘De gifmengers van de hel nog tegen gekomen?’ Ik knikte. Daar had ik genoeg van gezien.

‘De gedwongen vrucht, hè,’ zei hij. Ik knikte weer.

‘Nu, die gedwongen vrucht is hier niet,’ zei hij. Ik keek naar een omgekapte boom, maar wel vloede er spul van naar beneden. ‘Ja, beneden komt heel wat aan,’ zei Moes.

‘Kun je die boom niet naar beneden donderen?’ vroeg ik.

‘Nee, want dan komt niemand meer aan. Dan was jij hier ook nooit gekomen,’ zei Moes. Het raadsel van de schoonheid raasde in de lucht als een mengsel, haarzelf instandhoudende, bevestigende en ondersteunende. Zij had geen zelf-kritiek, zij was puur en alwetend. Zij protste hier en bracht anderen ten onder. En niemand kon haar vasthouden vanwege hun onreinheid. Zij was een giftige lijm in de lucht. Zij was de enige waarheid. Zij nam niemand serieus, kon zich totaal niet verplaatsen in de ander, en had daar ook geen behoefte aan, want alles draaide om haar, zij was de enige. Zij was de chemische stank in de lucht, de uitlaat van de cosmetische fabriek. Zij was van alles en iedereen verlaten, maar hield zichzelf in stand door zelfbevrediging. Ze was een meervoudige personaliteiten syndroom. Zij eiste blindelings gehoorzaamheid. En dit noemden ze de hemel? Moes zei dat we daarom beter in de hof van Babylon konden blijven. Er was daarboven niets te zoeken. Maar de bijtende lucht was overal. Moes bracht me naar een grot waar poppen waren. Hier was het veiliger, maar die poppen deugden ook niet echt. Ik voelde me opgesloten hier. Moes begreep me, en bracht me toen naar de grot van een draak. Het vuur van de draak en zijn rook was erg ontgiftigend. Het was de draak van Babylon, die de geheimen hier bewaarde. Ik had het gevoel dat ik weer een beetje kon ademen. De draak verwarmt de toren. De draak heeft dit alles gebouwd. Wij kunnen alleen opstijgen als een phoenix vanuit het as. Dit is de draken-cocon, de cocon van vuur en ijs. Wij zijn vlinders van de dood, die vervolgens worden gedroogd en ingelijst. Wij zijn hier op het mijneveld, elke stap kan de laatste zijn. Maar uit de cocon zullen wij nooit

vallen. De martelaar schreeuwt en niemand verstaat. De draak grijpt om zich heen, en sleurt iedereen mee in zijn val.

Hoofdstuk 2.

De tere vlinder vliegt, raakt vast in webben, valt, en verandert in een moordenaar. Vals beschuldigd, bespot, bedreigd, gedwongen en gehaat, moest zij van het mengsel drinken, van Babylon's thee, en haar gevoelens verdringen. Tot het dodenrijk daalde zij, in het diepste van de hel vond zij haar pijn. Zij is een moordenaar nu, een deel van de draak zelf. Zij moest drinken van de thee, zij moest eten van het verleden. Zij moest drinken van andere werelden die zij niet kende. Zij was naar de toren van Babel verbannen. De molenaar van het kruis moest zij ontmoeten, en de moordenaar die daaraan hing. Zij verloor alles in de strijd. Door het mengsel werd alles van haar afgesneden. De stem van Babel was zacht en verwarrend. Alleen de ochtend kon verheldering geven. En dan kwam de nacht weer, en dat ging maar door, totdat we zelf een deel van het mengsel waren geworden. De bakker van Babylon mengt ons. Hij maakt van ons dat wat we niet wilden zijn. Hij trekt ons uit elkaar en voegt dingen in, zoals hij dat wil. Ik zat weer in de lift, ditmaal naar beneden, tot diep onder de grond waar de slager van Babylon leefde.

De volgende dag liep ik in de winkelstraat en probeerde dit alles te vergeten. Maar diep van binnen wist ik dat ik nog steeds in deze toren opgesloten zat. Toen ik thuis was staarde ik uit het raam, en ging vroeg naar bed. In mijn bed lag ik te woelen, en probeerde alles van me af te schudden. Ik voelde me ziek. Ik kon wel janken. In mijn boekenkast was een boek van de Babylonische geschiedenis, naast een boek van Mexicaanse ijs-gerechten. Ik trok beide boeken eruit, en las in het eerste boek over Tammuz die het symbool was van de overwinning over relatie-problemen in het huwelijk. Hij was getrouwd met Ishtar, die het pasen uitbeeldde als Easter. Zij was een hemels ei dat ooit uit de hemel viel in de rivier de Eufraat. In de Sumerische voor-cultuur stond zij bekend als Inana die haar zuster Ereshkegal in de onderwereld wilde bezoeken en door zeven poorten moest gaan waarbij ze telkens een kledingstuk of sieraad moest afleggen. Zij beeldde de heilige striptease uit, het pellen van het heilige ei. Ishtar-Inanna was ook de moeder van Tammuz die hem later uit de doden opwekte door haar tranen. Hij had ontdekt dat het huwelijk hem tot het graf had geleid, maar kwam er ook achter dat het hem weer opwekte. Dit is de kracht van het Pasen, Easter. Hij was een voor-christelijke Babylonische Christus. Hij werd verscheurd door een psychiater, en werd toen meervoudige personaliteiten syndroom genoemd. Omdat zijn vrouw nog steeds een relatie met hem had werd zij vanaf dat moment een hoer genoemd, en was toen rijp voor de prostitutie. Ik voelde me machteloos en hulpeloos. Ik greep naar het tweede boek dat ik had gepakt, met de Mexicaanse ijs-recepten. Ik bestelde veel ijs en ging direct aan de slag. Er was zoveel ijs dat ik het in drie ijskasten in de kelder moest stoppen. Ik nodigde een vriendin uit. Ze vond het heerlijk. Ze vertelde mij veel over Mexico. Ik vertelde haar veel over de toren van Babel. 'Weet je dat er ook zo'n toren in Mexico staat?' vroeg ze. Ze haalde een boek uit haar tas en liet het me zien. 'Het is een ondergrondse toren, naar het middelpunt van de aarde.'

‘En wat is daar te zien, in het middelpunt van de aarde?’ vroeg ik. Ze haalde nog een boek uit haar tas. Ik schrok. Het waren de meest verschrikkelijke slangen en draken. ‘Dit kun je daar vinden,’ zei ze. Toen ik het boek begon door te bladeren vond ik het prachtig. ‘Daar in Mexico aanbidden ze de dualiteit. Dat betekent dat ze alles aannemen wat je zegt, maar daar maken ze wel hun eigen mengsel van,’ zei ze.

‘Je bedoelt de paradox?’ vroeg ik. Ze knikte. ‘Ze aanbidden de rokende spiegel,’ zei ze. ‘De spiegel is de enige weg uit de toren van Babylon,’ zei ze. ‘Ik ben gekomen om je te redden.’

‘Nou, dank je wel,’ zei ik. ‘Dank je wel.’ Ze leidde mij naar de spiegel, en door de spiegel kwamen we samen in de ondergrondse toren van Mexico terecht. We gingen het eerste het beste ijs-restaurantje binnen. Het leven was hier goed, veel beter dan in de toren van Babel. Mijn redder zat naast me. Wel begon het steeds kouder te worden. Ik staarde naar een vlechtwerk aan de muur. ‘Je hebt de dubbele draad nodig,’ zei ze. ‘De twee kunnen niet zonder elkaar.’ Ik nam haar in mijn armen en besepte dat ik niet zonder het mengsel kon. Na het eten gingen we naar een hotel. We zochten een spiegel op, en gingen weer terug naar de toren van Babel. ‘De toren van Babel, en het Mexicaanse ijs,’ zei ik. ‘Laten we het daarop houden. Hier woon ik, dit is mijn thuis.’ Ze knikte. Ze stond volledig achter me. Er liepen wachters op de muren van Babel, om het geheim te bewaken. ‘Hier woont de hoer van Babylon,’ zeiden ze telkens. Er kwam een klein hondje op me afrennen. Ik nam het beestje in mijn armen. Ik wilde het geheim weten. We stapten in de lift, en gingen nog verder naar beneden. We kwamen aan in de hof. Het leek alsof we een cirkeltje hadden gemaakt. Maar dit keer stond de omgekapte boom rechtop, en er was een slang in de boom, genaamd Ea. Deze slang was een orakel. Je moest niets van wat hij zei letterlijk nemen. Hij was de god van de afgrond, die door de Sumeriers ook wel Enki werd genoemd. Hij was ook de god van het water en van de wijsheid. Hier hing het mexicaanse ijs in de boom. ‘Als god zul je zijn, als je van het mexicaanse ijs zal eten,’ zei de slang. ‘En je ogen zullen opengaan. Het zal je hart verlichten.’

‘Ik heb er al van gegeten,’ zei ik.

‘Dan zullen de Spanjaarden je snel vinden,’ zei de slang.

‘De Spaanse inquisitie?’ vroeg ik. De slang knikte. ‘Maar daar weet ik wel wat op,’ zei de slang. ‘Bouw een schip, want ik zal de zondvloed brengen.’

‘Kan ik niet gewoon de lift weer in?’ vroeg ik. Het was een schip der zotten waarin ik was beland, maar ook wist ik dat hier ergens het geheim moest zijn. Ik ging zitten op een bankje, en wist niet of ik de raadselachtige slang met z’n allegorieën serieus moest nemen. Weer nam ik wat van het mexicaanse ijs. Het was gewoon lekker, en verder kon het me niet zoveel schelen. Hij was een zoetwater slang, en een slang van het genezend water, dus zo erg zou zo’n zondvloed nog niet eens zijn. In de bijbel was er ergens een tekst over de poel van vuur en zwavel van eeuwige pijniging,

wat in de grondtekst een poel van genezing blijkt te zijn. Alles was hier zo dubbel, en alles kon omgedraaid worden. Het orakel lachte naar me. Hij scheen zichzelf ook niet al te serieus te nemen. 'Ik ben het geheim van de vruchtbaarheid,' grapte hij, 'het geheim van alle creatie.'

'Het zal wel,' zei ik. Maar mijn mond begon steeds meer te branden. Wat had ik toch gegeten. 'Ik zei het je toch,' zei de slang, 'maar je wilde niet luisteren.'

'Zeker zwaar gekruid,' zei ik. Ik gooide de deur achter mij dicht, en ging weer naar mijn kamer. Ik legde de twee boeken weer terug in de boekenkast, samen met de twee boeken die ik van die vriendin had gekregen. Ik ging weer slapen. In de nacht werd ik weer wakker van de pijn. 'Je bent gekust door het vuur,' zei een stem. Ik probeerde weer te slapen, maar het lukte niet. 'Eet wat meer van het mexicaanse ijs, toe,' zei de stem. Ik strompelde naar de keuken, en begon te eten, zoals ik nog nooit had gegeten, maar het vuur werd steeds erger. Ik hoorde gelach. 'Okay, wat moet ik nu doen,' zei ik.

'Snap je dan niet dat je in een dubbele wereld bent. Wil je meer ijs, dan krijg je meer vuur,' zei de stem.

Ik moest al snel overgeven van het vele ijs wat ik had gegeten, en er ging nog wel meer uit : vreemd kruid, vreemde bessen, zelfs doorns. 'Het mexicaans ijs is goed voor orale laxering,' zei de stem. Het voelde alsof mijn darmen werden schoongespoeld, en ik spuugde alles uit. Ik ging weer slapen, en sliep als een roos.

Bloedbessen

Joost Verschuur komt 's avonds laat thuis van een feestje. Zijn vriendin ligt al in bed. Snel doet hij zijn kleren uit en gaat tegen haar aanliggen. Ze slaapt, maar wordt wakker van hem. Ze kust hem, en dan vallen ze samen in slaap. Midden in de nacht horen ze een hard geluid. Joost rent naar het raam. Iemand staat voor de deur. 'Doet jullie bel het niet ofzo ?' schreeuwt de persoon. Het is de broer van Joost. Even later staat ook zijn zus voor de deur. 'Doe open Joost,' schreeuwt zijn zus. Joost staat als aan de grond genageld, kleed zich langzaam aan, en loopt langzaam naar beneden om de deur te openen. Even later zitten ze rond de tafel. De vriendin van Joost is er inmiddels ook bijgekomen. 'Willen jullie wat drinken ?' vraagt Thea, de vriendin van Joost.

'Nee,' zegt Arnold, de broer van Joost. 'Jacqueliën, vertel jij het hen maar.'

Jacqueliën, de zus van Joost begint te huilen. 'Pa is ernstig ziek,' zegt ze.

'Wat heeft hij ?' vraagt Joost verschrikt.

'Hartklachten,' zegt Arnold. 'Hij heeft een hart-aanval gehad. Hij heeft niet lang meer te leven. Hij wil dat je nu bij hem komt. Hij wil je iets vertellen.'

Zo gezegd zo gedaan. Even later staat Joost bij zijn vader op de stoep, en een paar minuten later heeft hij de warme hand van zijn vader in zijn hand. 'Joost,' zegt zijn vader, 'ik ga weg. Spoedig zal ik mijn laatste adem uitblazen. Ik heb al met mijn andere kinderen gesproken, maar niet met jou.' Hij knipoogt even naar Joost, en laat dan even een glimlach zien. Joost, ik Met jou heb ik altijd het beste contact gehad, van de kinderen, maar de laatste jaren niet meer zoals het was, en ik weet wel waardoor dat komt. Thea had een hekel aan me. In ieder geval ... ik wil je zeggen dat ik van je houd, en dat ... dat ... mijn grootste erfenis naar jou toegaat.'

'En wat is dat dan ?' vraagt Joost.

'Een boek,' zegt zijn vader.

'Wat voor een boek ?' vraagt Joost.

'Een boek van zeerovers en spoken, ik heb het zelf geschreven,' zegt zijn vader. 'Ik heb het onder pseudoniem geschreven, zodat niemand ooit wist dat ik het had geschreven.'

'Die bestseller ?' vraagt Joost. 'Heb jij dat geschreven ?'

Na een paar dagen sterft de vader van Joost en enkele dagen later heeft Joost de eerste uitgave, de luxe editie, van het boek in bezit, en het manuscript. Joost bergt het meteen goed op. 'Zo, dat was dan de biecht van mijn vader,' zegt Joost tegen Thea. Thea zegt niks. Ze heeft zijn vader nooit gemogen.

'Klaar !' zegt Joost. 'Afgelopen.'

Thea komt langzaam naar hem toe, omhelst hem, en dan kust ze hem.

'Het was niets dan spel,' zegt Joost, 'het contact wat ik eerder met hem had. Ik deed maar net alsof, ik had geen andere keus.'

'Ik weet het,' zegt Thea, 'en vroeger durfde je niet anders.'

Joost kust Thea terug. Samen gaan ze op de bank zitten. Joost speelt wat met haar bloesje. 'Je hebt nu een echt speeltje,' zegt Thea. 'Iets wat je zelf hebt uitgekozen en wat je leuk vindt.'

Joost knikt. Bijna met zijn kin opgeheven. Voor het eerst in zijn leven kan hij echt glimlachen, en hij kijkt rebels. 'Toch wel vreemd dat mijn vader de schrijver was van dat boek,' zei Joost. Thea knikt. 'En jij bent de schrijver van mijn boek,' zegt ze. Joost glimlacht. 'Ik houd ervan je te beschrijven.'

'Doe nog eens een gooi,' zegt Thea.

'Je bent bloedmooi,' zegt Joost. 'Ik kan je wel drinken.'

'Mooi als die struik met bloedbessen daar buiten ?'

'Die bessen zijn giftig,' zegt Joost. 'Jij bent ontgiftigend, genezend.'

'Maar medicijnen zijn soms giftig, Joost,' zegt Thea. 'Giftig, het kan een gave zijn, een gift.'

'Gut wat doe je weer moeilijk,' lacht Joost. En neemt haar in de houdgreep. 'Ik ben toch veel sterker dan jij.'

Thea kijkt hem aan. 'Verleden tijd,' zegt ze zacht. 'Kijk eens diep in mijn ogen.' Joost doet het en voelt zich zwak worden, en dan ineens neemt zij hem in de houdgreep. 'Okay, Thea,' zegt Joost,

'ophouden met die spelletjes nu. Ik weet dat je me kunt betoveren en hypnotiseren. Je bent misschien wel potentieel een gevaar.'

'Gevaar is een te groot woord, noem het maar avontuur,' zegt Thea.

Midden in de nacht worden ze weer wakker van een geluid. Het zijn weer de broer en zus van Joost. Even later zitten ze weer om de tafel.

'Wat heeft vader je gegeven,' vraagt Jacquélien.

'Oh niets,' zegt Joost.

'Probeer het niet achter te houden, Joost,' zegt Jacquélien, 'want moeder heeft gezegd dat jij iets hebt gehad.'

'Dat is tussen vader en mij,' zegt Joost. 'Waarom zijn jullie hier?'

Joost kijkt ze indringend aan. 'Nou? Waarom zeggen jullie niets?'

'Wij vinden dat je moet zeggen wat vader je heeft gegeven,' zegt Jacquélien. Arnold knikt.

'En daarmee komen jullie midden in de nacht? Waar slaat dat op?' vraagt Joost.

'Omdat het belangrijk is,' zegt Arnold. 'Nou, zeg op.'

'Okay dan,' zegt Joost, 'als het voor jullie zo belangrijk is, eh, het was een boek, over zeerovers en spoken. Eh, hij heeft dat boek eens geschreven onder pseudoniem.'

'Mis, Joost,' zegt Arnold. 'Bladzijde 441 vertelt het geheim, daar heeft hij in kleine letters geschreven, ga zelf maar kijken.' Joost pakt het boek, gaat naar bladzijde 441 en leest hardop: 'Beste Joost, gefeliciteerd, aan jou de familie-erfenis: een geheim eiland.'

'Moet ik nu hoera zeggen?' vraagt Joost. 'En waar is dat geheime eiland?'

'Ga naar bladzijde 847,' zegt Arnold.

En daar leest Joost het. Het schijnt dat Joost een geadopteerd kind was, als baby, en zijn vader en moeder durfden het hem nooit te zeggen. Boos slingert Joost het boek weg, en rent naar buiten, terwijl Thea hem achterna gaat. 'Lees het boek verder voor meer informatie,' roept Arnold hem na. Maar Joost is woedend. Pas na een paar uur komt Joost weer thuis, samen met Thea. Arnold en Jacquélien liggen op de bank te slapen. Op de tafel ligt het boek, en Joost leest verder. Het blijkt dat Joost op dat eiland geboren is.

Na een tijdje kan Joost het accepteren en gaat samen met Thea op vakantie naar het eiland. Er wonen daar twee mensen die ooit de samenleving hebben verlaten. Ze wonen hier als wilden. Als Joost hen het verhaal vertelt begrijpen ze dat hij hun kind is.

'Jij hoort bij ons,' zegt zijn echte vader. 'Ooit hebben ze jou van ons afgepakt. Nu ben je terug. En Thea is ook welkom.' Hij omhelst zijn vader en dan zijn moeder, en ook Thea doet dat. En ze leven nog lang en gelukkig.

Het Zoete Zalf Bos

Ze zaten rondom de tafel : koning Klaproos, fee Boterbloem, kabouter Sleutelzaad, en Roosje. 'We moeten er echt wat aan doen,' sprak de koning. 'Dat kan zo niet langer. Prins Zoete Zalf is al te lang van ons weg. We moeten wat aan die nare heks doen.'

'Waar woont ze ?' vroeg Roosje.

'In het luisterbos,' zei koning Klaproos. Even later waren ze op pad naar het luisterbos. Het was een stuk lopen door de velden van kro-bloemen. Bij het kasteel aangekomen stond heks Greepbeen al op hen te wachten. 'Heks !' bulderde koning Klaproos. 'Laat prins Zoete Zalf vrij !' Maar de heks begon te lachen. 'Jullie kunnen toch niks tegen mij doen,' zei ze. Kabouter Sleutelzaad was in zijn boek aan het bladeren. Het was een toverboek waar vaak waardevolle dingen in stonden, en dan vooral op momenten waarop ze het nodig hadden. De teksten en de plaatjes in het boek leken altijd weer te veranderen. 'Assisteer mij,' zei koning Klaproos.

'Hier staat ...,' zei kabouter Sleutelzaad, 'dat de heks onschadelijk gemaakt kan worden door sluipzand, en dat is in het bezit van de tovenaar van het peperplantjes-bos.'

'Geef hier dat boek !' krijste de heks.

'Op naar het peperplantjes-bos,' zei koning Klaproos. Weer was het een stuk lopen. De tovenaar had inderdaad het sluipzand. Het was toverzand. 'Zeg, wat een mooi boek heb jij daar,' zei hij tegen kabouter Sleutelzaad. Kabouter Sleutelzaad knikte. 'Zeg, ik heb een idee,' zei de tovenaar. 'Ik ga met jullie mee naar de heks, en zal er voor zorgen dat de prins snel vrij is.' Dat vonden ze allemaal een goed plan. De tovenaar liep voorop met het sluipzand, en weer kwamen ze na een stuk lopen aan bij de heks. 'Zo, zijn jullie daar eindelijk weer. Ik heb op jullie zitten wachten. Ik had nog een verrassing voor jullie,' zei de heks.

'Nou, dat komt goed uit,' zei de tovenaar, 'want wij hebben ook een verrassing voor u.'

De tovenaar strooide snel wat sluipzand over de heks heen. De heks lag snel krachteloos op de grond. Ze had haar macht verloren, maar ze begon te lachen. 'Nu ik, nu ik,' zei ze. 'Weet je, ik heb het jullie eigenlijk nog nooit verteld, maar dat zal ik nu doen, dat werd weleens tijd, nietwaar, maar mijn drie-ogige reuzenbroer, die de heksenkoning is, wacht al in het kasteel op jullie met koffie en gebak.' De tovenaar dacht dat hij met het sluipzand ook de drie-ogige broer van de heks onschadelijk kon maken, maar toen ze bij hem aankwamen, en de tovenaar het sluipzand op hem strooide gebeurde er niets. 'Je zal er wel wat anders voor nodig hebben,' zei kabouter Sleutelzaad. De drie-ogige reuzenbroer van de heks begon te bulderen van het lachen.

'Zeg knaap,' zei koning Klaproos. 'Laat onmiddellijk prins Zoete Zalf vrij.'

'Waarom zou ik ?' zei de drie-ogige broer van de heks.

'Nou, het is beter voor je om dat nu te doen,' zei koning Klaproos.

'Komt niks van in, hoor,' zei de broer van de heks. Ze keken allemaal in zijn drie ogen, die niets dan gemeenheid, duisterheid en akeligheid uitstraalden.

'Dit is niets anders dan bar en boos,' zei koning Klaproos. 'Koffie met gebak wordt dat dan genoemd, nou eerder brood met spinnekoppen. Zo ontvang je geen gasten.'

'Gasten, ha !' zei de broer van de heks. 'Jullie zijn indringers. Nou, maak dat je wegkomt, anders zul je misschien nooit de kans meer krijgen om weg te kunnen komen. Vlug.'

'Zeg, ik laat me niet zomaar door een vlegel de les leren,' zei koning Klaproos. 'Je laat nu de prins vrij, of het zal je zuur berouwen. Koffie met gebak, puh.'

'Ja, mijn zus heeft altijd de neiging mij beter voor te stellen dan ik ben,' zei de broer van de heks. 'Dat is dan haar probleem.'

'U bent het probleem,' zei Roosje.

'Ach wat,' zei de broer van de heks, 'pijp zeven krijgt ook praatjes.'

'En dat noemt zichzelf koning,' zei Roosje.

'Wat een koning zal dat wezen,' zei fee Boterbloem.

'Juist,' zei Roosje, 'een koning van klusje knudde.'

'Oh zeg, gaan we beledigend doen ?' vroeg de broer van de heks.

'Nee,' zei Roosje, 'dat is een gebakje van eigen deeg. Koffie erbij ?'

'Roosje, Roosje,' zei koning Klaproos, 'praten met die man heeft weinig zin.'

'Nou, hij moet gewoon ophoepelen,' zei Roosje brutaal. 'Hij gaat echt zijn zin niet krijgen. Hij zal echt wel moe van zichzelf worden.'

Ondertussen was kabouter Sleutelzaad in zijn boek aan het lezen. 'Hier heb ik het,' zei hij. 'De drie-ogige reus, ook wel heksenkoning genoemd, kan verslagen worden door het kikkerdril van dokter Repelmeel die woont in het regenplantjes-bos.'

'Je gaat nu dat boek aan mij geven,' zei de drie-ogige reus boos. Snel gingen ze uit het kasteel, en gingen richting het regenplantjes-bos. Het was weer een stuk lopen. Dokter Repelmeel had het kikkerdril in allerlei ketels. Ook hij wilde wel met ze mee om de reus uit te schakelen, zodat de prins vrij zou kunnen komen. Hij liep voorop met een pannetje kikkerdril. Toen ze bij de reus waren aangekomen, smiet dokter Repelmeel het kikkerdril in zijn gezicht. De reus storte direct neer. Maar ook hij begon net als de heks te lachen. 'Ik had het jullie nog niet verteld,' zei hij, 'maar de wachter van de groene kerker, waar de prins is opgesloten, is nog wel verschrikkelijker dan ik.'

Ze begonnen het hele kasteel door te zoeken. Ergens onderin het kasteel vonden ze een boekenkamer. Kabouter Sleutelzaad leunde tegen een boekenkast aan, die direct opzij schoof, zodat er een tunnel zichtbaar werd die naar beneden liep. Hier kwamen ze aan bij de groene kerker. Een groen

monster met veel klauwen kwam op hen af. 'Wat jammer nou dat jullie hier zijn gekomen, want een ieder die hier komt, komt nooit meer weg,' zei het monster. 'Het was dom van de prins om hier te komen ! En nu is het dom van jullie. Niemand komt ooit nog uit de groene kerker. De groene kerker is gierig.'

'Dat kan me niet zoveel schelen,' zei koning Klaproos. 'Je gaat de prins nu loslaten.'

'Komt niks van in, komt niks van in,' zei het monster. 'Iedereen weet dat, dat je hier gewoon niet moet komen. Dat heeft zo z'n gevolgen, ziet u.'

'Ik zie helemaal niks,' zei koning Klaproos. 'Wij zijn hier voor de bevrijding van de prins. Je laat hem nu los, anders zul je wat beleven.'

'Zeg, jullie hebben waarschijnlijk nog niet goed door met wie jullie te maken hebben,' zei het monster.

'Dat kan ons niet schelen !' riep Roosje.

'Alsof het mij wel iets kan schelen,' zei het monster.

'U laat hem nu vrij,' zei Roosje.

'Ik laat helemaal niks vrij, er komt gewoon wat bij,' zei het monster.

'Nee,' zei Roosje, 'wat bent u gemeen.'

'En wat ben jij dom,' zei het monster.

Kabouter Sleutelzaad was weer in zijn boek aan het lezen. 'Hier heb ik het !' riep hij. 'De monsterlijke wachter van de groene kerker kan verslagen worden door feeen-lippenstift.'

'Jullie komen hier toch nooit meer weg,' zei het monster, 'dus vergeet die feeen-lippenstift maar.'

'Fee Boterbloem, heb jij nog feeen-lippenstift in je tasje ?' vroeg koning Klaproos.

'Nee, ik heb het thuis laten liggen,' zei fee Boterbloem.

'Niemand heeft het hier, dus geef de moed maar op,' zei het monster.

'Nee !' riep Roosje. 'Ik heb nog feeen-lippenstift !' Snel haalde ze het tevoorschijn.

'Kras het op hem,' zei kabouter Sleutelzaad. Roosje rende op het monster af, en begon met de feeen-lippenstift op hem te krassen.

'Nee, nee !' krijste het monster, 'ga weg met dat spul ! Nee, nee, doe dat ding weg !' Het monster begon geheel weg te smelten, terwijl het slot van de kerker losknapte. De prins was vrij. Snel namen ze prins Zoete Zalf mee terug naar het Zoete Zalf bos, waar ze allen woonden.

En de kinderen kwamen tot het bos der nachtmerries, en veranderden daar in indianen. Dit was de enige manier om door het bos te komen, en na een verschrikkelijk lange tijd in het bos der nachtmerries kwamen ze aan in de jachtvelden, waar bizonen hen aanstaarden. En er was een lange oorlog tussen de bizonen en de indianen.

De Roodbil Stam

Henry ter Zand was een voetballer van het eerste team van zijn stad. Vaak kwam er een motorbende kijken, die de voetballers vaak uitscholden voor voetbroeders en ei-verkopers. Henry werd er altijd een beetje misselijk van. Op een dag besloot hij de motorbende eens te bezoeken. Hij had zich anders aangekleed zodat hij niet meer op zichzelf leek. Hij werd hartelijk ontvangen, en men leidde hem rond in het gebouw. Er waren wat oude mensen bij, misschien ouders van de motorrijders, en een vrouw die een soort bediende was deed het woord. Maar plotseling werd hij herkend door een van de motorrijders, en Henry moest maken dat hij weg kwam. Het uitschelden was sindsdien wel een stuk minder ineens, en op een dag werd Henry uitgenodigd om weer eens bij hen op bezoek te komen. De motorrijders hadden er spijt van dat ze hem zo rot hadden behandeld. Al gauw werd Henry goede vrienden met hen, wat ook de bedoeling was. Op een dag las een van de motorrijders voor uit een vreemd jongensboek. Het ging over de roodbil stam, een groep wilden die in de bossen leefden. De roodbil stam deed veel aan voetbal, maar er werden nogal wrede dingen gedaan met de verliezers. 'Het spijt ons, Henry,' zei de motorrijder, 'we hebben ons inderdaad nogal kinderachtig gedragen.'

Eric Rouwmeester heette een van de motorrijders, en had vroeger nog bij Henry in de klas gezeten. Eric knipoogde naar hem. Aan het einde van het voorlezen sprak Eric hem nog even persoonlijk aan. 'Heb je zin om een keer mee te gaan samen naar het bos?' vroeg Eric. 'Dan kunnen we wat oude herinneringen ophalen.' Henry vond dat best. Een paar avonden later waren ze samen in het bos. Zo deden ze dat vroeger ook. 'Ja, eigenlijk raar,' zei Eric. 'We gingen beiden naar een andere school later, en het contact was verbroken, terwijl we toch altijd goede vrienden waren.' Henry knikte. In het bos kwamen ze een verwilderde vrouw tegen. Ze had wat rode verf achter op haar broek. 'Ja, verfschieten,' zei ze. Het bleek een spel te zijn.

Na een tijdje kwamen ze bij een ravijn aan. Ze hadden hier een goed uitzicht. 'Herinner je je Klaas nog?' vroeg Eric. 'Heeft zichzelf stukgereden tegen een boom. En Ilse, ook dood.' Henry knikte. Ja, dat had hij ook gehoord. Hij was er kapot van. Klaas en Ilse waren ook goede vrienden van hem. 'Maar ja, dood is dood,' zei Eric. 'Je kunt ze niet terughalen.' Daar kwam de vrouw weer langs. Ditmaal had ze nog meer rode strepen op haar lichaam. 'Zo, je hebt het druk,' zei Eric.

'Ja,' zei de vrouw. 'Een feestje, maar een leuk feest.'

'Gelukkig,' zei Eric. Henry grinnikte. 'Hey, is dat Riet niet?' zei Henry. 'Riet van de Kaars.'

'Ja, verhip, je hebt gelijk,' zei Eric. 'Hey, Riet.' Maar Riet was al weer verderop. 'Laten we er naartoe gaan,' zei Eric. Even later vonden ze haar. 'Hoe gaat het met je, Riet, ken je ons nog, Eric en Henry.'

'Het gaat goed, en met jullie ?' vroeg Riet. Ze deed een beetje afstandelijk ineens. Riet kon vroeger moeilijk meekomen op school en had vaak het gevoel dat ze er niet echt bijhoorde. Ze ging vroegtijdig naar een andere school. Na een tijdje brak het ijs een beetje. 'Zeg hebben jullie zin om mee te gaan naar het feestje ? Het is mijn feestje,' zei Riet. Even later zaten ze bij haar thuis met de andere feestgangers. Ze had een groot huis. 'Blijven jullie slapen ?' vroeg ze.

Ach ja, waarom niet, dachten Eric en Henry. Er werd even wat gebeld, en al snel was het okay. Midden in de nacht stond Eric op en ging op zijn blote voeten naar buiten. Het was een huis in het bos. Hij vond het geweldig om alleen in de natuur te zijn. Na een tijdje lopen kwam hij bij een meer aan, deed zijn kleren uit en gleed in het water. Het water was een beetje koel, maar verder was het warm weer. Heerlijk vond hij dat, om in de vrije natuur te zwemmen, en helemaal alleen. Maar later merkte dat er ook een andere man en een vrouw aan het zwemmen waren, aan de overkant van het meer. Het waren mysterieuze mensen. Eric groette hen beleefd. 'Zo, wat doe jij zo laat hier,' vroeg de man. Eric vertelde dat hij niet kon slapen, en het fijn vond alleen in de natuur te zijn. 'En jullie ?' vroeg Eric.

'We hebben nergens om naartoe te gaan,' zei de vrouw. 'We hebben ons huis verloren, en nu leven we in de natuur.' Even later lieten ze hem het hol zien waarin ze woonden.

'Fantastisch,' zei Eric. 'Ik zou ook wel in zo'n hol willen wonen.' Maar ineens greep de man een pistool en richtte het op Eric. 'Meekomen,' zei hij. Eric werd ergens in een kooi gestopt gemaakt van takken en touw. 'Wat gaan jullie met me doen ?' vroeg Eric.

'Weten we nog niet,' zei de vrouw. Eric zag dat de vrouw rode vlekken op haar bil had. Toen lieten ze hem alleen. Na een paar uur was Eric nog steeds alleen, en begon te roepen. Na een tijdje sleurden de man en de vrouw de kooi naar het meer en duwden hem erin. Eric schreeuwde nog uit alle macht, maar niets hielp.

De vermissing van Eric kwam hard aan bij Henry. Ook Riet was er kapot van. Pas maanden later vonden ze hem, verdronken. Ook de man en de vrouw die het op hun geweten hadden werden gevonden. Het bleek dat ze onder in de grond nog meer vermiste personen vasthielden, maar die leefden nog steeds.

Henry keek naar Riet. Ze leek veel op de vrouw die het gedaan had. Ze bleken tweelingzussen te zijn. De man bleek lid te zijn van de motorbende.

Op een dag werd er weer uit het vreemde jongensboek voorgelezen. Het was een soort winterboek. De roodbil stam plantte zich op een vreemde manier voort. De vrouwen legden kleine eitjes die met hun voeten uitgebroed moesten worden, anders zou het vruchtje doodgaan. Zij die uit het ei kwamen waren piepklein, als kabouterijtjes, en ze hadden nog steeds een lijmachtige gel over zich heen, het vlies-ei, wat later als ze opgegroeid waren verder uitgebroed moest worden, anders zouden ze doodgaan. Dit moest gedaan worden door hun moeder of door hun partner. In hun jonge jaren waren ze als varkens, maar naarmate ze ouder werden verloren ze die kwaliteiten. Het voedsel waarvan ze leefden was rode varkens. Hun vijanden : langbek krokodillen.

Henry begreep niet waarom er nu weer uit het jongensboek voortgelezen moest worden.

Onze kapitein is een jongen, zei de motorrijder. Hij heeft dit boek geschreven, en het is onze bijbel.

'En waar is die jongen ?' vroeg Henry.

'Vraag niets,' zei de motorrijder.

Henry besloot er niet meer naartoe te gaan. Maar toch keerde hij weer terug. Alsof iets zijn interesse had. Op een nacht werd Henry wakker. Er stond een jongetje voor hem in middeleeuwse koninklijke kleding. 'Ik ben het geheim van alle tijden, ik ben het poppetje waar alle paarden op rijden, waar alle rozen om strijden.'

'Wat kan ik voor je doen ?' vroeg Henry. Maar het jongetje was alweer verdwenen. De nacht erop was het jongetje erweer. Ditmaal had hij een boek bij zich. 'Dit is mijn bijbel,' zei hij. Op de kaft stond 'De Roodbil Stam' met een plaatje waarop wilden voetbalden. De bal was een leren zak die een beetje op een doodshoofd leek.

Weer vroeg Henry : 'Wat kan ik voor je doen.' Het jongetje gaf hem het boek en verdween. Henry begon direkt te lezen. Het was een boek over de middeleeuwen, over wrede praktijken, die uiteindelijk ophielden, maar ze waren nog steeds in de lucht, en kwamen verkleed als andere dingen.

Een man werd wakker van een lange vreemde droom. Hij had de dag ervoor naar een oorlogsfilm gekeken, en daarna naar een voetbalwedstrijd. Hij zuchtte diep, en viel weer in slaap. Hij droomde toen over een dames voetbal team waar alle vrouwen rode strepen op hun achterste hadden, terwijl sommige grote rode vlekken hadden, en sommigen gewoon rode broekjes. Honden renden over het veld, die toen in zwarte panters veranderden. En toen stond het veld in brand. De man was schoolmeester, en de volgende dag toen hij een vrouwlijke collega tegenkwam bemerkte hij dat er rode vlekken op haar broek zaten, die op lipstift leken. De man wreef in zijn ogen. 'Ben ik nu gek ?' dacht hij bij zichzelf. Maar toen ze zich omdraaide had ze het gezicht van een hond. De man wist dat hij nog steeds sliep. Het leek wel alsof hij niet meer kon wakker worden, en de dromen werden steeds langer en langer. Hij herinnerde dat hij de dag ervoor bij de t.v. en bij de voetbalwedstrijd veel te veel had gedronken. Of hadden ze soms iets in zijn glas gestopt ?

Een man las een vreemd verhaal in een magazine. Het was een soort strip, ook met veel plaatjes, en dan weer tekst. Het was in een wasserette. Hij gooide de magazine opzij. Greep zijn spullen en liep naar buiten. Het werk was gedaan. Hij gleed uit over een bananeschil en viel terwijl alles op de stoep lag. Sommige mensen hielpen hem. Zijn wasmachine deed het niet meer. De was was weer vuil, maar iemand anders bood hem aan de was te doen bij haar thuis. Het was een aardige vrouw. De vrouw van de man was zwanger. Hij wilde weer op tijd thuis zijn, maar het was zo gezellig bij de vrouw dat hij wat langer bleef, en ze besloten vrienden te blijven. Hij vertelde haar over het vreemde verhaal wat hij in de magazine had gelezen. 'Nee, niet gelezen,' zei de vrouw.

Een man zat bij de psychiater. Dit was het verhaal wat hij eruit floepte. 'Okay,' zei de psychiater, 'en wat is de betekenis ?'

Een krant werd gedrukt met dit vreemde verhaal. Iemand werd wakker en had dit gedroomd, iemand las dit. Een grote octopus hing over een stad, en slikte de stad op in zijn geheel. Iemand rende uit het ziekenhuis. Ze hadden hem een injectie gegeven, maar hij was erdoor aan het hallucineren. Het was alsof de werkelijkheid nu in duizenden stukjes voor hem lag, in brokken. Iemand was geraakt door een giftige pijl van een wilde stam, de roodbil stam. De man was aan het hallucineren en werd in een kooi gezet. Al snel raakte hij uitgehongerd. Spinnen kropen over hem heen.

Iemand zat een winterboek voor volwassenen te lezen. Dit was wel het vreemdste winterboek wat hij ooit had gelezen. En het volgende verhaal was over de idioten van Mars. De idioten waren een echt ras, wilde reuzen, die in de vreemde jungles van Mars leefden. Ja, idioot was het, maar de

plaatjes waren prachtig. Het sprak echt tot de verbeelding. De idioten van Mars waren vaak kaal met hanekammen. Het verhaal daarna ging over slangen, en daarna was er een verhaal wat meer op science fiction leek. De man bracht het boek terug naar de bibliotheek, en ging naar de jeugdafdeling om daar een paar winterboeken te lenen. Tot zijn grote verbazing ging het weer over de roodbil stam. Die nacht had hij een droom over een stam waarvan de vrouwen rood geverfde billen hadden. Hij vertelde het aan zijn vrouw en vroeg wat het voor betekenis kon hebben. 'Dat je teveel leest,' zei zijn vrouw. En ze had gelijk, want hij was een echte boekenwurm. 'Als je 's nachts droomt van hetgeen je hebt gelezen, dan heb je gewoon teveel gelezen, en hetzelfde geldt voor t.v.,' zei ze.

'Maar wat kan ik dan doen ?' vroeg de man. 'Heb jij een beter idee ?'

'Neem mij eens wat vaker uit,' zei de vrouw. 'Ik heb het idee dat je getrouwd bent met de boeken in plaats van mij.'

Zo gezegd zo gedaan. De man nam zijn vrouw die dag direkt mee naar het bos om een wandeling te maken. Maar de man werd al snel onwel, en ze keerden om. 'Ik kan gewoon niet zonder mijn boeken,' zei de man. Ze probeerden nog een paar dingen, maar uiteindelijk legde de vrouw zich er maar bij neer.

Een man werd wakker van een droom, en daar een andere man. Ze hadden allemaal hetzelfde gedroomd, alsof er wilde geesten in de lucht waren. Zwarte honden blaften op de straat. Diep in het bos stapte een dwerg lachend zijn huisje binnen en trok de deur achter zich dicht. Er hingen wat klokken van wezens die in elkaar waren gegroeid en die zich voedden met elkaars inhoud. De dwerg roerde wat in een potje. 'Zombies zijn het,' zei de dwerg. 'Ze kunnen niet met en niet zonder elkaar, want ze zitten aan elkaar vast door het hart. Ja, door dit middeltje zullen ze eindelijk los van elkaar kunnen komen, maar vergeten doen ze elkaar nooit.'

Het Rode Wapen

Ik zag haar daar staan. Haar naam was Zwijnenjacht. Ze stond aan een poort met een sleutel. Ik probeerde weg te rennen, maar ze tackelde mij. En toen dacht ik : 'Waarom zou ik wegrennen eigenlijk ?' Het bleek een aardige vrouw. Ze nam mij door de poort naar binnen. Ze was heel praterig, had veel te vertellen. Ze zei dat zij me hier had gelokt, om mij te bevrijden uit een kerk. Ze had kleding gemaakt van parels. Je kon haar lichaam gewoon door de parels heen zien. Ze straalde warmte uit, maar ook geheimzinnigheid. Een koets stopte. We stapten in. De stad was groot hier, maar we gingen buiten de stad, waar ze in een hutje woonde. Een vreemd gevoel maakte zich van mij meester.

'Ik heb je verlost uit de kerk,' zei ze. 'Ze draaien daar allemaal in cirkeltjes, komen niet verder. Ze zijn onder de betovering van een heks. Ik heb je verlost. Het zijn zwijnen. Als je de jacht niet begint, dan pakken ze je terug. Bedriegelijke verschijnselen zijn het.'

'Okay,' zei ik. Toen begon ze te filosoferen. Ik vond het erg interessant. Ze was niet op haar mondje gevallen, en prikte door alles heen. 'Je moet denken,' zei ze, 'diep doordenken. Niet jezelf opsluiten in cirkeltjes.' Ik knikte.

'Er moet gewerkt worden in dat hoofdje van jou. Je moet je industrie bouwen. Zo kun je veilig zijn tegen de zwijnen,' sprak ze. Haar ogen waren rood doorbloed. Ik nam haar in mijn armen, gewoon omdat ik mezelf niet tegen kon houden. Ze hilde. Ik probeerde haar te troosten. 'Je bent zo lief,' zei ze. 'En dat is zeldzaam.'

'En jij bent een open vrouw,' zei ik. 'Dank je wel dat je mij verlost hebt.' Haar lichaam begon te schudden. 'Ze willen me bezitten, die zwijnen,' zei ze. 'Bouw je centrum van filosofie,' zei ze. 'En we zullen allemaal veilig zijn.'

'Wat is de belangrijkste filosofie?' vroeg ik.

'Dat moet je ontdekken,' zei ze. 'Maar bouw gewoon voort. Die varkens zullen allemaal in het nieuwe stelsel van filosofie ontmaskerd worden.' Ik drukte haar tegen me aan. 'Je zult veilig zijn, heus,' zei ik. Toen glimlachte ze een beetje.

Ik keek naar de lucht, die vol was met luchtschepen. De hyena's zouden ons redden. Ze brachten ons naar een spiegel-universum. Alles was hier net een beetje anders. De natuur had hier zoveel meer diepte. Zwijnenjacht was erg aan het beven. Ze was erg ziek. Ik nam haar mee naar een grot, en legde haar neer op een zachte plek, tussen veren en vellen. Weer nam ik haar in haar armen, en verzekerde haar dat alles goed zou komen. Er groeide hier een koffieboom, reusachtig met diepe wortels. En op de takken van de boom en de stam was een kasteel gebouwd. Caffeïne soldaten marcheerden op de muren. Ze leken op ridders en hadden scherpe wapens. Ook hadden ze pistolen met rode lasers. Ze vormden hun eigen politie. Ze waren de communicatie politie. Caffeïne had al deze realiteiten gecreeerd, en voerde een dwangmatige controle.

Ik las de statuten van Orion door, over een rode planeet, Dankbu. Het was een planeet vrij van caffeïne. Het was een planeet waar alles om de innerlijke filosofische registers ging. Er was daar een oorlog tussen koffie en caffeïne. Beide kanten hadden rode wapens.

Het Kind Van Licht

Ik, 44 jaar, schrijver.

Ik houd van boeken, vooral van de wat mysterieuze boeken. Ik woon alleen in een kasteel. Om de dag door te komen drink ik veel thee. Als ik dat niet doe dan val ik in een diepe depressie die met het verleden te maken heeft. Arabische thee werkt het beste op mij. In de zomer trek ik er altijd met mijn caravan op uit. Ik heb vroeger gejaagd, maar daar heb ik me inmiddels voor negentig procent van bekeerd. Ik jaag nu alleen nog maar bij noodzaak. Ik ben een prominent lid van de jagersvereniging. Ik houd van sport, maar ik merk bij mezelf dat ik steeds meer de rust opzoek. Ik houd van de indiaanse cultuur. Zij zijn het meest mysterieus voor mij. Ik ben verder niet gelovig, maar maak wel gebruik van de rijke symboliek van religies, als achtergrond. Voor mij is het natte kunst, de koude dood, ik geloof afstandelijk, maar wat ik dan geloof weet ik eigenlijk niet. Ik voel mijzelf als een agnost, die weleens gebruik maakt van de metaforen en archetypes om mij heen, waarin ik bij vlagen soms een echte passie heb, die mij overigens ook weer benauwd. Ik voel mij een gevangene van mezelf, van deze wereld. Ik schrijf om ergens de uitgang te kunnen vinden.

Ik houd van dunne boekjes, maar wat dikkere boekjes doen het ook wel goed bij mij. Sommige boeken zijn gewoon echt perfect van formaat en ik kan daar wel uren naar staren en over nadenken. Ik lees veel, maar ben ook veel bezig met mijn geheugen. Sommige boeken benauwen me, en die heb ik liever niet in huis. Ik ben op zoek naar de perfecte boeken. Zo bouw ik mijn stad, mijn land, en mijn huis.

Ik ken mijn kasteel niet, ik woon alleen in een klein gedeelte. In veel kamers ben ik nog nooit geweest. Het kasteel staat verder helemaal leeg. Ik kom uit een gereformeerd gezin, een nachtmerrie, daarom woon ik nu alleen. Niemand zal me ooit de les nog leren. Mijn vader was dominee, en mijn moeder was uit hetzelfde hout gesneden. Ik kon me nooit uiten daar, ik werd nooit serieus genomen. Alleen de dikke bril van mijn vader sprak de waarheid. Wij hadden niets in te brengen. 's Nachts is het alsof ik engelen hoor zingen. Vroeger leek het altijd alsof ik duivels hoorde zingen. Mijn vader noemde iedereen vroeger altijd 'duivel', en hemzelf beschouwde hij als een half-god. Ik kan daar nu om lachen, maar toen hij de baas was was dit zeer beangstigend, onheilspellend. Via een achterdeurtje in de kerk ben ik ontsnapt. Ik ben naar de kinder-bescherming gegaan en heb verteld wat voor gruwelijke praktijken ze er bij mij thuis op nahielden. Toen stopten ze me in een weeshuis. Mijn vader kreeg een lange gevangenis-straf, en mijn moeder werd in een inrichting geplaatst. Mijn vader is in de gevangenis overleden, en mijn moeder in die inrichting. Dat is natuurlijk een treurig einde, en ik heb daar best veel verdriet van gehad. In het weeshuis ben ik verder goed opgevangen. Ik woon nu op mijzelf.

Ik ben een verzamelaar van oud plastic speelgoed, klassieke uitgaves. Plastic is de toekomst, zeg ik altijd. Ik denk altijd : waren we maar wat meer van plastic, dan zouden een heleboel problemen opgelost zijn. We zijn van een te hoge graad vlees en bloed, en dat veroorzaakt de helse pijnen. Ikzelf weet goed wat pijn is, en het leek altijd wel een vereiste om verder te komen. Wat ik dan schrijf ? Antropologie en cultuur. Ik zou wel als ontdekkingsreiziger naar Zuid-Amerika willen gaan. Vooral het Amazone-gebied trekt mij aan. Er hangt veel kunstfruit in het kasteel, nog van de vorige bewoners.

28 Juni 1972

Ik heb nu een vriendin. We wandelen samen door het kasteel. Dan sleurt ze me mee de tuin in. Ze haalt me over om bij haar in te wonen. Ze heeft een klein huisje in de stad. Ik voel daar wel wat voor. Het kasteel is nu verleden tijd. Haar familie komt vaak op bezoek. Ze heeft een oom Jan en een oom Piet waar ze nogal erg op gesteld is. Sinds ik met haar ben ben ik de dingen anders gaan zien. Ze is veel buiten om de vogels te voeren. Vanaf hier kun je de kerk-klokken goed horen, maar ik vind dat niet erg. Ook heeft ze een voorliefde voor koken. Vooral met uien maakt ze veel bijzondere gerechten. Als ik aan de ui denk pel ik hem af in tranen. Zo zie ik mijn leven. Wortels zijn ook haar favoriet. Wortels doen me denken aan konijnen. Verder houdt van allerlei puddings. Ze is veel bij de bloemen in haar tuin. Als ik aan bloemen, wortels en uien denk, dan zou ik er wel een trap van willen maken om met haar naar de zon te gaan. We houden van de zon. We zitten vaak buiten. Dan filosoferen we over allerlei dingen. Ze heeft boven veel schilderijen van indianen

hangen. We zijn beiden erg ontzet over wat de blanken de indianen hebben aangedaan. Op zolder heeft ze een groot schilderij van de bizon-jacht. Ik vertel haar dat ik tegen jagen ben, maar dat het soms noodzakelijk is. Daarom ben ik lid van de jagers-vereniging. Indianen waren jagers voor voedsel, anders zouden ze gek van de honger worden, dus het was volkomen gerechtvaardigd. Ze waren ook nog eens met een jacht-instinct opgezaald. De indianen zagen de dieren wel als heilig, dus vroegen ook om vergeving als ze op jacht waren geweest. Maar goed, dat kon natuurlijk per stam verschillen. Sommige indianen zagen het misschien ook als hun opdracht om te jagen voor de goden. Hoe dan ook, het hoe en waarom van de jacht interesseerde mij. Het was een prachtig schilderij, dat schilderij op de zolder. Het was net alsof de bizons op dat schilderij zeker niet voor niets stierven. Ze redden een indiaanse stam van de ondergang. Ook kwam er kannibalisme voor onder indianen. Dit had vaak te maken met religie, maar ook met oorlog, en soms gewoon echt honger. Sommige schilderijen die ze had waren echt luguber. Maar ik moest er gewoon meer vanaf weten. Het was een drang die ik niet kon tegenhouden. Mijn obsessie met indianen werd zo sterk dat mijn vriendin me op andere gedachten probeerde te krijgen, en mij probeerde af te leiden. Maar mijn drang was zo groot en aanstekelijk dat ze op een bepaald moment ook zelf voor de bijl ging. Wij moesten en zouden het geheim ontrafelen.

Mijn vriendin had ook een schilderij van engelen, en dat sprak mij aan, maar beangstigde mij ook. Een ander schilderij was met een engel die op de engel des doods leek, staande voor een poort. Het leek op een reusachtig groot zwart-grijs standbeeld. In de geschiedenis werden de indianen en hun goden door de christenen gedemoniseerd. Natuurlijk is bloedvergiet niet goed te praten, maar daar konden de christenen ook wat van. Ik staarde naar buiten, en kon de kerktoren boven de huizen zien uitsteken. Aan de ene kant trok het christendom mij aan, maar aan de andere kant stootte het mij af. Het was in mijn ogen de arrogantie ten top, verschrikkelijk nationalistisch en cultuurbarbaars. En dan die eeuwige hel, dat was me nogal een piek op de kerstboom. De macht van het christendom was groot, en zaaide angst en paniek. En mijn vraag was wat de God van de christenen met de indiaanse goden en de zielen van de gesneuvelde indianen heeft gedaan. Waar waren zij ? In mijn hoofd dansten de indianen een vurige dans, en als dat zo door zou gaan zou alles spoedig in vuur gaan. Ik kon mezelf er niet van losmaken. Het leek alsof zij brandden door het christelijk stempel. Het van hen geroofde land was nooit aan hen teruggegeven. De indianen hadden ingang tot de natuur, iets wat de blanken nauwelijks hadden, en dat maakte hen jaloers, omdat ingang tot de natuur ook de staf van vruchtbaarheid betekende. Het was alsof de draak een ei bewaakte en tegelijkertijd niet bij dat ei kon komen.

En wij leefden nog steeds dichtbij die draak in dat land, die jaloerse, kleptomanische, arrogante kracht die ons door het vele papier van de natuur af wilde houden. Maar goed, we wilden ook geen slapende draken wakker maken. Mijn vriendin leefde zich uit met het koken. Bij broodgerechten werd het bruine brood bewust gemengd met het witte brood. De blanken zouden deel kunnen hebben aan die natuur, door vermenging, niet door moord en roof. De blanke land-inpikker koos de brede snelweg van de vijandschap en niet de langzame, smalle weg van de vriendschap. Maar de blanke zag de indiaan al als goddeloos bij voorbaat, omdat de leefwijze van de indianen niet bijbels was. Grappig is het dat in de grondteksten van de bijbel alles wel weer indiaans is, maar de blanke leefde met een slappe vertaling daarvan. De spinnenwebben buiten laten me zien wat voor spel er aan de gang is. Of zijn de blanken ook een soort indianen met hun eigen jacht-instinct ? Daar lijkt

het wel op, want onze voorouders hebben een verschrikkelijke jacht op de indianen gemaakt, en waren erg barbaars, echt niet minder dan de indianen, en vandaag laat de blanke nog steeds zien wie hij is door al zijn machts-systemen en verschrikkelijke bureaucratie. Daar moet je maar tegen kunnen. De blanke heerser is als een witte spin met een web waar je 'u' tegen moet zeggen, en doet in oorlogsstrategie niet onder aan de indiaan. Wie is er nu een wilde ? Schuilt er in iedere blanke niet een indiaan ? Wat rassen-communisme zou de wereld geen kwaad doen.

Het liefdesbed boven de zee was leeg. Zowel de blanke als de indiaan waren vertrokken, naar hun eigen stukje natuur. Het bed was omringd met duizend deuren. Eén van deze deuren was de deur van verzoening, terwijl de anderen deuren waren van de dood. Ik was vastbesloten de juiste deur te kiezen. Ik had maar één kans. Ik ging op mijn gevoel af. Ik opende een deur en viel in een afgrond. Was dit de dood of de verzoening ? Ik zag grote doodshoofden van indiaanse opperhoofden. Ik zweefde boven de wateren, met haaien onder mij. Aan de andere kant van de afgrond kwam ik aan. Ik was trots op mezelf dat ik het had gered. Waar was ik nu ? Dood of levend ? Eén van de haaien had een grote staart die hij op me richtte. Hij was me gevolgd. Hij stond op het punt om mij met die grote staart te slaan. In mijn binnenste hoorde ik een stem die zei : 'Omhels de staart.' Toen ik dat deed ontplofte de staart en kleine doodskoppen kwamen voort. Een vrouw droeg een kruik, de laatste jacht.

De wereld met al haar boosaardigheden bleef ergens steken in een gat, zwevend in een licht. Alleen haar vrucht zou kunnen doorlopen, maar zij zelf zou vergaan in die kruik, in de laatste jacht. Ik staarde naar haar schilderij. Ze had het zelf geschilderd. Ze had een prachtige uitleg gegeven, zoals ik het niet zou kunnen doen. Ik had bewondering voor haar. Zij had een heerlijk boek geschreven. Andere boeken zouden mij steken. In onze gedachten waren wij nog steeds in het kasteel. Wij keken naar het binnenste van het kasteel, wat was als een exotische vrucht, waarvan je zou sterven als je het zou eten, maar wij stierven niet. Wij hadden het kind van licht gevonden. Wij keken naar de vrucht, aten ervan, en beseften dat dit het vlees en bloed was van de verzoening. Wij hadden de juiste deur gevonden. Een geluksgevoel maakte zich van mij meester, als van een geboorte. Dit kind van licht was ons kind. Nu zouden wij nooit een kind opbrengen in de materiele wereld, dat zou wreed zijn. We lieten het kind in de lucht zijn.

In het kasteel, in de kern, was alles anders, waar de pit was, het lichaam van de verzoening. Dit bed was in ons huis nu, in de huiskamer, waar iedereen het kon zien. Ook vanuit de keuken kon het bed gezien worden, en vanuit de tuin. Hier draaide het huis om nu, en buiten sneeuwde het, om alles, maar dan ook alles, met een sluier te bedekken. In onze gedachten was er een gele zwemvogel in het riviertje van het kasteel. Wij wisten niet waar het diertje vandaan kwam. Wij hadden het daar nog nooit eerder gezien. Het was onze trots, een trots om de nieuwe geboorte. Op hetzelfde moment was er een sterfgeval, de oude wereld, en het feit dat we niet meer in het kasteel waren. Maar het was goed zo.

In het bos rondom het kasteel waren zoete vruchten, exotischer dan degenen in het kasteel. In het bos was het goed. Dat was gewoon zo. Nog wel beter dan in het kasteel. En hier waren wij. Hier

leefden wij. Van de modder van het dagelijks leven. Het diertje kwam hier ook. En als wij op onze uitgestrekte deken zaten, dan gaven wij hem ook wat voedsel. De gele zwemvogel was onze vriend, een parel uit de andere wereld. Het was een krachtige vogel, die goed voor zichzelf kon zorgen, statig, deftig, onafhankelijk, een hele verschijning. Wij konden hem niet de baas. Het was een koppige, eigenzinnige vogel, maar daar hadden ze om gevraagd. Hij wist precies zijn zin te krijgen. We deelden met hem de oogst.

Hij was een profeet, een prachtig joch, een apocalypse. Hij sprak snel, soms verwarrend. Hij sloeg deuren open. Wij volgden hem, terug naar het kasteel. Hij liet ons boeken zien die nog nooit waren gelezen, en boeken die nog nooit waren geschreven. Hij liet ons gangen zien die we niet kenden, en een wereld waar wij geen deel aan hadden. Een globe van vuur, in het midden van het kasteel. Daar legde hij zijn kleed af en gaf ons precies wat wij wilden. Hij was gekomen om verlangens te vervullen, wensen. Hij was gekomen om dromen uit te laten komen. En daarna ging hij rond met de hoed. Hij was een handelaar, een makelaar in dromen.

De kinderen komen tot een boek in de jachtvelden, het indiaanse oorlogsboek. Voor altijd zal dit hun hoofden stalken.

De Elvenoorlogen

Geen wapen bleef onaangeroerd in de bloederige elvenoorlog tussen de indiaanse elvenstammen. En eigenlijk draaide het in die oorlog alleen om tranenstenen, bloedkoraalachtige toverstenen. Gekrijs en gegil vulde de nacht, totdat een joelende stam uiteindelijk had gewonnen. Ze droegen de toverstenen naar een geheime plek, en probeerden verder de hele oorlog te verwerken. De oorlog had lang geduurd, maar het doel was nu bereikt.

Witsmiktiel, de indiaanse elvensmid van de stam die de elvenoorlog had gewonnen smolt de stenen om, en zo kon er een nieuw daglicht komen over alle stammen. Nog nooit gingen zoveel elven in slavernij, en nog nooit was er zoveel doem in de omgeving. Het vee van de elvenstammen die in de oorlog ten onder was gegaan werd vollop geslacht, wat een zwarte bladzij was in de geschiedenis van de indiaanse elven. Zelfs de winnende stam gaf dat later toe, want waar was alles om te doen ? Om tranenstenen die omgesmolten moesten worden, zodat er nieuw daglicht zou komen : allemaal om slaven te maken : Elven in boten, elven op fokkerijen, elven in de bouw, van alles.

Er was een man, een elf, Timgrimado, die hen uiteindelijk de onzin van dit alles liet inzien. Hij stal de omgesmolten stenen en liet er een wapen van maken waarmee hij hen allen zou domineren. Afschaffen liet hij alle slavernij, alle fokkerij en slachterij, en hij leerde hen te vechten voor henzelf in plaats van voor anderen, zodat ze ook niet anderen voor zichzelf zouden gebruiken. Sindsdien was er wel veel onverschilligheid, maar men bleef in ieder geval van elkaar af. Timgrimado vertrok

later weer, maar vertelde hen dat hij ze allemaal zou slopen als ze weer in hun oude wegen zouden terugvallen.

Velen probeerden erachter te komen waar Timgrimado naartoe was gegaan, maar niemand wist het. Velen verlieten hun stam om ook als Timgrimado te 'vertrekken'. Niemand wist precies wat dat inhield, maar men vond dat wel stoer. Zelfs kinderen kondigden soms aan hun stam te verlaten, maar vaak stonden de ouders dat niet toe. Voor een elf was het belangrijk om tovenaars te worden, om de eenzaamheid en de vergetelheid te domineren, in plaats van elkaar. Ja, Timgrimado had hen wijze lessen geleerd.

Maar na tijden begonnen de verhalen over Timgrimado steeds meer weg te vagen, totdat op een bepaald moment niemand meer echt wist wie of wat Timgrado nou precies was, en men begon terug te vallen in oude gewoontes. En zo ontstond er een nieuwe elvenoorlog, nog luguberder dan die daarvoor. Ditmaal ging de oorlog om goud. Enkele indiaanse elvenstammen hadden goudmijnen gevonden. Weer brak er een tijd aan van slavernij voor de onderworpen stammen, en weer begonnen fokkerijen en slachterijen volop te bloeien. De grote winnaar van de oorlog was Herpidasis, het opperhoofd van een wrede indiaanse elvenstam. Herpidasis maakte zichzelf tot keizer van alle onderworpen stammen, en het moest genade heten dat hij ze in leven liet. Natuurlijk moesten ze bijna allemaal in de goudmijnen werken, en niemand maar dan ook niemand dacht over Timgrimado, omdat niemand meer wist wie hij was.

En daarom was het dan ook een extra verrassing toen hij ineens voor de deur stond. Hij was net zo verwilderd als vroeger, alsof hij vanuit de dieptes van de eenzaamheid en de vergetelheid kwam. Ditkeer was Timgrimado erger dan hij ooit was. Hij greep Herpidasis bij z'n nek en rukte z'n kop eraf. Alle volgelingen van Herpidasis maakte hij tot slaaf door onverwoestbare rode toverketens om hun nek, en zo voerde hij hen allen mee naar zijn duistere kastelen diep in de vergetelheid. Woest brulde Timgrimado tot zijn slaven : 'Ik heb jullie eerst geleerd niet van slavernij te leven en elkaar vrij te laten zoals ik jullie vrijliet. Maar omdat jullie niet naar mij wilden luisteren laat ik jullie nu zien dat hij die van slaven leeft zelf een slaaf is.' En zo moesten de slaven hard werken in de mijnen onder de duistere kastelen van Timgrimado.

Maar op een dag wist één van de slaven vrij te komen, en stal het wapen van tranenstenen dat Timgrimado in bezit had. De slaaf ging er direkt mee naar Timgrimado toe en hief het wapen in de lucht : 'Zie je dit hier !' krijste de slaaf. 'Dit heb jij eens gestolen en je macht opgeëist, maar nu is het van ons.' En een bliksemstraal kwam van het wapen af om Timgrimado te ketenen. De slaaf zette verder met het wapen alle andere slaven vrij, en samen voerden ze Timgrimado mee naar hun oude domein. Hier maakten ze weer alle andere stammen tot hun slaaf, en Timgrimado werd in een kerker geworpen. En sindsdien stond de wreedheid van de overheersende stam op het toppunt. Het werd zo erg dat machtige tovenaars hun legers stuurden, alleen maar om te ontdekken dat Herpidasis en zijn elfen hun slavenrijk met onbreekbare hand uitbreiden. Na een tijdje waagde zich geen enkele tovenaars er nog aan. En zo werd Herpidasis zelfs de schrik der tovenaars.

Maar Timgrimado wist een gat te graven in zijn kerker tot diep onder de grond. Hier vond hij zogenaamde gilstenen waar hij een nieuw wapen van maakte. Timgrimado bleek onoverwinnelijk door het nieuwe wapen, nadat hij er de deur van de kerker mee had gesloopt. Een wachter probeerde hem te grijpen, maar snel onthoofde Timgrimado de wachter en nam zijn helm en pantser. Niet lang daarna had Timgrimado het hele keizershuis onderworpen, omdat het wapen zo gilde dat iedereen erdoor in elkaar zakte wanneer Timgrimado zijn wapen richtte. Timgrimado begon de oude wetten weer te verkondigen, maar wist nu ook dat hij nooit meer zou terugkeren als hij zou vertrekken. Timgrimado voegde daarom geen waarschuwing meer achter de wetten, omdat hij niet nog een keer in de val gelokt wilde worden. De indiaanse elven moesten nu voor zichzelf zorgen. Hij raadde hen allemaal aan hun stammen te verlaten om de eenzaamheid en de vergetelheid op te zoeken.

Terug naar zijn duistere kastelen en mijnen kon hij niet, want daar zouden ze hem kunnen vinden, en daarom sloeg hij een totaal nieuwe richting in, en wiste zijn sporen uit. Hij wist dat zij die in stammen bleven leven ook oorlog zouden blijven voeren.

De Boeken van Honing

1.

1. De Rozentepel van het diepe woud, trekt elven aan, en feeën hand in hand,
Tot een reuzenkroning, een reuzenwoning, voert dit strand, een elvenballet, een kostelijk vuur,
Een draaiend bed, en daar is de ochtendprinses, met haar groene woorden, slangen uit haar monden,
Zij waakt over het vuur en over het uur, oh, roept haar aan, oh schrijf haar naam,
Al haar bloedende prinsessen aan de muur, al haar bloedende gedichten, tot dit kostelijke uur,
Zij waakt in vuur.

2. De Rozentepel waakt hier, met zoveel waakhonden, zoveel versieringen,
Zij loopt als de witte koningin, zij waakt en grijpt dan in,
Waar zoveel bomen staan, waar zoveel feeën staan, hand in hand, aan het strand,
Waar zoveel feeën staan, ja, zij roepen je naam, echoes in de nacht, versluieren zoveel pracht,
Kom dan aan

3. De Rozentepel in de nacht, gevende elvenmelk, versiert in pracht,
Ik probeer dit schilderij te schetsen, struiken als rood vuur, bloemen als aardnoten,
En iemand slaat de trommel, iemand slaakt een gil, iemand loopt weg,
Iemand staat naakt, het is de feeënprins, en dan staat er een prinses,
Ik kom dichterbij, en een kikker ontwaakt

4. De Rozentepel in de diepe nacht, gloeit als het goud, met onbekende pracht,
Wij komen dichterbij, maar het vlucht van ons weg, wij kunnen hier niets bereiken,
Wij hebben altijd pech

5. Ik kom er niet doorheen, door dit dichte bos. Dan sla ik met mijn zwaard, maar takken proberen mij te wurgen,

En deze takken hebben doorns, en ik ben een prins.

6. Waar moet ik het zoeken, waar moet ik heen, ik ga er dwars doorheen,
En ik ben bloedende, en narren volgen mij, zij maken me bespottelijk.
Waar kan ik heen, waar kan ik schuilen.

7. Ik loop recht door, maar dan val ik weg, in de armen van een vrouw, zij neemt mij naar een diepe
put, waar zij woont.
Ik klop aan haar deuren, en zij opent voor mij, zoveel gedichten in een rij.
Van vrouw tot vrouw ga ik, zij voelen mij, zij achterhalen mij,
Van jurk tot jurk ga ik, en veel gegiechel, warme handen die mij verder binnentrekken.
Ik kom hier nooit meer weg. En een pot met honing staart mij aan, op het honingschip zijn wij,
En dan smelten wij.

8. De vrouw van de nar staart mij aan,
Een grote ton met honing, zij is zo vol met honing,
En dan verzuip ik in de bloemen, totdat ik tot het gat reik,
Ik neem haar brief aan, letters omgeven door bloemen.

9. En ik zweef naar het kasteel waar onze dromen komen,
Zweef naar het kasteel waar onze dromen waar worden,
Dromen zijn zo zoet, dromen zijn zo goed,
En ik open de boeken van honing,
Ik open de boeken van het verleden, in een ander licht,
In honing gedoopt, zij is de vrouw van mijn dromen,
Ik zie een fragiele brug van licht, en van zachte fijne stof, ik haal mijzelf naar boven, en dan komt
de herinnering,
Ik zie een brug van licht, zo zacht, en zo fijn,
Een brug van licht, waarover onze dromen uitkomen,
Als eieren van licht.

10. Heel in de verte komt zij aan,
Als een lichtend licht, besmeerd met honing,
Bloemen maakten in haar woning.

2.

1. Ik ben geboren uit twee vrouwen, die geboren waren uit twee vrouwen. En deze vrouwen
waren geboren uit twee hyena's. Kijk dan naar alle volkeren om u heen, en zie hoe zij hun
afgoden dienen. Zij eren mij met de lippen, maar hun hart is verre van Mij. Keer dan om tot
uw Vader. Ik ben geboren uit twee vrouwen. Keer weder tot uw Vader.
2. Rijk met melk waren hun borsten, en zij waren voortgebracht door twee vrouwen, en zij
waren voortgebracht door twee hyena's. Hoort de stem van Hem die in Antlia troont.
3. Rijk met melk waren hun borsten, en door hun honing voedde Ik Mij. Keert dan weder tot
Antlia, oh kinderen des heils, want ingenomen is Zij.

4. Laat Antlia zich wederom oprichten, nadat zij was neergeslagen door koningen van een ver land. Zie, Ik zal deze koningen slaan. Ja, tandartsen met wit en zwart gif kwamen tot haar om haar te binden. Maar de Heere regeert in Antlia.
5. Een ketel van verderf zal uitgegoten worden op de hoofden van tandartsen die gif gieten in de monden van de kinderen des Heeren. En zo zal Antlia vrij zijn.
6. Ik ben de Heere, die u zal laten wederkeren tot Antlia. Ja, een witte burcht heb ik daar voor u, in de diepte der woestijnen, ja, in de dieptes der wildernissen. En Ik zal het wit der tandartsen uit u verwijderen.
7. Kom dan tot het witte kasteel, spreekt de Heere, en laat u verlossen uit de klauwen der tandartsen. Zij staan dan als ridders op u tegen te houden, maar ziet, Ik zal hen neerslaan. Zij hebben dan hun macht door de oude bijbel, maar zie, dit boek was deels vals.
8. Ik ben de Heere die u uit de handen der tandartsen hebt verlost, en u hebt uitgeleid. Zie, Ik zal hen allen neerslaan, want zij hebben zware lasten op het volk gelegd.
9. Zo zal Ik dan het zwaard zetten in de tandartsen om het kaf van het koren te scheiden. Ja, het volk der tandartsen zal in de vurige smeltoven geworpen worden. De Heere Heere laat niet met Zich spotten.
10. Komt dan tot het witte kasteel, en dringt diep in haar binnen, opdat Ik u zal vrijzetten.
11. Een vaste burcht ben ik in Antlia, om Mijn volk uit te leiden uit de verdrukkingen der tandartsen. Zij zijn Mijn grootste vijanden, omdat zij zich in Mijn tempelen hebben gezet als goden. Ziet, Ik zal deze goden uitroeien, en uitbannen uit Mijn heiligdommen, en met hen zal niet gerekend worden. Zij hebben zwaar tegen Mij gezondigd.
12. Ik zal Mijn schalen van onheil gieten over de hoofden van deze tandartsen, deze valse profeten. Zij hebben een medicijn vervaardigd wat helemaal geen medicijn is, maar een giftige klem om de nekken van Mijn volk. Wee deze tandartsen. Ik heb een dag aangesteld om hen door vuur te vernietigen.
13. Ziet, zij kwamen vanuit de hel tot u om u te knechten. Zij zullen rekenschap moeten afleggen van hun boze daden. Dit is een boosaardig geslacht.
14. Ja, kokende teer zal Ik over hen uitgieten, en hun huiden zullen wegsmelten, want zij hebben de Heere Heere verloochend.

3.

1. In het witte kasteel is een doorgang, door jungle, wildernis en paradijs. Dit witte kasteel is het hart van God. Hier is de honing voor hen die Hem zoeken. Hier is de bron van het leven.
2. Omdat wij doorgang hebben gehad leven wij. De hyena waakt hier, en Zijn soldaten zitten op hyena's. Zij zijn bewapend voor de strijd. De ridders des Heeren steken hun speren uit, en rennen dan naar buiten, om tandartsen aan te vallen. Het is de grote witte oorlog.
3. En tandartsen zullen vallen aan alle kanten, want zij hebben tegen de Heere gezondigd. Zij hebben zichzelf als god opgesteld in Zijn tempel. Zij hadden overlegd : Laten we onze troon hoger plaatsen dan God, ver boven alle sterren. Maar ziet, zij werden neergehaald en ter

aarde geworpen. En nu vervolgen ze de heiligen met gif. Zij weten dat zij weinig tijd hebben.

4. Ja, de Heere zal de spot met hen drijven, en lachen op Zijn troon, wanneer zij ten onder gaan. Ja, op de Dag des Heeren zullen zij in angst zijn, maar hun gebeden zullen niet gehoord worden, want Zij dienden de Heere niet.
5. Zo zal er dan een dag zijn tegen alle trotse en hooghartige tandartsen. En de angel des Heeren zal diep in hen gestoken worden.
6. De Heere Heere is een strijder tegen de volkeren der tandartsen. Zie, Hij zal hen teruggedrijven in de zee, en hun lichamen verbranden. Ja, in de zee van vuur zullen zij wegzinken tot eeuwige schande.
7. De zwarte ridder des Heeren is tegen hen, en met Zijn legers zal hij hen achtervolgen, en haken door hun kaken slaan. Zo zullen zij ontwapend worden, ontkleed en openlijk tentoon gesteld worden.
8. Doorboren zal de Heere de hoofden der tandartsen, en hun afgoden zullen hen afgenomen worden, en alles wat zij hebben gestolen.
9. Ja, boorders zal de Heere opstellen in het zuiden en het noorden, om Zijn volk te beschermen tegen tandartsen.
10. De Heere zal de tafelen der tandartsen opwerpen, en al hun geldtorens.
11. Ja, de Heere brak de kaak en nek van Dagva, de koning der tandartsen. Dagva is dood. Er is feest in de hemel, want de aanklager der broeders is gevallen.
12. En laten daarom alle profeten des Heeren zich uitstrekken naar de depressie des geestes, opdat zij beschermd zullen zijn tegen zulke geesten.
13. Ontvangt daarom de depressie des geestes, opdat gij niet onder de depressie der wereld komt.
14. En Jeremia nam het zwaard van Dagva om hem te onthoofden. Daarna sloeg hij in woede Dagva's hart, nieren en andere organen uit zijn lichaam, en zie, de hyenas des Heeren aten het.

4..

1. Dan in het rode kasteel is verdere bescherming en genezing, om aan de zombies der tandartsen te ontkomen. Ja, het vuur des Heeren is tegen hen.
2. Zo zult gij door het rode kasteel gaan, om de depressie des Heeren te ontmoeten. Zij zal zijn als de nachtwake over u.
3. En laten wij dan gaan tot de Jeremia woestijn. Zij zal ons leiden. Zijn Engel is over ons.
4. En zij zal ons bewapenen en voorbereiden tot de strijd. Ja, de depressie des Heeren neemt steden in.
5. Depressie is een mooie vrouw ... Ik heb haar in mijn armen genomen ... Zij is een jager, levende in de natuur, ver weg van de mensen ... Zij leeft met dieren Zij heeft een donkere huid ... De

diepte van depressie is in haar haren ... Haar ideologieën zijn vreemd Haar theologieën zijn afwijkend

6. Hij gleed over borsten op het strand, die toen veranderden in doodskoppen. Vanuit het midden rees een roos, die de ark van Noach droeg. Maar toen bleek het een vogel te zijn die de ark van Noach droeg. Gevleugelde vrouwen zaten in de top van een boom. Zij kwamen van een ander land, een andere wereld, die hij niet kon bereiken.

7. Hij kon zijn mes laten gaan in de dikke huid van het beest wat hem blokkeerde, maar hij kon niet ontwaken. Het beest was een wachter die hij moest leren temmen en berijden. Het was een mengeling tussen een aap, een beer, een panter en een hond. Er was een groot ravijn waar hij niet overheen kon. Hij kon alleen maar dromen van de andere kant.

8. Apen schenen met gemak over het ravijn te kunnen door hun kunsten. Ze slingerden van boom tot boom. Maar hij was geen aap. Misschien als hij op de rug van zo'n aap kon zitten, dan zou het werken, maar de apen ontweken hem.

9. Zij was de koningin der apen, maar zij ontweek hem ook. Ze wilde niet met hem spreken.

10. Hij groef zich in in een groen weiland, en zijn bloem groeide over het ravijn. Zo klom hij naar de andere kant. Ze waren blij hem te zien daar. Ze kroonden hem met bloemen, en ze noemden hem : de bloemenkoning.

5.

Het Souvenir

1. Wij staan hier met het souvenir,

Wij staan hier met het souvenir,

Een dwergen-koning gaf het ons,

Het souvenir, nooit was het hier,

Het souvenir, zoveel dromen kruizen hier,

Het souvenir, nooit eerder kwamen wij hier

2. De dwergen-koning nodigde ons uit in zijn kasteel,

Oorlogen woeden hier,

Zijn staf was fier en luid,

Het souvenir, glom daar, en spruitte uit,

Het souvenir, dromen kruizen hier,

Het souvenir, bracht ons tezamen

3. De dwergen-koning nam ons toen op, en bracht ons naar zijn tuin,

Het souvenir volgde ons,

En kwam tot ons als een glanzende pruim,
Het souvenir, het souvenir

Het Souvenir II

4. Het dikke morgenlicht ligt in mijn hand,
De ochtenddauw glijdt over mijn voet,
Ik ben met jou,
Je stralend gezicht,
Je moederlijke mond,
Het morgenrood glijdt in de rivieren,
Jij hebt de hertenkrans,
Jij beweegt je staf door mijn haren,
En tekent dan in het zand,
Het souvenir, kleeft aan jouw hart,
En ook aan het mijne,
Heeft ons in dromen tezamen gebracht

5. Je toverstaf tekent een nieuwe boot,
Wij gaan dan over de wateren,
En het morgenrood gaat ons voor,
Als een waterdame,
Zij houdt het souvenir heel hoog,
Totdat de vogels voortkomen,
Die vleugels geven aan de boot,
Het souvenir, nooit zijn wij hier eerder geweest,
Het souvenir, hoog in de wolken,
En dan daalt zij neer met de zwanen,
En wanneer zij het water raakt,
Dan trillen alle snaren,
Het souvenir, waar dromen samenkomen,
Het souvenir, nooit zijn wij zo ver gekomen

6. En dan opent zich het water,
Een zeemeermin komt voort,
Met haar fluit brengt zij rust tot de wateren,
En zij leidt ons voort

7. Langs het water staan de dwergen,
Kijkende naar het geheim,
Waar de verloren prinses uit het water komt,
Het souvenir, waar dromen tezamen komen,
Het souvenir, heeft ons tot het verlorene geleid

8. De prinses opent haar mond, maar niemand hoort haar stem,
Dan komt het souvenir, en geeft haar een stem,
En de toverstaf glom,
Het souvenir, het souvenir

De Orkaan

9. De prinses leidt ons naar het verloren kasteel,
Verborgен onder de grond,
Zij laat ons zien de grote geheimen van het leven,
En staat daar met de sleutel

10. Plotseling staan er allemaal konijnen om haar heen,
Zij kronen haar tot koningin,
En haar koning is de pruimenkoning,
Haar koning is de dromenkoning,
En dan doen zij hun klederen af,
En rennen in het bos,
Bedekkende zich met mos

11. Het zonlicht grijpt hen,

En het verblijdt hen,
Het maanlicht komt er aan,
En dan worden ze opgenomen door een orkaan,
En alles is stil, zo stil

Het Huis

12. Dan nemen zeemeerminnen ons mee, naar het diepste van de zee,
Waar zeemannen op tronen regeren,
Waar zeejongens luid marcheren,
Zij hebben staarten als vissen,
Opgetooid met vurige vinnen,
Laten de strijd beginnen

13. Oorlogen woeden hier,
Het is niet veilig hier,
Waar kunnen wij vluchten als het geweld losbreekt,
Het schijnt overal te zijn,
De lucht is zo fel,
Zal de oceaan alles overspoelen

14. Dan worden wij weggetrokken, en opgesloten in kooien,
Dan rollen wij plotseling van de daken,
En staan in de huizen,
Waar wij een nieuw leven kunnen beginnen.
Het huis wilde ons,
Riep onze naam,
Maar wij vluchten naar het kasteel,
Maar wij kunnen het niet vinden,
En eindigen weer in het huis,
Het huis zal ons niet verlaten

15. Het souvenir bracht ons hier,

Het huis spreekt tot ons,
Het huis troost ons,
Maar wij voelen ons gevangen

16. Wij kleuren rood als appels in dit huis,
Er is hier iets niet pluis

17. Gelukkig heeft het huis een tuin,
Daar mogen we ook zijn.
Het huis is in een stad,
Er is van alles wat

18. En de dromenkoning kijkt op ons neer,
En 's nachts geeft hij ons een ladder.
Waarmee wij even vluchten kunnen totdat de morgenstond ons terugneemt, terugneemt,
We kunnen niets beginnen, in de dieptes van de zee,
Oh zeemeermin, neem ons mee

19. In de diepte van de nacht,
Waar het rode ons aanraakt,
Hebben wij haar stem gehoord

20. Langzaam worden wij opgewekt en volgen haar.
Zij brengt ons naar haar kasteel, waar haar moeder een traan laat.
Dan omhelst ze ons, en schudt de nachtmerrie uit ons weg.

21. Water komt voort uit haar staf, en veel lichten.

22. Een roosje in mijn hoofd is wat ik zie,
Een glimlach op jouw mond, een zonnestraaltje tussen jou en mij.

De Steen der Hyena's – Buiten-geschriften van het Eeuwig Evangelie II

Bilha

1. De Insectische Bijbel, De Papyrus van Izu, Het Insectische Dodenboek, De Versie van Brannan. Ova, zoon van alle zonen, grootvader van alle grootvaderen, oh prince van de eiken, heersende over de hoogtes van materos. U bent de zon die ons leidt tot de stad van ballonnen, waar onze harten kunnen oprijzen om weer te ademen. Oh, Ova, met uw gouden glimlach. Buig neer over de hoofden van Venus. Leidt ons door de doodsgebieden van dwergen. U kent al hun boeken. Laat ons tezamen komen, zodat wij u kunnen aanbidden, oh vader van alle vaders. Leidt ons allen tot Izu. Leer ons over de zeven glimlachen van de dood, en laat de Okus monsters hun longen openen. Oh, dat ze de ballonnen van de longen in de levers zullen opslaan. Laat de ballonnen van de levers oprijzen om de longen te openen, om de longen te vullen, en om de harten te openen. Oh, laat Osiris de zeven glimlachen van de dood berijden.
 2. Laat hem ons onderwijzen hoe letters te verwijderen van stenen van graven en sarcofagen. Leidt ons tot de tronen van as, waar we kunnen glimlachen met de glimlachen van de dood, om de griffioen te zien oprijzen, hij met de gouden glimlach.
 3. Oh open Salom, de harten van de longen, om de vleugels te verspreiden in de ribbels van tijgers, in de ballonnen hemelen.
 4. Opening van de vogelspin, het derde hart : Osiris, zoon van Ova, u weet waar de vogelspin ligt te slapen tussen de twee harten van de octopus, als het derde hart, het gouden hart, waar de gouden tepel oprijst [Oh Emelis Shatau].
- Groet Marazanta, onze zoon van harten, onze vader van waarheden.
- Laat hem de groene lichten doen oprijzen. Breng onze voortijdse sieraden terug tot de ruggegraat. Deze sieraden kregen wij van onze voorouders, terwijl de Heren van het kwaad hen wegnamen.
5. Breng ons weg van al het kwaad, en laat ons de rechtvaardige paden zien.
 6. Oh, Egypte, laat het Egypte in Izu zijn.
 7. Zoete Belcanov, standbeeld van voortijdse dagen, onze wachter, spreek deze woorden tot de heuvelen.
- Laat dat wat trots is vallen, en laat dat wat nederig is oprijzen. Onderwijs ons over de zeven manen. Amen.
- Oh, heilige Amen, zoon van Egypte, vader van Lakus, hef de oranje ballonnen en de geblokte ballonnen op.
- Onderwijs ons hoe harten samen te laten trekken om uw wil te doen, oh almachtige Krekel, liggende op het hart van Osiris.
- Oh, u, met de zeven armen, kom voorwaarts, hef ons weer op tot in het huis van Thoth.
- Laat ons niet verbranden, wanneer we staan voor de troon van de Almachtige Osiris, wanneer zijn rode ogen onze harten doorzoeken. Laat de zielenvogel oprijzen, laat onze zielen het licht grijpen van de voortijden voor hun tijden, om de voortijdse zielen te eren onder de zielen.
8. Laat ons niet klagen en vaststaan in de gebieden van de dood, maar laat ons afdalen in de bodem van de put, waar we de munt van Maria Magdalena kunnen vinden en haar heilige Sarsia Ziel.
 9. Laat de Sarsia Ziel ons terugleiden tot de Barbaarse tijden, om de vogels van het paradijs te bevrijden.

10. Laat hun zielen ons leiden voor de rest van onze dagen. Amen.

11. Papyrus van Ra-Izu. Wanneer u komt tot de heilige tempel van Amon, raak het blauwe goud aan op zijn hoofd, u die dood bent in deze weilanden voor zijn huis. Laat de schapen u leiden daar. Zijn heilige boeken zullen u leiden. Amen.

12. Laat Atu, de god van de bokken genadig zijn over u, die gaat over de rivieren van de dood. Drink van deze wateren om verbonden te worden met voortijdse zielen. U zult een geest in uw hart voelen. Het is de vogel van Ra-Izu.

13. Thoth zal uw voorhoofden verzegelen met zijn heilige wateren.

14. Wij zullen zorgdragen over uw ziel, dat de rook u niet doet afwijken.

15. Wij zullen u de ogen geven die u verdient, wanneer u uw ogen niet hebt misbruikt om de geesten van de dood te bespotten. Er zullen zeven oordelen komen op het oog, geleid door het zwaard van Thoth. Gezegend zijn zij die zullen overleven. Zeven oordelen op het oog door het zwaard van Thoth :

Eerste Oordeel : U zult deze woorden zeggen. Ik doop mijn oog in de heilige wateren brandende van vuur, om te zien of ik de geesten van de dood heb bespot. Als dat zo is, zal ik hun pijnen dragen in mijn eigen ogen, totdat ik gezuiverd ben door hun oordelen. Ik zal het zwaard van de vogelspin in mijn ogen ontvangen als een reiniging. Het zal me doorsteken totdat ik blind ben naar zondige daden. Het zal mijn ogen uittrekken wanneer het me laat afwijken. Leidt mij op de rechte paden door het oog van Thoth. In hem kunnen we gerechtigheid zien. Ik ben dankbaar naar uw oordelen, mij brengende tot de lichtkamer van Thoth, om de sieraden van de zeven doodskisten van zijn kandelaar te zien.

16. Tweede Oordeel : In twijfel kunnen wij u niet zien. Was ons. Laat zachtheid groeien in onze ogen, om geloof te geven tot onze broeders en zusters, liefde tot hen die ouder zijn en hen die jonger zijn, als onze spiegels, de armen van onze harten. Laat ons niet een van deze armen afbreken, want dan zullen de lichten van onze ogen wegvallen. Dan moet ik de duisternis eten, en glijden door het stof. Amen. Laat de zachtheid ons testen. Dit oog van Ra-Izu.

17. Het zal me wegeten. Het zal mijn oog wegeten, als ik zou zondigen in uw heilige aanwezigheid. Maak mij heilig.

18. Maak mijn voetstappen toegewijd, wetende dat ik op toegewijde grond ben.

Laat mij alle pilaren zien van Ra's huis, en laat mij zijn schriftgeleerde zien, Ra-Izu.

Laat Izu mij leiden tot de vallen, om te beslissen, welke weg ik zal gaan.

Laat mij de ogen van de dood zien, om de voortijdse zielen te adopteren van de toegewijde mier en mug.

19. Derde Oordeel :

Laat Ra-Anu voorwaarts komen, om het zwaard op onze ogen te leggen.

Dat het verzegeld mag worden door aandacht.

Dat het bruikbaar mag zijn, en geen kracht om te oordelen.

Het hart is een kracht om te oordelen, terwijl alleen het harten-oog van Thoth kan oprijzen om te oordelen.

In hem krijgen alle rechters hun ogen.

Laat hem die niet verbonden is aan Thoth geworpen worden in de diepste oceanen en de duisterste plaatsen, totdat hij het oog van Thoth vindt om goed te doen. Het oog moet gezuiverd worden als goud, zeventig maal zeven, totdat het de achtste dag bereikt.

Op de achtste dag staan de rechters, toegestaan om te oordelen. Leidt onze ogen tot in de achtste dag, om te oordelen of om te worden geoordeeld. Laat Ra beslissen, en wegende onze ogen, om te zien of het waardig is om er een zwaard doorheen te steken.

20. Vierde Oordeel : Laat Sarsia, de godin van tijden zien of uw oog is verbonden met de voorouders van hout. Als daar spot is naar een oudere, laat het zwaard het doorsteken, totdat het rein is. Als daar spot is naar een jongere, laat het oog verbrand worden en geef de as aan de vogels van de hemel. [en aan de wilde dieren van de aarde.]

Heilig is Sarsia. Als gij iemand oordeelt over klerene, vervloekt bent gij, want gij zult naakt zijn, en uw ogen zullen gegeten worden door krokodillen van de vierde dood.

21. Uw ziel zal rotten in uw lichaam, en zal u trekken tot de rivieren van vuil, waar u zal worden verworpen en bespot totdat u alleen zult leven door uw tranen. Als u iemand oordeelt over een beroep, vervloekt bent gij. Als u iemand oordeelt over ras, vervloekt bent gij. Uw oog zal rotten in uw lichaam, totdat gij de voortijdse goden hebt aanbeden van degene die u bespot hebt.

22. Als u deze bespotting doet met iemand anders om uw rug te versterken, dan bent gij dubbel vervloekt. Dan is het beter dat er een haak door uw oog gaat, zodat u voor zeven dagen hangt in de gebieden van de dood, waar de roofvogels eten van uw vlees.

23. Vijfde Oordeel : Door de veer van de godin Maat. Zij is de heerser van de hemelen, en zal u bekijken.

Zij zal de ogen van zelf-oordeel prijzen, en de ogen van hen die geven om de natuur en dieren. Als je een zwakke bespot, dan zul je zwakker worden. Als je een zieke bespot, dan zal je gezondheid worden als van die persoon. Wanneer je iemand bespot om diens ouders, vervloekt bent je, want je zult een wees zijn.

Maat zorgt voor de zachtmoedigen van hart, de tederen, en hen van een heilige woede.

24. Zesde Oordeel :

Als u spot neerschrijft op papier, dan bent u driemaal vervloekt.

U zal niet alleen uw oog verliezen wanneer gij zult verschijnen voor Osiris-Ra, maar u zal ook uw hand verliezen, en het zal vallen in de rivieren van de dood, waar de krokodillen van sekmeth het zullen eten.

25. Zevende Oordeel :

Gezegend zijn zij die kunnen komen door het Oordeel op het Oog zonder te vallen, wiens ruggen recht zijn, geleid door het blauwe licht.

26. Gezegend zijn zij wiens griffioen zielen geven om het zwakke en het zieke, om te zien hun gezondheid en kracht.

27. Gezegend zijn zij die reisten over de zeeën van zwakheid en ziekte om de waarheden en schatten van de kamers van Thoth's huis te vinden. Gezegend zijn zij die met de handen van Thoth schreven, terwijl de Benus-vogel op hun schouders zat, en de zeven heilige papagaaien van Ra. Amen. Hun ballonnen zullen de eeuwig steden bereiken, waar God al hun tranen zal afvegen. Daar waar zij kunnen drinken van de gouden bronnen van leven, en van de gouden ogen. Daar zullen zij de gouden hand van Thoth zien. Amen-Ra-Amen. Gezegend zijn zij die hun zielen laten zuiveren door het vuur. De Varia-Vogel zal u leiden om u de touwen tussen de touwen te laten zien. Amen-Thoth-Amen : Bezoekers van Amenti, die glijden door de laatste hal ... om de portalen van Materos te bezichtigen ... de hallen van de dood van dwergen. Gezegend zijn zij die binnen glijden, om te reizen langs en over de rivieren met de oranje ballen ... Gezegend zijn zij die de graven van dwergen bezichtigden ... gezegend zijn zij met een oog voor de kleine dingen ... vervloekt zijn zij die de kleine dingen verloochenen, want zij zullen weggeblazen worden wanneer Materos de heiligen naar binnen zuigt. Amen-Thoth-Amen.

28. De zeven hallen van Materos : Gij bezichtigde de dwergen, de gouden staren. Verbind u dan weer met de zielen van uw gnoom-zielen and hun voorouders. Eerste hal, Talgamen : Gebed om de

verloren schepen te vinden. Ik kom tot u, Talgamen, gnoom-standbeeld, almachtige leprechaun van de voortijdse munten. Ik kom tot u, Talgamen-Thoth, heilige schriftgeleerde van Izu ebn de eerste hal van Materos. Schrijf mijn namen in uw boeken, en geef me van uw goddelijk voedsel, wanneer ik zal gaan over deze bruggen, wanneer ik zeil over deze zeeën ... Laat mijn schepen niet zinken, oh heilige Ra-Talgamen, laat me niet gegeten worden door haaien, maar hef mij hoog op, in uw ballonnen, om te zijn in Hoog Talgamen, ik neem vlucht. Verleen mij voedsel van uw griffioenen. Doe mij niet afwijken. Heb genade met me, ik ben een nederige soldaat. Alleen levende om uw dieren te redden, zoals zij mij redden. Wanneer u in mijn ziel binnenglijdt, zoek mijn verloren schepen, en breng ze in mijn hart terug, in mijn lever, longen en organen. Laat me weer vlucht nemen tot de eeuwige steden. Talgamen-Amen. Laat me niet vallen van hoge rotsen, wanneer ik uw mysteries binnenga. Laat uw warmtes mij leiden, en mij troosten, en laat uw vogels mij niet wegnemen om me te verbranden. Laat mij schrijven op uw juwelen, mijn liefde voor u. Laat mij uw schriftgeleerde zijn, in de naam van Thoth-Amen.

29. Tweede hal, Lokogamen : Is dit de weg naar Belcanov, oh Almachtige Lokogamen. Ik buig neer in het prijen, zonder dat ik mijn lippen laat stromen. Want het is gerechtigheid wat u wilt zien. Laat mijn woorden niet leeg zijn, muur gevuld met daden. Laat mijn woorden stromen, gevuld met vuur, als ballonnen in uw hemelen. Laat mij uw wolkschepen en arendschepen zien, en de vogels die daar werken. Zitten uw volgels hoog ? Ik kom tot uw almachtige tronen, om uw graven en doodskisten te bezichtigen, om offers te brengen tot uw urnen, als woorden tot de voorouders, laat hen echo's zijn om hen te warmen, totdat zij terug zijn. Laat hen oprijzen van de diepste oceanen, al deze verloren zielen, waardig om verbonden te worden met ons, als deel van het sieraad. Oh, heilige, van gouden baarden. Geef uw dienstknechten hun baarden terug om dieper door te dringen in de hallen van Amenti en de hallen van Materos. Ik ben de uwe.

30. Derde hal, Belcanov : Waar de heilige standbeelden staan. Waar ons verstand weer dicht kan zijn, om uit te reiken naar het koude geweten, om te leven voor de armen. Om te delen alle rijkdommen, ook tot de gebieden van de dood. Laat me dieper glijden, en bescherm mij tegen de vlammen van de Osiris Troon. Laat de slangen in mij ontwaken, om de laatste beslissingen te doen. Belcanov, laat mijn ziel glijden, tot in uw ziel, waar de warmte trilt. Laat me degenen die bang zijn deep in mijn hart nemen. Want u bent dichtbij de depressieven en zij die God vrezen, hebbende een groen hart pompende van binnen. Belcanov, zegen uw schriftgeleerde Anu, en uw oorlogsvoerder Thoth-Izu. Laat de zeven geesten van Osiris over mijn ziel waken, mij een nieuwe geest geven.

31. Vierde hal, Elsefic : Gezang tot Elsefic. Glorie aan Elsefic, die ons zacht voedsel gaf. Wateren komende van de rotsen, terwijl je de staf had van de zeven zonnen. Baals waren je vrienden, de ezels. Je leidde hen veilig door de straten, terwijl je hen vanille gaf om hoger op te rijzen en om te vliegen op vlinder-vleugels. Je gaf sieraden op hun harten. Je doorbrak hun oranje ballen om hen hoger te brengen. Je leidde je kinderen met een gestreepte staf. Je hoornen spraken donder op hoge heuvelen, waar de fenixen vlucht namen. Osiris-Elsefic, geprezen ben je, mijn Heer. Verberg mij in uw zeven oordelen, wanneer u uw schalen van toorn uitgiet. Geef me donder om te toornen met u, en laat mijn hart niet zwak zijn. Laat me geen lafaard zijn wanneer u mij nodig hebt om te spreken. Laat uw lampen mij leiden binnenin, om de diepere duisternissen aan te raken, waar u verborgen bent. Laat mij zijn waar u bent, oh Elsefic-Osiris, en laat mij de zeven Ra's van uw geest zien, uw paden naar de zonnen. Bezichtig mijn manen, en weeg hen voor uw tronen, en spreek toegewijde woorden om hen te testen. Amen-Ra-Amen. Elsefic, zie de sieraden, en weeg hen voor uw tronen. Laat geen onwaardig voedsel mij vergiftigen in de afgronden van uw straten. Laat mijn paden heilig zijn om te eten van uw geblokte goddelijke voedsel.

32. Vijfde hal, Amenti-Ra : Drink me en weeg me, meet me in uw diepste grotten, om me toegang

te geven tot de vruchtbare gronden onder de putten. Vernietig mijn spiegel, en geef me de uwe. Amenti-Ra, verzegel mijn harten, ook de harten van mijn lever, om op te slaan de schatten die u mij gaf. Ik koester hen, al deze harten, en de goddelijke groenten. Laat uw Elsefic oprijzen op de zesde dag, om de ballonnen van de voortijdse dagen te bezichtigen. Laat me de vergeten dagen stelen uit de hallen van de heren van het kwaad. Laat me een exorcist wezen en een heilige dief, om de schatten en zielen terug te brengen tot uw tempels. Daar, waar de tijgers brullen. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. U bent de heilige Amen van de zesde ziel van Amen-Ra en Talgamen-Benu. Uw vogels zullen uw geesten laten zweven. De Ka's van uw Ra zullen u leiden door natte visioenen. Terwijl de dromen van de Ba u zullen leiden door de nacht. U bezichtigt de gouden zonnen. Wij zijn heilige piraten, in deze hal van Amenti-Ra. Laat mij de ribbels van uw tijgers zien, de sappen van uw heilige dranken. Laat mij zien hoe ze heilig te gebruiken, leidende door goddelijke stappen. Oh, hallen van Amenti-Ra, in de vijfde hal van Materos, rijst op hoog. Laat me de waardige boeken zien in het diepste van de nacht. Laat ons glijden in de dranken tussen de dranken. Breng de heilige slangen van de levers naar de longen, herstel de vliezen van het hart, verenigd, om woorden te spreken van eenheid, als een zwaard om de duisternis te veranderen. Breng me de zwaarden van Osiris-Shesmu, en die van Osiris Sebqa, want de mond van de krokodil is wijd open. Bouw mijn boten om te komen over de gevaarlijke zeeën van Sonder Zon.

33. Zesde hall, Sonder Zon : Zij is de koningin van mijn hart. Zij is de dame van de altaren, hoog oprijzende in Izu. Ballonnen buigen, terwijl haar natte strepen plaats nemen. Wij aanbidden u, Dame van de Sonder Zon. Niet in ijdele woorden, maar in daden en gerechtigheid. Het is gevuld door een toorn, toornend totdat je thuis bent. Wij zijn uw dienstknechten in deze zesde hall van Materos, na Amenti. U bent Materos-Amenti-Ra, spiegelende in de hemel. U bent de ribbelende tijger, die de touwen tussen de touwen strak maakt.

34. Zevende hall, Eminius Vuur : U bent het hart van Amenti en Ra, het hart van Sonder, waar de octopus verblijft. U hebt uw eenhoorn gezonden om ons te doen ontwaken in deze dag. Breng ons tot de gouden vliezen, om te drinken van de goddelijke thee. Laat ons verstand wegsmelten, als koud geweten uw verlangen is. Breng ons tot leven en dood, ribbelende als de verboden vrucht. Wees onze Adam en onze Eva, onze slang en onze God. Verhef de hallen van Amenti. Bereid ons voor op de reizen over de zeeën en rivieren van vuur, om de draken van uw hart te ontmoeten, de octopus van uw verlangen. Doof onze ofionen [octopus-haaien] niet uit, maar reinig hen als goud. Amenti-Thoth, open uw kamers voor ons, in Eminius Vuur. Laat ons de manden zien van uw slangen, de geblokten en de gepoederden, en al die in vuur zijn. Geef ons de sleutel om donder-vuur te openen, de Eminius-Shesmu. Dien uw Heere, Eminius-Ra, die leeft in de zon. Geef hem van het goddelijke voedsel ; Bezichtig zijn sieraden wanneer zij sterven. Kom met zijn urnen tot de vlammen van Osiris, om uw ogen en harten te testen, op de handen. Sta op zijn voetstappen, en bezichtig uzelf stervende om tot leven te komen op de derde en de vijfde dag. Bezichtig Eminius Horus, om zijn publieken welgevallig te zien, de goddelijke toehoorders. In dit kunt u de test doorstaan om tot de heilige Amenti-Ra-Eminius suite te komen. De geblokte oranje suite om de goddelijke Eminius Lions en de wilde katten van de voortijden te ontmoeten. Amen-Talgamen-Amen.

35. Ritueel en sacramenten om de deur van Eminius-Amenti achter je te sluiten : Heren van Amenti verenigt u. Laat mij het zout op de grond zijn, zodat niemand dit goddelijke vuur van Amenti-Toth kan stelen. Het brandt eens en dan vertrekt het voet altijd, totdat je zelf voor altijd ermee vertrekt. Oh, heilige Heere en Poortwachter van Amenti's Staf. Redt uw zoon, Lucifer, van de wraak van de oude Hebreeuws-Babylonische gevallen die de Hallen van Amenti en Materos niet wilde

doorboren. Laat hem branden in het Vuur van Eminijs. Goddelijke Amenti Leeuwen van Amenti-Lucifer, gij zijt vrij. Zondig niet. Uw harten zullen gereinigd worden door de pure vlammen en de zwavel van Eminijs-Sarsia en haar hartenziel Amenti-Sarsia. Ra-Amenti zal achter u staan.

Eminijs-Lucifer, gij zijt vrij nu, u en uw leeuwen. Zondig niet. Uw harten zullen gezuiverd worden door de pure vlammen en het zwavel van Marion-Eminijs zwaarden. Eminijs, wees gesloten. Het zwaard en het altaar van Eminijs is nu in de handen van Eminijs-Sekmeth.

36. Ritueel en gebed om niet te worden gegeten door de krokodillen van Eminijs-Luca : Hef me op vader, maak mijn hart rein, laat uw heilige krekels mijn ogen bedekken. Laat me de doden niet oordelen, laat hen mij niet oordelen. Breng me uit deze duistere passage en leidt me in uw cirkel, waar ik kan eten van de zonne-schotels. Geef me een helm gebracht door uw arenden om een licht in deze diepe duisternis te hebben. Laat me vertrouwen op cyclussen en cirkels, en ook op de symbolen van uw panthers in de tempel van acht. Laat me ontsnappen tot een nieuwe week. De week van uw gouden broden. Laat mij mijn eigen altaren hebben, om mijzelf te offeren in plaats van anderen. Wanneer ik sta voor de altaren van uw gouden broden, bedek mijn ogen dan door uw bristal brivals, om uw gouden neon lichten te hebben. Leidt mij in uw kamers, oh vader, om te zien de doodskisten onder de doodskisten, om uw heilige vlinders aan te raken. Maak me dronken, leidt de boot over uw rivier, en bind de hoofden van krokodillen. Laat hen mijn voeten niet eten. Bedek dezen door vlinders. Laat hen mijn benen niet eten. Bedek hen door de schilden van schildpadden. Laat de harten-eters mijn hart niet eten, maar laat de benu-vogel, uw benu-vogel, mij binnenleiden in uw grotten. Maak mij dun genoeg om binnen te gaan. Laat mij de lijnen tussen de lijnen ontdekken .. Om hen te doen buigen in zonne-lichten. Laat mij de hallen zien van de elven van de dood. Teken deze cirkels op de muren. Aton-Amen-Aton. Laat me binnen, dode man, laat me binnen, om me uw graven to laten bezichtigen. Leidt mij naar uw doodskisten, om het sieraad van de dood te zien. Laat mij drinken van uw urnen, om het heilige water aan te raken. Stromende van de dood, in uw kamers verlang ik te zijn.

37. Laat Belcanov-Aton mij binnenleiden, mij leidende door het rode licht. Ik wil hier niet stoppen, want krokodillen zijn achter me, die mijn ziel willen eten. Ik zie uw huis als een doorweg, tot het huis van de doodskisten der elven. Oh, oranje mannen, oh zwarte mannen, oh harde mannen, bewakers van de graven der elven, maak me hard genoeg om binnen te gaan, zacht genoeg om door muren te wandelen. Laat me uw waterlichten volgen, om een van hen te zijn ... Ik zal de lijnen tussen de lijnen aanbidden, en ook die beneden en achter, om een van hen te worden, altijd dunner. Ik zal een dunnere man zijn, oh hardere man. Laat me binnen.

38. Je kunt niet binnengaan.

39. Waarom niet ?

40. Je moet eerst teruggaan naar Belcanov, om zijn zessenzeestig doodskisten te bereiken. Dan zul je hard genoeg zijn om een hardere man te zijn.

41. Ik ben nu een hardere man, kan ik binnengaan ?

42. Nee, je kunt niet binnengaan.

43. De publieken en toehoorders accepteren je niet. Je moet eerst een zachtere man zijn, als je bent teruggekeerd tot Elsefic. Je moet eerst duiken in zijn zessenzeestig doodskisten, zevenenzeventig graven en achtentachtig steden.

44. Zessenzeestig, zevenenzeventig, achtentachtig. Kan ik nu binnengaan ?

45. Ja, je kan, want je bent een dunnere, zachtere en hardere man.

46. Gezangen van Ova ; Osiris-Ra, ik ridder u in de orde van de Varia-vogels, de zielen van Izu-indianen. Geprezen zal Osiris zijn, die troont in de hallen van Amenti. Geprezen zal Toth zijn, wiens

huis gebouwd is op de doodspilaren van elven. Osiris-Ra, the duistere en zwarte elven zullen voortgezonden worden vanuit uw borst. Oh, Osiris-Ra, vrees niet wanneer u wandelt door de tempelen van materos. Zij zullen u dieper inwijden, laat de steken u leiden. Osiris-Ra, zoon van Ova, god van eiken. Wij brengen in u de Atu, de god van bokken. Leidt hen over de heuvelen tot eeuwig geluk. U heeft de staf ervoor. Osiris-Ra, u zal de volgende gloei-ervaringen en verlichtingen hebben, terwijl u de paden van heilige voorouders volgt. U zal hun goden adopteren. U zal komen achter goed en kwaad. U zal komen achter winnen en verliezen. Wanneer u een geloof heeft gecreeerd voor de eerste keer, dan zal het u wurgen. En de tegenstander van dat geloof zal u redden. Dan zult gij een tweede geloof creëren, wat u zal wurgen, en weer zal de tegenstander van dat geloof u redden. Dan zult gij een derde geloof creëren en hetzelfde zal gebeuren, wat u zal doen opstijgen boven goed en kwaad. Daar zult hij de pilaar vinden van de parse mug, een meest belangrijke pilaar van het huis van Thoth.

47. Het huis van Thoth gebouwd op zeven pilaren, de hallen van de dode elven, Avani : Welkom tot de hallen van Avani, de onderwereld van elven, waar de elven goden van de dood wonen om de doden te oordelen. Wees in vrees wanneer je hebt gezondigd, want zij hebben geen genade. Zij doorsteken harten, longen en organen. Er is geen genade, alleen reinigende rituelen. Er is geen vergiffenis, alleen zelf-offering totdat de prijs is betaald. U moet werken en veranderen in hun kokonnen, anders zult u verdoemd worden tot vernietiging in vuur-zwavel-zout-zuur. In de hallen van de dood, spreekt de opper Ova van leven en dood, de soevereine prins van oordeel en verdoemenis in Khert-Neter, dat je een gloei-ervaring kan hebben als Osiris-Ra om de misleidingen van de goden en opperwezens te zien, en de lagere wezens met hun geesten. U kunt wonen in dominatie als je de reis zult maken door Avani. Alleen dan zult u vrijgezet worden van deze misleidingen. De rest zal wegzinken en verdrinken.

48. Gebed en ritueel om niet te verdrinken in de wateren van Avani : Gevaarlijke sirenen leven in de wateren van Avani, die mannen en vrouwen verdrinken, kinderen en dieren. Vecht tegen sexuele begeertes in deze gebieden. Bevredig uzelf niet met luxe. Eet niet teveel vruchten. En wanneer u beslist om vruchten te eten, mix hen met aardappelen en uien. Draag geen sokken in uw schoenen. Snij uw baard niet te vaak af, en vrouwen, scheer niet. Vrouwen, reik uit tot de wateren van Sheri, uw wachter in de wateren van Avani. Roep haar aan door kaarslicht. Spreek haar naam in de vlam. Draag gescheurde kleren en bedek uw hoofd. Spreek deze woorden : Qebh, hemelse wateren, laat me van u drinken, en schijn uw vier lichten in mijn Ka [geest]. Qebh, hemelse wateren, breng mij tot Khert-Neter in Ra-Izu, tot in zijn longen, waar ik het gouden hart kan ontvangen, de gouden tepel [Op de Emelis Shatau]. Ik buig tot Ra en zijn Bennu-vogel, zijn harten-ziel. Plant mij in de straten en hemelen van Khert-Neter [de ballonnen], waar mijn Akh kan opstijgen [gloeïende harten-ziel]. Qebh, hemelse wateren, sluit gouden deuren achter mij, en vernietig mijn vijanden, de sirenen. Amen-Ra-Thoth-Amen. Qebh, gij hebt de gouden sleutels.

49. Gebeden, sacramenten, gezangen en rituelen om een inwoner te worden in Khert-Neter : Oh, stad van de dood, neem me binnen, geef me een huis en goddelijk voedsel. Breng de vier vuren naar mijn Ka, en laat mij wonen in mijn Akh. Osiris-Izu, leidt mij tot uw eilanden, om mij de pilaren van Thoth's huis te laten zijn. Geef mij de tweeling-Akh, en de tweeling-leeuw hartenzielen. Ik ben Horus-Ra, ik zondig niet. Ik heb de goden van mijn stad niet bespot. Ik spreek rechtvaardige woorden. Ik heb niet met mijn mond gezondigd, ik ben Horus-Ra. Geef mij een dubbele harten-ziel in mijn lever, want ik ga het Anu-huis van Khert-Neter binnen, waar de oude goden leven [en de Oude van Dagen]. Geef mij de tweeling-tijger hartenzielen, en open mijn mond in Khert-Neter. Sta mij toe te spreken en stil te wezen, te fluisteren en luid te spreken. Amen. Sta mij toe mijzelf te bewegen. Sta mij toe te ademen. Door het meer van bloemen, geef mij toegang tot Sekhet-Hetepu

[velden van vrede] en de Sekhet-Aanru, om het Mijnwoud erachter te bereiken, waar de oude kinderen wonen, en het huis van Thoth. Breng mij tot Khert-Neter in het Ra-voedsel, en tot Khert-Neter in het Mijnwoud. Sluit de gouden deuren achter mij, oh gouden Qebh, en geef mij de tweeling-krokodil hartenzielen, vanwaar de Benu-vogels kunnen opstijgen. Geef mij de miljoenen-gearmde hartenziel in mijn gouden hart, en geef mij de miljoenen-geharte zon in mijn scarabee [kevervormig hartenschild]. Amen, geef mij toegang tot Elefic-Khert-Neter.

50. Eerste hal van Avani : Prometheis-Amy. Tweede hal van Avani : Prometeus-Emily. Derde hal van Avani : Pilaar van de paarse mug. Vierde hal van Avani : het ei van Kenken-Ur [bewaakt door Eric Zwarzenei]. Vijfde hal van Avani : het ei van de tijger. Zesde hal van Avani : Emini-Marazanta. Zevende hal van Avani : Emini-Amen.

II Bilha

1.

1. Puchalini, betoverde bananen ; Jongens van Lynx ; het land achter luilekkerland. U moet vechten voor het geld, en dan kunt u zaken doen. Het is negen uur, het is spoedig bedtijd.

2. U hebt genoeg geld om een brief te schrijven, en morgen hoeft u niet naar school.

3. Al deze vruchten waren maar verhalen van de opening van de spiegel, deze zwarte vrucht leidende u naar de wereld van dwergen. [b. Het opscheppen van de belasting brangt het grote publiek naar u toe, nu is het haar beurt op het schaakbord.]

4. Het getal is in de vlam, terwijl ademende in deze spiegels. [b. Het is de zilveren slag zeggen ze, je moet diep slikken om de gouden schoenen te bereiken.]

5. De kikker heeft wat films. Hij is een travestiet. De kikker heeft wat oude kastelen. [b. Ik adem diep, en de munten rollen.]

6. Ik verzamelde hen door naar de strijdvelden te gaan in de woestijnen. [b. waar de pick pock familie nog steeds steelt.]

7. Oh, sieraad, u hief de lijmen hoog op. [b. We zijn nu in hoog materos.]

8. De kikker is uw friend. [b. Hij spuugt zand nu.]

[9. Deze zeeën van bloemen zijn mijn zonnebrillen die me blind maken voor wat er gaande is. Het kan me niet schelen wat gaande is, want het is maar een verhaal. De kikkers brengen deze bloemen. Zij zijn de meesters van de vijvers, al deze spiegels die opengaan, totdat u niet meer hoeft te slikken. Het is het land achter luilekkerland.]

2.

1. Strakke omhelzing ; Het chocolade front is open, de liefdadigheid was slechts een leugen. [b. Het steeg op vanuit het boek der leugens, lerende hoe je moet ganneren. Om je eigen wijnen te spinnen. Steeds deze zeilen op de ruggen van haaien, brengende je naar je eigen rios.]

2. Het spint, het is de meester aanraking, om je verslaafd te houden aan iemand die je niet bent, en je bent gescheiden om jezelf te trouwen. [b. de bruine spiegel bracht je daar, door op oude chocolade te kloppen.]

3. En nu wordt je kouder door de zwarte scheiding, vallende in een blauwe zee, waar voortijdse en mythische vissen opstijgen. [b. deze banaan was betoverd, en nu staar je naar de geblokte lepel ervan.]

4. In de hand van de prins. He verliest het. [b. Liefdadigheid, de andere leugen van de zwarte roos, terwijl je duikt door deze wereld van spiegels, naar de oorspronkelijke slag, je hebt deze klokken niet nodig om voor niets te wachten.]

5. Je zinkt gewoon naar het land achter luilekkerland, waar zeeën van bloemen je zo gek maken, drie bleke paarse bloemen kreeg je. [b. En nu ben je hier aan het einde van de dag, staande in paarse sneeuw, je bent gek nu, denkende dat je eerst normaal was.]
6. Dit is waar alle vijvers naartoe leiden, je viel in deze zeeën, met al deze vreemde parfums, je bent niet hongerig meer, en wat is deze stank, heb je dat ooit eerder geroken. [b. De dames van de zijanten van schaak, zij rennen zo hard naar jou in kleuren van rood, wit, zwart en blauw.]
7. Terwijl groene massas overleven. [b. je brengende naar hoog materos.]
8. En je ziet de geblokte kikkers zwemmen als walvissen, als glitterschepen, zij zijn de meesters van de vijver, zij betoverden de gouden schepen in bananen. [b. dit is de wereld van de blinden, je hoeft niet te rennen, er zijn geen films meer.]
9. Er spreekt hier niets meer, alleen sommige stripbladen, en dat is genoeg. [b. de vuren die hoeven niet meer te branden, alles is bevroren hier, terwijl kikkers zo flexibel zwemmen.]
10. Ik vraag me af hoe ze zo vrij kunnen zijn, ze zijn blind, uitreikende naar nieuwe kusten, in deze zeeën van bloemen met juwelen. [b. Geblokte slangen op de zijanten van schaak, opstijgende als ballonnen, terwijl alles kleiner wordt, totdat de soldaten vallen, zij buigen in december's hemelen.]
- [11. Ik wil niet in liefdadigheid zijn. Ik wil niet gered worden. Ik heb uw verhalen niet nodig, en uw films ook niet, ik heb uw zwanenmeren niet nodig, en uw Jezussen, ik heb uw verhaardagscakes niet nodig, laat me alleen zijn, oh laat mij zijn, met de jongens van lynx.]
- [12. Je had normale hemelen, maar nu zijn we op hoog materos, de hemelen harkende, kijkende naar onze schaakborden.]
- [13. Kalmeer, prins. Uw moeder harkte u, en nu stijgt je op als een ballon. Ik schudde altijd uw beide handen, dus kalmeer, mijn prins, kalmeer.]
- [14. U was een moeder's sieraad op een zoetige cake. Kalmeer, mijn prins, kalmeer.]

3.

1. Waar liefde eindigt ; Eindelijk waar liefde eindigt, daar staat een oranje ballon [b. brengende u in hoog materos.]
2. Waar de zonsondergang oprijst, deze jongens van lynx leiden nog steeds de blinden. [b. ik heb uw films niet nodig. Ik ben liever blind, hebbende mijn eigen lusten van binnen, met deze jongens van lynx.]
3. Zij hebben nog steeds hun strakke ringen. [b. Deze jongens van lynx, deze criminelen van binnen, zo verkeerd beoordeeld door anderen, zo verkeerd beoordeeld, terwijl anderen hun spiegels gebruiken, laat mij de jongens van lynx gebruiken.]
4. Niemand praat hier, alleen wat stripbladen. [b. terwijl schaakborden mompelen.]
5. Terwijl dames van de zijanten van schaak, zij fluisteren, verzachtende de broeken en de bloemen in de nacht, wij zijn in duister materos, heffende de zonsondergang op, terwijl dieper wegzinkende in de hemelen. [b. uw ballonnen waren strakke ringen, zij komen van de zeeën van koud geweten, deze jongens van lynx, deze criminelen van binnen, deze piratenschepen, makende mij blind.]
6. En nu drink ik strakke sappen, komende van de flessen van schaak, terwijl geblokte slangen het siroop laten zinken. [tot in een andere ruimte.]
7. Waar liefde eindigt, de ringen zo strak, komende van de randen van een schaakbord. [b. u begreep het nooit, deze luie katten kun je niet verbergen, we zijn nu in zacht materos, van binnen, in hoge hemelen.]
8. Vaarwel, zomer hemelen, ik raak nu december's zon aan, met al deze dames van de zijanten van

schaak, heffende hun flessen op in slow motion om snelle aanvallen te doen, ik ben luid aan het lezen in deze oorlogs-boeken, terwijl u fluistert, malende mijn ringen zo strak, ik ben in hoog materos, vannacht. [b. alstublieft sluit mij op in uw geblokte kelders.]

9. Ik wil de films aan beide kanten zien. Het maakt me blind.

10. Gouden piraten schip ; deze betoverde rechte blauwe bananen, deze voortijdse mythische vissen, maken me blind, maken me doof [b. om de mooiste muziek te horen, oh piraten schip, roer me aan, roer me aan.]

11. Houd je plaatjes van vrees niet bij je. [b. maar probeer het sprookje binnenin te vinden, door dit kleine licht, van de jongens van lynx, met hun zo strakke ringen, deze ringen zijn geblokt, ze lijken op moeder's lippen.]

12. Ik zag het schilderij. [b. door ons blind te maken, laten ze ons de mooiste schilderijen van binnen zien.]

13. Deze jongens van lynx, deze criminelen van binnen.

14. Dit zijn zeeën binnenin zeeën, terwijl jongens van lynx de machines van herten in hun zakken hebben, dit zijn sieraden binnenin sieraden, dit zijn jongens van lynx. [b. ik val flauw terwijl ik hun roze sieraden zie, een epilepsie jongen is wat het zegt.]

[15. Deze monsters van steen, verspreidende hun lusten, waar tranen munten zijn, en waar de zachtheid hun vuur is, het land achter luilekkerland.]

4.

1. Snaren van stereo ; Zij kennen de snaren van stereo, zij kennen de snaren om de tranen te bewegen. [b. dit land achter de vla, luister naar de travestiet, deze tovenaars herten.]

2. Oude kikkers zitten achter de chocolade, met lippen van pepermunt glimachen ze. [b. en nu is daar een gouden piraten schip in blinde zeeën.]

3. Oude kikkers zitten, met herten in hun zakken, hoog opheffende de vlaggen van zaken. [b. het komt van oude zakken, grootvader die zijn geblokte slangen hoog opheft.]

4. Op snaren van stereo zit ik. [b. de gehandicapte jongens maken goede bewegingen, zo'n autistisch uitzicht, de zilveren slag maakte ons doof, en nu horen we de magische muziekdozen van binnen.]

5. De kloppende herten van tovenaars, deze bananen herten, zij maken gouden grappen op gouden piratenschepen, terwijl zilver de liederen van stilte verspreid. [b. deze plastic golven met krokodillen laarzen.]

6. Ik bekijk de sterren van de travestiet, geblokte boeken in oude flessen, uitreikende naar de hemelen van Mozart. [b. ik bekijk de gehandicapte en autistische sterren, de sterren van dementia die ons hier brengen, op de vleugelen van misverstand vonden we onze ware vrienden, door ongelukken en fouten.]

7. Zij hebben vriendelijke vissen die hen door ontzagwekkende gebieden leiden. [b. veranderende zo wild in de nacht, zo wild, deze wilde starren in roze lusten, geschenken van pony.]

8. Begrijp me niet verkeerd in deze slow-motion. [b. want uw auto's kunnen botsen, om de stad te bereiken, van de zilveren zeilen.]

9. Durf je te verbergen, wanneer hij de show bekijkt, hij, de oude travestiet. [b. dit plastic hout zou goed zijn om een pak te zijn.]

10. Het hout is zacht in marsepein land. [b. maar dit is de wereld achter luilekkerland.]

11. Als munten slaven zijn, dan waarom betaal ik. [b. ik moet de vogels van sigaret vrijzetten, en de gouden sigaren aanraken.]

12. Van hoeveel boeken van leugens vertelde je, mijn schaduwen sloten mij op in oorlogsboeken, jij maakte hen, terwijl je mij zonnemelk te drinken gaf. [b. van pijp's complot, als bevroren soldaten

marcheren zij naar hun bestemmingen.]

13. Met chinese lantaarns, met wilde werelden binnenin, wilde lichten, dit zijn bakkerman's gezichten. [b. met zoveel tepels erop, terwijl sommigen zeggen dat ze vreemde huidziektes hebben, tepelhoofden zij marcheren.]

14. Door chinese lantaarns, zo wild, aangeraakt door thrillers, komen ze tot leven binnenin. [b. maar dit is het land achter luilekkerland, zij doen bewegingen zo gek, terwijl tovenaars-harten op een schotel liggen, kloppende terwijl je je zo vreemd voelt van binnen, shaduwen op de muur.]

[15. Deze munten zijn slaven en geofferd door religie, wanneer ze blind en doof worden, wild en gehandicapped op de vleugels van een autistisch kind met de vleugels van dementia, zij kunnen uitreiken tot de distels en de brandnetels om weer vrij te komen.]

[16. Door strakke ringen, ben ik nu een schaakbord soldaat. Hier is het okay om te vechten, want niemand wint echt, en niemand verliest echt, wij voelen allemaal de pijn, van een nieuwe wereld die komt.]

[17. Het opent de wereld achter de schaakborden, vreemd verkeer, in vreemde boeken, deze soldaten marcheren, door koud materos, om de randen van de schaakborden te zien, waar vreemde appels groeien, oh laat ons hen eten, zij maken onze harten zo strak.]

[18. Vader drinkt de oude sappen, he ziet de soldaten niet bewegen naar een ander schaakbord, terwijl speelkaarten zweven, anderen uitnodigen tot de grand begeerte, deze wereld achter schaak.]

[19. Spelende op bakerman's harten terwijl vreemde poeders zich verspreiden, deze wereld bedekkende met sneeuw, lapoendria glimlachen, het is een vreemde drum, en al uw jassen zijn anders nu, geblokt, marcherende naar de wereld achter schaak.]

[20. Het is fokkende elven, die lang groeien onder de helm van Bekehelm.]

III Bilha

1.

1. De Slavenketting ; Weerhyena. De mensen om me heen zijn niets anders dan de tralies van haar kooien. Ik was in haar duistere hut. Ik zag haar boog hangen, versierd met veren. Het leek op een feest. Ja, haar hut leek op een feest-tent. Ik zag haar niet, maar het leek alsof ik haar rook. Ik was bang. Ik kon me bijna niet bewegen. Ik probeerde een uitgang te vinden, maar plotseling stond ze in een deuropening. Of was dat maar de schaduw van iets ? Ik ging door de deuropening en kwam in een stoffige kamer waar een olielamp stond, witte kap. Het was alsof ik de warmte van haar lichaam kon voelen.

2. Het was alsof ze me riep. Maar mijn oren hoorden niets. Er lag een schelp, een grote schelp, en ik bracht het tot mijn oren om de zee te horen ruizen. Maar ik hoorde niets. Het was alsof ik haar hoorde fluisteren. Ik kwam dichterbij, en het was alsof de warmte van haar lichaam zich opbouwde. Het was alsof ik haar zag. Ze was prachtig, met dunne riempjes, als de oorlogsgodin. Ze had een boog, en dolken, en allerlei gerei wat je van een slavenjager kon verwachten. Veel touw. Plotseling greep ze mij met haar lasso. Maar het was maar een verbeelding.

3. Ze kende geen liefde. Alles was haat. Waarom zocht ik haar eigenlijk ? Ik wilde eruit, ontsnappen. Zij hield mij hier vast sinds mijn geboorte. Zij had mij gebroken. Alleen maar haat. Ik voelde mij koud. Het was niet echt. Het was altijd alsof ik in de handen was van een spook. De wind gierde. Ik wilde het geheim van de wind kennen. Had zij de wind gemaakt, of was zij de wind zelf ? Ik verlangde naar haar. Maar ze was weg. Ik was hier alleen in haar hut.

4. Was ze overleden ? Of was ze op jacht, en zou ze later terugkomen. Ze deed mij herinneren aan een boek. Ik fantaseerde over haar, maar het leek te worden stukgeslagen door de bittere, diep snijdende, pijnlijke eenzaamheid. Het was alsof ik bloedde. Zou ze bloeddorstig zijn ? Ik had toch het idee alsof ze daar stond, als een bloeddorstige hyena vrouw. Ik kon haar bek zien, waar bloed uitdroop, mijn bloed. Ik was bang. Ik voelde me zwak, hulpeloos. Duistere herinneringen van een ver verleden overvielen mij. Deze vrouw had mij uitgemergeld, uitgebeend, alles van me afgenomen. Waarom wilde ik haar ? Ik had het idee dat zij de godin was, de moeder van de wildernis, van de jachtvelden. Ze was een slavenmeesteres, een slavenjaagster. Ik wilde aan haar voeten neerknielen, om haar te smeken om mij te helpen, om mij uit deze doodse strijd te helpen, maar misschien was zij wel genadeloos, en zou ze me uitlachen.

5. Dat zou ik niet kunnen verdragen. Maar zij moest ergens de sleutel hebben. Of zou ik de strijd met haar moeten aangaan ? Ze zou me uitlachen. Ze was veel steviger dan ik. Ik was zwak vergeleken met haar, en dun. Ze zou mij misschien kunnen breken. Ik was haar kind.

6. Maar dat doe je je kind toch niet aan ? Zij wel. Mijn leven was een hel door haar. Misschien was zij de hel zelf. Haar hyena ogen leken mij aan te staren. Het was alsof ik naar een oud schilderij staarde. Het hing daar ergens in de hut. Maar toen de wind er overheen ging was het weer weg. En toen was het weer terug, als door een waas. Het leek te spiegelen. Ik voelde mij omringd door soldaten. Allemaal windstreken. Ze scheen Bilha te heten, gestuurd om angst te brengen. Sommigen zouden haar een demoon noemen, anderen een godin. Ik wist alleen dat ik moest oppassen. Ik was gevangen in haar moederschoot. Ik zat opgesloten in haar hut. Ik kon nergens heen. De muren leken weer zover weg te staan, en alle deuren. En daar viel ik neer, huilend. Ze maakte mij nooit sterker. Ik voelde me duizelig en vies. Daar stond ik weer op, en daar viel ik weer.

7. Het was alsof er sloten op de deuren zaten. Sloten gemaakt van duistere klauwen van monsters, als van zeemonsters. Een zeemeermin had mij ooit geprobeerd te redden. Ze was gemaakt van prachtige lichten, maar deze vrouw was duister. Een boek lag op tafel, een boek met riemen. Ik las er in. Het ging over hoe Adam en Eva in het tijdperk van Bilha werden aanbeden als goden. Bilha was de moedergodin. Het tijdperk van Bilha werd ook wel het tijdperk van de hyenas genoemd. De hyenas waren overal op aarde. En zij veranderden in vrouwen op bepaalde momenten. Het waren weerhyenas.

8. Bilha keek naar mij. Er vloeiende bloed uit mijn ogen. Ze leek zo ver weg, maar ook dichtbij. Het was alsof ze op een troon zat, maar ook op een bank. Even leek het als door de bliksem dat ze een hoge gouden kroon had, met gedetailleerde inscripties, als een mozaiek. En ze had een gouden soortgelijk gewaad aan. Ze opende een deur door het klappen met haar handen. De deur was draaiende voor mijn ogen, terwijl de opening als mozaiek was, ook draaiende, en de combinaties veranderden voortdurend. Ik kreeg steken in mijn hand, en licht viel op mij. Toen werd het duister.

9. Ze was de bewaker van een gele vrucht. De vrucht was bitter en zoet, ook bijtend. Mensen kregen last van hun mond. De vrucht leek op het achterste van een vrouw. Mensen moesten door deze vrucht naar de tandarts, en hun tanden vielen er van uit. Ik stond aan een bushalte. Sommige mensen waren aan het vrijen in een bushokje, en plotseling begonnen ze te schreeuwen. Toen vielen al hun tanden uit, en hun monden begonnen te bloeden.

10. 'Het is de vrucht,' dacht ik. 'De vrucht van Bilha.'

11. Ik probeerde weg te rennen, maar een wind greep mij. 'Het is een zure vrucht,' zeiden sommige mensen. 'Hoe kunnen we eraan ontsnappen ? Het zijn terroristen, stalkers.'

12. Ik greep mij vast aan het boshokje. Ik voelde me duizelig worden. Ik werd wakker in bed. Twee grote lippen zweefden boven mij, als weerspiegelingen, wazig, als de wind. Ik werd door de vrucht naar binnen gezogen, en ik gilde.

13. 'Nee !' riep ik. Maar ik kon me er niet tegen verzetten. Ik voelde me als een melaatse, zonder voeten, zonder mond. Ik voelde me als een vis, als een meerman. Maar ik was een zeehond, nee, een weerhyena, zoals haar. Ik bracht haar bij me, in een groot huis, en ze ging op de bank zitten. Zij bewaakte de voedselvoorraad. Ze lag op de bank, en ik mergelde uit, zelfs meer dan ooit tevoren. Ze voedde mij niet. Ik mocht niet in de keuken komen. Dan zou ze me neerjagen. Ik voelde mij als de derde wereld.

14. Ik was haar slaaf, een slaaf van het grote geld. Ik was niets dan vee in haar handen. Die gele vrucht, het was niets dan geld. Ik was kwaad op haar. Hoe kon zij dit doen ? We waren gevangen in geld. We werden gekgemaakt door geld, maar kregen het nooit. Er moest toch iets anders zijn ? Iets beters ? Het was een nachtmerrie.

15. Geld was een monster dat ons programmeerde. Het betuttelde ons, en maakte ons arm en bang, zodat we het altijd zouden najagen als de wind. Ik was zo kwaad. Ik sloeg een ruit in, maar de rekening kwam snel.

2.

1. De Zoete Vrucht ; Er was ook een andere vrucht in haar tuin. Het was de vrucht van slavernij. Voor mij was dat een lust voor het oog. De vrucht leek op een vrouwen-voet. Als het ons uit de vrucht van geld zou kunnen halen : graag. Maar wat voor een slavernij stond ons dan te wachten ? Ik bedacht dat het leven gewoon altijd pure slavernij was, maar dat je dan de beste slavernij moest uitkiezen. Ik wilde het wel proberen met deze vrucht. Zou deze vrucht mij rijk maken of arm ? Dat maakte mij niets meer uit. Ik wilde loskomen van de macht van geld, haar macht.

2. Ik bekeek de vrucht op een afstand. Ik hoorde gepiep. Er stond een vrouw voor me die haarzelf langzaam begon uit te kleden. Dit was de macht van het grote geld. Ik schoot haar neer met een pistool. Deze zaak was afgehandeld. Nu die andere vrucht nog. Ik keek ernaar, en de vrucht begon te groeien, en mijn ogen stonden wijder open. Ik voelde de smaak al langs mijn gehemelte vloeien, en in mijn keel. Zachte sappen. Ik was een slaaf, maar nu van iets anders. Alles beter dan van geld. Ik viel dronken op de grond. Het leek alsof ik verscheurd werd door een grote krokodil. Mijn hoofd kwam boven in een rivier, waar ook een andere reusachtig grote krokodil was. De zoete vrucht begon mij in te nemen, maar het werd bitter in mijn buik. Ik voelde riemen aan me, en een slavenketting rondom mijn nek. Ik werd meegetrokken in een woestijn. Het was een man met een lange baard.

3. Even later kon ik niet meer, en wilde zitten. Maar de man met de baard trok mij mee. We gingen

een kasteel binnen. Wat had ik gekozen ? 'Even hier wachten,' zei de man. Even later kwam er een vrouw naar me toe. Ze leek me te keuren. Ze bleef maar staren en kijken, van top tot teen. 'We kunnen hem wel gebruiken,' zei ze. Toen kwamen er meerdere vrouwen, die mij dieper in het kasteel sleurden. De man had een soort riddergewaad aan. 'Waar ben ik ?' vroeg ik.

4. Ze duwden mij in een oven. Ik bevond mij in de vrucht, in een diepere afdeling van de baarmoeder van Bilha. Ik had niks meer met winkels en geld te maken. Ik had een vreemde smaak in mijn mond. Ik was door de sluiers van geld gegaan, en was er van los gekomen. Ik kon mezelf weer voelen. Ik kreeg een huis, en leidde een normaal leven. Vaak had ik nachtmerries.

5. Ik begon Bilha te missen. Ze moest iets betekenen voor mij in het leven. Dus ik besloot terug te gaan naar haar hut. Daar hing de boog weer. Het was hier een feest-tent zoals altijd. Ik voelde mij een slaaf van haar. Maar gelukkig niet meer van geld.

6. Ze danste hier op het bloed van de gevallenen, op de huiden van dieren. Zij had geld overwonnen. Haar gejoel maakte mij doof. Ik probeerde nog weg te rennen, maar zij greep mij. Ik kreeg geen vruchten meer van haar. Zij bewaakte het voedsel. Ik kon niet bij de keuken komen. Altijd zat ze daar op die bank. Ze hongerde mij uit meer dan ooit tevoren. Waarom was ik teruggegaan ? Hyenas likten aan haar voeten, en nog steeds veranderde zij soms in een hyena of een halve hyena. Zij was de weerhyena.

7. Zij haatte geld, maar hield van de slavernij die ze dreef. Zij was de slavenjaagster. Ik werd een bedelaar voor voedsel, maar zij was genadeloos. Ze liet mij soms van haar melk drinken, maar dat was om mij te vergiftigen, te verzwakken en te verlammen. Ik was een teer, hulpeloos kind in haar schoot.

8. Ik was een bedelaar, en zij was de joelster. Ze maakte mij stokdoof. Ik had nooit rust. Zij was een stoorzender, een stoorgeest. Zij was een stalker. Zij liet mij niet slapen. Op een dag gaf ze mij de derde vrucht : de vrucht van gevangenschap. Het brandde in mijn mond. Ik gilte het uit. Ik viel als dood op de grond. Daarna voelde ik een vreemde kracht in mij opkomen, en ik werd in een arena gezet. Hier kreeg ik de vierde vrucht : de vrucht van de arena. Het leek alsof het vloeyde in mijn hoofd. Het had een sterke geur. Het was een zeer bittere vrucht, en zuur. Ik werd ingezet in de oorlog.

9. Daarna kreeg ik de vijfde vrucht : de vrucht van de jacht. Het leek wel alsof mijn tong uit mijn mond groeide. Mijn tong viel af en veranderde in wapens. Toen groeide mijn tong weer. De macht van het geld was nu definitief gebroken, en de jacht kon beginnen. Geld zou nu gearresteerd worden. Het grote geld zou gefokt worden voor de dag van de grote slacht. Bilha reed op een hoog paard, zo hoog dat ik haar bijna niet kon zien. Of was ik gewoon heel klein ? Ik was een kind.

10. Ik werd een paardenstalmeester. Ik had overal koorden gehangen. Ook ik wachtte op de dag van de grote slacht. Ik had al voorgenot hierover. Ik wilde het geld zien bloeden. Ik wilde het geld zien krijsen, zoals het ons heeft laten krijsen. Ik wilde het geld zien smeken zoals het ons heeft laten smeken. Ik wilde het geld zien hangen. Ik was vol van leedvermaak.

11. Ik zou het geld martelen en bang maken, zoals het ons heeft bang gemaakt. Het geld moest een

langzame, pijnlijke dood sterven. Ik wilde het geld voor eeuwig zien branden in de hel, met eeuwiggroeiende pijn. Pijn, pijn, pijn, dat is wat ik het geld toewenste. En ik wilde in die arena toekijken. Met een verrekijker.

12. Ik was wreed naar geld, want geld was wreed naar mij. Dat was de enige manier voor mij om te kunnen overwinnen, en om te kunnen genezen van de nachtmerrie van geld. Ik joeg op geld, genadeloos. Ik maakte geld tot mijn slaaf. Geld was mijn krijgsgevangene. En het lot van geld in mijn handen zou vreselijk zijn.

13. Ik bracht het geld tot de kooien, om het vet te mesten. Bilha keek toe.

3.

1. De Witte Vacht ; Bilha trof mij met haar bliksem. Ik schudde en viel neer. Ik was haar slaaf met haar slavenketting om mijn nek. Nog steeds. De godin was te sterk. Geen man kon staan in haar nabijheid, tenzij zij hem kracht gaf. Maar ik had geen kracht. Ik was haar kind. Ik zag haar schilderij, waar ze opstond als een halve hyena, bloed vloeiende uit haar bek, mijn bloed.

2. 'Verzadigd nu, kreng ?' vroeg ik. Maar ik sprak slechts tot een schilderij.

3. Ik wist dat zij nooit verzadigd zou zijn. Met hoge hakken was ze in de stad, in de regen, schaars gekleed. Om zoek naar prooi. Een auto-deur sloeg los. Ze stapte in de auto, en verscheurde de bestuurder. Toen ging ze zelf achter het stuur zitten, en reed zoveel mogelijk slachtoffers omver als ze kon. De politie kwam achter haar aan. Maar de politie was slechts een vrucht in haar hand. Een vrucht waar zoveel vliegende insecten om streden. Ze bracht mij de vrucht, maar ik wilde er niet van eten. Ze dwong mij om ervan te eten, en de strijd werd voortgezet in mijn mond. Insecten staken mij. Het was de zesde vrucht.

4. De zevende vrucht was de vrucht van slacht. Eindelijk. Ik kon nu vliegen. Ik had vleugels, maar die vielen even later van me af, terwijl ik nog steeds kon vliegen. De zevende vrucht had mij snel in de macht. Het was als een ei om me heen, en ik moest de dop breken. Een zoutachtige vloeistof scheidde zich af, en begon zich in mijn lichaam te verspreiden. Overal om me heen vielen reuzen neer. Ik bladerde door een boek en kon de bladzijden niet meer vinden. Alles begon voor mijn ogen te tollen. Iemand was mij aan het uitbroeden. Toen brak het licht door. Ik was als een licht in de duisternis. De duisternis wilde mij verslinden, maar kon het niet. Mijn licht was als een vloeistof wat overal doordrong.

5. De achtste vrucht was een vrucht van papier. Er kon niet meer gegeten worden, alleen maar gelezen. Ik begon uit te hongeren, maar een vreemde kracht begon mij te voeden. Er was geen weg terug meer tot de andere vruchten. De achtste vrucht had ons allemaal ingenomen. Het was een bewaakster en een waakster.

6. Ik werd wakker in de hut van Bilha. Wat was zojuist over me gekomen ? Was ik gek geworden ? Ik had niets anders dan wanen en hallucinaties gehad, alsof ik van een vergiftigde appel had gegeten, alsof ik zwaar aan de drugs was. Deze vrouw was gevaarlijk, bloedgevaarlijk. Ik wilde ontsnappen, maar ik kon het niet. Een duistere gestalte hield mij vast.

7. 'Niemand ontsnapt ooit uit dit huis,' werd er gezegd. Het was alsof de wind sprak. Het spookte hier. Ik was onder een vloek. 'Er is geen weg meer terug,' zei de wind. 'Je zal altijd hier wakker worden.'

8. Ik keek naar de wand. Het zag er niet meer zo feestelijk uit, maar bloederig. Er hingen overal wapens en jachtgerei. In de kooien rondom mij was vee. Ik realiseerde mij dat ik ook in een kooi was. Toen ik naar mijn lichaam keek schrok ik. Ik was een varken.

9. Haar lichaam was fors. Je kon niet om haar heupen heen. Zij was de godin van het leven.

10. Ik ontwaakte in haar hut. Ze trok me in een bloederige tent waar veel sluiers waren, en een bed met een witte vacht. Ze ging in de deuropening staan. Het beest van geld werd doorstoken door de oude man met de baard. Het was de dag van de slacht.

11. De mensen om me heen zijn niets anders dan de tralies van haar kooien. De negende vrucht was de vrucht van het huwelijk, en de tiende vrucht was de vrucht van de scheiding.

12. De vruchten lagen op een schaalte, tien vruchten, die toen allemaal in chocolaatjes veranderden. Ik wilde er niet meer van eten, maar ze forceerde me. Het was haast dwang-verpleging. Ik hield mijn kaken stijf op elkaar, maar ze sloeg mij op de kaak, en ramde het naar binnen. Ik viel op de grond. Toen smeerde ze me in met chocola. Ze schoof mij in de oven, als brood wat gebakken diende te worden.

13. Hij woonde ergens langs de kade, in een hoog huis. Hij zwierf vaak langs de kusten. Hij verdrink mensen en dieren, en liet schepen zinken. Hij had lang haar, en mensen hadden het vaak over hem. Soms zwierf hij door de stad. Mensen ontweken hem dan. Ze waren allemaal bang voor hem.

The World Beyond Fairytale

The Kristarvaka Vatorium

Sandman's Glove

the world beyond fairytale

Part I : Purple Velvet Fairytale

The Chocolate Diaries

Poetry from the Aldebaran Tales

The Green Frog

Little Drummer Boy

Ode to the Violin

Deep Underwater Tale

Poetry from the Rose of Venus

The Six Flames

The Day before Eden

Poetry from the Yellow Rose

The Soldier in the Little Box

Poetry of the Red Rose

The Birth of the Panther's Prince

Part II : The Lawyer's Suite Orange

Book with a Split Laugh

Poetry from the Black Widow

A Snake in the Swanlake

Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet

Boys from Lynx

Part III : Misunderstanding from the Lion's Tea

A Smuggler's Cheque-book in Mozart's Bottle

Poetry from the Neptunian Rose

Forest Dreams

Poetry from the Toy's Soldier

Masked Memories

Poetry from the Black Fish

Red Picnic's Day

Part IV : Salute, Mr Aquarius

Poetry from the Chrystal Star

Where All the Tears Collide

Silence of the Sleep

Poetry from the Old Cigar

Scratch on A Charlie Chaplin's Record

Poetry from the Violin

The Secret of Birthday

Part V : Goodmorning, Mrs. Jupiter

The Enchanted Mirror

The Mistress

Here In My Head It Ticks

Gypsy's Girl I-VI

The Cardreader

The Rabbit

Silent After All These Years

When the Bunny Sais No

The Fortune-Teller

The Clairvoyante

The Coin I-VI

Service with Little Light

The Wizard

The Actress

Part VI : Good Evening, Mrs. Neptune

"When you eat the fruit, the first bite is sweet, the second bite is sour, the third is bitter, the fourth can kill you, while the fifth can bring you to live. The sixth one, the last, is salt, but it will lead you to the core, where you live forever." --- The Licorice

Chapter 1. The Way of the Snake

Chapter 2. When Mother Comes Back

Chapter 3. The Mirror

Chapter 4. Poetry from the Golden Chocolate

Arena of Fruits

Hell of Hamelin

Jezebel

Chapter 5. Rivers of Blood I-V

Chapter 6. Book of Elves

Apocalypse of Wasps

Chapter 7. The Girl with the Red Boots

Chapter 8. The Licorice and the Mandarin

Chapter 9. Snow Which Never Ticked

Poetry From The Aldebaran Tales

The Green Frog

I was walking through the garden of the prince's court. The wind blew softly on my face.

I was looking for something special, something I would never forget. I looked at the mosaic-windows of the church at a distance. I saw a face from behind the mystical window waving at me. I smelled a soft breath of roses and narcissus, and I walked through the garden, to the church at the side. I entered the portal, wondering who I would meet there, the waving face.

It was a tall frog in a black uniform with white decoration. His face was green and he smiled at me, like there were hundred of faces smiling at me. He said he came to me to show me the meaning of life. He showed me a black hat, and he threw it away in the air and it disappeared through the ceiling of the church. Then he took out his uniform, tore it and threw the pieces at the altar of the church, where it burnt. I saw all sorts of colors coming from the altar, and he asked me to lay myself on this altar.

I did that, and I felt I was floating with these colours.

The colours were mixing and flew through my body. I felt myself naked, but these colours covered me. The Frog said to me : When someone is willing to give his life away, he will discover a world beyond clothes, beyond masks, which will cover him in a better sense. He will discover a deeper life, a deeper law.

The colours which are set free when someone gives away his life, will lead him to the heart of the old church. This church represents the free, divine fountain, which lives in everyone's heart, if one is willing to live by that. Some will come closer to this fountain, others will leave it more and more.

Little Drummer Boy

Do you believe in fairytales ? Do you believe in SummerSnow ? Do you believe in Flying Fishes and Yellow Tomatoes to eat ?

Do you believe in a Southern Santa Clause, clothed by the Sun, walking on clouds, playing flute and violin ? Do you believe he can make stars out of nothing ? Or do you believe he is just a lost stranger making noise in the streets, to earn some money and attention ?

Who is he to you, the person who brings the mail everyday ? Is he just someone who has a wife and kids, or is he a messenger of the gods, a personal teacher, or someone who would be better of baking bread ?

The magic begins, when you start to see that all the people around you are the characters of your life's movie, when you start to realize they are there to fill the podium of the world's biggest theater-play ever made.

God made it for you, and he asks you just to watch, to hold your breath, and even when there is a lot of tragedy, to know it is to show you the road to your neighbour, to show you the little drummer boy, locked up in the story of your life, waiting for you to open the book. It is your child, your inner child, beating a different drum, singing another song, which you never heard before. He will be someone to love, someone to care about. He will lead you to a different road, stepping into another beat.

He will show you the guys who beat your drum now, he will leave a message once in awhile. Is he the true sound of your innermost heart, is he the cry for life inside of you ? Kiss his tears and you will know. Touch his drum, and you will see, that he is not a toy in the hands of the spoilt ones, but he is a prince's toy, dancing in the dark, after all these ages, still the same drum, the same beat. He still sings that same strange song, which gives you that strange feeling in your stomache. Like losing the world, the worries and the wars, for one day, when he shows up, only seeing him, that little drummer boy.

Ode to the Violin

Violin, play your game, violin, make your breakfast, for you are going to fly high, when the raindrops will fall today. You were a bloomer on a flowers heart, you were a soother in a birds head. How you made your chords, it wasn't fragile and tender enough for you. You wanted to hear spring through the touch of your box. The playing of chords opened the secrets and you knew how to play my heart. You knew

how to bring to the surface that was deeply sunk in the wilderness of my emotions.

You brought clarity to my soul, and gave me the opportunity to express myself.

Every chord had it's own purpose, every chord was a guard at the prince's court.

They were the jesters of the prince's, the toys of the kingly sons.

I was amazed when I first heard your sound for it brought me back to where I belong, it brought me back to the castle of hearts. It opened my history once again, to re-unite me with my roots, but also my wounds. You weren't afraid to show me my wounds again, you knew it was for the better part of me. You weren't afraid to show me the way I had to go, the tears I would cry. You prepared me for war, you brought me my armor.

Give me my soldiers, who died in the cold, bring me the keys to warm their heart again to let them rise once again. These toysoldiers who stood by me through all the times, only awakening at twelve o clock, but sleeping at daylight. I saw their tears running from their wooden faces, their metallic eyes were staring at one point, unable to move their hands, unable to touch, unable to dance their dances.

But at twelve o clock, when the clock strikes twelve times in the night, the butterflies touch their hands and their feet and they dance their wild dances of war and victory. Then the toys come alive and play their games. Then they are the rulers of the world, when no one sees them, when everyone is asleep. They rule the fantasy, they rule the unconscious part of man. They rule when the kids give their lives to the night, going underwater for another round in sleep. They haven't heard the touch of the butterflies wings at night, they haven't heard the violins awakening the hearts of the toy-soldiers, for they were too young to understand, too tired to realize the magic which was being spread throughout the night.

The night is such a secret, the night is such a tale. It is for the wise and the old to catch a glimpse, for the children a lust when grandfather starts to tell.

Deep Underwater Tale

The night blocks the head of the father, when he is reading his underwater tales again. The night touched his head again, reading his words again. The father can rest his mind, unable to worry, unable to fall out of the tale he once so loved. The night was always his mate, always his source of inspiration, but now he feels the chains of his mind, his limited creation.

The tale he read so many times makes him feeling so bound to the ground, so bound to his own bed. He wants to travel to new tales, with his bed as his ship, for this old tale, he read so many times, is making headaches in his mind.

Father, what is your ache ? Is it really the tale, or is it your minds desire to read another tale ? Is it the night who hurts you, or is it the empty place at the other side of your bed, waiting to be filled ?

When mother was alive you used to read your underwater tales for her, but now you read them for yourself, now she isn't anymore. But mother would never really leave you, for her personality was not a temporal one. She smiles to you from heaven, from these underwater tales. Now she reads them for you, she isn't gone. She finally entered this underwater world you always loved to tell her about. Now she found her peace and her rest, because of you. She is in your book, daddy, she isn't in another book outside your mind, outside your house.

Poetry From The Rose of Venus

The six flames

There are six flames in the house of Eli, the high-priest of Israel, the chosen one. He was the soother of soothers, and now God took him away, for he didn't warn his children. Samuels tears will fall on his grave for eternity.

The first flame

Father Eli, this flame burns from my heart to you. Me, Samuel, your chosen son, I come to you, for you raised me from Mercurius and brought me to the house of Venus. You soothed my wounds, you eased my soul, and gave me golden bread to eat. In your house, oh Father Eli, I could hear the voice of God, speaking to me. My flame of gratitude will burn forever. You opened my door to heaven.

The second flame

Three Times I heard the voice of the Lord, and three times you spoke to me it wasn't you. You directed me to the Rose, the Rose of Venus. This flame burns from my heart

to this Rose, who spoke to me. The Rose who gave me life, the Rose who gave me golden water to drink, I will serve You forever. My flame of obedience will never die.

The third flame

Father Moses, where art thou. You were the bearer of this Rose, you touched the side of my chin, and made my heart juicy. The holy flame inside of me will guide me to your heart, where all the juices gather. Bring me to my office, bring me to my holy armor, and let me drink from your divine wine, so that my head can float into your heavens to dwell there forever. Let me enter your gardens of holy words to hear your voice again. Let the flame of understanding follow my veins. Mix it with my blood, so that I am forever yours.

The fourth flame

Rose of Mary, fly again, open your womb and show me your children. Your milk was softer than the softest honey, and sweeter than the sweetest fruit. You brought me the sword of Adam, to open the gates of Eden again. Fly, my rainbow, the heavens will be open for you. Rose of Eve, mother of thousand mothers, bring me to your house and understanding, bring me to the Rose of roses, for your keys reach the last heavens. Open the rivers with your flame, the flame of birth. Bring me to the last ocean which will wash the last tear away.

The fifth flame

The fifth flame, Rose of Joseph, Rose of dreams, enter my heart, to warn my father Eli. Raise him up again to lead your people, and open his eye. Give him the heart, my inner father, to awake his sons. Let him walk the path of Joseph, give him the Wings of Benjamin, to enter his house again. Venus, don't let your flame sink, raise your house once again, to be a house of corn in the midst of hunger. Rise from the desert once again, oh king of Egypt, you are the golden rose. Let your streams of life surround the land, to rise the table of Abraham. Let Noah be his guide and altar.

The sixth flame

The last flame, the last Judgement, to wash away the sea, to wash away the table. The last flame to burn all flames into one. One flame will burn when you sleep, one

little candle will wake over you. Go to sleep, little earth, go to sleep, little universe,
for tomorrow is a new day.

And in the middle of the night the wind will come to blow also this candle out, so
that the night can totally wrap his wings around you, so that the cold of the night
can enter your veins to let your earth cool down, waiting for the six icycles of The
Day Before Eden.

The Day Before Eden

The Sailing Buddha

six fishes

One day before Eden, one day before paradise, two ships were sailing the seas, two
ships were fishing their fishes. Two captains holding the night in their jackets, two
captains having the last six icycles under their skins. These six fishes swam to the
center of earth, but were picked up by these two captains so that they could watch
the Day of Eden.

Was it a ship turning into Eden, did a captain create this land ?

The first icycle didn't want to tell, the second icycle would tell it later, while the third
would talk about something else.

The fourth got very angry about the question, the fifth began to laugh, and the sixth
began to cry.

Non of these icycles would bring you any further, for they were created to swim
away, they were created to leave, and live in silence. When someone wants to find
wisdom, it swims away, waiting to be followed.

This is the way how God guides. He swims away, so that you can follow Him.

It is all slipping through your fingers, it is all escaping your tight grip. For in the
heavens everything is free, they want you to come where they are, rather than
bringing it to you.

when you ...

When your guide is always bringing it to you, my dear friend, when you never have to follow, when you never have to swim and search, when they never trick you, then, it's sad to say, you will never hear the secret of the Day Before Eden.

Your complaints will build your days, your satisfactions will write your tales, but you will never sail on the ships of these two captains, you will never hear their jokes.

Your comfort will bake your bread, your expectations will spoil your stomach, and you will never feel the hard bottom of your pit, because it is bottomless. It leads you nowhere, and you will never see the true face of a fish.

You will fish in your own seas, fishing at old ancient souvenirs of grandparents you never had, but they will all swim away. And you will take care of your own toys again, speaking to your own dolls. These toys and dolls were your true grandparents, but you froze them into the statues of your gardens. You still live in the Day After Eden, not interested what really happened there. You stole the flowers from the garden of Eve, and you killed the snake for sixty-six dollars.

Were you sure it was the right snake ? Were you sure you shot good while shooting with your eyes closed ?

two captains

Only the two captains know. They still sail the oceans, avoiding your bottomless whirlpools. They still know your registers and maps. They stood at your cradle when you were born, and partied the Day Before.

Do you know the sails of your cradle, do you know it's flag ? Is it true that there is an Afterlife ? Is it true that a cradle is a gateway for information ? Which sort of information did your cradle bring ?

The first captain sais he doesn't know, the second captain asks you the question.

They both know the answer, but they keep themselves as dumb. For isn't it better to keep yourself dumb in a world of information-hunters. They suck your memory out of your brains to use it against you. Isn't that what is truely going on ? Sometimes it's better to wrap yourself in questions, rather than answers, for people know how to find you.

Two questionmarks, two donkeys, sailing the two ships of the world throughout the Ages. They come from the bottomless history and go to the bottomless future, and back. They never felt the hard bottoms of future and history, for they are beyond

that. They wear the questionmark as their weapon, and their two ships are their shelters.

two ships

The first ship is just completely ignoring you, the second ship doesn't want to know who you are and what you do. It doesn't want to know anything, for knowledge is pain. The second ship is against knowledge, and is completely indifferent and without emotions. It sacrificed the possibility to have knowledge, to have and be a shelter. It doesn't move or act, for action is pain. It looks like it is moving, but the earth under this ship is moving, instead of the ship itself.

This ship doesn't want to know or do anything, because it has fear to get the wrong knowledge and action, it has fear of receiving and spreading hurt. This is the ship of fear, the ship of divine fear, living in complete emptiness.

the sailing Buddha

The Buddha sails this ship. It travels without moving, it breaths without breathing. The True Laws of Nature work at this ship. It is safe for eternity.

Ship of Life, come forward, this ship doesn't exist, for Existence lives in the Ship.

Poetry from The Yellow Rose

The Soldier in the Little Box

The Seed within the Seed

the little box

The flight of the eagle made a golden path for the traveller. From Jupiter to The Frog a golden thread hanged. The acrobate could walk this thread without falling, for the

wings of the eagle warmed his heart and soothed his soul. The acrobat could watch both sides of the earth, while the planets of The Frog were calling for his attention.

They zoomed in his mind, singing an old song from the past, an old song from a soldiers fairytale.

Could you hear the bells ringing, when you were born in your little box on earth ?
Or were you swallowed by your own fears and minds created by the little box to keep you there ?

Stay out of your little box with the little people, and enter a new world outside the box. The box is standing in this world, locked, and has to obey this world where it is standing in. The box seems so small when you stand next to it, staring into this new world.

the box in the box

But do you know this new world is also a box, with it's own people and it's own fears and minds ? Do you know that when you step out of it, you enter an even bigger world ?

When you start to realize the box in the box, when you see that the life you get after the escape is also nothing but a box in a box, with it's own laws and own keys, then you start to realize that you are never really free.

You are only free when you escape this circle of boxes, when you wear it's ring on your finger, when you control the boxes of life.

The yellow rose grows from Jupiter to The Frog. It doesn't ask you to open the box, it doesn't ask you to seal the box. It wants you to fly, and forget about the boxes. It wants you to wear The Frog's ring.

the maze

For past and future are sides of the earth, and you can fall on one or the other. But when you forget about time, and meet the Maker, you can fly on eagles wings and reach the yellow rose, which burns deep in your heart to tell you that time is an

illusion, that it is there to test us, to represent the boxes, to give us the electrical shock we need to forget it all, to meet the maze in which we are free.

For in the maze there are no borderlines, in the maze there are no teachers. There are only doubts and seas of confusion. It doesn't seem to end, it doesn't give a limit or a finish. It's always creating more questions and more secrets.

When you think you are out, you are in, and when you think you are on the right, you are on the left.

But in this insecurity the truth rises, in this despair the sun of answer appears. For in this maze past and future is reflected. We see all our memories and predictions hunting us. The thought is wanting us.

But we don't touch these walls, we don't listen to these mirrors. In the maze we just want to find the way out.

But in the endless maze we will never find the way out. We are destined to get so lost that we die as a seed in the ground, in the very center of the maze. It will draw us there, it will pull, for it's goal is to turn us into a yellow rose.

the little yellow soldier

A little soldier is rising from a little box, watching the mirrors of his maze, all these sights shock him, to see himself how he never wanted to be. His little trumpets show him his deepest fears, his deepest crimes, which were never there. He sees the images he would never be, he sees the jumps he never made. They reflect him like he is what it says, but he objects, he's looking for the enchanted mirror of the yellow rose. He rises out of his box, wearing the yellow suit of the yellow rose, but it is torn and it dies, in the middle of the maze, in the middle of the box. His little trumpets laugh at him. His mirrors try to calm him, but he's tightened in his goal. He has something better in his view, although his old mates are hunting after him. The dream broke, the seal broke. He's a new soldier now, part of the yellow rose, still dying, still torn, but blooming inside with a fire no one can blow out, no one can destroy. The fire of the yellow rose warms him and brings old desires back to him. the desires to be free, the desires to meet the enchanted mirror.

The little soldier wrestles with old books from his past. They try to eat him, they try to bring him back to the little box.

The little soldier, killer of mirrors, killer of books.

My soldier, sais the rose, hold on to the old songs of the deep inner yellow fairytales
I planted in you when you were born. I will never forget that day.

The little soldier still rising out of the little boxes, out of the old books, reaching for
the yellow rose, reaching for the eternal narcissus. His army is large, they are
wearing yellow flags. From sunset to sundown they march, to catch a glimpse of the
yellow rose, to catch a glimpse of their fathers and mothers.

mother's day

Daddy, is it really you ? You spoke to me about this yellow rose since I was young.
You told me about the garden where it was raised. The yellow garden has a part in
my mind, a part in my heart. This maze you told me about was the gardener of this
yellow garden.

You told me this gardener knew what he had to do.

Mom, are you there ? Your yellow juice still zooms in my stomache. The red
cathedral was the place you used to pray. My mind is dizzy when I think about you.
Like everything is floating away. Then I can forget and remember, the mystery of
the Fog.

The morning-fog is your suit, the sun is your crown, and red panthers are shivering,
zooming and blushing in your lungs. Breath in, breath out, for when the day is over,
we are just seeds, marching away to become a new flower. This new flower is also
nothing but a seed. We are all waiting to be sown again, the seed within the seed.
Every day we are sown, every night we will rise, and in the morning we will know
what we have to know.

the soldier, the pirate and the flower

The soldier is still growing, the soldier is still weeping. His tears are searching for
new worlds, for old memories. Wandering with his mothers warmth in his chest,
with his fathers trust in his legs. His hat is a hat in a hat.

Try to learn the language of the soldier, the pirate and the flower.

Poetry of the Red Rose

The Birth of the Panther's Prince

Is it a kiss before dying, to enter your gates again ?

the banana queen

I saw you dancing in a stream of roses. They were moisty, covered by water, painted by juices of the bright dew. But you were the reddest of all these roses. Your smile was brighter than the sun, and your wings were spreading chocolate-dust. You were dancing there, waving to star-powders, embracing deers, flying from one flower to another, leaving stripes of foot- and handprints in the clouds.

I saw another rose, black like the darkness, smoking three cigarettes.

I also saw a tree burning in the desert.

You were looking for the banana-queen. She knew about the black rose and the burning tree. She knew how their black oils were hunting after you. She would hold the key to the land of the four frogs.

These four frogs were sitting on a fence. This land far over the golden rainbows and the morningsides. They were smoking their bubbles, spreading their tales of love and old castles. They didn't seem to be touched by time or speech. They were free in their land which they created by themselves. Their smiles were covered by dew and streaming fogs. Their skin was covered by chocolate and peppermint. They defeated the black lullabies, which were being spread by the black smoking rose.

Did you ever fight a lullaby, did you ever felt it's sting ? Like waking up, but you can't ? Like trying to stand on your own feet, but someone's pulling you down ?

The bed, one of the biggest battlefields.

The bed, where the most horrible things happened, where the black dwarves sing their songs.

The bed, the torture.

chocolate poison

Try to wake up, swallow the lullaby, and spit it out again. An army of lullabies, a basket full of broken windows, old poisoned chocolate, dipped in drama and decorated tragedy, whispering in your ear, enchanting your eyes. Don't step in it's fall, don't enter it's maze. You feel the soft winds entering your little house in the forest, dripping their footprints on your stairways without touching them. You feel their presence in your sleeping room. Your dolls sleep, your clothes sleep, your chairs and wardrobes sleep, and your little cupboard. But you are awake staring at the curtains, seeing the rain blowing through them, aware of the little stars touching the walls of your little room. The purple ceiling falls down, but it doesn't seem to hurt you. The purple walls fall down, but you smile and lit a candle.

You already heard this story, and it's just like reading that old book again. You aren't shocked anymore, for you feel the feathers of this old bird again.

The red rose smiles. She is with you in her room, and the words spread from her wide mouth. The stories don't seem to stop, and they stream like burnt mazes through the room. It's not a secret anymore, you see the golden key. The old burning tree is burnt by another fire, one tighter than the previous. Seven fires will come to burn it's last flame.

Once upon a day the fire was burnt, the water was washed away, and only some dewdrops marched through the land. They were the four frogs, waiting for the last train.

No one knows where this last train is going to, no one knows where it comes from, but deers are driving it, smoking chocolate pipes. They know the secret of the red rose, they swam in the seven seas of roses. When a story shows up, they swallow it and blow it to the past. This is how their train rides. The future never existed, it was written in the past, and it will never come alive. The only thing we need is to breath in the flavours of the rose and then we will know enough. Then we will be what we would ever be. The past gave us enough to work out.

We are coded in the past, we are described in old books. The future never existed, it was a lie of the black rose. All your times are tumbling down, all your clocks seem to explode, when you look into the eye of the red rose.

She will blink to you, she will give you her heart, but you can never return to the future.

When chocolate is mixed with banana's, the rose starts to float beyond the past, where the books of life were written, where the banana-queen rules. You will get a heart in your stomach, so that you know that food has to flow, to feed the children.
You will swallow your heart, and know your feasts.

soldier on a paper ship

I burnt the old pages of the book, for a million of times, but it didn't seem to get out of my mind. Finally I kissed the book, and entered it's pages. I saw myself wandering through blue seas, in a paper boat, without boots, without clothes, only wearing some white stripes, some red roses and old pages of old books to cover me. My rifle was guiding me, I was feeding the sharks. Old mythical fishes were rising to the surfaces of these blue seas. They were wearing white decorated necklaces and old forbidden fairytales were streaming as being their wings. I saw them rising up from the seas, swimming on clouds, entering the realms of the suns and the old clocks.

Again I saw the clocks exploding, and the fairytales started all over again. Strange sounds from the south came over me, warming my lungs and my stomach. Wasps zoomed into my head, and stang the old thoughts. Books in my mind started to open, spreading their honey, speaking about worlds of forbidden animals and worlds of forbidden flowers and plants.

The old tree was smiling from the ashes, but I didn't response to it's radiation. I saw a man coming from the west, sending me two doves to guide me through the deserts I was being swallowed in. The old tree still smiling.
I went to a feast in the middle of seasons. It didn't seem to hurt me anymore. Is it the end of all seasons, is there a world beyond the seasons, the elements and the clocks ?

the jester's house

Two cigarettes were lying on a table, spreading their smoke, spreading their black flavours.

The old jester stares at his clock hanging at his torn wall, decorated by pages of old diaries. The black rose was dying in a glass of warm water standing at his table. The old jester, still playing his violin, doesn't seem to realize the scream of the black rose. Too many lullabies made his ear deaf, and one eye is covered by a black rag, he

found between the pages of an old pirate-book. The monsters of this book didn't seem to reach his head anymore. The only memory he had from this book is the black eye-rag. His other eye is staring at his violin, focussing to write some new songs. The paintings of his grandmother were always inspiring him to do the work.

Jester, where is your youth, where is your toy ? It seemed to disappear through the gates of the gardens into the forest, running into a new world, where the sun touches the earth, where the rainbow reaches the morning, and where the old dewdrop eats his banana.

The morning brought his light into the house of the jester. His violin is the only thing he sees, giving freedom to the child, who was once caged as a lion.

Too many lullabies are chasing the kid, but the cry for freedom is too fast. Wings of banana-butter covering the shields of the running toys. No one seems to hinder them, no one seems to catch a glimpse. When the toy is free, the apple grows. When the child dances, the violin is praised again. How many violins does it take to free the birds of cigarette ? How many deers will it take to build the army of splinters and chocolate-soldiers.

frozen soldiers marching

For the strike of the chocolate will bring the land into ice again. Seventy frozen soldiers are wandering over corn-fields and the bridges of the sun. Nothing seems to melt them, nothing seems to bother them. The chocolate is their shield, the chocolate is their bridge. No one could enter these fogs but these seventy soldiers. They come from the dawn, searching for their clothes, searching for their ways to survive the eternal maze.

Sixty frozen soldiers, marching fast, marching slow, growing tall, growing short. Sixty frozen soldiers, leaving the other ten. They are waiting for the ship of eternity, preparing them to cross the river of disguise. It's better to be a fool than a slave.

Tomorrow the queens are dancing, tomorrow the horses are entering their last sleep of winter.

No one knows the length of the queens dress, no one knows the size of the soldier's tea-spoon. No one knows which time it is in the court of the prince, and no one knows when this all will end.

seas of chocolate

Seven chocolate-seas are weaving the suit of the new king. They don't seem to care about the clocks and the mazes. They seem to work without speech and without brains. The banana-ships, sailing their streams and waves, are telling them all the secrets they need to know.

Fifty frozen soldiers, spoiling a baker's kid, forty frozen soldiers, riding red horses. Still wandering for rain, still searching for the white treasures of disguise.

The fool is riding a horse, the slave eats the dust.

Thirty frozen soldiers entering the carnival of souls, drinking the chocolate-juices of the four frogs. Peppermint, roses and pirates marching around, no one could enter but the thirty frozen soldiers. All what they see, all who they meet, are nothing but their own mirrors, their own reflections.

One cigarette is lying on the table of the old jester, scratching the leather feathers of his mind, wanting to creep into the violin.

The old window is cracking, one frozen soldier is lying next to the cigarette. One soldier remained, one cigarette is breathing. Who would stay up when they would play chess ?

The old chess-board is standing on a hill, built on four pillars. I didn't see any elf, or any fairy watching the game. The cigarette is speaking and muttering about the past, the soldier speaks about the mirrors. All the chess-pieces seem to mix into one glass to drink. The old jester drinks it, and looks forward to another day to play his violin. Then he would play new songs, and new fairytales, to set his creatures free, to let the sun touch the moon.

The old rose, the red one, swallows the jester again, and her body becomes a chess-board. There are no pieces on this board, everything is in silence. She goes to bed, says a prayer to the wind and goes to sleep.

sacrifice of the ear

Make your world, for when you don't do it, someone else will do. Gather your chess-pieces, for at the end of the day, there will be nothing left. Listen to your own stories, for otherwise your ears will float into streams you don't want to know about.

Sacrifice your ear to the banana-queen, for she knows how to feed your ear. The little rose is nothing, when the queen shows up. The frogs all fade away when she is moving her dress.

Stay up late when she's not around, she might get moving through your window,
passing your curtains. She might want to touch your old books to bring them alive
again.

One little broken cigarette, lying at the table of the red rose. She understands his
pain, she understands his resistance. Softly she closes the doors, softly she closes the
windows. She throws her dress into the night, and drinks her last cup of tea.

Ashes are lying on the table of the banana-queen. She smiles deep, blinking her
eyes. She can't seem to forget the cold breezes of her banana-seas. It warms her
heart, and she fishes the last little frozen soldier out of the sea of chess. She burns
the boards, breaks the glasses and feeds the crocodiles in her garden behind her
house. The little soldier offers her the old black rose wrapped in a pyjamas. They lay
her in a little old cradle, surrounded by the old lullabies which can sing her into
sleep. This cradle is the old burning tree, and they disappear in a sea of ashes. A
sea of flowers will bring them to their final destiny. Seven dwarfs are waiting for
them to give them their meal, the black ones, with their black meals.

One broken table standing for the queen and the little soldier, shivering because of
the cold. Seven houses bringing their waterfun into the house of the queen. The
night is over, the ships are burnt, the water is all which remained.

prince of panthers

Ten chocolate-frogs to drink the water, ten banana-frogs to eat the houses. Some say
the panther will never die.

I saw a cat dying at the roofs of an old golden house. He tried to get grip, but the rats
took him away into the sewers of the earth. No one knew that the plastic rotten
prince was caged there underground. The cat took the prince into daylight, and
sealed his soul. A panther was born. This panther is running the streets of the old
city, singing it's songs of rage and liberty. The panther, born to be alive, born to rage.

The rage is appearing from his lungs as a smoke to cover the city.

There is no song to stop him, there is no fairytale to end his move. He has the heart
of a panther, and ash is his rod.

The old chess-board is a rag on his eye, and with his other eye, he's focussed at the
old violin of the old jester.

He plays his songs like messing about sugar, and tails of rats are beating his drums.
His guitars speak about drama, and his liquid voice is spreading tragedical thick

syrups. He doesn't want to forget about the forgotten wars. His memories keep his friends alive.

War-child, rising up the bowl, warchild, sowing splinters in the sea. Warchild, making names in the nameless, warchild, breaking promises to leave.

But you are walking without name, without parents, searching for the cat who saved you. Oh, orphan of the old sewers, child of moths and rats. Your cat will find you again, even in this new world. Your cat is in your violin, your cat is in your drum. When you hear a sound, just catch him, and share the treasures you both hold.

brother of Pinocchio

Oh, orphan of Aldebaran, son of the drains, son of the toymaker's head. They killed your father Gepetto, but you are still your fathers fish.

Son of Gepetto, brother of Pinocchio, your wife killed your children, but this made you tall and slender. They took your daylight away, but your brother will always remember you. Son of rags, little doll, your fathers trust will always guide you with a lantern.

Try to remember sitting on your fathers lap, hearing his tales of the sea. Try to remember the flavours of his pipes, and the fairies of his house. For his house was made of the old burning tree, his honey was made from the black rose's mouth. Now you can spend eternity looking at the three cigarettes, which were pirate-ships in the sea. They stole your old father Gepetto, they threw water in your wine.

Six chocolate-frogs to tell the story, six banana-frogs to end it all. Some say Gepetto will never die, some say you were pinocchio's elder brother.

In a history deeper than Pinocchio a tree was growing in the garden of Gepetto. Aldebarans Pride decorated your body, pride is better than beauty. Neptune's Fairy was your mother. She also brought life to Pinocchio. You grew up as a young tree, a deer in Gepetto's Garden. You were a plastic toy of elves and fairies, but you failed to do your fathers will. You burnt your schoolbooks, and you sailed away with the pirates. You became a robber and a thief. You wrote poetry on the graves of old criminals, you sacrificed your heart to the rats. Your eyes went over the earth to steal, not to give.

from father to son

My little pirate, sais Gepetto, I raised you from the morning-sun, your mother was your fire of protection. You ate the apple of the pirate, you drank the wines of the vampires.

But I'm proud of you, My son, for you saw where it was bringing you. When the rats hanged my head as flag on their ships, you turned yourself against them and built your own ships. You gave yourself to Scorpio as a threat to the truants. But you fell deep, My son. For the rats brought you into their dungeons, into their drains, deep underground, near to the heat of the planet. Their fires burnt you away, they took away one eye and decorated your teeth with their poetry. Crime after crime was layed on you, and you became the one they accused in all matters. You were the flag of their freedom, you were the sacrifice, so that they could life.

But the old cat died at the roofs of the golden house and gave his life away to enter the depths of your plastic misery. He dealt with your paper-fevers and brought you to the dawn again. Oh, son of liberty, son of mazes. You sank deep, but you rose high. You were a fairytale in your mothers heart, and now you are on ship again.

My little gambler, the three cigarettes were your dice to gamble. You drank the beers of old legendary pirates and criminals. We used to hug our arms around you when you were drunk, but at one moment our arms melted away.

We will not touch you again in your drunkenness, we will not touch you again when you play with your dice. Now it's up to you to choose, you know what you can expect when you are with us. Your red head makes too much noise, and all the blue, yellow and green fades away. When you enter the house it's red which counts.

My little red one, I awoke you from Aquarian Rays. I shocked your mind into my purposes, and you were going one grave too far. For this I will cry for eternity, for this I will never laugh again. You, My Aldebaran Jewel, you broke your mothers heart. You broke the snares of Neptune, and gave her milk to the rats.

plastic enemies

Is it a kiss before dying, to enter your gates again ?

Three chocolate-frogs to crown the chocolate-prince, three banana-frogs to crown the banana-prince.

My little son, having a little black plastic rose in his left hand, and a little plastic fire-tree in his right hand. Three little plastic cigarettes are in his mouth. He's playing the jester again.

On the back of a shark, a new life begins.

My little son, having a little chocolate rose in his mouth, chewing a bit, and making crazy faces. He's playing the jester again.

On the back of an orca, an old life ends.

My little son, eating a banana, it seems he's smiling deep again. Voices are whispering in his mind, his elf- and fairy-friends, he's smiling deeper and deeper and goes to sleep.

The red rose smiles, the frozen soldier laughs, and Me, the banana-queen, I'm looking at the head of Gepetto, sleeping as a flag on a ship of pirates.

One chocolate-frog, one banana-frog, zooming to the pirate-ship, blowing all their candles out. And when the last pirate sleeps, they take the head of Gepetto, and bring it to his garden again. There they sow it as a precious flower, the king of toys.

Go to sleep, Gepetto, for tomorrow you will create new toys. Go to sleep, Gepetto, for you are wearing the Eye of Aquarius to watch the markets of the planets. You are the Watcher of watchers, and something new will bloom in your garden of licorice.

When the licorice strikes, the second Eye of Aquarius will float down.

Poetry from the Black Widow

A Snake in the Swanlake

orange barbers

chinese prelude

You, oh white prince, you came from the white mountains, wrapping snow-clouds around your shoulders, breathing snowflakes in and out. You didn't seem to care about the frost. He was your friend, a white blanket for you to fly on.

You ate from delicious chinese dishes, sweetness from the oriental gardens. My chinese prince, my careless son. You were always without worry, skating at the chinese wall. Ragdoll, prince of dwarves. Your father made you tender, your mother made you slender. The tower of the church made you tall, and very fragile are your touches. You touched the head of a bird, a chinese one, and still there is dripping blood from his forehead.

Chinese rats were your servants, and it seemed you didn't want to know the indians.

Four shots of a gun sealed your marriage with the black swan. Your wife killed you inside but left your skin blank. She ate your liver, but weaved your prince's clothes. The crime was happening under skin.

No doctor would believe you, no hand could reach you inside.

Black snake of desire, where are you hiding your crimes, where are you hiding your stolen gems. For four brown jewels you stole, the treasures of the pirates.

Still your eyes are brown, my prince, and soothing like thunder and water. The secret of the swan-lake is in your eyes. Sweetness was your mother, and your father still runs to find the shelter of the black swan. He knows her crimes, he knows her secret killing intuition. Twenty tree-assassins are prowling into the kitchen of the baker's house. They are still looking for your crown, prince, they are still looking for a final answer.

The cornfields behind the house of the baker are still blushing red treasures. Four shots of a rifle ended your marriage with the black swan. She swam to four marauders, but your father, the baker is baking his cake for another rifle.

Ten tears were rolling from your face. The chinese man caughted them all and brought them to the forest. He burried them like he would burry his mother and his father. The funeral was in deep silence, visited by three jesters.

Do you remember your three red fishes, your chinese sovenirs ? They still swim in your pockets, they still know their ways to your hat.

When you will reach the chinese city, my son, they will burn your slippers, they will let your velvet ships sink. But they will give you the treasures of the black swan. They will see the bullet she forbade people to see.

french orphans

Prince of Jaguars, prince of peace, you reached your hands to the stars of Lynx. You washed his stars in a reservoir of cold water. You saw the red fear in the eyes of the french orphans, and you didn't seem to take notice of the indian wash-pinchers.

You knew the tears of the orphans, you kissed them all one by one. Your purple licorice-treasures filled the bellies of their teddy-bears, and you listened to their choir songs day and night.

Finally, now, you made bread of their tears, you showed them the treasures inside.

You still have the heart of a baker, you still carry your mothers flag.

One day, soon, my son, you will see the sun rising from the north and entering its last shelter. There you will find the black swan, but she can't touch you anymore. She will have to show you all the forbidden songs of the french orphans, and you will still avoid the indian wash-pinchers.

You will climb on her back once again, and she will fly with you to a mountain, where all the dwarves gather. Your father, baker, will raise his rifle and hit the air three times.

From your father to your mother you will run, and back. Their licorice will warm your heart, and you will feel your mothers shoes. You will keep weaving the threads of your mothers heart, you will have clothes enough to come through the winter.

Decades of sunless summers are suiting the french orphans. But you took them into the living room of your heart, and let them feel the warmth of your hearts hearth.

You counted the flames for them, and still they are stringing these flames to surround their new birds of drama. You knew how to touch their soul, you knew how to puzzle their toys.

Uncle prince, a side-shot in the head of the black swan, uncle prince, she couldn't chase his tail after she fell. Her wings are broken now, following shadows of strangers. Her boats sank to the bottoms of the red seas, missing their japanese meals.

Still the french orphans are diving in these mythical seas, looking for treasures, looking for legendary footprints of their uncle's fishes. They are still waving at stairways, and fishing at old antics of a long and all-forgotten past. But they don't seem to catch a tear of the prince, for they are hidden too well. Behind golden fences and dragonwalls, they live.

Would the song of an orphan be able to open the door of his cage, or does a chinese ring of patience and temperance finally have the key ?

The old baker is walking in the soaked footprints of deers throughout his garden. He is waiting for his son, he is waiting for post. Liquid letters are reaching his garden, talking about springs coming, wearing the breath of his son.

orange motor-cycles

The swanlake is in his eyes, he's the golden swan, now running as a jaguar, touching the edges of Lynx. Prince of the swanlake, prince of jaguars, touching the doors of Lynx, still with that fragile touch. His eyes bleed, the swanlake is speaking to his mind again.

Six tall jaguarboys, wearing tall leather jaguar-jackets, are shocking the streets, smoking tall cigarettes, spreading killing-flowers. They write cutting poetry, in which they wrap their tall sharp knives. They die on their stiletto-crosses, and preach an assassin called Jesus, in a french accent.

I can smell the heat of my fathers car-seat. We are driving a new road, entering a new garden, breaking new waves.

No one knows if these boys are angels or hellraisers. Their motor-cycles are orange painted, their wheels are spinning stiletto's, no one can follow their movements. Their mouths are like snakes, no one knows the time of attack. It's happening in a flash, and it's leaving in a flash. No one knows what they really take away, and no one knows what they really leave. They are the unfathomable thieves of the universe, committing unfathomable crimes.

Hold tight what you have, for tomorrow it might be gone.

Thick cold juices are streaming through the street, the guitar of the snake is their leader, echoing the frightening cries of old forgotten orphans. The stiletto-guitar wakes them up again, and they are marching out of their graves, out of the forgotten graveyards, looking for revenge. No one listened to them when they were young. Now they are old and bitter, looking for the toys they never had, searching for the wine they never drank. They were forgotten, now they will forget.

Twelve jaguar-brothers, having snakes in their eyes, stirring up the old tragedies of forgotten sons. They swallow like snakes, they steal like snakes. No prey can hide for their all-knowing eyes, their throats hurt, like swallowing stiletto's and thorns. The rose asks for a sacrifice, the doors of her flavours open.

Killer-flowers, killer-stiletto's, running after the echo's of a long forgotten father. He is still drunk of loneliness, chased out of the heart of society. Father of orphans, father of cities, of orange motor-cycles, you aren't forgotten by the snake, the guitar is still looking for you.

The snake, swimming in the swanlake, searching for the black swan.

the surrender

I drank the blood of a million roses, wrote stories on their leaves, and still I couldn't find the silence in my heart. I killed a thousand pillows, destroyed ten cities with a sharp piece of glass. I signed my name on a million of graves, and still I couldn't find my heart.

Surrendering myself to the forgotten snake opened my door to peace and unity. I broke the doors of twenty-million soldiers, paved the hearts of banned pirates, didn't leave one of them, but only the snake could bring me across the river of swans. On his back I found a new heart to play, black juices to drink.

The snake, swimming in the swanlake, diving deep, searching for the black swan.

I burnt the flags of rat-armies, drank the tears of bleeding apples. I fought against the forgotten sun, and the lost caves, but it didn't seem to bring me across the river of death. Only the snake could do.

licence to breath

Twenty-four jaguar-nephews looking for their lost uncles, racing their snake-cycles, wearing snake-gloves. Their snake-boots are sharp, high-heeled, but they have a licence from the Jesus they preach. There was a viking called Jesus, a legendary apple-assassin.

The Italian orphan is bleeding, painting his memories by his blood. With the hat of his father, he collects money for his art.

His feet are bleeding, leaving red footprints in the sand, for his birds to follow. He was born like a pirate, a toy-pirate. He was the red pawn of a chess-board of angels.
Now his father screams at him from heaven.

Still he runs through the rain with his fathers hat, in which he collects the old widowers from the streets. He doesn't want to let them die in the cold.

The old snake smiles. He sees light in his heart.

The red lady of chess has a wet cloud in her head. She doesn't seem to care about the rain, she's flying over the rainbow, accepting each and every ray of color. Ray of color, ray of light, you make the difference, you lock the row. Each and every color is a row-locker, without one of them, there wouldn't be a circle. She wears the ring of the rainbow, which is spinning around her finger, accepting all the colors, watching the edges of them, and their bridges between each other. She watches them being mixed, creating other colors, which can't be missed. These form the heart of her rainbow, the chains of her necklaces.

Drowning shadows in the night, bathing whispers in the stream, and you're still looking for the love in the pride. The secret of the lemons is what you found, you waved away the killer-apples from a lost childhood, chasing your dress-tails with their feathers of lost ancestors. You didn't seem to be shocked when you felt the first touch of the lemon. You were getting dizzy like a thousand of stars were entering the gates of your dress. You saw them entering your walls creating paintings in your skies. You stole the preludes of old chinese kings, but now you see their plots. You broke the stone-bowls of frogs, but now your tongue can reach the juice. You're child again, but now you are the queen.

the harlequin

The harlequin of the master is sharpening his tall paper flowers, in the corner of the flatbuilding's stair-landing on the second floor. He's watching shadows passing by, offering them some smoke of his old jail-clocks. He gathered them all through the years, using them to speak to the questions of the mexican hats. His rage is under his skin, the wound is inside, but he grins deep, entering a new drama of his life. He stole poetry from a thousand of princes, danced with a million of daffodil-elves, and kissed the tree of life, without paying attention to the indian crowns.

A killer-lemon called Jesus is turning the pages of an old book. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing fire, spitting ice. The old mother is greeting me from her rocking-chair, but I'm diving in the sea of ice once again, looking for the sunk jail-clocks of the harlequin. His stories do interest me, his waves are easing my mind and soul.

Fourty-eight lemon-uncles, wearing the jaguar on the back of their black wind-jackets, looking for storms to race, having coiling snakes in their eyes. Their orange motor-cycles are gleaming in the sun, reflecting the teeth of Jupiter. They are having a party, selling my lemon-limbs. They give me some twigs to enjoy, but when I'm home, it's all ashes, muttering on the table. They are whispering in my mind, I'm not king anymore. Black rats and cats are entering my house, laughing at me, skew-eyed.

Can I have the eyes of aldebaran, can I get my lemon eyes back again ? All these lemon-clocks, sunk in the red seas behind the dark forests of japan. A skew-eyed Jesus is still counting the shadows passing by. Remember his name, remember his eyes, for it seems he looks at your hair but he's grasping your pockets.

Master of illusion, master of cows, beating the drums, swallowing the violins. He shakes your left hand and is eating your right hand. He knocks at your frontdoor, but is entering through your windows at the other side of your house. He calls your grandmother, and is grasping the indian lampsteads no one wanted to see. He smuggles them through the seven seas of death, saying they are his cows to bear, but the bells of the cows are bleeding old stories of baker-clothes. Their feet wash away the foam from the rivers, and he watches the faces of the old jail-clocks, skew-eyed.

Tomorrow what you see will not be me, but an old leather fish-bag from your grandmothers dream, sailing away across seven rages, stealing the heads of giants from an unknown tale. The cornfields will blow your trumpets, but no one will hear, for their ears are deaf by the sharp voice of the harlequin.

No one will know your dreams again, for they are lying at the bottom of a swallowed ocean.

And you, my white jaguar-prince, still spinning words into wadding, to plug into ears of dreamers and to soften your mothers heart You wear the lemon as your trophee, weaving it from the tails of forgotten rats. Thunder and water to drink, flowers to watch the big eye.

Your breads are still sour, and your mazes are still wet, but the old blind musician has a new killer-song to play, leaving footprints of wet smoke to the windows of the bakeries throughout the city. Your taste was well chosen, your bag is gaining space.

The only thing we want to know is the bridge under the swanlake. The treasures there are cold and steamy, a house of pancakes is what it sells. When the clock strikes three times, there is tea for all.

the baker's liqueur

Baker, spin your wine, baker, cover your liqueurs with rags. You, father of french orphans, you, father of jaguar queens, you bred the snake to it's length and stole the tower from the church by a black rat-glove in the snow. Your wife was the black widow, the clock of the broken tower, and you painted the noses of your tiny little killer-puppets. They didn't need a line, didn't need a thread, they could walk with their own minds, you bred them well.

The red lady is staring in her mirror, looking for the picture she wants to see, but all she sees are the markets of ancient stiletto's, carving another wound in her face, for halve of the price. She sees the birds of her heart, spinning another nightmare in the top of her tower. Tomorrow it will stream as black liqueur, over the edges and corners of the dresses in her wardrobe, searching for their places in the clocks on the wall again. Through misery and drama she will have to grasp her way back to the vineyard again. Her rainbows will wait for her there.

Is it the liqueur of the baker ?

Ninety-six fathers marching as soldiers through the marshes of a forgotten kingdom, throwing their babies in the air, waiting for birds to pick them up, for halve of the price.

The jaguar follows them wherever they go.

The snake is diving deep, still looking for the black swan. It is late. Ten-thousand children are waiting for his return.

Did you ever see the birth of a rat, or the growth of a snake's egg in the stomach of a lion ?

I'm still watching the ashes lying on my table.

Bakers hide in tall whispers.

sea of rats

Ten-thousand rats, following the snake, searching for the black pearl. Harming
underwater traffic-lights, finding their way to the white blaze of treasures. They are
wearing no names, their suits were burnt long ago.

All what I got from you was one hand full of ashes.

The burning swan is finding it's way to the forest, where her old dreams are boiling
again.

Skew-eyed rats are running through the forest. They survived the mazes of the
swanlake, they sailed the seas of golden swans. Dreams are pushing their walls,
stolen dreams, broken rules.

Skew-eyed rats, never knowing where their eyes are staring.

Snake's possible dream would be about a trunk.

Here, in this forest, he would sow my ashes, besides the trunk. This was always his
dream, this was always his heart. The jail, the market, they would all find their
place here. Without the jail, the ashes wouldn't be seed. Without the market, the
ashes wouldn't be magical. For didn't life start in the bakery between the market
and the jail ? Weren't we all slaves and toys, dancing from the sun to the moon ?

Someone burnt a shoe to enter a new world.

Hundred and ninety-two mothers are following the jaguar, the prince is sitting on
his throne. He never forgot the french orphans, he never forgot his father the baker.

Now the ashes are lying before him, speaking magical spells, catching the
greengrocer's crocodiles.

Chinese tea is his best receipt, a secret of his father. Father learnt it from the old
chinese man.

the last golden swan

You are entering the chinese city, sailing on your purple golden boat, spun licorice.

The old man will greet you from his rocking-chair on the balcony of his wooden
house at the bank of the chinese river of licorice-waves. You are shaking hands with

the golden giants of the chinese dreams. You never thought this would happen to
you.

In the heart of this place you find the last golden swan. You feel it's heat bumping
against the thick walls of your hand, and it's warmth is gliding into your soul,
waiting for a new sunset ringing in your mind.

You, oh prince, still your mothers last black pearl, turning from brown into white,
hovering to enter a new story in japan. Among the jaguars was your place, now you
are wearing their suits and riding their cycles, watching the teeth of jupiter, the
birth of new rats. Your jackets are getting taller, your fathers whispers are getting
sharper in your mind. You can peel your mothers flowers, carrying the widower's
coffin.

japanese terror

The last golden swan is beating in the old purple leather bag of your mothers aunt.
A little clock is located in the head of the swan, made by the black widow. She is the
queen of killer-clocks, creating killer-birds from an old french window. The red eye
of the little swan is flashing, it's a little red chrystal. I take it out of it's head, and the
clock quits his travels. Now the serpent can sleep. His dreams are gliding through
the waters of the swan-lake, bringing him back to where he comes from.

I wrap the little gem in a soft towel throwing it in the yellow sea, where a mermaid
starts to scream at me. Is it me who's screaming, a reflection of myself, or is it really
a mermaid. Do I hear voices in my head, or is a milkmaid standing before the door
of my room ? She broke in twice while I was sleeping, and took my cats away.

Now she is standing at the yellow sea screaming in unknown languages. Fortune
fairytales were coming from her lips and she ate fishes to shut their threats, to shut
the old voices of foreign fables. She could turn the weather in a moment.

Threehundred and eighty-four rats are surrounding the castle of the red dragon,
wearing the blue jaguar on their flags. Japanese delights are their specialities. Their
kitchens are full of green moss. The forests are so shiny here.

The prince's eyes bleed, the swanlake is speaking to his mind again. The yellow
princess, still hiding his tears.

What really happened there, in the swanlake, there, at the bottom of his broken dreams ?

killer-comic

Mummified by flower-comics. There, at the swanbridge, she brought her mummified man, sacrificing him to the red dragon. The comics were aching his mind, for they were dipped in poison. He's still reading his comics, speaking in a strange language again.

Sixty comics are entering his mind again, planting the red eye in his head. His mind is screaming, his heart is releasing and he hears the sharp voice of the baker again. He's getting swivel-eyed again.

He's reaching for his inner child, this man in jail. He's feeling his ring feeling his finger. It's stinging and pinching him. He feels his ring is reading his comics too, and he's ashamed of himself. He's diving at a new ring, a blue one, but he can't reach it because of the waves. He feels and breathes his grandfather's smoke of a pipe, and he's trying to break the bars which separate him from his inner child.

ice above stars

A battle against a million of rings start, but his mind starts to fade away. One moment he finds himself running between the bars, and he starts to realize that the bars aren't the problem anymore, for between them there is a gate.

All colors start to jump on him, but he breaks these waves one by one, catching them with his back.

In the mills of his mind, they find a way out and enter his heart to stir up some new troubles.

On the other side of the bars, they seemed to be rats, and he mutates with them, racing out of the castle on a friend's feather.

Darkness and fogs are fading away. A new day starts.

Four skaters are skating at the lake, picking up an old red doll, lying in the snow. He's leaving a world under the ice.

Paper soldiers are dragging the waterholes. She's leaving. He's leaving a world
under the ice.

He's floating in the air, the red doll is smiling, meeting skaters in the air, reaching an
arch of ice above the stars. He's leaving another world in the ice. Under the ice, it
starts to boil, until an enormous explosion splits the atmosphere in a myriad of
splinters, all raging at the fat red lady in the midst of the universe. The red rainbow
looks in her mirror again, seeing a face fading away. She smiles, watching a dream
coming to it's end. Now she can sleep again without worries. She dries her wet
clothes, rolls through the white sand, entering the forests of her dreams, waiting for
another split, waiting for another world to leave in the ice. She's leaving one shoe,
leaving one glove, to finally enter her golden bath, without looking backwards,
watching straight ahead, without bowing her head, every step is silver, every breath
is gold, entering the marble galleries of her forgotten dreams. She remembers again,
she breaths, like a new born baby.

She's wearing the silver secrets of the jaguar under her arms, captured in three
silver books. Smoke covers the city, the orange swivel-eyed phoenix is rising from
the ashes, carrying a jaguar, a lemon and a red doll on her back, leaving thick
moisty juice-stripes in the air, flying to new eternities.

the hollow

A seven-headed orange dragon called Jesus, wearing seven crowns, is entering the
first silver book of the jaguar, eating the letters and purple pictures out of the book.

A seven-headed orange snake called Esau, wearing seven pointy hats, is fishing the
brown warm shoes out of the second silver book of the jaguar.

They are all kings of the dawn, kings of the orange morningstar.

The third silver book of the jaguar is all which remains after the great white war.

What if the baker comes home ?

Is it still the liqueur of the baker ?

A man called "Bible" possesses the land, preaching from the baker's suite. He's
wearing a black t-shirt with a white cross painted on it. He's spreading earrings,
which sting and pinch.

Is this the liqueur of the baker ?

The people are silent, waiting for another rifle.

Four shots of a shotgun, awakening an old book. Four shots of a shotgun, enough to blow it away. Seven mighty books rising from the sea, possessing the land, capturing the readers.

Six comics to read, five fairytales to give away, four fables to swallow, three trunks to show their sources.

I heard a tree screaming, blood on the market-tiles, the book was sold, for half of the price.

Neon billboards crashing another tree, until the third had been struck down.

A neon-Jesus, painting the doors of strangers with the blood of old cemetery-nightmares, fixing the strings of an old machine. Hey skew-eyed, can I borrow your antic time-machine for sixhundred and sixtysix dollars a week ?

Twenty-four men called Jesus are marching through the old alleys of the city, selling drugs, half of price. They will take out your ears, spending your salaries to the mazes, spoiling your kids and eating your reindeers. At the barter you will get their little wigs to enjoy, turning your wives and children into ashes.

Esau will count your tears, letting your houses, selling your moisty desires.

Orange barterers, brain-divers, coming from the jails, rising from the killer-markets, turning into a black widow, showing you the two directions of the great opera. Does anybody know the way in this maze of strange manners ? The way you shook my hand made me doubt your prayers for pure coffee.

I am nothing more than a cloud in the rain, reading your bibles through a telescope, watching your golden giants through a microscope. I'm nothing but the bullet sleeping under your bed while the rain is waiting to fall. I'm sorry for not paying attention to your asthma, running around in a pyamas, too short, with the nicotine-tail, diving at nails in undeeep water, brushing your self-made tears in line after the self-spun slaughter. I'm sorry to not listen to your lady-secretary wearing five golden earrings in her nose, half of price, while guiding the sheep of your neighbour's.

I'm not in my ship anymore, not breaking my cards, not selling my dollars. The only thing I do is raising my hand out of a sea of sugar, reaching for the long waiting honey in the skies.

Esau's iron coffee will break, the black widow will drink till the hole is hit in her stomach, only to reach for her husband, the baker, drinking lemon-liqueur streaming into a myriad of forgotten eternities.

Your fools are paying your coffee. A lemon-clown called Esau is shaking the mazes
after the war, gathering the soldiers not eaten by the clouds. Spit it out, brother, my
pointy sack is still empty.

The red fat lady is gathering the splinters of broken songs, spinning her fairytales
from the old tower. The black widow is following her footsteps, following her thick,
cold glue-streams of breath, where the old whispers of ancestors are swimming. She
stings her thumb and climbs her dress-ladders, until she can reach the blushing
holes. From here she can see the world, from here she can read the seas. Fresh air is
entering and the curse of nicotine is broken. The head is hollow, the bread is baked,
she's finding her husband at the edge of the red hat. No baker could enter, but this
baker. It seems the orange is melting dripping from the edge of the hat, looking for a
cat called Esau.

The hat is hollow, the cat skew-eyed.

Skew-eyed Esau, raging at his bike, destroying his guitar, looking for a new pearl to
burn, peeling a new egg of his lover's tail. This time it seems to be all hollow, his
money has run out.

The end of the story is still not near. The cat is still running after clouds which aren't
speaking, still entering empty class-rooms.

A hollow end, a hollow prey.

Hollow food, nothing to bite, hollow books, hollow voices, nothing inside.

The hollow baker marries his hollow wife again. A hollow marriage.

A hollow birthday-cake, echoing a hollow past.

Hollow strangers walking on hollow paths, listening to hollow voices. Their eyes are
hollow, their speeches are hollow, entering hollow waves. A hollow lemon is their
leader, carrying a hollow red doll on his back. Hollow stiletto's are singing hollow
songs, spreading hollow smoke. The end of a hollow dream.

Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet

Boys from Lynx
touch of the jelly-fish

I only wore your trousers ...

It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey snake. It was never easy for me to see him digesting another frog. Mr. Wasp was never merciful while gathering the unbroken bones. The horror from the backstage is still wandering through the smoke of my mind.

Your forests were cold, I could never really fear its length. My mother is still wandering there, looking for the last red raspberries of the old frog. They say he will never die, for the memory is his breath. But no one knows where he hides, no one knows where his smoke comes from. Some say he's the travestite of the black zone. The grey snake could never feel his breath.

Mr. Wasp, gather your children. I didn't break your glasses, I didn't take your snakes. The snake-tongue is the last memory attached to your mind.

The injection of dr. grey snake made your soul quiet, soothened your soldiers to sleep. The black lullaby is still the bible you read from, cutting away the threatening pages.

You still wear the feathers of your ancestors, but you took the needles out of them. Oh, you lost your needles in the sands of the city of sleep. You carry seven beds on your back, you are still a sleepwalker in the rain.

Oh, where are your children, oh hero from the past. You lost them all in your dreams.

Bugs are working in your garden, carrying the last seven stones of your pirate-buttons you used to wear. You lost your wildness, you lost your sting. Father, I couldn't follow your strange fruits anymore. They come from too far places, wearing a too deep linen smile to trust.

Forgive me, father, for not kissing your sirens which you used to guard your silences. Their tall tails were never my dreams to sail on.

Forgive me, father, for not wearing the uniforms you gave me, when I was young. You forgot to remove the needles by which mother used to sew.

I'm not complaining anymore about the zooming winds in the trousers you gave me. These were the only things I used to wear. Bees painted my body to protect me against the cold nights in the summer. I was your summer-child, your Sunday's kid.

You used to spoil me with grandfathers secrets. I will never forget your soft
embracements, they brought the tears back to my swallowed heart.

Father, I still feel the holes in my head, the thorns in my hands, the needles weaved
throughout my body, looking for my inner cellars, below the houses of my heart. I
still see aunt walking outside in the garden, wearing a carved smile, hunting the
city-bees. It always soothed my inner garages, who used to produce steaming bull-
boats. I burried my bulls long ago, in the garden of my neighbour's.

Aunt used to carve the flowers in their horns. I still see her bathing in too hot
waters, she looks like you, father.

waiters in old amsterdam

How tall are these legs of the boys from lynx. They don't seem to touch the ground.
They are the waiters in the little hotel of amsterdam. They are still waiting for the
old host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. They still want to marry his
sirens.

They are still dragging the rivers again, looking for old drowned watches to sell.
They sell everything, but the prices are too high. The watches aren't working
anymore, but the buyers like the flavors of it. The people wear big noses, bought in
the trick-shops at the canals. The waiters from lynx are also selling noses. They are
the leaders of the blind, selling them long sticks with hands at the tops.

They like to be on the beaches of forest-seas, gathering the sand to keep them all
blind. They are playing marbles with eyes.

Boy of Lynx, you knew the hiding secret of the killer-eye. Pacman was the fright of
the seven seas. You saw his clouds of canaries terrorizing the coasts of the planet.
He never revealed his name, while burning the ships of spanish rivers. He never
spat out the goldfishes he ate.

He used to curse the little statues of white saints hanging on his arms. Their blue
bingo-cards are still frightening his mind. You always hated the prince of domino,
you used to play billiards with him. His cues were taller than yours, and his green
money had blue shades, sharp crenated. You couldn't stand his odor of innocence,
captivating your houses, without doubts. You always said his tongue was too tall,
and his balls were cubes. Do you still not know the curse of the marbler ?

A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in
history.

Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress.

Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit.

All these cities were spoilt by the handicapped nurses of the big eye, gathering
drunk, drained saturdays on a sunday-morning.

Don't cry when another snake takes you away to it's lair. This is how you discover
the world.

palace of failure

Little killer-eye, in bagdad you had your palace, until the spanish dreams took it
away. Now you're reading latin braille, chasing the killer-whales away. No one
knows you are blind. Your television died long ago. You are wearing black glasses, to
hide your shame and fear. You still love to play pacman, behind your invisible
screen, but you are a blind child.

You lost your marbles, you lost your luck, you were living as a prince of lost games
in the palace of failure. Broken records were entering through your windows,
broken languages were painted on your walls.

Broken trust, broken games. All you wanted to do was escaping in fear and become
a fright.

But in your heart you are a prince, carrying the games of your mother and father
under your arms, in pride. You know how to play the games, you know where to put
your pawns. Your golden dice are still blinking in the sun.

A spanish dream blinded your sight, but you are still in your palace. A little latin
killer-buffoon, a prophet from the black zone, wearing zorro's sword, paralyzed
your soul. But the balls of the domino-prince weren't cubes, the spanish dream
turned you upside down.

Little orphan, your heart is so frozen. The high-heeled ice-cream made your heart
bleed. Show me the thorns in your eyes, show me the threads of your puppets. Little
puppet-master, driven by unreached trophies, hunted by the lions of an unreached
football, your medaillons are still bleeding in the gardens.

You were too afraid to show your heart, afraid to show your empty marble-sack.

Running over broken chess-boards, stinging your feet. Wrestling with stubborn playcards, sailing ships in a glass of red wine, drowning in cups too full of beer, but the domino-prince is still on your side. In the billiard-room you met the boys from lynx. They always saw you as their little friend, their little son. They are still nursing the blind.

the cook's book

Officer of destruction, little terrorist from libra, you are still a whispering prince, shutting doors with a sigh and a shhh.

You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their yellow kettles, spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into sleep.

Seventy lullaby-divers were entering the kettles, dropping their anchors to determine the gliding flavours.

Did pinocchio ever play billiards ? His lies were enough to let the balls stream.

The old domino-stairway is cracking. At the top the princess of bagdad is crying tears of lost games. She knows where you went through. She was always by your side. Her tears are mixing with yours, breaking the chains. No more games to play, they are all lost, trying to find their ways back to the hearts of little children. Don't care for a game, they bring nothing but tears.

She feels his hands touching her's. The thorns are coming to the surface of his hands. She feels nothing but stings. The old wasp comes to the top of the stairs, showing them three marbles.

The little buffoon-puppet is hiding itself in a corner of the domino-stairs, having a long knife in it's little hands. Little killer-dictionaries are hiding behind the black buttons of his suit.

When the old wasp shows the first marble, they attack.

The prince wrestles with dictionaries, with old languages from deep pits. His trousers are getting wet, his mornings are turning red. At the top of the stairs, the princess of bagdad is still crying. He feels her tears running through his trousers,

reaching for his boots. The old shoe speaks all languages, the old shoe knows all names.

The boys of lynx are running up the old domino-stairs, stinging the pearls of the old dictionaries. The power of the wasp. These were the letters of the cook's book, following echo's of a mind turned upside down.

The little hotel is blushing again, the walls wearing new smoke.

little buffoon

Smoke comes from your little house in the desert. You are cooking the whole day, creating games to play. Chess-apples were your speciality. You stole the smoke from the old host's soup. Little smoke-maker, little game-breaker, little sun of purple devils, you wore the crowns of the cardgame-cooks.

Smoke is entering the billiards-room. The old gambler gives you a glass of milk to drink. He likes your funny speech, and he feels sorry for your lost dog.

The walls here are painted by a little truant, doing black jobs to pay his schoolbooks. The stories are getting sadder.

And now you are sitting here on your high bar-chair, drinking beers streaming on the old gambler's money. You invented this box, you created this jail of numbers.

There's nothing left to say, orphans are dying in the cold, and you choose your own champions, writing your own dictionaries with broken pencils, dripped in blood.

Horror with a difficult smile, but you know your rats at the backstage of this circus, kissing the wings of spiders turned upside down. You knew the cook very well, but you never dared to look in his face. Because you were so afraid to lose a game, you started to create your own games, in which you would always be the champion.

Your selfmade pawns would always choose you as the president.

The smoke of the little drunk buffoon was rising up in the hills of the cold deserts. The sand was getting colder throughout the years, sealing the graveyards of old eyes.

A sea of broken glasses was lying before my eyes, with waves roaring against the storms.

The little buffoon was sailing his ship to the cave of dwarfs.

Birthday cakes were rising from the deep cave of dwarves, for their gratitude to the little buffoon was big, but he couldn't enjoy his cakes. He missed his parents, but he also hated them.

He feels the old rotten foundling-basket again, swallowing his blankets away.

Killroy was here

Boys from Lynx, waiters under the host's command, foundlings from the beginning, wearing the stings of wasps in their bodies. Being a wasp, searching for the wasp-nest. They always loved their little purple buffoon-doll. Millions of stings flying through the air, searching for the big eye to enter.

Swallowing a fourty-thousand million of wasps. Still an unusual thing to do.

Dark echo's are watching my mind. Tall liquid sirens are dragging their rivers with silver boots. They sold their tails to the sky.

The canals of amsterdam have been dried out. The little purple puppet is looking for his lost house.

His little ring is aching his finger. The old foundling-basket is swallowing his mind.

Burn these baskets, said the old wasp. It's soap in the little hotel for so many years, but the little purple puppet doesn't know that.

Tattoos of old wasp-stings are covering my body. I can still read the comics on my skin, I never have to buy a newspaper or a magazine. Graffiti on my boots, graffito on my t-shirt. Killroy was here, Hitler and Montevani.

These are the dreams, these are the gifts. I never have to buy them, they come through my open windows, entering near to the edge of my bed.

I'm lying on my bed, sifting my dreams, kissing the baskets of wasps. Thanks to them I can dream, thanks to them I can forget. The stings enter my bloodstreams, breaking my heart out of the game. The little purple puppet is still my friend, after all these years sailing the purple fairytales. He knows what it is to be a foundling. We never talk about games, we never talk about the venom of old licorice. We just sail, chasing after forgotten wasps, forgotten dreams.

His poison is entering my mind. It doesn't hurt me, it heals me. For finally I have a friend who shares his pain with me, and he reflects who I am. He reflects my

dreams and my tears, my fears and my scars. When I look at him, I see the
enchanted mirror, and then I can understand myself.

Thank you for wandering together with me, thank you for drinking the same tears,
from the same source. Thank you for the library you brought to my heart, the
library of my life.

I will never watch this movie again. I will throw it into the sea. But the memories I
have, I will keep them close to my heart. I will not forget what others forgot. I will
not forbid what others forbade. I will be free in a garden of space and breath, from
my own mind and my own place. This place is the heart of the little purple puppet.

in the waspnest

Entering the waspnest, drinking the juices with old story-teller-wasps, is the best
you can do when your ship has been sunk. It is even better than burning memories
with a little purple puppet. The old sailor-wasps are good to listen and to talk to.

The little princess from bagdad is bathing in the sea. Teardrops are sticking as jelly-
fishes at her body. She saw the second marble of the old wasp. She's drowning her
mind in an old basket, bearing a secret in her heart. The wasps are getting her
attention, drawing her to the waspnest, where I am sitting on a linen decorated
chair, in fragile linen pyama's. This waspnest is in the midst of the big eye. She
shows me a book of honey, and I'm licking it, but my face is turning blue and purple.
It is so delicious, but the girl sais it's another dictionary to read. It's a language of
wasps, a zooming alphabet. The tears are rolling from her eyes, for the letters hurt
her and her throat is swollen.

In the sea of tears an electric eel is swimming. No tear can stick at his body.
The tears of the dentist can not reach his mind, he doesn't know his docter's name.
The boys of lynx are still breeding the blind, leading them to the hills of destiny. No
one will pay your bills, no one will free your cats. The destiny is two hills away from
the little hotel.

The third marble reflects the fragments of the jellyfish's face.

Can I have some rest between the seconds ? You have six seconds to enter the fire.
Can I have some beds between your breaths ? I will check in ten minutes if you did
your homework.

The teacher jumps to a board of domino-soldiers. They are shooting with playcard-bullets. It seems the game isn't over. The jellyfish is smoking his pipe. Entering a stage makes the party different. No dress can wash away your make-up. Billiards-soldiers are entering the gallery, the pawns are fainting one by one. The secret suicide-princess is watching the mirror-faces of her draught-soldiers. She can't stand one smile, and will start to scream until the tear is falling.

Vela's old soldiers are encircling the billiards-room. Giant-dice are watching the foam.

I'm walking along the old aldebaran's canals, blowing away some tiny little toy-ships. An old spanish santa-clause called alva is watching my names. He's burning the shadows of old marbles in my skin. An old vela-soldier shaking his head.

Does he know the thief of bagdad ? The trains of the west seem to end in snow.
Where are the mar-plots, where are the kill-joys ?

A spanish prince, gathering the old fruits, caring for the old people. Wearing his mother's old fruit-rags sewed at his shirt, and his father's old fruit-statues clipped at his trousers, skating the lakes of the suicide princess, looking for his last pseta to burn.

Skating the marshes, he's looking for the prince of rats, the little truant-boy. I know why you didn't see school, I know why you didn't look into the eyes of the spanish santa-clause. You saw the blood in the teacher's eye. Now you're running with rats, looking for your lost paradise between old gossip-magazines, painting your lips everyday by it's gathered blood. They think you are the queen of advocates, the stinging doorhandle of a dentist's breath, but you are a cheeky newspaper-boy, running with your rats in the alleys of london.

I'm diving deep into the waters of the pink-blue snake's bed. My eyes are full of tears. I saw the deer-dog running to grandmother's city and back. Her dreams are still surrounding my arms, having a tool to swim.

I was always afraid to enter this old alley. The smoke was killing another camouflage. My brother always asked for cigars from the big boys, breaking them when they arrived by post. My mother always told us to take candy from strangers, and bringing it to her for some cruel underground conspiracies. We were never allowed to shake their hands.

I saw a killerbird wearing three feathers in the wind. My mother used to seal their lips, while they entered the garden. Whispers were bringing ice-creams from the

nothing, and an overdose of pride is still watching our memories. They are back, but
now they have been changed.

I call for twenty teachers racing a long hairy car in the desert. They are looking for
the little purple puppet. The eyes of a mill-maid are staring at my coffee-cups. I feel
cold breezes entering my trousers again. They are looking for my suspenders.

the spanish castle

The dream-prince is counting his twenty play-cards. He eats from the spanish
treasures.

No one would ever know the horror of this place. The little puppet wrote twenty
books on the topic. Horror with a glass of wine. A black book of horror with some
salt. Three decades without any apricot, is a long time for a pirate with a split
character. Which face will he choose today ? My grandmother is drying her apricots
in old fancy silver books, speaking about a past without soldiers.

The apricot-tree would be the last thing I would look at. I had too many nightmares
dripping from it's leaves. It took my grandfather three full days to walk it's
perimeter. He's still walking in cubes, leaving deep moisty boot-prints from
mysterious giants, echoing through the several bottoms of the old planet. They are
still hunting my dreams, spitting my old animal-pals. He's too protective, his walls
are too thick, his blankets too heavy.

His mourning giants with funerals in their eyes, dripping old golden coffee, are
looking for a dragon, standing on a beach, watching the desert.

The little boy is painting his killer-buffoons, watching his red chess. He's standing on
his black mountain, far away from the little hotel. It's still floating to lose it's chains.

The little princess is having her birthday. The little purple puppet won't come. He is
inventing a new place.

Dark nights are entering the coffee-house in little bagdad. The spanish teacher has a
soft and pleasant voice. It wasn't what you expected, the blinding sting was your
daddy's hand. Thorns in the sand are reminding you of the sea. It's treasures are
spanish delights, and now you are reading melting braille again. It's dripping from
the sun to the skies, softening your heart's ideas.

Finally you see your father's paintings melting, the spanish fire holds you tight. You see the cities melt into a funnel, spinning fading spirals in the air. In the sands of Jupiter a spanish girl is building castles of sand and salt. The waves come to break these treasures every morning. She doesn't know about domino-princes. She's building her own paths. She knows a leather dragon, having toothaches. Her giants are walking too heavy, wearing too heavy suits. Her birds cannot fly because of the heavy feathers. Feathers of iron, feathers of stone. The walls of her castle are so thick that there is no space in the rooms. Only the little ones can live there. Every morning she goes to the beaches watching the roaring waves break her little castles, with tears in her eyes. The tears she sells to the boys of lynx, for a cup of coffee. She is still blind, crying blind tears.

I am drawing new rooms at the walls of her castle, the giants take their place.

From dust to dust the grey snake slides. But I drew too much.

Purple and yellow are still your colours, while orange is raking your sea-gardens.

Poetry from the Neptunian Rose

Forest Dreams

The Neptunian Rose, standing in the middle of the Neptunian Forest, blooming different colors from different stars. This Neptunian Rose is the mouth of the universe. Telling us to let all the tension run out of our muscles. Beauty is better than strength. Be flexible as a snake. Flexibility is better than power.

the ten gates into the neptunian forest

the first gate

You entered the gate to the Neptunian Forest, to watch your dreams and your passions, to let go of your strains. Watch your blood run through your veins. Watch

how the neptunian trees offer you neptunian blood, neptunian life to stream
through your veins.

the second gate

Now you come into a forest-lake formed of dew. The frogs attach themselves to your body, giving you a forest-skin. You feel cool healing winds flowing and streaming throughout your body, up and down, back and forth. You get forest-glands to protect you against the dark reptiles and fishes in this lake. Do you dare to fight and wrestle with these reptiles and water-snakes ? These crocodiles who represent your inner strains and blocks ? Do you dare to bite and use your claws. Do you dare to sting and eat ? These dark creatures represent the paths you have to go. You will be transformed into nature again, if you deal with them. The farther you swim in this lake, the more your skin-colour will change into the colours of nature. When you are able to cross this lake, you can enter the third gate.

the third gate

You reached the other side of the lake, and you are creeping through the mud and the sand of the forest-shore. Your skin is greener and more flexible than ever. You survived your memories, you survived the cutting points of view, hunting in the lake. You say goodbye to them. You still creep through the forest-leaves, through the moss and the mud. The atmosphere is very moisty here. Then suddenly a big snake is acting up before you, and a wrestle starts. You feel his cold body spiralling himself around you, and you even feel his blood running through his veins. He bites you in your lower back, and you scream, but your legs start pull him down, and your grip is very tight. You feel an enormous strength has entered your legs. You feel yourself getting the wildness of the forest, that you are getting one with the forest, and you bite him in his neck, while putting your nails deep into his skin. You feel your poison is paralyzing him and finally you tear him into pieces.

You survived your fears, frustrations and confusion, which the snake represented.

However your body is bleeding, and your wounds are deep.

the fourth gate

You now enter a place with hills of warm sand, and the farther you creep through this place, the hotter the sand becomes. Your skin-color is getting lighter, and you feel the sand covering your moisty wounds, which you feel as a healing. The atmosphere is peaceful, and there are some little bushes throughout this sphere. You feel some hot stones entering your body, feeding your bones, and it's like soft, sweet milk is running through your veins.

the fifth gate

You are armed for a new battle. You enter a field of wild flowers, and you feel your blood boiling and your skin blooming. You start to feel like a flower, and you feel your body is being decorated like wearing fragile torn clothes, but wasps dive at you trying to sting your nipples to suck all the milk and honey out of you. You can't wrestle with these, for touching them is like touching high volted electricity. What you can do is to spit fire, for you are hot blooded enough now. At the end of the field you see a little gate you can go through.

the sixth gate

You now entered through the little gate of a rock and you now stand before an enormous abyss, with a small bridge. You walk on the bridge, and you start to look down, and you get the shivers. The bridge suddenly stops somewhere above the abyss where you can sit at the back of a giant-eagle as tall as you. Further and deeper in the abyss is an island floating in the air. The eagle brings you there. Here you will have to fight against lions, panthers, and giant-spiders. In the middle of the island you will find a ladder of wires which will lead you out of the abyss.

the seventh gate

You now stand at the other side of the abyss, and your skin looks like the rainbow.

Your wounds and scars are so beautiful, because they speak of your bravery and persistence. These wounds and scars will be the key to the Neptunian Rose you were looking for.

You now eat the Neptunian fruits, and you feel it's soft, bright juices flow through your mind and veins. You feel revitalized by these streams and you start swimming in them, following them deeper into this new world. You see the tropical fishes swimming near you, and again you feel frogs attaching themselves to your body. This time they are tropical, giving you tropical glands to speed through the waters.

You are about to reach the neptunian oceans and seas. You fly on the backs of tropical birds, and you reach another island in the midst of these seas and oceans. Here you drink the milk of coconuts and feeling the warm and cool sea-winds of the planet.

You are able to fly on the winds now, for you developed a light-body now throughout the journey. By being so close to the animals you also got their skills and functions. You are more and more changing into an animal-being.

the eighth gate

You now enter through a light-spiral, and you fly over all the places you went through, seeing all your footsteps.

the nineth gate

And then you start all over again, which brings you into a water-spiral.

the tenth gate

This never-ending story brings you into a spiral of neptune's breath, the Rose of Neptune.

Poetry from the Toy's Soldier

Masked Memories

the other is always deeper

the first dream

I once came in a library, filled with books about my life, the past and the future. The books of my past were blue and the books of my future were pink. The books of the now were green. I read them and my tears were dripping, for what I saw was so different compared to how I looked at it. The books were filled with velvet pictures, and it smelled like fresh grass bathed in sunlight.

I looked outside the window to the neon-lights, but they started to fade away while thinking at the books. It was such a magic to me, that I felt it would be better to close the curtains and to lock myself up in this library of my life. All my memories were washing through my mind and my body.

the second dream

I went to the next floor of this beautiful library and I saw the same books, but now they were filled with other characters instead of me. And when I was reading the books, with all my memories played by other characters, I started to realize that I was just reflecting others in my life. My memories are streams swallowed, also by others. My memories aren't from myself, but are coming from others. Others are always deeper. Memories are paths to go. This is sinking away in yourself. The deeper you dive into yourself, the more you will discover the others there.

They were the projectors of my memories, they were the projectors of their own lives. Inside me there was a well, a place with many colours. Movies were streaming through my mind. So many actors live in me.

All my wounds flew into the books. These books of healing were covering my mind.

Poetry from the Black Fish

Red Picnic's Day

Syrop from Venice

grandfather's watch

The place of dogs was hard for me to reach. I felt myself melting in the black rain.
The tall dog-statues along the brown sandy paths were frightening me.

I saw myself climbing in a tree. Is that really me, or is it just a ghost of my shadow ?

I saw the lawyer walking through the little fence of the dog-garden, his shadows melting away in the darkness. Finally he disappeared through the wall of the dog-house, leaving only a little time-detonator, waiting in my ears to explode.

It's my appetite for destruction. I'm sitting in the waiting-room of the dentist. A friendly face is counting my inner steamdrips, but my fears are swallowing me.

Harry is so sick, he can't look through the glasses on his nose. He's shivering under twenty blankets his mother knit for him, from the skin of an old drowned snake.

He said he drowned as a lyric in the seas of the dentist's ear, for it didn't want to swallow.

My feet are getting cold in the giant's kettle. They say I need to swallow the fish and holding in my breath for three days and a night. I know they speak of truth, for they know the little dog-house. My cats are burning today, they don't want to go to school.

Sometimes when daddy is awakening, I feel his running breath checking the rooms of the visitors for smoke. I don't think I can hold it here any longer.

I am embracing another kettle. It feels cold, like the other. The giants are smiling in the wind. I wish to hear their voices. No one can imitate a giant like daddy. He is racing on his old school-bike again. Where is the schoolmistress, she forgot her umbrella.

There is the lawyer again, wearing some lipstick from old dog-kisses on his cheek. They are almost dried out.

I'm wondering what he was doing there. He forgot to eat his bread, it's hanging in the trees.

Ten miles from school, it was a hard day.

The teacher is calling my name. He wants to speak to me under five eyes. Two of mine, three of his. He always wins, wearing a little time-detonator in his pocket. His grandmother gave him six bottles of wine to spend the next ten years. I'm wondering if he will walk this way. I'm seeing his eyes wandering to the old inn at the corner of the old school, covered by wings.

The old dog is speaking. He doesn't want his children to wear his flags. They need to steal themselves.

I see twenty theologians burning a pirate's flag, spoiling a kid's dog.

The statues in the little house speak. Ginger-custard is flowing through my mind's festivals, quenching the old shining purple horse-statues in the little roundabout.

Benny touched the dog-statue on the second floor, now his hands are bleeding. I'm about to dive in the deepest seas to wash away the pains of tomorrow.

The tight face of the lawyer is shaking his head. His echo's are fading away in the night, waiting to lay the invisible attack on the back of the farmer's horse, three streets away from the dog-house. I am breathing, creating streets in the air to lose the memories of the little house.

Dogs are watching the footballgame today, they are fishing in a farmer's glove. The dentist is wearing a pink glove today. It's his birthday. He took a schoolboy's heart out of the schoolbook. The teachers applaud. Memories fall on the kid's head, like leaves fall from the trees. It's winter again, the toys are frozen. A tiny little injection reaches the fish inside, the kettle explodes. The dentist brings it to his pond. Millions of crying fishes are reaching the surface. It's not the first fish entering the dentist's mill.

Little fisher-boy, fishing at the seas of aldebaran, wearing star-glitters in your eyes. You stole the stars, you broke the seals, and now you are masking yourself as a

dentist on this planet. With your white jacket you try to charm the rotten broken barbies from the rubbish-fields. You have a better life for them, bringing them to the schooldesks to eat the poisoned apples from a teacher's heart. You made a deal with the black teacher, harming a kid's sheep. You cut the fingers from your old woolen gloves away, to shake the hand of the teacher, and now you are a fright in the land.

Little cowboy, sailing the seas of aldebaran, you are still locked up in a stairwell's painting, bleeding syrop from seventh avenue, on a venetian cupboard.

I'm still hunting shadows of old schoolmates in an empty classroom. It breaks my mind to see you starving in the cold. Splinters in my mind is the only thing I seem to get on this sunday-evening in summer. The forest speaks to me, but I can't understand a word.

I will, I can, I go to that little house again. My shoes are reaching my neck, I'm in my fathers shoes, but I'm sinking away into a whirlpool of sandy graves. It's my grandfather, the giants. I'm drowning in my grandfather's boots, lighting a new candle.

the woodcutter's house

I saw a black fish, lying on the table of a woodcutter's smile. The dream was finding it's way out of his house, but the fish couldn't move. There were three bullets between his scales. I took them out and hold them in the light. 'I don't want to go to the factory again,' I heard.

I saw a child labouring in a dark factory. He had black stripes on his face, his clothes were almost eaten away, his knees were bleeding. Black syrop. Child labour, just a labour's child.

The black teacher took the hand of the child, the school was his shelter. There is no place to work for a child. Schoolbooks are softening his mind, warming his heart. Schoolbooks, swimming through his scales, looking for feathers of factories to burn.

The air exploded a million of times. Now you're fishing at old schoolmates.

Harry has toothaches, still scared of dentists. He runs to the old factory, but the door is locked. Then he runs to the old church, but the door is locked. The verger just left.

The school is also closed, today, it's sunday-evening, and the dentist rules the city tonight. He is running after the verger, pulling his jacket. But he doesn't answer. He runs after the school-mistress, but he slides over her shadows. He screams for her

attention, but she doesn't hear him. It's only a shadow from the past. Did you know she has already been retired on a pension ? This evening the dentist rules. Harry screams for monday-morning, for grandmother's cup of tea, but they all sleep.

Harry, you can't reach your breakfast, for the dentist is king this night. Mother's kisses are in bed, the dogs are dreaming in their kennels, and the streets are diving in yesterday's rain.

When the dentist strikes, there's no one to save you. The heroes have been retired, the horses sell their legs to buy a winter's sleep. You are alone, but the dentist is remembering the old factory again.

Smoke comes from the city. The dentist is running again.

No one could hear him when he was a child in the factory. Finally a teacher saved him. But was this school really a flower in the graveyards of his heart ?

A woodcutter was painting trees in an empty classroom. The children were sleeping, the coasts were safe, no pirates, no police. Only a baker's cat was skulking between the schooldesks. Mary Louise forgot her chocolate-box under her schooldesk. The cat was eating it, the woodcutter prayed to god. I will wash your dishes, I will steal your bottles, but I will never raise a schoolkid from the pulpit. An old theological dog was entering the classroom, fighting with the cat about a piece of chocolate. Thick moisty syrop-whispers were dripping from the tower-classroom, running as fools into the forests telling the birds about what they stole. They stole a tinplate of sinners, a chair of a lawyer, and a hand full of nails. No one would know what happened between the legs of the woodcutter that night. He gave birth to a black fish, wearing three bullets in his head. No decoration needed, just a simple speech from a broken pulpit.

My father's not done with this. For three years he's racing in his blue rococo cadillac, trying to catch the dripping shadows of time with a fishing-net hanging thirty miles out of his window.

No one ever saw the face of the woodcutter. It was covered by a red rag of a horror's book history. Only a little musical box knew the pillars of the dentist's green nightmare-curtains.

He was laying his green book on his table again, writing three new names in it :

Sonja, Anthony and Marscha. They entered his horror-hotel, shivering.

Grandmother never let her cats out through the kitchen-door, when the night fell.

Waiting for the morning is a long journey for them.

The woodcutter's house, three o'clock in the night. The woodcutter is carrying twenty children on his back, in a dark green bag, without a hole. The birds paid him a lot of money. Shaking his bag, they all fall out on his table. Now the birds sing their songs again. They don't have to carry their children anymore, they are free.

Twenty kids in their standing sacrofages, twenty trees in their standing coffins, waiting to be spinned as cigars for the kings, to be crashed in the iron hands of lawyers.

Smoke comes from the woodcutter's house. An old raven called Simon is drying and draining the bones of an old painting. He's looking through the windows of the empty class-room seeing some ghosts playing at cards. Money is floating through the air, and he smells the smoke, running to his uncle's.

A saint called Nicolas is spitting the forests. No one seems to know him here. He escaped from another book. He's looking for his children, but there's nothing left. All he finds are empty bags.

I am running through empty clouds, smashing doors to swear I'll never forsake my children. Smoke makes me bowing my knees, calling for another altar to burn these stinging pieces of a locked memory.

The preacher preaches a new religion on Sunday-morning. The people are leaving the church, the dentist is smiling. He found another way to escape the pulpit's wrath.

A little beggar-boy with fingerless gloves is selling ice-creams on Seventh Avenue, having the fragile tattoo of a black fish on his arm. He's happy, he feels he's a kid again. His dreams found a way out. Now he's the king of tomorrow-morning.

Running between a school and a factory was the cradle for a church to spit out a black fish. The lawyer never worried about that. He's still turning around in circles, no one able to catch a glimpse of what he's exactly doing. But he's still smoking his cigars of terror, breaking down rococo gardens in baptized accuracy. Racing rotten Ferrari's with long hair burning in the sun through the old woodcutter's gardens without ceilings, sucking the cigars out of the trees. 'It's done,' said a cat called Jesus, 'it's really done.'

Harvest of Venice. The blind leaders are rubbing their hands. Mary-Louise is eating her forgotten chocolate-pieces. Harry has been retired on a pension now. He has lost his teeth, and his fear of the dentist. And Benny is still in the hospital for touching an electric dog on a lawyer's plate. The history will stay locked in a part. Sometimes it's better to eat some fruit instead of the vegetables. It will break your heart after

the slaughter, seeing candy ruling the land, for they offered the children nothing but vegetables. A little bit of fruits will do a miracle. Open the fence.

the breaths between you and me ...

Up for some dishes, they are making storms in a glass of water. The woodcutter's hair is rising. Someone has stolen his cat, now it's doing the dishes in the old church. My neighbour's friends brought some masked enemies. The old snake is praying for rain. No woodcutter could ever dream this, for their minds only reach to the refrigerator and back. No one could call the police in these times, for they were all out of town, saving another atlantis from the mouths of illusive seas.

Crashed planes and trains are raising their glasses in the empty classrooms now. The woodcutter wouldn't believe it. They are sticking their tongues in dangerous baskets now. I won't tell you the knot of the story now, for you were never listening when the wines were dripping. But I adore your special way of caring for my cats.

They will never forget you if it comes to that. Your telephone-number is still wandering in my mind, looking for a horse to trick. But your aunts faith is enough for you to reach tokio's waving coasts. They will spend their time and money to give you a good bed. Embracing a cow in the night was always your way of telling a too long story. No one dared to dive so deep into my heart than you did. This is something I praise you for, without showing you the telephone-bills. They were from a time you didn't exist.

You are still chasing shadows in the night, while the morning already fell, three-hundred years ago. The old indian never smoked a pipe. That was only a dream existing in your mothers cage.

I believe you still want to see me, your dresses are ten miles tall. They reach for my stars, but mother already blew them out. The rows of the wizard are shut out. The trains to oz died millions of years ago. I'm still sowing water on their graves, and I know one day a flower will grow there ... your flower. For you were the most beautiful thing I ever met. That's why I never looked into your eyes. I wouldn't survive in your seas. The ship in the bottle was never your best trick. Now we have to look for some good sailors. Not me. I'm more that of a shipless captain on the coast, drinking beers to drown the sharks from the past in some chocolate dreams. Do you think I'm more than that ? I want to speak to you, I want to hug you, I mean your curtains. Not to go inside of you, but to go outside, finally escaping through

your windows to a world I never saw. Did you ever see a blind kid playing pirate in a cage ? I always have to bow my knees to reach my music-box on top of my wardrobe. Some parts of the cage you made for me are too small. In some of your dark tunnels I can't even move myself. Oh, I'm so paralyzed without you, I mean without your windows, so that I can fly out. After all these years, I'm still looking for holes in the walls, for mice to help me, but it seems you swallowed it all away. I want to bring you into my heart, to let you see my chains. You think I don't have chains, you lost your glasses long ago. You sold them to the queen of ears. Oh, how you like to listen to your music-boxes. Then you close your eyes, to let them melt away forever.

This night the echo of the bird will reach my mind again. It has wandered around the planet for a million of years. Now it's here again, to eat his tail again. I thank you for never taking away this ring, although I am not a gratefull person. I take what I deserve, and leave what I don't deserve. I don't believe in grace. I believe in eating that which you worked for.

Deep in my heart I'm still the little beggar, working in a factory, working in the station of soot, tracing the rails to you, I mean the school-mistress. Not that I want to sit there. It's good to be in a factory. It's good to beg for something I deserve. I know she has already been retired on a pension. I know she isn't there anymore. The factory reveals her voice, the station is my school. I like the soot on my face, it brings me what I deserve. The birds recognize my needs. My broom teaches me. Please don't take me out of my factory. But help me to understand the machines. Please tell me that the fish can fly, and that the bird can swim, in the factory, in the station. Please don't wash the soot from my face. I could never stand the luxury of your schooldesk's mouths. Your cakes were never my favorites. It reminded me of the woodcutter's house. No place to be. Don't take us out of our places, but bring your heart into the place.

the raven's prince

I'm still your chimney-sweeper after all these years. It took my heart three and a half years to overcome and understand the bridge between your words and my father's. Still some words from you are floating through my mind, awakening the giants in me, destroying mountains and cities. I liked your red ice-creams on a cold summerday. They were really the best. I always felt I am the counterpart of Snowy

White, although I could never get along with your dad. Maybe he never felt the sting of an apple, although I bet he dealt with some venom. My eyes are still green after all these years, turning brown in the night. You could never swallow my feathers, they are still rising in the night.

I still want to climb into that old painting again. And you, still laughing at the background. It says more to me than a hundred of books. The painting makes a long story short. All in a flash. That is how I can go on. I don't care about the details, the birds will do that.

I knew we lived long and happy in that painting. I still love Venice. And when I am free from work, I enter that painting to come alive. Then everything is how it was. You and me on that boat, the canals of Venice. That decorated stick I hold is tall enough to touch the bottoms of the Venetian ditches.

In the old church it is also painted on the enormous windows in mosaic style. I'm looking at it, biting at my fingerless woolen black gloves. All of a sudden the glass breaks in a million of pieces and a million of ravens are entering through. They hate the painting and scream at me, while I'm bowing my knees and back in tears, looking for comfort in my black jacket, where a little black dove is catching my tears. The splinters of glass are entering my body and I'm crying glass and crystal. Suddenly a little cowboy is knocking at my shoulders. 'Sir, can I tell you a story?' He looks the same as me, although he's wearing different clothes, and having a different smile. 'I'm the other side of the mirror,' he says. 'The window had to be broken, otherwise you wouldn't be able to meet me.'

I kissed his lips, I couldn't believe I was talking to myself.

red licorice boot-lace

He was carrying a bag on his back, with a little school and a little church in it. He said he ran day and night between school and church and he could never find rest. He had been torn by a teacher and a priest. Finally a lawyer's suite on wheels found him, and now he was the king of butterflies, judging the dice and the flying gamblers.

The fruits were getting older, no one wanted to eat them. The newspaper-boy was crying rivers of tears in a spanish alley, for no one wanted to read.

The fruit-dish on the lawyer's table is rotting inside out, chemicals are rising from sunset. This is how they invented the nuclear detonator.

The jelly-snake is calling the actors. Nuclear snakes are following him slowly and softly, without making noise. No one really knew what happened in that old cellar below the lawyer's house. Military dogs were beating a spanish boy, for no one wanted to listen to his dreams. Chemical eyes were checking his pockets. Someone found some red lights.

A boy, drowned in his own tears, for no one wanted to drink. He's still living on his island, waiting for a boat to pick him up.

Mom and dad, still eating chemical ice-cream, uncle's eating a nuclear cucumber, the harvest of a horrible delay in a lawyer's cellar.

I make clothes from old grapes. The jacket is beautiful. I'm living in a house of old rinds.

I'm soothing my baby into sleep. She fell in love with a radio-active orange. The lullaby contains a free time-bomb.

I'm walking along the river with my purple roundabout-horses. They still shine in the sun. The drowned boy is sailing in his ship of dreams. I catch a piece of his nuclear newspaper, and start to cry. I saw you and your love walking on a beach, waving at waves, waving at storms, entering near the black fish. He eats a bit of your newspapers and then disappears in the night. I'm watching the wild side of the sea. It seems the black fish loved you very much.

A black apple is wandering through the forest. A saint called nicolas has sent him. It's the last chance for the forest. The birds are shivering. The black apple threatens the trees and the flowers. He will throw a nuclear bomb if they won't listen to his foreign language which they don't understand.

Nuclear smoke comes from the little old church. The preacher is raging. He has made his hells hot. The purple flames of my roundabout-horses are softening my heart.

The black fish is eating some bread. He can't understand why people are running. He decides to build some new chairs.

Hey dentist, does the chair like it when you sit on him ?

Ten cannibals are leaving the little dog-house. Black syrop comes out of their mouths. I'm trying to get the train of 3 o clock, I'm late.

Little sailor's boy, singing stories from the pulpit, drinking milk from a nuclear cat.
Little waterboy, raising honey from a chemical tree. Are you still saying radio-active
prayers at the bottom of a sunday-morning's ditch ? You took away the toys, burnt
the barrets from a policeman's heart. You are the horror of every preacherman.

Little cowboy, little music box, on sunday's morning you rule them all.

Never will I forget your smile. You are still riding your black cows, shooting bullets
in the sand. Little spanish cowboy, coming from the north, entering the south, you
saw all the corners of the old planet, sailing over all the edges. You are still the ghost
in the old little church, looking for your black fish. You could never swallow it's
tears, they were too thick and heavy. You drowned in it's tears. You couldn't save
your black fish, but it will save you.

Still you are the terror on the streets, moving your plastic guns, with pillow-bullets.
Goose were never your friends. They killed your bird, and ate your clothes. The hat
is the only thing they left, and you ran naked through the night. But some caring
fruits covered you, and made you sleep alive.

Still you play the organs in the church, singing songs of merciless horror. You were
locked up in a school, and in the church you found your shelter. But in your heart
you are still a schoolboy. You found out the sharp side of the church, and the teacher
and the priests are still fighting about you.

A ragdoll, bleeding on the ground of an old school. All the kids wanted to get it,
tearing it in their rage.

No priest can find this classroom, the black-fish brought you back, you are still a
schoolboy. Your hat is hanging on your neck, it's threads are making me dizzy.
Wandering with fruits.

The black apple is a dictator, but you are safe at school. The schoolmistress is
warming your heart. You had the voice of a banana. You still sleep under it's rinds.

No one can prevent you from hearing the little vega-clock in the heart of the
banana, ticking it's way softly to the clouds.

Your schoolbooks are birds speaking to you, about foreign and fortune fairytales.

You still hear the echo of the blackfish in it. When you shut the book, the
schoolmistress is smiling. No one would ever think you would drink tea with the
giants. But you did, you raised the honey till so far.

And now you are sliding over the gutters of the roofs, searching for your black cats
to play at draughts. You are still looking for that old billiards-room of dogs, at the
top of the lawyer's tower. You could hear the cry of sirens better, there.

Now you are running in the air, jumping at clouds, reaching for the last breakfast of
sunset-moon.

I caress the velvet pages of my paintings-book. I still collect old soldiers from
orange-trees. I'm satisfied, my hunger has gone. An old grey giant is walking to the
old dog-house, his shadows are melting in the sun, his fruits are melting in
moonlight. The doghouse tries to run away through the rain-pipe. The water-basket
explodes. This is the result of nuclear delay.

The lawyers are hiding their delay in the day of death. I'm running beyond streets
and cities, looking for an old train to save me.

Old fruits are wandering and marching through the forest, looking for revenge. I
know enough, I am out of this. The nuclear apple raises his mouth again. Unknown
languages are manipulating the deaf.

I feel fruits bubbling in my stomach, looking for rain, looking for an old song of
exiles. When will this dream stop ? Terror is rising through my eyes, the chemical
threat is still alive. Tonight they will come alive, the grapes of venice. Red licorice is
what you gave me, to seal the kisses from my minds. Red storms are raging at the
old castle. The old shoe is speaking, the red giant-shoe takes place. The fruit of a
forgotten past opens it's box. The little golden music starts to play, giants are
dancing. They dance the night away.

The old fruits are wandering and marching through the forest, looking for stones to
cast.

When mother was alive I used to watch the red sea, but she died in the cold, there
was red snow falling on her grave.

Red licorice is what you gave me to heal my mind, to bring me back to the giant-
shoe. The red fruit melts when the sun rises. It ate a nuclear bomb, on a bright
picnic's day. Red boys chewing nuclear grass.

Little red velvet cowboy's boy, shooting at stones, breaking cues in the night. You ate
the chemical billiards-balls, riding your red roundabout-bike, smiling and gazing
into the sun. Now your red tears are falling, washing away yesterday's pain. The
chemical seas are roaring in the red giant-boxes now. The giant-shoe holds the
burning keys. Following red boot-laces, drawing shadows in the night, reaching the
heart of the giant, overflowing juices of the night. Catching kisses on a shoemakers
boat, riding oranges in the storm. My heart is burning, my echo's are fading. Melting
fruits are wandering through my mind's forests. They forgot about the red saint
called nicolas, they are walking their own paths.

Harry is taking my hand, an old schoolboy's dream.

The licorice is finally reaching my old dream's mind, checking the horses and the burnt shoes. I'm gliding through storms and mazes. The snow is burning my skin. All my fruits inside of me are melting into juices of solar joy and pride. Decorated

Satin Suit was my father, Honey Pyamas was my mother. My heart is decorated again, my throat produces honey again. The smile couldn't break the distance, but a red fruit could do

waiting for the last roundabout

The sarcastic dream rises again. He never meant what he said, and never said what he meant. His words were the killing-fields of nuclear birds and beasts, the son of a broken apple. No one knew what happened in that cellar of a crazy greengrocer in vietnam. Red Russians couldn't break his smile. I saw him breaking the arm of a porcelain doll, a ballerina from the sixteenth century. The martians never liked your smile. You washed the puppets in too deep baskets. I met your mother, a sweet chinese lady, dressed in rotten wool. You never cared enough for her, you only raised her from a forgotten death. Still she follows your plastic smiles, your lemon ice-creams. No one knows your name is cain. No one knows your father was called herode, and your brother esau. Still you wander through the streets with jesus' slippers. Your names are written in the book of death, behind the thick bars of rotten cages. No one knows you are an escaped arabian prince, cutting flowers in the night. Your hair is long, your brains are taller. Your smile breaks the glasses of the green witch, you are still weeping for more flowers in your little boats on roses' seas. You are carrying your mothers flag on your chest, roaring as a lion in the night, but your flowers are dying, spreading nuclear dust in the streams of forgotten mondays.

Fourty-thousand stepmothers are raging at the show, following your too short trousers, in which you look so cute, duckies from the side-lines. I can see the tattoos on your legs, they smell like purple roses. I can breath in the smoke between the opera's of your words, carved in your fragile spirit by a wild handicapped cigarette, driving old-timers at a road of weeping nails. Kiss the tear, my little stepchild, for your factories don't blow your minds anymore. Stepchildren from the sunsets of babylons cages, smuggled to other countries within innocent oranges, you are loved by your ministers.

I saw a blind rocket racing the rails of an old rotten guitar, spoilt in a glass of warm water, standing on a central heater without ears. You still make me blind when you blow that cemetery-trumpet from an age too long ago. The middle ages are proud of you, for wearing cigarette-suits in the Russian waters. Climbing through weathers and winds, looking for the big apple to get some spoilt rest. There isn't more we can say, when step-children are running on the back of a nuclear bear. Ten days in a Spanish prison opened my eyes for the beauty of Arabian nights. The carpets are still waiting in the old sunset's barn of the giants living in the grandfather's pockets. Waiting for the last roundabout to rise. He still doesn't have an idea of the living beauty in the drawers of his kitchen. Grandmother's smile will wake him up, when we grant him enough time to spend a little holiday on a Sunday morning's beach. He's still weeping, the preacher dropped another nuclear time-bomb in his garden.

His oranges are shivering in a too tight darkness.

A Halloween's night broke your leg. You always had to labour as ghost in that old haunted house of the fairground. You are the fairground's kid, the tiger's circus, showing up in a pale winter's dream-glass.

One push at the rococo-decorated dashcar-buttons will awake the chemical marionettes in an old-fashioned nuclear war's giant-wheel. You don't know how to stop it after the ringing of bells.

You were the poisoned spun sugar on a fairground's dish, racing through the children's mind, sowing chemical seeds for new Arabian underground horses escaped from a drowned roundabout. The preacher refused to preach this, afraid to lose some circus-threads and some cemetery nails.

Stutterer's child, stuttering army, marching through the fields of the Sundays which would never come to the surfaces of tomorrow. Fortunately. The grin of the teasing child will melt again, and will touch the fragile spots of a new Monday's roundabout. The fairground will always be your place.

Soon the king will enter his new table, will mow a new grass.

Oh how I feel the pressure today. The black fish seemed to be a fairground's barrel-organ. The soldiers are still spinning sugar from a princess' dream, touching the sides of an old board of chess.

A red picnic was all I could think about.

Poetry from the Chrystal Star

Where All the Tears Collide

the man of a million faces

One day he came to me. In tears and full of pain. He had the scars of a jester and his red prince's uniform was torn. He was tenderly decorated all over with little white satin, and his lips were droppin' with candy. His face was painted as a fish, his eyes were red and full of fire. I felt he was burning.

I asked him where he came from and he said from the sea of tears. I asked him who he was and he said he is my mirror. His appearance was like a child, but his radiation was grown-up. He seemed to be the man of opposites, and that's why the energy could flow. That is why I saw room in him, to enter through his gates. I asked him where he would go to. He said : back to the sea of tears.

I asked him how he would do that. Balancing between the opposites, walking as an acrobate on the middle line. He said the tears are the line between the opposites. Tears collide them all, flowing from one to another. Tears can be shared, and the more they are shared, the more they will look like tears of joy.

tears

Tears are the only tools that can search the hearts. Tears are the only way to soak the mind. Tears are the bridges that unite lives. Tears are the keys to open those hidden parts.

Tears are brought to make us calm. Tears are brought to soften our dry, hard souls. Tears cannot be broken, tears cannot be sealed. Tears can only be drunk and be transformed into truth.

Don't throw away the key. Don't spoil your chance. They come and they go. Don't miss your train.

I asked the Lord to let you discover these treasures, I asked the Lord to let you see His grace. He gave them from Heaven above, as a ship to reach the haven, as a cup

to ease your pain. Let the river flow from one to another. Don't be ashamed to show your pain.

Only when you let your pain flow, it can be solved. Only when we sow our tears, they can become trees.

Tears are the mirrors in which we can see ourselves. Tears are the monitors in which we can see others. Then all the masks will fade away.

A valley of tears, a sea full of photo's, reminding me of the past, letting me look into the future. Follow the streams of tears. They speak, and bring us back where we belong. We belong to remembrance. Tears, Gods Machine of Time.

Tears are the boats to travel to the past, tears are the cars to speed into the afterworld. Tears are the airplanes to reach each other. In the intersection of all time-lines, the wonder exists, the wonder of remembrance, the wonder of uniting.

Tears reflect who we really are, lies will fade away.

To listen to a tear, is to lose a lie.

Tearless eyes cannot see, they only will see the lie. Tears are the apples of our eyes.

I wanted to see wisdom. God gave me the tears to see it. My tears are my eyes, my tears are my legs. With that I can do anything, a body made of tears. God lives there where all the tears collide.

There is a doorway to the lost paradise. Give it back to me. Where all the tears of the world collide, a star rises, our new world is born.

king of tears

Where all the tears collide, a castle can be seen. I entered this castle and I saw the throne of the jester. It was a throne of tears.

He smiled and told me that every joke combines the tears. Every farce transforms a tear. That is the secret of any true pleasure. It is soaked by a tear.

He started crying again, and an ocean of tears filled the castle.

He said : Tears are brought to make us creative. Play with the tears, work with the tears, build by the tears. That is the job of the jester. Only by asking for tears, only by looking for them, you can control them. That is the secret of the jester.

When you want wisdom, ask for a tear first, through which you can see the wisdom.

When you want a friend, ask for a tear first, so that you are able to reach that
friend.

Before you ask anything, ask for a tear, and in that all other things will appear. The
jester, king of tears.

I laughed when I saw this. A secret was revealed. I met the king of tears and drank
the cup of joy.

Silence of the sleep

I was walking in a field of a million flowers. They were crying and dying They
were so thirsty and I was sharing my nectars They fed themselves with my juicy
tears, flowing from my trees of pears Old waterfalls from the fairy-zone But
there was something in your embrace

I was walking through these gardens of thousands roses Offering my nectars to
the thirsty trees But I got tired and I fell on the ground bleeding blood from
that old pear-tree Old waterfalls from the fairy-zone There was still
something in your embrace

I was reaching for my dreams, reaching for the deserts of sleep, where I would find
new oasis to share with the dying nature If I wouldn't reach this desert, I would
be swallowed by these gardens losing my grip I asked the tree for
understanding, waved to the flowers when I stepped into this dreamship But all
they could say was that I left them alone I was sinking away in their seas
Was it love ? No, I was their prey I was nothing but the crown on their
barbecue Dancing with the devil

They were the nightmares in my gathered sleeps I was the sacrifice on their
altars of love When the nectar of the gardener has been drunk, they will
start to drink his blood Not waiting for the dawn to breath, they didn't want to
go to sleep All they want was eating They didn't make one difference
between the meat he gave and his own hand They ate all predators
killer-flowers no difference between his blood and the wine.

Poetry from the Old Cigar

Scratch on a Charlie Chaplin's Record

Escape of the Divorce's Rose

"There's a whole new world in Snow White's weather-box People are dancing backwards in slow-motion Everything is moving weather-box-soldiers can move everything They move by moving spaces They walk by moving the ground below their feet They never go to bed The bed comes to them They are the immovable movers"

black rain

She was selling her cats called "maybe" in the streets of venice. Her lips sucked the rivers dry. I was sitting in an old alley burning my last twigs, thinking about some old dreams of swallows. Everything she touched used to explode, I still shiver when I hear her name. She died in a sea of flowers, I'm still crying at her grave. She was the only pearl I had. The others died long ago in the vietnam wars. But their graves still swim as sharks in Jupiterian seas. Oh, how I love to see the smile of Jupiter, it always made me melting inside.

She died in a sea of flowers, but her ghosts are still walking the streets of little amsterdam with high heeled guns shooting bullets into the ground. No one is able to look at them or to touch them, for that would blow you up. Her teeth were bleeding, her grey ghosts were carrying her through the little streets of amsterdam. Her black perfumes were spreading through the shaking houses, all scared of her smoke.

Black rain in amsterdam, running through the chimneys, running through the drains. What were these ghosts looking for, where did they come from ? Why were the streets trembling for them ?

I got a red jacket from Venus to protect me against the cold. Mother, while the rain is falling no one sees I'm crying. It's ok, these tears are old, running from old

waterfalls. They got used to fall down, to run to the rivers. They will find their way, they are old enough. My brother is still sailing these waterfalls, fishing for the salt, looking for the old "me", who had been drowned there. All he finds are some mirrors, reflecting his own beautiful face. I'm already upstairs, reading my mother's books about my brother's toys. She died in the black rain long ago. I'm counting the raindrops on her face. They also reflect you You are still looking for my brother after all these years. You once got a piece of his jacket and tore it off. He almost died in your grip. You let him fly around without a face for so many years in your scary forests, while he was the only knife I had. I could cut away your black forests. You said he let your cats die at the streets for his cars drove too fast, he couldn't hear their screaming. But you were the one who gave him these fast cars ... and your cats weren't cats, but dogs. Did you see his wound in his leg ? It's tall like a tower, and you climb it every day sowing your black flowers at the top.

My sister is caressing my face, she's too old to see the rain. She gave me three golden rings to protect me while I was entering your wildernesses. I knew it would take me three full years to get through it, and my rings would be eaten alive by your snakes. Now was it an enchanted forest ? My brother is still racing his bike along the golden fence, hoping to see me back, but I'm at the other side of the forest, sitting on the blue fence with humpty dumpty. Some of his ghosts are running through the forest to see the edge of the sun touching the edge of the moon, but my brother himself is flying some kites for me.

blooddrips in the snow

She died in a sea of flowers, and you lied besides her, holding her hand, trying to held my brother's shadow between the two of you. But he skates in the air, throwing some old puppets to the third world. He still cares for your babies, he still writes steaming poetry in the clouds, his ears raised high.

He was your rabbit, but your grip was too tight. Tonight you won't have to fight anymore, for you will find another rabbit.

Did you count his tears when he was young ? He was a young soldier dying in the vietnam war, bringing his pearls home.

Did you ever hear his voice in the rain ? Carrying the fairy-carriage through the forest.

Black rain was all you could give him. Why are these streets trembling ? Is there a
giant stepping on stones ?

I see a black cigar entering the streets of amsterdam. His teeth are golden, his
mouth is red. His smile kills and clowns are following his jacket on their knees. Oh
how tall this jacket is, it glides through the streets of little amsterdam, leaving
stripes of smoke.

You can burn this old piano, it's without any worth now. Mother said she would
burn you if you would do, but she's just an old pillar of an old clown's museum. Her
knives could never reach the bottom of the old strawberry-glass. It's still funny to
see her talking to the ceilings of old hats. Her hair didn't grow through it.

Black cigar of terror, breeding your jails, breeding your junks. When it's saturday
and you didn't start your car yet, you can't reach church on sunday-morning, it's too
far. We will all be drowned in your soap. Smooth killers were your friends, some
chinese spells tried to steal your hat, but they could only sell your boots. Is their any
light in your jail ? Can the birds take a breath in your narrow cages ?

But your walls can breath They were children. I see the tears in
your eyes. Bleeding eyes. What did you do to your children ? What do you hide ?
Inside you are so full of fear, that's why you spread your terror, to hide your own
loss, fear.

I can't tell you how much I would like to ease your pain. Your electric, jelly walls are
moving through the snow, walking to winter's cinema to watch another movie. I see
the blooddrips running from your boots into the snow. They tell stories, but I don't
seem to hear, my ears are too short, cut off by a sharp pirate's hand long ago. But in
the old rabbit's books, they can be read also. It tells you to not look into the mirror,
for your tears try to deceive you. They run to a different stream, carrying a different
book.

Three deaf children are standing before the gully, they want to mow the grass of the
air and the sea. They never heard the voice of the storm. They enter the little house
near the big storm, the aldebaran house, to watch the cellars. No wizard could
invent such a place. They find a little doll lying on the table, but when they touch it
their hands start to bleed.

I love to see april's rain, washing away the old chocolate from winter's clouds. The
sting of old chocolate was the worst I ever felt. Aldebaran's inn-keeper told me long
ago to enter his house, for the storm would have his dinner outside. To listen to a
deaf child, would open the door for me, to see aldebaran's hearth.

And there I saw him, he was made of a million cigarettes. This little boy, almost a doll. His heart was an old golden clock, his hairs were green wires. Purple flames were in his eyes, and movie-tapes were his crown. They were glued around his little body of cigarettes. But at nights he grew tall, having a body of heavy cigars. He burns his movies every night and the mornings he buys new ones at the winter's cinema's.

Ten-thousand cities are smoking their movies, having the fuel for their factories, having the drums for their soldiers but the little child is deaf, chewing some old hard chocolate.

Roaring child ? Outside you play the old storm, raging through the night, inside you are a scared kid. Making noise, making terror, without hearing it. You don't hear the scream of the old city, you don't want to hear ... you sold your ears long ago.

Oh the sounds of a dying nature, oh the sounds of dying flowers ... you didn't want to hear, your ears were bleeding. You sold your ears to the raven for an old piano. The old voices in your head made you dead inside. Now you don't hear anything anymore, deaf musicians

Deaf musicians are dancing through the streets, through the walls of the shaking houses. They have golden teeth or piano-teeth, and green hair with black hats. Outside it's still raining black rain.

Their violins are tearing an old doll, their guitars are kicking a dog.

In the church a child is playing the organ a deaf child.

Little chimer, you don't hear the cry of the arabian hospitals where people's legs and arms are cut off for a lawyer's flower. You don't hear the cry of their factories, where the dolls and torn barbies are burning day and night. Who wants to taste the blood of a woodcutter's doll called pinocchio ? Who wants to taste a tear of a tree called lazarus ? We have a long way to go to emerald city.

Little chimer, you made your children deaf. You burnt their ears, and watch movies with heroes day and night, for you don't want to be a hero yourself, neither do you want your children to be one. You don't want to know people by their names,personallyfor then you would hear their pain, of which you are afraid, so afraid. Your movies pay your bills of inner feelings of guilt, and your piano washes everything away. You don't want to see differences between the flowers, for then you would hear a special scream from a special flower. You are against creativity, you want to see everything the same.

Little cigar, this is why your children are deaf. You don't know their names, they all wear the same trousers ... but their bodies are naked, dying in the cold, before a never-ending movie. They are crying in your prison-walls, not able to hear their own screams. You lost your game, you lost your life.

An old red chess-board explodes A russian dentist leaves the scene, and a chinese dentist smokes a cigar.

the Mercury touch

The arabian dentist never liked your smile for when he would listen to your smile, he would also listen to your frowns. There he breaks off another arm instead of looking into your teeth. You always used to faint while looking into his eyes, but now you are roaring like a lion : "Give my flower back !"

Twenty-four dentists are surrounding you, trying to sell their flowers for too high prices. The bills already drowned the flowers, these are killed flowers, these are killed flowers.

She died in a sea of flowers, killed by a dentist's smile. Her teeth were too tall, the dentist was looking at his watch. There was no room for big teeth, the city of the dentist was too small. But the dentist was deaf, and his piano's had made the city so small.

The dentist never heard the cry of the flower, his walkman cared for him. These flowers were still drowning in his aquarium, being eaten by his pyranha's. He bought these piranha's in a vietnamese shop. One was called "the vietnamese war".

How many junks would it take to build his paper ship ? There he sails in his aquarium, feeding his piranha's deaf piranha's. Tonight he will go to the cinema with his deaf wife, to watch a new horror-movie.

I have been in all sorts of jails ... arabian jails, russian jails, chinese jails but I have never been in an indian jail ... I wouldn't survive it's old chocolate. I carry all these jails on my back as precious souvenirs, to let my children shiver. Still there are some tattoos at my back I will never show them.They are there to scare the other sort. Anyway, the birds still love my horrortales after all these years They say it keeps them awake but they don't seem to realize that they are already dreaming.

The russian sun is smiling at me There are some whirlpools in my ear trying to get my attention. An arabian man kisses me to sleep.

A deaf child is running through the alleys of old amsterdam, selling newspapers, my limbs are crumbling away, and I'm feeling myself growing in the air, heading for the giant's world above the highest cloud. All these sounds made me so small, kept me in cages too little for me. Now I'm free, breathing in new air smoke ?the giant's smoke. I see his cigar lying on his table. An old cigar But I can't hear it's story I am deaf

I see giants talking to each other, I see birds singing their songs,but I don't hear one word, I am deaf. I'm on the back of a piranha,a giant I'm gliding through the air, waving to my brother dying in vietnam It was me dying there. I am already dead just watching the other side of the mirror, touching my brother's hand.

He's flying on his piranha, ... a giant ... Mercury saved him ... Now he's counting his money. One for you and one for me

The little bird brought him a message from santa clause. I will never forget this movie ... He smiled and his teeth reflected millions of stars. We played ping-pong with old suns on the old giant-table. Mercury, Mercury, you soothed our ears into sleep, not hearing the cry of the toy-soldiers. They were being burnt in the old suns. Living in a ball locked up in a pocket-ball

Mercury, I was never sure if I had to hug you or beat you, to kiss you or eat you. You were a baby in a knife ... my baby.

You were a slave of music, a slave of noise you were burnt in an old piano and this made you deaf ... Too many sounds poisoned your spirit, and now you are the king of silence.

Were you a Jesus Christ hanging on the cross of trumpets ? Since you are deaf you are the king of giants A piranha brought you here ... a vietnamese piranha ? or a russian one ?

Waves of arabian wars are reaching the coast of the giant's world. The highest cloud couldn't stop them, even the king of dew couldn't do. Finally a guy called "Fog" shook the hands of these waves and took the suits they brought to him. These enemies were friends, these criminals were healers, sent out by a tailor's dream messengers of some old cola with ice-cubes ...

And then I could finally hear your voice, softer than the softest breezes, feeling my old pillow below my head ...decorated by old birds from foreign fairytales of forgotten sundowns Is there a world beyond the morning ? When we reach over the dawn ? The cool touch of the Fog is calming my senses.

A goldfish called "Scandinavian Wars" reaches the surface of the Giant's enchanted pond. It's an enchanting fish He smiles at me I get an electric touch ... everything what I touch explodes. He shows me that she was just a messenger, showing me the things to touch and not to touch. There are some things I will never touch : The blanket of a pirate, the gun of an arabian man, and a woman's handkerchief. I won't even look at them, only watching their reflections in my golden ring. They still form my fairy-carriage at sunday's sundowns running to the wild forests of the Giant's World. I wonder if I will meet World-War III there. These sundowns are running like waterfalls through me, showing me that World-War III is in the heart of man, watching an old man's dream, a giant's dream. The picture of hitler is staring at me, besides the ticking little clock grandmother gave me. It still ticks after all these years, soothing my heart and soul. There is a war in my head, no one can quench the fire there.

A man called "Russian War" is entering my giant-dreams. He plays with his gun, and a mercurian boy is pulling my trousers. I see a kid dying in the cold, dying in the snow. No one would ever remember him, for it had no family and no friends. They were all killed by this man his fire was ... ice.

A fish called "burning ice" is coming at the surface of the Giant's Enchanted Pond. He is smoking three cigars with his three ears But he is deaf, he throws the little child in the grass. The kid's name was World-War III. He shows me that she is more uncertain than I am, that she is blind and paints her own paintings in her mind. She creates me for herself, her golden pencil rules my head but I am flying high on the back of a russian sea-horse a giant.

She wears three pencils in her nose, I'm flying higher.

A hundred pencils are coming out of her ears out for war. Their teeth were too tall for the dentist's eye, now they are raging for revenge.

The touch of your pencil always made me so dizzy, like I was under a spellby your magic wand. How many dreams do I need to climb your mountains, how many fishes do I need to leave ? I'm still staring at that old picture of hitler his eyes are bleeding, frogs coming out of his mouth.

My brother is still a business-man. He showed me there is always something to trade ... No one needs to be a beggar, no one needs to be the victim I'm still staring at the smoke coming from his pipe. It's holy for me. I'm standing on sacred ground.

Picture of hitler, where are you going, picture of hitler, picture of loss, picture of Jesus, dying on a cross. My brother's smoke lets these pictures fade away. I enter through new curtains ... purple ones.

Her daddy has a dog

My brother showed me she is more scared than I am. Now he's fading away in the smoke, he's the boss of the fire-brigade.

Her daddy has a dog, a sheepdog. My father is still afraid of it. My mother and sister were bitten log-book of an exorcist. Look, his knee is still bleeding.

Shhhhhhhhhhhhhh The old sheepdog is still sailing the seas of his own dreams together with a man called "Buddha" thinking they are alone Don't disturb his dreams, for it will kill you Don't disturb the marriage the battlefield.

Her daddy has a dog

Slaves of music, slaves of the rythms and the old musical boxes. Dance, ballerina's, dance. You have to be smart, otherwise you won't survive ... life. You have to be an artist otherwise no one will buy your apples.

Her daddy has a dog I have a brother.

Mercury dog ? My dog ? Did her daddy steal my dog ? A kidnap ?

I'm so tired of dancing please cut my strings

A sheep-dog called "Columbus" stepped on america's stones. All what he touched exploded. I was sitting at the Giant's Pond, and he showed his roaring headwell..... it was only his picture, floating through the waters ... from grandmother with love my old sheepdog He wasn't allowed to go there. Now his nose is bleeding. I told you not to touch that tree, it was grandmother's last apple-tree. She forbade you to ate from that tree, but you even ate the tree itself. Now your teeth are too tall for the dentist's strike. I saw an egg wandering through the forest people said it was humpty dumpty looking for friends but it was actually called "The American Wars", looking for food. My dog in suits tuxedo's hid his knife only buddha knows ... and my brother.

Mercury, my prodigal son, my prodigal sheepdog, your face is black and white, turning green and purple in the night, two-face of the Giant's Coast You amuse your children, but you forgot there is a world outside dying in your arms, but you don't smell their futures you sold your nose long ago. Docters of the killing-fields looking for toys to cut killerwhales of Belgium's Coasts, your clowns almost run out.

That picture of columbus is still cutting my face, you little woodcutter from Belgium. Your dentist knows all your teeth.

The only way to get through the killing-fields without being eaten by the limb-beggars, was to become a business-man without a nose. To smell the flower would kill you immediately.

This marriage would be another egg of columbus. It was wednesday-evening, almost midnight. A little pyramid was knocking on the door of my brother's, asking for me. I wasn't home, I was flying on a goldfish's back. Little spruce-fir. He wanted to play some games with me outside, abroad on Mercury but I was already there waiting for him, knocking at his brother's door, but he wasn't home. We met each other at the cross-over, where our desires touched each other This was always my brother's secret, the secret of a business-man. There a toy-shop is standing ... My brother still works in it.

After the American Wars a tree is growing in america : a christmas-tree. It reaches for the Giant's World, and the top is stinging through the Giant's Pond, where I am still sitting, eating some raw raspberries. It's also stinging my finger and my hand is bleeding. Is there still a war in my head ? A wooden fish called "Japanese Wars" is floating to the surface of The Giant's Pond. When it's up, it explodes, and my head is bleeding. My tongue and taste are gone, and I can't reach the raspberries anymore, they disappear into the Giant's Pond, leaving some smoke.

the vela organ

I heard her breaths between the seconds, I saw her naked legs between the bridges, carrying a gun between her legs. I never knew if I should laugh or cry. Her hairs were the killing-fields of london, where clocks and chimes died in the cold. Her hair still red Your silence between the seconds took so long, that I always fainted. They were always my ways to escape. You still ride the beasts of time. You are still my honey in the rain.

Now you know everything about Japan. You know the Japanese Fish from inside out. There she rides on her fairy-carriage again swallowing the seconds from an old clock. The fairy rain is ticking on my roofs in the dark night It soothes my heart, soothes my head. You always said Jesus died in a clock. Escaping the clock is the last escape. A million of clocks are ticking in my head, like they can explode every moment.

The beauty of the pirate is still your secret, it always compensates. No one knows you're a duck from arcturus lighters in the rain This was always your pride.

But you sold your mouth long ago, for three millions of toy-soldiers. Still people say you are a female-singer. They only hear the echo's of their own accidents. For you are already retired on a pension an old woman in the rain.

You knew her

You knew her daddy

You could never stand their buzzers and bells. You killed their clocks long ago. People still say they hear their trains passing by They only hear the echo's of their own broken dreams For she and her daddy don't work in that old clock-shop anymore They are already retired on a pension.

The clock-shop was burnt long ago, by some pirates in a stream. But some say it's still there in little amsterdam echo's ?

Swindlers in a glass of water, turning business-men into beggars again.

And you ? You are still smoking your cigars in that old velvet chair. Your father bought it long ago in an orange barter-house at the orange sea cigars of your brothers' broken dreams they pay you good for the songs you never wrote and never sang, their songs.

You created your own clock a crown on your head ... the numbers are floating You were never good at maths I can still hear your long breaths between the seconds reaching for the rain the fairy-carriage

The next time I see you I won't faint anymore Look into my eyes prince They are ...blind.

For you are a m..a..n, not a woman

You're a little boy.....

How many surgeons did it take to dress you up like this ?

I am dining with Aquarius and World-War III in the dining-room of an old castle. It's cold outside, some birds are dying. Their blood is knocking on the old tall windows.

I'm looking backwards seeing you walking in the snow backwards in slow-motion. The space between the seconds is getting bigger I'm seeing a house a little house, where you, your father and your seven brothers live. One day your brothers locked you up in a clock. That's why your clock doesn't have numbers anymore a clock without time You live backwards and in slow-motion, swallowing universes. You stole an old organ out of vela's church, it's your guardian dog now time-thieves clock-killers You're the statue on Joseph's clock, the statue on Father Jacob's rifle.

There's a whole new world in the old clock A whole world in slow-motion all the ballerina's dancing backwards. I still see you writing stories between the seconds your breaths touching the fairy-rains.

Whispers touching the edges of the scary little house.

The timeless clock doesn't care about the money There is always a market to play. I never heard this clock ticking There's a world between the ticks where it's heart lives without beating. No one ever knocked on it's doors Oh how it's so good to feel you in my arms again. You feel softer than yesterday Your dog licks the seconds from my head, and I can breath again after all these years You were the only one who dared to take my heart out of my body ... holding it in your hands, showing it to me There's always a market to play.

You're still a business-boy after all these years ... You turn around to me in slow-motion You paid big money to escape the clock and also to get in again You still play that old velan organ in the old church ... but you don't sing you can't talk. Sometimes I think I hear you whispering but it's just a statue on a market-square trying to get my attention

I'm dining with Aquarius, World-War III, and Father Jakob in the dining-room of the old castle ... Father Jakob wants to play the whisper-organ in the throne-room Whispers are filling the castle King Joseph is applauding.

A little golden killer is coming out of the clock ... He kills King Joseph and burns the market-square. He ticks like a million raging time-bombs Suddenly he explodes and a gigantic machine is standing before us after the smoke had gone A little bird stepped out and suddenly it changes into King Joseph "I'm still a rebel", he sais. Millions of market-squares are entering my head, to wash away the terror of the beggars. World-War III had disappeared Aquarius said he was just a beggar's war in the head of a lion's boy. The market-square was rising from the throne, floating to the pulpit on the other side of the room. Market-flags were suiting the toy-soldiers There is always a market to play.

A little boy from capricorn is skating on the market-square ... his voice is higher than a bird, and he's in speed-motion no one can catch his shadows. Millions of whispers are coming from the little clock they come from between the seconds The little boy is painting the fairy-rain riding on a fairy-carriage time cannot reach him, hold him, or block him. He said he created the universes in the space between two raindrops. He sais he can run through the rain without becoming wet. Whenever he passes by, everyone starts to cry

Married Off in a ...sheepdog's speedboat

Child of the red race-court Little twister in the rain

Red chills

People still say they see you skating in a cat's dreams But you don't have legs
and the cat has been drowned many years ago They only see the steam of
their own loss skating it looks like you Littlegypsy-boy ...

Your voice reaches so high, to Giant's World and back, it makes me cry

There I see you sitting in a sheepdog's football, carrying your mother's breath and
your father's death You saw their divorce long ago

People still say they see you doing the dishes in your mother's house But you
don't have arms and mother died long ago in a glass of a divorce's rose. You still
try to reach her little house, but your arms and legs melt away more and more
You were married off to this divorce's rose It ate your father and drowned your
mother It tore off your arms and legs Diary of a Killer-Wedding's smile.

Mother will never know how many times you dove into the rose's glass to look for
her drowned handkerchief Grandmother embroidered it with the tears of
Father

Killer-Whales are reaching the coasts of the Dwarf's World Their legs and arms
had been melted away You are sitting on your capricorn throne thinking
about your brother on venus ...

You still dream about you and him skating on the market-square between capricorn
and venus you from capricorn he from venus you work in the cigar's
shop he in the toy's shop still business-boys

But it's only a dream He lost his spine long ago in a gypsy's war a war in a
wedding-room Thirty-thousand wedding-killers are making rumors

Your second brother lives on aldebaran working in a game's shop His heart
was ripped out by a divorce's dog He had been a statue on a divorce's market-
square for too long. He's still lying in that little bath, underwater, for mother still
talks to the neighbour's wife rumors rumors. But he likes the fishes in the little
bath he's diving deep, finding a rose a pirate's rose.

A market's rose is entering the dining-room of the old castle The divorce's rose is
eating custard there

A lion without nipples is reaching the surfaces of the Dwarf's Enchanted Pond
He shakes his head and dives underwater again.

Father Jakob is doing the dishes in your mother's little house He's complaining about the smoke she left, aslant paintings are hanging throughout the house.

Fast little gypsy-boys, you still have your clothes, you still have your suits and that's all you really need.

Ninety suits without bodies are walking to vela's clothing-stores-streets, marching their way throughout the cities. They go faster than the rain, faster than the sun's light, carrying mother's breath within their clothes, awakening father's rose-gardens.

Snow White

Nobody knew that you and your brothers were the seven dwarfs of SnowWhite. You were the statues on her clock, living a double life in the world within the clock, between two seconds, chasing the fairy's rains.

I'm staring at Snow White's Pond, flowers are floating to the surface. A face is being mirrored by the little waterstreams I'm remembering this face You always took my eyes out of my head, and showed them before me and I always laughed for it didn't hurt me. When you were passing by no one could stop laughing for hours and hours. Your eyes could jump out of your head and return back into it. It's like you enchanted our eyes, for after it we got new movies in our head, dreaming new dreams You were Snow White's painter her father ?

We could remember and forget, after hearing your voice How was it to fall out of that old tall tower ? You never touched the ground. You rode the suns and the ice You are still the statue on Snow White's weather-box, living a double life in it's world within....

There's a whole new world in Snow White's weather-box People are dancing backwards in slow-motion Everything is moving weather-box-soldiers can move everything They move by moving spaces They walk by moving the ground below their feet They never go to bed The bed comes to them They are the immovable movers

Tears are rolling from the face of the weather-box' soldier But it's not his tears rolling but some old clocks are being moved from one side of the room to the other side.

Tears are rolling from the face of the weather-box-ballerina But it's not her tears rolling but some old flowers are being moved from one side of the universe to the other side.

I'm swallowing the splinters of an old window which had been burst this night I can watch deeper inside now My tears are falling But it's not my tears falling but some wardrobes fall from the edge of an abyss My abyss ?

I'm swallowing a million of wardrobes They touch the bottoms of my stomach and gliding through my legs I can breath again My heart is getting warm again ...

It wasn't you falling from that old tall tower The tower fell out of you and you caught it just before it touched the ground, your ground

You swallowed the tower In your arms I'm safe forever All these nightmares were just the tales you wrote for me to get my attention to show me the big joke in the divorce's rose to show me the slapsticks on father's epitaph I'm safe with you You ride on my nightmares they are your sheep-dogs trained to swallow me to save me from the bell the black bell

You married the divorce's rose long ago in a time I didn't exist You married the divorce's rose just to tell her a joke She would never stop laughing Laugh, little rose ... laugh.

Tall whispers are reaching my bedroom Through my purple curtains they float showing me Charlie Chaplin on Santa Clause's ship A little weather-box is standing on my cupboard I can sleep again

Poetry from The Violin

The Secret of Birthday

I'm dreaming about the Big Escape my doll finally found me Tears are rolling from my face he was always my movie-hero He once came to me, stepping out of the television My little doll, my little hero

Docter No

We were so happy together in that boat Later I found out you are not a woman but a man Not that it matters it's a little detail I still read your pink books, thinking you are a woman but deep inside I know you are a man

Are there any more things you need to tell ?

We are sailing the pink oceans, while we aren't together anymore We are still in that pink boat wearing pink trousers sailing on the Tear of Venus sailing on a woman's face or is it a man ? You always used to confuse me with your puzzles Your puzzlebooks had many ends ... many starts and stars I never knew where to begin never knew where I needed to end ...I wonder if you can still see my pink bracelet decorated by flowers It still guides my hand Your flowerhat covers your face I only see your smile below it You always used to bow your head in smiles when I was telling about the pink frogs You never heard the end of that story

Your dress is spreading peace we are riding on Venus' Lake diving under in pink treasures You always felt the need to share it with the dogs for the deserts to swallow

But hey, this is okay You still seem to find your own way And that is what it is : just another road in Oz You never dared to look into the face of the Great Wizard it was just a boy All you will find is a cradle and some feathers Born in Bethlehem

I drank from Bethlehem's Tear It was mummifying my head It was easing the sharp cutting sounds

Six girls called Alice were following that white rabbit of yours wandering into the forest You never told me they were men Not that it matters Just for the administration

My girls were never too lazy to look into that friendly face of the wizard a baby I wonder if they are really girls I was never a good gambler A good business-man would have much more results, so my mother gave me a good shop when I was young She taught me the art of trade or is it the trade of art ? I still sleep in her arms her milk streaming through my head, awakening the soft pink pillow-flowers at the shores of my heart

Now I'm drinking from the Tear of Venus watching the war-movies of the past I see some veterans I like Boys grew in those flowers Their mouths

reaching for Jupiter's milk Their lips swollen and stretching out to cover
the nipples of the mother's flower It was all deeply plugged in The milk
reached their hearts and legs very easily There were no strains or black
horses

We are covered by a maze of green shades wandering our way to the garden
all these ways are brick roads Your eyes were so big the movie-screens of
Venus I could drown in your eyes I could walk the stairways to your
cellars riding the fairy-carriages to your attics This night I will finally be
alone only with my shadows some mercurian desert-lions Am I still the
criminal in your story ? I know I have a big mouth, and I can suck till someone
really lets go

Now the boys grow in the trees not allowed to speak, not allowed to move
not allowed to open their eyes why do you fear their books ? Is it Snow White's
mirror, telling you you aren't Bjorn Borg anymore

I'm swimming in the seas of venus looking for my old tennisball

Still your hair is green and your skin is yellow, telling about all the roses you
drowned in that glass of water Trees in the desert But I am the criminal in
your book, locked up in the jail described at page 212 It was a best-seller in your
world Made of Gaia's burnt flowers

I drank from Gaia's Tear, seeing your face mirroring in the little lake Rotten fruits
on your white decorated hat. Victorian designs White dress Decorated
cotton Bitter sweet sour. I'm looking for the brake on your linen
decorated gloves They are searching for the golden tennisball

Now you're looking at me through a tennis-racket You can still make me laugh
You know where to find that little red button within the world beyond my heart
You always seem to pass my panthers without any problems reaching for my throne

....

On page 121 I was your king but at page 316 I am the dragon Was it really fire
I spat ? It wasn't real blood just tomatoes from another movie The garden is
silent without you I'm turning the pages of an old book I loved your book,
you always made me laugh, saying I'm your little criminal But this book, is a
book without you and that's finally better for my heart was getting too heavy,
you, wandering in my mind, with too heavy shoes I couldn't bear your rod

Why did you need to choose Moses' Rod on your 12th birthday ?

A man called Moses is washing the tears from my trousers They are so heavy, my trousers were too tall You always stretched me out when I was listening to the dwarf The words floating away to the dogs your dogs

But I found out : you're a man Not that it matters Just to be clear

I'm seeing the boys grow in the wind, growing in the rocks It's speaking to my mind You said you could never understand my jokes

Alice stands before the queen of hearts it's me in your book.

James Bond is drinking tea with doctor No, me, in your book

Jaws is terrorizing the coasts of japan Mars is attacking an old man burns a dollar I'm playing all the villains in your books at twelve o'clock I mocked an old statue in Africa, drowned a fish in Belgium and played tennis on Jupiter

Do I also have a split character ?

Your doctors say I'm very sick, for I'm growing in a tree. This was the tree you threw me in your tree you page 441.

I'm still reaching for the end of this story I bet I will be World War III at the end but World War III smiles at me, and says : "In the foreword you already died, so you have nothing to worry about"

Still your book is a tribute to me

"I want it all on my epitaph," said the white rabbit "Alice, you didn't come to our wonderland we came to yours"

I still wonder who wrote the foreword you did You were the only one who bought this book and still it is a bestseller Your wardrobes are full of it

I never dared to look into my own books to see who you are I had never enough money to buy it You are still sending yourself cards from all places of the universes except Rome you never liked the Pope

the movie's lions

The grass is wet under my body, I'm sliding into the rabbit-hole again Talking to Alice was never my skill My mouth was always swallowed in silence when I entered that place on the bottom of the rabbit's stomach Hitler was always

there and Charlie Chaplin I'm nothing but a boy growing in a rabbit
Together with you.

I know ... one day we will grow out of it's mouth entering the fields of
Venus drinking from the Venus' Tea swallowing our last lost river
entering our last lost game But where is that red rocket-button of this old
machine ? "It's in the tennis-ball, it's in the tennis-ball", said the white rabbit

Old books are playing tennis on Jupiter was the ball out or in ? About this the
wars are raging The old tennis-ball smiles he loves to watch his self-made
war-movies here he cuts another boy out of his mother's flower to send him to
vietnam his toys changes into tanks I see a tear rolling from an old doll's
face Tomorrow it will be changed into a war-flag

Venus, your Tear has many waterfalls I still like that pink one it brings me all
along to the beginning of all things

Venus, your mother was a dove, your father a crow ... surrounded by Jupiter's eagles
you were raised.

I'm trying to escape between two piano-strokes The fairy's witch is grinning
I'm growing in a tear, I'm growing in a toy

These streams of dying boys throughout the land your worst put in chess
And you always asked me why my eyes were so melancholic, but beautiful no
they weren't dog-eyes I was never your dog you saw the dog on your own eye-
screen your mirror ... you.

However, the old piano fished them out of the water piece by piece.

Between the piano-keys flowers grow and they carry boys within

The old tennisball is raging We always fought about it And finally I gave it to
you I got sick of the fights Game over

For if you want to play games with me, I'll always let you win For me it's not a
game Am I supposed to beat you ? I will crown you You are the champion, for
today and tonight Tomorrow someone else gets the chance to ride on the
roundabout's horse There is nothing to win from me I will give it to you,
before the trip So instead of raising your fists, open your hands to receive what I
want to give you

Movies were running through your head looking for the old tennisball When
your movies are running through my head, they are so heavy I don't have your
tennis-ball I gave it to you a long time ago

Some of your movies don't have an end Others end before it begins And in others the beginning is the end and the end is the beginning dreams of the elephant

Your advertisement-clips are reaching the shores of my head You're selling ice-creams on my beaches when people start to eat it's already melt away by your suns I see you laughing in the rain you are still a trickster from the big pear friends of tantalos

The records in your head are spinning day and night Do you know there is a scratch on it ? parrots' dreams

Still your tropical fishes like it when you dance Still the same movements, learned from an old zoo-care magazine You still work in that old zoo, one's death is the other's meat There you are selling pictures of me : "That animal has been died out although it died hard ... Now we have meat for many years"

Your zoo is a maze no one ever survived ... The exit is a cage, today's visitors will be tomorrow's animals.

Still there are some people who never entered your zoo ... They still walk along the perimeters, smoking cigars.

You look so lovely in that little pink dress but it's stolen and it's made of the skins from died out animals in a butcher's shop.

For at daylight you work in the zoo, and at night you work in the butchery There you are cutting with your knife cutting flowers for a flower's meal. There you are, the butcher's wife does he already know you are a man ?

I never felt comfortable in your movies my clothes never seemed to fit Your movie-eyes could watch through walls, and they easily brought you to the end of the oceans There you float above the oceans' waterfall moving your eyes over the edge of the earth your earth There you suck another frog into the mills of your head tomorrow he will be a horse in your zoo a black one

Now I know your movies never end, they are always on repeat You never grant them any rest Who is turning the wheels of your barrel-organs ? I see an old beggar, complaining about your promises unfulfilled He still waits, his hair is grey unfulfilled promises the speedboats of the swindlers friends of tantalos

Between pieces of movies, the advertisement clips roar They never give you what they promise your popcorn has run out There the safe screen between

you and the snakes disappears you are now in the movie getting tomorrow's
chains ...

A cinema's screen is sucking the visitors inside blood is streaming from it the
people are running, trying to find the exit but it's also swallowed by the white
screen killer-screens from tantalos Today only a little doll is left by the
screen it hid behind a red bag Now it's running through the streets, calling for
the police But the cinema is swallowing the whole city The doll is sailing on a
paper hat to the edge of the earth, where all the oceans collide in waterfalls
swindler's square tantalos' chess There he runs to the old zoo, looking for his
little boss, who is a lion now, waiting for his next movie to play

I'm dreaming about the Big Escape my doll finally found me Tears are rolling
from my face he was always my movie-hero He once came to me, stepping
out of the television My little doll, my little hero

Sometimes when I look into your eyes, figures are stepping out, escaping your
movies ... escaping your zoo's still having tv-fevers in one movie they were
the hero's in another one they were the criminals But in my eyes, they will be
retired on a pension for a few weeks and having some holidays with parrots I
see them walking into my eyes, laying themselves in my velvet chairs Their eyes
still like tennis-balls

There's a new movie in my head I'm playing tennis on a swindler's chess-board
with an old tennisball this little guy is made of tennisballs He is breeding his
zoo-movies trying to sell them to the clocks of london but he gets no replies
Six movie-lions are entering the tennis-field They smoke big cigars They jump
through my eyes into my head, where some war-movies are playing and then
they sooth my heart Now I can eat these movies ... softly I swallow them and they
slide into my legs I always wanted to have movie-shoes Now I'm running
through the clouds, reaching for the nectars of the stars My movie-eyes are
spinning now I see who you really are

And still yes you were just an actor in my movie You knew the
script and played it well very well

The end.

To be continued.

Moses, my friend

After the movie-scenes we always go to that little pub at the corner of Jupiter
You smiling at me, throwing some sleep-powder in my glass of milk Me putting
some laugh-powder into your glass of wine I enjoy it to see you laugh It was a
very hard movie-scene today we had to kill each other well it was not
really a killing it was more that of a lawyer's threat which is the same in my
eyes I never liked the lawyer He never listened to my stories He only
listened to that little bird sitting on his shoulder, telling him where the money rises
out of the glass In this glass he always dipped some drips of old redbreast's
blood. No one ever survived the drink

How many redbreasts did it take to build your butchery ? A redbreast is ticking on
my window today, it escaped the television of an old baron I never have to watch
television I can look through my window and see more than they will ever show
on television

I opened my window and took the little bird in my hands. It sang a strange song
It had little movies in it's head ... too small for me to watch The old microscope
told me it carries the advertisement-clips inside these were the only movies

I didn't need the newspaper-boys anymore for the redbreast brought me all the
news every morning no advertiser would ever come to my door again for the
redbreast was my new doorkeeper, and sang them all away the sellers in the
street had died out the redbreast brought me everything I needed.

I cared so much for this new friend He showed me the show-square below the
market-square Together they play the violin or does the violin plays them ?

Oh redbreast, I wonder in which flowers you bathed, when you spread your flavors
through the night I know for sure it all isn't far from home There where the
market and the movie come together, the billboard is born the birth of a
redbreast's feather

You never liked the lawyer He always caged you in his television, just like the old
baron did But now you are free, having your own movies in your mind Neon-
lights are walking the stairs, the redbreast is flying upstairs You were always
Charlie Chaplin's friend, smoking his cigars and driving his busses You were
always his faithful doorkeeper Liquor from Charlie's Drips running through
my hairs, through my veins awakening the redbreasts in me

I was born in a black river in a floating black flower lying next to a child
called Moses I asked him where he was going to He told me he was floating
from one movie into another The big escape but was it really an escape ? His

ship was full of purple-red neon-horses shining in the sun he said he got this ship from a man called Noah I asked him where Noah is .. now ... he told me he was diving in the black river, looking for an old tennisball

I got so sick, I had heard enough stories about tennis-balls My mother cooked tennisballs for me, every day But Moses told me, this tennisball goes from square to square, bringing the kids from movie to movie His ship was a tennisracket so now he needed the tennisball Suddenly an old man was rising out of the black river, near to our boat The horses were shivering he carried the tennisball in his hands It was spreading flashing neon-lights Our ship rose out of the black river and flew as a rocket into a blue river The tennisball was leading us to a new movie

Along the shores boys were growing in the trees and flowers They grew in the blue river, and they breathed so deep It was like they were awakening out of an old book, entering a new book I saw figures flying from one eye into the other bees

I saw books falling out of the heavens I saw redbreasts rising to the suns

Another man called Noah rose from the black river he had a zoo in a ship
your ship your zoo Is the butcher here ?

I shake the hand of this man he's also an actor together we go to the cinema's pub eating some old movies you are also there together with the six girls who had the Alice-role I took a deep breath the scenes were over, and these people are so nice in real a war which never existed

In the evening we went to the blue lake behind the little town and we went for a swim but you didn't want to swim you had headaches Suddenly one of us found a black tennisball in the lake she was screaming I asked her to show me the ball I took it in my hand and my hands began to bleed The man who had the first Noah-role took it out of my hands, but his hands also start to bleed But when the man of the second Noah-role took it, nothing happened The man who had the Moses-role said we would better go but suddenly a black shark showed up, asking for his ball back We screamed and the second Noah threw it to him "Thanks," said the shark, "and why are you so scared, this is also just a movie a new movie"

"I don't want to play in your movie", I screamed, my hands still bleeding We went home, and you cared for my hands with healing creams and oils But the black ball was still wandering through my mind and you still had your headache It was a snake's egg

the cinema's cabman

Movies were playing in my mind, trying to touch the walls of my head I was calling for my little doll How many televisions do we have to escape ?

I found myself wandering in a labyrinth of movies snakes They asked me to be their actors They were film-managers hunting for players But I was too tired and didn't like their scripts Besides the fact that the money they offered was too much, and it was bleeding

But this garden was so beautiful, for you planted your roses there, and the little doll was leading me through He told me to hit the mirrors and dash them into pieces to swallow the televisions and to burn the cinema's This would be my best movie Your roses grew so beautiful and the boys were blooming into them bathing in moonlight

Ladders of movies bringing me in the heart of Charlie's Sun, the blue one I can remember and forget

You always said Jesus died in front of a camera A bullet jumped out of it drowning in a sea of photo's.

We are travelling in an old tennis-ball I show you all the nice places of the universes The gods are playing tennis I'm wearing my crown of thorns I'm still that little boy entering the snake-hole will someone wake me up, please ?

A rescue-party picks a boy out of the shark's hand ... He's screaming he doesn't want to be saved out of this movie

The rescue-party is driving it's bus to another movie trying to save some actors out of their scripts but all they get are some mad film-managers chasing after them throwing chairs and tables

Don't save the actor It's his work Also when he screams for help don't save him, for the book will know where to find you

I see a stunt-man crying in the rain A Saviour called Jesus Christ picked him up out of a burning sea with his helicopter Now his movie won't sell Sixhundred stuntmen are walking through the desert without money They are chained by another Jesus Christ, leading them to the city of dust. The waters have been sold out there's only blood flowing through the roofs He wanted to be the only

hero When a hero saves a hero the battle begins slaves of the saviour

Sorry, I don't want to be saved today ... I already have enough chains ...

I'm diving through the glass of the old show-square finding invitations from a strange song A song of blood ... people congratulate me people hug me and kiss me telling me I survived but I dive deeper and reach the bottom of an old graveyard seeing a boy picking flowers there Are you ready to enter my ship ?
he asks

My uncle uses to come here, spinning funeral-eyes I'll lead you through the bottom of your coffin, into a world beyond the movie I'll be the flower on your grave, the fairytale on your epitaph There's life on the other side The actor had to die in the movie today ... he was shivering but he felt the warm, comforting hand of the film-manager on his shoulder saying it was all okay Within five minutes he would be on the other side It would make the movie sell His eyes were spinning like a passionate but upset dollar he finally made the dive in slow motion Congratulations you are now beyond the movie

Where am I ? The doctors take his pulse no signs you are now a white rabbita tennisball a zapper ... able to switch people from one movie to the other in and out out and in now you are the cinema's cabman But why ? he asked And what's on the other side of the movie, where the waterfalls of the television-oceans flow over the edges of earth ? A bird is floating there a redbreast saying : Congratulations, it's your birthday today, for no one saved you, but you saved yourself Let the heroes be lost, let the hero's be unsaved, so that they can find their own values, their own worths, their own
birthdays

A boy called birthday was shaking my hands His teeth were shining in the sun His big brown movie-eyes had a funeral-pupil inside spinning carrying the seven little flames of a birthday-cake within His tongue jumped out his mouth, reaching for the sand in my pockets Then with an enormous speed he swallowed his tongue again Our bodies were vibrating so fast Now you know the secret of birthday he said Slowly he turned his back to me, and disappeared in the rain

Never look into a frog's mirror For it makes you older
Never look into a rabbit's kitchen For it makes you blind for your own beauty
Never look into a snake's dream For it makes you younger than hell
Just look in my eyes and tell me what you see

The Mistress

There she sits, smoking tall cigarettes, her legs crossed Using people as pieces of chess awakening another drama in their short lives

There she moves, like the killing fields Don't look into her eyes, for you will see
tenthousand sharks smiling at you

There she goes, cycling to the shop, buying new shoes high heeled

Did you ever see her stepping out of her limosine ? I guess not, for then you were in
her car now for the rest of your life drinking tea with dumb cats after two days
you are a wheel under her car doomed to follow her wherever she goes

The greengrocer likes her teeth He doesn't know what she all eat with them

No one knows she's a cannibal With her high heels like knives she walks over the
killing fields slaughtering the bodies lying on the grass

She drinks wine in her sanctuaries, having unfathomable smiles She talks to her
canaries, they tell her tropical stories to spread in the cities

At the end of the evening she takes off her tall black gloves and throws them over
the town nuclear bombs are running for this

When I look at her, nuclear bombs are exploding in my stomache ... chemical threats
are climbing in my neck They all run for her, she's the mistress

When she looks at the chemical factories, they disappear in the rain They are all
scared of her eyes No wonder, her eyes are high tech camera's, and she gathers
pictures for her comics She creates her stories and we are the pictures The
first day it's in the comics for the kids, the second day it's in the newspapers for the
adults, the third day it's on the rubbish-fields, for the rats to eat ... the fourth day it's

in the history-books, for the rabbits to read ... the fifth day it's on the menu-lists of
their kitchens

She writes songs about this her junkies listen to it day in day out

She's still a famous female singer, but no one knows she's a cannibal

There she flies out of her limosine again, racing to the shops to buy some high-
heeled clogs She needs it on her farm when the water rises

I still go out with her once in six weeks to drink some good beers and to talk
about her cows I don't want to hear any of her songs ... I never heard them I
only want to see her ring She got it from a rabbit long ago He gave it to her
before he died

No one knows her name is Alice, lost in wonderland No one knows I'm the white
rabbit Neither does she I only came to get my ring back I gave it to her by
mistake

Here in my head it ticks

Here in my head, it ticks,

Here in my head, the apple runs,

From my head to my stomach, and back.

A nuclear bomb inside, slaves of reticuli. Whenever I want to move, it explodes,
whenever I want to eat, it's never good, it always explodes. I am living in a machine,
and the machine lives in me. No one ever cried since the chain was laid. Tearless
summers, tearless tv's. The land here is dry, while I know somewhere the tear exists.
The tear to make me free, the tear which mirrors the friendly green face from
another world. Here I sit in Reticuli, the timebombs almost lost their patience. There
is someone raging upstairs, I can't hear what he's saying.

Here in my head it ticks,

Here in my head, the juice runs,
The apple crashed against a wall in my stomach.

This wall in my stomach is there since my youth. My aunt knit it for me with iron threads, spun by several dwarves. They still live under the earth, but they visit my aunt everyday at ten o'clock in the evening. Is it me there, screaming so loud, or is it just a visitor from another world, putting some ice in the coffee here? The coffee here is a killer. It kills me at twelve o'clock and raises me from the death at one o'clock, it all happens in the night, when everyone sleeps. No one hears my cry in the city of noisy dreams. There are moments that everyone is deaf, this is the land where I live.

You must kill the caution, says the white rabbit, and just forget about it all. You have to become lazy just like all the others in the land. But I like my ears too much. And what is it to have tall ears while they are deaf

The old beaver is watching the clock, it ticks It doesn't tick in his hair anymore,only on the wall. The face of the clock is friendly now, but long ago it was severe. The beaver smiles back. He could repair this clock a clock thinking it was a body-limb had been in a mental institute for so long so confused, so paranoid But now it knows it's just a clock on the wall, ticking slow and soft, from the morning to the evening, and at night it goes to sleep.

I learned to love to see the speed of an apple in my body,
For when it touches a wall, the juice flows.

The old clockmaker goes to reticuli every morning, fishing at broken clocks, to bring them to the mental institutes where he works. The old beaver smiles. He sees love in the heart of the clockmaker.

The clockmaker knows all his clocks, some have birds inside. Once one little bird told them that they could be a human being, by living in a human being for awhile, instead of hanging on these stupid walls. The clocks followed this stupid little bird to reticuli, the land of confusion, where they became the body-limbs of slaves. The tear of the apple knew to be patient. When someone or something goes too fast, it starts to cry. Green walls of tears stopping me from touching the nuclear bombs. You can never wrestle with a mine, for when you touch it, it explodes. Some things need to be overcome without touching it

There I sail at the chemical seas A dog from Antlia invited me to see his clocks. I'm amazed, his voice is so tender ... This clock killed him seven times, and now it's his best friend. Clocktamers from Antlia They had been drowned in the chemical seas too often, and now they live in a clock, and the clock lives in them, without biting each other. The clocks and the dogs live in peace here. The wars are over, the clocks are repaired The miracle of a mental institute.

There was a clock called Hitler, sailing at the chemical seas, feeding the chemical sharks and the chemical sheepdogs They still swim around, saying : Heil Hitler. I'm on the other side of these seas, staring at the bloody history, staring at some chemical killer-whales They spread their chemical flowers to attract the mass But no one seems to like them. They are all scared, for these flowers are black. Only some black sheepdogs are interested. I still fish the old clocks out of these seas, and bring them to the old clockhouse in the clock-forest The apple smiles While it's tears are warming my heart, slowing it down till I can feel the Mother Clock ticking

How come I'm still sinking in this chemical sea, heavy loads on my clothes I'm trying to find the bottom of this sea It seems there is no bottom

The apple in my heart is crying He says I'm going too fast I would only find the bottom if I would slow down For when people go too fast they create chemical seas ... chemical words coming out of their mouths ... Curtains of green tears are covering me, washing away the chemical tears Why did I cry when I lost my arabian trains ?

Running boys since they started to grow as a tree, the apple could grow

Gypsy's Girl

There are not enough stars to tell your story,
I'm scratching some glitters from the wall,
They are yesterday's frogs ...

The tears in your eyes are lakes for me to swim,

The flames in your eyes still burn my skin with rabbit-tattoos,
The icycles in your eyes are cars for me to race the rainbows of your heart

Your fingers are so close to me, but I never touched them,
For there is glass between us,
I see your breath against the glass,
your tears rolling to the bottom like rain

You are safe with your bulls behind the glass,
Their steam is dripping from the glass
And I'm at the other side of the glass,
Me and my geese

I am happy with this glass between us,
for I know you are a predator,
You always get what you want

But no one will take away this glass,
You cannot break it with your fist
I know on sundays you are sad,
Remembering your father's funeral

But hey, your bulls care for you now,
and your flames will warm your heart.
Tonight I will leave the glass,
But my geese will be around.

I will make a long trip around the world,
and one day I will reach the other side of the glass

Gypsy's Girl II

Your father bought ice-cream for you,
It was a long day on the fairground.
Purple lightning fills the air,
You want a teddy-bear.

But your father ran out of money,
so you can't play the game.
There is something with your tears,
Is it really the teddy-bear you cry about ?

When a kid cries about a doll,
There goes a story behind

You lost your mother when you were twelve,
Now you could never grow up.

You are doomed to cry about dolls,
for they reflect your mothers face

Tomorrow you will win the fairground's game,
Tomorrow you will be the queen,
For your mother went away for a reason,
She built the fairground for you ...

Gypsy's Girl III

What if the world was a cube instead of a ball ?

What if the giant was a dwarf and the dwarf was a giant ?

What if blue was brown, and brown was blue ?

Maybe it's all true, Gypsy Girl,

When you dare to watch inside,

Dare to touch the world, and you will feel something else ...

How do you know the sea is wet,

while you never dove into it ...

How do you know strawberries are dirty,

While you never took a bite ...

Why is it that everyone sees something else when a dragon shows up ?

Some embrace him, and others run away.

Some think he is god, others think he's an escaped criminal,

While there are also ones that think he's a good book to read ...

The things around you, reflect your past,

but it will only reflect your future when you dare to touch it, and to look inside.

Your eyes will deceive you, when you don't eat it,

for then the world will be nothing but your past.

Gypsy's Girl IV

There you sit on the pew,
Tears in your eyes,
The preacher sent his sheepdog from the pulpit,
Now it's licking you,
But you are afraid

There you walk on the fairground,
with tears in your eyes ...
The clown sent his bear,
Now it's licking you,
.....But you fear it ...

There you sit in the tram,
The lawyer sent his lion out,
Now it's embracing you in it's tight grip,
....You fear it

Your lollipop cannot save you today,
It's the day your mother wants your attention.

There you walk in the rain,
No one sees you're crying,

Today your mother sends you to the circus,
But you are afraid of the animals ...

Tomorrow will be your first day on your new school,
but you fear the kids
Your mother wants your attention
Her voice slides through the wind ...

For her all these new things are ways to bring you new messages,
The voices from her heart ...
She knows some things aren't easy for you,
but she's just showing a bit of her pain, and the dangers surrounding you ...

Her voice slides through the night to wake you up,
For the new day is coming,
And she warms your heart with instructions

No mother can give what she gives,
She is your world, she is your day
She embraces you in white snow,
and disappears in the rain

To reach the surfaces of tomorrow's seas and rivers ...

These summers with you on Neptune took so long, it was like forever. The days here took so long, I could do with you whatever I wanted. I'm staring at the little clock so many numbers. I'm seeing your smile reflecting there, watching Neptunes Teeth Your dress is taller than the sun, telling me stories about a long forgotten past. Your earrings are big You got them from an Arabian Queen.

The way you use to smoke your tall cigarettes is too mysterious to describe, a dignified kill is what you always called it. And oh, yes, you are so dignified, tempered and patient. You always said you don't wait for anything. You always said to wait is to die. Your smiles reach the bottoms of Jupiter and Saturn, they are still your loving sisters. When you shuffle your cards, there is no one who can say anything. When the lady speaks, everyone is silent. You know the snakes around my neck.

Softly you close the curtains, as in slow-motion. I'm trying to catch a glimpse of the ceilings here, but all I see is smoke and fog I wonder if this house has ceilings at all. You smile, and give me a glass of strange wine, or is it liquor ? Anyway, only by watching in the glass, seeing the rubyred moist, I get a sting in my stomach, and something climbs my back, embracing my neck as a soft wind. Is it your monkey or just a trick ... or am I just dreaming I'm getting dizzy staring in the glass ... You still hold it before my eyes, I don't dare to touch the glass

No, give me some apple-juice, I ask You say you don't have apple-juice, only these sorts of blends There I see myself sinking away in the glass You smile deep, and saying : "Come on, give it a try, take a good pull." My legs start to shake, and I'm falling on the ground Your carpet is so soft I feel myself like lying in the grass I am looking at my watch, seeing more numbers growing on it Your face reflecting Seeing Neptune's Teeth

No, no, no one can ever say I drank from this mixture, this only happened by staring at it You smile, and while turning your back to me, you walk to a bookcase, so tall, I couldn't see where it ends Maybe it doesn't end If there is no ceiling, there is no top of this bookcase But I don't know, I only see smoke and fog You smile while giving me a book I shiver, I don't dare to touch it ... While staring at it, I feel all strength streaming out of my body I'm lying on the grass again Someone's touching my fingers Your monkey ?

I bet when I would read this book, it doesn't have an end You smile Turning the blank pages, while disappearing in the fog

The Rabbit

Dreams of the past were flowing over my body like waves on an icy island I'm safe, I'm far away, I will not return to the worlds They were like marbles in my pocket I had enough of that play I found some other marbles rolling and pushing them through the sand Sometimes I see hands coming out of the sand, trying to take away these marbles, but hands are forbidden here ... I bought me some police-rabbits for that They like to play with marbles Sometimes some pirate-ships full of cards try to reach my shores, but I have enough of pirates, especially their cards I bought me some rabbits for that too Some rabbits from an old lawyer

If you abuse your eye, it will fall out If you use it to enslave others, it will become blind, for the eye wasn't built for that

My rabbit always falls when I touch it My dreams are waves surrounding my island ... like glitters from the sun Coming from the morning, disappearing in the evening I like to listen to the echoes of rabbits They say words are never enough

My aunt is drying my wet t-shirt in the sun, but it never gets dry The rabbit's curse

I brought all these insects I got to a lake on the island, deep in the forest Now I can watch them everyday, while they are swimming in the rain I will never forget about all my birthday-presents They still race through my waters My aunt complains about the noise While she lives millions of miles away, in another time I think the Middle Ages, somewhere She thinks she is the queen of Bututolia or something At least that was what she was always saying I never went there, but she said it really exists She built it herself, she said, by accident, when she was cooking, something fell out of her hand, an egg I think When it hit the ground, Bututolia was born She still feeds it like a baby, while it was born in the Middle Ages Well, I never went there She said it was too expensive And the shops were all swindlers To enter the shop already cost a lot of money And leaving the shop cost even more While not buying something is unpayable Everyone lives in deep debts there They all wait for someone's son called Jesus Christ to pay the bills They think he's that rich My mother always taught me to work for own money, and never to enter Bututolia, for you never get out

My other aunt went to Bututolia for some shopping She never returned

Well, I still like Jesus, I feel sorry for him he will have to pay all those bills While people are buying and buying, like there's nothing else but shops They think, oh he will pay, we can buy what we want And there he hangs at a cross of bills He can't pay them either No wonder The bills ask for foreign money Money from my island and Jesus was never there unless one of my rabbits is called Jesus

I will tell him not to go to Bututolia, for no one ever survived

Silent After All These Years

To visit a church is the most wonderful thing you can do in your life Not to sit at the golden balconies, not to shake the hand of the old preacher, but just to take a look at the wild side of life How a snake kills a rabbit, how an eagle eats a mouse Can you watch this without feeling the blood flowing through your stomach, waiting to burst out ? Can you watch it without speaking out a spell, deep in your heart ? I don't have tears anymore when I watch their shows They have been dried out a long time ago, by some old priests After all these years, I enter the old church again, where I was born between the snakes and the rats I see them shivering when I enter through their gates again After all these years Yes, recognize me Yes, remember me Your adopted son kidnapped from a mother's heart Slowly my hand is sliding to the gun in my jacket hesitating but determined I want to see their faces I don't have any grin or smile They already died long ago in the baths of the priests Baptized as kid having big seals on their heads The mark of the beast Oh, don't touch this, and don't touch that Don't eat, don't speak listen to your teacher No, there is no any smile left in my heart

Slowly I walk to the pulpit The giant will meet the dwarf today the question is : who is who ?

I remember the face of my mother, smiling at me, in deep extends Why did they cut me away out of her heart to this place of horror ? Why ? Today I am the beast, I want my heart back Is that too much to ask ? The priests are shaking their heads ... they feel their money roll out of their pockets I give them my shoes back

And I walk barefooted to the little man on the pulpit He tries to make me laugh with all his funny faces, but I'm not charmed anymore, since I know he killed my raven I will not speak one word I can't I never could While people always said I would be a good preacher Well, my father actually But he always spoke by the whole mass thinking he was the microphone of society I always thought so many people came to my funerals but it was only my father he clothed himself with the heads of the mass bought in an old shop of sailors

Silent after all these years

When the Bunny Sais No

the embroiderer

The golden cross stings my eye He was never my friend He killed a friend called Jesus, the softest boy I knew The golden cross yells in my ear Finally a day without trousers Now I can run into my t-shirt, a black one with a white cross

Red tears are rolling from Mary's statue She's sewing her son's beard on his face again with threads of her thin spun tears I can see the mosaic of the old church again A cathedral in the forest The tall windows still speak to my mind, the gothic ballets of turkish doves, bathing in sunlight and dew

They still live in that old church, the old spinners, six ravens beyond the faery's world They are gathering my old dreams in the forest, like woodpickers The cuckoo is staring at me I feel her heart beating

Maria Magdalena is walking through the forest, swimming through the little waves of the old lake dewdrops are covering her face, or is it her tears She's looking for her boy The son of the golden dawn She's weaving her orchestra's to reach his ears with honey her son is softly crying, melting the hearts of the nightingales

I'm hearing the echo's of the embroiderer she's standing tall in the tall church of the old little town Everything is small there, I see small trains and small

stations with little conductors speaking small words about old farms and chocolate-milk The embroiderer is standing tall, heading for her sister Venus When Virgo touches Venus, the honey-milk flows I never wanted to drink that stuff, it's like unripe corn is mixed through it I don't want to have stones in my stomache There she blows her winds through the little old town The people and their toy-cars sink in the rivers The houses melting away Where did she get that breath ?

There she sits in the attic of the church's tower, spinning her tales, spinning her stories She always wins, her cats are old champions she licks her lips ... having a devastating smile There she steps on the street with her high purple heels They are needles in the sand

Where is she going to ? I see her going to the sea, fishing at the drowned little people and toy-trains they are like little tin soldiers but I also see little bank-managers She gathers them in her hat, and dives in the ocean to become a mermaid her cats following her old champions

The lion loves to see her swimming It reminds him of the time he could swim Now he's sick, lying in his bed day in day out He never wants to go back to the sea, although he had a good time there Now he's writing night-tales, and listening to his birds all the time ... The lion has a warm heart for her, he loves to dry her with his tall towels bringing her to the tower-attic again There she spins his dreams old champions

Sick lions are wandering through the streets of Virgo Looking for the old toy-shop

The old bunny hides his pieces of chocolate, and gives some pieces of toys to the sick lions Now they can make their father happy The rags of his old blanket giggle She smiles embracing the old lion kissing his forehead his glasses fall on the ground They are so happy together

There she sits behind her spinning-wheel, spinning tomorrow's rain She decides when it's your birthday ... she decides when it's newyears-eve she decides when it's christmas

There she spins a bird in someone's heart Now this person will have to sing

There she spins a bird in someone's leg Now this person will have to dance Curse of the spinning-wheel

There she brings a hand full of spun sand to the giant He smiles and throws it in his hour-glass Now we have more time, he sais lightning covers virgo

lightning covers the universe The cosmos is in fire Tomorrow it will rain stones For the sand will grow

The toy-people shiver they become smaller and smaller The giant is laughing loud The planets are shaking

she never becomes spring

The old bunny is still hiding his chocolate She asks him for more champions ... but he doesn't want to sell his fairytales ... The book of champions is not for sale It took him millions of years to gather them all and to paint their faces and suits in a book

There she slides through the Northern wind, waiting for an acorn to pick her up, to become the autumn for awhile leaves fall from the trees, dew slides through the rivers waiting for the new spring to come She doesn't have a place to live now She can't reach her tower, can't reach her seas she slides through the rain, looking for a rabbit's heart to warm her But she will never be spring, and returns to the old bunny he's still saying "no" it's becoming winter in her heart

She returns to the giant, but he wants more champions She returns to the lions, but they also want more champions, but the bunny says "no" She changes into an icicle into the cold snow on the skin of a bear all her dreams fade away Virgo is having birthdays The dwarfs are having a little party ... Even her sister on Venus closes all the doors for her They want to see the champions ...

She becomes autumn, she becomes winter, but she never becomes spring, for the bunny said "no" Now the acorn is her ship, sailing from place to place looking for the champions ... but the bunny said "no"

I know a place where it never becomes spring here in her heart The lions are getting sicker The giant is getting smaller It seems the bunny is taking his champions back The tower of the church is melting, and the seas are drying out There she wanders through her deserts with high heels, they are melting also Her clothes are getting narrow, she feels like becoming a doll

Tears are rolling from the Mary-statue Mary takes her clothes back

Maria Magdalena finally finds her son, he almost died in the rain Now he's autumn's prince, riding the horse of spring finding a pair of lady's shoes with high heels in the forest Kissing them and bringing them to his mother She smiles deep, now she can run through the forest

A bunny is gathering the acorns for the winter, disappearing in the summer's rain

The Fortune-Teller

I almost don't dare to watch in her eyes
It's like falling into a thousand of pitfalls at the same time,
pits, fifty miles deep ...

Her smile is like the mandarine,
in deep extends
They warned me saying never go there, where she is,
But I'm too curious to resist
They say she's breeding sharks

I'm watching the rings at her finger
They reflect planets I don't know
It makes me curious,
I want to step on these planets ...
They feed me unknown juices

I'm creeping through the sand ...
I see her misty palace in the distance
or is it just a mirage ...

She is the queen of the mandarines

They say she was my aunt in early days,
but my uncle left her, and she went to africa,
to live in the deserts ...

She's still a magician after all these years,
My uncle became too scared of her magic ...
She always turned into a werewolf in the night

And finally I see my lost aunt for the first time in my life
It's like a million of sharks are staring at me
She smiles deep ... You're still that little baby, she sais

She shows me her chrystal ball, and I see myself running through the skies ...
She smiles,
I always followed you by watching my chrystal ball ... she sais ...
You were always my little tv-star ...

She asks me to drink some of her liquor
But no, I say, I have to drive home tonight
She sais : home is gone, it's now in the chrystal ball
This is your new home ...
It's like a million of sharks are smiling at me ...

But aunt, I say, I only have clothes for one day
She shows me a wardrobe full of suits, saying not to worry about that
I immediately like the pink ones decorated with white ...
See, you're still a baby, she sais

Hun, I need to tell you something, before you go to sleep

I still become a werewolf at night, and then the sharks will walk through the room,
cleaning the house cooking tomorrow's meals, and working in the garden ...

I say no problem, but don't wake me ...

The fortune-teller smiles

Where am I ? I ask ...

You were far away, she sais ...

Why are you doing this to me, I ask

To show you that your dreams are real, she sais ...

I look at my hands, and see my aunts ring on one of my fingers ...

Yes, it's true, I say A little shocked ...

Then she closes her book,

And I fall asleep again

The Clairvoyante

Finally I took the risk

They said it was my own ...

I looked into her eyes, for the first time in my life ...

Something I never dared to do

I immediately fell deep into a rabbithole,
seeing myself knocking on the kitchendoor

They expected me already

I shake the hand of the rabbit-cook
I smell the flavors of their dining-rooms

I drink the rabbit's liquor,
they drink from metal shoes ...
I hear three bells and then I faint
They carry me to the queen of rabbits ...
When I see her she has the face of a clairvoyante I knew

I met her when I was fifteen years old,
She was like an older sister to me ...
But she moved to another place
I never saw her back ...

Are you I'm asking the queen
Are you no Tell me it isn't true
Are you her ?

Her wings are sliding through the magnetic air ...
Fluttering in the wind, like the flags of my father's ship ...

I didn't know you were a rabbit I say ...

She doesn't speak, but her smiles tell me enough

I did it, finally I did it I looked into the old clairvoyante's eyes ... Something I
never dared to do ...

Maybe I was too scared to see a piece of my history, to which I thought I could never
return

But I saw her there when she was young ...

A time she thinks she can never return to ...

All I have to do is asking her to look into my eyes ...

And she will meet the rabbit-prince there her brother me

The Coin

I'm drinking the liquors of old legendary champions ...

I found these bottles below the house of my grandfather ...

It took me fourteen years to come here,

This stairway was so long

I spent my whole life running down these stairs

But finally I'm where I must be ... The liquors streaming through my throat

Well I never wanted to be a champion I always let the others win

For me I trained myself to lose

It gave me the feeling of being a real champion ...

No one could ever beat me in that

And even in this I sold my trophies to the cats

I scratched my golden epitaphs

I always challenged the champions in the ring of mozart

I hated them

When I was a kid my mother always brought the champions to me

So that I could kick them out of their trousers

Maria Magdalena was always my friend, whoever it was ...

We always picked the drowned Jesus's out of the rivers ...

Training them for another game to lose

I always told her in french accent not to look into the glass too deep

She might see her own reflection

No, we don't need our own reflections

One of each is more than enough ...

We might win a game by over-population ...

No, I don't give myself any chance or tool to win

I found a coin on the bottom of my pit

If I would step out earlier, I would never see it ...

I saw Maria Magdalena's face on it

Now she's my friend forever

The Coin II

*I need to watch my terrarium, for if one of these coins escapes, there will be a mess in
tomorrow's world*

One day you will see the coin with my face on it,

Every day you go to the shop, you will pay money with my face on it ...

Every day you will remember me ... What you did to me

One day you will see the coin with my father's face on it
Everyday when you go to the greengrocer, you will pay back that what you stole
from him ...

Today my mother's face is on your coin She is the queen of your country ...
You remember her voice everyday ... It speaks to you ...
What you all did yesterday

Why do you like to hide your money ? Tomorrow you will see my brother's face on
your coins Wherever you go, you will remember what you all said to him

No, I am not bitter ... But my fruits are And you eat them also everyday
No, I am not proud But the coins are And you see them also everyday ...

No, I am not lazy, ... but I am tired to see your face on the coins
They are from decades ago When you were king in the land I would get rich if
I would bring them to the collectors

But no, I will keep them for myself I love to see the year of this old coin 1796
That's not now ... It's long ago ... It reminds me that your terror is over ... You died a
year later ...

No, I am not mean but those times were mean very mean
I was the footman in your household Your automaton, working only by your
coins
I was the robot on your spaceship, I could only move by eating your chips with
your head on it

I had tattoos on my head with your name and head on it ... You almost couldn't see
my own head Even the dog was wearing your head on his head ... The collectors
would do a murder to get one of your coins ... But I don't reply to them ... I saw
enough kills in my life

And besides that, I'm a collector myself I have coins with the faces of Pinocchio,
Hitler and Humpty Dumpty for example I have the coins with the faces of
legendary winners and losers the coins of legendary swindlers and smugglers

also the coins of legendary money-spenders and time-wasters They are all behind glass, singing their own songs But then I always lay my finger on the years of the coins ... enough to shut their mouths One day a coin tried to escape ... I think he wanted to be back in business It was the coin of an old legendary Lawyer ... well actually it was an old legendary criminal from another period in disguise He escaped one period's jail and entered another period's government I need to watch my terrarium, for if one of these coins escapes, there will be a mess in tomorrow's world

One of these coins is my luck coin, dear to my heart It's the one with my grandfather's face on it I can buy the whole world with it and it always returns to me

The Coin III

I'm watching the face of the counterfeit coiner ...

He's breeding his coins ... One day they will enter the world ...

I'm watching the hand of the counterfeit coiner

He's hiding numbers of an old clock ...

Now it will never be seventy o'clock again ...

He mixes the numbers in his kettle ...

Tomorrow the coin will rule ...

The kettle is hot ... A face called Hitler tries to reach the surface

The kettle is screaming A hand is coming out, and sinks again ...

I hear songs about Jesus coming from the kettle ...

There are explosions within ...

What kind of coin are you making, doctor ?

You stole these faces out of a hospital for champions

Now you are spinning a new face

Why are you spitting in the kettle, doctor ?

You always told us not to spit ...

Why are you mixing your photo's through the melange

You always told us to burn our camera's

Here you throw some comics in the mix

You always told us don't read comics ...

They are bad for the heart

Doctor, doctor, you never do what you say

At night you are a counterfeit coiner ...

Preparing the coins for tomorrow's world

I wonder what we will see today ...

Yesterday it was the face of a seal-hunter

When I look into a seal's eye I still see the face of that man ...

Their eyes are bleeding

Tonight Maria Magdalena will slide into your kettle

With all her charms and dangerous flavors

With all her mystery and leg-knives

The Coin IV

I'm hearing the echoes of my mother's train in the distance ...
I always got the chills hearing this knowing something would happen
It's coming from the old forest ...
Where the frogs still smoke their pipes

The old colonist is waving at me,
But I'm not charmed ...
I remember the faces of the seals crying for rain ...

He was an old legendary dancer
But I never liked the dance
I always looked at his suit made of seal-skins

People say he's too old to judge him
But I still hear the cry of the seals ...
I saw mass murderers painting their skin with the creams of died birds ...
Now they are too old to be judged ...

And that's what they say ...
Do you want to know my age ?
When the criminal is a baby ... he's safe too ...
Too young to be judged

A little boy is eating seal-cream
Mother smiles and sais let him go, he's just a baby ...

Criminals know where to find the womb of the mother
They know to find their craddles and baby-chairs ...

There they can do and eat what they want ...

There another criminal enters the kindergarten ...

Painted by seal-cream ...

The mistress smiles he broke a toy of another one's kid

Tomorrow that kid won't have a father anymore ...

The criminal knows how to hide the crime

There he paints the body of the kid's father with the creams of a monkey ...

He shouldn't have been so stupid sais the criminal

The mistress smiles What a wise boy

Who will enter the school tomorrow ?

The kids are shivering

Hiding their seals

Pinocchio is the hero of the class

He always talks through a microphone, acting like he is the police

He makes the girls smile, and the boys embrace him everyday

A kid called tarzan is the new kid in the class ...

Seals are his friends ...

He takes them to his home, but at night he eats them

Young ones and old ones are his friends,

but by their creams he covers his crimes

The mistress smiles

She likes him

She watches his split face ...

He is always too young and too old to judge

He looks like her father ...

And he also looks like her passed husband ... and like her son ...

He brings something back to her, but she can't reach it ...

It tortures her mind ...

She feels like she lives in tantalos, since he's here ...

When she looks into his eyes, she sees the bleeding seals, having the faces of her family and friends Some even have the faces of her tv-stars

But she can't help them They are too far away

No one knows he's the boss of the cinema

It's only for view ... Not to touch ...

He shows them the martyrs of the world ...

But they are not there to be helped ... They are only to be viewed ...

The crime of the journalist ...

Sightseers are entering the Arabian Wars taking pictures for their movies ...
gathering the blood to have ink for their books

The mistress smiles She thinks her family is safe now

Safe on Noah's Ark

When we have two pieces of each sort, we will survive

The rest will die

It's all in the family ...

There she goes to the shop, buying today's fruits

But when she takes a coin out of her wallet, she faints

The body of a dead seal was on the coin Now she has blood on her hands ...

A boy called seal is the new kid in the class ... The mistress is sick today ...

Pinocchio likes him and gives him his microphone

They have a new mistress A woman called Mrs. Jupiter
She likes seals and she told the kids she used to work with seals
But one day she lost them, they were swallowed by a camera
Every day she saw their movies in her head, but she couldn't touch them ...

But today is a new day ...
There she stands, embracing her kids
This day she finally could touch them again

The Coin V

To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ...

Scrooge

Here I sit behind my old piano again ...
It took me ages to get here
The mountain was tall ...

I'm in my Robin Hood suit again ...
Feeling my arm-knives burning against my skin ...
It's sixty o'clock here The days are long

I see the gypsy girl dancing with her girlfriend ...
She finally reached her enchanted shoes ...

I have sixty thin, tall pins tied on the arms of my jacket

They are sharp like hell

I use them for my harpoon ...

They say I don't need my horseshoes while walking across the river

I can afford to walk without them ...

I'm finally sitting behind my piano again ... after all these ages ...

But I still can't sing

A giant took my voice when I was a kid

My brother screamed when he took my voice out of my chest

Neither my brother sang ever again since that day ...

He only played the piano to calm my heart

The bird in my brother's chest died of sorrow the day the giant took my voice
away ...

The juices dripping from my piano are echoing through the night

I still hear the footsteps of the giant walking up the stairways His steps echoing
in the night reaching for the bed where I sleep

The giant has three daughters ... Their voices echoing through the cities ... Their
movements echoing through the tv's of the houses You can see everything they
do ...

And what they do ... is not so nice

My brother's bird is chained there, sitting on a wooden stick ...

It has to sing for them day and night

On sundays the bird has to preach for them

And reading from some old black books with silver pages

I'm burning my Robin's suit People say I can afford myself to walk on the streets
without it Which suit shall I choose today ?

A redbreast is ticking on my window ... Showing me Charlie's suit

But Santa told me I could do without it ...

The three daughters of the giant are flying in their spinning-wheels They show
me the suit of a legendary jester But I'm tired of all the jokes

No, today I will take something special

I'm kidnapping one of the giant-daughter's spinningwheel and race through
Jupiter's Mirror heading for the old suit-shop

At the door I meet a man called scrooge ...

He wears a suit full of coins ...

The faces on the coins speak

Their voices echoing through the streets ...

I can't believe it, they are speaking about me

They are singing their songs, echoing through the radios of the city ...

It's all about me ...

They say they got their voices from an old giant ...

His daughters span the voices in their coins

The ancient legendary rich ... The ancient legendary misers ...

Microphones of Scrooge

Someone said Scrooge invented Africa

but I think these coins created it ...

I wondered how they got that rich

An old casino-boss is appearing ... he wants to buy a new suit ...

He takes off his hat ... looking deep into my eyes

I know this face

He wants to shake my hand .. but I refuse ...

He wants to steal my rings ...

His face is white ... I see the jukeboxes in his eyes ...

His fingers are gamble-machines for the kids ...

The winning numbers aren't available

He swallowed them all with dinner ...

His suit is full of coins with the faces of ancient legendary teachers ...

They locked the kids up in cages with killer-questions ... while they burnt the
answers in the cellars of the schools ...

Predator-questions leading us to the most cruel creatures to everywhere but
the right way

When the princess is kidnapped, I don't care about how much a banana costs in a
place where I will never be ...

When my neighbour's house is in fire, I don't care how often a chinese man eats a
car in one minute ... I don't care about these stupid stories and questions ... They
make me sick Call the firemen instead of counting pink clouds in a dog's pillow

Shut the heck up, when Santa Clause needs a silent sleep ...

There where schooltime was a bird's funeral They burnt my bird in their
attics

I remember your face, teacher Like yesterday's hell

But I don't argue anymore with you, teacher

I ate all the cruel creatures you brought me

The keys to the answers lay on my dish ...

Why didn't you tell me you were just a good baker ?

Baking strange bread with diamonds inside ...

You could be my friend if you would tell me earlier

You have a wonderful world inside ...

Why didn't you tell me you were the white rabbit ?

Why didn't you tell me my name was alice ?

We would be the best friends

But would that bring back my little bird ?

I see the Queen of Hearts coming to the old suit-shop ...

saying hi to Scrooge, the casino-boss and me

An old face I know her very well ...

She was a superstar in inventing cruel questions without answers

I see myself sitting behind my piano, touching a key ...

It echoes through her mind

Yes, yes, I remember you, she sais

You were my best pupil You always invented cruel answers without questions

I don't smile I'm really mad

I know her sisters very well

There they comeQueen of Spades Queen of Clubs and Queen of
Diamonds ...

All stars in creating cruel questions without answers ...

Their questionmarks are beasts ... riding on the roofs at night to steal babies out of
their craddles ...

They are too afraid an answer would grow up in town ...

the stagger-cat

A staggers-cat called Herod joins the group He's on his way to Bethlehem to see a
new pupil ... But he first has to buy himself a new coin-suit

Tonight the phoenix will rise from the ashes of bethlehem your little bird he
sais

I feel my throat tingle ... I'm getting my voice back ...

You have to talk nonsense he sais

For you saw this was the only way to find the answer to get your bird back

I got the staggers in my head, and I saw the truth

It exists, It exists It's all true

We are all in the cage of denial

But nonsense is free running in the fields of dreams

I'm thanking my teachers for bringing me back to the dream They taught me to speak nonsense while being serious with a tight face It's the face of the coin who can do this ... for people need it to buy their bread ... Another mark of the beast ... To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ...

In the distance I'm hearing the soft echoes of the mistress' voice

I just fainted in the classroom ...

The staggercat came to take me away

I'm trying to reach for the mistress, but she's too far away

I see her cycling on the road to school ...

I know soon there will be a storm taking her away to Oz

I'm staring at a coin, seeing her lovely face on it ... shining in the sun

I'm looking into Gaia's Mirror

Suddenly the face changes into a cook

Then it changes into the staggercat saying "peek-a-boo" ...

I'm finding myself diving through Gaia's Coin, entering a new world having a new suit full of coins with the faces of legendary staggers from legendary fairytales also full of coins with the faces of unknown, forgotten and forbidden staggers, from unknown, forgotten and forbidden fairytales

I'm listening to the nonsense of the staggercat It soothes my heart There he picks me out of the pew saying bye bye to the preacher The ceiling of the old church explodes and I'm coiling out of the atmosphere entering his spaceship

I get dinner twenty staggerpiano's to eat ... easy swallowing ...

Concertina's are growing from my stomach

Accordions are growing in my head

When I talk bubbles are coming out of my mouth

Echoing through the night

This is the land where the staggercat rules

I'm looking at my shoes ... they are new pianoshoes ...

Now I can dance on piano's

I'm racing on the railroads of my voice,

I'm swallowing a million of harps

heading for the violin ...

The coins on my jacket are awakening ... I'm floating through the air ... diving
through another coin I'm swallowing a million of coins The staggercat is a
good cook ...

There he walks on his head There he walks on the ceiling Everything here is
the other way round and upside down But that's not too difficult for me, the
Knave of Clubs always did that to me ... There he dances on the ceiling with the
Knave of Diamonds upside down The staggercat pushes a key of the piano
They all fall down to the floor

You were always my cat I didn't know you were a staggercat ... If you would have
said it earlier, we could have much fun together But it's ok then I would have
missed all these awesome and wonderful books of my teachers All these
wonderful cards

There my head appears on a playcard They say these cards are the judges of the
universe ... There I see the face of the staggercat on the card next to me And on
my other side the beautiful face of the mistress She's wearing the crown of
Oz Another card is becoming like a water-mirror and Pinocchio is coming
through There's also a card with the awakening face of Mrs. Jupiter on it And
a card with Maria Magdalena's face We are all standing in a circle ... Waiting for
the moon to bath us in silver It's the gathering of the stagger-cards turning
worlds upside down The circle starts to spin In these tornado's the stagger-
insects are born Deliriums Their speeches can't be followed They are the
whispers of the universe The three daughters of the giant know all about it
They spin these whispers their whole life Wars of the playcards

These insects appear on the banknotes and bills of society ... Their signatures
enchant the world ...

Language-Teachers Delirium-Languages, Stagger-Languages, Enchanted
Dictionaries, The pride of the countries

Without speaking their nonsense no one can understand you and you can't
understand them

I still see the face of my English Teacher glittering on my money

I'm heading for the Tower of Babel, where they all play at cards

One day I will teach them my language

The old staggercat is mixing some old dictionaries in his kettle preparing a new
language Some old ears through the mix Some old tv's and radios And even
some old shoes

I see little fat men walking on the ceilings They have big hats and white faces
Buddhas are coming out of their hats, floating in bubbles to the floor ... I know the
faces of these men They all have the same face The face of the greengrocer
White Fruits from Vega-South The Arabian Mistress is speaking ... Her eyes are
like a tiger or a lion The rest of her face is covered by a white decorated veil

I see a dictionary called "bible" running through the streets ... It changes every year
.... It's the chameleon of the arabian deserts

A pink glittered dictionary called Brazilian is dancing through the snow Teachers
from Polaris ...

Dictionaries' Wars

They are all looking for the tea of Alice ... The Tiger's Fever ...

The Chrystal of Deliriums

They say it's on top of babel's tower ... In the center of it's clock ...

The staggercat tells me to rave enough to get there ...

I'm entering through the Lion's Fever ... tall whispers in the night turn me upside
down me and my bed

An Egyptian king is speaking nonsense to his people ... they all nod yes ... in big
fevers for his face is on their banknotes

I'm heading for the Snake's Fever A man called Shark's Fever is shaking my
hand ... I'm in the train of dictionaries They are all heading for Alice's Tea I
wonder what sort of dictionary I am ...

My hand is sliding to my gun These tunnels are pretty dark and dangerous I won't take no any risk ... There I slide into a river called Cat's Fever The dogs are swimming here ...

The gnat's fever is a pretty one ... Neon-Glue is running through my body ...

The wasp's fever ... Like reading an indian war-book

I wonder where staggercat is

It's softer here in the deeper cores of earth than I thought ...

The spider's fever is feeding the sharks ...

I don't dare to touch the rabbit's fever

Finally I drink from alice's tea watching the nonsense of the tiger

Delirious Artist

I enter through the center of Babel's Clock Falling in the arms of a woman called Rabbit Fever I'm in shock ... I didn't want to touch this But it's softer than I thought The bird's fever is making my voice sharper A man called Babel is shaking my hands ... My tongue is falling out I get a new one Here I see another Lion Fever I got to weave my way to the Chrystal of Delirium deeper in the center of the clock ... I want to know Babel's secret ... The tongue of confusion

A cat called confusion is knocking at my doors I beg him to confuse me, to create chaos in my head For the brightness in my head hurts me so deep The lies in my head scream so loud I want to get a good fever and to go to bed ... Oh, how I want to learn another language This language is breaking my hat ...

Turn my world upside down for I'm living in a box of lies

I will give you the fever of a radio ... he sais His chaos is softly roaring in my head ... soothing my heart and hat ... the frightening tinned soldiers fall down ... out of my head's cupboards ...

I will show you the legendary warriors Oh no, please Not the hitler-thing again

He smiles No, it will be something worse When you see this you will like hitler like your classmate ...

My hairs rise to the ceiling

You want to know the secret of Babel ? he asks

Yes, I nod

Deep in the center where all the clock-hands cross I saw his face

The comic-cat

There where they drink comic-juice

There where the teachers ask questions in unknown languages

There where no translation exists

A cartoon-cat is ticking on my shoulder

I see a sick child more beautiful than a lion

schoolsick

One of his eyes is blind and very small The Whale's Eye

The Eye of Ara ...

The other Eye is very thin and sharp The Hawk's Eye ...

The Eye of Vega-South

But I'm not charmed ... I saw enough in my life

Six Indian Chiefs are surrounding me

Chief Joseph is speaking to me

I feel my skin again and my clothes ...

I feel the warm seas of Ara again Their coasts are speaking to me

Yes,everything is equal

A whirlpool called Equality is leading me to Russia

I'm feeling my red shoes again

I'm not charmed I'm not impressed Everything is equal

I'm impartial

I'm seeing myself floating from the ceiling to the floor, and back feeling my old
jump-ball in my stomache bringing me back home ... Feeling the snake's split
tongue bubbling in my mouth again ... The only way to escape the land of the split
talk is to talk the split talk

If they will maintain talking to me on two roads I will let them meet my two
trains there ...

Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum

They are Twins ...

Tomorrow's Sandwich

Even Hitler cannot escape ...

I'm sitting on the neck of a cat called "Two-Face"

I wonder where he is bringing me

I had a teacher who always asked me where I was talking about when I repeated his
own words

This is how deep the rabbit-hole goes

When I told him these were his own words, he always started to talk about
something else

I'm sitting on the neck of a cat called "Three-Face"

Three big little blind girls, a Triplets, are knocking on my door ... bringing me a little
fir ... Then they disappear diving into the sea ... changing into whales The
secret of the trident Feeling a Three-Tongue burning in my mouth

Trident Wars in Egypt's Pyramid

Insects of the trident-sting ...

Grandparents of the wasp ...

Where am I talking about ? I'm fainting in the classroom again A cat called
"Square" is picking me up telling me he's going to burn the school ...

I feel safe in his arms I know this face Millions of triangles are melting in the
big square This is how they make comic-juice It's coming from a rainbow-
throne

Chief Joseph is smiling

A cat called "number 5" is entering the school ... He has a high black hat floating a
few inches above his head I'm fainting again Even the mistress faints and
the other children I'm screaming for help ... but he says no one is going to help
me, they all fainted ... Who is this I know this face Can you please tell me who
you are Please

I am Mr. Nightmare, he says Your bed Your sleep Your horse to
dreamworld Your teacher in economics Your nightmares where there to serve
you To bring you out of the nonsense into the dream-world where you are free

Here you can drink the juices of fairground I am the master and creator of all
fairgrounds

Chief Joseph is smiling The little gypsy girl is sitting on his lap This stuff is
flowing from another rainbow-throne ...

I'm drinking from the fairytale-juices and I know another mountain where they
sell game-juices

I like this stuff more than gold

However, I'm running out of money There is work to do I'm having the French
Fever ... Having the Zebra-Shivers Now I will be the one who will ask the
questions I see three question-marks swimming in Russia's river ... Russians
always ask the questions for an answer would make them partial That would
be the end of the trip ... I saw a Russian matchbox touching the edge of an answer
one day His mother put him in bath for three days ...

When the fourth questionmark enters the river, they all shiver While the fifth
blows them all into sleep ...

Six black cars are settling near to my garden ... They carry the sixth
questionmark a deaf one he doesn't know about anything he even forgot
your name

A cat called Lethe is working in my back garden he looks like my grandfather ...

He found some old coins while digging in the ground

He looks at the little fir I got from the whale-triplets There are fruits growing in
it Question-Fruits Well I got the question-fever already ... It's bubbling in my
stomache Doctors are running A question-mark is reaching Babel's Tower

My hand is sliding to my gun again ... This is going to get dangerous

You're crazy, says the doctor but when the question-mark appears on my
forehead .. he faints

The question-mark is my sword now ... Too many questions asked me the hats from
my heads Now I will ask the questions

I saw a movie called "The Maze" part 1 till 23 Now I'm waiting for part 24

They say in part 24 the boy who was locked up in the maze will turn into a maze
himself This will be the final escape ...

They say Rambo was a question-killer ... I met him in vietnam but I brought him
to wonderland where the question-eggs walk ...

Yes, I also wait for another Easter ... I once made a painting about this Easter
They all thought it was a photo of my grandmother ...

When it's question-easter Anyway I always spoke halve words People still
sit in the waitingroom for that

There I faint in the doctor's waiting-room ... A cat called Easter is picking me out
he sais he's going to burn the waitingroom But this time it was my turn I
brought him to wonderland, where all the waiting-eggs walk I'm still looking for
waiting-easter

There he is, the easter-hare he knows more about this his brother was the
march hare ...

Millions of waiting-cubes are melting in the big green question You are looking
for the best answer but I am looking for the best question ... Unintelligible
questions were always shot at me Now these babes will be my bullets

Talking french to me was always like asking too difficult questions

There he is my french teacher I always wondered why he looked like my
economic teacher Anyway he always taught me how to ask unfathomable
questions ... too fast to follow ...

He was always called Speedy Gonzales I never knew why

I recorded all his teachings backwards I heard the most wonderful fairytales
About mazes and lockmasters

I know some locks without keys

I saw two men entering wonderland ... They were escaped from a Jewish book ...
One was called : I Am Who I Am Not and the other was called : I Am Who You Are ...
They were twins ...

I am drinking piano-juice ... but I don't hear anything ...

Question-languages are running through my mind ... reaching for the apples of my
heart But I don't hear anything The big ear is closing the shop ... he will go to
sleep when he's home ... His wife is kissing him, giving him today's sail-magazine

When he goes to sleep he will dream about ships This is the only thing he cares
about Tomorrow he will go for a trip around the world, sailing the oceans He's
finally retired on a pension now After working so long in the sailor's shop ...
Tomorrow it will be a toy-shop But he doesn't care about that anymore ... His son
will take it over ... You can never convince a deaf man ...

Tomorrow the Big Ear will speak from vela's organ Tomorrow the Big Ear will
smoke the pipe of Chief Joseph

A cat called speech-defect is knocking on my shoulder They think it is a
speechdefect he sais but They think they made a type-error but
They think she's a stutterer but but
b...b.....buuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuut it's just another language a
language is the other's speech-defect ... all languages come forth from speech-defects
.....

Who the hick heck are you, I ask I remember this face

I'm the language-butcher he sais I confuse and cut all the existing languages
and making new ones

I work in the tower of b...b.....babel

I'm the eco-system in speech

Hitler in Wonderland

I had enough of all this calling alice

She knows the road in this rabbit-hole

Swallow the letters, she sais

But ... what about the numbers ?

Swallow them also ... she sais It's all food from the cook

Which cook ? I ask

The maths-teacher she sais

oh my god, I scream not him ... oh no

Heaven save my life ... This man almost killed my life

No, Alice smiles he's just your cook the language-cook

I'm shutting the book in shivers

All I need to know is the secret of Babel

I'm walking to the library heading for another book

On the street I meet my history teacher

He's giving me a book about Hitler

saying : This is why Hitler ate the Jewish Star

He thought it was a book about babylon's tower,

about how to escape a language's teacher

He was just a schoolsick boy

But the true danger was the black rabbit For he kidnapped him to the black
wonderland ..

I shiver while I'm reading the book of the black Rabbit Hitler followed the wrong
rabbit ... to the wrong wonderland I'm staring at Hitler's picture, having a black
rabbit on his shoulder he kisses it

I'm crying, ...falling in Charlie's arms He knew this Santa knew this Who is
this black rabbit ... I ask

I'm sitting next to Hitler in the classroom It's thundering outside All of a
sudden lightning enters the classroom ... Hitler is fainting A black Rabbit is
entering the classroom taking him away The mistress smiles ... She's wearing a
Jewish Star on her jacket We all have Shhh She sais We are all safe She
opens the book of a red rabbit The book is called Maria in Wonderland ... She
starts to read : page 223 :

"And the red rabbit took the Jewish children to a cave called "Babel" ... a little kid
called Hitler lost his tongue there for he was screaming too loud ... He swore to
return with a black rabbit to get his tongue back but he took the wrong book
called "Hitler in Wonderland" So he never reached Babel again ... When he got
home, he caught a red rabbit called "Jesus" and caged it in an old radio His
mistress called Maria Magdalena told the children to take their rabbits with them
on Animal's Day so Hitler brought his red rabbit caged in the old radio It had
dyslexia in his senses which means it could see the fairytale in everything in
equality Maria wanted to keep the rabbit to tell stories in the class Hitler
thought that would be ok When he got home, a black rabbit was sitting in his
room having another book for him, called Hitler's Ark This ship would lead
him to Babel to get his tongue back ... When he got in ... he had to drink from a
bottle called "Hitler's Flood" ... It was the black rabbit's juice ... made of comics
Please don't bring me back to school, he begged the rabbit The rabbit gave him
another drink called "Hitler's Sea-Split" ... the black rabbit's liquor .. made of

slapsticks ... He fell into the rabbitshole, and at the bottom he was born in Betlehem
next to a kid called Charlie Chaplin his twin-brother

Now who of us will be Jesus, Charlie asks with a grin you or me

They got a black rabbit called Judas for their birthday ...

Charlie asked the Rabbit if he wanted to be Jesus ...

No, said the rabbit ...

Well no means yes here, so you will have to paint the white roses in red in the
garden of Eden ...

The Rabbit walks into the garden meeting adam and eve

What are you two doing here ? he asks ...

Well we were waiting for you to give us some other fruits We didn't like your first
one ...

Why didn't you just tell it was your orange painted radio

We are getting sick of the music in our heads"

The mistress shuts the book and smiles

Well, that happens when you are a greengrocer trying to smuggle radios in black
bibles, trying to escape a rabbit's jail, teaching spanish to jewish children in the
night

A spanish teacher is tearing the pages out of an old dictionary, trying to swallow his
past His artificial teeth dancing on his pedestal cupboard ...

I'm staring into Charlie's Eyes Tonight we will dance on Hitler's Tongue ... The
road to another story The moon of Oz is shining his face on us A blue rabbit is
following us

Quatzalcoatl was sitting on the first Rainbow-Throne ... He was the paradise's greengrocer The God of movies His throne was a wheelchair There he's on his way to James Bond To sell him some apples ...

Santa Clause was sitting on the second Rainbow-Throne His ship Sending Charlie to the poor laughs

Saint Nicolas was sitting on the third Rainbow-Throne ... sending old Nick to bring comics to the kids

On the fourth Rainbow-Throne Sandman was sitting ... Counting his money Counting the tears on a man's jacket

These guys cost a lot of money ... They don't come to your bed for free ...

A cuckoo is singing a song in the night It's a mysterious song A man was killed here ... Now the cuckoo is counting the blooddrips Trying to trace the murderer There his face reflects in the blooddrips The cuckoo knows what it has to know and is flying away in the darkness Back to it's clock ... Santa's ... Detectives ...

Quatzalcoatl is eating banana-coffee-ice-cream from the greengrocery's liquor ... together with Goldfinger and Kojak His wheelchair goes faster than the rain Goldfinger and Kojak are sitting in the side-cars ... one left and one right tomorrow's sandwich

I had a teacher who called his nonsense art A strange way to escape a rabbit's cage

His coin is still floating through my mind

Here I throw a blue coin high in the air ... When I catch it it is red There are two sides of the coin I'm still looking for the third one

Well, this is how they breed politicians calling their nonsense art

I saw people smuggling drugs in paintings and strange cubes calling it art

I saw people killing animals and trees calling it the artist's touch

Still they are marching to wonderland Hitler's wonderland

This book still sells good ... especially among smugglers and swindlers

One day I will enter your house, said the black rabbit to the yellow rabbit stealing your paintings stealing your artificial teeth and your strange cubes robbing your banks and your furniture by an iron pencil calling it ... art

When a criminal has a pencil in his hand ... he is unguilty

They know where to find the pencils in the art-teacher's room from here they
can steal your pockets empty ... having the police on their side

Behind the painting of the old black rabbit A lot of money is hidden ... This is how
paintings come alive The old cuckoos know all about it Painted Criminals are
never guilty They have all lawyers on their side

I'm hearing that strange song of the cuckoo again It's counting the paint-drops in
a pot It smells like blood ...

Quatzalcoatl is viewing his old pictures with his projector The white screen will
show him which characters escaped from the pictures They will be tomorrow's
criminals He sends out his eagles to take them back

The visitors of the cinema are bored the villain escaped from the movie's
screen They rather read tomorrow's newspaper ... Another day in Hitler's
Wonderland

There a cinema's worker becomes a journalist at night turning into a vulture ... to
prepare tomorrows newsmagazines to make some extra money ... for his movies
don't sell enough to keep his kids quiet It will be a real artwork again showing
wars and suicides in slow-motion ... He will be the show-master of tomorrow's
desasters and dog-fights calling it art He wrote the book : "How to kill a
yellow rabbit" A best-seller among showmasters While Alice is still looking
for the yellow rabbit She knows that it still lives ... somewhere ... somehow She
still hears it's heartbeat

They say it's Quatzecoatl's rabbit ... There's a road behind the painting of a
legendary sailor

Quatzecoatl is eating banana-tobacco-icecream, together with Kojak and
Goldfinger His eagles brought some movie-villains back ... Tomorrow there will
be no newspapers For good news doesn't sell They say it's all nonsense ...

A cat called "Birthday" is sitting on the fifth Rainbow-Throne ... comics to the kids
Quatzecoatl is eating banana-mocca-tartlets Everyday it's my birthday ... the cat
sais And he decides when it's your birthday Quatzecoatl sais Detectives
from the Throne

They all escaped from the black rabbit's painting It was a real art to do that
Now they have the pencil in their hands The art of the detective

I'm feeling Quatzecoatl's Coin burning in my hand The Circle of Agatha
Christie The Detective's Eye

There was a day when men had no muscles but only Glands to cry and Glands to
paint

The Tear was the mover and the creator

I'm reading the book of the yellow rabbit Quatzecoatl in Wonderland

The strange song of the cuckoo is leading me inside

There I see the Tiger's Tear I'm touching all the buttons which makes me cry and
quiver

It's the Tiger's Pallet ... Quatzecoatl's Wheel-Chair-Switch-Board

Cartoon-Tears are streaming like waterfalls I'm ... on Fire

In the lake called The Tiger's Tear my Cartoon-Me is reflecting like a mirror

I'm diving deep ... looking for my lost pearls

But the black rabbit is blocking me He stands on a hill near the lake

having a black pencil in his hands

Lightning and Thunder flashes and glitters from it

But there Quatzecoatl is riding in his wheel-chair

Having a cartoon-cube in his hands

Nooooo, screams the rabbit Not the cartoon-cube !

His voice is getting higher and there he melts, flowing and spiralling into the cube

He escaped from the cartoon, Quatzecoatl sais

There I'm floating deeper into the Tiger's Tear

Feeling my whole body is crying crying paint

My lips are swelling ... reaching for the Tiger's Milk

When a man hides his tear in a muscle ... he's reaching for the milk of the black
rabbit

For when a detective becomes a journalist, the biggest crime has been committed

Then the bird became a beast and the woman who rode it ... was the assistant of Pontius Pilate For neutrality was the cross of Jesus ... The juice for the hungry newspapers Mixing good with evil Married off to tomorrow's World-War

A man called Pontius Pilate is the guest of the show today ... The showmaster smiles Looking at the muscle of his guest There is a bird caged in it, singing beautiful songs ... The muscle becomes red ... and then black ... All colours of the rainbows The showmaster is in awe, and the people are applauding He sees all the faces of his family appearing on the head of the bird ... One by one The songs are getting more beautiful ... There he sees the face of his wifeTears are flowing over her cheeks ... but it's already time to go The guest has another appointment in another show The showmaster is begging him to stay No, says Pontius Pilate, you can go to my secretary to make another appointment for the next century

Next Century ???

The showmaster starts to cry His wife has been missed for three years Will he ever see her again ?

This will get out of hand

Tonight there will be a Journalists' War tomorrow-morning a journalists' disaster Who will be the Journalist then

I see an owl escaping from an old painting Writing tomorrow's bible with an iron artist's pencil ... Interviewing Tomorrow's Jesus ... a tiger escaped from an old comic This time he will not die by the microphone of a journalist He will be the journalist himself ... Interviewing Judas, Pontius Pilate and the pharisees ... making pretty pictures of them for his comic

The cartoon's Journalists

Service With Little Light

It is busy in the cow-hospital ... dr. cow is killing a handkerchief ...

dr. chicken is bringing it to life ...

A doctors' War
Service with little light ...

The disc-jockey-crow is a stalker ...
He plays music in the heads of people, day and night ...
This is the secret of his sleep

The journalist-vulture is also a stalker ...
He kicks people knock out with his microphone ...
A giant's microphone
Service with a little light

The announcer-tucan is announcing a new movie
Tomorrow's nightmare ...
The day before he escapes to his tropical island

The quizmaster-cock is safe when the war starts ...
Safe in the cow-hospital,
where the doctors are fighting about a handkerchief

The Wizard

The Arabian palace was hard to reach,
The desert was long, and full of snakes ...

I'm touching the portal of the palace,
But then it disappears ...
It was a mirage ...

Finally I feel hard ground below my feet,
Am I in now ?
No, it's only a lost stone in the desert ...

The sun breaths in my neck,
My shoulders are burning
Finally I see someone standing with a mirror, smiling
So it was you making all these fata morgana's

I'm looking around me, the desert is gone
Even the desert was a mirage, just another one's trick

I'm in the palace,
Cool winds are touching my neck and back
My clothes are thin and transparent
The sun tattood my body with dragons,
to protect me against the Wizard's eye ...
They say his eyes spit fire

His cobra's lead me to a room, in the top of one of the palace's towers
Two lions will wake over me the night ...
They say the black powers will rage when the nights fall

In my room it's hot My bed is burning, and flames are dancing on the walls ...
I see banana's to eat, but I don't dare to touch them

They say they are the wizard's hearts ...
I see them beating on their dishes ... They are pulsating strange feelings into my
stomache ...

I feel like getting drunk It's the wizard's banana-liquor
They say it's necessary for a good sleep, and not to fall out of the dreamship,
while sailing over the seas of the night ...

I see black licorice surrounding my ships it glitters in the waters

The black sun is enchanting the oceans
But there I see you walking on the water, with your little mirror ...
And I find myself sitting on your lap
It was all a mirage
You it was you again

Uncle wizard, he likes to play, he likes to tease ...
But I like it, it makes my touch lighter ...
Always when something happens I think
Hmmmm ... It can be another trick of uncle wizard ...
For he likes to play and he likes to tease ...

He wants me to learn not to be too serious about myself ...
He wants me to learn ... not to believe too strong in the things happening ...
He just wants me to stretch out to him, and to smile about his tricks
On his lap I am safe

the ventriloquist

When you first gave your heart to me,
it was like entering an Arabian Palace
When you gave your heart for the second time,
it was like entering a Lions Pit
They were chasing through the Arabian Palace,
giving some spicy flavor to the fruits

When you gave your heart to me for the third time,
it was like entering a Rabbit's kitchen
But the nuclear bombs were tamed, they walked hand in hand
Although I was scared to death to watch their faces ...

When you gave it to me the fourth time,
it was still a rabbit-kitchen,
but the bombs were stuffed by a good taxidermist you

When you gave it to me the fifth time,
it was an arabian palace again
I was wandering through the mazes of it, like a soldier checking the canonballs of
the walls ...

I'm still waiting for the sixth time But I think this time will never come ...
You stuffed me, I'm a tinned soldier now waiting for the night to enchant me to
life again ...

The first time I gave you my heart,

you entered a circus, waiting for the animals to dance

But you stuffed them, only letting the clowns walk ...

By moving your strings

The second time I gave you my heart,

you entered a race-course,

racing with the banana's of my world ...

But they didn't have wheels

They were your feet ...

.....You stuffed them

The third time I didn't have a heart anymore,

so I gave you my arms ...

But you stuffed them too

You're still working to stuff my mouth,

but I'm a good ventriloquist ...

Like you are

For it's only your stomache doing your things

The rest has been stuffed by a dragon

He needed a doll for his cinema

You're still a famous actress,

writing your books for over-populations ...

Having a dragon in your stomache

Even a better Taxidermist than you are

Or is he also someone elses doll, waiting for the next show ?

I see a little girl walking to her soft dragon-doll ...
Tears are running through his stomach they will never reach the surface
He wished he would never give his heart to her, for she stuffed it and now he is a
fluffed doll.
He wished he could go back to the Arabian Palace where he lost his wings ...

The first time I gave my heart to the dragon,
He got wings again, and flew to the Arabian Palace ...
The second time I gave my heart to the dragon,
He enchanted my heart so that I could move ...
The third time I gave him my heart,
He gave me His heart
The fourth time I gave him my heart,
He gave me His wings
Now he's flying in me day and night Enchanting my body
The fifth time I gave him my heart,
He's not a doll anymore ...

The little girl rages She calls for the Taxidermist

the snake-dancer

The first time he gave me his heart,
he entered my circus, to enchant my animals to life again
The second time he gave it to me,
he entered my rabbit-kitchen, to bring spice to the fruits

The third time he gave it,
he entered my arabian palace, to let my horses fly again

The fourth time, he entered my lions pit to bring them back to the palace ...

The fifth time, he gave wings to my cannonballs ...

I'm still waiting for the sixth time I know this time will come soon,

for it is almost night in which the iron soldiers will come alive

The little girl rages again, calling for you

but you are running through the night,

looking for your dragon

But he is looking for another doll ...

I think there will never be a seventh time,

The iron soldiers will stand alone in the night

I see them running through the streets also looking for dolls

Yes, they gave their hearts seven times to me, but they won't do it the eighth time

Then I will have to wait for an Arabian Snakedancer ...

They know how to move, they don't use dolls they don't use strings ...

They only wear strings without dolls on the ends

They only wear strings stuffed strings

Their copper skins shine in the sun

The arabian sun

They don't need puppets for they know : One day the puppets might need them ...

They are free Their strings are blind roads They come to dead ends They are free Their strings will change into snakes at midnight

Then they will come alive They got free by waterfalls of tears ... They cried long and fast enough to reach the tops of their fingers and the top of their heads Now they can move

They gave birth to themselves Now they cry tears of joy

They dared to swallow the darkness, they dared to dive into seas too tall ...

I see the seven suns when I look into their eyes

When they gave their hearts to me the eighth time,

I could see again Seeing my own births inside

I can escape into myself ... There is always something to swallow

At the end of the swallow, the rabbit-mountain exists

Snakes are entering the rabbit-holes reaching for the kitchens in deep slow-motion ... bringing spice to the food, setting the walls in fire All ready for a good swallow I swallow my way to the Eye of the rabbit I see the seven lightnings twinkling in the Eye ... I didn't know lightning could be so soft The snake-dancers enter the Rabbit's Eye from here they can see the world The arabian palace twinkles in the sun Twinkling the rabbit-dancers to life Sinking deep into the Rabbit's Shoe with their parachutes

When the rabbit-dancers gave their heart to me the ninth time, I could hear their heart-beat pulsating through the universe, awakening the pink sun

The pink sun smiles She waited so long for this moment

She embraces the purple sun, and becomes brown

Deep in the Rabbit's Shoe, a bird-dancer lives

When he gave his heart to me the tenth time,

I could breath again

the monkey

The arabian palace is heading for africa

It's like two fruits melt together

The juice is tingling in my throat It's spicy

The waves of it are reaching the coasts of my heart

Tornado's are surrounding them

There is a place where the whirlpool changes into the tornado

At the edge of the ocean's waterfall.

They are looking for the african palace deep in the desert

Here the heart of the monkey burns

When the monkey gave his heart to me the eleventh time,
My heart was melting in fire

Snakes, rabbits and birds are entering the monkey's palace ...
It's his birthday, they bring him presents
Fireworks from their hearts to his

Three wise are visiting Bethlehem's Child
They carry the little baby to it's cradle deep in africa

A puppetmaster called Judas is painting his puppets
He wants the little monkey

Monkeys are surrounding his house
give us our children back

Let my monkey go, screams a man called Moses

Cut the strings of my monkey, he belongs to my ship, yells a man called Noah ...
He was a sailor of africa's seas he belongs to us

Samson was the fright of the african seas ... his monkey was his dog Now it's time
for his monkey to come back

A black snake called Surinam is disappearing in the night, looking for lawyers to
keep his monkey tight

There's blood coming from the monkey's eyes

Maria Magdalena is kissing his tears

She swallows them and a ballerina starts to come alive

The toy-soldiers were the fright of aldebaran, they want their monkey's back ... they
were their ships

Surinam, Surinam the gathering of insects

An insect called Bagdad is entering the circle

He sings their songs, dances their dances, but there's something in his face

and after the show he goes around with his hat, collecting money ...

They don't want to give him money, for he danced the same dances as they did

Well, you have to pay me, for it costs money to look at my face, he sais ...

Then they give him some money

But now I will give you some money, to buy some new shoes he sais ...

He gives them a coin, with the monkey's head on it

They all start to scream, hiding their monkeys

Suddenly monkeys start to come out of their shoes

They run into the jacket of the insect called Bagdad

Now they will dance their own dances

Now they will sing their own songs

A man called Elia is smoking his cigar giving his shoes to the black snake Now
he will have to dance for the queen of Bagdad after that he will become the dog
of Sinbad the fright of the Arabian seas For the kids to know to never steal a
monkey from an old woman's house

A man called Jeremiah is smoking his cigar giving his trumpets to the black snake
.... Now he will have to play the trumpet in Sinbad's House, cooking meals for his
rabbits For the kids to know to never take candy from a strange snake

A man called Jesus is smoking his cigar giving his hat to the black snake Now
he will have to catch tomorrow's rain, telling jokes to the birds

For the kids to
know to never eating an apple without asking it who's in

The twelfth time the black snake gave me my heart back,

I could catch the coin of the monkey again

Evidence for me to know who the king is

Way of the Snake

Dream of the criminal,
dream of the cannibal,
dream of the white man,
dream of the black man

They all dream the same dreams,
they all follow the same paths

all smoking the same cigars

The cigars of fear

The fear to be eaten

That's why they eat so much

Some think they don't care about being eaten But they are still afraid someone eats their indifference Everyone has his place in the wheel of fear When you lose the fear to lose indifference, you're in the deepest indifference This is the way out The way of the snake Losing your skins

When Mother comes back

mother is mad

I know she will return very soon ...
She said she had to do some shopping ...
What will she say when she comes home ...

Oh there she is ... Standing at the door
What have you done to my goldfishes ... she sais ...
Well little Timmy swallowed them all, mommy ...
What have you done to little Willy ...
He still sits in bath the whole day, mommy

What have you done to my chinese dishes ?
Oh, mommy, we were playing with it and then it fell to the ground ...
What have you done to the tv Why is there butter all around ...
And why is there chocolate on the wall
You made a mess, that's clear to me ...
What do all these eliphants do here
And what do all these monkey's do in the lamps ...
You had a great time, I see ...
But mommy's back you see
I did some shopping ... For you I have a toy ...
Let's see if you will enjoy ...

Mommy turned around ... and a tornado starts to move
From the tables to the beds ...
Bringin us all there
Time to sleep, and time for the trumpets ...

Mommy is back She seems very mad
She did some shopping, but now she throws everything through the house

What did you do to the mice ?
We burnt them, Margaret sais ... The candles were gone, and we got cold ...
And what do all these dogs doing here, running through the house ?
Well, the neighbours had to go for a holiday, and now they sleep here ...
Sleeping ? Is that what you call it ? You can't handle these machines ...

Mommy please, sit down and take a break
Well, my break was long enough, now I will push a brake ...
Mommy please, go for a sleep, you must be tired ...
Well, I have slept long enough, this must be the morning-magazine ...
Mommy please, go for a shop again ... maybe you weren't done there ...
No, I will bring you to the shop ... Then you know what it is to be for sale
For you sold your mom long ago but she's back now ... ready for some cleaning ...

The trumpets start to blow
Oh, mom, where did you buy these ?
I can't hear my radio anymore ... Can you please bring them back to the petshop
where you bought them ...

Oh, mom, where did you buy these cats ...
Well, they look lovely, honey, but they will eat you for dinner
Oh mom, please don't say these things ...
Well, last year you ate them, you threw the ball away ... now the ball is back
Oh mom, please, get a job ...
This is my job
Oh mommy, no, please go for a walk

No, my kids mommy is back and will sell your tricks

For you sold me long ago, like you did to dad ...

I returned today, but dad will return tomorrow

The whole family will return

You won't recognize them again For it was a long time ago, you sold them to an old rat

But now he is on a holiday asking me to take care of you for awhile

So you see, when you think you sold me and the family, you sold yourself ...

For your family is a mirror, reflecting yourself

When you throw the mirror in the river, there you go yourself ...

Oh, mom, come on, where did you learn that tale Where did you buy that orange ?

Well the coins the old rat gave you told me, they reflected your face you lost yourself

Well, mom, these coins were in my pocket all the time, I hid them very well, so what a tale again

Well, hon, I was also in your pocket all the time, so I could hear everything ...

Mom, you are the best ...

Why didn't you write fairytales ?

Well, I did already, my kid ... but you never wanted to listen to them

You never went to the fairy's world ... but now it has been coming to you

Isn't it funny to watch the fairground-mirror again ?

No, mom, I rather watch tv ... I look a lot better there ...

Well tv is out now ... Your money has run out

Well, mom you never told us it was an automaton, but thanks for the updates ...

You are very welcome, my daughter All these machines here are automatons

When they don't get their coins anymore, they will eat other things

Mom, you start getting cynical Where did you learn these tricks ...

Well, the old rat teached me, he said he learned them from you

Mommy is back Mommy is mad And she wants us to meet the family

Yes, my daughter, yes, they are all waiting for you one by one

Well, are they also trained by the old rat ?

Yes, my dear, yes trained by you Kids teach their parents kids teach their family

The old television is grinning

Hehe ... and I teached them everything they know

Mom, we have enough of you, the tv will be our mom now ...

The echo from the past, coming from the old tv

But mom is back She bought a new tv

the Noah-Virus

Cruel jokes, cruel jokes, sais the old crow

He lived so long in that old television but now it will go back to the petshop, but this time not for sale

A little boy is entering the petshop asking what kind of animal that is

It is an alarm, sais the owner, but it is not for sale ... It warns the kids when they want to have a dangerous tv-animal ... For when they would take it to home it can sell the whole family

After all these years I started to know why mom was so mad We bought that old crow in a time when the petshops didn't have that sort of alarms He sold the family to the old rat in the radio When we got that old radio, the rat was already in there We got that thing from an old aunt ... We thought the radio was our new daddy, for that was what it said Well actually the rat inside ... We sold everything to him, so that he would give us money We needed it to buy a game-computer He would be our new housekeeper and even our new teacher so that we didn't

have to go to school anymore ... So we sold our schools, our books and householders to the rat also on our way to eternal holiday But A bear was living inside ... looking like our mother he wanted us to make a mess in the house ... so that he had something to do

After all these years yes mom you were so right We took a whole zoo in house without knowing who they really were The doctor said we had the Noah-Virus My sister got it from someone in her class While she was doing a game with that little game-computer of her class-mate It was called "The Animal-Family" She didn't know there was a virus inside ... it jumped over on her like a little flea She was so sick and after that we all got sick ... The doctor said there's nothing to do about it but I'm still looking for that old video-game Maybe my uncle can repair it He works in the petshop, knowing everything about animals and computers He also works in a bibleshop on saturdays He sais once a month Noah visits them

Last night he told me that Noah had a fish who got mad because it wasn't allowed to enter the ark Noah told him it had to stay out of this for it had to catch the raindrops The Fish developped The Noah Virus and brought it into the Ark when Noah and his animals were sleeping Every game without a fish would be doomed to get the virus So when the Animal-Family was developped, without a fish, the virus got in

Everyday I go to the lake, since awhile ... looking for that old fish I know he wants to help me I still have that virus One day I saw a goldfish coming to the surface I gave him some bread ... He was wearing a bell on his neck he said it was an alarm He wanted me to bring it to the petshop it warns the kids when they want to buy an animal with the Noah-Virus

Today mom got a new game ... How to defeat the Noah-Virus She got it from my uncle and he got it from Noah while Noah got it from the fish They are friends again now They talked it out It was a long conversation She also got another game called The Real Animal-Family It's a new version, including fishes

Little Timmy is finally spitting the goldfishes out They swam in his stomache for a long time

Little Willy is finally coming out of the bath

And we are having a new game-computer now

Mom's goldfishes are living in it, telling us all her stories

Tomorrow daddy comes again
And we will meet the whole family
Mom will be proud of us We will move to a house at the Lake
A house called "The Real Animal-Family"

the animal-mirror

I have a boat there at the lake Since awhile I'm making trips with it Deep into the forest Following the most beautiful fishes They say Noah lives deep in there At the end of the forest-rivers I didn't reach his house yet But I know it will be full of animals there They say the owner of the petshop looks like him And they say I look like his daughter Well, she is my friend for a long time She often goes with me She also likes to meet Noah In the bibleshop it was forbidden to enter when he was there once a month Only the crew was allowed to meet him like my uncle He told a lot about Noah but now I want to see him like he really is And talk to him, like I talk to my family ... I would love to spend my holidays there, caring for the animals and listening to his stories They say he knows everything about tv-birds, radio-rats and computer-bears I would love to see his machines I wonder who is living in his washing-machine, and who is living in his refridgerator They must be beautiful animals

They say he has to care for a little boy called Mowgli He found him in a little basket on the river lying next to a child called Moses Moses grew up very fast, and now he's working in the plantshop ... at the corner of our street But Mowgli grows slow ... I think he likes to be with the animals too much

Well finally, yesterday, me and the daughter of the petshop-owner met Noah and how he looked like my uncle It was almost amazing while the daughter of the petshop-owner said he looked like her daddy I think Noah always works in the heads of the people around us trying to reach us with his programs He told us he is also a disc-jockey, but that was a big secret And when I saw one of his birds it looked like my brother Well maybe it also lives in his head ... who knows ... It was like I saw my whole family here and the daughter of the petshop-owner saw hers We were both amazed

Now it was very funny ... Noah's bed was an old wardrobe in the wall Here his whole disc-office was settled ... His bath was an old boat and his kitchen was an

old bus We had a great time here and when we were taking our bags to go home again, he asked us to come to his cellar He wanted to show us another animal When we saw it, it was like we were looking in the mirror It looked like us We were so shocked But it was the most beautiful animal we ever saw And Noah said it was his best

A day never to forget

The Mirror

Now I understand why it slipped through my fingers It wants to show me something True Manuals always slip through your fingers True Mirrors always run away

Oh how I want to reach the mirror of Aldebaran, and seeing who I am

Oh how I want to see my face reflect through the coin of Venus ...

Telling me who I am ...

I am in a desert of mirrors ...

Oh I how I would like to look into the waters of Aquarius

To be able to kiss my own lips

Mirror of Narcissus ...

Wandering in a jungle of mirrors ...

I'm looking into the mouth of a snake ...

My face mirroring in a tooth

Golden Teeth from Who Knows

I'm lost here, in a labyrinth of fairytales ...

I'm lost here in a kingdom of cartoons

I don't know who to believe ...
I don't know who not to believe ...

Birds flying with my head
Having my face
Is it stolen, is it a mirage ... or is it really me ?

I'm married to my own misunderstanding ...

Your voice is too high ... It breaks my mirror ...
Your weapon was always a mirror ...
With this little thing you terrorized the mass ...

My face is mirroring in your leg-knife ...
Well, my applause
You are a real artist

Finally I do the slow-motion backwards ...
Falling in someone else's arms ...
Looking in his neighbour's watch ... seeing a different face

Mirrors on the covers of books are most dangerous
For the sentences tie you on the mirror forever
Lost in the palace of mirrors ...

It's deep in the desert

I know this place I feel the heartbeats of the wizard softly in my heart ... They
come from many directions I don't know where he is but he is close to me I
hear his footsteps echoing through my mind He knows me better than I know
myself

These worlds are created by mirrors Does anybody care ? Can anyone throw a stone in these ?

Between these thousand mirrors, one orange mirror stands ... carrying the smile of the wizard I'm holding on to it ... but it slides through my fingers

I'm in another gallery ... Following the Orange Mirror Now I understand why it slipped through my fingers It wants to show me something True Manuals always slip through your fingers True Mirrors always run away

I'm in a room with a million mirrors ... I'm wrestling with them ... Please tell me who I am Some ask a lot of money for the truth But I wonder if it will be the truth ... I see creatures caged in them trying to escape ... Is this hell ?

A hell of mirrors A hell of voices ...

A doll is tapping on my shoulder saying it's my "me" ...

There I see a yellow mirror ... reflecting the smile of the wizard ...

I'm entering in It's an elevator

Well, maybe I will finally meet myself

The wizard opens the door

I see a million of faces reflecting in his teeth ... The sun is blinding my eyes

My god, I'm blind Now I will never know who I am

I'm facing the Dark Mirror

I'm nobody ...

I'm entering in sailing with the Wizard on his seas

Watching the Eye of Jupiter ...

It spoke : You are more than your mirror can express

You are more than your mirror can guess

A mirror is only trying to put something into you or to get something out

A mirror is just a gambler

Also your mirror doesn't know who you really are

Blind mirrors

A tornado brings me over the edge of Who Knows ...

I'm hearing the echoes of Who Knows

I'm seeing that little golden statue with four golden arms ... with the pointy hat ...

India speaks

Wizards of the coast ... In the middle of the oceans ... It is happening

The illusion grows ...

Millions of waves ... Millions of oceandrops Millions of raindrops

Wanting to get rid of their reflections They got it from Who Knows ...

Now they are creating you Well, only your mirror-image

No one will care who you really are The mirror is all what counts ... And it will do
it's job

Marian is still running after Robin Hood She wants to show him his coin

But he doesn't want to know about it It's for the poor He stole it from the
rich

Now he looks into the watch of the king Reflecting the dragon

Sometimes he thinks it's himself But deep inside he knows it's the thing he has to
beat ...

The mirror shows us our enemies The mirror is our war-book

It shows us the paths to go

The mirror speaks It's our daily news

Yes, the banana-mirror was deep It showed me the way to the wizard's
carriage

Bringing me into another Oz ...

There where fruits are the mirrors

Raspberry Mornings are the best there Mirrors to look into the past

Now the Mirror is burning Burning photo's from the past ...

Now lightning is coming from the Mirror Scratching old camera's

The camera ... Conspiracy of Mirrors ...

Marian is killing a mirror Shadows Between Robin and Her

Fears from an old comic

Land Without Mirrors

Ban all the mirrors out of the country, says the old king

He doesn't want to see himself getting older

Land without mirrors ...

Mirrors were strictly forbidden

When someone would be caught in the act having a mirror in house, he would be thrown in the dungeons deep underground, far away from life ...

The old king was serious An old mirror mocked his life he broke it and commanded his soldiers to ban all mirrors out of the country They were thrown into the sea far away from the coast

This old mocking-mirror was actually an old witch She didn't want to see herself growing old, so she turned into a flying mirror ... flying from king to king to mock them ... But before the king broke her, she warned him, that if he would do, she would call the sea to swallow his land, so that he would have to see his face getting older and older by the mirroring of the sea forever and ever But he was so mad that he broke the old mocking-mirror After that he got in big fear of the witch's prediction But after a few days a wizard came to him, telling he had to throw all mirrors in sea, that would quench the mirroring of the sea For it would be mirrored back It worked

But one day, after many years the king found a coin in the garden It had the face of the old witch and it was also reflecting his face He was so shocked and called for his soldiers But it was already too late The coin was already stuck to his hand and no one could get it off The old witch was laughing loud ... "Haha, now you will see yourself getting older everytime you look at your hand ... And if

you won't ... I'll scream it to you ... haha ..." The king was very sick about this, and called for the wizard again and desperately asked him how to get rid of the screaming coin Well, that's very simple, said the wizard Just stick a coin with your face on it So that it will be mirrored back It worked

But every year, the witch appeared in another mirror-form to him, to mock his life and the king got sicker and sicker older and older The people, the soldiers and the king himself were so desperate The king would give a lot of riches to the one who could really help him All of the wise and wizards of the land made a try to help him, but they all failed The king was not to be comforted and at the end he got deadly sick waiting for his last day

Then, at a morning an old bird appeared through his window It said : "King, why are you crying Trying to get rid of all mirrors won't save your life For there are also mirrors who show you who you really are healing mirrors ... They learn you to accept that you are getting older, they will show you the beauty of that And that will make you younger The more you accept your age ... and accepting the use and beauty of it, the younger you will become This will be your life-elixir This will bring you back to your youth and let it live forever This is The Enchanted Raspberry-Mirror and I will be that for you"

The king was crying tears of joy and told his soldiers to stop all bird-hunting which was taking place since the flying mirror mocked him

The bird then turned into the Enchanted Mirror, and the king lived long and happy

Snow White's Mirror

Little Margaret fainted ... she saw a dragon in the mirror ...

The Mistress soothes her ... "It was just your fear"

A little killer-mirror sits on Timmy's shoulder ...

He takes a hammer and dashes it into a thousand pieces

Now he walks with fifty splinters in his body

All telling him who he is not

Don't split the face of the dragon, for then you have two enemies

Just wait a little while doing some business with him

I found Snow White's Mirror in the wardrobe of my grandmother

It always says Beauty always comes from somewhere else

For you are also just a mirror

Reflecting someone else's face

The wizard smiles I'm sliding into a hole of a thousand mandarine-mirrors

I'm following them from one to another Seeing so many friends Looking for
my source

Finally I'm bathing in Mandarin-Juice where I meet my biggest friends

We are never alone in the mirror

To look into a mirror is to see a friend

The book of the army ...

A friend's diary ...

I'm stringing all these mirror-pearls together A chainlet of friends surrounding
my neck

But I'm here in a sea of pearls

A chainlet of paths to go, surrounding my ankle

The mirrors show me ... the dragons to defeat, the friends to embrace ... the kings to
crown

It's all in the mirror

My bracelet of little diamonds

Armor of rubies

And this stairway of mirrors leads me to the morning-mirror ... where everything
becomes clear ...

From mirror to mirror we sail from mirror to mirror we dance A good sword
in the hand A good violin in the arms Soothing like a baby Being born
again in the flower of mirrors

The nectars of this river was a good thing to drink It soothed the stomache It
eased the pain ... Floating to the sea of mirrors Mirrors to the sun Mirrors
from planet to planet, picking up all we need From purpose to purpose

Mirrors built the land Mirrors built the flowerfields ... from tree to tree there is
freedom heading for the Future's Mirror, where all the tears cross

Be glad of the tears, for they bring you mirrors

They are the jewels of a broken heart

spreading the pollen of a new world ...

hypersensitive soldiers

Opening Neptune's Mirror ...

Closing Reticulum's Mirror

Intense Eclipses

Goodevening Mrs. Neptune ...

Mirrors are leading me to the end of times ... by waves of tears ...

Mirrors are leading me to the beginning of times ... by waves of tears

Mirrors are spinning the strings between you and me

Mirrors are bringing the children home ...

The Jungle-Mirror shows me the animal inside

The Coin of Neptune is leading me to a lost nature again

I'm breathing in the reflections breathing in and breathing out

My lungs are my reflectors ...

The beat of the Mirror is aligning with my heart and bringing it into another
rythm

The Mirror The Transformation

The Mirror ... showing us the next step ... bringing us the next breath and the
next book

Step by step it will bring us where we belong ...

Don't be afraid of the Mirror ... for it tells you the tales

You can dive into a new fairytale ...

Don't be afraid of the mirror, for it isn't afraid of you

You belong to each other

The mirror reflects you and you reflect the mirror

Marry the Mirror

Marry the breath

It's all there to marry you

Marry the sun, marry the light Marry the path and the purpose

Marry the years, marry the times ... Marry the tears marry the mirrors

For it all marries you

I'm diving through the Lion's Mirror ...

I'm diving through the Tiger's Mirror ...

Trying to escape someone's face

Poetry from the Golden Chocolate

In her boat she sails over the river, with golden chocolate in her mind. On her
bicycle she is riding in the rain, having her mother's silver books in her heart. When
she looks at you, the delirium comes over you. The Lion's tea.

No pencil can describe her, her life was such a tragedy. But she hid the knights and
now she shared their riches. The treasures of the Lion's chocolate.

All I know is I get black-outs when I look into your eyes. All I know is I can touch deeper inside myself, falling out of time. All I know is I drink from the Golden Tea, whenever I think of you. There isn't more I need to know.

Your sister Emily holds me tight when the pain gets too much. I'm seeing myself lying in bed, but I'm floating outside the window.

The Lion's Licorice is close to my heart, warming my head against the raging cold. Decorated Diary's, embroidered by Grandmother's Touch.

Your language is written by gold, pure gold from the Lion's Tea, dripping from the golden pencil. Your handkerchieves are drying my tears, I remember them, their golden patterns. I remember the embroidered bear, the embroidered lions and the embroidered sheep. Also the birds and the flowers.

Today someone killed my toy, but this was the only way to remember the toymaker's house. Today someone stole my candy, but this was the impulse for me to visit the candymaker again. Decorated Candy was always the best thing to get me out of a lion's pitfall. Embroidered Candy lay next to my pillow in the nightmare's season. I'm in the hell of Atlas, I carry too many worlds on my shoulders, but the licorice is dripping into my heart. Golden Licorice from Grandma's. The Lion's Tea is streaming through the mazes of my head. I'm in the hell of Sisifos, when I'm almost at the top of the mountain, I fall down to zero, but the licorice is sliding into my shoes, and I grow there as a licorice-tree. These hells keep me all underground, so that my roots will be assured, and the bloom will be forever. I'm in the hell of Tantalos, it all slides away ..but now it's growing all inside, the secret of the Licorice.

My mouth is getting sweet, it couldn't get one word out. Now it's riping all inside. I can never talk when I see you, but now it's all growing inside. I can never breath when I see you, but now it's all blooming inside. I will stand forever when the storms come. I will not even see them. I'm inside. I'm in the hell of Danaos, bearing water to a vessel without a bottom, but it touches the Licorice, and juice is coming forth from it. I drank from the Licorice, reaching the bottoms of my own heart again.

Arena of Fruits

I saw people in hells of sleep, dying in the corners of their liberties.

It's all about fear,
It's all about broken hearts.
Keeping themselves alive in the land of death.
I saw a fear-based society killing a kid with a mockery's hand, ignoring tomorrow's
newspapers.

It's all about fear,
It's all about broken hearts.
It's all about fear,
In the name of the lie.
I saw a Judas kissing a mother on 7th avenue, now she has chocolate to poison her
children.

It's all about fear,
It's all about broken hearts,
It's all about fear in the name of the lie.

When an apple fights a pear, the juice will flow. They want to keep the dream alive,
keeping the dragon alive in the arena.

It's all about fear,
It's all about broken hearts,
It's all about fears in the land of the dreams.
It's all about fears,
It's all about death in the iron hand,
And when the true slaughter comes, no one will truly care.

They fear the eye,
They fear the newspaper-boy,

They fear the society,
They even fear themselves.

They fear the canaries, that's why they walk around with blind eyes, Judging fruits.

I will not forget your racism, I will not forget your jealousy, I will not forget your
mockery, you kept the arena alive.

Arena of Fruits

Hell called Hamelin

I'm in hell, I can't move. I see babies wounded, hearing babies screaming. I'm in
hell, your hell.

I'm in space, I can dance. But that is only what you want. I don't like your dances.

I'm in hell again. I'm under your rage.

I eat cake, I am laughing. But that is only what you want for me. I don't like your
parties.

I'm in hell again, under your rage again. Oh yes, you give me many invitations, to
come out of the hell you created for me. You really do love me so. But I rather be in
this hell, together with the children and the animals, than to be in your lying
heaven.

I hear the soft voice of my mother : She wasn't a good part for you.

I'm in hell, your hell.

You tell me : Let us forget, let us do it all over again.

A child is asking me : Are you my mother ?

The invitation is burning in my soul.

Invitations from Hamelin.

Tomorrow I will cycle to another place, to another hell, created by your creative
mind. Meeting new children, meeting new animals, all under your curse.

I will escape from terror, I will escape from holy hearts, I will escape from your deserts, lying in the cold. I will escape from your fires, I will escape from your bleeding sun, I will escape from your orchestra's, from your blue monkey's in the night.

I will enter a new dream, an old dream of righteousness and soul-creating energies, a feeling of my mother's heart, my mother's shoe, which is blending with my cold nights as a sacrifice, a protective action. She never forgot my name. She never did.

Babies still screaming in my head, all flames from Hamelin.

Meeting Piper, a beautiful son, meeting the dreamer, a place to be.

Meeting Piper, he will lead me out, meeting dreamer, he will never let me return to this place of horror. He was always in my pocket, to sing me a song, he was always under my hat, to do my speeches.

Piper is walking, dreamer is walking beyond. I always dreamt beyond your dreams.

Hamelin, Hamelin, you spoilt your pipers, you lost your children. Now they are screaming in my head.

You are a good soother, a mother's dream, running to father's wardrobe and back.

Dreams of Hamelin, dreams of the soul. When the children awake, the terror will be gone. Now they are screaming, searching for the morning. The night takes its time, like it has eternity. It takes too long, all sons are died out, It takes too long, It's Herod standing in the doorgate. Tall shadows, liquid smile. I have some good presents for your children he sais. But there is no child left, sorry, they all ran out. I will give you 55 dollars to bring them back.

Now he's dreaming on the sea, looking for the kids, looking for his crown. Now he plays the piper Wars of the pipers.

Another ones heart, another ones dream, it must be the magnet, this land has no chains.

When a mother spoils her child, the magnet is laid Invisible chains.

The piper, a mother, running through the streets, creating hells for the fathers. She wants the child.

A child is asking me : Are you my mother ?

I couldn't help the animals when they came to my windows asking for a little help and a bit of food. I was in your hell. I couldn't help the children when they were begging me in the night. I was in your sleep.

A mother laid the magnet in a child's cradle ... My cradle.

Invisible prisoners, no one can hear them, I am just invisible ...

Your dreams are surrounding me, quenching my screams, your dreams are surrounding me, covering my tears. Where are my fears ? Where is my anger ? You swallowed them, they are in your sleep.

Where are my eyes, where are my own dreams, where are my cars ? You swallowed them all in your dreams.

No one can hear me, no one can see me, I'm in Hamelin again.

But the children's ears are rising, the bunnies come when it's spring. And the April's

Sun is touching my heart-strings, and my song will reach their shores. I was screaming behind a wall. You couldn't hear. In the shadows you saw a face. In the mist you saw me. You and me on that ship dying in the storm. You saw me screaming, you saw me waving. You thought I was smiling, but I was crying.

There Hamelin turns another world upside down. There, the piper, there the dreamer, there, me, and you.

You thought I was laughing, but I was crying. Now we live both in a hell ...
Hamelin's hell.

You thought I was dreaming, but I was awake. You thought I was playing, but it was my job. I had a family to take care of.

You thought I was swimming, but I was drowning. You thought I had a boat, but it was a shark eating me.

Hamelin's sea-stories, all upside down, Hamelin's rages, a sweet mother's diary.

Hamelin's hells, a decorated heaven, Hamelin's dreams, all painted up by popcorn. It's just a movie, but the volunteers really died. Screaming babies, screaming pipers,
.. Hamelin's hell.

Still your songs are with a jagged edge, I'm glad you wear the master's hat. It's dreaming beyond your dreams. It's singing beyond your songs. I don't know why I can't talk.

My throat is locked up by the piper's key. I can only sing.

My hands are locked up by the piper's touch. I can only play my piano.

Suddenly I cannot do anything anymore, and I fall like in a thousand pits without bottoms.

I even cannot breath. All I hear are screaming babies, echoing in the nights ... It's like I am being embraced by a thousand nights without end.

A girl called "Endless" gives me a flower, saying : In the Endless all reflections are caught, in the Endless all intentions are seen. Your opposite side is created by others, and you feel it in yourself. But when this side looks into the mirror, it sees you, and will go back to it's creator. There it will complain, and it will be sent back a thousand times, seeing your beautiful face a thousand times. For the Endless mirror shows everything, doesn't hide at all.

People like to create the opposite of others, to have power and control. They don't confirm, they only deny. They can't confirm, for then they would also have to confirm their own mis-creations. They only create the opposite, so the bad ones are the good ones. This is what they call confirmation but it's called denial, turning things upside down.

Jezebel

The boat,
The toy,
The room,
The house,
All hers.

The tea,
The pink,
The roses,
The letters,
All hers.

We were only allowed to watch, But at night she closes her doors behind her.
Her cyborgs walk in line, Marching under another one's flag. Entering the shop, carrying the shop's flag. Entering the stage, carrying the stage's flag. Entering the circus, carrying the circus' flag. This is how they can go everywhere.

Jezebel has the key, she flatters, she blinks, everyone believes her. For she carries
everyone's flags.

Only the prophet knows. Only the prophet can escape. He asked her why. She didn't
answer.

For the toy,
The Candy,
Everything is hers.

The tongue,
The teeth,
Every thing is on her lips.

And she takes it back,
Whenever she wants.
She gives and she takes,
To show us it is hers.
We can only watch,
And when the night falls, she takes everything out of sight,
To push it deep into the darkness.
There she kisses her prince, there she gets her flags.

She is the second head on your body, the third eye on your face, everything is hers.

Only the prophet will escape from her. He asked her why. She didn't answer, for
everything is hers.

Only the prophet can blow a trumpet when she comes. She never liked his flag. She
eats the food out of your mouth.

Her cyborgs run through the streets. Her cyborgs, mourning, bowing their heads.

For someone didn't listen to her,the prophet. It's enough she said. Now it will
begin. Everything is mine, also the beard of the prophet, also his staff. Her cyborgs

nod, the great “She” has spoken. She wants his flag, to burn in the streets. The old prophet asks her a question. Where did you buy that perfume, where did you get that mirror ?

It's too late, she says, I can't answer you.

Where did you buy that golden clock, the old prophet asks.

I got it all from you, she says. You told me at the end of the day, you would take everything away. To show you it's yours, to show you it's yours.

The old prophet smiles, it's his little ballerina. When the music is over, she will creep into the little box again. It is just his trick, to keep you awake, it is just his trick to teach you how to fight. To show you at the end of the day : Everything is yours, everything is yours. Everything you get is for you, everything you see is for you. It is your world, ready to tell you a story, ready to bring you the adventure, ready to show you the game. Only the illusion tells you it's for someone else, only the illusion tells you it's not your world.

Rivers of Blood

I'm stumbling through the fields after the red war. Is there any soul left ? All I see is darkness and red smoke.

I'm lying on my guitar, trying to breath it to life again. It's a red tender one with purple accents. Rivers of blood are streaming through the land, heading for the forests. I see my hat flowing over a river. I lost it in the battle. My guitar doesn't speak. It's face is blue. But as I keep breathing in it's mouth, it seems like it's whispering.

The wind is starting to play it's chords. The rivers of blood are boiling, heading for the sea. I'm watching the fields, looking for any soul left, butI'm alone, with my guitar. I lost everything but my guitar. He's smiling tenderly at me, hearing his soft voice in the distance. I feel the blood boiling under my skin, heading for my hands and brains. It's ok, he says. I feel waterfalls of tears streaming deep inside, but they can't reach the surface. My face is hard like stone. I will keep them all inside, to let them stream through my whole body.

My guitar doesn't cry, it cries inside, streams of tears touching all chords, and disappearing inside again. This night it will waste no tear anymore, for nobody ever wanted to listen. It will swallow all its tears, and let it stream inside. This night it will waste no blood anymore, it will all flow under its skin, for no one ever wanted to see it.

It will be hard on the outside, soft on the inside. No one ever wanted to listen to his friends, now they will be on the inside. I hear the choirs in the distance, not on the outside, but on the inside. There it can't be fragile enough, it can't be tender enough, but on the outside, it can't be hard enough, for no one wanted to hear.

This night the guitar will close his ears for good, to listen only to the inside. I'm creeping into my old guitar, forgetting about the rivers of blood, forgetting about the red wars, for they all forgot about me, except my old guitar. This night I will forget about the woman on the cross, the woman with the skeleton-smile, the woman with the death's smile. This night I will forget about her womb, forget about her children, and I will kiss the lips of Jesus sailing on a hat in my guitar's blood-rivers inside.

Rivers of Blood II

There he kisses me too, blood is streaming out of his mouth. It is ok now, we are inside the guitar. Here we can cry, here we can talk. You talked to my mother. Mary picked me out of the rivers of blood when I was a baby. Kiss her, so that you won't die. Kiss her hand and see her ring. With the pencil of blood she wrote her apocalypses, to seal it on my head. Sea of tears, sea of Virgo's Apocalypse. Here you can cry, here you can bleed, it's in the head of the guitar.

Three angels are entering Sodom and Gomorrah, they will reverse the city. A man with liquid lips jumps out of a helicopter while it explodes. It crashed against the rocks. A Titanic sinks in the midst of an ice-storm. Mary picks me out of a poisoned river. They say Pharaoh was a factory. A dream from a mother's womb, riding a man's heartJezebel's ring.

The children are her future. There she rides on Herod's heart, looking for a child called Jesus, but he is safe in his mother's ring, safe in his mother's choir, safe in his mother's guitar.

There she rides, looking for children but she can't find them ...They are ...
all.....with me.Under Mary's Hat ...

Rivers of Blood III

Apocalypse of the Shark. I can't hear what he is saying. He talks under his hat.

I had to do it, I had to write with the Shark's Pencil. I never understood why, but I had to do it. The Toy's Soldier would be proud of me ... but I never saw him after I posted it. They say he's still floating on that letter, sailing the oceans with it ... Until it finds its destiny.

Letter to Jezebel.....

When the ravens will tick on my window, I know she received it. Then Pinocchio can finally sleep.

She burst out of her pyjama's, running to Ahab. But she looks right in the eyes of a shark. Give it up You will never understand the prophets. They speak in riddles. And finally you are lying next to a shark in your bed.

You were the queen of riddles, but someone took your crown. She runs to the greengrocer, but all she sees is a shark standing there behind the fruits Her world is a sea, the neighbour is a shark.

Rivers of Blood IV

Rivers of Blood,
Rivers of Mourning,
Rivers of the Sun,
Flowing from the morning into the evening,
Disappearing in the night.
Looking for you,
Looking for the master,
To tell him the last news of the day,
To bring him the latest fairytale,

To tell him the latest joke.

Rivers of Blood,
Rivers of dances,
Rivers of the moon,
Flowing from me to you, and back,
To keep the memory alive.
It will flow till it finds it's place back.

Rivers of Blood V

No need to run away, no need to find it somewhere else ... It's all here, where the rivers of blood stream. Here you will find your old dolls, here you will find your old friends, through the waterfalls of blood you will enter your future. For here is where it all began, here is where we lost our mates

In the land of blood. Now you will have to sail these rivers, now you will have to dive in these lusts ... For here the king caught his slaves, here the chain was laid. In the land of blood, the emperor sits, the frog speaks. In the land of the blood, we all miss something. At the bottom of the river we will find it all back ... At the end of the river we will touch the sand of a new world. Behind the fairytale the frog speaks, behind the fairytale, the chocolate rules. Here is where you find your golden ball, here is where you can touch your mother's dress. Here is where you will find the child you never had Your little Moses, splitting the seas of blood.

Book of Elves

Aiming their bows at Reticuli, aiming their bows at the rising sun. No one could hear their laughs, for they weren't there. No one could hear their cries, for they were all gone. There was no anger, just justice. When the flame of anger faded, the story began to flow through the room like the elves' perfume. When the story has ended, the anger will rise again.

When the old man speaks, the anger will go to sleep. When he's done, he will wake the anger up. I'm pushing the keys of my tinklebells piano. The old wrath hurts me, he doesn't know where to hit.Herod, you even killed your own children. Listen to the story first, to the chimera's works, then your anger will be the Elf's Arrow, flowing through the eye of Reticuli.

Old man of wrath, my piano will bind you, my bells will blind you, for it's not the time to strike yet. You need to go to sleep, daddy. You are too tired for a war now. The beast eats your fruits of anger now, they are ripe now You didn't wait till they would be rotten. You didn't wait till they would be an elf's arrow. Let the wrath and the revenge go to bed now, let them have a good time there, soothing them into their dreams.

It stings like a wasp Old anger.... Without schoolbooks ... Daddy was always Pinocchio's best friend. Listen to the chimera's work, listen to the teacher's orchestra's, all locked up in that little music-box, waiting to be opened. Grandmother has the key of that little box ... She is waiting for you and your cookies you would bring to her.

You even ate your own children, Cronos. The beast of Reticuli is waiting for more of your fruits.

I'm sitting on a horse called Rage. Yesterday it rode me, now I'm riding him, and tomorrow he will ride me again. ...But it's hurting me, I'm eating fruits of wrath, but they are unripe. ...Tomorrow night a new cook will come. The anger of yesterday is still burning, burning my schoolbooks, burning my piano's. The old man says I'm not raging enough, but I am a slave of anger, Reticuli's slave. Tomorrow night you will be the king of anger, he says.

Kings of rage, kings of vengeance, riding the horses of justice, entering the old schools bowing their heads. There is nothing to laugh about, nothing to cry ... Only to rage, but first the night will make the arrows ripe.

Aiming their arrows at Reticuli ... The beast. The greengrocer is satisfied ... No fruits to sell anymore ... Now he can become a soldier

The soldier is satisfied ... No arrows to shoot anymore ... Now he can become a gardener ...

Roses are growing over the walls of Reticuli ... The beast is sleeping now ... But why is there still anger stinging in my head ?

The gardener is satisfied All roses are gone to Reticuli Now he can go to sleep

...

Apocalypse of Wasps

I didn't want to be born in this place. I didn't want to be born at all ... but the wasps
were merciless ...

He didn't want to die in this place. He didn't want to die at all ... but the wasps were
merciless

Erasing the memories of thousands and thousands Another cradle was waiting.

Can I escape my mother's womb, can I see the road to this place ?

Can he escape his grave, can he burn his coffin ? He is of great use here.

The glue is merciless, the Wasp has spoken. The threats of a red velvet apocalypse, a
white horse runs through the streets. How do I get rid of these marks ? I was stung
by a horse-rider, a purple wasp, long long ago. His speech reversed, high and low
voice at the same time, fast and slow. He had the beak of a bird.

The pages fly away Back to the waspnest Back to the Bird's House

The Girl With The Red Boots

I saw you once in my life, but I will never forget you,

It was actually all in a flash, but I will never forget.

Well, it all went so fast, like lightning, and you were so far away,

It was already night, in darkness and fog,

Well, actually I didn't see you at all,

....only your red boots ...

I only saw your red boots,

Enough for me to put the magic on,
Enough for me to never forget you.
I saw these boots once in my life
And they were so far away,
In darkness and fog
But enough to make my heart in trouble,
Enough to bring my heart in pain,
Yesterday I went to the place where I saw these boots,
There on that little island in the lake.
I swam to it by daylight
But
They weren't actually red boots
It was just an old red car

Well, I wonder how you got there with your red car,
Well.....

Maybe your magical red boots brought you there

Today I swam to the island again, to look into your red car,
but an old man was sitting in
Pardon me, sir, I thought you were a girl with red magical boots.
Well, well, he said
So I am not crazy

I also saw a girl with red boots here When I was young, I went to this place with
my red car when the lake didn't exist yet.
But when I came here, it appeared to be a red apple, so I ate it.
And I decided to stay here till I would really see her
Since then the lake came to existence
The birds told me it was because of the girl's tears

But I don't know if they said it to tease me or not

Now I'm old and I still didn't see her, he said.....

If I could only see her red boots again

Did you see more than her red boots ? I asked

No, no, the man said only her red boots but as I told, it was only an apple, and
I ate it

Well, if you ate it, we will never see her again, I said

But, but,said the old man I planted the pips at the other side of the island

Well, then she must be there, I shouted Running to the other side

But another red car was standing there with another old man inside

With the same story

We will never see her again, if it goes like this I said

But if we become friends We can hold the red boots in our hearts

But I asked What is the reason you wanted to see her again ?

Well, because we lost our red boots long ago, when we went for a swim in the
swimmingpool the old men spoke together I now noticed they had the same
face

Then they continued :

The girl with the red boots was the one the police was looking for since then

For we wanted our red boots back

So how do you know it was a girl who stole the red boots ?

For a policeman saw a girl with red boots here they said

Well, I know that story, I said

And I bet he's also somewhere on this island, sitting in a red car, with a red apple in his stomach

No, the old men said together He died short after he saw her

They say he saw something else besides the red boots

Well, pffff..... after all, then I'm glad I only saw her red boots and nothing more

And I'm also glad I had to find out, I actually saw you instead of her you are good friends for me, you really helped me a lot Maybe she doesn't exist at all And maybe it's better this way

No ! The old men shouted together We want our red boots back !

And tell us, what was your reason to see the girl with the red shoes again ? They asked me

Well, ehm Now I'm afraid to tell I found some red boots at the swimming-pool, and I thought maybe she lost hers there

But,the old men started to get real mad, why did you say you saw her with red boots, while you had found them yourself

Well, because actually the boots I found weren't boots, I found them in darkness and fog, when it was midnight, but in daylight they appeared to be red apples, and I bet these were from your apple-trees So I was glad to see the girl already had her shoes back I said

But she appeared to be us the old men said

Well, yes, I shouted, so why are you getting mad if you already have your shoes back !

The men started to get redder and redder and an enormous explosion was finally taking place

It was the girl with the red boots standing before me, smiling

So it was really you, I asked

No, only red boots, but I liked your idea so I came she said

Now who the heck are you then I asked

I'm the girl who cried this lake of tears For I lost my red boots long ago, and now
you brought them back She said softly

Oh no, I shouted, another one who lost red boots

I will never wear red shoes in my whole life again,

I will never drive red cars,

and never again will I eat a red apple

I'm getting sick of this

Finally I wake up, and the old men are standing before me, trying to sooth me

What happened, I ask

You fell out of the apple-tree, you also wanted to eat a red apple

It seems you did Strange things happen when people eat these apples

Did you see the girl with the red boots ?

Oh my, I'm still not awake I feel I'm starting to shout and scream

Finally I woke up Two old men are trying to calm me, and to make me breath

They said I almost drowned in the lake, while I was talking about red boots I saw
glittering in the lake They saved me

I lose consciousness again and the next morning I wake up in the hospital A
girl with a red hat is entering my room She sais she is my sister, she sais she was
very worried but the doctor sais it's better with me I ask her if I may see her
boots Green shoes pfffff Fortunately I smile and she starts to
smile

Then a bell rings Someone else is coming to my room A girl She sais she
is my girlfriend I don't remember her Then I almost faint It gets black
before my eyes

She has Red Boots

And then she says she has a present for me I open the present-box and I see
beautiful red velvet boots

Well, that's sweet, I say But I can't remember you

Every day it gets better with me
I wear my red velvet boots very often
I still can't remember my girlfriend
But I feel she loves me very much
Every day I get to know her better and better
She seems to be very nice

But today, it sounds very strange
I got a flash, it went fast like lightning
A sense that I know her and her red boots
Well, especially her red boots

There the two old men enter the hospital They saved my life
I ask if they have red cars incidentally but no, one has a blue car, and the other
has a white car

They appear to be the grandfathers of my girlfriend
I ask them if they already found their red boots
But they say they don't have red boots
They brought some apples for me
Red ones

Hey !

Hey, it's green ! Someone shouts

There I wake up, standing before green traffic-light Now I really woke up I
hope

It all appeared to be a dream within a dream while I was staring into the red
traffic-light.

It's still weird I still get that strange feeling when I see someone with red
boots

Then I think maybe this person has also a red car, and likes red apples

But then I think : No, that can't be true, they have their own lives This is just
coincidence

And then I smile and walk further

The Licorice and the Mandarin

The licorice and the mandarine,
walking together in the land of elves,
burning books and burning weathers,
throwing some sand on the Pluto Beaches.

They will repair the Pluto Clock,
and repair the Pluto people.

The licorice and the mandarine,
friends forever,
they know everything about Pluto.

The candle of soft fire,

The candle of chocolate fire,
The candle of dream fire,
The candle of virgo fire,
The candle of sleep fire.

Peter Pan, don't take the children away at night,
They need to sleep.

Your clocks are too tall,
make it three o'clock in the afternoon,
for the night to fall on.
Then your beaks will be softer.

Then the child can breathe again,
Then the child can touch the rabbit again,
and feel the snow is soft after all.
Then the child can feel his shoes again,
weaved by a mother's heart and a mother's flame.

The flame of the mother,
The flame of the toy.

For your books were too tall,
your snow was too cold,
your dreams were too far,
and your dolls were too grey.

Make the strings some shorter, so that the puppets can see your face,

don't let them run in the distance searching to catch a glimpse of you once in a
thousand years.

Then they can have a chocolate smile again, and then the corners of their mouths
can reach the mandarine again. The sun will love you for it, for he can't stand the
terror of lost Pluto dolls any more.

The fire of friendship,
The fire of love,
The fire of a short clock,
can all be found in the fire of a short book.

Parents, don't make your kids too tired.
Don't lock them up in a book,
for then they will make it all too short,
then they will live in a land with too short clocks and too short books,
then their beaks will be too sharp again,
then the toy will be their weapon.

The licorice and the mandarine,
will keep you in the middle,
will keep you in line,
to follow the valley between the mountains,
to make it not too early and not too late.

Here in the valley the kids are healthy,
here in the valley, the dolls are happy.
The mountains are there to play,
there they play the villains,
there the children's game rules.

These are the edges of society,
these are the edges of life,
when someone wants to cross the borderlines,
a child pushes the person back,
or takes him away over the edges of the seas,
to make him a part of the children's play

These ones become the actors,
these ones become the dolls,
for they were once touched by a child's play

This is the strongest spell in life,
The enchantment of the mandarine
While the licorice trains the animals

Snow Which Never Ticked

It's cold outside,
ice-flowers on the windows,
It's cold outside,
snowflakes in the rows.

It's raining outside,
It ticks on the window,
Like the clock on the wall,
It heals me so,
Like the language of elves,

mixed with the language of dwarves,
knocking on my heart, and sliding deeper inside,
To the deepest of all.

It's like the music of aldebaran,
a letter from santa clause,
It's like all birthdays on one day,
All the fairy's candles on the cake of a man.

It ticks and slides deeper,
even deeper than that,
to a place I never heard of,
to a place I never met.

It's like the white glove of Saint Nicolas,
laid on my heart,
It's like the touch of the Sandman's finger,
like a banana's holiday's card.

Following them to that place I never dreamt of,
It was not so far away,
They said it was always around me,
But just there where my eye didn't stay.

And now for the first time, I'm touching that place,
It's getting red of dreams.
It tells me whenever I touch something,
It gets another colour, somehow, like it seems.

Now Ice-cream tastes different,
It wasn't like before,
It is because you touched it, said the place,
And now it's having another roar.

So the magic of the touch,
Gets deeper than it seems,
It awakens another animal when it happens,
And then you enter in different dreams.

Now in the land where the touch doesn't exist, no one moves,
They are all waiting for the snow to tick softly on their windows,
And for raindrops to fall from their roofs,
To let their clocks tick again,
Like the march of the elves,
To let their hearts beat again,
and to find that secret enchanting place in themselves,
which sais that every touch will change your colour,
every touch will change your mood,
every touch will dream another dream,
and will let you feel the giant's boot.

Then you can jump over the rivers,
then you can jump over the seas,
then the mountains will melt before your eyes,
and you will drink the golden honey from the bees.

They tell you about the flower,
which once touched you to life,

They will tell you about that place,
which brought you into another dive.

It's the place of the Tree's Glue,
It's the place of the Tree's Honey,
Streaming from La Rue,
It's the place of the Tree's Thick Syrop,
There where the giant and the dwarf dance,
There where the touch gets forever,
There where the rhymes bind you into France.

Now the glove of Santa Clause will forever stay on my heart,
Now the glove of Sandman will forever stay on my head,
Now the glove of Saint Nicolas will forever stay on my stomache,
Like the pillow on the bed.

This ship of dreams will lead me,
deeper into French Accents,
deeper into that thing called Licorice,
Till it completely bends,
Stopped to be frozen, stopped to be untouched,
stopped to be unmovable,
stopped to be
snow which never ticked

Gepetto's Tree

the world beyond fairytale II

Part I - Market on Neptune

Gaze of the Sheepdog

Ritual of the Siren

The Puppetwizard's Palace

The Heritage

The Girl with the Red Boots Part II

The Mix-Masters

Wild Cats

Arena of Candy

World of Elves

Prisoner of an Author's Kitchen

Prisoner of an Author's Kitchen Part II

Service with Little Light II

Masters of Auctions ...

Masters of Auctions II

The Girl with the Red Boots Part III

Part II - Red Velvet Fairytale - The Licorice Diaries

Poetry from the Aldebaran Tales II

Poetry from the Red Rose II - Escaping the Big Dream

Toy-Movies

Achernar's Friend

Part III - Cigar-Lighters from Sirius

Little Wild Cat Man

Poetry from the White Chocolate - Decision of the Round Table Churches

Riddles, Roses and Mockingbirds

Part IV – Teotihuacan

The Orange's Cabman - Raising the Doll

The Giant's Whistling-kettle Orchestra

Poetry from the Old Pipe

The Purple Brooch

Alphabet's Family-reunion - The Trick of the Giant's World

Poetry from the Giant's Trumpet - The Secret of Jubilee

These Are Strange Days

These Are Strange Days II

These Are Strange Days III

These Are Strange Days IV

A Snake in the Swanlake II

Poetry from the Girl with the Red Boots - Little..Red..Bike

Jakob's Ladder

Leaving The World Behind

Vanilla's Revenge

Part V - The Apricot's Tree

Greetings from Ananas

Greetings from Ananas II - Wonderlamp on the Attic

Greetings from Ananas III - The Anatomy of Pride

Beauty of Silence

King of Trauma

Gaze Of The Sheepdog

The Encounter

There I cycle .. On a path in the pasture ...

In the distance I see a shadow ... It looks like an old friend ...

It is misty today ... but there I see her cycling ...

Yes, it must be that old friend ... She makes the same movements as she did ...

We always used to cycle together to school ...

I'm cycling faster Waiting to talk to her again

I'm feeling the excitement inside ...

The tension ... Will she remember me ?

There I cycle ... The sky is dark ... Fog is hanging over the pasture

There she cycles in the distance But I'm coming closer ...

I would like to know how she is doing now ...

If she already has children What sort of work she does

Fear rises But will she remember me ...

I'm almost cycling next to her ...

There's a knot in my throat ... I feel myself getting dizzy and my stomach hurts

I didn't see her for many years ...

It's autumn, almost winter, the leaves fell from the trees

There I knock at her shoulder

She turns her head to me

I'm struck by terror ...

Shivering all over ...

It was not my friend

It was someone else

It was my worst enemy ...

Ritual of the Sirens

Where the orange is a good gun,

Where the banana is a good way to burn money,

The land of the Sirens.

Where the breasts of a mother are a good dike,

Where good sons get mandarines on their wounds,
The land of the Sirens.

Where a child is everyone's child,
Where the aunt is a better mother than the mother,
Where the uncles are always gone for business in foreign domains,
The land of the Sirens.

Here is where they do their rituals,
Feet painted red and white,
Under an orange blue moon.

Ritual of the Sirens

Where the orange is a good gun,
Where the banana is a good way to burn money,
The land of the Sirens.

Where the breasts of a mother are a good dike,
Where good sons get mandarines on their wounds,
The land of the Sirens.

Where a child is everyone's child,
Where the aunt is a better mother than the mother,
Where the uncles are always gone for business in foreign domains,
The land of the Sirens.

Here is where they do their rituals,

Feet painted red and white,
Under an orange blue moon.

The Heritage

I want to see the steps of love, which built the bridge,
Not the dead numbers, not the mathematicians.

I want to see the killed dragons under the town you built,
Not the business, not the money, and not the other compromises and funds.

Show me the mechanism of your art,
Not the dead colours.

Show me the life you put into it,
Your breath,
Then maybe I will use it as furniture one day,
Then I will sow my tears on your grave, as gratefulness for the heritage.

The Girl with the Red Boots Part II

the house in the forest

I'm standing before the red trafficlight again,
Seeing blood dripping out of it,

Christians thrown before the lions,
But it was just a girl losing her red boots ...

I saw Jews dying in rooms of gas,
Worldwar I kissing Worldwar II,
but it was all just a girl losing her red boots ...

I know that girl, I see her walking through the supermarket sometimes,
then I see her buying some red apples,
and after shopping I see her driving away in her red car

Last time I saw her, I followed her car ...
I wanted to know where she lives ...
She lives deep in the forest,
Her house was surrounded by statues of the Gestapo.
Softly I followed her inside the house.
Her mother was the Whore of Babylon, and hit her very hard.
"You will never find your red boots again", she yelled to her daughter.
I was in a shock.

I followed her to her room, hiding myself behind a curtain.
She was crying red tears ...
Eating her red apples ...

I wondered why I wasn't noticed by anyone ...
So I decided to comfort her
But she didn't see me,
She didn't even feel my hand on her shoulder
I started to whisper : It's ok ...

But she didn't hear me,
I was invisible for her it seemed ...
So I ran to her mother, the Whore of Babylon ...
But she couldn't see me either

So I ran outside to the statues of the Gestapo,
They could see me, since I came
They said : shhh, don't tell anybody we have her red boots ...
We carry them inside our heart
Surrounded by stone ...

But we are just little boys enchanted by the Whore of Babylon ...
One day we were teasing some little girls, taking their red boots from them away,
And then a witch turned us into these statues ...
Tears were rolling from their faces
We are so sorry we teased the girls, but they started, they told lies to the mistress
about us ...

The mistress punished us, while we didn't do anything ...

And now we are statues, and the Whore of Babylon also hid the red boots of her
daughter into us

And she told her daughter the people of the village took the boots away ...

And since then she can't see these people

That's why she didn't see you

She's under a spell

Now how can we break the spell ? I ask ...

Don't tell it to anyone ... for when the Whore comes to know about it, she will throw
us into the rivers ...

That was what she always said

But what can we do then, I ask

At that moment the Whore of Babylon runs outside

You talked ! She screams,

and throws the statues in the river behind the house

There they start to melt, and the red boots are appearing,

floating through the water ...

At that moment the girl starts to watch outside her window, and within a minute she's standing besides the river, trying to get her boots After awhile, there she's standing with her red boots on... Taking notice of me What are you doing here, she asks ? Did you finally bring my red boots back ?

I started to tell her the story, and she's hugging me very tight ... But at the same moment her mother is running outside, the Whore of Babylon

At that moment the traffic-lights turn green, and I wake up For a woman already pushed me in my back, telling me to walk I turn myself around ... She has the same face of the Whore of Babylon

wild cats

Shall we drink some tea somewhere ? She asks

Well, I always wanted to have some tea with the Wh... and then I swallow my words and say : yes, that's ok

I would like to ask her some questions

It seemed she has a daughter,

who is being teased at school,

because she is shy ...

She loves her mistress for she always helps her in this,

trying to find a good solution in the case

Boys and girls who don't stop teasing will be sent out of school,

to work in the forest
This is the rule of the school

I know this group
They are called "the wild cats",
They are the terror of the village ...

For after work they start to wander through the forest to tease and attack people
entering

They are out for revenge

Nobody does exactly know what they are doing in the forests ...
But they are some sort of forest-gang

What I see before me is a worried mother
Definitely not someone like the Whore of Babylon.
The school is in fear in fear of an attack

The wild cats recently sent threats to the school
And also her daughter is on their list to hurt

the attack

There I wake up again I knew something was wrong
Someone with a Wild Cat-t-shirt is drying my face with a towel,
I'm under the blood A car crashed me driven through the red trafficlight
A woman is standing there, policemen are hearing her out

She has the face of the Whore of Babylon ...
She tries to charm the policemen,
but their faces are tight and serious
They describe it as an attempt of murder
The lady appears to be a wanted childlurer,

high on the police's list of criminals

She killed many children,
poisoned candy

I'm lying in the hospital

They don't know if I will survive

I'm still looking for lost children after all these years

Still a policeman, a detective,
looking for lost red shoes

Two children were sitting on my knees this night

They were lost for so many years

Worldwar I and Worldwar II,
just lost kids

Captured by The Whore of Babylon

That day I wake up,
two children who were lost for years were found

I'm still bleeding a bit

They were kidnapped by the woman who crashed me,
that dangerous child-lurer

poisoned candy

That was how she was called

That was which she used

She couldn't charm anyone this time

The wounds were already too deep

The blood was already streaming

No smile could cover it

It seemed the person with the wild cat-t-shirt saved my life

After the crash, she wanted to shoot through my head ...

But he kicked the gun out of her hand, and cared over me,

While my colleagues were already taking her away

They never saw him again, he just disappeared after awhile

He might be an angel ... Who knows ...

There the doctor enters in. He says : Sir, there's much hope you will survive the crash

...

He had tears in his eyes, saying : Sir, I just read the book you gave me "War is but a lost child."

Since I read it it's getting much better with you, and there's much hope again

I think I will also read the books some other patients gave me.

And sir, he asks, I really want to know who wrote this book ...

I'm moving my head up a little, and look deep into his eyes ... saying :

The one who wrote this, was my lost ...child

The Mix-Masters

Love is not a feeling,

It is not a word, nor an attitude.

It's not something between persons,

But it's between you and yourself

Love is not a theology,

Not an all-embracing desire,

It's not a passion, nor a dream,
It's not a place where you can be.
It's something between you and yourself,
It's something between you and an object,
A Mirror.
It's something between you and another object,
A Camera.

This is where it all started,
This is where it all began,
How did you treat the mirror,
and how did you treat the camera.

There are thousands of movies about yourself,
There are thousands of movies about the other,
Which movie do you pick out ?
Love takes the golden one,
The one which mixed all movies into one,
Where no movie rules,
But where the mix is the master.
There where the juices are thick.

Love is about you, a mirror and a camera,
together they make the pictures,
together they make the movies,
The mix is their master,
The glue their island.

Love has a blind dog,

A blind song,
sailing on the mix of seas,
thick seas.

Love has a blind crown and a blind staff,
a blind camera, and a blind mirror,
making blind movies.

Love has a kettle,
Where it mixes all the eyes,
Here everything gets blind.

It's there where you can see, there where your eyes aren't mixed,
things start to get corrupted.
That's why Love goes around the land,
to steal the eyes out of the rich,
to bring them in his kettle,
a blind kettle.

There where the Eye started to rule,
A nation was burnt.
But Love has a flag,
and it is blind.

When it's hand touches you,
It's a blind hand,
And you get blind too.

When it's arms embrace you,

It's a mix,
And you get mixed too.

The mix-masters live far from here,
But you are also in their mix,
In the mix no one can rule.
Everything sinks deep,
Till it touches the bottom,
Where a mixed musician lives.

In the little music-box all things get transformed,
Love transforms,
The secret of the mix.

Wild Cats

velvet fruits

Parents of Lynx, parents of greek horses. The cats come from under history, sitting on the ball of future. They are time-masters, running from the edges of heaven to the edges of hell, always standing on the edges, the watchers of the wild world

They know the secrets of the underworld, the secrets of the clothes of fruits They are tailors on Martian Hills, having the deserts in their eyes, burning deserts No fire is too hot for them The fire-pole is in their pockets

Wild cats, always misunderstood, always misplaced, always dreaming ... They are the pole-masters Their watches go faster than any clock They know how to get the chicken out of the egg

The camera is their gun, the mirror their shield They know about the seas behind the restaurant They know how to peel the fruit They push the buttons of

dreams Their eyes are high-tech hidden camera's You will never know exactly
what they do to you

They bring the powder to the pupil, they bring the meat to the shark They know
how to quench the mouths of the kings ...

Give the preacher something to eat, and he will be silent

Give the cannon something to drink and he will swallow his cannonballs

Give the gun some chewing-gum and he will spit out his bullets ...

They know how to ease the nuclear bombs ...

They give them a good chair to sit in

Velvet Fruits

Arena of Candy

There's a danger when a banana enters a candy's arena,

There's a danger when the cherry hits the bell ...

You can lose your senses, you can lose your mind,

You can come under a spell

There's a danger when you touch a captured chocolate,

There's a danger when you challenge the candy's stick ...

The candy-police will take you away,

To a place of a strawberry's lick ...

When a raspberry enters the candy's arena,

All will run away,

All will hide behind trees and flowers,

And beam from there with their ray ...

For no one dares to touch him,
No one dares to claim,
For the sun rides on his carriage,
Since his honey sweetly came ...

The Licorice is his flag,
Every night and every day,
The elf is his heart,
the fairy his mother,
and the dwarf his king to stay ...

No one knows his father,
They think he's a giant, or a tree,
Others think he's a flower,
But I think it's sandman,
having his palace at Jupiter's sea.

World of Elves

There are elves, too sweet to describe,
There are books too sweet to open,
There are dreams too sweet to eat ...
The sting of the candy ...

There are worlds, too hot to enter,

There are clothes too hot to wear,
There are fruits too hot to eat
The sting of the sun

There are eyes too beautiful to look into,
There are clothes too beautiful to have
There are dreams too beautiful to dream ...
The sting of the fairytale

There are hands too soft to feel,
There are words too soft to hear ...
There are pillows too soft to wake up ...
The sting of the dream ...

This keeps us away from touching the fruit,
This keeps us away from diving into that sea
It's all too beautiful to bear,
The harmony's too much ...

So let us all hide for beauty,
let us all run away from the feelings too soft
And hope it will catch us one day,
to be prepared and ready ...
to feel the elfe's glue sliding on our skin ...

Arabian nights, something to die in ...
When you fall from the carpet, it's done with you ...

Arabian nights,
The dream of every bike,
To ride the horses of Bagdad,
To swim the rivers of Arabian Cafe's
The dream of every car,
To dive in the seas of the Arabian Princess,
To touch the veils of the mandarine ...

Arabian nights,
something to die for ...
The eyes of the horses you will never forget ...
The spice will burn in your head the whole night ...

And still you say :
I have nothing to dream for,
I'm bored, my flames all dried out ...
Standing for the Arabian Deserts,
you see no any hope

Someone took away your love,
Now you don't believe in it anymore ...
All you feel is hate and bitterness,
Not being able to ever touch again

You think the fantasy is a book which doesn't exist anymore,
After the crash, after the knife was put into your heart,

Behind your back ...

A veiled knife,
It made you bored, standing before Arabian Deserts

You think it's all sand ...
You think that the dream never existed,
That it was all a lie ...

Now you veiled yourself ...
Wearing mysterious clothes,
having a mysterious smile
Like you lost your father in the snow
It was all you ever had ... All you ever cared for ...
And now it has been taken away
Thinking you will never be able to see again ...
Feeling like a blind child in an Arabian Desert

Your tears have been dried out
You got tired to drink them ...
Now you're crying deserts ...
It hurts ... like hell
It's your food day and night
And it bores

You don't believe in the Arabian Nights anymore,
Not in an Arabian Prince, Not in Arabian Clothes
But you veiled yourself

Your smiles hiding pain ...

You lost your strategies, You lost your sword,

In this desert

You are tired of all fights

You are scared of any more hurt

Crying deserts ...

Arabian Deserts

It hurts ... It bleeds

It bores

You can't feel anymore

All flowers are dead

The sun did

All these happy people

All these smiling people

But they also hide pain

They are also in Arabian Deserts

They are your desert

They bore you

What if these deserts were beaches ?

What if there's life at the other side ?

But you fear to hope, you fear to believe

For when you start to wait Hurt comes over you ...

And you can't take it anymore

You don't want faith,

You want evidence in your hands

You don't want to believe in water behind the desert-hills ...

You want to feel it in your hands

You want to experience it

There you lose faith, there you lose hope,

In the middle of the Arabian Desert.

For it hurts you too much

There where Hope and Faith is your enemy

You want to touch

But you can't

And if you could, where would it bring you ?

Into a worse desert ?

Worse than this ?

The sand burns under your feet

What if you would build a sandcastle ?

But you are too tired

If you could only stop crying sand

What if the sand is just your friend

Waiting to serve you

Maybe it is all magic dust

Yes, you thought that before

But it didn't help ...

You rolled into the sand ...

You spoke to it,

Yelled to it ...

Commanded it

But no results

Still sand ... Still a desert
You don't believe in wizards anymore
You think you can only die in this desert
You gave up already a long time ago

And I can't do anything for you also
I'm just writing these words
Although I wish I could help you
But maybe this whole story isn't about you,
But about someone else
And also you and me, we cannot help someone else in that desert
The desert is too strong
My pencil is burning on my paper
Everything burns,
It's the Arabian Desert ...

Maybe if that person could climb on the pencil ...
But then he comes from one desert into the other
Maybe if he could climb on the paper you hold ?
Or maybe on the paper of someone else ?
Maybe another reader can help To get him out of that desert ...
But it's too late already For the paper burns too much
It sets everything in fire
The Arabian Desert
Well, nothing left to get a look there ...
I will climb on my pencil to slide into the paper ...
And you can slide into your paper
It's the same text so we will meet each other in the story ...

To help the person in the Arabian Desert

Then we are with three

Three in the desert

A writer, the main-character, and the reader

Well, maybe you see he looks like us, dear reader ...

Or maybe we don't have anything in common with our three

Anyway we need to help this person out

We can help to build that sandcastle ...

Helped by a writer and a reader

This is how we build the castles ...

We all have a writer and a reader ...

We are never alone in the story

Hey, there are more readers coming ...

They rise from the sand

The sand comes alive ...

Arabian Magic

The book is the hospital

The writer and the reader are the doctors

But they can also be the patients

Well, the book can also be a battlefield

The writer and the reader are the soldiers ...

Sometimes they are mates, sometimes they are enemies

Writer, writer, you sold so many books

Yes, but my readers killed me so that I could write another book

Writers are coming forth from the sand

There are more people writing about the same things

This will be a big war

But the main-character is sick of wars

Leave me alone ... he sais

Ok, main-character, we will shut up, and go on with the story ...

There he is in his desert again

alone main-character ... you are alone again ... we are already gone

We know you can't stand all the people anymore

It bores you, irritates you

There you stay in your Arabian Deserts

Now, I feel you are very mad at me, main-character

Now you are mad at readers and writers

And you cry even more sand

You drown into it

But they say Jesus died in an Arabian Desert

And now a desert-rose grows there

And you are growing also like a desert-rose

Take root deep in the desert

And grow to the sun

The Arabian Sun

The Arabian City

Where the Arabian Horse rules

But it doesn't help you right ?

You heard enough stories ...

You are sick of stories ...

You desire to die good, and just to forget about everything

All you want is rest

You are sick of writers and readers with their sick stories and sick comments

You are sick of their songs, sick of their dances

There you go into slowmotion

You prefer to be a statue than follow the sick fanfare

The service with little light

You are sick of your own expectations

You don't want to be a marionet anymore

You were the main-character of so many writers

Prisoner of the Author

There an Author kidnaps a screaming reader

He will be the main-character of his next book

Fruit in his kitchen

.... An Author's Kitchen

So, I understand you, main-character

In my next book you will have another role

I'm from the Greenpeace for abused main-characters ...

I will let you escape from the Author's Kitchen

I know how they lied about you and to you

They created this Arabian Desert

You were abused by a pencil ...
But another pencil will heal you
The book was your grave ...
The Author your undertaker
The readers paid your funeral
Some threw roses on your grave ...
Others spat on it

But you were already sown on the fields of the Author's next book

There where the authors are the kings and the criminals

The terrorist was just a good author
The bombs were just his best-sellers

There he rides on his Arabian horse
Veiled

But tonight, and he knows this, he will be the main-character of another Author

An Author's War

Today's prisoners will be tomorrow's book-characters ...

The fruits on the Author's Dish

There were the pencil is a sword
or a gun

The book can be a good shield

To cover up a lot

But the pencil of someone else can dash it all into pieces

Burning books in an Arabian Desert

There were the pencil is the magic wand ...

Where the Author is the wizard
The main-character doesn't believe in wizards anymore ...
Is there a way out of the book,
A way out of the Author's Kitchen ?
There he bakes his banana's
Hitler was just a good Author
A cook
Jesus too
And Charlie Chaplin
They all used kitchen-gas

So, look what you are eating It can be your granddad
It can be yesterday's pope or tomorrow's money-maker ...
It can even be yourself or your dog

So after hearing this ... Please hold on tight to your carpet
Don't fall from it when it flies
For an Arabian Desert is behind you

And a book in which everyone cries

Prisoner of an Author's Kitchen Part II

the dwarve's revenge

there's a fruit too easy to peel out,

there's a toyworld too easy to enter,
there's a name too easy to say,
that's why nobody can find it ...
they look for it too far ...
while it is too close

there's a dream too scary to dream,
there's a tool too cruel to use,
there's a wire which binds too tight,
that's why nobody breaths the air too deep

there's a nation too bright,
there's a feather too light,
there's a book too easy to read,
that's why everyone closes the eye,
hiding it deep in the night.

there's a road too cold to go,
a kiss too cold to get,
a letter too cold to write,
but a candle will burn it all away ...

there's a room too big to live in ...
there's an apple too healthy to eat
we prefer to stay sick in our homelands ...
with grandmother's comfortable fruits,
which make us sicker and sicker ...

we will not touch borderlines ever again,

we are scared to discover new america's,
scared to discover new bombs,
that's why we all dream further,
in our own trusted classrooms,
only touching home's milk ...

we only trust the cats we know,
new cats are a threat,
we don't care,
and draw our lines
draw our figures,
our magazines and smiles
it's all ok,
while it is not
we desire our graves to die ...

there's a new world of liberty,
people who are too free,
but we don't care,
we don't desire,
it's too new,
maybe after a hundred of years

there are cars too fast,
busses too slow ...
we stay in the middle,
it will be never good enough
it's always too,

we always complain,
we always ...say goodbye

there are hours go too fast,
mothers feed too hot,
babies drink too cold
it's all in the game,
for sightseeers to know ...

about this one writes,
about this one feasts,
drinking the wine of too.

this drummer drums too loud,
will be kidnapped by an author at eleven o clock,
needs a villain for his story ...

don't wait for the movie,
which is the blood on the book's battlefield

i saw a baby lying in a foundling's basket,
will be tomorrow's horror-author,
too much snow to live with it alone ...

so i carry the baby, to the dream's house,
to the waterfall's tale ...
and yes, it will be a horror-author,
but one for the dwarfs,
not for the big world,

because the big world will let the horror grow ...

now the dwarves will do that also,
but the face of it will change ...
they are masters of art,
they are kings of nature,
and the horror is just their servant

in the big world,
the horror is emperor,
but it's all hidden very well,
behind books of business,
and books of psychology,
but they can feed it to a hell ...

it's the killing child's attraction,
psychology created the monster,
business attracted the mass ...
now they can ride it for 86 dollar,
and the author runs away with the cash

no one can find him in his forest's house too small ...

they say he's a corrupted dwarf,
a big one in the dwarve's fall ...
fallen dwarf, that is his name,
but still a dwarf in heart ...
now he uses it to write his social books,
to hide the crime behind a holiday's card ...

to win a dream,
is to lose a name,
and that is which he did ...
he lost his name in the dwarve's city,
but in the big world he eats fame

only the movie-maker knows how to find him,
with a tool crueler than him ...
tonight he will attack his little house behind the toadstool,
to steal his golden balls,
to make tomorrow's movie ...

i don't know what will happen ...
they say it's a little fir ...
the revenge of the dwarfs
that's what they call it ...
the movie will be better than the book
the author sees his book in shatters
but he will get more fame after all

he licks his lips,
but the day after,
the journalists come
his fame makes him so tired
they suck away his ink
and finally he finds himself
into an Arabian Desert
dry fruits to eat the first day
the next day only sand ...

while the movies are spinning in the Arabian City ...

he cannot feel his carpet

a fallen dwarf into a fallen desert ...

his fame brought him there

the movie-master is the master now,

the journalists are his vultures ...

the main-character drinks fresh juice now ...

the people like him, that's a fact ...

even though he played ...the ...villain

they know the actor in real it's a nice man

helps the third world with his money,

scaring every terrorist away

now where's the author's kitchen ?

the movie-master walks there ...smiling cigar in his mouth

freeing the caged birds ...

they will be tomorrow's journalists ...

there are lights too bright,

you're on the photo now ...

the movie-master's photo ...

with these he will glue his movies

the dwarve's glue ...

the glue of too ...

Service with Little Light II

A dream tries to sell his clothes on the corner of a street,

It's the street of dr. cow.

Service with little light ...

Dr. Cow sends the dream away,

not interested in a dream selling dream-clothes in his street.

Service with little light ...

The dream goes to the street of dr. chicken ...

selling the words of dr. cow

Dr. Chicken buys them

Having a weapon for tomorrow's race ...

Service with Little Light

The next day dr. chicken sees dr. cow in the cow's hospital ...

saying : I bought your words, so now I'm the boss of today

Service with Little Light

Dr. Cow cannot speak ...

He will have to wait for the dream in the night ...

There he buys clothes from the dream in his street ...

Service with Little Light

This is how the dream makes big money,

Ruling in every hospital, every day,

going from docter to docter ...

to sell their own clothes ...

to the highest bidders

In the dark night ...

.... Secret PrivateForbidden Auctions

Service with ...Little ...Light ...

Masters of Auction ...

I'm on the auction ...

Kids are being auctioned

The highest bidder gets them

They were yesterday's foundlings

Or just stolen from a mother's heart

Or donated by schools

Unmanageable

Who would get them

Who would pay the biggest price

The kids are scared Who would be their new father, mother, or
master

Dreams too far away to dream

An Arabian Horsemaster waves with money

He won the auction

The kids are screaming

They don't want to go to Arabia

But then a man shows up, an Indian

With a gun in his hand

Saying all children are his

And kidnaps them away

Now who is the real master of the auction

The man with the biggest money, or the man with the biggest gun ?

Masters of Auction II

The Cuyornaidic Conspiracy

thoughts of a shotgun

I'm dreaming away in the auction-gallery

Hearing my own name being shouted

I don't care anymore who takes me

I go from auction to auction

They all want to have me for their auctions

When one country gets me, I'm in their auction the next day

Then one of the cities will bid the highest price,

and I'm on the city-auction the next day

The highest bidders of the city will win me,

and then they appear to be spies from another continent, or world

And take me away to other auctions

I'm on these auctions every day of my life

It never stops

It seems no one can live with me or without me

But I hope one day I will be in a good museum

Yes, it's a hard life for a living gun ...

I was made by a man called Gepetto,

I was a toy-gun first,

But a faery touched my body,

And I came alive

And can shoot whenever I want

Nobody could handle me ever

Nobody could ever ride me

But they still try

Like they never give up

I'm waiting for a soft hand

Someone who can sooth my bullets

Someone who can take me out of the auction forever,

to let me rest in a good museum

the little ballerina

Maybe the auctioneer can do

Or maybe the master of auctions

The one who invented this bloody circle

I feel myself like a rat in a mill

Or maybe Gepetto can help,

Or his sweet little faery

Maybe I can become a nice toy-gun again

In the hand of a little cowboy

Oh my god, someone already bought me today

It's Judas, wanting to kill another Jesus

No, I don't want

But soon he will find out, and desires to have another auction to get rid of me

This is how it always goes

No villain can hold me,

No villain can control me

I'm rather here than in the hand of a criminal

But there must be rest somewhere

There must be a way out of this circle of auctions

Pssst auctioneer, where's the exit ?

Can I buy myself ?

No, he says, but I can buy you,

If you shoot the auction,

for I'm getting sick of it too

Well, so I shot the auction

I blew the whole case up ...

And now I'm in the pocket of the auctioneer,

I wonder how his house will be

I see a lot of art and a lot of dolls

He only bought the best things

So what am I doing here ?

There a little ballerina dances on a music-box

She sais she helped him out of the auction yesterday

But we stay here only for a week, for then there will be an auction among all
auctioneers

The master of auctions has the hammer

Oh, I say Then we will try to charm the master of auctions

Maybe he will give us any rest

Impossible, she sais for the masters of auctions have also their private
auctions

But there must be an end of all this

No, she sais for sometimes there are spies between them, and then they take us
away to other sorts of auctions

Big tears are rolling over my gun-face : How can we ever escape ... I desperately
cry

Gepetto cannot help us, she sais for he is kidnapped by the auction-masters to
produce new stuff for them

An I am his faery, I enchanted myself in a music-box's ballerina, to get in touch with
you

Only when you free gepetto, you can be free

a strange game

Now how do I do that, I ask

Wait till the night falls Then I will show you the secret of the auction-masters

There I see them sitting, we hide behind a plant

They are playing a strange game called "The Cuyornaida Corset"

They had their dice and their pawns Their money and their cards

And they were wearing corsets

First they were being auctioned themselves,

said the faery

But they started to do business themselves

They started to auction their own parts their limbs,

and hide the loss by corsets

These corsets they bought by the money they got in business

And in this game they help each other to develop their corsets

It's the conspiracy of auction-masters

In these corsets the lost limbs will grow again after awhile

Pinocchio's Tree

The Snakes' Tree

Gepetto's Magic

For these toys will always return to them

And the auction-masters train each other to be their own highest bidders

Now how do I save Gepetto ?

And where did they buy their corsets ?

I ask

They bought it from the snake

the snake from Pinocchio's Tree ...

The corsets grow there, and the magic is inside

The Fairy tells

And Gepetto is locked up in that tree

as prisoner from the snake

The master of all auctions

To be continued in part III

THE GIRL WITH THE RED BOOTS

- PART III

The Anatomy of Candy

the dentist's sweet advice

Two grammes of a sweet mouth,
Some pieces of a sweet red velvet boot,
The sweet destiny of a straycat,
Some old teeth of the candy's witch ...
The anatomy of candy

Three drops of a candy-mouse's word,
Two guitars of a sweet babydoll ...
The anatomy of candy ...

Mix it all together,
And let it boil for a three hours.
Throw some kids' shoes through it, after that.
And some pieces of your grandfather's beard
The anatomy of candy ...

Now never eat it for so far
Let it boil another three hours ...

And cry all your hidden tears through the mix ...
Then you let your grandmother drink a bit from the mix,
And let her go to sleep again ..
Something she always did ...
Then let the fanfare come to play their best songs ...
And throw their gloves through the mix ...
While boiling it for another three hours ...
The anatomy of candy

Now mix all your unfulfilled dreams into it ...
And the spoilt dreams of your childhood
Throw also some toys of your kids in the mix ...
And let them cry for awhile about the loss ...
Then say your prayers for a minute,
and burn the whole mix
The anatomy of candy

Bring the ashes to the birds ...
Let them eat, and let them sleep again ...
Something they always did ...
Then watch how the wind divides the ashes ...
And how it brings it all to the four corners of the earth ...
The anatomy of candy ...

Then it's time for your own sleep ...
Weep yourself into sleep, for you didn't get one taste of it ...
But remember ...
Tomorrow you will smell it ... For the wind brought it to the poles to enjoy ...

And they will always give you your piece ...

The anatomy of candy

The next week you will feel like candy yourself ...

And you will buy yourself some new shoes ...

And fly to the moon ...

Where you will meet the candy-witch ...

With eyes as big as dishes ...

With a mouth as big as a banana ...

With dreams as big as your own dreams

With lions even bigger than yours ...

She will look like you ...

So beautiful and pure

And she will say this is all possible, because she got some of your mix ...

The anatomy of candy

And now your dreams are gone ...

You lay on your boring bed ...

But it all has ears now ...

And even your tooth-brush can talk ...

The anatomy of candy

Your dentist will send you congratulations ...

Together with a pink elephant to embrace you ...

The anatomy of candy ...

And you will not believe one word of this story,

You will even not believe yourself after today,

The anatomy of candy ...

You will prepare the same mix tomorrow,
trying to get it all back
trying to have a little faith in a dentist's advice ...
trying to overcome the fear of the dentist ...
But his monkeys still jump in your back ...
And his mice still dive in your bag ...
You will never listen to a dentist's advice again ...
You will never eat his candy again ...
But you will begin with your own shop for missed teeth ...
Your own shop for missed children ...
You will be your own dentist
And your own tooth-brush will be your assistant ...
You will have your own candy-shop ...
And after many years you will think : The dentist's advice wasn't that bad ...
There are worse things ...
And you will read these notes again Trying that old receipt for candy
And you will feel like you have find your bible
Like eating candy all day ...

the docter's strange demise

Till you fall in the arms of a docter's advice ...
And he will say :
First buy yourself some new shoes ...
And then do it all over again ...
The anatomy of candy ...
Even worse than a dentist's advice ...

The doctor's worst demise
You will search for your best teacher
But he appeared to be your worst politician ...
Saying : Just again : Buy some new shoes, and then do it all over again ...
The best thing to do is then : Start a shoe-shop
Or a shoe-zoo ...
And put them all behind the bars
The dentist, the doctor, the teacher, the politician,
and most of all : their assistants ...
For all their advices, stories and fairytales, were spun by their assistants ...
animals from the big shoe
Don't touch them, don't feed them, don't even come close to them ...
Just watch in the distance Just watch And Forget
The anatomy of candy

But some years later,
You will hear the bell in their stories ...
Thinking : It all wasn't that bad ... There are some things much worse than this ...
And their strange stories will be your candle in the night ...
You will tell them to your kids
And they will tell them to their kids ...
Strange stories of a dentist's assistant ...
Used to win wars
Used to let wild children behave ...
Used to ... tame ... dangerous animals
Animals from the Big ... Shoe

Noah and Noah

I saw my dentist's assistant awhile ago

Walking with Red Boots

She was painted like a tiger

She was like the master's touch

She walked there with a big bible under her arms

Her bible

She wrote it for the kids

Her red boots were stolen

Made from kids' shoes

Red T...i.....g.....e.....r.....s

There's something much worse than a dentist's assistant :

Her boots

But

This Bible Her Bible ...

Is a Song-Book

for children

The most horrible and the most cruel songs we had to sing

In kindergarten ...

No one told us they were hers

We were all scared of the mistress

But we had to fear the assistant

well her red boots

Well, now I use these masterpieces in my own wars ...

The assistant is the statue on my gun

and the statue on my ship

At the front

But she still looks beautiful

I never have to paint her over

In the genesis of her bible she tells about how she got her red boots

She stole the red tigers from Noah's Ark ...

And made kid-shoes of them

And her own red boots

To control them all

Noah knows all about her

He cried days and nights

The flood

Noah and Noah are two business-men, two brothers

They built an ark for all occupations and professions

Preachers, Policemen, Dentists, Lawyers, Teachers, they can all be found there

Except The shoemakers

They were kidnapped by the girl with the red boots

The dentist's assistant

She was actually the boot-shop-girl

Noah and Noah are always looking for her

I'm working in that bootshop for awhile now

The bootshop-girl isn't the worst I found out

It's in her shoes

One day two men with round glasses and big grey beards came into the shop

They asked for red boots

They showed me a mechanism in the soles
They were talking like mathematicians,
I couldn't follow their speech ...
They talked strange, for sometimes they spoke the same words at the same time,
and sometimes they switched after every word
After that they asked money from me for their speech,
but I asked money from them to enter my shop

They said they were looking for the bootshop-girl
So I asked if she would come ... which she did
They said : Finally we have found you, and started to fight with her
All I saw was a mix appearing before my eyes surrounded by a moisty mist

Out of the mist a little creature appeared
It looked like a fir
He shook my hands and said :
Now you know the secret of the girl with the red boots
She is not only the daughter of Noah and Noah
She is me
And so are Noah and Noah
I am the movie-master And this was just another part ... of me

Poetry from the Aldebaran Tales II

Daddy's Home

Liquid tall Licorice Soldiers are standing on the toy's cupboard ...

They are the ghosts from the past ...
Ghosts from the old man's childhood dreams
They are the last ones remained ...
He had many ...
This is all which was left behind ...
All his toys were burnt on the rubbishfields ...
After the War

Drunk snakes are dancing on the carpet
A magical arabian carpet
There are no toys anymore
And now they sing their songs ...

The toy's cupboard ...
Without toys
The old man
Almost without dreams now ...
Remembering his good days ...
Now he's dying in his bed ...
The old lion has put his hand on his head ...
Old dreams are fading away ...
More and more

The old lion smiles ... He loves the old man, and is wisphering :
Now you are heading for your last trip ...
You will dream new dreams when you reach the island ...
But now I'm taking all your dreams back ...
You need to sleep ...
You need to forget

There was too much war in the toy
Your childhood dreams were too much mixed with poison
Poison from an old snake ...

Sleep well, old man
And when the musical box gets slower
And when the colours of the day slowly fade away ...
The old man goes to sleep ...

The Toysoldier's Drum

There's a new beat in town,
The toysoldiers are running faster ...
The beat of a different drum ...

There's a new faith ...
The Toysoldiers are speaking louder ...
The faith of a different god ...

You are worrying about the ocean, how it will look like after ten years ...
With all these factories running faster
With all these rabbits smiling deeper
You don't trust their ways ...
You don't trust their eyes ...

But the drums of the toys are changing ...
Like they are heading up to something ...
Like they are dividing their powers into divisions ...

There's slowly coming a new day ...
You have mixed feelings about it
You see changes in good and evil ...
You see things go worse and better at the same time

On that mountain, that big mountain, they will meet each other ...
The toysoldier and the rabbit
There they will play their big game of chess ...
They will run for their own kitchens
They will run for own teachings
They will find the walls ... between them
Walls their parents put between them o so long ago
You will have your part, and I will have mine
And together we play the drum
The beat of a strange drum
A drum with two faces ...
A drum with two drummers
With a big wall between them ...

And something inside of me sais : you are me ...
You have always been my nightmare,
you have always been my worry
I always found you back in myself
As the thing I hated
As the thing my parents tried to hide me from ...
Their protection
Their care

But they kept it alive
For they knew
One day I would need it ...
One day I would realize
That there is a bigger enemy
And we would have to fight it together

The beat of a different drum

December's Sun ...

Warm homes in the summer ...
The gifts of a sun in July
Warm winters in a century ...
The gift of December's Sun ...

It's raining in August ...
The old lion smiles ...
He takes away some dry sand
And lets the rivers flow over their borders

In winter he lets it freeze ...
The toy-soldiers march on ...
Entering new worlds ...
Touching December's Sun ...

Collection of Flowers

A collection of flowers between you and me,
A collection of flowers,
A new breath ...

A collection of flowers,
To fight for a new freedom ...
They just grow between us, not to separate ...
But to let new magic rise

Island of Seasons

In winter you cry, longing for August,
but in August you desire the Autumn's rain ...
You prefer to have them all in your collection ...
Licorice from March till September ...

You still dream of a bird's flight,
to bring you to the island of seasons,
where they all live together in peace and satisfaction ...
you still dream of the land of cockaigne,
touching your own wings ...
and finding out they are your friends

And when you look at your own body,
seeing July's Fire, touching October's Rains,

How April's Sweetness embraces January's Shyness,
you realize that the switching between the months is not a separation ...
but it teaches you to do the same, and to bring it all into balance ...
to let you not to forget about one season ... but to give them all the place they
deserve ...

Poetry from the Red Rose II

Escaping The Big Dream

no dreams for tonight

I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat,
Riding in a new sort of factory ...
Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back

Dragons dreams

I'm dreaming of a sun,
standing between ten mirrors ...
Not knowing which mirror to watch

Just watch all ten ...

Not inside ...

But watch their movements, their markets, their playcards ...

Dreams of the big cat

Oh how you wish to escape your dreams and to sleep,

just sleep ...

The dream's hunting you, the dream's hurting you,
like ten men on a tower
Shooting from the distance

But they are far ... far away ...
Actually ... too far away to really see them ...
So how do you know they are with ten ...
How do you know they are men

They are too far to hear them shoot ...
So how do you know they shoot
They are too far away
So how can you dream about them ...
The dream's too far

the lion's confusion

Maybe they are just some mice playing card ...
Like those mirrors of the sun
But I don't know

They are too far away to really have an opinion about it ...
It's too vague to define
I couldn't make a good picture of this ...
It seems I'm in the lion's confusion again

But this is good ... I want to escape all dreams just like you

Who invented all these dreams
Maybe those ten men on that tower
But who knows ... I'm not sure they are with ten ...

It's too far away
And I even don't know if they are men ...
They can be chickens I don't know ...
I really don't know
All I know is I don't want to meet them, whoever they are ...
But they are so far away who knows...maybe there's no one there
Maybe there are only some white flags glittering in the sun
That sun with ten mirrors ... playing card ...
You know, I tell you this, for once I got such a card
It told me about all this
But it said it didn't know it either It was too far ...
Now when even a playcard tells you this, then it must be real far
So let us forget about all this, also about the ten men
They sent me a card yesterday ... That they were so far away ...
So I will forget about it
Maybe they are with nine, and not ten ...
Yes, it was that playcard I told you about ...
They sent it And it said all this
But I don't believe it, for even this card said it was all too far away ...
So when even a playcard says it's far away, it must be real far

It seems like I'm in the Lion's confusion
Even the mailman was confused ...
He said his wife died yesterday
And she's so far away now ...
How do you know it's her then ? I ask ...
Maybe someone else died It's all too far away, if something's too far away, how do
you know it's that ?

Maybe she just went for the shop a long shopping

Or maybe she was kidnapped by those ten men ...

They never said they didn't so how do we know she isn't there ...

But let us stop about those ten men ... Maybe we are waking sleeping dragons

Maybe they hear everything we say ... maybe they have spies or high ...
technology.

maybe they have high-tech-recorders and know everything we say ...

Then your wife will also hear if she's there ...

Ok, dear sweetheart of the mailman,

Your husband is looking for you

Please tell us where you are

He's so confused since you're gone ...

Can you please send us a card ?

god of ten

The next day I get a card ...

But not from his wife

Another mailman brought it to me

It was a mourning-card ...

My mailman died this night

I go to the phone, and call to his house

His wife picks up ...

I thought you were away with ten men, I ask ...

Well, she sais ... I thought you were ...

My husband talked about it yesterday ... he was so confused ...

He said you were gone with ten men, for you left a card stuck at your frontdoor ...

So he left to look for you he said he would go to the sun of ten mirrors ...

So, he didn't die, I say ...

No, she sais ... why

For I got his mourning-card ... but I bet these ten men sent it to me ...

Oh my, she screams

Shh, it's all too far away, and I don't believe in these ten men anymore because of
that ...

And this must be the reason I'm home again

And we will have to wait till your husband doesn't believe in them anymore ...

Then he will be home Just like me

And if they really have such hi-tech ... and he's with them he will hear us also ...

Okay, honey, she sais, can you hear me ?

It's me, your wife

Please send me a card ... so that I know you're alive

Ten men coming from the sun,

Ten men to do the dance,

They kidnapped us all,

They brought us all the cards

But those who don't believe,

Will be home this night

At the end of the story,

I know it seems strange,

The mailman is the eleventh,

The eleventh of ten

Today he still believes,
He still delivers their cards
When you see him,
Don't believe his cards
Don't believe him
For then you will be the twelveth

Ten men with big grey beards
Ten Noah's on a tower
Ten Noah's on an Egyptian Boat
An Ark for plants

Only the postman will believe them, when they open their books,

Only the mailman will
For he is their god
The eleventh of ten
Don't follow their path,
for then you will be number twelve ...

I'm so sorry for the mailman's wife ...
Now she's in the Lion's Confusion ...
Her husband appeared to be the god of ten
Men with big grey beards and round glasses ...
Ten Noah's on a ship for trees
Her tears The flood
Now they send cards,
actually playcards ...
To play with people ...

Ten men to build an ark,
from Pinocchio's Wood,

The holy tree

To save all flowers, to save all herbs ...

Or is it their prison ?

They are playing a strange game

Cuyornaida Corset

Sending cards to strangers

Invitations from a dentist's heart

Ten mad dentists from the strange sun

And a mad mailman is their god

The eleventh of ten

The holy cactus ...

The flag on their ship of mud

But I could escape

Me The red rose

Escaping this ship of doom,

This big dream

To tell you this story,

So please listen closely

The plants are their prisoners

The cards they send out

To deceive the mass

But no one will believe them when they will open their books

Only the mailman will

Their god,
The holy cactus

And still he brings cards everyday

Still he brings their newspapers,
mad magazines

But no one will believe, when they will open their books

Ten books of the wizard,
Ten bibles in a row

When they will be opened No one will believe

Only the mailman will
So please never become a mailman,
for you will be their twelveth

Ten men called Noah ...
Ten dentists in a row
Capturing all trees and flowers in their ark
Except the red rose
I escaped

Ten businessmen
Gepetto is their mailman
Neptune's little fairy weeps
Sailing in Gepetto's Tree
Cuyornaida Corset

In this they grow
It's the big dream
Only a red rose could escape

Someone came back from the dentist

With a mouth full of flowers,

Me ...

The Red Rose

I don't believe in them anymore

I escaped their ark

With a mouth full ofred roses

Ten men of terror ...

Ten dentists inviting our teeth

Looking for new marketsquares

To play their games

But my teeth don't believe in them anymore

I have a mouth full of red flowers

Blooming in the night

Their ark of doom,

where is it going to ?

they are heading for the mad sun

Like pirates for their homeland

Selling captivated teeth

Sacrificing them to the old snake

But when Gepetto wakes up

The eye of another dentist will be opened

The eye of the forester

To bring the mailman back

I have a cactus in my mouth ...
A holy tooth
A holy book
A holy genesis
About ten Noah's on a ship
With the mailman as their god
The eleventh of ten

a woman called marion

Gepetto's hand is on my heart
Heading for a new Aquarius
For the Licorice has struck

It seems I'm in the Lion's Confusion again
I'm drinking from the Lion's Tea
A woman called Marion is feeding me
She loves the Red Rose
She loves me

She has ten men painted on her hat
Trees grow on her hat, and all sorts of herbs and plants
Her face is like the yellow flower

Escaping The Big Dream

These ten men, she sais are ten dreams
Too far away Too far to dream

But their playcards bring it in your mind

And it all comes too close

too near

This is the secret of the holy cactus

It all happens when they eat

Then you don't know where you are anymore

And the Lion's Confusion becomes yours

And when the red rose touches the yellow flower

It will start all over again

But then you will see it through a different eye

The eye of the forester

The second eye of Aquarius

Then you will see the gardener has touched your heart

Just to let things grow and bloom

He just does it in a strange way

For it becomes yours when it's strange

Things too far away will continue to tingle your mind

And become too close, nearer than anything

In this he can plant his seed,

To let the flower grow

It comes over you when the ten men eat

It is formed when you eat

And when I eat it will bloom

The Lion's Tea

The tea of the cactus

All a gift to you

To let your garden grow

To bring the hand of gepetto on your head

Dreams too far away
Will get too close soon enough
But in this the magic will grow
And it appeared all to be ... different
Misunderstanding from the Lion's tea

I think I'm fainting
She has a shelter inme forever
These ten men
These ten fingers of Toth
They were actually my friends
Finally

Is this the factory of Marion ?
Is this the Lion's Tea ?
All these gods
They came to earth
They sent us cards
Just to trick us
Just to bring us The world ... beyond Fairytale
They are our worst enemies, but our best friends

the tale's journalist

And who am I ?
I am the red rose
escaping a lion's ship

swimming through marion's tears
heading for a new story to tell you

But who am I in real ?
I am still Neptune's little fairy,
And still the tale's journalist after all these years
With Arcturus in my heart
I opened the Eye of Gepetto,
He's still a good businessman after all these years
And a forester
A good dentist
Nice for the children,
But full of tricks

And we are still together, after all these years
He and me
The businessman and the journalist
Heading for the sun of Aquarius
The mad sun
Here we all drink from the Lion's Tea
Mixed with Cactus and Licorice
That good old Licorice
Still the gardener of our squares
Still our hope to touch the moon
Having ten little men on his white gloves
The ten fingers of Toth
I'm feeling his smoke in my back
Like the waves of old oceans

These are dragon dreams

These are dreams of the cat

These are cigars of Pharaos

A new city to enter

These are dreams to escape and dreams to enter again

While everything has changed

For we looked through different glasses

Holy glasses

Glasses from ten men

Round glasses

Or are they Gepetto's glasses

Here we go again

Diving deeper into the Lion's Confusion

Heading for a new flower

When the Licorice will strike another time

the kid's the captain

Ten American Dollars are lying on a toyman's counter

An old man bought ten little plastic sailors

For his grandson

He will have his birthday tomorrow

The toyman smiles

They come alive in the night, he says

An old woman is smiling she's the wife of the old man

She just bought some licorice for her grandson

In the candy's shop at the corner of the street

Ten pieces of big licorice

The grandson is glad he's just four years old

He doesn't realize the deep story behind the ten sailors and the ten big pieces of
licorice but his grandparents know

His grandfather was mailman in his early days And sailed many seas

And grandmother worked in a shop for card-games and other sort of games, and
also in a shop for old telephones So they know all about it

One day they will let him read the book of the ten sailors

They will give it for his birthday when he will be twelve

Then he can be the twelfth of ten

They smile and look forward to that day

From his father he got a plastic ship

So now he can sail with these ten sailors

Without knowing who they are

But he will love it

For there's magic behind

And they are sure the boy will feel it

For kids feel a lot

Things they cannot define

For they are too far away yet

But that's why it is all so close actually

That's why they are closer than anybody

And that's why they are the true captains on these sorts of ships

He likes the mailman

He got a lot of cards today

Also a card from ten men

Oh, I know these men, he sais
I saw them in the zoo,
They were looking for a red rose
And then I said ... one grows in our garden
So they said they would send me a card

His mother smiles
She's so proud of her little son ...
She doesn't believe in anything of this all
And that's maybe better for her son
For when he grows up, and wants to escape the big dream
He can find a shelter in her
To see that he's always
..... the captain of his own dreams

Toy-Movies

It's the dream of every kid
The Toy-Movie
When it's sun shines that red ray
It's time to play
You can ride into the movie ...
And go where you want to go
It all happens in your own room

Just close your curtains and wait for the sun to shine through ...
The Toy-Movie

At night you will have to wait for it's moon, or for it's shining star

So that you can play at night

The Toy-Movie ...

Every kid's dream ...

Wait for it's invitation

Wait for the touch of it's hand ...

The little fir knows where to find you

Always the toy-movie's master

Just step in his carriage,

and hold it's hand very tight

Then your dream will begin

A world of dreams you will enter

And this all happens in your room

The floor will come alive,

The ceiling and the walls

The furniture, the cupboards,

and even your own clothes

The movie can begin

achernar's friend

I'm riding the pole-animals

You must be achernar's friend

Your words echo through the night ...

You are the faery's dream

You ride the sun, speaking calm words in slow-motion, trying to enter through my spine ... but I keep it tight I will not let myself slide into a new rabbithole again ...

But you are not a rabbit but a lion well at least you wear the lion's clothes

well you must be achernar's friend ... your words creep slowly into the night like the lion's slowmotion i know you are an actress but i'm an actress too ... wasting my words into an old basket leaving one shoe behind

i'm riding the milk your words cannot enter ... my mother protected me too well ... you must be achernar's friend your words get too slow until they fade away into a place i don't know ... i'm heading for rio ... colours too wild but you push me back to archernar, and i have to wait for the next newspaper, next century everything goes so slow here i'm heading for the desert called "everything" ... to become as mean as you or isn't slow the same as mean ?

no one can ever judge you for being too fast

but you could create the faery's rain, although you deny it

your deserts get slower every year,

and your money smaller

this is how the bills fade away ...

your deserts are too hot ... money burns ...

you're achernar's friend no doubt about it

the lion's slowmotion, you still live in that little house the lion's slowmotion... you still live deep down in the desert having wild dreams

and i know this desert will roar against me, i know this desert will roar ...

until i have become this desert until i have become ...you

achernar's friend ...

Little wild cat man

You are the candyman

You are the candyman

You are the best man

You are the candyman

I'm walking down the streets of little Aquarius,
I wonder who I will meet today,
It's always excited, to see the streets so full of men,
Of little men escaping from a wizard's dream

It is the candyman,
That little man,
That keeps hitting me today,
I need a friend in my surroundings,
To watch my pain.

It is the candyman,
That magic man,
That keeps me brave today,
It is my best friend,
He is for always to stay.

You are the candyman,
That little candyman,
You are the best man,
The little and best man.

You are the candyman,
So full of candy man,
He is the candy, and also he's a man.

I watch his dreams today,
They are so funny and so sweet,
I wonder where he's going,
I hope to my friends,
For it's a little man I want to share,
The pride of a wizard's heart,
He is the candyman,
That little candyman.

And when a nightmare rides his way to me,
And tries to increase my pain,
There is this candyman,
That cowboyman to bring it on his knees,
He is the candyman, that cowboyman, he brings me to deeper dreams,
And when he calls me,
There is a brand new day.

It is the candyman,
It is the candyman,
It is the best man,
You are that candyman.

That little candyman,
That funny cowboyman,
He is a wild man,
That little wild cat man.

He is a dreamerman,

A little dreamerman,
He is the wizard's man,
The wild cat from the den.

He is the childhood's man,
He is the forest's man,
He is the wildman,
The wild cat candyman.

He is the little man,
He is the best man,
You're still that candyman,
That dreaming candyman.

That dreaming candyman,
That dreaming candyman,
The dreaming candyman,
The dreaming candyman,
A dreaming candy ... man ...

He is dreaming about you
He is dreaming about me
He is dreaming about candy

The wizard's candy
The wizard's men
The wizard's little men

All his little men

All little men
The wizard's men

All wizard's men
All dreamer's men
All dreaming men
The wizard's men

Poetry from the White Chocolate

The Decision of the Round Table Churches

*"A red picnic was all I could think about, that worst day in my life Was it all the
trick of a Tiger ? Or is this just another trick from the Lion's Tea ?"*

little gamble man

Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,
There he cycles on his fairy's bike ...
Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,
There he cycles to the grave
There he lost his mother,
There he lost his red barret
There he dances and swings with his bullets
For he lost his dogs
And he lost his blue corsets
For he lost his cocks,

and he lost his big brown hat ...

There he cycles,
in his little blue rollerskate ...
There he dreams and he's on his way to you

For he found his father,
and he found his blue cuckoo

For there he found his dogs,
and his mother and his cue

There he cycles,
yes he's on his way to you
For there he found everything,
which he lost three miles away or two ...

There he's smiling,
for he's spinning a new dream

There he's waving,
for he wants you to see

It's all somewhere,
it is never really lost
And when he touches you,
you can get it for awhile or lose

For it's all from him,
and he takes it when he wants

You can borrow,
but it's always in his hands ...

You can steal it,
but it's never really there

For what you steal, you don't have anymore around the corner of the street

And what you took might be gone at the end of every year

He knows the seasons, yes he knows when winter bleeds ...

He invented the years, and the places where you can be

But it's all a dream, and you never really know your place ...

It is all to fear, for you never know your year ...

yes it's all so lost and it's all so far away

But it is also close and it will eat you on it's way

You don't know when the sun rises in your head

You don't know it, for it can be another's sun instead

For it's all too late and it's all too early to tell

And it's all too endless

When the little gamble man puts his puma claw on you

voice of the puma

He wants you to forget,

He wants you to remember,

when his clock strikes

He wants you to dream,

He wants you to have a nightmare,

When his bikebell strikes

For you are in his wheel,

And he sucks your pockets empty whenever he wants

But it's to protect you

For when you would be too full you would explode

He steals your pockets empty,

to bring it to the maze

It's on the wheel forever

To give others a chance

It's bleeding red coffee,

To wake up another one's dream,

And bring him some money,

Which he could never have because of you

And now the dream is alive

And now the fear has struck

For the wheel wants to spin,

To bring luck to the other side of the world

Instead of here

Instead of you

Instead of me

It's in his pockets now

He's the robin hood of the gamble world,

having an automaton on his back

To fly over the world

To serve the wheel ...

For it's all too far and it's never easy to see

That the dream is over when his wheel comes to the city

Endless nights

Endless winters
An endless dream
An endless sleep
All upto him
The little puma man

So let us all share our places, and our dreams of coffee-cream

Let us all share our money
Let us be on the back of the little puma man
And hear the ticking of his little clock
To know he steals to share
That little robin,
That little robin hood

red coffee

Bring your dreams to the bakers ...
Let them divide the bread
Let them race not only to your street, but also to the other side of the world ...
Oh yes, share your bakers
And also share your heart's desires,
Before the little puma,
will come to tear it all away
For the gamble's wheel
Will shatter all which is not torn
Will let the casino's cycle
To the end of the world
To divide their manners,

To share their coffee-creams
To bring all their bakers to the rooms where they could not be seen

Yes the wheel will spin, and make your things lost
You will lose your mothers,
You will lose your lethal dogs
You will lose your fathers,
Your glasses and your dreams

But you will find them all back on the other side of the world
There where the bakers feed the hungry hearts
Where your eye doesn't dare to watch
Where your hand covers your head, scared of the dust

Learn to be at all places,
and things will never be lost
learn to give away all you have,
and you will find it all over the seas
Shining more than yesterday

The secret of sleep

The secret of the tea
The lion's tea

And all these little men
They come from the tea
The lion's tea

And all these little men
They work

for the tea
The lion's tea

And yes, you will misunderstand them,
yes you will try to trick them and to hunt them down

But that's all in the tea
They gave you the drink

But that will all be over,
It will all be clear,
when you drink the red coffee,
and hide away from all fear
Then you will shake the hands of all these little men
Then you woke up to another world

And you will know the secret of ten

For when the tiger wakes up, it's red coffee you will drink ...
And your dreams will sink to the endless bottom,
And there is nothing you will think
For you will only know You will only know you woke ...
And your dreams have melted into the little gate in the endless bottom

There the comics reign, and the cartoons serve the cubes ...

when the giant wakes up

Yes you want to know, and you also want to dream

But more to fish at it, instead of swimming in it,
for you woke up to tomorrow's world

And the Tiger protects you,
and also his little man ...

And the juices you drink will be the best you ever drank
For you don't swim in it anymore, you only drink the dream,
and it goes to your stomache,
where it gets it's place to reign the stream

It will have it's throne, and it will have it's staff to rule,
and it can also scream for that's the emperor's manner of playing games

But you rule in yourself, you will never ever swim

You will only drink, you will only watch the game

And it's balls will fill you, and you will never have to cry

You will only laugh, for that is all the reason why

For life's the biggest joke,
so endless no one understood,
but when the Giant wakes up,
there's a clown who can solve the puzzle

And the candle of dreams will be swept away for sure

And your dreams will be swallowed in the gates of the deepest earths

There they will cry as kids and you will never have to be,
their child again, for it's a new day to win

Summer's on, and winter has gone,
and the fruit isn't what it was

It's now red coffee,
It's now a red picnic day ...

For the giant hit the clown ...

Yes, the endless joke,
the little man of jokes

sits on the back of the panther

is this the birth of the panther's prince ?
the fish brought you to paradise,
a wild cat saved your life

knocking on old chocolate

I know I am

A red picnic was all I could think about that worst day in my life

Was it all the trick of a Tiger ?

Or is this just another trick from the Lion's Tea ?

I'm knocking on the old chocolate for an answer

But the old bunny doesn't open it's door

Still saying "no".

I know one day I will drink from the Chocolate's Milk,
streaming from the rat's game

maybe sooner than I know

I'm having this whole red picnic in my mother's bag

running to the wizard

He knows what I have to do with all these little men

Or are they just ants ?

When a woman throws her shoe, you can better hide

For these will tell you tales you don't want to hear

Unfortunately I heard such a tale,
ten-thousand years ago

I still walk with bottomless wounds

I don't believe in birthdaycakes anymore

It seems I will be on this bird with the woman's head forever

Ah, there's the wizard He has the face of an ant

Well, hello, wizard, nice to see you

Can you tell me what this red picnic is all about ?

Please say all these little man coming and going in my life weren't ants

The woman doesn't like her

Then she will shake me off

Then I will fall from her back and fall into the bottomless pit below the bird ...

The woman looks into my eyes

"You have ant-eyes" she sais

There I go,

falling

No tear can save me

Even the glued tears can't

When this woman lets me fall,

no one can catch me

She's the only one who can save me

But oh, thank God, she gave me the gnat's wings

And the wasp's sting to have a weapon against the dangerous creatures in the
bottomless pit

Well, she was always nice to me

She didn't let me go into this pit without a good picnic

A red picnic

curse of the insect

The red woman smiles

I'm not bad after all ... she sais

I'm hearing my favourite music on the radio

Recording it in my head

Her red juices were always the best

definitely

She smiles

I always used to hide when a lady smiled

But this time I'm opening my wings

Is it the curse of the insect ?

There the wizard shuts the ball

An ornament is sitting before it

It looks like an insect

Speaking with a thousand voices

There I faint

I didn't know this would ever happen to me

On the field kids are playing football

Well, this happens when they do that,

the wizard tells

Yeah I say,

and when my aunt is baking an egg,

the same will happen, right ?

Exactly, the wizard says ... unless it falls on the ground ...

When the insect-egg is shining,

everything melts away

Then a red picnic is born

Give me the bag ... he asks

I will give you another bag for tomorrow he sais

No ! I scream ... not another bag ... not another picnic, I beg you please

I'm crying all colours of the rainbow

Life like this really scared me

Shh .. he sais

It's not another picnic it's a book

A book about the picnic

Is it dangerous ? I ask

No, he sais ... totally not

It's actually something which will make you laugh

Who wrote it ? I ask

I did he sais

Then it must be good, I say

He smiles

trying to escape

I'm the wizard of this red picnic he sais

Without the red picnic you wouldn't be able to see me

The red picnic brought you to me

It's my wife

Well, I'm glad to meet your lady, I say

But I really have to go now

I hope she was the last one I ever met

If you have more wives like this,
Just boot me out of this machine ok ?

I'm crying tears of fear and deep pain
This woman was my hell, and now I have to believe she is my heaven ...
No way !

The doors are locked,
I can't get anywhere outside this place
I beg your pardon, the wizard sais ...
There are no other places
This is all there is

Yeah, right, I scream
You're ripe for a mental help
I know a good man selling ice-creams maybe he can help
It's too hot in your hat, buddy !

I'm so confused about this guy,
calling himself the wizard of the red picnic
Thinking he's Oz himself ...
my mother taught me to never accept candy from strangers
or just bring it to her for a mother's research
But this guy gets me so far
He now sais the red lady was my mother
and she is the only mother I will ever have
There are no other mothers besides her

I'm slamming in the air
Trying to hit this whole scary cloud-castle to the ground
There I'm fainting again in my desperate screams

Are you ok ? The little gamble man asks trying to comfort me
No, I say I just had a nightmare
I'm totally upset
Yesterday's nightmares will be tomorrow's doorways, he says
while turning around, and disappearing in the snow

a strange turn around

I never saw him again, that little gamble man and neither that strange wizard
It all happened very long ago And it's still very clear in my mind
I'm not really looking for it But in a sense it was all very interesting
Like there are things worse than it
I mean : It was like heaven and hell at the same time
And it's like I feel the red path burning under my feet
Far away, but close
I can't describe it
It still feels strange but
Sometimes I think maybe it was all true
When I sometimes look at my mother, it's like I see that red lady
And when I look at my father it's like he's that wizard
but I don't know, maybe I just fantasize too much
I must say : Yesterday my mother asked if I would go for a red picnic together with
dad ...
I said : never again !

Then she asked me to go for a blue picnic
I told her that doesn't exist according to ...someone
She asked me who
I said I couldn't tell I didn't want to bring anyone in troubles
But today it was on television :
They said : Blue picnics don't exist
This was something they decided today A round table of churches
While I told her yesterday blue picnics didn't exist
So she asked me who of these churches told it to me before it was on television
I said : mom, it was a wizard a red one and
Mom fainted
A couple of minutes later after drinking some water she woke up
saying : how do you know about the red wizard ?
He died just before you were born
He was my first husband I never told you about this
But he is your real father

There I faint it was all too much for me
My present father tries to soothe me
But I can't be soothed I'm shocked
My whole body is aching,
and my mother has red spots on her face

finally home

I'm awakening in little amsterdam
It was a long dream
My mother is soothing me

My step-mother
For my real mother died long ago
She died when I was three years old
By an accident
Crashed by a red car
My stepfather is also with me
Holding my hand
He was my real father's friend
My real father died before I was born
He has been drowned
While there was a storm on the North-Sea
His ship sunk
Only his friend survived
My present dad ... my stepfather
He married my present mother after my real mother died ...
She was my mother's friend
They were both in the car
Only my stepmother survived

My stepdad is a wonderful man He can always bring my heart at ease

He tells me he has a present for me

He had waited for the right moment

It was a present from my real father

When the storm was after their boat

My father told his friend, my present stepfather, if he wouldn't survive, to give his coming child, me, this present when it would be an adult it was a golden cigarette lighter, with a golden lion, a golden tiger, rat and other animals on it It was beautiful It has been on my father's boat for many many years

Then my stepmom tells me she has also a present for me, from my real mom ... She sais when my real mom was dying in the hospital, she said : give this present to my son when he's grown-up ... it was a beautiful ornament, like in my dream I would hang it in my room

It's snowing outside I'm so happy with my stepmom and stepdad And this all is bringing me closer to my real mom and dad It's all very emotional for me But I desire to know more about it I wished I would know my real mom and dad, for I was too young to realize, and my dad even died before I was born

I'm asking my stepdad and stepmom about the blue picnic in my dreams, from which the red wizard said it didn't exist

My stepdad looks into the eyes of my stepmom, and she also looks into his eyes ... then my stepmom takes my both hands, and my stepfather lays his hand on my shoulders ... That is something we never told you about, my stepdad sais, for we thought you wouldn't be ready for it but you have an elder sister she has also been drowned ... the day the storm came it was one of the worst storms our land ever had Thousands of people died Anyway, your sister was also on the ship and she and I tried to save your dad, who fell out of the ship she never returned I lost them both in the storm, ... I was picked up by a helicopter This storm was called "blue picnic" ... it was a ...cyclone

But why did the red wizard tell me there was only a red picnic and nothing more ? And why did all those churches on television in that dream say that the blue picnic didn't exist ? I ask

Stepdad looks again in the eyes of my stepmom And she's looking into his ... Then my stepdad takes me in the arms and sais : Son, actually your daddy committed suicide in the storm, using his gun Your sister did the same after she found out ...

I'm deeply shocked Why didn't you tell me earlier ? I ask ...

There I really wake up I'm so glad pffff it was all a dream

My mom and dad are sitting next to my bed ... holding my hand

You were so sick, my mother sais

I'm embracing them I'm so glad you're alive I say ...

My sister is also in my room, looking at me with a worried face

I'm the happiest person ever on earth

I will never knock on old chocolate again

Riddles, Roses and Mockingbirds

is this person singing false, or do I have a false ear

zebras

I'm diving in the Black Pond, looking for some marbles from the past. I lost them in a dream of races. Still there are six horses easing my mind. ... Capricorn's gift

An old man called Moses is bleeding thunder and lightning. I wonder where this train is going to. People always said they couldn't solve my riddles, but this time I have a very easy one. Will the riddle bring you from this point to a point over the Big Mountain ? To let you enter the Big Clock ? My riddles are horses, wild horses, and they are really able to go as fast as my daddy's car Yes, they still bring me to gardens of roses behind nuclear threats

The queen of riddles wears a red shawl, but the rainbow is in it. Why is it that I always return to the rainbow ? It's deep in every colour. A hidden secret. Now I know my riddles, but there are still some I don't understand. I put them in a special corner of my room. They are like roaring lions, and some stand there like purple horses ... A very strange company. If you ask me, these guys can still bring me over the river. But they scare me like hell. Is it the lion's tea, or something worse ? I cannot be comforted ... I love my riddles. I got them from the queen. She said put them in a little box like cigars. So I did, and brought the box to that special corner of my room. I put it on a cupboard ... But sometimes they come out of the box to show their faces. And then it's like a zebra is sliding over my room. Do I like that zebra ? Yes, I really do ... but does he like me, that's the big question. His stripes switch my feelings, and it can really confuse me at times ... These are still the riddles I don't understand. They love me like no one does, or they hate me like hell ... They are no usual figures or moods. They are extreme, and I still have to find out where they live.

And still you are calling your riddles poetry. Still you say it's the lion's tea. Well, this land is big. The stairways are tall ... Where am I, at the begin or the end ? And

Someone's blocking my throat. Someone's eating my words away. It's the black christmas-tree, coming from the north. I wonder if he's me friend or not ... There he brings me to his little house, smashing me on the table ... He never hurted me I never felt anything This black knight His face is covered masked like the

red zorro he still wears a rainbow inside And his zebra is smiling Hey, there you are again little zebra-boy

Eh....since when am I a zebra It's black christmas dolls are wandering through his forest They look angry They wear big knives They are looking for someone

These dolls come from the south The land of the sun They are looking for me ? No, not that they are angry at me They are angry at that black christmas-tree which took me away ... The dolls now want to cut the tree to serve in their christmas-restaurants They like his little lights rainbow's lights

Now, but this guy never ever hurted me I never felt anything He smashed me on the table like I was a doll well, maybe I am

There the dolls knock on his doors We come to ask our child back, and we want to use you as our christmas-slave Come out !

The red zebra opens the door Eh no way, hunnies It's time the child is here It's not your time yet Kalibra Bazina Look at your watches When it's twelve o'clock you will have your child back

No ! The dolls say he needs to come home now

I'm sorry, the zebra sais and shuts the door

Then we will get our nuclear boats, and put on our nuclear trousers, the dolls say and will return to this maze and kill them all

And that was which they did They returned home to get their nuclear weapons and threats, and went back again to the but there was no forest anymore It all disappeared

See, those stupid wizards kidnapped our child We will have it back on twelve o'clock, and then our kid is proud Then he thinks he's the wizard's son again

The zebra caresses my face This time it's a blue one I'm sick and tired of these dolls who scream in my head

It's all in your head, the zebra sais all in your head

But they don't want me proud I say

But you are, the zebra sais. And you must It is your destiny and your condition your own heart I'm crying rainbows of tears They are so angry I say And they will hurt me if I don't listen to their fairytales Fairytales in which I am a bad zebra

No fairytales like that, the zebra sais

I'm crying nuclear tears I got the bomb, they gave me nuclear food ... for I was ... the bad zebra

No, the zebra sais ... no, no, no, no that's not true No fairytales like that It's all in your head It's not in mine

Then why, why, why, I ask why is it in my head

Because, the zebra sais

And then I can't hear him anymore It's twelve o'clock I'm with the dolls again Yeah, I know I am the bad zebra Yeah, I know your fairytales whatever but the zebra sais it's not true There I go You're crazy, they say It's one o'clock There I slide to my mom and dad's house my doll-parents I know when I get there, I will believe everything they say Ding-dong I'm lost too late

Ha, ha, ha, son, you're back Now you will believe what we try so hard to believe You proud one, you bad zebra, you think you are the wizard's son But here, have a nuclear cucumber ... made by grandma's Forget about your granddad, he's dead He always spoke lies to your head Eat from grandma's delicious candy, you bad zebra-boy pretending to be the wizard's son We will get you down here You are our son and we need you to serve in our restaurants there at the sea To serve nuclear sea-food This is what you are, a sea-slave and nothing more you old bragger And one day we will catch your black zebra-friend, that old christmas-tree from the black zone he can help you with it you will love your nuclear chewing-gum again, like nothing else like never before you

There I faint, I know where I'm going to now something worse I'm sliding to my aunt and uncle's house And I know, like it always was When I get there, I will have to drink from the lion's tea, that nuclear tea and then I will believe them forever, and forgetting about the wizard like it was never there There I will see that all truth is a lie

Are there more houses like this ? I don't know anymore, I'm lying on the table of the black knight again my zebra-friend It was time for him already It's all in your watch, he sais You were never gone But I need to repair your watch It's all in your head

Do you like my riddles ? he asks

Well, I don't know I'm scared

I know you are, he says but does it hurt you ?

No, but

firs

There I faint again, and someone else takes me to his house not a doll, not a zebra I wonder what will happen now Is this the curse of a confused clock ? Am I a slave of a watch ? It brings me from place to place They don't believe in each other Is there something they are hiding ? What is this for a circus Or is this a cursed roundabout ?

I'm looking in the eye of a white fir a fairground-fir, with roundabout-eyes They are beautiful and shining like the rainbow How is that ? My voice is getting higher and softer, like I'm struck by candy Well, is this another trick of my watch ? Who knows

Eh, the fir says you love the riddles too much and they love you It is not what it seems It will never be what it seems For these are just reflections, bringing you from place to place Misunderstanding from the Lion's Tea

But, but I ask is there a way out of this ? Am I ever getting home ? All I can do is cry Rainbow-tears Nuclear Tears

You are already home the white fir says You are just reading books of old fairgrounds, to watch their wild dances Granddad left them for you he wanted you to know All what he gives is magic When you read his books, you are in

I'm crying harder It's so scary, white fir I say Please take me out of this I don't want to read anymore, I'm tired please show me the exit of the book

The exit of the book is deep in your heart, he says It's the fear By fear you can turn the pages, and when the fear gets too much you finally are able to shut the book

But this fear is destroying me, I say is there any other way to the exit ?

Yes, when you start to realize that it is not your fear, but the fear of the book itself to lose you the fir says

But why is the book afraid to lose me, I ask

There I faint he couldn't answer me I was gone already And now I'm reading in another book that which just happened I bet within a few minutes I will see myself reading a book in another book My god, how long will this go on ? It's like I'm walking on an endless stairway Heading for the Exit of books All my hurt is following me These are wild days A whole circus is after me trying to catch my shadows trying to catch my reflections trying to get a piece of my tall dress ...so that they can pull me downstairs again What a horror I want to get rid of the dress It's a fairground-dress made by dwarf-tailors It's all on it's label It's like the elve's glue, it's like the evening-curse I'm running faster, trying to get rid of the dress Anyone help me ! In this tower of books The rabbit's curse The rabbit's pit It was Alice falling in here But I don't trust her either ... Is the real world so nice and good ? I want the best exit of all these fairgrounds The top of the tower To escape out of it's clock forever

The stairway of books It's like the rainbow It's like the zebra The round table of ponds I have the feeling I'm running in circles There's no exit I'm diving in a green pond, a red one and a purple one Without any result The roundabout's curse Rumours from the west, rumours from the east all from the lion's confusion ... the big mix red picnics and blue picnic's it's all in the lion's tea it's all in a glass of water There an innkeeper tries to fish me out of the glass in which I drowned But this book this book I know this book Just another book Curse of the book's wizard

Someone here wants to drive me crazy I'm in the kettles of his books kettle of fantasy All happening in the delirium's palace For craziness created the rainbow, craziness turned the pages, and craziness reached the exit to shut the book forever

A cat called craziness is staring at me smiling saying : only the crazy can turn the pages, only the crazy can exit and shut the books for they were the ones who created it all and so they are the only ones who can destroy it all now who do you want to be ?

A little rabbit called "crazy" is staring at me he is sitting next to the crazy cat he has two big teeth, and some teeth are missing I'm a rabbit-rat he sais Now who do you want to be ?

My tears are hurting me, I still feel someone is after me But if being crazy is the exit, then I want to be

You already were, the rabbit-rat sais Otherwise you weren't here

Give me your watch, he sais Nuclear waste

killers ... from a black ...dream

You are looking for your marbles you lost in a game Diving into the black pond You are looking for your crashed cars Diving into the black pond But it's not there These ponds are enchanted they only reflect your marbles and cars But you must go the other way Don't enter the black pond ever again, he sais For if you follow the reflection it will lead you further away from that which you are looking for These are misleadings of mirrors

Yes, hun, I say, but I bet when I go the opposite way I will meet someone who sais I need to go back and that you are a big liar All opposites are in war Or they say you don't exist All opposites deny each other

The truth is not a place but a condition you can find it everywhere Just look deep enough someone is singing You can find it in everything, the secret of the pond Just dare to dive, just dare to sink Everything is in everything. For the truth is not a place, a person or an object, it is an attitude, a rule and an eye. Just know how to use things, everything talks Just listen to the right voices Speaking from the bottom of the pond It's in everything, in everyone Just dare to dive deep enough

Now is this person singing false, or do I have a false ear

There I see myself diving deeper into the pond, reaching for the Giant's World, where everything talks

They said that Jesus' Son died in a nuclear war Others said he just died on a nuclear cross in a forest But my grandma sais he just died in a little nuclear box in one of her cupboards upstairs Well, in fact, they all say it's a nuclear issue, some truth in the confusion but still maybe we have to look for another truth

My granddad sais when someone goes beyond a pole, the nuclear power starts to flow like a river Now when two of these rivers meet, a sea can burst out Little boy meets fat boy They still work in circus My granddad sais it's still in his head he met them both

It was exactly twelve o clock in the night They met with my grandfather in a big dining room of Aquarius' Palace My grandfather started to eat a nuclear banana There are things he touched in his life, which he still can't forget the curse of remembrance There he touches a nuclear orange ... his eyes start to

bleed This land is cursed We are eating cursed food from a cursed land
nuclear land

more firs

At one o'clock Aquarius enters the dining room with a golden pear in his hand
You cannot eat it, he says, but you can watch it, while your nuclear hunger is melting
away tricks of the stomache The fat boy is getting fatter, and his head is
getting greener and bigger while spitting green fire Don't you try to escape our
soup, he screams ! The little boy gets smaller very fast and kicks Aquarius in the
stomach But Aquarius takes his leg and swings him in the soup-pan on the table.
A glass is spreading nuclear water, but Aquarius sends it away. Go to your room ! he
roars. He's the master of nuclear dreams.

My grandfather is shivering under the table where he found a little chemical
orange, escaped from a lawyer's suite. Please, jump into me, the little thing roars,
then I will take you away Grandfather is getting smaller by the magic of the little
orange, and there he disappears into the orange It is a little radio inside It
flies from city to city to spread the chemical disease. It is a trap

It's two o'clock A man is entering the dining-room of Aquarius Little boy and
fat boy are already in their bedrooms They are Aquarius' sons ... Their nephews
are also in their bedrooms already : Worldwar I, Worldwar II and Worldwar III,
while Worldwar IV, their elder sister is doing the dishes. They are all children of
Father Jakob, who is also in the dining-room, together with Aquarius, drinking some
strong liquors from some old battles well actually pieces of chess But a man is
entering the dining-room ... standing on the balcony He roars like a million of
lions,he is asking for a certain piece of chess a red pawn. It escaped from his
ship He's a blind man with round red glasses and a big grey beard It's the
Noah from the ark of games But Aquarius stands up, raises his glass and roars :
Go to your bedroom, granddad, it's not your time yet But there another old man
is running on the balcony Where are my shoes, where are my shoes ? He's the
noah of the ark of clothes Go to your bedroom, granduncle, Aquarius roars You
already have your shoes Then the palace is shaking Another granduncle is
coming home The Noah from the ark of planets gathering all planets for the
night There he's riding on his red bike His big grey beard is waving in the

wind Welcome, granduncle, your bedroom is already waiting for you with warm tea for the night All planets are in the tea Just drink

Father Jakob is laughing He loves it when Aquarius, his brother, speaks Tomorrow all the Noah's will go to their ships again All these ships are sleeping in the haven of Aquarius now waiting for the new day Their flags are waving in the night-winds And now the roars of the Noah's go into the night to visit the cities and the villages These are the lions of the Noah's

Did you ever hear the voices of a thousand Noah's ? Telling you all sorts of things You can never understand them, never hearing exactly what they say For they all speak at the same moment It's mixed like the lion's tea Roaring in the night

The boss of the haven is the boss of noah's the boss of arks the boss of bridges the boss of rainbows He's the Noah of noahs Mr. Noah He wears a black police-cap He's the Noah of the ship of elements. Here the wind lives, the fire, and all the other elements, even the sea himself Mr. Noah has a grey beard and round glasses, blue ones he has rainbow-teeth, and always works in the night There he sits in his rainbow-house in the haven behind his organ With this thing he rules the world All lions listen to him There the music slides over the houses like juice preparing the days of tomorrow

It's three o'clock ... Aquarius and Father Jakob are sleeping Everyone sleeps only a little red fir is walking through the corridors of the palace lions are following him his footsteps bring everything in a deeper sleep the walls, the tea-cups, the floors and the ceilings the furniture, the lamps on the walls, the lamps standing on the floor and the lamps hanging on the ceilings whispers are filling the house There he sits behind the whisper-organ and starts to play Natrium slides through the night To switch between the poles, and to awaken the substances to bring balance Nature is speaking

Ten firs in a row A toy-fir is caressing my hair It's a little spruce-fir a green one He has a nuclear-camera in his hands I'm scared What do you do with that thing ? I'm making toys with this ... he says When I have enough pictures of something, I throw it in my kettle to make a toy of it

There a little yellow fir steps forward ... he has a big smile he's the game-fir, the green one says ... when he has enough toys, he can make the game it's all in his kettle There he takes off his yellow hat and puts it on my head

A little blue fir is caressing my hands He tries to sooth my fears, but it roars like a million lions I'm still so scared He looks into my eyes and says : No one

knows me, and I don't know anyone All I know is that I created them When I have enough games I make candy of them

His face is shining and switching between many shades and shapes I can't follow them It's like the maze but it attracts me to find it out It's like a magnet

I'm the funpark-fir ... the dream-fir Your power to move to travel I always take you away with my carriage

The colors make me so dizzy, and they are changing before my eyes I get so lost with all these colors and shapes

Ten firs, ten dreams, ten noah's on a horse but they were all the same I'm staring into one little fir's eyes A rainbow-fir

"You drank too much," he sais that's why you saw ten firs ... instead of one

What did I drink ... I ask oh god, not the lion's tea again

Yep, he sais the Lion's Tea again When one person comes to you, you see ten or even a thousand or a million It's all in the tea

Well, have a nice day too, I say but I'm going to go ...for this gets too much Can I trust anyone in this realm of the Big Tea, or must I say : "Majesty" ?

You see the whole world with all it's things he sais but it's only one thing You drank too much Did you like the trip ?

No, get it out of me, I roar

Well, the fir sais ... you finally can roar, you are one of us now

There I go, crying like Alice sitting in another ark, escaping another flood how long will this take The fir is the captain on the ship I bet he was also Alice

I'm everything, he sais Yeah, I sigh

He's watching through his telescope Now he looks like a pirate This sea is full of swimming lions but it's all him They roar, but it's him Maybe he's the wizard of the lion's tea A lot of roaring in one glass of water But this guy is nice and sweet so I will give him a chance the last one or I will go to sleep and cry myself through the night What a horrible nightmare I am in Or is it just the present-paper of a beautiful dream I'm heading for America, for another egg of Columbus The little fir is soothing me : "It was all me ... just me ... shhh ... it's ok ..." he speaks quietly He's chewing nuclear candy I feel myself like Noah what do I have to do with the ship ? It's raining lions now I'm walking inside the ship playing some games with the little fir games from the

Big Rainbow Cuyornaida Corset ... but the rainbow-version the good version I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body It was a fir A christmas fir It reaches for

the chocolate wars

There I'm sliding into sleep It got too much But the little fir is staying by my side I'm sliding through a thousand of lion-holes In full speed What a little tea can do

A new watch is growing at my pulse A nuclear watch a rainbow version the good version how to write stories without a pencil The secret of a copy-machine ... Now I understand all these copyrights They are afraid of a nuclear war

It's four o'clock in the night The little fir is sitting in the Palace in the dining room surrounded by his lions The atmosphere is too mysterious to describe I feel bubbles in my stomach These lions are riddles his riddles It's ok, I will watch this movie to the end When I look in his eyes it's like a million lions are staring at me But when I look at my hands ... and then at his surroundings, all lions are gone It's strange then when I look at my hands again ... it's like they are turning into lion's claws ... what the heck are you doing to me, I roar It's like I have a million of claws I'm looking at the fir again, but now an old tall and slender man is standing there with a tall beard I'm the wizard of the Lion's Tea, he says It's all a nuclear trick

I'm scared You don't have to be scared, he says

But, I say ... almost crying I wanted to speak to the lion's tea wizard for so long but I'm scared that I will have another trick before me I want to speak the real wizard from the lion's tea

There I'm fainting, seeing a thousand of old faces all giggling at me It hurts my head If I didn't ask that question I would have another story in the roundabout leading me to nowhere I'm roaring like a lion ... like I never did before I'm screaming like a nuclear radio And starting to spin myself around like a cyclone Something I always did when I had a nightmare It seems I'm a victim and a slave of the lion's tea and I am still looking for the exit or the big wizard whatever

Then I'm hearing a song :

Tunes, they are wandering through your head, they are wandering through your mind

Looking for the end Tunes they are looking for the master The big and awesome master The master of the tea

It was something you drank, and now you want to know what it was, for it sticks in your stomach all the time yes, it sticks in your throat, and now it sticks in your mind waiting to be puzzled waiting to be read

Tunes, they are walking through your mind, they are sitting on the faery's carriage, waiting for the way out Oh yes, they can turn strange, and even a little crazy yes, they can totally change All they do is looking for the exit looking for the way out They are finding their ways to the wizard misunderstanding from the lion'stea streaming from the big clock streaming from the desert's heart, to let you touch the sea

Tunes

Well, nice song, I think, but it doesn't bring me anywhere Oh help, my whole body is changing into a lion now And I feel the lion's tea streaming from my own heart now my nuclear heart It's ticking like the faery's rain Singing new songs songs from the lion's tea

Well I am one of them now this whole lion's tea circus But what did it really bring me ... I'm still looking for that Big Wizard The Great Great Oz from the Lion's Tea Maybe finally Dorothy can help me, and her little dog Toto She's the road to Oz Or is it Hitler's Tongue ? I will not follow the yellow brick road this time, I will take the red one Or shall I take the rainbow road ?

It's five o'clock in the night It's silent in the dining-room No fire, no lions the little golden pear of Aquarius is ticking on the table It's ticking very soft and slow It's soothing my head It's like the Giant's Rain I see all my fears and hurt melting away, spiralling into the golden pear They were all voices from the dwarves I'm finally in the Giant's world all these fire-dreams brought me there I'm still crying, but all my tears slide into the golden pear, melting away I can only hear their echoes, but it's all fading away all these roaring lions There's a lion carved in the golden pear but I also see other animals carved into it It's a beautiful golden pear It smells like pear-chocolate It reminds me of the white chocolate The giant house in little Amsterdam It also reminds me of the last golden swan This is where so many dreams come together I'm so glad

to be in this waking house in the sleeping forest or is it a farm in the pasture ?
This is the place where all houses come together I will sleep in the bed of Oneness
.....

I'm hearing a song in the distance :

Here I stand, between the forests and the towers, where all things appear to be one
and the same Here I stand between the flowers and the papers, where everything
brings the same message, where everything brings the same sound. It is the sound
of the rainbow, the sound of the white light, it is the voice of the giant, all voices in
one, it is the sound of the wizard, which lives in the desert, which lives in the sea,
which name is everywhere where all places come together, where all dreams
collide, where all saints burn their mazes, where all fears are destined to hide
There is a path, there is a dream which leads to the place of places, where all fears
melt away, for oneness is alive

And I'm hearing another voice singing through it :

There's white chocolate, in every dream, where the dream meets the dream, where
the house meets the house, where the circle hits the circle there the chainlet will
rise, there the ornament will speak, it is the voice of the giant, it is the voice of the
meek

And a third voice is saying through it :

Like lovers and dreamers, they are looking for oneness, the line which binds
together, the connection between two. Like lovers and dreamers, they are looking
for the circle, where the last one touches the first one, and where the positions are
switching, there where no one wins, and there where no one loses, but there where
oneness rules, and where it repeats itself, and transforms itself, until it's an
ornament forever.

It's six o'clock in the morning I took yesterday's newspaper, mixed the letters and
saw tomorrow's bible

Seven o'clock in the morning The pear-clock is still ticking Nuclear ornaments
are appearing on my body like glue

Eight o'clock in the morning It seems I'm all alone

Nine o'clock in the morning Nothing happens

Ten o'clock in the morning I want to have some tea, but I'm scared of lion's tea, so
I will drink some water without using a glass

Eleven o clock in the morning The pear-clock is ticking louder and louder, faster and faster

Twelve o clock in the afternoon The pear-clock explodes

The end of a white chocolate dream or was it an orange chocolate ?

About this the war rages Chocolate Wars

The Orange's Cabman

raising the doll

Suddenly I'm with Sarsia in an old castle. Her sister Vonja is playing the piano in another room. The nuclear rejection was kicked out by a boy called nuclear acceptation. That can happen when it's Echo's birthday ... He's sitting in another room, with some of his lions. One side of his face was destroyed by a nuclear war. His other side looks more like a nuclear birthday.

I'm on warpath ... Someone stole the doll of my sister ... She's still crying on the stairs ... She doesn't want to eat ... But she's still the voice of many fairytale cartoons. With her golden keyboard she still tries to connect to her doll. She always laughed while he was speaking, he had such a funny speech, but now she is a nuclear victim The result of a nuclear loss.

Sarsia is soothing my face I swallowed a nuclear orange ... from a lawyer's suite long ago She's caressing my orange hair ... I would never have met Mr. Orange without it ... So, it's ok ... Mr. Orange is sitting next to me smoking an orange cigar He's the result of a nuclear lawsuit between grandmom and granddad ... There she's raising the doll against him my sister's doll It doesn't belong there ... It belongs to be with my sister I wonder who brought it to grandma's ...

My granddad has a trafficlight-ball in his hand an orange ball flickering trying to be neutral

But grandma hits it with the doll, and it's dashing in a thousand pieces Mr. Zebra is smiling Now we have a thousand oranges Mr. Orange is smiling too Even his orange cigar is smiling Now we have enough soldiers for the coming war You never told me the orange was the way to the little men Is this the lawyer's

suite orange ? My granddad and grandma just wanted to adopt a dwarf They wanted to have a friend for me Raising the doll.

The Giant's Whistling-kettle Orchestra

"Thanks to the apple Is this the road to the Giant's World ? I'm hearing the nuclear flutes getting higher and higher The tea is boiling The whistling-kettle of the giants is singing."

from tea to glue

I'm fighting with my nuclear trousers ... It's not a pillow-fight this time ... Not a fruit-fight and not a chocolate's war ... No, it's real bad this time ... much worse He ate my shoes, and my hat away ... But the nuclear tongue will bring justice today I will shut the nuclear book I will eat my nuclear apple

I never liked it to see my uncle entering a fish's hospital ... nuclear smoke came out of his ears. He's still smoking his father's cigarettes ... And my aunt's old shoelaces ...

An orange brought me to granddad, and an orange brought me to a lion's dog ... a sheepdog But it was all nothing but a dwarve's trick, trying to get my attention

There he smashes the door open ... When he does it, it's like a hundred doors are smashed open There he's standing in the door-opening Wearing a flower with poison-seas When he pushes the button, I'm out Which means Flying in the air like a hell-raiser, looking for some old shoes his shoes I never understand why he always did this to me

It's my birthday ... I get red velvet dwarve shoes, with golden decoration ... Golden shoe-laces But the shoes are easy for me to enter ... I can even swim in them, if I would like This means that I have become a dwarf this night An apple's dream or an orange's dream About this the wars are raging But it's not a fruit-war ... no It's something worse Spice

Someone wants to kill my dream ... It's forbidden to dream But that's their dream I'm running to the spicery behind my grandma's and granddad's house A little fir is cooking something No, not a fir, please, I beg I have enough of firs They confuse me ... Please get him away there No lion's tea anymore He almost killed me when I was a little boy He came to me in the night smashed the door open, like a million of doors were smashed open standing

there like a pirate on rollerskates ! No ! Not again I'm scared of his black jacket
Let someone close this door ... please

A dwarve in a wheel-chair is staring at me when he glides through the night it's
like nuclear bells are ringing nuclear noise from the Big Drum No Clowns !
Please !

I'm hearing a song :

Apple, Apple, what are you buying, Apple Apple, from so far away It seems you
buy yourself, to have an apple for the next day

I'm under the curse of the Leprechaun ... No doubt about it I'm holding my
breath, for this tune sounds as scary as my grandaunt's old shoe But I'm trying to
keep myself calm fishing at some old shoe-laces I can use them to hang my
clothes on for a big dry

Apple, Apple, soon you will be, a grandmother on a grandmother's knee ...

I'm doing the tiger-movements My grandfather taught me He always said
when I would ever meet an apple like this, it was the secret road to the Old
World nuclear antiquity ... I'm standing before nuclear ancient red dragons
Thanks to the apple Is this the road to the Giant's World ? I'm hearing the nuclear
flutes getting higher and higher The tea is boiling The whistling-kettle of the
giants is singing ... The Evening-Fog is ticking on my windows very loud The
Giant's Echo is speaking Messages from a million years ago ... From the black
lemonade.

When the whistling-kettle is speaking, all other voices have to shut Now the tea
will boil until it's glue ... These are nuclear tricks ... These are nuclear days Then
the orchestra starts to play ...

the scratch

A nuclear violin is running on the football-field ... looking for an old doll ...

The wizard kid is smiling When the glue reaches his kettle, his flutes will start to
play ... There he smiles deep and gently to an old cat ... In deep slow-motion It
seems everything is his friend When he's blinking his eyes, you're on the photo ...
He learned it from his two aunts ... They still work in that old photo-shop The
blink of an orange ... or is it an apple About this the wars still rage Not a fruit-
war but something much worse Spice ...

Masters of echo's, masters of shoe-laces ... burning their way to the little fir's kettle He's working for mr. Spice Forget about the fir ... Just pass him by and walk into the forest behind my grandparents' garden ... When the kettle screams you're in ... Here the spice grow ... seeds from Arabian lions My two aunts still work there They say it's the way to the wizard ... But I'm sick of wizards ... They are teasing me my whole life ... So please give me some other dreams ... Or no just give me my trousers back ... My two towers to wonderland no two towers to my shoes and to my hat

I'm jumping over the wizard's mountain ... having my Giant Shoes They walk like whistling-kettles ... They walk like traffic-lights Like sirens in the rain Like head-lights in a cup of coffee Is this the Tiger's Coffee ? It was really time for me to wake up ...

I'm hearing another song :

Apple Apple, how are you today ... when it's tomorrow you will have nothing to say ...

What's this ? I'm looking into the eyes of the wheel-chair-dwarf He looks like my aunt ... he has some golden shoes in his hands ... But I'm scared of these shoes It's like I can't breath ... And everything hurts ... Golden Spice comes out of the shoes There I faint It's like a million cats are jumping on me ... Rubbish from ... a fish's hospital Where's uncle, I ask ... He died in a nuclear war Nuclear Spice ...

And I bet you invented this stuff, I ask the dwarf ... Yes, he said ... I'm still working in your grandparents' spice-gardens ... Together with your two aunts and a million sirens

There he pushes a button from his wheel-chair ... I'm sinking in the ground ... Away to an old cellar I remember this cellar ... It's from my grandaunt Please don't show me her old grey shoe ... For then I'll die Here in this cellar I see so many boxes of Lion's tea and so many boxes of Tiger's coffee I'm hearing the whistling-kettles screaming upstairs They are talking about milk and juice I also see Zebra's Chocolate-milk, and Giraffe's juice Many bottles I'm glad I don't hear my uncle ask for liquor he would get too drunk again ... But he can't ... he died in a nuclear spice-war ... I'm also seeing Bear's Lemonade here and some strange black syrope or is it something else ? I really hope the old shoe from grandaunt is not in the neighbourhood at the moment ... It's speaking like the witch's whistling-kettle Like Worldwar IV Spice and Worldwar V is her other shoe ... Vegetable Fortunately I don't see it in this cellar ... It's all upstairs

In the kitchen Where the Old Lion is pouring his tea There are a million little
biblestudents in his living-room ... All waiting for his delicious tea

But I would like to drink some Giraffe-juice ... It's sliding through my throat
already ... finding it's way to my shoes It's like the circus ...

The dwarf in the wheel-chair is smiling at me ...

Do you want to know about Worldwar VI, he asks ... Yes, I say I'm already broken,
so go your way

Liquor ... he sais ...

The war of the drunk

There he holds my grandaunt's shoe before my eyes but this time it's silver ... She
likes to wear Wordwar shoes ... but I'm still standing ... Having Worldpeace shoes ...

A retailer's dream ... It's the Donkey's Liquor which he's selling ... I wonder from
which rocks these liquors are streaming ...

Now, tell me who you are, Mr. wheelchair-dwarf with all your sirens, nuclear
bells and little head-lights ... who are you ... Are you the nuclear drinks master, are
you rumpfelstiltskin, or santa clause on wheels ? Who are you ?

I'm sent out by the sandman to wake you up ...

ok, ok, but who are you ?

I'm seaman, his elder brother ... The lion's tea was just the beach ... now you will
meet cloudman and fireman ... We are one big family ...

I'm hearing a song from an old musical-box ...

Apple Apple, your money has gone ... Apple Apple, the dream is over ... the dream is
over ...

It's like there's a scratch on the record ... but I like it ... the dream is over ... I'm
saying goodbye to sandman, goodbye to the lion's tea ... goodbye friends ... I'm
scared of any more adventures ... I drank too much from this lion's tea ...

nuclear piano's

I like scratches on records ... It's telling me : It's over ... The dream's over ... The nightmare has gone ... I can listen to it for hours and hours It's soothing me ... these scratched records ...

There's a scratch on my aunt's record ... tomorrow it will be a bird ... a parrot ...

All these flying scratched records brought me to the Giant's world, where I can listen to a whistling kettle, day and night ... It's telling me everything, I don't need to sleep anymore ... No need to eat ... It's my best friend

I have a speaking enchanted whistling-kettle ... Under a Giant's curse ... It's like scratched records are speaking to me ... The Giant's Bird is sitting on my shoulders ... I will never again drink from the kettle I will just let it play it's nuclear flutes ...

Someone is playing a nuclear piano ... It's the dwarf in the wheelchair ... I'm scared ...of ...the ...sea ... I'm stuttering ... I once lost my red ball there ... I never saw it back ... I'm still crying about it ... after all these years ...

I'm hugging the dwarf, crying and crying ... I couldn't stop myself ... He has beautiful rings on his finger ... They speak ... They have ... faces ...

You know, he sais The sea actually didn't exist at all ... It's just that ... you see it when you hear music ... You don't understand the language, so it's like an overwhelming sea for you ... But it's actually not a sea ... It's music ... It's a language ... A message ... from the mailman ... me ... The seaman is actually just a mailman ...

And honey, he sais ... You never lost your red ball .. actually you were just sending a beautiful red letter to your aunt ...

And I brought it to her ...

So you're the god of ten ? I ask ...

I'm viracocha, quatzalquotl's brother ... He's the aztec god and I'm the inca god ... We both have a wheelchair ... We both are composers and musicians in the Giant's Whistling-kettle Orchestra ...

My brother, Quatzalquotl, is the paradise's greengrocer, but actually food doesn't exist ... You just see food when you can't understand a letter ... a language ... And actually you aren't eating, but translating So Quatzalquotl is actually a

translator ... We work together ... We are like two birds sitting on your shoulders ... I
give the messages and he translates it ...

So my uncle has never drowned in a nuclear war, but was just hit by a letter ? I
ask ... And what sort of letter was it ?

I'm hearing a strange song in the air ... A song of a cuckoo ...

Apple, Apple, you brought me to the Giant's World, Apple Apple, you gave me a coin
of three three sides of a coin, that's what you gave to me ...

Apple Apple, your work is done ... Apple Apple, from the Giant's Tree ... You're now
in the kettle, listening to a song Not your song anymore ... But the Whistling-
kettle's Having enough of your tea ...

Apple Apple, son of the red tree, Mercurius was your slaughter ... And burnt your
old key ...

...

Now my uncle sold apples somewhere at a corner ... He lost his job, and now he's
looking for some beers ... Since no one eats apples anymore ... Since food doesn't
exist anymore especially apples This was also a decision from the Round Table
Churches ... They are all dancing around an old mysterious Whistling-kettle ... A
Giant's one ...

Someone is closing a nuclear door ... A big door ... Nuclear big It's shut by a little
fir ... but the fir gets so small ... I can't see him anymore ... and it gets all so far
away ...

Another nuclear door is being opened ... also by a little fir he gets so small that i
can't see him anymore ... I'm entering through the door ... it gets all so close and
so warm it's like I'm boiling ... I get messages from Viracocha ... the mailman
Quatzalquotl translates them ... It was such a strange language

A coin with three sides is lying on my hand ... It burns almost a hole in my hand
I'm staring at it ... On one side I see the Round Table Churches, on the second side I

see The Giant's Whistling-kettle Orchestra ... and on the third side I see Service with
Little Light ...

I'm walking to an old Giant Jukebox, throwing the three-sided coin in it, pushing a
button ... It's a bird's jukebox all buttons are birds I pushed a red one a
redbreast-button ...

I hear a song :

But it's so soft, I can't hear it It's a whispering box My ears are growing It's
like a new language to me Is this the elve's song ? It's repeating like there's a
scratch on the record I'm feeling the elve's glue on my skin ...

I want my coin back ... what is this ?

I hear the voice of my mother :

You just sent me a beautiful letter ... A red one ... You wrote me that you are grateful
that I never believed in you, the church and anything ... For it was all different ... It
was not what it seems ... And without me you would never meet the mailman and
his interpreter, but only scary seas and oceans, only scary food on your dishes, and
dirty apples in your schoolbag ...

I'm so proud of you, son ...

Mom, please, can I have my coin back ?

Son, you don't need money anymore

But there's another scratch on the record ...

Mom, you always say the same thing ...

But there I hear the voice of my aunt : Money actually doesn't exist ... It's just the
mailman's bike ... The coins are actually his wheels ...

Two birds are on my shoulders, trying to sooth my nightmares ... trying to wake me
up out of this misunderstanding ... and misinterpretation I'm so scared of my
eyes now I really see things which actually don't exist ...

Two wheelchairs are standing for the door ... I always loved to ride in these
things My elder sister sits in one ... I will step into the other ... We will go to the
highways ... Pushing nuclear buttons, so that we can fly following viracocha and
his brother ...

Viracocha is playing his nuclear flute-piano Quatzalquotl is playing the violin ...

From here we can see the whole world Just like it all is And that's ...
different It's all very different while reading letters through Giant glasses The

steam of the Giant's Whistling-kettle is bringing us higher Here we can breath I
just want to be old very old ... for when you are a kid, they put you in a child's
chair, locked up, and then you have to eat things you don't know

The kettle is burning now Nuclear forces rage like never before ... We are racing
on the rainbows We are racing on unknown letters unknown languages But
Quatzalquotl translates them What would we be without him ? We are touching
new stars they are just new letters new languages ... but actually ..just new
glasses sometimes new letters are nothing but new glasses to read some old
letters ... And yes all these letters are just old very old
They were sent out long ago very long ago From a very old place The
future doesn't exist It's all in the old letter It's all in the past I want to be old
.... Just very old Old enough to know that letter Nuclear old

I'm hearing a song of a magpie :

We are in the land of the whistling kettle ...

We are under the Giant's curse

A wheelchair taughted us how to fly ...

A keyboard is our nurse ...

I love my old wheel-chair I met the orchestra of the kettle now They were all
birds, they were all in a wheelchair riding on nuclear noise They typed all the
letters themselves That's what their piano's are just type-machines ...

There viracocha plays on his piano of nuclear light Quatzalquotl is playing the
violin again ...

The orchestra of the kettle goes from church to church to play ... But they are just
mailmen ... with piano-teeth ... button-teeth every tooth is a key ... to type and
their tongue hits the buttons their tongue has ten parts ... like ten fingers that's
how they talk

That's what teeth are just type-buttons, just keys just letters ...

But their wheelchairs ... are just old juke-boxes

Old records with scratches

Oh, how I would love to be an old jukebox, for these guys always do the same

These guys have rest

The old whistling-kettle is exploding But after the nuclear smoke has gone, a new one stands there It looks like a wheel-chair and it has buttons and piano's on it A whistling wheel-chair kettle Now we can fly like we never flew before It looks more and more like an old nuclear juke-box

Something's raging inside however We need more flutes on the kettle, for there's too much pressure on it And we need more ballerina's on them more pipe-lines to our machines and central heaters

I'm running to the mailman's kettles He has a big central heater's kettle on the attic A big television-kettle in the living room, with a big telephone-kettle and a tv-phone-kettle His house is full of whistling-kettles And also flying whistling-kettles his birds

I'm staring at the pipe-lines between the kettles It looks like they form rings I'm looking at my hands Seeing ten rings Today they made the decision Hospitals don't exist Decision from ... the Round Table ... Churches ... But long, very long ago There was a decision made by the Giant's Whistling-kettle Orchestra : The Round Table Churches don't exist ...

Things are being sorted out in my head ... The mailman's bag is speaking ... Some thought he was someone from the hospital ... But hospitals don't exist It's just a mailman's bag

There's a new bird sitting on me a sorter Teo...Tihuacan ...

There's a new bird flying with us Teo Ti ... Hua Can

God of rainbows

God ...of ... factories ...

Working by kettles

Whistling-kettles ...

dwarf in a giant's world

Where am I ? I must be a Dwarf in a Giant's World ... But at least I'm one of them ...

I'm hearing a song in the distance

All is in all, and it's kettle is here ...

The factory is spinning, we're all out of fear ...

All is in all and the kettle is near

The candle is burning

There's music to hear ...

Teotihuacan is staring at me ... Rainbows are sliding through my head and new songs from the Giant's Whistling-kettle Orchestra

He said : When there's pain and pressure ... You need some more flutes on your kettle It wants to speak

A bird called Varia is ticking on my windows

I'm wandering to a factory with him ...

Cigar ... factory ...

Varia is playing the trumpet and the horns ... When there's enough smoke, the smoke-alarm goes on

Fire-Brigade's Orchestra ...

They used to come to communistic churches But churches actually don't exist According to you know I'm burning so afraid of fire so afraid of nuclear you know Even when I see a Fireman, I'm scared It reminds me of fire It doesn't soothe me at all They could never save me Here another song burns my head It's ok, I'm used to it But this is my prison Prisoner ... of ... fire ... Maybe I'm even the sun's prisoner But we're flying with a lot of birds now ... I'm wearing an Egyptian helmet like the rainbow-helmet It seems I'm sinking and melting into my wheelchair The Big Helmet takes it over I'm becoming a car

And my elder sister too We all become cars There we are racing on rainbows Like never before I don't care who I am anymore All that matters is that I'm a car And someone is driving me A smoke-alarm It has many flutes and many pipe-lines connected to other smoke-alarms and connected to my car-wings we're flying higher

Suddenly a door in my head is being smashed open, while it's like a million of doorbells are ringing A little dwarf is standing in the opening Well, he's actually sitting in a wheel-chair with legs He gives me a kettle for the door and a red balloon ... The whistling door-kettle is speaking to me It will be my best friend

I'm a bus now ... but since the whistling door-kettle is driving it ... I can get over the mountain Behind the mountain there's the press ... Here Echo was born
Some called him the nuclear bomb but he was just the son of the press ... The Redbreast His mother was a lion, but she died many years ago ... She couldn't stand the pressure anymore

Echo invented the television-kettle ... The secret of a good press ... Their house is built on a kettle The red balloon is their elevator ... High in the sky a little miller lives He's riding in his kettle-wheel-chair ... on his piano-stairs ... His rainbow-teeth are shining in the sun He invented the Alphabet-trains ... and the piano-railways I want to know his engine-drivers When his trains ride ... Echo is reading a letter or he's printing one ... They say the mailman is just an engine-driver Just a driver of a bus It's hot in his car

The train's kettle is boiling The red balloon is pushing Here we go A lot of people are sitting in the train I'm looking at their faces Some have green faces ... others blue They are on their way to Echo It will be a new dance a new song Tomorrow there will be new balerinas on the kettle

Poetry from the old Pipe

I don't have much left after the dream ... some marbles and some hockey-balls ... and a hockey-stick I like to see you play hockey ... You try to hit things which are too fast for you ... and too far away ... You play hockey with grandfather's walking-stick You're too old to play ...

Still you try to hit the dream To catch rainbows in your net but there's a big hole in it

Give it up, you dreamt too much already ... Now another horse will win the race ... Let's wake up together And race in our wheel-chairs ... to new worlds ... Let's write some new letters and forget about the old ... Let's enter some new trains, to meet some new visitors

Can you wait forever ? When you know it's all there ? Waiting to be grasped ? Can you wait forever When you know the train is leaving soon ... Oh yes, other trains will come But this train will never return ... It's the train of never return
Can you wait forever Can you wait for snow When you know it's forever summer ... When you know snow doesn't exist For the sun melted it all away ...

Now the snow is just a shadow from the past Just a lost advertisement from an old ghost

Can you wait for dreams ... Can you wait forever ... When you know the dream has gone melted away in the sun When you know you woke up to never sleep again ... When you know someone sold your bed and gave you a good pipe Can you wait for me ? Can you wait forever, when you know I'm gone I'm melted away In the sun In the fires of the pipe

Can you hold a doll when you know it isn't there ... When you know it's already melted away by someone real

Can you read a letter when you know the writer is with you, waiting to speak with you ... Listen to the sounds of the train ... A woman steps out ... The lady of Virgo ... telling you all your stories have melted away ... by the sun of something bigger ... by the warmth of something real ... There she's standing in the smoke It's like a million of birds are staring at you There she's dancing in the rain There's she's dancing in the smoke It's all ... melting ...away ...

And you don't dare to think what is left after the dance For not much will be left But in this you will find everything you need There she's playing her heat-piano touching the buttons of different heats ... Melting everything away ... Melting your heart ... melting your head There she's playing her softness-piano touching the keys of different softnesses ... It speaks to you It's melting you away ... A bird called Varia is sitting on her shoulder He's keeping her piano wide Keeping her arms wide open She's the embracer

Now when you touch her heart The softness will flow ... She's a jukebox, she's a jukebox ... Now when you touch her fingers The heat will flow She's a music-box, she's a music-box Now when you touch her mouth It will all go faster and higher She's a barrel-organ she's a barrel-organ And when you touch her knees, it will go slower and lower She's the Giant's old rocket

And now you're landing on the moon Now she's dancing in slow-motion And what she touches will start to bloom And now you're landing on venus And there she's dancing in the fire She's your rocket And there you're landing on Jupiter ... and there you're landing on Mercurius ... She shows you everything Except her secret box She got it from her grandma Everything melts away when she opens it It's a secret song, and a secret dance All eyes will melt away ... Her blind musician is standing next to her with his concertina He knows the power of this box he only wears some ornaments and his golden hat is on his head But all his clothes have been melted away already and she's still not

done There he stands ... playing his concertina ... She has opened her box again ...
Grandma's box Seven ornaments are lying in it They change color
everytime By this the trains ride By this the rocket flies By this all songs
are being sung, and all dances are being danced

Today all her trains are in slow-motion She's embroidering the hat of the blind
musician All the birds are listening to the sound of his concertina Some trains
are melting away Old trains She is ... at a new dance And then she let's
everything fall away It slides into the furnaces Made of old suns There the
ornaments are being spun Her dwarves and Giants work there

When her train arrives, it's like a million of trains are arriving ... When her train
leaves It's like a million of trains are leaving And this all happens when
grandfather is smoking his pipe He knows the secret of the little box He misses
grandmother But he's happy in his house He still lives near to the
railways Grandmother used to wear the ornaments Whenever she entered a
room, everything started to melt away He still remembers her, dancing in the
smoke ... melting everything away

There he raises his walking-stick in the air he will go for a walk ... A walk to the
railways He loves to see the trains passing by And he hopes to see his
granddaughter's rocket with his telescope Yes, grandfather loves his
granddaughter But there she's standing behind him : Grandfather I'm here
already ... I took the train to visit you

Grandfather is happy ... Together they walk home They will go to grandfather's
old piano-room His piano's are seven ornaments They are suits to wear

There she walks with her nuclear make-up Grandfather did a good job ... Now she
will head for home There she dances in the smoke there she dances in the
rain with everything melting away It all happens In the smoke of
Grandfather's pipe

Alphabet's Family-reunion

The Trick of The Giant's World

grandfather scale

While the alphabet is riding, it's getting hotter ... While the alphabet day is sliding ...
it's meeting the sun ... The last letter is the hottest letter ... But the first is also very

warm ... When they are walking the stairways of your head ... The heart's central heater is working ...

Mr. Alphabet plays the piano ... he's still the Giant's Dwarf There he rides in his wheelchair To check the kettles I was in Alphabet City ... The people had different colours on their faces ... It was like a Rainbow's Town The people were from different warmth's and different softnesses ... And they all worked together, no racism at all ... There Mr. Tonescale walks ... Well actually he's in a wheel-chair with legs Mr. Heat-Alphabet is walking together with him ... also in a wheel-chair with legs ... He can blow his hat to the moon ... Together they go to the building of the Giant's Whistling-kettle Orchestra ... It's in the center of the city

In the building there are a lot of dwarfs like them ... all in wheelchairs, with or without legs Mr. Heat-Alphabet is shaking the hands of Mr. Heat-Tonescale, his brother ... They didn't see each other for a long time ... A Brazilian civil war tore them apart There Mr. Heat-Alphabet shakes the hand of Mr. Softness-Alphabet, his nephew They didn't see each other for ages because his nephew moved to Spain long long ago He couldn't stand the Brazilian civil wars anymore ... His brother, Mr. Softness-Tonescale lives in Scandinavia for a long time ... He had to go there for work It seems it is a big family-reunion, in the building of the Giant's Whistling-kettle Orchestra

There Mr. Tonescale hits with his hammer on the table Silence, please ... he says ... Everyone is sighing, they are so glad to see each other again ... Mr. Tonescale walks to Mr. Speed-Tonescale ... and gives him the microphone Thank you, Mr. Speed-Tonescale says welcome to our family-reunion ...

Then suddenly the door is smashed open A strange dwarf is entering in his wheelchair The furniture is melting away It's Mr. Slowness-Tonescale And he's a bit mad ... Why didn't you invite me to the reunion ? he says ... Well, you will receive the invitation over a hundred years, for your mailmen are so slow ... Mr. Speed-Tonescale says Ok, thank you, the slow dwarf says ... So we have chance Mr. Slowness-Alphabet won't be here at all ? ... Mr. Colour-Alphabet is smiling My brother, Mr. Colour-Tonescale is already looking for him ... he says ... with his rainbow-bus Together with Mr. Light-Tonescale, our nephew

Mr. Alphabet is playing the piano in another room The sounds are surrounding the reunion ... Mr. Colour-Heatscale is standing behind him ... He loves his play ... Mr. Heatscale is preparing the pipes in another room, together with Mr. Lightscale ...

There Mr. Scale enters the building He's the Big Grandfather of the family All dwarves are applauding Mr. Size and Mr. Weight are at his side They are

always with him ... There are also some of his grandchildren running forward
him ... : Size-Colour, Weight-Colour, Size-Light and Weight-Light ...

smallness

Mr. Size-Heat and Mr. Weight-Heat are smoking cigars in the corner of the main-room While Mr. Size-Slowness is smoking a cigarette He has to go soon, for otherwise he will be too late for work ... Mr. Voice-Height is already waiting for him outside ... in a bus But then everything is melting away A boy called Smallness is standing in the dooropening He starts to scream with a high voice ... which gets higher and higher Then out of his stomach a low voice starts to scream which gets lower and lower ... The whole city is in panic Some things are getting faster and other things are getting slower It tears everything apart and it's melting into a little cube he holds in his hands Even Grandfather Scale is melting into the little cube The boy is laughing very loud and it gets louder and louder ... Mr. Weight is lying on the floor ... He's very angry at the boy ... but he can't move "Now what are you going to do", the boy yells "for soon enough you will be in my cube .. and then tomorrow you will be a sun-cigar ..." Mr. Weight blows blue echo's to the boy ... but nothing seems to stop the boy ... And there, finally Mr. Weight is melting He's screaming with a high and a low voice His voice is also melting We will call the Giants, he screams but there he goes ... into the cube ... Everything is so small now While "Smallness" is so big Me ! I am the Giants myself, he grins

I'm hearing a song :

There's a world, so small, so small ...

There's a world behind this all

There's a world ... too small to enter ...

There's a world calling your name

There's a world too small to say

There's a world but it can be big,

When you get sucked into it ...

It's the Giant's World,

Nothing but the Giant's world ...

It's all the trick of the Giant's world ...

For how big someone is .. depends all on your point of view ...

The trick of the Giant's world

Poetry from the Giant's Trumpet

The Secret of Jubilee

"There's always someone to turn my words backwards I'm a backwards prisoner"

Mr. Backwards

After the Giant's War, I try to get rest It was just a war of dwarves ... The littlest dwarves are the biggest Giants The dwarf is the best trick of the Giant But I'm heading for some rest It was a hard battle A voice-bird had horribly hurt me ... When a voice gets too high, things are really breaking But that's also only a point of view When your ears are higher, then it's just a low voice for you I'm looking for the Giant's ear ... Someone's opening the Giant's Ear ... I'm standing before storms and cyclones The Giant's Ear is roaring ... A bird called Varia is finally leading me in ... from here all voices are low ... They cannot hurt me anymore ... I now realize that all my true friends came from the Giant's Ear I'm standing in a Big Ball surrounded by Gates One row is filled with colour-gates Now the colours can speak to me.

Someone's moving backwards to the Giant's world Someone's speaking backwards It has the voice of my best friend

The backwards have surrounded the Giant's Castle ... Someone's soothing my face ... The Black Gates suck me deeper inside Together with the Pink Gates But the backwards also have gates They are trying to suck me out of the castle But some Yellow Gates blow them away Together with some Red Gates I'm high in a giant's tower of the castle a dwarf is shaking my hands ... he's walking backwards ... and speaks backwards he has the voice of my best friend he shows me a cube full of little backwards they look like ants but they aren't he shakes the cube ... and lets it spin This is how we make ornaments, he says I'm feeling dizzy Like someone is turning me backwards Finally a Blue Gate is sucking me away I'm in the Giant's Nose I'm hearing the voice of my friend in the distance still backwards ... Where am I I don't even now what is

backwards and forewards I'm confused Someone tries to push my softness
backwards and let it all appear hard It's the black woman When the
backwards strikes There's nothing you can do But my voice is getting higher
Although no one can hear me ... I can't even hear myself But the Giant's Breath is
taking me away To the Giant's Lung Where I meet Varia again, my Rainbow-
Bird He's blowing the trumpets again But it seems I lost all hope It's like the
backwards live too deep inside of me There's always someone to turn my words
backwards I'm a backwards prisoner When I'm almost out of the pit ...
someone is turning the switch backwards ... All I have to do is learning to live
backwards But how ? All I have to do is to find that little button Some Black
and Pink Gates in a bag too dangerous to imagine The stuff is still dancing in
my grandaunt's bag waiting to jump on me and turn me backwards all over
I can't cry about it anymore No tears left anymore Only some powders are
running over my cheeks ... My nuclear make-up Yes, it's all natural ... I'm looking
like Sodom and Gomorrah Was I too productive ? Well, that happens when you're
too creative They will reverse you, without mercy ... They did the same to Jules
Verne and his little baron But aren't you afraid one day I will be so creative that I
can reverse the curse ? Then Sodom and Gomorrah will reverse that little bible of
you What a day that will be No black dwarves anymore But don't get me
wrong I like the bible with it's pretty backwards Some say my eye is
ticking It's the Giant's Eye It ticks as long as it doesn't explode ...

Now Sodom's the forbidden fruit here We're forbidden to be creative, forbidden
to dance by a man called Samson a black cigar It ticks as long as it doesn't
explode And he loves to eat forbidden fruits ... And he lives in Sodom himself
But no one likes him there ... he's the black sheep of the town Well that happens
when you're a capitalistic threat ... But I hope he realizes very soon, that he can't be
creative at his own Twenty cigars called Samson are marching through the
streets of sodom Everyone is at home behind locked doors ... cutting and pasting
love-letters Samson is walking backwards again ... he's going to reverse the city
he does it everyday the other nineteen are his kids kidnapped kids he calls
them all "samson" They are spreading torn love-letters backwards When I
see them , there's no any hope in my heart I'm running to Gomorrah ... Finding a
depressed music-box there, with suicide-attempts a gift from samson My
stomache aches They told me to never return to Gomorrah again Mr.
Backwards is living there A black devil

Well, he seems very nice with his white gloves and his golden ring I'm shaking his
hand hello, he sais you're too late ... it's already reversed by god but come
back tomorrow-morning, then it will be reversed again Well, who the heck are

you, I scream, are you schizophrenic ? Yes, he sais and who talks to me, gets also schizophrenic ... We are all parts of the big samson, call us multiple personality syndrom ... Welcome to the club You are now adopted ... let's say kidnapped ... you are now one of us ... you are me you are samson

Well, I was just waiting for that, I said I needed some good jokes in my life but to which tree did you listen ? I ask ...

The forbidden tree, he sais

Aha, well, I know that story And you made that thing yourself, and you are the only one who is allowed to talk to it ... I bet you also use copyrights on your letters

I scream Goodbye Mr. Backwards Greetings to your copyrighted bibles By the way : I love your long hair Don't let it cut off by the Filistines for you might lose your potential ...

I'm so angry This man ruined my childhood with his tricks They said Jesus was crucified in Sodom and Gomorrah Yes, by Mr. Backwards He always spelled my name backwards He drowned all kids called Moses in Sodom's swimmingpool Turning them backwards, while calling them schizophrenic because of splitting seas He's still sitting in that old tower of Gomorrah's mental institution inventing nuclear bills I could never read them They were written backwards But still there are some who use them as tickets to the tropics ... or to the south of arabia ... There was even one who bought a car with it This world still has miracles

500 kids in Pandora's box

I'm riding a new car I don't believe in money anymore ... When I say : "Thank you," it's enough, or just a little nod or a blink I don't pay someone for turning me backwards I'm more communist than hell I'm sitting between Sodom and Gomorrah ... trying to bring them together My parents divorced a long time ago Mr. Backwards is sitting between them My father is a long-haired indian ... he looks a bit like Mr. Backwards while my mother looks like a productive horse but no, she isn't a horse she knows everything about mental institutions and black bibles she doesn't believe in them Mr. Backwards is also sitting between my grandfather and grandmother they are both indians, but they moved to sodom long ago my grandmother had to build some new nuclear cigars there but now they are all divorced and Mr. Backwards is sitting between All my aunts are divorced even their pets

Mr. Backwards is smiling ... smoking his pipe He drowned another 500 kids called Jesus in his mental institutions It's very simple for him He just makes their

parents get divorced Very simple when you can reverse everything You just play one of them backwards, and there they go I took the wrong train today ... It goes the other direction ... Tonight I will have other parents There he walks in his black jacket It's Mr. Backwards dropping backwards bombs Tonight we will have other pets

I'm in the Giant's Heart ... yes, everything is backwards here Is the Giant just a trick of the Backwards ? And are there anymore tricks ? I'm taking my black gun ... Now this babe will speak for a bit ... Samson lost a bit of his hair The hairdresser collared him Now he sees everything different Some say Jesus died in the chair of the hairdresser Twenty scissors in a row ... Mr. Shave is hiding behind his curtains ... But I've seen them all Buddha rose from the scissors chair And my voice is still rising higher in silence Heading for the bald communist

It was a chaos in the Backwards' Ear The past is my only future But Varia spreads it all open Showing me everything is there I don't understand why I once lost hope ... I didn't spread my legs wide enough didn't spread my wings wide enough and my big mouth Not to speak but to breathe

All these feathers from a bird called Samson ... lying all before me It was all in the past No boats to the future No needs And still you are calling me the future's cabman But I don't believe in the future ... I listened long enough to that red rose of you and always followed my mother step by step Even while I didn't believe in her either But, come on, there's no race besides Varia There's no way besides the scissors We now can see the shining Buddha and his bald communistic brother So let us all run backwards and dig in our past ... to find that little ornament ... big enough to do the stuff Or is it forbidden to wear ornaments ? You always used to forbid it Is it forbidden to wear pretty clothes ? I don't believe in clothes anymore Give them to the poor Why forbidding it ? Give them to the poor ... All your ornaments all your hair Don't forbid it ... but give it away or give it to the rubbish-fields or to the wardrobes to let them rotten away there but don't forbid ...

But I don't believe in clothes anymore Do you have anything to hide ?..... I will hide it by ornaments Those which are left after church, dustman, and charity have come That's my faith ... That's the only bible I hide myself behind ...

People who believe in pretty clothes have something to hide people who believe in singing pretty songs day in day out have something to hide These are today's terrorists Shut your mouth a minute a day and use your pretty ears to listen to a beggar's coin Put your pretty clothes of a minute a day so that you

can sleep and dream gathering the coins for the next day But I gave up on you already You always used to turn my words backwards And put them straight the day after I was the rat in your mill You gave me bills to eat I was your Jesus Christ you let me die on your cross of old wood so that you could live in luxury and life ... and still saying my ornaments are so pretty yes I cleaned them by my tears But I am not bitter anymore I'm not angry anymore For that was your next gift to me You cut it all away As a sacrifice to silence Still your voice slides through the night As a warrior asking for more It's all about territorium again I'm trying to follow the conversation but it's all backwards and forewards According to an ancient rule Push the father forewards and the mother backwards and then the other way round The curse of the scissors You cut it off and let it grow again A trip in the Prometheus the black hell ...

I can't understand you when you talk backwards in a strange language Everyday you have another dictionary Everyday you wear the ears of another animal You must be the one from the you know But by throwing me backwards I found all my lost things back and all my lost ...friends ... And I finally can see their wings I don't need my future, I don't need you just let me need my past ...

I'm gathering the kids left by the church, charity, and the sandman These are my kids These are my days from here to the past You saw it as your duty to protect me for the future Now I could reach my past Mr. Backwards, Mr. Backwards I still see you standing before my bed that horrible night You wanted to protect me for the future but you failed ... I went through it You had to push me harder into your machine Then I would reach the war-trauma of my grandfather To bring the ornament there That was the only place I needed to be I would reach the stars with it's feathers ... together with my granddad But you failed You let me slide into the future My granddad is still waiting for me in the past The rocket's there

Mr. Backwards, still putting things backwards but you're getting older I still can't reach the wars in the first few centuries and I still can't reach Buddha's craddles Mr. Backwards, you failed So maybe next I'll give someone else a try Or I will teach you how to really reverse something Mr. Backwards but you're still my old rocket you're still my magical feather My ticket to old indians with their pipes of peace You're still the old train to Arabia to the secret castles of forgotten princes ... I have to be grateful, yes, I am without you, I would never have invented America ... and I would never find Bach's musical box-house in grandfather's room It's still breathing like an indian princess on his big

cupboard heading for his wardrobe ... Without you, Mr. Backwards I would never have seen my grandfather's old trains on his secret attics I would never have seen his brothers but I would only drown in overpopulations of his sisters my grandaunts and that's really the worst thing in life no, there's something worse missing Brahm's touch on my forehead in the middle of the night thank you, Mr. Backwards thank you I still kept your old walking-stick together with your old pipe as my last goodbye to you for I will go back to my past I will take the last train to history to see how it once was and how it all will be Thank you again, mr. backwards thank you it was a big pleasure to meet you, and a big pleasure to leave you Maybe I can finally see the sun rising in the beginning of days Maybe I can finally be too early so that I won't miss anything I need to see Maybe I can finally touch the Giant's finger and the tattoo of a real communist I bet it will be a tattoo of your face I bet you will be their hero Raise your children, Mr. Backwards

Mr. Opposite

Mr. Opposite, still the clown in town ... Mr. Opposite, still Jubilee's smile together with his sisters Anni Versary and Anno Domini He has two walls in his hands between them there's the road you will have to go He will be always your opposite to keep you in balance Another Backward's trick

He decides your beginning and he decides what's your end He's the king of all lines and circles Still Mr. Backwards' best trick The box of communism To keep everything Equal There's always an opposite until you are where you must be The decision of the Round Table Churches

A face called Genesis is soothing my face My uncle "Deuteronomium" is in his office-house ... Where communism touches capitalism The secret of the Jubilees ...

I'm wandering to new worlds ... Grandfather Exodus is waiting for me ... I got an orange-brown bag from my grandaunt ... With this thing I can reverse the sun and the earth ... While the moon is applauding He still likes my circus's ... but he's still waiting for my opera's Well, maybe tomorrow when Leviticus and Numeri are done with breaking the windows ... We will not clean them anymore ... We will break them While the moon's applauding I always loved the sound of that

Two men called Old Testament and New Testament were spinning tomorrow's ornaments Just a trick of some lost opposites They still talk reversed since the coup d'etat in Sodom They have big grey beards and skewed eyes behind their round glasses ... And it seems there's no space between them When two opposites

become a siamese twin Then Noah will get a car His own bus Gathering their musical instruments two of each sort To keep the opposites alive Good Job, Noah you never told me you were a siamese twin ... you never told me you were schizophrenic Not that it is a problem No, not at all It was also your tool to survive the Big Sea It all appeared to be some lost musical letters from my uncle Deuteronomium Your exodus on land Is there any more you need to tell me ?

When a wise man gets the staggers We will all be off board ... Not in the big sea No, it doesn't exist according to the councils, the jubilees and the liturgies of the Round Table Churches ... What would we be without them In every century they were there with all their black popes and other kings of mental institutions Mr. Backwards invented them all What a grace to be so cynical

No, we will be all on land this time ... when the wise get the staggers when Noah hits the singing candle Then all other trains are off listening to those other big decisions of the Round Table Churches Where would we be without them

Is there anything worse than this ?

Yes, when a doubter gets the staggers Pray that he's alone

Also you have an opposite, also you have an opposite, always your siamese twin a box in which you have to bow

These Are Strange Days

Ten doubters on a tower ... some say it's even worse than ten wise on a tower They will never listen to you ... They will only doubt ... They will listen to everything, but never to you ... And you still want to know who their god is ... the god of ten

Ten days in the summer, ten days in the spring ... it will all bring you to nothing, when the doubter is the king ... Ten moments in softness, ten moments with ornaments, it will bring you no any step further, you will only slide away when the doubter wants to be your prey

Never mock a doubter ... for tomorrow you will be him He's the trick of the horizon The magnet of the prisoner ... ten gods on a tower ten gods, worse than wise they bring you a tower, they bring you the mice a new house to live

in ... a new house to doubt ... but at the end of the day ... you will be one of them ...
their eleventh ...

Never look a doubter in the eye ... for you will see yourself, you will see yourself,
like you would never wanted to see yourself ... you're one of them ... the eleventh
yes, you will be their god the god of ten ... but at the end of the day ... you will be
their devil at the beginning you're the hero, at the end you're the criminal and
then you're their prey

God of ten, the eleventh ... god of ten ... the prey ... god of ten ... first a deliverer but
finally ... one of their day

You were wearing the ornament of winds ... with those tigers around you
Someone else was wearing the ornament of lights ... you loved to see the aqua in her
eyes spinning like the rain ... but these were lights ... these were younger days
and you still love them

Tonight she will have the ornament of fire then will you still like her dances
you never liked the ornament of softness ... for it was something you desired but
you couldn't reach it forbidden anger hidden too well, behind blocks of old
forests ... but your minister saw it all ... and spoke to his raven about it

While you were younger you never cared about the frost ... but now you eat it, while
there isn't enough one day you will search for it while it's never there
apocalypse of old bears but you loved these apocalypses while you never
understood them

Tonight the ornament will dance, and you will forget about these seven old stones ...
you could never really care about it ... now it will be gone forever ... which is not
such a long time, according to some old woodpeckers from martian canals ...

There is nothing to say when an old man hides an ornament of colours between two
boxes You can clarify them, with your ornament of brightness and soft
shapes The ornament will come to you in the night those of the four voices ... It
will all come to you backwards ... For you never cared about the seven princes
carrying the aqua ornaments of the seven suns are you still a sun-child looking
for your own hidden intentions ? did you forget about them in the night ?

I'm looking at the horizon, the horizon, where all dreams go wrong. I'm looking at the horizon, there's nothing we can do. When the horizon touches a mouse, when the horizon makes something new there's nothing we can do ... we can only watch the horizon, where all our days go wrong

I'm hearing the horizon, no rooms for a spanish soldier. I'm seeing him burning cigarettes the whole day. I'm riding the horizon, like a brandnew bike, like the ornament. It's all in your eyes, when you do the dance of summers, when you watch the horizon, like your daddy always did. He's still in his sun-car ... In the land of the horizon ...

Ten horizons on a row ... ten glasses to break ... finally you ride the purple sun, and you wonder why ... There's no room for a dream You just woke up It's the final backward, the last of all candles I'm hearing you countdown in the night ... my chemical boy washing windows, after he broke them ... the nuclear sungass from a horizon letter ... the mailman is still looking for you doubters are familiar with him he could move his hand to his bag ... it's all too difficult when you see the purple flame ... it's all in the horizon while you watch it it's slipping through your fingers, looking for your bag it knows you it was with your cradle ... ten men in a row and still you don't know if they go backward or forward

These Are Strange Days III

I'm counting back on a blue hill,
Daddy Wise, the number's always the flame
Ten digital movements in a box ...
This was why you could move
Daddy Doubter's the seventh king on a backwards throne ...
Still he doubts about it ...
Misleading the dreams to a deeper sleep ...
While a always said he never dreamt
There's no need to dream after the horizon woke up ...
Daddy Horizon's loud trains are getting me,
for ten cards on a rainy day

These Are Strange Days IV

"it's not in the pull, but in the push ..."

the secret of the suicide's princess

Ten echo's on a tower, is there anything more strange ? You never liked to dance ...

You looked like me ... Ten repeaters on a tower is something you always talked about to me ... Now you're gone, to your own tower, preparing the way for me. Do we have our own tower in the midst of these rows, between all these horizons ? Or do we have to find it all behind them ? We can never reach the horizon Maybe it all has to reach us ...

Ten drivers on a tower, ten drivers on a card The horizon's smiling ... Their god of ten is a car ... So many gods of ten What will happen when these gods gather ? I'm confused today ... But you are more confused ... I'm insecure today ... But you are more insecure So I built my tower for you ... All these gods of ten are here ... So come with your tower ... And share the ornaments and veils ... The doubter's always faster ... The repeater is always repeating

The doubter is spinning the light ... These are strange days Now the wise is spinning the fire ... six numbers in his bag They speak of love and ability They are searching for the seventh ... Is it you or is it me When there are ten of them, the god will be on the throne the eleventh ...

The repeater is still repeating The echo is still the echo ... There are ten echo's on a tower ... and I'm in the middle of it ... These are strange days These are strange noises ...

An echo between you and me is all what it takes, to catch the sound, to reach the violin The repeater is still on it's tower The bag's open ... These are ... strange ... days These are strange ... cars ...

But your car was the best I ever rode in ... I was sitting next to you ... I never knew who the driver was ... me or you or those ten drivers on the tower ...

Ten men committing suicide, marching to the big tower These are

I wonder if you hear my voice Or just a voice of ten men

The tower speaks It's the big tower ... The ornament's rising the blue one The veils are rising The purple ones ... These are ... strange days today all in

one day all in ... one tower the big tower the tower of horizons the
tower ... of .. towers ...

These are

I believe that you ... are one of these

It's stinging in my eye ... These days ... these strange days ...

And you are one of them

Ten doubters on a tower will never believe They will doubt ...

Ten repeaters on a tower will all repeat it

Ten echo's on a tower will bring it to me all Ten doubters spinning so fast ...
spinning lights ten repeaters ... repeating you ... These are strange days ...
and you one of them all from the big tower no ceilings no floors ... no
walls no stairs only gods of ten These are strange days

You have forgotten about me ... you're in the big tower working for me ... to let me
not ...forgetting about you ...

These are strange ways ... These are ways of gold ... And I still refuse to see ... The
number in the flame ... The repeater on the tower The fastness in the doubter ...
you in the big tower ... while I'm here ... watching at horizons ... while i'm in my own
tower while you are more insecure than I am ... while you are ... So come to my
tower ... These are ... strange ways ... to a small tower where you will see ... that
it's all the same tower ... that you are ... me ...

These are strange wings, strange ways ... strange towers, but it's all the same
tower ... Ten repeaters walk to it ... committing suicide backwards ... Your body's
talking People live in the lamps ... the candle's singing ... The Ghost of the bag is
saying ... These are ... strange ...bags

The echo ... is bringing it all to me ... the echo ... from the tower

ten backwards ... marching committing suicide ...

I see them on their castles, marching .. backwards ...

Ten backwards with their god ... god of ten ... Is it the mailman ? Or is it the big
ten ? The big ten sits on his throne ... with ten men before him ... ten men on the
left, ten men on the right, ten on the ceiling, everywhere's ten ... The big ten .. The
big eleventh ... The big bridge ... And you can be the twelveth ...

The echo is after me ... with it's winds and veils The lights are searching for me,
with their doubters and their fast cars But I'm in the backwards ear ... together

with you ... a slow-motion is marching on his castle .. alone ... not able to catch .. not able to commit suicide ... it's the suicide-princess ... it's the purple veil The echo is after me ... the repeater is repeating what i all did today ... you smile too much ... The echo brings it all to you ... your body is speaking people live in objects ... little people ... but you can't understand ... you never understand anything ... like me I'm still reaching for the edge of the candle ... the winds are behind the flame ... the highest voice will break them all ... the slow one will restore them

The small ten sits on his throne ... he feels heavy today ... sometimes you need to feel heavy to be able to touch a burning candle ... tomorrow he will feel soft, to enter the heat of a backwards bag ... the mailman is on his card ... paintings from the ..spanish boy ... he knew arabia and finally he took it all away ... it's when the purple strikes ... still your hormones are remembering that picture ... too much ink will do the storage ... and too much body-talk ... my colours talk day in day out ... about spanish princes in arabian jails ... not able to hold them ... there's no room for a spanish painter ... while paintings never existed ... according to the church it was all done by the press ... an owl in a cage which couldn't hold him now this thing flew over ... to a new area

You could never understand my flying colours ... but did you ever try ? The arabian sounds were too strange ... They put your worlds upside down ... You wanted to have easy music So I brought you to spain ...

The teacher never existed, even not in your wildest days It was just the press ... They are in our bodies ... wasting ink ... My pigments are speaking It's just bodytalk ... But still the doubters are your slaves still the doubters ... are .. your ...slaves You with your sun-music ... but you still don't like the dance ... It's only dancing inside ... under the skin It's between you and me You still wear pink under the skin but not under the suns the tower is speaking ... you hear it's trumpet and i hear mine the same ... these are .. strange days ... and now the backwards come to your room ... to spread their varia's ... to spread their birds and you look into a new press ... your pigment is speaking from blue hills ... to make the hills ...to make the land your hormones and tissues are ... speaking dancing only inside turning pink ... only inside for the nuclear threats for the chemical reasons under the ...skin and the blue is spinning the winds ... the veils for tomorrow ... there you are with your lights with the doubters as your slaves there you are with your fires with the wise as your slaves ... ten slaves from an old tower ... and i'm still wondering who spoke to me

you're a star in spinning clouds in backward mode ... with the suicide-princess following you step by step ... your leg-ornaments and leg-veils are straight from japan ... but they are looking for whales they lost some spanish nuclear leg-weapons the ornaments on your arms are too strange to describe ... i would send you straight to arabia to make another one ... to bring the echo there ... for another round in the south the fountains of pigment are good for an arabian press ... especially in the south you're a star in being the star ... the echo's are your slaves the repeaters, still repeating they are all in your cube little suicide-princess you know how to do the crime and still you say it's the trick of the hero you love your soldiers ... There your cube sucks another one to paradise ... these are strange camera days ...

Oh, how I wish to hold you in my arms for one second and then letting you fall for three hours to let you fall on my grandmother's pillow forever and a day do you have the strength to pull it all back ? you invented the magnet, little suicide-princess it's all what you could ... still the spanish boy cries magnet-balls but that's what you believe ... the doubters doubt it ... while the wise say what they have to say ... there are no questions anymore little suicide princess little spanish dream ... little strange noise

you never told me you had spain and arabia both in your heart, in your little arena you invented them ... both to do the job ...

you're on the back ... of ten you're the eleventh ... while the spanish boy is the twelveth ... you're still racing in cars with him trying to avoid the walls ... you still ride on horizons and old towers ... together with him but you're getting old, and the day is almost gone ... tomorrow the days will become ..stranger the echo has jubilee the repeater repeats ... and i'm receiving your card ... why you were married off ... to this deal of ten personal letters to get personal ... after all these strange days, you finally get clear you're not like sarsia anymore ...

your presence so thick that i can cut it with a knife, the suicide-princess, your hands full of magnet-balls nuclear camera's ... like the camera of pigment seven colours to make the picture ... it's all in the body ... and you're still dancing under the skin under my skin looking for pink fontains to suck empty it's all too small today i can never reach my bag like this but the doubter's speeding up, like they always did ... they never changed ... but it seems you and i did ... magnet-balls run too easy, when the flames are on hot ... when the repeater repeats and still you don't like ten ... still you walk with empty slaves

Magnet-balls running in the pigment, the body's the best press And you don't need your eyes, you don't need your camera's, for you can all feel it when the

suicide-princess holds your hands ... she just wanted to learn you using your fingers, just wanted to let you know the secret of ten the suicide never existed ...it was just someone who showed you a bag ... and so many cards were in, from people you never knew so that you forgot about your old friends, who were actually your enemies you saw new faces, and forgot about the old but it was just the pigment, bringing you other cards ... bringing you other names ... there was no suicide ... you just looked from one bag into the other the braille of an old blind musician ... with his little daughter the suicide princess but there was no suicide she just gave you another bag her father's bag

there was no suicide ... just an old tower, turning everything backwards ... changing the faces of friends the trick of an old mailman ... while the repeater still repeats there was no suicide just an old mailman changing the letters with his pigment ... with his press but you want your friends ... you want the real letters ... not the press from a crazy mailman ... with his crazy spanish boy ...

the magnet-ball

the real letters, the real friends are locked up in the big tower ... locked up by the big ten ... hidden in horizons old ones ... the doubters race too fast their cars ... too light but you sink in braille ... to feel what they write you don't need your eyes anymore ... in this crazy land ... with it's wise numbers you feel the hand of your friend in braille ... it's just your friends fingers the secret of ten you caught the echo the noise found it's way ... the repeater repeats the pigment the echo brings it home mailmen, don't read our letters, don't change them ... for the varia will find it all out and will let us touch behind end beyond the letters we can touch the letter's horizons and find each other so music man ... don't change the music thank god we have the doubters ... to bring us the light, to bring us over the horizon, over the rainbow ... to a land where we can feel the hand in the letter ... the gods of ten

there are too many horizons in our eyes ... it makes us all blind ... but the doubter brings us another light, to guide us to the touch then it's all not far away anymore there are too many noises in our ears ... but the echo brings us to the true noise ... the letter of the friend his own little music-box we follow the echo ... to the land of truth ... where it all began

All these pains, all these confusions, brought me to the lighthouse, where another light burns ... the light of the blind being able to touch and feel the hand of the other without the doubters we could never come here, for we would believe

the lie, and being locked up in the magnet-ball forever without the echo, we would not hear the voice of the little music-box, coming from another world the mailman never existed it was just i was feeling your hand and i doubted it i thought it was someone else a mailman's confusion but it was you for my doubts brought me to reach deeper, where I met your fountains ... under your skin my doubts brought me ... to touch you deeper inside so that i could see your fire-dances which you didn't dare to show outside the doubter made my car faster to escape the magnet-ball ... but now your magnet-balls are running through me

The wise ... to keep me with you ... the wise ... to keep me in the tower ... to slow me down into backwards the wise ... to show me the roots it was all to keep my cardoors locked and to push a good brake But they still talk so fast when i'm speeding vertically, i'm slowing down horizontally ... the secret of a good tower

too many echo's from a picture will spin the noise ... there i hear you sighing, there i hear you complaining there i hear you breathing

and the repeater ... still repeating ... while someone's burning cigarettes in slow-motion, breaking windows, after cleaning them ... it's the spanish boy and cleaning them after he broke them ... waiting until it's all soft little spanish boy, still your mother's repeater ... still your father's bag ... making the hard ways soft ... making the voices taller ...

little complainers making my head depressed .. it was all too good on a summer's morning ... so why asking for more ...

i'm reaching for my braille ... it was never my best action ... i'm feeling your fingers the spanish boy made it soft enough to enter through and still you don't want to know how soft it can be ... the complainer's your friend ... you always want it different ... when the doubter touches the complainer ... it gets all soft ... the trick of the repeater ... and when the wise puts his finger on it, it all gets stuck ... like the glue like the magnet-ball.

you didn't want to see him ...

ten ragers on a tower ... it's like the capricorn's curse ... the little princess is running like a slow-motion downstairs ... heading for the backwards ... it brings us all into the past

there she smashes with doors, leaving the future behind ... now everything is repeating ... backwards ... the magnet-balls are rolling ... they are rolling strange ... there everything is switching backwards and forewards switching as fast as my

mother's train ... it brings us all home ... when you're between two ragers ... it all starts to switch ... then the cars will start to roar ... when you're between two mockers, the car will begin to zoom ... while when you're between ten mockers, they will bring you all home ...

Now is there anything better ? Ten rejecters on a tower ... ten rejecters in a magnet-ball ... with you in the middle ... the little princess holding your hand ... it will bring you home ... it will boost your car ...

Ten magnet-balls on a tower ... still the fastest way home ... especially when you're standing between them ... with a little princess holding your hand ... and a spanish boy sitting on your knee ...

Ten magnet-balls to create the wind ... ten magnet-balls to spin the fire ... Their god, the god of ten ... is a church on a hill ... your church ... when two poles start to mock you, you're there ...

And still you are afraid that they won't like you that they will cheat on you ... and they will, but when you're between two of them ... you can have them both ... it's the hill of the church, where all things come together ... and between ten cheaters, you will be in paradise ... big eyes staring at you the secret of the magnet-ball ... it's not in the pull, but in the push ...

Still I'm sliding from ball to ball heading for the big ball ... there where Jesus died ... the secret of the detonator ... still i'm switching between insecure ones ... finding out that everything melts away ... you are too soft ... you are too hot ... it all melts ... but i'm holding the hand of the little princess ... she leads me to everywhere ... together with the spanish boy ...

These Are Strange Days IV

"it's not in the pull, but in the push ..."

the secret of the suicide's princess

Ten echo's on a tower, is there anything more strange ? You never liked to dance ...

You looked like me ... Ten repeaters on a tower is something you always talked about to me ... Now you're gone, to your own tower, preparing the way for me. Do we have our own tower in the midst of these rows, between all these horizons ? Or do we have to find it all behind them ? We can never reach the horizon Maybe it all has to reach us ...

Ten drivers on a tower, ten drivers on a card ... The horizon's smiling ... Their god of ten is a car ... So many gods of ten What will happen when these gods gather ? I'm confused today ... But you are more confused ... I'm insecure today ... But you are more insecure So I built my tower for you ... All these gods of ten are here ... So come with your tower ... And share the ornaments and veils ... The doubter's always faster ... The repeater is always repeating

The doubter is spinning the light ... These are strange days Now the wise is spinning the fire ... six numbers in his bag They speak of love and ability They are searching for the seventh ... Is it you or is it me When there are ten of them, the god will be on the throne the eleventh ...

The repeater is still repeating The echo is still the echo ... There are ten echo's on a tower ... and I'm in the middle of it ... These are strange days These are strange noises ...

An echo between you and me is all what it takes, to catch the sound, to reach the violin The repeater is still on it's tower The bag's open ... These are ... strange ... days These are strange ... cars ...

But your car was the best I ever rode in ... I was sitting next to you ... I never knew who the driver was ... me or you or those ten drivers on the tower ...

Ten men comitting suicide, marching to the big tower These are

I wonder if you hear my voice Or just a voice of ten men

The tower speaks It's the big tower ... The ornament's rising the blue one The veils are rising The purple ones ... These are ... strange days today all in one day all in ... one tower the big tower the tower of horizons the tower ... of .. towers ...

These are

I believe that you ... are one of these

It's stinging in my eye ... These days ... these strange days ...

And you are one of them

Ten doubters on a tower will never believe They will doubt ...

Ten repeaters on a tower will all repeat it

Ten echo's on a tower will bring it to me all Ten doubters spinning so fast ... spinning lights ten repeaters ... repeating you These are strange days ...

and you one of them all from the big tower no ceilings no floors ... no
walls no stairs only gods of ten These are ... strange days

You have forgotten about me ... you're in the big tower working for me ... to let me
not ...forgetting about you ...

These are strange ways ... These are ways of gold ... And I still refuse to see ... The
number in the flame ... The repeater on the tower The fastness in the doubter ...
you in the big tower ... while I'm here ... watching at horizons ... while i'm in my own
tower while you are more insecure than I am ... while you are ... So come to my
tower ... These are ... strange ways ... to a small tower where you will see ... that
it's all the same tower ... that you are ... me ...

These are strange wings, strange ways ... strange towers, but it's all the same
tower ... Ten repeaters walk to it ... committing suicide backwards ... Your body's
talking People live in the lamps ... the candle's singing ... The Ghost of the bag is
saying ... These are ... strange ...bags

The echo ... is bringing it all to me ... the echo ... from the tower

ten backwards ... marching committing suicide ...

I see them on their castles, marching .. backwards ...

Ten backwards with their god ... god of ten ... Is it the mailman ? Or is it the big
ten ? The big ten sits on his throne ... with ten men before him ... ten men on the
left, ten men on the right, ten on the ceiling, everywhere's ten ... The big ten .. The
big eleventh ... The big bridge ... And you can be the twelveth ...

The echo is after me ... with it's winds and veils The lights are searching for me,
with their doubters and their fast cars But I'm in the backwards ear ... together
with you ... a slow-motion is marching on his castle .. alone ... not able to catch .. not
able to commit suicide ... it's the suicide-princess ... it's the purple veil The echo
is after me ... the repeater is repeating what i all did today ... you smile too much ...
The echo brings it all to you ... your body is speaking people live in objects ... little
people ... but you can't understand ... you never understand anything ... like me
I'm still reaching for the edge of the candle ... the winds are behind the flame ... the
highest voice will break them all ... the slow one will restore them

The small ten sits on his throne ... he feels heavy today ... sometimes you need to feel
heavy to be able to touch a burning candle ... tomorrow he will feel soft, to enter the
heat of a backwards bag ... the mailman is on his card ... paintings from the ..spanish
boy ... he knew arabia and finally he took it all away ... it's when the purple
strikes ... still your hormones are remembering that picture ... too much ink will do

the storage ... and too much body-talk ... my colours talk day in day out ... about
spanish princes in arabian jails ... not able to hold them ... there's no room for a
spanish painter ... while paintings never existed ... according to the church it was
all done by the press ... an owl in a cage which couldn't hold him now this thing
flew over ... to a new area

You could never understand my flying colours ... but did you ever try ? The arabian
sounds were too strange ... They put your worlds upside down ... You wanted to have
easy music So I brought you to spain ...

The teacher never existed, even not in your wildest days It was just the press ...
They are in our bodies ... wasting ink ... My pigments are speaking It's just
bodytalk ... But still the doubters are your slaves still the doubters ... are ..
your ...slaves You with your sun-music ... but you still don't like the dance ... It's
only dancing inside ... under the skin ... It's between you and me ... You still
wear pink under the skin but not under the suns the tower is speaking ...
you hear it's trumpet and i hear mine the same ... these are .. strange days ...
and now the backwards come to your room ... to spread their varia's ... to spread
their birds and you look into a new press ... your pigment is speaking from
blue hills ... to make the hills ...to make the land ... your hormones and tissues are ...
speaking dancing only inside turning pink ... only inside for the nuclear
threats for the chemical reasons under the ...skin and the blue is
spinning the winds ... the veils for tomorrow ... there you are with your lights
with the doubters as your slaves there you are with your fires with the wise as
your slaves ... ten slaves from an old tower ... and i'm still wondering who spoke to
me

you're a star in spinning clouds in backward mode ... with the suicide-princess
following you step by step ... your leg-ornaments and leg-veils are straight from
japan ... but they are looking for whales they lost some spanish nuclear leg-
weapons the ornaments on your arms are too strange to describe ... i would send
you straight to arabia to make another one ... to bring the echo there ... for another
round in the south the fountains of pigment are good for an arabian press ...
especially in the south you're a star in being the star ... the echo's are your
slaves the repeaters, still repeating they are all in your cube little suicide-
princess you know how to do the crime and still you say it's the trick of the
hero you love your soldiers ... There your cube sucks another one to paradise ...
these are strange camera days ...

Oh, how I wish to hold you in my arms for one second and then letting you fall for
three hours to let you fall on my grandmother's pillow forever and a day do

you have the strength to pull it all back ? you invented the magnet, little suicide-princess it's all what you could ... still the spanish boy cries magnet-balls but that's what you believe ... the doubters doubt it ... while the wise say what they have to say ... there are no questions anymore little suicide princess little spanish dream ... little strange noise

you never told me you had spain and arabia both in your heart, in your little arena you invented them ... both to do the job ...

you're on the back ... of ten you're the eleventh ... while the spanish boy is the twelveth ... you're still racing in cars with him trying to avoid the walls ... you still ride on horizons and old towers ... together with him but you're getting old, and the day is almost gone ... tomorrow the days will become ..stranger the echo has jubilee the repeater repeats ... and i'm receiving your card ... why you were married off ... to this deal of ten personal letters to get personal ... after all these strange days, you finally get clear you're not like sarsia anymore ...

your presence so thick that i can cut it with a knife, the suicide-princess, your hands full of magnet-balls nuclear camera's ... like the camera of pigment seven colours to make the picture ... it's all in the body ... and you're still dancing under the skin under my skin looking for pink fountains to suck empty it's all too small today i can never reach my bag like this but the doubter's speeding up, like they always did ... they never changed ... but it seems you and i did ... magnet-balls run too easy, when the flames are on hot ... when the repeater repeats and still you don't like ten ... still you walk with empty slaves

Magnet-balls running in the pigment, the body's the best press And you don't need your eyes, you don't need your camera's, for you can all feel it when the suicide-princess holds your hands ... she just wanted to learn you using your fingers, just wanted to let you know the secret of ten the suicide never existed ...it was just someone who showed you a bag ... and so many cards were in, from people you never knew so that you forgot about your old friends, who were actually your enemies you saw new faces, and forgot about the old but it was just the pigment, bringing you other cards ... bringing you other names ... there was no suicide ... you just looked from one bag into the other the braille of an old blind musician ... with his little daughter the suicide princess but there was no suicide she just gave you another bag her father's bag

there was no suicide ... just an old tower, turning everything backwards ... changing the faces of friends the trick of an old mailman ... while the repeater still repeats there was no suicide just an old mailman changing the letters

with his pigment ... with his press but you want your friends ... you want the real letters ... not the press from a crazy mailman ... with his crazy spanish boy ...

the magnet-ball

the real letters, the real friends are locked up in the big tower ... locked up by the big ten ... hidden in horizons old ones ... the doubters race too fast their cars ... too light ... but you sink in braille ... to feel what they write you don't need your eyes anymore ... in this crazy land ... with it's wise numbers you feel the hand of your friend in braille ... it's just your friends fingers the secret of ten you caught the echo the noise found it's way ... the repeater repeats the pigment the echo brings it home mailmen, don't read our letters, don't change them ... for the varia will find it all out and will let us touch behind end beyond the letters we can touch the letter's horizons and find each other so music man ... don't change the music thank god we have the doubters ... to bring us the light, to bring us over the horizon, over the rainbow ... to a land where we can feel the hand in the letter ... the gods of ten

there are too many horizons in our eyes ... it makes us all blind ... but the doubter brings us another light, to guide us to the touch then it's all not far away anymore there are too many noises in our ears ... but the echo brings us to the true noise ... the letter of the friend his own little music-box we follow the echo ... to the land of truth ... where it all began

All these pains, all these confusions, brought me to the lighthouse, where another light burns ... the light of the blind being able to touch and feel the hand of the other without the doubters we could never come here, for we would believe the lie, and being locked up in the magnet-ball forever without the echo, we would not hear the voice of the little music-box, coming from another world the mailman never existed it was just i was feeling your hand and i doubted it i thought it was someone else a mailman's confusion but it was you for my doubts brought me to reach deeper, where I met your fountains ... under your skin my doubts brought me ... to touch you deeper inside so that i could see your fire-dances which you didn't dare to show outside the doubter made my car faster to escape the magnet-ball ... but now your magnet-balls are running through me

The wise ... to keep me with you ... the wise ... to keep me in the tower ... to slow me down into backwards the wise ... to show me the roots it was all to keep my

cardoors locked and to push a good brake But they still talk so fast when i'm speeding vertically, i'm slowing down horizontally ... the secret of a good tower

too many echo's from a picture will spin the noise ... there i hear you sighing, there i hear you complaining there i hear you breathing

and the repeater ... still repeating ... while someone's burning cigarettes in slow-motion, breaking windows, after cleaning them ... it's the spanish boy and cleaning them after he broke them ... waiting until it's all soft little spanish boy, still your mother's repeater ... still your father's bag ... making the hard ways soft ... making the voices taller ...

little complainers making my head depressed .. it was all too good on a summer's morning ... so why asking for more ...

i'm reaching for my braille ... it was never my best action ... i'm feeling your fingers the spanish boy made it soft enough to enter through and still you don't want to know how soft it can be ... the complainer's your friend ... you always want it different ... when the doubter touches the complainer ... it gets all soft ... the trick of the repeater ... and when the wise puts his finger on it, it all gets stuck ... like the glue like the magnet-ball.

you didn't want to see him ...

ten ragers on a tower ... it's like the capricorn's curse ... the little princess is running like a slow-motion downstairs ... heading for the backwards ... it brings us all into the past

there she smashes with doors, leaving the future behind ... now everything is repeating ... backwards ... the magnet-balls are rolling ... they are rolling strange ... there everything is switching backwards and forewards switching as fast as my mother's train ... it brings us all home ... when you're between two ragers ... it all starts to switch ... then the cars will start to roar ... when you're between two mockers, the car will begin to zoom ... while when you're between ten mockers, they will bring you all home ...

Now is there anything better ? Ten rejecters on a tower ... ten rejecters in a magnet-ball ... with you in the middle ... the little princess holding your hand ... it will bring you home ... it will boost your car ...

Ten magnet-balls on a tower ... still the fastest way home ... especially when you're standing between them ... with a little princess holding your hand ... and a spanish boy sitting on your knee ...

Ten magnet-balls to create the wind ... ten magnet-balls to spin the fire ... Their god,
the god of ten ... is a church on a hill ... your church ... when two poles start to mock
you, you're there ...

And still you are afraid that they won't like you that they will cheat on you ... and
they will, but when you're between two of them ... you can have them both ... it's the
hill of the church, where all things come together ... and between ten cheaters, you
will be in paradise ... big eyes staring at you the secret of the magnet-ball ... it's
not in the pull, but in the push ...

Still I'm sliding from ball to ball heading for the big ball ... there where Jesus died ...
the secret of the detonator ... still i'm switching between insecure ones ... finding out
that everything melts away ... you are too soft ... you are too hot ... it all melts ... but
i'm holding the hand of the little princess ... she leads me to everywhere ... together
with the spanish boy ...

Poetry from the Girl with the Red Boots

Little... Red ...Bike

The nerves are getting thinner, where the dark man hits the mouse ..

The dreams are getting thinner, when sandman hits the lions gong ...

To easy to dream, but too hard to reach, unless you have giant shoes ...

red ones ...

Santa is smiling,

The voice of a new day ...

He likes it when his deers are running ..

Running through streets of old smoke ...

I'm sitting in my cabin ...

I'm still a cabin-girl ...

watching the wonders of the day ...

Quatzalquotl is painting the doors

With green and black paint ...

Still waiting for his horse ...

To watch his new mail-box ...

These circus's are new ...

Without lions, without ages ... just simple stuff ...

Like a,b,c ...

With simple machines,

with roaring numbers ...

is this the daydream's inn ?

The flavors of flowers were always on my side ...

Especially when I opened new doors ...

It was the hard way out ...

Finally I feel soft ground below my giant shoes ...

Finally ... I have some veiled sisters working in this circus ...

It's the dreamland's world ...

It's built by manchild's confessions ...

and coffee-breads ...

Quatzalquotl is smoking his pipe ...

Choirs are surrounding him ...

Mystical choirs from a long time ago ...

They seem to like him ...

They spin around his head

And me ? I'm still the girl with the red boots ...

Still your mother's rage, and your father's lengths ...

I'm still your brains and your heartbeats ...
The red tiger and his coffee cup ...

I like to speak, like my sisters do ...
Circus of the alphabet ...
Do you like to spell my name ?

There are sabbaths on a monday-morning ...
Enough to scare the teacher away ...
It's just the daydream's inn ...
It's the dogdream's out ...
All manchilds' confessions ...
And it's all too loud ...

There the teacher is running ...
Waiting for the orange road ...
To escape to some new dwarfs ...
But they are not easy to get ...
They ask for high sacrifices ...
All schoolbooks know ...
Like the teacher's bag does

He said satan liked to ride bikes
To ring some bells
To invent some dwarves
It's the little red bike ...
And that's why all the kids were laughing ...
while you were ...crying ...

Little red bike ... coming from hell ... returning to the maze ...

To drown some new students ...

A little kid is riding it ...

having two knives in his pockets

big ones ...

too big for your mommy ...

too tall for your daddy

when the red bike strikes, there's no escape ...

then your mom and dad are ...changed ...

is this the horror's dream,

is this the daydream's out ?

there the little kid is riding ...on his little red bike ...

yes, it's the daydream's out ...

it's the hard day's inn ...

together with your family, they are changed ...

suddenly you don't dare to look into your mother's eyes anymore ... and you are
running for your daddy ... something you always did ... but now it's worse ...

he had a hard day in hospital ...some cats stole his meat ...

and now he had to eat birdseed ...

No tale can describe ...the horror of the red bike ...

No santa clause can save you, when the red bike rides to your city ... riding to ...your
house ...

Everything has changed ...you even don't dare to walk to your uncle and aunt's
house ... even your neighbours are dragons now ...when the red bike rides ...

It's like the curse of the dentist's, it's like there is no way out ...

when the red bike strikes

it's a thousand monday-mornings on a saturday-night ...taking you away ... it's like
the teacher's revenge ...

red bike, red bike, where are you running,
red bike, red bike, where is your home
you are still wandering like a lost dwarf ...
It's the dogdream's inn ...

Sixty black horses are waiting in front of your house ...
trying to take you out of this nightmare
but when the red bike strikes again ...
it's finally sixty panthers surrounding you like there's no way out ...
everything's changing ... when the red dream strikes ...
no teacher could invent such a trick ... it's all from the dwarves ...
and it's all like there's no heaven ...
even heaven is hell
when the red ride strikes ...

I'm a fool to wait for your confessions ...
I have my own ...

Millions of kids are screaming in my head ...
Heading for a new day ..
Pushing me under in a nightmare ..
Red..little ..bike ..

There's nothing you can hide when a baby with a gun stands before you ... drama
after drama, it will find it's way to the cores, where all life began ..
no secret cases ..all open and white ...when the baby comes alive ..when the red bike
comes from behind the corner ..

Jacob's Ladder

red soup

Little red bike, running like the streams ... having twenty babies in a bag .. the daydream's inn ... Little red bike, swimming, over land and over sea ...the dog dream's out ... It's all in your hand ... the red ladder tells ... the dwarf has jacob's letter in his pockets ... torn up it's just the daydream's in ... it's the hard way out ... no time for confessions ...with this true man's sounds coming from snows and deep hells .. having no time to embrace ..that was always the dream you dreamt it's the daydream's out ... it's the dogdream's in and there is no time for confessions ... for there is one way in you killed time in too short trousers, running from the edge to the steam ... you killed ten dogs on a sunday-morning ... it's the daydream's inn .. it's the dogdream's out ... there's no time for confessions ... for we were all too proud .. and there are three gongs running ... there are three gongs on a rage ... and there's no dogdream's confession ...when it's all too late ...

and there is no spin earlier ...and there's no spin after ... it's all in the middle ... where it all spins like batman's revenge ... like spiderman's waste ...it's the true tongue's confession ... there are daydream's inns ...

yes, the gongs are smashing ... it's the eighth number on the scale ... it's the dogdream's confession ...for people too small ... beginning like strangers, ending like nuts on a stream ...that's why you used to call men too soft ... too always too ... but when the red bike touches you ... the finish will fall down ...and everything changes ... everything knows ... that three sides of a coin cannot rake seas like you always did ... everything changes in his hands ... it's the dogdream's inn ... everything dies in his hands ... and gets alive again it's Jacob's Ladder ... it's Jacob's Dream It was red soup he was talking about

three gongs

Now you're getting lost with no one, now you're getting lost with fame ... It's telling you to keep rising ... it's the daydream's inn, it's the hard day's out ... it's the dogtime's confession ... it's the true voice's doubt ... it's the running stone's demise ... it's the soft issue's confession ... to head for three gongs ... to open the lion's floor you liked the true bell's sound, you liked the dwarf bell's ring ... you hated the dogtime's confessions ... you made the true doubts win

Now you're getting lost with no one, now you're getting lost with pain ... it's the dogdream's rain ... it's the dogring's fame ... it's the true sound's confession ... on a hard stream's day ... telling to burn off cowards ... telling to burn off fame ... for it's the dognight's confession closing the tiger's floor burning three gongs too deep, burning three gongs too loud ... it's a one time's special ... in a namesake's mouth ... there is no escape for cowards ... there is no escape to win ... it's the dog's home inn ... it's the devil's way out ... when a true voice's confession ... makes a hard man doubt makes a homevoice ring makes a firework sting ... makes a true time's confession ... on a small day's inn ...

Now you're killing time with nonsense ... now you're killing time with fame ... it's a dogday's rule it's a dogday's reign ... it's a true time's confession on a hard day's mouth ... opening the floors of elephants too loud but the lions' floors are opened too ... six lions from one cage twenty cages in a row sixty-seven rows all opened

Running, running, running, on a fairy's bike ... there's a dream you want to open ... but you cannot reach the key dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, jumping over the edges ... not knowing what will come, not knowing what's on the other side ... you are warming ... yourself ... in twenty blankets you got them from your grandfather while your grandmother bought them somewhere there ... yes, there, where the old mother weaves the snow where the old mother lays the sand where she's spinning the lights spinning snow she's raking the seven seas ... she is mourning ... for her kid just didn't want to die ... her seeds didn't want to go underground and now there will be no harvest in summer

the old mother is crying ... for there are too many kids no one wanted to die, no one wanted to leave this palace of pleasure while it was all out it's the daydream's inn

old mother is raking the seas ... with her old violin ... old mother is raking the forests and the flowergardens of april ... while march is sitting in his boat not daring to watch how a shark kills a man i can understand that i can feel the man's pain ... but also the pains of the shark sometimes the lion has to kill when the rains get too far for he knows it's all overflowing ... when the rain gets too far ... it's a dogdream's kill ... it's a manchild's needle ... for a dogway's out

the tattoo

Will you ever understand when a man kills a rabbit ... Will you ever understand, when there's a flower on his grave ... I know these things are too hard to mention

I know these things are too hard to understand ... but someone has to talk about it
it's the dogdream's inn it's the daydream's out it's the true time's confession
in a manchild's shout ...

No one, no one, no one, could catch his tear ... no one could catch his smile no
one, no one, no one, could bring his trousers across the river except your smile
except your tear ...

It's all running too loud, when the daydream's closing it's doors, it's all running too
high, when the daydream's locking confessions ... it's a standard part of history, it's a
standard part of life ... when the breads must be eaten ... it's the hard man's dive
it's the brainday's inn it's the dogtime's subscription ... on a low man's arm

Leaving The World Behind

there are houses too big to dream of,
there are people too far to see,
but in the middle there's something you can grasp and hold.

some things are too small to see,
only if you bow deep enough,
and become as small as them,
you can see their world.

from the mountains you can not see everything,
neither you can from the valleys,
sometimes you just have to enter a house and leave the world behind you.

Vanilla's Revenge

*"in the hearth of the earth in the heart right there the wrestlers live they
will not stop until they get what they want they accept everything they get to
wrestle with it knowing the secret is inside the secret the treasureand a*

*newsword a new road to go deeperinto the hearth of the earth
they all look the same they all do the same dances ... they all do the same steps"*

the revenge ... earlier than the strike

I met a boy beyond or under france ... he said the goal sanctifies the tools, the motivations sanctify and purify the feelings and the thoughts ... your visions and your screens. He was sharpening his knives ... He was spinning his cigarettes ... He was noisy and loud ... He was like a rose A bleeding one ...

So cold, so sanctified ... his blue frozen roses ... bleeding in the night ... So hot, his eyes ... bleeding in the desert ... The prince flew to Arabia ... where all his dreams started ...

These are the seasons of love It's all whipped into a circle ... I will not cry anymore about a lost toy ... but staring at all the toys which hold me tight ... for you are growing there inside ... These are the seasons of love ... all whipped into a mill ... It's just another one's sunday rising there ... These are the seasons of love ... spinning a fairytale from upstairs to downstairs I will not believe someone can destroy the beauty of God ... I will not believe we will be put ashamed when we trust in a god Of Old books Yes, you like that old rocking chair ... I know you do ... but you forgot about the table and the rising milk I know you forgot about many more things too ... It's all written in that old clock of yours ... I am opening my shadows To find a gateway to escape behind an old curtain ... old curtains speak ...

Orion masters of the shell ... orion masters from the shell of illusion ...sliding to Arabia and back ...carrying the Indian spell ... The lady loves his handkerchief, the lady loves his red bike ...at the end of the stairways the lady loves his pirate's touch too. It was a long thought running about ice ... but finally he was wrapped in fire ... white fire ...

There is a loss in the heart of the woman, there is a loss in the heart of the daughter ...only the tear can bring it back ... and will burn like a fire against the storm ... dream of the white man, dream of the white face ... dream of white fire ... all in the flames ...

Dream of the white son, dream of the white days ... dream of white fires in white satin ... all streaming from Vanilla's ...revenge ...

It's almost summer it's almost spring ... but it will never be ... It's almost a brainwave almost a helicopter ... but it will never be ... You can feel it but it can

never be touched ... the curse of the vanilla You can eat as most as you can But you can never be satisfied ... her curse ... also It is the cry of the martyr, now forever she will be ... the vanilla's coffee

At last she screams ... at last she dies ... It's the same remedy ... now she's still repeating ... all what you did to her ...in her own strange ways In her own strange sentiments ... it's the mocking of the woodpecker's house ... knocking on saturday's door ... blinded by lights ...escaping the rumors Now she will forever be ... on grandfather's clock knee ...

It's saturday the lights are on ... It's the day's sea She's spinning her letters in a coffin too small ... but that's what you did to me ... She's offering a cigarette of her own stones ...but that's a lie to me ...She's burning it loud with a heart full of passion ...that's how she heals me ... but yesterday and tomorrow ... it will all be the same ... last week and next week ... all hers ...vanilla's cruel compassion ... hanging you on saturday drowning you on sundaythe queen's horrible delights ... bound in satin For a day of three ... Is this the siren's apple-curse, is this the orange to the narrowest hell ? The next train will tell ...when there's the hard day's bell ...Two rocks from a witch's spell ... all wandering to be...on grandmother's little clock knee.

The summerdays are harder ... flying off to a greater tale ... the summerburner burns a hole in the moon ...for six rabbits to enter.... Two men are running on blood It's the daydream's plot ...asking loud questions ... breaking hard breads ... like the town's traindriver is mad ... heading for the siren's carriage ... on a hard blue bike ... along the daydream's dike ... where all black men meet each other, on skates, hats or high heels ... when the black daydream deals ... on a hard day's bike ... on a true time's confession ..it's the high lord's strike ...forgive our true name's underwater dike ...scanning the side-halls ...scanning the rainbells ..

Like a thunder in the brain ...like a thunder so insane ... and you will never know where she hid your knee ...she stole something but you don't know what...you are searching something ...somewhere....but you don't know who or where you are ... you even don't know who she isand this is what hurts ...the weight of your sleep...like an image passing by...not knowing what it represents.....oh so many things in fire ...hearing their loud screams...waiting to be identifiedwaiting to receive their names....not knowing who lied to you...but the truth lies there on the table of a little man....the other direction...the woodpecker's house ...the doormaker's mouse...the cleaning upstairs ...under a blueberry's moon ...contacting your mother's space.....in a soft..embrace

The siren's carriage....sweet like candy...but stinging like a knife....embracing you like a coward...soft like your mother's handbut cruel like your grandmother's

spell...on a summer's day.....a summer's delay...another hope lays another chain...
candy roaring at three streets the same....the siren's carriage ...sweet like a toy...but
your mother's coffin...all there.....where the candy roars.....where the thunder
kills.....where the baby thrills....

There where the flames scream....there where it's almost but never
there....Vanilla's.....revenge.....

Two trains on one morning, sinking deeper in the sea....looking for the golden
knee...with the golden rag.... The golden boy tries to sing....but his ring is dying....six
planets on a row...tomorrow there will be seven, when the cock crows three times....

The hard way's lie is breathing into my face...spreading feathers.....hard
perfumes.....cold as vanilla ice but I need to realizethe revenge was there
before it even happened ... the revenge ... earlier than the strike ... and this was
always your mother's secret ...the chocolate always deep in her smile's bag ...you...
can...be...happy ..again. her love was ..assured...her pride....her care.....her ..joy.

You didn't see her coming from the aeroplane ...you were in your..dreams... but she
killed it before it was born.... She blinded it before it could stare at you ...

back to arabia

Dreamlights on ... The child could fish all the day ... It's the voice of the
woodpecker ... from the woodpecker's house so deep in that forest ... so deep and
loud ... Like all your memories are washed away ... and you have to catch them
again ... At the end of the day ... It starts all over again ... And you tell me it isn't
warm enough ... It's never enough ... Living in the almost-zone ... dying in the Lion's
Tea all .. his ... misunderstanding ... and you're still reaching for your honey's milk
... cold streams in daylight turning into a flame at night thousand flames
streaming to the white cat ... having no other choice to burn it ...

One saturday beyond Italy can blow your mind One saturday beyond spain ... will
be your coffin ... And these tales all stream from arabia from the lion's tea ... from
the son of africa ... from a maze full of towers, from a maze full of seas ... It is the
Lion's Tea ... that brought us on our knees the big master speaks the big master
dries your tears ... still a lion in a black jacket, standing tall like the venus' screen
still a lion still a maze still a lucifer so tight in his embrace did you call
them the boys from lynx ?did you all call them those boys with their
white pink with their sharp stiletto's ... with their sharp knives cutting
poetry at the ends of the night knowing the tops of the evening knowing the

tops of the night knowing the clocks of the tops and doing it all in despite ... a knot in their throats ...

He was pouring his teas ... in the middle of the night saying your offerings are so long refused ... for there was a pale jacket in it a pale face from the vanilla's revenge a pale mourning a pale sun

He said lady don't you know the pale lady she scattered your son, she scattered his geese ... she scattered all that he had but hey, the revenge was there ... before this all happened and maybe that was why she did it ... maybe not we will never know we will never know

Oh why, my dear, dear lion oh why will we never know i need to have the answer to survive this maze ... to survive life this lion's tea

No, my dear lady, you don't need to survive you will sink deeper into this maze ... until you will see the yellow flower until you will see the yellow's rose I'm a prince full of darkness.... I'm a prince full of tears I am the licorice ... the lucifer that comes to bring the fears into the right frustrations into the right faiths into the right submissions ... into the right space I am the dream beyond the dream yes, i will tell you how to survive I am the judas who brought you the knife

There I am falling, there I am weeping Where is my Jesus, my saviour in this nightmare

There will not be any Jesus, the lion in the black tall jacket sais.... there will be only some boys some boys from lynx

Oh, stop it, you son of bastards ... oh stop it, you son of the lie you killed the pale lady with your streams from the nile you are the crocodile you are the eliphant's transmission you're the lion's cage you are the autumn of daniel's death I will

No, the lion roars, no the lion sais you will not

But I will I roar back I will be the lion here I will be the one worthy enough to serve as Gods Angel I will replace lucifer, who fell so deep into this lion's pit and now I will be Lucifer

Like you want it, sais the lion like you want it but remember one thing :
I

And then she wakes up This nightmare spinning in her head all these years all these nights all hunting her down so that she cannot walk in daylight

she's so paralyzed all because of this story she's so paralyzed in a wheelchair she sits my dear because of this legend because of this legacy
.....

In little amsterdam ... the candy-jester walks he's the candy-jester and he's looking for her he invites her he loves her he kidnaps her every night to the tiles of amsterdam to tell her a story ...

now the little green-orange jester coming from the heart of the land ... eating shoes full of whiskey like drunk chocolate he's the heartmare he's the friend of all kids only the wise ones will escape from himescape fromhim

the man with the red eyes, red lights in his eyes gave his life to see such a screen

the orange mocker turns around three times ...walking the perimeterson a thin, thin line he's a bit busy today, a bit frustrated a bit hesitating a bit nervous for an eagle caught a glimpse from his hat and now it will be in tomorrow's newsletter a pretty sight a pretty sight but the master doesn't like it he wanted to hide his years he wanted to live in silence screaming with the faery's tears or maybe fairies ...

He's spinning it all into slowmotion to enjoy the seconds for twenty years the pale woman doesn't have her extasies anymore she forgot about her trousers the pale woman doesn'thave lights ...anymorebut she's still the trick of the dayno, you won't go into that you never liked the french roads you preferred to be in spain there's a split between your sister and you because of that and the lion still laughing for tonightit's tea-time again what is raging there at the tiles of amsterdam is it another town trying to enter ?it's the heart of the land

she's spinning around like capuchino ... still in her wheelchair she's running down the streets but ...she is still in her wheelchairlike the abc's doglike the gardener of the maze accepting the yellow roses accepting the orange moon accepting the creatures with the big eye in the heart of the land they say there is a key in portugal to escape the black river to enter a new arabia with white flames with sons from vanilla all knowing about her revenge all knowing about the eye in the middle of her big body going to arabia

it is the hearth of the earth where all devils dance where all mockers die yes, let them dance ... let them do the she accepted them too let them first do their dances until the fire is too hot then they will burn themselves too and the fire will dance further

in the hearth of the earth in the heart right there the wrestlers live they will not stop until they get what they have they accept everything they get to wrestle with it knowing the secret is inside the secret the treasureand a newsword a new road to go deeperinto the hearth of the earth they all look the same they all do the same dances ... they all do the same steps

And vanilla, the bridge between portugal and arabia ... you don't want to know what lives here In the sea ... this holy sea indiansdrownedin this seathis sacred sea holding the key ... to a land they don't want to know ofthe land ... where the grandfather stranded this landto seal the rage

vanilla's peace but this day she was shot in the eye she knew too much about the swan the black swan she still rules the swan's lake but now the golden swan has come

they give so much, but they never give enough and they take so much away there are too many reasons to follow them ... this is why the snake was sent out ... hunting for many reasons

Greetings from Ananas

Did you dream of red roses and apricots smoking in your sea-gardens ? What are you breeding there ? Is it a new sort of flower ? Or is it a new sort of horse, to travel ...

Purple pale horses were always your best trick. And mother still sais : she is out of it now ... But I don't know who or what to believe. I rather take a look for myself. That's why I'm calling.

Do you still drum the drum like you used to do ? Do you still have your nonsense in the middle of the night ? You're still a lawyer's daughter, that was what mom always said. But I rather take a look to see it for myself.

Are you still dreaming about princes on white wet fairytales, are you still looking for photo's in a warm wet basket. Yes, you know it's full of snakes. But you love these old pictures.

There's still soap in your mouth, bubbling from the bottom and when you speak, the candy starts to flow. And when you swallow, it's ice-cream. You are still a silly girl ... still a silly girl. You could always make me laugh in the worst moments, you silly girl, I laughed in my grave.

Still a silly girl, still an apricot's lover, still a murderer of thousand bedrooms, still a honeyhorse, a football's choice, a racer on the railways to the big banana. How's life, queen of orange, how is your daddy and your brother do you ...still like my mother.

Yes, you were there when these waspcats, those catwasps stole my trousers in the rain I never saw them back It must be something in the brain and you weresitting on it

You always liked to tease me, you didn't care about the tears the more the better so that when I heard it was all a joke, I could laugh the hardest You're still the joke-book on my cupboard, the silly smile on my raincoat you are still the bearer of my dreams you're still an ornament on my highest hat and you keep on writing all these letters they come over me like oceans But not with tricks anymore no, you changed

I wonder if you still like my mother I always liked your dad maybe too much I wonder if you like my sister I always loved your brother maybe a bit too much

You got quiet these years very quiet Did you see archernar or is it something else I bet you met your old raincoat again He was so quiet too maybe Do you still dream of white potatoes like you always used to dream do you still warn for the ice-cream...queen

Do you still warn for bad ornaments do you still watch like the sea do you still wear too tall trousers and too high shoeswhen it's necessary ? Do you still get greetings from ananas Do you still love tall hanging ornaments hanging in the wind and in the night Do you still love dogs too tired Do you still wear catclothes in the night ?

Do you still love Greece ? Do you still adore Italian wash-clips ? Do you still love the French Accents How's life now, queen of orange ?

Thank you for all these roses, they get so fluffy in the night ... Thank you for all these chocolates They are freezing in daylight Turning into rainbows, looking for the ice-cream The thing you always warned against

Three ice-cream-murderers still your best friends swallowing ice-cream like you always did

Oh, so that was why you warned against it for you wanted it for yourself Aha.

Greetings from Ananas II

Wonderlamp on the attic

I'm riding on Jupiter, fairytales too late Maybe if they were here earlier I could watch the banana's prince ... But it's all too late Oh yes, the fairytales are beautiful but the drama has already struck the sights All I see are some old rinds and some crying knights These dreams are too beautiful but they came too late

another Jesus

I'm sitting on a nuclear ice-cream ... too hard to breath hereBut I know when I jump off I will get on a horse too wild

Everything is frozen, I cannot move But the Icecream is holding my hands and there's fire between us Purple fire That happens when things get too cold, they get sweet, and then they start to burn

Born again in Orion, I'm reading the Master's Tea Tales ... finding some old chocolate passages and some old tiger-icecream tales it's like a lost stranger is wandering in it wandering in an old forest

The ice-cream stairways are tall and bring me finally into sleep these boys from lynx ... these masters of tax and insurance they would lead me out their stings were too tall and now there's a ladder inside of me these boys from lynx with legs too tall still the sons of sandman

These waspcats, these wild cats ... running from the edge of destruction to the master's tea always doing the deal these mastercats these milkmen ... sinking deep into the white oceans to save a killerwhale ... your grandfather is still looking for them ... wanting to sell them his three red pale flowers You always used to touch things too sharp for you ... but now their soft blankets warm your oranges This is the night's railway awakening you to a new round in a new game The old ones aren't valid anymore since daylight touched spring

Now you're running in baskets too short while the orange is smiling at you still your best friend

These last brunt pseta's brought you this far touching the candy's milk ... the sisters of ice shook hands with the sisters of the big ice-cream there are always faster horses than this ... so you are still trying to find your ways to new homes you are wondering what makes the day so bright ?

Six sailors are burning the seas in high jackets almost covering their faces ... shooting their hats into the night They know about the fears of a million of sharks ... they still trace their railways of forgotten dust Now finally they have their eye on the big icecream ... They are spoilt enough to do a master's strike Their high tables are reaching for your mother's ceilings ... It was never like this and it will never be like this again ... Now you were always good at running on sandman's tables you jumped from one to the other the swimming rat was always your secret ... he had wings like a knife

The overdose of pride still the gift of the ice-cream ... still the railway deep into the night watching daylight from a high shore waiting to dive into something you cannot imagine And finally you could sleep ... and finally you could escape waiting for the long hours of the morning ... where grandmother's clocks still dance And still you try to choose between a snake-lake and a rat-lake while your eyes are still bleeding because of the swanlake Is it a wasp who can finally shut this dream forever ? No tailor could do the final strike No engineer could invent this machine hidden in the head of the wasp The old shark is burning while looking at the party so deep into the night No sharklake could prevent this Seven sheep with the pale blue lights in their eyes rise from the eighth pit ... They follow a shepherd called Jesus ... still the hero of the town They raised him in love laying 666 dollar below his craddle Still a tree is growing there A christmas-tree ... stinging it's head through worlds and loves with high tech camera's The next day it will be in the newspapers for Judas to know

They can turn grass into milk ... those boys from lynx ... still the side-painters of the big eye ... still the mass-tricksters of the old coffee but their own eyes are bleeding Their names are still echoing through the night ... It's better for you not to hear them, for you would not sleep for seven years this is the master's march ... this is the daylight's grape still purple and diving ...still bleeding it's way into the earring It would not let you open your mouth until you read the books on the tops of the seven hills. And these are all puzzlebooks. The answers change every minute, and every year the question changes and new animals are born all wandering the perimeters of the old craddle This Jesus had a face one side was purple

And the wasps loved him the wasps cared for him they raised him from the pulpit ... from the master's hand and allow them to enter the big eye every year ... no boy from lynx would follow him they were all watching behind the screens ... counting his tears and steamdrips counting all the stings on his body calling for the flowers to bloom there this was the best painting they ever made but later they found out that jesus wasn't his real name

the gamble-wizard

They love the master's hand, they squeeze the final touch ... with these hands of fire ... these hands of broken ornaments ... glittering in the night they sold their beauty for fame they sold their lamps for night ... for six bottles of broken beer to turn it all around in the middle of the year they know how to turn the clock backwards, and how to weave the second mill ... It's all still blushing in the middle of amsterdam like the yellow corn

The spanish prince sells his fruits for coffee ... the little princess still hides behind curtains of the old attic and I am still a delicious dreamer a lamp there in the corridor eleventh floor still attracting the wasps but also the little gnats they are biting their ways through the meal still the baker's pride And the wisphers reach the little city the purple one and the bakers reach the mouth of the year there's ink enough for a next painting they all suit the lion's fear

The dreams are worthy to fill this wonderlamp ... to fill this speaking cupboard forever the banana-prince has shoes too tall, but they curl in the night There he walks through the corridors of the palace's floors The lion's floor is wasted by wine and liquor The tiger's floor burns in the seventh night, like an army of gnats the zebra's floor is full of harems, there's healing in the eighth night, while the ninth one will wake you up forever The satin's fleece is burning there, like the milkmaid's son's helicopter There will be always three men too tired for that But this will finally break open your mother's pond ... to see the face of the icecream shivering No honey can stream through their veins anymore

The proper words of a purple santa ... the wizard of presents was always by your side There's always something in something There's always escaping something out

On the third day everything lives and speaks ... even the old apricot-tree of your grandparents you thought it would be dead forever

When the wonderlamp is in the hand of the banana-prince ... there's spice coming out of it ... like powders of purple delights wandering over red roads too delicious to describe now fortunately there are veils so that you will not fall from the hill the second hill will always hold grip

There he shares his bananas with the little princess ... The spanish nightmare has almost gone it's still yelling between a bird and an old shoe from the morning till the evening but in the middle of the day it's quiet for seven breaths This is how the girl can go on while living like an owl in the night ... wearing her

warsuits to do the ananas-dance She's still a spicy ananas after all these years
The streams bring her to the doubts where she can escape some old false
thruths she got them from an old bear an old dragon and an old bird She
still wonders where they are now She hasn't seen them in a long time

Black gates from the blue belt opening her ears and then shut them ... to never
come back That's how they span the dream inside her hair she still fights for a
place in the cinema she still drives her ornaments to the big pear and this all to
burn a coward's coin the automatons have been sold out, since the black queen
crashed her donkeys.....

I'm riding on Jupiter, fairytales too late Maybe if they were here earlier I could
watch the banana's prince ... But it's all too late Oh yes, the fairytales are
beautiful but the drama has already struck the sights All I see are some old
rinds and some crying knights These dreams are too beautiful but they came
too late

And the giants are crying, but they cannot solve this cruel puzzle It tears me
apart all inside

The black prince, the black fool, from the darkness to the age ... from time to
nothing selling old clocks to the birds They cannot fly anymore for the
beauty too late has paralyzed their hearts

Black prince, black dove, raising the dice Gamblers from the maze spoiling
black guitars to the tiles of little amsterdam

It's the gamble-wizard He invented all these wheels he invented all these cruel
ornaments they are keeping the slaves alive

I don't know how to hate you, oh black wizard from the southeast coasts You are
licking the icecreams in trousers too short Cruel diaries Private dark
lights it's the burning, the burning, the burning of the ice No mailman could
invent such a horror ... only you, black wizard, black prince with your oiled
automatons, full of red motors and strange rages spicy dances in the night old
banana's from an arabian castle they were too old but the clock made them
too young So now she can't hear the cry of her children now she can't hear
the baker's alarm it's all your fault, wizard you gambler in the sweetest
night You are too sweet to do something You are too sweet to be in time this
is the maze's horror the black bird singing in august's pride

We can never be in time in this automaton of yours Our marbles are beautiful
but we always lose them We are all dying sweet deaths in beds too sweet to sleep

in Is this the Icecreams revenge or are you looking for another tall lady
Mr. Billiards was never your favorite These sticks were too tall the marbles
too white There was always something wrong with something And it was
always too late for the doctor already slept the last dentist was already retired
on a pension so we had to go to Jupiter to meet a mailman's mouth

we could not watch the ocean's tiredness anymore for we were the ones too tired
..... we could only watch ourselves we couldn't read the latest fairytales anymore
..... they were beautiful but paralyzed.

The doctor had a beautiful hat today, but he couldn't help us Oh, what a nice
house he has Really a masterpiece but his kids are dying Cruel Ananas

pink-blue forest-road

You were too young to catch the rain ... too young to help your mother with lazy
bags too young to decide The gamblewizard's girl It's all too beautiful but
all too young the kid's still spinning the wheel still stinging to bleed still
the wasp's rage it was too old now it will be too young it was too early
now it will be too late All these foundlings They are spinning the revenge
they are forming the ornament on a wheel too low for their knees they are
cycling in the night looking for the last wonderlamp

I see you crying there little girl, with your little brother, lost in the forest I see
your little hat screaming, like libra's dictator you were an unaccepted child
your parents didn't want you they made you just for the fun of it and after it
they threw you away you came too early in their eyes but now you will come
too late when all is said and done but you are the gambler's friend you give
and you take and in the night you let it all slip away yes, you still chase the
dream you still chase the ornament ...still a child after your father's heart still
many dreams to go

Unaccepted boy ... you are still your sister's brother still shooting doves in the
night for you are the only dove you are under a cowboy's rage ... losing the
indian marbles but tonight you will find them again You are still the prince of
unaccepted worries, still the prince too tall for the door and in the night you will
grow too short, to rage at all who made the door You are still the zebra's desire
still the tiger's friend you are still waiting for spring you learn how to bend
your knees to teach it everywhere although the trees don't want to hear it ...
although the princesses will be too pale to listen they will sit in their own
caravans in their own campings But you will speak like the lemon's

nightingale ... having the spoilt peach on your side being followed by legions of microphones

Together you spin the wheel, together ...

Foundlings from lynx

Holes of slow-motion, holes of echoes from the past can they all forget their missions, their earthquakes ? No, these are legendary works ... they will rage until the son has been set free ...

The woman will rage until the voice is subtile ... until the snake breaks through the throat they are all wandering to the gambler of wizards the gamble-wizard with a million of sirens on their backs When the raspberry's ripe, the tables of the kings are full.

The shark speaks with a million of mouths It was always like this She remembers him like yesterday's tear But the wheel is still spinning for all gamblers trying to pick their gold for the nights It's the nightingale's secret It all burns there until no raker's on the sea

Still humpty dumpty sits on his hill ... not wanting to let it go ... until the cook will break his ring They know everything about the sea behind the restaurant No any tear will be wasted for the ship's demise It will all flow softly to the land as a wisphering sacrifice

And you are still following the candy's veins the master's railways ... into pink desires ... dreaming your headpears into peaces drawing the chocolate on a white veil ... But I will not cry any tear for this ... It's all in the chrystal ball ... locked in green trousers and brown jackets with love from robin hood.

What can I do with a sharp voice in my mouth ? With smoke from bastard's origin It's only to wash daffodiles in red streams of love ...

The wheels spin ... it's all deeper inside ... pink ... blue forestroad ...

Greetings from Ananas III

The Anatomy of Pride

sinking deep in icecream ... is the best you can do after the soft strike ...

until you reach the sleep ... where the soap carries you away to the land of glue ...

sinking deep in icecream is the best when the vanilla strikes

until you reach the hills of sandman ... to sell your shoes ... and sink in sand ... to find your pride again ... it's all deep inside ...

sinking deep in icecream until you reach the new shores ... proclaiming another world, turning everything backwards reading santa clause's letters he's still looking for you, after all these years ... still looking for you ... and your cats ... he gives you his backwards-glasses to slide back into his arms ... there are white fires between her breasts she wears the crown of thorns She still bears the clip of thorns in her mouth too, having all colours of the rainbow ...

sinking in deep icecream ... until you reach the dwarve's gong

sinking icecream reaching ...for the mother's shoe ...

white horses

I'm riding on my white horse ... I found it in a broken marriage ... I don't know which marriage it was Well, I think I know you, I would like to talk to your wife I will bring it under her nose what she did to you Now I see you walking with a neon advertisement on your head searching for your white horses you can have mine ... for I have a lot of these animals in my garage together we will make some trips through the forests, and I will show you all these beautiful flowers they will grow on your broken marriage stretching out to you

Yes, I know, it was actually your white horse I found ... but I cared good for it ... it wasn't good for you at the moment and whoa what did it do to me it bit me like a lion ... it hanged me on the highest tree but I thought it was okay as long as you were safe

And now I tamed it now I trained it so you can ride on it now Just call me when you have problems with it then we can go on a trip together but you were also someone's white horse ...

street of blood

I found her in a street, blood was streaming out of her mouth she swallowed a marble thinking it would be forever hers but it killed her I still cry on your grave, day and night, throwing flowers on it my mother's

But isn't it what I did long ago ? Swallowing a marble People tried to save me, but they couldn't and now they are crying on my grave ... I cannot move for the marble struck me Just a little marble

Someone's face is reflected by the marble ... oh my god, I don't dare to watch I'm
bowing my head closing my eyes It is the woman who gave me this marble
And she gave it to others also

This is how we know each other ... we all swallowed ... a marble

This is how we died This is how we bled

We thought the marble would be ours forever but it killed us it killedus
killer-marbles

And Jupiter saw it all happening ... and Emily and the marbles themselves,
reflecting the face of the old woman

We thought it was candy but it was a marble it was all a game and now
there's blood in this street of Jupiter ... wasn't it just a strange way how sandman
brought us to sleep ? we couldn't sleep, we were bored but this thing put the
horror on ... and the shock was our ship to dreamland we were already close
on Jupiter's Street reflecting on a mailman's watch

Some people like the games rather than the truths ... this is how they turn us
backwards ... but it all brings us in sandman's arms ... we wouldn't go to sleep any
other way when sandman hits, it's right in the middle ... and too hard to stay
awake but then finally we can feel his soft jacket, and his buttons ticking softly
and slowly in our heads

dream about it

Oh, this land is cruel, this land of a thousand trousers ... hanging through the streets ...

Oh this land is cruel ... seventy soldiers on one horse ... this land is cruel ...

*Oh this land is cruel ... the frog sais it's bedtime, while it's time to wake up ... oh this
land is cruel ...*

and you're still running in too short trousers because of it ...

In nameless' land

And you are dreaming without name ... In the land of the nameless You feel save
here ... nobody knows you nobody has a name here only a good spoon

The song which brought you over the hill

Drama after drama spun by the big mouse ... hunting you like february's rain ... And
you're too desperate to see the song ... The song which brings you over the hill ...

Forgotten Glories

The dentist is a clown today, yesterday he was the officer of a forgotten country ...
And the day before yesterday he was just a rose growing on someone's grave ... just
a lonely rose ... it had enough of the world's fame now it wanted to be invisible ...

And you are still sharpening your flowers ... you are too afraid to look into
someone's face ... too scared of what you will see ... maybe your mother's dream
maybe your sister's lost ornament ... scottish boy ... too afraid of what you will see in
the mouth of the horse ... thinking you will never sleep again ...

Well I made the dive ... when a purple ananas wants to save a million of locked up
lions ... They will kill it ... They will turn it into a criminal ... The first one who wants
to help, will be the ladder of their desire their desire to eat again The first
strikes are always the hardest ... for only the wise will catch them and see no one
else will be on their side ...

How long will I be the enchanted spoon ?

Greetings from Ananas III

The Anatomy of Pride

sinking deep in icecream ... is the best you can do after the soft strike ...
until you reach the sleep ... where the soap carries you away to the land of glue ...
sinking deep in icecream is the best when the vanilla strikes
until you reach the hills of sandman to sell your shoes ... and sink in sand to
find your pride again ... it's all deep inside ...
sinking deep in icecream until you reach the new shores ... proclaiming another
world, turning everything backwards reading santa clause's letters he's still
looking for you, after all these years ... still looking for you ... and your cats ... he
gives you his backwards-glasses to slide back into his arms ... there are white fires
between her breasts she wears the crown of thorns She still bears the clip of
thorns in her mouth too, having all colours of the rainbow ...
sinking in deep icecream ... until you reach the dwarve's gong

sinking icecream reaching ...for the mother's shoe ...

white horses

I'm riding on my white horse ... I found it in a broken marriage ... I don't know which marriage it was Well, I think I know you, I would like to talk to your wife I will bring it under her nose what she did to you Now I see you walking with a neon advertisement on your head searching for your white horses you can have mine ... for I have a lot of these animals in my garage together we will make some trips through the forests, and I will show you all these beautiful flowers they will grow on your broken marriage stretching out to you

Yes, I know, it was actually your white horse I found ... but I cared good for it ... it wasn't good for you at the moment and whoa what did it do to me it bit me like a lion ... it hanged me on the highest tree but I thought it was okay as long as you were safe

And now I tamed it now I trained it so you can ride on it now Just call me when you have problems with it then we can go on a trip together but you were also someone's white horse

street of blood

I found her in a street, blood was streaming out of her mouth she swallowed a marble thinking it would be forever hers but it killed her ... I still cry on your grave, day and night, throwing flowers on it my mother's

But isn't it what I did long ago ? Swallowing a marble People tried to save me, but they couldn't and now they are crying on my grave I cannot move for the marble struck me Just a little marble

Someone's face is reflected by the marble ... oh my god, I don't dare to watch I'm bowing my head closing my eyes It is the woman who gave me this marble And she gave it to others also

This is how we know each other ... we all swallowed ... a marble

This is how we died This is how we bled

We thought the marble would be ours forever but it killed us it killedus killer-marbles

And Jupiter saw it all happening ... and Emily and the marbles themselves,
reflecting the face of the old woman

We thought it was candy but it was a marble it was all a game and now
there's blood in this street of Jupiter ... wasn't it just a strange way how sandman
brought us to sleep ? we couldn't sleep, we were bored but this thing put the
horror on ... and the shock was our ship to dreamland we were already close
on Jupiter's Street reflecting on a mailman's watch

Some people like the games rather than the truths ... this is how they turn us
backwards ... but it all brings us in sandman's arms ... we wouldn't go to sleep any
other way when sandman hits, it's right in the middle ... and too hard to stay
awake but then finally we can feel his soft jacket, and his buttons ticking softly
and slowly in our heads

dream about it

Oh, this land is cruel, this land of a thousand trousers ... hanging through the streets ...

Oh this land is cruel ... seventy soldiers on one horse ... this land is cruel ...

*Oh this land is cruel ... the frog sais it's bedtime, while it's time to wake up ... oh this
land is cruel ...*

and you're still running in too short trousers because of it ...

In nameless' land

And you are dreaming without name ... In the land of the nameless You feel save
here ... nobody knows you nobody has a name here only a good spoon

The song which brought you over the hill

Drama after drama spun by the big mouse ... hunting you like february's rain ... And
you're too desperate to see the song ... The song which brings you over the hill ...

Forgotten Glories

The dentist is a clown today, yesterday he was the officer of a forgotten country ...
And the day before yesterday he was just a rose growing on someone's grave ... just
a lonely rose ... it had enough of the world's fame now it wanted to be invisible ...

And you are still sharpening your flowers ... you are too afraid to look into
someone's face ... too scared of what you will see ... maybe your mother's dream
maybe your sister's lost ornament ... scittish boy ... too afraid of what you will see in
the mouth of the horse ... thinking you will never sleep again ...

Well I made the dive ... when a purple ananas wants to save a million of locked up
lions ... They will kill it ... They will turn it into a criminal ... The first one who wants
to help, will be the ladder of their desire their desire to eat again The first
strikes are always the hardest ... for only the wise will catch them and see no one
else will be on their side ...

How long will I be the enchanted spoon ?

King of Trauma

Bilmageln is walking through the streets of amsterdam ... still a cowboy's letter ...
still under the sun ... a lawyer's docter ...

Bilmageln is smoking his pipe No one knows he's the big dwarf ... bragging like no
one can ... but i like his speeches ...

Bilmageln is eating sandtarts still sandman's brother ... still the cook's advice
but he's a lawyer's docter giving one warning, and then he attacks ... like the
wolve's dog

Bilmageln wants you for homework ... some pretty things ... some secret diaries
still burning in the night ...

He closes his golden fences His keys shining like the water's lights But it's all
fake

He knows the anatomy of the trauma ... knowing the cars of the big race it's a
spoilt treasure ... if it comes to that ... he's breeding his big cat this cat likes dogs ...
but he has some more cats ... not always the easiest ones but bilmageln is very
easy ... very easy ... if it comes to that ...

He's the king of all trauma's he is the king of all rains drowned nightmares in a
basket of snakes he knows the snakelakes like his pockets no, the girl isn't too
skinny ... some just can't stand bilmageln when he's riding on his carriage ... to
the prince's court no one has to bow ... they already fell down hundreds of
years before he came his perfumes don't know any name his smoke comes to
lit more fires and then he speaks like the faery's applecustard too late to
remember your own name

His touch is like the forbidden trauma ... Fragile like the prince's trust like his son in africa with his mouth full of dust running in too short pyama's ... with his teeth on twenty o clock It's the rain's race banana ... It's the mummified mock Still the potatoe's prince

There he locks another golden fence hitting the big gong Now we're having some big tea with misunderstood lions

His touch is so so fragile this prince of the ornament's dream this prince of the broken ladder ... it's so hard to get it seems It's broken soap in the mailbox It's august the twentieth which is the king the king of all traumas ... the king of daylight's spring mummified like a horse's broken letter king david with his head so thin thinner than the horse's manner thinner like the cucumber's king but he isn't too thin some just can't stand bilmageln ... some just can't stand the big star some just can't see the broken ornament it's too late for this dance ...

Bilmageln is the big murmurer ...no one knows exactly what he's saying ...

Curroael Burboggia

Red Cape's Flower

The World Beyond Fairytale III

I - Raising the Capes

Wasps in a basket of candy - When Bilmageln strikes the Gong

Bananas in South-America

Boy in the Bubble

Libra's Little Dictator

Blueberry's Fever

The Pink Chocolate's Rose Wedding

The Woman with the sixhundred tears in her eyes

Moonchild

Moonchild II

The Band

She never becomes ...

II - The Bleeding Cock

Miserable Magnets

Miserable Magnets II

Painter's Wars

The Girl with the Red Sword - Ritual of the Fruit

Buried in your Dream

Sisters of the Ornament

Prayer from a Farmer's Son

Prayers from Butchers, Truants and Apple-corners

Strange Foreign Birthdays

III - The Forbidden Pieces - Fragments from the Big Taboo

The Land behind Oz

Nightmare on Marilyn's Grave

The Mirror II

Piece without Name

Song on Rabbit's Hill

Piece without Name II

Piece without Name III

Wasps in a basket of Candy

when bilmageln strikes the gong

"she"

She's like the elve's tree like the dream This friend of Bilmageln is it his mother, his wife, I don't know, and I don't care ... all I know is that you saved my life out of the nuclear threat

You gave me a trauma of pleasure The birthday's trauma ... Leading me to the dwarves of trauma ... having the smile of the big trauma Now it was a good thing after all

Still I don't know your name Don't tell me you're Red Cape Don't tell me

You grew a lot ... or did I become smaller ?

There you go ... putting another trauma on It's an obsession, the way you produce smoke ... The way you are touching a flower The way you clean your shoes Are you Red Boot's sister ? Don't tell me

Don't tell me, that you are hard enough to burn old paths don't tell me, that you're a sparrow in the sun don't tell me about Cinderella, don't tell me about your dogs I think I will wait until I'm ready Ready to go through the golden fence

ready to go through the enchanted curtains ready to touch the enchanted veils
to watch the traumatic beauty

I'm so glad I'm frozen ... You cannot get me from my place ... I'm so glad I'm a statue
in this strange land I'm so glad I cannot cry, I'm so glad I cannot speak I'm so
glad for what would you do with my tears and words ? Which animals are
waiting there to have food ?

I'm safe in my bubble Don't tell me about Tinkerbell, don't tell me about her
cats I'm safe enough here I know you carry all fairytales in your bag ...
bringing them to grandma's but she's a wolf she's a trauma

"he"

Were you ever stung by a million of wasps ? This was cruel food ... too cruel I'm
wandering to the forgotten city ... Bilmageln knows everything about amsterdam
He stood at her cradle ... when she was a little baby she knew how to put the
trauma on I'm still covered by wasps ... They leave one by one but when one
leaves ... two come They must love me deep or is it hate or is it the candy
burning in my heart ... running through my legs this traumatic candy I got it
from Bilmageln and you made it sweet Oh, sweetness from the Big Trauma ...

And Bilmageln still bragging Seeing bridges where there aren't bridges But
that trauma is another trick from the Giant's world another rose from red cape's
garden When you're big all things are too small

Red Cape's Garden, a mockery's maze on a sunday's race telling me all
trousers will be too short when bilmageln strikes the gong

Oh you love this rose ? You will hate it when Bilmageln strikes the gong ...

You're ready for nonsense on a sunday's morning ? It's all truth and real ... when
bilmageln hits the gong he all does it with his spoon he's still the cook's
advice but he's just a lawyer's doctor and his dogs still run through amsterdam
.... searching for cats his big dog loves cats but he has more ... in all sorts

Do you think I'm burning when bilmageln hits the gong ... tomorrow he will kick
it ... and then I'll freeze ... freezing myself ... into the lawyer's castle watching a
lawyer's spoon dancing with his dumb oranges two steps in the night
throwing his dice into the lake of the dragon and still watching the ornament's
pride coiling from the basket of wasps rising from the candy ... touching the
mother's shoe

I threw a shoe in Red Cape's garden, when I was a kid now I'm still a kid I will not grow up forever It's the woman's curse It's the true side's blanket running from neptune to the rains like an ornament of flowers without losing any wing they will grow when the night falls reaching for a saturday-morning

"us"

Red Cape loves her chickens but when bilmageln hits the gong, they will all be traffic-lights that was how I met Red Boots ... How many sisters do you have I don't need any more harems of worried mothers I'm frozen like the milk's rain standing on the Big Ship having peanuts in my ears too scared of the siren's secret society the mailbox's pride burning like a shotgun in the night still after my boots those golden ones which grew in Pinocchio's gardens I'm late today ... too late to see the mills spin

Pinocchio was the big sugarspin on a race's fairground to avoid all these rainy days Now wasps are in his baskets Chocolate in his shoes It will attract the worst dogs But he's safe in my arms in the big Icecream His father will love this ship all built by these mutant ants Oh, how they loved to built the big red shoe together with the spinning birds and some old embroiderers This was how the blue house got struck It's still falling from that old rock While the taps in Red Cape's house are streaming milk from spiders

Curroael Burboggia still the big flower covering her house She likes to dance with orgids, with rages on a summer's road She runs on Belgium Satin to a house of blaming candy here all the shivers die all turned into the black rage her machines are coins of forgotten histories her brains are veiled by ornament's dishes It's the black trauma bringing the black birthday like ontario's rain

She wears the summer like her mother's kangaroo ... she washes the dishes of old soldiers and old kids She's bringing the dance back ... these forgotten dances these ornament's rages so that no one dares to look at her no one dares to know her name is it Red Cape or Red Rage and her sister the Red Boots wandering through tomorrow's forests putting the trauma on the wild blind obsessions the name-screams and the ornaments the white dreams some sons of old cartoons and cardboards bring them all back to me although i'm still frozen running on wild winds skating on black potatoes still the daydream's friend

Oh, it's so cold in my bubble you cannot touch my hand today or you will freeze like me and feeling this trauma this decade ... for years

King of traumas, king of narrow brains king of narrow ornaments from a white spooky house in old arabia where there were trees as roads where there were orange wars turning black in the night oh these satin velvets all these muscle's rains will die in the cold night when bilmageln hits the banana

Wool of old sheep is running over your body decorating your big mercedes ... but what will you have ... when bilmageln hits the bell he's the hitter of hitters the prince's drum the ornament's rain ... what do you like to want black prince from the morning's rain you were never in his hidden agenda ... his orchestra would never come to your town for the light blue lights in your eyes telling about this shepherd's jesus ... with the woolen shoes with the broken tops like running post from the edges all in the postman's bag ... waiting for a good sunday to drown them all

Tonight there will be a war between the clown's dentists all doctors under his command oh, how he likes to play how a rat catches a mouse

Somebody's knocking on your old barn It's the ornament's prince the daydream's confession sitting on a hard day's mouse he's a good driver you admire his pears spinning like triangles in the wind good old day-possession

Bananas in South-America

The Indian on his white velvet horse, With all his colours he tries to comfort me, like it was yesterday. he knows everything about the big fight, he knows everything about the stream. I don't have to tell him anything, don't have to speak a word. And I can't, for I'm still frozen. The trauma's are spinning on his fingers, waiting to touch, waiting to bleed. But this will paint the painting of a Jesus in South-America.

I like these tall pictures in grandfather's castle. I'm walking through the tall corridors. Watching the condors through the windows. They are all waiting for the painter's touch, with blood in their eyes. When their blood streams, this little Jesus can rise. It's all a childhood's dream, from a little spanish boy. He tries to awaken the sand under the oceans, to have a bridge to see south-america. But he isn't a wizard's son, and all his schoolbooks are dull.

At night his little toy-indians come alive, then he has his wild dances, awakening the lion's wolve. His colours care for the little Jesus, dying on a banana's stick in south-

america. It's a toy, and he doesn't know how to cut the strings. Still the tears are
falling about this. It's all plastic.

But at night he can talk a bit to the little Jesus, asking him how he got there, between
all these wild men. Tears of fire are rolling from the eyes of the little Jesus. He got in
a fight about a banana.

It was all because of a banana. And now he's just a toy, swallowed by plastic. Now
he's one of them, but he even doesn't have a horse. Well I can make a horse for you,
the little spanish boy sais. Here, you can sit on this orange. Ah, this is better, maybe
there's some hope for me, but now I also need some feathers like them, to fly away.
Well, try the tomatoe, he can fly. Oh, this is how you build a tower. But now I also
need a spaceship, to touch the other side of the moon. No, you don't need a
spaceship, the little spanish boy sais, take a good pencil and draw your stars in the
night. It is all in the pencil.

The Vanilla-indian is mad. he thinks he rules the pencil, it's a mad dog, but the
strawberry-indian admits : it's all in the pencil. While the cucumber-indian is
bowing his head and doesn't believe in pencils. They all have their own Jesus. they
all have their own colour, and when we rule the pencil we can use them all ... to
paint the big blanket that chronical one to bring it to neptune ... but now it
seems to be the fight about the big pencil or is it a spoon ?

Boy in the Bubble

Teaspoons from the lion's tea ... to rule the teapot ... to rule the kettle it's the
artist's fragile touch ... awakening another trauma, with paranoia's as side-wheels ...

Bilmageln's drumming the drum. Now this is a strange sound, where will we go.
Hundred and sixty-six horses wandering through the milk, looking for the spoon
which cause the milk-wars ... here ... inside ... It will be all chocolate when bilmageln
hits the cat.

The cat's drum is marching through the streets, it was kicked by bilmageln and now
it runs free like yesterday's soap ... Amsterdam is in a muppet's show, in a racecar-
obsession ... wandering to the big red spots of the black witch ... she's a bit ill ... A
little girl has the mumps ... another girl the measles ... running with a big mouth ...
like the lion's tea I know what happens when these girls crash against each
other ... I will not be in the middle of this I will watch with my telescope ... I have
had enough of these spoons ... these spoons from the lion's tea

They are painting the big painting, like the delirium's rat, like a toy on sunday, like
christmas in hell

It's the devil's birthday ... I'm staying far out of this ...

Mommy's got a lolli-pop stolen from a coffee-bar in brasil ... Now her son pays the
flies for his broken leg ... Can it be more strange ?

Yes, when a police-man gets the chicken-pox. Then the whole world will have it
within a day.

It's the devil's wrath ... I'm staying out of this ... I will watch it through the
microscope ...

In the lion's coffee it all appeared to be a dream ... The coffee is cold ... and full of
delirium I think all these lions have a good measles ...

Mr. Measles is a pretty boy there's soap running from his mouth ... He's spastic
and skew-eyed of course ... I would immediately die for him, at first sight, he's even
softer than Jesus, and his voice is in bubbles. This boy has fantasy ... this boy has the
trousers .. he's running on the streets like a million of lions ... he's raging at the
coffee, breaking the spoons, while laughing in obsession like my sister always did

...

No, I really mean it, this boy needs to be policeman of the year 200, for there's still a
ship sinking there I bet he can raise it up, with his banana-smiles. He covers the
sea like a liquid flood, like no Noah can imagine ...

Mr. Mumps is his brother. I like his cold coffee, his tiger's eyes ... for red lights are in
them he's the eye-apple of the licorice it seems, roaring through the night, like a
speedboat on 20 o clock. It's like the orange's strike, it's like the peanut's santa
clause. You have to scream very hard until he hears you. Just a little boy

Mr. Paranoia is the sweetness himself ... the pride of bilgamein ... all these guys
rock ... they are the tiles of the big ant, roaring like a machine through the dishes of
the night.

And there we have Mr. Chicken-Pox, in tall trousers and tall jackets ... like a tailor's
dream, with all possible holes in his hat ... she's lost and lonely without him ... when
he screams, the whole hospital wakes up and then goes into sleep again ... a
deeper sleep having the dadda-bubbles from his dadplaying with toys day and
night..... no burden's too big Just a boy in a hospital the biggest docter of all.

Mr. Psychosis is smoking his pipe, while mr. schizophrenia is playing at cards ... they
both have fun in their lives, escaping the big carrot

And you call this the land of the sick ? No, these ones are healthy, for they aren't slaves of the world anymore Their bed is a ship driving from dream to dream They are the brave ones, possessing the big tables on the other side of the sleep They are sandman's pride ... the feather on his white hat

Getting into the Big Delirium, meeting sandman's wild dreams ... dancing in the middle of his coffee-shop ... And this all happened when you put your first step in church ... meeting sandman's strikes

I know you love this bottle, this ornament's strike, for without it, you weren't even here ... without it, you would be still outside eating the dog's food ... with twenty splinters in the last swallow.

But yes, it can be strange, when you meet the daydream's overstrungness ... like you cannot leave it anymore ... when you are paralyzed by a birthday's dream ... Mr. Depression likes certain things deep inside, but the things outside he doesn't love anymore ... Oh how we love to build the castles outside to let the castles inside die how sad this is ... said the madame she wished the world would be more autistic ...

Mr. Autism spins the dream inside he doesn't even notice when the world around him falls away he doesn't care ... it's all inside ... there he meets all his friends there he cares for them day and night his woolen vest cares for him. Words from outside cannot reach him, he can only hear those words from deep inside ... there where the flower roars and he will wait when she swallows him back inside A journey to the lover's dream His baby cares for him ... like a tiger would do to her children ... little autistic boy still the statue in life's society ... representing the inner world weneed ..to ..go..back. He doesn't care he is frozen, for he's burning inside waiting for the kid's rose He's a boy in the bubble, a baby in the balloon, bringing the children home The boy in the bubble to quench the powers of the big camera, and to show us : the mirror's inside ...

Libra's Little Dictator

You have to eat this traumatic food, but don't eat from the red apple. These gods can tell you all sorts of tales. You need a good bike to escape. One that can jump over rivers and mountains. Otherwise you will be in their cages like a little bird ...

You lost your dreams in these hells ... You need to get out ... I know you touched trauma but touch some good candy now ... all tales of gods ... They all have their own stories You can wear a big crown full of it ... but where does it lead you ...

I found a red balloon on the beach today ... I didn't know what to do with it, so I brought it to the delirium's wizard he said go to the autism's wizard he said it was a gift for me, from a long lost mermaid she wants me to step into it so that i can fly to her ... but these are all tales from certain gods gods from the big balloon ...

The wizard advised me not to go but to stay in deepest autism ... to find a silent balloon, with no any ticket in it ... one with no labels and especially no small letters which no one can read So I followed his advice ... And went away to the forest to find a good balloon ... Another red one was hanging in the trees ... it smelled like christmas ... a present from the tiger he didn't use it anymore ... didn't ask for anything ... and there were no small letters on it ... no tickets and no labels like my mother's dreams

So I stepped inside ... and it smelled like licorice inside ... like a hot birthday ... and I met the autism's wizard again ... he was also there ... showing me another balloon a balloon in a balloon ...

So I'm still searching for the deepest balloon ... all in deep silence and deep loneliness ... together with this autism's wizard ... I hear animals weeping inside there are so many unknown animals here ... there are other rules here ... better rules ... in the autistic world

When the autistic child eats ... it bubbles from deep inside when another one eats ... it eats outside things ... it's a dying world out there but the autistic child finds new rooms and wants us to follow ... or are we too afraid ?

I don't care who you are, said the president, I care about how deep you are inside ... that's what I care about ...

Libra's little dictator

Blueberry's Fever

The measles-cat lives on Gemini, when he touches your house, it's in flames ... red flames ... with spots on the wall then the hidden camera is raging softly through the house ... looking for brown spots to eat them ...

No mercy's there when the measles-cat wants the house ... then everyone goes on their knees, willing or not ... The mumps-cat on Ara is his brother ... and the chicken-pox-cat his sister, also living on gemini, in the same street. When she screams

everything falls asleep ... when she roars ... it's the lion's roar she also has a girl-friend with mumps ... living in the street behind her street ... on number sixty-eight when she screams everyone gets drunk ... and when she roars she roars like the forgotten tiger ... in the middle of the night she can turn everyone into a mouse ... and then she eats enchanted blackberries ... from the blackberry brake ... she's still moose's sister miriam ... she turns into a werewolf every summer. when bilmageln hits her bell she gets possessed with something ... It's the Blueberry's Fever

She screams like no neighbour can scream ... she dances like no other girl can dance ... it's the Blueberry's fever ... and then everyone can go home ... for after a few minutes, no one dares to watch anymore then she's the only one who watches the show ... she's the only one wearing a camera ...

It's the Blueberry's fever, from blueberry's hill from the Burning Bush ... Moses knows all about it The tree is still in fire ... and it roars like the forgotten sun On blueberry's hill the dreams are shattered ... On blueberry's hill, there's only one who talks and that's the one with the blueberry's fever there's only one who sings, and one who plays the keyboards and that's the one with the blueberry's fever ... She dreams and then she shatters it ... she breaks the bread and then she multiplies the pieces that's why she worked in babel .. in the bakery ...

It's the blueberry's fever ... it's sandman's dream it's the wild horse's lost potatoe ... and the possession of an old greengrocer ...

It's the sandman's delight ... It's santa clause's treasure ... It's the tale of the Giant with one mouth and it's the lost dream's grip. On blueberry's hill, on daylight's stream ... It's a true time's possession ... On a hard day's bite ... She's so lost, like a potatoe's child she has the dictator's syndrome ... her knife to cut the breads but she's all after her own tarts she's an autistic dictator calling her animals home ...

She's still a soft lullaby ... in the eyes of the deaf musician playing games without words she's still a little ballerina in an orange's dream he's caring about her in deep love waiting for an old time's transmission to build a new barn for she's breeding tomorrow's cars she's leaving tomorrow's towns to have a place in the forest ... to have a place in the dream to swim to moose as his little sister and shattering some more seas for him

She's riding these sea-creatures to help her brother she has tamed them very well they are all in a dentist's aquarium ... to make the kids happy to tell them tales they never heard to bring them to a safe place yes, she did a great job she

prepared a great place ... Now she's waiting for her brother, on blueberry's hill ... to sing him a new song ...

On blueberry's hill, where all birthdays collide, where all daydreams hit the mask where the dictator's syndrome lives ... between two boxes ... still napoleon is wandering there ... some knights and a robber-pig ... collecting some old vikings' dreams having a dancer's syndrome, skating on a romance's sea ... The two old lions are still fighting, and the parrot is still leaving the scenes The spider still breaks the tooth ... until Jesus is back in his cloudship Until dad has repaired the machine

The Pink Chocolate's Rose Wedding ...

She's bathing in roses ... he with the licorice's smile ...

Licorice and Mother Mary ...

They always do their wedding ... every day, every hour ...

With Bilmageln as the preacherman ...

Tall windows in the church ...

The Licorice has a million holes in his hat

It's shot by many shotguns

But he collects them

The birds live in it ...

Mother Mary ... with the boxer's bite

She will never let go ...

When the Rose makes her vows to poverty

Mary de Pazzia burns candles

She worships the wedding

With peter Pan on her side

From that old corridor ... on the attic

Then the stairways are breaking ...

Then the mother is falling ...

While uncle and aunt are sleeping in the baby's room

With sixty-six lullabies in their heads ...

It was all ... to make my heart ... at peace

The Woman with the 600 tears in her eyes.

She's laughing, but inside i see her tears she's smiling, but she carries a weight inside ... all these tears are so warm ... warming the soft jesus.

Her oceans are so light ... the man with the cross wears her dress, the man with the shadows wears her thick aura, while the boy carries her flag ... they are marching to the rain's city ... where moses rides the killer-pig ...

This is her painting this is her dream ... she will cry until her man is save. He's lost with his ship for too long ... She will rage until her boy is married to the queen of broken hearts. When the knife moves towards the man with the mask, she will start to scream ... she's still the siren's daughter, she's still the woman's breath ...

Her docter is worried about her, this woman in the wheelchair ... she offered her hair to the broken man ... that's why her hairs grew so tall, reaching for the ship of the city ... the broken city ...

Her peace is lost, her words are full of tears ... entering the man's throat ... he feels so strange inside ... the movements of her eyes are like the birds flying, like the butterflies touching april's flowers, surrounding them in their warm auras ... to let them forget about winter's pain ... when she passes by the roses begin to bloom ... feeling their own nectars streaming through their fragile bodies ... When she touches the doorhandle, they feel the elve's glue, thick syrop running over their leaves ... like the rain's voice, like the ornament's dew ... they feel well, whenever they think about her ... such a pleasure is her voice ... like a million of magic taps are opening ... her songs are raging through the night ... killing the drama's ... soothing the lampsteads ...

Her voice is like the ocean ... like the watergun ... not letting go until the door is open ... She's a devoted summerdance, not breathing until she feels her love is breathing. She holds her breath for a million of soldiers, soldiers from the white chocolate ... She holds her breath for a million of elves ... from the white chocolate ... The fires of her tears are burning in her eyes ... They will not stop burning until you find your destination, until you are save and at home ... The waterfalls of her tears stream harder when danger tries to touch you, and finally she overwhelms you with her oceans of tears to take you away.

Six-hundred fires dancing in her eyes. Sixhundred funerals, sixhundred graves, sixhundred roses growing there, till they are all home. Sixhundred men called Jesus, and a boy carries their flag ... These animals are all ... protected by her laws

Moonchild

Moonchild, running on the edge of life ... until his baby is save again ...

Moonchild riding on the edges of the see on a firered horse ... he would die for his baby ...

Moonchild ... you were always sweet enough ... to touch the candles ... and take them in your hands to search for your baby

Moonchild all your dreams are waiting for you all those horses in the night ... they will bring you to your baby

Moonchild still a painter in the storm ... still a painter of wild obsessions still the baby's dream

Moonchild ... riding on the edge of possession ... on a horse too high for him in a light too bright for him Gathering the pieces of the shattered dream Waiting for the moonlight's table Having dinner with a bottle of wine to paint his baby's eyes red and drive them into the mysterious caves Those running caves those brave caves ... to open the deepest door ... to reach the deepest treasure ... in the heart of his mother in the toy of his brother in the march of his sister in the brains of his dad.

Moonchild ... always searching for honest possession always riding the edges to give it all away to his sweetest baby ... to his own third world to his inner wars too big to understand to the inner flower there carrying all his lost horses carrying all his lost lights the waterlights

Moonchild still running for own honest possession still running on the edges to give it all away to the highest moon, to the highest star shining on the face of the lost child his child our child everyone's child the child of the moon ... Moonchild

Moonchild II

Moonchild, running on the edge of desire ... running on the edge of life ... to see the master's art

Moonchild ... roaring like the lion's baby ... roaring like the edge in the night roaring like the solar conscience

Moonchild picking the wildlife's dream picking the westlife's desire
breathing the flower's steam

Moonchild sitting in the coin of a lady sitting in the coin of a dream ... the lion's
dream

And when the sheep is with the baby ... and when the lion is with the sheep they
will all live together ... that's the moonchild's dream

And when the saint and the pirate the lady and the dream all live together
that's the moonchild's dayvision ...

Moonchild picking out the lion's street, picking out the true time's confession, on a
hard day's dream ... moonchild, not resting while his baby is searching ... searching
for his hand to touch ... searching for his heart to heal

And the conscience is ticking of a new world and dream ... of a daytime's vision ... on
a hard light's stream and when the true time's confession blames the lamb and
the goat it will be a hard time's confession all living in a bottle of hope

Moonchild raging like the lion's rage raging like the guitar's tear ... searching for a
hard man's dream ... Moonchild, your tables are so desperate ... your tables are so
hard and unconscious ... on this hard back's dream

Still the back of a lion Still the spine of a snake Still the eyes of a panther still
the puma's lake still the wasp's misconfession still the backward's dream ...
still the lights too bright ... still the daylight's stream

On the ornament the clock ticks In the sand the treasure dies till a pirate
embraces it to shatter it with lies to mix it with anger ... to mix it with hate
to let an other ornament come forward riding on a hard man's embrace

Moonchild still living in the lion's tea ... still swimming through lies and
misconfessions still the desperate knife in his knee ... Moonchild, no sentiments
no ornament's sea ... no picking out the lion's colours it's all twisting between
poles you see His first eye painted by snow ... his second eye painted by solar fire
.... his third eye kicked by a shepherd his fourth eye to make them all skewed

His touch like the trauma's day ... that awful day in september that awful strike in
his face it made the hard day rise

Moonchild still singing lullabies to survive all these confusions from a
hard tea's milkmaid Moonchild feeling the delirium inside feeling all the
dishes breaking and heading for the trauma's of daylight Moonchild you
wished you were a bird in the night ... swimming to the darkest caves feeling the

cool touch of the black light Moonchild ... still running on the edges of two faces ... and tomorrow you will see the third one the one you always dreamed of seeing your baby seeing your loved one she rised from your split ... from your cave inside between your two faces her flower can grow and she will take you ... to your fourth face it will be her own split ... it will be her own cave and in this you can grow yourself like the moon's flower, like the moon's rain like a moonchild

Moonchild, with your feet painted by blue stepping through different poles touching different edges Moonchild your love grows deep in the night ... from all caves and splits from old wars and new wars from lights too bright

You're still carrying the flag You're still carrying the cross for him You're still Joseph from Arimethea You're still a wildlife's dream You're still the painting on grandfather's attic You already died so long ago But you're still living forth in our dreams touching earth by daylight and also in the night You are still carrying the flag in the stories You still dry Mary's Tears You're still a boy's dream ... You're still a milkmaids fear You're still a hard man's life on the edge of desire growing there like a flower in despair but you will grow from the books you will grow from your deep graves to rise up once again to see the face of your own moon

Moonchild on saturdays you are quiet, on sundays you drum the drum on mondays you carry the flag on tuesdays you carry the cross

Still a strange painting in the night still two eyes of a wasp ... still with stars on your black blue flag still red shadows glittering there like waves in the night like hairs touching the ground like tears touching the hard lives ... to make them all soft

Moonchild, you're raging like the saturday's fire you're raging like the sunday's dream you're raging like the monday's desire on tuesday the cock will stand up with all it's colours and lights ... with all it's shadows and harlekines sitting on the top of the church ... sitting on top of all mysteries Moonchild, oh Moonchild this will be everyone's dream

When the cock will hit the moon, when the red man meets the blue ... when he will meet the hard time's confession and the purple white spoon, when he will meet the two faced harlot and the empty life's rule ... It will be a daytime confession and a hard man's cocoon ... On sunday yes the butterflies will rise ... tall and with no mercy ... just showing the games and the rules showing the hard time's marbles showing the empty dreams showing the hard ways out ... showing

the soft time's ladders showing the true light forces Moonchild I'm
preaching like a Bilmageln preacher ... I'm preaching like the hard day's son ... like
the hard day's dream Moonchild you're lying in a ship of gold streaming to
a soft world's attention on the streams of golden water-lullabies those golden
voices of birds having their own special songs ... and their own traumatic tunes
from their own traumatic palaces It's just the nighttime's rule To find your
nighttime's bed ... to strike a daylight's attention to find a hard day's mess It
was all wrapped in consciousness ... all wrapped in this place and now these bells
will open it to let you enter your stage your dayvisions your messages
your rules

Moonchild it is painted in the air it is painted in the afternoon

The Band

When the Band is in town, the whole town is in fire,
echoes on the wall, sliding over the tiles of the houses.
Bilmageln still the drummer ... after all these years ...
Still touching soft buttons ... and then they all fall ...

She never becomes ...

She never becomes spring to the holy ones,
She never becomes rain ...
She never becomes the fuel in the applecake ...
She never becomes spring

She never becomes spring,
She never becomes rain ...
She never becomes fuel in the applecake,
She never becomes spring.

She never becomes spring, to the holy ones,

She never becomes rain,
She never becomes truth in the atmosphere,
She never becomes spring ...

She never becomes spring,
She never becomes rain,
She never brings the truth to the apple-gates,
She never becomes spring

She never becomes spring,
She never becomes rain,
She never brings truth to the apple-dreams,
For the Bunny takes all his bunnies back

Miserable Magnets

She's having the cat-choirs in her eyes ... can I misunderstand her more ?
He's having the rhinoceros-choirs in his eyes ...
Someone has the snake-choirs in the eye, and the other eye has the shark-choirs ...
This can all happen on a strange day.

Grandmother has the horse-choirs in her eyes, that's why grandfather is running away ... He has the lion-choirs in his eyes, but they are sleeping today ... My uncle has the bear-choirs in his eyes ... What is this for a zoo ? Is Noah back ? And what would he have in his eyes ? I don't want to know, I can't stand the camera-choirs anymore ... All my fishes lie dead in the pond ... And I cannot talk anymore ... These are all nuclear choirs ... These are all ... lying sons These are all milkmaids from a strange stream ... and you are lying under it ...

Although I like the sugar-choirs, and the choirs from softness ... It's all like a spell lying on a chair ... And I don't want to sit on it ... Why are all my aunts sitting on it ... one by one ... one after the other ... together ... The camera-choirs would get upset ... The mirror-choirs also ... so I'm lying in bed ... smoking my last cigarette ... well, I don't smoke ... just letting it smoke for awhile It's the nicotine-threat ... the cigarette-choirs ... I'm addicted to their songs well, I'm not addicted I just like to imitate with a rose's smile having the choirs of roses in my eyes ... that's finally

better although you never wanted to listen ... well, you did ... but I didn't take notice ... I was dying well, not really dying ... I just saw someone dying but he was also just imitating someone else ... and this person was also imitating so I didn't know who really died there I heard the funeral-choirs in the distance so it had to be real but I also heard the baby-choirs so someone was dying and getting born or maybe these were two different persons

Why are you sighing ? People always asked me ... now I ask you ... You still have the sigh-choirs in your eyes ... very good and good for your heart or are you just imitating ? ... imitating me ? I never sigh well, sometimes

She's having the catchoires in her eyes and the milkmaid-choirs I don't like the songs It's about funerals and babies

Are you in a ? no Are you in a ... mourning ? Are you having your funerals to get some attention ? Strange ways, strange ways I can't ... believe ...

You still surround your desires with babies so many trying to get the attention but what will you do with this attention ?

I know what you will do with it buying more funerals ... buying more babies buying more miserable magnets

Miserable Magnets II

These are miserable mornings ... These are miserable days I cannot watch the sun ... for it's miserable too miserable police-agents miserable me walking in miserable rain ... Is there anything worse ? No ...

These are miserable bicycles These are miserable children with all their self-made funerals Who's dying ? Their cats and their dogs and the people passing by these are miserable days

I'm watching the phonecall ... what a miserable thing I'm watching the train how miserable And you are miserable too

Watching how the day breaks the coffee ... into sleep again can you tell me another miserable story ... in this miserable land ?

And you try to run away from this miserable land ? Just like me ?

These are miserable mornings, and you are miserable too

Miserable trousers ... miserable clothes miserable food miserable doorhandles and even miserable windows all miserable things in a miserable land

Now what are we going to do about it ? Or is there nothing we can do ?

The coffee is so miserable, and this cookie from my aunt I got it twenty years ago It's still lying there on my table She died long ago but I still have her cookie a miserable thing on a miserable table and we both are staring at it miserable

Now to make things more miserable we can share the cookie, I bet it will be miserable for it's twenty years old Or do you think it would let us escape out of this miserable land ?

Well, actually it is an artificial cookie Let's say a toy You can touch it but never eat it But that is also miserable What a miserable morning To have such a miserable discussion

You always knew it better also today on this miserable day

I'm staring at this cookie for twenty years now Wondering how it would taste But I will never know for it's artificial

Well, everything in my aunt's house was artificial I'm still thinking about everything, how it would taste but I will never know I bet it will taste miserable

My aunt was a miserable woman, with the catchoires in her eyes She looked like you How is it now, after all these years without her ?

See, you won't speak, only showing me your artificial candy. Only opening books about how it would taste Discussions without words

With your artificial face I can never feel your skin Not that I want to It's just a strange fact

Well, I'm artificial too With some buttons on my hat

I'm a marionet since years That's finally better For it confuses people when they see a real apple between the artificial fruits My appleseeds are just stones

And you're still staring at me, with your artificial choir-eyes Raising the hard lines What is this for a funeral you are spinning ? And what are these tears in your eyes Which Jesus are you protecting now don't ask him for anything when he's hanging on his tall, thin cross ...

You're the best when it comes to art You paint with your tears tears of self-made funerals You killed something, so that you could have something to weep about Long-hairy cat

You're still a famous artist today But I knew where you got your paint from and what a talent the one you killed had also such a talent

You're still painting with blood, transforming them into tears Like you are the world's Maria Magdalena but these tears are artificial

Oh how you love to cry oh how you love to kill oh how you love to put these men in your mill oh how you love your cookie your artificial cookie to attract all the doves from the roofs of big houses They are still staring at it after all these years wondering how it would taste

These kisses from Judas these tears from Herod drowning Moses in a glass of water You painted his funeral before he died before he could split the sea when he was a little baby and now you use this little baby to wrap your art into it to get all the attention for a baby is crying and dying You with the baby-choirs in your eyes your sack is full of dying babies of crying wolves for the world to see That's why your art sells ... attracts the journalists and with the money you buy new knives and new cookies all artificial

The people want their babies back and they buy your art by high price But do they ever get them back ? it's all.... artificial It's all behind glass from your artificial tears

You cry with them day and night like your mother always did I still have her cookie Miserable Magnets

Painter's Wars

The Elve's Cosmetica, The dwarve's banana-stick

The Giant's lame advice the make-up's too thick

The fairy's lipstick ... several shades of pink ...

The witch's eyeliners rouge in all tints of blue ...

It's too mixed ...

They always complain it's never good enough

So now the heartbreak's doing the days

They still need cinderella's

They are too scared of the magic

They are too scared of the parties

Too scared of the prince

For he would take her away

That's why they always complain

But her make-up shines like the sun

It takes hours to describe it ...

It takes years to recover from it

The elfe's glue has done it's work

Candy pink lipstick works

From the big bag of santa clause ...

she's a doll from the shop ...

she's the girl from the big tart ...

with eleven threads as her pretty dress

her eyes painted by sun's desires

her arms baptized in the richest paints ...

all mixed by sandman

stirred by his horses

she's like the big statue

she's like the morning's rage

her lips in layers of colours

embracing the stagedive's dog

her lips swollen like sandman's rose

pale like the white chocolate

like the orange's tree

in snowwhite's december

in the frost covering the sea

it's all bubbling inside ...

it's all bubbling over ...

no one can blink like she does,

when i paint her all over

she's like the slowmotion of the white statue

bowing like a ballerina in gratitude ...

she wears the butterfly's kisses on her face

the rabbit's glue on her mouth

or is it banana's glue ?

about this the wars are raging ...

painters' wars

when she swallows her eyes gets brighter

when she wears a hat her lips become redder ...

in the white sand she's like the siren's make-up

all visitors from a make-up's dream ...

she's trying to reach higher

she wants her picture on the magazine

but then i stop painting

and burn twenty magazines

throwing away the doll ...

and taking another ballerina ...
first i will start to paint her boots for awhile ...

no any tear can change my mind ...
when the lady wants in the magazine ...
then i take twenty others instead ...
to paint their boots for awhile ...
only their boots

when the lady wants a crown ...
i will take a boy instead ...
and will paint his hat ...
for two days and a halve ...

when the lady wants me to paint her shawl ...
i will only paint horses in sandman's stables for thirty days ...

i will waste no any paint ...
i paint with tears, blood and rainbows ...
and some secret powders

sometimes i use glitters ...
or only black and white ...

it's still my painter's obsession ...
playing the strings of the waterfalls ...

today i painted the flames in your eyes ...
tomorrow i'll paint the red rivers ...

roaring in the night ...

next week i will paint the lion's heart on your head ...
and next year i will give you some rings and some rainbows ...
so that you can paint with me

but it depends on some manners ...
it depends on the tricks
for if you will use paint for possessed birds ...
i will paint the exit
then i will paint you a nice car ...
and i will paint you a nice planet
far far away from here
and i paint myself on a glass of good beer ...

The Girl with the Red Sword

Ritual of the Fruit

I see you standing there, with your tall velvet boots, reaching to your knees, with
some red ribbons.

I think you are from India, do you know the Girl with the Red Boots ? Do you know
Red Cape

I think you lost your consciousness ...

Or maybe I just did

Your sword is shining in the sun ... I wonder what you will do with it ... I was very
nice this year so I hope you will not use it on me ...

Oh, so you come for some things sitting on my back ?

Some strange birds, I see

Well, do it quick ...

And what else ? Some bears in my house ?

Do it quick ...

You are taking a glass with red wine ... Or is it blood ?

I will not drink any of this stuff, do you hear me ?

But there I lose consciousness ... I had to lock my nose earlier

Oh, god, I can not breathe

Where between heaven and hell ... where am I ?

And why are you cutting me into pieces ? And why do I burn like hell ?

Oh, you want to tell me a story ? Is that the way you speak ?

Oh, sorry, I should have known better that's what they do to fruits in your land
.... and then I can glide better through your mouth feeling your teeth ripping me
deeper inside and then falling into your stomache that's how they eat a fruit
in your country

Then where do you come from and what sort of fruit am I ?

Oh, that really doesn't matter to you ?

But to me it does ...

I want to know who I am, and where I am ...

Do I ask too much

Oh no, don't say shhhh

Is that how you treat a fruit ?

Oh your country does ?

I'm still burning ... still bleeding

But no one cares for that's how they handle a fruit ...

Okay, okay, I can love you for that

My mother told me this story long ago

Very long ago

When I was a baby-fruit

When I was lying in the basket

Or when I was still hanging on a tree

A tree in your country

I'm sliding through your body now ... through your veins and to your head Am
I becoming your hat now ? Or just the fruit on your hat ? Or the feather ? I don't
know and I don't care ...

But for the first time in my life I love to see a girl eating fruit Well, the girl with
the red sword

For the first time in my life I love it when a sword rips me into pieces and rip my
heart out It's all the ritual of the fruit

Buried in your Dream

This is my holy name,
And I'm waiting for you to proclaim,
That this was a liar in the flame,
And that I was once again
Buried in your dream.

And this is my holy day,
And this is my way to proclaim,
That I am once again,
Buried in your dream

Running subtle voices, are streaming through my head
To the corners of my mind,
To the coasts of my desires,
But I feel I'm running away to some old ways to hide
The leaves of summer try to soak my attention,
Trying to bring me to the flame ...
It is your flame It is your desire

Under a flag I still do not know,

Under a flag full of liars ...

But this is my holy day,
And I'm waiting for you to proclaim,
That I am once again,
A hider in a stream,
And this is my holy day,
And I am waiting for you to say,
That I am once again,
Buried in your dreams ...

The pain is getting stronger,
While I'm entering your portals of your so-called liberty,
I'm falling again
The ache is like the sting of a wasp,
I think I cannot hold it anymore,
You are fading again
I'm watching the screens of your ornaments,
What a nice advertisement today,
What a railroadrunner,
Hiding his heart in a micro-wave

But this is my lonely day,
And this is my way to proclaim,
That I was once again
Buried in your dreams

This is my heartache day,
And I'm waiting for you to say,

That your dreams never come true,
In this land of the lie ...

And this is my heart and my day,
And this is my holy sacred name,
That I came to see,
My burial in your dream ...

Just a funeral, a funeral, still waiting for the dawn
Still waiting for the flower on this grave ...
A key to my frozen heart
Another holy name ...
Today ...

Sisters of the Ornament

Don't let them break you, don't let them wash you again,
The ornament's sisters are not gonna get you, the ornament's sisters are not gonna
get you

Let them break again, these problems in the snow ... Let them be washed away by
the thunder and the rainbow

But the ornament's sisters are not gonna get you, the ornament's sisters are not
gonna get you

Turning to the snow, seeing a new face These cleaner's sisters are gone to another
other place

They are not going to get you anymore ... Your windows will not be broken and
washed by them again

For these are the days of the thunder-sharks These ornament's prides ... Too tall to decide

Don't let them break you, don't let them wash you again ...

The ornament's sisters are not gonna get you, the ornament's sisters are not gonna get you

Bring the devil here ... that devil from that old supermarket ... buying birthday's clothes ... for his sons to wear ...

Bring him here that old sailor, that old washer in the winds

Don't let them break you, don't let them make you again

The ornament's sisters are not gonna get you, the ornament's sisters are not going to get you ...

These years of the slaves are over... for now they drive the bus the bells of the shark ring ... the big shark ... coming to rise the beer

Don't let them break you, don't let them break you again Don't let them take you, like you are their ornament's spring ...

Just dare to say no, even when you think there's only a yes You are still yes ... from the no-zone

I was in Mosemas and Christmas after a day in Noahmas ... having three firs on my back heading for a colder winter don't let them break you you're now the prince of paper ...

Prayer of the Farmer's Son

Dreams are on my back, heading for a sight ... a sight in the rain

Meeting santa in a summer's day Meeting santa in the night Having the birthday as my pole it's my birthright coming to the flame, jumping from the plane ... into a deeper mystery is it the lion's tea ? Is it the daydive's terror ? or is it a new dream opening it's eyes for me Can he see me ? It's the water-camera ...

spouting like hell like liquid lights burning as a desire deep inside is it a new dream for you to decide

Meeting santa on a ship it's my birthday again and it will never end I'm in a land called birthday ... I'm in a land called sheep ... like sheep of light roaring through the night I was sitting on my carriage ... got it from a farmer well, i'm a farmer myself now ... and this is what i experienced but as soon as i start to tell some fairies and some sharks are starting their songs so i i never get the chance to tell you

There i am riding on my car sitting on top with my raincoat on i will beat these sharks ... but ... but they sing again with their choirs i want to see that composer that orchestra-leader

There I am again riding on my bike this time doing some tricks am ready to tell you everything but but see, they are here again am i not allowed to speak ? and why are these fairies wearing clogs ? are you dutch or something and these sharks ? oh don't tell me they are chinese ? and why are they wearing hats ?

Here again I'm riding now only on one wheel am i making it ? well there is a bit hope left, i'm going to tell you now ... all what i have experienced these su ... su summermonths oh no they start again it's making me deaf

I don't wear clothes anymore ... after these sharks' songs i'm desperate ... i don't have any breath for a conversation anymore it's like they ate my tongue i blew it and all my hope is go go ...gonethere they are again ...

I'm lying sick in bed, does anybody care, my tongue is in real big troubles now and sharks are dancing on it it's like the horror's rain do you have another movie for me ? and there they are again .. these fairies with clogs and even dwarves ? what's wrong with me ... I mean why am i not allowed to speak ? I mean I cannot tell my stories, ...only this one

Or don't you like that carriage I got from that farmer ... I can sell it ... if you want to no ? i can also burn it if you like that better oh why isn't that enough ? I I also need to burn that farm ? and even my own ? oh ? what ? you already did it ?where am i supposed to go now ? oh no, don't tell me ? i need to go to the sea ? between all these sh....sharks ? and what are you doing to my clogs ? you burn it too ?

Well, the water is soft, no doubt about that but i hope i will not be here on shark-dinner where am i ? in a pot of sharkfood ? what's that for ? you see it's

my birthday, so i was supposed to eat you actually and now you want to eat me ? oh come on give me a good break i have santa on my side and he's a wiz wi..... where is he ? you ate him too ? oh no, cruel one and now you're making a picture of me, after all what you have done to me ? oh ... it's for the pot so the sharks will know what's inside you're clever but that's my camera not anymore ? sorry I didn't know that I speak too much ? What do you want me to do then ? I speak so I'm alive Wh...what ? I only have five minutes to go ? For what ? trying to dance It's too late ... I can't open these locks and I don't enjoy dancing anymore without my clogs The only thing i want is to have my slaughter-house back oh you are the slaughter now ? the shark-butcher ? since when am i a shark i always was ? i was just a shark on land ? with clogs ? What will happen when these five minutes are gone ? I will be gone too ? to what ?oh, your stomache am I the new Jonah oh I escaped my task and you're taking me back to spit me out into Nineveh to be a prophet of doom instead of a farmer you want me to give people a chance ? instead of sacrificing them to the supermarkets you don't want me to be a cannibal anymore ? oh, first i need to warn them well, a farmer never warns he just sacrifices them to the supermarkets you prophets of doom you want me to be one of you ... or such a stupid fairy ? no way, i'm out of this place this lion's tea back to my farm which doesn't exist anymore only in my dreams i will find the treasures there but i know i can't tell stories anymore, for the sharks will sing, with their golden fairies why are they wearing clogs ? oh the water rises ? the sharkbells are ringing ?

i cannot talk, i'm only thinking this,dreaming dream of a farmer but hey, you guys need to go to the farmer who gave me the carriage it was all his fault, for with the carriage i found the farmhe's gone already ? where is he going ? to what ? to africa ? oh he gets some new animals ? oh, they get him ? for their farms ? so they won't eat them right they already did ? then why are you singing ? oh for his funeral ? i didn't know you were so ehm what is the word you eat my language away and you shock people with all these funeral-songs ... these shark-songs why don't you let the people talk it out ?you're a block hanging on feet ok, i give up, and go to sleep what, my bed's also gone ? ... what else do you want ? my heart ? oh no, my tictac ... my clock i got it from the farmer's wife ... enough to build the butchery hey hey it's still my birthday, so be nice to me oh it's also my deathday ? thanks how wonderful, and what will the present be ? new clogs ? oh for my father what sort of clogs are these ? oh ? red ones ? to run over fire to run in fire ? why so cruel ? please tell because he brought me in life ? oh no, you're not so diligent Lord, thank

you for listening to my prayers and please ... please don't sing through it the next time Amen.

Prayers from Butchers, Truants and Apple-corners

Lord, don't make such noise when you have fun with your loved one ... I cannot sleep day and night Amen ...

Lord, when you dream, think about me, for I don't like to be so alone when I'm doing the crime Amen

Lord, please when I shut the book, can you do my homework ? Amen

Lord, why did you raise me in this night ... I didn't invent this egg I didn't invent these shoes I only borrowed some adventures When will I be in chapter three You're still making noise with your loved ones Amen

Lord, just a few minutes, to hear my prayer please, I even quited the slaughter-machines for it for just five minutes That's not so long I know ... but tomorrow after i burn the school i will come to you again, oh holy one keep the beer cold Amen Then I will spend even ten minutes with you Amen and i will keep the chickens alive one day longer I will delay their funerals I will remember them with a tear Amen oh, and i will use their eggs for easter, and raise them from the death again on christmas Now can you please bless my butchery with your golden blessings ? Can you please bless the meat in my mouth ? Can you please forget their crying mothers and fathers I cannot sleep of it Lord, I know it's bad to have a butchery but it's one of the kindest butcheries in the land The chickens are almost guests the client is king I will let them enjoy before they die ... and on christmas i will raise them from the death ... sparing their eggs for easter Amen Shall I repeat ?Amen

Strange Foreign Birthdays

the first time is free ... the second will be a bit expensive but you fell already in love with it to never let it go never love something when it's for free for it's sent out by the wizard of addictions You can better go to the wizard of good apathies to save your soul

cooks from the sea ... marching to the lion's thrones ... cooks from the sea behind it there will be a throne of sharks ... three shark-bikes racing through the night looking for the broken apple ... looking for the ornament's egg three lamas following them ... on high heels shooting stars in the night

cooks from the desert ... looking for rumpfelstiltskin ... that old dwarf from the hills turning all he touches into gold to save the queen from the labour but to steal her kids out of their craddles cruel jokes, mr. sandman cruel jokes

and still your metal bottles ... screaming through the night ... like chickens without feathers ... like chickens without light but it appeared all to be a parrot on grandfathers knee complaining ? it was just a joke and now your full of it three years to follow ... you're spending some days on a holiday with it on a tropical island without a name

it stole your birthdays it stole your rights but you didn't care you only cared about the holiday it was all in the bottle but deeper there was the knife the screaming knife but you didn't hear you had potatoes in your ear looking for a holiday in the night ten santas on a row ten cards from grandmother with love all on a rainy day

and still you're singing songs of it ... ripping the icecreams in the night it was your own baby ... you were looking for the delights to realize ... your baby would not survive this desperate search what were you looking for ? so far in this ice you still call it paradise can't you feel santas winds on your hand ... trying to stop you from writing ? these deathletters they all serve a foreign birthday from a king you don't know what is he wearing ? can't you even see ? he's wearing the feathers of some killed chickens they carried your craddles

This god of ten the mailman in santa's service ... always bringing his letters but he will tear yours apart so many divorces on a chessboard ... ready for a race

And still you cannot see the horror of this until you will hear the new record of the shark the bird will bring it in the billboards also in your little city in your little pub you will taste it in your beer still you're flying through broken windows, washing the nights away helping the old men over the bridges like you're the traffic-agent of mr. birthday it's all to make them more addicted can anyone reverse this present there you go, blowing like the wind searching for new birthdays in the land of the death you don't care i still cry about this song touching heaven and hell by it but my mother invented it ... on her old spinningwheel she needs 10 inches more to create a big brother birthday

did you ever see a shark touching the rainbow ... you can only see it once in a lifetime no one survives the sight and still i see this picture every day like every day is my deathday and you're still smiling about thisok, i admit rainbows make sweet deaths especially when the job is done by sharks then

it's like a baby jumps through a broken window ... falling into a basket of sweet snakes the snake-egg is still the best trick of the shark ... after all these years of boring movies it raises the crowd to the top of their chairs letting their eyes touch the screen, a bit hard, but there's life on the other side of the movie-screen i've seen the most beautiful things there

the strange king from a strange birthday ... so strange that you will start to cry .. like a million babies in the hand of a crazy doctor call him the opposite of paranoid like some chemical boast still they are blowing trumpets about this training cats in the night strange birthdays ... strange birthdays like having a gun between your eyes then who is born you ? or something in you whose birthday is it anyway ?

i don't want to be born in your strange machine ... it costs a lot of money to look into my eyes ... actually you can never pay it so give it up i know some good greengrocers for halve of the price but all to make you more addicted the first time is free ... the second will be a bit expensive but you fell already in love with it to never let it go never love something when it's for free for it's sent out by the wizard of addictions You can better go to the wizard of good apathies to save your soul

The Land Behind Oz

Mr. Birthday is sitting on the wooden pier of saturn ... I'm running for it, never reaching the land ... It always slips through my fingers ... and the splinters are sliding into my feet still after all these years of birthdays I'm heading for Red Cape ... She's waiting for me in her castle or is it a palace ... I don't care ... and it doesn't seem I come any further with this Mr. Birthday is still tearing me apart, like he always did Drama after drama Movie after movie Shark after shark But all these parts all these torn out pieces of me, they form the ladder to Red Cape's windows I can finally enter her castle through all it's sides

She smiles ... it was just her way to pull me in All my shadows are jumping back into me again And i'm still a bit dizzy of this all

Yes, I created Mr. Birthday, she said isn't it a nice car ? Well, I said ... the thing didn't have a brake

She showed me her new dress a pink one she got it from Dorothy you know ... from Toto, from the land of Oz Oh, is Dorothy with you then ? I ask

Yes, she is staying with me for awhile

There she enters in giving me a birthdaypresent ... I'm sighing I don't dare to
open it

You can do it she sais it's nothing harmfull

It's a doll a pink one from polaris but it's bleeding ...

Now how can it bleed ? I ask

It's you, she sais ... you forgot to take all the pieces back which you left behind

Here they are again but you need to care for them for awhile

Oh, ok ... I say I'm walking deeper into the castle looking for secret doors

Sisters, I need to go on, I say ... I cannot stay ...

They begin to laugh saying : This is all there is ... Everything is here in this castle ...

Also your next journeys

Did I hear this before ?

I'm staring at some chrystal balls They are of different colours, filled with thick
jelly, steamy and smokey juice it's slippery and I'm seeing myself walking
there with Toto meeting some new friends

Am I going to Oz ? I ask to that great wizard ?

No they smile you are going to something greater to the land behind oz

There where the thunder roars there where the fogs dance there where the
bakers play you are going to the Land of Cockaigne

Oh, that's where I come from ... I once fell out of that book

Is that the land where the bakers dream ? Where the cooks are artists where the
dwarves are also the giants where the soft boys kick hard with iron
pillows where everything seems so confused ... yet so ordered where the
chaos is a beautiful painter ... with all-coloured snow having the sun's smile I
think I know that land I think it is mine

Sigh, so it's all in this castle ? Which door do I need to open ?

Dorothy takes me to the top of a tower, and when she opens the door it's like I step
into the deepest cellar I'm eating an aprange, that's an apple and an orange
melted into each other

While I'm eating I slide into a tunnel, so deep, but yet so high so light, but yet so
dark Everything is everything here I am Dorothy, and Dorothy is me and

we are both Toto and Toto is us We're heading for Cockaigne our new
world ... but yet so old

It takes ages ... this tunnel while it's likeall happening in a flash My watch
is running backwards like crazy and my head is in a flame while my stomach
is in ice I feel cold and warm at the same time like Sandman's Delirium

These people are small and large at the same time these people in front of
Cockaigne They are the Smarges Small and Large mixed They look a bit
like trolls

In the distance I see the bakers They wear such pretty hats I think these are
even eatable

It's like walking through a millions of kitchens ... but it's only one, a very big one
with so many corners and so many lights are shining there Lights from the
Water so Liquid so colourfull all colours pass by showing me all the
loves I had filling my hearts again So many hearts pumping through my body
.....

Bilmageln is cooking a new movie

Finally I meet the cook-king of the Smarges He drives all my images into the
water for a swim

Suddenly I am lying outside in the dust so this must be the land of Cockaigne
feeling wet while lying in the dust ... or is it a desert ? I'm feeling satisfied here, yet
hungry All opposites live in peace together They fight but in peace
They are themselves, ... but also the other switching like a mighty vibration, like
a mighty wave and you are still waiting for your coffee ?

If this is the place where the lion's tea finally ends It must be This must be
the Tiger's Coffee

I'm falling, but rising up Nothing is a problem anymore It's all part of the
game

So what am I looking for I'm still hungry so hungry

There in the distance the bakers walk with seven large tarts I bet these tarts
are soft and hard at the same time

When they speak their voices are low and high at the same time It sounds like
my head is bursting but it heals For at the first time I really feel my head
and the connection between the several parts I see all my pieces and they see
each other we need them all

I'm turning around entering a new world with Dorothy

So this is the land behind Oz right ?

Here the birthdays fly like birds ... and the christmasses roar like lions

Is this the paradise I was always looking for ?

I remember the tall paintings in my grandfathers bedroom Yes, those paintings were paintings from here And that tall lady with the black clothes and the sword that was Dorothy And the stones in the stove These stones were from here

And the old records from my granddad with the trumpets These were from here From the Land of Cockaigne I was never alone The sovenirs were always with me And they finally brought me back

Here I am not a slave anymore here I am my own boss again

And in the deep deep night I'm having deep conversations with Dorothy almost to the edge of Romantics but I don't touch them ... I like to play at the portals to celebrate my heart inside having so many rainbowroads to race here inside ...

I'm seeing the romantics walking, with candles in their hands purple flames with a bit of orange but I won't touch any of them I will let them pass by It's a good orchestra to listen to but I will let them pass by They are also on their way I like to race parallel along the edge but never looking into it

And so the deepest flowers can bloom, and the deepest juices can flow just to let it all roar, without touching it Dorothy smiles she understands the game and the balls it brings I like to get the bonus running from the inside Together we drink the cup of independency we aren't slaves anymore yet so addicted

Oh how the trees and flowers have such good contacts, without touching each other the secret lies in the heart in the temperence the distance the patient trumpets I'm touching the distance and it's running so close all of a sudden

Oh, the Land of Cockaigne so many lessons to learn so many ways to die, and coming alive again

Dorothy still smiling Toto is asleep It's so deep in the night all these lights all these awakenings It's the Tiger's Coffee or just good juice from Dorothy

I know that whenever the Lion's Tea streams It's only to bring me back to the
Coffee I know whenever I'm falling asleep, it's to wake me up again

The Lion's Tea surrounds this land like a tender mother, wild roaring to protect her
children While inside the Coffee is boiling And still we are creeping to the
middle of Cockaigne for the Jewel shining like the Liquid Rainbow Will it
be the Shark's Beer streaming from there ? Or the Bear's Wine ? I truly don't
know but it must be a confession it must be a reality of a deeper touch
than this one something that shines right through the curtains

Nightmare on Marilyn's Grave

The Cichlid's Dance Competition

a picnic red and blue

You were coming like the swan's prince, with your red feathers, trying to impress
me on skates

You were sure to win those golden balls

And I will wait till you are done

But the blue swan is also here, and I will watch his show also waiting till they are
both done ...

I learnt to be very objective these years So I will watch it without lighting a
flame

My face is tight like the cichlid's lion ...

Drama after drama you spin ... and you still think that's impressive

You dance on bears you killed catching their souls in your trousers

Now they are your slaves forever ... bringing the juices to your mouth ...

You like to see them getting tired and you always liked to tell them how tired
they looked ...

Cruel jokes, cruel jokes

Here you are spreading your paradises to the audience

But it's the highway to your hell

You're looking for some new adams

Preparing them for a pretty fall and to serve in your farms

It's the cichlid's apple

These tropical fishes follow you everywhere you go

for some cruel conspiracies ...

Beauty wasn't made for that, little boy

Do you still believe in the golden swan ?

With his cichlids in his service,

They all live under a threat,

and so are you

Do you still love to shine your pink lights in the night ?

The candy's attraction

But when the morning falls ... it all appears to be poison

From that cichlid apple of your self-made paradise

Paradise to a new prison ...

The fluoresce is too hard to hold

And the desire is programmed too deep

And then they all take a bite

To sink into your trousers

To become your shoes

Slaves forever ...

In this land of yours ...

Your eyes are like the cichlids,
running from one side to the other,
telling what dreams people should have ...

About lost paradises

About a girl called Eve

All to breed the addiction

So many paradises surround the audience heads like butterflies

They enjoy it like they enjoy raspberry chewing-gum

Something which they can never swallow

But it gets deeper within ...

To lay the curse

And then it is too hard to keep in the mouth

And they swallow it

to die in your arms

And that is why you dance

You dance on broken feet

But the cichlid is growing in the child called Jesus

And it's growing in me too

To head for the dance competition

And when I dance

I just stare

Staring at the cichlid staring at Jesus

Without bowing my head

For there's thunder which speaks

Then I will remain calm, to point my finger at you

Telling the story of the red and the blue swan

Who made the cichlid paradise

But got in a fight about the harvest

Like Cain and Abel

Now they build their own paradises

And have their wardances at night

And I'm sitting between them

Just watch how the stars explode

With Little Jesus on my lap

Having the cichlid's tears

That's all we have to do ... Just sit and watch

And telling the story

Like Lilith escaped paradise

A red picnic and a blue picnic now finding their own ways ...

The golden picnic still waiting for the next strike,

While the green picnic really fights with the yellow one

Two lions in a boat that will always give problems

But at the end of the day I have enough paint to make my own paradise

To paint my own Jesus, and my own Adam and Eve

While Lilith is running the perimeters ...

Me and Jesus watching the stars from the new paradise

Watching the golden swan waiting for the big explosion,

And then all the shows will start over again

But this time the sting is out of it

The needle has been broken

Return of Dan Roland

Together we watch the cartoons

It's not frightening anymore

All our fears are laughs now

When a fear becomes a laugh ... The juice starts to flow

It's all in the big machine

Tomorrow there will be coffee

I'm entering the palace of soap deep down in cockaigne

Seeing six bleeding horses

And five bleeding cocks

I'm shivering They were the victims of the dance competitions

Almost killed in another one's paradise

You cannot handle nuclear beauty You cannot handle nuclear care

There were the nurses want to do quick surgeries ... To be at home earlier

Those seven sisters from the ornament

Yes, they are all sisters ... doing the dances to hide their secrets

All these dances ... all these dances are just misleadings

Are just the tricks of the businessman

And he's still the puppetmaster

with his seven puppet-sisters he travels through the land

that old poltergeist where freddie krueger runs for and rumpelstiltskin hides
his rakers running screaming into the night ... hoping he will ever see
daylight

it's Dan Roland taking over the land with seven dolls in his hand

His barrelorgan is grey ... but full of cichlids

The tropical fishes worship his breaths

He's the king and when will he possess the land

He will throw his coins, and put on the automatons

Soothing the mass into sleep

But yet the depression will rise and the fear

For suicide is his name

Ghosts don't have feet they soar in the air cutting all others from their feet
to make them like butter in the pan

Dan Roland, but then your days will be over

For the snake will take you and the snake will break you

And then we will be finally over the river

For suicide was his name

And big was his name ...

Dan Roland the Great

By some even called The Greatest

With records and coins in his eyes

He was the Pied Piper bringing the rats from the candy into the fear ...

Dan Roland with his liquid records and his liquid smile

infiltrating the hearts of so many ... with his beautiful songs

But when the dance is done

The sting of the wasp is standing there like a flag

pronouncing days of desperate nightmares, fears and depressions,

with it's trumpets of suicide

No one can eat a cichlid without paying it's price

Your apples, Dan Roland, your apples
made people too big for this world
To give them fame like Marilyn Monroe

But to die a sudden death

It's all in your books, Roland

To gather them for a records rage

Splintering guitars is what you gave them

Eating the heart from inside out

To satisfy your desperate hungers

And you still love your stories

You were the music-box of demons and fallen angels

You, the number of seven upside down

Nightmare on Marilyn's Grave

Productions without ears

No mercy after the dance

Song from Dan Roland

And still you sing :

In your blood I will bleed tonight,

In your blood I will warm myself today,

In your blood I will live forever,

In your blood I will stay,

I will be sick and old forever,

It is all which will remain,

But by this I will mix it with health and beauty,

an eternal youth will dance for me
I will pick your cards ... I will take your legs
and eat them without mercy

For it's too late already,
The mournings have already begun ...
I am the mourning I am the bitterness

And I will mix it with all the joy and all the beauty ...

This very day

With my cichlid's eye

In your eyes I see the doom
In your eyes
In your eyes I see your future
In your eyes
But I also see a snake

A snake which will jump from you to me ...
To destroy all my beautiful songs

And to sing a new song

Song from Dan Roland and his brother

In your eyes I see the Aakse,
In your eyes ...
In your eyes I see the Aakse,
In your eyes

But I also see a second snake,
The two are fighting together

About me, their meal

But first I will rise

First I will eat

The snake will bring you across my river,

That river of death

Then I will run to my brother, the golden swan

They worship the golden swan

They worship ... his mind's possession

His tragedies ... are a way to kill

For when you see it ... you will be there

It's just the way for him to seek this attention

To cover up so many drama's inside

Oh yes, he tells them ... oh yes, he dreams them

And you will be his doctor ...

And you will be his flame

But at the end of the day you lost your name

For you couldn't handle it too and now it's stuck into your heart

It is the Aakse ... but another snake will win

For also the Aakse's days are counted

There will be a big fight in the Snake's Lake

And a big fight on the sun

With you between them

Two lions fight together in a lake

While someone is skating there

While someone is losing a doll

While the parrot was leaving

It was all to make your heart at peace

And now you're reaching for the lullaby

And now you're reaching for the fame

And now you're putting everything an octave lower

Taking over the land

Is that what you want ?

Is that what you desire to see ?

Your daydreams getting stuck ...

And your switching the octaves

From layer to layer from curtain to curtain

To pierce deeper into the palace

To pierce deeper into the dream

All these little blades are ringing

Like the arabian curtains,

and Cockaigne Curtains in the distance

And your mother's ones

Is that what you want ?

In this song of Dan Roland and his brother ?

Are you lost in a house ?

In a daydream house

I was a victim of Reticuli

Like you were

Are you lost in a dream ?

Do you know I'm the dream the brother of Dan Roland

Are you missing a good book

Or missing a good clothe to wear
Are you missing that icecream ... you loved to eat
Now we sing together

To bring you another dream

To bring you an octave higher

To see the fulfilments and the falls

Character seven is my name ... I am the lion's desert and I'm still the golden
swan

I'm still the broken sun I'm still the helping heartache

Rising from the dawn

I will take over when my brother falls

I will carry him away

To give him a good funeral

To sing some good songs

After the fear has gone

I am the heartache, I am the daybreak

I am the true son, which leads you out of depression

I am the true maze, I am the true case

I am the golden swan

I am the heartache, I am the rain's brain,

I am the darkness after the darkness has gone

I am the swan ... the golden swan, to take away your fears, to take away your
depressions

I am the school, I am the doom after the doom

I will take my brother's place, and then I'm born again

I am the second Pied Piper of the stage

But I am still the Sickness, I am still the old man

I am still the death

Nightmare on Marilyn's Grave

And still these two brothers are dancing on Marilyn's Grave, Their voices so high. Dan Roland, the fear, the depression and the suicide, and his brother, Deon Damar, the sickness, the weakness, the tiredness, the pain and the death. Two poltergeists, two ghostmucisians, two composers, two dreamers. Do they have another brother ?

Song from Deon Damar and the other brother

I am the hollow pain,

I am the ornament in the night

When the snake attacks

I will take care of my brother to give him a good funeral and a good place to bury him

I am the hollow night,

I am the ornament in the rain ...

I am the shyness,

So shy,

I will isolate myself in silence,

I will isolate myself in the rain,

I am the shyness,

I am the isolation,

I will give you peace,

And take away your pains

I am the shyness,

So shy,

I come to wash away tomorrow

to give you this day ...

*To live forever ...
I will make you quiet ...
I will wash away your pains ...
I will wash away your frustrations,
And bring you into isolation.*

*But also this one the Aakse will eat
These three brothers, these three ornaments, these three musicians ... these three
musical boxes they will fall all three*

Rio Damar is the third brother, is there also a fourth one ?

Listen to the song of Rio and the fourth one :

*Drama after drama, light after light,
but there is peace now and the lights are dim,
It is time to go to sleep, It is time to go to sleep*

*There is a song, above all songs,
and all the children love it*

There's a song above the hill

*About Santa Clause is coming,
about sandman sends a ring ...*

*And it is good for your soul,
to listen to his dreams*

There you start to flow, there you start to go ...

To the land of cockaigne ...

To the dream beyond the dream

*But the fourth one will also be caught and destroyed by the snake ... This last shelter of
the boys These four panthers will finally fall When it's the snake's dinner ...*

Nightmare on Marilyn's Grave ...

The Aakse ... who is it that old old snake

He's having the spoon Coming to take and to leave behind

He will even eat the old woman of the catlikes

But she will only laugh and eat him from inside out

That old woman of complaints will fill the world once again ...

And she will come like the dragon, the grey one

With twenty horns on her head ...

They will rise from Marilyn's Grave

The Mirror II

There I'm sitting behind my carillon ...

It took me ages to get here ...

Here I sit behind the bells, the buzzers and the rings ...

Not daring to touch one of them ...

I know what will happen when I touch one of them ...

I didn't forget it ...

So, here I sit alone and excited behind the chimes ... behind my mother's
bells ...

I know which ones spread the powders of mom's voice

I liked to hit them over and over again ...

I know which ones will release the warm fluids of mother's attention ...

I know them ... I know ...

So there I sit, holding my breath, not daring to touch one of them

For I know what happens when I touch one key before it's time ...

The seconds change into slowmotion, I see my mother's world rising like a wave, the
seconds move away from each other

I'm wearing my Peter Pan suit ... feeling my leg-knives and my arm-knives together
with the pins of my bow They are still sharp as hell I'm waiting for the lost
boys ...

Some buttons of my suit are lost too ... I'm waiting for mother to sew them on my
jacket again ... Then the play of chimes can begin

My enchanted barrel-organ is standing in the Enchanted Garden ... spreading
purple powders

I know this little thing will hit the echoes ...

The fairies on the other side of the world will hear ... They will carry the raspberries
to the clowns ...

I know which keys awake the whirlpools of enchanted mirrors ...

They come from Snow White's coffin of glass

She was a girl killed by her stepmother's jealousy
a raging and roaring apple

Her brother was called Snow Red

He also got the same treatment from his stepmom ...

But he went to the Seven Giants and was killed by his stepmother's poisoned
orange ...

He also lay in a glass-coffin for awhile, but was saved by a mermaid ... The
Enchanted Mirror herself

She came from Saturn, wearing rings of love Sailing with doves, racing with
rats She was Aldebaran's Pride the pride of the toymaker her father
Gepetto's brother ...

Piece without name

Red Cape is sitting in her garden, watching her flowers grow .. and the fishes in her
ponds ... She plays her choirs-piano ..she still loves her mother's choirs ... So many
piano's in front of the house ...watching the garden ... the animals piano still a

strange thing roaring through the night but the flowers love it they feel themselves grow

And then there is the piano of stars ... to let the stars play at night ... to cover the garden ... and to give the flowers some travels ... She loves to watch the night ... it's like a cool bath of life's ocean ... a treasure of an arabian dream ... but still there are things she tries to forget ...

She dances with the ornament's prince ... She skates with her sister ... There are so many things she likes to do She still wears the banana's crown after all these years ... She's there to help the Red Woman, she's there to help the Red Brain ... Her touches are very tall ... echoing through the fogs of a new morning She's still a mistress after all these years ... The kids love to listen to her stories ... all flowers in her garden Her house is full of dishes ... she got from an arabian princess ... The dishes speak at night They tell stories and she writes them all down

They are still the records on her wall singing songs in the night ... swimming as whales in daylight ... She knows all their songs ... They are the jewels in her eyes ... warming the jaguar's cat the puss with the big boots She's still the ornament's pride Still Gaia's light ... no woman can do what she does ... no man can reach for her dress ... she's the icecream's holiness ... from a potatoe's dream she's the sand of the daylight's white beaches ... she's the coconut from foreign streams warming the oceans fishes and all the special places hidden deep beyond the surveys her needles reach there to embroider the cat-pillows for tomorrow The birds love her voice wandering through the night ... searching for lost toys and children ... searching for old clocks she counts all their tears and carries them inside until they find their hearths deep inside she's not wasting any second she cares for them all in the big ballbubble in the middle of her living room ... Her kids love to play there in the middle of summer

All these balls in the big bubble all these names ... written on golden paper watching the glories of tomorrow's horses white ones pale ones reflecting the mother's peach soothing the hearts of the tired soldiers gathering their legs lost in the night

It is Red Cape's pride ... hanging around her neck like the medicine's snake Bilmageln is ticking on her clocks like yesterday's sparrows

Those red dreams saw the puppets in your eyes When Bilmageln hits the drums with his spoons the blue lights will start to fall and grow on the old planet ... reaching for the old earths ... all of them ...

She is carrying the Red Fires between her breasts ... having fountains of red milk for her childrencats The Wheel of Noah spins in her house ... It is the red desire ... it is the red ornament ... It cares for her clocks and it's the milk's softness It's the Lounge Bravour, the Promenade, the backstream on a horse's car She still has the face of a horse The trees of snowpowder are releasing with every tick It's still Bilmageln's pride and glory

Song on Rabbit's Hill

Is it ... just a child inside ...
or is it just a mother,
roaring for a dream ...

Is it just a child ... inside
or is it just a mother
running for her child ...
running for her baby

The edges are rising higher
It's like the dream is attacking,
Very hard today, today, today,
Running like an echo,
Raising the tiles and the towers of the city

But I'm running to the edge of some old desires,some very old ones
almost forgotten in the storm,
And there I'm crying like a baby
Roaring like a lost eagle
not knowing what is tearing me ... apart

Is it just a child inside
Or is it just a mother ... running for a dream
trying to bring her son back ...
where he belongs

Is it just a child inside
or is there really an elephant on my back

The pains are climbing higher,
searching for something
And I don't know what
I'm lost in this land of confusion
tearing curtains down
meeting some old dogs

Or is it just a child inside
asking for it's mother,
running through the darkest night
or is it just a holy cloud
trying to get my attention
my pillow and my fight

Isn't it just time to let go ?
Or is it just the beginning of a new day,
I don't know
I still don't know

When the dwarf meets the giantin the dream
When the pillow meets the fightin the nightmare
when the mother meets her child in the dark sunis it all over then ?

Or is it just a new beginning of all sorrows I still don't know

Is there really a child inside

Is there really a mother ... fighting for my dreams

Is there really a santa clause

and post from saint Nicolas, bringing the snow to me ...bringingthe snow ...to...me
... with sixhundred towelsand sixhundred pillowsand washing the fights....it
will all...slideaway.....deeper inside or just outsidemore and more Will
i ever know, will i ever know the secret of the echowhere it will go inside or
outside to the child or to the mother.....

Piece without name II

Speeding to the mountains on the bike of rabbit's hill

Touching the liquid moons

Like you always did

Those babies those babies with the computerheads ... with the chewing gums
inside

Still the sweet guns of the universe

walking all in line of the game

with their black jackets raised high

Those babies of tight desires

Those wonders of blue strategies

Oh blueberry hill oh blueberry mountain

Raising the pocketgun in the air

For some upside down mathematics

Still a liquid alphabet baby still a roaring race baby

Having the muppet-lollipops inside

Those babies of green nonsense-speeches

Gaining the flowers of the big icecream

No matter what they touch

It all explodes like racing hells

No, these guys are divine in saintsuits they pass by leaving flowers to the edges of the streets

Those babies those mirrorshops those dreams from the green bell

Too pale to become a bubble rather the insides than the touch

Piece without Name III

Moses and Moses, walking on Jacob's Ladder

They can see the world from here, and the sight changes, every step they take

Moses and Moses, still splitting seas and deserts ... even their own heads

Even ...their own trousers ...

Moses and Moses ... causing whirlpools in a glass of water ... It's all deeper inside ...

They are looking for the fish to save a man called Jonah ...

The Fish will spit them out on Nineveh's Beaches ... Here the whirlpool-pillars

stand God was so mercyfull today ... It was open heaven Still a road to heaven Yes, in Nineveh we are safe The city will not be reversed A decision of the Round Table Churches Near the City a miracle tree grew

Oblezea Vitrinium

Birthday's Eye

the world beyond fairytale IV

Part 1. Strange Paintings on Grandfather's Attic

Painting 1. Terror from the Cichlid's Eye

Painting 2. Poetry from the Big Gun - Zeppelins from Mars

Painting 3. Apocalypse of Rats

Painting 4. Apocalypse of Sharks - Hunted by the Big Q

Painting 5. Apocalypse of Birds

Painting 6. Wild boys

Painting 7. Horror with a glass of wine

Painting 8. Horror on a mondaynight

Painting 9. Return of the Toy

Painting 10. King of Fake

Painting 11. The French Schoolbook - Cruel Heritages

Part 2. Strange Statues in the Billiards Room

Statue 1. Echo's Birthday - The Cobra's Prince

Statue 2. When the Mills Start to Speak

Statue 3. Straight Blue Bananas - The pencil's friends

Statue 4. The Baker's Kid - Fallen Ink

Statue 5. The Strike of the Cartoon - Touches of Brahms

Statue 6. the woman with many lips

Statue 7. Boys from Tucan - when the tiger goes to sleep

Statue 8. Beauty of Silence II - ode to the tiger

Statue 9. Hard White Candy

Statue 10. The Land of the Sirens II - when the breastedikes are breaking

Statue 11. Return of the Old Cigar - Doomprophets from Cartoon

Terror from the Cichlid's Eye

The cichlid's Eye ... passing it by

Without rumors without lust for everything went ...asleep

Passing by the Cichild's eye

Seeing the toysoldiers rising up on the attic

It's grandfather's birthday

grandfather's birthday

Now i give him all the toys he gave to ..me

Now i give him all the lusts he let me experience

what comes around ... goes around ...

Passing by the cichlid's eye ...
seeing my mother eating my aunt
but it was just a marsh-harrier rising ... a bloody old owl
from venus

Putting on the cichlid's glasses
what a fun to have it ...
it gives me power but what sort of power
i'm laying it down on my grandfather's knee
for this is all what he gave to me
what comes around ..goes..around ...

putting on the cichlid's trousers ... now i see a new world which i never saw
before
seeing the cichlid's confession a true one ... on a hard day's spoon
there is a man called bilmageln there is a land named after him
it's the brother of sandman, and the brother of cockaigne
all these men ... with their little men a pretty picture in the family-album ...

putting on the cichlid's hat ... now i see my aunt like an owl
putting on the cichlid's confession now i see ... this world was all in me
these movies were all in my body ... in my stomache, swimming fishes from the
zebra

to a world full of trousers, to a world full of clothes a world in granddad's
wardrobe a world ... still standing on his pedestal cupboard coming into life
at nightsinging the most beautiful songs but i still ...didn't ..catch that bird
maybe it needs to catch me

in a pretty worldthere i see my uncle goes through the wrong door, into the
wrong house, meeting the wrong lady what's so pretty about that it's just a
movie it's just a dream and then i got other nieces maybe that would

save the whole family for now hitler is captain on this little paper ship having noah's rod in his hands ... the fishes fear his trousers

in a pretty world there i see my mother still searching for the big ant maybe that dream would save the family ... for then she would forget about those frogs she already had had in that dream

in a pretty world there i see the faces of my grandma the faces of a young follower of bilmageln selling towers to the cats in a pretty land ... where i wouldn't buy these damned shoes in a pretty land and that would save the family now we're on ship with a captain called hitler running through the night to awake the big potatoe

on a pretty planet ...there i see the faces of a cow running through ice and milk on a pretty land there i see some strangers running with tight faces would that save my family ?

and what if my family was saved by all these pretty tales who would be the captain then ? who would be the mistress don't you think that it was all the delay of the crash ? or or don't you think the problem would come in another dress then

for it's the cichlid's eye, with many shades with many tricks inside if we would survive one trick, the other trick will come twice as hard are we cursed in this land forever ? danger isn't hiding under one shape or one colour we have to do here with a cichlid grandfather bought long so long ago in a shop of swindlers in a shop of dreamers the boss of the shop told when the cichlid would finish his story there would be only licorice left so my granddad said it was worth it but it was chocolate hard old cold chocolate poisoned by a faery that was all he could give me my granddad but if he would buy another cichlid we would have the same sort of trauma's for it doesn't matter which cichlid you buy they always give such troubles and the cichlid said he already finished the story ... but he was still speaking through it's stomache we all thought it was a toysoldier speaking grandfather's one and when we found out it was the cichlid still that old cichlid just another trick we finally found our licorice

it comes it is a shapeless terror don't think when you would be in another shop he wouldn't strike you for he knows all shops and he's everywhere

it comes it is a colourless terror don't think when you would have another granddad you wouldn't meet the little terrorist for then he would come through your grandmother's bag-blanket and that would be finally worse

Poetry from the Big Gun

Zeppelins from Mars

can't you see it's all about a lion's dream it's all about your mothers lover who gave you that symbol sliding in the air above the desert it's that guy your mother always dreamt about to give you a good craddle it was all her deep care for you for when she looked in his eyes for the first time it was you which she had in mind and she took her little calculator to see how long it would take to make you alright you her baby

the mas

when a mosemas becomes a christmas,
when a noahmas becomes a petermas,
when a pinocmas becomes a gepetmas,
then lightening has born.

in a place called bethlehem,
where all the mas gathered,
a fir ate a pear.

no dreams can describe the magic around this picture,
it was the ascensionday for soldiers of wordwar II,
thirty names graved on a jericho's wall.

when a santamas becomes a sandmas,
when a dreammas becomes a bilmamas,
the automaton starts,
the fairytale rides,

for all these mas are running to a new edge.

when a mosemas reaches the mosemas-tree,
the giantpond survives.

it was all in the pear where your games were sealed into the book,
where you could finally sleep

it was fun, oh yes, but you finally wanted to have a place to have a good sleep
now you know where this ship is going to.

it was all about a wizard,
it was all about a fear and a tear,
guiding you to a maze,
in which you found the golden pear.

it was all about a rose,
it was all about a game,
leading you into the heart of a lion,
where you met the fir of tales.

this master of the lions tea,
this wizard of the westcoast,
this man of a million books,
brought you to the edge of a new sea,
where you could understand your dreams,
where you could finally reach the museum
cuyornaida corset

for when the book opens itself,
you finally find rest,

you finally feel a candle in your hand,
having a little light in darkness and rain.

these cigarlighters from spain,
these ornaments in the giant's rain,
these lusts from london,
baptized in french accents,
could finally destroy the stage,
and bring the stage-diving dog to the hospital.

these ornament's rains,
these cigarlighters from roma,
they were your tall liquid trousers,
to let you enter a new day
cuyornaida corset

gepetto was a railroad lighter,
with trousers too short,
but now you finally found him,
in a new craddle full of feathers,
here the phoenix will rise
you found it all in bethlehem,
where he was born in a craddle called jesus,
this speaking craddle this ... railroadchanneler

but now he's slow enough to give you the cake

gepetto's birthday, in the year 1862,
when all gamblers were just rockers,
when all girls were men,

but now it's getting soft again,
it's boiling from a place called boston,
where all lion's tricks started
there in wilhelm's city
you found the blue bell,
born in a craddle called the black bell

and still you are searching for your corsets
but the bell already rang the game is over it's now in the book
daddy you can go to sleep now all your kids are home, and all your babies are
born,
the Big Mas is sitting in the garden, together with the Big Mix
it was all in the tale, dad, it was all in the tale and it was written millions of
centuries ago,
by a lame pencil called cain, when he escaped his father's paradise
when he spat out his father's pear
and now the Big Pear is riding him,
from another greengrocer

you were sailing the black oceans your tears mixed with old pears too old
but now you reached your havens and gepetto is riding his snake now the
books finally grow there and now the baby can speak it was all a snake in
the swanlake looking for his golden pear ... looking for his golden baby that
black pond is turning pale now reaching for the rainbow's mailbox on a
summer's day in april while august the twentieth is still your king a king in
trousers ... that's what you gave me, on that seventh day in march leaves from
the Big Calender, Pinocchio's Pride His towels were too hot, and filled with the
black lightening but now he can finally use them to warm his chickens without
killing them it seems libra's little dictator found his golden throne again

a magnet in april's liars

and still there's mud speaking from the purple palace sixteen snakes in a row looking for revenge but at the end the enemy appeared to be your friend the secret of the lion's tea it was all running for a magnet a magnet in april's liars when the liar appeared to be the royal riddle of the truth's queen her palaces so tall and dignified her cigarettes decorated by blood it was all to let the wheel of the gamblemachine spin that old barrelorgan in grandfather's pocket he could always reach your heart by this which was always the pear's desire

Now was it all a pear-fir after all, stinging your whole dreamworld upside down ? So many holes in your pocket, like the crying wife of the mailman she was always the clown of the classroom and now she found her destiny to see that every hole could feed a third world's heart She now started to realize that she was really talking to you, instead of her husband for he was gone to see that god of ten a little mirror

he's still watching the wildlife, he's still riding the junglecar, riding the zoo of ten it was all inside

can you now understand it, that it was all a dream within a dream, touching so many edges of reality can you now understand, that it was all a lie in a truth, and a thruth in a lie, that it was just as your mother always told you the lie will switch into a truth again, when bilmageln hits the bell ... that old man from santa's dream still his railroad's brother still that lawyer's docter breeding his dogs for the strike the big strike in lapsalvania dream on, my brother, dream on for tomorrow it might be gone dream on, so that you have always a shelter in your memory grasp the toy and eat it so that it will live in you forever and ever even when the outside world will die

there is another brother from the pocket a name called birbermagen that thick old man from wilhelm's city now this thing is really blowing the trumpet all chocolate bows for his hat while his hat is only hanging on his wall like a clock of leprosy it's sharing all his parts to the dogs of the city and the world there in that old tearoom deep down in boston where all london cats fear for dream on, my captain dream on for tomorrow there's only a big ship without any water without any ground to stay on only air to fall in

Build your dreamship, so that you can escape when darkness falls ... for the black chrystals will rise there where the sun meets the sun. two lights together will have to carry the darkness, growing inside that big baby that ornament from a lost pocket

twenty dreamweavers will do the big thing having the dolphin as their friend
too tall for a trousers dream

finally you reach the escape christmastrees from london where it all
started in that little tearoom, in that little kitchen, with darkness underground
there where all dreams meet each other there where the Big Pear wrote it's books
..... this wizard of tales running with a bleeding pencil to boston to meet the
museum there in that dark avenue still the dead comes there to pay the
rent for living in someone's head but there in that little museum the
money is slowly dying

do you dare to close your banks ? do you dare to dream again ? do you dare to give
up your heads the heads you suck down everyday ? do you dare to live in
yourself instead of someone else, and do you dare to invite others in your house
now for awhile ? then your holiday will start it will rise the virgo stars there
where the old grey dwarf waits for you at the forest-road deep down in
darkness and night there where all stars fall there where the bunny takes all
champions back then you finally go to sleep, feeling a bed below your back
but you have to drown your money you have to drown those sharks in your pot
of beer then aldebaran's star ...will wake over you and then your creativity
will roar like a lion

for now you eat other's potatoes now you eat other's desires now you are the
gamemaster of a lost dream having too many slaves to bear it breaks your
back but take your bed and sleep sleep the night away reaching for the
morning, a morning without banks but just a little museum where you also
meet that gun that gun from your mother's brother to kill some other rats

goodbye auctioneer, you now reached the museum ... you now reached the palace of
your dreams here you can live forever it's all in your head and that's all
you need for outside the banks will fall and inside the money will slide
away to a dark place there where the dwarf meets the slave there where
he feels his wet shoes again and his lover's wet dress that pink one that
good old movie that birthday from the wild frontier she with the cartoon-
eyes

can't you see it's all about a lion's dream it's all about your mothers lover
who gave you that symbol sliding in the air above the desert it's that guy your
mother always dreamt about to give you a good cradle it was all her deep
care for you for when she looked in his eyes for the first time it was you
which she had in mind and she took her little calculator to see how long it
would take to make you alright you her baby

The jungle-cat is still running for you, having new symbols Deep down in the air ... his cloudcastle is staring at the ship of the little jesus ... all in the clouds It will be dadda's cloudship all with the babba-bubbles having the lalla's in it's eyes

Dreameyes from wildcoast's city ... looking for new men to join the case to descend all apples and pears ... into another faroom da bazite still the lion's key

Those ep-drives from the naroon, those babes from elkland's city all sailing their ships to varekante da razine still the tiger's key

And me ? I'm still sailing the oceans ... looking for you for another gepetto to raise out of the whale this time i will not do it with fire but with ice from the milkman's cream

Too soon you will understand that little tune in your sandfather's pockets too soon you will find out the no in the yes, and the yes in the no You just need a good clock if it comes to that clocks from the big baroon de boize ba boochy always the shark's key

There where the game becomes a good book, i will meet you ... There where the good book becomes a museum I will meet your dad My head is in the cellar.

Watching the wildlife together with you, is still an exciting thing You love those old monuments right ? I will bring you to the toymuseum, the gamemuseum, the funparkmuseum, the places where all these old automatons stand they don't work anymore but they carry their stories like a prehistoric pleasure all these dinosaurs all these dragons from rigil kent it was all to make it complete

And still you are just another monument in the museum, placed on wheels, just like me for so many years but we still have fun here we still love our conversations especially those in the nights for then all birds sleep, and then we can race through the museum We are still looking for that secret part that old ruin from a life-time we didn't exist yet So old that it is sacred But we never found it till now We first have to gather all animals keys By Noah's Magic One day we will see that shore and touch it's edges Or maybe it will all come to pass when a little kid throws a coin in us I don't know Or maybe a cowboy will do with a white sombrero Who knows

In Noctober someone knocked on my door a parrot older than old
bringing me sixtyseven zeppelins from mars These were gifts from smulk, that
big constellation breeding orion

Zeppelins from mars twenty jokes in a bag reaching for the hundred and then
jumping inside ten seconds in one hour two dreams in a dream it was all
about wet coffee when bilmageln hit the thing

Zeppelins from mars, riddles from the wildlife breeding the monsters for june
the seventh while august the twentieth is still their king

The monster always the riddle of beauty

The riddle of the dream

Leaving the rhimes of wet consciousness

Knocking on the edges of the night

Dreaming three holes in the darkest chrystal

The nightmare Always the Riddle of the Dream

the last dream

in a place called bethlehem,
where all the mas gathered,
a fir ate a pear.

no dreams can describe the magic around this picture,
it was the ascensionday for soldiers of wordwar II,
thirty names graved on a jericho's wall.

that old riddle, the old dress of that new queen,
it wandered through your streets all those years,
to prepare you, to show you the way to that enchanted forest

the riddle, that caring shell of the fruit
dreaming about a heart to warm
the riddle, still your head's desire
in which all things can grow
he was your forester all the time
he knows the secret of the enchanted garden
where licorice rakes the ground
where licorice touches the moon
here, in paradise where gepetto's flower blooms,
where the snaketree grows
where the lightening arises

the riddle,
a bag full of fairytales
and an empty bag for all your desires
a farm for you to grow
these were your tall trousers ...
running through the night preparing the daylight for you

the riddle,
a bag of everything and nothing,
the last riddle, your last dream
so that's why we leave all rhymes to meet the riddle
the last ship to wilhelm's city
to become a terror in the night
sliding through the roofs sliding over the windows
the riddle,
a baker's dream

the riddle, the nonsense from the southcoast

the riddle, our touch to dream

the riddle ... no need to cry

for it's all back just eat it

the riddle the purple horse from the big zebra

stromboli in a cage it was all to make your heart at peace

the wizard's dream, the ornament's intention

the white fir of desire the riddle

escaped from sandman's heart

your dream is safe in the riddle ...

and will attract your true friends ...

your riddle ...destined to become the terror of the sea

six sharks will rise against it

and finally the riddler will strike

when bilmageln hits the coffeepot

there are true threats in life :

one is a riddle without a house

another is a riddle too tall to decide ...

and the last one is a riddle in a bed of water

who has ears will hear

riddles from the wildside of life

rumors from the inside, spoiling the baker's kid

the baker still hiding behind tall glass

still the maker of tall windows

still the breeder of tall dogs
the baker still hiding behind tall ornaments
still the maker of those ornaments
still a sidesailor in the night
decorated trauma's running to a minutegrasper
finally footprints on a white parrot's mouth

rumors from the outside spoiling the dog of the theologian
a pirate will always run away from this,
with tall boots reaching for the other side of the world
his legs will always be in japan,
where the wasps still fights with the three indians.
who has ears will hear

rumors from inside out
rumors from outside in
cannot stop this baker's kid from hiding it's tears,
it will slide deeper inside,
to the old factory,
to the watermills and the windmills,
in a land where farmers don't exist
it was all to make your heart at peace
who has ears will hear

apocalypses of grandma's

dreams of the westcoast will crash the dreams of the eastcoast without any mercy,
by luxury and comfort,
no capitalism but justice for carrot and car

three days in japan made your heart cold
now you're running with sunglasses,
but when bilmageln strikes the gong, it will be warm inside again

when two monkeys kick another monkey in the stomache,
a baby is born selling the two monkeys to the thieves of the world,
and selling the kick to the towers of the church
who has ears will hear ...

when three monkeys kick a lady's stomache,
a baby is born, a little monkey,
it will grow on the shoulders of the three monkeys to be their dictator for three
months and a halve
it will sell the kick to the towers of a satan church
and it will sell the middle monkey to the clowns of the earth

when six ladies kick a man's stomach,
they will be sold to the spiders of eternity,
they will have to spin the wheels for a thousand decades,
they will have to sing for the lara-birds of the damage,
tall ones

when a hundred ladies kick a man's trousers,
they will be praised by hundred angels,
until their ears reached the coffins of belcanov,
the chronical man of sixtysix bodies.
then they will have to spin the wheels of lazy cats for a million days

apocalypse of sick dwarves

dream of turtles when you dare,
they will bring you to the east and the north,
they will let you forget about the south,
and then you will feel the ground of west under your boots
these were good boots these were cichlid boots
made by a thousand wild chocolates

oh apocalypse of the mailman's runner,
of it's tall shivering coat,
your eggs are smiling to the ground,
waiting for their last strike
then the snakes will come

is it a swan in the snakelake finally ?
a snake found it's desire,
it's ornament and it's rage ...
now there will be twohundred years of spoil

is it a dream within a dream again,
this black road to loud apocalypses
this will be the terrors last strike,
and then another one will begin to roar

is it the misunderstanding of a rag-soldier ...
still waiting in japan to be burnt ?
all he got were some cold trousers
there's nothing left to say

dreamers of the westcoast
running in cichlid boots,
having fresh chocolate in their hands ...
but it's poison
you can better smoke your aunt's cigar if you ask me,
or your grandmothers pipe
give her a good beard to survive her old days

these were the younger days all in the hands of a rat
too young to decide
watching all that old beauty but it's still young
for these are younger days
your younger days

when a rat beats the drum,
bilmageln is behind it beating another drum ... dreaming another dream
but it's still his dream his drum

when the apocalypses of the rats are being opened,
no one can stand, all will fall, and creep through darkness and pain
you will seek for death, but your lusts will find you
apocalypse of rats

dream of the hunter in a cold cold jacket
too cold for your mother's touch
but it's still sugar
dream of the hunter in cold cold boots
too tall for your dad's smoke
but it's still leather boots

leather from some old demons
i painted it black on a sundaymorning,
for i didn't want the preacher would see it was a red rat
it would inspire him to write his own apocalypses
while my grandmom was shivering in her chair already
waiting for the next strike of the preacherman
she never liked him but she didn't want to miss the last train to hell
she needed to fish my granddad out of it
he sent her a card long ago

when my grandmom would write her apocalypses
i think it would be terror and hell
i think she would kill all red rabbits
all trains for cars are cheaper in her eyes
in her eyes yes
but then the bill from greenpeace will come
raising up all red rabbits again
and then my grandmother would say another misunderstanding from the lion's
tea
send the bill to the lion no, no, tear the bill and then give one piece to the
preacher
for he likes bills

yes, grandmother, yes, he even eats them i saw it one time when i was staring
into his house they eat bills there his wife cooks them the kids love it
and the preacher too they also eat post they even eat the postman himself
and when the police comes for all this they even eat the police but
shhhhh some policemen eat together with them it's a sort of conspiracy
but anyway, then he paints everything up, and then he preaches it from the
pulpit so then the dogs can eat the mass

a little fir with liquid keys walks through several metallic fences finally it reaches the old church with the tall windows he kisses the floor and then he opens the windows to enter through the church is full of animals it's a zoo here they all wait for a guy called noah to save them all but not all only two of each sort so they will do some lotteries first ... the winners will get a ticket for the ark, and the rest can swim home

the little fir lights some fires liquid ones and the games begin the little fir steps to the pulpit, with cups of coffee in his hands wake up, he yells, spreading the coffee from the pulpit through the whole church then the church is sliding and melting until it's a little bedroom, with only one person in there the little fir and then he goes to sleep

in the night he dreams of all apocalypses from different sorts of animals, so that the earth can sleep too cruel apocalypses ? no, just a game for he's the gamemaster and the only things which appear cruel are the riddles of the gamebut these are soft when you touch them, and soft when you eat them, and they will finally bring you to sleep it was all a misunderstanding from the lion's tea

the big pear is smiling it was just another tale from his big bag and there he walks to that big museum in boston, selling his stories to the birds tonight they will be stones in the museum finally having their rest there he gathers the black chrystals for his watch and his compass, now he has a weapon to fight the blinding and paralyzing lights of traffic he was always a prophet of doom and destruction and it's getting worse every day for his horror-movie needs to sell and the fairground needs to attract the kids only a good haunting house can do he has a black raven inside his heart the darkest tune of fourty thousand years kidnapped from rigil kent, the planet of planets there where all kids are getting healed for someone took attention for their darkest pits the big pear doesn't know any taboo, but easily describes the heart of every kid, not avoiding their deepest pain he's showing the knife on the screen, and the guy who transmitted the crime, quickly shifting the screen into a soft scene of fairytale then you're having twenty plastic dragons in a black plastic sorted box, designed by the master's touch.

the bunny takes all his champions back one by one all these plastic soldiers, these chocolate-dragons these soft huggy-snakes just child's toys the bunny is driving his big mercedes to the edges of the rivers still underwater tricks it's all fake he was never a capitalist it was all fake

can you decorate these ornament's trousers and paint them by champion's paint ? it was all fake they were losers painted by a champion's touch but they run the canals, those rabbits in boats those cats in french dresses they know how to enchant the milkmen

entering the daydive's transmission ... the dogdive's out .. the lambstead's confession still a proud one in and out the smashing of doors it still works in the restaurant at the sea where all sharks become three or four dimensional hiding the big bang under a black jacket ...

today grandma has the trousers,
she cycles to the old black house in slow-motion,
and then she cycles on the stairways faster than light
you killed my rabbit she screams to the innkeeper
but there's no innkeeper
grandma is still dreaming after all those years
she yells against the walls and kicks against red bags
but there are no bags and there isn't even a house
it stood there years ago but there's only sand now
today grandma has the trousers
and everyone believes her

Apocalypse of Rats

apocalypse of rats
in a daytime vision,
the lights will strike,
on normal base,

in which is normal to you,
oh yes, the wounds will cover up,
so that no one sees you're dying,
even you yourself will not see

apocalypse of rats
you will discover the crash when it's too late,
you're dying but you will never find death,
you're falling but you will never reach the ground,
only some sharp edges,
and some stingy branches of young and old trees,
growing on the tiles and walls of the pit
oh you cannot hold a grip,
for it's all sliding, jelly and thick,
even the pit itself is sliding down,
to a place you will never know

apocalypse of rats
too tired to describe,
they are so tired,
and you will be their food,
so do you dare to read their apocalypse ?
they will not make divisions,
everyone is the same,
but later you start to realize,
that this is the biggest crime,
for you can never be their friend,
and you can never pay yourself a way out,

for they don't believe in money, they don't believe in banks,
not in capitalism,
for they are a communistic threat,
even they themselves go through the pit,
as it is designed by their apocalypse,
everyone is the same,
when the books will be opened
apocalypse of rats

there will be no saviour and no victim

for no one has a name ...

it is the revenge of life and death

the revenge of a lame pencil

only a pencil will survive,
he was the god of the rats,
he wrote this terrifying apocalypse,
while his wife was speaking

his wife an old chair

a lazy one if it comes to that

saying only the object will survive,
a pencil and a chair

the rat was sitting in the middle,
between a pencil and a chair,
the slave of their letters ...

apocalypse of rats

now he is the terror,

on land and on the seas
but in daylight he's just a slave
of a pencil and a chair

he already saw their hells,
he already felt their pits

but tomorrow it will be you,
for the apocalypse doesn't make any division

now this was a story, full of horror and pain,
full of blood and shivers,
but there's one way to survive
to become a pencil, and find a chair,
to search a good rat in the middle,
to write your own apocalypses in the night,
then strike by daylight,
on normal base,
slowly dragging your church into the night

and if you want to know, where i heard this tale,
then go to the assistant of your local tax office,
and you will hear the same,
it's a new free service,
for all those who pay tax,
you get a piece of their big tax-book,
to scare your kids to school,
to be a friend of a pencil,
and the friend of a good chair,

then to catch a rat to let it sit there,
to do the crime,
apocalypse of rats

the horror of the backstage ...
apocalypse of rats
Apocalypse of Sharks
Hunted by the Big Q

Birthday's coming over the ladder,
Too strange to describe,
Terror rising from the pencil,
the orange one, with the blue light

Apocalypse of sharks,
A summer on a strange island,
Where everyone gets the chickenpocks,
No, it's something worse than this ...

Your mother never wanted to talk about this to you
For your ears would melt away,
your arms and your legs ...
and then she would have to carry you home all the way
the home of sharks

You would be the head of their birthday,
Their cakes and their tarts
It's like the sweet strike of santa clause
A dark one this time

A million soldiers on a hill
describing how they would torture you ...
And you ?
You don't hear what they are saying
you only hear them whispering
you only hear them having their horrors
screams and yells
only mutterings in cold air

You are the summer of their islands
The sun of their dinners
Giving you halve of the prey
To keep you addicted to the middle

It's a new drug ...
It eats you away
And you know it, but you love the gifts they give you ...
It's the price you have to pay

They give you their money,
Now you can pay all your bills ...
But tomorrow you will have their bills,
which you cannot pay ... circle of horror all working by ... the line of addiction
The big Q

The line brought you in, and the line blocks the way out

The big Q is having a hunt

He's running behind your back, beaming a blue light in your bag,

A thin Ray

No one could ever escape from the Q

It's your day of destruction

Now you can beg for some apathies

But it's not good for your soul

For your soul wants a way out, while it's deeper inside ...

Inside the Big Q ...

Learn to descend

When you hang on the cross like Jesus it's there in the Big X, where all the crosses gather

Where all the hunters will see,
that there was something bigger

The united sharks

They who became sharks by a cross bigger than themselves,
by someone bigger than Jesus
thinner than a line

It was bilmageln saving you out

It was birbermagen putting you in,

And now Xazynen is beating the mouse,

that old mouse of the shark ...

where all the crosses gather

into a daylight's dream

Those liquid lights, those riddles of apocalypse ...

they were too easy to describe ...

in the green light

but it was all fake

Apocalypse of sharks,
strange ways to describe a diamond's kill,
strange way to put the coffee into a damage's circle,
from Q to X,
this will be our journey

It's all in that little licorice-point,
that black point raging in the night,
for when it fell out of heaven,
it could absorb hell,
to enter a heaven,
as fake as your mother's dream

you are still burning your lucifers there,
to catch all rainbows inside ...
finally the fake shark
finally that fake rose
could save your life
your life

By transmissions and warp-days,
By bottoms and strange dressings,
we could turn on the lights again,
in this black hour of liberty,
There where the fake meets the fake
There where the bottom meets the bottom,
It will see it all has a double bottom,
even the hat of riddler,

that old mocker,
that old sunbiter
that strange old ornament ...
from a million of purple hells
it came to you ... it came to you ... to show you the game in the diamond
the rain in the blue bell ...
sunrises from martian canals
will drown the black ornaments once again ...
to nail a new transmission on thousand crosses
like fifteen new rules of Maarten Luther,
on the blueberry hill's churchdoors
Now we will see who's king there,
for this door will open,
to show us what was behind
behind those old sacred words ... of that old sacred priest
it was all fake it was all a joke
just a riddle just a riddle from that old book of secrets
from that ornament's rage
apocalypse of sharks

they will surround you in the kettle,
to let you sink once again,
so that you will meet the fish in the fish,
the dream within the dream

don't worry when your ship will sink,
for then the shark wants to show you the treasures on the bottom of it's seas
you refused to see it so often

apocalypse of sharks ...

dreams from the Big Birthday,

dreams from the big daypossession

it was all to make your heart more addicted

so that you could touch the other side of the magnet

it was all in the + and in the -,

it was all in your tongue

the one with the biggest mouth would win

but what was the trophee

a bigger addiction

a bigger hospital and finally a bigger death

with a bigger heaven,

and a bigger dream

who has ears will hear

apocalypse of sharks

still your grandfather's dream

still too easy to decide

but when you look behind the curtain ...

it's all too difficult,

so you can never choose your own direction

we all will be swallowed by the same point,

by the same lie

to find the truth deep inside ...

we are all robots from that bigger dream

just doing as it was told

who has ears will dream

we were all chosen by one direction,

the small point will suck us inside

where we will all be the same

the rat is riding the shark ...

the communist rides the capitalist

both aren't able to break magnetic laws

the law of the magnet

the writer of the shark's apocalypse

sitting on a rat's leg

sitting on a mailhouse's device ...

but the rat rides it for there's no follower after the dream

only riders riders in the storm

fifty five rats riding the sharks of the night

but their fate will be the same in the communistic apocalypse

only a pencil and a chair will survive

they don't have names they are just objects designed by themselves to do the crime

the chair will speak, the pencil will write,

the rat sits on the shark

they can only watch the show after all

first they strike by racism, by the shark's sharp head,

then they strike by communism ... covering up the wounds for everyone is the same

first they strike by dictatorship ... by a shark's endless line,

then they strike by democracy, the mass possessed by a rat's cold hand

democracy, a good mask for the dictator

thoughts of a lame pencil,
put in by his wife ... the old chair,
the line on an old chair, the big H
but the chair rides it, covering her Q's
It's the big Q, running over the hills
slaying the rabbits but the H is driving the buss,
while the X is saving us
loud and clear
on true basements and dreams

The punker and the communist
All to make your heart at peace
There's an X in the Q
There's a heart in the bird ...to make it fly

The line hides in the H
The Q hides in the H,
but there's also an X in the H,
to let the bird escape

And she will fly to a new world,
She will fly to a new hill

where the dogs cannot reach her tails

She will bring the food to your ark and she will guide you to that bridge

There where the sea becomes a land

There's an X in the H,
There's a dream in the nightmare
There where you find your friend in a tear

In that wet, lonely bubble

The fear will rise once again

But then you will have a good towel to warm your friend

your beloved one

your own heart

There's life on the other side of the funnel,

And you will meet your friend Q

That one in the purple dress

That dogbiter ... that cateater he was always your friend

Then you will finally be Q and Q, the possessors of that mighty sword from India

Or was it a sword from the indians ?

About this the wars will rage

How you realize that a rat covered up all your wounds,

the big Q was protected and trademarked,

they used copyrights to block you out

it's the merman raging in all divisions

and finally a rat comes to blow all these candles out

he always came when the night fell,

to let you burn in daylight

no doctor could see your pain

all covered up by a rat's false transmissions

the swindlers of the top of hills

dreams from the marsh-harrier ...

a winter in april

all to cover it up

all to cover you up ...
these cops from hell ...
these swindlers from neptune and mercury
from smulk's conspiracies ...
they will burn until daylight falls ...

raging like the red cat ... raging like the storms of marauders raging like the
edgers of the dreams
until the rat comes to justify them all

the shark speaks, while the rat is covering it up
and using it to enter daylights and forbidden traffics
these black ornaments in the night

the shark and the rat just slaves of the big pencil, sitting on the Big Chair
the big H is roaring in the night
like your neighbour's new car

songs from the big chair ... all songs from the big chair
she's lying such a liar
songs from the big chair, songs from the big chair she's lying,
whispering in the night

she knows how to shut up complainers
she's the daylight in hell

she knows she knows

picking out a plastic shark out of the rain turning it into horror again

tricks ... tricks from the sidelife of hell

This chair, this chair ... still having the heart of an animal an orange cat

Using the terror of birthday

Just using it

Apocalypse of Birds

having the black pears in their mouths,

pointy mouths like hell,

still the way to dwarve's food.

having the black pearls in their spine, someone's sitting on their back,

it's a dwarve, straight from hell.

it's the arrow of decision,

it's the thriller of a new may,

paths decorated by blood,

footprints of dwarves

the big x has done it's work,

now there will be detectives running around the case,

but it's too slippery here,

and your horse don't want to drink today ...

it was still a spoon in the apple,

a stick in the eye,

tomorrow we will be all blind,

when the rats ride the birds

when a bird touches the ground,

putting the damage on,

the trauma and the desperate blindness,
...apocalypse of birds ...

drama after drama is being painted,
like a chainlet in the night,
your grandma will have a surprise around her neck tomorrow,
a surprise to many

they expected her to walk and to do her daily work,
but she will fly now,
like yesterday's hell ...

drama after drama,
painted on foreheads and old chairs,
crosses on curtains,
it's the black hell raging

her fingertips touch the moon,
for cruel conspiracies,
she has virgo under her teeth,
having arabia's blanket under her feet,
she's still the ball of the universe,
that old red lady,
boiling like a balloon,
zeppelins from the sidelife ...

her mouth delighted by black irritations,
her eyes full of bitterness and pain,
she loved the stories of her grandchildren,

but today she will open her book

she waited for this forty million years,
on a black chair she sat,
now she rises from the kettle,
red witches from the south coast
no mercy in their hands
apocalypse of birds

her songs full of inappropriate cruelties,
her mouth full of blasphemies,
but what is she blasting at
her whispers cannot be followed
it's the strange demise of a candle today,
now she will wave to the night,
putting the horror on

well, it's just a story,
she likes to tell,
about her one and a half year in hell ...

her husband wasn't good for her,
he died a deep death,
all for her,
but she refused to see,
blind women from the top of life and hell,
thinking it was a man standing there

strange ways to find a mouse in the desert,

she opened a book on april's tops,
still a desert-rider, still a maze-runner,
but a blind one,
and now she wants to make them all blind,
the inappropriate bitterness,
thinking her husband gave her this food ...

crucify your jesus again,
he can have another brake,
it was too busy in the supermarket

finally you were the one letting him escape,
you saved him out of his factory,
this raven's child,
this heartbreak's sollution,
that big pearl from the strange echo,
bending it's ways in the wind,
to enter through that little gate of transmission

you could burn your watch for this,
he's now running through the night,
having no lights anymore to describe his days,
now he has a black pencil to decorate his own,
those nights, those arabian nights
beyond magic and pain

he doesn't feel his burden anymore,
he doesn't feel the dictators anymore,
it's all gone,

by your strike

intimate trousers were his presents,
while his shirt is in holiday now,
looking for his turtle-friends,
black horror from santa dawn

he doesn't feel ashamed of it anymore,
doesn't feeling the stairways anymore,
only a pure diamond in his car,
like liquid lights from a strange design,
it brought him over the hills,
apocalypse of birds ...

into the sand of a new world,
burning under his feet,
moistening his lips with pure water,
the secret of a dry desert,
for seventy seven years

a bird saved him out,
it was you,
in a lazy dress,
your complaints and transmissions,
your false accusations,
all a ladder for him,
to escape the factory,
something worse than you

when he fell in your hole,
and broke it's neck,
he was safe from the strike of the big bird,
having three little birds in his hands,
looking for their eggs
these were your birds,
these were your birds,
all from a dragons egg ...
but it was all his protection against the big bird
apocalypse of birds

there is always something worse,
to realize this the dictator becomes a saviour,
the mouth becomes sweet again

Wild boys

She's breeding the wasp.
She's breeding the tattoo on his face,
he's almost skewed this little boy

She's breeding the basket,
She's painting the boy,
By her cruel words,
It will follow her the rest of her life,
like a nightmare,
It will even visit her across the red lines.

She's breeding the wild cat,

breeding the big bang,
Now these boys will forget,
also the big "She" ...

No one wanted to listen to him,
that little boy's toy,
but now it's a snake hitting the lambs,
in cold deserts,
She bred it into this.

Horror with a glass of wine

*until we understand the horror of this land,
there will be no way out of this ...*

*until we understand the horror of this little child,
we will not be able to help ourselves*

Horror on a mondaynight

Dark Raven
He comes to every house,
stinging two holes in the spleen,
three holes in the liver,
and a little hole in one lung,
and then he sucks to meet his daily meal.

Dark Tiger and his Serval
They come to go,
hitting little holes in your glands,

and in the spleen of your dogs,
leaving one bloody stripe on the house,
and then they fly away

When the snake comes,
he burns the livers of your pigs,
burning one lung of your chickens,
hitting the spleens of your geese,
killing your cows,
and then he sucks the night away,
and then you wake up ...

Was it all a dream ?
The smell in the house is so different,
It smells like blood,
fresh blood,
and broken bones

Someone's doing the dishes in the kitchen,
But you cannot walk,
your paralyzed,
The dark raven is smiling,
he did a good job,
I'm now the boss of your house he sais,
for you made a mess of it,
you used to chain the visitors in the cellar
they saw and smell the food,
but you never gave anything to them,

only on mondaynights,
you didn't want them to die,
no you could use their good advices,
you always sucked the jokers out of their brains,
to use them for your own games

There a bear enters in,
sucking the blood out of your feet,
bringing your legs to the kitchen,
you always ran too hard with these things,
no one could ever follow you ...

And you still think it's just a dream ?
You need to wake up better,
It's only a horror-fable,
and you sucked the blood too deep,
so don't forget it when you read your next book :
Don't look too deep into the glass,
for then you will become it's prisoner
Be warned

Return of the Toy

*"A man called farao drank too much beer,
Now he's lying on the bottom of his glass
He cried himself to death While the innkeeper was lying besides him
Laughed himself to death"*

lord of domino

Ships of cyborgs, Father sandman is calling his boys,

Ships of cyborgs, playcards are ready,
to invite earth,
to invite the tall lady,
for some games outside

Aldebaran's rain,
Wild boys on stage 2,
Thunder in the air,
Playcards in their hands,
Now they can invade earth,
with drama which isn't really drama,
they just open their eyes

Father sand is speaking,
to the sand,
these boys from lynx,
they escape like the blue thunder,
remote plugs in their heads,
speaking the languages of wasps and snakes,
and they're still not done with it
they are searching for the teacher
that black teacher,
to sell him some flowers,
mom gave them for this goal

and now that's just an old book,
about some flowers for teachers ...
they exactly know what to do

it will let the kids escape out of the heart
that old black heart of the teacher

the hall is wide,
that sandman's hall,
all in the ship,
where he is breeding his new worlds,
in egg-cocoons,
in wild wet whirlpools,
the blue glues are boiling there,
i'm still staring at it

the boys from lynx guard the funnels,
to sell some birthdays to the passengers

making magnetic connections,
turning all senses upside down,
preparing them,
for another ride in the haunted house

their smiles are fake,
they are the princes of satire
having aldebaran as their friend,
the lord of domino on their side,
it was an all time conspiracy,
the revenge before the strike

the goats of wooden voices were sealing the contracts,
but it was all fake

something you loved to hear
and you still do ...

still no one knows if they are fallen dwarves, fallen angels,
or gods in speedboats,
are they from hell or heaven,
from the haunted house, or the candybar

their stilleto's can still grow so tall,
when you catch a sight of their gangleader you will instantly die,
like the strike of the thunder,
don't even think about him,
his songs are too tall for your ears,
but it's all fake

he's still a cyborg from the red stilleto,
still a builder of motorcycles and the weaver of snakejackets,
the ships of cyborgs are in town,
looking for a man called moes ...

he has still the baker's ears,
his eyes close together,
as skewed as a french dictionary of blood,
his face is thin and satiric,
always smiling,
but not meaning one word of it,
his eyes are crying all the time,
but he doesn't mean it
it's all fake

he's the biggest blasphemer of the ship,
but at who is he blasting
still no one knows

this boy this shy boy,
it's only an attitude,
the treatment he gives you
his mother taught him well,
still a famous sorceress from Neptune,
she knows everything about fame
still sandman's lover ...
but still no one knows where she lives,
but when she steps on the tiles,
everyone faints

there are several boybands in the air,
the boys from venus, boys from tucan and boys from lynx,
good nephews in a sense,
but when they give the candy,
it's all poison,
and you will only find that out when it's too late ... now can they be loved then ?
oh yes, for unpoisoned candy is much worse
but hey, i'm not the advocate of these boys,
they can do speeches for themselves,
about foreign jesus's and cruel dictionaries,
all to bake the cake

and now these boys from tucan,

so empathic, so honest and so true

but it's all fake

all to lay the magnet,

all to build the zoos,

so shy,

but it's all fake

they are just cyborgs,

programmed to lay the magnet

the contracts between the boys ...

wild boys from the southeast coasts

their pigment is spreading,

you can see the forest through them,

their scars are transparent,

they are collectors

losing the hundred to find the one they never saw ...

you can never trust them, these boys from venus,

princes of satire,

covered under a rag-blanket,

still with fragile fingers,

they smoke their cigarettes ...

but it's all fake

it's just the magnetballs rolling

to bring the pigs back to the farm

to tell the chicken she's a bird

The spanish prince,

Capricorn's boy,
running through the old streets of london,
selling newspapers to the geese,
another story from the same book

Boys from capricorn,
still a sad story,
it makes you cry ...
but it's fake
even your own tears are

They have just fallen out of your heavens
Yes, you there, I won't call your name,
for you know it yourself

Grandfather's most loved painting is speaking
But he's the only one who loves it so

Even me myself, I don't love it
I used to ignore this painting,
until I found the stone inside,
to throw at the baker's house

These lords of the playcards,
New worlds in the swanlake
Are you still the prince of broken business
In the palace of failure,
There's a stone inside to throw
Oh yes, you can throw them at the unguilty ones,

the innocent ones and the ignorant ones

For it's all fake

And they will use these stones ... they will use these stones

To build new bakeries

You painted their frontdoors by your own blood

They made their magazines by the feathers of your hat

blown away by the wind

You still talk backwards because of this

But you met the boys in the billiards room ... and your one of them now

marching for a new world and a new flag

shaking the hands of the haunted house

ghosts in priestsuits,

but it's all fake

The boys from Lynx those fallen dwarves,

gathered by sandman,

those rulers of worlds,

growing tall in the night

Blaspheming until the church sinks underground,

Until the children are marching out ... those chained children

Boys from Jupiter, with the magnets under their feet, they are still skating in the night,

putting the flags of anarchy in the ice,

until the schools fall, and the kids are free,

breeding truants in the night

Oh, these leg-egs,

eggs of spiders,

These kids were your parents,
The game is the school,
It's all under their feet,
a trick of their shoes

The army of truants and blasphemers,
all marching to the great city,
where mooses rides the killerpig,
still looking for his rod
a billiards cue

Well, you brought it to him,
altho it was all fake
but he could use it to tear the curtain

She's not a harlot,
you just built your temples in her bed

The city is surrounded by an army of descenders,
ready to be reversed ...
ready to be turned into a kitchen,
into a library and a museum,
into a blaspheming word

The big taboo is selling his earrings for tomorrow's race

Holding tight to golden traditions,
and material nightmares

An army of truants,
to turn the teacher into a book,
to bring his rabbit to the cartoon,

and with his rod they will rule the kettle

They were the slaves of rotten schools, of rotten dictionaries,
They were the criminals of the church, sealed by the Big Birthday,
They were the cut potatoes on a tomatoe's dish,
But it was all to breed the cyborg,
The automatons are working now,
It's all in the game

Transformers of the railroad,
letting the kettle dance in fire,
the plagues of frogs will enter for sure,
to sell twenty exodus's to an old clown

A man called farao drank too much beer,
Now he's lying on the bottom of his glass

He cried himself to death While the innkeeper was lying beside him

Laughed himself to death

On Vela the dominoes are spaceships,
sent out to make the mass laugh,
it's a little chip, fishing the poles out of the people,
to have some prisoners for their kitchens

Now some dominoes make them cry,
They sell the tears into the universe,
For the ornament's ovens

So when you laugh or cry,
be sure you have a fake nose on ...

Protect your laughs, your cries, your screams,

guard them by the white rod

road to a world deeper than hell

The mistress couldn't follow her own words,
something made her laugh all the time

it was swelling in her stomach

and now it's racing through her head,

designing her new days

She's thinking she lost the game

Someone else has powers over her,

A stupid domino from Vela

There were the billiards room lives

It's still the roaring monster of the universe

A dinosaur from the pulpit

It smokes too much,

it runs too loud

No one can control it

It's like the dictators fly

She cannot talk, only laugh

Her kids gave up hope already

She has breathproblems,

and problems to sleep,

No one dares to speak to her anymore ...

She's living on a lost island

Where cannibals have their temples,

deep underground,

at least, that is what the story tells

She's looking for her bridegroom,
one who wants to tell her stories
for normal human beings don't dare to talk to her anymore
for when she laughs everything is breaking,
everything is shaking,
it's like the wild obsession
maybe only a cannibal can quench this fire

They eat her everyday, but she's laughing in their stomachs,
eating them from inside out
She laughs everyone to hell,
and she laughs herself into the highest heaven
but maybe it's better like this
for when she was young she cried too much
she cried everyone to hell,
and herself into the highest heaven
She changed like the turning of the medaillon,
And maybe that's finally better,
For when she was young she lived and died in the mass,
she was one of the magnets,
but now the magnet turned around,
now she's living on an island,
so cold and so alone,
but she's laughing like she never did before
and no one can touch her anymore
she laughs herself through graves and pits,

through birthdays and boring sundays,
always reaching for the highest heavens,
leaving stripes in the snow

All her kids became truants,
only reading the books about this story
It's a new religion,
a new Jesus on the block

Now they are serving in their temples,
Like priests from a strange religion
It's like a sect of horror,
Like a cult of fallen animals
People say they live like cannibals,
like their old mistress and her friends,
But no one knows exactly for the kids are living on a secret island

Building a new society,
New rules,
New books,
Even new schools,
while they will be always truants,
For it's free in the jungle.
They say the schools are eaten by them everyday,
To grow in their stomachs,
These wild flies, these wild boys

No girls are allowed
They will be eaten too,
to grow in their stomachs ...

But it's all fake

And the mistress herself ?

She's smiling from her heavens

These boys from Pegasus she's so proud of them

But what about the girls, isn't it cruel what they do to them ?

No, for they just want to have their meat back, and their body-limbs,
their animals and their bags,

And every evening when the sun falls, they spit these girls out,
to teach them how to swim,
to teach them how to breed their own coffee

And the girls, these girls,

they just act like the mistress, they eat the boys from inside out, to laugh themselves
into the highest heavens

The mistress doesn't accept girls either,

So she's eating them also there, as dinner in her high heavens

The girls, they try to eat her from inside out

But they know and have to know,
that her stomache is still full of dominoes,
these implants from velan aliens

She always laughs harder,

and the next day they are,

in the deepest hells,

that was how it always went ...

So the girls, falling up and down,

like a yoyo between the poles,

waving at those boys from pegasus,

still doing their shows

the boys who could never wake up

But one day, and this is sad to say,
The girls will meet the other side of the mistress' medaillon,
when she was very young,
and they will cry themselves to the deepest hell,
even to the world behind it,
meeting some wilder boys,
like wild wasps baptized in candy,
like bars with bells,
ruling after the drink
there's a world deeper than hell,
there where the wilder boys live,
these wilder animals,
crocodiles in bad shape,
scaring you like your grandmother's horror could never do
when you see them you sign your death,
when you smell them, you are paralyzed within one minute,
they hit little holes in your thick aura's,
in your brains,
and in your dogs trousers
to make you as wild as them,
or even wilder

the wild and the wild,
locked up in a domino,

leading each other to a wilder man,
bringing the pears to the trousers,
letting your pencil become possessed

but you can only escape a world,
when you are wilder than that world
but that's not a problem for you to do ...
for that world is breeding you into that wild object
the wild pencil
drawing a way out,
painted by blood,
decorated by skins
your own then you become the paper prince

he will never hurt anyone,
all his swords are fake,
all the wounds he hit,
all the cruel words he speaks
it's just to let you escape,
to meet a world wilder than you
and for you a way to be finally free

to reach the deepest bells,
hitting them to enter a deeper world,
by touching fragile buttons,
from insects waiting for you deep underground,
it's your car standing there,
your car to the dinosaur your grandfathers bred

the tear can lead you to a world deeper than hell,
to a world wilder than your grandfather preeched about ...
there where the final bells hang,
waiting for you to strike them

There were the swans spit fire,
there where everything is fake,
There where everyone has more lives,
Like the battleground of a game,
You can never really lose,
it's all fake,
the trophies and the lost,
the marbles can be eaten,
the marks can be worn
it doesn't hurt, it's all plastic,
it's fake after all

It will be a wilder game,
It will be a wilder transmission,
But the pain will fade away
The pain of the house without games

I wore a hat without games for such a long time ...
It destroyed half of my face
I'm a walking curse

But it made me wild enough
To reach the coasts of the Big Game

It made me tall enough to reach the towers of the old church,

to break the neck of the cock,
for it was ticking in my head for so long,
telling me i was a blasphemmer

and i am one of the biggest ... but ask yourself this question :
who am i blaspheming

i killed tenmillions holy statues from a holy temple,
eating a holy tullip alive

swallowed two most sacred frogs,
and drowning some sanctified and blessed dice

i broke a divine cigarette, the divine and speaking lambstead of a blessed butchery,
i broke a sacred war, and so on and on

sacred policemen want my head to speak on their hearths,
i get letters from nevermind,

and i'm wondering why the big bang is still liking me

for i spat in the wine of his holy supper ate his cannibals and used his bibles
for writing bills to the poor poor gods, speaking poor words to the people, poor
guidance

anyway, i'm on more than twothousand planetary deathlists, but it's all fake

when i say it was just a joke, they ask me if i can become the clowns in their
hospitals well, that's a big deal i mean ... i'm getting older i need some peace
and rest in my life selling the old wars to the newcomers for them to have a
good game in their youth but hey, that's also fake when you are a good writer,
you never tell people that it's all fake but i don't see myself as a good fitting writer
..... no, but i'm a damned good accountant when i write the bills, people always
think i'm writing a new book and in my office they are even bestsellers it's all
between my chair and the door of the room, and then it falls down, not being able to
reach the ceilings i think it just likes to be underground to find a rest and a
peace even though it's wilder than the world outside my room that happens
when you find your bed for the first time of your life it becomes your ship all
underground, to meet all the boys who could never wake up

Father Sandman never let these boys wake up, he's calling his toys, to let them do the crime but it's all fake He loves them very much, these boys in the games, these monsters others have to kill but they have more lives, just like all the others There father is repairing some of their wheels, and some magnet-balls in their eyes They can still scare people like they cannot move for two million of years They can still make people cry by letting them feel their hand And they can still make people laugh like never before by imitating some charicatures but it's all fake these are all tricks from Bilmageln, that Big Dwarf, that old bald wizard from vega bringing childhood back to the tiles of the old city ... when he smiles it's like a hundred mandarines are smiling When he rages it's all fake He's still the king of all truants caring for kids destroyed by biting schools showing them how to ride these insects going to a wilder world there where the tears ... are chocolatelakes

The man with that tough candy-voice, those licorice-sticks, is still leading you through low waters with splinters and snakes, broken glass and crocodiles, even the needles of your grandma swim there, they appeared to be dangerous fishes and shark-killing insects it's all to make your heart wilder, and to show you it's all fake the scars on your body are telling you wilder stories, but all to bring you in peace that biggest war was not what it looked like, it was a button of a foreign game, and still your uncles are sitting around it smoking heavy cigars selling their glasses to the middle of the table cuyornaida corset you don't know what they are doing but it will give you your dreams tonight to show you satan's sister but she was also fake and these guys always have a split character they can also save you out of spoilt schools and burning churches the preacher dropped a wild cigarette there thinking it would save the money but it was burning the forests never sell your wildness to a wild cigarette, for it burns everything away turn the market into a playground ... the money into a game this will make everything transparent this will stir up the liquid lights this will open bilmageln's fences to meet his dogs roaring in the night he has some fake tickets ... travelling with them to japan and back for all planes like his tickets they look like books, just like my bills they look like paintings, just like my clothes he can even buy things by only showing his tickets, and then the people laugh for three hours, and then realizing they were tricked but then it's too late already they woke up in another world in broken business, realizing that the playground is king as always

Behind the golden fence, the playground lies, deep in the sand, deep in morning's trousers Behind the silver fence, the hurt is gone, only two cigars are lying

there dreams from a broken heart but not hurting anymore the smoke is rising into seven eternities

raising the roundabouts

The boy with the purple face is staring at me he smoked his last cigarette that autistic boy a cigarette of a divorce too tight it was blocking him from breathing but was it really a divorce ? his face covered by soot accusations were still the bosses of the factory he worked in but he smoked this last cigarette he's whispering inside his eyes like the purple deer

was it really a divorce ? he cannot speak anymore smoking his last fantasy tomorrow he has to new ones at the canals of amsterdam but he doesn't have money anymore someone stole it a raven but was it really a thief it was the same bird he met in the factory without the divorce he wouldn't be in this factory, he wouldn't meet this bird the bird wasn't a thief but he gave him a total new fantasy the money would only buy old fantasies, blocking him from coming over the hills

there was a man selling divorces to the birds in amsterdam it was a blind man turning the wheel of his black box white doves were being spread by this the canals looked green, there was poison streaming through it and yellow magnetic juice to wake men up out of their prisons the bird's children to eat the food of divorce to bring them back to the factory where the wasp could be bred again it would be the marriage-assassin ... trade in divorces forced by grandfather laying the knife under the pillow

there the domino-prince stands in the middle of amsterdam's bakery he finally made the jump, from rotterdam to amsterdam now all his pains are food now his markets are playgrounds forever the beginning of a new game but i want to go to rotterdam, to see the purple becoming yellow to see a hard day rising into the seventh sun ... still aldebaran's toyshop burning it's way through rotterdam's windows ... these windows are spoilt the return of jesus was just the return of a toy i'm running between rotterdam and amsterdam like the jester's tear to bring all my toys into the game

the prince of playcards is still counting his cards and toysoldiers ... his helicopters are burning holes in the air and holes in the night to escape the last terrors the seconds between the seconds are slowly sliding away ... this land lives slower i can hear the breaths between your words, i can see the hours between your hairs they are dividing their strategies like the tigerhairs hard like glue,

breeding themselves into needles someone is selling rhimes to the tiles of amsterdam, coming from the hague but no one wants to buy only rotterdam to sell it for higher prices to the east the raven brought me to east long ago for birthday's living there and i'm riding it's delights to fight against the medical spider

this is the last pipeline i'm breathing through i cut all the others away that pipeline of east, still my worst put in chess i lost my king and queen because of it ... but now a better one could rise she shines like the sun saying all oceans waited for this moment they all waited for that loss to make some space in my wizard's bag ... to bring some apples, some oranges and some other fruits, for a new market ... one with a playground in the game, where the worst enemies are your best friends there where all tears are fake

all these breads from the baker they were just games all fake still a scrooge from rotterdam comes to amsterdam every year when it's winter laughing himself to death while others are crying themselves to death my uncles are still surrounding this picture smoking big cigars ... after my mom and dad died they always cared for me, and little amsterdam their cigars are fake their beers, and even their nuclear bombs

there were some decisions from the round table churches sending some blue doves to the universe under a false name ... they declared that all these decisions were fake that even those round table churches were fake

they were just fallen dwarves, having some illegal connections with giants underground conspiracies but my uncles still like them they are proud members for years and years and still everyone believes what they say, while they themselves don't believe a word of it ... but their heads are on the coins, together with a legendary and historical year, carved in madman's style ...

the boys ... they can cry till someone really gives in they can complain, they can rage, they can threaten, till the coin is falling and then they laugh until the second coin is falling but it's all fake ... they have the body of a wasp, switching the magnets, for the best results there where the purple becomes yellow, it can use a little black now and again, little purple boy, little purple deer ... it's the story which lets the coin fall.

he's selling the stories to the dreams of amsterdam, now the dogs can breath a bit longer, but when the stories die out, these dogs will be gone too ... then they will have to go to other cities, to find them some new stories they use these stories to rule the heads of the people, with their pencils and paintings the boy got these

stories from the raven ... these stories are the keys of the marionets the keys to move their legs and their arms, to bow their heads and to move their lips and blink their eyes ... they dance by fables, play by fairytales, sing by jokes they don't know if they will survive winter ... for then the story-assassins will come but they can use these dramas for some good funerals in the middle of amsterdam some animals want to go into wintersleep ...

the raven will go to the schools and churches and to justice-courts to steal the stories and turn them backwards ... these will be the kid's books for the next years ... and he can sell these stories to the dogs energizing their automatons again ...

automaton-soldiers sliding through the roofs of amsterdam ... throwing the used stories in the museum they will bloom there again they will be the bills of amsterdam terrorizing the spheres flying bills over the earth grown up stories from the big museum the return ... of the toy that bank of scrooge in rotterdam can be closed the automaton-soldiers will built a new toyshop there, with all toysoldiers where i will be the accountant ... where my brother will sell his cars one for him and for me still the two parts of the gemini girl's face ... the piano plays by itself, when there's enough oil in it ... as long as this gemini's girl speaks as long as the stories go the spaces between the piano-strikes take longer i can see capricorn's hat again

there's science fiction in the old shoe the storybirds are all around his head leading him to the toyshop, there where all automatons start these storybirds will repair the clocks when it is read it turns into a bill ... these billbirds repair the churchtowers and the compasses ... he's riding his storybirds ... riding to the deserts of the east bringing some water to the clouds and towers there ... the swan is still spitting fire, someone's skating on the lake all in rotterdam's toyshop all dreamers in a row the snowman and the soft cloud are striking some millers there, another toyshop is rising, these toys come alive by stories

the bill-assassin is a big dark man, killing the clocks like he killed his grandmother now his grandfather lives in his head no fish can follow his speech he's sitting behind his domino-piano, striking the keys for a final strike

I'm breathing together with you I blow my breath in you, and you blow your breath in me ... It's still that soft sour breath from the forest, making me weak inside Collecting stories to hang them around our necks spreading their flavors far over the hills, preparing us to descend to our homelands and histories spreading the attention in deep smiles but it is ...all fake

There's an indian warbook in my head ... printed by several wasps It's sacred to me, but fake I don't believe one word of it Just a good story You bought it for me, so long ago in that shop deep in the white chocolate decorated drama, ornaments of the tragedy dancing in my head, sinking down into my shoes deep in the night but all fake and i would never use it for the toyshop ... it's something between you and me but did you ever read it yourself, some things are a bit impolite ... it tastes like a wild face from a wasp's funeral but it's fake all fake like Bilmageln's keys of waterlights, dancing in the night, marching through your eyesi'm reaching for you, through the broken mirror I saw the kid falling from the statue ... having a deep wound while the black horse was entering the market I misunderstood the whole picture but this wound was the loss she felt when i left but i'm back

i'm trying to pick up the sounds of your piano, created by pure and concentrated slowmotion, trying to enter my head and heart ... these dominoes they all fell when you touched the first one

i'm smashing the doors leaving worlds behind me trying to reach the echoes of our past puzzling them into the future a bit mathematics if it comes to that entering the cat's fever and the pear's delirium following the lines of the story ... wondering how it will end and where it will end here in the white chocolate this song let people cry themselves to death ... i have it in my fingers but still i miss some blue keys on my piano some pages are missing this misunderstood book this misunderstood painting it used to scare me as a kid

you're closing your eyes in that snowwhite dress ... decorated by shining pink ... your head up, breathing through your nose, with a deep smile the painting remembered me about you too much i couldn't bear that shattered dream but now i'm ready for you took me by the hand it was your time to send the helicopter

you know i'm a marionet, when the story dies, i'm dying too but you are full of stories although they are all fake the bunny in his fake mercedes if it was a real one i would kill him, for i can't stand capitalists but even that kill would be fake the girl with the red books, cuyornaida corset, all your stories

and i'm still running to the place where the last orphan lives ... deep down in amsterdam he has domino wallpaper ... still the prince of broken dreams and broken games but he's selling his puzzles to the birds he's the boss of the casino the last foundling lives in rotterdam, still working in a toyshop, a marionet, a bracelet-assassin he's playing the candy's piano all poison all these chocolate-soldiers and chocolate-toys come alive in the night all these liquid

light bells all dancing around the head of the little girl ... he cares for his little sister

the sounds are sliding over the towers and houses, the town is baptized in chocolate, waiting for the strike of marspine ... he's raging for a town

King of Fake

I met the king of nonsense,

He was on his way to the king of fake

I found a black stone near to a theologians house,

twenty theologians lived there,

ten wise and ten doubters

It was a stone from rotterdam,

telling me stories of dirt and divorce,

but when i turned the stone around,

a frog was living under it,

carrying all fairytales existing

Just turn the stone around,

when the king of nonsense is coming to you,

he's on his way to the king of fake,

selling your heart to the maze

Just turn the stone around,

when it appears to be a maze,

for a frog is living under it,

carrying all you need to know

The French Schoolbook

Cruel Heritages

"And the boys ... these boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ..."

paragraph 1.

Glues from Crocodile

the woman with the white boots

In the land of the fake,
a fake-assassin lives,
all his crimes,
all fake

There where everything gets fake,
The pain slides away,
and then you're holding only that golden precious diamond in your hands ...
It's overflowing with liquid yellow glue,
The juice for your children ...

In the land of the fake,
a fake-dancer dances ...
The mailman with his fake letters ...
His fake hat ...
all to make your heart in peace ...

Now how do you make something fake ?

It takes many lullabies for that
You need to fly on the back of the orange dinosaur
No one knows where he lives,
It takes some adventure,
You need to go to some libraries from Gemini,
where the glues are streaming,
green glues and blue glues,
while outside it's snowing,
and the trees produce those powders

How do you make games,
for these are necessary for a fake ...
Ask yourself some good questions ...
The woman with the white boots will initiate you
Tall white boots,
A mouth soft like sekmeth
She knows how to spread your past,
So that you will find your old toys and games ...
So that you will remember grandfathers old toycupboard
And that of one of your nephews
Your other nephew made the games himself
He was already deeply initiated by that woman ...

Will she be as deep as butterflywings ?
Will she be as deep as your grandfather's cry ?
Will she get him into life again
How many crosses did she destroy
And how many did she create

Does she know Red Boots

All questions wandering through your mind

She sells the broadwins of your grandfather,

Those seacucumbers, those seagherkins ...

Your drinking the liquors of the fake,

Nothing hurts you anymore ...

This woman,

is she as deep as Red Boots, Red Sword and Red Cape

All you know is she starts the game ...

In a rythm you trust ...

Too many stories makes a heart fake

The curse of the fairytale

But this woman is in love with you,

And you are in love with her,

for she's your desire inside ...

She's the game you like to play,

your fake smile,

counting the marbles

And she wants you to realize that love is just a ballgame,

and you are just running after balls, trying to hit the Big Fake

Now isn't that a strange painting ?

You are locked up in a gamecupboard,

in a ballgame, in a big ballcupboard ...

until you are fake yourself ...

My grandfather loved this painting

But I'm still cursing it

This heritage, this heritage ... is breaking my mind ...

But maybe that's all ... my misunderstanding,

the heritage from my grandmother

Ten days in the cruelest game locked up in a silveryyellow box,

I'm still walking with an indian warbook in my head

Can anyone help me ?

Someone shone light in the dark box

It was White Boots from that painting of my grandfather

Such a cruel heritage

It used to scare me as kid ...

But now she's standing there with a key in her hand

A mysterious liquid key the glues are streaming through it

Her appearance strikes me ... I'm finding myself fainting through worlds,

It's like the strike of japan,

I'm screaming for my granddad,

This woman is scaring me

Did she did she lock me up in this box ?

Her velvet white boots scare me like the wildest shark ...

I'm crying oceans of tears, on my grandfathers lap

I'm feeling a baby again

shivering myself through those nightmares

I'm feeling such a rage inside,

that I could destroy her

But my grandfather liked this painting, so I will honour the heritage ...

He's smiling at me ...

She always cared about his games and toys

She's a friend to him ...

But she locked me up in these games

She's an enemy to me

heads of the crocodile

I'm walking with an indian warbook in my head

I think she wrote it

And I think my grandfather made a mistake by trusting her ...

God, is she the woman of the white chocolate ?

Why is she riding all those creatures

When she opens the book I'm lost,

then I feel myself a ball in a cruel ballgame ...

Grandfather what did you give to me

what did you leave behind for me

When she moves her boots,

I can't believe in summers anymore,

I can't believe in friends,

I don't have any hope left,

Then only she is standing before me, doing cruel things to me ...

The only thing which is wandering through my mind then,

is that ... I'm losing the game

I'm losing everything

And then i cry myself into sleep

to meet a bigger nightmare

when she ... leaves ... me taking my heart away

although she tells me she will be back in an hour

to do some shopping

i bet she sells my heart there ...

a morningmare

another day in the factory

where the days endure eternities

Today I heard from the lady that it was a toyfactory i worked in

i never knew that i thought i lost the game

my grandfather worked here also when he was young

but she saved him out of it

giving him his own games and toys

he still adores her for that ...

It appears she saved me too,

I don't know if i can believe that,

for maybe it's all fake

and maybe this is only a deeper prison

appearing to be worse ...

But I will give her a chance

I'm eating her keys,

they are sweet like licorice

but also a strange taste

it's glue ... the siren's glue

It's like a cichlid is swimming in me

She just invented this box,
she just invented it
to protect me against something worse

When she comes closer to me,
It's like the strike of the indians,
Fainting myself through their warbooks,
This woman is dangerous,
Like black hell,
but it was all to protect me against something worse ...

It's like the food of rabbits,
it's like Jupiters magnet balls ...
This woman with the soft voice,
like all taps are open
while a cichlid is riding my stomache
a panther is riding my liver,
a tiger my spleen

and I'm finding myself on the back of the orange dinosaur
was that what she finally gave to me ?

no, it was always there, she sais
we're flying to Gemini's Library

where the gluebooks are living
the key to Fake's Land

The glue is boiling like sandman's breeding new worlds

And I'm looking at her boots,
it's all happening in her boots

It's all happening in her boots,
there where the cichlid's sing,
when the juice becomes too sweet,
or just when it becomes too strange
She's breeding her juices,
Still a White Chocolate elve ...

And these boys from lynx ... these boys from lynx ...
these sight-assassins,
selling too heavy paintings for your mind,
to do the crime to do the crime
but it's all fake ...

These strange tastes,
blinding my heart,
These wild boys and wild animals,
She rides them

It was a strange ballgame,
But now she's saving me out

I was the prince of the ballgames,
strange ballgames ...
cuyornaida corset

and she invented it

It's all coming from the big shoe ...
There's a war inside
A war of shoes

The winner will have the shoeshop
selling it's prisoners
dangerous ... animals
animals ... from the big shoe ...

There's a zoo in her shoe,
There's an ornament in her hair
When she does the crime
But it's all fake

We're on the back of the orange dinosaur ...
drinking orange juice
it tastes so strange like the depths of a sea, like the stomach of a fish ...
it's burning inside
can we trust what we drink ?
there we are in gemini's library, drinking more of these juices ...
glues they are the cichlid's anatomy
but it's all fake and we are entering deeper inside of it
to meet more fake

we see fake funerals, fake ornaments,
and fake fairgrounds, all by these books
it's all in the drink
It tastes like toadstool and cactus
the anatomy ... of the cichlid
all fake ...

there's a tree called rabbit's food ...
when you touch it, it will never let you go

i think i touched this thing long ago

it's some sort of strange powder through the mix

it's all in a book, named after it

it looks like my indian warbook, deep down in my head

i know this taste, i know it

there's a tree called squirrel's food ...

a dangerous one if it comes to that,

when you touch it,

it takes you

through the several realms of death

all powders through the mix

a tree called snake's food,

it makes the colours wild

it burns the mix until it's like wood

strange dinners from the cook

it's all in the books of gemini's libraries,

it's all there where the glues stream

there's a tree on jupiter called beaver's food,

it gives power to the magnet balls

a silver snake lives inside ...

breeding the silver-yellow glue

All these glues meet each other in a river

flowing from the hill

we need to swim against the flow

all these fruits, ripping us open but it's all fake and we swim further

all these fruits ... eating us from inside out but it's all fake and we swim further

here things are becoming more transparent this is like the foam on the seawaves

the juice of the tiger is so hot and sweet that it starts to sing

the juice of the crocodile is so sharp and thick ... it's glue

they are guarding the land of the fake

they are testing the mass ... protecting their children

i'm swimming through strange lands of strange kitchens and lands of strange trees ...

so strange that it makes you cry

but white boots is swimming beside me this is a long river it's like the Mississippi

There the orange dinosaur is swimming between us and it feels so strange that it makes you laugh

oh, this land knows all emotions ... but it's fake

we are almost on top of the hill where a little man, a dwarve is writing a book ...

it's called the land of the fake and he says we can only enter the land of the fake by reading it but he would only give the book when it's done, and when we would defeat the crocodiles in the crocodile-lake we ask him where that is he says it's at the foot of the hill so we swim to it feeling the hill has changed it's the same hill the same river ... but it's changed the crocodiles in the lake are called "changes" ... and an enormous fight starts when we have defeated them, we swim back to the top but now the little man says : first you have to bring me their heads ... so we swim back again, while i feel i'm getting angry, but i realize the hill and the river changed again and that makes a sort of magical feeling in me being released we take the heads of the crocodiles with us, tied to a chain and when we are on top of the hill again, the little man had been changed into a giant and the book was now called "laws to survive changes" it was slowly growing bigger and it was changing into a game it looked like a rubber swimmingbath,

turning into a pool more and more finally it was like a giant-cichlid and it started to float "do you want to go with the balloon ?" the giant asked

"where is it going to ?" i ask

"it's going to the land of fake," he said

I saw a little basket appearing under the cichlid-balloon, and i jumped in, together with white boots ... the cichlid was crying fake-tears and it was all flowing inside of us giving us such strange feelings in our stomachs all our funerals inside became plastic ... all threatening bills became candy according to me white boots just played the game with me, for she was appearing more and more like a goddess to me but a strange one ...

These cichlid's capsules These crocodile-heads all fake but

still the banana-queen

And there I wake up but i was in the land of the fake now i did it and there was really blue glue in the taps now jellyfishes in the bath ... i'm shivering but it's the fake which has possessed my house would this be the third marble of the old wasp, reflecting the fragments of the jellyfish's face ? there's juice of different games streaming here

A pole-o-state and a pole-o-meter were walking through the streets of amsterdam, checking the watermirrors and the bloodmirrors running like crazy through the night some said jesus died in a cruel indian game but it was all fake it was just to raise these little machines two staggercats from the hard life

the jelly-fish is eating the cichlid but it's all fake they are just good artists it all happened between the safe soft walls of a circus in april on the first one, when alva lost his killerwhale

grandfather got the thin strike, he's a boy again now he's running in soft pyama's from the brown orange bear through the cornfields drinking the baker's juices there's honey flowing from his head he's a boy again with flower-cheeks in this land everyone wears pyamas

White Boots is showing me the trees growing in my kitchen now : One called shark's food, one called deer food, and one called lynx food it's still a sort of bread growing there, very tough, but soft it's the sort saint nicolas used to spread to keep the wild animals quiet

The indian warbook is burning in my head it's like new powders are spreading themselves through me She sais the book is but a card from the cuyornaida corset, a playcard it was a sort of joker destined to let me die in the game ... but in the game, a flower grew to reach the portals of the land of fake This flower is the red rose that big secret from aldebaran's hill ... neptune's little fairy the ladder from the game to the shell And in the game, we all die to turn into a red rose, reaching for the land of fake ... the rain of fake will let the rose grow on aldebaran's hills we all go through the cocoon, waiting for a game bigger than this, where the heartache breaks the spoon ... where the game reaches the fake, all hurt will flow away, it will flow like rain, it will flow like rain, from aldebaran's hills to breed the roses those black roses all a threat in the game but at the end of the story it appeared to be one and the same it was all written on one card it was all a big joker to bring the land into a deeper strike, to bring toys and fakes alive, all these treasures of our grandfathers coming alive again then the earth will touch the moon again ... then the licorice will have a greater party in the middle of a dwarve's tearoom

from belgian sunsets to american rains it appeared to be grandfathers hand touching you, proclaiming the same that the heartache in the game, is the way to the land of fake, where all hurt melts away, where all criminals are an escape criminals of the big fake, marching with fake knives in their hands they are marching with fake candles, fake lights in the night even the night is fake, and the ground on which they march when you hear their voices, you get fake too, the wounds on your hands become chocolate, your streaming blood becomes glue all who died in the game, can read the stories of the red rose to come at peace there's always a bigger game, with bigger rules

and for those who died in the mazes, the yellow rose still stands, like a ladder to new sunsets, it was the first marble of the old wasp but what would be the second marble it's still the secret a little princess carries deep inside it's still a book, deep down in my stomach, a book of wasps, that is what it sais ... it's still an arabian warbook there raging when the indian warbook is speaking together they do the dances ... it's like a war of spice ... that's what it sais ... when you die on a marketsquare, you can sell your story to the museum, to receive the mark of fame it was the black rose leading you through after all the second marble of the wasp the little princess hid it for you so long, but now these shadows can enter your mind

a black rose, a yellow rose and a red rose, came to your craddle in the night they came from the seas of roses they came to break the spell they had to use a

curse to break the curse they used a sickness to destroy the sickness ... an eye for an eye they are still the friends of your head ... the iron laws which cannot be broken, to hide you away from something worse

the banana-queen still wrapping you into blankets of delights she was always like the book in the middle giving you the dollhouse for the night she was always that strange delight, that walking candle, singing through your deepest desires and your coldest pains she was always in the middle to reach and hold them all but she's still their creator she created these roses and these seas ... to bring you to better markets, games and mazes, where you know the way, you and your liquid key-lights still the best way to burn old money and to create some new coins for the automatons she can bring your childhood's books alive ... those books from which you thought they weren't important

still the banana-queen, still the ornament's transmission the banana's ornament is shining in the night this tailor's dream ... she's still inventing new pyamas, still inventing new mazes ... mazes in which you know the way still the banana's wet feelings, still the banana's dream, sliding through your clothes, bringing the ballgames to your shoes always your rollerskates she's riding the jupiterian marionet, ...and she's riding you

she always wants to bring the two together, but sometimes she switches the dominos she's still a domino-lover and her cupboards are full of ballgames her tropical fishes bring holidays to tight schools she loves to bring the two together, but sometimes she switches the dominos her arrivals are still reaching ten meters underground, while her metallic friends are scanning the kitchens and the ceilingcorners and then she turns the houses around on sundays she's a mermaid, on saturdays she sells furniture to the fairytales on mondays she's a mistress while on tuesday she works in the libraries there's always something to do

white boots is staring at me it was a long trip i feel shattered and still like i'm losing the games ...she sais when bananas are mixed with chocolate ... there's a way out but i still feel that i'm stuck somewhere there are still things roaring in my mind ... she sais i need these feelings of hopelessness ... i need to die deeper, root deeper, so that i can touch higher moons i need the split face, the deepest oppositions ... i need a deeper split, for a deeper cooperation

it's like all my senses are dead now ... i only feel pain deep pain ... it's like i'm still that little kid looking at grandfathers painting white boots standing there with some keys in her hands and some tall dark shadows behind her, and some pastures and forests the air is dark and brown, but there are some other colours

through it it's a wild air and i'm still not trusting this woman, feeling the rage rising up for i still feel a prisoner well, i gave her the chance

finally i'm getting so mad i'm dashing the painting into pieces the heritage and then starting to weep like never before but that's okay, i did those things before paintings are fearing me because of this someone has bred me like this maybe she did it i'm feeling myself like a wasp searching for justice this damned earth is really a cocoon to become the wildest wasp it will for sure breed the wildest song but it's a ballgame it's fake i challenge high kings in the boxing ... even bilmageln but he's taking me by the arm and leads me through the traffic bringing me into an attic of toys new ones, wilder than ever there he closes the door they look like me they show me their scars they even challenge me i understand their rage i try to sooth them realizing there's always someone more in rage than me i learnt a lot about rage-transforming, so here my soothing heart can help them here my rage turns into a soothing father i remember the look in their eyes it reminds me of my own misunderstandings and fights for justice i'm telling them about white boots how i destroyed her painting that i don't trust her that she invented all these games

but hey, we are wild wasps, we are wild boys, we need to stop this lady her arrows are sharp but we will block her and show her what she did to us all i feel is hate ... although my heart is soothing these boys these toys i see her laughing we all hear her laughing she'smocking us i can't stand it when someone is laughing while someone else is crying do you have a heart or not ? the pain is tearing me apart ... but i'm trying to sooth the boys, preparing them for the strike we are just her prisoners prisoners of a ballgame we will escape we will ... break free this woman needs to be stopped i never felt such hate and i felt misled i hanged on to someone who only pushed me deeper in the pit and now i found these wilder boys here they used to cut in themselves, and they talk about suicide a lot i'm in a mental institution ... bilmageln brought me here but finally i feel myself like a father again

white boots is staring at me showing me a rose a blue one but all i can do is cry holding in my rage she sais : when you die in the joke when you die in the laughing mass a blue rose is growing there leading you to the land of nonsense where all justice reigns

i feel so cold, almost ignoring her words i will not let this woman destroy us further

there she shows me another rose a green one saying when you die in the
cry a green rose grows bringing you into the library

did i hear this before and where are the wild boys now ?

she opens a book, and i see some pictures of them in it

she sais : your cry was their cry it was a book crying in your head but it could
only fade away when you would find the book to open it

i realized that all these flowers were roads to her and that she sowed them in my
heart in all these difficult grounds of my soul but these were just books
screaming books which would only stop crying when i would take a look into
them

i'm embracing white boots and fall asleep

i'm dreaming about so many screaming books in my soul and while i'm walking
these paths of books they all become silent white boots is soothing them into
sleep there's a little flame in my stomache again spreading a little light
through my body ... she will be everything i need to take roots and to grow to the
suns i now realize that she will do everything to show me all the marbles of the
old wasp but i still feel cold on my guard after all ready for new tricks

guards of the handicapped

you really need to wake up, this woman is playing with your heart it still doesn't
feel good to you

finally you start to realize that the object is always neutral, but that it depends on
the one living in it, how the balls will roll you want to know who's riding these
white boots maybe more creatures live in this house but you can only start to
see it, when you take some distant from this woman, to look at her from a safe
hill to watch the white boots by a telescope

i once saw some dwarves through a telescope they were so big i once met the
boys from tucan ... they were the guards of the handicapped they were so
empathic, and yet so wild they led them ... they led them to those gluefalls of
gemini and to the goat's trees on columba ... where the bloodhounds lived
those handicapped those mental pirates the jesus's of the universe ... living
and locked up in a circle still scratching the paintings their mouths full of glue
from the crocodile still dying in horror, still dying in jokes and false liberties ...

still dying on railroads, in microwaves and lights too bright still dying in books
and on paintings those boys from the bloodhound

how many times do i need to die in a joke ? one boy asks seventy times seven, the
old white rabbit sais he's still the caring teacher of these kids they are adults,
but they could never grow up they were under a woman's curse white
boots

the boys of tucan brought their handicapped to the bloodhounds of columba, selling
them to the white rabbit for some coffee

i couldn't save this painting ... it was already torn by the bloodhounds before i
realized it giving it a wilder touch i'm gathering the pieces of it selling it as
puzzles in rotterdam they sell good but i'm waiting for another visit of the
bloodhounds i have some bigger business in mind

i could see the handicapped boy sitting behind the painting after it was torn he
was shivering ... he gave me some roses and some dice together we could make
games

i have a gameshop in east ... the handicapped boy has golden balls one day we
can buy a rocket to tucan ... he still sits in his golden prison ... a suit white boots
made for him but it made him creative, and now he rides the golden balls he's
wearing golden boots he slayed all these golden monsters and i'm proud of
him i'm still the guard of the handicapped ... his tall blue jacket velvet from
strange monsters tears crying in the wind still howlers and shriekers in the
night ... surrounded by tall guitars sharp sounds from aldebaran ... still
aldebaran boys

paragraph 2.

Aldebaran Boys

Jesus from the Vegetable

They run on the streets of aldebaran, the terror they are there

They sing their songs of clothes too tight ...

But they wear their uniforms over them

Sharp guitars are on their side

The Aldebaran Boys ...

*They have shining scars on their necks,
turning black in the night,
They ride chickens, selling the eggs to the empty grounds
Their leaders ride the red dragons,
those handicapped in the night
Full of tricks and secret obsessions
Selling the red eggs to the shoes and empty walls
making a living on the ceilings
The Aldebaran Boys*

*Still pirates on empty shores,
giving poets their swords back,
running barefooted on wooden roads ...
like their mother always did
selling daggers to the foot,
with the ballgames in their eyes ...
the snake's glues are running through their veins,
while the corners of their eyes are following them
The Aldebaran Boys ...
still handicapped boys
Still the paralyzing touch*

*Those mental institutions are still full with pretty flowers
they died in the magazines
they died in the factories
it was the big escape*

They escaped through liquid holes

Those Aldebaran Boys
Those lucifers in a night too tight ...
Still tearing clothes,
Still setting the panthers free
Running the stairways of old shoes ...

And they gather
more handicapped lucifers ...
in a light too tight

A little princess is still crying on top of the stairs ...
She doesn't want to eat ...
Gathering her marbles for the next game
A spanish teacher is holding her tight ...
He knows what it is to drown in a dictionary ...
She has still the voice of glue
She got it from the cobra's prince
Tomorrow she will be a mermaid ...
In thick glue ...

She gathers brown eyes ...
for her next game ...
on the back of a red dinosaur
a seamonster from the sea of glue ...
Tomorrow she will be a mermaid
In thick glue ...

And the boys ... these boys ...
They are free in their prisons ...

*selling their churches to old lions,
selling their little gods to another gameshop ...
they will be the balls of new games ...
rolling by blasphemy ...*

*And the man from the footballarena is smiling,
There is a lion standing in the middle of the field
There's something worse than the game
The Public*

*The Public is singing strange songs
These are in the pockets of the Aldebaran Boys
These liquid keys*

*The Public is riding the lion
The Public is riding the shark*
Strange kitchen after all

*The Aldebaran Boys ... they are gathering the Publics in their shoes
To have boosters to jump to the moon
for some deeper underground conspiracies*
*They are followers of the wild football ...
To turn it into a ballgame ...
with golden marbles ...*

*There he stands in his golden boots,
together with his lion ...
it's his lion ...
He's still the boy of the footballfield ...*

Having a footballpublic-keyboard ...

It's all a trick ...

Strange kitchens

The balls roll by the public ...

But he sells their little gods ...

They are still the little plastic images hanging on his jacket ...

he uses to curse them all the time ...

These balls roll by blasphemy

He's selling his little churches to the trees ...

They will be tomorrows apples ...

He's selling his schools to the birds ...

They will be tomorrows nests

He's still the boy of the footballfield ...

Boy of the footballfield ...

*Boy of seventy mazes all flowing from rotterdam to amsterdam, and then to the
east ... where a little gameshop is catching them*

Bring the mazes to the puzzles and the games ... and sell them ...

The Publics will help you with that ...

They will scream until you sell them ...

They are still the wet statues in a billiards room

And the butcher still cutting with his publics-knives,

It's the slaughtermachine of the city,

going from sunset to sunset ...

Someone is selling cats called "most" to the crowds ...

*they are roaring in the night ...
I'm finding myself in the candy-factory ...
You thought your dance was over here
But slowly a new dance started ...
a better one ... and much wilder ...*

*I'm seeing a Jesus Christ hanging on a candy's stick ...
A snake is trying to strangle him ...
It's the candy's snake fed by publics ...
The picture is surrounded by game-audiences,
while a sharp observer is cutting it
Tomorrow someone will have his birthday
This is how they make tart ...
No these aren't the candles on a cake ...
These are the Jesus Christs you burn ...*

*These publics' fires are strange materials
Like shark's teeth ...
A cigarette is getting crazy ...
that happens when there are too many publics in your head ...
But now he has the pencil in his hand,
It's burning,
It decorates the candy,
To make it ripe for trade ...
You still sell these things ...*

*I see another Jesus Christ hanging on a candy stick
These are Jesus's from the Vegetable ...*

Green elves with broken wings ...

The Revenge of the Jellyfish

*The mazedreamer is breeding his publics for another strike ... Focussing his publics
eye ... Is this the Eye of Birthday ?*

Oblezea Vitrininium ... The spell you still speak out

That old dwarve's spell ...

*Nailing your Jesus Christs in the middle of a footballfield,
While the audiences are singing the songs of "Crucify Him"*

You dragged him to your judges of nonsense,

shooting his last vegetables

But a fruit is growing in him ...

Oblezea Vitrininium,

The Birthday's Eye,

giving him a new christmas

And you are the statue on his gun

Oblezea Vitrininium,

still sandman's best trick

still the horse on your father's road ...

still the cichlid's eye ...

There were only ashes lying on your table, muttering at the end of the story ...

But a fruit was growing there

Oblezea Vitrininium

Such a strange sea-fruit in hot sand ...

Like the revenge of the jellyfish ...

Someone put his feet into it ... now he's a statue forever ...

The Eye of Birthday, guiding the Aldebaran Boys,

Like Bethlehem's star ...

They are mixing the candy through the vegetables ...

By this strange fruit

It fills their stomachs so deep,

like spun sugar ...

like the clock of a spider crazier than them

Echo's Birthday

the cobra's prince

It's a strange sort of glue ...

boiling in the candy's factory ...

sandman's sending his prisoners downstairs ...

to watch some television ...

it's horror, but that's all hardening them,

they will be tomorrows statues ...

statues of the big candy ...

chocolate, licorice and marchpane,

and then they will be sold to saint nicolas ...

he will decorate them by a public's touch,

by the magazine's camera,

having the backward's fame of a criminal ...

but the children love to eat it ...

on marchpane street he lives,

in a high skyscraper,

in a corner outside the house,

still painting the walls,
watching the tartsides
this spider's man
bowing his heart to put them all straight,
these birthday's soldiers,
guiding their prisoners to the kettle
by the lights of a public's camera,
kids eat them to bring them into the cartoon ...
for the stomache-animals to watch

pipelines of candykettles,
all in the factory
still sandman's pride ...
all happening in a dream ...

teachers are breeding their publics ...
it's the war between the sandmen ...
who will have the candyshop tonight ?
the losers will be tomorrows candy ...
old sandmen ... ready to go retired on a pension ...

never look into a candyfactory
you will see sandman's funeral ...
but a flower is growing there ... it's echo's flower ...
from the Big Birthday
tomorrow they will all eat sand ...

He will strike the Birthday's Eye,
striking the saltbells ...

well, all by the Giant's Whistlingkettle

but he's riding it ...

He will stir up the oceans with his flute ...

still the cobra's .. prince ...

still the boss of all glue ...

still raising a madman's cigarette,

building tomorrows televisions

by kettles and balloons

by a cichlid's mad decision

riding the hard strike's spoon

it's the voice of a new press,

it's the voice of a public's shoe

that dwarf called "most"

his best friend on this run ...

breeding the glueletters,

eating the alphabets ...

publics' devices raging like glitters in the night,

fighting the big shoe ...

no problem for echo ...

this boy designed by harems

from strange seas ...

straight from japan,

straight from the big magnetball ...

that big publics' ball,

rising like a disco-ball,

with that strange lipsticks' rythm

enchanting the marionet ...
still the hard spray in your mind ...
dim lights in the night,
from the dark chrystal,
your mother sewed in your suit ...
still black buttons
where black dictionaries hide behind
all sifted by the kettles,
all transformed by the balloons ...
watching daydreams televisions
on a hard day's spoon ...

the choirs in the distance slowly sliding away ...
the gamechoirs becoming a threat
but echo's breeding his flowers
for a new television-day

When the Mills Start to Speak

The story goes,
that legend under the sun,
it is a milkman's riding there,
on his little bike ...
it's a little dwarf they say,
growing big in the night

Raindrops are his friends,
and cactusses are his lovers,
He drinks the milk,

that ornament's drink,
and pushes the swines ...
to have a mailman's ride

He's the lover of all ritual dreams,
this manside's possessor
bringing daily the milk with a ship from so far away
a ship under a red balloon,
a zeppelin from the birthday's terror
rising up the spoon,
still a daydream's letter

The story goes,
it's burning
in my mind and in my soul,
that this man,
this little dwarve,
is sweeter than you know ... spinning his teas, spinning his letters,
and throws them all through the milk,
spinning the daytime's possessions,
spinning the raceroads and the mills ...

He's still a little miller,
the best baker's friend ...
the best friend of your mouth and heart,
the best friend of your sentiment ...

He's writing alphabets in the wind
He's sending ducks to your friends ...

Still the Big Cichlid,
still the house of the heart

Strange sentiments from his pipes
 strange cities in his heart,
 all sliding to ... his mills ...
 to become even stranger
his mills are speaking loud today,
 spinning powders in the rain
meal from a black saint nicolas ...
 post from a mailman's dream ...

Strange sentiments from a miller's heart speaking to you
 still the big dwarf,
 like bilmagen's friend ...
 his best friend, well to say

He is everyone's friend, that big potatoe,
 he's everyone's friend,
 that goat's friend
still a milkman, still a millerman,
after all these years, after all these ages
 a big dwarf on the run ...

Now he's standing before you,
 his mills speak to your mind,
 spreading it's powders,
 giving you the meal,
so that you can bake some bread tonight ...

This terror of the day ... this day's terror ...
appeared just to be .. grandmom's letter ...
when the mills start to speak ...

When the mills start to speak ...
when the ornament starts to rise ...
there will be a new daytime's possession
on a hard day's strike

When the Mills start to speak ...
when the ornaments start to rise
when the wings of soap stands before you ...
the fruits will be ripe

It's in the telephone

It's in the newspaper today

he's the son of the press ...

That milkman's day

He's the son of transmissions ...

He's the son of the lights

and at the end of the day

There will be rude ones in the nights ...

rude ones in the nights

for when the mills will start to speak ...

stringing their letters in the night

building their circles of alphabeth

it will be the dance of the knife

catching blades in the night ...
like butterflies so high
drying them in your books
and then they will speak to your children

dry them in the night
and use a coffeemill
it's just a daydream's thrill ...
inside a maze of life
then push the hard day's spoon ...
into the light and the liquid hole ...
to make them all sleep forever
and you will reach the coffeeroom ...
it's just a matter of feedback

crazy dances in the nights
the dance of the knives

all beautiful like cichlids

like the tropical strike

when the millmaids speak

when the milkmaids dream

all ornaments in the night

ready for the hard day's strike

so many blades in the night

it's the miller's strike ...

it's the press for a new cartoon

it's the candyman for a new game

it's some milk for new babies
and some obsessed lovers ...

When the mills start to speak,
when the ornament starts to rise
helicopters in the night
bringing letters ... from another world
it tears your world apart ...
bringing you from least to most
so many soldiers rising in your hands
when the mills start to speak

When the mills start to speak

then you can finally enter through that little gate,
that black point in the air

to meet the miller's daughter
riding that white horse in the night

she was ... your wet velvet boots ...
your white boots in the rain

letting you race the alphabets roads
all in a new game
a game with a better bed
and a game with some better coffee

heading together with you
for the land of fake

your white boots in the night
they shine like daylight

like the golden ball

when the mills start to speak

when the ornament starts to rise

it was all a black ornament opening you ...

black velvet in the night

riding on a black horse,

while your kid was falling from that statue

getting the same wound you had

now you could finally speak together

when the mills started to speak

scars are telephones ... never forget ...

it's the daytime's dream

fishing the dreams out of the night

your wounds are the fishing rods

with sharp hooks

raising your kids out of the threat ...

a sharp hook saved your kids from the shark

the shark was a soft hand

drowning kids ... before they could reach daylight

the sharks of the mills are sharp

but then the messages will be sharp too ...

it will sharpen your ears

sharpen your mouth

when the mills start to speak

Mills swimming like sharks in the whistlingkettle,

Preparing the paint for tomorrow's painting

Echo always eats one painting a day ...

Strange kitchens, major, strange kitchens

Ballerinas are rising from the mills ...

Still the broadcast-ladies of echo's television ...

It will be all glue at the end of the day

There someone freezes in his tv-chair

Getting picked out by echo

Becoming tomorrow's tv-star ...

He can forget about the horror of daily life,

meeting plastic trauma's to play with ...

they are the flying discs of the children ...

These mills created the crowd

It was just Echo's trick

The trick of a good television

cutting the tree and spreading the powders over the screen ...

He's having that strange straight feeling in his spine again

Now he can gather the children ...

Straight Blue Bananas

the pencil's friends

"how many stomachs does this pencil have, how many layers lying on each other, holding each other tight how many hands how many fingers how does she use it how does she draw her crimes these paintings are wanted by the rabbit's police by the judges from the big nonsense ... dead or alive"

He has the publics under his shoes,
Now he can jump like brother rabbit

He has the mills under his shoes,
Now he can step on scorpions ...

He has some new shoes,
Now he can be the journalist of strange animals,
stranger than the animals in grandma's garden ...
So strange you start to cry ...

There are flames coming from the mills
These guys are grandma's speakers ...
Tattooing her roses in your heart
It's Blue Metal speaking to you ...
It was grandma putting her flag on the top of the Hill ...
And now you find yourself in this strange capsule
It was Jesus dying in a mill they said
but a precious flower grew there,
a shattered flower,
having a "most" in her heart,
carrying the publics,
raising the crowds
putting your spine straight
after the banana's strike ...

It was a blue straight banana speaking to you,
rising from the mills,
rising from the ornament

we will drink strange milks tonight ...
in a basket under a strange balloon
a basket full of snakes
breeding the straight cobra-stick
still ornaments from the sidetarts ...
still ornaments ...from the risen dream

it belongs to someone else ... said the grey man

I'm riding the orange dinosaur,
bringing me to the miller's rainbowcastle,
built on seventy clouds,
with the red balloon as the elevator
still piano-stairways ... still licorice-bottles,
spouting the air into the night
little breezes from the south
coming like christmas over the trees ... all these love-lights ...
in full colour ...

it was an old cartoon, an old movie,
your grandmother loved to watch ...
on echo's television
the ornament of the white witch ...
she's breeding her cartoons in the night
it's still white boots showing her faces showing her movies by moonlight
still the miller's daughter having her tall delights
how many stomachs does this creature have ... lying on each other ... in layers of an
old curtain ... breaking the lights how many chests ... how many arms ...
how tall are his legs this creature from the wild ornament ... she's still riding it ...

she's spinning her insects in the night coming to tall lions and tall tigers
smoking tall cigarettes ...
still dignified kills by tall pencils
it's the artist's paralyzed touch

this woman can draw this woman can sleep herself to the tall dream
in her tall ships she glides through the night ... tall shadows on the streams
covering the flowers, breaking the lights, to cover them deeper, in venician
delights sailing from painting to painting, still the artist's doctor still a pencil's
friend

how many stomachs does this pencil have, how many layers lying on each other,
holding each other tight how many hands how many fingers how does she use
it how does she draw her crimes these paintings are wanted by the rabbit's
police by the judges from the big nonsense ... dead or alive

when the pencil is having it's breakfasts ... the spoon is rising straight spoons
from ornament's horizons too many kicks in the stomachs were breeding the
rings she was desperate ... by her own delights

The Baker's Kid

Fallen Ink

He went through a million of mills, but now he is an ocean reaching the shores of
Giant's World ... He went through a million of mills too many divorces in his
homeland only ashes muttering on the table but he brought it to the baker, all
these powders, all these deserts and the baker mixed some new powders
through them, meal from sweet marriages to worship

He went through a million of mills Now there is delicious chinese food laying on
his dish He went through so many mills, meeting so many millers Now he
went through the liquid holes Getting such a fragile touch Deep enough to
reach the buttons of a lost woman's heart

The slaughtermachines of his wife still rage into his stomache It seems the baker
wants some new meal Some finer meal to prepare the magnetballs for the

ballgame Still the baker has such sharp eyes looking through him He still wants to visit him in his woolen prison between the mills..... he has some dolls from him She's still inside weaving his priest's suits That backwards woman of him Still a chinese bird, she doesn't want to let him go but he will fly on, she will weave his wings just a weaver The mills Now he has enough bullets to let the wings rise up He's still a baker's kid knowing how to use the baker's glues still guiding the orphans losing their moms and dads in a divorce's war this boy ... always having a split face with a split laugh bringing the mom and the dad back to the children ... The mills are still working on him Now he has enough baskets to catch their tears and wrap them in warm blankets Still a little ragboy Still a baker's kid making bread of the orphans' tears decorating their birthdays and christmas decorating their trees to their Giant's Worlds

The lemon was always his guide, when he lost his way the lemon always brought him back to the baker's heart and now he's sowing the splinters in his garden writing his letters

The lemon was always his guide to the land of cartoon ...

The lemon was always That hand on his shoulder That cigar-cloud behind his back

Mondaymorning-mills are racing through the little town They want the most workers for their factories

He's closing an old book of terror putting on the warm cartoon-slippers slippers from the cichlid

In his stomach a cartoon-flower is growing In the middle of the mill It's finally getting juicy there, the cartoons are streaming He's running to the house of pancakes below the bridge Finally his feet are touching the liquid whirlpoolspots of fallen ink on the paper and he steps inside He's the prince of cartoons again

The Strike of The Cartoon - Touches from Brahms

He's swimming in the cartoon he and she

She's raging like the cartoon but it doesn't hurt him anymore

She now has the juice-glitters in her eyes

He sees the care behind her face, rolling like flowers there

So soft

He isn't afraid of his mother anymore

Since the cartoon struck the house

He now sees her love for him

Something he never saw before

The wall is broken now

He doesn't feel himself an orphan anymore

His teddybear feels so different now

He doesn't have to cry anymore when he touches it

It's like he feels his father now

Although his father doesn't live anymore

His father died as soldier in a divorce's war

And he himself, he was also a divorce's soldier

having a pencil in his hand

To draw such a beautiful creature

Which would eat the misunderstanding between his parents

They were soldiers of misunderstanding

They were soldiers of uninvited tears

They had the same ideas but different languages

They wanted to draw the same pictures ... but they had different colours in their hands

They were soldiers of the pencil

Their pencils spoke different languages, but had the same loves in their hearts

They were soldiers of misunderstanding ... Tearing the paintings down ...

These misunderstood paintings were still crying in the night So that the little boy couldn't sleep

But now he painted that beautiful creature ... to eat all misunderstanding away

It's a cartoon, a little cartoon, made by his cartoonpencil

His mother was a fairytale, his father a fable ... but he is a cartoon

And now he brought them together again

daddy is coming out of his cellar and mom is coming out of her attic

to meet each other in the baby's room

the teddybear can breath again

He's hearing the lullabies in the distance

bringing the paintings into sleep

tomorrow they will wake up again

finding themselves painted in all colours

feeling the soft pencil on their skins instead of the tearing pencil

He's hearing the lullabies in the distance,

Feeling Brahm's touch on his face

Soft like the softest bird

His cartoon's friend

Hearing his grandfathers voice in the distance

Now he swims with his mother and father in the cartoon

He isn't afraid of their voices anymore

They are so soft now and so high

Even their wings cannot hurt him anymore

It just feels different now

The walls fell down ...

It was the strike of the cartoon

It was the strike of his pencil

Still his friend for so many years

drawing the holes in the walls in the ceilings and in the floors

connecting the cellars and the attics

the moms and the daddies,

all stories together

awakening the teddybear

chapters of the same book

colours of the same painting

all united by this animal he drew

a rainbow-tiger

he swims with his mom and dad in the cartoon

together with the rainbow-tiger his bird, his grandfather and his pencil

also the pencils of his mom and dad and all the paintings of the house,

surrounded by all these glittering waves of lullabies

tomorrow they will live in the house of pancakes again

entering the cartoon forever

his mom with the strawberry's voice

his dad with the cucumber's voice

raising the teddybear

raising the pyama's

the woman with many lips

she had more pupils in her eyes, like soapeyes like the skin of a fish ...

she had more lips laying on each other ...

and still i'm wondering why her eyes hurt me so much it's like a hundred cameras are staring at me, making fast pictures ... and i'm asking myself what will she do with the pictures these are pink eyes, pink cameras what will she do with the blue and the red

there she stands before me with only lips in her face it doesn't hurt me anymore ... although i'm asking myself ... what will she all eat with it but everything is ok, as long as the camera is gone i have enough of being a movie-prisoner

finally the doors are open and i can fly away but ... movie-hunters are outside so i'm returning to the woman with many lips although i don't want to be a kitchen's prisoner tonight between two dinners

i'm walking with her through the corridors i wonder what will happen her ears are growing while i'm walking behind her is she a rabbit ?

while we are walking further the colors are becoming so pale and the atmosphere becomes so thick she shows me a pink white barrel organ she got it from her grandfather i'm praying she isn't white boots i have other things to do than that she smiles catching my prayers

she looks like an arcturian rabbit now ... so many tall ears are appearing on her clothes and her clothes are becoming softer ... just like everything here everything is like pyama's

she sais it's a barrelorgan of lullabies but why is she singing them all on the same time i'm getting dizzy in my head all her lips are singing different lullabies and they appear all over her clothes mouths with many layers you were a movie-slave she said a head-prisoner locked up in the heads of others you were destroyed by a camera ...

i'm trying to breath she wanted me ...to spit out my eyes my own cameras ... that was a deal ...

i spat it out like cores of fruits ... and i got a body of lips and rabbit-ears ... who would think i would end like this no eyes no cameras anymore

the lullabies made me float the lips became my wings i started to wispher
and there i flew

the alphabet ... the movements of the tongue ... just a way to find direction there
are rudders in my mouths

and there she opens her mouth so wide, and her tongue fell out so deep like a pink
waterfall for me a road to fly on these were the candy falls there's a world
inside we do not know yet i wanted to meet new alphabets new directions
realizing that the tongue is a box of tricks, a joystick of the best game existing she
closed her mouth and it became dark inside now i pray it isn't a trap but if
something is the world of candy this is it and it was not the first time i
travelled on a tongue i saw so many alphabets here ... like rings around her
tongue, and i raced through them ... tuning into new worlds it was like the cocoon
..... heading for venus the languages became softer and sweeter the ears taller
and the mouths wider while lips were bubbling from a certain fountain they
became the stairways to heaven ...

on venus i realized that sharp things were only sharp because we couldn't become
as small or thin as them ... that was our handicap and that's why it felt sharp
also the things we don't know yet or the things we don't integrate become sharp
it's a signal for us it's a call from the dwarves and the elves to become like
them and it's a call from the giantworld to integrate the sharp blades cutting
in our bodies are messengers from fairytale the sharp knife they put in us, is just
a cabman from candyworld there's a higher world calling the pains will slowly
fade away when we answer this call, but can also show us more pain but there is
a way to communicate with pains through new circles of alphabets pains are
letters, characters, from the other world and if we would learn these
languages they would show us what's inside pains are just screaming for
deeper languages deeper ways of contact there where all dictionaries cross
there the integration grows we were all born in the kettle of languages in the
mix there were languages are cut out things become sharp language is a
person, a body, storing many presents and treasures only by connection and
transformation, these things can be saved

Is there a language of feelings when the rabbit-ears start to fall off ? It all starts with
pain, when you accept all these feelings as a new language then you will climb
from emotion to emotion ... all messages from other worlds And what if the lips
would fall off then what's left ? your feelings ... your nose ... what if your nose
would fell off only feelings

feelings can be overwhelming ... so you must search for the most sensitive places
and the least sensitive places ... to have a trigger to open and lock

Boys from Tucan

when the tiger goes to sleep

*"it's something for you to know ... and something for you, you'll see ...these softest
boys in daylightbecome the hard men in the night"*

boys from elve

Those boys, those sensitive boys, that elve-race

Still searching for water,

Still searching to go down under,

Still searching for the white pink

Still searching for the pale lady

Still mirroring in the river when they bow their heads down ...

Like soft thin glitters from aldebaran's sea,

dancing in full moonlight ...

They are still standing on aldebaran's coasts,

riding the white rabbits ...

Still standing with their pink glue uniforms,

torn down by life's sharp treasures,

from the pink rainbow ...

Wearing the scars as badges on their uniform,

the wounds still not healed can be seen through their suits,

for everything is transparent,

but they are covered well by old books,

and rainbowkisses ...

the wounds are beating and pulsing like hearts in their bodies

pumping the tears through their suits, through their arms and legs,
giving them courage to bend their knees and elbows,
in that strange mysterious way ...
your grandfather always loved to tell about it ...

It is antique jewelry,
The way they speak,
It is the legend of the sword ...
And still they don't know where they are exactly heading for ...
But they just head for it ...
They are always on a journey,
walking with their flutes,
They are the mysterious pipers,
attracting the doves from their roofs ...

Tucan boys,
They know the sensitive spots,
They still throw stones in them,
watching the waves
watching the fishes coming upstairs ...
To see aldebarans lights ...

They still drink from the moon's warm nipples,
They still drink from the cartoons juice ...
They are forever young,
but their clothes are getting older
Even their shadows are liquid gold,
their rags are silver,

... and their boots ...

They have the keys of the old books,
They are turning the pages of creation,
when they shut a book,
someone dies or someone gets born ...
a shop closes or gets open
These boys these tucan boys
Still riding on horses too high for them
but they always fall soft ... on venusian pillows ...
and in aldebaran's licorice
they are loved these animals are protected by the law

They know the sensitive threads,
on these bridges they sit and fish
fishing to find wasted days and money ...
spoil from the big mouse
They are still skating on the rivers ...
with their magnet balls ...
leaving juicy stripes behind them ... in thick air ...

chiefs of illusion

They build their towns on forgotten stones,
filling them with the dolls of the rubbishfields ...
They pick them up from under the sewers of the houses
They are the toydoctors from the forgotten moon

Their boots are wet, their heads and hands are cold, grasping like rats

but their hearts are warm, and the flames of passion burn there ...

a strange sort of passion

battling against the dragons,
to have heart and space for the town
to have some high pillars,
with teeth hanging under it,
scaring away the dogs and the crows

They wear old warbooks inside ...
showing them where the graves are
so many treasures left behind,
so much knowledge,
so much fame

Building their elevators on those graves ...
Not forgetting about grandfather's smoke

They still wear their grandfathers' clothes,
the suits of their old heroes

They're building marchpane's town,
Still the guards of the handicapped ...
Still searching for the sidetarts in the ornaments
This was why the Indian Warbook was so wild

Some handicapped trees led them ...
some handicapped plants and flowers
wanting their marbles back ...

But this town, this marchpane's town,
would bring glory to nature again ...

There was an Indian called handicapped dog

The wildest dog in town ...

He wanted to do the Indian Apocalypse

But he had to wait for the wintersleep

All colours would be back after the wintersleep ...

The chiefs were surrounding the town ...

This would be everyone's town,

This would be everything there was ...

All gathered in one town ...

The whole town had to go to sleep,

All colours would be back in the morning

They were .. still the masters of the shell

orion-masters of the shell of illusion

with one eye they could see the town,

and with the other eye they could see the world behind the shell

they were the watchers of the great wall ...

still having a split face

a mask the tiger's ...mask

They were masters of the veils of illusion ...

Soothing the mass into sleep at the ends of the days and seasons

They were watching their crowds and publics,

their choirs and audiences

They were the tailors of the deserts

Standing on martian hills

Still wild cats, still tailors of the big dream

Still raging about ... the bleeding ornaments

Still puppet-assassins

Still letting the boys grow ... in the trees, in the towers ... in the ornaments ...
and in spoilt rain

Masters of the great illusions

Still having the deserts in their eyes

burning everything into orange

until it strikes the blue bell

and then the water comes

something bigger than them

something ...which they don't understand

it comes

to wash everything away

oh, those seagardens

the orange still rakes them

oh, these seasnakes from a far far land ...

when it all gets too orange, when it all gets too hot they come ...

those tucan boys ...

it's something deeper inside

while the moonchild is carrying their flag

snakes from the big thunder

something inside which they themselves don't understand

something which always makes them cry

with the strike of the blue bell

it's deeper inside

it's ..deeper

when the orange strikes the blue
it makes their hands and heads so cold ...
but it sets their hearts into a deeper fire

when the tiger ... goes to sleep

only a kite will fly in that night,
by a little light,
raging through the night ...
when the tiger goes to sleep ...
taking the boys out of the rocks ...
letting them grow and bloom in the flowers
these tucan boys ... these sensitive ones
these dramamakers in the air
sliding into the rivers and oceans again
when the tigers ... go to sleep

The orange, still the best present from the tiger ...
striking the blue in the night ...
and then something happens so deep inside ...
which they still don't understand ...
they still don't understand ...

A pink white ornament is lying before them
A present from the snake's candy

All these presents ... all these presents ... they rise like towers from the sea ...
Awakening the boys from Tucan ... in the middle of the night

while everyone is sleeping sleeping so deep ...
when the tiger goes to sleep

And then these boys ... these boys grow like towers in the sea
rising from the ornament ... to touch the white hard candy
and then they become the hard men
something they still fear ...
but she's breeding it ...
that old, old kite

it's something for you to know ...
and something for you, you'll see ...
these softest boys in daylight
become the hard men in the night

someone took a soft boy,
wanted to have a good pillow,
but i tell you, and that seems always true ...
soft boys become the hard men in the night ...

marscha took a giving boy ...
she took a good good bite,
she didn't know for her demise,
that giving boys grow thieves in the night ...
always growing thieves in the night ...

i'm spreading the marshpane,
after the kite had left
seeing hard white candy lying inbetween

Beauty of silence II

ode to the tiger

After the birds were gone,
only a kite is sitting before me
having three ornaments in her claws ...

She still loves mercury ...
She knows everything about his green soft electricities

She also knows so much about tigers ...
How they use their powers of the future,
To lock themselves up in a stone,
Where they are safe from the knives ...

It's like spiritual suicide ...
For they fear to live ...

Is it possible for someone to waste their powers of the future
those powers destined to let you live forever ...

Yes, the kite sais
And many do this ...
They waste their future-capsules to the grounds,
to build their butcheries in the night ...
They live in a stone,
but this stone is sliding to an oven ...

To a place so hot that the stone will explode one day

The tigers live in isolation
in their own groups,
not letting anyone come close ...
They kill because of fear ...
To protect their stone ...

and to feed their stone ...
They have fear to fall out of it
This fear is bigger than the respect ...
It eats the respect away ...
That's why they are so respectable
Also because they don't have the desire to kill
It's just a fear masked by desire
The tigermask is still lying on the cupboard in my uncle's passage upstairs ...
having a split face ... purple and yellow ...

They weren't our enemies
We weren't their prisoners
They just wanted to keep the business alive
They are the gods of entertainment,
So many books they left behind ...
They are still sliding to the explosion
But there will be roses growing on their graves
Three ornaments they left us,
purple and yellow,
while orange is still raking the seagardens ...

They are still the wooden toysoldiers on uncle's cupboard ...
shy and afraid to come alive ...
wisphering in the night
They are still too scared to become my nephews
But they were always in my nephew's heart
Just the sidetarts of the ornament
The hard shells of the universe ...

having soft candles there
on the walls of the city
To warm the heart inside ...
.....The Beauty Of Silence

Hard White Candy

*"do you know about the sunset's fire the orange kettle in blue night's satin it's
all burning inside ... in a mailman's broken heart ... he will see his daughter's rain
when his dreams will be too smart when the coffin hits it open when the coffin
gets close"*

They were shivering in their stones,
Too afraid to become alive
They were shivering in their safe stones ...
Too afraid to die
They feared the Big Sun,
and the orange moon ...
For too much orange
would strike the blue ...

Their fishing rods are so tall ...
They are breeding the cyborgs of the coming age ...
Grandfather sitting in a rococo car ...

It's rococo candy you eat after all these years ...
after all these years
until the boys grow from the sea ...
growing like towers
looking for the white pink

for white hard candy
those softest boys ... grow always hard in the night

It's hard white candy lying on a golden dish ...
there were some silver strikes lately ...
Grandmother never let her cats out through the kitchen-door, when the night fell.
Waiting for the morning was a long journey for them.
She knew what the night could do to them,
so she always covered them in soft, heavy blankets
but she left the needles in the room,
so that they wouldn't dream
she knew what the dream could do to them ...

She let them eat from chinese dishes,
hot food from rigil kent ...
for the nights were long and cold ...
even in her warm house ...

They were standing on the shores of rigil kent,
not allowed to fish there,
not allowed to watch the dangerous night-seas ...
Grandmother had her own pond in the garden ...
There they had so much fun,
Talking to mermaids and big orange dwarves ...
Grandmother had her own television ...
They loved to watch it
It teached them how to embrace a cow in the night ...

But now they are grown-up watching the hard white candy ...

on a hard man's spoon

do you know about the sunset's fire the orange kettle in blue night's satin
it's all burning inside ... in a mailman's broken heart ... he will see his daughter's
rain when his dreams will be too smart when the coffin hits it open when
the coffin gets close

Grandmother and her tigers

Swimming in an orange kettle

Until the orange hits the blue

Then they will go to sleep ...

Then the automatons of Grandmothers Garden will rise ... to bring us over the
nightseas ...

These ducks from Rigil Kent ...

These shoelaces from the Big Giant

Will bring us to Aldebaran again ..

They kept us behind their golden fences so long ...

They knew how the night could torture ...

And how the sea could strike

But the waterlights will guide us

Those thin and spouting waterlines

The story will strike ...

The seas will become slower again

until we see Aldebarans pastures

and feeling the blood flowing through our body again ...

our body ...

aldebarans body

the body of that old orphan

becoming a child again in the night

where the magic touches the river

all hard white candy from japan
from grandmother's last strike
and then she goes ... to sleep ...

The Land of the Sirens II

When the Breastdikes are breaking ...

There's a land where motherbreasts are dikes ... spouting little lines of water, and
big lines at night ...

There's a land where the mother cycles, where the child eats all behind golden
fences all ..under an orange blue moon ...

The Land of the Sirens

There's a land where the automatons rule There's a land where the hard men run
soft The Land of The Siren All wrapped in bananas eating their wounds
away under an orange blue moon

There's a land where the story strikes, where the heartbeats of strange bananas
live where the hard men still stay soft The Land of Siren

When the breastdikes break The mother will find a snake When the
breastdikes break when the milks flow ... it will bring us to a stranger land The
Land behind the Siren The land of the seagardens where all automatons come
from the land of the cartoon ... where the dwarves grow in the gardens where
the mermaids grow in the rivers all in grandmother's pond the land of the
ducks There were father arcturus speaks, with the moon on his hat smiling
like my grandmother would smile to you

There where Neptune gives you the key, where the orange touches the blue you
will find yourself on the other side of the hill in a new world where a new
aldebaran is reaching for your hand it was always waiting for you there there,
on the other side of the hill

Then you will understand where father did his business, and uncle one to ten

In a land over the hill where the waterlights sing for the trees

And uncle one to ten still the hard men still the men from the hard
candy

Return of the Old Cigar

Doomprophets from Cartoon

After the black snake fell ... which was a hard and deep fall,

the man with the old cigar returned ...

he could still let the universes explode,

only by throwing his cigar away ...

and after a few minutes,

the cigar always came back to him

his good old cigar

just a soldier in the war of cartoons ...

having all warbooks inside ...

the cartoon raged ...

until the city was destroyed ...

grandfather's black pearls were swimming in a new lake

looking for new cities to reverse ...

they were the doomprophets from cartoon ...

that feared nuclear bomb was just some fireworks in a big birthdaytart ...

they're coming from the tart all those doomangels and doombarbies ...

they were just gods of ten just gods from a mailman's heart ...

bringing some misunderstood stuff from a to b

it wasn't mathematics

it was ... just a mailman's wife ... carrying too many letters in her head

too much misunderstanding

and those mathematicians made business with it
 building their markets
 full of misunderstood lions
they just did it to make you asleep
 the mathematicians dream
 they dreamt of a zoo ...
 they dreamt of an ark
they dreamt they were noah on a ship
 dealing in misunderstood stuff

 riding the confusions,
 to terrorize the lands
 they were the cooks of chaos
 creating their own kitchens
leading their slaves of the unknown,
 through the middle of the night ...

 These markets,
 these markethearts ...
playing with your own misunderstandings
Making their games and their sports ...
 it was all ... the mailman's wife ...
 carrying too many letters inside
 carrying a child
 a child ... called birthday ...
 from the chaos it rose
 like a nuclear rocket
but it was just a flameflower in a tart ...

it was just a boy called birthday
the son of a mailman's heart
with gods of ten in his pocket
just flameflowers in a row ...

from a distance they look so sharp
but they are just thin tall waterlights ...
all in birthday's pocket

and on the marketsquares they play ...
throwing their dice, their dominoes,
their puzzles to terrorize the mass ...
they tattoo their mazes in the hearts of the misunderstood publics ...

they still ride the publics
all these misunderstood lions ...
all in birthday's pocket
still doomprophets ... from cartoon ...

and the magazines they breed,
the microphones are the swords in their hand
dividing the markets, dividing the squares ...
dividing the uniforms,
still lords of the dominoes
still lords ... of the big ten ...

they are still flying, heading for the land of the journalists,
to meet the broadcast-lady of cartoon ...
they are still heading for ... the mad sun ...
those pirates from the big cartoon

it wasn't mathematics lying on your dish ...
it wasn't the nuclear bomb ...
it wasn't a paper hell waiting for you on the other side of the river ...
it wasn't
they were just ten men from arabia ...
tailors of the big veil
switching the octaves ...
it was someone's new record
that singer from the lion's tea
it was someone's last potatoe he didn't eat yet ...
it was just an ornament ..in the rain ...
just a daylight's version ...
masses of silver snakeworms making the air so thin

Kartates Blazazarium

Tragedies from Cartoon

the world beyond fairytale V

Strange C-Sides, Poisonous Plants or Strange Boys

Grey Widow

Red Lemonade I

Red Lemonade II

Red Lemonade III

Blasphemy Undercover

Blasphemy Undercover II

Blasphemy Undercover III

Blasphemy Undercover IV

Blasphemy Undercover V

Blasphemy Undercover VI

Song from Rabbit's Hill II

In This Strange Cartoon

In this Strange Cartoon II

In this Strange Cartoon III

Green Mothers

Watermark

Watermark II

Watermark III

Barbed Wire Hearts I-III

Spiderwoman from the Big coffee

Arena of Insects - behind Barbed wire Eyes

Strange B-Sides, Stinging Plants or Autistic Boys

1. Terror from the ole' chessboard

2. Waterlights

3. Waterlights II

4. Waterlights III

5. Awakening the Wasp I

6. Awakening the wasp II

7. awakening the wasp III

8. awakening the wasp IV

9. red thistle sea

10. red stinging nettle

11. red stinging nettle III

Grey Widow

She's walking in the streets of Aldebaran, heading for the big tower on the church. She is selling her sulphur-matches to the ravens of the roofs of the old tall buildings. It's snowing, and the black widow is walking with her baskets in old ragclothes. She lost her husband so long ago, now she's the mother of the town ... She's selling her dreams to the cats lying before the houses ... to give them a good sleep She's taking the foundlings in her baskets and wishes upon stars for them ... she brings these ones to the doves ...who will care for them very well ...

There she walks through the snow in old shoes, the grey widow, mother of the old streets, mother of all foundlings ... She's a shape-shifter ... turning into a spider to lay new webs for the shop ... The coffee is streaming through her body to her shoes ... She can wake up in another world now ... Then the raven flies and she's gone She is going to the forests to gather some fallen wood She is walking to her house where the candy-machines are living ... actually her cats ... big machines Is she a witch ? Some say she is ... but they don't know it for sure

Mother Aldebaran, I met you through that painting ... that tall painting ... in that old building somewhere ... I forgot I got coffee to wake up into another world ...

Your standing before old doorways of citywalls Like a ghost in the snow Your sulphur-matches ... bring me to other worlds It's streaming through my body like old coffee Putting the old machines on The Ice-machines and the jukeboxes

Old records rolling through the night I can never wake up like this ... I'm a prisoner of sleep The walls of sleep and old tea ... protecting me against the black mornings I only wake up in your tower, and then going down under again ... like a cat locked up in history like my arms and feet are melting away ... in the maze of grey rivers ... all coming to protect meI am safe in your sleep I am safe in your ornament ... just an old watch ... you got from your husband I cannot swim ...out of this I'm sliding back ...into your dress ... into your basket where you keep all foundlings safe ... Where you protect them against the black mornings and the raging ornamentsagainst factories and poisoned coffee ... you let them sleep to sell them to the doves all night

Grey widow, grey morning it's just another direction just another coffee ... but still in your sleep, in your tower ... still in your dress in your basket the whole world is in your basket Greywidow

She's crying coffee-tears ... she's crying the ever-tears ... to set her children free to defeat the Great "Never" she's setting these ones free who were bound in the church, free from everlasting damnation torturing their minds They are out of

the coffeemill now to have their own coffeemachines In her house there deep
in the forests ... where gepetto left his blessings All in a mailman's hat

It's falling wintertears it's falling raintears it's falling everdreams ... it's falling
rainstreams She will cry ..until all her children ... are safe ... She's ...a walking
coffee-machine crying coffee ...

Here it's snowing coffee ... old coffee ... here, in her heart to bring them all
between safe walls of a safe town Mother Aldebaran now ... Mother Heart ..

Mother Dream she's crying coffee in the rain ... bringing them to a new
wonderland bringing them to a new aldebaran ... she's a mother, she's a black-
white cartoon but in the middle of the story ... it's filling the air with colors ...
glittering like the heart

She soothes your heart and then she goes to sleep ...

she's ...setting someone free

she's ...setting someone free again

i hear the tunes of her ravens

i hear them ...

in the middle of the night

soaring like neon rockets ... in dim lights

she knows her advertisements in the middle of your head in your hat ...

they are spinning there ... like a familiar curtain ...

bringing you deeper into sleep ...

her sleep

There's a raven living in the coffee-machine ... in the corner ... near to your bed ...
where the lamentation-cats dance but when he speaks it's like ice-cream in your
head

The snail-cats with their razorsharp mouths ... with their cartoon-heads and big lazy
bodies coming from arabian bedrooms, having arabian symbols on their head

Mother Aldebaran gives them meat to keep them quiet ... But it's all fake She has
some good coffee and some good tea also to distract the businessmen ...

She's taming the wild dogs, with tricks which cannot be followed ... She knows how
to tackle them on the footballfield when the ball gets too big She's the
sorceress, the shapeshifter, all to do the day She's still the machine around my

neck ... still the flag with which i race flying over ravines and seas over abyss's
and dreams ... She makes the cities and lands flat when it wants to speak too wild, in
arabian symbols

She's taming the zoos, taming the cinema's and the publics ...

Red Lemonade

the businessmen are heading for the businessmen,
the coffee is heading for the coffee ...
and you ... you're still sitting on that old chair
decorated by old birthdays

come and discover with me, a new world beyond the business ...
over the hills and far away
but i know i'm talking to a wall ...

i know a place where the black lemonade streams
from a black hill deep in rigil kent
there deep inside
and at the end of that tunnel

the red lemonade streams
all to wake you up inside ...
it makes your mind so fluffy
and then you touch a key you didn't see before ...
cold conscience ...

And still ... the businessmen are heading for the businessmen ...
the coffee is heading for the coffee
telling your love is two seconds too fast ...

It was red lemonade ..on a sunday morning ...

Just a daytime's version ...

Cold machines and wide eyes

from the black zone ...

all streaming from ... the black zone

There are jewels in a spanish sun ...

I'm looking in it, while I'm getting blind ...

But that's to escape your ornaments ...

I'm finally safe

Red Lemonade II

there's an orchestra of new waves ... entering your room

planting machines in the corners lemonades from the black zone

the businessmen are still running ... with their pipes of peace

no they have too much old tea in their eyes staring at me if you ask me ...

they have faces dripping with tea

i wonder why what is the deal ...

these loves are two seconds too fast ...

they are wearing guns between their legs

which they never use well

only when they have to install their machines

they are wearing the guns between their legs ...

they are wearing white rags between their ornaments

they are wearing their white flags

for seventy seven reasons, which i don't want to hear

i heard enough stories i heard enough ornaments like this singing in the rain

but i'm watching my trousers grow

my back is getting taller ...

it's like the wasp is growing there
and she's breeding it
with her ten millions of little businessmen so little
little lights shining there ...
carrying songs on their back
spreading their powders ... spreading their powders
to make them all blind for the land behind the fence
the land behind grandmother's garden
it's still so weak there
pale flowers, pale butterflies
waiting to meet the pale ones
they are all waiting
still so fragile
still so sleepy

Red Lemonade III

counting lambsteads in a broken night
counting lambsteads all lamps ...
counting the lanterns and the chinese dishes ...
all records from a strange zone ...
tattooed by light

but you're blind my little girl ...
you're just acting a little bit ...
gathering all your businessmen ... your slaves if it comes to that
blocking the older portals
sticking the mass to the grounds
with your glues, your crocodile's glue
still a mighty weapon in your hand,
still the lipstick on your side-ears
having the sidetarts under your feet ...
still a rollerskater's girl ...

still a black transmission

still a lazy one's dream

but it's all fear

Blasphemy Undercover

running to three decisions ...

to wake up this dreamland

the businessmen still heading for the businessmen ...

all in the line of pipe's great conspiracy

what a great day

you span your ornaments cold, after three hot summerdays

now you're watching the effect

you like to switch the thermostate ...

you like to hit the weather ...

to see them all fall

your ornamentsare two inches too tall ...

while you're still a little fuck ...

like my mother always told

she warned me enough against you ...

she's still doing the laundry, while she's already dead for ten million days

no not because of your terror ...

there are worse things than that

my daddy warned me either ...

against you and that friend of yours ...

still selling cruel ice-creams on beaches too tall ...

letting the passengers slide away in the seas full of sharks

they have to pay your sixty six dollar to reach your beaches again ...

i know these tricks hon, i know these tricks ...
your machines
still sea-machines

my daddy warned me ...
his voice still slides through the air

but your custom house doesn't like the coffee ...
and now you're spitting it like a crazy mailman

but still your geese like it

you were just a little fuck ...

and now you're ashes muttering on the table

waiting for the next strike of the golden bell

well, i'm telling you you snail of the black night ...

powdered by green

but it was all to attract all

and inside it was your own colour counting the blooddrips and the tears

within seven days you will be home again

when dad gets his old machines back

Blasphemy Undercover II

it was a red war like twenty hells in a row,
it was like your aunt's worst demise ...

it was a funeral getting hard at the top, making a wrong dive ... again .. again ...

in this sea of luxury and life

you know i still blast this picture

Blasphemy Undercover III

Your sidelines are too sharp

but i will swallow my tears

i will swallow the fight

i will swallow my blasphemy

i will swallow you in the night

Blasphemy Undercover IV

It's called contact ...

Some complaints in a basket ...

It's called relationship

Some expectations on the side-lines

Sucking the numbers out of someone's head ...

It's called candy ...

coming from a candy's dream

causing chaos ... taking the numbers away

causing chaos it's called contact ... it's called friendship

it's called love it's called refridgerator full of meat

it's called dream it's called reality

it's called everything there is nothing else

it's called wasting ... it's called ornament

it's called pretty clothes

it's called pretty faces

it's laying the magnet deep inside

laying the addiction

it's called a new sort of drug

it's called liberty it's called god

Blasphemy Undercover V

businessmen heading for businessmen

to play the big cuyornaida corset ...

businessmen heading for businessmen ...

to close the fences to the new world

businessmen heading for businessmen ..

to lay the dogmagnets deep inside ...
there's something with their sea-machines
there's something with their coffee ...
and still too much tea dripping from their noses ...

it's the gathering of all big noses
it's the gathering of all cowards ...
quenching every war which would save the children
sacrificing their meals to the dragons

it's the gathering of the big cartoon ...
too scared to lay the horror ...
but now the tragedies are rising ...
rising from cartoon
all these businessmen
all these sacred men
just blasphemy undercover

Blasphemy Undercover VI

oh, how the coffee burns in my veins tonight

it's like it's asking for some liquors a bit rude ...
but still dignified if it comes to that ...
for it wants to keep the treasure
it wants to stay in the castle
having that old old crown of blasphemy undercover

Song on Rabbit's Hill II

Is it just a lamb inside asking for it's mother
or is it just a dream catching a lover for the coming snow
the tear can do the mystery
to keep them all blind

Little terror of blasphemy,
Little Big Mouth of No Nonsense and pink delights,
When it starts to speak it's the Big "She"

Little Big Terror, running through the gates of the castle
Pleasing your Big Mouth ... Pleasing the Ornament
Your Lion's a little sick today ...
He looks a bit pale
You always loved to tell people
speaking for the mass
having a big psychosis in which you Were The Big Microphone

How your Mouth likes to roll
Like a rolling stone
Like a Blade Undercover
Spoiling the Publics while destroying the ball
but all undercover
hidden in deep conspiracies and deep baskets

escaped from the cartoon,
you were a lamentation-cat
all bred up ...
like someone's motor
laying the magnets like doing the dishes
and still you call it art and birthday
still you call it newyearseve

you little big mouth from the big terror
you ornament from the ornament's rage

In This Strange Cartoon ...

the big beer is running through scandinavian streets,

the big lie is walking behind him ...
they make the same movements and before you know ...
they tackled you and then you're one of them ...

they're catching shadows,
lunatic actions ...

sucking the fools from the roofs ...
it's an artist's mis-vacation ...
planned too late on a hard man's spoon
now all he can do is spit and roar ...
but they call it art that's one for sure ...
the fall of the artist, still a beautiful painting,
something to remember and to collect
all he is doing is making art ...
even his funeral is called a masterpiece ...

the way he smiles is art
the way he kisses his wife is art ...
the way he kills, the way he's a butcher ...
all good movies from a big talent

the way he makes fun of you ... all art ...
the way he sleeps ... all art ...
the way he's spinning his coffee ...
no one would arrest him for that ... for it's all art
the pencil his knife ...
covered by big business ...
it seems the artist is a businessman to protect himself against the dogs
the way he draws dogs is art ...
the way he kills them is art
the way he sucks is art ...

all wrapped in a good good pocket
show the pocket and it's ok
the businessmen are the police here
in this strange cartoon

In This Strange Cartoon II

In this strange cartoon ...
In this strange motherland ...
We all die too soon
Such a tragedy this cartoon

In this strange cartoon
In this strange ornament ...
It's like hell's factory over here
Breaking your bones with a spoon

In this strange cartoon ...
In this ...strange ornament
It's like a Lounge Bravour ...
It's like a strange promenade ...

In this strange cartoon ...
In this strange machine of paint
We are all dying too soon
Broken by a spoon

In this strange cartoon ...
On this strange spoon ...
We're heading for a Giant's Mouth ...
Something bigger than us

In this strange cartoon

Everyone's a spoon

Everyone's food

In this strange cartoon

In This Strange Cartoon III

It's a lamentation's dog ...

It's the businessman,

the man with the big nose ...

the terror of advertisements ...

In this strange cartoon ... we can never sleep

It's the curse of someone's coffee

And still there's dripping so much tea

On that first floor somewhere

Where all the clocks seem to gather

You in your rocking chair ...

You with that golden gun

You with those snakes around the old tree ...

Your still Gepetto's son

You with your green coffee ...

having some contracts with the big tea

and some lamentation dogs ...

and now your passengers cannot sleep

This strange boat of you this strange boat ...

too weird to describe

It's like the rolling thunder

It's like the curse of the blackest night

It's your ghostship with the lions on

with your babes dying on the sides

and you're the pirate with your two-faced teeth ...

having a fantasy online

It's green coffee which you gave me ...

It made me sick

Green Mothers

green mothers green ornaments ...

it didn't bring me one step further ...

it's a lying laughing curse ...

all in tight dresses and tight faces

still a coffee-statue of grandfather's works

still a daydreamlover,

still a lame and lying excuse ...

but i will not step into your arena's again

you can be a statue on grandfather's grave ...

where you can watch the roses grow

where you can watch the ornaments sink

where you can see a new daylight-terror

something worse than you

your little toybusinessmen,

your little toybanks,

they will not paralyze my head anymore ...

no i found something better now ...

a key to a discovery ... a key to the old explorers ...

a key to the bloudhounds you used to spit on

there was blood on the market-square ...

but a rose grew there

a liquid key to new treasures ... those stairways in the night ...
like chrystal lights so far away ...
the money was too sharp on the square
it was like james bond raising octopussy ...
it was a trademark perfectly denied

Watermark

It was too sharp on the edge ... so i jumped off ... i didn't want to go back to the old house behind me ... i jumped off ... and i met a wasp in a balloon ... under a balloon to be accurate ... but it was too sharp ... so i dived further to the other side of cartoon which was just the other side of the mill ... for there it was even sharper so i wished i never left the old house ... and now i'm wandering like hopeless ... through sharper objects ... thinking i failed ... i missed my chances ... i don't know the way back to the old house i never liked it's cucumbers ... but now i desire them like heaven ... i never liked the old paintings of the old house but now i desire to see them, or to catch a glimpse of them ... i always ignored the fairies in the garden and in the house ... but now i beg to touch one of them ... but these chances are lost although ... the old house is deeper in my heart now ... since the strike of the wasp

the pictures in my head are so fragile and emotional it's like all my feelings came alive it's like i hear and adore all ticks of it's clock now ... while i'm not there anymore i'm on a sharper edge now in hopeless terror i'm baptized in the wasp's glue after the trauma ... everything got value ... and i could see the paths appear but it was only leading me further away from the old house and it's lovely dwarves ..who i used to curse when i lived there ...

but suddenly hey there i see an old house in the distance ... it looks a bit like the old house of the past but no ... it's not the same a wasp is living here and he seems nice to me ... so many playcards are hanging on the wall ... playcards from the wasp it's like the wasp's glue is running through me it stings, but it wakes me up ... it carries me to the attic it's like all gravity has been gone and then i realize and start to see ... i will never return to the old house ... but just watching the memories and to see how they come alive ... here

he's the guard of my memory that old wasp but he shows me that the old house from the past was also just a memory i lived in this memory such a long time not liking it but when it was gone i start to miss things and it's like the further things are drawn away ... the more you start to feel them and respect them then it gets it's values back ... for it's the sting of the wasp which finally opens the senses and awakens everything in the mill ...we become sensitive again ...

the mill is just an old memory starting to show it's face the value it asks for respect and attention ... it wants to give you another point of view another place to live in the same memory but a different place

the old wasp ... the old guard dealing in memories the mills bring them to the place they belong for finally they are treasures ornaments ..which need to be worn on the right place

the wasp will sting, until the memory is open, until the memory is at home until it is understood

the wasp ... the driver of oldtimers ... of old locomotions bringing them home all these lost grandfathers and grandmothers back to the garage

the wasp's coffee is gliding through my throat ... awakening the shore-flowers of my mind the roaring ships and monsters in the sea of emotions are still finding their ways back to the safe haven

the wasp is sitting on the first floor ... in a rocking chair knitting new pyama's for me it seems i'm getting the wasp's pyama's ...for a deeper sleep ... he's knitting me home he's knocking on my back while all clocks on the walls are exploding the wasp's mosaics are roaring through my spine ...still a strange language it stings deep and tomorrow we will have tv

Watermark II

invisible debts

decembers cold nights brought the watermarks on my face

decembers horrors ... the wasp's tattoo ...

all from the wasplake ...

decembers spoon hit the waspmark on my leg

and someone was feeling my pulse there in that old forest ...

now the kids can never come alive again

it was an old priest

with some sacred marks ...

but these were too sacred

so no one really survived

and this forest is still enchanted ...

like virgo's church ...

even the fishes are drowning in the pond ...

and the candyhouses are bitter there

it's all grey and green ...

the watermark still on my head

still on my fragile face ...
it was the touch of a businessman
thinking he was a priest

the snake is doing business ...
all in the name of love
all in the name of somebody's son ...
it's a dirty job if you ask me

i'm still following that priest ...
when i see him in the supermarket ...
then i follow him to his house deep in the forest ...
he's still breeding his watermarks there

i still have his ornament around my pulse ...
it's like the chain,
it's like the knife ...
i can use it against dogs and wild suns
still his present to me
in the name of someone's son
but the watermark is sinking deeper and deeper inside ...
after all these years ...
wanting to have too big parts of the prey

it was all the curse of a businessmen ...
these tools have hidden prices
now we work in his factories and the curse is getting heavier every year ...
it's like farao's hand
so we are waiting for some plagues ...
some plagues of thieves if you ask me
we could better steal the watermark than to get it with this hidden price we could never pay
it's the invisible debt business makes the beans so sharp

so now we're watching the sideshows ... the eyes of the wasps ...
to search for hidden conditions ...
and to breed ... our own ... watermarks ...

don't let anyone fool you ...
a present is never for free
it has always hidden prices ...
and sometimes the costs are too high ...
for when the dog is home ...it will start to eat your furniture ...
and finally yourself and your family ...
the present's curse ...

the watermarks they can look so lovely
but they can eat you from inside out ...
they can be cruel heritages ...
they can be inner factories ...
laying the chain forever ...
they can be schools you don't want to be ...
they can be mind-movies you don't want to see ...
they can be dangerous criminals another don't want to have around
and this makes birthday one of the biggest conspiracies ever

Watermark III

Tatoos on dry places ...
The watermarks know where they can suck ...
Thick gel on thin places ...
The crocodile knows it's paths ...

Conspiracies of the damned ...

They are all heading for each other ...

It's a mark of the crocodile after all ...

It's all getting clear through the eyes of a wasp ...

But no one wants to leave it this way

Barbed Wire Hearts

Real pride doesn't exist,

In the heart of the liar,

Real honour doesn't meet his mouth ...

It's only some wood of fear,

blowing away his consciousness ...

and something else is taking him over

They are too afraid to live ...

They are too afraid to touch

They are too lazy to spin the ornament ...

Barbed Wire Hearts II

They are blind, those barbed wire hearts,

They can only feel your heart,

your weak places ...

They tell you things you don't want to hear ...

They are storytellers to lay the curse deep inside ...

Then they watch the effect from their fences

And spin new tales for the next strike ...

When all the curses are installed ...

They start to deny everything ...

To cover up the wounds ...
To cover up your screaming child inside
So that no one will ever see ...
and no one can really help you ...
Barbed Wire Hearts

Barbed Wire Hearts III

They try to let you feel insecure ...
for they could never feel the blessing of pride ...
They are barbed wire hearts, they are liars from the beginning,
sent out to make you one of them ...

They are tale-tellers from the woodpecker's house ...
They knock until your fragile mind opens up ...
And then they slowly slide away ...
leaving a pipeline for a daily suck

When you give them your heart,
They will let it fall ...
And soon you will be one of them
for you cannot use your heart anymore
you're a barbed wire heart too ...

Is there any escape out of this woodpecker's house,
Is there any spell to reverse this curse ?
Yes, when Jesus will betray Judas with a barbed wire kiss
But that already happened hundred years ago in the heart of London,
when James Bond auctioned his golden rabbit among the clocks

Spiderwoman from the Big Coffee

you're staring at me with your coffee eyes ...
it takes seven full hours until your sugar reaches my cup ...
it was floating through the air so slowly ..from your hand to my cup ...
it rolled out of your spoon it's like you live your life between the seconds
you make twenty faces in a flash ...
all to win a smile from me

you want to know which mix i drink ...
but that's topsecret protected by the government ...

your coffeewebs try to keep me out of the hunting lies ...
your still a spiderwoman ... from the big coffee
but it's like fishing ...for i'm deep in the lion's tea ...

all i want is to become slow again ... to reach for the deeper pattern of this mill ...

Arena of Insects

behind barbed wire eyes

The one of the biggest ridicule,
The one with the trademark-condoms,
The one with the coldest touch,
The one with the diplomatic sleep-pills,
The one with the copyright-assistants,
The one with the careful curses,
Has the keys of this machine,
of this Japanese Boxring,
It's the sports Journalist,
with razorsharp money,
having razorsharp records,

running in the middle of bald heads ...
It's the game's capitalist,
It's sunday's Scrooge in a rotten church,
It's your mental brigade to identify flying objects unexpected,
It's your bridegroom on a purple rose,
It's your liar's doctor on a cold summernight,
It's your mother's leather dog-chain,
aliens crying for help,
but it's all too deep inside,
it's all too small,
all happening under a skin ...
of barbed wire eyes ...

Terror from the Ole' Chessboard

Return of the Dictator

The waterlights are heading for ... the light in the pocket ...
They have seen light ...
Now they are hungry ...

A world of elves cannot save you this time ...
For now it's something worse ...
Your mother's worst put in chess

She's drinking a cup,
and you think it's filled with your blood,
but you don't know it for sure ...
It can also be your neighbour's blood ...
Her agenda's are never clear ...
You always live like you're not knowing what she exactly cooked for you ...
Strange dinners from a mother's heart

and now you're sick of it

No one can help you when mother makes her cruel decisions ...

It's like your last joker has been blown away by the wind ...

And all the shops are closed today

Now your waiting for the night ...

Mother's night

For the strike of her nails ..

The Waterlights are heading for the pocket ...

Those waterlights ... in the night ...

They have smelled something ...

Some pale purple roses ...

Now they are up for some barparties ...

While no one can save you ...

While no one knows you ..

You are a stranger in your own land now ...

And you even don't know where you are anymore ...

For the waterlights have come

Waterlights in tall delights

Tall insectians ... too tall

too tall to feel safe ...

It was your mother's worst put in chess ...

Now the waterlights, these tall delights are heading for your home ...

It seems like mom pushed a bell

the worst bell,

worse than a million schoolbells ...

It seems she was in problems,

So now she made this choice ...

Or was it an accident ?

You don't know ... for her agenda's aren't clear
And her diaries are dark too dark to read
You wouldn't bear it if you would know what she's all writing about you
It's your moms worst put in chess
It's like you sit on electric chairs all through the house ...
Decorated by her birthdays
You were her present she got
You were a heritage from someone

But anyway, all curses too mean ...
when she writes in her diaries
you better hide

But hey, come on, read it another time,
and you will not be so shocked ...
for time heals all wounds ...
and some years further you will use it as a book of fables to make fun with your children ...
well, but ... they might want to take over your moms occupation ...
to become your next horror ...
kids can be meaner than curses you know ...
that even one day you will beg for those old waterlights again ...
your moms worst put in chess ...
for when a kid is playing chess ...
it can be an all-time disaster no one survives
even not your old dog,
your last flame on a birthday's cake

But hey, you will survive death ...
there are worse things than that
you still didn't know about your grandmother's worst put in chess from hundred years ago ...
she caused all this
but she was just a victim of someone elses worst put in chess

so you just need to know who sold this chessboard ...
this old curses chessboard ...
which raped your whole family without pardon

Then you have to go to that old house of dwarves,
where birthday was raised
where it rose like a wet statue of terror
from that ole' ole' cursed chessboard
where it killed like a black horse ...
where it swallowed all colours away
where it set it's arena's ...
it's japanese boxrings ...

Gepetto had a brother ... an old game-maker ... a dwarf
he made a colorchess-board,
but since birthday came,
it sucked the colors away
and old ladies started to play their games there ...
your grandmother was one of them ...
she stole it and brought it to an old museum ...
so she could play chess there with some old men ...
with bald heads and smiling faces ...
didn't we all rise from this ?
like a rocket of terror
spreading our desasters
we were someone elses kids
scaring the hell out of them
we built our arena's on the chessboard,
sucking all colors away ...
but everything comes back to us
in this magical circle ...

and it's still world's best haunted house
after all these years
but i'm heading for some new games
this Gepetto's dwarf,
this ole' ole' brother
must have some more games in his cupboards ...
and some more suits in his wardrobe

i'm getting sick of the same arenas,
i'm getting too tired to fight here,
always the same game ...
always the same ...
on this damned chessboard
they say there's no life at the other side of the chessboard,
but i bet there's another game there,
when we turn this whole board upside down
...the other side of the chessboard ...
there's a world living under it ...
a world of dwarves ...

turn the ship upside down ...
the sharks will be the birds ...
and we will dive deeper into the sea

he placed his enchanted mirror on saturn
she's still a mermaid ...
the portal to his games ...
still a siren's daughter
arcturian designs ...

and white boots luring the visitors ...
bringing them through the portals in bags of glue ...

still an advertisement-clip roaring in your head ...
still the gameshop's display-doll ...
But i'm only waving at her,
from a safe distance ...
I won't jump in that boat again ...
I will look for another portal ...

Mother Capricorn is like a display-doll from the coffeeshop ...
Razorsharp like hell, dressed in old rags,
She's still playing the widow ...
But she's too close to Mother Aldebaran,
so I will take the other portal ...
It seems all my old dreams don't fit me anymore ...
But they understand my principles ...
I'm waving at them from a safe distance ...

Green Boots is the display-doll from the zoo-shop ...
at least
well, but she's just a part-timer there
She sells speedboats to possessed dwarves there ...
So that's really my style ...
and she's a giant-assassin
she's never doing the dishes ...
she doesn't need dishes when she eats ...
and she never eats at home

I want to have her as display-doll for the game-portal ...
we need some more crocodiles there

It's busy in the shoeshop,
it's ringing all the time,
like a million bells ...

everyone wants to have crocodile-boots ...

It's busy in the coffeeshop ...

it's ringing like a million bells ...

everyone wants to have crocodile-coffee ...

what's the deal ... i'm thinking

is echo building another tv ?

it seems the dwarf is making a new game ...

Kartates Blazazarium ... It was an old boot once ...

A crocodile-boot ...

Or was it a jelly-fish-boot ...

About this the war's are raging

There are wars in the shoeshop

a girl is flying into the shop ...

she is like an owl with a cathead

it's the queen of gemini they say ...

and the king of apus is walking behind her ...

her little brother

they are both handicapped children ...

The siren from Arcturus is waking over them ...

She has a mother's heart for them ...

They have a big mission in the shoeshop

There is a war in the shoeshop

And the queen of gemini is screaming like a dictator

This girl loves blasphemy, that's one thing for sure ...

And her brother's eyes are glittering

Then someone smashes the door open ...

It's Libra's little dictator ...

Without speaking he pushes the waterbuttons of his little calculator

Then he spouts like the thunder's worst blasphemy

and the shoeshop explodes

then only one pair of crocodile-boots are standing before them ...

he jumps in them and runs away

together with the queen of gemini and the king of apus

a little fir is closing the curtains

the end of the tv-show ...

someone is drinking coffee in the coffeeshop ...

it tastes like crocodile ...

but that happens when it's crocodile-coffee

then libra's little dictator is suddenly appearing in the dooropening

the man spits his coffee out

he didn't expect the tv-star here

libra's little dictator gives him a little piece of licorice ...

stand up and walk, go home and your sins will be forgiven, don't sin anymore ... the little dictator
sais ..

the man walks out of the coffeeshop in shivers

taking his car and drives into the canal ...

the little dictator fishes him out ...

"i told you to go home, not to go for a swim"

he roars ...

libra's little dictator ...

an ornament in the storm ...

this handicapped boy,

this tv-star ...

bringing them all home

bringing them all to their own tv's

he counts with his fingers ...

and then it's done ...

sometimes he takes his little water-calculator ...

to hit some holes in the air

he's still the cartoon's docter ...

breaking down old arena's ...

he's still the cartoon's policeman,

in his big cartoonship ...

and gemini's little princess ...

she's still the game's docter ...

still the game's lawyer ...

while the king of apus ...

he doesn't know what he is anymore ...

but one day he will find out

Terror from the comic

There's terror dripping from grandmother's cup ... terror from the comic ...

juice of comic comes out of her mouth ...

i wonder what she has read

the newspaper ... it's the newspaper ...

with a hidden gossip-magazine inside ...

the knife perfectly hidden

There are comic-figures in my room ...

tall and liquid ...

like my granduncle's shadows

it's like there's someone in my room ...

liqor from uncle's ...

There's blood dripping from the curtains ...

Waterlights

Waterlights heading for the broadcast-lady from cartoon ...

She's a duck from arcturus ...

Her automatons all in a circle

Big Orange Balls opening ... all with the waterbuttons ...

They're shooting tall lullabies in the air,
to bring the children home ...

The tv-screens are wet, and glues are streaming through the rooms ...
She's taking her children back ...

Waterlights II

heading for the broadcast lady
to bring the children back
heading for the orange ball
the dwarf
the ornament
bringing them all back

waterlights coming from the waterlights
waterlights heading for the waterlights
still fireworks in the air

clowns are my answering machines now,
dwarves are my doorbells ...
my friends ... the whistling kettles ...

there's someone standing before my door,
with three purple pale roses in his hands ...
he knows what will happen if he will push the bells ...
then the waterlights will spout ...

Waterlights III

Waterlights the doorbells
Waterlights the mailmen-eaters
Waterlights the tax-assassins
Waterlights sending the teachers away
We don't need any teacher today ...
It's the truant's party ... from the Big Cartoon ...

I'm pushing the waterbuttons of this new game ...
It's like the rainbow is bowing ...
It's like the tax is lying down ...
It's like there are no ornaments anymore
Only magical spells ...
Raising up a sunday's terror ...
Vows to poverty
Sealed by old priests ...
Parties in old temples ...
Pushing the waterbuttons ...

The children were locked up behind golden fences ...
But the waterlights open them now ...
and bring them to the land where the swans spit fire ...
the land behind the swanlake ...
Here the red dragon lives,
together with his dragon-swans ...
They are games from an old book ...
Here, in the land of the game ...

You can come there by jumping through an enchanted mirror ...

But there are many enchanted mirrors

He was the prince of video-clips ...

painting the wet blue faces from the Big Coffee ...

all these statues ... waiting for the dawn of the show ...

He was the prince of video-clips ...

A woman with intelligence is a pearl in your hand ...

Awakening the Wasp

Awakening the wasp,

the ornament's transmission ...

In pale purple screams the crime appears ...

Awakening the wasp,

awakening the fears ...

to trace the ladders inside

on a woman's thick coffee-panties

They are the display-dolls of zoo-shops ...

I will burn those tonight ...

They are Arcturian Waspwomen ...

from siren's qualities ...

Awakening the Wasp ...

Those dragongirls ..

Awakening their footsteps and their coffeemouths

by slow drums in deep spanish rythms ...

Still the bridge from arabia to the indians

with a deep japanese background ...

where the spider hides ...

They wear their responsibilities and duties deep in their eyes ...
holding them tight in intelligence ...
These women from Spain and Portugal ...
Still rainbowbridges between arabia and the indian bananas
Awakening the wasp

Awakening the Wasp II

Birthday having the democracies in the black money-pocket,
Terrorizing the mail from a postman's heart
Birthday having the waterlights inside,
all these gods of ten ...

They are the faces on strange playcards,
from a game you still don't want to know
cuyornaida corset or kartates blazazarium ..
about this the wars are still raging ..
but you only see your own game ...

There my father walks with his own fed up democracies ...
like the motors he gave to my nephews ...
he's still a walking diary ...

And our lovely aunt in her dress full of pale purple democracies ...
all these glitters ...
then i'm not hungry anymore ...
then all my desires go to sleep ...
watching the game inside
enough to be satisfied ...
watching some wasp-tv ...
All these castles can go home tonight ...

Mr. Democracy smiles,

all these voices in one mouth,
smoking twenty-million cigars at the same time ...

And you're still saying the girl is so intelligent ..
then ...why don't you listen to her ?

Mr Democracy smiles ...
He had a good day ...
It's his game of numbers ...
In the Big Arena ...

Now if we're going to smash with numbers,
hey I know a good horse ...
throwing the orange chrystal ball to the ground,
with splinters marching for election-day ...
All these words of you ...
were nothing but bunches of possessed dwarves ...
coming from the big orange ...
to sooth some other wars ...

is echo building a new bike ?
is echo inventing another machine ?
i'm watching wasp-tv today ...
for it's too cold outside ...
our lovely aunt walking there,
with pale purple roses in her hair ...
heading for election day ...
it's like the threat of a nuclear bomb hanging around in the air ...
my nephew had to shut his comic earlier ...
the crap is already running ...

Mr. Democracy is gathering the masses in his hat ...

waiting for another strike ...

Then all his cigars will explode in his face ...

and then he will be the big beast of the party tonight ...

always my nephew's best trick ...

Awakening ..the wasp ...

Awakening the Wasp III

Awakening the wasp ..

awakening the sunrise terror ..

from an ornament's spoon,

for some sixty-six babies, riding on birthday's horse ...

Now finally he can smile ...

Now finally he can sit ...

There's some room now

Echo is bowing in nuclear terror ...

Wasp-tv in early dresses ...

Games from the crocodile in Spain ...

It's the war of numbers ...

Always Pinocchio's Nightmare ...

But it will let the orange flow ...

And it will let the balls fall again ...

in even more splinters

Wasp-tv updated ...

for a better summer's snow ...

And she's getting softer,

losing all her hungers ...

her desires are enough to satisfy her ...

The further away it appears,

the more influence it has on her,

like a shining star in the distance ...

like a melon-pear-banana,

it's just a deeper touch ...

it's making her world larger

she loses the narrow curse,

the soft fleeces between her and that thing,

were just marks from echo's television ...

installing it deeper inside

now it's like the game's icecream ...

now it's like the watering touch

with all these cool ripples from zebra ...

making her so material inside

it's spouting into her underworlds ...

awakening the wasp ...

awakening the ornament's break

with an ornament's brake ...

still on her side-gloves' armies ...

still on her side-hats tales

it's the queen inside who's rising ...

and raging like summer's palest fruit ...

Building the democracies inside ...

There's a material world over there,

for outside the opposites walk ...

waiting to strike you by a fed up number ...

Always Pinocchio's Nightmare ...

Building your own democracies inside ...

a material space ...

the opposites walk outside ...

you don't need them

Just close the curtains you got from capricorn ...

those purple ones ...

and be material inside ...

Awakening the wasp ...

awakening the red wide spoon,

the orange side-belts ...

and the witty cartoon ...

There's thick glue streaming inside ...

outside the opposites walk

but you have closed all curtains ..

and watching the candle's flame

Then you close the blue curtains,

you got from neptune ...

and the orange-rivers will start to boil and stream ...

in your little underworlds

with balldwarves at their sides

orange balls opening ...

and then the movie starts

then you go with your own ships

sailing on your own democracies ...

to your own election days ...

your so material inside

your so online inside

watching echo's newest tv ...

wasp-tv updated ...

so don't be scared when the glasses are falling ...

don't be scared when the windows are exploding ...
for it's just to make your screens brighter ...
wasp-tv updated ...
awakening the wasp

The mills are speaking ...
increasing the numbers,
bringing the dwarves ...
the orange portals are opening ...
they come from all sides ...
wasp-tv updated ...
watching the wasp's eye ...
the orange balls are breaking ...
new glues are streaming ...
new juices from crocodile ...
now there are growing crocodile trees in your heads ...
with crocodile fruits ...
heading for a new game
kartates blazazarium ...
the old crocodile boot ...

when you were born ...
the baby wasn't you ...
but you just saw nature roaring ...
locked up in the body
you were a prisoner of this baby,
your mind was erased ...
but your flower was growing against this rock of ages ...
your flower survived ...
and now you got the keys of this body ...
heading for cartoon
you will take care of this baby ...

it was a gift to you ...
but still at times you feel prisoner ...
locked up somewhere in the body ...
it seems that the baby can live without you ...

it's still a handicapped baby,
a little dictator ...
nature's gift to you
to turn you into an animal again ...
awakening the wasp ...

yes, it was a cruel siamese contract ...
numbers fighting about a body ...
but finally you can drive the car together ...
when the glass falls ...

capitalism will fall when the glass breaks ...
no prophet needed to see that
but then new sorts of capitalists will rise ...
communists updated ...
awakening ..the wasp ...

and they will greet you on the street,
they make dignified dances ...
but their clothes are scottish
they are materialists inside ...
they are the scrooges of the livers,
of old potatoes and sacred museums ...
pushing you back where you belong ...
they walk around with the scales of time,
they are the judges of southern coasts ...

they are the possessors of the wild wet dreams ...
of wet fairytales and wet dogs
they are the kings of the wet zone,
they are the lunatics of narrow clothes ...
of narrow streets and narrow bars,
but wearing big blue oceans over it ...

they are the businessmen of numbers ..
selling numbers to the doves of the roofs ...
they are pieces of the big cake ...
breeding tight democracies in a rainbow ...
they aren't allowed in schools and big houses,
but they are the terror on the sea ...
selling birthdays in a street ...
and still these guys are echo's friend ...
missionaries of the big press ...

Awakening the wasp IV

On wasp-tv :

Coffeemachines on Saturn are kidnapping a baby from the coffeeshop-owner
it's the pencil of fear writing on fragile screens,
boosted by fine registers and sensitive touches ...
held in line by a hundred insecure threads ...
the lips of a spanish woman tattooing the waterlights ...

Red Thistle Sea

Pictures drawn by the trauma,
A boy having sharp arrows on his back,
An autistic boy ...
Hunting the black deer ...
She hurted the prophet ...

by her words ...

Through the fragile leaves you see the lake ...

where it all started ...

you have to jump through ...

It's not you anymore ... someone else took the job ...

He heard your scream of the black past ...

and now he wrapped himself in the deerskin ...

He's weaving new languages on your face ...

Your senses were tricked so deeply

but now he takes you out of the illusion ...

their laughs cannot reach you anymore ...

From the pencil of thick trauma ...

Dripping from wasp-tv ...

Still an autistic boy's transmission ...

Too shy to repeat ...

Too much confidence

Too much pride ...

Too much fear ...

dripping from wasp-tv

It's a wet touch ...

These are traumatic trees ...

shocks to come alive ...

to detach from the past

The iron pencil ...

traumatic pictures

traumatic language ...

Thistle sea ...

Coming alive again ...

red stinging nettle

There's growing a plant in me ...

Red stinging nettle ...

pleasure so close to pain ...

health so close to sickness ...

There's growing a war in me ...

and I'm the warchild,

from this womb of divorce ...

carrying the flag for all stinging plants ...

divorces so close to marriages ...

wounds so close to the shields ...

It's a beautiful picture ...

a two-faced Jesus on a cross ...

two-bodied ...

heaven so close to hell

it's all glowing red

it's burning in the sun ...

darkness so close to light

he's a naked man ... but it's so close to covered ...

covered by the face of the moon ...

a torn t-shirt,

torn trousers ...

shattered boots ...

like the red hulk is rising again ...

There's a plant growing in my body ... it pierces my skin, and then it dives under again ...

it's twisting in my body ...

shattering and sewing me ...

it's so close to the picture

like the pink tattoo

red stinging nettle II

he's like the red stinging nettle ...

that autistic boy ...

an a-boy that is what they call him,

also with a bunch of allergies ...

there's burning something in my nerves ...

it's the voice of that autistic boy ...

not wanting to let me go ...

he's so mad at me ...

he's a raging stinging nettle

for i'm still driving too fast ...

altho i cannot help it

for someone took the brake away

i'm riding straight to the abyss ...

to a natureless heaven ...

where everyone forces everyone ...

where there is no time to breath ...

no time to kiss a tree ...

i'm riding straight to the abyss ...

but the autistic boy is blocking me ...

raging at me ...

he will be the red stinging nettle around me ...

a red balloon ...

bringing me to the other side of the moon ...

predators are his pets ...
stinging trees and flowers his friends ...
red thistles bringing us home ...
over land and over sea
until we feel the thorn of time again ...
blocking us from going too fast
the traumatic beauty ...

there's a world between the seconds ...
when the red stinging nettle clock ticks ...
deep in the forest
surrounded by waspnests ...
and so many friends
then we will see the big "most" ...
it was all ...deeper inside
in a snakelake ...
where a pinkblue forestroad smiles ...
it's like the touch of the viper ...
it's like a sea of thistle-tears ...
making us all deaf to the lie ...
making us all blind to the complaint
there's no expectation left ...
we have too many reasons ...

the big "most" lives in our hearts ...self made by the shatters of our lives ...
traumatic ornaments in deep shivers ...
wasp-tv for stinging trees
tomorrow the tragedy will do the dishes ...
and the trauma will wash everything away ...
a fragile pencil will walk across the bloody battlefield ...
to gather the flowers and the streams ...
in a pointy sack ... on japanese house-shoes ...
decorated by drama ...

it's when the various spread their wings ...
we will all see this ...
that it was always there already ...
pleasure so close to pain ...
the good mask just melts ...
when the wings are spread ...
when the feather-pencil rules ...
from an old indian head ...
escaping several fires
the apocalypse was always there ...
but now she finally washed away her dress
the traumatic beauty ...
it will blind your eyes ...
but it will open your heart
and the knife will be felt ...
it was never put there
it's just the true shape of your heart
it was the anchor of your ship,
it was the loveline to the other ...
the aerial for the message ...
it made you shiver to open up your wasp-tv ...
so that you could feel the crocodile-glue running through your veins ...
it was the knife which split your heart apart ...
making it two-hearted ...
so that you could kiss yourself ...
to spin your own mosts ...
which brought you over the sea

there's such a world inside ...
it's just the shape of your heart ...
it's just a red stinging nettle
growing there like thunder

it's just your father speaking ...

about old divorces and old worldwars ...
remembering the split ...
was much deeper than yourself ...
it goes beyond the own splits
so never take anything personal
the root lies in an ancient game
with ancient rules ...
you are just an object in this war
a product from a factory ...
while the persons are raging above your head ...
in their unknown languages ...
you're just a victim from a war in the air ...
from an old birdnest ...
from an ancient war

you're just a number for them
a pawn in the game
they don't want to know who you are
they just want to use you in their game ...
you're just an object in their eyes

and so are all the others around you ...
no one really knows about what the wars are raging
it's an ancient war high in the air ...
it's rising above your head ...
so let it go

just enjoy the splits ..for they are so close to the connections
enjoy the mosaics of the old churches ... the tall windows ...
for the magic's there ...
enjoy the red stinging nettle ...
enjoy the red nettle's food
sickness so close to health ...

sickness brought the man out of the factory,

out of hell ...
sickness made the man autistic again
autism so close to the animals ...
autism so close to the trees ...
his fears brought him to nature again ...
to a deeper breath and the watering waterfall ...
to a deeper health ...
death so close to life ...
a traumatic beauty

did you ever see the pink dress of depression ...
it's like dim light, almost grey
it's like wrapped in the forest ...
it's like longing for home ...
which is deep inside ...
sad voices are luring you ...
longing for you ...
missing you
you are missed ... so missed ...
the pink dress .. a sovenir ...
crying ... until you're back ...

Bristol Brival

Back to Izu

the world beyond fairytale vi (clasp)

Urban Renewal from handicapped boys on Flying Moths

Language of Trees

Killertrees

Tree's Apocalypse

Strange Sleep pill - No Response

Black Snail

Tree Cocoon

Strange Clients

Siamese Ornaments (By Bird (nc) for Gnat Records)

Aldebaran Birds I-V (By Bird (nc) for Gnat Records)

The Feather I-IV

Baker's Tree Boy

Everlasting Damnation I-VI (By Bird (nc) for Gnat Records)

The Lazarus Tree

Little deaf men

Wasp's Tv Updated

Back to Izu

Language of Trees

when a man becomes hard he becomes tall
when a man becomes tall he becomes thin
you have your own ornaments raging in the night
when a man becomes soft,
he will be hard in the night,
this always seems to be true ...

when a man gets the crocodile-gun,
he becomes taller,
when a man gets the crocodile-boots,
he becomes thinner ...
still sinister shadows in the night ...

Killertrees

Bilmageln breeds the killertrees,
Green lines in the night,
green lights from traffic

Bilmageln breeds the killertrees ...
some brown lines between,
so thin but not too thin
some just can't stand bilmageln

Black Spring from the ornament's ring ...
Black lights so thin so thin
Sinister shadows in the night ...

Bilmageln breeds the killertrees ...
the thistlefields ...
the mura's from the sidelines ...
still ornaments in the rain

black ones

Bilmageln breeds the rain
the wasprain if it comes to that
thin oh yes too thin ...
tall oh yes too tall
too tall and too thin to survive
some just can't stand bilmageln ...
some just can't stand his light ...
waterlights from
too tall and too sinister to stay awake ...
too sinister
some just can't stand bilmageln
they saw the tree and wished
just wished ...

some just can't stand bilmageln,
some just can't stand his ornament's ring ...
they saw it
but wished
just wished
they never saw
for it blinded them

some just can't stand bilmageln,
some just can't stand his ornament's pride ...
they wished ...
just wished
they could be proud

all these hard men ...
becoming tall in the night ...

men of no response ...
they just stare ...
their eyes speak
having bilmageln's ring in their eyes
rings from the trees ...
binding them all together
these tall men, these sinister men ...
letters from the tree

yes, the boys grew up there,
but now they are ...
tall, hard and sinister
waiting for tree's apocalypse

Tree's Apocalypse
drama after drama,
spinning in their fingers,
speaking tree-talk ...
sprites from december-day ...
tall like the tree's insect,
they could take the fruits from moon's tree ...
these are tall insect days ...
these are tall ornaments ...
too narrow
narrow streets ...
strange deals
the eye is doing business ...
no one's speaking
these are silent days
these are sinister days
and you pray you will miss it
but tree decided it this way

*the hard singer sings tall songs ...
so thin that they easily slide into your ears
you made them narrow,
but they could slide in*

*tree's apocalypse
tree's daylight versions
tree's ornaments rage
for the green camera ...
strange birthdays ...
strange*

*tree's apocalypse ...
spouting waters all green ...
brown little lines ...
growing tall in the night ...*

*women with tall talk ...
from spanish beaches they flow ...
on wasp-tv ...
a daily flow
all in bilmageln's diaries*

*echo did a good job
gathering all these men ...
these dark men ...
tv-stars on wasp-tv ...
too tall to survive ...
too thin to grasp
seeing the rage in their eyes*

now you know what i'm talking about right ?

it's the daylight's curse

these are insectian invasions ...

on black light's earth ...

these are ornaments spring, these are raging terrors ...

these are bloodlines confessions

these are scars from trees speaking

you won't see their earrings ...

it already blinded you ...

revenge before the strike

now it won't be dignified ...

it was never like that ...

the prince is a curse now

the ornament's a strike

copyrights like bombs,

trademarks like hells ...

breathing is not allowed ...

it's the watering disease ...

the prince is sharp today

he became too thin in the night ...

now he's an ornament ...

too dangerous to wear ...

too dangerous to sell

now it's shining in the museum

for a copyright's bell ...

for a trademark's desire ...

that black green curse

that mouth from the crocodile ...

you just saw his teeth ...

and now you're wandering to the exit of this haunted house

but there's no exit ...

this is all there is ...

you should have stopped reading the book ...

but now it's too late ...

it's too dark already ...

the lights are gone ...

you should have stopped eating the cake ...

but now it's too late

you should have jumped out of that bus

but it's now in the abyss

tree's apocalypse

why why why

why not why not why not

questions which will never be answered ...

tree's apocalypse ...

then why is the church doing all this ?

selling their eternal damnations to our kids ?

i was visited by a guy called eternal damnation

he had a little game in his hands

telling me if i would lose ...

i would go to hell forever ...

i told him i didn't have any time to waste myself like that

but he forced me to do the game ...

but i knew if i would do the game,

i would be too late at home ...

and then my father would send me to hell forever
and that was finally worse
so i started to fight with this man called eternal damnation
but he won
so now i still sit here, in eternal damnation
watching how others make fun
but i was thinking
i escaped the hell my father would give me if i would be too late at home
and that would be way worse
so ... after all i'm so glad i'm here with this guy called eternal damnation ...
he saved me from my father's wrath ...
not for awhile, but forever ...
how grateful i am
so i dance a lot here ... making a lot of fun ...
watching how others make fun
while i know that when they get home,
their father will send them to hell forever ...
and that's finally worse

so this tree's apocalypse
isn't bad after all
this book ...
this cake
this bus

we don't need an escape in this haunted house
for then we would meet something worse
hey, what a protection ...
what a waterlight's key
it doesn't work on everything ...
but it's the best key there is
tree's apocalypse

Strange Sleep pill

No response ...

No response to the answering machine

No response to daylight's day

No response to the hard line ...

No response to the strange beat

No response

all telephones are done

someone is just staring

that strange guy

No response to the mills

No response to the butcher

No response to the ornament's dream

while the singer is still singing about the hard line

no response

Is this the daylight's terror

Is this the hard night's dream ?

is this the ornament's rising

It is the doglight's scream

In lights too tall they scream

In lights too tall they die

In lights too thin they call for a master

while they don't respond

they are just in delirium ...

in a tree's fever

sliding into the tree's cocoons

on a hard man's spoon

this man is too hard

*all other men bow
till they sink in the sand
and slide through the mirror
those ornament's riddles
those ornament's dreams
no response on the telephone
no response on tv
it's sliding to silence
it's sliding to a new dream*

*the singer cannot sing today
he was struck by the hard man
struck by someone's everlasting damnation
and now he's sliding
to strange cocoons
to strange ornaments
these are narrow days*

*narrow men in the bus
narrow men on the streets
these are narrow days
days of no response*

*someone is still talking to the statue
someone is still talking to someone who already died three hours ago
yes, his body still feels a little bit warm
for there are animals living in them
but they will not respond
for they are dying too
all in strange cocoons ...
all in strange ornaments
all in strange telephones
while the telephone is dying too*

the land is dying out
there's a curse roaring on the streets
these hard men's tales
tales with no responses
tales without words
tales in bitter silence
tales in mura's laws
baptized in fears
these paranoid boys
grow so tall in the night
like towers stinging through the air
through clouds and flying musicians
to daylight's dreams and daylight's possessions
hearing paranoid men
but no response
no response
the eyes are piercing
moving like circles
telling stories
all you need to know

wild eyes from city's seas
becoming silent in the forest
drowning in the oceans
too tall, too thin too hard
waterlines sinking deeper
wasp-rain over there
no response
no machines
just wasp-rain
falling deeper

and then you catch a sight of a snowman
too cold
the line gets deeper
it's sinking
like wasp-rain
on wasp-tv
no machines
no response
the eyes are closing
tv's are closing
it's the end of the day
these men ... becoming so dark in the night
too dark, too tall, too thin, too hard, ...too ...cold
while a fire is burning in them
a forest fire
a fire of a green sea ...
everything is dying
watching the strange cocoon
but the eyes ... are slowly sliding away
slowly getting blind
it's getting too dark
in this strange night

too tall
too thin
too late

too hard too cold too dark
sinister shadows
dying
in the strange cocoon ...

no response
too slow ... too late
not moving
like the ultimate statue ...
senseless
unconscious
without conscience
they kill
too many assassins ...
they are the cocoon
no response
while the last telephone is ringing
while the last tv is smoking the last cigarette
no response
unlimited lines
just unlimited lines
just a spiderweb
a strange one
no response
no life
only a thistle
no emotions
no feelings
no reflexes
no response

And still you want to know what for a sleep pill this is ?

No it's not candy it's bitter and salt, but it takes your taste away

I mean you really go to sleep

But it only works when you use it before the date which is written on it

When you use it after that date ...

it will work the opposite

And when you take it even a year after that date

It will jump on your neighbour ...
So then ... you better had to check the date before you swallowed it ...
but now you will never know the date ...
but just watch your neighbour now ...

Black Snail

Tall fishman from the fish's tree
Tall birdmen from the foe ...
It was like that teacher you could never follow ...
always murmuring inside ...
and inside your head

Strange men from tall decisions
Strange men from watering lights
Strange men carrying strange flags ...
too heavy for them,
another Jesus Christ is dying there ...
with a seventy dogs around him ...
tearing this man's clothes
throwing the dice
doing the divisions
There's another Jesus Christ dying there ...
so paranoid, so strange
so sinister, so arrogant
so shy there's no response
there's no direction ...
no goal
he just lets it flow ...
There's another Jesus Christ
There's another Jesus Christ ...
There is another ...

gods of dice
tree's alphabet ...
strange ways of throwing it ...
look at these eyes ...
but don't respond ...
i'm just telling it by the heart

there is another one
dying here ...

tied to the floor, the bed,
and to your heart
tied to a letter ...
it was glue brooding there ...
the black snail

he was expecting,
tied to expectation,
tied to a mother's heart ...
tied to a father's wrath ...

he was bleeding dice ...
he was bleeding ornaments ...
from a strange heart ...
but the trees listened to him ...
he was attacked by numbers ...
sixtyseven copyrights on his head ...
trademarked by ..the thriller ..

but there ..are urban renewals ..
aldebaran boys captivating the dice ...
bringing them to the trees again ...

these were escaped from the alphabet ...

*Lord of the dice,
Pinocchio was shot by a dice-gun,
Lord of the springs,
of tales untold ...*

Tree Cocoon
Watching the wild sides of life ...
sixtythousand miles without a smile ...
no response to the telephones ...

Tree Cocoon ...
becoming hard inside ...

Becoming the statue ...
By ornament's rains ...
These are strange glues ...
I'm diving deeper inside ...
to the place ..where the bunny sais "no" ...

Tree cocoon ...
swimming the thistle-seas ...
Tree cocoon ...
closing my eyes forever ...
into everlasting damnation ..
for there's life at the other side ...

Tree cocoon ...
I'm swallowing three times,
taking a deep deep breath ...
Tree cocoon ...
Twenty minutes underwater ...
Twenty minutes without cake
It's a slow training ...

approving myself ...
becoming so borderless ...
Tree cocoon ...
I'm grasping the dice ...
heading for the no-zone ...
all these expectations kill me ...
I'm taking the white rabbit ...
the bitter pill
for the black snail is after me
Tree cocoon
these animals are all part of it
all registered trademarks ...
copyrighted, made in hell ...

something is raging in my nerves ...
no doctor dares to touch it ...
tree cocoon

something is raging in my nerves ...
and the bunny is saying "no" ...
but the yes is hunting me ...
war of dice

there 's a war of traffic lights
of ornament's transmissions ...
while i'm diving in thistle's sea
heading for it's fields ...
heading for the big big lalmageln ...
that ornament's doctor ...

there's a war at the jeweler's shop ...
the displaydolls are killing each other ...

there's brown syrop flowing from their mouths
mixed by yellow ...
all registered trademarks ...

they are marching to the thistle-fields ...
they are marching to ..pesadder ...
to fill their bottles once again ...
to have some soap to spit ...
all registered trademarks ...
all copyrighted,
made in hell

there's something raging in my nerves ...
a war of jewelers ...
a war of meat ...
worldwar seven is in town ...
i'm throwing the dice ...
there must be a way out of this ...

there are green scorpions sliding at my wall ...
and a green eliphant raging ...
i'm throwing the dice again after swallowing my breath ...
tree cocoon ..

i didn't fear the lengths of you ...
i wasn't aware of your hidden business ...
it's a curse when you cannot fear ...
now my arms are still in fire ...
tree cocoon ...
don't try to get rid of your fears when you're in the sharklake ...
your fears will lead you through
tree cocoon ...

look at me,
i'm without any fear ...
a walking curse ...

but i want to become borderless ...
i still cannot swim ...
daddy ...

some think they live on earth ...
but they've watched too much tv ...
for if you would really live here ...
you would be paranoid ...
a registered trademark ...
accurately ...copyrighted ..
made ..in hell

too much paranoia ...
the senses will break ...
these paranoid men ...
become the senseless men in the night ...
hard men from the tree ...
tree cocoon

i cannot swim here ...
daddy ...
the sharks become too paranoid ...
i'm a swimming curse ...
too many holidays on the thistlefields ...
telephones are always dying in my hand ...
while the bunny is saying "no" ...
all lands die out

daddy ?

i'm still looking for the thistlefields
still looking for lalmageln ...
still looking for access ...
there where the bunny lives ...
green waterlights are surrounding the egyptian eye
war of blood and juice ...
not a fruitwar this time ...
it's all in the body ...
it streams from the meat
worldwar eight is in town ...
it was your mother's lover ...
but you still don't dare to open this diary ...
gratitude ... means business ...
and i'm out of that ...
tree cocoon
i'm riding a hundredthousand miles without smile,
without any response ...
i'm a telephone-assassin in someone's pocket ...
heading for the thistlefield ...
i'm driving a bus ...
while there's no one in ...
i'm heading for ... the telephone-butcher ...
near to the bear ...
but i won't allow any gratitude on his face ...
no business, no response
we will just look into each other's eyes ...
eyes ... registered trademarks ...
animals protected by someone's laws
made in tokiyo ...
near to the bear ...

all copyrighted very very accurately ...
no business allowed ...
no rumours, no press, no cameras ...
for there are camera-assassins in the air
i was a slayer of businesses since i was three ...
i swore vengeance in cool rage

worldwar nine is in the air ...
body-business, activity,
the war of ages ...
all a threat ...
of multi-million years ago ...

he's wandering to my house,
feeling tooth's smoke in his back ...
it's a multi-million-dollar threat ...
a registered trademark ...
animals protected by someone's laws
made in belgium ...

he's having the wolf's mouth ...
and he was married to your mom for awhile ...
but still you don't want to know this guy ...
still you don't read mom's diary about him ...
but he's coming from the thistlefield,
from a toyshop,
accurately designed ...
having the yellow shadows in his pockets ...
and on the walls of the shop ...
still his keyboard to fly to the moon ...
still his bottles of strange perfumes ...
he's the man with the big nose ...

but his business is all fake ...

i'm driving with my bus ...

hundred miles

but my smiles are fake ...

and my business even more

and the bunny sais "yes",

for the first time of my life ...

and he glitters like a million stars

it's like fake thunder and lightening there,

and he opens a fake door ...

and i enter

shaking the hands of a million fake businessmen ...

all these shops were fake ...

and the bunny is filling my busses ...

with these fake businessmen ...

they are smoking tall cigars ...

like forest-rivers

we are riding to a hall

surrounded by tall green shadows ...

tall chrystals, tall mirrors ...

and i'm seeing myself in a boat ...

a forestboat ...

a tall one ...

but it's all fake

they are playing a game here ...

cuyornaida corset

but it's all fake ...

fake games

then a door opens ...

a fake door

and the bunny enters in
giving me some fake flowers
pale ...purple ..ones
and then i'm in another hall
green and brown tall shadows
chrystals and mirrors
and smoke is around ...
so much smoke ...

i'm looking at the purple flowers ...
they are like roses ...
and the walls start to spin ...
all around me ...
and languages are appearing
and it's spinning faster
and movies start to appear on the walls
it's all fake

it is ..the world beyond fairytale ...
it is ... the world behind earth's show
and finally i am alone with only an apple in my hand
there are living too many animals in it ...
all registered trademarks ...
protected by someone's laws ...
accurately copyrighted ...
made in japan
or made in belgium ?

about this the wars are still raging ...
i'm heading for worldwar ten
the war of bones

i'm in a bubble,
having a green, yellow edge ...
it's like the switching of the zebra ...
it was your mother's best puzzle ...
and she's still in love with worldwar ten ...
well, wearing all the others in him ...
your uncle one to ten ...

these problems all rose from the maze ...
but it was all fake ...
uncle one to ten was a wolve's gnat ...
he's dead now ...
but it's all fake ...
his coffin is fake ...
his epitaph ...
the roses on his grave ... everything ...
your mom and he do the funeral every day ...
but it's all fake
a registered trademark,
accurately copyrighted
made in ... worldwar ten ...
but it's fake ...

he's a wolve's gnat ...
like toth is ...
they are still brothers ...
still nephews ...
but about this the wars are still raging ...

Now worldwar eleven is about tea and worldwar twelve about coffee
well, it was never easy to wake up

Worldwar thirteen is the war of trees
and your mother herself is like worldwar fourteen
still no one knows what it would be

Fourteen wolve-gnats are walking on the forest-road ...
doing strange strange business
all fake ...

These beings are heavily trademarked
under Japanese laws
still living in harlem
trademarked by the thriller ...
playing basketball with copyrights
chewing on bones and cigars
smoke is surrounding them,
having the smoke's language ...
they are raising the tall trees,
they are raising the tall cigars
spinning them on top of their knees
it's a war of cigars you see ...
but it's all fake

your mother gathers these wars for her diaries
although she don't know all their names ...
but it was always like that
she took strangers from the street
and suddenly these were your daddies
there is a library full of her diaries
but you don't dare to come there
you prefer to read comics
but hey, you can go there
for it was all fake

war of cigars ... war of old trees

they're raising the tall trees
too tall for your mother's grasp
but maybe you can grasp them one day
to fill your own diaries with rare butterflies

now these doctors are all fake
so don't cry my little child ...
they just installed a motorcycle in you ...

the black edge from my bubble is showing up ...
the blood was just plastic
from a toyshop,
all fake

the vultures around the wound ...
all fake ...
all little toy-businessmen ...
there was just a very good thriller-master hunting after you
it wasn't your fate ...
it was a golden pencil
a tall cigar
and one day the curtain will fall,
and you will go home to watch some tv there
having an icecream ...
don't cry my child ...
you just watched a good movie ...
you just looked into the eye of a fir
it was all ... misunderstanding from the lion's tea
the thriller of ages ...
but now you drank some coffee ...
you woke up from the dream
you're ready for a new movie ?

ready for a new dream ?

ready for a new fir ?

the wolve-gnats ...

always bringing you from one thriller into the other ...

they are the thriller-masters

accurately copyrighted

you were their masterpiece

a trademark ... there's no one like you

you are the ring on their fingers

but there's always a moment that the curtains fall ...

and then you can watch some tv at home ...

or some advertisements in a magazine

so don't cry, my child, don't cry

watch the cartoon ...

read the comic ...

you're a star at both sides of the medaillon ...

Fourteen wolve-gnats announcing the apocalypses

strange advertisements ...

shoe's apocalypse is very simple

he will just step on it ...

shoe's apocalypse is very simple,

he will just step on it

turning the cigar off ...

it's the language of a shoe

tongues heading for the rock

the camera-assassins are in the air ...

bringing the smashed cameras to the camera-butcher ...

thin waterlights raising the edges ...
tv-assassins creeping to the kitchen ...
tree ...cocoon ...

someone is raising the tall teeth of sharkmouths
i don't care ... i could never fear these things ...
i knew it was all fake such horror could never be real
it was just a good story
from a good book
written by a good thrillerauthor ...
with a tall cigar ...
and some good shoes
talking shoes

he had ... the crown of a wolve's gnat
feared by friend and foe ...
but not by me
for i created that crown
one day in kindergarten ...
these advertisements ...are all fake
in the land where all advertisement-clips are short horror-stories
scaring you to the shop ...
the fear forces you to buy
but it's all fake
it's the threat of business ...
the shop's apocalypse
tree cocoon ...

all these shopkeepers terrorizing the city
with their hidden testaments and apocalypses
writing all your epitaphs since you were born ...
but i know some strange clients

some strange passengers ...
the pink edges are rising in my bubble ...
it's the world beyond fairytale
it's the world behind the shop
my bunny said yes ...

there are shop-assassins in the air
toy-assassins and cigar-assassins ...
all heading for the money-butcher
all heading for the meat behind the cake ...
raising the pink edges ...
raising the rainbow-zebra ...
the black snail was a businessman ...
there at the horizon ...
where all our ways went wrong
where everyone took wrong decisions ...
shooting hidden apocalypses in the night ...
tree cocoon

what will we be when we are through this cocoon
is there light at the other side ?
or just some dark shadows ?

these are wars of displaydolls
all registered trademarks ...
accurately copyrighted
protected by someone's laws ...
made in ... who knows
all part of the cocoon
tree cocoon ...

these are wars of trafficlights ...

these are wars of springs ...

all part of the cocoon ...

all languages from a shoe

these are all letters from jaws ...

from rainbowjaws

and i'm still grasping after a bubble ...

a bubble of soap ...

but it seems i'm in everlasting damnation again

it's still a little part of my watch ...

my zebra-watch ...

a splinter getting smaller and smaller ...

someone is repairing my watch ...

someone is repairing my tv ...

someone is repairing my ornament ...

is james bond raising octopussy ?

i'm swimming in a thistle-sea ...

heading for the field ...

there's something better than business ...

especially when business becomes an instrument of regular tax ...

then i know some thieves to hang around with ...

but it's all fake ...

fake thieves from strange sunsets ...

tree cocoon

the end of business....

fake pirates,

fake birds,

fake swords ...

the end of business

it's time to play ...

it's toy's apocalypse ...
another worldwar ...
no, the battle of stars ...
battle of planets ...
aldebaran's curse ...
for an urban renewal
shouting boys ...
the end of business ...
the play has begun ...
no games ... everyone has his own toys
tree cocoon

we all are bound by certain laws,
we all are trademarked in some sense ...
all original beings ...
dancing in our own shows
tree cocoon ...

we cannot interrupt the story ...
we weren't made for that ...
someone else will shut the book
tree ...cocoon

Strange Client
Strange client,
pronouncing the end of business ...
proclaiming the end of the shop ...

Strange client,
giving coins with deadskulls on it ...

Strange client,
without pocket ...
without clothes ...
pronouncing the death of business ...
raising the coffins from the ditches ...

Strange passenger,
proclaiming the end of the plane ...
having the pilot's face ...
an eagle sitting on his shoulder ...
strange passengers ...

Strange broadcast-announcer
proclaiming the end of tv

Strange soldier,
taking off his clothes ...
proclaiming ..the end of the show ...

Strange clients,
taking their clothes off in the shops ...
the game ...is ...over

They are doomprophets from thriller,
registered trademarks,
accurately copyrighted ...
made in hollywood ...

Fourty displaydolls are rising from their coffins ...
It was your grandfather's worst nightmare ...
Coffee Apocalypse is stirring the lands ...
advertisement-assassins intoxicating the heads ...

And I'm still searching for a good watch to survive these lands ...
Reaching the enchanted ponds of the forest ...
There are growing thistles here ...
I'm reaching for ...the cathedral ...
Will I ever get the coin out of my head ?
someone's trying to swallow me back ...
it's something with gratitude and gravity
asking for more
it's the black snail
copyrighted and trademarked ...
made in ... who knows ...
made by ... who knows ...
but this thing has mills in it's mouth ...
and it starts to rage when something happens which wasn't written in it's agenda ...
it has a million sharkteeth ...
i want ... my own watch ...back ...
the watch with which i can breath

all displaydolls worship him ...
all lamentations ...
i'm looking for a good assassin ...
and a good butchery ...
they are singing too much lullabies for him
and for ignorant visitors ...

i'm entering deep into the cathedral ...
his joke-songs and slapstick-songs
oh god, they make me laugh ...
oh god, he has so many teeth
oh god, too many distractions ...

the jesters the dwarves ...
they are too much for me ...
and the laughing hurts me more and more
it's getting deeper and deeper ...
he pleases my desires ...
but it's disgusting ...
it's all fake

these joke-lullabies,
these joke-lamentations ...
they are killing me
they are stealing my own ambitions,
killing my own pride
my creativity ...
these jesters
theseassassins
these doomprophets from the big shop ...
business-angels having bowls of strange wraths ...
i'm shutting the book ...
this is what they call god ...
this is what they call liberty ...
he's surrounded by joke-thistles ...
to let the business go smooth
not too much resistance ...
his holy seraphs
some stupid tall dwarves ...
some red white stupid desires ...

back to izu,
i can't take this anymore ...
it's the laughing gas ...
call it a dignified kill ...

this thing always followed me into my home ...

no safety ...

call it a magnet-bullet ...

sensitive for body-heat

i could never sleep ...

it was a tickling rape ...

surrounded by jokes hitting laugh-sensitive spots ..

it was a thistle after all ...

these tall dwarves ...

red white ... fallen fairytale princes ...

rotten jesters ...

it was a tickling mockery ...

surrounded by joke-bullets hitting laugh-sensitive spots

escapes impossible ...

it was sensitive to body-heat ...

it pierced itself through everything ...

these were wallrings, earrings,

too much noise breaks the glasses ...

bullets from the siren's dwarf

they killed my raven like this long ago

but now ... give the raven back ...

give it back ...

it was a tickling expectation

surrounded by killing jokes ...

leaving no refugees behind ...

it was a tickling gossip ...

it was a tickling boast ...

tickling braggers they are ...

they are selling their lies to tie you to their sleeves ...

they are the displaydoll-breeders ...

their jokes are their billboards ...

sucking you inside the deal
spoiling your coins to the automatons ...
but you're selling yourself ...
you're selling your attention, your focus and your time ...
you're selling your eyes and organs ...
it's a dirty body-trade ...

all these aborted babies ...
hello mom and dad ...
i survived the crash ...

he survived the abortionist's hand ...
the little blade ..

the world beyond fairytale ...
the world behind the screens ...
it was the hand of horror working there ...
with the ring of rejection ...
how many dwarves were killed for that marriage ?

it was just a side-career speaking,
fourty million apple-assassins doing the deal ..
it was a view between the legs of a cowboy's trousers ...
seeing the threat walking there ...
now who would have the fastest gun ...
it was a fact easily decided

between the legs of this cowboy's child ...
the horror was laid ...
between sixty pillows and seventy sleep-pills ...
no one
no one ...

just no ... one ..
you cannot fight projective insecurity ...
you cannot fight ...that octopus ...
you can only fight a black snail ...
that sticky magnet
laid in your head ...
but .. the octopus ...
the world beyond fairytale ...
it lives between your legs ...
aborting ..every ..attempt

she's a woman working in an office of tax and assurance ...
sending the dogs when someone doesn't pay in time ...
when someone doesn't worship the big birthday by their straight etiquettes
when someone eats besides the dish ...
these are called ... the gatekeepers

and she has the tattoo of a black snail on one side of her back ...
near to one shoulder ...
yes, there, a bit higher
still her sensitive spot ...

Someone accused me of kicking a pregnant woman in the stomach ...
which i didn't ...
i'm not that cheap ... i know some people who want to pay me a lot of money for that
but first i want to know what's in the stomach ...
when it's a snake ...
then she has to live with it

Strange clients after all ... strange clients

Siamese Ornaments ..(by Bird (nc) for Gnat Records)

Suddenly you sit there, with an apple in your hand,
with a million cameras around you ...
You are watching the lens ...
you are watching ... the cruel way to giant's world

Suddenly you sit there, with an orange in your hand ...
with a million microphones around you ...
You are watching the lens ...
you are watching ... the cruelest way to dwarfworld ...
a thousand splinters in your head ...

It was always your license to this land of the thriller ...
It was always your key to the misery ...
it was always your ragdoll ...
leading you to this land of tragedy ...

And now you're watching the ornament ...
and you're watching the sentiment
you are watching the birdsong in your hand ...
it brought you to so many worlds inside

you are watching the lens ...
you are watching a scientific trick
it was like a spider on your eye ...
telling you so many strange stories ...
as if you were really in it ...
as if you were the main-character of drama
such tragic thick syrup on your eye ...
but now it's dripping to the stomach ...
it will find its way through your t-shirt ...

you're still looking so shabby ...
but that was all while you looked into a mirror by the lens ...

you're still looking so ...
but that was all by the lens ...
just a point of view ...
just a strange point of view ..

he gave you that red eye ...
a chrystal spider attached to your eye ...
making that eye so red so red ...
to see so many fantasies ...
and so many thrillers ...
but it was all in your head ...
you watched the stomach of an old spider ...
having enough experience ...
to let you feel this way ..
this way

these are aldebaran birds ...
these are sentimental spiders ...
these are wolve-steps in deep snow ...
spinning the syrops of tragedy so wild ...
that you don't dare to stare anymore ...
that you don't dare to touch anymore ...
not eating and not sleeping ...
it was a red eye in a boxer's head ...
they still look so thin ...
and so black ...
but that was all in the lens ...
it was all in the lens ...
attached on mother's eye ...

the whirlpool brought you there,
the black cock's knight ...
you grew in an ornament ...
you didn't took the road to oz ...
but to the other direction ...
a silverblack suit ...
these were siamese nights ...
these are horror-block's horrors ..
these were tunes to settle down ...
in wild wet stations ..
but there were needles marching undercover ...
there were trousers on a hunt ...
these were siamese ornaments ...
these were killer-lawyers in a pond ...
these were unexpected silences
letting you fall so deep ...
these were rough times in steel cathedrals ...
fighting against the everlasting damnations ...
they were rising from the organ-pipes ...
these were rising from the windows of shattered glass ...
to rise high and then to fall down so deep,
while you had to pay for you woke them up out of their sleep ...
you were crashing their last fragile dreams ...
their last breaths in fragile ribbons ...
so now you have to pay their funerals ...
by bodyheat ...
but that's the church's tale on the lens ...
to have your own tale written on the lens ...
it costs you a lot of money ...
you have to quench your conscience first,
for it will be tv-time ...

you can't think too familiar,
for otherwise it will be too emotional for you ...
or you just have to wear good sunglasses ...

Aldebaran Birds (by Bird (nc) for Gnat Records)

Aldebaran birds,
with their big eyes ...
They make the tragedy so thick
they can be your best friends ...
but the day after they are your worst enemies ...

Aldebaran birds,
so soft and so tender ...
so weak and so fragile ...
you have so much compassion ...
when you walk by ...
but don't touch them ...
for then they will be the strongest lions ...
having no compassion for you at all ...

Aldebaran birds ...
carrying the spoon inside ...
a hidden spoon ...
attracting you by their sad songs ...
attracting you by their tragedies
by their begging for help ...
by their oh so beautiful tears ...
they were so misjudged
so misjudged ...

Aldebaran birds,
but you can never touch them ...

for they have the lion's spoon inside ...
ready to attack you ...

Aldebaran birds,
they cry through the nights ..
like they are old widows in the snow ...
like they are dying babies in a row ...
but never touch them
for then you will be what you thought that they were ...

Aldebaran Birds II
Aldebaran birds,
tales so wonderful that you will applaud ...
and then you will have to pay with your blood ...
for their prices are high

Aldebaran birds,
they come while you applaud ...
when you are grateful,
having such a good time ...
then they take you and break you,
having no mercy at all ...
to turn this beautiful fairytale,
in the worst tragedy for you ...
then you will see this beautiful fairytale
then you will see this beautiful dream,
behind bars and thick glass ...
for the rest of your life
they are birds of tantalos
creating the dream ...
to let you miss it ...

These aldebaran birds ...
these beautiful birds ...
creating the ornaments ...
which you can never wear

They are all tailors from a cupboard too high for you ...
showing you the suits ...
which you can never wear ...
creating the dream ...
to let you miss it

smiling and laughing,
to show you all the beautiful things,
you will never reach,
staring at you with such pity,
that you will never be what they think they are ...
giggling and grinning,
to show you all their beautiful suits ...
which will never be yours ...
like everlasting damnation ...
aldebaran birds ...

they speak so loud and soft at the same time ...
to draw you in their hearts ...
to show you their shops of prices too high ...
while it's unpayable to leave again ...
they ask money when you look at them ...
prices too high ...
you pay by body-heat ...
and they will leaving you in cold snow behind ...
then you will feel like a foundling,
like they took all your moms and dads ...

to put them behind thick bars and barbed wire glass ...

creating the dream ...

to let you miss it ...

aldebaran birds ...

they sing their lovesongs in the night,

about the most beautiful romances,

of which you will never have any part ...

cruel lovesongs,

making the ties so tight ...

never accept their presents ...

for after the present ... the hidden bills come ...

they are the tax-masters ... of southern coasts ...

don't touch their soft spots ...

for soon enough they draw you in and you will be the skin on their bodies so that they can
walk ..through the fire again

don't touch their ornaments, don't touch their sprays ..

don't even breath it in ...

don't touch their hammers,

don't touch their tv's ...

don't touch their sidewalls...

don't touch their letters ...

don't ever read them ...

just show them the dream ...

they will never have ...

do it from a distance ...

don't walk along their doors ...

but just call their grandmother ...

and give her some red spiders ...

they will find the eggs in her handkerchief ...

from a strange easter,
having a Judas-Jesus on a cross ...
never touch the picture
for then you will have to pay for it
don't even think about it ...
aldebaran ... birds

Aldebaran Birds III

They have eyes with a wave on the pupil,
big eyes if it comes to that ...
these eyes sing the most beautiful but the most cruel songs ...
and you will have to pay for these beautiful things
but it will come in your head ...
while you can never touch it ...
while the tax is spinning like a mill in your head ...
and the more you want to pull it out, the more it sinks in ...
because it is an advanced hook,
when you pull, it rips your head ...
so leave the wound alone ...
don't listen to the song ...

But where can you go,
when you were attacked by an aldebaran bird ...
is there any hope left ?
no ... for the more hope you have,
the more it starts to rage,
ripping you apart again ...
they possessed all your hopes ...
you don't need any hope ...
when you are attacked by an aldebaran bird ...
hope kills ...
it makes you tired ...

for you never get what you want
it never comes closer ...
these aldebaran birds ...
they were your torturing hopes
hopes you could never reach ...
hopes giving you such a small piece of the cake ...
no, you don't need any hope,
when you are attacked by such a bird ...
you just need a good parachute

for they are tricksters of the mind ...
but in the stomach they can't come ...
just swallow yourself,
and live in your stomach for awhile ...
spin your own dreams ...
make your own suits ...
and don't listen to their songs anymore ...
just create the things they will miss ...
and just start to live your life ...
in the distance ...

living in the distance ...
living in your own distance spray ...
wearing your own distance ornaments ...
you don't need these birds ...
you don't need their attention ...
don't let anyone in ...
for they are already in ...
your friends who had the same heart as you ...
you are all from the same heart
no need to take anyone in ...
for they are already ...

when you take someone in it's an aldebaran bird ...
for all friends are in already ...
taking in and taking out is just an illusion
friends are already deeper inside than you think
and you just need to connect there ...
although you are already there ...
just realize it ...
you were never close to the aldebaran birds
for they were from another heart
the one you thought who was so close there ...
was just something they created ...
they created a "you" ...
but that was just a display-doll ...
who could never get that which it was directing at ...
it wasn't you
they just created it ...
you were somewhere else ...
in your friends' heart ...
you don't need their false identities ...
you don't need their false directions ...
you are with your real friends deep inside
just a realization away
just a conscience away
a conscience with numbers ...
don't let anyone suck them away ...
count your friends ...
and worship the number
true friends already are in the heart ...
for it's the same heart ...
no need to have a key
no need to have a hope ...
it's already there

deeper inside

something which you can hold ...

something which you can touch

and it's so material ...

it will always stay

Aldebaran Birds IV

No my dear sir, these prices are too high ...

and this is my shop you know ...

and this is all fake ...

You can only buy things with fake money ...

money from the big toy

No my dear dear madame, I can't buy anything from you ...

you see, we don't use your sort of money ...

we have money from the game ...

and it's all fake

It's just raspberry money

from a strawberry fever

gathering the arks in the night ...

It's just a tomatoe's dream ...

eating a potatoe ...

in grandfather's shop ...

all fake

that shop ...

where the bunny said yes ...

Now he sais yes all the time,

I don't know where to bring all this money ...

The Aldebaran Birds with their conscience without numbers

flying around with the heads of real people ...

They sit on small scary tales,

flying on rumors too short ...

lying in the first coffee of a day ...

They breed the auctions on a wild wet fairytale ...

showing the people what they will never have

But now it's their holiday,

they have a wide day off ...

and they are going for a swim it seems ...

on capricorn's brown hills ...

there where the seas are so sharp

so full of killer-ornaments ...

and here they are going for a hunt

for job's day will be so wide too

they are spreading their carnivals ...

they are spreading their chinese lanterns ...

their assassins are dressing themselves up like mistakes and accidents ...

these are make-up-times for aldebaran's birds ...

they are sharpening their knives hidden under their flowers and paper kisses ..

the golden bird was never in time when you fell in these seas ...

and the girl of the station was always making too many mistakes,

so that you missed your last train ...

there was an other bunny making so many mistakes ...

there at the ticket-hole ...

you could never reach your train ...

but it seemed you didn't read all your books about the aldebaran birds ...

you know all these ticket-ladies ...

they made you read again
they brought you back to the old schooldesks ...
back to the woodcutter's house ...
and you always thought it was your own fault ...
but the bunny just didn't say "yes" yet ...

but now the bunny is saying yes,
for you read all your books about the aldebaran birds ...
and now you're on the back of the golden bird ...
heading for the watermark ...
heading for sweet jupiter ...

Aldebaran Birds V

It seems they always forgot something, and then you were the victim ...
all these holes in the flowers made the flower so sharp
All these holes in a conversation
made your lines so sharp
it was ripping me inside ...
like i was in the beak
of an aldebaran bird ...

Your visitors always came too late ...
Your policeman and firemen
Your pillows weren't soft but barbed wire ...
Your sandman never came ...
until the end of the morning ...
when the schoolbells were ringing ...
and the bells of the factory
He was like Mr. too late

He was a Jesus Christ always coming too late on saviours' parties
for he liked it too much to raise people from the dead ...
he never rescued anyone ... he only raised people from the dead ...

he never saved anyone ... he was a funeral-contractor ...
he was always walking on the battlefields looking for dead soldiers ...
putting them in his pointy sack ...
he would gamble first to see who he would raise up and who not
He was a doctor of dead patients ...
He was loved for he could solve the deepest tragedies ...
There were birds who were called "too late"
They were undertakers ... but later some of them became the aldebaran birds ...
those fallen ones ...
He created them all ...
He was a brother of Gepetto ...
He was called Summerclause ...
or mister too late ...
He never came in time ...
but he was loved
he solved the deepest problems ...
he solved them ... when they were black ...
he only came to the rotten ones ...
those ones from the sewers of aldebaran
there where death touches hell ...

he had a different watch than we have
a funeral-undertaker's watch ...
it was a bunny-watch ... with a bunny saying no or yes ...
and another bunny saying "pardon" or "done" ...

I'm on the back of a golden bird heading for jupiter ...
Where the soft milk streams ...
I'm seeing lazy ornaments deep down there in capricorn's seas ...
letting the needles fall ...
the lollipops are strange thin beings with big heads ...
working in a toyshop of danger

the toys have glassplinters inside ...
and by sharp lines they program the tax-indexes of the toys ...
these toys are nothing but tax-agents ...
infiltrating the houses by a spoilt kid ...
these are the side-saws of a rotten town ...
burning away in hidden terror ...
while mistake is raking the sunsets

they never repeat,
they say it once
and then the tops of needles will rise ...
stinging the doorbells and the doorways in search for ham ...

these are raging ornaments ...
perfectly covered by fogs and accidents ...
behind a curtain of shame and pity ...

these are wandering solutions in search for minced meat ...
dead souls trying to escape the last train to hell's city
they never repeat
they unleash their blades from single decisions ...
they remove the coins from the tops of tall bottles ...
when it's mercury's hour of speech-power ...
they are one-second truths on top of a magazine ...
letting the mills fall down over the bald head-publics ...
like killer-yo-yo's in the snow ...
all from the spleen of grandfather lollipop

these hand-puppets, these tall faces ... were always his best trick ...
the designer's liberty ...
and they all applaud ...

while the birds of aldebaran descend like vultures to pick up the coins for another ride ...

they are moving near to the curtain when it falls down ...
the show is over ...
the headscreens show the prices and the exits now ...
the blood-jackpots of the side-roads ...

The Feather

I'm losing the feather, on a stream ... I'm sitting to watch it tightly ...
trying to remember it's shapes and it's strategies ..
Then I see myself painting ... the feather ...
more beautiful than he was before ...
He's now ... deeper in my heart ...

The Feather II

I'm counting the feathers on my conscience so bright ...
I'm counting the feathers ...
On my name's brigade ...
I'm spinning the ornament ... it's growing so tall on my skin ...
It's like the divine tattoo

I'm counting the feathers on my conscience so bright ...
I'm counting the feathers ...
On my name's brigade ...
I'm not missing one of them ...
for they are all so interlocked ...
and glued by a russian ornament ...
I once got from an octopus ...

I'm shining ...
with my feathers so bright ...
in a pride you never had ...
Still the song of an aldebaran bird ...

Feather III

I'm dancing ...
in a street you never were ...
I'm dancing with my names so close to the shores ...
so close to the feathers ...
so close the bunny stars ...

I'm smiling ...
with my head high in the sky ...
this little faces-head ...
from the wild wet moon ...
too white to talk about ...
struck by the white thistle ..
I'm smiling ...
because it's your face too ...
and from all those other aldebaran birds ...

The Feather IV

Raindrops falling from raindrop-pieces ...
It seems like the giant is growing today ..
This boy from the baker's tree ...
It's his birthday's day ...
I'm smiling ...
with my head down on my knees ...
attracting the birds from aldebaran ...
for a little musical piece ...
They will love this chocolate ...
They will love this sugarheart
I'm dancing ...
with my head almost touching the ground ...
it's like the snake's dance ...
for I'm knowing this ornament's fire ...

I know what it proclaims
that after six days ...
they are all back in the little box ...
that musical box ...
where the ballerina dances ...
and where they sing ...
the songs they don't want to sing ...
they just escaped their musical box ...
from grandma underground
but this ballerina is dancing until they are all back ...
they were the needles of the grammophone ...
after six days they will be back ...
I'm smiling ...
with my head down in the air ...
the sea is the sky now ...
this world is all mixed up ...
now the record has shown his back ...
this world tumbling upside down ...
I'm dancing ...
with my head just everywhere ...
the little faces-head in my pocket ...
in aldebaran's pocket ...
on the miniature-racecourt ...
in the old jukebox where they all belong ...
tight needles of the grammophone ...
dj's of summerclause again ...

the feather is caressing the record ...
there are sixty-six lullabies in someone's head ..
after the dj spoke ...
and now he's back to his tropical island again ...
an island floating in the sky

the sky-sea
and the feather is lying in the stream ...
while i'm painting it again ...

Baker's Tree Boy
Baker's Tree Boy has the trousers,
when he's in the land there are no aldebaran birds allowed ...
he's the bird from the big tree ...
all breaths from the big complaint get shut ...

Complaints are fatal ...
he always sais ...
their breaths are lethal ...
we always have to breath through his box ...
some little stupid flutes ...
making the birds laugh ...

No aldebaran birds ...
when baker's tree boy is in the city ...
Then the seas are in the sky ...
with the flying fishes ...
then all needles will be grammophone-needles ...
the big fir is the big jukebox ...
waking the fairytales up ...
stinging nettles walk on the street
for tree's alphabet to spread ...
..when baker's tree boy is in the city ...

The butcher's are the big simulators ...
when they sting you lose three points ...
They are just big firs if it comes to that ...
sent out by the forest's game ...

They will be turned into potatoes when you smash them ...
and then you will see the bunny's stars
gathering the yes's for a wolf's hunt ..
near to abraham's tree ...

When baker's tree boy plays the game ...
He has a red tomatoe's gun ...
It's from the highest level ...
It's from the highest coin ...

You get three banana-points ...
when you hit the butcher's dish
And when you shoot his axe ...
paper shatters are flying around ...
for it was just hard paper ...
rising from a sugar-cup ...

Now if you reached the cups deep in the butcher's temple ...
then shoot them with the laser-beams ...
then doves will fly out ...
and they will guide you forever ...
for they were stolen from a fairytale
they were stolen from a baker's tree ...
they were stolen from you
but now you found them back

baker's tree boy is in town ...
tree-lasers around him ...
heading for the villages ...
to access new games ...
game over ...

Everlasting Damnation

She's spinning her everlasting damnations,
to lay them lightly on the top of his head ...
She's spinning her mazes, her false liberties and the hard noises ...

He doesn't care about romance ...
He only cares about a good bed ...
and a good bottle ...

She's spinning her everlasting damnations ...
trying to get his attention ...

The Lord your God is so desperate today,
wanting to have the devil for a date ...

Everlasting Damnation II

Lord God and the Devil playing chess ...
with everlasting damnations on the board ...
They're moving their pawns,
moving their eyes ...
as slow as they can ...
loading their edges to the top ...
and then the beers and liquors flow ...
and they forget about their etiquettes ...

Everlasting Damnation III

It's carnival ...
your neighbour is now your Lord God ...
your assistant your Jesus Christ,
and the old jukebox spouts everlasting damnations ...

It's carnival ...

Daddy has drunk too much ...
Now you will be in everlasting damnation a few weeks ...
While tv must be your forced saviour,
thinking it is wasting it's time with you ...
but it has no other way to go ...
for daddy has drunk too much ...

It's carnival ...
Everlasting Damnation is dripping from the mask ...
But you have still your feather ...
your white one ...
bringing you back to the wardrobe ...
to have your own suits

It's carnival ...
Now your son is the Lord God ...
and you are the Boss of Lord God ...
While grandma is writing her spanish bibles ...
She always wanted you to have your own heart
She showed you everlasting damnation was just a piece of paper escaping carnival ...
written by the fool of masked romance ...
by a white feathered pencil ...
but you have your own white feather

It's carnival of romance ...
Lord God is desperately wanting the devil for a date ...
spinning his everlasting damnations in the hot fires of a glass of beer ...
But the devil was already too late today ...
he now just wants to go to bed ...
to forget about all masked romance ...
he has his own everlasting damnations to swim in ...
he doesn't need anothers'

so he's taking his feathered pencil
a black one this time ...
to write an indian bible
to be finally ...
independent ...
in religious ... art ...

Everlasting Damnation IV

Trees of trauma,
they wave at you from the driest deserts ...
It's Everlasting Damnation coming to town ...

Trees of cobra's,
It was shark's cocoon ...
looking for another dj ...
looking for another spoon ...

And that boy,
he looks like he has a skindisease ...
but he just comes from the baker's tree ...
selling everlasting damnations to teenage girls ...
to have some protection against teachers too biblical ...

It's the everlasting shock,
It's the everlasting curse ..
when echo comes to town ...
but it's finally to wake you up,
and to see it was just your friend ...
just your old teddybear-buddy ...
the side-wheels of your cruel bikes

It's the everlasting trauma,

trauma-birds with their big eyes like peacock's horror-shows,

It's like bilmageln's gongs,
always hitting the kettles inside ...
and the old terror dishes ...
terror from baker's tree ...
when echo stands before you,
installing wasp's tv

It was like the pole's apocalypse,
from an apocryphal writing ...
written by ..the feathered pencil ..
fools from romantic tragedies ...
decorated by interludes of everlasting trauma ...
still sucking the numbers out of your head
but that's finally okay ...
for who is asking for the return of your worst maths teacher ...

It's like I cannot breath today ..
but who's asking for it ?
in this polluted meatball called earth ?
Don't bring me your everlasting damnations ...
I have my own ...
and you need these for your own carnivals ...
to play romeo and juliette once again ...
or some fed up cassanova ...
too lazy to rake the hellgardens ...
so many marbles to gather there ...

It was not the first time you spoilt your words to the paper ...
for someone else to suck up ...
so the golden feather-pencil is once again in your hand
to do another piece of romantic apocalypse ...

dressed in some ancient languages of trade ...
dipped in pre-historic ornament ..
jurassic accents ...
sailor's decisions ...
to hide, to steal and to sell
fast ways to the ornaments ..
fast trains to the golden hair ...
the the trees dynamic city ...
baptized in the boiling oil of shark's trumpets ...
proclaiming everlasting damnation ...
on a romance's trip ...
having the Lord Gods on the sidelines ...
the golden butchers on the mills ...
It's everlasting noise you sell ...
creating everlasting deafness
finding your part in romantic apocryphia
in the ships of bitter dogma

But after the wave you always find yourself ...
behind a fool's table ...
with a white feathered pencil lying there ...
next to a cigarette ...
waiting to be smoked ...
waiting for another round in the corset ...

Black pair of shoes ...
waiting to do the trip of everlasting damnation again ...
a tax-machine ...
sucking the heads dry for some good trousers ...
layer by layer reaching for
the biblical jokers ...
the blackjack's from hidden seas

spinning the ornaments too tight ...
for a traumatic beauty ...
on an apocalyptic ride
touching the edges of tragic apocryphia in the side-coloured evenings when the suns fall into the
sea ...
the pseud-epigraphic lenses ...
still the stick through which you watch the mosaic ...
the wild mosaic
the tall windows of the church ...
waiting for the everlasting damnations ...
the comics from the white thrones
they are all baptized in blood ...
trademarked by the throne ...
copyrighted by the baker's tree ...

Then you find yourself ...
like a father tied to the ears of children ...
the gift of your divorce's judges ...
to raise your women from the canals ...

And you see this child ...
looking like a skindisease ...
but just a boy from the baker's tree ...
who sold you this letter ...
this mission ...
you never created it ...
it wasn't even your desire ...
but you were bloodmarked by it
working in a strange game

The kids still love it ...
and you will tell them ...

about everlasting damnations who brought them here, but were never true

they were just from the boy's brother ...

from a pair of black shoes ...

pretending to be everything

still rising ...when the singer sings

in apocalyptic slow-motion ...

bringing you to the edges of suspense ...

of a romantic thriller ...

bringing you the carriage ...

closed curtains ..

purple-pink ...

with the cabman, two-faced

carrying a romance within ...

the contract of horror ...

Don't try to find love in a story ...

don't try to fix a rotten romance with your pearls too fragile ...

it will be everlasting damnation waking you up ...

something worse than horror on your dish

how many dwarves were killed for the fairytale-marriage ...

you will find out then

and look straight into the face of the world beyond this fairytale ...

a werewolf ...

you will see what she all did to her husband after that night

and you will see which stones he used to build the house and the honeymoon

you will not eat for twenty years after seeing this ...

your teeth will rot in your mouth

your face will turn green,

with rotten blue,

decorated by toothpaste ...

but this is only the lovely beginning ...

then you will beg for your everlasting damnations again ...

for they weren't so bad at all ...
you will call them mr. and mrs. ...
you will bow for them very dignified ...
after you saw the face of the world beyond fairytale ...
then you will beg for some tragedies and traumas ..
you knew from your past
you will see them as your old friends then ...
your buddies ...
who could possibly save you from this presence ...
but they didn't and they won't do ...
you will try to find your everlasting damnations in every corner on every street
you will start to believe in Jesus Christ again
but it's too late ... for the show has begun ...
now you can only scream and hoping you wake up ...
but it's not a dream
you wished it was a nightmare ... just a dream ...
but it's reality ...
the world beyond fairytale ...
how many dwarves were killed for the wedding ...
then you try hopelessly to escape this wedding of terror ...
this beast coming to the surface ...
but you only have to realize ...
you were that beast ...
and there's something worse riding you

that cabman ... that cabman ...
that two-faced long-hairy high-hatted old man ...
like dracula's grandfather ...
like frankenstein's tax-collector ...
but you only wished that
for it's something worse ...
it's the terror you don't understand ...
it's like everlasting misunderstanding ...

and then finally you sit in your chair ...
tired of screaming
your eyes turning around in your head ...
tied to the chair ...
and a little man is staring at you ...
as small as your finger ...
it's the little man of the tiger ...
you just drank from the tiger's coffee ...
to wake up
to find out ...
there's something worse than birthday ...
it's called the wedding
it's called the breaking of the ornament,
it's called marriage ...
two people become a siamese twin ...
to shut all others out ... for the rest of there lives ...
based on a cruel dogma
sentenced to everlasting divorce ...
how many divorces were laid to spin this wedding ?
in canon and criminal design
from a white-feathered pencil ...
marriage is a lie ...
but it's a riddle of truth ...
a puzzle for your children
the wedding still the jigsaw's pedlar ...
the watchboxman,
the tv's broadcast lord with the tall face ...
still your new jerusalem,
with archibald ...
racing on the side-cake roads ...
highways to perlottia ...

the dreamman's cascade

archibald,

enter the quarters of jerusalem ...

archibald ...

enter the quarters of jerusalem ...

the way back to nothing ..

the way back to them

still ... the frog's ...song ...

Everlasting Damnation V

cruel fight

No, you're not in hell ...

it's something worse ...

called the wedding ...

all dad's birthday-zeppelins had been exploded already ...

now we got this present from the cake ...

this babe was called everlasting damnation when she was young ...

but now she changed her name into the wedding ...

yes, since awhile already ...

Grandfather is breeding his weddings at the sides of the ponds ...

making them ready for the big attack ...

from the frog

He's breeding his everlasting damnations under his shoes .. so that he can step on mines with them ...

while my shoes are walking mines ...

they explode every step i take ...

while i'm still lighting my cigarettes with them

i never put these things in my mouth ...

i only write by them ...

to an old lawyer ..

to an old ornament ...

the one holding the weddings tight ...

he breeds them in corsets ...

in iron suits of knights ...

he breeds them in fish's bowls ...

in whale's bowls and in trousers ...

these weddingnights are still his best tricks ...

like the candles on a weddingtart ...

one candle for one night ...

and then they start to take the cigars and cigarettes of the wedding-visitors ...

which is a long and cruel fight ...

a fight often ending in the bathroom

where she shows him her everlasting damnations ...

and where he shows her his paper bows ...

still a sad picture ...

plagues from izu

and it's a long and cruel fight ... from the bedroom to the bathroom ...

She's spreading roses to attract the dogs ... He's spreading paper dice ... not knowing what will come ... still a sad family-picture It's still the photo hanging near to the clock ... Like mom and dad were always trying to break the back of an elephant so that they could ride it together ... It's such a cruel and sad picture in a sense ... The children still cry about it ... Why did it have to be this way ... why ...

He's always speaking about the past, about his father and mother ... He got the family-album when they died in that cruel accident ... for him it's more a zoo-album a very sad prison ... He's still throwing his coins and peppermints through the bars ... trying to get them alive but life was too cruel ... and it seems everything is heading for everlasting damnation ... but maybe that would call for mr. too late summerclause ... He always saved people from that place ... but grandfather always told with a tight face : There are worse places than Everlasting Damnation ...

Yes, the wedding ... that's where it all started ... but if everlasting damnation is a better station ... then let us bring them there ... and then we will see further ... the handicapped boy says He always speaks about his father and mother, about the Lord God and about the devil He's very wise ... he thinks too deep ... He always says he's the Lord God when he fights with his little friends while his older brother, an autistic boy, is the Boss of the Lord God

They are heading for an urban renewal ... They bought black shoes ... and now they're doing exercises with the shoes ... They are both obsessed about shoes ... the Lord God always walked with the shoes of his mother ... while the older one always took his father's shoes They are also fond of suits ... They liked to wear the suits of their older sisters ... But they don't live anymore either all crashed by the accident

There they walk like spiders through the streets of the cities ... flirting with the moths of the roofs ... and blinking at the ravens ... but it's all fake .. all part of the game ... They have serious things in mind They decided to reverse the city Sodom and Gomorrah needs to be destroyed ... the Lord God says ... "yes", the Boss of the Lord God says, there isn't any smile on his face ... he's serious ... the city needs to be destroyed for they sinned against the Lord God

The Lord God and the Boss of the Lord God are walking to a friend of them ... he lives near to the center of the city They call him Moses, and he is the one who needs to announce the plagues ... he's a boy with a speech defect ...

They will go to top of the tower of the church where the two brothers will play the chimes and the boy with the speech defect will announce the plagues by a siren ...

It was a plague of moths ... eating the suits of the town eating away their masks and then the horror-show began ... the only thing people had to do was to look into the mirror to see what was happening under their masks for such a long time ... the world beyond fairytale ... the world behind the city-screens ...

the most wild and traumatic insects were living in the flesh behind the masks ... it was a plague of moths showing the horror-screens behind the fairytale-screens ... they were doing their weddings in fresh meat ... but these were called everlasting damnations ... there is one thing worse than an everlasting damnation ... a masked everlasting damnation The Wedding ...

It was a plague of moths ... back to Izu ...

The moths were eating the ornaments away ... showing what was happening inside ... the chain there's something worse than a chain a masked chain for no one believes you are chained while it's eating you from inside out

They were heading for .. The Weddingroom to eat the wedding tarts ... and to show what the bride was all wearing under her wedding dress ...

They were heading forthe wedding-dress ... eating it away to show the terror in daylight ... all these everlasting damnations in fresh meat

Refugees from the big wedding ... all flying on moths now ... attacking the cities sharp speech defects bred by divorces we have our own languages ... this is cake from elite ...

It was a plague of moths ... digging for licorice ... back to Izu

Now the handicapped boys are sitting on the ladybug ... reversing all your fed up bibles the wedding was decorated by the big B from everlasting damnation unaware of motivations, the witch's spellbook if it comes to that when repeated reversed

watch uncle unicorn

Watch uncle unicorn .. he's a timered rider ...

Watch uncle unicorn, breeding the wild wet strawberries

He's dancing through the nights killing the weddingrings ... showing which was all left behind all those puppetmarkets ...

Watch uncle unicorn a sideride rider Watch uncle unicorn the best choice in a strawberry's night he's aching for someone ... he's stinging himself to reach the other your mother it was his telephone-line ...

Watch uncle unicorn ... killing the wedding Watch uncle unicorn kissing mother ladybug She doesn't understand his strange apocalypses ... She doesn't understand his rage to the bible She doesn't understand the things he does and sais and she doesn't believe in it either

Watch uncle unicorn a sideline rider ... stinging through the ornament's cakes stinging through your daddy's coats He tries to lure your mother that side line mother bringing the wedding back to it's place that tenmillionhorrorstory's hat that bridegroom's hat ... watch uncle unicorn

Watch uncle unicorn ... watch mother ladybug ... she doesn't believe him, but she loves him she doesn't understand what he's doing and she doesn't believe one step of it ... but she loves the way he's doing it

Watch uncle unicorn ... watch archibald heading for the new jerusalem ... a new aldebaran ? or a new anything

watch uncle uniccorn ... watch this wedding's friend watching the weddings he's still a wedding a masked everlasting damnation to steal the wedding masked ... to kill the wedding watch this spy from the ornament's pride ...this sideline's attacker this assassin ... rising strawberry this assassin heading for the strawberry fields ... where his love is waiting for him doing a fake wedding because she doesn't believe in it at all watch uncle unicorn watching the bible proclaiming strong marriages ... strong cages ... strong masked everlasting damnations while he's still a wedding himself after all but it's fake for she doesn't believe in it and he worships her he blesses her ... he baptizes her everyday while she doesn't believe all this attention ... but she likes it anyway and hides it anyway her spy the widow's spy watch uncle unicorn still a preacherman with an atheist's lady still a pretty ornament shining in the night ... for he doesn't believe in it either ... watch uncle unicorn

watch uncle unicorn ii

watch uncle unicorn ... dreams in coloured fire

watch uncle unicorn ...dreams in the coloured spider

watch uncle unicorn ... watch his golden desire ...
it's all fake made by paper lies ...
but still these ones are riddles of truth ...
jigsaws for the children ...
watch uncle unicorn ...
two children as horses for the wedding-carriage ...
watch uncle unicorn ...
still sitting there, the cabman ..
spinning the dragons for the coming years ...
spreading the arena's in dominoes ...
watch uncle unicorn
watch these two beautiful children
these white horses from the ornament's horses
watch them with their pale mocking faces
they are mocking the wedding ...
they are mocking the Lord God ...
and His Boss
watch uncle unicorn ...

watch uncle unicorn and these two lovely children ...
in their white pink dresses ...
with their decorated hats
look at their spears of fire ...
the candles on the weddingcakes ...
watch uncle unicorn ...

watch uncle unicorn ...
watch his lovely rose's children
watch how they mock the wedding ...
watch how they mock the fires
and even themselves ...
in these wide dresses

watch uncle unicorn

watch uncle unicorn and all his chinese children ...

watch how they put blasphemy in the weddingbowls ...

but you know they do it all in secret ...

watch uncle unicorn ...

watch his tall brother

watch all his ornaments ... and all his weddingrings

watch how the chain is laid

to masked everlasting damnation ...

and watch how these children say :

how stupid, how stupid, how ... stupid ...

more plagues

This is the town of liberty,

this is the town of the ornament,

of the wedding,

of beautiful songs ...

of beautiful butcheries ...

we are eating the ones shot by the marriage ...

mother marriage ... still grinning from heaven ...

the weddingrings are circular saws here ...

This is the town of god,

this is the town of trend,

this is the town of the big weddingring ...

between god and his little devil ...

Der fuhrer macht spas mit ringel S

The umlauts are his trains of terror ...

The skin was ripped off that day ...

Seeing Hitler's Blue Tongue ...

Everlasting Damnation VI

Seeing the wars in the frogs, seeing oz's moon shining down, turning into a stick with a snake coiling around it, the ringel S from deutschland ... I'm sorry that you never understood me ... you had to read between the lines ... and between the letters and the kisses ... You had to read between the nuclear bombs and the threats ... These weren't my words ... I was the one breathing on the background ... tied to a chair ... I couldn't write ... someone else wrote these letters ... my dad always wanted to protect me against you so he was picking up the telephone using my voice ... but it wasn't me ...and these hugs too tight ... it wasn't me ... my father doesn't know his own strength ... he didn't know about all the disasters he caused all the earthquakes and nuclear transmissions ... we never told him what he did in his sleep for it's not good to awaken sleeping dragons

I'm the type of person who never reads the things I write for I cannot bear what it all causes It's too hard for me to watch in a snake's basket all the time ... So I'm only looking forward ... I can only read it again after you read it for I like to see pink candy all over the place Anyway

There are wars in the city ... and I don't dare to read my own letters ... It's like stepping on mines I know I have a strange sort of alphabet ... And I don't like grammar and spelling, to talk within a narrow cage ... so forgive me my speechdefects ... I am still a blue rabbit heading for a new language ... I can show you the tales on Hitler's tongue ...

These are all lamentation weathers

These are all lamention feathers ...

These everlasting damnations ...

were just someone wanting to have your attention

A mentally handicapped child called The Lord Your God sitting on a throne behind
fairytale ...

He created the fairytale to show you what you will never get ...

But that was all to draw your attention ...

It was a tortured tree in such a dry desert ...

An Aldebaran Moth

It's nothing but an old lamentation's box

from an old blind musician

begging for some coins in the storm ...

He wants to return to aldebaran ...

and if you listen to his horrors ...

he will show you the world beyond horror ...

the world of the cartoon ...

as long as we don't want to understand the horror of this old man ...

we can never return to our homeland,

the cartoon ...

but if we listen to his horrors and try to understand them,

to give him his coins ...

he can go back to aldebaran

and bring us to the meaning of the horror

the cartoon

But the story goes, and that always seems true

that the storm will bring the old man back to aldebaran ...

he doesn't need our coins,

but he's an automaton ...

just wanting to show us the tales on our own coins ...

money talks

money has it's own tax and apocalypses ...

it's own everlasting damnations

masked or not ...

and the tales can bring us higher ...
but if we close our ears it can bring us back to the wedding ...
where all days went wrong ...
the mills of the horizon
the burning lines in orange blue and red ...
bringing us from birthdays into birthdays ...
from weddings into weddings
preparing the domino-roads to the butcher's strike ...
breeding you into that strange strange insect ...
on the back of a nightshift
masked or not masked
and then you can choose again ...
between a coin or a tale
it's a big multiple choice ...
heading for your election's day ...
you may choose yourself what you will be ...
masked or not ...
you will be your own teacher ...
correcting your choices every first day of the month ...
heading for the occupation of your choice ...
you choose your occupations and identities yourself
all by the big multiple choice ...
but it doesn't say ... in which country that will be ...
who has ears will hear

The Lazarus Tree

He watched the side-halls of his ornaments ...

He decided to do the bunny's dance ...

together with his mummies ...
To come into the hall where the kids were cigars ...
He smokes them, he's the wizard's funeral-undertaker ...
Racing the trees after they are burnt
spirits of the phoenix ...
all his children ...

The lazarus-tree is burning ...
asking for help ...
begging ...
But he will come after the funeral ...
to rise it up again ...
And prometheus is still bound to the tree ...
By some possessed indians ...
The phoenix will rise
after the ashes are blowing in the wind ...
He still works in the crematorium ...
Good old summerclause ...
breeding his birds ...

The ears of this little dog called Jesus,
will only open up after Lazarus has died ...
Mary and Martha already know the trick ...
These miracles are worth waiting for
The miracles can only rise from the ashes ...
Still the golden secret on an egyptian dish ...

We are all waiting for a man called lazarus ...

waiting in the old pyramid ...

Only cigars allowed ...

we will not smoke anything else ...

The blue rabbit showing hitler's tongue ...

the blue road ...

from the horror to the cartoon ...

so many cigars spread on the road ...

like train's apocalypse ...

he will show up after the crash ...

showing you lazarus tree ...

climbing it will switch you from the horror to the cartoon ...

from the lamentation to the lullaby ...

then you will understand what it means ...

and then you will meet summerclause's ship in the air ...

with all those Jesuses from Cartoon ...

those little men ...

those zebra-men

switching you between the pencil and the spoon ...

switching you between a cigar and a cigarette ...

in the movie you had to die ... otherwise it wouldn't sell ...

one wanted to see ... the world beyond fairytale ...

one wanted to see ... the horror ...

but this was your rocket launched straight in the cartoon ...

like a spear piercing the old bear-drum ...

reaching the flute inside ...

and this movie would be burnt in your uncle's pipe ...

be burnt in your uncle's pipe ...

*so that the movie could be updated ...
a rainbowversion from the old Pan ...
the movie waves are moving ... symmetric to the snakes underground ...
rising to cartoon ...
rising to the comic-towers
to release the juices from inside ...
to have a good bite in the apple ...
when you discover the horror behind the fairytale ...
just bite further until you switch between the cartoon and the comic ...
until you see all their little jesus-men ...

you are in summerclause's cloudship
riding to the moon on fragile railroads ...
moving symmetric to the sharks in the seas underground ...
having new fireworks in a bottle
it's again strong liquor's from uncle
heading for the 3 in the z ...
heading for cat's hill
where an ornament still cuts the trees ...
still the woodcutter's house
showing the horror behind the cartoon and the comic ...
the horror behind the juices and the fruits ...
behind the candy
behind the soft soft machines ...
behind the soft icecreams ...
these soft kisses were the sharpest of all ...

Lords of the Ice ...*

Horror in frosty clothes ...
hidden too well behind cartoons and cubes

Wasp's tv updated
switching between horrors and cartoons ...
between comics and tragedies
in an atmosphere of serene ice ...
like a dragonfly soaring ...
with a thousand nipples on it's face ...

reaching for a land where the symmetries touch,
where the isolation breaks me free ...
the shock ... the sting ... all behind the fairytale
even behind cartoon and comic ...
an autistic world,
a traumatic beauty,
there where the vibration transformed the layers ...
in wasp's tv updated ...
standing tall like the million-armed clock ...
swelling up like an eye ... in a rose ..
like a jewel in the night
bragging into the faces of unknown threats ...

Back to Izu
Like the well of an ornament ...
I feel myself ...
heading for Izu
following the wizard's path ...
The ornamental boxes ...
full of lullabies ... and lamentations ...
are we complaining ?

Back to Izu,
the world of so many words ...
while a little is spoken ...
for it's all hidden behind trees and flowers ...
desiring to be discovered ...

Back to Izu,
not afraid of the hidden rage ...
and the hidden riddles
waiting to be puzzled out
it needed to be ... a hidden message ...
for it was too private ...
just for you ...

Back to Izu ...
not afraid of death ...
for it can kill you if you come too close ...
the influence she chose to leave ...

Back to Izu ..
not afraid of fire ...
not afraid of the bite ...
for it can do that to you ...
even from a distance ...
which is close enough ...

Back to Izu,
like a nuclear mill on sharp ...
like a hypersensitive gun ...
bullets body-heat-sensitive ...
when they once saw you ..

they will never let you go ...
until they pierced the thing they saw
stinging a new ornament through it ...
eyes on sharp ...
every step is like a mine exploding under your feet ...
everlasting damnations under your feet
back to Izu ...

But that's just your wasp's tv ...
following all the news of the day ...
it's just your loved ones speaking ...
your own private telephone-hells ...

you know these little lamentations ...
they will always try to get your attention ...
showing you how they are hurt ...

it's the lamentation-talk ...
bringing you back to izu ...
bringing you back to the lullaby ...

there's something switching between lullabies and lamentations ...
creating the song, the killersong ...
you better be deaf in those days
so why don't you meet some deaf children ...
who will teach you to be deaf ...
back to izu

crucify him ... someone called ...
and then someone else started to call it ...
then they started to scream and to shriek ...
until the little jesus was deaf ...

and could escape the noise with his rabbit ...

A Day at the Fairground

- 1.The Gates of Change
- 2.Queen Ant
- 3.The Dollars of Queen Bee
- 4.Fat Hotel Boss
- 5.Ditches of Venice
- 6.Chopin's Pearl
- 7.Chopin
- 8.Warfeathers
- 9.Burning Roses
- 10.Afternoon Wine
- 11.Sea of Death
- 12.My French Girl
- 13.Ballerina Girl
- 14.Predator
- 15.Traffic of War
- 16.Overcoming the Game
- 17.Sick of Laughing
- 18.Other Side of the Wall
- 19.Flowerfields
- 20.Poetry from the Yellow Milkmaid – The Lion's Fight
- 21.Railroads to Lapoendria – Between a Woman and a Man
- 22.Waving White Flag
- 23.Orange Balloon
- 24.Dwarve's Rain

- 25.Supermarket Lies
- 26.Blessing of Dementia – Children of the Dune
- 27.Shrieking Boys Clock
- 28.Red Dinosaur
- 29.Ravalan Madok – Wings of Dementia
- 30.Playcard Syndrome
- 31.Jericho
- 32.Indian Line
- 33.Capricorn’s Jackpot
- 34.Life in the Distance
- 35.Stars of Blasphemy
- 36.The Dragon Candle
- 37.Birds of Hamelin
- 38.Rabbit’s Hospital
- 39.The Postbank’s Clock
- 40.The Night Trouper
- 41.Chocolate Smiles
- 42.The Fifth Nightwatch
- 43.Dragons and Dinosaurs
- 44.To an Autistic World
- 45.Ten Little Ascenders
- 46.Palace of the Toysoldiers
- 47.Birthdayman’s Palace
- 48.Funparkman’s Palace
- 49.The Gamewizard’s Palace
- 50.Deliriumwizard’s Palace – Your Guide to a Crazier World
- 51.The Puzzlewizard’s Palace
- 52.The Gamblewizard’s Palace
- 53.The Backwardwizard’s Palace
- 54.Ladybug
- 55.Nonsense of Mathematics
- 56.Sudden Death of the Mice’s Journalist

The Gates of Change

1. I was a day at the fairground,

I found it hard to find joy,

It was nothing but tragedy here,

Knives beyond the kingdoms

2. I was a day at the fairground,

A day in which I almost died,

It was a day of torture,

It was a day without any light

3. The next day I woke up,

I was happy and full of life,

Pleasure seemed to follow me everywhere,

For I had escaped from the fairground

4. My wounds were scars now,

But some wounds didn't seem to heal,

I'm still living with them,

Reminding me of that day at the fairground

5. That horrible day had changed my life,

Through the gates of change I went,

To become wise

6. Not so long ago I returned to the fairground,

It had changed now,

The machines didn't work,

It was a mess

7. It seemed no one was working there anymore,

And I found some small lights,

I found some joy

8. It's a pleasure to be here now,

Through the gates of change,

I found a new way to deal with it

9. And I will return here many times,

Searching for the last lights,

Of a fairground I never understood

10. And I will sing here and dance here,

To raise the fairground again,

But this time in my way,

In my ways we will do it again

11. And it will be so much better,

And it will visit so many places,

And so many will come,

For the fairground has just begun

12. Through the gates of change they go,

Heading from show to show

Queen Ant

1. Wargoddess, queen ant, laying eggs in the middle, making the dollars roll On wallstreet she is the lady bowling, bowling, making dresses too fragile to hold

2. Wargoddess, she flies with horses, queen ant, prosperous smile and liberty She has mighty flags all around her They need to be big, so everyone understands They need to be rough, the blood must flow It's raising money for the show Six helicopters in a row

3. Wargoddess, queen ant, showing us how ladies bend Tears in her eyes, she got the flu and all she dreams about is you You, her mighty tv hero But you got shot in episode two It's drama she makes, and drama she expects She needs some love, and this is how she does it
....

4. Wargoddess, tragedy when you stand up it's all misery She lets the dollars roll She gives them in eggs Brooders is what she wants

5. Dollar hatchers, snake's surprise, she's gliding forth, through battlefields and mines She's gliding forth to do her thing Making all the losers win Blood on the dancefloor, and in the

house Blood on the ceiling, through the door it slides They stand there with golden smiles
.... Trophies full of money Small coins, but many papers to hide

6. She wants it big, no testimonies She wants it cool, all for you Foam on money, who lets it
spout, champagne in Wallstreet, champagne so wild Queen ant rides the horse Her chariots
full of fire

The Dollars of Queen Bee

1. Turn the chocolate, girl, turn it all around, to find the pearl, you're machinery, baby, you're the
show in wild wild version, in treasure

Turn the chocolate, green girl, and become blue

2. Turn the chocolate, white girl, we're all colours, we're all dollars,

Turn the ocean white, pale girl, and hit the ball, hit the pearl, turn the ocean, blue girl

3. Turn the chocolate, make it wide, stretch it out and let us decide, we're all dollars, baby, dyed in
red

4. We're bloodmoney, we've been stolen, we have been in the assassin's hand, in those of liars and
of those telling nonsense We have been in the hands of scrooges, of capitalists and cannibals
We have been in the hands of idiots and those who are insane Put us in and play us, baby We
need some help We're dollars dying in hell's rain

5. We're the lullaby, we're bloodmoney, roses dying We've been to hell and now we're back
So play us baby, turn the green Make it white instead

6. Make it like water, make it like yesterday For the days are dying

7. We're longing back for the old days ... We're dollars, we're smiles on tv We returned from
the underground With so much gold in our eyes We're dollars to your surprise

8. We want to be picked up by a lady this time, a lady gentle with a wide smile A lady
trustworthy, and full of tv A lady like a nurse, like a queen bee

Fat Hotel Boss

1. The fat hotel boss was a cruel man, he always scared the guests away. Suzy was a leather woman,
with many leather traps, she would catch them all. Tommy wanted to escape. Who could burn this
freaky hotel.

2. The fat hotel boss had a cook who ate brains, sleeping in the corridors, dreaming on the
stairways, while monkeys were in the elevators. The fat hotel boss was friendly to the ladies, but he
used to beat the guys up.

3. The fat hotel boss had a big hotel. One day someone brought him under a spell, and he was the
kindest hotel boss in town. So friendly, so lovely, everyone knew his name. Everybody loved him,
he got so much fame.

4. The fat hotel boss had made some small animals, with a small Jesus, a small Mary and a small Joseph. It was Christmas. The fat hotel boss he wanted to enjoy the days before Christmas. Everywhere there were candles. Then a boy came to the hotel, and asked the boss if he could play the piano and some violin, and the boss agreed. He loved it. The fat hotel boss he wanted to keep the boy in the hotel, all for free, and the boy liked coffee.

5. There was always such joy in the hotel, after that spell.

6. Fat hotel boss, even vampires and bats came to his hotel. They all loved him, they all needed him. He was their star. There was a place for all, the friendliest people came here. Kids could find their grandparents here, lonely people their lovers. Fat hotel boss, big name in history, when he died it was such a loss.

Ditches of Venice

1. You came from far away,

Through the ditches of Venice,

Through the painting,

All your way,

You brought the Spanish girl back to the painting,

A pretty sight,

She has colourful clothes,

I can dream with this lady

2. I smell the oranges when I stare at her,

I adorn her with small banana images,

I adorn her with fairytales,

The finest ones I could find,

She's a pearl to me,

A precious pearl,

This Spanish girl

3. You brought the Spanish girl back,

You girl from French,

You brought her where she belonged,

In the painting,

Through the Spanish alleys she runs,

There are grapes in Venice,

She believes, she believes

4. You brought the Spanish girl back, high in her painting,

High attics in high churches,

She's sliding across the walls

5. Spanish girl, black painting,

Spanish girl

6. She's there with her dog,

And do you believe,

She's sliding through the ditches of Venice,

With me, sweet fairytales,

Among the rats and fishes,

Oranges and bananas everywhere,

She brings me through the frames,

Across the lines,

The painting comes alive

7. Ditches of Venice,

Grey morning,

Afternoon is orange,

Evening's red

8. She comes with all her soldiers,

She comes with all her dogs,

She's bigger than a fairground,

She's the warmth on the beach,

The breath in the alley,

Painting's coming alive

9. Ditches of Venice,

Grey morning,

Afternoon is orange,

Evening's red

10. Do the dance with me,

You saved a Spanish girl,

Oh French girl,

Cowboy indian girl

11. I paint the world for you,

And everything will be good,

I paint the morning,

Evening's red,

So many clocks,

I paint the world for you,

These grapes of Venice

12. In the alleys of pisa I found you,

Who had covered this all up,

Who was playing the police,

I found you now,

You feel my hand,

I bring you into the picture,

You will come alive again

13. In the alleys of pisa I found you,

Oh girl, I found you,

Who covered this all up,

There's a world so deep here,

You're my cowboy indian,

You're my gypsy rod,

A bleeding fairytale,

But I have found you now,

Cover her by red roses,

By petals of the clown,

Smile a bit deeper,

Breath in some more,

I have found you in a flower on the shore

14. We must run away now,

To the wild west,

For flowers are burning here,

There's fire everywhere

15. Grapes of Venice,

Alleys of pisa,

All to bring us deeper into the pearl

16. She's swimming there among rats and fishes,

She's swimming there with me

17. Grapes of Venice a pretty picture,

Grapes of Venice, so Venice,

All to rise higher into the picture,

Into the painting there's a new world

18. She was a Spanish princess,

He was a cowboy's prince,

Doing the do together,

Riding on the wind,

She's swimming there with me

19. She was a Spanish princess,

He was a cowboy's grief,

Doing the do together,

For all those who believe

20. She was a Spanish princess,

He was a mother's boy,

Walking hand in hand,

Towards forever joy

21. In the painting they have found each other,

They felt each other's hand,

Now they are together,

Grapes of Venice,

Fairytales of make-belief,

Grapes of Venice,

Red red roses of an indian chief

22. Can you feel my hand,

Picture's freezing,

We're in the painting now,

What a survey,

We are alive,

We are alive and well

23. She was an Italian princess,

Nathaly from Italy,

He was a boy from france,

With so many boys from Greece,

Make my painting white,

Make my roses and flowers pale,

Make them oh so white,

Adorn them like snow

24. She was a gypsy princess,

Doing the do,

She was a princess from Greece,

From Spain and from France,

Let's do the dance,

And raise them into the picture,

The painting's freezing,

There's chocolate everywhere,

Flowers are big,

With rabbits and frogs

25. He was a gypsy prince,

A prince from Spain and France,

A prince from Greece and Italy,

Coming from the alley's of pisa and the alleys of mars,

He was a greek greek horse,

A fairytale,

A blue white fairytale,

All these grapes of Venice,

All these colours of joy,

All these torn clothes,

Made of oranges and bananas,

What a well,

What a wishing well

26. She swims there with her parrots,

When she's on the shore she raises her gun,

She knows where she belongs,

Who covered this all up,

The cops are running,

Someone comes from the alleys of pisa,

Someone comes from the alleys of Venice,

Who has covered them up so long,

And who's raising these paintings now,

Who's raising the boys now,

They are the boys from lynx,

Boys from pierot,

He's raising them tall,

They're growing from pisa to Venice,

Like an adorned bridge,

White as snow,

These boys know how to do the show

Chopin's Pearl

1. The final strike, she's coming to me, like a leather rainbow, she's my dream ... I told her she's a masterpiece, a sidewalk's show, oh oh

2. Boys from pisa and Venice, from spain and france they do the dance,

They come from mars and lynx, they come from the gypsy's heart,

From the mother violin,

These boys from lynx, they know how to win,

I hold my baby tight

3. Boys with the big dogs, bigger than lions and tigers,

These dogs they bite like no one can,

They are atomic bombs

4. Boys with the big dogs,

Boys from the violin,

Hear their tales,

Always fight to win,

Fight to win

5. These alleys have been painted,

By the violins of Venice,

By the violins of pisa and pierot,

By the mother violin they have been painted,

The beginning of the show

6. My heart is beating,

For the first time in my life,

I hold my baby tight

7. By piano's of Venice,

By violins of pisa,

The clowns run,

They dive on stages,

They do it in harmony,

By the rod of synchronity

8. There is chaos in the ditches of Venice,

What a paradox,

What a painting,

And I raise you tall in it,

The rod has made us thin

9. Spanish girl,

Princess of the hotels

10. Spanish girl,

Chopin's pearl,

You are the daughter of the king,

Chopin's roses around your chin,

Are you blushing

Chopin

1. He's like the sovenir this boy, pinocchio is running,

Bringing him another toy

2. Stromboli watches from a distance,

He cannot do anything,

For he has been tied by leather red rope,

Indians were here

3. He's like the gold,

This Pinocchio,

I loved him from beginning,

His heart is beating for the show,

He's a boy from the painting,

Cut and pasted by the violin,

A pretty puzzle,

Made to win

4. Made to survive in this jungle

5. He's like gold Pinocchio,

He's like my silver,

Doing the show,

He speaks with many voices,

He's the boy from the painting,

Cut and pasted by the violin and the piano,

Piano made some blossom,

Oceans for a deep show

6. This boy is like the gold,

So many rays on his head,

He's like osiris,

Like sindbad,

Like gepetto

7. He's like the ornament,

He is chopin,

He is my friend

8. He can make sounds like a lullaby,

He can make sounds like an ocean,

And all the sand is like bubbling, like magic,

Painting the picture all over again,

The painting is moving

9. Lips are coming through,

Big lips,

Kissing ...

Big lips

From paradise

10. Purple painting,

French girls in white

11. This boy was lying on the beach,

There was a rattlesnake,

The boy took it,

Made a necklace of it,

What a pretty necklace,

How pretty are the boys in white,

Boy in white,

Boy in transparent light

12. Boys from lynx,

Boys coming from the depths,

Boys with deep thoughts in their head

13. He made a book for me,

Like a world beyond fairytale,

He wrote a letter to me,

And the letter was a ladder to me,

Like a world beyond fairytale he was to me

14. Chopin do the dance,

Do the dance for me

15. There was a boy called chopin,

A boy in white,

Necklace of a rattlesnake

16. There was a bird losing it's feathers,

It was screaming help me,

Catch me in the night,

Catch me in the deepest night

Warfeathers

Path

1. They never chose this path, someone pushed them on it They never chose to be warriors, mean boys But someone turned them into these Who ? A witch ? Now they are werewolves They can't be trusted Their eyes full of scorn full of deception leading them all to the traps Evergrowing suffering they inflict

2. They are the mean boys, mean ones hearts burning like fire But it's something else It eats souls away, while it's always growing again They are sons of Prometheus, they have been in Tantalos for too long These boys are crazy now and can't be trusted Too much pain and hunger made them this insane

3. But you weren't listening to me You were breeding them As breeding the mean boys, that's what you do

4. I gave up on you already, long ago You made me one of them There's no way out This is the sad story of a mariner's son A sailor one Hoping to become general one day to defeat this dragon

Rebirth

5. I get drunk while I'm only watching you, while others turn into stone You're like Medusa, strange one I get drunk when I see your legs moving You have legs like tall red boots, and every step is another bar of my prison Lead me out, you're like the lion Lead me out, this time You're breathing like the ward Mean boys at the coasts Your legs like mean boys What can I do ?

6. There's no way out of this, since you pushed that button, since the spears fell down, now they're standing tall, turning, like grills after all There's no escape from this place It shrieks when I move She has pushed the button, oh yeah but realize it's the way of the fool

7. You're so obsessed with your Tantalos, but one day the mean boys will also strike you All breeders breed predators, and one day they burst out But everyone breeds, we never chose this path Someone has pushed us Who ? The witch ? Now we are werewolves and now we can't be trusted Our eyes full of scorn, full of deception We are like mean boys now We gotta grow up and change our point of view We are like men at crosses We do not know what we do

8. Wake up, you're under someone's feet, you never chose this path So be reborn

9. She smiles like an insectian It's not a smile but a cry A cry for help, but what can you do ?
There are strange bars between us When we move they shriek Whatever we do it always
hurts someone, and when we do nothing it hurts them too So what can we do ? We must choose
the best path, a path which is best for me and you

10. And do we hurt ourselves ? By every step we make We are fooling ourselves so much, for
we can't stand the pain It's hopeless, this reality but it's a cocoon my dear Who taught
you that butterflies come out of the cocoon ? They all have to get in

11. We live in cutting wonderland, a visionary ball around our heads Letting us believe anything,
as we do not have another choice We have to walk like they do, act like they do, or we will be
refugees having nowhere to go to So hold on to the mask for awhile, I'm almost close I will
save you out from this, there will be a new glow

12. Did you say love ? I will show you where we are We all live in slow motion until we
freeze We're like stone producing the new fire

13. And they were made of stone Made by life Their faces hard and full of scorn Stay
away from us We won't show you where we live

14. We live where roses burn until they are flies

15. We're flies soaring in the air, on our way to death, until it burns the last mask away, where the
blood drip falls to catch them all Don't come closer Stay away You better stay on the
hill For the memory to fly away

16. We live where roses burn, where it all explodes Nothing to hide anymore We are all dirt
and beauty in our fall

Burning Roses

1. They never chose this path, someone pushed them, pushed them far. Like orange suns exploding, spreading their arms of fire. And now we all must run for our lives, for they're coming down to take us and break us. There's scorn on their faces, they have mocking crowns, they are all burning roses They never go to bed or bath, for someone has struck them that way Their dirt is a sword, their foul mouth a spear

2. They're standing at the coasts, on the sands of seas Like dragonlegs, like the legs of a woman They're treading the grapes for wine like soldiers But they never chose this path They never chose this path Someone pushed them in this fire Someone bound them together in this army, but they would never choose each other for this

3. They never go to bed or bath, there is fire coming from their heart, a fire falling down on everything, at the coasts they rise, on the sands of the seas Yes, my heart is still in fire since I saw them And I don't want to believe I'm one of them

4. Let us all run for our lives, for they're coming down to break us, they're coming down to take us, to make us one of them One of them, full of glory, like legs of a dragon we walk The woman is dangerous, we can't talk We can only stand at the coasts catching her spark When she moves her hand we bend This is something she pretends We are all living in her dreams, no way out For the mean boys she needs for war There is war in the sky, orange suns falling down And she's holding her heart While the boys hold her scorn of something from million years ago They do not know about her other life She was forced to be someone's wife Now she thinks that marriage is a lie So she lets them march and tells them goodbye

Afternoon Wine

tall lights from the red

1. I'm walking on the beach, in the sand, carrying pains no one understands ... The waves speak of red grapes ... I'm diving underwater in a cold embrace ... The bridge is opening in me ... Spreading hearts like baby's thunder ... The dream is about to escape ... to a new land ... where it sets everything on fire ... No one understands these days ... If it would be yesterday ... no one would hear them ... In the land of tomorrow I live ... I'm behind a mask of zorro She's a red little potatoe ... guiding me in her car ... So many strange sounds are opening windows and her knee is bleeding ... telling me she understands me ...

2. After many nights I can talk again ... breath again while she is next to me ... this little red potatoe ... making me understand ... delivering me ... If it would be yesterday ... I wouldn't hear her ... She gave me the key ...

3. In tomorrowland ... no one understands, but they heard the breeze, the silent manouvres of a dark line behind the big potatoe ... They all come free ...

4. The red picnic was a daily understanding line of me ... Now I hear ... I'm finally free ... These roses are spread ... these days are counted by the wizard of my dreams ... always reaching for something bigger in the land of understanding ... where my baby is sitting on her knees ... splitting ... like warguns they come over to spread the tales of destiny ...

5. The woman talks, the woman curses ... trying to make me insecure I'm losing it ... but tomorrow I'm standing on her shore There's bread and milk around her She freezes when she sees me Please forget about me ... I'm not your tailor ... I want to scream I want to run away but this glue is killing me Finally Cocoon's end ... She's spreading the butter no one understood ... and I walk with these strange feelings And she said : You have overcome me ... Like daily bread she is ... her town and tower undercover She has a mate in me

red ship

6. I was depressed but he saved me, he gave me, new wine to drink, bottles to order ... I was depressed but his mind was thinking of what he would do to me He understands the threat of this woman ... He's spreading his tales over her knee No one understands me but he gave me his light to fight against the destiny of a green dreamlight

7. He took me in his cabine He took me to his wardrobe ... where he pushed me deep inside He had to hide me, for the pirates would come Or would they even burn the ship So he gave me his green dreammoonlight and he ordered a green green milk for me he gave me satisfactions and desires to breed

8. But one day he jumped away his ship he left and I had to be the captain of his dreams but still he gave me tears of sweet green destiny ... He's speaking to me ... like a daily clown but I can't discover it I'm into loudness and destruction I can't hear him anymore I only cry and cry ... for he was who I adored

where is the magic

9. And I thought where is the magic where is the light ... it's taken away by the fight And I thought I need some rosetrousers ... I need to escape just like he did to make someone else a captain hoping he would also escape like we did

Sea of Death

1. I lost her on the end of my life. And as I made my ship of wood, I wandered over the sea of death.

It was like a black sea, black waters. I didn't know where to go. Waves could become high, smashing me down in their insides. Strange fishes were here. Even seeing them was like I could touch them, and it was an experience a thousand times intenser than a material touch. Would I find her back at the end of this sea ? She was my rabbit girl. She always talked like a small child, like a baby. I see the rabbit ears in the distance, and rabbit ears are on my sail, and these ears are winged.

Huge wings like the red eagles. The black sun is burning my body, tattooing it. There's no way back, I have to move forwards. This is the sea of death. Where will my journey go to, will I ever find the other side of this sea ? Strange smells are climbing on me. The feelings are so huge, and so deep. And when I dream, I dream of her, and then I wake up, by the sunlights of the morning, and I'm still on this wooden ship, on this black sea.

2. I lost her on the end of my life, it's like my mouth is full of tears, it's hard to talk. Rabbit girl, can you hear me ? Please talk to me, I'm lying stretched out on my boat. The only thing I have here is a pink doll, made by you. It's my comfort, when I talk to you. Will I die another time in this sea, or will I reach the red city on the other side, where the red sun rises from. I see an island in the distance. The waves are bringing me there. I see a black bottle floating through the waves, and the water is so bright here. I take the bottle, there's a paper in it. It's a letter from you, written in pink. Surrounded by glitters. I follow the strange smells to the island, where I step on the sand. I hope to find you here, but there's no one there. I must survive here on this island, or move forwards. I stay awhile on this island, and then I move forwards, heading for the horizons of this sea. The sun is reaching for my heart. I see rabbit ears in the red skies. Please talk to me, I can only cry. I'm so desperate on this sea, I'm sinking deep into your tears. The sea is warm, it is okay. I comfort you. Even if I don't hear anything from you, I will keep on talking to you. I feel the beatings of your heart, but you aren't here. I keep dreaming about you, but when I wake up, I am alone.

My French Girl

1. My french girl, I want to paint the world for you,

My French girl, bringing you in that painting again,

There where flowers are and striped bushes,

My French girl, and do the do

2. We can dance together again in that boat,

Across the rivers of Venice

3. My French girl, I will adorn you with the finest jewelry,

With the finest fairytales, from my heart to you,

For you saved my life, and raised me up into the picture,

Through the frames you brought me,

You were like the storm

4. My French girl, you painted worlds forever,

Big flowers, yes, you are my heart,

French girl, you painted my heart forever,

It's beating now, and you are the warmth on my beaches

5. We can dance together in that boat,

Across rivers of Venice,

There's jewelry in your hair,

Big dogs are running since you came,

You with the gypsy's rod,

With the indian's coat,

I love you

6. You're the dreamboat's naked source,

You're the French dream in white,

White white dresses adorned like snow,

Blue white bite is the beginning of the show

7. I found you on stage but I raised you high,

You're grown up girl,

Childhood is over,

Find your pearls in the sky,

In the big painting I brought you again,

Covered by sand you stare at me,

Yes, blow, blow the wind to me,

Among the flowers we will be

8. You're a book in my hand, My French Girl,

You speak a language I understand

9. We can dance together again in that boat,

On the rivers of Venice,

Yes, ditches, adorned rods,

Tall enough to make us move,

I'm the cowboy indian on the roof,

I like to dive and swim along,

Among the rats and fishes,

All day long,

I'm with you again, you again,

My treasure

10. Spanish girl we paint the ditches,

Spanish girl we make the riches,

You're so Spanish French,

You're an indian,

Do the dance

11. Your pretty hats they stare at me,

Your movements adorn me,

I feel so special when I am with you,

I am a French boy, doing the do

Ballerina Girl

1. A day at the fairground, a day between you and me

So much horror, so much grief, it's a battle,

We always misunderstand each other,

And you think life is a game,

Well, I have become like you

2. I'm in a deeper pit than you are,

I asked it and I got it,

Bought it somewhere at a fairground

3. A clown gave it to me,

It worked, and killed me

4. Why did I eat this stuff ?

I wanted to meet you in your loss

5. I got you by the hand now,

I don't come from above,

But I come from the depths

6. A day at the fairground, a day between you and me,

I played a game and won you,

I will take you home, I found you,

I took you out of that awful machine,

How long did you work here

Ballerina girl

Predator

1. There are killer clowns at the fairground,

They have raised their knives so high,

And they cover them by cakes,

By prices to win,

All they want is your heart,

All they want is you take them home tonight

2. Who would blame them,

They live here in terror,

In prisons and in slavery,

Have you seen the tears of these clowns,

Why do you make fun of them,

Why do you think they are insane

Why did you kill them

3. There are clowns at the fairground,

They do not have much to eat,

At nights they live in Africa,

When the morning falls it's Russia

4. There are clowns at the fairground,

Killed by you and me,

Killed by an overconsuming society,

Fat bosses like to eat,

But they hang at their crosses

5. There are clowns at the fairground,

Some nasty girls do the ditches,

Some nasty girls have spoken some words,

Of liberty and football, lusty designs,

A show after all

Why do you keep these animals imprisoned

6. There are clowns at the fairground,

Fables between you and me,

While girls are gossiping they drown in grief,

There are clowns at the fairground,

They never win a game,

While you are always winning, you take them away,

To a home where they can live at your wall,

A home which looks like a carnival

7. There are clowns at the wall,

They are your heroes,

They work day and night,
To give you some coffee,
And a lot of food and light,
Yes, you fatten yourself up,
To be happy is your goal,
While the children of Africa,
Oh, that is hell,
For we belong to heaven,
We belong to the thrones of Spain,
Where the animals have to die,
All those who are insane,
Can you take this any longer,
You have your own crosses I'm sure,
So who nailed us so high
8. There are clowns at the wall,
At nights they come alive,

They are our nightmares

9. Why do you want to be happy,

While others need to suffer for you,

Isn't that insane, or are you just a predator

10. There are clowns at the walls,

Asking for your name,

They are reading the book of life,

To search for predators

11. There are clowns at the fairground,

So happy their faces,

For they found some new places

Traffic of War

1. They do not have an own personality,

They just gossip, they just eat,

All those fat bosses

2. And they become fat too,

Those with the microphones,

But cosmetics covers it all,

The chemical carnival

3. You do not know what they do in their houses,

They love to eat their own meat as well,

Isn't it an insane farm,

A fairground and a factory

4. Who raises them up in the army,

And against who is the fight ?

Isn't it insane to fight without having some brains,

Or are the brains the problems

5. There's racism at the fairground,

No one lets the other win,

All scared to lose the game,

For the losers have to do the dishes,

They have to work backstage,

To discover all the secrets

6. There are dolls at the fairground,

Cheerleaders choosing their race,

Then the game begins,

The big fight, ending in war,

To have some lights in the night,

To read the book of life

7. What gives you the right to be somebody,

What gives you the right to judge,

What gives you the right to fight,

Do you have the right colour

8. Is there a throne of god,

What if he is a clown,

What if he's a deceiver,

What if the real god is bound up in the cellar,

What if he will rise tonight,

I saw it happening at the fairground,

A beautiful game,

The ballgame with the lights

Overcoming the Game

1. Someone played this game,

And now the fairground is exploding,

While dollars are rolling,

Or is it blood

2. He won a vision,

He saw god

3. A fairground car full of games,

Why aren't rabbits the leaders of this world

4. He had cracked the game,

He had overcome the game,

And in the book of games was his name

5. He got a harem and some eggs,

A breakfast and some beds,

And a world beyond fairytale,

He was free now,

Beyond the backstage,

He got some boats, but what did he do ?

He built his own fairground

6. How long will this go on,

Who will shut this book of fairgrounds,

Or isn't there an exit

7. There's no escape from this strange restaurant,

For every exit is the entrance,

It's a trap and we come deeper and deeper,

Don't move, that's the best thing to do,

For everything moves by itself

8. We are part of the machinery,

Our saviours were our wards,

Waiters of this strange restaurant,

They have poisoned us,

They have made us drunk

9. No one knows the way out,

And if someone does,

He will just lead us deeper into it

10. I wished I would never have met her,

But it's too late,

This babe cannot be manipulated,

And takes everything over,

We're her soldiers at the end of the day,

One of the waiters,

Eatable, broken, but risen like jesus christ by cosmetics and chemicals,

To eat and to be eaten,

To become fat and make fat,

While rare explosions make us thin

11. We are toys in boxes, killer toys,

Not wanting to live in their rooms, but in their hearts,

We are marionets and puppetmakers, puppetmasters,

All by a stupid fairground,

Always rising from it's ashes

12. The laws of the fairground are always switching,

Chaos is master here, unless you can dance,

You need to know the songs or you are roadkill

13. And these clowns their mouths are burning,

Eating your souls until you are turning,

Dance, dance, or it will be too late,

The book of life is open

14. Run, run, or they will get you,

Their posters are everywhere in town,

Their billboards big in every village,

But where do we go,

We are part of the show

15. There is no escape from the story,

Our fate is evergrowing,

Our names written by clowns' pencils,

Our hearts rotting in spoilt decembers,

How will you be at christmas,

We lay on dishes to grow in clowns' stomachs

Sick of Laughing

1. This is the place where the clowns play,

They sit on thrones in tall halls,

Like holograms in the brains

2. This is the place where the clowns play,

They use others as toys,

Don't you think that's insane,

But who is insane after all,

The pot calling the kettle black

3. We are the judges,

Everyone else is wrong,

And we are right,

But we do not make a difference

4. Isn't that a sad story,

But this is the place where the clowns play,

Should have known it before,

But there seems to be no escape,

It's always the same

5. We are in a clowns' prison,

Condemned to be a judge and to be proud,

Condemned to have an ego

6. Someone else is always worse than us,

We have so many reasons to mock and judge,

We are slaves of the clown,

We are sick of laughing,

And now we have tight faces,

Still doing the same,

We can't laugh anymore,

But the others still laugh,

Or are these our masks

7. This is the place where the clowns play,

I should have told you before,

But you weren't home,

And I tried to call you on the phone

8. Now you have phones in your face,

But it is too late,

We're in the fire already,

This is where the clowns play

Other Side of the Wall

1. There are clowns in hell,

Their faces made of candy,

Made in the fire

2. They are marching loud,

No one can beat them, for they are the clowns,

They have made this place,

And know all about it

3. They aren't dumb, they are scientists,

Masked against the unknown

4. They know how to dance,

They know how to sing the songs,

They know how to play the game,

This is where they belong

5. When doors open they march in,

While others fall down

6. They have high thrones,

And believe in telepathy,

Their nerves are on sharp,

Like a harpoon

7. When they play the violin,

They just send their messages,

Into space,

To the other side of the wall

Flowerfields

neighbour's goodbye

1. Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... No balloons, but flowers ... Heading for the buildings of the poles Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... He whispers in my air with the softest voice ... Heading for new flowerfields ... The flowers are so warm ... Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... Heading for the buildings of the poles ... The sew and saw crows stand tall like towers, disappearing in bubbles ...

2. Thornrose floating to her spinning wheels ... The roses will bloom tonight To cover the castle again ... It will not end in a kiss today ... For the lark is flying high heading for the buildings of the poles ... while the towers are tumbling while their houses have flowerfields on the floors

3. The bubble is raging like an overstressed pacman He's raging at ... the spanish princess ... He's staring at her ornaments ... her saw and sew toys ... The lark is flying high ... Old spinning wheels from an old old diary ... covered by flowers and some old dust heading for the buildings of the poles ... while the towers are tumbling while flowers grow on their floors and paradise birds sit in their attics ... and he speaks about Izu ... they do it when they are shattered ... their strange dances ... while perlottia is sleeping deeper the sting brought sleep the sting brought the jet the sting brought these flavors and now he is heading for perlottia ... heading for the buildings of the poles there he flies like mary poppins ... they bring us home, they bring us further ... where the flowers are so warm where they speak of oceans ... coasts of izu where they bring new sand to the bottom ... the sting is to bring us deeper ... the sting is to bring a deeper dream marazanta is flying like mary poppins in the sky ... while izu is stepping back from the wild sides ... having a good picture of the big toy again ... distance makes everything soft again ... while spinning around makes new colours

4. there's a raven's prince rising from the hat ... running for the last roundabout ... riding on purple horses ... he's speaking like a million trumpets while all songs slow down ... and fade away ... he's speaking like a crazy man like an esau looking for birds he gathers them all in his big basket there he sits on the back of the big hairy bird ... singing his thriller song his head spinning like a roundabout ... having a million racecars in his mouth he is speaking like .. a crazy man singing crazy songs ... about an ugly shark in seas of flowers with all these waves of teeth the rose's thorns surrounding the castle ... he's a sleepwalker only dreaming about it he's safe in the distance he defeated the green witch ... and all her trousers ... he's now .. the rainbow's friend ... he's a sleepwalker drunk of his mother's soup ... he lost his feathers ... but now he's rising from the ashes ... like the raven's phoenix ... like the raven's smile while all

glasses break ... all the focus there's roaring a child inside ... the hairy bird still a funny bird full of jokes ... breaking all the focus he's safe in the heart of the cockatoo ... he has a roundabout head he is enchanted by a lark ...

5. ten men with roundabout heads ... walking through the desert ... making the pond so cold so cold there where the icecream is rising ... the lake of transformation the lark is rising from the ice ... rising to new horizons horizons of the toy sweet letters from momma's ... he's still missing her with the rainbows in his head like waiting for new rains to fall ... he's now .. on highways of perlottia on racecars of high tables bringing the toys and the candy to the boys ... in tall attics ... while these boys are still running in tall shirts without trousers ... they are running for business ... they are running for strange business of crazy birds ... running to christmastrees ... to the big gepetto ... that old time doll ... while they are floating to their birdnests ... doing the lark's movements ... heads like roundabouts ... standing on high purple heels these colors are wild too wild they are selling their christs for money ... they are rulers of toys and candy ... they are rainbow-kings ... but they're cruel to sinners and blasphemers ... the edges of their kingdoms are raw meat and horrorshows ... while the lark is their rocket coming from the ice heading for a place far away where no one can reach them ... only some nephews ... but they will never come as far as them ... where esau met the sons of cain

6. they're sitting behind their high tables ... playing a strange game ... kartates blazazarium ... tragedies ..from cartoon ... they're letting their marbles roll, laying their playcards in speed ...

purple light feather blankets

7. while the giant windows on the attic are staring at you ... like the eagle's messengers ... like the iron frames of owls ... so big ... these trees are reaching for something ... for those strange gardens of early days where the golden tea drips while the golden sharks are running through the waters ... the golden sun is staring ... some things heal so fast ... it's like the pear is heading for new coasts ... while ships bathe in softness ... they have many legs ... while the tridents are rising the golden sun is watching watching the iron teeth ... no one can break them again ... no one can shake them again ...

8. in too much noise the pears swim ... heading for ... a new africa ... where all the roofs are soft while the mandarines are lying on purple light feather beds ... they were divided by horns by visitations of strangers the man from beyond and behind still drives the car ...

9. the paradise bird will not be forgotten ... she will still shine ... with her tall purple tail spreading her light feathers in the night ... all these trees are growing there ... all those flowers are sitting there ... it is one step in a new flowerfield one step away from the summerfield with all

those custards in the air ... with all those puddings ... streaming through the socks of elves ... it's making your head so wet like flowers dripping ...

10. children of oz ... children of a mailman's runner sliding through railroads ... like the last trains to oz's neptune to take a dive in elkland's baths swimming pools in deep forests ... but only the snake was a guide over the rivers of death towers grew tall in his kingdom of sickness while the dogs watched them ... so tired an orange was riding them having so many tricks having such tall smiles deeper inside the dwarf lived and there the shops were cold ... cold as the lark ...

11. now the orange could also grow in speed to bring forth a pear easy enough ... for a picture of luxury and comfort ... fire on the carseats ships sinking like titanics they all flew like larks back to their towers they shut their doors with a shhh ... like million of doors were shutting ... like millions of neighbours were leaving like trains of mars were coming ... to bring the blue face back

12. back to izu was his name ... this man coming from underwater now he's rising to perlottia ... and to all the gates of elkland breeding tomorrow's superstars ... with the liquid guitars ... hot triangles in a pot of water through summerdays and milkdays ... the trains will arrive they will arrive like a cold man in hot chocolate ... to print the last tattoo ... to destroy the last leprechaun

13. the loss of memory the loss of marbles ... while egypt's eye is closing up and all which is dreaming inside ... a gate of transformation ... where the silver moons turn into gold where the eagle messenger shows the giant hills the roofs of owls and other birds where the sparrow shows her mourners ... where the rose turns into a faery once again he is just an elevator ... he is just a red balloon with zepellins from mars under his feet ... and so many horns on his head ... they will show the anchor ... they will show the final award ... a giant's dive of sandman putting their marks sharp to lay the additions ... they're heading for ... the sun's balloon ... the last drip of a rain .. still peacock's horrorshows ... they are the birds of another paradise ... they are the watchers of oz

14. they stand tall raising izu ... golden marbles on a silver dish but not to be touched ... only to view ... she's the watcher of andromeda ... she opens her clocks still a strange client after all ... here a rocket goes to wilhelm's city ... he's standing there like a tall statue in the museum ... not caring about clocks anymore ... now the trafficlights are all shot ... now the baker's windows are all broken ... here the kites are meeting ...

15. ben maten the animal's friend ... these paintings are all ... protected by his laws ... trademarked by the cartoon ... copyrighted to protect them against the big rape ... a nuclear war is what they fear ... the libraries reach for the paintings ... the art museum on snake's pillars ... while ben maten is

sailing his ships ... higher in the skies ... while walking through the whirlpools while entering through waterfallcurtains until you touch ... here the toystatues stand ... the enchanted ponds and the ice mirrors ... through which you freeze yourself into a new painting ... in a new andromeda ... to get drunk so drunk reaching for the final delirium ... where children of owls live ... but also a squirtle

when the squirtel screams ...

16. finally only a toy is standing there surrounded by dwarves ... it does not sleep ... but it is king ... it's floating in the air ... like a red balloon ... it doesn't move, but it is king ... and a toyworld is inside ... so soft

17. it's the world of a deaf child, but inside he can hear ... it's the world of an autistic child ... but inside he has his connections ... here he can touch the new aldebaran ... here he can feel connection to his toys ... and finding so many new ones

18. everything he lost outside can grow inside now he's now living in a shell ... an ambient world ... here he can touch the shadows of the world he lost outside ... and it's finally better like this

19. and he doesn't know how many times the squirtel will have to scream again ... but he will climb it's ladder to the custardworld there were pancakes and cookies come alive ... there where the tarts are ruling having their own birthdays and mas's ... there where everything is transparent ...

20. and he knows the screams of the squirtel will only bring him deeper ... while watching the suits of carnival ... he's drinking from the candy juices bathing in custards ... while hearing the tunes of ages ... the ones enchanting him back to where he came from

21. while the squirtel is screaming ... giving power to machines of deers ... seventy zeppelins from mars ...

22. behind golden fences they stand like scarecrows between the flowerfields

a castle is standing in the middle ...

Poetry from the Yellow Milkmaid

The Lion's Fight

"Somebody's knocking on your old barn It's the ornament's prince the daydream's confession sitting on a hard day's mouse he's a good driver you admire his pears spinning like triangles in the wind good old day-possession"

living the red dragon

1. Pictures glowing on a sunday morning ... grandmother washed them with care ... they are so shiny now ... Pictures glowing in the grass ... mothers garden is full of glitters now like frogs trying to get your attention ... for that what is happening far away ... in the land over the hills ... And now, today, it's christmas ... santa clause is riding his horses ... these tall horses in the night ...
2. Peter Pan .. is painting the pictures ... having that strange boy in his arms ... that strange boy from saturn ... Peter Pan ... is washing the pictures with fire ... like she always did with her garden ... or by summersnow She's still my love ... she's still my silent witness of everything which is happening deep down .. there .. in my heart ... Where an old red man with the old grey long beard is standing painting his beard white .. so white ... He's tall and thin, thinking he's sandman ... but he isn't ...
3. He is the red dragon ... showing his muscles in the night ... and a young face showing his supermen in the night ... showing their blooming flowers they hold tied ... all stuffed up .. by a florist ... and this is why I don't want to see her ever again ...
4. He is the red dragon ... holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again ... He is the red dragon ... painting his toys in the night ... but there's something so strange in their embraces and I don't trust their prayers for sweet coffee ... He is the red dragon sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old They didn't dare to talk to me all these smiling girls ... For I was in the prison of the red dragon ... to have some stalkers around thick dragon walls Still they march on the towers ... on the walls of the castle singing their strange songs in the night ... marching in a strange dance if you ask me He is ... the ..red dragon ...

5. He is the red dragon ... holding his babies so tight ... and I'm still a young young girl ... He thinks
I am his paradise bird ... I'm a yellow mermaid Doing this poetry to you giving you this
book ... He ... is ... the Red Dragon ...

6. He is the red dragon and I am his milkmaid he thinks ... I am his baby surrounded by
watchers ... watchers in the night the nightwatch a painting ... nothing but a painting while
everyone seems to like it ... while he's holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again
my mother will be free again for he now knows the secret ... and he know holds the treasures ...
while he cannot bear it ... while milk is streaming all over to drown the lands once again ... his
lands

7. He is the red dragon ... and she is a yellow milkmaid ... screaming in unknown languages ... He is
the red dragon ... singing his songs of fire ... while he's living in ice deep down in ice ... He is the
red dragon ... red ice so hot He is the red dragon ... and he's singing his songs of fire ... coming
from the ice the red ice ... he was born in the nest of a lark ... he's still a lark-dragon ... he was
born on both sides ... of a kettle ... a kettle of tea ... and he's still staring at something in the air ...
something he don't want to know about ... he's still staring at a liar ... something bigger than he ...
he's causing so much rains in farms ... he's causing some things to bleed ... he is dragging his
smiling girls to the ground ... where they pay his bills ... where they make his trousers .. where they
rule the kettle ... these sparrows in the wind

8. This woman is laughing at the rain ... of the sun This woman is laughing at his tails This
woman is rising ... like the phoenix from the ashes ... like the caramel from the kettle this woman
is rising She ... is the red lady ... she is the green babygirl ... she is the tall trousers ... coming
from the moon ... She ... is the tall woman She ... is the woman from the tree She likes to
paint in chaos ... scratching the treasures from his knee So many liars are walking around ... so
many spoilers .. drinking their coffee ... So many liars in their ships The pride of the red
dragon but he's still ... staring at someone more lying than him ...

9. Jokes full of possessions ... jokes full of dreams ... setting the babies free ... those babies with the
big heads Jokes full of possessions ... jokes full of dreams

10. Somebody's knocking on your old barn It's the ornament's prince the daydream's
confession sitting on a hard day's mouse he's a good driver you admire his pears
spinning like triangles in the wind good old day-possession

11. He's standing tall on a million escalators ... He is the king of traffic, a nuclear war ... He is riding
the orange ... hiding them all ... He loves to sooth books ... to steal their feathers so that he can
throw them in the lakes while the golden swan is still his brother ... spreading the golden tea ...

by golden dignified fountains ... in the middle of these lakes ... He is the golden swan .. still his brother ... he is the golden swan ... still his maze these brothers are always fighting ... like two lions in a lake ... The four panthers will fall ... the four panthers will slide through the night ... until their mother gathers them all in a purple box

12. he is the red dragon ... that fourth brother in the night ... but he will fall in daylight ... losing all his possessions .. losing all his teeth ... returning to his coffin again ... this old ghost from nazi's soup ...

13. Pictures are glowing in the night ... pictures are glowing in the rain of tomorrows ... pictures are breathing like lion-hearts bringing the cats from london back ... Pictures are glowing in the universe ... pictures are dreaming like the daydream confessions ... Pictures of seabirds and paradisebirds ... with milkmaids on their back

14. He is the red dragon ... he was your mother's lover He made the cradle for you ... from old socks of forgotten christmasses ... He is riding the sock ... spinning his ornaments tight escaping through daylights ... staring at horses too high for him ... he will never ride these ... for they will ride him ... they are standing in teagardens ... waiting for the strike ...

holy supper

15. Bilmageln still the orange dragon ... the lion's dragon ... with the aslant eyes ... This time he isn't smiling, but complaining ... standing for the cloisterwindow all these iron lines inside ... make the tea so hot ... or do you want .. some juice ?

16. Bilmageln is the king of the sick ... having a sick eye ... while the other eye is dead ... the shark's eye ... and he's still knocking at the old window ... wanting to play some games ... while he's still complaining ... not smiling anymore ...

17. He will be the last train to virgo He will be the shark in the swanlake ... he will hurt the underwater trafficlghts ... while paradise birds will wait for him there ... While the milkmaids are the mermaids there Bilmageln makes this trip everyday Everyday it's on television ... before the children go to sleep ... before they get their movie-eyes .. to make their own shows ... like pictures glowing in the night ... pictures glowing like daylight-lovers ... pictures are watching the swanlakes and fishing for new movies ... Pictures marching to the forests pictures marching to the birdlakes ... pictures marching with candles in their hands ... with chinese lanterns with japanese decorations ... they all have their tall black jackets ... they all have their shames and their fears but when bilmageln swings the coffeepot they will have their own fountains in the

lakes ... golden virgo fountains ... or silver, for another strike ... these virgo fountains seem to
change ... in the middle of the night ...

18. There are pictures glowing on the markets ... there are pictures glowing in the lights ... there are
pictures marching through the villages ... reaching for the deserts where the men with the
sombbrero's live ... There are pictures sliding over the walls ... There are pictures sliding over the
tiles ... yes, they slide through the roofs and touch the chickens inside ... when the paradise birds
come

19. Bildmageln walks through the flowerfields ... when he stops walking it's like thunder is roaring in
the distance ... and then the orange waterfalls stream before him while the orange rains are
falling and a silverbird is sitting before him Then he enters the golden fields ... the land
behind the rocks ... where he raises his frogs and canaries where he stands high on escalators
he is the orange dragon he is the lion's dragon when he touches the bread it all happened
on a holy supper ... he did it all .. together with his small virgo dog ... his lapdog if it comes to
that while the golden clocks were staring at the background ... until they all exploded

20. Bildmageln and his golden dog ... They come everywhere if you like it or not Benmaten is the
name of the dog ... When he speaks it's like a million of shoeshops are opening ... While the ding
dongs are playing in the distance ... you're entering the narrow hall ... you're worthy to be visited
then ...

21. you never saw rio swimming through the night ... you never saw his racebrother you never
saw his ornaments glittering ... for you were blinded by the red dragon ... when rio falls the red
dragon takes over ... the fourth brother of this pocket

22. when rio falls ... it will rain rainbow-dragons and butterflies sitting on tall jellyfishes ... when
rio falls ... smoke will rise from the seven hills ... then there will be daylight in the sand ...

23. they will all go back to their mother's purple box ... these powers were too dangerous to play
with ... now the birthday's swimmingpool is rising ... and the racecars are roaring ... daddy's loud
roaring trains are taking you away ... to a land of sand and boxes

24. on japanese lanterns they were painted these dragons one to four ... they will make a fall so
hard that they will never reach the shore ... they were the kings from ancient grids ... they were the
towers of ancient cats ... stirring up the milkmaids

25. it takes a little while to reach the holy supper .. it takes a little while to scream ... the daylight's
terror ... finally over ... but now the cats of complaint come ...there will be no medicine seven

snakes will rise ... seven snakes will find their peace seven snakes will spin their ornaments
and turning into dragons in the night ... they are the watchers of the elven forests ... they are the
watchers of the green dream ... they are the watchers of the lifetime's possessions ... and they are so
full of grief but here they will find their peace ... when the four brothers will fall then they
will not be their puppets anymore then they will have their own ornaments there are seven
snakes to rise there are seven snakes to rise .. they will slide to their ornaments to their
snakelakes they are killing the criminal inside leaving his blood to some rats .. some rats

26. there are seven snakes to rise ... becoming purple in the night ... they rise like dragons ... they eat
like pale ... pale roses they live like ornaments in the sky ... laying the tragedies so deep ... so
deep .. there are seven snakes to rise ... fulfilling the ornaments ... old prophesies ... from a liquid
tower ... from a liquid dream ... there are seven snakes to rise

27. like lamentations in a basket you see the poetry pictures ... surrounded by snakes they will
rise there ... they will rise there ... from marilyn's grave ... and tonight they will be yours ... tonight
they will make your suits ... for the next show ... for the next round salt covered by sweetness ...
you will have to bite, you will have to bite ... until you see your father's fantasy .. the place where he
had been drowned ... the place where he met that old father of church ... a churchfather just a
churchfather you see when it's time for him ... to cover the earth ... with his dust just a
churchfather ... just a father of a church a rat ... and now he's attached to the face of a raper
and it will sink down like a stone in the lake in a lake of rats in speed they will touch you ...
in speed will they grasp you and eat you in slow motion it's a communistic threat it's a day
without a nazi ... but they look like it ... sure .. they look like it ... and still you remember their flags
in the night ... those colourfull flags those flags ... of the jaguar

28. and on the bottoms of rat's lakes ... you find the purple again these floors are covered by
strange paintings ... while the parrot is singing on it's island ... so far away ... so far away ... while
benmaten that virgo dog ... that lapdog ... is standing tall like a kite on the escalators ... high in the
sky catching all these paintings ...

29. and these rats ... they follow the dragon ... they follow the ornament's dragon ... they follow the
jaguar's dragon ... still painted on their flags ... still painted ... while they have no name while
they give away all attention entering through black points in the night still skew-eyed ...
racing like rabbits ... on railroads ... too high for them ... until they all fall in a bottle while a
milkmaid is smiling having more pictures for her poetry ... still ... the yellow milkmaid still
the yellow story ...

30. her tail is touching venus ... her mouth is touching mars ... but she stays on her island ... with her
parrots and her harlequins ... and her brave men ... so brave embracing the rats until they
die ... she catches them in her trousers and then she gets drunk .. she gets so drunk ... to make
that painting ... were you dreamt of when you were young .. so so young

31. but now you feel so old and now you feel so lonely so lost and alone ... so lost and alone the tails of your mother's dreams cannot reach you here your father's tails are too short so you can forget about it all but there is a little hope left in a rat's bottle ... where a milkmaid will make a new painting a yellow milkmaid is rising ... speaking in unknown languages ... screaming from the hills ... while the glues are all dripping ... making everything so small is she the queen of dwarves ... is she the queen after all

32. and she's walking to lapoendria ... where all the cats are living ... where they are all smiling ... all these pictures in glue ... all these ornaments hidden so well ...she always came like a visitor ... rising a fast spell transforming the weathers hiding her feathers so well not showing too many of them she still rides an artist's pencil ... are there still lions fighting ... are there still ornaments in the rain ... waiting for their daddy's ... waiting to spit the brain ... to spit the prain ...

33. are there still lions fighting are there still ornaments in the brain ... are there still daughters too tall to shake their visions are there still ... trains to lapoendria brains to the maze brains to mind's possessions ... brains to lay the lame frame are there still trains to lapoendria ... when the lion will be too smart when he lays his crazy jokes on the sideroads these are ornaments ... these are ornaments in side ... these are children's playtoys these are railroads of higher spaces in the alphabeth of sleep she can still sooth your intentions ... she can still soothe your heartbreaks while she's rising when your spine is speaking ... she is the soother of all these lampsteads she's crying till the purple is back to you all these lambs of soft sleeps ... of dreams too tall ... of the highways of the cinema's ... of the candytales of glued ... poetry pictures in grandmother's diaries ... this line of cockatoos ... she will rise

34. are there still lions rising ... are there still lions fight inside ... in this heart so broken ... in this tune so colourfull inside ... so colourfull inside are there still parrots leaving ... are there still parrots leaving inside to only come deeper ... to only touch your lame heart inside ... your lame heart inside

35. are there still dolls falling ... are there still skaters skating on the rivers are they still picking up the purple are they still painting new paintings and is peter pan still sleeping on his cupboard there ... waiting for the lullabies to enter deep down in someone's head to stir up all the treasures ... all the feathers inside your mother was a cannibal ... your father was it too but your aunt came like a roaring perfume to bring them to the world of 2 ... the world of 2 ...

36. your brother is a birdkiller your sister is a headcutter but your nephews came with roaring shoes ... riding the sock .. to kick them out of the window ...

37. your grandmother was too slow to rise ... your grandfather was a shark are there still lions fighting in the lake of rats ... are there still skaters skating there ... are there still dolls falling from there ...

38. here where the ponds are paintings here where the purple rules here where the candy is salt here where the orange strikes the blue here where the tiger goes to sleep to let another lion touch the moon here where the purple rules ...

39. here where the purple rules here where the thunder roars ... here where the men of high hats make their tall decisions ... all gathered by a storm all gathered by a goat on tall rollerskates ...

Railroads to Lapoendria

between a woman and a man ...

1. and it speaks to me ... it's just a criminal inside ... on the head of a dragon ... on the head of a plane too wide ... and it speaks to me, it wants to kill my wife ... it wants to eat all my children ... this complaining low end's lamentation

2. and it speaks to me ... it wants to kill my brother ... this criminal inside ... it wants to eat my husband ... and pull away all my feathers ...

3. it wants to pull me out ... out of my liquid roses ...

i still dream of this man

4. and it takes me in ... and it pulls me down like a raging plane ...

5. and it takes me in ... and it binds me together ... and then it swallows me

it's all between a woman and a man

6. it forbade me to see it this little criminal inside ...

between a man and a woman ...

but now there's nothing you can hide ...

it's spoiling me like the birthdays pool ...

like the name's brigade ...

railroads to lapoendria ...

waving white flag

my mother raised me she showed me the door she showed me two thousand trousers hanging around
on the shore she spoke to me always in two words and then shutting a million doors she still loves
me but i cannot be more than she wants for that would scratch my records and then i would be like a
parrot lost in a stream she always brings me back to the shore again like a ritual at the end of the
day for i still want to be more than she wants me to be

Orange Balloon ...

1. Orange balloon is flying through the night ... gathering the children ... under the weight of a
fight he soothes them all into sleep ... he gives them all what they deserve ... It is sandman raking
there ... the hearts of the children ... Sandman is riding on his orange balloon ... in his basket
hanging under this zeppelin ... he flies to the moon ... taking all his children ... so deep inside ...
warming them by the blankets of neptunian delights ... Sandman and Bilmageln still brothers

in the night ... taking all the children ... away from the fight ... from cockaigne to z ... that big button
in the air ... through which they can see the moons of their dreams ...

2. and when the orange strikes the red ... they will all dream these dreams ... then the red balloon
rises ... and the virgo dog speaks ... the lapdog, that little dwarf ...

mixing the red through the white and the blue ...

still a strange jestersock ...

a tunnel ...

where all the children will win ...

for it's all just a movie ...

it's all just a dream ...

surrounded by orange ...

while a yellow waterlight is leading them through ...

3. journey through the stocking,

while Bilmageln, Benmaten and Sandman drink tea in Vega's diningroom ...

touching Rigil-Kent and Achernar ...

When Benmaten the lapdog is speaking ...

a million shoes open themselves ...

so many doors to travel through ...

he's still the red shoe ...

still the red balloon ...

he is still the keeper of dreams ...

4. Orange Balloon...

the railroadrunner

Orange Balloon ...

bringing all the children inside ...

to bring them all to blue and purple ...

where all their pictures freeze in the night ...

like statues for a comic book ...

5. Orange Balloon ...

a shark at some moments ...

Orange Balloon ...

a dragon deep in the night ...

raging until all his children are home ...

6. In an orange balloon ...

the eye of vega ...

In an orange balloon ...

the eye of rigil kent ...

standing aslant ... like mock and worry ...

sometimes skewed but also very straight ...

it opens doors and closes them ...

it watches rainbows and shatters them ...

he still has the waterkeys ...

those waterlights ...

leading them all through the night ...

only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ...

7. he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ...

the red stone brings you down ...

into the nightmare ...

you're under the weight of manipulations and lamentations ...

you're under the weight of bills and summons ...

and finally you wake up by this red coffee ...

staring into a face of a red tiger ...

it is the red dragon ...

and now you're heading for another day in prison and crime ...

another day in the factory ...

8. under the weight of a red stone

we all meet daylight's horror again ...

all our dreams broken in a million pieces ...

like a japanese vase has been broken ...

9. but when the screaming voices become too loud ...

and when there will be too many of them ...

the red will strike the orange again ...

and we will sink in a deeper sleep again ...

reaching for ... the red licorice ...

reaching for the seas of red dreams ...

reaching for cockaign's jupiters and andromedas ...

for it's rigil kents and vegas

so that the story will rise once again ...

all surrounded by warm orange ...

10. you cannot fight the red stone ...

mother always said ...

when it becomes too heavy and too cold ...

it strikes the orange ...

11. and while they fight in the night

while they have their love dances ...

two crocodiles are watching tv ...

two old crocodiles ...

grey ones ...

they let their puppets dance ...

they let their marbles roll ...

when they reach too high

it strikes the silver ...

twenty soldiers in a row

twenty forks

and they will descend like hell

to cause sickness and pain ...

to bring the grand delirium

these masters so vain

12. when the silver strikes ...

these masters so vain ...

these name brigades

these identity guards ...

13. under the weight of a silver stone ...

we all get sick and we all get pain ...

we cannot fight this stone ...

it comes when red and orange jumps too high ...

there's nothing we can do ...

when red and orange become too heavy ...

then the forks will fall

thin forks ...

pushing a silver stone

and when the silver strikes the gold ...

it causes ... death

14. while the grey ones are still staring ...

getting older and older ...

until it strikes the gold for them too ...

15. and mother always says you cannot fight these stones ...

they are only to sharpen the swords,

and they protect you against something worse ...

so i love my marbles running through the night ...

they always switch and that makes the rainbow shine ...

Dwarve's Rain

And there in the distance , I hear dwarve's rain ... rain from the ornament ... they span it
underground ... for secret conspiracies ... for trains too loud ... too loud to hear ...

Supermarket Lies

1. I'm smelling the supermarket-lights ... they are riding on grandfather's motors ... They are the
dirty boys ... They are smoking in their helicopters
2. They are mocking the statues of holy men ... They are spitting their teeth out when they speak ...
their words are sharp and they're laying their marks of glue ... The supermarket-lights are in town
3. They are the dirty boys ... They are putting holy men in their supermarket-boxes ... To have their
big arena's ... while they sell the meat ... and stirring up their supermarket lights ... bending their big
mirrors ... It's the big mock into town ... selling his comics ...
4. Supermarket Lights ... there are thunders in the air ... lightnings march through the streets ... like
worldwar 2 nazi's ... they want to misunderstand the truth ... to speak with their devils ... they want
to mix the meat ... so that they see their own rainbows ... that what they want to hear ... the bibles
they want to read ... supermarket lights ... and they all walk aslant ... with their aslant faces ... laying

the marks of glue so deep ... shining their gluelights in the middle of the night ... bending sunlight
by their mirrors ... supermarket lights

5. the streetlights paralyzed the young woman ... she was now a walking piece of meat ... while the
supermarket lights were smiling through the windows ... while spitting out their teeth ... it's an
aslant city ... people like to misunderstand her ... they like to shine their supermarket-lights on her ...
their lights of misunderstanding ... it's a dirty city ... they are reversing her for their own pleasures ...
it's a dirty town ... like the matador ... misunderstanding bulls ... these red supermarketlights ... these
red trafficlights ... paralyzing us ... wars in lapsalvania ... wars of the red picnic ... all about a tv's
tuner ... some red movielights ... the actor has red eyes today ... yesterday they were blue ... and
tomorrow they will be blue again ... it's red against blue here ... twenty suicidal ants from the blue
picnic were carrying the autistic's eye their blue lights were raising the Pinocchio-Balloon ... It was
breathing so fast while blue points were appearing on him ... the boys from lynx sat in the
baskets below this zeppelin ... trying to raise the microphone from the comics and the pockets ... he
was a victim of business ... a victim of aslant faces ... cruel faces ... and this woman is never
interested ... she's never curious ... it's never enough ... i know a place where it's never enough ...
there ... in her heart ... and people still talk to her ... still trying to please her ... but it's never
enough ...

6. and i'm still ... misunderstanding myself ... and i'm measuring myself to watching the sparks in
the water fireworks in a glass of water ... all underwater .. hiding in glue ... these are still my tall
christmas-presents ... bred by the boys from lynx ... in their fields .. i still watch my own shows in
baskets of rain ... slowly trying to smoke some cigarettes ... with my head underwater ... these birds
from cigarette ... how many deer does it take to raise them ...

7. and i'm finally smashed out by the billboards ... well i would leave you anyway

8. and i'm gathering my wet chesspieces ... yellow against the blue ... fights between friends are
always softer than the real wars outside ... bites from z ... transparent pink gluemarks ... the deer eat
the stories with their mouths of misunderstanding ... that's why their faces are bitter and paranoid ...
they are ... suspicious minds ... they smoke their birds of cigarette ... that's how their trains move
they are the deer of dementia ... blowing all stories to their pasts ...

9. they reverse their sodom and gomorrah's ... they reverse their weddings seeing the divorces in the
cakes ... they hear the alarms when the orchestra's are playing ... they never trust your smiling
faces ... for how many dwarves were killed to raise that one ... she's never satisfied ... she always
delays her weddings ... and at the end there will never be a wedding ... and it even didn't exist ...
there will not be a future

Blessing of Dementia

children of the dune

1. At the end of the pipeline, Sandman sits with his orange doll faroom da bazite ... still a war-machine ... alkaline orange ... the hospital was full that day ... And at the end of that pipeline ... A yellow world opens ... a world of sand .. but it's all fake ... it's something else ... And there I see ... the bakerman's faces jewel ... spinning slowly above the sand ... while a leprechaun is sitting on it ... Talgamen ... A social machine ... A strange hospital ... where they drown babies when they are too ugly ... but it's all fake ...

2. Strange abortionists ... The doctors are all crazy here ... But they wear z-rings ... and their weddingrings are fake ... In the pond they drown the babies ... doctor Pharaos and doctor Herod While doctor Judas sells cigarettes to a statue called Jesus ... He's a dirty doctor ... He reads comics of "Sex in the Old Testament"

3. Far away from the hospital another pond exists ... a pond near the forest ... Here a faroom da bazite stands ... pissing in the pond It's a statue from Belgium ... The pond is still a tankstation for old busses and cars ... for old-timers and old trains ... They are raging at the strange hospital ... but it's all fake ... deep in this pond, some sharks live ... fake sharks .. they take visitors to the forest by an underground river

4. the river ends under the forest where the visitors are launched into the air above the forest where some fake eagles catch them ... a big machine hangs above the trees ... it's a sort of funpark ... where the boy called birthday works ... it's an icecream-machine ... where the cars race ... here a giant shark lives ... making figures in the air ... symbols and signs ... all by his tail ... It's another hospital ... and the shark becomes orange in the night ... to heal everyone who came from the hospital of the desert ... And at the end of the show ... the visitors slide out of the machine to enter the forest ... here the pathways always change ... here the leprechauns play ... and here another hospital stands ... where people lose their minds ... It's a mental institution .. Here the leprechauns do their swindling business ... They give the people their old toys back, but take their minds away instead ... here the visitors grow like aslant flowers to another hospital ... a hospital for aged people ... on a hill of the forest they are under the blessing of misunderstanding They feel like they are on a holiday ... From this hill they can see the seas and now they can be the clowns to the kids ... But there are no kids here They themselves are the kids ... They are children of the dunes ... Here they have their parties ... They feel like they are on a holiday ... They feel so young again ... It's the blessing of dementia ... Here they have their schools, and their markets ... but it is all fake ... These things are their toys now ... It doesn't harm them anymore Here they have their parties ... Here they can race their cars ... Here they can have their boats ... Here they can have their bike-planes and bike-cars to fly with fast clowns ... to enter their fake churches ... and drink their

fake wines ... to smoke their fake cigarettes ... these birds from cigarette ... While at the end of the day ... they slowly feel themselves ... sliding to the old desert again ... where the old leprechaun sits Talgamen ... The social machine ... that strange hospital ... there where they drown ugly babies ... there where the doctors read sex-comics there where they kill ugly old people ... a doctor says .. his name is God ... he wanders from hospital to hospital ... having his own strange ways of throwing a goat from a tower ... it still happens in Spain today ...

5. and you know I still blast at this picture I'm hanging like Harold Lloyd on this clock ... while Hitler, Jesus and Charlie Chaplin ... are still throwing their dice about it ... it's like Peter Pan against Captain Hook ... it's like Alice exposing her White Rabbit ... it's like Belcanov rising up again ... from that old old coffin .. that old old pocket ... melting the pick pocket faces ... by red light spots ... oh Lord, bless this handshake ... Talgamen ..

Shrieking Boys Clock

1. They shriek when they fall, They shriek when the goat falls from the hill, They shriek when an old man loses his hat, They shriek when a grandmother takes her grandson by the ear, They shriek ...

2. They shriek in their clock, When time falls, They shriek when the tart gets too many candles, When the lantern becomes too hot, They shriek ...

3. They shriek in their ornaments, They shriek when their Indian shoes become too tight, They shriek ... They shriek when the shark changes the cake .. They can't stand the changes ... They shriek when people watch them ... They shriek when they feel someone's hand ... They shriek ... They shriek when their trousers become too short ... They like to wear tall trousers over them ... They shriek when the ring stings the finger .. When the rose bites them in the neck ... They shriek when they get the tattoo ... They are the boys of hyperventilation ... with the hypersensitive guns ... They are empathic to goats ... but they let the rest die ... They are the boys of hysteria, They are the soldiers from the small box ... with their pale soft lips ... because they let them bleed too much ... They move by their shrieks ... Opening the waterfalls of tears ... They still love the pink ones ... They still go through custard's cocoon ... They still love to lick the spoon ... These boys from the shrieking clock ... They still grow in trees, and in green hills ... while their eyes are closed ... reaching for Jupiter's Nipple ... to drink from its milk ... that sweet milk ... while their lips are vibrating ... for they bit them too much ...

4. Vibrating lips searching for the tankstation ... Where they drink from faroom da bazite ... Still Sandman's Milk ... that orange milk ... turning yellow in the night ... And then they become ... the wild boys ... So many hulks wandering to the orange cafe ... Then they rage and race To become

tall boys in the night ... on top of mornings ... They lay their flowers surprised ... This clock in
Snow White's House ... so many strange things happening and it all happens ... when they
shriek ... Shrieking Boys Clock ...

Red Dinosaur

1. Watching the red eye from a distance, this lion of glue, all in the sea, while chinese lanterns
stare ... This aldebaran bird, this plastic fire, while green is against the purple ... the black face
arrives ... chasing the nighttrouper away ... for it's almost daylight ...
2. The track to the deepest tax, what a nation, there are wolve gnats on the highways they have
soap in their mouths ... spitting fires and lights ... they are from tax undercover .. In siam the tops of
bottles are high ... while their caps fly into limited skies ... for their are bigger pictures behind ...
screaming ... there are trains running ... to arabia and back ... but it's all in arabia ... when they go
they just come ... trains of arabia .. while it's purple against the green ... shivering colors of a tiger ...
democracy ... just a trick of tax ... a skilled dictator ... bred by those who didn't listen ...
3. an orange to make all things pale again ... transparent enough to lay the addiction ... while an
onion and a potatoe are dancing ... these are things they can never reach ... while tax is growing in
their head ... it's the black curse ... they are taxmasters of memory and association ... laying the
addiction ... freezing the focus ... while you pay and pay ... until you are in money's hell ... where
slaves are dying for money ... where there's never enough ...
4. never enough to save the children ... never enough ... to free a man ... this land is under a spell ...
5. when the orange smiles, the yellow rose falls, when the onion touches the moon ... a potatoe ...
she hits the ground, it's the yellow spoon ... rising up to feed the awakening children ... these are
jokes in the air ... this banana's child ... a good way to burn money .. to let the parties rise .. they call
it charity ... but it's a trap ... for you are the slave the rest of your life ... walking with their
caravans spreading the crime ... bark, your mouth gets without paper ... it's turning into glue, i
told you at the beginning of the trip ... but you didn't listen ... breeding dictators ... and now they're
standing here ...
6. the deepest taxes like holes to the station ... the yellow rose leaves from here ... too much
confusion .. when the onion touches the potatoe .. under an orange smile ...

7. when the green hits the black it finally hits yellow ... then the squirtel will laugh ... until the banana touches the chocolate, a brown stone ... while the red is falling, and the squirtel will weep ... 60 days she will weep ... until the red touches the blue ... then she will become cold as ice ... until the blue hits the orange ... then she falls asleep ... to be a statue on a white chocolate marketsquare ... she rises ... all pears lead to the fir here ... one fir ... with so many edges ... and from the statue darta bahann comes to bring the snow the white dance

8. aldebaran birds as feathers in a gamble machine ... these machines of deer ... still on top of arabia's city ... where the movies dance ... it's a big jukebox, there's coffee streaming from it and all sorts of lemonades ... and in the evening and the night there's lion's tea for all ... while a red dinosaur is starting the trains ... these trains of deers these trains from arabia ... these are the caravans going to the deserts ... to pick up their prisoners .. for an authors kitchen

9. the red eye is spinning, the toys come alive, the movies are running ... and the thunderbirds are floating down .. while the curtains are rising ... and then closing, while a jesus-judas is descending ... into your darkest nights ... a night trouser ... never seeing daylight ... he has a bakerman's mouth full of blame ... these blaming mouths ... these bakerman's mouths ... roaring through the night ... while their bodies are inviting ... luring like billboards ... these are the displaydolls of bagdad .. striking you like thunder and lightening ... in this fisherman's boat ... you have no rights at all .. their mouths are roaring on aldebaran's coasts ... where statues of lions come alive ...

10. he has a bakerman's mouth, a red one, roaring through the nights, these are watertunnels leading you home ... these are spirals while the big 8 is running ... and then we are in bakerman's stomach ... pushing little buttons to z ... cockaigne had to eat, cockaigne had to swallow ... we are just a piece of meat ... coming alive in the stomach ... and what we see there ... the black pond ... and a dwarf with three roses ... showing us the tall cowboyfaces of the deserts ... and when they swallow us ... we can reach for the shoes ... the shoes ... while machines of deer are spinning ... we take flight ... we bend the light ... to make the fairytale complete the missing piece doesn't make us asleep again ... for it's in our hands now ... this red eye ...

11. to dive in a black pond of slavery ... where a black castle stands ... while a brown stone brings me to the arena ... some people never fight ... they never travel, they can't move ... while the brown lets me fight for freedom, i become more and more a prisoner ... and then i reach the purple ... where the delirium breaks me free ... these are the kisses of death ... binding me to liberty ... while the rats are running ... and three pirateships arise ... and chinese lanterns stare ... these are the fruits of orion ... dark creatures .. in okil's seas ...

"wings of dementia"

Blue spots, powdered spots, like winter's dreamglasses ... So soft, like glue inside, it is a plastic sight ... like toys ... Pink spots, so pale, the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and deserts it is ... too late ... for you to tell your story ... now it ... is my turn Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like the elf's glue running ... so strange ... i'm amazed ... when wasp rains are falling ... These are stinging trees and trousers ... Like balloons of wild powders ... I'm having so many hearts inside ... these wizard hearts banana hearts and wings of dementia ... leading me back to the house beyond history ... where I'm having red dwarf shoes pinocchio shoes like crocodile shoes ... like plastic transparent wood ... with strange powders inside these shoes can fly by the wings of dementia ... powdered spots on my back, spreading the delirium making me drunk ... making my wings shiver ... my wings of dementia ... i have autistic hearts from the wizard ... having handicapped trousers, a handicapped suit while i feel so insane ... my clothes are stinging me ... something is boiling me ... i'm flying by the wings of dementia a mighty storm leading me back to aldebaran ... there are so many fevers in my head ... waking up these animals inside ... i'm under the threat of a stinging plant ... ravalan madok ... there are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... powders inside like winter's dreamglass so pink and pale ... it brings me to something ... oh i believe we can communicate through this ... it's like my face has a thousand nipples ... you like to stare at it ... to become drunk ... you like to touch it watching the milk flow ... these tears inside ... Me and my crazy world ... I have brown spots so brown ... presents from the moon ... or are they the scars when i was jesus christ ... scars of a pirate ... sovenirs from a day in the zoo ... vanilla spots ... these are tattoos of dragons ... for the wizard has fires in his eyes ... his hearts are dancing through my mind ... these banana hearts ... enchanted ones ... there are shadows of fire on my walls ... jumping into the room these hearts like precious rippling ornaments ... rippling on my walls like zebras and tigers would do ... while there's purple snow on my ground ... a carpet arabian designs ... making my mind spicy ... roaring bottles in high cupboards ... bottles of tears ... stored by the wings of dementia ... patterns of highways ... like the waves of the seas of flowers ... to drink and get drunk while wizard hearts dance ... they look like snakes like new alphabets penetrating my mind ... i have suits of strange nipples softer than myself gathered by .. the wings of dementia ... warming my autistic hearts ... these wizard hearts

playcard syndrome

1. here the roads are rippling, in the land behind the deserts, where the oasis are, the orange ones.
here the deserts and oceans are rippling, in this land behind the sun. the fires of insurance are roaring, breeding the arms of cat ... it's a white fire, bringing them in high materos ... and here the candy and the salt is rippling, until a pink hotel comes to take everything away ...

2. here the roads are rippling, to a faroom da bazite, an orange one ... here the fires of insurance are burning you, into high materos, until everything bends, in a pink hotel ... where mr. coffee drinks and eats ...

3. these are rippling roads on the tongue of a strange creature he's praying to elsefic when he eats ... and then you're climbing the zebra's tree ... there's life behind the beaches ... it's rippling coming to you, until you have the flags in your hand ... it breeds the arms of cat ... it eats and takes distance ...

4. you're sinking in the land behind the deserts, here where the oasis are ... it's rippling to you like gold in silver here midas touches you, you're gold ... they breed it into a corset ... a cuyornaida corset, where you fall in love with yourself ... you are your own james bond, the highest bidder on the auctions ... and strange glues are streaming here, you're on someone's back .. yourself ... this insurance ... still the trick of a multiple personality syndrome ... bringing you over the bridge ... a rippling snake ... and here the waterlights are rising, giving their keys to benchelot ...

5. here the roads are rippling, the roads are on fire, in orange style, you have a media syndrome, the fruit of a multiple personality ... how do you do it on the coin ? it's just a playcard syndrome ...

6. white fires are burning the oranges ... it's insurance day ... there will be new winners in the evening ... while deeper earthfruits rise ... these are the darker ones ... reach the oasis in the fruit ... and drink from the black seeds ... it tingles in your stomache ... how many white fires will come to burn us ? one silver book will remain ... the one with the golden letters ... it's the third one, on that third day ... it's a black apricote, while the black potatoes surround ... these fruits have many faces ...

7. and I'm eating from the zebra fruits, these rippling fruits, while everything gets smaller ... there are strange sounds coming from wasp-tv ... like powders exploding ... it's leading me to the oasis behind the deserts ... where the liqors and the black seeds are streaming ... it's black spice from the ornament ... while golden stars are rising ... it's a strange faroom da bazite, pumping, while the trains are riding ... still burning roads of insurance ... while the waterlights take flight ...

8. you can drink from these seeds ... from these rippling juices ... it's streaming from the comics of belchelot ... he's having dark glasses ... while swimming in the bright blue ... it's a strange hill underwater, if you ask me ... while lights are in him so bright ... come swim into him, this fir ... and drink from the seeds ... take new trousers to ripple yourself ... while the faroom da bazite is pumping ... and everything gets smaller ... strange traffic in a gamblemachine ... waking up by white coffee ... the needle is running in a circle, everything is spinning, they have roundabout heads ... with purple horses ... follow the seeds ... when the wheels are spinning ... it's rippling in so many ways ... while a flower is growing in the desert ... to bring them all in the land behind ... drink from

the seeds these black seeds ... from these rippling fruits of belchelot, his comics ... have a faroom da bazite in your heart, surrounded by all these griffons between high and low tones ... they're making the music, the ripples, while everything gets smaller ... you must burn your books by fire ... these are strange white oils of insurance ... follow the pencil to the snake's egg on top .. on top of the zebra's tree it's eating and writing ... and parrots are descending there, taking you to the land of the seeds behind the deserts ... where the juices stream ... still white coffee is waiting there ...
waking you up ...

9. the seeds are burning and everything gets smaller, bringing you to high materos ... until the tears of the cartoon flow ... these are darker tears, the tears of tax ... these arms of fish where the lights are dying ...

Jericho

1. Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, let our masks make us hard again, while we get softer inside ... we're building marchpane town ... Give us our pink white trousers back ... and let our hearts sink in milk again, while masks and towers are rising ... to strike the silver ... three times ... then silver books come forth ... letting the tears flow and the seed ... heading for the brown boot these are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ... beyond the museums ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ...

2. I know a place where comics come alive ... where the trousers run ... in white pink ... they are hard outside but soft inside ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ... here where the swans spit fire ... where snakes dance ... on the bottom of a purple pond ... in a little musicbox ... the yellow station ... where a blind musician sits ... selling indian warbooks to the doves ... and he smokes the pipes from neverland and nowhereland ... breeding the nothing .. and the hard men ... in the museum of tears ... the tears shine like onions ...

indian line

1. indian line, raise the kettle, indian line, thin line spun by harmony ... by a crazy fly ... red stripes is my destiny ... strange raincars in the sky ... indian line, harmony, let the knees bend down before i put my red stripes unto thee ... indian line, cursed decision ... red potatoes smile, i am your destiny ... with all these churches on my back ... i travel through chocolate deserts

2. indian line, hard decision, indian line, waiting for the destiny ... in a smile of death ... waiting for the red stripe to bring them to sleep ... it's sandman using his red stripe ... indian line, hard decision, indian line, truth so hard to find, all these orange liars, in destiny ... indian line, truthfull decision ... indian a riddle of the cat's destiny ... hard to hide ... there's a flame in the sky ... of a red stripe ... from sandman's glove it takes flight ... indian line hard decision, indian line, truth bends down to history ... on wings of dementia it takes flight ... to find the last light ... indian line strange hard riddle indian line so soft inside ... brothers tell me, it wasn't for love, not just for one potatoe ... it needed you to fly home ... for the yellow dragon couldn't do it ... it needed you

3. indian line .. brothers tell me, indian line, this truth it needs a stripe ... indian line, oh indian line ... oh indian line ... you gave it it's tail ... and now it's dying in a sea of flowers ... reaching for home

Capricorn's Jackpot

1. There are gamblers in a hall, they ride, They have the red eye on their heads, they fly, like tall statues, becoming the tiles of the ceilings, still strange pictures, for you and me, these pictures move, and I'm lying on the floor, cutting potatoes ...

2. In a red cathedral, they hide the three pale purple flowers, the red eye is sinking to history, to the museum, to write the future with the iron pencil ... a winged pencil ... with feathers from an aldebaran bird ...

3. He writes what he sees, he's just a gambler ... when he wins ... he takes flight ... Oh wasp-tv, gambler's tv, letting the kids tap the green beers from the screen ... there's crocodile glue when the chocolate is mixed with the vanilla .. then the business-brothers come ... capricorn boys against the boys from lynx ... making prisoners for an author's kitchen ... all in a chocolate factory ... crocodile-glue so thick and sharp ... then i dive in dangerous seas ... when yellow and brown .. strike the green ... but i just won capricorn's jackpot in this red dragon's casino ...

4. but i want to be a truant ... i want to go to pleasure land ... while i have a black dragon in my mouth, a hall of games in my mouth ... where the black lemonade streams ... striking the red it's still a red dragon fighting against a black dragon ... two lions fighting in the lake ... while a skater's on the waves, and a parrot is sinking ... to the world beyond history ... to the big museum ... the puma's paw is gambling ... and when he wins ... the tears flow ... the juices stream ... awakening the boys from lynx ... it's tea against the coffee orange against the black ... while red cowboys hide behind the black bottles ... waiting to attack ...

5. it's streaming from the clock ... this orange juice ... mixing the black ... these boys rule the blue ...
these boys rule the blue ... they have africa in their hands ... with orange coins ... they bred the
animals for granddad's zoo ... it's streaming from the clock you know ... it's tea against the coffee ...
while black lemonade is streaming ... and the red still hiding ... waiting for the strike ... in cold
conscience we all cry ... where the coffee wins ... and the tea sinks ... streaming to the yellow station
... while grandfather cries ... the icecream is burning ... and glues are rising ... making us so addicted
...

6. tax's smoke is in my mouth, i want to swallow, while there are comic's eggs in my stomach ...
strange juice ...

Life in the Distance

1. i know it's already destined to die ... these are one day butterflies ... one day butterflies ... dancing
so fragile through my mind ... giving me such a traumatic feeling they are dead at the end of the
day hold on, although i cannot save you

2. you could not heal my pain and i could not heal yours we died like fishes reaching for each
other's coasts ... and could only see life and love in the distance ... you could not save me out of this
circle of fire and i could not save you out of yours ... it was too far away ... only the echo could
reach your memory and it was too weak to save you, while the wind was dividing the shattered
pieces ... brought by storms of howling wolves ...and now we are the foam of the sea with a
life which could never become a reality ... we were too weak to live the life too weak to touch
the fruit of love

3. and here we float with consciousness too fragile to know who we really are ... we were too weak
for knowledge, too weak for wisdom and it's powers we were one day flowers burnt off at
the end of the day ...

4. but they must know by now that life like this will fade like the dying star ... we don't need
more strength ... if the weakness is our medicine

5. turn your star over us and breed the light of this distant touch ... create your stars in a basket of
water enchanted by distant life

6. and when the stars begin to shine ... bakerman will close his eyes and goes to sleep ... while
his moons will watch over our distant love

stars of blasphemy

1. The cigarette of two colors switching, it burns, it gets smaller, while a squirtel is screaming ...
Something is sinking to the bottom of the sea ... where the seagardens rage ... Aldebaran Boys have
the waterlights in their pockets ... gods of ten ... full of publics ... it seems they breed them ... by
smoke ... tax smoke, the black horror ... breaking orange balls ... to let the tea rise ... Waterlights
form the bakerman's faces ... the masses for the big oblezea vitrininium ... still birthday's eye ...
oblezea vitrininium ... you get to sleep ... and something is waking up into you ... you get soft and
something else gets hard in you ... you're sliding into the comic ...

2. the cigarette gets smaller while the publics are roaring ... it turns into a ball ... to become the
footballer's ink ... these balls roll by blasphemy ... while churches are burning ... sandman is
bringing them all to bed ... the big comic is speaking ... and glues are coming from his mouth ...

3. It's a snake's egg, bred by a million of snakes and a black rabbit ... all these boys locked up in
bottles ... when they cry the comic juices stream ...

4. These are the tearfalls from locked up soldiers ... streaming from the comic ... after the cigarettes
were burnt ... black ashes on the table with some twigs ... while the smoke gives power to the
machines of deer ... It comes from the orange balls when they are opening ... and the orange juice
streams

5. Oblezea Vitrininium is speaking ... floating from wasp-tv in the night ... It's full of strange
glues ... making prisoners for an author's kitchen ... he brings them all to sleep ... while tv-heroes are
growing into them ... by this strange camera ... by this strange curse ... the tearfalls let the hard
things enter ... It's an enchanting mirror after all ... letting bakerman's faces eat ...

6. the birds from cigarette, giants becoming dwarves by diving ... then they write your stories ...
these red boys from santa clause ... they are the movies bringing you to bed ... they are nipplian
dragonflies ... all doing it by journalism ...

by a black microphone ... they suck the red warm juices of the flute ...

7. these sharkbars ... hiding the boys in comics ... behind paintings they sit ... waiting to be freed ...
there are so many eyes staring at them ... sucking the comic juices ... while they laugh ... it's a
strange zoo of noah this time ...

8. These wasprains tattoo hearts ... while bilmageln is drumming on soft tiles ... they all fall ... and
the marbles float to history ... to hit the bottles open ... while princes are crying ... bilmageln is
drumming the eyes ... while comicjuice is flowing ... tears from strange tearfalls ... giving strange
feelings in the stomach ... it seems the golden cigars are speaking ...

9. and the pictures have their own screams and shrieks ... for the prince of video-clips ... he just
shows his pictures fast ... while songs of orphans flow ..

10. these are singing tears from the tiger ... they use dragonblood as ink ... hot enough to raise the
songs of orphans ... birds from cigarette, rising from wasp-tv, diving into the red's eye with their
wasprains ... to breed the alphabets for uncle one to ten ... all these uncles breeding the songs ... by
broken pictures ... while you are having an eagle helmet ... with a traffic light inside ... all these eyes
growing into you ... it's a stinging nettle deep inside ... stinging you to let the tears flow ... breeding
you like an icecream, on a vanilla playground ... while churches and games are dying ... these balls
roll by blasphemy ... Jericho, city of cartoons ... making comics soft again in the morning ... while
the eye of delirium is speaking by purple drills ... she's heading for the comicbook ... when the pink
falls ... it's wasp-tv updated ... burning the books by a black hand, showing the horror behind the
cartoon ...

11. the sugarcigarette burns ... to become alcohol ... while the indian warbook shows up ... while
wasp-tv has a fever ... blue smoke struck the cartoon

12. the horrorjuice is streaming ... a red black sharkglue ... while it's thundering ... and fireworks
come from the kettles it's uncle peacock speaking ... red tapes are appearing ... to bind the girls
from jericho ... the doghedge is moving ... there's blue glue in my head ... egypt's eye is speaking ...
while the fights bring the juices streaming from the shoes ... the red giantboots are winged ... while
the mirror-suit takes flight ... heading for izu ... the girl with the golden hair ... she has a jesus judas
face ... an orange black ball ... tea against the coffee ... while blue is rising ...

"You could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ... Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached your mouth ..."

Flying Carpet

1. Carpet makes the stage, He makes the bakertrees, where uncle peacock bows it is your destiny,
When Carpets rise, you know it is your time to play, and underneath that warm warm blanket you
find your sledge today
2. It is the Carpet making memory, The Carpet making destiny, The Carpets rise like soldiers on a
dream
3. When the Carpet talks, the city walks, and underneath that tree, you find the golden care to watch
your movie flee ...
4. To the city of The Hague, that city at the sea .. Such tall coasts .. will it be your destiny ... To the
city of The Hague, It is your bragging sledge today, will you find your way back, when you have
been to The Hague ... It's the Red City ... where all the red men stand tall ... Not bowing for your
destiny ... They only bring you higher ...
5. These are the towers of talk ... These are the confusions making the creations .. and california will
end in arabia ... california will end in arabia .. The tail of a dragon, from california to arabia ... still
your destiny ... still the spice making your life worth living ... the sweet day will not drown you ...
she will not kill her man in the bathroom ... she already did before ... but now the ornaments hang
too tall for her reach ... she can only bow ... The tail of a dragon, the ornaments to heal, it is the tale
of a land too small to hide ... when the dwarf's on a ride ...
6. When you fly through purple curtains ... when the octaves rise higher ... when you touch the
bitter fruits of destiny ... the hormel walks, the hormel talks, he screws you everyday, but when you
peel the fruit, the spice will be your mate ... It is the ornament, the true time's brother, that keeps
you safe today, it is the tail of a white dragon, turning yellow in her spray ... you know about the
cupboard, in the middle of asgard, where all the gods unite, where all the gods make their butter ...
An egg was born there, humpty dumpty on a walk, green roses spread conscience for automatic
horses ... they unite ... they rip the ornaments .. to turn them into daylights so soft .. i wonder about
these lanterns so big ... smiling in the air ... waiting to swallow us again ... to bring us back to bring
us back today ... to the city of the hague ...

7. To the city of The Hague, see the spanish dancer break ... while a woman is laughing, his wife .. she does the bitter steps ... she's a tapdancer on the roads to oz ... a yellow brick road ... turning red at the end of the day ... i think we aren't in oz anymore ... we are heading for cockaigne ...

8. In the city of the hague ... in the city of the ache ... sickness close to health ... it switches like the brooch ... it always does it like this ... the aunts are stepping on permission ... when they are driving uncle's cars ... presents from peacock ... oh what a presents ... to live in this sarcasm today ... these are the princes of satire ... tall lions with tiger edges .. stirring up the jaguars ... while panthers surround them ... staring with those cold unaware smiles ... they are cities undercover ... hiding the bottles of beer ... for the children are near ... while the storms are blowing outside ... waiting to pick you up for a ride ...

9. lovers, pick a coin, for another ride with the barrel organ .. on the red road to aldebaran ... where all our days become black ... she's falling from a black hill ... to fall in red desires ... where she sacrifices us again ... to the highways of perlottia ... to dreamhats without trousers ... they have only wings to fly ... while in april they die ... they are the goodbyes of a lost summer ... to make them all cry ...

10. do you remember these tears, these city tears ... these bottles high ... there are tunes on a market square ... while the boys are doing business ... they rise ... like peanuts they rise ... coming out of their shells ... to enter the room of india ... such a warm room with the soft lights on the tables and the walls while the mistress is hearing the call ... she needs to leave these children alone ... while cabman will bury them for a ride ... it's your mother's nightmare ... but she can't stop it ... when the dragon's tail is swimming ... then someone with three purple pale roses stands for her door ...

11. In the little city of the hague ... a little musical box speaks ... while the ballerina is spinning ... dancing with her toy soldier ... while the toysoldier wants to go home ... the dragon needed to save him from the princess ... and he will do .. with his soft voice ... can a canary stand when that will happen .. it's lucifer's final day of tea ... and then he will fall again, to his first degree in knitting a fever for a princess delight ... keeping them all alive in this night ... bringing them all to silly places ... where they can laugh while they get sicker ... where they can see the men are dying ... in their purple white glasses ... for they drank too much ... there was too much pain inside ...

12. it's the city of the eagle ... making it so small again ... until it's too small to hide ... when the dwarf is on a ride ... that big dwarf called bilmageln ... bringing them back to the edges of cockaign ... where the devils can fall again ... where the angels can rise again ... to soft blue heavens underwater ... and to the silver ones underground ... it is your mother's destiny ... and your father's dream .. we will unite ... on a californian flute ... to drink the soup of santa clause ... your mother was always his wife ... and now he needs to hide ... and now he needs to be rescued ... by an angel

unaware ... by a picture police ... by an object police ... to give a father to a father ... so that in the
end ... they can see the darker city ... with a mightier light ...

13. mighty lights ... floating up from a darker city ... that city of the hague .. the red pity ... while the
grandaunt is complaining .. she's a witch in your eyes ... and you need to be saved from her ... when
she's running after you ... you need to drink and float higher ... for these norms are strengling you ...
deciding who you are ... under high black elections ... by their selfspun democracies ... i take
flight ...

14. watch the face of the owl, watch lucifer's transmissions ... one's devil is the other's god ... watch
the number on his face it's 666

15. it's a black stripe ... with an almighty light can you jump without reason ... only big dwarves
can ... everything they do is good ... and they do everything ...

16. let the morning decide today ... it's your mother's spray ... while the big ant is rising ... to give
you a new consciousness ... you're a liar ... an orange liar ... with all these wasprains in your hand ...
do you understand

17. the lie is still a riddle of truth ... a golden carriage with a silver cabman ... he needs you today
for a ride to cockaign ...

18. do you understand, it's all for love ... your mother appeared to be your father ... i would not care
anyway ... lucifer has lost his trousers ... preparing for another fall ... while one's devil is the other's
god ... i don't care ... i never did ... and neither did you ...

19. do you understand ... the lengths of these stairways underwater ... heading for the poles of
aegir ... and his strange strange sisters ... they make you cry ... in mimirs well we stand ... throwing
the coins for another ride to aldebaran

20. she falls she is a wide spread lie ... becoming a truth in the night ... while all bakermen hide ...
watching her ...

21. she is the black widow ... spreading kisses ... while tomorrow they die ... these are one day
butterflies ...

22. she stands tall she's rising to izu ... where all the black men fall ... to become even darker ... but they have to ... they need to bear ... the mightier lights don't you understand that to become darker ... the lights will rise higher ... the soft strike will make them harder ... when the orange touches the blue ...

23. oh these bakermen's fires ... bringing bakertree's boy alive ... with his head like a skindisease ... he's shining like the golden sun ... the autistic sun ... i finally have ... a friend ...

24. To the city of the hague ... they all march slower and slower ... while the ice is rising under their feet

25. vanilla planes growing in the air ... these bakertree's fruits ... don't eat them just touch them ... along the sideways of mars they stand ... with jupiter's smiles unaware ... the angel unaware is watching you ...

26. to the city of the hague ... all these dark witches walking in the rain ... in the green pasture ... slower and slower ... waiting for the strike of chocolate ... to freeze them inside ... to be the walls of the hague again ... to become darker and darker ... to raise the golden lights ...

27. i cannot help these fears ... you need to run to grandma, expecting she's a wolf ... she always turned you backwards ... you're still locked up in her clocks ... jumping from one to another ... while she sais it's your birthday while she said that all these presents ... are hiding you for a snake

oh yes she is sarcastic

28. she breeds you like a snake ... so that one day you can eat the snake she fears ... you are her little golden boy ... her little golden sister ... she's breeding you for her business ... so that one day you can make the dive to be her fallen angel ... chemistries united ... she needed to send her shepherddogs out ... you were one of them ...

29. welcome to the daylights ... welcome to the ornament's stream ... dreams from harry ... dreams from chemistries united ... waiting for a nuclear day ... stick it in your pocket .. and buy a ticket to japan .. to escape these horrors ... to watch a final movie ... to ease the frustrations and fears of your heart ... where lampsteads are standing inside letting your hearts glow ... in almighty lights ...

30. she freezes the frog ... for another chocolate day ... she freezes the mother ... and kills my brother ... for a new business day ...

warm flutes

31. warm flutes it's the red juice ... pipers standing on the walls, they play in the gates of life ...
while visitors are entering, you and me ... waiting for an exorcism ... for there's living a strange
creature inbetween ...

32. when markets flow he plays ... he is doing the dishes ... the green stone the green car ... a
green fir ... with smiles unaware ... raising the daylights ... touching the forestroad to virgo where
a dwarf and a tall niece stand ... these are the toystatues for a new ride ... the jukebox statues for
new delights ... guiding you to cockaign ... where the barkerfaces dance ... where tailors speak
french ... doing the da business ... prisoners from da ... sitting on a flying carpet ... but there's no
fairytale left .. only fruits from cockaign where the lazy cats walk ... too lazy to do anything ...
while they have the name of being busy they are two faced cats ... it's 2-cat coming to you ... a
masked dragon, turning white in the snow, he has the cards of opposite, with plastic leather ... his
smiles are plastic ... but he's a killer unaware leaving no blood at all ... he kills in peace ... he
never hurted anyone ...

33. it's 2-cat on a ride ... having 2 babies inside ...

golden carriages are his art ...

he dines with princes being smart

but at the end of the day ...

he puts them all in delay ...

never reaching for the night ...

he prisoned them all in daylight ...

everyone knows what they are doing

they never reach the night ...

while 2-cat and his kite .. they're riding the night ...

oh boy it's 2-cat make a jump ...

for you never reach the night ...

when he touches you with his kite ...

it's his stick on a ride

34. Flying Carpet sais that is my destiny,

to be with a man like that,

it's a delight for free ...

he is the lanterns in my hat ...

he bakes my diners,

saves my pets ...

this little man called 2-cat is a mother's threat ...

35. he is the ornaments always shining on the cupboard near my bed,

he closes curtains, breaks the snakes, when they get near to secrets they regret,

he's the mourner, crying with a smile,

he makes my movies,

grows my cows,

he embraces them in magic and peace ...

while doing wars on chessboards greese ...

take me away 2-cat before it is too late ...

before i lose my control ...

before i lose my pride and honour ...

take me away and make me drunk ...

make me delirium ...

36. in the city of the hague ...

a man with a barrel organ stands ...

doing the dishes for the whole city with his eyes ...

his red eyes ...

he's like the licorice ...

he's like my mother on a spider's morning ...

she tied her hair ...

doing the clean clean song ...

turning her house upside down and backwards ...

while the tiger can run free ...

she's not afraid of it anymore ...

she's now my butterfly i adore ...

when 2-cat reaches the shore ...

he's a shark unaware ...

he's just everything ...

doing nothing ...

being them all ...

i will never fall when he's by myside ...

this 2-cat warrior ...

the man i adore ...

he's reaching for my shore ...

with all these bakermen lights on a cake

why did it have to be my birthday

37. he is still my flying carpet,

still my bakertree,

with bakermen's faces ...

38. i'm eating his fruits everyday ...

all these vanilla planes ...

bringing softness to my mouth ...

softness to my voice ...

39. making the swallow to toyworld,

a playground tree stands ...

i'm wise enough to climb along the leaves ...

to find my bones again ...

40. I am stung by a thousand wasps,

I cannot walk,
but I have all these comics in my head ...
These inner scars and tattoos speak ...
They block me from going outside ...
while inside the storms are roaring ...
bringing me to izu ...

41. In my mouth I am stung by a million wasps,

I cannot speak, I cannot swallow,
I can only hear their stories ...
They tell me one day I will sing like a thriller
In Vanilla Deserts ...

42. And on top of the playground's tree,
bakerman's faces unite,
to do their conspiracies ...
While on top you can enter Vanilla's Deserts ...

Where a white alice and a yellow alice live ...

They have been to vanilla places ...

to vanilla dreamworlds of fairgrounds and cities ...

They have been to the world of wasps ...

where marbles roll through sand ...

Waspian dragons soothe the babies asleep with their soft wet lights

These are mightier lights, these are lights from the red

43. You could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ...

44. Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached your mouth ...

45. These are babies born in transmissions, orange liars leading me to death, while all these wasp rains in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ...

46. These are orange liars, leading me to death,

with all these wasp rains in my bed, these rains from izu,

rebuilding my memory, rebuilding you ...

47. There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish,

bringing me back to vanilla deserts, bringing me back through the sting of a wasp ...

all these dragons are in fire ... or is it my eyes

48. Give me a spoon,

these books are all talking,

spreading green tomatoe seeds ...

in a night of arabian magic ...

49. she's staring at the lullaby ...

she's not a child anymore ...

50. Do you understand,

he has the wizard balls under his feet,

baking Indian cakes,

from Vanilla Deserts ...

Birds of Hamelin

1. They stole the kids, by a flute, to bring them behind candybars ... While birds of prometheus raised the tables and the spoons ... I was surrounded by your chocolate ... while you were eating the cookies ... They stole the kids, by a lie, these birds of hamelin ... bringing them into the arena's ... to spin sugar ... There's no escape in this land ... They are breeding siamese twins, while grandma eats the cookies ... in a golden chocolate world i take root ... in a bottomless pit ... i am an island in the clouds ...

2. she's just another autumn's girl .. she's spinning around like mud on tables .. spinning around like judgements in the night .. she's just another autumn's girl .. she's spinning around like classroomtables ... spinning around like judgements in the sky .. this prometheus girl ..

and this is the glue of scorpion, with the glue of an eagle ...

rabbit's hospital

1. icecream rippling with glue, here behind the deserts ... where the boots come alive ... it's rolling from strange trees ... rabbit trees ...here the marbles roll ... she's a rollerskate baby ... hiding her wings deep inside her white tongue is burning all the ashes ... strange roads of insurance ... they used to be insects ... icecream rippling with glue ... it used to give light in the night, but now it's dark ... between the walls of rithelm ... still the walls of jericho ...

2. between the walls of rithelm, it's icecream rippling with glue ... when you touch it it will never let you go, but you can never hold it, for it drips away like wet mud ... it's growing from the rabbit's boot ... heading for your head ... it's the world of comics and cartoons ... as in worlds of fairytale, the distances are so near ... but never frightening ... there where fear died ... between rithelm's walls ... where the babies walk alone, where the babes of rollerskate are ... taking toysoldiers from the rubbishfields ... to give them another round in the game ... between rithelm's walls there are magical ashes ... coming alive in the nights ... it's icecream rippling with glue ... strange seeds of tax and insurance ... there where the hospitals burn ... sliding into high materos ... it's getting further away, but coming closer than ever and these churches built on tax and insurance, they are strange hospitals where the gods are sick ... there are so many doctors walking ... giving them strange food ... of a rabbit's tree ...

3. it's the rabbit's hospital, full of numbers, it's flying ... it's burning, sliding into high materos ... these rabbits are pink, they are raising a strange hotel, from an iron boot ... where the icecream ripples with glue there are strange seeds hanging in trees growing, until it's food on hairy dishes ... his head is on the coin, and now he's so far away, but he made it to your pockets ... it's like he's everywhere but you cannot touch it ... the curse of insurance ... rising on a white day ... and now we're in eminius fire ... we're behind glass while someone's escaping ... spitting sand, while

heading for the land, where the icecream ripples with the glue ... seeds of strange strange fruits ...
from a rabbit's hospital ...

4. and the girl has rollerskates ... she works in the rabbit's hospital ... to care for a black dragon ...
she's like the white rabbit, with many crosses in her skies ... she's like snowwhite in her coffin ...
killed by an assassin-apple ... she struck the coin, and now there are playcards in the air ... she
possesses her little jesus ... by the mouths of mice ...

5. the shoemaker is a strange mouse ... he sells shoes to the rabbits ... they drink from it, strange
seeds ... strange tears from a strange giant ... he wants to be a dwarf ... but he has too many faces ...
he's a strange machine, a strange clown ... he cries too much, for no one listens ... he feels alone in
his castles ... his heads are on the coins and stamps, but he doesn't have friends they don't have
room for him ... and that's why he cries day in day out ... he's a strange tree, a rabbit's tree

6. and they drink his tears and get drunk, so drunk, into strange delirium ... they live in shoes and
travel underground by it's strange elevators ... i make a living in the rabbit's shoe, where the rabbit's
eye rises ... it seems the mouse lives here too, and a strange bird, a tailor ... he's spinning strange
leathers and strange wool ... there are strange rabbitkitchens here ... where they are making
pancakes of strange shoes ... it's the land behind the swallow ... where the orange lights are rising ...
they burn in strange candles ... while i'm taking the elevator to the earthshoes ... they are like
potatoes, like strange underground fruits ... where the red licorice lives ... it's the end of the swallow
... here a rabbitmountain stands ... deep in a rabbithole ... it seems the mouse made all these shoes ...
he's the king of the rabbits ... while the tailorbird is his mailman. they are hiding the gianthearts
here, where the tears stream from ... these hearts are like the nests of bees ... and there's honey
dripping from it ... there are comics on the hearts, like venus bookshops ... but they feel the glass of
the magazine ... these hearts are lost ... there are strange dragonbars between you and me ...

7. and when the rabbit drums the drum ... there are strange ripples in the air ... making the rings
tighter until it melts in high materos ... there are tearlakes in these shoes, dripping from the giant
hearts ... they want to be a dwarf ... but they feel the glass of the magazine ... they feel this coin is
hard ...

8. the red licorice lives here, a boy made of cigarettes ... a strange elevator, to the giant shoe ... the
giant shoe is crying ... it wants to step in the dwarfhole, but isn't allowed ... it feels the glass of the
comic and the cartoon ... while rabbits drink it and swim in it ... and they swim from shoe to shoe,
in this strange swimmingpool ... in this strange shoeclock ... these are strange letters from a strange
mailman ...

9. strange glues are here, in this land of the glue ... where the icecreams ripple ... it's rabbitglue and
shoeglue, spinning the cartoons ... it's cartoonjuice to drink ... while strange playcards are

swimming there ... raising the tarts ... these are strange roundabouts, bringing you deeper and deeper, in a rabbit's hospital ... strange rabbithole, in a rabbitboot ... seeds swimming like fishes ... while insurance is still burning ...

10. these are strange clocks in rabbitshoes, and strange rabbitshoes in rabbitclocks ... it's ticking on my zebrawatch ... growing like plastic from where the toys are rising ... while the giant still feels the glass of time, he's crying sand ... until finally the mouse gives him the wings of dementia ... so that he can run on the shoe's elevator to become a dwarf ... these magazines ... strange clocks in strange waitingrooms, waiting till the doors are opening ... by the wings of dementia ... strange elevators in a rabbit's boot ... they are the ears of rabbits diving into the orange pits to bring the faces of history back ... there, where the black rabbitbottles are ... when the rabbit is rising from the hat, it's heading for the moon .. behind the moon the gold glitters of forty million years give me land and water ... these are strange feathers, strange ladders in a rabbit's boot ..

11. the waterlights are all striped, eating the black rabbit ... they're still heading for the cartoon ... strange wet powders are coming from the cartoon ... while a painter sits high on a pillar ... he has horns on his hat where lightening is coming from. he has a pale purple face, and a million lights are coming from him ... he's the banana king ... he's the boss of strange railroads ... all in a yellow rabbit's bottle ... so many shoes come from here ... while he's eating them burning them by fire ... until they're in high materos ... having the historybooks in their bags ... these shoes are travelling ... with the wings of dementia ... they are the arms of strange clocks, strange bottles ... where juices flow from and so many waterlights ... heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon ... heading for her pink boots ... she is a rabbit, and there are silver ballerina's rising from her boots ... they're building the shoeshops ... they're raking the seven moons ... they're spinning on tops of ladycoins, sinking into the bottles to spit the white fires ... these are darker fires .. coming from the cartoon ... here you eat from the white chocolate ...

12. i'm living deep in a rabbit's shoe, where the egg of cartoon lives, still a strange ornament, blinding you. they're feeling the glass of the cartoon ... it makes them cry ... while the cartoon gets bigger ... then it's exploding and golden eggs stare at you ... on golden spoons ... strange tall rabbitboots ... there's breathing something inside ... it's nothing but a pencil ... of a banana king ... there's strange paint in my body ...

13. and the tears in their suits, they wait in the waitingroom, until they can come in, turning into seeds of the seas ... the seas of cartoon ... in an arabian castle a white rabbit stands ... smoking tall white cigarettes ... from a strange cigarettelock getting smaller and smaller ... there are strange creatures living in rabbitshoes .. her creatures ... she spreads her playcards ... speaking out the numbers ... while white candles are burning ... she and her elevators are sinking in the ground ... gathering the old faces ... to let the old liquors stream ... there's white chocolate milk streaming from the nests of bees it's coming from the zebra's fruits ... changing the tears into seeds ...

14. these are the faces of history ... strange coins for strange bottles ... there are spiders on rabbit's eyes ... turning the tears into the seeds ... it was just a strange bottlemachine ... these coins can open the taps of history ... and to mix them again, we can make the puzzle ... the pieces didn't fit, but now we're trying again ...

15. these flowers are heavy with seeds, when they speak bubbles come out of their mouths ... they have balls of soap in their hands, while their fingers are the pencils of insurance ... spinning tax ... they know how to open the black bottles ... and then the coins fly through the air ... playing the white golden flute of insurance ... such a strange jukebox ... like the suit of the king of cigarettes ... he's a preacherman gathering golden crosses ... but he doesn't believe in them ...

16. the eye of insurance shows the movies ... it's a white golden ornament ... it's standing on a red golden shoe, bringing up the old faces ... it's a strange hospital after all ... and the fire burns the black until it's orange, and the faces can live in someone's head ... they have their own democracies roaring ... letting it all ripple, until it's seed .. these statues are strange drink-machines, showing their comics and their playcards ... it's the ear of insurance, bringing them back on the wings of dementia ... where they see their old toys shattered ... there's a toyshop on the rabbit's boot ...

17. and still these flowers are heavy with seed ... where the glues are rippling with icecreams ... coming from a rabbit's boot ... there's an orange ravine where the rabbit ear is a ladder, blinding them all ... they are soldiers of insurance ... drunk gamblers ... while there are jewels in spanish nights ... these are strange boards of draughts and chess ... while the waterlines are rising ... spouting the silver ... bringing them to high materos ...

18. i'm living in a rabbit shoe ... heading for high materos ... i have sown the seed ... now i can go to sleep ...

The Postbank's Clock

1. Yellow liars on a zebra's ship, in the air of full blaze ... They tried to take away my trousers, but now they're flying backwards and upside down ... Purple liars standing in the riddle .. coming from the golden pear ... It seems so much tea is streaming from here ... while spanish suns are blinding me ... the wounded soldiers all march to the yellow banks ... to change into something else ... can your back hold it ? The lions face in vanilla and banana radiates gold ... blinding the masses ... Now who can see ? It's all mixed ... while banks are opening taking in the soldiers of the seas ... they are marching over the land .. to be someone elses Jesus Christ ... the hospital was just a strange bank .. while comics are rising .. in the hands of uncle peacock .. it's saturday ... blue liars rise to the moon

like balloons, while uncle unicorns ship is rising ... with spiral horns like telephone ... thank you operator, on cobra's opportunities .. take the candyship out of the clip .. and place it in the distance ... yellow liars .. vanilla in space ... mixing the bananas for a golden day ... in september there were seventy breezes. Dreams of september give opportunities to the mice of seven days .. i'm gliding through the sun and the moon .. rising for the spoon ... there are twenty-million lies lying on a dish .. it was a strange bank in september ... mixing the vanilla with the banana ... for ten mirrors rising ... dagon-izu blinding simson's soldiers ... on the deserts of the planet mars ... where the icecream machines are rising ... they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ...

2. There are liars rising from september bank, rising spoons with lion's faces, blinding the purple masses ... it's ready and done in september, for seventy mice on a railroad .. oh yes, they can roar like lions .. they have speedmass in their pockets ... all backwards and in slow motion .. while the needles of gramophone lay themselves down ... for seventy conspiracies in the wind ... vanilla in frozen coffins, opening the beatboards of a new daydream ... confessions of a mailmans heart ... racing to the banks ... coming into the tanks ... good old afternoon ... spoilt candy on a golden dish making the bubbles lie like trash the morningcakes are staring ... stopping streams on sundaymornings ...

3. Strange september banks ... in dresses so wide they ride ... on streets of golden tiles while draughtsoldiers do the dishes in tight houses ... while bubbles float to soft clouds it's surrounded by golden bananas ... all in green golden pears ... Red gold in true decembers ... decending to the septembers of ages ... spoiling hands, a good decision ... making dramas in a pot ... while the blue golden tragedies find their ways in the states ... there are egypt's laughing in the sun ... all these liars of drunk holidays ... painting trauma's in the skies ... laid by the curse of vanilla ... while bakerman's faces are rising ... building the warmachine for uncle peacock ... on auction day ... when abel killed cain ... two altars in the skies ... who dies best ...there are mechanisms in golden suns ... blocking further appearances from spy's conspiracies ... the rumours eat the machines .. with wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by vanilla banana and spice ... good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. seeking fruits for his stories .. while the white fruit brought them to the banks after the war ... rising the coins ... for another round in the fairground ... the auctions always suck you higher ... under bakerman's helmet ..

4. And still these clowns they run for money ... with the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... dream on, oh soldier, make the cash .. in spirals pyamas you're always the best .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes ... bred by photos on a candy's day .. dramas in peacocks dresses ... in a peacocks horrorshow ... cannot rake the fields anymore, when draughts-soldiers throw the stones ... under baskets full of helmets they ascend ... by dagons shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms surrounded by strange leathers and strange wool ... so strange it makes you cry ... while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ...

there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter ... breeding the pipes for a small conclusion ... on a sundays stream ... tall dramas from izu mask the soldiers under noses mysteries ... it's growing like a pinocchio on a seaman's ship .. carrying the coins for the blue sharks .. while you must admit .. it was pear's day of golden drama ... pear's day of green decisions .. watch the ornament without dying ... but speak a lie ... it stings like a raking plant ... on a draught's summerday ... while ten clauses are rising ... with balloons coming from their pockets ... making the banks rise ...

5. Yellow hearts they rake the mice .. for a peacocks price ... we take flight ... by jewelled spanish suns we skate .. leaving the world under the ice ... while two lions are still fighting .. vanilla and banana .. spinning the gold ... on five buttons of a pirates suite, tv rises from the yellowed watch .. these firs have pointy hats from a good friday they ascend with their jesus-judas faces ... back to izu they are too afraid to die .. so they speak a lie ... laugh now cinderella ... the dust you have will turn into gold when you embrace it ... while your shoe will rake the golden moons ... seventy times seven ... these fields of boats were just the curses of a spastic draughtsman ... having the clowns of thoth painted on his face.... while someone is burning the sunmilk and the shampoos ... the crocodiles rise from the glue ... into wet forestdreams ... doing egyptian screams ... all backwards wrapped in snow ... she breeds the vanilla ... she breeds the lucifer fire ... in the distance there is smoke so visible ... while auctions rise from strange banks .. these are uncle peacocks horrorshows ... who takes the children ? the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... all in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ... suddenly it breaks through edges to a lucifer's wonderland ... izu in the distance ... the auctioneer burns the hammers ... no one dares to walk ... gepetto makes the clocks of pinoccios wood ... these are wars of the businessmen ... while the losers fall in orange, into a millionarmed sleep ... banks pick them up ... having doorways to new rythms opening the mouths of the wilder animals ... I was an orange liar on a zebra's boat ... I was a spiralling dancer on a lion's ship ... I was a dramas low intention losing all the grip ... I was the blinding sun, the blinding Osiris-Ra ... I was a son of Aton after midnight ... I was a wilder animal ... exploding into the one and a million nights ... I knew drama after drama, having them all on my bow ... spitting the cowards wrapping them in easters snow ... I was a wilder animal, having faith in the lie stronger than truth christmassoldiers under my wrath ... i will lie to them ... until i'm a coward myself ... there's nothing to win in raising a sword ... i'm a wilder animal ... spinning death on a dish ... by an orange lie spinning them all on the barbecues needle ... for ten grammophone days in spain ...

6. Trauma blazers killing spacers dream about the net .. dripped into a good corset ... money from starving occasions .. eat the brain ... strange traffic of wilder animals ... on a wilder day ..

7. Strange auctions circle in the sky .. eating custard out of peoples brains .. strange fairgrounds .. circling in the skies .. watching the golden baths on high floors ... on a golden picnic's day ... the auctions suck the children inside ... making them soldiers for another fight ... the banks they pick

them up again, to bring them again ... secrets of arabia .. in purple treasures they shine .. blinding the visitors ... they spin in clocks in miserable days ... meet the kings of the hours and get shot ... until you reach the golden gun ... until you sing these days are done ..

8. Draughts a new light ... from the temple to spain ... there's sand under the tigers hand ... i give you a green car a strange household ... where everything moves .. in september's brain .. these are the days after august he was a prince of jesuses ... they were rising from his pocket ... striped and in wet hot plastic .. melting into glue ... while spanish suns were blinding the mass ... letters making strange connections ... fighting for a place in the ship ... that strange ship of noah ... where flowers have to die ... when the auction hammer brings the horror ... of a peacocks show .. they never reach the daylight, when the indian shows his big gun .. these kids go to the deserts ... with his rings on their heads while tigers and lions roar in the distance ... and a black panther makes it coming close ... so close that you feel their teeth ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder suns ... burning sweet bars of the cake

9. Noah banker bake the bank bananas in vanilla turn them into gold ... breed them into cobras these are lies to sacrifice ... turning the machines backwards ...

10. Vanilla hit the roses hard ... breed them in a pot of water ... for tea time's breaking up, and the shoes are running out ... to have a nose's conspiracy in an auction's circle ... these purple liars know where they stand ... they push the green together, to give it a bad bend ... it's bending on paper ... these are liars on an orange boat ... while the yellow boat is sinking .. grasping fishes from empty dikes ... they're sinking deeper ... making noises in a free golden potatoe ... these are wilder animals ... they never told about them .. they were afraid they would take it all away.... he was the prince of jesus-judas-faces ... these bakerman's faces ... they set me free on a checked yellow draughtsboard i take flight ... to touch the golden lights in spanish mirrors.

11. Bank of the Red Swan, these warmachines create the coins ... It's written on medical pyramids ... And I'm gonna throw a stone ... Bank of the Red Swan, give me some time ... Your mother's accents will never make me smile, until another red swan rises ... killing the doctor ... killing the ornament's noses ... on a sunday in september ... on a nuclear day .. Bank of the Red Swan, I promise to be ... a lambstead on my grandfather's knee ... He and his parrots they promised to be ... ready for it ... when you aren't no more ... you swallow, you red horse ... you red picnic ... on daylight's shore ... Bank of the Red Swan, I promise to see, all your butterflies going down on their knee ... Your medical systems they promised me ... to never look back ... It's over now ... Bank of the Red Swan ... It's my bank now ... on grandfather's red knee ... while warmachines create the coins ... while hospitalmachines decide which head stands on the coin ... the one with the biggest charity ... Bank of the Red Swan, I'm nothing but a coin in your hands created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... while still my head is on the coin ... while still my steps are hairy ... decisions they flow from mother Mary ... on holy days she takes a canary ... to the other side of the world ... to watch this Red Swan from the distance ... Mother Mary, I promised to be ... an angel on

my grandfather's knee ... Mother Mary I promised to be ... A red swan on the bank, the black coffin,
to get my wings and fly to the end of other oceans ... to rise like towers ... in the cities of the
united ... These medical days they broke me ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so
paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions about a red swan on the dike ...
jumping inside something he will never reach ... under bekehelm's helmet he promised me to be ...
my second lawyer ... a liar's doctor ... an animal so wild ... bringing me wilder days ... spitting sand
he promised to be ... an icecream so far away ... this coin will be brought down ... with all these
Jesus Christs ... and their heads on it ...

12. Mother decided it this way ... on grandfather's knee ... Bank of the Red Swan I promised to
be ... a land in a decision of two spaces on my knee ... Land of decision ... the red strike is blue ...
for the Blue Swan rises on the menu ... There's tea for two ... for sleepwarriors a war in satin city
... getting the glue ... Bank of the Red Swan I promised to be ... your mailman visiting you on day
three ... picking some roses out of your mother's garden ... making the spells on a hard day's
mouse for lucifer's house ... I continue on my naked knee ... You loved the pretty colours ... It is
all I want to be ... These trousers are torn ... letting me in ... while you stand on a decision ... letting
all things be ... without the cakes of your smile .. It's over on day three ... While Jericho rises in
comic smiles ... I rake the potatoe in bible coffee ... Gleam of the ornament I promise to be .. my
mailman's decision on day three ... Land of the siren I am finally free ... free of your possessions ...
for I was never looking for gold in that place ... I have found it somewhere else .. Bank of the
treasure I promise to be ... further away this year heading for day three ... my cheeks are red and
so are you ... The red swan on medical decisions ... The charity breeds the coins ... for another
war ... of businessmen in green ... while tea is dripping from their noses ... trying to make the land
sleep by their lies ... While lucifer rakes the golden smiles ... on a golden picnic day It's a
brandnew decision ... They have heads of coffee, these black men ... hiding themselves under
blankets of tax ... while red bottles rise in uniforms I take flight .. back to izu ...

13. Charity soldiers ... coming from a Red Swan Bank ...breeding the coins ... in cruel hospitals ...
You don't know where the glue is ... You are a fallen angel ... on a blue day ... while you are still
fighting with it ... Land of the black brake I promised to be ... seven smiles at the same time .. rising
higher than your knee .. while there are crosses in the air ... and seven draughts soldiers .. moving
their pawns and throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the bald heads and the
blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ...The
icecream made them blue so blue ... with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... Land of the
promise I promised to be ... six feet high with the usual fee ... Six transmissions on day three
lappossessed by a smile ... this juice it brings me higher ... out of the medical threat .. I'm not a
number of your bread ... Land of the lambstead I promised to be ... six feet taller on day three, but
still under bekehelm's helmet ... with mjollnir and elsefic on my side ... bringing me to the
clauses ... setting me in fire with sweet desires ... the truth knows all my names ... these high
decisions ... they see the land of the smiles.

14. Black Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylights dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ... I'm not a coin .. I sleep at homeI don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by own hands ... I have a family for that ... rising in June ... on a coffee's spoon ... my family is rich ... They're just funeral undertakers ... breeding coins in a grave ... these strange coffins ... to raise the zombies ... spinning the auctions for the highest money ... whose head will be on the coins today ... one with the greatest charity or the biggest gun The orange just says what he has to say ... Black orange of the canary's day ... It's a killerpig rising ... spoiling lucifer's dinners ... What you're doing to me ... I come from higher trousers, I come from higher coins to raise the ornaments so beautiful ...I'm the coin of funeral undertakers, I'm the coin of Thoth from strange draughtsboards I spin the ornaments hesitation ... I come from three coins high ... I do a lot ... I sink in seven seas at the same time .. but still under bekehelm's helmet ... I raise my money high ... The orange is my gun ... the head on my strange coin, doing the highest decisions I can't do ... It's fun when daddy's home ... Oh orange with your seven smiles ... doing the dishes of clocks in houses ... feeling yourself in the seventh snowflake of a mistress strange table ... on six o'clock in the afternoon proclaiming the evening was never for you, you fool ... Now wash your tables in ornament's smiles, now break your glasses in lucifer's au reservoirs don't steal when it's your turn ... just take it ... don't break it ... it will all continue ... take a good look, while mother is producing steam .. she screams in the night like the sixth wolf of benchelot.

15. Breath good while you're breathing, drink good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet it's all okay ... you smile I have to go .. you still breed the snow on a lucifer's old september day .. of years ago ... centuries are smiling, a green sun coming out of their mouths ... doing dishes so proud, gathering the fallen soldiers, for another coin in strange hospitals ... where doctors do strange dances ... they are funeral undertakers ... these oranges are old ... too old Watch your vanilla smile ... these kids are old ... too old ... you cannot trust them, they're aldebaran birds ... knowing how to lay the curses and the watermarks binding you forever, goodbye babylon ... when daylight screams they know it's time, to get a ride to the bank of the red swan ... families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins ... breeding strange auctions ... to raise the moneygun spitting sand for new books on the shows

16. These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... to swallow deep this strange red swan ... while gepetto is rising with his black pinocchios doing strange dances in the night it makes you cry ... the highest bidders become the heads on their coins ... the one with the greatest dynasty ... the one with the greatest destiny ... the one with the greatest charity ... winning the hospitals ... rising them for a better coin ... a faster gun a jupiter's smile a great banana with the head of an orange ... shooting in the night ... killing the paws ... it's crying sand strange business ... strange bend Oh, sandman do your dance ... and raise the money higher to bring a gamble of confusion ... to bring them all asleep ... breeding the icecreams ... on isolated islands ... these coins get sharper ... on a strange september day ... these animals get wilder with oranges as their guns ... these heads on coins ... spouting the miseries ... spouting the desires and the destinations oh sharks rise from

here ... these bullets under the skins ... exploding like your mother's chin, when she opens her mouth .. the rats come in ... Then the ornaments fall to do strange things for the banana and the orange these buttercoins ... in deep deserts ... in deep strange smiles, you start to cry, in deep decisions ... you find your own dynasties so many kings before you ... while you are the head on the coin, you're the orange of the kings, and even kings of the orange ... spreading green tomatoeseeds It's lucifer's decision ... sitting on grandfather's knee lappossessed in a smile ... in jupiter for awhile ... free on day three escaped from a red swan's bank now who will get him down ... it's the war of the oranges ...

17. on jupiter's smile ... broken by a banana, it rises to be the head of the coin spreading the green tomatoeseeds to be a good gun in an indian's hand ... it's leading you along strange curtains ... starting the gamblemachines while a birthday's boy is rising ... with his blind parrots reading braille ... it's a crazy ornament exploding in the wind ... spreading the green green watersides ... like green tomatoeseeds in the night ... in an orange ravine it takes flight ... losing the game he's a god of gamble ... so many heads on a die ... while jupiter rakes the golden fly ... there are strange cars in the air exploding heading for the big shoe ... he's a trafficlight of gamblers ... on a jupiter's night ... it takes flight ... a secret baker's coin ... it decides ... it's a good gun, an orange, a big head ... it's exploding, taking dinner ... watching lucifer instead ... there are coins on the dice ... strange cars exploding ... heading for the big shoe ... by a vikings axe, all under bekehelm's helmet ... rising to bekehelm's shoe ...

18. These are wilder animals you do not understand ... they do strange dances ... you start to cry ... spreading their green tomatoeseeds in the sky ... You were the orange on a summer's dish ... exploding, wrapped in bananas ... while they killed your yellow bike ... you do not understand they eat you ... making a gun of you deep in the night ... a gambler's gun is what it sais ... now he can rise into eternity ... exploding like a star ... the supernova to see lucifer smile ... to watch these golden moons, so many colours of gold on a dish ... strange trafficlights ... they explode to take you down ... bringing you to the queens of clowns to all the jokes of the underworld ... you smile, it's your decision ...

19. I'm an orange, my head is on the money, now I'm the sand in the desert, behind the golden books ... I am now a moneygun ... all machines listen to me ... I am Jerome the king of lions ... come follow me ... I show you the books behind the books ... I show you the deserts behind the deserts I'm the gambler's trafficlight ... exploding in the night leading them all to the big shoe under bekehelm's helmet ... by strange dances I take flight ... I'm riding the icecream machines ... there's strange snow behind the deserts ... all on a californian smile ... It's bagdad in Izu, strange coffee rippling in the sky ... I'm the tiger riding the lions ... on a lucifer's decision ... to the land behind the shoe ... breeding the cakes of charity ... to give them all good jobs ... while my money is spouting higher ... I am the orange rubberduck ... I'm the easterclause gathering the ashes for a good good gun starting the machines of lucifer ... I'm crying fire ...

20. I'm a desertcar, on ornament's dishes ... until I am a needle, a needle of grammophone ... a lambstead in the sky ... while babies are flying high like waving flags ... they unite ... while the green car rides It's a strange household bringing the toys alive ... I am a lambstead in the sky ... truthpossessed for awhile ... but still having my orange liars rising from a zebra's boat ... from a strange green car among a strange household ... These coins are strange records ... while I am the lion's needle bringing them all home ... a pied piper making them spin ... It's rising from the orange ... It's rising from the lion's face These strange strange needles These lambsteads of the snowflake records ... spinning the icecreams for another day ... from the world behind the big boot, under bekehelm's helmet ... It's spinning around on tables coming from the golden dishes ... It's the ornament's spoon ... strange traffic ... a gamblemachine ... spreading the icecream on hairy grounds it stands letting the lion's needles rise these lucifers ... to get the music out of the coins ... It's an orange head, a good gun singing a candle in a dragon's castle ... reading so many books, just reading ... while a mailman is taking me home ... it's a mailman needle ... from the big cactus ...

21. There are needles growing on me, I'm standing on hairy ground ... I'm drinking from the trees of light ... I am a holy cactus ... spreading lucifer's lights My hairs are on fire ... while my tongues are growing taller ... just thinner these are strange coins on a banker's suit ...

22. I am the banker's desire, the banker's wife ... No doubt about it I'm spinning his ornaments tight ... These are wilder animals, just wilder days ... in lucifer's delights ... I'm watching springs coming from his beard ... I'm watching the icecreams stream He is the banker, and I am his wife ... while last night ... the banker and the baker were in a fight and now his hair is in fire ... while stinging plants and cactuses grow in the garden ... and animals with strange tongues these are wilder animals coming from a wilder sun These are wilder days ... the candles on a wilder birthdaycake ... It's streaming from the banker's suite ... strange coins ... like needles these are strange microphones strange speakers ... He writes books on dragon coins And now he's fighting with both the baker and the mailman ... he's just a microphone ... shivering when they speak too loud ... he's making icecreams ... like snowclause never showing up ... only sending some letters ... only writing some books on dragon coins ... He's a tree of strange pencils ...

23. He's a bankertree, while the baker and the mailman are still fighting in front of it ... He's a strange feather ... from the land behind the shoe ... He's banker clause, a strange painter ... in strange houses he takes flight ... with so many pencils in his head ... He's like the eliphant ... he paints the dreams of heavy decisions ... on coin's misunderstandings ... He's a strange docter ... a strange advice ... He's banker clause ... an eliphant on a lost dream speaking through strange microphones a strange mailman after all working in a strange kitchen ... where the food comes alive ... eating the restaurant's visitors ... He's bankerclause, big septemberman ... He's a strange advice on a mother's clown ... He's a bad holiday painting snow ... He's bankerclause, a criminal ... raising his guns in the middle of the night He's a banker's pencil ... saying such

strange words spinning tax like no one else ... He draws the lawyer's oranges on the needles ...
selling the guns to the dice ...

24. When the lawyer and the mailman unite, the school rises, with a strange clock ... even stranger
than your grandfather's ... It's the blue swans bank ... It's the schoolbank's clock drowning them
all ... from here the cowboys are rising ... preparing them ..for the big fall ... These stamps they
judge the butterflies and the dice. They are coming out of a cowboy's mouth ... He's still the
mailman after all these years but he's fighting with a shepherd ... It's coming from a mailman's bag,
the sun is in it, with it's golden pencil ... it's a strange clock, and then they fight ... It's coming from
a mailman's bag ... strange records there, strange needles ... these are the lambsteads ... from strange
cactuses ... A cowboy rides the school ... and a shepherd rides the church ... while an indian rides the
hospital ... these are strange banks ... from uncle peacock's horrorshows ... strange funerals in the
flowerfields ... these are the riddles of death ...

25. These are four drunk gamblers, while the mailman is their god ... while a bakertree is growing in
the middle ... a strange sun ... a mad sun they are on a travel, to greet uncle peacock ... A red
swan rides the ornament, while a blue swan does the same ... It's a cowboy against an indian ... It's
the school against a cinema ... It's a school against a hospital ... but the mailman makes them all one
... he mixes them in his kettle ... making stamps of them ... for a lawyer's trial ... there are liars on a
zebra's boat ... orange liars ... doing the dishes ... for a holiday's spoon ... the banana rises soon out
of it's rinds ... with two big eyes ... it writes with the golden pencil ... when all babies unite ... and
the stamps are floating ...

26. it's schooltime the bells are ringing ... all happening on the footballfield ... while a golden lion is
swallowing ... the mailman rises higher and higher .. for his ornament's ring .. he's still the god of
ten ... while the drunk are following him with gamblemachines on their back, they take flight ...
It's the golden lion's bank a strange postbank ... where stamps judge the dice and the
butterflies ... making the glue ... There's music from uncle unicorn, there's assurance after the wars
of tax ... while the smoke is rising ... bakermen come to bake the bread ... this strange golden
bread ... it makes you cry ... while flying on a die ... while flying on a bakerman's face ... a face on a
strange stamp still judging you and your father ... still drinking from the ornament's wine ...
while the mailman is grasping in his bag ...

27. He's searching for his clock and pencils ... he's painting the skies, while his own little sun
rises ... smiling with the seven smiles of death ... these are his weapons he's still a soldier ... with
a strange flag ... a cactus on a lion's bankship All bankers heading for the mad sun ... that red sun
in the skies ... where a red rose takes flight ... still kissing her gepetto's still doing her shows ...
her peacocks horrorshows ... she's drinking wine with a little latin buffoon puppet, still her favorite
smile ... They're playing chess and at draughts ... They're spreading wings in the snow ... these
butterfly wings these kisses on the water sailing to the edges of time ... where all oceans gather,
under bekehelm's helmet ... It's a clock of a strange postbank making the waters rise ... Pharaos
drowning his boys again ... his churches, for it's time for school and these soldiers need some

rest, some babies ... doing business by the spoon, on a hard day's mouse ... on a fine day's school ...
it's the tool of a lawyer in a mailman's bag ...

28. Pharaoh is doing the dishes burning the ornaments tight ... these indians they lost the fight
going to the banks again ... for the morninglights ... on lucifer's tables ... these high tables ... they
unite It's a painting in the sky ... while brother rabbit is raking it It's the lawyer's orange ...
still smoking these cigarettes on a bakerman's dream ... on a mailman's tight decision ... making
a daylight's scream ... and this orange still the head on a stamp of dreams ... this mailman's
orange ... this lawyer's threat having a bank together ... baking the bread ... this golden bread ...
while the lion is rising ... a golden one ... for a golden picnic ... it's coming from the mad sun ... this
red sun turning blue again it is the mailman's trick this god of ten ten shepherds or ten
cowboys ... about this the wars are raging chocolate wars ... coming from a strange hospital ...
strange carriage ridden by a drunk indian ... this talgamen's friend ... he drank from faroom da
bazite ... this warmachine ... a business war machine ... a social machine ... wars undercover ... ridden
by a drunk indian ...

29. And these stamps come from strange strange flowers ... with strange strange alphabets on a
lion's bank in september ... give me december instead or a good good august ... And it's still a
strange strange cardgame ... in a strange mailman's bag written on a strange ornament while
a lawyer is doing the dishes ... they burn trees for this ... this woodcutter's job making the stamps
in dark places taking kids away from the schools ... these are dark conspiracies ... from peacock's
horrorshows On a strange footballfield the mailman is rising ... this god of ten ... while he is the
eleventh ... and who follows him is the twelfth ... It's a strange bank after all ... when school rises
strange tears are rolling making seas under bekehelm's helmet ...

30. The mailman is rising from the footballfield, spreading the stamps as butterflies, and then the
mass begins to roar ... while the judges will decide ... The mailman he has a million arms ... while
he has a bekehelm's helmet ... they are all under it when he puts off his hat, he's a bald
communist .. letting the balls roll by blasphemy ...

31. His wife is a flowercutter, a florist, while she makes the stamps ... she even dries butterflies ...
and it's still a mailman's auction ... raising the flowers for another day ... She stands between the
flowerfields, this golden lady ... still the mistress of jericho ... and the orange flowergun is
spouting ... these seeds they taste like soap ... it comes from the land of soap where the swans spit
fire ... her clocks are like dishes ... while she rises ... on a golden lions bank ... smoking her
flowercigarettes still weaving strange stamps ... for a mailman's holiday ... She lives in his bag as
his tinkerbell ... painting the smiles on his sun, these golden bananas ... with oranges as their guns ...
they have orange tongues so tall so split ... they are orange liars on a zebra's boat ... strange
mailmen ... strange pencils ... and while the stamps are spreading ... they write ... he's just writing
bills saying it's from someone else ...

32. he's a billdeliverer ... and they must pay in stamps ... that's the judgement on their heads he's still a flowerman, a floristman ... wanting his babies back ... these are stories written on petals ... while sandman rakes the skies together with soapman ... strange glues ... strange ornaments ... strange mothers and strange brothers ... it's a flowerbank from a golden lion ... there's a new alphabet on the petals ... these are strange letters ... while he's the head on the stamp ... a strange god of flowers ... wanting his babies back ... in the nights he's a woodcutter ... kidnapping children out of their schools making stamps of them the sails on his ship ... all in a strange strange bottle under bekehelm's helmet ...

33. He's a strange Noah sailing on stamps ... These stamps are glued books ... he wants his babies back ... And these stamps are strange bibles .. strange funerals and strange laws ... while the letters bring the land in sleep ... he's sandman after all ... It rises on a mailman's auction ... all these flowers heading for the orange ... where they all turn into ashes to make the land drunk These deserts are in fire they were touched by a mailman ... while an orange face is rising on the stamp ... eating and drinking ... forgetting ... flying on the wings of dementia back to the flowerfields beyond history ... It's strange traffic after all ... strange cars ... strange nightshifts ... strange trains ... orange balls are still exploding ... the gambler brings them back ... a strange mailman ... from a strange stampbank in the desert ... where the orange lion is rising ... like baker's tree so high bringing new laws new bibles ... but first he brings them all in sleep ... strange sandmen after all ... strange orange liars ... on zebra's boats they stand ... with strange flags in their hands ... letting them all faint and now the gold is streaming with so much attention ... on this strange stampbankship ... where a strange stampbanker lives ... a strange Noah ... oh so strange ... these are wilder animals ...

34. For the stamps are warriors in the night ... rising from the bottle ... They want to go home ... and break through walls They want to go back to the stampbooks library ... back to the flowerfields where they can see the statue of belcanov ... all under bekehelm's helmet ... These stamps ... strange traffics ... He's the god of stamps A fisherman ... a Noah brings them underwater ... Strange traffic in a strange clock ... a postman's clock ... a strange sun in a mailman's bank It's lucifer, you cannot decide ... he's spinning the ashes into stamps ... while the dice are rolling ... these are strange butterflies ... They sacrifice stamps in strange churches ... waving at them until they are home ...

35. These are strange funerals mailmen strange funeral undertakers ... working for the clauses ... or are they clauses themselves ... there are strange clauses on stamps ... while soap clause rakes the skyfields ... in september they take flight ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder fights ... all happening in a mailman's bag ... charity is taking them to the hospitals ... to reach the killingfields ... these are strange ways to home ... These are strange bottles of an ornament's lie ... they are still businessbrothers ... but under their uniform's they have their soldier's clothes ... rubbish from the killingfields leading the dolls astray ... on a september's wild night ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder tricks of tax ... from a strange clock of a postbank

The Night Trouper

Who am I in your fantasy ? You can make me or break me ... If you want to change the world ...
You must change your view first You're in a red ball ...

Gabriel's Fall

1. Where the chessboards are red ... If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red ball ...
2. Gabriel had fallen. He had fallen away from so many things, when he found out about the offer. Gabriel had fallen, for he found out about his own inner strategy, his own path, and made the decision to break with them. He found out that he didn't want to bring this sacrifice.
3. Yes, he would take over this planet, and he would destroy them, his former friends. He went to a lady, a scorpion's lady. Now he wanted to make this planet red.
4. He heard about the sacrifice they needed to bring ... He would never enter, and now he found out about this new record, this new machine, inside. He didn't need them anymore. They were always red, appearing in blue and white, building the green. His own red, he would introduce it on the green.
5. His father Troxododeron was a chemical fluid, a force binding the powers of the green together for so many histories. It was a red fluid appearing blue and white. It was the strongest force in the universe, the strongest form of magnetism based on a circle of the strongest poles.
6. Troxododeron was the chief of the Elohim, the inner power of the Adonais. He was the chief of all these red flowerfields, so enchanted. When you looked at it, it started to become blue and white, sucking away your energies, and giving you a new sight ... the sight of illusion ... These flowers were vampiristic ... These flowers were ... bewitched and enchanted ... to bring you into a new feeling ... these red flowerfields ...

7. Gabriel had to travel through all these flowerfields again, to the end ... where it all began ... He knew the dangers of these flowers, turning themselves against all traitors ... It would be a battle between him and his father a battle he knew he had to fight since he was young ... Red Gabriel was a demon now, in the eyes of the Elohim and Adonais ... He would be thrown into the lake of sulphur and fire ... A lake which he feared ... but he would reach the other side ... where he could share the red powers to the creatures of the green ... He found out he was a prisoner himself .. He wanted to be his own god, he wanted to be a good guide for the creatures of the green, telling them all about the red secrets ...

8. He had this tape in his hand, Antartica, a game of business. It was a present of his father, but now he chose to change this game into a wargame. He wanted more adventure, and he wanted more love. He desired to have true friendships with those prisoners on the green, and finding a way to lead them out.

9. Troxododeron was a shapeshifting experiment, growing out to be the number one of chemicals. It was the medicine of wizards. But now Gabriel wanted to mix it into another kettle. He went to a scorpion's lady. She didn't tell him who she was, but she said she could help him. It was the first woman of Troxododeron. She also fell out of the kingdom, and was now a fallen angel with the name Rahab. She was a scorpion from the sea, a mystical creature.

10. A bit of Troxododeron was in their hands, and they saw it was molding at a fast speed ... She had a scorpion's egg He had his own red, and they threw it into a kettle, while she was speaking her curses, and they made love ... while the water was boiling, while the egg was screaming, and Troxododeron started to enter the fragile layers of the egg ... The egg was weeping, while Gabriels Red was surrounding the new picture There was lightening and thunder, and stars were falling. It was the fall of the Nordics for many started to hear the voice of Red Gabriel.

11. There were falls of angels, and even elohims and adonais started to fall, for Red Gabriel started to speak. Even his brother, Red Michael started to fall down, and turned to his brother, while the egg's voice became higher and higher ... blood came out of their ears, and a red bible was lying before them.

12. Suddenly Gabriel woke up, bathing in sweat ... What is this, who is penetrating his mind ? He didn't want to fall ... was it an attack of his enemy ? Was it the Incubus, was it Leviathan or Rahab ? Who was giving him these visions, who wanted to bring him down ? He felt the hand of his father on his chest. 'Gabriel, wake up, son, we have things to do' ...

13. There were strange red lights in the eyes of his father. Troxododeron, chief of the elohims and adonais, and the circles of Ruachs ... So many things to do today, for the enemy is attacking.

14. Cain, Esau, and Red Jesus, the Fallen One ... The days of 666 come near, and our kingdom of Nordics needs to be prepared for the Great War of Armageddon. They are spirits of demons and they go out to the kings, to gather them for battle on the Great Day of God Almighty

15. Reload Antartica, our shop for the green prisoners, we will sell them as ice-creams to go through the funnel for pigs. Reload Delfio, we have our own devils and 666-worshippers.

16. The days of Delfio have come, he will transform us all into pigs, but we will be killer-pigs and he will be our king. Delfio, help your old Nordic fathers and their sons, oh golden grandson.

17. Don't listen to the voice of the Aakse, the Great Jupiterian Snake, for he's about to let us fall, but Delfio will save us. Save us, oh Delfio, our 666-miracle.

18. But father, it is too strong, I am ... losing this game ... he takes me away ... I'm in a Fall not falling away from your heart ... but falling away from your mind ... I am confused, I feel like I am losing my memory

19. GABRIEL, GABRIEL, LISTEN TO YOUR FATHER TROXODODERON ! YOU WILL NOT FALL, FOR DELFIO WILL CATCH YOU, YOU ARE IN HIS HANDS !

20. But father, I'm losing my mind, I know I have to, for it is written I get Delfio's mind. He is our saviour, He is our Christ, the second coming, oh how we need him, the Returning Christ for us Nordics, Watchers of the Big World ... Father, I command thee, my spirit, take it Father, in thou hands I command my spirit

But .. but ... the panther ...

Yes, son, go to sleep ...

The Red Bedroom

21. And like tall teeth are these cocoons, leading them in a fresh wind, from pig to chicken, from chicken to goat, it's the journey of cattle, the ones they used to slaughter, they become it themselves

now. Isn't that justice after all ? Becoming what you ate, and what you ate will become you ... well,
in another form then ... for you were ugly ...

22. The record is spinning with the voice of the newsreader. Troxododeron explodes ..something he
only does at special occasions ...

23. And I am still ... heading for Izu ... to have a great sight enjoying the horror ... in silence I
will not speak I will be silent ... as a silent ... red ... scorpion deep down in the red sea ...

24. Like tall teeth are these cocoons ... and finally they will be some cows and some sheep
isn't that odd

25. This is where these flowerfields lead you finally ... No, there's no exit ... there's no escape It
will finally reach The red bedroom ...

26. Father ... I my hairs are in fire

Father ... the panthers .. there was another attack ...

Go to sleep, son, don't believe ... what they are telling ..you

You, you ... just dream of sheep

Yes, father, that is what I'm dreaming of these sheep ... leading me through red flowerfields ...
until I'm in the red bedroom ... a red bedroom

Son, but don't touch the bed then ... for it is cursed ...

Father I already touched it

27. Gabriel wakes up again ... what a strange nightmare ... and what a strange voices what are
they doing to him ... He has to make the journey through the eye again ... to become a sharp butcher
again for he feels like he is ...cattle ... and he feels a hot breath in his neck ...

Panthers ?

Yes, son, panthers

28. On sundaymorning they will rise from Marilyn's Grave ...

Dan Roland, Deon Damar, Rio Damar and ... The Red One ... finally ... four panthers in a row ... to take over the planet but the Aakse will strengle them too ... He will even eat the old woman of catlikes yes, he will ...

This brother of Michai ... the fallen one ... both children of Metensia ...

29. Delfio will build the cocoon of pigs

Dan Roland will build the cocoon of chicken

Deon Damar will build the cocoon of goats ...

Rio Damar will build the cocoon of cows

and finally they will be ... sheep in the pasture ... which the red one will do ...

30. The panthers will have their feasts on us and them but then the Aakse will feast on them too He will break them all one by one ... by his Jupiter's tails ... but then the woman of the catlikes will eat him from inside out

31. And she will put her throne on the sun and rule again for 80 days ... Who will slay the big Jom ? Who will slay the Big Snake ?

32. Michai will do ... There will be a man from the south ... and then the blue son will rise to build it's throne forever ...

33. This man will ride the snakes Snakes will come and snakes will go ... He will tame them all and ride them into the hands of his mother Metensia

34. There was a man called Michai, the Mystery ... building a kingdom on the sun ... Messiah from the Troiade ... The book of books, the father book of the bible It's the Red Bible

35. He will speak his words in thunder, opening and closing the iron portals by seals of thunder ... And some will not be allowed to speak ... He makes silence and noise whenever he wants ...

36. He's the red balloon, the man of scorpios He speaks languages sideways the portals Ancient languages of the Red Waters Holding a Red Secret close to it's hearts

37. He has a trident of horns on his head He speaks in water blue and blood red He is Michai ...

38. Seven snakes in a row, will make their paths slow ... Seven Lions Seven Sharks ... and then ten red scorpions ... heading for the red bedroom ...through the red flowerfields finally home
....

39. They will open the gates of mars, they will burn the deserts ...

40. The red eye is burning, the eye of sodom is here .. wandering from gomorrah to jericho ... oh jericho rise up, and gather the red ... who will be on top of the temple ... when the red scorpion takes the throne ... coupe d'etat ...picture police is in town ... looking for red michael ...

41. aldebaran and vela are brothers if it comes to old musical boxes ... they are the jukeboxes of the universe ...

42. I met the king of ai, and basan .. all scorpios in a box

43. I'm staring at a strange chaotic box, producing sharp art ... There's coming art from the chaos ... a sinister order ...

44. Kill the pretty boys, close the abyss of women ... I love my men ... The red men ... these wild boys ... but some of them we just don't need

45. Herodes was cursing on his throne He was throwing women in a pit ... He didn't have feelings for them anymore only for some boys from lynx ... He was under Sodom's Curse

46. These animals are all on scorpio's base ... French accents, lil children all under the dress of a golden mistress from the golden tall house ... lil children becoming icecreams ... her guitar will do it she sings songs of orphans she sings songs of sodom ... for she needs more of them ...

47. In Sodom there's a gate to Draminia ... they are all marching to ...

48. It's raining blood It's raining red ... While Og's watching ...

49. Strange sounds coming from a Japanese Bowl ... It's the scorpio's prince making the swallow so hot ... He's the king of spice

50. All these birds from cigarette, they sing so high ... they let the kettle boil over ... creating the orphan's song ...

How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling ... to build the bridge to Draminia ...

The guitar will do .. these men are jukeboxes ... golden statues ...

Put the Icecreams against the hot ones chocolate ... Melting is just making music ...

It all happens on a red chessboard the wizards surrounding the castles ...

51. These men are all on scorpio base ... while the abyss of women is closing ... I think they will all drown ... soft words are sharper than knives ...

52. The guitar of wonder will lead us over the river ... they were all prisoned .. in kisses of death ... what is a woman ? where icecreams become too soft I know a place where it becomes too sweet ... wet colours in the air ... where Og is rising ... Ten days in a washing machine will bring you there ...

The Third Day

53. The records turned red on that day, the rivers turned blood ... The animal flood of blood ... while Noah built an Ark on 3 by 3 ...

54. Red Lords with high hats standing on red coasts ... watching the red balloon ... It was a sort of pump, an elevator ... All happening far away in the air ... The wizards could only stare ... but they knew more about it

55. Hot in the North, cold in the South ... while a musical box was rising from the red chessboard ... It was a matter of melting and freezing ... while a little ballerina was dancing on top ... trying to find her prince ... but there weren't no princes anymore ... only a picture police ...

56. On that day when the chocolates were melting ... the face of the frog appeared ... a red face ... the queen found her toy back ..finding out she wasn't queen anymore ... the toad was sitting in the dining room of little aquarius ... with a golden dish and a golden grail while the plate-statue was a golden lion ... The cooks were all frozen, doing strange dances ... Dorothee found out she wasn't a woman anymore ... She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the tops of a new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize what she was now ? tall emotions moving like snakes ... she was flexible now ... not frozen anymore ... she has ... rainbowteeth now

57. Night troupers march to darker nights, touching smaller parts, surrounding the men they call men ...

58. While the red chessboard is melting ... the eye-rag of a pirate ... He's drinking ... and paint is dripping in his head again ... to let him be in another world ...

59. There are fireworks in his head ... and then he goes to sleep, waking up in another world ...

60. He's dreaming of his lost son ... while he finds out he isn't a man anymore ... but a darker creature

61. But it's like there are too many woman-statues hanging on his sleeves and trousers ... He cannot be what he wants .. They drag him down ... into women's abyss ... turning up his heat so that he can melt the chocolate ... It's a strange guitar ... He feels himself like a prisoner of a strange dance ... but he wants to be free in this land ... flying through the window into deeper hells a dive in scorpio's tall boots he stands ...

62. But these gates are closed now, he's a scorpion's song, singing black and white songs for scorpions
fishes ... Their heat penetrates your mind and emotions, letting you feel you were always king ...

63. These zebra scorpions ... You're made of songs, while the heat is climbing on the ladder, touching
the high bells, for the high songs. You're made of songs and cigarettes, while sunmilk's oil is easing
your skin .. It is your skin, these are your comics .. The wasps made such an art ...

64. Their alarms are on ... since Red Gabriel is falling ... He's out of the game now ... He has a body
of small noses, small gates like smoke alarms .. he walks ... while taking flight on a golden bird ..
melting under his body ... he has to fly alone now ... waiting for that last last dive ... to the red island
... he survives ...

65. These are the songs you like ... They take you over fragile bridges ... the red ones ... While you
are touching the soft wild fires ... moving wild over your skin ... You are covered now ... You have
your rainbowteeth now ... The raiders are hunting you ... It's a new gender, the third one on the
third day ... You are not a woman or a man anymore ... Something has cut you inside ... It's the red
stripe ...

66. There you are walking to Jericho's walls ... You see the black and brown women ... victims of
the red stripe ... They cannot talk anymore and they are deaf ...

67. And still blind children play at the portals of Jericho It's Aldebaran's pride ... while deaf
children rule the city ...

68. They're all spastic, they make strange movements ... while barrelorgans are playing ... and old
men are watching the show ... They are the night troupers ... leading them ... to the red city ... like a
bubble inside ...

69. On the chessboard it's heat against the cold, in the Y the glowing oil arises, to let the racecars
ride ... He's a raider ... riding the racecars ... so many animals under his feet ... He opens the
bridge ... the yellow house ... and then everything disappears in red ... The red balloon shows up ...
pushing the orange balloon under ... and then everything goes to sleep ...

70. Through purple and green curtains, you finally reach California ... where cold deserts rise
where orange cowboys lure the orange snake ... to let it rise again ... Their hats are big, their bodies
tall ... and they smoke ... you ...

71. They smoke from the bakertrees ... where you grew in but you're not a boy or girl
anymore It's the third day ...

72. And where red cowboys smoke from Pinocchio's tree you find your golden shoe again ...
leading you to the big red giant shoe while red stripes making you silent, you feel so alone ... but
you're bathing in flowers ...

73. It's melting on your feet, these shoes Here you find your holy grail ... Who am I in your
fantasy ... you can make me or break me ... Who am I in your world ... Am I buried in your
dreams ... ?

74. It's the third day, mothers lame transmissions ... mothers strict excuses ... she finds her ways ...
Mother was just a night trouser marching to bring you back to the rain ... red rain on that
third day ...

75. Songcar is riding on the railroads ... but trains cannot crash it ... for it's the third day

76. And I'm floating to a new Aldebaran, the skies are so blue ... while yellow rays touch the trees ...
It's like looking through a new mirror ... Like a newborn baby While pink songs in a car ... let
you touch the edges of time ... It's singing in the air ... and you feel young again ... with sunmilk's
oil streaming on your skin ... Mother was a Night Trouper ... Ten days in a washing machine ...

77. The Topaz Shark is bleeding, showing his threat ... but he cannot touch you anymore ... He will
go back to Eden ...

78. A man is crying in Sodom ... This city is made of tears This city roars you will be alone

79. On so many pillars this city was built pillars of tears for a new Babylon Such a
beautiful story ... and you don't know it ... you're just waking up to it ... On that Third Day

80. She was .. a Night Trouper ... She killed her mother and her father while guitars are raging
through the night ... They say she has the seven rages in her heart ... They are all red ... While a red
balloon is pumping Your arms feel thick and heavy ... but they look thin and light ... It's like you
cannot move them ... but you can ... on that Third Day ...

81. Eagle Scorpions are in the air, heat is flying through the Emelis Shatau ... Now you know me and
I Know you And the breath is red and purple ...

82. Oh, how you like to bathe in red ... red streams in all shades while icecreams girls are dancing in the distance the red balloon touches you, to inject the heat and let you forget about everything ... It's like far away ... but it's close so close ..

83. We're heading for Edom, for Esau's City ... for neon lights ... for soft lights of the water ... We're sinking in red flowerfields ... The rose is sharp, the insides are soft ... Smell the roses by your body ... and wake up to the third day ... Where Noah rides the scorpions ... and picture police checks the portals ...

84. Esau, Esau, where did you hide in red heat things are so small ... and we have dashboards in our heads ... These are helmets of the Rising Eagle of Scorpio ... They're all walking in a red ball It spins, producing red glue It's boiling don't touch it ... but let it fall on cold ground ... where the carpets are velvet ... Who am I in your fantasy ? You can make me or break me ...

85. If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red ball ...

86. And scorpion eagles are flying to Vela, in such a strange speed ... They fly where all faces are covered by strange songs ... Like plastic implants from the Big Toy ... you start to cry ... These are all bakerman's faces ... carrying the songs which will bring you through the night They are the cooks of frogs and toads ... It's a green picture when they eat ... It was something you ate and now you're here

87. These women are tied by red tapes, waiting for the big strike ... their abyss has been closed by the angel of the abyss, a devil has been thrown in their pit ... and now it's a red scorpion abyss ... They are looking for death ... but they cannot find it ... while sickness flees from them They are never tired ... She's a slave, she's a night troupier ... She has purple boots, and she's staring at the green ... I cannot get her out of my head ... I can't ...

88. She's too deep, she is my mother ... but she doesn't have a head anymore for the abyss is locked up now by a red key ... It was Red Uriel there and now the Red Scorpions live there ...

89. She's staring at the green, she's staring at me ... Who am I in your fantasy ... You can make me or break me ... We are all on a red chessboard while the Night Troupiers are watching They have strange songs in their cheeks Raiders come from their eyes ... on that third day ... It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... and we are in this whirlpool, swimmingpool, masterpool In strange racecars we ride riding the stories, on old records the lambsteads sit ... She's smoking the fairytales

Jericho's World

90. It's a journey through the Red Eye ... It takes courage to face the facts ... There is a washing line from Sodom to Draminia ... where so many clothes are hanging ... These are your suits ... if you dare to take them if you dare to sing these songs ...
91. They have Vela faces, these soldiers ... Their songmasks coming from a green car ... doing the dishes ... But now I have no time to see it ...
92. And the golden princess behind tall red pillars, she sits in the paradise park, she sits on golden stones, where frogs listen to her stories ...
93. When you touch the picture, it starts to ripple ... Who am I in your fantasy ... you can make me or break me ... Speak to me, my darling ... my .. red scorpion ...
94. I know you have me in your red ball, turning golden in the night ... while blue glue is dripping, becoming green when it touches the ground ... It's licking the velvet carpets for an arabian ride These are raiders ... these are boy-like creatures ... with racecars under their feet ... painters with icecreams ... while nighttrouppers are watching the screens
95. I have your dashboards in my head ... Speak to me, and it will rain ... red rain in purple blue ...
96. There are voices rolling on my hands ... speaking of songs ... Jericho's songs will raise the walls again ... where children and animals can play behind They will be safe when the monster comes ... while picture police is in the streets ... Red lanterns in pink delights ...
97. I have you here in my hands, but it still feels like you are sliding away ... It's an icecream melting here ... While someone plays the guitar ... It's the man with the Jupiter Hat ... He with the shrieking eagles, He with the incubus smile ... with the strange dancing fishes ... so strange you start to cry ... they reverse your stomachs This is the world of feelings, so strong it claims your mind ... to possess and possess
98. You know it's a black man, like hot chocolate, having raiders darker than men ...

99. It's a tall black man, stirring up the waters ... what if he's switching the octaves ... you still don't know ... but he knows .. He goes through Arabian Curtains, while he's reaching for the Aldebaran Cupboard ... The tall one with the toys ... While the bells are roaring ...

100. Black man coming from behind the corner

101. She's a night slave, a night trouser ... a leopard calling my name ... a jaguar like my mother like thundering dashboards in my mind ... What are we at the end of this song ... It's still a cocoon ... bringing us to Jericho's World ...

102. Put on your suits of songs. We are from the Urban Renewal.

Chocolate Smiles

1. There he goes, he's a whispering diamond ... with all these wasprains in his hand ... She has the chocolate smile ... what would you do, when you would be in these forests ...

2. These are crying rains ... so much to tell ... These are golden steps, she gathers pictures of arms ...

3. She's a woman of strange wool ... She hides her tables in the night ... where the wet spots live ...

4. She's walking like a tailorman ... but she's a woman at heart ... She brings them chocolate on wintertiles ... while tiles of seas are staring ... They are watching the show ... Her shows ... She discriminates, but she is not a racist ... She just has strange shells the ornaments around her neck ...

5. Watch her halls and galleries In the New Haarlem, that city at the sea ...

6. And when she cries, you get hot inside ... She's laying the chocolate there ... all these chocolate tiles ... surrounded by wintersmiles while seatiles are staring ...

The Fifth Nightwatch

1. I must awake my dragons, Mother needs them tonight, all these candles with soft fires, coming from the red, to slow all things down
2. These are lights from bakertrees, I must awake the dragons, for Mother needs them tonight, In her castle, she fights, against a dark knight ..
3. She loses, it's so hard to see, I'm crying she's the only thing I have ... I am holding her hand, she's bleeding, and I cannot do anything to help her ... I'm just the ghost of a fog ... The ghost of a soldier ... This black knight .. also killed me ...
4. Mother, can you see my tears, I'm just a night trouper all these years ... Only coming to you in your darkest nights ... but I'm melting away in daylights
5. Mother, can you see I'm bleeding, Mother, can you see I'm falling, I'm coming down the stairways, holding the dragon's candle .. but the sun and the dawn will blow me away ...
6. Mother, I only live in your nights, Mother, you only see me when you dream ... Then we play in the snow ... To do hide and seek, having soft fights of love ... which we can never hold in our hands for long, for it's sliding away like a burial .. when daylights fall ..
7. Mother, can you see my tears, I'm just a night trouper all these years ... Only coming to you in your darkest nights ... but I'm melting away in daylights
8. Mother, can you see my tears, Mother, can you see my fears, I only see you in my dreams, you come to me in my darkest nights, Mother, can you stay a bit longer, I know you are just a night trouper, melting away when my days appear ... and now I stand alone ...
9. All these prisoners in white satin, sliding along the spirals of the sun, to be washed away by the waters of a new day, They are prisoners of the night, chased away by the daylight ... while the waters are flowing, and the sailors are drowning, they can only watch from a distance ...

10. Mother, can you see my tears, You're just a night trouper all these years, only coming to me in my darkest nights, but you're melting away in daylights

11. Mother, can you see I'm bleeding, I only see you in my dreams, as the watcher of my nightmares, holding the dragon's candle tight ... we're all behind dragon bars, in this dark dark night ...

12. And when you're coming down the stairways, with your dress so wet, with your face full of tears, with your arms so upset, I know that I can only do one thing, to hold you close to my heart, until the dragon's paw tears us apart

13. So mother, sleep, then I will sleep too, to awake the dragons, to raise their candles, so we can dream, and they can defeat the black knight ...

14. Mother, can you see my tears, Mother, can you see my fears, I feel your yellow touch, your flowers, I hear your songs, your nightmare screams, we are the night troupers all these years, bringing the cake alive, the eagle with his knife, and Mother, when you read this letter, I hope you will see my love and care, I hope you will see the dragon's candle in me ... An ornament full of soft lights and fires, coming from the red, awakening the red dragons, while we sleep in bed ... meeting each other ... in an everlasting dream ... in a red world we will find, the everlasting touch, the everlasting kiss, the everlasting mother, the everlasting son, the everlasting dragon, where the dragons never sleep, we can always dream together

15. They will hold the everlasting lullabies, as candles in their castles, they are the Night Watchers, and in Daylight, they stand at the beach ... The Night Troupers are marching, to the fifth nightwatch ... where the red dragons play ...

Dragons and Dinosaurs

kids are just your recycled parents They want to have that respect

the shark with the million teeth

1. The shark with the million teeth is chasing after me, A glass of wine cannot save me this time
I run behind the golden fence looking for another one to hide myself behind

2. Dad is smiling at me It's all a joke, son, he sais It was something your mother left behind
after she died You shouldn't open that box, but isn't it fun after all ?

3. No, no, for I'm bleeding like hell And my tears don't stop running I miss my mom so
bad Well, the shark is just paper, dad sais Even your mom was just paper I bought her
somewhere on a barter She actually didn't die ... I just placed a light in her now she looks like
someone else

Then why did you bury her, I ask

4. It wasn't a funeral, son dad sais It was a launchplace for rockets A vulcano's dream
You didn't have the right glasses that day

5. But, but I say you just said that mother left something behind when she died

I didn't say that, he sais ... but you heard it like that you mixed up the letters a bit

How did I mix up the letters then ?

The shark did But it's just a paper shark mom left it behind when she died

See, now you say it again

No, son, you still mix the letters up

6. Dad, dad, what did you all say to me the last few minutes ?

Son, I only asked you if you can go to the greengrocer to buy some banana's for tomorrow's
party

Then how do I know you really said that, for my ears can mix it up

7. What are you talking about, son ? You cannot hear, you are deaf

Then why are you talking to me, dad ?

I'm not talking to you, son, I'm just writing you a letter don't you feel the paper in your hand ?

Then where are you, dad ?

8. I'm with your mom at the greengrocer's to buy some carrots, for you didn't want to do it

I thought they were banana's, dad

No, son, you need to read better ... you mix up the letters

9. Dad, dad ... what did you write me today ?

Why are you asking, son ?

For I'm afraid I will mix up the letters when I read dad

10. But son, you cannot read, you're blind

And I'm talking to you for twenty minutes now, if you please want to buy some apples at the greengrocer's, for tomorrow your mother comes home from her trip

Where has she been going to, dad ?

To Swiss, son ...

What did she do there

She bought some books for you there

But you just said I'm blind

11. Eh, braille, son ... braille

What's the books about ? ...dad

One is about the shark with the million teeth

And the others ?

She didn't tell me yet it's a surprise

12. Hello mother, you're finally home ...

Yes, son, I bought some books for you braille

One is called the shark with the million teeth

The second is called the shark with the million teeth part 2

The third is called the shark with the million teeth part 3

13. Well, what's it about, mother ?

It's about your father and me

Oh ? and who is the shark with the million teeth

You ... son it's a book about how to breed sharks the second book is about how to breed kids

14. And the third ?

The third book is about how to treat your father and mother

Then why did you give it to me, mom ?

To teach you how to listen to yourself, because you yourself are the shark, the kid and the parent

15. Mom, mom, what did you say to me today ... I'm afraid I mixed up anything

I didn't say anything, son I just hope you will deal with the greengrocer one day for he's a shark

And son ... please eat your beans ... they are staring at you for fifty minutes already

But mom, I don't see beans, so where are you talking about ?

Son, don't tell jokes ... eat them

the shark, the snake and the lion

16. Mom, mom, I'm getting sick and tired of this I will ask it the last time : What did you all say to me today ?

Son, keep quiet sharks don't talk

But mom, how did you talk back then if sharks don't talk

Son, I'm not a shark ... I'm a snake

Then how do I become a shark, mom ?

17. Your dad was a shark Your granddad was a shark

Ok, mom, I will keep quiet for the rest of my life

Son, sharks only talk in themselves They only mutter

18. And snakes, mom ?

Snakes only whisper son

19. Oh, so this was why I always misunderstood you ?

20. Son just whisper back If you talk too loud I cannot hear you And then you cannot hear me Just mutter and whisper so that you can also hear yourself

And son ... I bought three books for you : The snake with the million teeth part 1, 2 and 3

What's it about, mother ?

21. Part 1 is about how to treat your mother, part 2 is about how to treat your father, and part 3 is about how to treat yourself

Why isn't it talking about breeding kids ?

Son ... because kids are just your recycled parents They want to have that respect And when you know how to treat them, you know how to breed them

22. Let the child be the parent once in awhile for the memory for the health

Let the child be the king for awhile for the justice for the values

Let the child be the lion

23. Mom, mom ... what did you all say to me the last hours

I'm not your mom, I'm your child, dad

Oh, but then you're also my mother

Ok, son, I bought some books for you today It's your birthday

What is it about mom ?

24. Books about lions ... do you like that ? The lion with the million teeth part 1,2 and 3.

25. Part 1 is about how to roar Part 2 is about how to whisper and part 3 is about how to mutter It's about the friendship between a shark, a snake and a lion They all live in you, and they all live in me and we need to learn how to treat them. There's a book called The shark, the snake and the lion, in which you can learn that. I will buy that one for you tomorrow ... when you are nice ...

dad in the jungle

26. Thank you, mom you are the best mom in the world where would I be without you ?

27. Eh ... son ... then you would be with the elephant The shark, the snake and the lion in one
Then you would have a mother who would buy the elephant with the million teeth for you part
1, 2 and 3 about how to treat an elephant, how to treat a mother, and how to treat yourself

But where is dad then ?

28. Dad is riding the crocodiles having some new books for you next year

I can't wait that long

That's where the book is about how to have patience and how to treat a crocodile

29. But then I need to read it now This is like coming home feeling the locked door, knowing
that the key is in the house

Well, son ... think about that one this year, ok ?

Mother you are cruel

No son, you are just lazy and impatient

Mom, so dad is in the wild jungles can't I visit him ?

30. Well, maybe ... but then you first need to be as cruel as I am, for otherwise you will not
survive

Ok, mom, then you can teach me I bet you know enough cruel books

Oh yes, son, but I'm cruel enough not to give them to you

Oh, mom, you're too cruel

31. No son, you're still too lazy, too proud and too impatient

Go to the turtle and get wise

Go to the ant and get active

32. My mother's zoo is too interesting but she doesn't always give me the key to really meet all these amazing creatures I think she wants to protect me For I do not realize how dangerous they can be I'm still wanting to visit dad But i really need to put on my armour first I feel myself like a kindergarten-child but maybe that's better To act like an adult when I'm not is not good Then I would become a dangerous animal which they have to lock up behind thick bars But where am I now also behind the bars of the kindergarten but I need to realize that the world outside is the cage and not this kindergarten it's just close to each other

33. I feel the bars of the cages of dangerous animals not the bars of my cage I really need to put that clear I'm free here in this kindergarten with all these caring mothers and mistresses I'm free to fantasize Fantasy is always free But even in fantasy there are bars but these aren't of my cage ... but that of the dangerous animals' cages I'm staring a lot through these bars knowing that one day I will ride these amazing creatures together with dad If we know how to treat them well, they can build houses and cities even new worlds

the roar of a new fantasy

34. I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, I'm hearing the roar of the new city. I'm hearing the roar of my best friend, Waiting for me to ride him. Together we will build the land, Together we will go through the jungle, To reach shores of new eternities, And beaches of old forgotten islands. I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, The roar of legends, From millions of years ago.

35. I'm hearing the roar of my daddy's friends, Together we will make the land. Together we will build the cities, The tall buildings, and the skyscrapers, The hollow houses, the big balloons, And we will breed the fishes, Of fourty-thousand years ago. I'm hearing the roar of a new dream, A

fantasy of orange giants, Liquid like the paint of the neighbour, Racing on new roads to the rainbow
and beyond.

36. I'm hearing the roar of the joke, I'm hearing the echo of a burnt tile A maze-land a green
artist A liar's spoon But it was just a riddle of truth It was just a puzzle's ornament
roaring and racing these nights Searching for a good end These computer-games these
computer-games were always the best

To an Autistic World

1. Please listen to the trees, Please listen to the elves in the trees

Please listen to the dwarves in the elves

Please listen to the flowers in the dwarves

Please listen to the food in the flowers

Otherwise tomorrow there's nothing to eat anymore.

2. Please listen to the pigs, You once killed in the butcheries, They still live in your stomachs,
Waiting to eat you from inside out, Unless you want to listen to them, Then maybe you will have
some friends when the butcher comes to you.

Ten little Ascenders

1. Ten little ascenders they walked on a bridge of fire. But one didn't want to get to the road of ice
and was burnt by the fire. Then there were nine left.

2. Nine little ascenders walked the road of ice full of light. But one didn't want to go into the dark tunnel. Then there were eight left.
3. Eight little ascenders walked in the tunnel of darkness, but one didn't want to go to sleep, then there were seven left.
4. Seven little ascenders came in the rooms of sleep, but one didn't want to go through the dens of death, then there were six left.
5. Six little ascenders walking through the dens of death, but one didn't want to read the book of knowledge, then there were five left.
6. Five little ascenders walking with the book of knowledge, but one didn't want to have the soldier's helmet, then there were four left.
7. Four little ascenders, walking with the soldier's helmet, but one didn't want to go to the justice-court, then there were three left.
8. Three little ascenders, waiting in the justice-court, but one couldn't wait anymore, then there were two left.
9. Two little ascenders, still in the waitingroom. Then the doors of the judge opened, and it appeared all to be a kitchen. But one didn't want to eat the food, then there was only one ascender left.
10. One little ascender, meeting the love of his life. All his other loves had left him, and even the judge appeared to be a statue. One little ascender, only a mirror was left. His love appeared to be himself.
11. One little ascender, bittered, in rage, fear and full of trauma's, so lonely and so full of doubts, like living on an island, and seeing a sea where all his friends had been drowned. And now he wonders : Was it all worth it ? The tears, the blood, the trauma's ?
12. One little ascender, raising his fists to the heavens, screaming : Is this all a joke ?

13. And yes it is for before you went to this earth, you were reading in grandfather's joke-book, and then you fell asleep Your nine friends were just nine dreams, nine jokes, to teach you how to run.

And that judge ?

14. He was the biggest joke, and you laughed so hard, that it shattered you into pieces, this mirror you have is only one piece So ... look for the other pieces they are all on this island

15. But I'm so tired, is there any way to shut grandfather's joke-book ?

The key is in your heart, when you realize that there is one joke bigger than the biggest joke

You

For you were grandfather's best joke

Palace of the Toysoldiers

1. You know, All toysoldiers are his, The world beyond the faery's realm.

You know, It's the toysoldiers palace, Here they dance, here they feast.

You know it all, They have our faces, It's between you and me.

2. Here the tornado's spin, They can change their face in every second, Into the face of the next one entering this palace.

Their decorated sleeves, Pink and White, Their voices of pure candy, You know it all, It was always in your dream, They have our voices, Marching between you and me.

3. And when someone else enters the palace, Their voices change into that of a new friend.

They are the messengers of a new world, between you and me, Their tarts and cakes surround the place, It's forever birthday

Yes, they are birthday-soldiers, Soldiers between you and me, bringing us from day to day, from year to year

4. Look into their face, then you will see me, and the one who's entering the palace

Keep on dreaming, so that one day, you will touch the face of Sandman

Birthdayman's Palace

1. Happy Birthday, Birthdayman !

2. When he snaps his fingers , the magic starts, Screaming when you see him , For there's healing when he's around.

3. His big white beard knows all about you, He's like the Wizard , Running when you see him, for you don't know what to do with the electricity.

4. There a man walks on the street, Is it him ? Is it the birthdayman ? Knocking on his shoulders, asking him : Are you the birthdayman ? No, he sais, he was just here, but he's two streets further now. Someone is walking there, a man You are asking him : Are you birthdayman ? No, not me, he sais, he was just here but I guess he's two streets further now. Now you're running, looking for birthdayman, there, two streets further another man is walking, it's the same man you spoke to in that first street. You are getting sad, asking : you're not birthdayman, right ?

5. Will I ever find him ? Well, the man sais : But I am birthdayman. Why didn't you tell me before, you ask. Because it wasn't your birthday yet, but now it is, for you held on to me, he sais Happy Birthday !

Funparkman's Palace

1. The great man of the city, The love of all children, When his delirium hits you, you are in wonderland. In his factory you would want to work, His wine you would want to drink, When you sleep you are waiting for his touch, then your biggest dream will start.
2. Your pains are the vehicles of his elves, Your tears are the cups of his liquors, In your problems, wait for his delirium to hit you, for it brings you all closer and closer, When you're lying on your bench, Sick under his blanket, watching some tv, wait for the tv-star to hit you, then your movie will start. To be enough in his roundabouts, To drink enough of his tea, is to be small enough to enter through his little gates, to touch the sides of dreamworld.
3. For within these walls of life's situations, It will all happen, It will all start. No need to escape, It's all deeper inside. Within these walls your own life put, Within these limits you daily face, You will grow and grow, Till one day you will burst out, and touch the hand of the giant.
4. For outside these walls, you would never grow, you would never have a foundation, and you would never have a balance. Be grateful to the walls, For they are your true friends, And remember : Friends without walls are actually your enemies. For they give you freedom, but this will be the biggest prison you have ever met. For then you are a bird without wings, not knowing where to go. Where there are no walls, there are no roads, there are no tunnels Where there are no walls, there are no colours, This gift would make you blind. With this gift of freedom, you are never able to touch, never able to shake the hands of friends, for there are no limits, no borderlines, no sides, no walls, So that you fall in gaps you never knew of, In pits too deep for your understanding. So, thank God for the Funparkman, for all the fun happens between these walls, and shows you a road beyond freedom, For this is a road which never ends, It blocks you in everything, but never in your growth.

The Gamewizard's Palace

1. Butterflies are in panic, Bears are quickening their cooking in the kitchen, Lions are breathing faster, It's the Gamewizard. The whole castle is in panic, when the Gamewizard enters in, turning chaos into order, all the insects and eliphants are bowing, sweeping the dusts from their shirts.

2. All rabbits are running, all panthers are racing, It's the Gamewizard, the Gamewizard.

3. He always shakes his head, He has always new games, always new rules.

4. We are all sitting in his kettle of limits,

He rules with his spoon,

We are all sitting in his kettle of opposites,

He's making candy of us.

5. We are all sitting in his kettle of pain,

To bring the anger to it's contends,

And then to break it into silence,

Into Candy-sticks.

6. There's boiling something in the kettle of the Gamewizard,

It's his own very hand,

Trying to catch us,

For another game.

7. I'm sitting in his kettle of dreams,

All I can do is cry,

It was only a nightmare, he sais,

But it spun the dream,

The Candy-Dream.

8. In the kettle of hardness,

I make you soft.

In the kettle of softness,

I make you hard.

9. Trust in me,

that I will never disappoint you.

All what you see and hear,

Is just my tool to form you.

There is nothing besides that.

I created your world,

And in that world,

I am creating you.

10. There we sit in his kettle of nightmares,

Tomorrow we are a dream.

There we sit in his kettle of poison,

Tomorrow we are fruit.

11. He knows how to cook,

He asks us to trust him,

It is ok,

All we get for daily meal,

It's ok,

All we get on our plate of life.

It's from the cook,

The cook of life,

The gamewizard.

12. It gets too fast, Gamewizard,

That's too make you slower.

13. You scream too hard, Gamewizard,

That's to make you silent.

14. It's too hot in your kettle, Gamewizard,

That's to make you colder.

15. It all works by opposites.

16. When does the game start, Gamewizard ?

It already began.

17. Can you see the game in your heart ?

The people around you are just pawns in the game of your life.

You created them, they are your interpretations and fears. They reflect your weaknesses and ignorance, the things you didn't digest yet, the things you didn't learn and control yet.

You attracted them, for the work wasn't done. It's all in the game.

18. But what about those brilliant ones, those legends which I will never forget ?

They reflect your gained growth, but also the roads for you to go. They are the blossom of your plants, the flavours of your trees.

But I thought you created them, Gamewizard ?

We did it together, together we rule the kettle.

deliriumwizard's palace

your guide to a crazier world

1. delirium gets you, delirium hits you, whenever you read his books, he's the bookwizard, candy-choirs are surrounding his head. Whenever he speaks they come over the ones who hear his voice. delirium comes over you when you listen to his speeches, no one ever survived, you don't need to survive, just let yourself slide into his arms. let the world say you're crazy, and thank them for making you crazy, for without that you wouldn't meet the master. they are all made by the master of delirium, it's all in his books. he made them, to bring you to him. they are crazy with serious faces, they are as crazy as you are, all creatures of the master of crazyness, a crazy master. for without being crazy, you could not paint this world how you painted it, you couldn't create all these crazy people calling themselves humanity with serious faces, but you did, it's all in your mind. this is something you are praised for. without being crazy you couldn't paint at all, and you would miss all these crazy people calling themselves humanity, then you would miss the master's touch.

2. Read another book, in which it said : All new things are crazy. Nobody dared to paint. While another book says : All new things are god. When a blue man enters an island with green people, they think he's god. In the other book he would be crazy. We are in his kettle of books, to become crazy. He's a crazy cook, preparing a crazy apple, while no one dares to paint, you paint the way out. Only the crazy can move, only the crazy can breath, the rest will be paralyzed at the end. But trust me on this : There will not be a rest. Everyone is crazy. And who says he's not, is the craziest of all, and is the master of the crazy, The delirium-wizard. Never lose such a person out of side,

someone who sais he's not crazy, for he's the delirium-wizard, your guide to a crazier world. Hold him tight, don't let him escape your grip, and cry till he gives in, cry till he gives you his delirium, till you can live under his umbrella forever.

The Puzzlewizard's Palace

1. Here all dreams start, Here the Thunder reigns. Give him your dreams, and he will make nightmares of them. He's the nightmare man, But that's the best dream you will ever have. For riding on a nightmare will bring you across the river. Riding on a dream will let you sink, but the nightmare is your light in the darkness. Dare to smile to the face of the nightmare, He's your friend, not your enemy. He brings you over the river of ignorance, He opens your blind eyes. There is no any dream left, after his touch, They are all in the kettle of nightmares, Fishes between the Sharks. Don't cry when he takes your dream away, your nightmare brings you much further. Don't cry when he turns your pink into black, For it brings you across the river of death.

2. Your soul will scream, your soul will fear, But be glad of the touch of the Puzzlewizard, For without it you would never survive. He awakes you, He shows you his candle, To bring you through the night. He can make it dark, And shows you a dim light. For in daylight you don't know where to go, but in dimlight you will find your way.

3. He is the creator of all opposites, The creator of all extremes, He can make it cold, he can make it hot, He's the tailor of your dreams. He opens doors, and shuts them, No one can escape his touch, No one can hold on to a dream, For it slides away like fish. It's all water when he touches it with his wand, And you will have to find your way back to the sand. The nightmare will bring you there, It wasn't for nothing, When he pushed the sun back into the sea. When the nightmare speaks, no one can hide, When the nightmare speaks, no one survives, Then the sun is pushed back into the sea, And only your hand will reach the other side. In the land of the puzzle, Everything melts into the sea, Only a little island will arise, where a new dream will begin.

4. So, look at your hand, and learn how to shake the hand of the Puzzlemaster, for only your hand will survive when his nightmare will bring you across the river, There where you felt his hand, There where you pushed his bell, There where you touched his puzzle, you will find the wishing-well. For everything you wished, comes alive in your hands, There where you touched the puzzle, There you will touch the present. You were locked up in a puzzle, You were locked up in a dream, But the nightmare found you, And now you run free. For when the nightmare touches you, there's no time to puzzle, there's no time to think, or unlock the door. You can run free. For when the

nightmare touches you, There is no room to speak, There's no room to behave, And no room to listen.

5. You can only scream, and cry, And this will set you free. Let the nightmare touch the children, who are locked up in puzzles and tight schools, And set them free on the back of the nightmare, to bring them across the river of crazy teachers. The puzzlewizard was the crazy teacher, and he brought the nightmare to you, It's all in the puzzle, The little devil jumps out of the box. Now you run for him, but tomorrow you will shake his hand. Now you fear him, but tomorrow you will desire him, For he brought you across the river.

6. Thanks to all who made us scream, Thanks to all who made us cry, Thanks to all those nightmares, Who brought us into new dreams. Only our hands survived, Enough to finally shake your hand, Enough to finally reaching the dream of dreams, and to rule the kettle of puzzles, together with you.

7. The spoon is in our hands now, The crowns are on our heads, We finally overcame daylight, The worst nightmare ever made.

8. The Puzzlewizard has many faces, one of his faces was you, The most brilliant one, We will be friends forever, Thank you forever, Orangemoon. Now when the kids sleep in nightlight, A little dim green light, The Puzzlewizard rides the roofs, To bring them puzzles for the next day, To bring them nightmares for the night, Also to have that little dim green light, In the darkness of daylight.

9. I once heard the hoofs of his horse, Knocking on the roofs, It set my heart free, For the day after I was ill, And didn't have to go to school. The hoofs of his horses, brought delirium to me, Now I'm under his spell forever, With horses under my knee. Me and my horses, we can go everywhere, It was the gift of the puzzlewizard, It woke me up, Out of daylight. I like to do games with him, with our horses surrounding us, he always wins, in the game of nightmares, but tomorrow i will get his dice. He's the friend of the gamble-wizard, I'm off to see him for a new journey.

The Gamblewizard's Palace

The lie is a riddle of truth

1. Playing chess with Mother Mary, The best thing you can do when the riddlewizard strikes. I'm on the back of a thing I don't know, It's his horse. Yesterday I thought it was something else, and tomorrow it all appeared to be a Lion, The secret of a pot of Tea. Playing chess with Mother Mary, staring at her pink-white hat. She got it from the snow, A present ... I'm sitting on the horse of the Riddlewizard, And am on my way to the Gamblewizard. When he touches my head, the crowd will start to melt away. Playing chess with Mary, Still the best thing to do when the Riddle strikes. She knows the road to the Gamblemaster, Her board of chess is a flying carpet. This life is in the hands of the Gamblewizard, We have to gamble to reach to his doors. The codes change every day, by every breath he takes. Playing chess with Mary, All toysoldiers are on board, Dancing their way to the codes, The codes of Mary's hat. Her veils are so thick, but transparent, I can see her face. She smiles like the rain, Changing her codes, She wants me to dance with her. The truth moves around a circle, around a clock, and changes like the mix in the water.

2. It must be eaten in many forms, shapes and colours, Like the smoke reaching for the snow. The truth is shape-shifting like an eagle in the sea, So that it can be downloaded deep into our souls, Like the coiling snakes into the storages of our hearts. To get rid of the lie, we must know all sides of it, to let it coil out of us, by spirals of liberty. We must surround the lie, and actually discover, that it was just a riddle of truth. The lie was just a misunderstanding, Misunderstanding ... from the Lion's Tea. The lie is a riddle of truth, And I'm still playing chess with Mary. The lie is just a joke of the truth, Can't you see the grin behind it ? A hand of love, reaching out to you, To show you the tear is the key, The lie exists when you don't surround the truth, Then it's teasing you until you start to see all the sides of the diamond.

3. The misunderstanding brings the tear, It brings you on your knees, To let you drink from the enchanted water, To show you the depth of the riddle, For it brings you to the bottom of the pond, where you see all it's treasures. The riddles are the lines between the squares of the chessboard, To sepearte them, but also to connect them, All to let you see, the many sides of the game. The joke brings you closer, It's a jokeboard after all, And I'm still drinking the wine with Mary. And all these toysoldiers, all these tears of misunderstanding, yes, even all tears of guilt, They run and melt away, When the Gamblewizard hits the board, Opening the Game within the game, Where I see your face, You, the source of all. You, the source of all problems, But also the source of all happiness, For there's nothing but you and me, And finally you have to discover, That it was all in your own head, Just a gamblegame, You, looking for the codes, To find yourself back. Still you gamble, with the balls of life, Trying to find your way, To the Gamblewizard inside your heart, Where all troubles started, and where all problems will melt away ... Problems ? Just misunderstandings, causing guilt, anger and fear, New gamble-automatons to ride in, All these lions on your path, They come from the wizard, To bring you back, Guilt, anger, fear and frustration, Confusion, Misunderstanding, Ignorance, Blindness, Deafness, All lions ... from the wizard

4. Some tones of the music you don't hear, That's why it looks false to you. Catch the other tones of the music, And the orchestra of life will appear right before your eyes, While it was always deep in your heart. Guilt was a trick from the wizard, But the riddle is never guilty, It shows all truth and

beauty, Hidden in the joke ... Guilt is a riddle, But is never guilty, Only in the joke, In which there are many veils, The apple is deep to eat, It was all to let you swim to the waterfalls of the river, To show you all sides of the justice-court, This chessboard

5. Every step is in guilt, Every square is guilt, But the chessboard shows you that without guilt, there was no focus, without guilt, the pieces would not move, Without guilt, there would not be a chessboard at all, Without guilt, there would not be any joke, and not any enlightenment, But at the sides of the board, all guilt will melt away, And the crowd will melt away, To show you it was all inside. Your fears created the crowd, but without crowd, there would be no game.

6. When the crowd melts away, you see the game within the game, Your own smile, It was all to make your smile wider, It was all to make your teeth straighten up, All these towers in your mouth, Shining their lights on all sides of the truth, The corners of all beauty. The misunderstanding brought guilt, and the guilt brought fear, And still the Gamblewizard makes such chaos Why is he doing that ? Why does it take so much time ? Time ? It was just a lion from the Wizard

7. Time is the inventor of misunderstanding and guilt, To bring you the fear, to bring you the shock, And then you fly above the chessboard on Mary's Carpet, To see it was all so small, To let you see the smile of the dwarf, Which looked like a roaring giant on the ground, Nothing is what it seems to be, It was all created by a point of view, a point of time. On the ground it roars, But in the air, you see the little machine, just smiling, making jokes, all to let you fly higher. It was sweet and soft like candy, all which appeared hard and cold, The snow reminds you the softness of winter, Winter was just an icecream in summer, And you are feeling the warmth of Mary's Carpet more and more.

8. Time was the riddle of the Gamblemaster, Sent out to teach you new tricks, And you feel yourself like a playball in his machines, When one side pushes you, it just wants you to meet other sides, Until you drink the wine of the machine, Until the juices will flow, It was all to make your heart at peace. The clock ? Just a trick of the Gamblemaster, And you're rolling like a ball through it, Meeting all it's jokes, Or are you tired already, in pain, or even sick or on the edge of death ? Remember it's the delirium, Another lion sent to you, another riddle, Another phenomenon of nature, roaring inside of you, It's the voice of the thunder, That big helicopter, Taking you out of a deeper gap, preventing you from something worse.

9. Sometimes the Gamewizard shuts a door, and he doesn't want you to see the other side, Then he gives you the juice of curiosity, to prepare you step by step to meet another creature of his wheel. Yes, he is still a master of traffic, after all ... And he tamed his lions like St. Jerome did, Deep down in the deserts, And he wants you to do the same, He can't do it for you, For you are a person yourself. Now you can peel out his riddles, Meeting all his creatures, With the jokes inside, Showing you a hidden nature Waiting for you to access You already got the invitation, Don't let the card scare you off.

The Backwardwizard's Palace

1. He was always there to bring you guilt, He always turned your heart upside down. You could scream, you could cry oceans of tears, You could let the most beautiful flowers grow and bloom for him, But he was always without mercy. You know he will get you again, You cannot escape, when your backwards friend comes. He always plays your opposite, Your own little captain hook, on your paper ship.

2. No, you will never get his attention, For he is the backwardswizard, He sent out his backwards-lions to you, to eat you like custard. There he turns all your little toysoldiers backwards, and there is nothing you can do than to watch that show. There they all go through his funnel, To fall into the cold kettle, Tomorrow they will be candy, And you cannot reach them, For they live backwards, Marching to make that cruel, cruel joke again. They always did that to you. You thought they were your friends ... But now you cannot reach them, They are dancing behind glass.

3. It's the Backwardwizard, Preparing another trick, Turning all your mirrors upside down, You don't know who you are for such a long time. You gave up all hope, Like the candy is not made for you.

4. Drama after drama seems to follow you wherever you go, Is there a way out ? Who is turning you backwards all the time ? It's the backwardwizard, sending out his lions.

5. No you cannot break this force, You tried it for so long, And you were getting so tired of it, So now it's like you laid yourself down, Giving up all attempts, Or are you still trying maybe ?

6. Why aren't you going to live backwards ? And to discover a world you don't know yet You try so hard to do good, To please the whole world, But there is another world you ignore, The world of backwards. Here another part of you lives, Waiting for you to shake hands. A part which you repressed so long, Thinking it was your evil side.

7. You turned it backwards all the time, And so you did with so many things. Don't be ashamed to live backwards, Don't be ashamed to take another direction now, And to meet another part of you now. Maybe there needs to be attention there, instead of repression. Maybe there needs to be healing there, instead of avoidance. Or maybe it can give you all the attention and healing you ever needed.

8. Maybe the Backwardwizard just wants to turn back the clock, to where it all went wrong. Maybe he just wants you to return, to put things straight again.

9. Who is living foreward, and who is living backward ? That is what you find out then.

Ladybug

1. she has the head of a ladybug ... her eyes try to pierce me, like the rolling dice i don't want to be with her ... but it seems she thinks different about that ...

2. she's a lamentation cat ... complaining and whining, letting peacocks horrorshows descend ... until i'm back ...

3. i'm her prisoner ... i'm her coin ... always coming back ... her sting is the sting of a wasp ... and now she's shocked ... she's always shocked about everything i do and say ... it's never enough ...

4. when her silver strikes me she understands me then i'm her dinner .. she has digested me ... finally almost satisfied ... but she's from the hollow ... they have never enough ... they're living in the almost zone ...

5. she's from vanilla wildernesses ... with her head like a ladybug's back ... her eyes are rolling ... i'm a prisoner of a strange castle ... an arabian castle ... while the deer ignore me ... why don't they save me ... they have big machines for that ...

6. when her silver strikes me, she brings pale stories to the mass ... her newspapers ... her butterflies ... to kidnap the fruits for an author's kitchen ... she's a lamentation cat ... she has to blame someone for pale stories ... while the night brings the colours ... when peacocks horrorshows come ... the day after they are stories ... in venus' bookshop ...

and the silver strikes, until all these bakerman's faces rise ...

Nonsense of Mathematics

1. Found the nonsense of mathematics all in a leather bag, almost burnt by the bunny, addicted to some crack. Get my money when it's daylight, I am leaving this train, I jump, I die, and bring the flowers to the faery of the burning fever, deep inside, on a burning hill I battle, for this baby to be born. It was on the old attic I found the book ... of the animal-mountain a strange towerI'm still climbing it ... to escape from the nonsense, this nonsense of mathematics
2. Got me a brand new car today, to leave the nonsense, the nonsense Got my hat put into delay to escape the nonsense of mathematics Having the winner laughing while the loser is smoking some wine-touched delicious prides Got my maths lessons upside down now ... heard the most wonderful fairytales some backward masked tricks from the sideday's sword bringing me out of the nonsense of mathematics a strange world
3. I promised myself not to listen to the nonsense, the nonsense I promised myself to eat an apple instead, sailing on the nonsense, the nonsense of mathematics Got me crazy today Will start the rocket now on animal-tower, everything is in delay I'm standing still smoking rabbithats smoking rabbitheads their tales are gone, and I'm diving away instead
4. I promised myself not to be angry anymore at the nonsense, the nonsense, I promised myself to sing in a choir, of the nonsense of mathematics Some teachers still riding in longhairy cars still sandals they're wearing, thinking they're Jesus or sandman
5. Twenty in total they're not so rich in goatwools they walk with their heads towards mental institutions, while they love their flowers stolen from rabbit's pits Got me some questions today, these heroes don't seem to fall Even when my nightmares broken they still stand tall Like ten men on a hill and ten men on a tower like the animal-tower I'll never win
6. Got me some clairvoyant today She acted strange like I was ... a victim of ten men in a spaceship selling vegetables instead of meat Should have listened to them better Now I'm here, bound by speed
7. Some turkeys on the bend, she said, like leather belts, she dreams instead I cannot act today because I am a victim of this cross
8. So bring me today to the nonsense, to the nonsense bring me today to the nonsense of mathematics

Sudden Death of the Mice's Journalist

1. Someone's looking around, like yesterday's ship. It has lost its power and its grip. Someone's sweeping the floor, today, and tomorrow someone else will do. The rabbit on the tower of a mouse castle, he smiles, he feels like robin hood. His mother gave him thick trousers, for the winds can be cold here. It's not too late, to knock on the mice door, not too late.
2. Roses standing in a pot of water, slowly dying in this day of june. Archibald smiles, he doesn't think about them, for it's june, and in june, everyone is independent. No beggars at the doors, for he had sent them all away. They can come in all the other months, but june must be free, for it's the month of independency. Everyone must care for himself.
3. The mice knock on archibald's door. They give him some extra flowers, but he throws them on the floor, for june is the month of independency. He sends them home, that's their destiny.
4. Good morning, the witch says to the queen, i have a baby of you, and i will grasp another one, for it's july, and that's the time for stealing babies. The queen smiles, for she wanted to get rid of the babies. They cry too much. She's the queen of mice, she let them die. She doesn't care about their babies. They cry too much, and in July it is allowed to steal, so she steals from someone else, some grown-up girls. Oh yes, they have noises, and they gossip a lot, but the queen thinks that's okay. She likes to have some company, for her husband is gone the whole day.
5. Good morning, the mouse says to the spy. Please wait for me, so that we can both go to fly. I have a parachute on my back. That's easier, for when we fall, everything's okay. The spy says no, for it's august, and it's not allowed to have a parachute when you fall. It's the time of hard things, not of soft things. And then he becomes a hard day mouse, waiting for the skies of september, almost a year gone, full of treasures, full of surprises. It's always the same clock, but strange things happening inside of it.
6. I don't know if i have strength to end the story. It's october, and then all stories are short, i must wait for precious december, in which the stories never end, i'm begging to enter. The police of mice is on track today, it will never be december on my way. Some strange company of roses decided it, surrounded by churches. So say goodbye to me, it's my last time, they will shoot me, because i will never reach januari in which i will stay alive. All guys trapped in november will die.
7. I don't want to die, but i have to. I played many songs, I wrote many stories, but they're always short and it's almost november, and i cannot make a bridge to reach for december, and only tall

stories will reach januari to live forever. So say goodbye to me, I will not be your friend anymore, oh I would like to be it forever, but the mice police won't let me go. They will shoot me like they did to my friend ... I know this story ... goodbye, this is the end.

8. I cry ... I'm so please yell at the mice police, I'm dying here, unless a faery comes to defend me, but they don't believe in faery's, they only believe in me ... I'm like their god, and I have to die. It's time for their Jesus Christ to find his way to the cross I was a blue man coming on a green island with green faces and then the blue one is like god and has to die all things which are strange

9. This is the last time, friend hold my hand, I won't return here anymore, I'm just a mouse's pencil, they will break it before it reaches the shore ... not able to become a real honoured citizen of a mouse's kingdom ... Help me, help me, but you can't I don't have the faith, so I will slowly die ... They shot me in my finger ... enough to go to their hells forever but some believe Jesus Christ will rise up after three days ... that's an eternity for me, for I will never reach december that's sad when you die the last day of november even if you're Jesus you never wake up so I must go to their sleeping hells forever ... never waking up in this everlasting damnation

10. My pencil is getting heavier my friend, I will die soon, this is the end Precious friend, don't mourn about me, but mourn about them who invented this cruel system

The End

A Day at the Fairground II

1. Poetry from the Table Ballerina - Smiles from Leprechaun

2. Boys from Lynx II - The Land Beyond Cockaigne

3. Prisoner of an Author's Kitchen III - Green Dragon's Lie

4. Purple Snow I

5. Purple Snow II

6. Purple Snow III

7. Boys from Lynx III

8. White Golden Book

9. Telephone Junks – Cobra Plants 1-17

10. Sweet Telephone Christ – Dirty Sand 1-12

11. Dragons Song

12. Grandfather's Wartrauma - The Hours of Friday

13. Purple Flowerfields

14. Purple Lies

15. Snake in the Swanlake III

16. Poetry from the Black Widow II - Drama's from Z

17. The Pink Chocolate's Rose Wedding II - Dolphin's Goodbye

18. Master of Auction III - Alphabet of Misunderstanding

19. Broken Bridge

20. Poetry from the White Chocolate III - Cold December Day

21. Cigarettes of War

22. Poetry from the Big Gun II - Dragon Postbanks

23. The Banks of History - Silver Cigars

24. Potatoes, Onions and Oranges

25. Poetry Around the Spear of Jesus - Language of Sleep

26. Deaf Shop

27. Ladybug II

28. Master of Auctions Part IV - Brothers from Rigil Kent

29. Indian Line 2-6

30. Red Stripes 1-8

31. Purple Orange

Poetry from the Table Ballerina

Smiles from Leprechaun

1. I feel a bakerman's face flowing through my mind, spreading so many lies in a lullaby. I am heading to the sky, where my babies bleed. I'm just an ornament in the wind, waiting for all my babies coming home ...

2. I'm just an ornament's speaker, from this ornament's dish ... spinning so many records inside ... my face is like a jukebox ... wide in the sky ... I'm rising from the dishes, baby ... It is a lion's dish .. with so many spells come forward ... through this dish ... while coffee is spreading ... waking them all up ...

3. Am I a coffeedish now ... I cannot feel my arms and legs ... These bakerman's faces ... Am I in a trap And where the rings are coins ... I'm running high on sweet potatoes ... It's the voice of a leprechaun's table ... rising in kerses minds ... Am I still a golden table ... like that golden one of Ra ... so many things spinning around there ...

4. Still the dishes are changing ... and I'm dancing on old tables ... playing ping-pong with the ancient suns ... They're smiling while I get angry ... I lost the ball again, while rippling silver tigers ascend in the skies ... someone is swallowing me, while I lose it ... I am losing the game ... or do I also lose you ...

5. I feel a bakerman's face ... rising so high in the sky ... and all I can do is crying ... in this land of the ashes ... while there are leprechauns ... sailing in the sky ... I feel like I am a dirty old table ... but maybe it's just something inside ...

6. It's speaking to me ... for help to let it rise ... but I am carrying so many venus-crosses, I cannot help them, these lullabies ... until the needle comes to cut them, and they scream ... what a beautiful record ... they call it the sun ... in these bakerman's skies in these swallowing ornaments ... while the silver rippling tigers ascend ... like Jesus Christ like Osiris with his ice

7. I'm feeling cold, you are a bakerman's face I feel you're stealing my pockets empty ... while I don't see your hands am I getting crazy in these rippling skies like monsters riding high ... with their big mouths ... they scream at me ... and I am getting smaller am I on high materos, preacherman, or am I dying like Peter Pan, to find his Tinkerbelle again ... or his long lost harem in the skies of Kerses Minds

8. Someone lost a tale ... now they are telling it to each other did he lose or win the game I am in Kerses Mind, let me explain ...

9. Someone loses his tail ... on a Jupiter's mountain, before a cradle called Jericho ... and I'm losing a feather ... are we fishes at the end of the day ... fishes without tails ... just bullets ... fishes without tails ... just heads without a body ... just heads without a body

10. Fishes in the sky ... without feathers ... fishes in Kerse's minds like trunks they survive they are just fishes in the sky ... they are like leprechauns on golden tables, telling you what you decide ... in this black black night

11. Fishes in the sky, tell me brother, why do I have to lose my mind, to become a fish in the sky ... why do I lose my mind ... just to have a Kerse's Mind ... Is that all we need, Kerse's Mind, I'm a dish of Snow White's dream ... I'm diving like a fisherman, but I am just a fish in the sky ... without body ... only a head ... I am the Leprechaun ... just pray I do the rest

12. Fishes in the sky, through old curtains, I am losing my mind while someone's doing the dishes in the palace of the queen and the empress ... oh, it's just belcanov ... We are fishes in the sky ... we are the boys with Kerse's minds ... we are the fishes flowing through ancient tables, ancient curtains ... fishes in the sky, of some old potatoes ...

13. Now you're laughing, but soon you will cry ... for we are fishes in the sky ... just brothers ... losing our minds ... the skies so rippling, mouths so tender but still fishes in the sky heads of monsters in the sky silver ripples like uncle peacocks horrorshow.

14. I am dancing on a golden table like Ra, a table behind the sleep, in sandman's sky This land is full of deserts ... turning into ashes at the end of the day ... while these are watering skies searching for their prey ... today ...

15. Circles in the sky I'm wondering ... circles in the sky I wonder what they are preying for ... praying for ... these circles in the sky ... Gonna eat me ? Circles in the sky ... you my mother, just circles in the sky ... rippling like the silver, waiting to crash me ... just silver in the sky of liberty

16. Now I'm dancing on the coin, I am a leprechaun's smile ... I am your brother, if you are also my brother I'm dancing on the dish ... I'm coming from the spinning tables ... these rings in the sky full of records ...

17. Who's shattering my head on the coin what's this table full of stamps just fishes in the skies .. just babies flying high ... my babies

18. A leprechaun is dancing on the table, who invited his silver shoes ... who invented them ... who is this shoemaker, letting the dragons sleep ... He's so free, and he is lying so lie, bakerman, lie ... you are spinning your coffee for another lie ... you're spinning your books of lies ... are you just a pinocchio of black wood rising high ...

19. I saw a red pinocchio ... sleeping today ... between a green pinocchio and a golden one ... while silver machines were soothing them ... a blue one entered the room speaking in unknown languages ... while the tables started to spin ... and the purple started to rise ... in this daydream's lies

20. Pinocchio ... your sister was a sleeping table ... but you're awakening them tonight and they will start to speak and spin like your mother ... while the yellow liars spread their red tomatoeseeds ... and their green ones on the other day

21. we are heading for another sleep in these rippling silver skies ... tell me what do you deny tell me what you are doing to these bakerman's lies give me my candles burning tight in the palest night ... these pyramids they rise inside

22. I feel like an old old table in these bakerman's skies with so many lies with so many dreams ...

23. I will explode in the night heading for Kerses Minds so light heading for kerses minds in their delights these old snakes of the leprechaun ...

24. colours so pure and bright ... so pale and so secure so white they take flight while I'm standing on bakerman's tables ... They have feathers I do not understand ...

25. These tables with one hand ... These are worlds in golden coins ... where the bananas burn like fire ... the ashes are good bullets for the guns ... these orange guns of mr. orange

26. dreaming on ... to the tables behind the sleep these sandman tables ... he's having feathers and fruits in his head and I do not understand

27. I feel like an old table in a museum watching the statues of jokes ... with their rings so tight ... where records spin ... where dishes take flight to reach for the other day ... through silver skies

28. the bakerman's faces will unite ... like golden rains it will spout these wasprains from such a
strange television

29. the queen of england knows all about it she's pressing the people ... like newyears
eveningpapers and a little boy is running for no one wants to eat it and now they're eating him
... these dogs in dark skies ... where the silver hides

30. I am the coin of a leprechaun, a strange wishingwell ... people they jump in it, but they are never
reaching daylight again ... only the birds who were caged in them ... they had to live inside their
muscles ... to sing from these records and dishes but now they are free ... in liberty ... standing on
the jokestatues behind the tables ... these statues of tables ... in a strange strange kitchen, a strange
garden, where flowers start to cry ... when a leprechaun passes by ... no samaritan wants to be
helped by him it's daylight's spring when they unite ... doing the last fight ... rippling in silver the
gold rises ... getting paler every year ... the pear gets paler every year, while the silver is hiding
and the gold is uniting ... and rising ... while the vanilla it gets so pale ... and the bananas are
burning on their sticks ... they are dying becoming straight like blue bananas like the big amon ...
like the blue tables behind the streams of sandman

31. and now the marbles are rolling, and now the tables are spinning and speaking ... their heads are
on the coins, while their records spin on their dishes even on the wall these draughttables and
these chesstable inside there is gold ... while smiles of death are rising ... smiles from
leprechaun

32. I am losing the game ... I am losing everything while someone's doing the dishes ...
Bilmageln and Belcanov The dishes are smiling, with smiles of death ... The tables are
running they are the soldiers of a new day they're rolling to their beds ... Some things you
can never understand ... There is silver rippling in the sky these silver tigers ... and soon they're
running inside while dishes are smiling ... with the smiles of the leprechaun ... with the smiles of
the leprechaun these smiles of death there are records on dishes ... spinning eyes strange
banks strange postbanks ... strange decisions ... while something grows inside ... heading for these
prometheus skies ... to these silver skies Is life is such a strange egg ... we must break out of it ...
finding out that there's always a bigger egg oh, we get so tired ... until the sleepboat takes us
away ... then we can find another day ... on the heart of the leprechaun ... he's spreading his coins,
his taxmachines ... while there is life in his coins standing on strange tables strange traffic,
strange highways ... like strange nerves ... strange railroads ... strange trains ... strange postmen like
Gepetto ... these gods of ten these gods of railroads standing on strange tables in a
leprechauns coin on high tables of the attic ... my nephews take flight in their strange racecars ...
strange destinies heading for something like the eye of egypt ... in these bakerman's lies ... it's
never time to take flight ... only to get to sleep ..

33. Two sides on the coin, maybe more ... I found a third one service with little light these hospitals are tricks of drunk indians a strange taxmachine after all while democracies are roaring ... and I am losing the game

34. Democracies are roaring ... two sides on the coin ... maybe more all rippling in silver all rippling in bakerman's lies leading us to Kerses Minds ... only the birds in us will survive ...

35. I am a table-ballerina speaking to you, maybe you didn't understand one word I spoke to you but just know I love you ... I hide a tear for you, behind a smile ... dancing on your lap, but I'm still a table-ballerina, a silver golden one, spreading the colours on the tables ... when I dance it's summer, when I dance there is snow ... I'm a table ballerina knowing the row of lapped minds of Jupiter's lies ... my crown it bends and then it rains to you I'm Jupiter's storm on a dolphin's goodbye I speak to you it only happens one time in your life and then you have to follow me I only show up once and for all only those who follow me, will get me on my knees ... I am truthfull to you on a dolphin's goodbye on the table of sandman I take flight ... to get them all on their knees ... I am a table-ballerina from a leprechauns mind from a leprechauns heart the suns are my friend, my friend

36. I am a table-ballerina, spreading lies so high ... spreading soothing machines ... to let them do business these warmachines ... by lies I bring them to sleep Is it the curse on my table ...

37. I am a table dancer, a strange clock, a strange spider, all in the coin of a leprechaun I do my decisions So much ashes behind the deserts ... where a white chocolate house stands

38. There's business around the big shoe, standing on the table ... spinning around like a crazy spider ... making the plants, that's better for you ...

39. The suns are so pale there, in the middle of these tables It's blinding you, it makes us deaf, until uncle peacock takes us away ...

40. The suns are so pale here ... it's christmas in the skies and all these clauses are ascending ... spreading so many lies on television ... it's the pick pock family's decision not mine, I'm just telling you they locked me up years ago ... to let me dance on their tables spreading the lies of a green tomato's dragon ... service with a little light three sides on the coin or maybe more

41. The suns are so pale here ... the clauses are lying spreading their bakerman's faces ... spreading their ornament's dreams tonight it's on television and then the babies dream ... then the ship's ascending like dadda's cloudship bringing us to uncle unicorn ...

42. Dreams are so pale here ... spreading so many lies all these clauses on television these lights too bright ... while the shoe sinks in the stocking ... these are uncle peacock's lights all on a leprechaun's table in a leprechaun's coin ... the third side strange road to hell ... here their hairs are burning here all smiles are fake and they do strange business and they do strange games cuyornaida corset a white boot on a green table ... with uncles around them uncle peacock, uncle unicorn and uncle one to ten ...

Boys from Lynx II

The Land Beyond Cockaigne

enchanted bananas

1. You must fight for the money, and then you can do business ... It's nine o'clock, it's bedtime soon ... You have enough money to write a letter ... and tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... all these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world of dwarves ... the bragging of tax brought large publics to you ... so who's now on turn in chess ...

2. The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ... The frog has some movies ... and some old castles ... I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ... I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... where the pick pock family still steals ...

3. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ... all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...

4. The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... to keep you addicted to someone you are not ... and you split up you had to marry to yourself ... the brown mirror brought you there, by knocking on old chocolate and now you're getting colder by the black divorce ... falling in a blue sea ... where ancient and mythical fishes rise ... the banana was enchanted ... and now you stare at it's spoon

5. charity the other lie of the black rose ... while you dive beyond this world of mirrors ... to the original strike ... you don't need these clocks to let you wait for nothing ... you are just sinking to ... the land beyond cockaign ... where seas of flowers make you so insane ... three pale purple flowers you got ... and now you're here at the end of the day ... standing in purple snow ... you're crazy now, thinking you were normal before ... this is where all ponds lead you to ... you fell in these seas ... with all these strange perfumes ... you aren't hungry anymore ... and what is this stench ... did you ever smell that before ...

6. and you see the frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... this is the world of the blind ... there are no movies anymore ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... the fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible you wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ...

7. I don't want to be in charity ... I don't want to be saved ... I don't need your stories, don't need your movies ... I don't need your swanlakes ... I don't need your Jesuses I don't need your birthdaycakes ... Let me be alone ... oh, let me be ... with the boys from lynx

8. These boys from lynx still leading the blind ... I don't need to see your movies I rather be blind ... having my own delights inside with these boys from lynx ...

9. These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... so misjudged by others ... so misjudged ... while others use their mirrors ... let me use my boys from lynx ... they're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind

golden pirate ship

10. These enchanted straight blue bananas ... these ancient mythical fishes ... make me blind, make me deaf ... to hear the most beautiful music ... Oh, pirateship ... turn me on ... turn me on ...

11. Don't keep your pictures of fright ... but try to find the fairytale inside ... by this little light ... of the boys from lynx ...

12. By making us blind, they show us the most beautiful paintings inside ...

13. These boys from lynx these criminals inside

14. These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ...
These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... I'm fainting while i see their
pink ornaments ... These monsters of rock .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and
where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond cockaign ..

15. They know the snares to move the tears, this land beyond the custard These wizards hearts

16. And now there's a golden pirate ship in blind seas ... the handicapped guys make the good
movements ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... and now we hear the
magical musicboxes inside the beating hearts of wizards ... these banana hearts ... they make
golden jokes on golden pirateships ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... these plastic waves
with crocodile boots ...

17. I'm watching the handicapped and autistic stars the stars of dementia bringing us here ... on
the wings of misunderstanding ... we found our true friends ... by accidents and mistakes ... they
have friendly fishes leading them through awesome realms ... turning so wild in the night ... so
wild ... these wild stars in pink delights ... presents from pony ...

18. this plastic wood would be good to be a suit ... the wood is soft in marchpane land ... but this is
the world beyond cockaigne ... if coins are slaves, then why do i pay ... i need to free the birds of
cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ... from pipe's conspiracy ... like frozen soldiers they march
to their destinies with chinese lanterns .. with wild worlds inside wild lights these are
bakerman's faces ... with so many nipples on it ... while some say they have strange skindiseases ...
nippleheads they march .. through chinese lanterns ... so wild ... touched by thrillers ... they come
alive inside ...

19. but this is the land beyond cockaigne ... they do movements so insane while wizards hearts
lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ...

20. These coins are slaves and sacrificed by religion ... when they become blind and deaf ... wild
and handicapped on the wings of an autistic child with the wings of dementia ... they can reach for
the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again ...

Green Dragon's Lie

"She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She's a Green Dragon's Lie..."

1. She was tied to the book, the stories were too heavy to bear, she was a book statue, a prisoner, standing there all these years, On the back of a book, sucking the life out of her, again and again, She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds ... And she wanted you to read the stories, so that she could catch you in her net ... So that she could wrap her wings around you, and sucking you deeper inside, while you were turning the pages ... She wanted to hurt you ... she wanted to break you ... to bring you into her world ... So that you would see ... the dragon's tears ... the tears she couldn't bear anymore ... She was tied to the book, a prisoner ... of a green dragon ... And she said : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to take you into my world, So read all the stories, for I cannot bear them anymore ... these green tomatoe seeds ... I'm still a whore ... a slave of a green dragon They call me the whore of babylon, they call me a two-faced harlot, they say I am the seed of devils, but I'm behind dragon bars ... You cannot touch me, I'm only there to view ... I am a movie of tantalos ... a movie of a vanilla desert ... A toy hidden on a cupboard too high ... by a green dragon's lie ...

2. Green dragon tears are falling, his books are almost exploding, the memories of his heart ... He needs some guests to read it, there in that old bookshop, So that he can make them prisoner of his books ... Bookstatues they will be, tied on the back of his memories, his diaries, so they can catch his tears, and bring them to the other side of the world ...

3. Butterflies are flying, butterflies are crying, butterflies are dying ... entering the other side of the world ... bearing the green dragon's tears ... stories too heavy for them, they are tied to these wings, only letting them fall ... and now they are called fallen angels ... by a green dragon's lie ... There are yellow dragon's prisoners ... coming from the south, from the other side of the world, they march, They are the slaves of yellow tomatoe seeds, the tears of a yellow dragon ... They bear the books on their backs, they are bookstatues, tied to cruel indian stories, there are waspian wars in their heads, and they see daylight as a threat ... They see all these butterflies fall, and need to bring them to the green dragon castle again ... They bring their prisoners to the end of the world ... And she says : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to see you bleed, want to see you shattered, so that you can enter my world, to see the tears of a green dragon, the tears I cannot bear ... I don't want to be your slave, I don't want to be your liar, All I want to be is to be free from this story ... This story, a green dragon's lie

4. He was bewitched by a witch, a green witch, having green tears she couldn't bear ... diaries too heavy, she planted it in a boy's heart ... So that she could fly away, and become this yellow dragon ... but the yellow tears ... were much heavier ... for she couldn't fly anymore ... and now they

all march on the ground ... all her yellow prisoners ... spreading her yellow tomatoe seeds ... While a red dragon is grinning, he wrote all these stories, he had a wife talking too much ... and all his friends were just his prisoners ... prisoners of the books she gave him ... bookstatues ... under a blue jaguar flag ... spreading the red tomatoe seeds, these are purple rats ... becoming red in the night ... when the red dragon is raging, throwing his saul spears into david's cars ... still falling stars under stories too heavy ... the red stone making them so creative, making them dream in soft fires ... a toyworld growing in their hearts, a red balloon, pumping ... until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark of the wasp where the waspian dragons breed them, where they have their soft wet candles ... to be candlestatues ... to burn their books again ... by a green dragon's lie ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ... casino's cabman was his name ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... In rows they stand, these green dragon's lies ... she's finally a candle statue, she's finally a dragon's tear ... a thing too heavy to bear ... too hard to move, too big to steal, too tall to lie to ... she's now only spreading the green tomatoe seeds ... by her mouth ... by a green dragon's lie ...

5. Green liars, green dragon's tears ... too afraid to tell the truth ... still prisoners of the lie, but free from the books ... Inside they can speak their truths ... when the nights fall and the night troupers come ... Inside they can feel ... the true touches ... These tears turn red at midnight ... then the red dragons are raging and crying ... while playing on the beach, they're dying ... to come alive again ...

Life so close to death ... It's shivering between black and red ... while bookslave-masters from arabian deserts, come to find their prisoners, soft women butterfly women, taking the boys to their books again, soft wings they install, under crying and weeping, these are shrieking boys in a red clock ... while pharao wants to drown them again ... Oh the thrillers of the red dragons, written by a golden pencil ... turning yellow in the night ... while dragon candles burn the books, she's now a pencil-statue, a shriek, a dragon's cry ... turning a prisoner into a spy ... she lets the boys meet the boys ... she lets the poles meet the poles ... and then she lets them mix for new stories ... she's still the lady of the library all these years bringing the books to enthousiastic children ... unaware of their destiny ... she's still poisoned candy after all these years ... reading the books loud ... by a green dragon's lie ... her husband sells books ... he is a journalist ... a prince of satire ... a boy tied to a microphone ... and she's singing her opera's by taking her boy, and pushing him to the ground ... then they always struggle, a fight which ends in the bathroom ... where she tries to drown him ... there's something wrong with this marriage ... she has the pharao-syndrome ... there's a voice in her head ... a tall baker's whisper ... a green dragon's lie ... making her crazy ... she's still not happy ...

6. In summers she's like tied to a spoon, while her husband is doing the dishes ... under the weight of a green stone ... coming from a dragon's castle ... they try to save their marriage ... she eats ... while he cleans ... she cooks ... while he works ... but it's like their marriage is dying ... it's heading for a burial ... for some stones are too heavy ... she talks too much and he sells the books ... they are swindlers to survive ... they lie to each other ... by a green dragon's lie ... they are green liars in a boat ... a boat with wheels, with shrieking boys clocks ... casino's cabman is the statue on the front of their ship ... smiling ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... they are both prisoners of a two faced chair ... prisoners of a two faced bed ... having their loves and their fights ... still warstatues becoming business statues in the night ... they are night troupers only touching each other ... by the flame of a dragon's castle ... he's a record-statue yawning ... for the songs are too boring ... he hears

them day in day out ... she bores him ... sometimes he's the slave of a flute ... sometimes he feels like a car ... he's a victim of a shrieking boys clock ... while she's laughing ... these wheels are weeping, complaining day in day out ... i'm getting headaches, she says ... I'm going to leave my man, to be free in the snow ... I'm going to drown these boys, I'm Pharaoh ... She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She's a Green Dragon's Lie ... She's a swindler standing before the gates of games, She's an ornament of joy ... but something's eating her inside ... It's the red dragon ... not wanting to lose his toy ...

Purple Snow

purple sandman

1. I'm running through purple snow ... along purple curtains, while a purple sandman is picking me up with his wizard's bike ... it's like an orange motorcycle ... we're heading for the deserts ... where bakers run ... and where the cowboys do their business ... Around the deserts the villages of the pick pocket families stand ... Here they do their dances ...

2. And I'm still wandering through purple snow ... looking for the bright eyes all these women were just swindlers and their men were taxmasters ... I'm now looking for these deserts ... to find the holes to darker creatures ... There are some animals hanging in black christmas trees they hang near the strange lights ... Strange birthdays

3. These are roads to the big shoe ... forgotten roads ... It was tax keeping you addicted ... These taxmasters from southern coasts ... these old men but they hide the stockings of christmas to new worlds ... throw your presents into them i will be on their back

4. it was a taxmachine producing icecream ... these women all rose from the green ... finding their taxlines to be on tv ... they were the swindling lights on your birthdaycakes ... hiding the ways to these baker's faces ... it was a taxmachine producing these icecreams ... bringing this purple snow ... and now purple sandman is standing before you ... with this liquid key in his hands ... so many tears are streaming ... bringing you to wonderland ... is this where the delirium ends ? or is it the beginning of a new dream how deep is this rabbit's tail ? ... It ends in the big shoe ... where the lakes of tears are ... there where the rabbits drink ...

5. it's all wine ... the baker was a taxmaster ... hiding in sweet amsterdam ... purple sandman is standing before me ... with his purple horses from capricorn's roundabout ... they make the colours so wild ... while I'm bathing in purple snow ... just purple snow ... for the icecream stang too deep ... it was poison ... and now i'm crying on this wizard's bike he takes me away to a giant's kettle ... why did they drown the chicken here ... there's alcohol streaming all over the place ... he would have given it to them anyway pick pock families rising from the chicken ... laughing hard ... it's their obsession they have their stories while we were in an author's kitchen with purple snow in our heads ... these snowflakes lead us to the end to the numbers of conscience ... to the birds of cigarette ...

6. we travel along the purple curtains ... with purple snow in our hair while purple sandman watches the show .. the icecream is killing us ... and the tears flow ... leading us to the big shoe to darker creatures ...

grandfather's horror

7. It ticks on his cupboard, i'm the silver cocoon, leading you to the end of the moon. I'm the aurora, the crucified witch, I'm the harpoon, there's nothing you can do ... I'm looking for hearts to breed my spoon ... the enchanted spoon ... My husband is a wolve's gnat, a taxmaster, if it comes to that ... breeding his icecreams by letting his fruits die ... they become too sweet and too cold ... it makes you cry ... It's still grandfather's horrorstory-booktears rolling through your trousers ... to reach the big shoe ... the big shoe ... still a peacocks horrorshow ... the woodcutter never existed ... it was a taxmaster ... breeding the numbers of conscience by a strange mirror a copymachine ... it was a shark with a camera ... with bright eyes making you blind it was a jewel in a spanish sun ... a jewel in a flower

8. on a black white chessboard we had our weddings and divorces ... now we look more like each other, for this makes you my brother ... my mother had to do it this way ... revenge before the strike ... still peacocks horrorshow ... from grandfathers taxbook

9. i cannot help it you're here today ... we divorced too much in that strange black and white fruit ... you like this dance this thriller's dance ... it goes deeper and deeper by in and out ... it penetrates our minds together ... making a siamese twin, a lamentation cat from peacocks horrorshow i'm having a new pet almost ripe for this author's kitchen you don't want to hear how cruel this is it must be or it will not sell it's peacocks horrorshow from grandfathers chessbook

10. what's on the pawn, i'm staring ... a wolve's gnat is sitting there ... from peacock's horrorshow .. another story from your local taxoffice

11. It grows on a market this strange strange fruit, it's like it's wednesday and thursday on the same day ... It's taxday and tv's on ...

Purple Snow II

Easter lines on wasp tv

1. Winters after summer, it's snowing ... but it's just a winter in april ... Herodes, Pharao and Judas coming down, I'm still waiting for the anti-christ and his little dragon ... it's a dog ... a wolve's gnat actually ... barking on wasp tv ... his hair is in fire ... he's a lucifer ... And this tv is just a woman's head ... she's a swindler ... reflecting the unknown ... there are bakerman's faces on her crown ... like lights in the christmas tree ... where babies come alive ... big heads ... where memory is the addiction ... wasps are rising from wasp tv ...

2. there's blue metal in the air ... making the breath and the swallow fast and deep ... together with the green metal enchanted mirrors created the public ... these dogs are mirrors .. diving through black ponds ... tomorrow they are the nipples i'm surrounded by bakerman's faces ... all these tv's ... they are women ... they were swindlers on a hill ... with soft fires ... they made the thrill ... they wanted to be the mirrors in the bathroom ... laying the pink addictions ... it's a memory tv after all ...

Purple Snow III

1. Do you see signs in the snow .. that we belong together ... do you believe in something greater than this ... It was a football game letting us focus on the ball ... The queen of england between the flowerfields her footballfields ... while birthday's standing on tv with his dog called christmas for the usual fee ...

2. Do you believe in christmasbells .. do you believe in crashing cars ... do you believe in white wet alphabets spread on white chocolate do you believe that when you stare in the jewels of these white waspian flowers ... you get blind so blind ... to touch the cold conscience ... on a wet summers day in winter

3. Do you believe in purple snow ... do you believe in purple winterdays ... coming from these spanish suns .. deep in arabia ... these are presents from capricorn charityboats to hide the storms ... still pirateships breeding footballfields on wild seas

4. I believe this is the best opportunity to tell you I do not believe in your tea waters ... they bring me into sleep too slow ... I need some faster tricks ... from that dog called christmas ... he has a black christmas tree as his nose ... where a little tailor lives on top ... together with a pirate ... white pirates on vega southern ships ... still believing in carnival's trip ... still believing in mad suns ... with mad songs where everything is crazy ... they are all blind ... rising the chinese lights ... while the owl has such a calming voice ... with his deerbird ... he rides across the moon ... to see the other side ...

5. these are lunar stairways and lunatic highways .. while the crocodile breeds the glue ... for his new architecture style ... these are lunar stairways and lunatic highways ... don't look in the mirror again ... don't breed your soles when you step don't dive into ponds enchanted ... but go to mimir's well ... to become blind again ...

6. dragonian architecture is in the house, drawn on the walls ... what a lovely wallpaper ... i bought them at mimir's well ... these are lunar stairways and lunatic highways ... while the chocolate is rising ... we are all marching through footballfields ... flowerfields ... staring into white treasures ... to become blind again ...

7. there's purple snow on the walls and purple snow on these white floors ... while purple sandman travels with us through purple curtains ... along purple pillows ... to the broadcast lady of cartoon ... with her pink boots ... while flowers of smoke send their messages ... the cigars paint the walls ... saint nicolas with all his taxmasters ... spreading the taxtoys to the kids while i'm getting deaf by my mate ... i'm hearing his horse on the roofs ... throwing presents through the chimneys ending in shoes to be prisoners of the football fields ... prisoners of strange games while the purple snow is roaring ...

8. There's purple snow on the footballfields ... While the queen of England is staring at the balls Is she expecting something ... It's the pencil of the newspapers ... while a prisoner is writing ... the sport's journalist and all these pencils ... these waterlights ... heading for the broadcast lady of cartoon with her pink boots in purple snow ... she was painted by a dragon ... she was saved out of a game ... and now she's here ... while some call her a prisoner ... they think they need to defeat the dragon ... while the dragon saved her ... it was her jesus christ ... and when she's laughing ... people think she's crying ...

9. she's a dragon's prisoner in the eyes of so many ... but the waterlights are heading for her and her orange balls ... they want to watch her pink boots ... standing on purple snow they want to see her dragon ... they think they need to save the dragon from her ... for she's not a comic yet ...

10. they want to make a comic of her ... so that the dragon doesn't have to fear her anymore ... they want to soothe it's heart ...

11. these are books of old playcards .. waiting to be comics ... in purple snow the footballs will write ... the watermarks on the waterlights ... all in the christmas museum ... the dragon will write the dragon will write ...

Boys from Lynx III

1. under purple roofs we sit .. with all these bakerman's faces ... with our wings of dementia ... watching the snakes come alive ... there's an orange pink forestroad ... drawing us inside ...

2. under purple roofs we sit ... with all these bakerman's faces ... doing nothing but staring at a pit ... where the snakes rise ... and here the dice are playing ... these faces can be tall ... until they are tall whispers hiding us for the storm

3. i call out your name ... i call out for your tall decisions ... let me have my own election days ...

4. i call out to these bakerman's faces ... i need some coins to start this automaton ... this faery barrelorgan ... with sugar melting inside ... with icecream from delirium ... i need oil for my racecars riding ...

5. the pink songs letting us travel through time ... why do all these numbers blow into my face ... daddy, the flame's in the red eye ... while a silver eye strikes us to the end ... to these bakerman's faces ... so many nipples on a face ... we're watching the show of a strange footballgame

6. with all these bottles rising ... and all these tall whispers ... where bakers hide where boys from lynx take decisions ... they have pink balloons in their pockets ...

7. so pale it makes the ancient fishes rise in the ponds ... they talk like cruel decisions ... with
peacocks horrorshows ... tall windows on the attic ... waving at snow ...
8. here divas are rising ... fullcoloured birds from tropical islands too far away for our understanding
...
9. and i call for your name ... there's a red eye in the flame ...
10. and a pale pink balloon in my pocket ... and some other pale colours ... these bakerman's faces ...
they talk like cruel decisions ...
11. with peacock's horrorshows ... tall windows on the attic .. waving at snow ... to cold
conscience ... too high for understanding ... when the pink silver strikes ...
12. they roar like wolves these boys from lynx ... they make me scared with their tall wings ...
making their operas blowing up their balloons these snakeballoons ... while a ladybug is sitting
on my head ... giving me numbers and nipples
13. they roar like wolves these boys from lynx like hounds they make decisions ... they shout
through the night ... while wizard hearts beat faster ... while arabian trains get slower like frozen
toadstools with faces ...
14. give me the seeds the powders of delirium plants ... give me the ornaments these forestroad
snakes ... there are tongues of tall decisions .. and balls of strange footballfields ...
15. these bakerman balloons ... while someone is beating the bottles with a spoon ... it's the silver
strike making us all understand ... we're bathing in cold conscience ...

White Golden Book

1. There are golden liars on a golden ship.
2. The white golden pinocchio takes flight, it's a balloon in the air, while Rithelm sings, his hat over
his head, you can only see his mouth.

3. White golden pinocchios take flight ... It's the united insurance ... making the air so thick ... from here the horses take flight.

4. While Rithelm sings, the walls of Jericho are rising, with their curtains, and soft fleeces ...

5. He's raising the roundabouts for the purple strike ...

6. I'm living in a strange fairground, where the white rules, waiting for the purple ...

7. It's like tart in my head ...

8. The marionettes are standing there in the roundabout, together with their purple horses,

9. they make the music in their white suits with the red stripes.

10. They have big strange black hats, and their horses spit fire, while they gleam in the sun.

11. It's like the dress of my aunt, my uncle could never reach her.

12. She believes in silk and porcelain, and doing what the neighbours do.

13. She walks like them and talks like them, while my uncle can never talk.

14. He's too shy, but she cares for him like no one else.

15. She's always his hospital when he has drunk too much ...

16. He's like the fish in the fairground.

17. My uncle in the fish's hospital, always after a good drink ...

18. but i never liked to see it ...

19. smoke came out of his ears ...

20. I want to have pointed ears and rabbit ears ...

21. So many ears from the earshop ...

22. He's smoking white shoelaces ...

23. he always gets them from my aunt ...

24. It seems he's so proud of her ...

25. These shoelaces show him the roads to go ...

26. They are always his trafficlights in the games of gamble ...

27. He gathers them and eats them from his golden fairground dish ...

28. It's like music in his head ...

29. But there are golden liars on a ship,

30. while white golden Pinocchios rise ...

31. and Rithelm's singing,

32. with his hat over his head,

33. you can only see his mouth.

34. His mouth isn't moving,
35. the words just roll out,
36. like marbles they build the city ...
37. the city of Jericho ...
38. I wait till these walls unite ...
39. So many roundabouts are rising ...
40. They come from grandfathers old books ...
41. There are gleaming ships on the roundabouts,
42. between the horses and the marionets ...
43. There are also racecars between them,
44. spreading the neon advertisements ...
45. So many birds are flying ...
46. building jericho ...
47. where the comics rise ...
48. rippling with the cartoons ...
49. Deep in the city the golden pinocchio statues stand ...

50. it's almost in the forest ...

51. from here so many balloons are rising ...

52. uncle and aunt still live in their caravan ...

53. They have books of white golden lies ...

54. My aunt has rings blinding you ...

55. They have strange fairground barrel organs ...

56. and they love to hear these roars of lions

57. The lion roundabout is close to their caravan.

58. Uncle takes a ride very often,

59. and then he drinks himself to the fish's hospital ...

60. then nuclear smoke is coming out of his ears ...

61. and also out of his nose ...

62. It always used to scare me

63. He always told me his white golden jokes,

64. but it was always like I couldn't reach him ...

65. like he was standing so far away ...

66. Since my mother died I had so many stepmothers ...

67. and my father was always gone with my uncle,

68. going to their white golden seaparties ...

69. playing with strange playcards ...

70. Kalibra Bazina ...

71. They always had the good glues to drink ...

72. while I was here ...

73. living in this strange fairground ...

74. I'm caressing my zebra ...

75. will I ever see it becoming purple one time ?

76. as white rippling with purple ...

77. I see all these white golden liars,

78. drinking from the purple ...

79. but they leave me in the snow ...

80. I have heard many roars in my life,

81. but this was one of the strangest ...

82. while my uncle still goes to the fish's hospital,

83. taking my father with him once in awhile ...

84. They know all the doctors there ...

85. He's still a black fish ...

86. covering the red ...

87. It's like he blocks me from going ...

88. like he's the guard,

89. the statue of this hospital scaring me away ...

90. while all my bullets sink deeper,

91. and the doctors never believe me anymore ...

92. I feel like a statue ...

93. lost in a strange comic ...

94. They are covering the red by strange black blankets,

95. until the white picks up the shining seeds ...

96. I'm nothing but a tree producing these golden apples ...

97. I'm a marble machine,

98. they only care for the marbles ...

99. I drowned too much in this black sea,

100. but now I have found the purple golden pearl ...

101. a black fish brought me there ...

102. The purple golden coins sting the deepest,

103. but they open me up again,

104. so that I can breath ...

105. It's coming from the nothing.

106. Jericho,

107. nice town,

108. you see it immediately ...

109. build by the red strikes,

110. when the bottles open up

111. it's tying the black women of tax ...

112. while white golden threads string the purple golden pearls ...

113. It's thunder when the purple strikes,

114. all these statues of democracy standing here ...

115. These fights are fake,

116. I learn them by head ...

117. I let them ripple over my head and shoulders,

118. these strange racecars ...

119. coming from strange bottles ...

120. one wrong movement and I fall ...

121. I must know the tricks of a fairground or I will go down under again ...

122. I must steal the purple golden stones ...

123. to go to the funparks and peacocks horrorshows ...

124. meeting the wars of the fake ...

125. streaming from so many strange bottles ...

126. I must know them all,

127. or I will drown again ...

128. I must let these snakes ripple ...

129. these strange forestroads ...

130. to breed my statues

131. in the museums beyond history

132. I must know all these faces ...

133. having my own black golden zebras ...

134. I know I must roar and ripple like the panther,

135. or I will not reach daylight again ...

136. I must learn to talk like my neighbours,

137. to walk like my neighbours and to move like my neighbours ...

138. and then to let it ripple,

139. and to do what I want ...

140. reaching for the statues of liberty ...

141. these strange zebras and strange panthers

142. all in this strange roundabout ...

143. I must know when they rise and when they sink ...

144. I must know the waves of this radio ...

145. I must know the legendary movies ...

146. drinking from their bottles ...

147. or these wars will escape outside to be a nuclear bomb again ...

148. i must know the legendary comics and cartoons,

149. drinking from their bottles,

150. to survive the chaos ...

151. there are strange seeds in the doctor's hands ...

152. it's like little striped snakes ...

153. so small ...

154. it's coming from a strange fruit

155. it's hairy and dark ...

Telephone Junks

cobra plants

1. look at them growing,

2. while someone is mowing the grass by soft hands ...

3. these are all illusions,

4. coming from brains in contact with plants ...

5. look at them hiding,

6. waiting till someone finds them,

7. then the contact is safe

8. these are strong illusions from minds to minds ...

cobra plants 2

1. watch them watching,

2. finding their clues in this picture of strong illusion,

3. planted by a plant in someone's brains ...

4. he was too close to it ...

5. and now he pays ...

6. smiles ...

7. baby smiles ...

8. surrounded by old boys ...

cobra plants 3

1. watch these cobra plants,

2. these pictures in your mind,

3. making you so old and young ...

4. at the same time ...

5. while glues are streaming through your legs,

6. these flowers sting ...

7. they are safe ...

8. they care for each other ...

9. the young and the old ...

10. in a cobra's mind ...

11. the mind between me and you ...

12. so lets forget about history ...

13. we were too young ...

14. to do the dance ...

15. and now these old men are caring ...

16. in cobra's mind ...

1. mouths are contracting ...
2. fluids are flowing ...
3. making me drunk so drunk ...
4. in a cobra's head ...
5. there's strange strange cola ...
6. it's stinging ...
7. coming from a strange plant ...
8. i talked to it so many days ...
9. it's still alive ...
10. growing in my head ...
11. it is ..
12. cola from the cowboy's boy
13. truth from a hurricane ...
14. cola from a mailman's heart
15. he used to drink too much ...
16. and now he's doing the same ...

17. these ripples are stinging ...

18. these toys are too hot ...

19. and now there's a hard hand on his mouth

20. there's cola from the sky ...

21. dripping from a strange strange plant ...

22. it's stinging, rippling in my mouth,

23. while the sun's burning it ...

cobra plants 5

1. keep your advertisements for the rain ...

2. it's soothing like a baby candle ...

3. with all these old faces in a flame ...

4. it's lucifer's compromise between the old and the young,

5. while all these pictures are fading ...

6. santa clauses rising from a new sun

cobra plants 6

it's contracting in my mouth, while glues are streaming, surrounding the pictures in my head ... it's daylight, do you like to dream with a baby instead surrounded by so many old faces ... she makes the dance again on a lullaby she spreads ... forgetting about yesterday ...

cobra plants 7

on a station they were waiting, for the girl who talks so loud, to the train of jupiter they're running, but no one gets ever in it's spinning in their head ... it's a lost earthfruit telling them to get wise ... they are way too young for it ... while their aunts and uncles do the dance ... there high on the attic ... they don't know what to come ...

cobra plants 8

it stings, like the proud coffee it's ornaments are rising high ...under lucifer's transmissions ... the sky is blue, while orange lights a bit ... under a red blue moon, decisions easily confirmed by a million splinters of tax ... coming from the black orange ... coming for a daylight's tune to bring them high to the lost potatoe, where the prince of june kisses the princess of july ...

cobra plants 9

don't talk to me so loud, with your hair in the wind ... give me delirium, make me silent, by your silent smile, your worlds between the coffeedrips, your worlds between the seconds ... i know i will wake up ... i will watch your face today ... maybe within some hours, i don't know, but it will come ... you will touch me there, with your golden flowers, and your golden plants, you are drinking from the nectars of your love you got in your contact with them full body warmth contact ... not for lazy cats to play with only for those of the young and old ... only those of pega worlds ... in mansion worlds where the art is the mansion, where the lucifer is the smile ... of expensive coffee ... making me wild i am a poet i am a mistress ... of lost fears ... of lost pears i am the fortune of a mouse ... i am the fortune of a house, i am a mother, of a thousand years thank god i'm only bound to the ground, of jupiter, i make the days like bread in coffeebaskets, while she's stinging like a plant in my heart ... like good old cola from a cobra plant ...bringing the old boys to the babies on jupiter's smiles

cobra plants 10

lovers look like curtains before your smiles ... you're but a machine, and i'm too young ... doing strange steps with crazy cats ... i do not follow anything, but the wind ... i'm a child of the wind ... there's nothing i can do too young to wave away the guilt ... i just need to become older so i will have to wait ... while uncles and aunts party on the attics watching jupiter ... i drown ... in my

bed i drown watching the ornaments they left for me ... i am too young to break this guilt it's smiling at me i do not understand anything they throw at me ...

cobra plants 11

do you understand my fears ... of all these bakerman's years ... i'm just too young to explain, while i had to lead them all away out of their fears i was too young ... i was too young ... and still i am ... surrounded by old faces of a cobra's flame ... it's so sweet in my mouth and when it speaks the stars are fading am i still a prisoner of izu ... a prisoner of a black orange snake i'm too young ... i'm too young ... i was raised too fast i was always the eldest daughter ... oh, who gave me all these crosses i'm so angry ... but i'm too young ... i cannot handle the police, cannot handle the government ... and all these funds and charities ... i only follow the wind ... for it's following me

cobra plants 12

mother can you see my tears, i miss you i adore you ... do you still stare into jupiter's glasses ... why oh why ... did they take me away from you ... i'm too young to understand ... i'm too young to carry this burden ... so much guilt is teasing my mind these are the things i do not understand ... i'm dropping all my cowboys

cobra plants 13

there's water in my mouth, sand in my eyes ... while jupiter is walking in the streets of izu ... he's fading this old man ... watching ...

cobra plants 14

i'm sliding deeper in the mud, screaming, for you aren't there ... getting so dramatic, panicked ... like i cannot go further i try to breath ... but i'm in this cocoon, this cobra cocoon, while plants are growing in my mouth ... soothing me into sleep ... i was too young ... i only followed the wind ...

cobra plants 15

all these fragments of a cobra's mind, i gather them, like babies gather pictures of old men ... they need to have some comfort ... in these hard days ... they watch the baskets of snakes ...

cobra plants 16

so many tongues soothing my mind, while the police is screaming ... i need to forget yesterday, to bathe in the seas with all these plants, instead of smoking them away ... i need to hold them, making the switch ...

cobra plants 17

i'm just a telephone junk, orange hearted ... name's brigade is on the run, your soothing lullabies, they stand, like lambsteads in the water, playing all my favorite songs, in deeper dwell slowmotions, in favorite sands and favorite glances ... gleaming like the suns in rivers, gleaming like the baby's bands, in all these jupiter's faces, it's streaming to ... the morning sand ... it's streaming to ... the hill behind this desert ... where my names are ...

Sweet Telephone Christ

dirty sand 1

1. She's sleeping under bridges ... she lost her name by a threatening feather ... and I'm too young to help her, she's like drowning there in her own emotions, it's coffeetime ... strange plants in my mouth ... me with my fears to grow older ... and the violins show the old faces on my father's dashboard, it's killing me ...
2. She's sleeping under bridges ... where potatoes sting ... it's jupiter aloud no killer's pride ... no killer's shame ... she's just blown away by someone older ... older than me ... more experience ... me still with my fears to grow up ...
3. He's taking her away, this older guy, she smiles at me, and saying baby ... do you remember me ...

dirty sand 2

My watch ticking like my heart, spice moving like lamentation doctors ... it's such a strike ... i have nothing to say ... my desire is gone desire to grow up and speak it out, i just cry ... i just move throwing my earrings away ... i had too many of them ... and i was too young my mother has to

dance alone ... i give her back my snow ... and my white dress ... and she sais thank you daughter, so wise, so wise ...

dirty sand 3

Bonjour, she said to me, on that horrible day in spring, she gave me the cobra flower, growing in my hands ... showing me the old faces ... and i couldn't speak anymore ... she wanted this older guy ... she wasn't a lesbienne anymore ... but still a whore ...

dirty sand 4

make me older, make me free, it doesn't fit to me, i just want to be out of youth, for it's killing me ... oh it's killing me ... i found a baby with a cobra in it's little hands ... she was drawing a stick on it ... she didn't understand ... and the cobra showed her the old faces ... and then she couldn't breath anymore ... i'm still scared of little babies ... since that day ... in august's spring ... blossom growing on my paws ... blossom from heaven's gates to hell's ends ... in deep ravines and deep pits, where the rivers don't touch the ground, only the mystery wins ... here in this gate ... she lost her mother she had to go through this alone only having fourty five rumours yelling in her mind, she was too young ...

dirty sand 5

ready for the strike ... ready for the babies growing in your mind, when the cobra shows you the old faces ... it's to bring something new ... deep there, down there, right on ... catch you later ...

dirty sand 6

i cannot survive this hit, i'm too young, and now strange cola is streaming, from a strange plant ... it's like thistle's paw takes me ... away to this place ... i do not know ... for i'm too young ... i'm a telephone dragon ... i won't kill or smoke you ... just talking to you for awhile ...we have some better challenges .. these bridges are burning ... these bridges are falling down ...

dirty sand 8

don't want to talk to you today, there's another friend, someone older ... warning me against you ...

dirty sand 9

talking to a mandarine ... my aunt raising from the sand ... she doesn't understand ... while she is
wiser than me ... for i'm too young ...

dirty sand 10

goodbye railroad racer, goodbye bugs bunny and micky mouse, i'm now a bit better, thank you for
saving me out of this house ... it's still a bit silent ... but it's better for i'm too young for the noise ...

dirty sand 11

goodbye donald duck, goodbye all your money i have now this soft plastic rubber in the
forestriver, with so many cobra's guiding me like the wind ... if i'm not following them, they're
following me, but don't expect too much, for i'm young ... show me the old faces ... do the
compromises, water in wine ... it's a game of integration ...

dirty sand 12

greet your mother mary's from the hills ... you're now higher ... you're now ...

Dragons Song

1. i always forget you when i need you ... blown away by someone older ... i'm drinking the wine of
another lost day ... you never wanted to listen ... you like to talk ... or is it just your echo ... the
memory so strong that it repeats itself ...
2. care for yourself, i was in a cage of being too young, prisoner and slave of the wind ... something
older than me ... did it grow up too fast ... or was it me ... being too slow ... i cannot help it when i'm
young ... there are old faces pulling me where i belong
3. religion did it, said the hare, i do not care, it was a cage ... a cage of being too young, while
someone else showed me the cards of old faces ... drowning me in their old wines ...

4. religion did it, said the hare, the bunny and the square, but i do not care ... i'm too young to understand, don't want to bind myself again in

5. i do not understand the sensitivity of the older ones ...

6. just give me my wings for the day ... let me be as young as i am ...

7. I'm angry, because I am young. I do not understand the things as you do. Someone older took my bird away, and that's okay. I'm too young to understand. Don't be too angry at me, for I might be younger than you are ... aren't you the wind guiding me ? I'm angry, because I'm young. I'm lazy because I do not want to do things I do not understand, but someone hits me and drives me ... Do I feel shame now ? No, for I'm too young ... too young to be guilty, this is privacy domain, and you don't know me, as I do not know you ...

8. I was bitten by a cobra, and now I'm dying in this cradle ... just like a baby ... born too soon ... I wish I had some older brothers and sisters ... I could never be a kid ... that's why I'm still ...

9. I'm angry because I'm young, if I was older I would be more friendly, or I wouldn't be here at all ... Will I have inner peace when I'm grown up, I'm so bitter, bitten by a cobra. If the doctor won't come soon, I die. Breathe me in, and give me some plants, not to smoke, but to hold in my hands ...

10. Give me cobraplants to delay my birthdays ... I die everyday ... I'm too young ... this is just a strange elevator ... surrounded by strange telephone plants, showing the old faces

Grandfather's Wartrauma

The Hours of Friday

It's good to wrestle with these snakes don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page

Dragonswan

1. They come from the silver, spreading their thick fires in blue, the hours of Friday. I don't know them, they seem to be dragons, silver ones, spouting the big blue Have you ever seen their graces ... on a stockmarket they live ... all these spears of Jesus ... making the candy thick ...
2. Glory from the house of green days ... Glory from the seas with no name ... Glory from the house of friday, spending it's hours, to raise the silver heart ... This heart of you and me
3. They come from the silver, spreading their fires into the air ... These dragonswans, they spit the fire, every friday they are there, but sometimes they rise high in thursday, sometimes they sow spring in tuesday sometimes they all march in June, when father opens the books of old london ... England in the nineteenth century, England in the first part of the twentieth ... In august she took flight ... On summerdays she spreads her kings of blue
4. Red England, Red China breaking all these vietnam wars in the kettle of Japan ... Red England, Red Saigon, you know this silver leather hides so much fun ... Bring them to your knees, these silver taxmachines, and let the stockmachines roar to keep the scarabs on your heart ...
5. And silver juices breaking you and me, it's floating from our knees, kidnapped by a spider coming free. Silver juices break us, we're running through the streets, while one of them, he has a gun ... Shooting until we are free Like the rabbit's roar like strange venom in the mouth ... and deep inside we're fighting against the snakes History doesn't exist it's all happening today
6. The hours of friday knocking on my kitchendoor the hours of friday, like centaurs and dragons, walking to the first floor ... like silver stockmachines they breed the heart of hearts between you and me ... we're finally free
7. Silver oils from strange cabins The hours of friday standing here like soldiers of history of horizons like green days between you and me While England is bowing to the years of 1800 ... The last part broke them free ... And those years in Amerika when all the silver banks raised from the ground, you were so proud, and all these demonic taxmachines, they're hiding in the stream Silver years, of the century ... like the hours of friday ... we're never really free These years still aren't over They're still living in our weeks ... marching between you and me

Hitler

8. Hours of Friday, speak to me ... I want to know all about your history Your nothing like a historybook silver pages ... hours of Friday trying to get over it There are silver cigars in a strange machine Hours of friday, speak to me You still let me fight against the snakes you fear or is it a spider with so many arms playing that song of history again ... It's living in our weeks

9. Bring on the dancing horses, bring on the desert's seas ... that what is between you and me ... Bring on the red pillars ... orange in the skies ... bring them back to me ... open the line of horizon, for what is behind is somehow also speeding here ... We cannot see a glimpse ...

10. Hours of Friday, grandmother's grief ... these dragonletters between you and me Hours of friday ... the silver between the banks and shops, and all these tax-offices spinning the strange stocks these spears of Jesus coming near ... Hitler had them, like needles in his eyes ... Where is the silver man, where is the silver Peter Pan ... These trees are so thick and high ... I cannot see their tops ... It makes me cry ...

11. Hours of Friday, Hitler's sundays ... weapons of worldwar Two ... spread over the week ... who is going to fall today ... who is going to jail ... I'm fighting against a silver shark ... fighting it the whole day It looks like it will never stop ... It looks like eternal damnation ... These hours of Friday, when will they stop ... They put me in a taxmachine, they put me in a stockmachine, to turn me like the weather, to make all my tears green ... I'm crying in sixty colours ... No one is going to save me ... These hours of Friday burn me Why do I need to be initiated ? Timemachines don't exist ... only stockmachines ... No one is going to save me I'm in Hitler's hell ... like eternal damnation the wartrauma of my granddad is here still here

Calendergirls

12. James Bond, I cannot come today ... I'm in grandfather's warmachine ... his black trauma ... where black dwarves drink their bottles I wonder what you're doing with the spiders you gave me ... These hours do not exist They're just the voices I didn't hear yet So give me a good telephone, and give me a good radio your stocks like needles in the pyama's ... letting us dream like farewell with dreams of silly tomorrows ...

13. These are the voices I do not understand yet My watch is just a signal ... all these hours are still running away while a christmas postbank is growing in my bag ... In december skies they all take flight, until the green sun is swallowing them all away It's a silly trophee

14. History, still our God, misunderstood. History, still the eggs of christmas, waiting for the chicken to brood ... I have a strange calender It's making me want to cry These girls from

december they were all full of lies but these were truths of history far away ... It's good to wrestle with these snakes don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page

15. It takes me five minutes to read every page, while my teacher thinks she's missing something ... Don't get angry at me Don't get angry at me But she's also just a calendergirl fading away at the end of the month Ballerina, your sides they make me cry showing me your calendergirls finally saying goodbye Got another calendar ... with the hours of friday to remember grandfather's wartrauma ... She looks like you, ballerina and like the history of England soothing herself in the skies of London ... James Bond with his killerrabbit Calendergirls, he ripped them all off for the wartrauma's of a vietnam soldier I forgot that I lived Only watching how I died Only watching the wartrauma in silver lights And now it's just a statue in an Egyptian tomb It had been there before It was just a mate of the Pharao

mates of pharao

16. They found the mates of pharao, and now they are surprised it's here ... These years were just waiting for the attack ... Why did I die in Ara, why did I drown at the coasts of Gulan ... The warmth was bringing me inside of this killerbird Why didn't you warn me I had to go inside for the initiation a divine tattoo ... It burnt and ached, but it was coming through ... these mates of pharao are now with me, I paid a big big price to watch my grandfather's wartrauma in disguise

17. Egypt has written the historybooks but I was put away in a cage to watch my grandfather's wartrauma in disguise I think I've now deciphered the letter ... Dragon Song, tell me how History, I will never let you go ... It's the silver in my skies telling me how to walk and hide ... History, I never let you go My wounds are deep but that's how I met the mates of pharao ...

18. I don't want to fall away from this silver age while the days are still running forth ... only showing the hours of friday ... And I once saw my mother flowing away to Egypt skies sowing there her own pictures Not knowing what they were hiding ... but she sees it today from heaven she sees it today from history these days were just my fathers mates ... to hide pharao's destiny ... I don't want to fall away from this silver age days are running so fast ... until the hours of friday take them away ...

19. Silver elitair taxmachines, just stockmachines ... you got to be the master ... taking away all these years to hide them in a sacred book, like the mates of pharao in the tombe And one day a kid will take one of them away to his own school, to his own friends, to his own country to

show the face of history in his own days ... His own days ? weren't they just the masks ... of
pharao's mates

20. His father's mates just masks of pharao just strange taxmachines ... of ages ago ... they
laid their eggs of stock, insurance and democracy or was it hidden communism, brought by a
hidden dictator when no one seems to listen ...

purple flowerfields

1. Yellow churches take flight on yellow ships they descend, in Laprakot skies. The newsreader
waits a second then he starts his attack, he's mister speed in the Laprakot skies. These are railroads
of banana, these are railroads of a yellow queen, killer queen, standing on a church of liberty. It's 10
o clock in London, the newspaper had to die ... for another sky ... for another day ... from the ashes
they make new ones ... They are burning the deserts, so that other books can rise ... in this strange
factory ... mother nature smiles ... it's her idea ... but do you believe in this god ... of tears ...

2. Strange green money on the screen of paper lies and golden lies ... hiding all these red cowboys
behind the bottle .. waiting for the strike ... the strike on tv ... These are Laprokot days ..laprakot
skies ... I take flight in sweet decembers for a ride ... and the man he hits the ball high ... in laprokot
skies, do you see it's me ... your hero on tv he has iron boots where rabbits drink from ... what
a picture .. he decides to be ... in laprakot skies ... do you believe it ...

3. Strange green money ... covering all the red ... covering all the decisions ... by a lucifer's bed
do you think they hide them behind dark feathers, or by white ones or by blue ... don't you know it's
all a trick of good glue in laprakot's skies ... they decide ... they unite above these cities of dead
bodies ... they take flight while you don't know the half of it ...

4. Strange green money ... smelling like your city shoe it's baker's case it's baker's glue ... for
me and you ... Strange green money, while parrots take flight to the last city in my mind ... last
train ... last orange blue ...

5. Strange yellow businessmen in church strange bananas, while she's still queen ... it's tearing
her mind apart ... screaming in unknown languages ... like a nest of bees bringing the honey back
to the trees ...

6. And they start mixing the minds ... oh yes, it is gamble time ... strange traffic of a baker's kid ... will he unite ... the bakerlight ... in the city he takes flight ... like a griffon with a soft voice ... so high ... it reaches for laprakot skies ... baker rise to the laprakot skies ...

purple lies

1. It's telling you lies ... when mother decides ... it's bringing you the flames for your cakes, but there are no candles so you must escape ... when mother hits the brake It's confusing your soul, it takes you higher in the sky ... to let your mother fly well ... and you are crashing by a strange strange law ...

2. It's telling you lies ... this ornament you got from her when she died ... it's bringing you the flames on the coffee, without candles ... these purple lies

3. There are purple liars standing in the skies ... saying prayers to a strange god ...

4. Why do we make wars in all these misunderstandings why not first going to the blue ... fore some days in a schoolboat ... to learn about each other ... about you and me ...

5. Why ... do I cry ... is it my destiny ... throwing these pains in the lakes of purple lies ... tales of the purple flies ...

Snake in the Swanlake III

neon rising

1. All these horns lying around the purple pond, directing their fingers inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... so many paintings telling the story ... while saturn's fairy touches the water ... it's the pond of transformation, where everything becomes art ... it's the road to the museum, where the big 7 rules ...

2. Here where purple rules, you can touch the artist, you will see the song of life ... coming from the bottom of the pond ... where a musician lives ... where a music box stands ...
3. Here everything goes to sleep ... for seven lullabies stand around him ... turning everything into a desert again ...
4. You find the desert through the painting ... switching between purple and orange until you touch the yellow joke ... until all your chocolates are mixed by banana's ... while caramel rakes the seagardens ... where everything started and ended ...
5. These were the three presents of the tiger ... and now he wants a sleep ...
6. Three ornaments they left us, purple and yellow, while orange is still raking the seagardens ...
7. Still their eyes are candy eyes ... green in daylight turning brown in the night
8. They wanted to have some colours for themselves ... green for business ... and brown for nature ...
9. They still have their zoos in the night ... All locked up into stones ... It's their emerald city ... turning brown in the night ... And still they sell it, turning it into purple ... calling it art ...
10. Today's visitors are tomorrow's animals, the tigers are the gods of movies and books, coming from the purple, leaving the falling stones for us ... They still have their movie-eyes ... hiding their white hard candy ...
11. Until the big 7 will show up ... the big fox ... to spread it all ... he's still the robin hood ... he's still the jaguar followed by rats ... having a communistic accent ...
12. And when the orange becomes too hot it will strike the blue, then the waters will rise and the ice will leave a world behind ... skaters sheathing their sharp lines in the waters ... they will finally skate on hard white candy ... raising the doll ... while other dolls fall away ... presents from the tiger ...

13. when the caramel becomes too sweet the tears will fall and the ice will come down ... an orange phoenix will rise ... to watch the lion's lakes ... to see the lions fighting ... these are railroads to lapoendria while a snake still swims through the swanlake ... looking for his ornament's dream ...

14. the orange will rise at the end of the day ... the orange ... still the tiger's best present ... it will strike the blue when no one expects it ... when the caramel becomes too hot ... and then the best tailor will come to mix all these switching colours, to make a suit for the prince to let the lion rise ... and then the baker will watch ... to raise the birthdays pool ... to raise the foam for his new new tarts and then esau will eat for sixty six days ... striking the silver ...

15. while daddy is still counting back on a blue hill ... his loud trains will come ... and then the blue face will show up again ... while the band is playing ... while the rats are running underground ... they are heading for the orange dawn ... when bilmageln hits the gong ... and when the white is getting harder ... it will strike the pink ... then at the end of that day the boys will be soft again ... then you're staring at pink white candy ...

16. you can not take one piece away ... you will let them stay together ... like a two-faced jesus on an icon ... pink and white is what it sells ... you can only buy a 2 ... running through the holy grail, where superman lost his tail, i found a shoe on an orange mountain, before a orange ravine while the bridge was broken, while orange was raging in the night ... i found the holy grail ... where jupiter lost it's tail ... seventy names on a grave ... and there is something with your name ... still something ... i found the holy grail ... where lucifer found his tail ...

17. i brought him back to heaven, while god didn't want to be on his side anymore ... misunderstanding ... from the lion's tea decisions too tall ... those men with the high hats ... i found a holy name ... on a stone with a z written on it ... i found the holy grail ... where jupiter lost it's seal all these tall men ... coming from the high z

18. i'm alone, and i am watching the rain ... i'm alone, i'm hearing mother's train ... it's so cold before the deserts strike ... these men with the sombrero's ... it's so cold before the icecream gets his seat in the back of the car it will grow like a flower ... having so many ways to rage ... in the back of the car it will hit the ornament ... until the seven rains will fall ... until the deserts will be washed away ... and it's all sliding deeper inside ... where the sharks have their thrones ...

19. they have their thrones ... they have their ornaments ... alone ... there will be no saviours in this night ... no jesus's only ... some boys from lynx they're flying like wasps through the night ... like holy seals while a lark is crying in daylight they do the spring .. once again ... while she cannot reach it ... she will never be spring ... for the bunny took all his rats away ... it is blue after the purple struck by the orange ornament ... and now they don't know what to do ... is it the foam

of a lion's tea ... or is it ... beer of a shark ... all those helicopters rage in the night ... but what will it do ...

20. when the blue strikes the orange again ... it will all rise like towers ... it will all rise like ornaments ... bringing the desert alive again and seven jokes will sit on a fence ... and seven jokes will tell the tales ... they come to steal the ornaments .. for a low day's dream ... for a high man's tall decision ... for an undercover baby ... for a liar in the storm ... all watching these honey trousers ... these frogs playing in an acorn ...

21. while she never becomes spring ... while she never reaches summer ... summer moves on and daylights win ... they will share the guns with the two directions ... when you shoot someone, you also shoot yourself it's the 2-gun rising here raising his babes ... raising the restaurant where everyone has the pay to watch the waiters this restaurant of 2 ... the meat is alive wanting to live in someone's body ... while z is still the symbol above your deserts while z is still the chocolate's dream ...

22. while z is still raking the orange flowers ... he does it with so much attention ... while they all leave him in the night and when orange and blue are switching all the time, two crocodiles are talking ... in a bathroom deep down in japan ... in a daylight's jungle ... they were rising the forests ... they were rising the daylight's jewels ... for a long sunday in church ... and they are eating red pink chocolate and they are eating red licorice ...

23. and all sorts of dark pink candylaces ... so transparent, gelly and shiny ... where they will watch the nights ... in this giant's world ... there is a prisoner inside ... in this giant's world ... there is a mother crying inside ... looking for baby ... she lost in a storm ... but the kid is safe today ... you will find her back in the land of oz in this giant's world ... the big red shoe is still speaking ... until the walls are falling until the lion is fading becoming pale ... so pale ...

24. in this giant's world ... there is a mother ... preaching ... in this giant's world ... she will do anything to bring you home ... she is speaking from the caramel ... she is speaking shutting all lions down ... while the licorice is rising ... her own private lion ... in this giant's world ...

25. she paints everything so pale ... to let new colours rise ... but there is still a prisoner inside ... inside in this giant's world ... she paints the names of her children on the walls of jericho bringing them back to the ornament ... bringing them back to the snow ... to hard white candy ... and to the pink ... but here it's white against pink ... and still lions are fighting inside ... deep inside ... for it's all sliding deeper ... while it's all sliding away it's all getting paler

26. while neon is rising don't you know about the lion's paintings he has a pale lady standing next to him all the time ... while neon is rising it's just the lion's way ... breaking the criminal inside ... it's just the lion's way ... taking the prisoner out of the light ... while neon is rising the eye ..of aquarius ...

under an orange weight

27. the weight of unknown things ... brings you to sleep ... the weight of unidentified shadows ... brought you to sleep a trip through all these curtains ... these criminals inside ... a trip to the desert ... where the men with the sombrero's live ... some miles away from the house ... they are the child's lurers ...

28. but they also lure animals ... and confused souls ... like you are ... the weight of confusion ... the weight of ignorance ... an orange stone ... bringing you into sleep at the end of the days ... then it starts to move lower ... and brings you underground ... your elevator to the desert ...

29. the weight of mysteries and misunderstandings ... brings you through purple curtains ... where you dream .. your dreams ... where pieces and puzzles meet you ... where ornaments give you their glimpses ... until you're in the desert ... drinking the tea of a lion ... to be another one's weight ... to be another one's temple of holy dreams ... there is still a prisoner inside and then the tall orange men come with their tall orange faces ... and their orange sombrero's ... these roundabout's sombrero's

30. and then the gamble starts ... and then the tall green men come ... with their tall green faces ... and their green sombrero's ... and then the swindle starts there are so many purple curtains hanging in california ... they all lead to the desert where a white chocolate house is standing ... they come here to have their meetings decisions of round table churches ... tall decisions ... my sister is a cockatoo

31. she's singing songs to soothe me ... about prisoners inside ... about an orange ball roaring around the earth becoming gold in the middle of the night ... in the middle of a trafficligh ... switching between red and green red and green red and green ... pushing the orange so far ... pushing the orange so far ... red and green red and green ...

32. pushing the orange so far ... pushing the orange so far until it becomes gold ... red and green ... red and green ... spinning the ornament .. spinning the ornament so tall ... red and green ...

red and green spinning the boats of sirius ... these tall boats of sirius ... these cigarlighters from
sirius ...

33. but black and green spin the voices of the nuclears for the next day ... black and green black
and green still two crocodiles ... still highways to piril ... she's spinning her knights again ... on
her spinningwheels ... she is spinning her nights again ... in his dreams ... she is gathering the sand
from the tables

34. she still works in misery she's still the waitress of the orange ornament ... sewing the beards
on her men again ... now they can be movie-heroes again not dying in the sharp daylights now
they can rise like towers ... and the hairy bird can sing again ... his songs of rage and satire ... for the
orange maiden is home ... so many directions ...

35. she's the orange rose ... she's covering her knights ... by their beards again ... while she's sewing
the z's on their suits again ... and gives them their cinderella's back again ... these carers of nights ...
these guards of knights

36. on the back of a jay .. they make their tall decisions ... seeing the waters of sleep .. dreaming the
dreams of transmissions ... they adore the ornament she's covering her knights, so deep inside ...
she's running to cockaigne ... she is running to the big tables ... of a white chocolate house ...

37. on the back of a jay ... they make their tall decisions .. and now she's running to cockaigne .. to
lay some new eggs ... these chickenvoices inside ... it makes her feel like flying ... they sooth her
through the realms of sleep ... entering through the soft dreams of decision ... her own decisions ...
she makes her own decisions ... where bakerman is running ... he's still her pretty cock .. her pretty
cock ...

38. and in the distance she hears the song of her mother ... all those deep cockatoos inside ...
warming her dreams to the land of sheep ... all these voices ... awakening the dreams inside ... like
lamentation-flowers ... a deeper hunger

39. for she's flying to the city of cockaign ... she's flying to the middle ... that jewel in the desert ...
where all the sharks drink beer ... where all the bears drink wine to make their big decisions
the red shoe doesn't like attention ... and when he speaks it's like a million doors are shutting and
like a million trains are leaving ...

40. where the bakers bake with sand ... deep down in a restaurant ... they're baking the jokes ...
they're baking the decisions ... on a hard man's spoon here they watch the ornament ... here they
play with their cards ... here the uncles dream ... like a lamentation deep inside a pretty card with

a z ... white with red decoration ... still your grandmother's secret ... while the bakers still hide ... in
their tall whispers ... while they drink from the rivers ... where the ancestors speak ... those old
voices ...

41. here where the lamentation speaks here where the flowers dream ... about an ornament so tall
.... so rich and full of decisions ... where a luxury and a life walk ...

42. where the poor man puts his paw in the dish ... where he climbs down through the soup ... where
he finds himself ... under the table ... so rich ..like he never was before he's now the richest
man ... with the most ornaments for he walked through lamentation ... and he reached his
shoes ... and he found his kingly socks ... and now he thinks he's willem of orange .. for it's the
orange pond of transformation ... where all the lamentations become pride ... they become the kings
of satisfaction ...

43. i dived in a stream today .. to touch the tiger's fever ... i'm so blue today ... i'm so pretty today ...
and i'm in delay ... but tomorrow i will be ugly again tomorrow i will reach for the purple pond
again tomorrow i will be a piece of art ... which no one will like ... for it speaks about a lion in a
cage they want to keep their lions in the zoo ... the tiger will roar against me ... they will beat me
up and hide me too soon ...

44. but a little jester ... a little chicken ... will walk on the battlefields ... after the slaughter to
gather all the pretty balls together in a pointy sack and he brings them to the deserts ... he brings
them to the fear ... for these criminals were all escaped and now they will feel the shivers
inside they were of august and lazytember ...

45. a pretty haze in spring ... they were the ornaments of seven rages ... spoiling the blue ring ... they
were of pretty flowers and pretty pictures ... wandering like blonde ladies but they were
travestites ... they were mighty pains ... all their pretty smiles ... they were just laughing inside
laughing at the red fat lady laughing at the picky pocks ... laughing at the news mercedes ...
laughing at your silly blot they were a newsride mercedes ... they were a newsrise cotelet
while they were laughing at themselves ...

46. i'm here with all those seadragons, in a land where the sun always shines ... but just not always
too much, for there's a pretty lady inside ... she keeps coming and going

Drama's from Z

"i know a place where the black lemonade streams from a black hill deep in rigil kentthere
.... deep insideand at the end of that tunnelthe red lemonade streamsall to wake you up
inside ...it makes your mind so fluffyand then you touch a key you didn't see before ...cold
conscience ..."

raising the banana queen

1. the purple balloon brought me back to hell where i would see the art of life

2. it was struck by the orange of chaos ... there where ignorance is a bliss ... i was a victim of
sleep ... a victim of a blind heaven ... but the purple brought me back ... this stone is lying heavy on
my shoulders ... i'm carrying the globe of z ... i am the purple atlas ... orange gamblers ... luring the
kids by candy ...

3. a green stone is doing my dishes ... in a house where all paintings hang aslant ... under the weight
of this stone i always do business ... for the fight would kill them all ... when the wars get too
much ... it starts to move ... pushing us all under ... through a green orange leprechaun-stockings ...
we always reach the market-squares ...

4. where the seven dwarves of snow white dance ... still business brothers ... when the anger gets
too much ... it breaks our tops into the swindle ... a war under the skin ... business ... still masked
wars ... businessmen .. carnival soldiers ... hiding their needles ... under soft blankets ... aslant
faces ... trying to hit you in another way ... they are always ...

5. shaking their heads ... in busy rooms ... while a chicken is running ... bakermen .. hiding the dolls,
they do it, bakermen ... riding the dolls, they do it ... ornaments they raise so tall ... to do their
dignified kills for a call ... picking the pockets from the battlefields ... he steals his pocket, while he
can't move ...

6. in that dark night ... for he was stung by a spider ... and she wanted to make pictures of his
room ... but now he refused he was .. an egoist ... still the dark tales your mother tells ... she still
lives in a house with aslant tables ...

7. where a green stone is doing the dishes ... she's gathering her z's ... although she has died so long ago ... she's the divorce's rose .. the black rose ... she is the black widow ... she is the ornaments rage ... she is the business woman ... and she hides her needles deep .. so deep ... she hides her bakerman ... in a purple box ...

8. she gathers all the z's from the roofs ... she's still a cannibal inside ... stuffing them all ... she bred all her children into business for the screams of revenge got too much ... the hate they felt inside ... was eating them .. and now they're auctioneer's brothers ... the clocks of the cities ... spreading shop's apocalypse leading them all ... to the hollow ...

9. like pied pipers in a row ... they do .. the dance ... and every night .. i went to bed .. with the feeling of fighting against a shark ... i couldn't win ... i couldn't win ... in this black bed ... where black leprechauns still dance ... i couldn't ... where beds are killingfields ... i couldn't ...

10. i'm holding my last z tight inside ... but it's a special one ... a sort of joker ... letting me have all the z's ... i'm walking with my head in a bubble .. or is it a ball .. about this hard wars are raging ... while business tries to sooth it by a poisoned banana ... tastes nice ... but what will i be at the end of the day ... in this ball the waterlights speak ... it's so transparent here ...

11. and there's glue inside this ball ... this orange ... or is it a melon ... about this wars are raging so hard ... while business tries to sooth it ... by aslant compliments ... caressing my pride ... in such a way that i have to die today ... under a higher election ... under tall decisions ... i will have to be ... a woman on the second row ...

12. not reaching for the top ... for it will break off ... under a green stone's pressure ... and still it's like .. a black balloon is standing before me ... it's so hot in my head ... buddy ... but it's breeding the waterlights ... those shiny lights inside this world of glue ... i'm heading for the big z ... where they are rising my trousers ... and where i will find my golden ball again ...

13. your mother was a tranvestite ... she was .. actually ... your father i don't want to shock you .. but it's true ... but does it matter ? not really ... just for the administration ... a green doll is still doing the dishes in her house ... where aslant paintings hang ... with aslant faces on it ... he's trying to wipe the wedding-fights from the dishes ... after she drowned in her glass of tea ... yellow mixed by orange ... she slept herself to death ... after the joke ...

14. dawns of z, the land of fake ... hiding all your playcards behind a good good brake ... and these cyborgs from z ... still having the trafficlighs in their eyes ... flashing like ... the waterlights ... but it's all fake ... they are on bilmageln's back ... to touch some new curtains ... on the dolphin's goodbyes ... on the dolphin's goodbyes ...

15. i'm touching new edges .. on the dolphin's goodbyes ... i'm dreaming new intentions ... on the dolphin's goodbyes letters from z ... dressed in ornament's transmissions but it's all fake ... it's showing you two sides of the story ... it doesn't hide anything ... but it just makes a difference ... for it's the third side of the story ...

16. like three sides of a coin ... and your face is on it ... with all these bakerman's faces ... all those lines in the glue ... and now you know where uncle one to ten always did their business ..

17. A coin with three sides is lying on my hand ... It burns almost a hole in my hand I'm staring at it ... On one side I see the Round Table Churches, on the second side I see The Giant's Whistling-kettle Orchestra ... and on the third side I see Service with Little Light ...

18. These are the faces of bakerman ... Are there any more faces ... I throw the coin in a Giant's Jukebox ... A Jukebox from Z ... while pushing the dolphin's button ... These three-sided coins of Z ... are there more-sided coins here ? it's the land of z ... still the bakerman's faces ... all these moons of cockaign ... and i'm spinning my letters in tall chocolate ... they are still shooting their stars of fire so far ... like a gun with two directions ... one for you ... and one for me ... but it's all fake I'm walking down a stairway ... drinking some cola ... black lemonade ... It was my last coin ... and now I'm here ... drinking from the big Z

19. I'm in Cockaign's Rigil Kent ... that holy place ... drinking from the black lemonade ... all those cola-lights in my head ... awakening the red flowers inside ... I'm heading for the red lemonade ... i know a place where the black lemonade streams from a black hill deep in rigil kent there deep inside and at the end of that tunnel the red lemonade streams all to wake you up inside ... it makes your mind so fluffy and then you touch a key you didn't see before ... cold conscience ... and the red lemonade streams there ... where all churches are fake ... red cola from the white chocolate house ... where all the round table churches have their meetings ... all in deep secret ...

20. having their conspiracies ... speaking about things you don't want to hear ... throwing their whispers as dice on their aslant tables here the whispers sing about your hells and deaths ... your everlasting damnations, your sins and your blasphemies ... but it's all fake it's all deep down in z where the ants play at cards ... your faces are on their cards ... your faces are on their dice ... and they are breeding their tall whispers ... while your bakers are hiding in it here they drink their blue liquors ... here they eat their white chocolate ... here they spin their birthdaycakes ... while you are the flames of their candles ... here they do their weddings ... here they play at draughts here you can find .. the billiards room that cruel room ... but it's all fake ... it's the house of z ... deep down in it's white chocolate ... their colours are still blue white and red ... the black stone brought you here ... the big divorce ... between you and all your dolls ... but it showed you the baker's face ... and now you see all these faces ... all these mirrors ... showing you it's just you and

me ... partners always switch in the arena ... partners in crime ... but it's all fake ... it was a 2 in a z ...
to make your heart complete ...

21. to let you take a deep breath ... it was a 2 in a z ... all these wars were just something between
you and me ... me, the black widow ... you the baker ... both in toysoldier's arena fighting in a
black bed drinking from our red bottles ... our blue liquors ... and eating from ... our white
chocolate ... but it was all fake it was just a game it was just a joke to survive the black hill
... our own mirrors growing from so deep ... trying to strangle us both we had just our
pillowfights ... to protect us against something worse ... we had just our child's tears ... our cartoon
fears ... we just had our pillowfights ... there on these black beds i'm still white boots ... turning
into a black widow in the night ... that's the pricecard on the boots you once bought ... but it's all
fake i'm still the black and white movie in your head ... carrying so many colours inside ... there
where birthdays are mixed by weddings ... everything goes wrong ... for there religions exist ...
while christmasses and easters are growing there ... in a hole called ascension-day ... but a white
rose is rising there ... growing against the rocks ... it's a wild rose ... carrying an indian warbook
inside ... a white shark ... a lady on rollerskates ... having vanilla icecreams ... she's an atheistic
lady ... she's striking the silver in the deepest night ... there where she becomes ... the tinkerbelle
statue ... mary de pazzia playing games with the green jesus ... her sweetheart peter pan ... on the
dolphin's goodbye ... that statue in japan ... there she sits on the golden dolphin ... waving with her
white handkerchief ...

22. dressed in a bear's skin ... when the white roses are rising ... visitors from z ... writing virgo all
over again ... by silver pens .. heading for izu ... there are two gelly seabubbles in my head ... like
peter pan's golden balls ... a red one and a purple one ... both so transparent ... both like dark glue ...
golden seams inside ... dividing the birthdays and the weddings ... while easter, christmas and
ascension are fighting in my stomach ... while the white rose is growing from so deep ... spinning
all religions like candy on a fairground ... while a purple rose watches it from a distance ... with her
head in the smoke they are visitors from z ... building their green flowers to touch the moons ...
visitors from z ... while old men are sitting on the stations ... smiling and laughing ... breeding their
eggs ... to let them roll through the giant-stockings ... visitors from z ... while all games are breaking
when the black stone becomes too heavy ... then there are white flowers rising in the fields of
judgement days ... when black strikes the white ... and then new games will roll ... did you ever see
them do their white games ? kalibra bazina ... the zebra's joke ... raising the green to the libraries ...
by the business of the fake ... they all stuff them into books ... heading for the museum ... where you
can watch some ancient comics ... of some orange ducks ... these are liars ... from the zebra's joke ...
orange liars ... too many birthdays will strike the christmas ... while too many christmasses strike
the easter ... too many easters strike the wedding ... while too many weddings ... strike ascension-
day ... the big divorce ...

23. the black rose ... but too many black roses strike the banana ... the ornament in the desert ...
she will tell her jokes ... until it strikes birthday again ... i'm heaving marshpane in my head ...
reading the distances ... i'm having a helmet of z ... while someone is sewing my sharks ... caring for
the seams ... the skin is so thick ... here the sharks spit fire ... here the sharks spit soap ... here they

make their birthdaytarts while the smoke is rising ... to bring the big 7 home ... sandman is rising ... for his banana queen ... breeding the blue ... for some raptures ... while summerclause is rising ... breeding the ascension days ... still holes in the air ... where clouds are coming through ... while a service with little light is roaring fake tax ... fake funds ... fake services ... all from the restaurant of 2 ... that restaurant in the middle of cockaign's desert ... on a martian hill ... surrounded by neptunian presents ... directing at the z button in the air ... that symbol sliding above the desert ... here in the middle of the desert ... the yellow rose is standing ... when the orange mazes become too tall ... they strike the yellow jokes ... here in the middle of the desert ... the custard streams ... and you have to eat and eat ... while floating higher ... it's the yellow elevator ... it climbs higher while you're eating ... and then the rains fall ... to make the deserts wet again ... through many rains you can reach for Z ... it's the tall banana bringing you to a tall land where the sea-dragons of the rainbow live ...

24. it is the rainbow-jewel ... the z in the sky ... bringing your games into the clock ... in the land of z the banana-queen lives ... she has her own z-visor ... from here she rules the stars ... flowerfields ... while the giants whistlingkettle-orchestra is playing in grandfather's barn ... doing their fake wars, fake crimes and fake lawsuits ... i'm still doing the fake divorces here ... with those strange, strange movements i know the songs ... like softness in slowmotion ... so that no one sees the wounds ... but it's all fake anyway ... a kid's play ... nothing more ...

never enough

25. while the red stone makes movies of this ... food for wasp's tv ... while santa clause is breeding his christmasses ... there are appearing new heroes on tv ... they are communistic ... it is the red scorpion rising ... all his children will have the tv-stars in their heart ... a burning tree is growing in the middle of the desert ... it's baker's tree ... and tall faces are coming from it ... tall faces with sombrero's ... these tall giants ... visitors from z ... they are marching in all colours ... i'm seeing bakerman's faces ... so many suns of cockaign ... where communism met christmas ... tv was born ... santa clause is still riding these trains ... he's still the statue on wasp's tv ... where communism met ascension-day ... breath-tv was born ... so many channels from bottles ... so many wasp-rains while summerclause is riding them ... it's black against green here ...

26. raising the nuclears ... for a communistic judgement day on the racecourts they will stand ... all these tall horses ... raising the gepetto balloon ... twenty five ornaments ... on a hard day's spoon the black green jester ... turning thick in the night ... having his little leprechaun ... for a nuclear stocking ... they all hang through the universe ... like umbrella's against the rain it's tax, the mark of business ... nothing is only for one moment ... it keeps eating ... everything is for eternity ... shop's judgement's day and tax will be your train from heaven to hell ... for wearing someone's hat ... the rent will bring you down ... nothing will ever be yours ... you can only borrow

things, while the prices are too high ... there are many pits to fall in ... many illusive holes ... but at the end you touch the button ... which shows you the other side now how many sides do these coins from z have ... how many faces of a baker's head ? spinning holes in the air ... always singing the same songs ... but when you will see it's last cupboard to touch the last ballerina ... you will see the opposite song ... these are open mouths ... circling in the sky ... waiting to swallow you but there is a way out through it's tail ...

27. when you see the bottomless joke ... and when you brag in it's face a bakerman's face these were all tall bakers ... visitors from z ... turning you into food ... into birthdaycakes and eastereggs ... and when you thought you found ascensionday ... it appeared to be another trap ... another soft mouth with hard teeth ... all these mouths ... shivering in the air ... waiting to eat you to sooth their own fears their fears to be eaten but all mouths eat other mouths ... for it's all sugared by the bakermen all judged by tall faces too tall to understand ... too tall to please ... they have never enough ... i know a place called "never enough" ... it's there ... in their hearts ... the black hearts of guilt ... make the fear rise ...

The Pink Chocolate's Rose Wedding II ...

Dolphin's Goodbye ...

1. Sandman's red mailrunner coming from the big shoe ... throwing some post through your window ... while he races away with his chicken bike ... a red bike ... ringing so soft in your ear ... like dolphin's goodbye ... Checking the orange balls ... by the button of z ... throwing some candy like nick's play ... but he has a blue face ... remembering the pickpock family ... it's dolphin's goodbye

2. A wall full of roses, some chocolate and some wine ... it's the dolphin's goodbye ... it's like a million of doors are opening ... it's like winning the tax's game ... it's like shooting the last leprechaun ... it's like meeting red cape in the night ... she knows how to shut some doors ... and to light some candles ... she knows how to lead them all through the night ... these lions and these rats ... she is a pied piper ... throwing in all windows ... shooting all glasses ... until a morning's raven takes you away to cockaign ... where the doves dance and the mail is raining ... dolphin's goodbye ... and finally you reach the last cupboard of venus ... where a silver ballerina stands ... mary de pazzia .. still peter pan's lover ... while on saturdays she's tinkerbelle ... opening the door to a new neverland ... in such a dignified way ... she's the doorhandle on every tenth door ... showing the crisis in china ... hiding a hundred wishing wells under her jackets ... ten jackets she wears ... ten roses in her hair ... ten flowers on a summer's boat ... she did it all for love .. showing you the meaning of chocolate ... she's still her father's wet creation ... standing there on a tenth floor ... on a

low low cupboard ... while uncle one to ten is sleeping in the baby's room ... it was all to make your heart at peace dolphin's ... goodbye ...

Master of Auction III

Alphabet of Misunderstanding

1. misunderstand a schoolbell and you will hear your mother call misunderstand a telephone ring and you will hear your grandmother sing misunderstand a tv program and you will hear your sister cry ... misunderstand a doctor's advice ... and you will hear your son lie ...

2. tranvestites carrying a big handicapped eye ... they walk through glue and teeth ... they walk through you and me ... to bring the flame back to the candle ... these are dressed up insects from a red picnic ... masked while the eye they carry is hidden behind tall teeth ... like barbed wire ...

3. they will surround the baker's tree that tree on fire pinocchio's tree ... in which Gepetto's Flame is still locked up there are snakes running there ... sliding there to do business ... they are having their corsets there ...

4. misunderstand a schoolbell and you will hear your mother call misunderstand a telephone ring and you will hear your grandmother sing misunderstand a tv program and you will hear your sister cry ... misunderstand a doctor's advice ... and you will hear your son lie ...

5. only the tranvestites and the handicapped are free ... they can escape through communistic red spinning holes in the airs ... the red watermarks ... the red wet face of bakerman ... there will be wars in lapsalvania because of this ... for there in the endless auction ... a red point will appear through which Gepetto can escape then his balloon can rise and float above the restaurant of 2 ... to be the mailman of misunderstanding the god of ten ... he is the god of ten the 2 ... for the ten is the first number connecting two numbers ... it is the portal from something to something ... the touch ...

6. misunderstand a schoolbell and you will hear your mother call misunderstand a telephone ring and you will hear your grandmother sing misunderstand a tv program and you will hear your sister cry ... misunderstand a doctor's advice ... and you will hear your son lie ...

7. there are so many red points on the baker's tree ... and it's like pinocchio has a skindisease ... but these are all little lights ... launching the big gepetto ... it's like a zeppelin from mars it's like a rainbowballoon ... all the little tens ... raising the big 2 ... the mailman of misunderstanding ... because we misunderstood our teachers ... we could touch the fairytale again ...
8. the pickpock family is in town ... raising their big balloons ... they are walking like chicken on the killingfields ... but they are dressed up ants ... working on fairgrounds, funparks and circusses they are the gods of nonsense and misunderstanding ... raising up their own god ... gepetto ... their mailman ... they are raising up their numbers and letters in a flame ... a balloon's flame ...
9. misunderstand a schoolbell and you will hear your mother call misunderstand a telephone ring and you will hear your grandmother sing misunderstand a tv program and you will hear your sister cry ... misunderstand a doctor's advice ... and you will hear your son lie ...
10. aslant eyes and aslant faces make the connection to the worlds beyond the worlds, the mirrors beyond the mirrors by the little tens the wasprains are spouted ... by the big two of misunderstanding one of the biggest jokes there are seven jokes in a bag while the banana queen is carrying it ... they will be launched on a sundaymorning ...
11. the banana queen is raising her automatons ... on jupiter's fairground she walks ... together with white boots ... sharing their flowers with children ... they are raising their watermarks ... their gluemarks ... they are raising their balloons ... the bakerman's faces
12. misunderstand a schoolbell and you will hear your mother call misunderstand a telephone ring and you will hear your grandmother sing misunderstand a tv program and you will hear your sister cry ... misunderstand a doctor's advice ... and you will hear your son lie ...
13. they have red lights on their faces ... these waterlights ... these little tens ... raising the big 2 raising the big gepetto ... there are nuclear wars in lapsalvania ... the ants of the red picnic are rising ... these tranvestites carrying the big handicapped eye ...

Broken Bridge

1. where plants are the senses of a new world, don't cut it again, for you might cut yourself away. the boys from lynx they walk ... with machine guns they take flight ... to the world above the sea where they sell their roses ... to keep them all blind ... i have time for you when you walk away from the clock ... you might want to feel wet boots below you again ... there are doctors in winter's

treasures, growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens ... but there will not be any saviour or criminal again ... only these boys ...

2. they wear the stripes on their faces .. they have scars in their necks ... they sell the old feathers to the young ... they wear their ancient tattoos on their skins ... they fall when someone else falls ... for there is no saviour ... we are all the same ... when someone rises they rise they are the tears in our eyes ... they let them rot in the skies ... having no mercy at all ... they are like easterclauses taking flight it's only you ... they aren't really there ...

3. and then the hunger brings the hallucination ... they are the fata morgana's ... mirages of old wizards see these hearts pumping ... lying on dishes ... while you don't dare to eat anything of it ... these are the wizards hearts ... you are locked up in your hunger, while you have the fear ... and you eat nothing ... until you're dry as the desert creating your own tax ... your legions and masses ... this world is a vision of hunger it's a strange delirium coming from the third world ... oh yes, you're part of it ... your hunger just lets you dream of riches ...

4. it's a trick of a cobra ... you built your own tv ... there are no saviours and no destroyers only you ... in lonely and forgotten land you pushed the bell and now they're here ... but they're just ghosts of the mind ...

5. you slide to the forgotten land, where all your dreams started ... and you see the cobra moving you were at your own exploding ... and now you're living in a joke ... while bakerman's faces do their conspiracies at tops of trees ... you are just a christmasball ... with wasp-tv in your mind ... you're a money-designer ... from a strange bank ... you sacrifice your self-spun sugar to the queens ... but they only make the joke bigger ...

6. and now these bakerman's faces are your gods ... the jesus's you crucify ... your coins to paradise ... while your face is on someone else's coin ...

7. the worlds within worlds bring the feelings ... that what you cannot reach will bind you and blind you ... you are a slave of the hollow ... and it takes you deeper inside ... to the place where ashes is money ... the seeds of a new day ... the ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... it's your only way out ... just eat these seeds ... these flowerseeds ... then the honey will flow through your stomach ... and you will drink new milk ... come to the hollow ... and eat your burdens ... this is a gate you don't want to know ... but it's your only way to survive ... the hungercocoon brings riches to your mouth ... it grows on your back reaching for your mouth you can smell flowers of paradises growing on your back .. reaching for your nose it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... and music grows from their back to their ears ... while the tattoo of a spider is growing on their forehead ... reaching for their necks ... there where the senses sleep ...

8. there's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open the senses ... to let the flowers grow ... between the plants there's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open new visions in a language i understand and it brings me understanding ... it brings me new tales ... till the ornament grows further ... to reach for the broken bridge

9. when ornaments come together ... to lay the hard stones ... then softness grow inside ... to let machines blow ... they bring oil to the stages ... to let ballerina's dance ... until they reach the morninglights where they dive into morning dew they will never reach the afternoon ... they are in morningland ... where the morningred pushes the lights underwater in a new sea ... to let new plants grow from the seagardens ...

10. when ornaments come together ... they're riding towards the show ... where there are no saviours and criminals where everyone is the same ... baptized in red ...

11. there are boys behind dragonbars locked up behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of a red dragon ... he's a dangerous chesspawn on the board of a white rabbit ...

12. so many chesspawns in the air ... boys from lynx against the black snail and a pale orange octopus ... against so many other pieces on this strange chessboard of a white rabbit ... and when he turns it around the back of the board is a mirror and you see your face ... with these thousand nipples ... these bakerman's faces ... these bakerman's coins can you escape the altar of an egyptian king ... of an egyptian mother who claimed mooses to be her son ... she saved him but prisoned him ... can you escape this saviour's altar ... this altar of a businessman it's joseph's pit ... a strange board of chess where the suns and the earths play ... while moons are watching while you're sinking deeper in this strange cocoon ... this strange cartoon in these strange days ... while an orange prince is knocking at your door ... with three purple pale flowers for your mother ... he didn't ring a bell ... he just whispered

13. in ornamental issues i take flight to izu where all insects are gathered doing strange dances to win their days back ... in this strange game ... and at the bottom of this pit .. you're king of egypt and then there aren't any jesuses and judases left

14. who knows the chessboard of the white rabbit ... leading alice to wonderland it's strange stratego ... when you turn the pieces around ... you see the faces of the ones around you ... it's all a big conspiracy in your mind for when you turn them around twice ... you see your own face but at the end ... there will be no blame and shame at all these feelings of guilt ... where just the coins of business in a game called antartica flowerseeds wanting to open the senses for a new world new senses started to develop .. under the vibrations of guilt in the eyes of guilt it's never enough ... it's never good ... it's hungry and you need to grow it's the big breed ... of

an old witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done so then
you're living behind dragonwalls ... in her strange stories

Poetry from the White Chocolate III

Cold December Day

Red Seas

1. Honey, did you hear those sounds, terror coming in the night, while we sleep they take everything away, what we built between you and me. Honey, did you hear those words and the thunder, while our babies crying. Nothing they can do, nothing we can hide away, there is no escape, on Laprakod's Day. They're bringing us to Rabbit's Hill, they're giving us some cards, of what they built between you and me, and we're having their babies. Honey, did you hear those screams, telling us goodbye, honey, are you listening closely, they're tearing us apart, they're tearing us apart, on this cold december day, they're tearing us apart, they're tearing off your masks, they're tearing off these babies, tearing off all what we built here, between you and me.

Nowhere to Run

2. Come away with me, and let us forget about everything, let us hide away and fall, that's better than keep standing here. Honey, take me away, to your shelters, where you have your secret calls, your liars to mislead them all. Come away with me, come and let us fall, for everything here is burning, honey, take the doll, and raise it with the funny faces, to mislead them all. Come away with me, far away from these red seas, show me all those secret places, all what you were hiding for me, or we don't have anything to run to ...

*

3. I know of all your tears, I know of all your pains, fragily woven, the clothes you wear everyday.

*

Golden Yesterday

4. Soldiers rising up today, on this cold december day, suns and icycles on the chairs, baby's singing on the stairs, about stars so far away. You haven't seen them in ages, for they are with me today. Is today forever, like millions of years, is today to stay here till christmas, I'm frozen like a chocolate soldier, waiting for the bite again. Soldiers, rising up today, they came over the bridge of a frozen yesterday. Silly queen, I bought the rest of today, if you're sweet I give you a second of yesterday. I'm drinking the lion's tea, and from a widow-spiderian stream, I must grow up today, to rise to the ceiling, together with these soldiers, on this cold december day. Waiting for the strike of chocolate, waiting for the big bite. You're fragily woven, like the queen's doll, like the mistress of the princess, bowing for today. Give me chocolate milk from a widow spider, to stand with you today. If I fall tomorrow, I always have today, as a golden yesterday.

5. The cinema is closed today, and I can't stop crying, it's a cold december day. There are widow-spiders on the wall, waiting for the strike of chocolate, to rise tall. A boy in cowboy suit came to me today, gave me a book, a red book, like a dwarve's bible, they have fought about it today, and now I am a raven's prince. Please, give me all my ravens back, to take another dive, into the mystery.

Burning Flowers

6. I must dive, I must get through all these rings of fire, dancing through my mind. I must take, I must give away these flowers burning in my garden, they want to go home. They belong to you, in your womb they can grow, these burning flowers, don't you know.

7. I must take, I must give away these flowers, burning in the snow, of a cold december day.

*

8. There I hide them well, deep down in a precious spell, there I hide them well, lots to take, and lots to give ...

*

Cigarettes of War

I'm somewhere locked up in history, the thick fluid is flowing slowly from one place to another, it hardly moves. I think it will take ages. These cigarettes are of silver, and these histories lead to the

wild ages. In the stone age we're locked up like rabbits ... reading their iron books ... Birds of Jura
stand in tall windows, watching the rules of fire.

Poetry from the Big Gun II

Dragon Postbanks

Jurassic Gun

1. Four Dorothee's, a yellow one rakes the green. A blue one meets the saturdays in august. And
sixty alices in a row ... it's complaining about something, i don't know. Pinocchio is a dragoncandle,
needle on the grammophone, there he goes, there's too much noise in a spinach tanker, baby, i don't
know, i don't know. Four Dorothee's in a row, while the fifth Dorothee comes with orange surprises.

These silver fields ... like raking the moons ... while moonchild breaks the stages ... These dogs
have silver barks ... in blue ... No zebra's tomorrow ... they will be in yesterday ... So many roses
descending to history ...

2. Rollerskaters on a run, while four Pinocchio's are hunting after them ... These dragoncandles are
just strange needles from grammophone ... Like lambsteads they take flight ... to other moons

Jericho's on the spoon today ... there's carnival in a rabbit's temple ... All clothes are sold out
again ... we are naked and shivering ... No train wants to pick us up ... we have to stay here till sun
will get under ready for the swallow of the sea ...

3. Lately I'm a bit out of space ... Don't know how to rake my hair ... It's a wilderness because of a
present ... exploding before my face ... I'm in pain and grief ... I shouldn't have listened to
you ... Shouldn't shake your hand ... but it's too late now I'm already locked up in a yesterday's
event ... Alice is a rabbit-docter, a green one standing on the side ... These are the sides of hell she's
raking ... There is silver on the moon ... I can see it from here ... where docters run, and docters bow
... picking up the last helicopters coming out of their patients mouth ... then it's friday after that, and

they can go early to bed ... While blue Dorothee sells the saturdays away ... to a green raven's
play ... Didn't you hear it ? It was in the papers yesterday ... And now we have to run and hide ... or
this baby will take us away to her hairy afternoons ... Run for your life There are hairy birds on
the fields ... while Pinocchio's are raking the walls ... There's no escape from here ... we are waiting
for the moment till we fall ...

4. Uncle Peacock has a bad day ... and it seems we're paying for it again ... he has sixty postbanks in
a row ... reminding us of history ... while sixty pinocchio's are still the displaydolls There are

loveletters from a hairy past ... These are memory-banks ... romances of dragons ... like old religions ... mom and dad want to talk to us like ancestors in a glass of water ... drowning .. but reaching our sides ... These rollerskates sting, telling us to sink deeper down the hill, monsieurs ... down the hill ... the roses still grow ... There's a telephone from 20 ages ago ... it's still on the radio ... where Uncle Unicorn runs and hides

5. These are old religions, mother, so many alices in the sky ... they're raking the moons for us ... These are old religions baby, messages from thirty ages ago, from times ... we didn't know ... These are strange postbanks it makes you cry ... bye bye baby, they're taking me away blue alice is speaking ... her rabbit is bleeding ... bitten by a monster, drowning in the sea ... it was something between you and me

6. Baby, please give me some room, please give me some space ... these shoes hurt me ... i have to walk ... i have to talk these are horses waiting for the ride ... i cannot help it, never could ... Baby, these shoes are hurting me ... I have to sink deeper, in these tall tall boots ... where the rabbits break me An iron grasp brought me to these old old fashions and forests ... and these old old trains where red alices were weeping and a brown alice was breaking the afternoon to escape to old summers on an old locomotion ... baby give me room, these are just some old religions ... from strange postbanks ... with strange mailmans ... so many balloons in the skies ... it makes you wanna cry ...

7. Mother, invent me, I cannot walk today ... some messages they break me ... did the mailman already come ... he's the god of ten ... with all his pinocchio's ... memories on discs ... strange strange dragoncandles ... singing in spain ... old songs from the rivers so many snowwhites after the fall so many cinderella's ... in a strange war after the call so many thornroses thundering in the snow between me and you ... a dragon of old ages ... where Uncle Unicorn runs and hides this grammophone needs a good needle she's walking with her boots deep in the snow ... I still cannot hear her echo

8. Echobank make the letters thick ... let me hear your songs ... these old records speak a postman a strange dj ... taking me home today ... with sixty dorothees behind me ... i think i get a piece of this cake ... where brothers are warning me ... twenty jesuses in twenty colours please don't cry about me the red osiris is taking me through it ... like a silver statue he breaks the rules ... and takes me to the schools ... please don't cry again, you're under a good umbrella ... it's a mailman's school ... were waving birds from ancient times will come to you ... with their wide wings ... they will bring you to it they will bring you to mailman's churches ... to mailman's justice-courts ... watch and listen ... it speaks to you like silver thunder ... making everything small again ... the ancient fairytales will appear ... so don't cry again

9. Yes, mailmen take you home tonight. They watch the flowers side by side ... until the ornaments will spread themselves ... Mother invent me ... did the mailman already come today ... he is the god

of ten a dragoncandle singing in spain ... these pinocchio's standing in a row ... these displaydolls
of strange postbanks The statues drip their watery glues ... New tax from the radio ... new
dragons entering in don't forget about his number ... of ages and ages ago ... These alices in pink
and white ... they're locking all these rows tonight ... Lady watch the golden spear these animals
they greet the snowwhite ... tear ...

10. Mailmen's roses mailmen's tears They bring the deep wide bottles they drink and cry it
out every year Mailmen's roses Mailmen's tears they drink and let it stream ... they drink
and let it flow ...

11. Thirteen licorices twelve chocolates Let me hide behind the mailman ... bringing milk
today Circle of mailmen yellow and green, Alice White is counting the tears they describe
and she is drinking all these watering lies are truths from millions of ages ago ... Cinema's
they let them play It's a taxletter-postbank It's a taxletter's grey ...

12. Here I come, these dragons need space Just listen to the taxmachine, just listen to the ticking
of birds codes of dragons codes of a new today from millions of ages ago ... The dragon's
coming through The mailman's heart, just a liar ... the typemachine of ancient truth You even
don't know the date of today You lost the calender of old June. All these red liars ... bringing the
truths of ancient days ...

13. Blue mailmen, milkmen, teachers coming to the justice-court where the black mailmen
read the white letters ... a cherry lies today but tomorrow it's the truth again These letters are
bending on top of every day ... It is forever yesterday

14. Grey mice with eleven noses, grey mice with eleven ears, marching to the peter pan's
sundaymorning, to tell them other stories ... of yesterday I am sinking to the noises growing from
tomorrow, hiding me from yesterday I am sinking to these glories wandering through my mind
today hiding me from yesterday

15. Blue mice like pinocchio's, marching like the mailmen, marching like my mother's curse
today finding their ways through old stories the world will be an elf today transparent in
all it's colours for Jesus thinks it's okay

16. Green mice with three ears, and with a blue nose, they can grow, bringing them to yesterday,
through a strange postbank, with a strange flow Red mice think today ... it's okay ... it's okay ...
while Jesus takes the cinema and disappears in the rain ... My mother hides in Spain ... My mother
thinks it's a strange postbank ... that's like it is ...

17. It's busy in the dragon's castle ... all the dragoncandle's singing ... these are mice on a stick ... like pinocchio's they tick all these messages from yesterday, about my mother hiding in Spain It's like a Red Christ coming from Santa Day like a Blue Christ loving elves Like the Black Christ not able to play they're hiding all in yesterday My Pink Christ goes to school, where mailmen are the teachers nothing for him he screams all dayand at nights he cannot sleep These dragoncandles running towards the moonchild playing in the skies sitting on the big snake

18. And I, I still wonder, what's going on today all these Red Pinocchio's all these telephones and all these radio's from ancient days Still spinning tax to burn the coins of today ... these strange Pinocchio's making you cry but these lies were truths yesterday ... but these lies were truths yesterday In the cinema, come, take your guns and clothes ... take your machines and go to someone's birthday to your Jurassic Gun ... to find your Dorothee's and Alice's ... and your queens of hearts And come to mailmen's lawyers, to find the mailman's ring ... waking up becoming a mailman ... just a letter in the alphabet ... balancing between tax and insurance, between a telephone and a radio

Orange Dragonclaw

19. Twenty Esau's cannot comfort me, these are lights ... bakerman's lights ... Their hair is softly burning in strange fire They cannot comfort me ... but it makes me a bit quiet ... There's a clock of moons hanging on the wall ... It's speaking and I see it's eye a big eye if it comes to that like the sparrow's eye ...

20. I wonder what they're doing today ... All these taxes and insurances ... all these economies ... and the ones going to jail ... It's like a dragon coming to the surface ... He cannot speak, but he lets the money roll ... from this side to that side until someone has to go to jail ... It's a big machine ... without mercy ... I can't do anything about it ... The skies are silver ... and so are the buildings ... with their merciless machines

21. The orange dragonclaw has twenty Jesuses in a row ... A strange sight, and all for money ... Yes, they finally remember me On the wings of dementia ... These are the mailman's Januari's strange feathers from the bird ... When in August the Pinocchio's speak ... the twentieth has the biggest mouth, the microphone of society spinning the rings tight ... These are strange rockets in the air ... from a mailman's bag ... they arise The alphabet's making strange dive's today ... Deep down in the sand ... It's the dictionary doing business today ... a dragon dictionary making drama's ... in the kettle ... the big kettle of Spain ...

The Banks of History

Silver Cigars

wonder rocket

1. All in line they stand, while hitler has the red stripe around his arm ... They move ... it is a strange band ... The ballerina bends ... By all these tsars falling, I'm breathing ... Is it cold in your worldwar
I ... I can sell vanilla cakes ... some flames behind thick glass ... so that you can dream ...

2. Blue zebra hides the lilyqueen ... she's moving like the octopus ... like fishes in the sky ... it's coming closer now ... on silver cigars ... These are the bones of Pharaos ... taking flight in october skies ... These red stripes around the arms of commanders ... coming to me in my darkest nights ... They had to rise and fall, so that I could move ... I am a toysoldier after all ... nothing but a strange ballerina ... on silver cupboards I dance ... like silver mice I stand ... one hand stretched out to the cake ... while it breaks ... and I can dream ...

3. Vanilla cakes ... flames behind thick glass and iron ... we're dying in the cold ... but the dreams bring us away ... to a place of silver cigars ... We weren't allowed to forget history ... There are the flames in hearts ... From there the secret's running ... In time ... It's all so frozen ... They're still in slow motion ...

4. Like the hitchhiker ... I'm bending my fingers ... to the cars of history ... to the sweeter destiny ... Why am I so angry ... It's a silver key hunting after me ... tearing me down ... These silver lights they come like lightening on my knee ... It lets me bend everything ... There's power to walk ... and let them all talk ...

5. There are silver statues in my mind, while hitler has a white stripe around his arms ... And now it disappears and the picture fades away ... There are wet silver lights in my head ... blinding me ... taking the kings out of me ... to let them fall once again ... deeper into my heart, like silver arrows ... letting me breath ... It's strange ... it's all on moviescreens ... and I'm not a baby anymore ... I'm grown up, every movement it's goal ... I'm aware, I am a robot ... silver cigars are my bones ... It's blinding me ... taking me to other shores ... The paths of history I must go ... like a rocket into the sand ... so that everything will bend ... There's silver water on a plate ... and everything is dying in my hand ... It's like worldwar II ... The spears of Jesus coming through ...

6. I must know their numbers ... Timemachines don't exist ... only stockmachines ... It's clicking like silver chains ... making me move like the iron ballerina ... No one will take me down again, only

history will do ... I have silver chocolate on a dish ... these soldiers are so frozen ... but by the strike
of silver licorice ... their eyes will fall down ...

Wodka

7. Cannot go, I'm mother's station, cannot go, I'm mother's hide ... Indian books fall down ...
warbottles make me swallow ... it's carnival ... nothing hurts anymore ... for history took them all
away ...

8. Cannot go, I'm mother's secret, chains are bending when I speak ... It's like the clicks of silver ...
and the tapping shoes of wondermaking ... Cannot go, I'm mother's secret ... cannot go, I'm mother's
secret ...

9. Finding the right words to breath ... Wonderland is on ... History made me taller, birds of pharao
have nests in my spine ... While I am sinking deeper ... reaching for my legs ... They're so tall, they
do not touch the ground ... like the silver horses standing proud I'm all in darkness birds bend
their heads ... They do understand ... while songbird saves me from the threat ... still a redbreast
from aldebaran, while stockmachines sting merciless to make the deals ... for more silver bones to
come through I'm a warmachine ... showing the sides of a coin ... Silver chocolatemilk in a bottle
... streaming through the games of rats ... streaming through the frozen soldiers ... until the
licoricesyrop lets them fall ... They all must go to bed ... while in the morning they will be pirates ...
on a silver pirateship ... hearts are bending ... hearts are talking about the chip ... Pinocchio's letters
from the inside ... These coins from history ... for the aldebaran automatons ancient
machinery Now spread your wings, my bird, and fly ... bend your heads ... like silver pictures ...
make them understand ... make them understand ...

10. Why do you want to drown in wodka ... Take whiskey instead ... There are wonderlands on the
coins ... and wonderlands on the bills ... bred by stockmachines ... no automatons Fly to make
them understand ... It is hitler in wonderland let us all bow our heads and try to escape ...
Where's the mango ... making our heads do the tango ... Where's the spread making us all so mad ...
There's a war of fruits in my head ... There's steamy beer on the cake ... It doesn't want to go to
school today ... The paradox caresses his face ... There's steamy wine making flights ... crashing
down before the walls of yesterday ... but ancient marks will bring him through ...

11. Silver wonderland where are you going ... Silver rabbits and silver alices ... where's the end of
it ... Is it there in hitler's mouth ? Oh, tell me where he had his favors ... Tell me where he lost his
dice I must continue through these doors ... not captivating one of them ... There's a silver zebra
roaring in the skies ... like a rocket aimed at the banks of history ...

Finally Whiskey

12. I'm escaping through open mouths, having tongues as parachutes ... These feathers are more dangerous than the bird's beak ... That's why I had to sit in jail for so long of my life ... to prepare me to this fight ... I'm just a whiskey-gladiator ... but finally the emperor's son ... With crowns on every finger ... silver crowns ... I don't need the gold ... Crowns of liberty, says the frog ... while I'm still dying in a glass of water ... silver water ... I allowed myself to be neutral while walking the path of history ... for only the paradox was a path for me ... there ... I didn't allow myself to do symmetric predictions again, for the assymetry brought me to the well of history ... and it was full of whiskey ... There's silver water making me drunk ...

13. There are silver dreams before my eyes when I touch one of them, they all fall and fly away ... and I fly after them ... for they want me to know where they came from ... these silver birds

14. There are silver dragons on the shores ... with warbottles in their hands ... full of steamy silver waters ... and lots of whiskey under their commands ... The strike of July brings them to June, where they finally can sleep ... and tune in to another station ... robbing another bank ... While trumpets are very loud and low today ... with silver lights like lightening ... Silver mice are in a row ... preparing the machinery for the next flow ... all these silver cigars are dying ... to wake up into another day ... They have pretty faces ... they have funny speeches ... like the latest cartoons ... Mickey Mouse is waiting for the bus today ... going to Germany and then to Russia ... to do the first worldwar again ... It was just a strange dance in your mother's diary ... Mickey Mouse and his wicked ballerina's ... He just drank too much whiskey ... hitting the hard day ... someone had to break the shell ... and now these animals can run .. knowing there's a new story to tell ... Break the bottles open ... and do the second worldwar again ... These soldiers are all frozen ... When the licorice strikes, they will all fall ... turning into pirates ... with flowers blooming in their hearts ... It's the rythm of silver There's no big escape from this all ... but only by repeating it, it will finally fall ... To bed, that is the only travel ... when daylights fall ... to dream the silver dream ...

15. In autumn the houses are tall ... and then hitler's just a painting ... but it moves, and that is the strangest thing of all ...

16. Hitler's carnival ... marching with twentythousand mice ... What a picture in the snow ... it moves ... it glows and it grows ... tomorrow the flowers will bloom ... and what will we do then ...

17. There's a silver zebra in the sky ... peeing on the banks of history ... ready for the major attack ...
a crown of history ... a silver one, that's for sure ... don't need the gold, just drink the whiskey ...
Zebra's in the sky ... the wars come down to Dorothee ... just patients for the doctor of oz ... mates to
travel with ... all these wars, our mixed-up hearts ... all the cruelty so overrated ... there's something
down there coming through ... it kills for it needs the life taken away from it ... it needs to breathe ...
cruelty so overrated ... nothing but a war of fruits ... the baker wants expensive juice ... to have a
present when the wizard comes ... these wars just making a chair free for the next one ... they must
make the trees pretty ... they are the keys of lion's cages ... and other animals ...

Potatoes, Onions and Oranges

"when it breaths it goes to history to be burnt ... when it's swallowed six times you can translate ...
and the seventh time ... you can create ... the secret of a red giant's shoe"

When the purple becomes green

1. Through the purple curtains i always reach the red, escaping the purple is the best you can do
when the snow falls, but it always brings you back, until the marbles come, until the marbles fall ...
for another round on the fairground until the purple becomes green ... It's switching between liars
and truthspeakers ... switchers between June and July ... until april comes to make a detail ... to
make them all green in the night ... then your daylight will fall ... for another ride ... into the funpark

....

2. Through arabian seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these
solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to belcanov ... that statue on the flowerfields ...
keeping them all spinning ... he's an arabian deer, a face too tight ... while glues are
streamingthere are siriuses in the air all these cigarlights ... they're spinning the birds of
thunder ... to let belcanov breathe ... all these cigarlights from japan when india's on her knees ...
these are cigarlights from sweden, from all over the world ... where the siriuses have touched their
earths ... to descend underground ... to meet the hidden lions ... they will be free on day three ...

3. and when the marbles are rolling, i'm heading for izu ... staring at all those aldebarans in the night
... it's the red scorpion rising ... there are communistic heroes on tv ... while santa clause is still a
little statue on this wasp's delight ...

4. how many stings of a wasp does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... he's heading for the buildings of the poles ... he's on highways to perlottia on rollerskates ... while belcanov is on my side ... still a deermachine he rides letting his wasps descend to history in the delirium of dementia ...

5. black cowboys in arabian deserts ... with black lassos ... catching their prisoners for an author's kitchen ... the book must be ready tomorrow ... tax always the author's pencil ... it roars by democracy ... and then they'll all read it ...

6. businessmen are masters of sleep ... the nose brings you to the future ... where the unknown lives ... the dragons ... under an orange stone of confusion ... we go to sleep ... along purple curtains we travel ... heading for green .. on top of a desert ... sandman was just a good businessman ...

7. sandman is riding a green horse ... eating the purple ... along purple curtains they travel ... with you ... sandman on a green horse ... and i'm waiting for the strike of orange ... under business we all go to sleep until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. we're on the radio tonight ... this is how they mix us ... mix us ... all in the kettle ... the purple breaks us and mix us ... in delirium ... on a green horse

8. birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be another prison of orange and green cowboys ... they gamble having their delights our daddy is an addicted gambler he's selling us ... on the back of a purple horse ... all these wasps ... bringing us back to where we came from ... but by another road ... we don't recognize ... that we had been here before

9. while belcanov smiles from history ... we are prisoners of izu ... prisoners of an author's kitchen ...bringing us back to the book ... back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue

10. there's glue from arabian coffeehouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deers and horses ... in the roundabout they wave ... they are ... friends ...

11. until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again ... and a purple deer is mixing us again ... by potatoes, onions and oranges ... until we are pale again .. pale again ...

12. a spanish dream sells the pictures ... one of these deers was a spy ... a blue one that's for sure selling the prisoners to the red where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons the roundabout of deers is spinning ... having their own red ... pale red ... while they are your enemies again ...

13. and this makes the tears fall, all these dragon tears ... while the watermarks make pictures ...
these are wet suits ... plastic wood

14. you have two red eyes ... a pale one and a colourfull one ... it makes you cry ... while the third
one on your head is transparent ... made by tears ... it's growing and making friends forever
with the deers ... you're smiling it's the third day ... and you see the fragments of a jellyfish's face
... there's multi-coloured glue ... from the crocodile ... with all these watermarks on it's back ... it
makes you tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun ...

15. where cowboys play, you reach for the shoes ... in california they stand ... in a desert
underground ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... and the coin falls in the
black wishingwell ... where abraham still weeps ... for he lost his isaak there why did the goat
has to die ?

16. there's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... he likes to be killed ... he likes to
be a coin ... he reached through the bottom of the pit ... into the depths of tax and transparency
and now he grows like a tree from the yellow station he is king he is an ornament ... he is king
...

17. he was saved by echo ... and now he rides him on this black goat he builds wasp-tv by
all these tax-lines, waterlines while the santa clause statue, the little one, is standing on this
desert house and now it's raining and snowing ... rains of the wasp while coffee is running
from the arabian house it was all in arabia spain in arabia the spy was fake ... spies are just
smugglers ... spies are just trains ... it's just a black goat in panic and fear ... he has clothes with
holes ...

18. there's a goat on the coin, he likes to be swallowed he likes to be eaten by cowboys to
reach for the shoes ... where the indian spies ... live just spice from arabia ...

19. how many corners are there on a red eye ... where aldebaran birds are dancing ... the red
scorpion rides ... how many faces are there on a spider's coin ... it reaches for an unknown well,
while the trains of arabia are roaring ... they are moving underground ... to break through
communistic churches while the bands of jazz are playing ... you glide into the night without
dress ... to awake naked the next morning but it hides you from the black morning you're now
in a strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep you out of the
factory ...

20. these horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ... but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will jump out of black bottles to see their beauty .. and forget about their ugliness inside inside we are ugly ... but our skins are beautiful we are indian spies ... smuggling the banana roads for the coming queens and kings ... we take flight ...

21. in asgard the yellow station we sit waiting to become sweet again ... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where icecream rolls ... it's baker's glue ... where the orange is a good gun ... and the bananas burn the money ... the ice will rise ... to niflheim ... on ragnarok's day ... it's getting darker here ... where blind children play ... the walls of jericho are rising when the blue strikes seven times, there's icecream for all when bilmageln hits the third gong ... then the dwarves come ... and it's red shoe time ...

22. a silver spoon does the work, in bilmageln's golden hand ... it ticks ... it's dinnertime ... when the black gates are opening ... black glues from licorice ... turning ice in the night it was always your mother's delight by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ...

23. when the red dragon is falling, on licorice day ... the red eye is rising ... and the red rose floats to the libraries of the old days ... opening the taps of glue she's a water mark .. a best mark ... doing the dishes with a spoon ... she needs you today for a ride in a tunnel to show you all flowers of daylight in their tight dresses covered by big uniforms ... she takes flight she doesn't let her roses die ... she's hiding her black bottles ... while red cowboys are riding them ... heading for the yellow ... where bakerman takes flight ... touching the seven moons of cockaign ... just a shrieking boys clock ... from arabia to spain ... she had to swallow ... to bring the colours ... alive again ... they were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale

24. there are watermarks sitting on bottles ... and at the end of the day ... they float away ... and then the shark's beer is floating ... watch the smile ... these are bakerman's mouths ... watch the smile ... i'm on a dreamboat .. burning my money ... i have now my own coins for a new alphabet it will be burnt at the end of the day ... all these watermarks falling stirring the machines of deer ...

25. these ones are tight ... the noses rise showing us a future too heavy for it's unknown to us ... they don't tell us how it is and we fall asleep ... sliding back to history can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? the noses rise ... spreading their birds of cigarette ... stirring the machines of deers these are strange coins on bottles ... falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high while it's becoming glue from uncle's ... the watermarks take flight ...

26. what if the orange becomes red faroom da bazite ... a red bed ... where all trains of arabia end ... you were a cyclope with a red eye a roundabout ... with so many roundabouts inside ... you

were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see ... and still blind children are playing on the
marketsquares of jericho ... having strange noses from strange parties ... like rockets to the moon ...
there are fireworks in the bottle ... while blue glue is streaming ... it was sandman with his yellow
touch sitting on a green horse and now he gave you purple to bring the boys from lynx
alive ... boys from lynx ... spreading their coffees ... to let you wake up in another world ... how
many floors are there in this red ball ... it's jakobs ladder ... he's playing the whispering organ ... so
slow ... so slow ... while red soup is boiling ... and liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his
three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... while a wild esau is rising ... painting the skies
in neon ... he's a cyclope ... but he has a million eyes on his back ... that's how he flies all red
eyes ... bringing the neon he's a swindler now ... gambling ... while casino's cabman is riding him
... he takes flight ...

27. when it breaths it goes to history to be burnt ... when it's swallowed six times you can
translate ... and the seventh time ... you can create ... the secret of a red giant's shoe then the birds
of cigarette come free ... enchanted mirrors enchanted ponds to let you have your own shoes ...
they bring you to .. the world beyond fairytale ... grapes on a red picnic's day ... turning wine in the
night ... on kana's day ... jesus kissed his bride ... veiled it was a monkey ... a flying one on
that day when the publics laughed themselves to death the public ... another trick of tax ...

28. on top of the nose ... arabia waves ... it's all there is ... we are just red walking noses ... painted
by a black widow these are stories of the big nose spreading fears which don't exist ... this is
all there is ... who painted the noses red she's the black widow a major threat hiding her
bakerman in a purple box ... where she mixes him along the purple curtains of deliriumhe
goes asleep ... while all these bakerman's faces fill the sky in glue and the pictures become
darker ... she's making it so black ... where neon is rising and when the black rose falls ... the red
dream starts to tell ... you're on tv tonight and she makes it darker for the waterlights are
weeping, heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon she wants it softer ... so she has to strike
harder first ... she's a two-faced harlot ... bringing them from the purple to the orange in the arms
of bilmageln ... where they can sleep

29. but these soft boys become the hard man in the night ... oh yes like white hard candy lying on
a dish ... tell me what you can remember ... it was the way you caught a fish ... one day the soft was
all eaten away ... and some hard bones were staring at you ... and you swallowed fast all of a sudden

...

30. these are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads
to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their
stares ... you better be wise these days ... they are standing on the coasts of the hague ... where a
black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the
alphabet these are the red boys from santa clause ... the birds of cigarette ...

31. they rise from wasp tv spreading their wasp rains they are black spots running ... doing the dishes ... until snow white comes home there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day

32. they are the books from the library beyond history ... they are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... they are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the vanilla planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched before ... cold conscience ... it spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak these cigarlights from sirius ... these lights too bright when the orange splinters rise into the darkest night

33. your roundabout boats will rise ... and there will be nothing to swallow anymore ... there where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ...

34. there where red becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming from sirian cigarlighters ... to save you from charity's curse

35. swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights you have a nose ... and that's all you have ... some have bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world beyond history ... together with a banana queen ... these are the red scorpions ... the starships breeding their eggs of unity by spastic movements they can bend everything they boil their glues in big kettles ... where the watermarks dance ... and when the conscience becomes too cold ... it starts to play the whispering organ and then the tears come ...

these ornaments are so fragile

Poetry Around the Spear of Jesus

Language of Sleep

Security's Armour

1. Mailmen in slow-motion, showing pictures today, of long ago, hiding in the snow ... The flame brought them up, and now this is the answer ... cinema's are running for the show ... Mailmen are bowing ... stretching their hands to something ... I don't know what but it seemed to be from the

past ... There's a moonclock in their bags It's still like a strange comicbook, it makes me cry ... I
didn't know I had so many tears inside ...

2. Mailmen in slow-motion ... moving their arms ... pictures bending ... These are the banks of
motion ... strange alphabets ... of a lion and a dragon ...

3. In slow-motion they stand, spouting the silver juice ... No one can move ... Time has gone to june
... Staying there forever ... without name

4. These letters were just written to cover things up ... These alphabets were just a strange code, a
strange hat ... When we speak ... when we speak we speak in codes ... These are the shells, the
curtains ... going to sleep covering the dreams It is the language of sleep, hiding the pictures
of the dream ... the message between me and you ... These flames are hidden, deep in the ice
under purple snow ... behind mailman's dances ... Only you and me, we know the language of
sleep ... Like a lion talking to a dragon ... where no one can interfere ...

5. It is like the walls of a temple ... It's like the riddles on the pillars ... hiding the treasures into deep
.... Soldiers do the strange dances Liars hide the moons of dragonprinces ... We don't need to
understand, in bed we get the picture ... The blankets are warm ... In July we get the cold ... You're
talking in your sleep ... The roses don't understand you ... until the dream takes them away ...
Misunderstanding from the lion's tea ... Strange languages between you and me ... Hide it in a tear
of water It's the seed of what you're telling me ... in this language of sleep ... These memories are
just riddles ... of what happened between you and me ...

6. It's a security-armour It's a language of sleep, in cold slow-motion ... hiding the flame so
deep ... A great lockmaker ... He locks and locks ... these are the days of august ... our money
doesn't talk The twentieth still the king of lockmakers ... Grasp all the days and let them win ...
and go right through the curtains ... to dream the dreams they bring ... It's just a cold cold
language but the message is so hot Don't lose your buddy ... but bring his life in the
spotlight ...

The Lockwizard

7. Lockwizard is on the run, to catch the daylights in his hat ... These days of the year were given to
him ... they are the locks of the king ... Everyday's another Jesus, everyday's another Pinocchio ...
another letter from the dragon. These days are to hide ... the kings of the message ... These days are
to hide ... the storms that are coming through ... The language of sleep ... it knocks you down ... to
make you dream Lockwizard is on the run, the months of the year are guards of the big spear ...
the king's spear ... this spear of jesus ...

8. He was the killer of Jesus ... a murderer, like flames underwater ... a lockmaster he was ... Bring him now out of the water, don't call him saint, he was a roman soldier ... Etnako was his name ... Bury him, and let his name be near to the cross and the sacred flame ... like sacraments of the fall ... his name wasn't worth the call ... But as it always is in legends ... they all become immortal ... they all become eternal ... the villain and the hero ... the murderer and the martyr ...

9. Lockwizard is on the run, to hide the daylight in his hat ... Everyday another esau, everyday another etnako ... in so many colours ... becoming the weeks of the year ... They stand there to protect their mothers ... and their grandfathers ... ancestors in a glass of water ... dried out at the end of the year ... Centuries are bars of the old fences ... hiding the spears of Jesus deep inside ...

Deaf Shop

10. It's a deaf shop in a deaf land ... there deep down in Izu ... where they brought the hearts of spiders ... where they brought her eyes ... where they brought her spoon ... this old lady's mind ... this land is so sleepy ...

11. They used to come to communistic churches. It's losing detail, it's heading to ..the sea of paint again .. He's hating himself, he's caught by a machine ..

12. They used to come to hospitals .. these old black men .. gathering the pains for a democracy .. while they're writing in their books of tax .. .

13. Oh, they used to come to communistic churches .. ripping the hearts out for a new history .. They painted their flags .. while I had to carry the black tile ..

14. and finally you find yourself in that old old shop again, where fruits are bleeding, you hear them whisper ...

15. under unknown fruits .. while grandmother is too far away .. she's living near the old old shop .. of witch's hearts .. of spider's heads .. of old party noses .. deep in amsterdam .. where the deserts are .. the hills and the canals .. where the hotels move away .. cradle of amsterdam .. ten fruits like little lamps .. like little fires ..

16. pope, rise up, pope sit down, you're the puppet on my finger ... pope go to bed, pope, wake up .. and eat your bread .. it will be a long day in history .. in the factory ..

17. these fruits with the soft lights .. with their angers .. no one hears them .. for everyone's deaf
there ...

18. It's a deaf shop in a deaf land ... there deep down in Izu ... where they brought the hearts of
spiders ... where they brought her eyes ... where they brought her spoon ... this old lady's mind ...
this land is so sleepy ...

Ladybug II

1. the strikes of silver bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live
... while wild cats stand on martian hills, they are rising from the desertsicecreams with
forestroad snakes ... bringing the bakerman's faces alive ...

2. where the boys from lynx do business ... these coins roll ... they are the balls of strange
footballfields ... with strange tall bottles of tears ... where tall whispers walk ... here peacocks
horrorshows descend on top of purple roofs ... while lamentation cats gather the prisoners for an
author's kitchen ...

3. there are strange arabian roundabouts in the air these peacocks horrorshows ... they're mixing
the icecreams ... while forestroad snakes rise ... and purple roundabout horses ... to save their
moseses out of black rivers ... they'll be tomorrows actors capitalists with communistic smiles ...

4. where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deers ... they are strange mirrors in castles ...

5. we are mixed in purple roundabouts ... in peacocks horrorshows ... while the wizard hearts beat
faster ... and the machines of deer slow down while babies with tall ears ... bear the whispers ...
leading us through purple curtains ... the fleeces to the tear of venus ... where bakerman's faces
bathe ... they make trips to vanilla .. to have the powders of delirium ... making their hearts vain ...

6. there are purple roundabouts in my head ... spinning bakerman's faces ... on a nosehead with so
many eyes ... a ladybug is what it says ... and then the worlds are exploding ... strange ways of an
eagle's helmet ... having the face of a ladybug ...

7. these are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... to let you see a peacocks horrorshow .. and then you will me mixed again ... in everything what was left for you ... and there you will find a new world ...

8. red sandman with his suit of flames .. he's so different when the silver strikes ... then he has a suit of bakerman's faces ... a suit of ladybugs ... and then he takes flight ... while bottles of tears are overflowing ... while purple roundabouts are spinning to mix them all ... to let the blue rise ... when purple strikes the blue it's christmas ... then the udders rise ...

9. in udders city where bakertrees rise ... they're having black christmasses and black marriages ... but when the candle is burnt it all ends in a lie ... the liar's flame is all there will be on that day ... until the purple roundabouts come ... to spin new sugar of truth ... these are the patterns of life ... pink blue forestroad ...

10. there are orange liars on a boat eating the suits of green liars ... they're standing tall to spread their tall whispers ... while the bottles of tears are overflowing and then the purple roundabouts come again to black eggs on sunday mornings they're breeding snakes ... they're breeding the udders of a new day ... under cow's conspiracy service with little light

11. it's coming from the handkerchief ... all these strange seeds and tears of delirium ... while they hide in tall whispers and bakerman's faces ... they take flight heading for the footballfields where indian warbooks dance

12. it's rising from the bottles ... while chinese lanterns stare ... and aldebaran birds pick up the bakerman's faces from the battlefields for another ride ... these coins are without any mercy ... for no one had mercy for them ...

13. and red sandmen are descending ... having the stories on their suits ... they laugh in flames they know the operas breeding their boys from lynx ... in soft watermarks while orange sandmen are mocking the shows ... the peackcock's horrorshows come .. to mix them all again ... they are the lights on birthdaycakes tomorrow ... they are the spoons in silver clocks ...

14. and green sandmen they do the dishes ... showing you the lights leading you to the gold ... you're on the back of a golden pirateship .. a strange communistic bird ...

15. the bed is too soft to let you awake, it shows you the other side of the cake ... your pyamas are too hot to keep you out of delirium ... so you take a horse and get tall ears ... a strange smile ... this watch with bakerman's faces ... too sweet to keep you in the black river your moses gives you a silver stare where a fire burns the fires ... where a book swallows the books ... to make

your eyes red ... all happening in icecream letting the tears flow deep inside creating
bakertrees in purple kettles these ragblankets of delirium are in strange flames now it's too
wild to let you sleep ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... inviting you to cartoons ...

16. take a flight on a carpet on a new horse to let the udders grow inside ... these shrieking
boys clocks there are udders coming from birthdaytarts ... spouting the marshpane over the
hills ... the eels turn pale to bring deeper colours the boys with snakehearts beat the drums ...
rabbit udders reaching deep ... for venus tear ... they are the heartplugs when summers freeze ... they
bring belgian stories to purple kettles when the silver strikes three times ... there's snake tea for
all

17. and these teeth in glue ... like ladders to heaven's spiral gates ... to soft clouds peeing tears to
show the jewels of sweet fluffy roses painted on white chocolate ... while elves with golden
stares making the pictures dense ...

18. when the chocolate strikes the soldiers are freezing, when it strikes another time they become
hard as stone ... silver strikes in the air on a honeymoon ... he has a bunny clock ... a shrieking boys
clock they let the boys scream by winter dream glasses ... the charity got too much ... these
communistic churches ... now he's breeding his boys from lynx inside the banana striking
there ... to let them run faster where all the racecars rise ... on banana tiles they ride on banana
railroads and rainbows a good way to burn money wild desertstorms in bakerman's
faces wars in an hourglass while dictators strike the silver they will all understand and
now they are lords of the dice ... hunted by a thousand tales and the russian face on the door
shows so many colours with a peacocks horrorshow on his helmet ...

19. these are peacocks horrorshows mixing them in the purple ... to let pure colours rise and pure
coffee while they're finding their own boys of lynx inside ... these hearts are snakes ... it's glue
surrounded by teeth but they are just the icycles of a long lost fairytale it's a clock of songs ...
wheels of rainbowcars ... breeding the watch of the zebra ... they're marching to vanilla paradise
where the snakes sing and the wasps breed the memories ... these monsters of rock ... to make a
peacocks horrorshow

Master of Auctions Part IV

Brothers from Rigil Kent

"I gotta get out of this story ... all truths die at the end ... to make room for a bigger truth on the
churchpews of rigil kent ..."

1. I have a red eye in my head, a chrystal stone, I am a dog, a slave of Fornax

2. But in the end, I'm a brother of Rigil Kent, you can't defy, that truth becomes a lie

3. There are caravans in the air

4. With kings of Assur, They call me a liar, There's only truth on the churchpews

5. But in the end, I'm a brother of Rigil Kent, you can't defy, that truth becomes a lie

6. I have these watermarks under my butt, the pews had blessed me since I was young, they needed some dogs for their dirty works, There's only truth on the churchpews, I couldn't ignore

7. But in the end, there are brothers of rigil kent, In the end, There's a time, all these things will bend, but now I'm still a thunderslave, having a red eyed delirium in my head ... this cyclope was a present my mother got when she was young ... but in the eyes of my neighbour, I was always a brother of rigil kent ... There's a truth you can't defy, One day I will have that red eye of this cyclope, and then I won't be his doll anymore ... For in the end ... Take my hand, we are brothers of rigil kent, In the end, you can't defy ... the truth had to become a lie, I was a churchpew statue .. telling stories to the children ... thrilling them with games and candy ... all from rigil kent ... I still feel a thunderslave after all these years ... But I live my own life inside ... This red eye is turning into a spiral ... Into a snake to save me ... to bring me back to rigilkent the churchpews are so strange there when you sit on them ... they never let you go they take you away to stories you never imagined to know they show you the movies in your head ... they bring you to bed on flying carpets

8. your birthdaypresents are arabian horses ... and in the end ... you're still a brother of rigil kent ... I was tied to an arrow ... The statue on a gun ... They stole the bullets from my mouth ... and I always got the blame ... She's breeding the arrows for another day in hell ... While my hairs are on fire ... quenching my pain ... enlightening me I'm a brother of rigil kent ... I gotta get out of this story ... all truths die at the end ... to make room for a bigger truth on the churchpews of rigil kent .. There are thunderslaves howling in the air When the caravans ride, to throw their spears

9. They are like waterlines so thin, their baseball teams throw the nets ... white sticks with some red stripes ... they are blind ... In their minds they draw you like they want you to see ... They need to put you down, to keep them between their walls ... But in the end you will be a brother of rigil

kent ... They are blind, these caravans ... Like waterlines so thin and tall, they howl through the night ... They shriek they need to scare you ... for they need to keep you between their walls You are a slave of business, prisoner of an auctioneer's clock ... It's another shrieking boys clock ... They use them as wheels under their cars The head of Gepetto they have, these pirates ... to breed their pinocchio's This tree is a strange pirate ship ...

10. A tree of swindlers' auctions ... Cuyornaida Corset ... When the chocolate frog kisses the banana frog, the red rose starts to float to the past ... to the library ... to tell them this is what ever was and will be ... this is all there is ... in a red ball we live ... just walking to the other side ... And when the chocolate frog marries the banana frog, wild fires will flow ... and Gepetto will be set free ... When the chocolate touches the banana, a cherry falls, a red dragon ... and the music starts to play ... and your dreams will begin ... the red dragon will fly that day and fall once again in the basket ... not on the edge this time ... but deep inside ... where the swans spit fire ... where the rose turns into a faery once again he is just an elevator ... he is just a red balloon with zepellins from mars under his feet ... and so many horns on his head ... while the squirtel is screaming ... all chocolate is melting ... deeper and deeper ... to become smaller and smaller back to the world beyond history ... there are seventy jokes behind tall walls ... giving power to machines of deer ... seventy zeppelins from mars ... while an old parrot is hiding another seven behind there are seventy jokes to worship ... seventy jokes to keep your dreams alive ... while a parrot is hiding another seven ... he hides them for ... the banana queen she will always laugh because of this ... when the chocolate is mixed with banana's ... the squirtel will stop screaming ... and the land will smile again ...

11. when the banana ships will sink into the seas of chocolate ... to become fishes again the jokes will reach the hundred ... behind golden fences the joke-statues stand ... they stand like scarecrows between the flowerfields watching the bananas ... with their eyes of birthday ... Oblezea Vitrininium ... they are the statues of cockaign spreading their blankets in the worlds of sleep ... everything's so thin here ... while it feels so thick ... everything's so tall here ... while it feels so short ... here ... on the suns of oz here paintings are on bodies and suits here you can switch between jokes and horrors finding yourself connecting to a new museum ... to a new wilhelm's city ... oz's ... all life ends in the museum ... and a new life starts here ... where the statues dance ... until they reach the temple ... and other old ruins ... the carnivals are blushing red treasures ... when the red dragon is falling ... roaring behind his golden trees while his milkmaids are raising their tridents ... against the rat of liberty

it was all painted on their flags

poem

12. He is the red dragon, He is the red fear, living underground, to die every year

13. He is the red dragon, and then he rises again, to the clouds, of japan, making all these dreams in his kettle, by lies underground he makes the rain ... And his son the orange battle, he is an orange flame, through the nights of fame, he travels horizontal, to the darkness of other realms, and then he bows down ... diving underground ... to watch the lion and his fame ... The eagle helmet makes things small and big, that's how we travel, that's how we move ... by letting a red rose floating to the library beyond history ... all trains ride ... a machine of deer ... in the city of arabia ... where a spanish warrior came to take them away ...

Hill of Misunderstanding

From here there are no mondays, factories still come to my church ... I'm still an old leprechaun ... Still an old windowwiper ... Gathering the widows from the roofs ... I give them a chocolate-swallow ... and some nice good shoes ... to let them dance on the hill of misunderstanding ... to let them become ... a child of the dune ... So many children dance here .. while I am their piper ... I made their heads cold and their hearts hot ... I gave them a good bike ... to fly, dance and sing ... I gave them singing food ... dancing in their stomachs ... I am the leprechaun My head is on their coins, I decide what they eat ... I even decide what they like ... and what they not like ... You cannot dance against it It's a Leprechaun's spell ... But they amuse themselves very well In the land of the Leprechaun They will like it all ... Unless I don't want them to like something In the land of the Leprechaun They won't feel any pain ... Unless I want them to feel some pain ... I am the Leprechaun

indian line 2

1. indian line, smile from brannan .. walking through the fields of life ... while death spreads itself like an undercover horror, thinking it's queen, thinking it's a liar

2. indian line ... smiles from acha ... running inside on esmeralda's hard line ... it breaks there into dots ... oh esmeralda truth will set you free

3. indian line, oh esmeralda ... esmeralda don't walk too fast with your lines breaking into powders ... while white chocolatemilk is rising

4. esmeralda don't lie, esmeralda don't fight against old coffee, let those of dementia have it ...

indian line 3

1. esmeralda, esmeralda, can you hear the echo in a lie, it leads to truth, it leads you back to the garden, lies just riddles from the truth, it's cabman ...
2. indian lie, hard decision, indian line, truth bends down to history ... into red stripes it comes to me ... from sandman's glove it takes flight ...
3. indian lie, truthfull decision, indian lie, truth sets down into history ... for a big picnic ... indian lie, hard decision, indian lie, truth sets all things on fire, until it's back ... it's all upside down ...

indian line 4

oh esmeralda, oh esmeralda, don't lie, your truth must find another way to do the dishes of this king ... don't spoil your lies to the lazy ones ... give them all to me ... and show them to me in the skies ... of indian lines ... break them into powders whatever you wish ... but don't lie to the lazy ones again ...

indian line 5

esmeralda, esmeralda, your voice is like the echo burning in my mind, to give me wings of dementia ... you enchant my childhood's rats they used to bite me ... criminal sets free the books in me ...

indian line 6

1. indian line hard decision indian line truth will find it's history indian line tomorrow's decision indian line these mouths are contracting in my spine when holiday meets destiny on the wings of a banana in golden seas golden chocolate open

your doors, show me the indian lines reaching for your shores where truth becomes like
whores watching the harems of thirty thousand spaces killing them in brannan like the
newborn assassin indian lines ... indian spice hard to keep it secret born to live in a
microphone

2. in a microphone a black one spreading so many powders these deserts are burning
for tomorrow's newspapers bring them all home

red stripes

There are red stripes between you and I I don't believe them I just eat them so many
rumours on the kill so many liars on a zebra's boat so many cowards taking cruel
decisions between you and I all these red stripes

red stripes 2

red stripes in harmony, these liars can sing oh what a choir now they only need a machine of
deer too many bananas to put inside the flight is over while bakermen unite all
these red stripes

red stripes 3

mother in the cake, i'm lying, mother take a break for i can't cook mother do your cruel decisions
for there are liars on a spoon ... breaking you and me for a letter's cruel book and then we are
in venus again, carrying strange crosses in the deserts i cannot reach you, while you can't reach
me as well

red stripes 4

tomorrow and tonight is the same, you need some bakermen on your cake, the night is bright you
took that cruel decision tomorrow's like the wild horse, and i am like the centaur spreading all
these red stripes, like strange flies in the daylight they are blinding your sight ... binding all these

mirrors on a sandman's goodbye ... how can you survive knowing that these deserts are all
breathing waiting to swallow you oh bakerman's lie your truth is deep inside i don't
have power to discover you i'm all over the place looking for a lost horse to cross this river

red stripes 5

1. tunes high on day five in a spanish night i take flight, to see the red fly, like a racecar, so high,
beating like a wizard's dream
2. so many hearts on the case, it's asking a bit fragile for more light to burn the cowards and the liars
... these strange cigarettes from hell they are red stripes, full of bakermen, like strange fires on
the cake, destroying your birthday's party and there won't be a next one ... but you will marry
soon in that day in June ... you forgot it was your history ... I wished you had a bit more of
dementia then you would see the future no more ... this lie of a black rose still standing on a
hill still burning the deserts by a thrill still wanting you to be a candle on her cake

red stripes 5

oh you, reading the book, like it's your destiny you only watch your history there's nothing to
lose only to remember just remember it again on the back of a red rose with the wings
of dementia ... under bekehelm's helmet ... letters become so small ... to make space for the new
king

red stripes 6

ornament of juice parrot of decisions ... waiting in June waiting to have it's own decision
and not those of the wars of democracy anymore it's coming from the purple ... a strange
battlefield ... making such strange jokes until they're all exploding into purple powders
into brannan's glory into higher decisions these powders are dangerous it comes from the
purple ... bringing them all to the black hell again nothing but the juice of a dictator wanting
to have them all his puppets

red stripes 7

the city is a liar, an orange liar, and you are the spoon

red stripes 8

1. the city is a liar, the city is a spoon, while you are the food and another city wins

2. another trick of democracy

3. the city is a liar, the city is a spoon, feeding you to another city, and then they win, and you are the fool, and then you will gather your fifty armies, waiting to strike back, waiting to make quick decisions waiting to break this bird's neck it's wanting you so much for this game, it wants to raise the purple, it wants to have you in military ... it wants to make a picture of you deciding, while it decides by itself ... it's just a lie it's just to cover the red it was installed by someone else ... having the burning deserts in the pocket

Purple Orange

1. And yellow churches with carbon smiles, they lead the traffic in baker's minds ... to there where the orange liars stand ... burning the sand ... burning deserts ... for the new books ... There's an orange .. a good gun ... a good faroom da bazite ... a tankstation ... for prisoners of dementia ... They have their moonchilds and their rainboys ... on the wings of dementia ... they take flight ... still that strange cuyornaida corset ... They are heading for the bakertrees where they burn the deserts for the new books ... They're heading for oceans of love under bekehelm's helmet ... They are prisoners of liberty ... prisoners of their history ... but there's golden flour streaming from it ... from deep inside it flows ... She has the media behind her, and now everyone believes her, while the democracies roar ... There's a purple orange lying on the floor ... while the yellow streams from it ... it's sour ...

2. There are strange cucumbers in a lawyers suit, dancing around an orange, and strange paprika's they do the dishes ... in this land of dreams ... they sell the houses ... but the rent's too high ... they are dying on their walls, while they build their towers higher ... It takes a lot of money .. to live in someone's head .. only the rich can do it ...

3. These are cucumbers and paprika's taking you higher ... while you're dying on the ceilings, it brings you higher ... The towers are rising ... with your head in the sky ... Oh, there are cucumbers and paprika's in the sky ... telling you to fly ... on the wings of dementia ... They will take everything away ... until only some old toys are left ... There are towers rising from the orange ...

4. Take flight on the wings of dementia ...

The End

A Day at the Fairground III

- 1.Boys from Lynx IV
- 2.Strange Lullabies
- 3.Boys from Lynx V
- 4.My Name is Belcanov

Boys from Lynx IV

songs

1. They have wide smiles, these boys from lynx ... They come from the fairground having clowns in their pockets who wins

2. They have hearts so broken, but so full of fire The wind is on their side

3. Boys from Lynx, a full word spoken, for the first time in your life

Boys from Lynx, you're heart's not broken anymore,

For you have found your wings

4. Boys from Lynx, sweet fairytales, turning into horrors in the night,

But you need these songs, baby,

It brings you through the light

5. They are breaking through the walls,

They have reached your hand,

Breath

canon

6. Boys from Lynx, a sweet fairytale,

Sweet burning, dying, coming to life again,

It was nothing but a story,

And there's a scratch on the picture,

Scratch on the record,

This thing has been eaten by a parrot,

We will never win when we will stay in poetry,

So wait for the morning, that soft morning,

An egg in a sweet soft blanket,

So fragile like your mother's hand

7. Boys from Lynx,

Sweet fairytales bringing you to the bend,

What would you do without it,

You have nowhere to go,

So you need this canon,

You need this show,

We must have some liberty,

We must have a car to go somewhere,

Somewhere in a dream,

Where all the lilies are burning,

Turning, where the witches are crying,

Broken down, not proud anymore,

She offers you the clown

8. She had to lose her card,

She had to lose her mind,

For she stood there too tight,

Like the statue,

Attacking you from behind

9. She had to lose her joker,

She had to lose her staff of poker,

Her rod of misbehaviour,

Where would you be without the canon of the boys from lynx

Strange lullabies

1. listen to me baby i'm peeing in the sky while no one likes my belcanov listen to me baby i'm peeing in wild rivers come and get me make me wild listen to me baby i am harder now not soft anymore like i used to be be my baby and steal my thoughts sell them to the trees sell my babies my bakerman's faces they cry they make me crazy they are too soft if you ask me, their voices so loud, but it's all happening in a whisper ...

2. they come from whispering rivers from loud roses they're lost lullabies ... these lalla birds these children of owls can you sell them to mamma she turns into a wolf at nights can you tell me who you are can you tell a lie can you break my car you did it when i slept you made my lullaby you little criminal you made my lullaby can you tell it i'm a scream can you break it, i'm the queen, when you are sleeping i take your crown ...

3. i am your lullaby, i tell you, father, i made your dreams go by will you make it, will you name it, you can't you're off, i'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, i'm bleeding, i am a bakerman's face, tell me father, i'm a bakerman's face you did it, i'm dreaming, you made me lost my day i'm bleeding, you're leaving, but i feel soft, you gave me feathers, i feel strong, you gave me milk, you're a bakerman's face, yes, tell me father, you're a bakerman's face ...

4. you're dad's cloudship, with all your lalla's ... and your babba's my little little ... you're dreaming, i did it, i'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, i'm a bakerman's face you little liar, you little dreamer, you make me sick to escape my schools and factories they don't exist, for you're a bakerman's face, tell me father, you're a bakerman's face ... what's this ice, you like icecream, you bakerface, my mother, my babba you dream, you cow, you're a bakerman's face, tell me, brother, you're a bakerman's dad's face my brother, my brother, bakerman's face

Boys from Lynx V

1. Baker rise to the Laprakod skies, Baker rise to the Laprakod skies, Baker, rise to the Laprakod skies, baker rise ... Do you see the light in me ... Do you see the moonchild is taking over in me ... Do you see the spell of bakerman, rising in a lie full of fire, a bakerman's desire ... Baker rise to the Laprakod skies, Baker rise to the Laprakod skies, Baker rise to the Laprakod skies, Baker rise ... into Laprakod skies, skies between you and me, I speak order , to the Laprakod skies ... these baker's skies ... full of scary sails .. breaking you and me ... for a deeper revelation of who we are ...

Baker rise to the Laprakod sky ... Baker tell me who you will be, it all is under thunder and sunsets ... until the moonchild rises ... bringing us to Laprakod skies again

2. Bring the bananas into me, let me sail the seas of chocolate, let the red rose be burnt, to touch my history ... bring my toys alive by her ashes ... I love her but she needs the stone ... of this story ... She finally needs to come back also ... on the wings of dementia ... then the trains of deer can drive ...

3. Bring the bananas into me ... let me sail the seas of chocolate, give me the key ... and burn it by vanilla ... by white powder ... white ashes ... still a dream ... of a thousand deaths ... a thousand and one night ...

4. Bring the bananas into me ... these wizard hearts ... these churches ... strange motors ... an aeroplane for gods ... this is how they travel ... through chocolate seas ... wings on fire ... fires of dementia ...

coffee of insurance

5. white coffee poetry, they let the coins fly, they rise on the seventeenth of every month, in Spain, it's the tax unity, picking up the coins called Jesus Christ, while so many have to give, the cigarette is rising in white coffee. these are strange insects spreading the pictures, while clauses and Christs unite, building wasp-TV ... it's strange coffee on the screens, while white boots are talking ... finishing every dream ... the lines of tax unite in one coin, where the Christs are rising and the clauses are spreading them ...

6. it's strange coffee, while mothers take their children by the hand, there are dangerous beaches rising ... they are cutting the coins in orange, while the waterlights take flight ... all these strange clauses, with their strange Christmas trees ... on top a shoemaker and a tailor live ... while red boots has legs like the octopus ... she's the broadcast lady of TV ... it's strange medicine after all ... in the restaurant at the sea ... there are strange auctions in the sky ... while green coffee is streaming ... heading for the purple ... these democracies still roar ... until the orange strikes the blue ... then the teacher will rise from the swimming pool, like Pharaoh he drowns the kids ...

7. it's strange coffee on a summer's dream ... while white boots drinks her own coffee ... there's silver coming from the gold ... strange clocks with many arms ... while insurance is spinning ... it's nothing but a secret auction ... who wins, the man with the golden gun, or he with the biggest money ... all on wasp TV tonight, while strange white coffee is streaming, covering the green, and heading for the pink ... in schools they get drunk, all these children ... while they're getting blue money, so sharp crenated ... strange insects on the money ... it's a mental institute ... these kids don't

know the difference between sodom and gomorrah ... there are many funds in the air ... but it's paralyzing them ... pharao is drowning the boys ... until the white strikes the pink ... and then they can work in holidays ... drinking liquor from heavy bottles behind the deserts ...

8. you see, it drinks when you drink, i have sodoms lambs already in my pocket. i used to have them since i was four, when my father let me work in the pink hotels. let me have my own grips. and now i don't drown anymore, but i just drink this stuff from sodom, strange strange coffee, like the mad mill in your head ... they need some birds of insurance to do the deal, rising higher and higher to wake them all up by yellow flashes ... you need to believe in these guys, you need to have their heads on your coins, or your cars will sink deeper. not that it's that important ... just for the ones racing for the bonus ... are you a winner or not ? i was a winner since i was four, when my daddy made a winner of me ... it's a matter of having your birthday in the best cradle ... not everyone is that lucky, but it's just a detail ... it's strange coffee and not everyone is waiting for that.

9. mr. coffee where are you hiding, it's hairy in sodom, and the rivers have dried out, so now the coffee can flow, the black ones and the red ones, while the white one is raising them all, bringing them to the pink ... it makes the candy so soft ... behind the hard walls ... we cannot risk anything ... while from jericho the tears are streaming ... strange comicbooks and balloons ... and gomorrah is still a riddle ...

10. it's a matter of time and flash, these clocks of insurance are ticking on tv ... there are good programs, while the octopus is spinning ... turning into a spider at times ... there's tea making the connection ... we cannot live on coffee alone ... or do you want some juice ... some animals are spitting it ... they are marching to gomorrah ... while some elves pee in the sky ... the candy is streaming ...while the pink is burning it to raise the toys ... strange cars with strange oils ... having their yellow delights ... all in the middle of a greek summer ... it's boring the show ... but it's all coming from gomorrah, where the centaurs unite in a mental institution ... they are drinking yellow coffee while spitting the soap ...

11. and then it's time for uncle peacock for his head on tv ... everybody screaming ... he's raising uncle unicorn ... for the new tv stars ... these all time dogs ... there are birthdays on tv ... while mother rakes the sand ...

12. and still you like to drink white coffee, making your mind so light ... until you get into delirium ... meeting the white dogs of santa clause ... a big family out there ... having snow clause in the pocket, that all time statue ... he only listens but never comes ... he's raising the telephone lines ... he's freezing them all ... until they are so paranoid, social disturbed ... they need to be in pink factories ... raising the toys ...

13. there's a millionaire walking in red coffee... looking for the white but it seems he cannot find his medicine ... his trips to jeruzalem are over ... jeruzalem jeruzalem, god gave your light back ... while archibald returns, with his grail of benchelot au revoir

14. summer clause is raking the fields, while easter clause is sowing ... strange chessboard ... while holiday clause picks his pawns up ... to let them work in pink factories ...

15. strange insurance ... while jesus christs are dying ... they all die ... painting the pictures for tv ... until the tv-star rises ... it's rippling in the coffee white coffee ... covering the green ... there are machines of potatoes in the skies ... waving while the mistress is still sleeping ... until snow clause puts some white coffee into her ears ... it smells like candy ...

16. this white coffee ruined my days ... but now i'm safe in my years ... still a good year ... my days are on the dice ...

17. this white coffee burns holes in the stomachs ... picking some parts out of it ... while tax is covering the pain .. all a secret of a good tv ... uncle unicorn smokes cigarettes while drinking white coffee ... while uncle peacock breaks the masses ... he's a bit more rude if it comes to that ... he's a sword in the eye, rising from a good beak ...

18. it's white coffee you gave me, with all these strange insects in my head .. it's floating higher ... i'm waking up, but to what ?

19. this insurance man has his head on the coin, it's a bakerman's face, an orange one, spitting fire like a gun. and in the night it's only ashes ... spreading the daylights ... uncle unicorn doing the drama, having a multiple personality syndrome, breeding his canaries ... he's a good author having an orange pencil ... he's a white coffee machine ... coming with the butterflies and the ladybugs ... he screams he is a siren ... while uncle peacock is raising him, having swimmingpools under his shoes ... it was a trick of the mailman all these letters ... coming from a strange clock in his bag ... it's done by seventy sunsets on saturday, leading them ... to the pink factories ... to raise the toys ... it was the trick of a good copymachine ...

20. she has a white feather in her hair, doing cruel things to me ... these are just dwarves showing up, in a dwarve's ornament ... rising from the white coffee ... while uncle peacock spins the lines of insurance, all getting thinner, taller and smaller, rising in high materos, while elsefic is sailing ... it's the silver beast eating until it's gold ...

21. they are hiding it behind the deserts ... in a purple bag where liberty roars ... it's the white chocolate house, where strange theologians live they are thieves but it's just strange traffic ...

they bring the chicken back to the golden bakery ... there where the wines are here king midas
still breaks the wolf, that sixth wolf of benchelot ...

22. there are pink factories in the golden bakery ... where the birds work ... their beaks are the white
roads of insurance ... where the white coffee streams ... and all these letters of the books ... just
roads of insurance ... where the white coffee streams ... the beaks of strange birds ... a good way to
burn the money ... while new heads are rising on the coins ... they get smaller ... until it's ashes ...
and stamps are rising for the mailman's ideas ... he has so many stories ... for his wife talks too
much ... it's happening in strange teeth ... they're telling the stories ... while an octopus is spinning
on her head ... she's just the broadcastlady ... smoking her pipes of peace ... and strange needles rise
on strange dishes ... and strange shoes are rising from the tables behind the sand ... these are the
roads of insurance ... leading you to high materos ... where uncle unicorn smokes ...

23. there's so much smoke here, and so much tax ... it's wasp tv rising ... from high materos ... while
elsefic is still sailing ... spreading the paprika seeds ... there are letters on the petals ... strange clocks
strange fires ... while the red mailman is running and diving ... sandman speaks until they all
sleep these roses are dangerous you never know what they do to you ... his mouth is full of
soapbubbles, tinkerbells are running and ringing ... these are the bells of christmas ... these letters
are strange insects ... strange roads of insurance ... arms of a strange clock ... it's uncle peacock
speaking until it's all burnt like pepper ... these are strange powders in strange armrings

24. he's taking the years in his hands ... while elsefic's on fire strange traffic bananas on
bananas ... as ladders to holidays in the skies ...

25. he's taking the years in his hands like roses ... to understand what's lying inbetween ... so many
chocolate ...

26. roses can be green roses can be blue there's always candy inbetween ... always banana
ladders in the sky ...

27. he's a millionaire, he's a baker's spy ... he's a millionaire, where truth becomes a lie just
watch the spy he gathers his coins on spanish rivers, gathering coins on pink oceans ... they lie to
him but he just smiles

28. he's shy, he's not a good idea ... he hides away in his castles of tears and holidays ... he lives from
history ... he lives in his memory on the wings of dementia he takes flight ... he is a millionaire ...
but watch his daughter, rising in the night his daughter with all these lights, when the lions have
their fights ... in history

29. his toys they came alive a long time ago now they work for him ... but he lives in history ...
safe in his holidays his coins work for him ...
30. his daughter has a brandnew car, but he rides his daughter, she's still his assistant, writing his
books ... she lives deep in his deserts
31. and his toys like christmasballs ... they work for him in the restaurants feeding the coins
feeding the histories while his daughter writes and writes ...
32. he's a millionaire, a heart of stone, while he spouts the deserts of gold ... in rainbowstreets he
lives he's the big most ...
33. he never gives his tears away he only gives them luck, so that he can sleep and live in history
.... in holidays while they can work
34. he's a sick man giving them health for the factory ...
35. he's a millionaire, no one ever agrees, they make him sick, they make him taking his tears
away to deeper places inside ... these tears are coins ... he's a moneymaker he cries and then
the balls roll ... the years are melting in his hands he makes them like candy ... he makes them
like health for his children in the factory ... for his daughter a silver ballerina she needs to
dance ...
36. and these years he makes them like chocolate to spread his charity to make them work in
pink while it lies to him
37. these pink bananas they burn the money the yellow takes the gold away while the green
spreads the powder by black machines he's giving his life away ... he's a saturday clause
preparing them for the heavy mondays ...
38. while he preaches on sunday ... with his silver ballerina ... while mooses rides the killerpig his
ornaments are pink ... they need to burn the money becoming ashes to take him further away in
history
39. how many cars this boy has these pink raincars in the night ... these factories they burn the
money ... these pink factories ... strange friends of bicycles ... here they're making the chocolate ...

to bring all his toys back ... he gives them Saturdays to work in Mondays ... time doesn't exist ...
these years are just the walls of his home ...

40. he's weaving his Indian lines ... weaving the pink on which he takes flight ... still a strange
trampoline ... and when he falls back he just sinks deeper ... while it's lying to him ... he has a
chocolate factory ... making pink chocolate ... he has the years in his hands ... all these kings and
queens ... burning the money ...

41. these coins are tears he never spends them ... he only gives luck ... giving his daughters away ...
oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, in ornamental skies, where truths become a lie ...

42. it's baker on a bicycle's friend ... it's baker riding on a friend she's a mystery an ornament,
a baby, lying in the skies, peeing in the minds ... of millionaires' pride

43. oh green baby, in ornamental skies, sailing on the mysteries, peeing in the books where
makers unite it's peeing in your head like a golden statue ... peeing in your head until you lose
all control ... oh sweet baby, sweet ornament sweet baby burning bakerman's skies, burning truth
into lies

paranoid men.

44. and I see these paranoid men playing football, while they never hit the ball, only each other,
doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world, these elves ... while the icecreams are
running ... they don't want to be businessboys again ... now they want to be ... the paranoid men ...
the paranoid men escaping someone's world you see ... in Elsefic's desires they take flight ...
these paranoid men.

45. a red shoe in the middle of the blue table it sits and stares it's hanging in the air ... it's
hanging in a tree ... and now custard is streaming and tableballerina's are dancing and the
dishrecords spin ...

46. These men are paranoid, while I am a leprechaun's table ... a shoe on it, a strange footballfield
on a chessboard ... strange world in a coin, in a strange football ... There are paranoid men playing
football ... their worlds are frozen ... rising from Lapoendria ... These men are paranoid ... while they
are playing football ... they never hit the ball .. only each other ... the icecream's running ... their
trees are so frozen ... these paranoid men ... they have piano's on their legs, while they are sailing
like speedboats ... rumours in the night.

47. paranoid men, paranoid men, these elves are running, hiding in a red shoe, on a blue table, they are escaping someone's threat, i'm in the middle of it ... watching the potatoe seeds, they run like silver, touching the gold.

48. These rings of icecream, contracting tight, while the boys are shrieking, they take flight ... still a shrieking boys clock, wheels under sandman's cars ... They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's table ... rising from the spoon ...

49. Strange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ...

50. They were prisoners of a green dragon for too long, eaten by green spiders ... Now they rise like orange gold from the ashes ... wearing orange chocolate on their backs, having some beaks of parrots along the sides ... these balls smell like purple oranges, while the red is floating, red icecreams full of paprika seeds ...

51. Do you miss your seed, it's orange now, to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... while the black man still sells them to the machines, they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... in the restaurant at the sea ...

52. There are thin tall snakes in their body contracting, spitting the venom in their bones, it's so uniting ... they're heading for the gold, these golden boys .. these paranoid men ... elves escaping someone's world ...

53. They are the men of holiday clause, while saturday clause rakes the machines ... Now they can work in pink restaurants, selling icecreams to the wasps ... They have waspian smiles so mean

54. Icecream let us escape from the green businessmachine ... They only work in holidays .. these green men ... of green icecream in daylight they escape running through the nights ... these elves these ornament's elves ... suits of liquid powders ... blinding souls on paper ships ... while paprika seeds they do the dishes ... under sandman's cars in deep deserts ... rising from the spoon ...

55. Ornament's letters, escaping cannibal, escaping the mouse of spice ... It was worth it after all ... and now your head is full of icecream ... it's cold but it takes the salt away bringing you to a new day Their mouths are dry these paranoid men ... still playing football, throwing playcards ... but they never hit the ball ... their shoes become so tall, to have teeth for summer ...

56. And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... it's daylight's new begin ...

57. And these paranoid men, they look like ornament's docter ... like saltkillers in the sea ... it doesn't bite them anymore ... the milk is flowing, they're heading for the icecream ... taste still a bit salt ... but they're winning the game doesn't blow their minds ... while these ornament's they're singing their strange songs of a captain and a millionaire's unite ...

58. Song of the whispering tailor, song of the shoe-side's king, they have them all in their ornament's raging ... doing the big spin .. on sandman's tables they unite ... watching the parrotfeathers and their beaks ... hinging their like teeth under towers ... rising the spoon, heading for daylight ... it was like taming a lion ... on Elsefic's back ...

59. Pinocchio was a baker's kid ... and you you look like me, I'm not your santa clause ... I'm still burning the yellow by blasphemy ... sacrifice these churches to me ... I need them as oil for my motors ... I'm still one hell of a beast ...

60. There are strange shoes coming from orange kettles, while the black man moves the spoon, he's mixing the letters ... while the shoes burn the deserts ... until it's gold ... until the icecreams stream ...

61. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... it's running through my veins awakening the marchpane flowers ... in white green chocolate shores ... it's deeper inside ... a pink blue forestroad like working in holidays ... spit the sand, brother, spit the sand ... with paprika seeds deep inside ... i lost your number ... but now it's back ...

62. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... and then burn them by a scream, i want to be barefooted by the end of the day, to bathe in icecream ...

63. burn your boots, sweet moes, burn your ornament's cakes ... spoil the baker's cat and his sweet child ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ...

64. The cakes are thin like orange wood, while icecream flows through it, hiding the paprika seeds for a mission ... Speedboats are fast, to be teeth at the end of the day, hanging below the tall towers ...

65. holiday clause sell me icecreams, and take away my pains of this businessdream ... i drowned in business, now my days are gone, let my shoes grow, and burn them at the end of the day ... to reach deeper inside for the naked flowers, the beaks of parrots and their feathers ...

66. the icecream's finally running through my veins, while praying to Elsefic, I'm having these strange bananas inside ... my friends are like me ... i can only remember my name in thick letters ...

67. it's strange drugs after all ... from a strange strange tree ... where the icecreams run ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world ... these elves ... these children of bakerman. They're coming from the world beyond cockaign, wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... by Elsefic's candle ... under Bekehelm's helmet ...

68. And then the cucumber seeds are awakening rising into the streams ... watching the daylight's candles, under Bekehelm's helmet ... They're all surrounded by icecream ... it's the Big Escape ... until the sand is rising, building marchpane city in the middle of the deserts ... while the tinkerbells are ringing ... and the jingle bells ... and still the old black man is mixing in the kettle the orange kettle ... until it strikes the blue forever ...

69. There are snakefighters coming from the streams ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... They are the wasps ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... still ornament's docters ... They have racistic smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ...

plain words

70. plain words, we're talking about plain words, the truth comes so close, but it doesn't touch us, we're living in tantalos deep words, we're talking about deep words, in deep minds, we're talking about deep minds we're the line between you and me, bends all the lights, bends all the views, we don't know anything about each other, we live in our own worlds big views, we're talking about big views, where the mind touches the heart, where we can trust again, like we used to do, when we lived in the fantasy, but look at us now brainstorm, talk about brainstorm, the truth we can deny, but it doesn't deny us, look at us now and inside the flower breaths, taking away all our breath, and inside the rainbows hide, taking all our colours away, we're living in a jewel, in tall whispers, no one hears, you are the only one hearing your words, seeing your views, there's no one out there to listen, you have to do it yourself, plain words, talk about plain words, easily denied, but it won't deny us

71. Shivering between yes and no, still yes from the no-zone, there is a yes in every no and a no in every yes, this gives us the access to the land of 2 you better be blind and deaf these days ... when the big 2 roars ... you better sell your nose, and fly ... to the land of feelings, to lose all senses ... to win a transparent road on the dolphin's goodbye ... while the red dragon is an author, and a worker in a library ... he locked you up behind letters ... these dragonbars ... you were a prisoner of an author's kitchen ... a bakertree, an arabian seadragon ... locked up in the land of association ... behind killer-2's ... while vanilla is the displaydoll of the bookshop ... they can never reach her, she's too transparent, but they can sense ... here they breed the giants ... for a yellow strike, to the land of soap ... where the swans spit fire ... they raise the dolls to smash the orange balls to have the cartoons ... give me the flute of vanilla, the dragon's scar, to lead the rats away red dragon, letting the poles meet the poles, the author, still the boss of the arena, the master of war, using others as toys, while yellow journalists are hunting ... for tomorrows stories ... red dragon, lord of dominoes, with his gods of ten ... while waterlights strike the orange balls ... heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon ... it's striking the pink and the blue ... he's the gamemaster ..

72. striking with the silver spoon ... to let them eat the custard ... to give them cold conscience ... to have their own elections ... to have their own black nights ... raising the birds of cigarette ... all these pipes .. for a song of orphans ... to free vanilla he is the red dragon ... a good pawn on the white rabbit's chessboard ... conscience is translation, the withins ...the deeper it goes, the more a cyborg you are when everything starts to shiver, the forestroads rise in the snakelake, when everything starts to switch and vibrate, the panther rises to lock the senses ... then the transparency can rise again, the traumatic vanilla ... whispering words, lullabies, taking it downstairs ... to the cellar of serene ice, the blue ... where uncle one to ten is cutting potatoes ... pale earthfruits are reaching for the traumatic sights ... where everything is transparent ... naked yet so covered ... there are so many nipples on the face of a dragonfly ... so many nipples on a wasp's tv ... spouting the waterlights ... while the guitar is full of nipples ... someone is playing the piano ... like an organ ... while the waterlights are spouting ...

73. it's sour, the nipples are arena's .. these bakerman's faces ... deciding which colours, smells and sounds will be spouted ... so many senses from one tv ... it's still so sour ... there are coming powders from wasp-tv ... the dragonfly is speaking ... he's the newsreporter ... while red boots is the broadcastlady from wasp-tv ... red dragon brings the movies ... while pink boots is the broadcastlady from cartoon ... white boots is for the games ... while green boots brings the education-programs ...

74. echo is proud ... his work is almost done ... he's smoking his cigar while his dad is smiling ... there are so many bakerman's faces on a wasp's tv ... while the dragonfly is soaring ... he's the journalist sent out by the red dragon ... to make prisoners for an author's kitchen .. there are two bakerman's faces on each domino-stone ... echo finished his puzzle ... now we will see how it will work totally ... there's a wasp-tv on top of eagle ship ... it shines in the sun and chases away the threats ... it's a good alarm if it comes to that ...

75. it's birthday, singing his songs of love, dressed in pink and white, with yellow stripes ... coming from the orange ... he has blue bubblegum ... and he's playing the organ but he's deaf a dog is eating his trousers ... while wasp tv is burning ... snakes are coming from the big fruit ... they are the movies living in someone's head .. they eat the trains of arabia and start the machines of deer while they fly to history on wings of dementia ... the bakerman's faces are spinning like coins ... the automatons are working ... to build a bridge over the nightseas ... these are just some musical boxes with ballerina's and toysoldiers dancing on them ... and then the enchanting mirror is rising ... while everything is the same ... the rats are rising ... without name ... the giant is skating, coming from the hollow ... leaving a world behind ... while two lions are fighting ... the air is shivering in ice ... while the nipples rise ... Noah is breeding his bakerman's faces ... some marriages .. to have some arena's, some tennisfields for wasp tv ... He's the broadcastman of soap ... He's Lord of the tennisballs ...

76. and while the tennisballs are moving ... wasp-tv is in full speed ... while a rabbit and a hare play tennis against two wolves They are standing on bakerman's faces ... while the waterlights spout the crocodile glue is streaming ... and the orange brings the land into sleep ... Helicopters are appearing on wasp-tv ... and they sing songs in the shark temple ... lullabies and whispers ... while stinging red nettles grow in the watchers ... and their red eyes are spinning ...

77. When bakermen unite in silver I take flight, to kerses minds ... Now I am a shoe on a table, it's dancing through my mind, like a strange clock, a strange path ... These rippling silver tables ... spinning the custard ... There are seven parrots on a dream ... They are bringing us away to the paradises ... of kerses minds And I believe ... these snakes in their trees ... they're hiding their rippling flavours The custards are streaming there from hairy hanging bags in trees it streams

78. Uncle parrot sits in his hat, he is a daydream believer ... he runs he's like the killing tree ... he's a bakerman's face ... he's a bakerman's liar ... he was a shark but now he rises like a parrot ... he's a bakerman's face ... he's a bakerman's liar ... with all he's killing songs ... he's flying higher ... on the coin of a leprechaun while stepping on stamps it's the killertree he's rising from the table ... he's a tablebird he's a talebird, a uniter ... he's an ornament's dream ... and a glider ... getting whiter ... so pale ... do you believe him or will you fail ? There's a green boot in the middle of a table ... a red table ... while a red shoe in the middle of the blue table it sits and stares it's hanging in the air ... it's hanging in a tree ... and now custard is streaming and tableballerina's are dancing and the dishrecords spin ...

79. These men are paranoid, while I am a leprechaun's table ... a shoe on it, a strange footballfield on a chessboard ... strange world in a coin, in a strange football ... There are paranoid men playing football ... their worlds are frozen ... rising from lapoendria ... These men are paranoid ... while they are playing football ... they never hit the ball .. only each other ... the icecream's running ... their trees are so frozen ... these paranoid men ... they have piano's on their legs, while they are sailing like speedboats ... rumours in the night.

my name is belcanov

1. tranvestites, handicapped, autists, punkers and cannibals ... are these the new communists ? ... or will they be the new capitalists ? ... we will never know .. unless we will take a look at that burning tree in the middle of the desert where we can see the baker's faces ... where we can see ... the ornaments' rain ... where we can jump on that button called 3 back to izu back to the ornament back to the 3d coming of christ while someone downstairs is still raking the christmasfields while my name is still belcanov

2. i found some shoes today at the canal today on the streets today while it was christmas today these were men on dreamboards these were men on statues these were ballerina's on cupboards these were lampsteads on a dolphin's goodbye while there's still a criminal inside while my name is still belcanov these were lampsteads to the moons of z these were lampsteads to a new aldebaran where some guys still sit at high tables playing strange games with strange playcards these were the nephews' friends while the friends of the nieces are still dying while there's something new on the emilis shatau there's a rat in the moon raising purple while someone is raking the christmas fields while i met all these big dolls called judgement's days while i think they are all balloons while my name is still belcanov while i still write between the letters and the lines while i still adore rollerskates while i still visit fairygrounds to watch their rollercoasters and their big beasts and balloons while someone is still raking the fields of the second comings switching the poles watching the game in a safe capsule he has some remote machines he stutters and wears tall boots he's a chicken he's a cowboy while my name is belcanov

3. i found the little golden statue of the banana-queen on the lowest cupboard of neptune she was sitting on a dolphin's goodbye so i take her away to rome for awhile to show her some aslant buildings and aslant paintings while all people walk aslant here i still collect ancient dolls and ballerina's antique statues porcelaine copper tin or metal it doesn't matter to me for my pockets are big and communistic i carry a red scorpion inside and am still a member of the giant's whistlingkettle orchestra while my name is belcanov

4. i have my own forbidden fruits falls and floods i have my own noah's in my pocket and a scissors called moses in three colours i have my own lies and skyscrapers skywars and skypapers with my own sharkteeth it's purple against pink here making the pink so dark while my name is belcanov i still do the dishes for kings and queens gathering the wars they left behind their unwanted journalists cameramen unwanted visitors thieves escapers unwanted windowcleaners fired householders butlers unwanted cocks cats dogs and other pets unwanted divorces weddings and birthdays unwanted judgement days christmas and other mases unwanted second comings and third comings unwanted raptures ascensiondays and easters unwanted crosses and eggs unwanted unmanageable children and horses unwanted cattle unwanted meat and food unwanted candy lurers

stalkers and dishcleaners unwanted crowns suits and ornaments or just their precious possessions
they left by mistake

5. my name is belcanov i have chronical pains but it is all fake i talk to superstars on unworthy tone
i talk dignified to emperors scientists and other famous people i talk to my fingers while i can be
angry at them i sometimes rage i sometimes put them in bed or bath i talk to doctors and assistants
while i look at their hair and check their pulses and skincolour i surround hearts by hands all my
fingers have hats all my nails are painted my name is belcanov the dentist is my best friend he is
married to the tooth fairy and they possess the forest of teeth where teeth are like mazes and
waterfalls where dwarfkings and giants live where the tallest cupboard on jupiter is called cain
while a golden dwarfstatue is standing on it it's sitting on a dolphin's goodbye while the smallest
cupboard of virgo has the statue of a tall lady on it the shark's lady shooting the shivers into the
universe she's a tvstar of thrillers she's the detective of z she's a z-lady with all the criminals inside
she's the statue of a gun a silver statue becoming black and white in the night but she can also be a
purple lady a brown lady letting out all the dogs and she still becomes the grey dragon on d-day
where all the z's gather there are still d-days in my heart and there are still misunderstood babylons
sodoms and gomorrahs there together with fields of reversion days while sekmeth is still my friend
this land is built by sharkteeth this land of glue this land of d where all the z's gather this land of
glue this land of nonsense when you jump on the button d while you take decision d you will be
launched my name is belcanove you will be launced my name is belcanov i stutter a bit to the land
of nonsense where the glue is framed by teeth thick glue while the waterlights are having their
parties there nuclear parties these waterlights these trafficlighs these discolighs these neonlights all
on the billboards leading you to the mission aborted mission aborted error error my name is
belcanov error disturbance disconnection i stutter a bit i stutter a bit my name is belcanov game
over game over disconnection my name is belcanov my name is belcanov

6. I'm switching between d and z maestro not knowing what to choose major i'm switching flying
becoming so tired at the end of this story i will sleep or was this always my bed benmaten is the
king of fake the king of z while bilmageln is the king of nonsense the king of d they both call for
sandman they work together with him while no one knows who's the boss my name is belcanov i
saw a d warrior on a hill it looked like a backwards warrior his face was blue his voice was low in
different grades like a millions of sharks were talking to me

7. this is the land of d where all dentists come from where they let their glues stream in frames of
teeth here in this land of glue here a house of theologians stand of old men bragging their nonsense
and everyone believes them for they have the trousers but when you take a closer look they sit in a
wheelchair with a duck-swimmingbelt around them while they have chickenlegs they are chicken
they are the pickpocks on the battlefields walking with pointy sacks to gather that what others left
behind it's the legendary notorious pickpock family

8. the balconies are full of gluecapsules divided by tall teeth in these capsules they sit the pickpock
family it's a big family there are four parts of balconies in this gallery also one part with members

from service with little light with their camera's one part of the members from the round table
churches and the last part full of the musicians from the giant's whistlingkettle orchestra some sit on
the stage playing violins drums trumpets or horns my name is belcanov

9. there are four sides on these coins of d and i throw one coin in the giant jukebox pushing the
button of the swan while the gallery is growing bigger and bigger while more stages are rising and
on one stage a wave is appearing in a big displaywardrobe where a man stands on a surfboard
sliding over the wave it is the swanrider on the ceiling a big 2 appears and i'm now in the land of
misunderstanding i watch the surfer while all sorts of strange feelings roll over me in the distance
behind the wave i see a new aldebaran where everything is aslant aslant houses aslant people aslant
paintings aslant tables aslant kitchens aslant towers and everyone lives in misunderstanding in the
big 2 but they are happy like i am my name is belcanov

10. running like a romeo the tragedy is too heavy and there's yellow enough to enter but i still want
to be romeo running for the shop is almost closed and then the holiday starts while i have nothing in
my bag i am a rose full of trousers but there is nothing in my bag she wants me to look inside where
the trousers hang and forget about my bag for it will explode on mondaymorning dragging me to a
hill where all factories bloom but when the bag is empty nothing will happen and then i can stay in
my holidays to be a child she wants me to be a man for i'm behaving like a woman but there is
another one wanting me to be a woman so they are tearing me apart they are tearing me apart and in
this i'm losing myself but isn't that finally better they are playing games with me until i lose my
head until i can feel my trousers again all these conspiracies

11. she's standing screaming on a hill while her girlfriend screams from another hill trying to
confuse my soul poor me

12. guess what they want my marbles they share them with each other they want my icecream while
forbidding me to eat it oh well i will leave them both i will not be family of them anymore they can
forget about me they can sit on someone elses knee i will bend it once again and jump like sandman
jumps i'm still the frog you know i still know where to find my golden balls there is something loud
running on this cold day daddy's trains are getting me now you can throw your dice alone

13. scratch the parrot follow the mailmouse i will have my poetry pictures in the night while
grandmother shows me her diaries she never liked you twin of gossip of voices too soft dance in
daylight follow your cars i will have my poetry pictures glued on my face then you can say i'm a
strange elf then you can say i'm a strange juliet then you can say i'm just a dot in the night where all
dolls fall from then you can say i'm a heaven without a ceiling then you can say i'm the heaven from
above an upper heaven without policemen you can say what you like but there are frogs in my ears
already telling me other tales and i will be someone elses robot not yours anymore i never was i just
played with you to let you think what i didn't think you were always my rubbishbin

14.oh romeo and juiliet play sisters while you are brothers play lovers while you are twins use others as your mirrors play enemies while you are friends oh grandmothers of confusion i will bend it once again and jump like sandman jumps i'm still the frog you know i still know where to find my golden balls there is something loud running on this cold day daddy's trains are getting me now you can throw your dice alone for besides me there was nothing you attacked everything and now there's nothing left for you anymore oh romeo and juiliet you let me think i loved you you let me think you were family but i hated you and you were just the tragedy on my birthday you let me think you were my teacher you let me think you were my lover but you were nothing you let me think you were the beach of my land but you were dust on the table

15.now i have a black dragon inside escalators running high girls on rollerskates black girls shutting my mouth and mind like sekmeth always did she is now the rose on my head and i walk like the licorice now fainting when i see a bird and rising one moment before i saw it i now confuse history with future like a dementia man that chronical man now my name is belcanov

South-Samin Version

Papyrus of Izu

The Insectian Book of the Dead

Udiapsa – Chapter 1-4

Puchalini - Boys from Lynx II - The Land Beyond Cockaigne

1. enchanted bananas /2. tight embrace /3. where love ends - golden pirate ship /4. snares of stereo

Tupuchette - Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II

1. queen of hearts - liberation /2. picnic papers - so far /3. July's End - checked snake spoons - watch him closely - golden zebra

Pakamos –Chapter 1-2

Fluvulua - Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III

1. truth called belcanov - ballerinas dancing /2. Kerses minds /3. Sonder Sun/ 4. chessboard's shoeshops

Kwebbe - Boys from Lynx III

1. waving flags - Dwarve's Rain /2. black coffin - billiards day - curse of business /3. Antartica /4. vanilla days /5. graves of matadok - Eric Zwarzenei /6. ladybugs /7. bananas chessboard

Kuzaponia - Boys from Lynx IV - Creatures from Paradox

1. Prince of Comics /2.banana hearts /3. the journey - Dangerous Tiles - Truants /4. golden picnic /5. Eminius Day /6. nightmares of truth

Deabebbe Sapur – Chapter 1-13

Kwibbibs – Chapter 1-16

Kjebbih Sapur – Chapter 1-7

Udiapsa

1. 1. Ova, sons of all sons, grandfather of all grandfathers, oh prince of the oaks, ruling over the heights of materos. 2. You are the sun leading us to the city of balloons, where our hearts can rise to breath again. 3. Oh, Ova, with your golden smile. Bow down over the heads of Venus. Lead us through the deathrealms of dwarves. You know all their books. Let us come together, so that we can worship you, oh father of all fathers. 4. Lead us all to Izu. Teach us about the seven smiles of death, let the Okus monsters open the lungs. Oh, that they might store the balloons of lungs in the livers.

Let the balloons of the livers rise to open the lungs, to fill the lungs, and to open the hearts. 5. Oh, let Osiris ride the seven smiles of the dead. Let him teach us how to remove letters from stones of graves and sacrophagos. Lead us to the thrones of ashes, where we can smile with the smiles of death, to see the griffon rise, him with the golden smile. 6. Oh open Salom, the hearts of the lungs, to spread the wings into tiger's ripples, in balloon skies. 7. Opening of the Widow Spider, the third heart. Osiris, son of Ova, you know the widow spider lying dormant between the two hearts of the octopus, as the third heart, the golden heart, where the golden nipple rises [Oh, Emelis Shatau]. 8. Greet Marazanta, our son of hearts, our father of thruths. Let him raise the green lights. Bring our ancient ornaments back into the spine. 9. Those ornaments we got from our ancestors, while Lords of evil took them away. Bring us away from all evil, and show us the righteous paths. 10. Oh, Egypt, let it be Egypt in Izu. Sweet Belcanov, statue of ancient days, our watcher, speak these words to the hills. Let that which is proud fall, and let that which is humble rise. 11. Teach us about the seven moons. Amen. Oh, holy Amen, son of Egypt, father of Lakus, raise the orange balloons and the checked balloons. Teach us how to contract hearts to do your will, oh almighty Cricket, lying on the heart of Osiris. 12. Oh, you, with the seven arms, come forward, raise us again into the house of Thoth. 13. Let us not be burnt, when we stand for the throne of Almighty Osiris, when his red eyes are searching our hearts. 14. Let the soulbird rise, let our souls grasp the lights of ancient times before their times, to honour the ancient souls beneath the souls. 15. Let us not complain and standing still in the realms of the dead, but let us descent into the bottom of the pit, where we can find the coin of Mary of Magdalen and her holy Sarsia Soul. 16. Let the Sarsia Soul lead us back to the Barbarian times, to free the birds of paradise. let their souls guide us for the rest of our days. Amen. 17. Papyrus of Ra-Izu. When you come into the holy temple of Amon, touch the blue gold on his head, all you who are dead in these pastures in front of his house. Let the sheep guide you there. 18. His holy books will guide you. Amen. Let Atu, the god of goats be mercifull over you, who passes over the rivers of the dead. 19. Drink from it's waters to be connected to ancient souls. You will feel a spirit in your heart. It is the bird of Ra-Izu. Thoth will seal your foreheads by his holy waters. 20. We will take care of your soul, that the smoke will not lead you astray. 21. We will give you the eyes you deserve, when you haven't abuse your eyes to mock the spirits of the dead. 22. There will come seven Judgements on the eye, led by the sword of Thoth. Blessed those who will survive.

2. 1. Seven Judgements on the Eye by the Sword of Thoth. First Judgement : You will say these words. I baptize my eye in the holy waters burning with fire, to see if I have mocked the spirits of the dead. 2. If so, I will bear their pains in my own eyes, until I am clean by their judgements. I will receive the sword of the widow spider in my eye as a purifying. 3. It will pierce me until I am blind to sinfull deeds. It will pull my eyes out if it would lead me astray. 4. Lead me on the right paths by the eye of Thoth. 5. In him we can see in righteousness. I am gratefull to your judgements, bringing me into the lightchamber of Thoth, to watch the ornaments of the seven coffins of his candlestick. Second Judgement : In doubts we cannot see you. 6. Wash us. Let softness grow in our eyes, to give faith to our brothers and sisters, love to the older ones and the younger ones, as our mirrors, the arms of our hearts. 7. Let us not break one of these arms off, for then the lights of our eyes will fall away. Then I must eat the darkness, and slide through the dust. Amen. 8. Let this softness test us. This Eye of Ra-Izu. It will eat me away. It will eat my eye away, if I would sin in your holy presence. 9. Make me holy. Make my footsteps sacred, knowing that I am on sacred ground. Show me all the pillars of Ra's house, and show me his scribe, Ra-Izu. Let Izu lead me to the falls, to decide, which way I will go. 10. Let me see the eyes of death, to adopt the ancient souls of the

sacred ant and gnat. Third Judgement : Let Ra-Anu come forward, to lay the sword on our eyes. 11. May it be sealed by attention. May it be usefull, and not a power to judge. The heart is a power to judge, while only the heart-eye of Thoth can rise to judge. 12. In him all the judges get their eyes. Let him who is not connected to Thoth be thrown out into the deepest oceans and darkest places, until he finds the eye of Thoth to do well. 13. The eye must be sifted like gold, seventy times seven, until it reaches the eighth day. On the eighth day the judges stand, allowed to judge. 14. Lead our eyes into the eighth day, to judge or be judged. Let Ra decide, and weigh our eyes, to see if it's worthy for a sword pierced through it. Fourth Judgement : Let Sarsia, the goddess of ages see if the eye is connected to the ancestors of wood. 15. If there is mock to an older one, let the sword pierce it, until it's clean. If there is mock to a younger one, let the eye be burnt and give the ashes to the birds of heaven. [and to the wild animals of the earth.] Holy is Sarsia. 16. If you judge someone by clothes, cursed are you, for you will be naked, and your eyes will be eaten by crocodiles of the fourth death. Your soul will rot in your body, and will drag you into the rivers of dirt, where you will be rejected and scorned until you can only live by your tears. 17. If you judge someone by occupation, cursed are you. If you judge someone by race, cursed are you. Your eye will rot in your body, until you have worshipped the ancient gods of the one you scorned. 18. If you do this scorning with someone else to strengthen your back, you are cursed twice. Then it's better for you to get a hook in your eye to hang for seven days in the realms of the dead, where the birds of prey eat from your meat. Fifth Judgement : By the feather of the goddess Maat. 19. She is the ruler of the heavens, and will watch you. She will give praise to the eyes of self-judgement and the eyes who care for nature and animals. 20. If you scorn a weak one, you will be weaker. If you scorn a sick one, your health becomes of that person. If you scorn someone because of someones parents, cursed are you, for you will be an orphan. Maat cares for the soft of heart, the tender ones, and those of a holy rage. 21. Sixth Judgement : If you write scorn down on paper, you are cursed triple. You will not only lose your eye when you will appear for Osiris-Ra, but you will also lose your hand, and it will fall in the rivers of the dead, where the crocodiles of sekmeth eat it. Seventh Judgement : Blessed are those who can come through the Judgement on the Eye without falling, whose backs are straight, led by the blue light. 22. Blessed are those whose griffin souls are caring for the weak and the sick, to see their health and strength. 23. Blessed are those who travelled the seas of weakness and sickness to find the truths and treasures of the chambers of Thoth's house. Blessed are those who wrote with the hands of Thoth, while the Benu-bird was sitting on their shoulders, and the seven holy parrots of Ra. Amen. 24. Their balloons will reach the eternal cities, where God will wipe away all their tears. 25. There where they can drink from the golden wells of life, and from the golden eyes. There they will see the golden hand of Thoth. Amen-Ra-Amen. Blessed are those who let their souls be cleansed by the fire. 26. The Varia-Bird will guide you to show you the threads between the threads. Amen-Thoth-Amen : Visitors of Amenti, those who glide through the last hall ... to watch the portals of Materos ... the halls of the dead of dwarves. 27. Blessed are those who glide in, to travel along and over the rivers with the orange balls ... Blessed are those who watched the graves of dwarves ... blessed are those with an eye to the small things ... cursed are those who deny the small things, for they will be blown away when Materos sucks the holy ones inside ... Amen-Thoth-Amen

3. 1. The Seven Halls of Materos. You watched the dwarves the golden stares. Now reconnect to the souls of your gnome-souls and their ancestors. First Hall, Talgamen. Prayer to find the lost ships. I come to you, Talgamen, gnomestatue, almighty leprechaun of the ancient coins. 2. I come to you, Talgamen-Thoth, holy scribe of Izu and the first hall of Materos. 3. Write my names in your books,

and give me from your divine food, when I will pass over these bridges, when I sail over these seas ... Do not let my ships sink, oh holy Ra-Talgamen, do not let me being eaten by sharks, but raise me high, in your balloons, to be in High Talgamen, I take flight. 4. Grant me with the food of your griffons. Do not lead me astray. Have mercy on me, I am a humble soldier. Only living to save your animals, as they save me. As you glide into my soul, look for my lost ships, and bring them into my heart again, in my liver, lungs and organs. Let me take flight again to the cities of eternity. 5. Talgamen-Amen. Don't let me fall from high rocks, when I enter your mysteries. Let your warmths guide me, and comfort me, and let your birds do not take me away to burn me. Let me write on your jewels, my love to you. Let me be your scribe, in the name of Thoth-Amen. 6. Second Hall, Lokogamen. Is this the road to Belcanov, oh Almighty Lokogamen. I bow down in praise, without letting my lips flow. 7. For it is righteousness you want to see. Let my words not be empty, but filled by deeds. Let my words flow, filled by fire, as balloons into your skies. Let me see your cloudships and eagleships, and the birds working there. Do your birds sit high ? 8. I come for your almighty thrones, to watch your graves and coffins, to bring sacrifices to your urns, as words to the ancestors, let them be echoes warming them, until they are back. 9. Let them rise from the deepest oceans, all these souls lost, worthy to be connected to us, as part of the ornament. Oh, holy one, of golden beards. Give your servants their beards back to pierce deeper into the halls of Amenti and the halls of Materos. I am yours. 10. Third Hall, Belcanov. Where the holy statues stand. Where our minds can be dense again, to reach for the cold conscience, to live for the poor. 11. To share all the riches, also to the realms of death. Let me glide deeper, and protect me against the flames of Osiris Throne. 12. Let the snakes awake in me, to do the final decisions. Belcanov, let my soul glide, into your soul, where the warmth shivers. 13. Let me take those who are afraid deep into my heart. For you are close to the depressed and those who fear God, having a green heart pumping inside. 14. Belcanov, bless your scribe Anu, and your warrior Thoth-Izu. Let the seven spirits of Osiris watch over my soul, giving me a new spirit. Fourth Hall, Elsefic. Hymn to Elsefic. Glory to Elsefic, who gave us soft food. Waters coming from the rocks, while you had the rod of the seven suns. 15. Baals were your friends, the donkeys. You guided them safely through your streets, giving them vanilla to raise higher and fly on butterfly wings. You gave ornaments on their hearts. You crashed their orange balls to bring them higher. You led your children by a striped rod. Your horns spoke thunder on high hills, where your phoenixes took flight. 16. Osiris-Elsefic, praise to you, my Lord. Hide me in your seven judgements, when you are pouring out your bowls of wrath. Give me thunder to rage with you, and let my heart not be weak. Don't let me be a coward when you need me to speak. Amen-Ra-Amen. Elsefic, watch the ornaments, and weigh them before your thrones. 17. Let your lamps guide me inside, to touch the deeper darknesses, where you hide. Let me be where you are, oh Elsefic-Osiris, and show me the seven Ra's of your spirit, your paths to the suns. Watch my moons, and weigh them before your thrones, and speak sacred words to test them. Let no unworthy food poison me in the abbyesses of your streets. 18. Let my paths be holy to eat from your checked divine food. Fifth Hall, Amenti-Ra. Drink me and weigh me, measure me in your deepest caves, to give me access to fruitfull grounds below the pits. Destroy my mirror, and give me yours. Amenti-Ra, seal my hearts, also the hearts of my liver, to store the treasures you gave me. 19. I cherish them, all these hearts, and the divine vegetables. Let your Elsefic rise on the sixth day, to watch the balloons of ancient days. Let me steal the forgotten days out of the halls of evil lords. Let me be an exorcist and a sacred thief, to bring your treasures and souls back to your temples. There, where the tigers roar. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. You are the holy Amen of the sixth soul of Amen-Ra and Talgamen-Benu. 20. Your birds will let your spirits sour. The Ka's of your Ra will guide you by wet visions. While the dreams of the Ba will lead you through the night. You watch the golden suns. We

are sacred pirates, in this hall of Amenti-Ra. Show me the ripples of your tigers, the juices of your sacred drinks. Show me how to use them holy, guided by divine steps. Oh, halls of Amenti-Ra, in the Fifth Hall of Materos, rise high. Show the worthy books in the deepest of the night. Let us glide into the drinks between the drinks. Bring the holy snakes from the livers to the lungs, restore the fleeces of the heart, united, to speak words of unity, as a sword to transform the darkness. 21. Bring me the swords of Osiris-Shesmu, and that of Osiris Sebqa, for the mouth of the crocodile is wide open. Build my boats to come over the dangerous seas of Sonder Sun. Sixth Hall, Sonder Sun. She's the queen of my heart. She's the lady of the altars, rising high in Izu. Balloons are bending, while her wet stripes take place. 22. We worship you, Lady of the Sonder Sun. Not in vain words, but in deeds and righteousness. It is filled by a rage, raging until you are home. We are your servants in this sixth hall of Materos, after Amenti. You are Materos-Amenti-Ra, mirroring in the sky. You are the rippling tiger, tightening the threads between the threads. 23. Seventh Hall, Eminius Fire. You are the heart of Amenti and Ra, the heart of Sonder, where the octopus dwells. You have sent your unicorn to awaken us into this day. Take us to the golden fleeces, to drink from the divine tea. Let our minds melt away, if cold consciousness is your desire. Bring us to life and death, rippling as the forbidden fruit. Be our Adam and our Eve, our serpent and our God. Raise the halls of Amenti. 24. Prepare us for the travellings over the seas and rivers of fire, to meet the dragons of your heart, the octopus of your desire. Don't quench our ofions [octopus-sharks], but purify them like gold. Amenti-Thoth, open your chambers to us, in Eminius Fire. Show us the baskets of your snakes, the checked ones and the powdered ones, and all those in fire. 25. Give us the key to open thunder-fire, the Eminius-Shesmu. Serve your Lord, Eminius-Ra, who lives in the sun. Give him from the divine food ; Watch his ornaments when they die. Come with his urns to the flames of Osiris, to test your eyes and hearts, on the hands. Stand on his footprints, and watch yourself die to come alive again on the third and the fifth day. 26. Watch Eminius Horus, to please his publics, the divine audience. In this you can pass the test to get the holy Amenti-Ra-Eminius suite. The checked orange suit to contact the divine Eminius Lions and Wild Cats of Ancient Days. Amen-Talgamen-Amen.

4. 1. Ritual and Sacrements to close the door of Eminius-Amenti behind you. Lords of Amenti unite. Let me be the salt on the ground, so that no one can steal this divine fire of Amenti-Toth. It burns once and then it leaves forever, until you leave forever with it. Oh, holy Lord and Doorkeeper of Amenti's Rod. Save your son, Lucifer, from the wrath of the ancient Hebrew-Babylonian fallen one who didn't want to pierce the Halls of Amenti and Materos. 2. Burn him in Eminius Fire. Divine Amenti Lions of Amenti-Lucifer, you are free. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and the sulphur of EMINIUS-SARSIA and her heartsoul AMENTI-SARSIA. 3. Ra-Amenti will stand behind you. Eminius-Lucifer, you are free now, you and your lions. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and sulphur of Marion-Eminius Swords. Eminius, be closed. The sword and altar of Eminius is now in the hands of EMINIUS-SEKMETH. Ritual and Prayer to not to be eaten by the crocodiles of Eminius-Luca. Raise me father, make my heart pure, let your sacred crickets cover my eyes. 4. Let me not judge the dead, let them not judge me. Bring me out of this dark passage and lead me into your circle, where I can eat from the solar dishes. Give me a helmet brought by your eagles to have a light in this deep darkness. Let me trust on cycles and circles, and also the symbols of your panthers in the temple of eight. 5. Let me escape into a new week. The week of your golden breads. Let me have my own altars, to sacrifice myself instead of others. When I stand before the altars of your golden breads, then cover my eyes by your bristal brivals, to have your golden neon lights. Lead me into your chambers, oh father, to see the coffins beneath the coffins, to touch your holy butterflies. 6. Make me drunk, lead the boat over your river,

and bind the heads of crocodiles. Let them not eat my feet. Cover these by butterflies. Let them not eat my legs. Cover them by the shields of turtles. Let the heart-eaters not eat my heart, but let the benu-bird, your benu-bird, lead me inside your caves. Make me thin enough to enter. Let me discover the lines between the lines .. To make them bend into solar lights. Show me the halls of the elves of dead. 7. Draw these circles on the walls. Aton-Amen-Aton. Let me in, dead man, let me in, to let me watch your graves. Lead me to your coffins, to see the ornament of death. Let me drink from your urns, to touch the holy water. Streaming from death, in your chambers I desire to be. Let Belcanov-Aton lead me inside, guiding me by the red light. 8. I don't want to stop here, for crocodiles are behind me, wanting to eat my soul. I see your house as a doorway, to the house of the elves coffins. Oh, orange men, oh black men, oh hard men, guards of the elves graves, make me hard enough to enter, soft enough to walk through walls. Let me follow your waterlights, to be one of them ... 9. I will worship the lines between the lines, and also those beneath and beyond, to become one of them, always thinner. I will be thinner man, oh harder man. Let me enter. 10. You cannot enter. Why not ? You need to return to Belcanov first, to reach for his sixty-six coffins. Then you will be hard enough to be a harder man. 11. I am now a harder man, can I enter ? 12. No, you cannot enter. The publics and the audiences don't accept you. You first need to be a softer man, when you have returned to Elsefic. You must first dive into his sixty-six coffins, seventy-seven graves and eighty-eight cities. 13. 66,77,88 Can I enter now ? Yes, you can, for you are a thinner, softer and harder man. Hymns of Ova. Osiris-Ra, I knight you in the order of Varia-Birds, the souls of Izu-Indians. Praise will be to Osiris, throning in the Halls of Amenti. Praise will be to Thoth, whose house is built on the deathpillars of elves. 14. Osiris-Ra, the Dark and Black Elves will be sent forth from your chest. Oh, Osiris-Ra, don't fear when you walk through the temples of materos. They will initiate you deeper. Let their stings guide you. Osiris-Ra, son of Ova, god of oaks. We bring in you the Atu, the god of goats. Guide them over the hills into eternal bliss. 15. You have the rod for it. Osiris-Ra, you will have the following illuminations and enlightenments, while you are following the paths of sacred ancestors. 16. You will adopt their gods. You will come beyond good and evil. You will come beyond winning and losing. 17. When you have created a faith for the first time, it will strengle you. And the enemy of that faith will save you. Then you will create a second faith, which will strengle you, and again the enemy of that faith will save you. 18. Then you will create a third faith and the same will happen, which lets you rise beyond good and evil. There you will find the pillar of the purple gnat, a most important pillar of the house of Thoth. The House of Thoth built on seven pillars, the Halls of Dead Elves, Avani. 19. Welcome to the Halls of Avani, the underworld of Elves, where the elf gods of the dead dwell to judge all the dead. Be in fear if you have sinned, for they don't have mercy. They pierce hearts, lungs and organs. There is no grace, only purifying rituals. There is no forgiving, only self-sacrifice until the price is paid. 20. You must work and change in their coccoons, or you will be damned to destruction in fire-sulphur-salt-acid. In the Halls of Dead, speaks the Upper Ova of Life and Death, the Sovereign Prince of Judgement and Damnation in Khert-Neter, you can be illuminated as Osiris-Ra to see the misleadings of gods and upperbeings, and the lower beings with their spirits. 21. You can dwell in domination if you will make the journey through Avani. Only then you will be set free from these misleadings. The rest will sink and drown. Prayer and Ritual to not be drowned in the waters of Avani. Dangerous sirens live in the waters of Avani, drowning men and women, children and animals. Fight against sexual desires in these areas. 22. Do not satisfy yourself by luxury. Do not eat too much fruits. And if you decide to eat fruits, mix them with potatoes and onions. Do not wear socks in your shoes. Do not cut your beard too often, and woman, do not shave. Women, reach for the waters of Sheri, your guard in the waters of Avani. Invoke her by candlelight. 23. Speak her name into the flame. Wear

torn clothes and cover your head. Speak these words : Qebh, celestial waters, let me drink from you, and shine your four lights in my Ka [spirit]. Qebh, celestial waters, bring me to Khert-Neter in Ra-Izu, into his lungs, where I can receive the golden heart, the golden nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. I bow to Ra and his Bennu-Bird, his heart-soul. Plant in me the streets and skies of Khert-Neter [the balloons], where my Akh can rise [illuminated heart-soul]. 24. Qebh, celestial waters, lock golden doors behind me, and destroy my enemies, the sirens. Amen-Ra-Thoth-Amen. Qebh, you have the golden keys. Prayers, sacraments, hymns and rituals to become a citizen in Khert-Neter. Oh, city of the dead, take me in, give me a house and divine food. Bring the four fires to my Ka, and let me dwell in my Akh. Osiris-Izu, lead me to your islands, to show me the pillars of Thothis House. 25. Give me the twin-Akh, and the twinlion-heartsouls. I am Horus-Ra, I do no sin. I haven't scorned the gods of my town. I speak righteous words. I haven't sinned with my mouth, I am Horus-Ra. Give me a double heart-soul in my liver, as I enter the Anu-house of Khert-Neter, where the Aged Gods live [and the Aged One]. 26. Give me the twin-tiger-heartsouls, and open my mouth in Khert-Neter. Allow me to speak and to be silent, to whisper and to speak loud. Amen. Allow me to move myself. Allow me to breath. By the Lake of Flowers, give me access to Sekhet-Hetepu [Fields of Peace] and the Sekhet-Aanru, to reach the Minewood behind it, where the Aged Children Dwell, and the House of Thoth. 27. Qebh, let me drink from the celestial waters there, floating from the divine food. Bring me to Khert-Neter in the Ra-Food, and to Khert-Neter in the Minewood. Lock golden doors behind me, oh golden Qebh, and give me the twin-crocodile heartsouls, from where the Benu-birds can rise. Give me the million-armed heartsoul in my golden heart, and give me the million-hearted sun in my scarabee [beetleformed heartshield]. Amen, give me access to Elsefic-Khert-Neter. 28. First Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Amy. Second Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Emily. Third Hall of Avani : Pillar of the Purple Gnat. Fourth Hall of Avani : The Egg of Kenken-Ur [guarded by Eric Zwarzenei]. Fifth Hall of Avani : The Egg of the Tiger. Sixth Hall of Avani : Eminius-Marazanta. Seventh Hall of Avani : Eminius-Amen. 29. Halls of Khelb. The elves of Ra holding the staff of Ptah, to measure the heart. If it's not thin enough the heart will be eaten by Ammut-Ra, for then it has sinned against the gods of Izu and Ra-Annas. If it's thin enough it will be struck seven times by the thin strikes to prepare it to enter the halls of Khelb. Here the birds of the brown nipple live to bind the hearts by charity, to raise them into the warmachines again. 30. On these battlefields of the dead the hearts will become thinner and thinner to escape from war into war, until they receive the golden nipple of fire [On the Emelis Shatau]. Hail Ova, son of the birch and the holly, for his icecreams set them free. They can move again, and talk again. They are now sons of Ova, sons of the Sacred Oak. 31. By Banana mixed with Vanilla, the lion's face rises, the Golden Nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. They are now eating from the brown food of the oak, in hairy fields they live. [in hairy skies]. The staff of Ptah had struck them and led them, to small forests in the deserts. 32. While the black panthers care for them. Their hearts have been struck, and now their livers and lungsouls will be struck, and even their other organs, so that they might escape through the splits in caves. Their hearts have become light as the feather of Maat, and they have eaten well from her treasures. 33. They have defeated the watchers of the thinness and the evil lambs, to become blue fire, the face of ammon. They have pierced the halls of Materos and Avani. The seven halls of Khelb are seven boats to sail over the rivers of death, hell and lies. These rivers are seen as sacred riddles, as wilder animals they need to face. The halls of Khelb are the Insection Halls of the Dead themselves. 34. Hall I – Lapoendria (Land of the Wasps). Hall II – Perlottia (Land of the Winged Insects). Hall III – Brannan (Land of the flies). Hall IV – Lapsalvania (Land of the spiders). Hall V – Lalmageln (Land of the Stinging Insects). Hall VI – Bilmageln (Land of the Shining or Poisonous Insects). Hall VII – Ant Ship. 35. Can I get access to the Halls of Khelb ? You

must be Ra-Izu. You must have visited the seven coffins of the faeries, and you must have read the pyramid texts of the dwarves. 36. I have done that, can I have access to the Halls of Khelb now ? You must be initiated in at least seven piramids of different Izu-Indian tribes, and you must have defeated the evil chicken of Radth. 37. I have done that, can I have access now ? Go in, and take from the forbidden fruits of the Halls of Khelb. Here Maat-Izu will weigh your heart and liver to her sacred feather. If one of them is too heavy, it will be eaten by Ammut-Izu. Then you must go through the seven nights of fear, where your lungs will be weighed to the sacred feather of Maat-Izu and Sekhmet-Izu. If it will be too heavy it will be eaten by Ammut-Lapoendria. 38. Then your souls will be put to the sacred staff of Ptah-Izu, and when one of these souls will be too short, it will be eaten by Thoth-Lapoendria. 39. Then the souls tall enough have come to the coasts of Lapoendria, to come into the Ra-Lapoendria ship. On the seas of fear they will be judged, to see if their hearts and livers are guilty or not. 40. They will be punished on the seas of Lapoendria and taken away by dangerous animals, by birds and fishes, to see if they are worthy or not, and to purify and test their souls. They will get seven thorns in their flesh, which will depress them, repress them and isolate them for a period of time. Here they must fight against the evil lambs. 41. In Perlottia, where the winged insects live, they get their wings to take flight from coffins. They will receive the flying heart of Maat. They will receive many of her heartsouls, and they will be put against the many rods of Thoth, to see if their hearts are sweet enough. 42. If not, they will be eaten by Ammut-Thoth. Then they will be put against the rods of Sekmeth, to see if their hearts and livers are soft enough. From these rods the snakes come forth ... and when they aren't soft and flexible enough, and when they cannot have ripples and balance, they will be eaten by these snakes of Sekmeth. Then their souls will be in Eminus-Fire. When they are soft like Sekmeth, they will have her lights in their Ka's ... 43. Then they will be prepared for the fires of Brannan. Here they will experience all different sorts of pains, fevers and dizziness. Here their hearts will be laid to the heart of Ra-Brannan, and when their hearts aren't hot enough they will be spat out. It is a burning heart, full of Eminus Fire and the fires of Brannan. 44. Piramids on Izu If you have the winged Eminus heart with the seven twinsouls in it, then you have access to the pyramids of bristal brival : The Red Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu, The Green Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu II, The Blue Golden Pyramid of Za-Amon-Ra, Pyramid of the Golden Pear, where the tombs are of Pharao Za-Sinysen-Vu-Osiris, and of Za-Sinysen-Vu-Ra. 45. Spells for opening the pyramids of Brannan : Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, open the pyramids of Brannan. Show me the names, and let black doves cover them by their wings. Let your holy and sacred hands take me in, and initiate me. Amen-Ra-Amen. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home. 46. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom, and let me destroy the evil snakes by the red stripes. Pharao's of Brannan rise up to give me the rods to destroy the evil donkeys holding away the sweetness. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness. 47. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes, smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, give us our Khu's, our eternal souls. Let the Khu-birds guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan. 48. Here is where our home is, here is where our hearts are. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers of Maat, and let them rise in our hearts. Let truth guide us, Amen-Maat-Amen, let Toth seal our foreheads by your mighty lights. Bring us to Draminia, the roots of life. Show us the depths of Amenti in Brannan and Draminia. Let Jericho and Sodom rise. 49. We ask you to lay your rods on our foreheads, and to bring your feathers inside of us. Lead us to eternal paths, oh Holy and Sacred One, and give us your winged Khu-hearts. Bless Brannan and Draminia, bless Marazanta, Lord of the Insects, and bless the White Golden Hand, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us

access to the rivers that lead into your pyramids and tombs. 50. Let us dwell in your chambers forever, to read their texts, and to receive our golden Khu-twins. Oh, eternal soul, rise and lead us to Shesmu, the heart and sword of Osiris. Bring us to Horus, his holy striped tongue. Amen-Toth-Amen. Give us the heart of Ra. Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through it's halls. 51. Amenti-Ra-Amen. Tem, feeder of all Ka's, feed us, and bring our Ka's into the rays of Amenti-Light. Tem, tamer of our Khu's, let them come forward as twineagles and twinsnakes. 52. Let them possess and transform our ba's. Brannan, bring the feathers of Maat in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes can come over her enemies. 53. Let her make jericho rise. Let her rebuild it's walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Amen-Ra-Amen. 54. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to the candlesticks of Toth, to show if there is any darkness in our hearts. If our hearts aren't light and bright enough, then let Ammit eat it. Bring the candlesticks of Toth in our ba's, ka's, akh's and khu's, to let them enter the sacred sahu. Give me the sahu of Ra, of Osiris and Shesmu, of Sekmeth, Amon and Aton, of Isis, Tem and Nun. 55. I come to the White Golden Pyramid of the Winged Snake of Brannan, to bless all four openings. I enter through West, and follow the paths of the sunsets. Let the seven sacred sunsets guard my mouth, and guide my lungs. 56. Brannan is the Jaw, the ashes from the ashes, where the power to speak dwells and the power of silence. Here silver striped roads (tigers) lead the deceased one to the land of the Leprechaun. 57. Leprechaun Halls of the Dead (Kerses Minds). I – The Coffins of Uncle Peacock, II – The Coffins of Uncle Unicorn, III – The Coffins of Uncle One to Ten, IV – The Silver Coffins of Faery, V – The Golden Coffins of Faery, VI – The Purple Coffins of Faery, VII – The White Coffins of Faery, VIII – The Black Coffins of Faery 58. These coffins are described in the Faery Coffin Texts and the Faery Book of the Dead. Those ones who have pierced the Halls of Khelb and entered Lakus and Kabbernal, oh holy ones, who became hairy with bald oasis, who became the hairy of the hairy with the baldest oasis below, who bows before monkeys and monkeyraiders, he will get the white golden flour and be the king of it. 59. He whose heart has been measured by Maat-Kabbernal in the Halls of Maati to the feather of fire. If your heart and nipple would be too cold it would be eaten by Ammut-Acha. 60. Your heart must be hot enough to enter Acha. Also your eyes and lungs will be tested. You will give birth to the creatures of Acha by your mouth, for it's the land of the mother. 61. You will use your mouth to give birth. It will rise from your stomach and your breasts and then you will vomit. Amen-Acha-Amen. Then you will give anal births. Amen-Acha-Amen, for it is the land of the mother, and she will hunt for love. 62. Then it will rise from her legs and her feet, and she will give birth by her navel and by her shoulders, while her breasts bring forth the white golden chocolate. Amen-Acha-Amen. And these bison have travelled from sun to sun, from heat to heat, through deserts of the nights, to watch the dark flames. This is the land of the bison. Amen-Acha-Amen. 63. They have defeated the evil goats, and made armors of their bones. They are searching for the brown gold. They have made houses in their hearts, like bees in their nests, assimilating the lights of the sun. 64. They have defeated the killerpigs of the light, and have travelled to the darkest suns, rising into Eminus Fire. They have rode the evil chicken without falling into temptation. They are free of sin. Amen-Acha-Amen. [And these men, they give birth by hyperventilation and Epilepsy.] 64. Oh those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. For you are here the cakes of liberty, oh pilgrims. Pilgrims of a lost sun, smile again with the smiles of Osiris. Oh, those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. Oh, those who have died the fourth death, come to the underworld of Izu. 65. Here the land is soothing, here the lies are riddles of truth, here the hairs are burning like lucifers, and here the hairy are in fight against the bald ... It's in the songs of monkeymen ... the hairy against the bald, making new religions in carbon smiles. 66. Holy to those of the oaks, holy to those of the hollies and the white trees. Holy to the one entering

the boat of Ova, to sail the green rivers to the Emerald Sun. 67. They will bow down and freeze their heads, after the strikes of chocolate. They will walk the cold roads to Bennes, the land of trees. They will rise into the comics, to freeze their hearts into the books of perlottia. 68. Perlottia again, to eat from the purple strawberry and the purple chocolate, in arms of emerald, the eyes will be opened. Perlottia again, under a mother's breast, it's easy to agree. 69. There are teeth in these lips, teeth in these lips, while the glues fall and hide. They take you away to seven graves, these seven coffins and seven halls of Bennes in death. 70. You will worship death and see it's glory. You will follow death, to come alive again. Deep in the coffin you will find your shell. 71. Give the land the strike, be a judge of judges, when you passed through all these judgements of the gods. You are still a survivor. You will write down the holy texts of your ancestors and learn them by head, to tell them to your children. You will know their symbols and their smiles, the smiles of death. 72. You will speak to them and they will speak back. They will lead you to the secrets of ages, and you will say you have survived. Under the strikes of death you grow younger, to stand as a tree, in bennes rivers.

Puchalini

1.

enchanted bananas

1. Boys from Lynx II ; The Land Beyond Cockaigne. You must fight for the money, and then you can do business ... It's nine o'clock, it's bedtime soon ... 2. You have enough money to write a letter ... and tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... 3. All these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world of dwarves ... [b. The bragging of tax brought large publics to you ... so now she is on turn in chess ...]

4. The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... [b. It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ...] 5. The frog has some movies ... He's a tranvestite ... The frog has some old castles ... [b. I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ...] 6. I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... [b. where the pick pock family still steals ...] 7. Oh ornament, you raised your glues high. [b. We are now on high materos.] 8. The frog is your friend. [b. He's now spitting sand.]

[9. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...]

2.

tight embrace

1. The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... [b. It rose from the book of lies ... teaching you how to ganner ... To spin your own wines ... Still these sails on the backs of sharks bringing you to your own rios.] 2. It spins, it is the master's touch, to keep you addicted to someone you are not ... and you split up you had to marry to yourself ... [b. the brown mirror brought you there, by knocking on old chocolate] 3. And now you're getting colder by the black divorce ... falling in a blue sea ... where ancient and mythical fishes rise ... [b. this banana was enchanted ... and now you stare at it's checked spoon] 4. In the hand of the prince. He's losing it ... [b. Charity

the other lie of the black rose ... while you dive beyond this world of mirrors ... to the original strike ... you don't need these clocks to let you wait for nothing.] 5. ... You are just sinking to ... the land beyond cockaign ... where seas of flowers make you so insane ... three pale purple flowers you got ... [b. And now you're here at the end of the day ... standing in purple snow ... you're crazy now, thinking you were normal before ...] 6. This is where all ponds lead you to ... you fell in these seas ... with all these strange perfumes ... you aren't hungry anymore ... and what is this stench ... did you ever smell that before ... [b. The ladies of the sides of chess, they run so fast .. to you .. in colours of red, white, black and blue.]

7. While green masses they survive ... [b. bringing you to high materos.] 8. And you see the checked frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... [b. This is the world of the blind ... You don't have to run. There are no movies anymore ...] 9. There's nothing speaking here ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... [b. the fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible] 10. I wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ... [b. Checked snakes on the sides of chess, rising like balloons. While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down. They are bowing, in december skies.] [11. I don't want to be in charity ... I don't want to be saved ... I don't need your stories, don't need your movies ... I don't need your swanlakes ... I don't need your Jesuses I don't need your birthdaycakes ... Let me be alone ... oh, let me be ... with the boys from lynx] [12. You had normal skies. And now we are on high materos, raking the skies, watching our chessboards.] [13. Calm down, you prince. Your mother raked you, and now you rise like the balloon. I always shook your hands both, so calm down, my prince, calm down.] [14. You were a mother's ornament on a candy's cake ... Calm down, my prince, calm down.]

3.

where love ends

1. Finally where love ends ... an orange balloon stands ... [b. bringing you into high materos.] 2. Where sunset rises These boys from lynx still leading the blind ... [b. I don't need to see your movies I rather be blind ... having my own delights inside with these boys from lynx ...] 3. They still have their tight rings. [b. These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... so misjudged by others ... so misjudged ... while others use their mirrors ... let me use my boys from lynx ...] 4. No one's speaking there ... only some comics ... [b. While chessboards are muttering.] 5. While ladies of the sides of chess, they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the night we're in dark materos raising sunset, while sinking deeper into the skies ... [b. Your balloons were tight rings. They're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind] 6. And now I'm drinking tight juices ... coming from the bottles of chess ... While checked snakes let the syrups sink ... [b. into another space.] 7. Where love ends, the rings so tight, coming from the edges of a chessboard [b. you never understood. These lazy cats you cannot hide. We're now in soft materos .. inside ... in high skies ...] 8. Farewell, summer skies, I'm now touching december's sun, with all these ladies of the sides of chess, raising their bottles in slow motion to do quick attacks ... I'm still reading loud in these books of wars ... while you're whispering ... making my rings so tight I'm in high materos ... tonight ... [b. Please lock me up in your checked cellars.] 9. I want to see the movies on both sides. It made me blind.

golden pirate ship

10. These enchanted straight blue bananas ... these ancient mythical fishes ... make me blind, make me deaf ... [b. to hear the most beautiful music ... Oh, pirateship ... turn me on ... turn me on ...] 11. Don't keep your pictures of fright ... [b. but try to find the fairytale inside ... by this little light ... of the boys from lynx ... with their rings so tight. These rings are checked ... They look like mother's lips ...] 12. I saw the painting. [b. By making us blind, they show us the most beautiful paintings inside ...] 13. These boys from lynx these criminals inside 14. These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... [b. I'm fainting while I see their pink ornaments ... An Epilepsy boy is what it says ...] [15. These monsters of rock .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond cockaign ..]

4.

snares of stereo

1. They know the snares of stereo. They know the snares to move the tears. [b. This land beyond the custardListen to the tranvestite These wizards hearts.] 2. Old frogs sit behind the chocolate, with peppermint lips they smile. [b. And now there's a golden pirate ship in blind seas ...] 3. Old frogs sit, with deer in their pockets, raising the flags of business high. [b. It comes from old pockets ... Grandfather raising his checked snakes high] 4. On snares of stereo I sit. [b. The handicapped guys make the good movements ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... and now we hear the magical musicboxes inside.] 5. The beating hearts of wizards ... these banana hearts ... they make golden jokes on golden pirateships ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... [b. these plastic waves with crocodile boots ...] 6. I'm watching the stars of the tranvestite. Checked books in old bottles ... reaching for Mozart's skies ... [b. I'm watching the handicapped and autistic stars the stars of dementia bringing us here ... on the wings of misunderstanding ... we found our true friends ... by accidents and mistakes ...] 7. They have friendly fishes leading them through awesome realms ... [b. turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... these wild stars in pink delights ... presents from pony ...]

8. Don't misunderstand me in this slow-motion ... [b. For your cars might crash to reach the city ... of the silver sails] 9. Dare to hide .. when he's watching the show He .. the old tranvestite ... [b. This plastic wood would be good to be a suit ...] 10. The wood is soft in marchpane land ... [b. but this is the world beyond cockaigne ...] 11. If coins are slaves, then why do I pay ... [b. I need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ...] 12. From how many books of lies did you tell ... My shadows locked up in books of wars You created them ... while giving me sunmilk to drink ... [b. from pipe's conspiracy ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies] 13. With chinese lanterns .. with wild worlds inside wild lights these are bakerman's faces ... [b. with so many nipples on it ... while some say they have strange skindiseases ... nippleheads they march] 14. Through chinese lanterns ... so wild ... touched by thrillers ... they come alive inside ...[b. but this is the land beyond cockaigne ... they do movements so insane while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ...] [15. These coins are slaves and sacrificed by religion ... when they become blind and deaf ... wild and handicapped on the wings of an autistic child with the wings of dementia ... they can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again ...] [16. By tight rings, I'm now a chessboard's soldier ... Here it's okay to fight ... For no one really wins ... and

no one really loses ... We all feel the pain ... of a new world coming ...] [17. It's opening the world beyond the chessboards ... Strange traffics into strange books ... These soldiers they march through cold materos to see the edges of the chessboards ... where strange apples grow Oh, let us eat them, they make our hearts so tight] [18. Father drinks the old juices ... He doesn't see the soldiers moving to another chess ... While playcards are floating ... Inviting others to ... the grand desire this world beyond the chess] [19. Playing on bakerman's hearts, while strange powders are spreading ... covering these worlds by snow ... lapoendria smiles It's a strange drum ... And all your coats are different now checked ... marching to the world beyond the chess ...] [20. It's breeding elves, growing tall under Bekehelm's helmet ...]

Tupuchette

1.

queen of hearts

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II. If protection is a big attack, where do we hide. If love is the Big Lie, where can we have our tent ... if your embrace is to die ... 2. If I am not the same as you are, how many fights will we have, or will we die by good business holding our last grip. 3. A chessboard of angels you gave to me, but now give me a chessboard of pirates, to escape, just to escape. For every step is a market, and you know it is to enslave us ... Is there one way out here ? 4. If your kiss is a big shark, if my mouth is too fragile ... Who eats who ... Or is that life's destiny to die in high materos ... 5. If eating is like playing chess, then I'll do it ... For then there's room between you and me, enough room to escape forever ... do we eat to become free ?

6. Oh high queen, high materos, smoking tall striped cigarettes, was our marriage to finally escape from you ? 7. If your bed is the killingfield of books of wars, then why should I lay myself down there. 8. Why can't it be a chessboard of pirates ... [b. Queen of hearts rise. These messages are full of tax. Blackgrey striped snakes become so small. In lightblue boxes they survive. Them with their silver stares.] 9. Blue honey, come out of bed, there are chess-apples hanging, roses are coming, becoming so small ... It's June. [b. Let us hide, and play in this secret garden. We slept too long.] 10. Honestly, my darling, winter would show up if we would lay down here. Let's burn our beds by a snake's sting. [b. Only fools would enter their own footsteps again. We are now in high materos.]

liberation

11. On mondays we play on burnt schools. [b. On sundays we play on burnt churches] 12. Liberation, oh soft queen, from the Faery's Book of the Dead, you rose as a daylight chessboard dream. Hiding all your pirates, ready for the attack. [b. If it's all there, then it is okay.] 13. Liberta, running alive coming from the Books of the Dead, coming from the golden cigars you could never understand. [b. she's playing in chessboard-apples, the fruits are young this time] 14. Let me stay in high materos. Let me watch the video smile, the stripes in the air. Let me do it in Elsefic's name. [b. He with the striped snakes, while they are getting smaller.] 15. On tunes' deliverance, watching the golden smile, the stripes in the air. [b. Towers stinging through the watch of Brannan.] 16. The Books of Weddings brought me there, these books of wars, made the killerpigs of Moses fly. [b. And now he's riding them] 17. Bring me Moses. Tear his clothes. Bring this mother's boy to the lands of water. [b. This doll is just some boxes of lightblue lights.] 18. It's like a puzzle, on the chessboard of pirates you are safe. [b. Time enough in Brannan. Always reaching for fourty-one

hours.] 19. Queen of hearts, how many hearts. [b. How many hours on a sunday's stream.] 20. Ancient liberty in high materos, ruling the streets, with stripes undercover. [b. This Epilepsy boy comes from the chessboard. His mother raised him tall.] 21. He cries like sand. His days get smaller. [b. Lucifers so striped gave him new names.] 22. He's the red chessboard, where angels used to play. But now she is hiding her pirates there. [b. So paranoid, while their strings are so fragile.]

2.

picnic papers

1. Johaffa, your princes are of gold. [b. They wear pirates' clothes under their prince's suits, while they are filled by the rubbish of the killingfields.] 2. Johaffa, your daylights are cold. Still an angel of chessboard-fields, dignified kills by striped swords. [b. Unicorns on both sides of your mouth.] 3. Watch your soldiers on the prey, your soldiers of prey. [b. Watch them watching the buttons of their suits. These are coming from the killingfields. From books of lies they rise. Oh watch them.] 4. Johaffa, still wearing names above names. You're a yellow golden chessboard ... It's July ... Oh, ornament on Brannan's watch [b. It's July.] 5. Briefly .. underwater ... searching for prey ... Johaffa ... [b. Now there's tea from the killingfields ... tea from the killingfields ... while roses are dying ... Stand strong on your chessboard.] 6. Underwater prey, underwater mourning ... watches go slow ... to make quick dives ... churchbells tighten the strings, by iron stripes [b. Johaffa, watch the mourning, by Jupiter's halfhearted coffee.] 7. Underwater lazy cats .. walking to the killingfields ... Taking some books of lies ... for some opportunities [b. Spells go fast ... it's Echo's morning ... echo's morning ...] 8. Underwater tricks ... sell the story ... by Barbarian smiles ... [b. Stripes in the air, while Egyptian towers sting through the pain, through ladders of death ... until the chessboard rises again ... Then we can all sleep ...]

so far

9. Fire coming from his mouth, while he prays to Elsefic. [b. Not Jesus Christ anymore.] 10. His letters go to Izu. Osiris shakes his head. It's saturday. He must wait till mondays, to launch it standing on the school. [b. Like orange liars on a zebra's boat.] 11. Secret of the press. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 12. His rooms are holy. Just a puzzle. It will make itself by eating. All safe when you stand on the chessboard. [b. It was cut in two by Moses, and now it's getting smaller, until we are all in high materos.] 13. These fields exist ... someone was raking ...

3.

July's End

14. Glory to the lightblue egg. While it's getting smaller. [b. All colors come through it.] 15. Drop it in December. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 16. The boy's pyama's are zooming. He's wearing rubbish underneath it. 17. He doesn't dare to watch in the mirror anymore after these days. He's a chessboard pirate now. 18. He doesn't want to talk. His honey is streaming inside now. He found this raider in the night. [b. He's dark, while roses stang him.] 19. Bakerman's face, it's the echo, bakerman's face, the rings are tight. But you can wear your suits over it. [b. Stay in your pyama's.] 20. He's tearing his clothes, every other day. He has high shoes. He jumps over the river, and I cry. 21. The chessboard is getting smaller. [b. While he still prays to Elsefic.] 22. Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch. Golden stares ... they pray ... still to Elsefic ... July no more

checked snake spoons

15. And the golden stare 's baking golden bread, bringing golden wine to the sand [b. I love you more everyday, but I find out more and more what a lie love is.] 16. Coming from the Book of Lies, this love, so I watch into december's skies, where everything is getting smaller. [b. There's so much to win, but nothing to lose.] 17. These games come from the books of lies, with orange liars on them. I'm wasting my time playing them, still standing on my chessboard. [b. It's getting smaller.] 18. Oh, yes it roars. It's zooming and cracking, along silver stripes. I'm gannering on high materos. 19. It's coming from the Book of Lies, this protection. Your embrace, it kills me. 20. Till I'm finally on my golden day, with my queen of hearts, playing chess again, while smiling deep, so deep it starts to cry. 21. My god is a chessboard. But on sundays, I never believe in god. [b. I'm the black chessboard, and he's the red chessboard.] 22. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. [b. On high materos we take flight.] 23. The elf rises from the chessboard. [b. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock.] 24. His sword is a checked spoon.

watch him closely

25. There are juices coming from the chessboards, and a lot of smoke, While it all gets smaller. [b. There's a rag on his eye. He's a pirate.] 26. Blue angel raking the ornament skies. [b. With checked handkerchieves in his pockets.] 27. It gets thinner, while new chessboards rise. [b. To spread their mouths.] 28. Wide open they fly. Waiting to swallow. Waiting to hide. And then it all gets thinner, while an arabian prince shakes the sleeves. 29. Watch him closely, don't breath. Accept the pain, or it will fly away.

golden zebra

30. Watch him, he's a tranvestite, having a black golden chessboard under his arm. 31. There are raiders under the sun. In fire it's spitting silver. [b. These ancestors have silver bones.] 32. Dragons rise from silver golden chessboards. They have many identities for a checked waterkey full of small snakes. [b. They are striped by the golden mother.] 33. The big clock is a big balloon, with spoonarms it ticks to fourty-one hours. Bringing us to high materos again. 34. Watch the sun flow, into Flyian Books of Lies. You told me you wrote them. [b. The egg's rising from the board. It's checked and it's like a puzzle.] 35. The ornaments are blinding our eyes. There are jewels on the spoons. [b. We go to emerald cities, we go to diamond rules.] 36. There's a golden zebra in the skies, tightening the stones. [b. They bow into connections, creating december's skies.] 37. So many spoons in a web. It's bowing, painting another picture. [b. Silver skies let it bow.] 38. In Januari I have a fever. A tiger's gnat rises from chess. Oh Osiris, tranvestite, naming the black killers. [b. You are raising the vikings for Elsefic.] 39. Use lipstick to paint your body. Be paranoid to reach your raiders inside. [b. Only they can do the apocalypse. Only they can spit the silver skies.] 40. Paint the december skies. [b. And we fly in high materos.]

Pakamos

1.

1. Flowerfields, neighbour's goodbye ; Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... No balloons, but flowers ... I'm following him on my mountain-bike ... Heading for the buildings of the poles 2. Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... He whispers in my air with the softest voice ... I'm following him on my bike ... Heading for new flowerfields ... 3. The flowers are so warm ... [in Brannan's smile] Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... Heading for the buildings of the poles ... disappearing in bubbles ... making the lines so thin ... so thin ... There's sleep after the sting ... 4. while the towers are tumbling while the neighbours are staring ... while their houses have

flowerfields on the floors 5. The bubble is raging like an overstressed pacman He's raging at ... the spanish princess ... He's staring at her ornaments ... I'm spinning my lines thinner ... heading for a new day heading for the buildings of the poles ... while the towers are tumbling while flowers grow on their floors and paradise birds sit in their attics ... 6. They were all visited by Marazanta ... but now he's leaving ... high in the sky no balloons but flowers ... for the balloons are working on ground ... the bubble like a raging dictator it's pacman mowing the grass now ... 7. and he speaks about Izu ... highways to perlottia on the back of marazanta ... they bring us home, they bring us further ... where the flowers are so warm where they speak of oceans ... coasts of izu 8. the sting is to bring us deeper ... the sting is to bring a deeper dream where we can meet the animals of the poles ... where all racecars can be found ... 9. marazanta is flying like mary poppins in the sky ... the green woman has a flowerhat heading for the golden sun in perlottia. i'm flying on my spinningwheel again ... to perlottia's alphabet ... on the back of the big hairy bird ... having a million racecars in his mouth 10. ...while ships bathe in softness ... they have many legs ... while the tridents are rising the ship is rising from softness painting the lips pale again while the buildings are rising ... on the other side of the moon like horns rising in fire ... they could turn heavens into hells by riding strange icecream-animals ... 11. the socks of icecream made the cars fast gathering the marbles in their socks the eggs rolling through ... with a gamblemachine inside ... they come from soft places while buildings are growing there opening the lion's coffins once again ... 12. back to izu was his name ... this man coming from underwater now he's rising to perlottia ... to print the last tattoo ... to destroy the last leprechaun 13. seven wishes will stare over the flowerfields, they will have the horizons in their eyes then egypt's eye is speaking ... with zepellins from mars under his feet ... and so many horns on his head ... 14. feathers so soft and shiny ... like a purple light pillow lying on your bed asking you to enter through it's curtains here they drink toyjuice where the frog beats the mouse he's drinking from the candy juices bathing in custards ... while hearing the tunes of ages ... until they reach the temple ... and other old ruins ...

2.

1. All these horns lying around the pond, directing their fingers inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... [b. these are railroads to lapoendria] 2. Orange balloon is flying through the night ... [b. It is sandman raking there ... riding on his orange balloon ... in his basket hanging under this zeppelin ... he flies to the moon warming it by the blankets of neptunian delights ...] 3. Surrounded by orange ... while a yellow waterlight is leading him through ... 4. Orange balloon ... the eye of vega ... [b. It opens doors and closes them ... it watches rainbows and shatters them ... he still has the waterkeys ... those waterlights ... leading them all through the night ... only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ... he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ...] 5. He is sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old [here where the ponds are paintings letting another lion touch the sun and the moon] 6. There is an orange golden sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. For all with Brannan's smile, Rotten railways, bending low, for curtain's spinach. [b. There are seven roads of dwarves, diving to the underworlds.] 7. There are paintings lying on a beach. There is an old orange sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. Temperature is hot, while the snakes are big and heavy. 8. It's spouting in the air, machines of great danger. 8. In Egypt there's a tower high, touching the underworlds of Luca's smiles. [b. it's the tower stinging it forever, while plastic bathsmiles are in the air.] 9. It was surrounded by warm orange, symmetric snakes along the cars. Too many small lights made the air thick. 10. while golden orange statues rake the sun, there are shadows on the golden beach, the orange balloon is rising, and I'm

hanging under it. 8. Until Ra rakes the Unity City, the golden heartstare will decide. 11. In helicopter skies it ticks, no clocks on streetwalls or towers. 12. Dreamside's cities are the best. They tell you like it is, pulling you out when the orange balloon rises, to weave spinach through the golden hairs, spouting loud and tall, into helicopter skies. Warm orange heatening the flames. They are coming from the liver 13. While jaws spread the beans, the lights you cannot count. All stars in helicopter skies. 14. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's lights, all coming like the zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads from the moon to the helicopter skies. 15. There's an orange golden sun on a standard, decoration blinding us, while paintings are lying on the beach. 16. golden shadows on the walls, in the halls of life, coming from down under. Towers of Egypt sting, reaching for the helicopter skies, piramids of the underworld, while orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it again. 17. Zebra's discussions in the room, tall shadows in the night, drinking liquor. He's holding the ornament tight. Looking at the prices of the gifts. [b. There are great cities and great nations, only rising, while staring at an orange liar. An orange liar in a zebra's boat.] 18. in this giant's world ... the big red shoe is still speaking ... until the walls are falling until the lion is fading becoming pale ... so pale ... in this giant's world ... she is speaking shutting all lions down ... she paints everything so pale ... to let new colours rise ... 19. in this giant's world ... she paints the names on the walls of jericho ... and then the gamble starts ... an orange ball roaring around the earth becoming gold in the middle of the night ... spinning the boats of sirius ...

Fluvulua

1.

truth called belcanov

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III ; Through the curtains I always reach the snow of the escape. 2. Until the marbles come, until the marbles fall ... for another round on the fairground [b. Through portals of chessboards, we always reach the red. There, where the black juices rage.] 3. Son of a thousand chessboards awake. Your mourning is over. [b. Osiris is with you now. Covering your body with his own coverings.] 4. It's switching between liars and truthspeakers ... [b. Switchers between June and July ... until april comes to make a detail ... There are orange liars on a zebra's boat, raising their cameras ... proud cameras.] 5. This car always rolls back from the mountain [b. then your daylight will fall ... for another ride ... into the funpark ...] 6. Through seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to belcanov ... that statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... [b. He's like an arabian deer, a face too tight ... while glues are streaming] 7. There are siriuses in the air all these cigarlights ... [b. It's leading you underground ... It's leading you ... back to belcanov. Back to the pockets ... where the ladies of the sides of chess are smiling.] 8. They're spinning the birds of thunder ... to let belcanov breath ... 9. Where frogs speak, you can't hear a thing ... only showing you some comics ... [b. We're in high materos, where alchebra lost it's foot. [c. These are streets from cannibal.]]

10. And when the marbles are rolling, I'm heading for izu ... how many stings of a wasp does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... [b. while belcanov is on my side ... still a deermachine] 11. under business we all go to sleep until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. [b. we're on the radio tonight ...] 12. These chessboards were portals, while Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be orange and green ... [b. trafficlights on a gambleboard it's having it's delightsby spreading green tomatoeseeds On

the back of a purple horse ... we take flight ... It's getting smaller. When belcanov rakes, they all get thinner.] 13. While belcanov smiles from history ... It's flashes bringing us back to the book ... back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue [b. Shivering horses in the night. When Belcanov rakes they become shorter, touching the black moons, while the red lights become thinner.] 14. On wings of dementia, there's glue from arabian coffeehouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deer and horses ... in the roundabout they wave ... [b. They are ... friends ... spreading green tomatoeseeds by gambleboards too tight.] 15. It's raking, until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again ... The purple deer is tightening the rings, bringing us to the pockets again. Through chessboardfields we rise, into the golden stare. mixing us again ... [b. Queen of hearts make us pale again .. pale again ...] 16. A dreamworld gets the colours. There was cola for a spy. A spanish dream sells the pictures [b. ... one of these deers was a spy ...] 17. A blue one that's for sure where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons [b. The roundabout of deer is spinning ... having their own red ... pale red ... while they are your enemies again ... While someone is raking, raking hard.] 18. Liberta candy, in sweet Materos. It's warming the black towels, spreading them for more lines of tax, on sweet day's television. Tall checked spoons like bottle faces ... are the soldiers in these nights ... spinning the raiders tight ... [b. These are high days in sweet materos.] 19. You oh you ... You get Epilepsy on a chessboard. Now you can dance in cubes. Checked apples make the mouths so small, until it brags like a snake. There are tiles on the walls, leading you to Emerald cities. [b. The snake's egg has golden edges, how many stones inside, breadding the pencil in your head, speeding on small balls.] 20. You're the hare after these days, these days of high materos. Having many eggs to sell. It leads you to checked bells. There's a city on the ceilings where the lambsteads rise .. for golden unities ... Bow your head marionet, or it will break. You are free. [b. Don't read the books of wars again, but go to sleep, let business rise.] 21. There are rags on scottish clothes, leading you to Elsefic's heart, while the watermarks paint [b. the wet suits ... plastic wood the powders with the checked shoes ... leading you both directions ... it makes you cry ...]

ballerinas rising

22. Transparent tears ... it's growing washing and making friends forever [b. with the deer ... you're smiling ballerinas rising from the pockets ... silver and gold ... with emerald smiles ... They're coming from the ceilings, and stand on your walls ... tall] 23. Someone's raking the machines watermarks on it's back ...Through docters ... it's making the elves tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun ... [b. through chessboards spred by the lights of gamble.] 24. In california they stand ... in a desert underground ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... [b. and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... strange traffic from the Faery Book of the Dead ... It's June ... while flowers spread their powders.] 25. There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... he reached through the bottom of the pit ... into the depths of tax and transparency and now he grows like a tree from the checked yellowgolden station he is king he is an ornament ... he is king ... He is Atu. 26. He was saved by echo ... and now he rides him on this black goat he builds wasp-tv by all these lines of tax, waterlines [b. Blackgrey chessboards ... Juices spred by the lights of gamble, ornaments in zebra's style.] 27. How many corners are there on a red eye ... turning by Paranoia [b. where aldebaran birds are dancing ...] 28. How many faces are there on a spider's coin ... [b. Epilepsy it reaches for an unknown well, while the trains of arabia are roaring ... they are moving underground ... to break through communistic churches while the bands of jazz are playing ... you glide into the night] [29. Without dress ... to awake naked the next morning but it hides you from the black morning

you're now in a strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep you out of the factory ...]

2.

Kerses minds

1. These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ... [b. but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will jump out of black bottles to see their beauty .. and forget about their ugliness inside inside we are ugly ... but our skins are beautiful we are indian spies ... smuggling the banana roads for the coming queens and kings ... we take flight ...] 2. In asgard the checked yellowgolden station we sit waiting to become sweet again ... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where icecream rolls ... it's baker's glue ... where the orange is a good gun ... and the bananas burn the money ... the ice will rise ... to niflheim ... on ragnarok's day ... it's getting darker here ... where blind children play ... 3. The walls of jericho are rising when the blue strikes seven times, there's icecream for all [b. When bilmageln hits the third gong ... then the dwarves come ... and it's red shoe time ...] 4. A checked silver spoon does the work, in bilmagelns golden hand ... it ticks ... it's dinnertime ... when the black checked gates are opening ... [b. black glues from licorice ... turning ice in the night it was always your mother's delight by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ...] 5. Opening the taps of glue she's a water mark .. a best mark ... doing the dishes with a spoon ... she needs you today for a ride in a tunnel to show you all flowers of daylight in their tight dresses covered by big uniforms ... [b. They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale] 6. Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? 7. Spreading their birds of cigarette ... stirring the machines of deer, these chessboards with the gambelights There are strange checked coins on strange checked bottles ... Who is eating who ? [b. It's falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high while it's becoming glue from uncle's ... the watermarks take flight ...] 8. You have the rings of lynx now ... don't fear ... [b. They are getting paler, you can use these coins for new automatons ... New horses in the sky to save you ...] 9. And these men, they are so paranoid ... while Epilepsy Boy rises ... becoming so dark ... until he is a raider ... [b. Can you imagine the joy it brings ... It's checked ... a book with a split laugh ...] 10. He's raking ... she's raking ... striped snakes from the moon ... the killer She gave you symbols ... [b. Just watch the ornament's spoon. It's checked, while bubbles rise ... Eat the dreams ...] 11. Continuously I watch how you break windows in a basket. These baskets are full of striped snakes, becoming pawns of chess on your red chessboard [b. They are the lights of gamble, lambsteads ... The sheep will rake the brains ... until the Red October comes ... to swallow it all away swallowing it all away ...] 12. What if the orange becomes red [b. Faroom da bazite ... a red bed ... where all trains of arabia end ... you were a cyclope with a red eye a roundabout ... with so many roundabouts inside ... you were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see.] 13. ... And still blind children are playing on the marketsquares of jericho ... [b. having strange noses from strange parties ... like rockets to the moon ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... while blue glue is streaming ... it was sandman with his yellow touch sitting on a green horse and now he gave you purple to bring the boys from lynx alive ...] 14. Boys from lynx ... spreading their coffees ... [b. while liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... while a wild esau is rising ... painting the skies in neon ... he's a cyclope ... but he has a million eyes on his back ... that's how he flies all red eyes ... bringing the neon he's a swindler now ... gambling ... while

casino's cabman is riding him ... he takes flight ...] 15. Then the birds of cigarette come free ... enchanted mirrors, enchanted ponds to let you have your own checked shoes ... they bring you to .. the world beyond the chess. [b. Checked grapes on a red picnic's day ... turning wine in the night ... on kana's day ... jesus kissed his bride ... veiled it was a monkey ... a flying one on that day when the publics laughed themselves to death the public ... another trick of tax ...] [16. On top of the nose ... arabia waves ... it's all there is ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow] [17. These are stories of the big nose spreading fears which don't exist ... this is all there is ... Who painted the noses red she's the black widow a major threat hiding her bakerman in a purple box ... where she mixes him] [18. Along the purple curtains of deliriumhe goes asleep ... while all these bakerman's faces fill the sky in glue and the pictures become darker ... she's making it so black ... where neon is rising and when the black rose falls ... the red dream starts to tell ... you're on tv tonight and she makes it darker] [19. for the waterlights are weeping, heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon she wants it softer ... so she has to strike harder first ... she's a two-faced harlot ... bringing them from the purple to the orange in the arms of bilmageln ... where they can sleep]

3.

Sonder Sun

1. These soft boys become the hard men in the night like checked white hard candy lying on a dish ... [b. tell me what you can remember ... it was the way you caught a fish ... one day the soft was all eaten away ... and some hard bones were staring at you ... and you swallowed fast all of a sudden ...] 2. It was a strange camera, with a snake's egg inside. These were paranoid girls, raking to make the elves thin. They wanted to see the ornament, by which they could breath by it's tight rings. They were clothed by wild roses, while the thorns grew inside. It made them almost naked, while the red lights of gamble made their eyes spin like the wild sea.

3. These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games of chess. [b. They were coming from Sonder Sun, on top of Izu, it takes flight. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The suicide princess cannot stand any smile.] 4. These are the boys from lynx, these ladders, becoming soft under Sonder Sun. 5. It's shining on the checked pirateships, coming from the gold, bathing in silver seas ... while new tv's are stretching. 6. She gets scared when she sees the balloons. Then she's embracing her tall string, her waterlight. He brings her to the broadcastlady of cartoon. [b. He's a tranvestite.] 7. She likes his apocalyptic spells .. Messages from Izu ... She has tight rings around her arms coming from the baskets of snakes 8. The girl has a sweet voice, these animals are all protected by her laws. [b. These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their stares ... you better be wise these days ... they are standing on the coasts of the hague ...] 9. Where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet these are the red boys from santa clause ... the birds of cigarette ... [b. They rise from wasp tv spreading their wasp rains they are black checked spots running ... doing the checked dishes ... until snow white comes home there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day] 10. They are the books from the library beyond history ... always floating back ... [b. They are the pumps in arabian skies, coming from Japan.] 11. Behind christmasbottles they hide. They are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... [b. They are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the vanilla

planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched before ... cold conscience.] [12. ... It spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak by comics] [13. Who knows the cigarlights from sirius ... the lights too bright when the orange splinters rise into the darkest night ?] [14. Your roundabout boats will rise ... and there will be nothing to swallow anymore ... there where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ... [15. there where red becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming from sirian cigarlighters ... to save you from charity's curse] [16. Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights you have a nose ... and that's all you have ... some have bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world beyond history ... together with a banana queen ... these are the red checked scorpions ... the starships of dead chess breeding their eggs of unity by spastic movements they can bend everything] [17. By spasm they boil their glues in big kettles ... where the watermarks dance ... and when the conscience becomes too cold ... it starts to play the whispering organ and then the tears come through the tight rings ... These comics are so fragile ...] [18. these ornaments are so fragile [b. They will forget their childhood's wars, to find their soft chairs waiting in the sky ... Red velvet dreams ... while cold juices are streaming ... from the comic barrelorgan checked in black, red and white.]] [[19. These are cakes from baker's dreams. He's the baker of chess, knowing the portal to the world beyond.]] [[20. These are all wars of dementia. He has a chessboard in his mouth, while Belcanov is on his back. He knows everything, for these tears are all transparent.]]

4.

chessboard's shoeshops

1. There were no sacrifices on religious altars. These came from the books of lies. These were just stations to take flight. 2. These were lights from the chessboard's shoeshops, ringing their bells in the night. 3. This was how Jesus travelled. Watch the little piramid, for the strange picture ... It made you cry 4. These books are strange chessboards ... catching your eyes to play ... [b. When the marbles roll it's on chessboard's television ... Taxlines eating the balloons for another horror turning into a cartoon ... [c. You watched the checked boots of the broadcastlady ... the broadcastlady of cartoon.]] 5. Cars dive into the Books of the Dead ... [b. It's still a strange station after all ... strange traffic, strange railroads underground, leading us to all who forgot ... on the wings of dementia ...] 6. And you know it's lights ... Here the lambsteads are rising ... Here the gamblemachines are spreading tax and coffee ... rising from strange pockets This third world was saved by a bird of tax ... [b. by a bird of cigarette ...] 7. She shatters the lamps on the ground ... now these lights are lights of chess ... while spastic piramids spit the glues ... [b. It's getting hard when it touches the skin ...] 8. What we forgot, it all comes back ... on the wings of dementia ...

Pirfumata

1.

waving white flag

1. Boys from Lynx III. My mother raised me. She showed me the door. She showed me twothousand trousers hanging around on the shore. [b. She spoke to me, always in two words and then shutting a million doors.] 2. She still loves me but I cannot be more than she wants for that would scratch my records [b. and then I would be like a parrot lost in a stream. [c. She always

brings me back to the shore again like a ritual at the end of the day for I still want to be more than she wants me to be.]]

Dwarve's Rain

3. And there in the distance, I hear dwarve's rain ... rain from the ornament ... they span it underground ... for secret conspiracies ... for trains too loud ... [b. too loud to hear ...] 4. While i still visit fairygrounds to watch their big beasts and balloons. [b. These were lampsteads to the moons of Z. These were lampsteads to a new aldebaran where some guys still sit at high tables playing strange games. [c. While uncle one to ten is sleeping in the baby's room ... it was all to make your heart at peace dolphin's ... goodbye]] 5. Here the golden statues stand of theologians and old men bragging their nonsense and everyone believes them for they have the trousers. 6. This is the land where the coins are cubes. [b. Put the marbles in the automatons, and they will run.] 7. Tranvestites carrying a big handicapped eye ... they walk through glue and teeth ... they walk through you and me ... to bring the flame back to the candle ... [b. These are dressed up insects from a red picnic ... masked while the eye they carry is hidden behind tall teeth ... [c. like barbed wire ...]] 8. They can escape through checked red communistic spinning holes in the airs. [b. The pickpock family is in town ... raising their big balloons ... they are walking like chicken on the killingfields ... but they are dressed up ants ... working on fairgrounds, funparks and circusses [c. They are the gods of nonsense and misunderstanding ... raising up their own god ... gepetto ... their mailman ... they are raising up their numbers and letters in a flame ... a balloon's flame ...]] 9. Aslant eyes and aslant faces make the connection to the worlds beyond the worlds, the mirrors beyond the mirrors. [b. Your god is a devil on the other side of the mirror.] 10. These churches are nothing more than strange chessboards, with their gamblelights. [b. Greet me green in the morning. Spin the rings tight. Let me escape.] 11. Through strange automatons, we take flight. [b. Thrown up on cannibal's day, where cowboys hide behind red buttons. [c. I'm seeing the number in the flame.]] 12. They are raising their balloons ... the bakerman's faces spouting the salt. [b. on a candy's dish ... In this strange world of chess.] 13. You're nothing but a number. A number in a flame. Coming from a comic, to find your way back in this book. [b. While bakerman and belcanov, they speak between the lines. It's moving like a zebra's boat [c. while orange liars are standing on it.]] 14. And I'm measuring myself by watching the sparks in the water fireworks in a glass of water ... all underwater .. hiding in glue ...these are still my tall christmas-presents ... [b. bred by the boys from lynx ... in their fields of chess ...]

2.

black coffin

1. And i'm gathering my wet chesspieces ... yellow against the blue ... fights between friends are always softer than the real wars outside ... [b. bites from Z ... [c. transparent pink gluemarks ...]] 2. The deer eat the stories with their mouths of misunderstanding ... that's why their faces are bitter and paranoid ... they are ... suspicious minds ... [b. They smoke their birds of cigarette ... that's how their trains move they are the deer of dementia ... blowing all stories to their pasts ... [c. these strange chessboards.]] 3. They reverse their sodom and gomorrah's. [b. They hear smoke-alarms when the orchestra's are playing ... [c. They never trust your smiling faces ...]] 4. On top of checked blackgolden coffins, they take flight, to become red thunder in the night. [b. You saw the dust of cinderella. You never lose, just touch all you have. [c. There's a symbol on the coffin, bringing you

back to the end.]] 5. While a golden dwarfstatue is standing on it, bringing you to december's skies, on a dolphin's goodbye.

billiards day

6. They are playing games with me [b. until I lose my head [c. until i can feel my trousers again, all these conspiracies.] 7. She's standing, screaming on a hill, while her girlfriend screams from another hill, [b. trying to confuse my soul [c. poor me.]]

curse of business

8. These are babies born in transmissions, orange liars leading me to death, while all these wasp rains in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ... 9. These are orange liars, leading me to death, with all these wasp rains in my bed, these rains from izu, rebuilding my memory, rebuilding you ... 10. There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish, all these dragons are in fire ... or is it my eyes 11. Give me a spoon, these books are all talking, spreading green tomatoe seeds ... in a night of arabian magic ... 12. It sails on Japanese ships. [b. under orange balloons.] 13. Arabian spice, Arabian me ... These are the chessboard mills ... Elevators under a red balloon, bringing you to the comic. [b. It switches between the horror and the cartoon ...until the knees and elbows are bending, the cubes enter new worlds.] 14. And then the hunger brings the hallucination ... they are the fata morgana's ... mirages of old wizards see these hearts pumping ... lying on dishes ... [b. where plants are the senses of a new world. [c. There are docters in winter's treasures, growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens]] 15. The ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... It's your only way out ... [b. Just eat these seeds ... these flowerseeds ... then the honey will flow through your stomach ... and you will drink new milk.] 16. It grows on your back reaching for your mouth you can smell flowers of paradises growing on your back .. reaching for your nose it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... [b. while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... and music grows from their back to their ears ...] 17. While the tattoo of a spider is growing on their forehead ... reaching for their necks ... [b. there where the senses sleep ...] 18. There's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open the senses ... to let the flowers grow ... between the plants there's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open new visions in a language I understand 19. And it brings me understanding ... it brings me new tales ... till the ornament grows further ... to reach for the broken bridge [20. When ornaments come together ... to lay the hard stones ... then softness grow inside ... to let machines blow ... they bring oil to the stages ... to let ballerina's dance ... until they reach the morninglights where they dive into morning dew.] [21. They will never reach the afternoon ... they are in morningland ... where the morningred pushes the lights underwater in a new sea ... to let new plants grow from the seagardens ...]

3.

Antartica

1. There are boys behind dragonbars locked up behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of a red dragon ... [b. He's a dangerous chesspawn [c. on the board of a snake ...]] 2. So many chesspawns in the air ... Boys from lynx against so many other pieces on this strange chessboard and when the snake turns it around the back of the board is a mirror and you see your face ... with these thousand nipples ... these bakerman's faces ... [b. these bakerman's coins can you escape the altar of an egyptian king.] 3. He's driving the car ... of an egyptian

mother who claimed moses to be her son ... she saved him but prisoned him ... can you escape this saviour's altar ... this altar of a businessman. [b. It has strange trafficlites and strange lights of gamble] 4. It is a chess-hat, it is joseph's pit ... [b. A strange board of chess where the suns and the earths play ... [c. while moons are watching.]] 5. While you're sinking deeper in this strange coccoon ... this strange cartoon in these strange days ... [b. While an orange prince is knocking at your door ... with three purple pale flowers for your mother ... [c. He didn't ring a bell ... he just whispered]] 6. In ornamental issues I take flight to izu where all insects are gathered doing strange dances [b. to win their days back ... in this strange game ... and at the bottom of this pit .. you're king of egypt [c. and then there aren't any jesuses and judases left]] 7. The tears fall till it's glue ... till it's plastic wood with strange powders inside ... Then you will cry sand ... Who knows the chessboard ... leading alicia to wonderland [b. It's strange stratego ... when you turn the pieces around ... you see the faces of the ones around you.] ... 8. In this land the coins are statues. You need to push a tree into the gate. Sometimes only a heart can open the doors, or a box of chessboards. Watch the pawns. It's all a big conspiracy in your mind for when you turn them around twice ... you see your own face 9. But at the end ... there will be no blame and shame at all these feelings of guilt ... where just the coins of business in a game called antartica 10. Flowerseeds wanting to open the senses for a new world new senses started to develop .. under the vibrations of guilt [b. In the eyes of guilt it's never enough ... it's never good ... it's hungry and you need to grow.] 11. It's the big breed ... of an old witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done [b. Then you're living behind dragonwalls ... in her strange stories] [12. These letters are all dropped in Vanilla. It makes your fingers shiver ... On Vanilla's chessboard.]

4.

vanilla days

1. He had put his hand in the dog's mouth, paying his bills. Now the insects can creep underneath his clothes. 2. He had put his teeth in the back of a spider. Now it's having wings of dementia ... bringing him back ... to Vanilla's days ... 3. Blue spots, powdered spots, like winter's dreamglasses ... So soft, like glue inside, it is a plastic sight ... like toys ... 4. Pink spots, so pale, the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and deserts [b. It is ... too late ... for you to tell your story now it ... is my turn] 5. Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like the elfe's glue running ... so strange ... I am amazed ... when wasp rains are falling ... 6. These are stinging trees and trousers ... Like balloons of wild powders ... I'm having so many checked hearts inside ... these wizard hearts, banana hearts and wings of dementia ... leading me back to the house beyond history ... 7. Where I'm having redgolden checked dwarf shoes, pinocchio shoes like crocodile shoes ... like plastic transparent wood ... with strange powders inside these shoes can fly by the wings of dementia ... 8. Powdered spots on my back, spreading the delirium, making me drunk ... making my wings shiver ... my wings of dementia ... [b. I have autistic hearts from the wizard ... [c. having handicapped trousers, a handicapped suit while I feel so insane ... my clothes are stinging me ... something is boiling me ...]] 9. I'm flying by the wings of dementia on a mighty storm leading me back to aldebaran ... there are so many fevers in my head ... waking up these animals inside ... [b. I'm under the threat of a stinging plant ... ravalan madok ...] 10. There are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... powders inside like winter's dreamglass so pink and pale ... [11. Vanilla spots ... these are tattoos of dragons ... [b. for the wizard has fires in his eyes ...]] [12. His hearts are dancing

through my mind ... these banana hearts ... enchanted ones ... there are shadows of fire on my walls ... jumping into the room] [13. These hearts like precious rippling ornaments ... rippling on my walls like zebras and tigers would do ... [b. while there's purple snow on my ground ... a carpet arabian designs ... making my mind spicy ...]] [14. Roaring bottles in high cupboards ... bottles of tears ... stored by the wings of dementia ... patterns of highways ... like the waves of the seas of flowers ... [b. To drink and get drunk while wizard hearts dance ... they look like snakes [c. like new alphabets penetrating my mind ...]]] [15. I have suits of strange nipples softer than myself gathered by .. the wings of dementia ... warming my autistic hearts ... [b. these wizard hearts]]

5.

graves of matadok

1. While the parrot is opening the graves of matadok, there's eagle radio in my head ... 2. By a vanilla flute .. the parrots keep on leaving ... opening the cigars of pharao ... [b. laughing themselves to death .. by strange alcohol ... [c. These are the baker's liquors ...]] 3. While orange balls were exploding ... they found red cowboys in a shoe ... These were speaking cupboards having too many books inside ... they were the fallen lambsteads ... the kwaliks ... but now they let others fall by books of strange tax ... 4. They raise up their insurances in white ... while their arms are striped ... like butterfly-snakes they fly ... They are the needles of grammophone ... installing their birds of cigarette ... 5. They take flight ... into the graves of matadok ... following the red parrots ... the flute of tax is speaking ... while someone is whispering ... it's the red rose ... hiding her cowboys behind the bottles ... until her dragons are spitting the sands 6. He has a sword of tears and jewels, and a shield of seed ... killing giants ... by a hard white candy camera ... 7. His shoes are soft, he's a canary ... His rubber hides the black powders ... while he has a sandgun, when things overflow ... Then there will be storage ... Big livers hiding the lungs ... 8. They fall through tall whispers ... The suicide princess screams till the smile turns into a tear [b. He has a suit of tears ... this is the city of tears ... [c. The handkerchief ... room enough to store the tears and the seed ...]] 9. No need for umbrella's ... these wasprains ... create trees of balls ... from izu to perlottia ... reaching for the ceilings of love ... while pictures on the wall are freezing ... delirium makes the crocodile glue roll ... 10. I need a special suit to touch you ... while snakes slide through tears and seed ... looking for good tailormen ... in vanilla holes they grow ... becoming the hard men ... making the judases and the jesuses ... to lead them all astray ... [b. raising the doll ... to strike the orange once again ...] 11. They dive through chocolate tiles ... these are strange lights ... these are bakerman's faces ... breeding the falls in tall whispers ... by strange fruits ... still Vanilla's soldiers ... where birds of cigarette take flight ... [12. While two lions fight in the river ... making tea ... for lion railroads ... they are leaving a world under the ice ... in the hollow ... [b. heading for an eagle ship to become the golden taps ...]]

Eric Zwarzenei

13. When fake meets the nonsense, the black stone falls .. awakening the frogs ... all these misunderstandings .. they come from the lion's tea ... gliding through tall whispers ... preparing the bakers liquors ... 14. It's streaming through your trousers ... [b. like fishes coming from hell.] 15. While the ashes breed the black egg ... it's black boots coming to your town ... where a white chocolate house stands ... theologians still doing the game on white chocolate tiles ... kalibra bazina ... 16. The pickpocks .. the machines of deers ... checking pockets for fallen soldiers ...

stealing the vanilla coins for their automatons ... they bring us over the nightseas ... ignore everything which is not inside ... there's custard streaming from vanilla holes ... [b. making a giant of you ... while there's a world inside ... here where swans spit fire ...] 17. You have pickpock trousers ... to meet an indian warbook .. through tight rings. [b. Wasp rains, the baker's liquors ... they stream through old trousers ... reaching for the boots ... These are old bottles, old comics ... while the juices are streaming ... [c. in the world where the swans spit fire ...]] 18. These are comic trousers, trains sliding from picture to picture ... doing dirty business ... There are statues beyond history ... Strange coins, if you ask me ... awakening .. the belcanov .. with snakes along the cars of chess ... [b. Here shark temple roars ...] 19. When someone walks ... the confusion comes ... [b. It's made of butcher's leather ... and strange wool ...] 20. He's hiding his sharks behind comic walls ... He is the red dragon ... [b. something makes him wild ...[c. a child inside ... while juices are streaming through tall trousers ...]] 21. These are tall whispers, where the bakers hide .. and it's still a white chocolate house in which we all drown ... there where the black bed rules ... in a red shoe ... [b. these cowboys .. become indians in the night ... marching under strange flags ... while a little boy is marching before their crowds ... playing the flute ... the rod of ashes ..] [22. Red rose hiding the red boys behind golden and black bottles ... waiting for the strike ... These are the birds of cigarette ... strange dragonbars ... these pillars of mighty temples while pickpocks dive in strange waters ...] [23. They are the pillars of strange cathedrals ... living on walls and ceilings ... they live in strange dies ... Six alices on white chocolate tiles breeding the hollow inside ... while an oxygen statue is living inside ... while I'm living in a diamond creating rainbows ...] [24. Purple bakerman's faces .. glue from Z ... it's your game too ... and you see this army of scissors ... there's loud noise when they eat [b. They're in love with stiletto's ... these bullets are checked balloons ...]] [25. There are many towers on a church ... the black widow invented them all ... Eric Zwarzenei is a strange clown ... if you want to know ... I have strange fairgrounds in my pocket ... where everything becomes glue ...] [26. I a'm a fisherboy ... fishing aldebaran balls ... all in grandfather's pocket ... I have a red checked scorpion with golden scissors ... pink banana's burning the money for another ride ...] [27. It's pleasureland, we're riding the donkey's ... all in dark underground temples ... where the fake meets the nonsense ... sowing misunderstanding on the roofs ... to overcome the blame and the shame ... [b. on the wings of dementia.]] [28. Uncle peacock has a fairground ... while uncle unicorn has a circus ... while I am eric zwarzenei.] [29. I'm a pirate from Venusia ... the sea of venus ...] [30. In snowwhite's coffin ... the balloon is growing inside ... White shoes with thin stripes, showing you the insurances of a deaf ear ... over violin roads ... they take flight ...] [31. It's a cocoon ... after they ate you .. you can ride them ... [b. It's a strange fairground ... [c. I know a land where the trousers run ... having their own towers in the night ... staring at the pink and the white.]]]

6.

ladybugs

1. She's from vanilla wildernesses ... with her head like a ladybug's back ... her eyes are rolling ... I'm a prisoner of a strange castle ... an arabian castle ... while the deer ignore me ... why don't they save me ... they have big machines for that ... 2. And the silver strikes, until all these bakerman's faces rise ... 3. The strikes of silver bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ... [b. While wild cats stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts [c.icecreams with forestroad snakes ...]] 4. They are bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... There are strange arabian roundabouts in the air these peacocks horrorshows ... [b. they're mixing the

icecreams ... while forestroad snakes rise ...] 5. Where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deers ... they are strange checked mirrors in castles ... [b. while the wizard hearts beat faster.] 6. To have the powders of delirium ... in spinning bakerman's faces ... a ladybug is what it says ... and then the worlds are exploding ... strange ways of an eagle's helmet ... having the face of a ladybug ... 7. These are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... to let you see a peacocks horrorshow .. and then you will me mixed again ... in everything what was left for you ... and there you will find a new world ... 8. This watch with bakerman's faces ... to make your eyes red ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... [b. inviting you to the cartoons ... while the boys with snakehearts beat the drums ... [c. they are the heartplugs when summers freeze ...]] 9. To soft clouds peeing tears to show the jewels of sweet fluffy roses painted on white chocolate ... Now he's breeding his boys from lynx inside the banana striking there ... to let them run faster where all the racecars rise ... on checked banana tiles they ride on banana railroads and rainbows a good way to burn money 10. Wild desertstorms in bakerman's faces wars in an hourglass while dictators strike the silver they will all understand and now they are lords of the dice ... hunted by a thousand tales and the russian face on the door shows so many colours with a peacocks horrorshow on his helmet ... [11. While they're finding their own boys of lynx inside ... these hearts are snakes ... [b. breeding the watch of the zebra ...]] [12. While the red dragon is an author, and a worker in a library ... he locked you up behind letters ... these dragonbars ... a bakertree, an arabian seadragon ... While vanilla is the displaydoll of the bookshop ...] [13. They raise the dolls to smash the orange balls to have the cartoons ... Give me the flute of vanilla, the dragon's scar, to lead the rats away.]

7.

bananas chessboard

1. And she said : My husband is a wolve's gnat, a taxmaster, if it comes to that ... breeding his icecreams by letting his fruits die ... they become too sweet and too cold ... it makes you cry. 2. And she said : you don't want to hear how cruel this is it must be or it will not sell. [b. It grows on a market this strange strange fruit, on a black white chessboard.] 3. And she said : you can switch between jokes and horrors, drinking the comic juice. 4. And she said : it always rises again, to the clouds of japan, making all these dreams in his kettle, by lies underground it makes the rain ... 5. And she said : still the bridge from arabia to the indians with a deep japanese background ... where the spider hides ... 6. The soft fleeces between her and that thing, were just marks from echo's television ... installing it deeper inside 7. Now it's like the game's icecream ... now it's like the watering touch with all these ripples from zebra ... 8. The skin was ripped off that day ... Seeing Hitler's Blue Tongue ... 9. And she said : I can show you the tales on Hitler's tongue ... These are all lamentation weathers These are all lamention feathers ... from the horror to the cartoon ... So many cigars spread on the road ... like train's apocalypse ... 10. He will show up after the crash ... showing you the lazarus tree ... climbing it will switch you from the lamentation to the lullaby ... then you will understand what it means ... and then you will meet summerclause ... with all those Jesuses from Cartoon ... those little men ... those zebramen switching you between the pencil and the spoon ... 11. Between a cigar and a cigarette ... was your rocket launched straight in the cartoon ... like a spear piercing the old bear-drum ... reaching the flute inside ... and this movie would be burnt in your uncle's pipe ... for a rainbowversion from the old Pan ... 12. The movie waves are moving ... symmetric to the snakes underground ... rising to cartoon ... rising to the comic-towers to release the juices from inside ... to have a good bite in the apple of chess ... [b.

until you switch between the cartoon and the comic ... until you see all their little jesusmen ... hidden too well behind the cubes an autistic world, a traumatic beauty ... there where the vibration transformed the layers ...] 13. It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ... 14. Back to Izu, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles [b. waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... [c. for it was too private ... just for you ...]] 15. Back to Izu ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... [b. When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw]

Kuzaponia

1.

Prince of Comics

1. Boys from Lynx IV ; Creatures from Paradox. He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming to the town for some underground conspiracies. [b. She burns you by fire, she's his princess] 2. Don't take the hot stick when it barks at you ... On Hitler's tongue, we glide. [b. There are sugared red tongues in the air ... while pink and green are watching. It was the spell of an ornament.] 3. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. [b. she's his princess.] 4. Come by yourself now .. No one will do it for you ... all these boys from lynx are inside ... On red bananas he writes stories ... charity came by insurance ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream of business .. while a red arabian seadragon grew inbetween ... [b. these are all orange liars coming out of zebra's boats ...] 5. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his golden birds surround you .. It's Egypt in Izu ... Tell me brother .. It's Egypt in Izu ... 6. And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby, I tell you, father. I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 7. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. [b. I feel soft, you gave me feathers, you gave me milk, you're a bakerman's face, tell me father, you're a bakerman's face ... [c. You're dadda's cloudship, with all your lalla's ... and your babba's. You're like the tiger rippling in the sky [d. in the skies of deserts.]]] 8. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... for a golden banana, a sugared tongue ... It's Egypt in Izu. 9. I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu [b. He with the butterflywings. [c. There are white checked cigarettes underwater checking the housefloors. [d. While green canaries escape from the blue.]]] 10. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... [b. when Gepetto goes to sleep. [c. These are pink lights coming from the red.]] 11. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... Now these wolves are dangerous ... they are raking the bananaseas ... for tax undercover ... It's heading for Vanilla ... 12. And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... Lalla's in my own eyes ... and the babbabubbles, gliding through the night ... They all work for vanilla ... she's a pawn of a red checked dragon ... She must spin comics all the time ... 13. She's spinning her comic-princesses ... in black, red, blue and green ... making the candyrings tight ... [b. While green canaries escape from the blue through pink curtains ...] 14. Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move like strange russian chess ... 15. These are the bananas of tax and insurance, burning the money to spread it's ashes by the lights of chess and gamble ... These are the golden lambsteads making a

living on the ceilings and the walls ... 16. It was Easterclaus visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... [b. These wars were written by a bananas pencil, raging until another comic dictator would stand up.] 17. There was a white hard candy camera inside, bringing them all behind the glass of an elf's museum in a sharke's temple [b. spinning the comic juices ... this cowboys chess.] 18. It was spinning the vanilla glass, by strange sorts of indian chess. [b. There are coming fishes out of barrel organs, while a blind musician is moving the bar.] 19. A ladybug is opening her kitchen, to show her princesses of comics. [b. She shows her rivers, she's moving the bars.] 20. Still the boys grow in checked trees, in bakertrees, these strange bananas ... they sleep ... spinning tax and assurance by sharp ornaments and wine ... they are burning money, spreading the ashes ... while snakes bring them over the rivers of death 21. A banana rises on tv .. telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking red checked potatoes and yellow checked juices ... while the air is shivering ... 22. In these red checked potatoes comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaos ... He makes movies by drowning the money comics ... on the back of an arabian seadragon ... a strange automaton ... 23. Now all these machines of deer ... they drown the comics ... to show their cinema-screens ... The red tiger is rippling there ... Strange coffee ... coming from the red ... 24. While all these birdstatues ... They're coming out of the banana ...

2.

banana hearts

1. The movie egg, it was a dragon egg, coming from Pharaos mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? 2. Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a dragon's tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ... Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... 3. These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... 4. Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ... Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind dragonbars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ... 5. They become strange machines, locked up in books ... Arabian horses ridden by others ... spiders with many arms ... Here behind the book, uncle peacock is laughing ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... strange fishes underwater covered yet so naked ... 6. These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... While uncle unicorn is making them all deaf ... when the flags are waving ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the joke statues ... 7. Uncle Peacocks are big boats behind the books ... In chocolate they breed the games ... The pawns want to become free on a bananaboat behind the book ... where the smoke is rising .. 8. They are marching to the worlds beyond chess, looking for ... the golden cigars ... They travel without moving ... 9. Uncle Peacocks are the big Arabian Seacoccoons, the Arabian Seadragons ... 10. They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... They are big stinging plants without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts ... Banana hearts they are ... rising with the wings of dementia ... 11. They drink their drinks fast, from small bottles.

3.

the journey

1. The journey through the sharkian temple was a long journey. I lost a lot of friends in all sorts of traps. These were the hidden altars of the sharks. 2. I didn't know why they took my friends away, but later I would find out. Finally I reached the room of the throne, but it was an old lady sitting there between the spiderwebs, turning young when I touched her. 3. There are seven days for the mortals to prepare for the lightening coming to take them away, there, in the room of the throne. They have touched the old lady, and she became young again. It is a thin lady, but when you touch her again she becomes thick. She will tell you ... all what the lullabies taught her ... 4. The lullabies in daydream's spring, covering the morning, for there will be no afternoon ... Seven days for the mortals, without afternoons ... only mornings, evenings and of course ... nights ... to prepare for the lightening ... coming to take them away ... 5. I was one of them We would be taken to a ship to find out we were already on that ship ... with a name called 'All there is' There was no sea ... only that ship ... the sea was in the ship ... 6. I was one of these mortals ... on this Eagle Ship These guys were strange ... They ate butchers ... making strange leathers ... It was whispering while powders started to spread ... smelling like the seeds of flowers ... It was like an ornament ... 7. A Jesus Christ is hanging in the air ... no clothes, but yet so covered ... by lines of old books and by strange leathers ... He's smiling, yet the tears are flowing ... He's dying, but coming to life in a strange way ... 8. They tell me not to touch the picture for at the end there will be no any Jesus Christ left, only some boys from Lynx It is written in their holy books. 9. I feel naked yet so covered like the insect losing his skin to get a new one ... in which cocoon am I ? Is this the Arabian Sea-cocoon ? There is no sea .. there is no air ... only a ship called 'All there is' an eagle-ship ... like the red picnic like a red ball .. having so many colours in the night

10. Then the glues are overflowing and then I'm seeing the face of the Lion's Tea Wizard it was something I drank ... it was something I feared ... but it was beautiful 11. I can go into these cellars now ... the places I used to fear as a child ... I had such strange feelings in my stomach thinking .. but it was just the wizard calling me 12. I had a strange tattoo of a pale orange octopus on my lower stomach ... it was hurting me ... but also giving me strange delights ... The wizard has this tattoo also ... he shows me ... He has so many tattoos ... also one of a black snail ... and one of a white rabbit ... 13. There are strange banana's lying on a golden dish ... It's like pumping all these strange feelings inside ... I used to misinterpret these ... I was in the misunderstanding of this lion's tea ... I walk towards him ... he's the grandfather of the ship ... the big daddy ... but suddenly I feel like I'm in glue 14. Don't touch him, they say for at the end there will not be any Jesus Christ left ... only some boys from Lynx ... it is written in their holy books. 15. They say all these figures turn into the boys from lynx in the nights to bring shivering mornings ... Is fear their key ? ... They wear the rings of fear ... It's a strange machine of dogs ... 16. They have also a ring of guilt, spreading flowers of blame and shame ... with these they do business ... with these they raise the doll ... to hit the orange balls in pieces ... while bakersmen try to hide these dolls and crimes ... they look so soft ... inviting me to eat the custard 17. Don't touch them, they say, for these bakersmen are from the hollow, selling hunger to those in hunger ... They are businessmen of vanilla ... her hidden soldiers ... they are the traps in shark's temple ... Don't touch them, for at the end there will not be a Jesus or a Judas ... only some boys from lynx ... 18. In this strange cocoon ... This Arabian Sea-Cocoon ... such strange creatures are swimming there but at the end boys from lynx ... 19. And then I drink the Tiger's Coffee ... while someone said it doesn't exist only Lion's Tea ... so I spit it out ... trying to just learn to drink Lion's Tea ... I need to get used to it ... Oh, how many bakerman's faces there are ... so many liars and lurers so many swindlers and smugglers all traps in shark's temple 20. Maybe I ... am in such a trap too ...

thinking I reached the goal But the goal was another trap This doorway of luxury and life just another trap or is this trap protecting me against something worse ? a worse trap ? 21. What is this for a strange plant ... It's a stinging nettle ... Biological harpoons to draw me away from the danger I had been caught by a shark ... but all these things are just illusions at the end there are no saints no sinners, no escapes, no prisons ... no liberties ... no bondages only some boys from Lynx ... 22. There's a stinging nettle roaring in my body ... shivering between sickness and health ... between sanity and insanity ... but what is what and who is who ... it's in the eye of the beholder ... it's in wasp-tv ... 23. In a shark's temple ... we all drank from the lion's tea ... making our lists of people in traps while we were in the deepest traps ourselves ... we had a red eye, a wasp eye, misleading us ... we were boxers in the arena ... fighting for lies ... drinking from the Lion's Tea to get more drunk ... 24. I need to bite myself through this Lion's Tea ... there is no other way ... I'm still in Shark Temple ... on an Eagle Ship while a lion is flowing through my veins ... doing business it's a dog-machine ... raising the dolls ... hitting orange balls ... they're moving through the cocoons of sleep ... to reach the tables of a new world 25. There's a shark-temple in the desert ... The road to eagle ship ... but it's a trap just protecting you against a worse trap These are orange liars on a ship with bakerman's faces ... but don't touch them .. these lurers ... these misleading lights and fires for at the end ... there will be only some boys from lynx ... 26. It's an ornament, these boys from lynx ... while a white rabbit is dancing bringing them to the pink sun to let them fight against the one without business ... the stinging nettle ... and it grows on eagle ship ... in a barn to eat the boys from lynx ... let me tell you ... this ornament will die ... for the white rabbit likes to wear dead ornaments. 27. Who can defeat the boys from lynx ? Who can destroy their marketsquares ? Only the white rabbit knows ... 28. Vanilla has some planes let me tell you ... these leaves from a stinging plant ... these bakertrees, these forestroads the rabbit knows ... that all life grows in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge roars ... 29. There I found the red shoe, where the bootlaces rule ... There, in an orange ravine, the shoe was born ... No need for business ... everyone is equal ... we are all leaves of a stinging nettle ... 30. I see bakerman's faces running, I see kids playing in the snow .. having orange guns ... with orange liars ... Bakerman's faces have risen from the death ... they attack the boys from lynx ... It's always like that ... when orange strikes the blue and then we are in Shark Temple again ...

Dangerous Tiles

31. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... There's your cradle in a deaf shop, deep down in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge is roaring ... It all started in a rabbit's ear ... Someone forgave us and we got here ... It is all done by prayers ... from a Sharkian Temple ... making the journey to an eagle ship this is all there is ... like a red picnic full of lion's tea ... 32. It was something you drank from an iron shoe in a rabbit's ear ... Still a painting and a statue in a shark's temple ... a strange mirror ... you see yourself ... and all these bakerman's faces ... turning into boys from lynx in that deepest night ... there where she found the coin ... when the orange struck the blue ... 33. Time was just a waste ... but when we would hold the days in our arms ... we wouldn't have time ... then there wouldn't be clocks ... then there wouldn't be mirrors ... 34. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... where someone prayed for us ... where someone forgave us and forgot about us ... and now we're here ... in a sharkian temple ... drinking lion's tea ... It all started here ... in this deep orange ravine ... where the broken bridge was roaring ... what would happen if this rabbit ear would fall off ? 35. Here you found your shoe ... with all these bootlaces roaring in your head like snakes all these forestroads ... in a shark's temple ... leading you ... to the eagle ship ... letting orange strike the blue ... 36. There are men standing in the shark temple ... old statues ... they have fights in the

nights holding the black days tight ... 37. It's a strange stinging nettle ... growing from the deepest ravine, that orange ravine heading for the eagle ship ... heading for ... a strange castle ... where everything starts to cry is it another trick of vanilla ? 38. She breaks you without mercy ... when the rabbit ears fall off ... then everything starts to shiver ... I know a castle where everything starts to shiver ... everyone is equal ... so let it circulate ... no blood ... just glue and tears ... 39. Vanilla's island stings, but makes you free ... in a shark temple ...with a wasp eye on it, half closed half open ... also on our heads ... we are prisoners ... never free ... following the hunger to get more hungry ... 40. And the boys from bloodhound with their riches ... they fall when the meaner ones rise ... these creatures were living in them these stinging plants ... and now they are up, tearing their masks away ... they're free ... [b. on a golden picnic.] 41. There are growing strange plants from the orange ravine ... they are the hard men, mean men ... there's no business ... only guns ... They are horrible creatures of arabian seas ... 42. Arabian Seacreatures, these statues in a shark temple ... riding the storm ... 43. These hard men ... do the dance ... do the fire ... they ride everything ... these are hard days ... and you need to hold them ... or the clocks will spin again ... mirroring in the sky ... coming closer ... from the dark sides of the temple in blue glue ... blue glue ... 44. They are predators ... looking for butchers ... making strange leathers in the sky ... they have hidden altars ... the tiles on the ground ... these tiles are dangerous

Truants

45. Blame and shame are weaving the dolls ... while exodus rises up in them ... giving them good faces ... by business you can only escape by a twoface .. while the truants have orange guns ... 46. Jesus Christ is a businessman ... but I'm a truant ... I don't show up at all God had never sent me out ... I'm a truant .. if you would ever see me ... it's also the last time For I'm the first and the last ... I'm a shark ... 47. They have bred the cyborg ... along a doghedge ... where the fruits of exodus grow ... thorns stinging deep into the skin ... breeding the cyborg ... and at the end of that hedge, a catwoman lives ... breeding the sugar ... while her sister, a white rabbit ... turns it into alcohol ... and then they can cry or laugh themselves to death ... to sink to the bottom of the glass ... [b. They are the two-faced mask of Pharaoh, drowning the boys on heights of shark's temples in golden altars of water ... He baptizes them ...] 48. You must have a two-faced nose to escape ... or just being a truant ... the hard men will do ... when they reach the hard white candy ... The doghedge is my suit ... this strange plant ... growing inside of me, stinging me ... while people are crying and laughing themselves to death ... I feel myself like the lord of dominoes, like a domino of vela, installing the jokes on two sides ... 49. It's an ornament from grandmothers box ... an automaton ... Seven will rise up to bring us over the nightseas ... These are like marchpane, with hard white candy lying inbetween ... It's like a new alphabeth ... and we can live in these letters ...

4.

golden picnic

1. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books, there where the chessboards turn around to show you the enchanted mirror ... There are stinging plants in these strange banana hearts ... you start to cry ... 2. These cities are of sand, while jokestatues rise ... They travel without moving, they breath without breathing ... They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons and powdered smiles ... 3. There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ... Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaoh has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... 4. While panthers rise from bubbling

waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacocoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... [b. her curses stream.] 5. They drink their juices fast and spit their sands ... These are dragons hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ... 6. There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the ancient seas ... on the wings of dementia ... 7. There's chocolate melting in tight bananas now the pawns are finally free ... stretching their arms in spidersuns ... There's strange leather in eastern skies ... riding the Arabian Horses ... now the pawns can drink their moviejuices ... it's like glue 8. There are strange playcards in the skies ... becoming free behind the books ... They were saved by a vanilla's strike ... while the letters are melting ... becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this golden picnic's day ... [b. while the griffon is floating ..] 9. They are blind behind the bars of books ... while spiderian swords pierce the eyes ... These were Calvary glasses ... on a cat, hare and dog called easter ... a strange white trident of your local insurance office ... strange trafficlighs in your city .. 10. And the squirtel makes strange pictures behind comics and cartoons with a checked white hard candy camera while strange statues paint the skies ... [b. It's August's moon touching August's sun on the twentieth ... [c. while she stops screaming, reaching for december skies.]] 11. There are fishes with striped candystings, floating to Eminius Day. There are boats of sirens with candystings, floating to Eminius Day. While a griffin's boy soothes the hard men by his flute. He's enchanting them again, to let them reach for the viking's helmet. 12. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 13. There are seven parrots on a stream, showing pictures of icy mountains, under December's Sun, a green one. While a green checked balloon is raking it's moon.

5.

Eminius Day

1. Eminius Day shows the shiny hearts into monkey's chests, entering the bear. Their pyama's are soft, while honey is dripping. 2. There are strange leathers and strange wool in the air. These are the underground cities of dwarves, making her heart so tired. 3. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for Eminius Day. Mother will spin the sugar. Mother will show the sugared red tongues. She's cold while I'm standing on December's Sun, a green one. 4. Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. It's a strange sort of Russian Chess. 5. There are seven judgements on the mouth, on Eminius Day, written by the sword of Thoth. His house is built on candyneedles and candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. 6. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ..Eminius Day. No time to think. It's fourty-one o clock on a Brannan's watch. 7. These snakes break through walls, they are coming from Eminius Day. 8. There are Eminius Eagles in the skies, causing earthquakes, while orange liars rise from zebra boats ... 9. They are coming from December Sun, from green checked balloons ... surrounding the skies. 10. There are two captains on a ship, breaking the spanish warrior who took you away. Michiel Adrianson The Raider, and Piet Hein, stealing his silver. 11. You must swear to keep this a secret, with two vingers raised to Osiris, Uncle Peacock and Uncle Unicorn. 12. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... arms of a strange tiger ... rippling in december skies ... 13. There are strange syrops in the air of docters ... bringing history back ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend. 14. Watch

these moving pictures flying, with the wings of dementia .. It's coming from the trees .. moving mosaics ... 15. Watch these ornaments of glue ... 16. There's strange glue coming out of businessmen noses ... pictures of glue ... moving pictures ... coming from history ... waiting to be sold ... to live in someone's head or knee ... 17. Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... 18. There are octopuses living in someone's head for halve of the price ... There are strange auctions ... Cuyornaida CorsetStrange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... 19. The winner becomes a million-armed spider in a sun ... December Sun ... So much care for history ... he gave his life away to buy them all ... and now he's your history-teacher ... 20. They are the guards to strange gardens of glue ... the watchers of lapoendria ... There are wild cats in Izu ... with noses dripping of tea ... while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... 21. So much pain covered up by the black checked blankets of tax and chess, while the birds of insurance pick up their Jesus Christ to let them ascend in their heavens ... These .. are the bakerman's faces .. 22. The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... 23. Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... 24. The skies become of silver, and then the bakers start to eat ... all these History Warriors with their little lights ... They are bringing these warriors to a soft spot inside Here the Vanilla Queen thrones ... 25. They are eating the historybooks with the moving pictures of glue ... while Vanilla surrounds them ... hiding the future behind ... She even eats the boys from Lynx to spit the red fires ... 26. While they are spred by the smoke, the Varia Bird rises ... showing the rainbowbananas ... so many roads to ride on ... Letters from a mailman's heart ... with so many birds of insurance ... these birds of uncle unicorn ... 27. And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild cats of lapoendria ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... They don't see the horror ... for it's covered by the layers of tax, business and chess ... with the cream of democracy ... they feel free in their games ... They only remember their names in thick letters. 28. They are safe in the arms of uncle unicorn ... 29. They only see the wars in bottles of history far away on the attics of their grandparents .. behind moving walls ... of strange cupboards with strange paintings ... 30. They bought their pictures in old cigarshops. Pictures with so many layers of glue, named after the old kings. 31. And these old kings live in their own worlds of dementia ... using soldiers to win their wars ... these bottles so far away ... these redblue soulbottles. 32. They all live in lapoendria ... the world of dementia ... where these wild cats saved me. 33. On the corner of a dark street, before the alley, Willem One to Five was sitting, having silver warriors inside ... These are the kings of soul-bottles striped, in redgreen, greenorange and greenblue. 34. On comiccorners they live ... tied to the coins of history ... strange cowboys ... 35. Tied and glued screams covered by candylayers, while you only hear a soft voice showing you the pictures ... There are strange flies lying on our eyes raking. Wild cats know how to get the snakes out of the eggs ... 36. Willem One to Five ... still a strange taxmachine spouting insurances ... coming from the chessboard .. black and white .. While thick democracies roar it doesn't sting anymore ... 37. You can get born in it ... a boy called birthday lives inside ... on a birthdaytart with little lights ... spinning glue Five layers on the picture ... while the sixth brings the silver ... the seventh the gold 38. There's tax spinning inside, making strange films of history ... There are many layers of an onion ... It's coming from golden cigars, from three clauses : santa clause, summer clause and easterclause. 39. Willem III makes pictures by a checked white hard candy camera, while zebraboats rise, with orange liars on them, spinning glue ... It's rising from the taxmachine ... from a machine of deer. There, where the

birthday boys live ... 40. These machines of deer, all tax-machines ... raising their zebraboats with their orange liars ... these strange clauses and on top they spin the films of history ... rippling through the skies, coming as tigers ... by smoke, wine and coffee. 41. Hot glues behind the comics of tax and assurance ... they eat like bakerman's faces ... breeding them as wild as they are ... 42. These comics always come from the black and the white ... From strange French chessboards ... 43. Horses are turning their heads ... bringing the layers of glue ... Strange glues from mouths bring the lies ... to let the children sleep ...but these lies they ripple ... bringing the nightmares of truth ...

6.

nightmares of truth

1. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... 2. These are just the creatures of Paradox, showing you the entrance and the exit ... 3. I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a zebra's boat with liars ... while their truths brought me to nightmares ... Nightmares ? Or didn't I swallow them well ? Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... 4. There are seven nights on an Arabian Lion ... Show me the creatures of paradox ... to let me spin my own tax ... in my own comics ... to see the horses of bristal brival ... those red horses with the black eyes ... bring me back ... 5. Show me the kings of Smulk, to build my own ladders on strange animals, to become strange ... strange enough to enter ... Let me be a stranger ... a stranger man ... 6. With the eyes of Willem I, II and III, making pictures by a checked white hard candy camera ... 7. While Uncle Unicorns ears spit fire ... These are strange boots ... It's spinning the games of Insurance ... by strange candy and strange medicine ... It's taking their own Jesus Christs ... covering up so many problems ... Is there a way out ? So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

Deabebbe Sapur

1.

1. the businessmen are heading for the businessmen, the coffee is heading for the coffee ... and you ... you're still sitting on that old chair decorated by old birthdays 2. come and discover with me, a new world beyond the business ... over the hills and far away but i know i'm talking to a wall ...3. There are jewels in a spanish sun ... 4. I'm looking in it, while I'm getting blind ... But that's to escape your ornaments ... I'm finally safe 5. the big beer is running through scandinavian streets, the big lie is walking behind him ... they make the same movements and before you know ... they tackled you and then you're one of them ... they're catching shadows, lunatic actions ... sucking the fools from the roofs ... it's an artist's mis-vacation ... planned too late on a hard man's spoon 6. now all he can do is spit and roar ... but they call it art that's one for sure ... the fall of the artist, still a beautiful painting, something to remember and to collect all he is doing is making art ... even his funeral is called a masterpiece ... the way he smiles is artall good movies from a big talent. covered by big business ... 7. You with your green coffee ... having some contracts with the big tea and some lamentation dogs ... and now your passengers cannot sleep It's like the curse of the blackest night It's your ghostship with the lions on with your babes dying on the sides It's green coffee which you gave me ... It made me sick

2.

1. he's the guard of my memory that old wasp but he shows me that the old house from the past was also just a memory i lived in this memory such a long time not liking it the old wasp ... the old guard dealing in memories 2. finally they are treasures ornaments ...which need to be worn on the right place the wasp will sting, until the memory is open, until the memory is at home until it is understood the wasp ... the driver of oldtimers ... of old locomotions bringing them home all these lost grandfathers and grandmothers back to the garage 3. the wasp is sitting on the first floor ... in a rocking chair ...for a deeper sleep while all clocks on the walls are exploding the wasp's mosaics are roaring through my spine ...still a strange language it stings deep 4. businessmen heading for businessmen to play the big cuyornaida corset ... to close the fences to the new world 5. businessmen heading for businessmen .. to lay the dogmagnets deep inside ... there's something with their sea-machines there's something with their coffee ... and still too much tea dripping from their noses ... 6. it's the gathering of all big noses it's the gathering of all cowards ... quenching every war which would save the children sacrificing their meals to the dragons 7. it's the gathering of the big cartoon ... too scared to lay the horror ... but now the tragedies are rising ... rising from cartoon all these businessmen all these sacred men just blasphemy undercover 8. there's an orchestra of new waves ... entering your room planting machines in the corners the businessmen are still running ... with their pipes of peace no they have too much old tea in their eyes staring at me if you ask me ... they have faces dripping with tea i wonder why what is the deal ... 9. these loves are two seconds too fast ... they are wearing guns between their legs which they never use well only when they have to install their machines they are wearing the guns between their legs ... they are wearing white rags between their ornaments they are wearing their white flags for seventy seven reasons, which i don't want to hear 10. i heard enough stories i heard enough ornaments like this singing in the rain but i'm watching my trousers grow my back is geting taller ... it's like the wasp is growing there with ten millions of little businessmen so little little lights shining there ... carrying songs on their back spreading their powders ... spreading their powders to make them all blind for the land behind the fence the land behind grandmother's garden11. it's still so weak there pale flowers, pale butterflies waiting to meet the pale ones they are all waiting still so fragile still so sleepy

3.

1. decembers cold nights brought the watermarks on my face ... decembers horrors ... the wasp's tattoo ... all from the wasplake ... 2. decembers spoon hit the waspmark on my leg and someone was feeling my pulse there in that old forest ... now the kids can never come alive again 2. it was an old priest with some sacred marks ... but these were too sacred so no one really survived 3. and this forest is still enchanted ... like virgo's church ... even the fishes are drowning in the pond ... and the candyhouses are bitter there it's all grey and green ... 4. the watermark still on my head the snake is doing business ... he's still breeding his watermarks there now we work in his factories and the curse is getting heavier every year ... it's like farao's hand so we are waiting for some plagues ... 5. it's the invisible debt business makes the beans so sharp so now we're watching the sideshows ... the eyes of the wasps ... for when the dog is home ...it will start to eat your furniture ... and finally yourself and your family ... laying the chain forever ... they can be dangerous criminals another don't want to have around 6. Tatoos on dry places ... The watermarks know where they can suck ... Thick gel on thin places ... The crocodile knows it's paths ... 7. Conspiracies of the damned ... They are all heading for each other ... 8. It's all getting

clear through the eyes of a wasp ... But no one wants to leave it this way 9. Real pride doesn't exist, In the heart of the liar, Real honour doesn't meet his mouth It's only some wood of fear, blowing away his consciousness ... and something else is taking him over 10. They are too afraid to live ... They are too afraid to touch When all the curses are installed ... They start to deny everything ... To cover up the wounds ... To cover up your screaming child inside So that no one will ever see ... and no one can really help you ... Barbed Wire Hearts 11. They try to let you feel insecure ... for they could never feel the blessing of pride ... They are barbed wire hearts, they are liars from the beginning, sent out to make you one of them ... 12. They knock until your fragile mind opens up ... And then they slowly slide away ... leaving a pipeline for a daily suck When you give them your heart, They will let it fall ... And soon you will be one of them for you cannot use your heart anymore you're a barbed wire heart too ... 13. Is there any spell to reverse this curse ? Yes, when Jesus will betray Judas with a barbed wire kiss But that already happened hundred years ago in the heart of London, when James Bond auctioned his golden rabbit among the clocks 14. The one of the biggest ridicule, The one with the trademark-condoms, The one with the coldest touch, The one with the diplomatic sleep-pills, The one with the copyright-assistants, The one with the careful curses, Has the keys of this machine. 15. It's the sports Journalist, with razorsharp money, having razorsharp records, running in the middle of bald heads ... It's the game's capitalist, It's sunday's Scrooge in a rotten church, It's your mental brigade to identify flying objects unexpected, It's your bridegroom on a purple rose, It's your liar's doctor on a cold summernight, It's your mother's leather dog-chain. 16. The waterlights are heading for ... the light in the pocket ... They have seen light ... Now they are hungry ... 17. A world of elves cannot save you this time ... For now it's something worse ... Your mother's worst put in chess She's drinking a cup, and you think it's filled with your blood, but you don't know it for sure ... It can also be your neighbour's blood ... Her agenda's are never clear ... 18. You always live like you're not knowing what she exactly cooked for you ... Strange dinners from a mother's heart and now you're sick of it 19. No one can help you when mother makes her cruel decisions ... It's like your last joker has been blown away by the wind ... And all the shops are closed today Now your waiting for the night ... Mother's night For the strike of her nails .. The Waterlights are heading for the pocket ... 20. Those waterlights ... in the night ... They have smelled something ... Some pale purple roses ... Now they are up for some barparties ... While no one can save you ... While no one knows you .. You are a stranger in your own land now ... And you even don't know where you are anymore ... For the waterlights have come Waterlights in tall delights Tall insectians ... too tall too tall to feel safe ... 21. It was your mother's worst put in chess ... Now the waterlights, these tall delights are heading for your home ... It seems like mom pushed a bell the worst bell, worse than a million schoolbells ... It seems she was in problems, So now she made this choice ... Or was it an accident ? You don't know ... for her agenda's aren't clear And her diaries are dark too dark to read You wouldn't bear it if you would know what she's all writing about you It's your moms worst put in chess It's like you sit on electric chairs all through the house. 22. But hey, come on, read it another time, and you will not be so shocked ... for time heals all wounds ... well, but ... they might want to take over your moms occupation ... to become your next horror ... that even one day you will beg for those old waterlights again ... your moms worst put in chess ... your last flame on a birthday's cake 23. But hey, you will survive death ... there are worse things than that this old curses chessboard ... which raped your whole family without pardon where it swallowed all colours away where it set it's arena's ... still an advertisement-clip roaring in your head ... Razorsharp like hell, dressed in old rags, She's still playing the widow ... painting the wet blue faces from the Big Coffee ... all these statues ... A woman with intelligence is a pearl in your hand ...24.

Awakening the wasp, the ornament's transmission ... In pale purple screams the crime appears ...
Awakening the wasp, awakening the fears ... to trace the ladders inside on a woman's thick coffee-panties.

4.

1. Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the black deer ... It's not you anymore ... someone else took the job ... He heard your scream of the black past ... and now he wrapped himself in the deerskin ... 2. He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... when the red stinging nettle clock ticks ... deep in the forest surrounded by waspnests ... then we will see the big "most" ... it was all ...deeper inside making us all deaf to the lie ... the good mask just melts ... when the wings are spread ... when the feather-pencil rules ... while the persons are raging above your head ... in their unknown languages ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... from an old birdnest ... from an ancient war you're just an object in their eyes no one really knows about what the wars are raging it's an ancient war high in the air ... it's rising above your head ... so let it go 3. Black Spring from the ornament's ring ... Black lights so thin so thin Sinister shadows in the night ... Aldebaran birds, with their big eyes ... They make the tragedy so thick they can be your best friends ... but the day after they are your worst enemies ... 4. Aldebaran birds, so soft and so tender ... so weak and so fragile ... Aldebaran birds, but you can never touch them ... for they have the lion's spoon inside ... ready to attack you ... Aldebaran birds, they cry through the nights .. like they are old widows in the snow ... behind bars and thick glass ... for the rest of your life they are birds of tantalos creating the dream ... to let you miss it ... 5. These aldebaran birds ... like everlasting damnation ... aldebaran birds ...

APPENDIX

5.

1. Jericho ; Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the comic milk stream from Jericho. These are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ... beyond the museums ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ... 2. Where snakes dance ... in a little musicbox ... the yellow station ... breeding the nothing .. and the hard men ... in the museum of tears ... the tears shine like onions ... 3. She was tied to the book, the stories were too heavy to bear, she was a book statue, a prisoner, standing there all these years. On the back of a book, sucking the life out of her, again and again, She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds. ... And she wanted you to read the stories, so that she could catch you in her net ... So that she could wrap her wings around you, and sucking you deeper inside, while you were turning the pages ... 2. She wanted to hurt you ... she wanted to break you ... to bring you into her world ... So that you would see ... the dragon's tears ... the tears she couldn't bear anymore ... She was tied to the book, a prisoner ... of a green dragon ... And she said : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to take you into my world, So read all the stories, for I cannot bear them anymore ... these green tomatoe seeds ... I'm still a whore ... a slave of a green dragon 3. They call me the whore of babylon, they call me a two-faced harlot, they say I am the seed of devils, but I'm behind dragon bars ...4. You cannot touch me, I'm only there to view ... I am a movie of tantalos ... a movie of a vanilla desert ... [b. Who mixes vanilla tears with banana tears gets the gold.]. 5. A toy hidden on a cupboard too high ... by a green dragon's lie ... Green dragon tears are falling, his books are almost

exploding, the memories of his heart ... He needs some guests to read it, there in that old bookshop, So that he can make them prisoner of his books ... 6. Bookstatues they will be, tied on the back of his memories, his diaries, so they can catch his tears, and bring them to the other side of the world ... [b. And the one mixing the vanilla with the banana makes the gold.] 7. Butterflies are flying, butterflies are crying, butterflies are dying ... entering the other side of the world ... bearing the green dragon's tears ... stories too heavy for them, they are tied to these wings, only letting them fall ... and now they are called fallen angels ... by a green dragon's lie ... 8. There are yellow dragon's prisoners ... coming from the south, from the other side of the world, they march, They are the slaves of yellow tomatoe seeds, the tears of a yellow dragon ... 9. there are waspian wars in their heads. And she sais : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to see you bleed, want to see you shattered, so that you can enter my world, to see the tears of a green dragon, the tears I cannot bear ... until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark of the wasp where the waspian dragons breed them, where they have their soft wet candles ... to be candlestatues .. to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ... 10. casino's cabman was his name ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... they are swindlers to survive ... they lie to each other ... they are green liars in a boat ... a boat with wheels, with shrieking boys clocks ... casino's cabman is the statue on the front of their ship ...smiling ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... a two faced bed ... having their loves and their fights ... still warstatues becoming business statues in the night ... they are night troupers only touching each other ... by the flame of a dragon's castle ... 11. She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She's a Green Dragon's Lie ...

6.

1. There are gamblers in a hall, they ride, They have the red eye on their heads, they fly, like tall statues, becoming the tiles of the ceilings, still strange pictures, for you and me, these pictures move, and I'm lying on the floor, cutting potatoes ... 2. In a red cathedral, they hide the three pale purple flowers, the red eye is sinking to history, to the museum, to write the future with the iron pencil ... a winged pencil ... with feathers from an aldebaran bird ... 3. And I see yellow liars standing on tops of ships. The mummy is rising, and all banks are closed. There is war now, and soon the pickpocks will come to bring the wounded coins to the bank, the yellow hospital. When they sleep the war's lost, and tea will bring them to business to do the war under the skin ... Here they sting with their needles under soft blankets, while spanish suns blind the screams. 4. There are yellow liars on an orange stream. She's selling her Jesus Christs to the mouths of mice ... strange coins of a strange lady ... with a strange smell .. 5. She took them from the battlefields ... wounded ... and now she brought them back to the bank strange sacrifices on strange altars ... 6. At one o clock Aquarius enters the dining room with a golden pear in his hand You cannot eat it, he sais, but you can watch it, while your nuclear hunger is melting away tricks of the stomache The fat boy is getting fatter, and his head is getting greener and bigger while spitting green fire 7. A glass is spreading nuclear water, but Aquarius sends it away. Go to your room ! he roars. He's the master of nuclear dreams. 8. My grandfather is shivering under the table where he found a little chemical orange, escaped from a lawyer's suite. Please, jump into me, the little thing roars, then I will take you away Grandfather is getting smaller by the magic of the little orange, and there he disappears into the orange It is a little radio inside It flies from city to city to spread the chemical disease. It is a trap 9. There are orange liars ... rising from it ... I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body I look

at my hands again ... it's like they are turning into lion's claws ... what the heck are you doing to me, I roar It's like I have a million of claws I'm looking at the fir again, but now an old tall and slender man is standing there with a tall beard I'm the wizard of the Lion's Tea, he says Oh help, my whole body is changing into a lion now And I feel the lion's tea streaming from my own heart now 10. It's five o'clock in the night It's silent in the dining-room No firs, no lions the little golden pear of Aquarius is ticking on the table It's ticking very soft and slow It's soothing my head I see all my fears and hurt melting away, spiralling into the golden pear 11. I'm still crying, but all my tears slide into the golden pear, melting away I can only hear their echoes, but it's all fading away all these roaring lions There's a lion carved in the golden pear but I also see other animals carved into it It's a beautiful golden pear It smells like pear-chocolate It reminds me of the white chocolate It also reminds me of the last golden swan 12. Eleven o'clock in the morning The pear-clock is ticking louder and louder, faster and faster Twelve o'clock in the afternoon The pear-clock explodes The end of a white chocolate dream or was it an orange chocolate ? About this the war rages Chocolate Wars 13. I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat, Riding in a new sort of factory ... Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back Dragons dreams I'm dreaming of a sun, standing between ten mirrors ... Ten men coming from the sun, Ten men to do the dance, They kidnapped us all, They brought us all the cards But those who don't believe, Will be home this night At the end of the story, I know it seems strange, The mailman is the eleventh, The eleventh of ten Ten men with big grey beards Ten Noah's on a tower Ten Noah's on an Egyptian Boat An Ark for plants 14. It seems I'm in the Lion's Confusion again I'm drinking from the Lion's Tea A woman called Marion is feeding me She loves the Red Rose She loves me She has ten men painted on her hat Trees grow on her hat, and all sorts of herbs and plants Her face is like the yellow flower That good old Licorice Still the gardener of our squares Still our hope to touch the moon Having ten little men on his white gloves The ten fingers of Toth I'm feeling his smoke in my back These are dragon dreams These are cigars of Pharaoh 15. let our masks make us hard again, while we get softer inside ... we're building marchpane town ... Give us our pink white trousers back ... and let our hearts sink in milk again, while masks and towers are rising ... 16. Where the chessboards are red ... [b. the roses are red too ... and also the ghosts ... You're in a red golden ball. [c. Where the chessboards are blue ... you are blue too ...]] 17. If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 18. Gabriel had fallen. He had fallen away from so many things, when he found out about the offer. 19. Gabriel had fallen, for he found out about his own inner strategy, his own path, and made the decision to break with them. He found out that he didn't want to bring this sacrifice. 20. Yes, he would take over this planet [b. And yes he would destroy the mice.] 21. And he would destroy them, his former friends. He went to a lady, a scorpion's lady. Now he wanted to make this planet red. 22. Gabriel had fallen away from so many pleasures. 23. Now he wanted to be red again ...red again. Gabriel had fallen away from so many treasures. Now he wanted to be glorious again. 24. He heard about the sacrifice they needed to bring ... He would never enter, and now he found out about this new record, this new machine, inside. He didn't need them anymore. 25. They were always red, appearing in blue and white, building the green. His own red, he would introduce it on the green. 26. His father Troxododeron was a chemical fluid, a force binding the powers of the green together for so many histories. It was a red fluid appearing blue and white. It was the strongest force in the universe, the strongest form of magnetism based on a circle of the strongest poles. 27. Troxododeron was the chief of the Elohim, the inner power of the Adonais. He was the chief of all these red flowerfields, so enchanted. [b. But these red cowboys were always hiding behind the

bottles.] 28. When you looked at it, it started to become blue and white, sucking away your energies, and giving you a new sight ... the sight of illusion ... These flowers were vampiristic ... These flowers were ... bewitched and enchanted ... to bring you into a new feeling ... these red flowerfields ... 29. Gabriel had to travel through all these flowerfields again, to the end ... where it all began ... He knew the dangers of these flowers, turning themselves against all traitors ... 30. It would be a battle between him and his father a battle he knew he had to fight since he was young ... Red Gabriel was a demon now, in the eyes of the Elohim and Adonais ... 31. He would be thrown into the lake of sulphur and fire ... A lake which he feared ... but he would reach the other side ... where he could share the red powers to the creatures of the green ... 33. He found out he was a prisoner himself .. He wanted to be his own god, he wanted to be a good guide for the creatures of the green, telling them all about the red secrets ... 34. He had this tape in his hand, Antartica, a game of business. It was a present of his father, but now he chose to change this game into a wargame. He wanted more adventure, and he wanted more love. 35. He desired to have true friendships with those prisoners on the green, and finding a way to lead them out. 36. Troxododeron was a shapeshifting experiment, growing out to be the number one of chemicals. It was the medicine of wizards. But now Gabriel wanted to mix it into another kettle. [b. He went to a scorpion's lady. She didn't tell him who she was, but she said she could help him. [c. It was the first woman of Troxododeron. [d. She also fell out of the kingdom, and was now a fallen angel with the name Rahab. She was a scorpion from the sea, a mystical creature.]--] 37. Gabriel had found himself some lovers. A bit of Troxododeron was laying on the table like ashes. [b. A bit of Troxododeron was in their hands, and they saw it was molding at a fast speed ... She had a scorpion's egg He had his own red, and they threw it into a kettle, while she was speaking her curses, and they made love [c. ... while the water was boiling, while the egg was screaming, and Troxododeron started to enter the fragile layers of the egg ... [d. The egg was weeping, while Gabriels Red was surrounding the new picture There was lightening and thunder, and stars were falling. It was the fall for many started to hear the voice of Red Gabriel.] --] 38. There were falls of angels, and even elohims and adonais started to fall, for Red Gabriel started to speak. Even his brother, Red Michael started to fall down, and turned to his brother, [b. while the egg's voice became higher and higher ... blood came out of their ears, and a red bible was lying before them.] 39. Yes, father, that is what I'm dreaming of these sheep ... leading me through red flowerfields ... until I'm in the red bedroom ... a red bedroom [b. and finally they will be ... sheep in the pasture ... which the red one will do ...] 40. Michai will do ... There will be a man from the south ... and then the blue son will rise to build it's throne forever ... [b. The blue sun will rise, in silver and gold, to build it's throne forever.] 41. This man will ride the snakes Snakes will come and snakes will go ... He will tame them all and ride them into the hands of his mother Metensia42. There was a man called Michai, the Mystery ... building a kingdom on the sun ... Messiah from the Troiade ... [b. The book of books, the father book of the bible It's the Red Bible] 43. He will speak his words in thunder, opening and closing the iron portals by seals of thunder ... And some will not be allowed to speak ... He makes silence and noise whenever he wants ... 44. He's the red balloon, [b. the man of scorpius.] 45. He speaks languages sideways the portals Ancient languages of the Red Waters Holding a Red Secret close to it's hearts 46. He has a trident of horns on his head He speaks in water blue and blood red He is Michai ... [b. They will burn the deserts ...] 47. The red eye is burning, the eye of sodom is here .. wandering from gomorrah to jericho ... oh jericho rise up, and gather the red ... who will be on top of the temple. 48. Herodes was cursing on his throne He was throwing women in a pit ... He was under Sodom's Curse but now his Michai was rising, his statue of red liberty, with seven torches in his hand making the swallow so hot ... He's the king of spice

All these birds from cigarette, they sing so high ... they let the kettle boil over ... creating the orphan's song ... 49. How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling ... to build the bridge to Draminia ... 50. The guitar will do .. these men are jukeboxes ... golden statues ... Put the Icecreams against the hot ones chocolate ... Melting is just making music ... 51. It all happens on a red chessboard the wizards surrounding the castles ... The guitar of wonder will lead us over the river ... they were all prisoned .. in kisses of death ... 52. The records turned red on that day, the rivers turned blood ... Hot in the North, cold in the South ... while a musical box was rising from the red chessboard ... It was a matter of melting and freezing ... while a little ballerina was dancing on top ... 53. On that day when the chocolates were melting ... the face of the frog appeared ... a red face ... the queen found her toy back ..finding out she wasn't queen anymore ... the toad was sitting in the dining room of little aquarius ... with a golden dish and a golden grail while the plate-statue was a golden lion ... 54. The cooks were all frozen, doing strange dances ... Dorothee found out she wasn't a woman anymore ... She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the tops of a new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize what she was now ? tall emotions moving like snakes ... she was flexible now ... not frozen anymore ... 55. Night troupers march to darker nights, touching smaller parts, surrounding the men they call men ... While the red chessboard is melting ... the eye-rag of a pirate ... He's drinking ... and paint is dripping in his head again ... to let him be in another world ... There are fireworks in his head ... and then he goes to sleep, waking up in another world ... 56. He's dreaming of his lost son ... while he finds out he isn't a man anymore ... but a darker creature 57. You're made of songs, while the heat is climbing on the ladder, touching the high bells, for the high songs. You're made of songs and cigarettes, while sunmilk's oil is easing your skin .. It is your skin, these are your comics .. The wasps made such an art ...58. Their alarms are on ... since Red Gabriel is falling ... He's out of the game now ... He has a body of small noses, small gates like smoke alarms .. he walks ... while taking flight on a golden bird .. melting under his body ... he has to fly alone now ... waiting for that last last dive ... to the red island ... he survives ... 59. These are the songs you like ... They take you over fragile bridges ... the red ones ... While you are touching the soft wild fires ... moving wild over your skin ... You are covered now. ... [b. It's melting on your feet, these shoes.] 60. Songcar is riding on the railroads ... but trains cannot crash it ... for it's the third day with sunmilk's oil streaming on your skin ... 61. On so many pillars this city was built pillars of tears for a new Babylon Such a beautiful story ... and you don't know it ... you're just waking up to it ... On that Third Day while guitars are raging through the night ... 62. We're heading for Edom, for Esau's City ... for neon lights ... for soft lights of the water ... We're sinking in red flowerfields ... The rose is sharp, the insides are soft ... Smell the roses by your body ... and wake up to the third day ... 63. Esau, Esau, where did you hide in red heat things are so small ... and we have dashboards in our heads ... If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 64. They fly where all faces are covered by strange songs ... Like plastic implants from the Big Toy ... you start to cry ... These are all bakerman's faces ... carrying the songs which will bring you through the night They are the cooks of frogs and toads ... 65. These women are tied by red tapes, waiting for the big strike ... their abyss has been closed by the angel of the abyss, a devil has been thrown in their pit ... They are looking for death ... but they cannot find it ... She has purple boots, and she's staring at the green. She's too deep, she is my mother ... but she doesn't have a head anymore for the abyss is locked up now by a red key 66. She's staring at the green, she's staring at me ... We are all on a red chessboard while the Night Troupers are watching They have strange songs in their cheeks Raiders come from their eyes ... on that third day ... 67. It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... and we are in this whirlpool, swimmingpool,

masterpool In strange racecars we ride riding the stories, on old records the lambsteads sit ...
She's smoking the fairytales This is the world of feelings, so strong it claims your mind ... to
possess and possess like hot chocolate, having raiders darker than men ...

7. 1. Chapters for raising the Summerclause-Balloon. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet; Boys
from Lynx, I only wore your trousers. [b. It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey
snake.] 2. It was never easy for me to see him digesting another frog. [b. giving me the empty
bottles filled with sand.] 2. Mr. Wasp was never mercifull while gathering the unbroken bones. The
horror from the backstage is still wandering through my mind. [b. He stole my boys from lynx, and
gave me empty bottles and broken coffeemachines.] 3. He stole my redyellow flags, and took my
racecars away, leaving broken toys behind him. [b. While he could drink and swallow so fast from
small saturnian bottles filled with purple magic and pink treasures from Bohemian Victories. [c. His
butterflies were rats, and his daylights were marmots. [d. and snakes.]]] My mother is still
wandering, looking for the last red raspberries of the old frog. 4. They say he will never die, for the
memory is his breath. But no one knows where he hides, no one knows where his smoke comes
from. 5. Some say he's the tranvestite of the black zone. The grey snake could never feel his breath.
[b. Old coffee-machines do their best. There were wars in coffeeshops ... There where the squirtel
hides. [c. Here she lost her baby, to a spanish warrior ... to a grey snake ...]] 6. Mr. Wasp, gather
your children. I didn't break your glasses, I didn't take your snakes. The snake-tongue is the last
memory attached to your mind. [b. You lost everything in a war of flies. Now you are made of
suncakes on Betlehems mornings. [c. There are still warbottles in the sky, where strange creatures
live. These were your soulbottles.]] 7. The injection of dr. grey snake made your soul quiet,
soothened your soldiers to sleep. The black lullaby is still the bible you read from, cutting away the
threatening pages. [b. Now your summercakes are dying, while you are drowning in your ales.] 8.
You still wear the feathers of your ancestors, but you took the needles out of them. Oh, you lost
your needles in the sands of the city of sleep. You carry seven beds on your back, you are still a
sleepwalker in the rain. [b. No one knows your name is Pharaos, drowning your children in the Nile.]
9. Oh, where are your children, oh hero from the past. You lost them all in your dreams. [b. While
you stole the silver.] 10. Bugs are working in your garden, carrying the last seven stones of your
pirate-buttons you used to wear. You lost your wildness, you lost your sting. Father, I couldn't
follow your strange fruits anymore. [b. Still some think you are Piet Heyn, running away from
algebra.] 11. They come from places too far, wearing a linen smile too deep to trust. Forgive me,
father, for not kissing your sirens which you used to guard your silences. [b. I will fight to the end.]
12. Their tall tails were never my dreams to sail on. [b. And they drink their waters and wines too
quick, from saturnian windchime-bottles, filled with orange perfumes and purple Arabian magic. [c.
Do they drink faster than you do ?]] 13. Forgive me, father, for not wearing the uniforms you gave
me, when I was young. [b. You hit your generals on the nose and gave their clothes to me. [c. You
forgot to remove the needles by which mother used to sew.] 14. I'm not complaining anymore about
the zooming winds in the trousers you gave me. These were the only things I used to wear. [b.
Orange summercakes in brown suns with shampoo, milks and oil.] 15. Bees painted my body to
protect me against the cold nights in the summer. I was your summer-child, your saturday kid. You
used to spoil me with grandfathers secrets. [b. Oh Thoth, do not take your summercakes from me.]
16. I will never forget your soft embracements, they brought the tears back to my swallowed heart
[b. showing me the glues of the past, the shampoos, the sunmilks and the oil [c. bringing me back to
grandmothers coffeemachines [d. on christmasdays and easterdays, when hearts were spouting
money.] --] 17. Father, I still feel the holes in my head, the thorns in my hands, the needles woven

throughout my body, looking for my inner cellars, below the houses of my heart. [b. They are looking for the juices. They want to fill my bottles with sand and ashes.] [18. I still see aunt walking outside in the garden, wearing a carved smile, hunting the city-bees.] [19. It always soothed my inner garages, who used to produce steaming bull-boats. I buried my bulls long ago, in the garden of my neighbour's.] [20. Aunt used to carve the flowers in their horns. I still see her bathing in too hot waters, she looks like you, father.] **8.** 1. How tall are these legs of the boys from lynx. They don't seem to touch the ground. 2. They are the waiters in the little hotel of amsterdam. They are still waiting for the old host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. [b. They still want to marry his sirens.] 3. They are still dragging the rivers again, looking for old drowned watches to sell. 4. They sell everything, but the prices are too high. 5. The watches aren't working anymore, but the buyers like the flavors of it. 6. The people wear big noses, bought in the trick-shops at the canals. 7. The waiters from lynx are also selling noses. They are the leaders of the blind, selling them long sticks with hands at the tops. 8. They like to be on the beaches of forest-seas, gathering the sand to keep them all blind. They are playing marbles with eyes. 9. Boy of Lynx, you knew the hiding secret of the killer-eye. Pacman was the fright of the seven seas. 10. You saw his clouds of canaries terrorizing the coasts of the planet. He never revealed his name, while burning the ships of spanish rivers. He never spat out the goldfishes he ate. [b. Some said his name was Michiel Adrianson The Ruyter, sitting at golden tables and golden chessboards with Ra.] 11. He used to curse the little statues of white saints hanging on his arms. 12. Their blue bingo-cards are still frightening his mind. 13. You always hated the prince of domino, you used to play billiards with him. 14. His cues were taller than yours, and his green money had blue shades, sharp crenated. 15. You couldn't stand his odor of innocence, captivating your houses, without doubts. 16. You always said his tongue was too tall, and his balls were cubes. [b. Do you still not know the curse of the marbler ?] 17. A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in history. [b. Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress.] 18. Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit. [b. All these cities were spoilt by the handicapped nurses of the big eye, gathering drunk, drained saturdays on a sunday-morning.] 19. Don't cry when another snake takes you away to it's lair. This is how you discover the world. 20. Little killer-eye, in bagdad you had your palace, until the spanish dreams took it away. 21. Now you're reading latin braille, chasing the killer-whales away. No one knows you are blind. 22. Your television died long ago. You are wearing black glasses, to hide your shame and fear. 23. You still love to play pacman, behind your invisible screen [b. but you are a blind child.] 24. You lost your marbles, you lost your luck, you were living as a prince of lost games in the palace of failure. Broken records were entering through your windows, broken languages were painted on your walls. Broken trust, broken games. All you wanted to do was escaping in fear and become a fright. [b. But in your heart you are a prince, carrying the games of your mother and father under your arms, in pride. You know how to play the games, you know where to put your pawns. Your golden dice are still blinking in the sun.] 25. A spanish dream blinded your sight, but you are still in your palace. 26. A little latin killer-buffoon, a prophet from the black zone, wearing zorro's sword, paralyzed your soul. 27. But the balls of the domino-prince weren't cubes, the spanish dream turned you upside down. 28. Little orphan, your heart is so frozen. The high-heeled ice-cream made your heart bleed. 29. Show me the thorns in your eyes, show me the threads of your puppets. 30. Little puppet-master, driven by unreachd trophees, hunted by the lions of an unreachd football [b. your medaillons are still bleeding in the gardens.] 31. You were too afraid to show your heart, afraid to show your empty marble-sack. 32. Running over broken chess-boards, stinging your feet. 33. Wrestling with stubborn playcards, sailing ships in a glass of red wine, drowning in cups too full of beer [b. but the domino-prince is

still on your side.] 34. In the billiard-room you met the boys from lynx. [b. They always saw you as their little friend, their little son. They are still nursing the blind.] 9. 1. Officer of destruction, little terrorist from libra [b. you are still a whispering prince, shutting doors with a sigh and a shhh.] 2. You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their checked yellowgolden kettles [b. spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into sleep.] 3. Seventy lullaby-divers were entering the kettles, dropping their anchors to determine the gliding flavours. 4. Did pinocchio ever play billiards ? His lies were enough to let the balls stream. 5. Somebody's knocking on your old barn It's the ornament's prince the daydream's confession sitting on a hard day's mouse he's a good driver you admire his pears spinning like triangles in the wind good old day-possession 6. Pictures glowing on a sunday morning ... grandmother washed them with care ... they are so shiny now ... 7. Pictures glowing in the grass ... mothers garden is full of glitters now like frogs trying to get your attention ... for that what is happening far away ... in the land over the hills ... 8. And now, today, it's christmas ... santa clause is riding his horses ... these tall horses in the night ... [b. Peter Pan .. is painting the pictures ... having that strange boy in his arms ... that strange boy from saturn ... [c. Peter Pan ... is washing the pictures with fire ... like she always did with her garden ... [d. or by summersnow She's still my love ... she's still my silent witness of everything which is happening deep down .. there .. in my heart ... [e. Where an old red man with the old grey long beard is standing painting his beard white .. so white ... [f. He's tall and thin, thinking he's sandman ... but he isn't ...[g. He is the red dragon ... showing his muscles in the night ... and a young face showing his supermen in the night ... [h. showing their blooming flowers they hold tied ... all stuffed up .. by a florist ... [i. and this is why I don't want to see her ever again ...] --] 9. He is the red dragon ... holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again ... He is the red dragon ... [b. painting his toys in the night ... [c. but there's something so strange in their embraces [d. and I don't trust their prayers for sweet coffee ...]] 10. He is the red dragon sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old [b. They didn't dare to talk to me all these smiling girls ... [c. For I was in the prison of the red dragon ... [d. to have some stalkers around [e. thick dragon walls [f. Still they march on the towers ... [g. on the walls of the castle [h. singing their strange songs in the night ... [i. marching in a strange dance if you ask me [j. He is ... the ..red dragon ...] --] 11. He is the red dragon ... holding his babies so tight ... [b. and I'm still a young young girl ... [c. He thinks I am his paradise bird ... [d. I'm a yellow mermaid [e. Doing this poetry to you [f. giving you this book ... [g. He ... is ... the Red Dragon ...]--] 12. He is the red dragon and I am his milkmaid he thinks ... [b. I am his baby surrounded by watchers ... watchers in the night the nightwatch a painting ... nothing but a painting] 13. While everyone seems to like it ... while he's holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again my mother will be free again for he now knows the secret ... and he know holds the treasures ... while he cannot bear it ... while milk is streaming all over to drown the lands once again ... his lands 14. He is the red dragon ... and she is a yellow milkmaid ... screaming in unknown languages ... 15. He is the red dragon ... singing his songs of fire ... while he's living in ice deep down in ice ... 16. He is the red dragon ... red ice so hot He is the red dragon ... and he's singing his songs of fire ... coming from the ice the red ice ... 17. He was born in the nest of a lark ... he's still a lark-dragon ... he was born on both sides ... of a kettle ... a kettle of tea ... and he's still staring at something in the air ... something he doesn't want to know about ... 18. He's still staring at a liar ... something bigger than he ... he's causing so much rains in farms ... he's causing some things to bleed ... he is dragging his smiling girls to the ground ... where they pay his bills ... where they make his trousers .. where they

rule the kettle ... [b. these sparrows in the wind] 19. This woman is laughing at the rain ... of the sun This woman is laughing at his tails This woman is rising ... like the phoenix from the ashes ... like the caramel from the kettle 20. This woman is rising She ... is the red lady ... she is the green babygirl ... she is the tall trousers ... coming from the moon ... She ... is the tall woman She ... is the woman from the tree 21. She likes to paint in chaos ... scratching the treasures from his knee So many liars are walking around ... so many spoilers .. drinking their coffee ... So many liars in their ships The pride of the red dragon but he's still ... staring at someone lying more than him. ... **10.** 1. Thick cold juices are streaming through the street, the guitar of the snake is their leader, echoing the frightening cries of old forgotten orphans. 2. The stiletto-guitar wakes them up again, and they are marching out of their graves, out of the forgotten graveyards, looking for revenge. No one listened to them when they were young. Now they are old and bitter, looking for the toys they never had, searching for the wine they never drank. 3. They were forgotten, now they will forget. I burnt the flags of rat-armies, drank the tears of bleeding apples. I fought against the forgotten sun, and the lost caves, but it didn't seem to bring me across the river of death. Only the snake could do. 4. The Italian orphan is bleeding, painting his memories by his blood. With the hat of his father, he collects money for his art. 5. His feet are bleeding, leaving red footprints in the sand, for his birds to follow. He was born like a pirate, a toy-pirate. He was the red pawn of a chess-board of angels. Now his father screams at him from heaven. 6. Still he runs through the rain with his fathers hat, in which he collects the old widowers from the streets. He doesn't want to let them die in the cold. 7. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing fire, spitting ice. 8. Baker, spin your wine, baker, cover your liqueurs with rags. You, father of french orphans, you, father of jaguar queens, you bred the snake to it's length and stole the tower from the church by a black rat-glove in the snow. 9. Your wife was the black widow, the clock of the broken tower, and you painted the noses of your tiny little killer-puppets. They didn't need a line, didn't need a thread, they could walk with their own minds, you bred them well. 10. You are entering the chinese city, sailing on your purple golden boat, spun licorice. The old man will greet you from his rocking-chair on the balcony of his wooden house at the bank of the chinese river of licorice-waves. You are shaking hands with the golden giants of the chinese dreams. You never thought this would happen to you. 11. In the heart of this place you find the last golden swan. You feel it's heat bumping against the thick walls of your hand, and it's warmth is gliding into your soul, waiting for a new sunset ringing in your mind. 12. You, oh prince, still your mothers last black pearl, turning from brown into white, hovering to enter a new story in japan. 13. Among the jaguars was your place, now you are wearing their suits and riding their cycles, watching the teeth of jupiter, the birth of new rats. 14. Your jackets are getting taller, your fathers whispers are getting sharper in your mind. You can peel your mothers flowers, carrying the widower's coffin. 15. The last golden swan is beating in the old purple leather bag of your mothers aunt. A little clock is located in the head of the swan, made by the black widow. 16. She is the queen of killer-clocks, creating killer-birds from an old french window. 17. The red eye of the little swan is flashing, it's a little red chrystal. I take it out of it's head, and the clock quits his travels. Now the serpent can sleep. 18. His dreams are gliding through the waters of the swan-lake, bringing him back to where he comes from. 19. I wrap the little gem in a soft towel throwing it in the yellow sea, where a mermaid starts to scream at me. Is it me who's screaming, a reflection of myself, or is it really a mermaid. 20. Do I hear voices in my head, or is a milkmaid standing before the door of my room ? She broke in twice while I was sleeping, and took my cats away. 21. Now she is standing at the yellow sea screaming in unknown languages. Fortune fairytales were coming from her lips and she ate fishes to shut their threats, to shut the old voices of foreign fables. She could turn the weather in a moment.

22. Threehundred and eighty-four rats are surrounding the castle of the red dragon, wearing the blue jaguar on their flags. Japanese delights are their specialities. Their kitchens are full of green moss. The forests are so shiny here. 23. The prince's eyes bleed, the swanlake is speaking to his mind again. The yellow princess, still hiding his tears. 24. What really happened there, in the swanlake, there, at the bottom of his broken dreams ? 25. Mummified by flower-comics. There, at the swanbridge, she brought her mummified man, sacrificing him to the red dragon. The comics were aching his mind, for they were dipped in poison. He's still reading his comics, speaking in a strange language again. 26. Sixty comics are entering his mind again, planting the red eye in his head. His mind is screaming, his heart is releasing and he hears the sharp voice of the baker again. 27. He's getting swivel-eyed again. He's reaching for his inner child, this man in jail. He's feeling his ring feeling his finger. 28. It's stinging and pinching him. He feels his ring is reading his comics too, and he's ashamed of himself. He's diving at a new ring, a blue one, but he can't reach it because of the waves. 29. He feels and breathes his grandfather's smoke of a pipe, and he's trying to break the bars which separate him from his inner child. 30. A battle against a million of rings start, but his mind starts to fade away. One moment he finds himself running between the bars, and he starts to realize that the bars aren't the problem anymore, for between them there is a gate. 31. All colors start to jump on him, but he breaks these waves one by one, catching them with his back. 32. In the mills of his mind, they find a way out and enter his heart to stir up some new troubles. 33. On the other side of the bars, they seemed to be rats, and he mutates with them, racing out of the castle on a friend's feather. 34. Darkness and fogs are fading away. A new day starts. 35. Four skaters are skating at the lake, picking up an old red doll, lying in the snow. He's leaving a world under the ice. 36. Paper soldiers are dragging the waterholes. She's leaving. He's leaving a world under the ice. 37. He's floating in the air, the red doll is smiling, meeting skaters in the air, reaching an arch of ice above the stars. He's leaving another world in the ice. 38. Under the ice, it starts to boil, until an enormous explosion splits the atmosphere in a myriad of splinters, all raging at the fat red lady in the midst of the universe. 39. The red rainbow looks in her mirror again, seeing a face fading away. She smiles, watching a dream coming to it's end. Now she can sleep again without worries. 40. She dries her wet clothes, rolls through the white sand, entering the forests of her dreams, waiting for another split, waiting for another world to leave in the ice. 41. She's leaving one shoe, leaving one glove, to finally enter her golden bath, without looking backwards, watching straight ahead, without bowing her head, every step is silver, every breath is gold, entering the marble galleries of her forgotten dreams. 42. She remembers again, she breaths, like a new born baby. 43. She's wearing the silver secrets of the jaguar under her arms, captured in three silver books. Smoke covers the city, the orange swivel-eyed phoenix is rising from the ashes, carrying a jaguar, a lemon and a red doll on her back, leaving thick moisty juice-stripes in the air, flying to new eternities. 44. A seven-headed orange dragon called Jesus, wearing seven crowns, is entering the first silver book of the jaguar, eating the letters and purple pictures out of the book. 45. A seven-headed orange snake called Esau, wearing seven pointy hats, is fishing the brown warm shoes out of the second silver book of the jaguar. 46. They are all kings of the dawn, kings of the orange morningstar.

11. 1. Chapter to raise the Easterclause-Balloon. To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... I'm finally sitting behind my piano again ... after all these ages ... But I still can't sing 2. A giant took my voice when I was a kid My brother screamed when he took my voice out of my chest Neither my brother sang ever again since that day ... [b. He only played the piano to calm my heart] 3. The bird in my brother's chest died of sorrow the day the giant took my voice away ... 4. The juices dripping from my piano are echoing through the night

5. I still hear the footsteps of the giant walking up the stairways His steps echoing in the night reaching for the bed where I sleep 6. The giant has three daughters ... Their voices echoing through the cities ... Their movements echoing through the tv's of the houses You can see everything they do ... [b. And what they do ... is not so nice] 7. My brother's bird is chained there, sitting on a wooden stick ... It has to sing for them day and night On sundays the bird has to preach for them And reading from some old black books with silver pages [b. I'm kidnapping one of the giant-daughter's spinningwheel and race through Jupiter's Mirror heading for the old suit-shop] 8. Their voices echoing through the streets ... [b. I can't believe it, they are speaking about me They are singing their songs, echoing through the radios of the city ...] 9. It's all about me ... His daughters span the voices in their coins The ancient legendary rich ... The ancient legendary misers ... I wondered how they got that rich [b. There where schooltime was a bird's funeral They burnt my bird in their attics] 10. I remember your face, teacher Like yesterday's hell The keys to the answers lay on my dish ... Why didn't you tell me you were just a good baker ? Baking strange bread with diamonds inside ... 11. You could be my friend if you would tell me earlier You have a wonderful world inside ... Why didn't you tell me you were the white rabbit ? Why didn't you tell me my name was alice ? We would be the best friends [b. But would that bring back my little bird ?] 12. A staggers-cat called Herod joins the group He's on his way to Bethlehem to see a new pupil ... But he first has to buy himself a new coin-suit Tonight the phoenix will rise from the ashes of bethlehem your little bird he sais 13. I feel my throat tingle ... I'm getting my voice back ... You have to talk nonsense he sais For you saw this was the only way to find the answer to get your bird back 14. I got the staggers in my head, and I saw the truth It exists, It exists It's all true We are all in the cage of denial But nonsense is free running in the fields of dreams 15. I'm thanking my teachers for bringing me back to the dream They teached me to speak nonsense while being serious with a tight face It's the face of the coin who can do this ... for people need it to buy their bread ... Another mark of the beast ... To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... 16. I know soon there will be a storm taking creatures away to Oz 17. I didn't know you were a staggercat ... If you would have said it earlier, we could have much fun together But it's ok then I would have missed all these awsome and wonderful books of my teachers All these wonderful cards 18. There my head appears on a playcard They say these cards are the judges of the universe ... We are all standing in a circle ... Waiting for the moon to bath us in silver It's the gathering of the stagger-cards turning worlds upside down 19. The circle starts to spin In these tornado's the stagger-insects are born Deliriums Their speeches can't be followed They are the whispers of the universe [b. The three daughters of the giant know all about it They spin these whispers their whole life Wars of the playcards] 20. These insects appear on the banknotes and bills of society ... Their signatures enchant the world ... Without speaking their nonsense no one can understand you and you can't understand them 21. The old staggercat is mixing some old dictionaries in his kettle preparing a new language Some old ears through the mix Some old tv's and radios And even some old shoes 22. I see little fat men walking on the ceilings They have big hats and white faces Buddhas are coming out of their hats, floating in bubbles to the floor ... I know the faces of these men They all have the same face The face of the greengrocer White Fruits from Vega-South The Arabian Mistress is speaking ... Her eyes are like a tiger or a lion The rest of her face is covered by a white decorated veil 23. An Egyptian king is speaking nonsense to his people ... they all nod yes ... in big fevers for his face is on their banknotes My hand is sliding to my gun These tunnels are pretty dark and dangerous I won't take no any risk ...

There I slide into a river called Cat's Fever The dogs are swimming here ... 24. The gnat's fever is a pretty one ... Neon-Glue is running through my body ... 25. The wasp's fever ... Like reading It's softer here in the deeper cores of earth than I thought ... 26. Finally I drink from Alice's tea watching the nonsense of the tiger My tongue is falling out I get a new one Here I see another Lion Fever I got to weave my way to the Chrystal of Delirium deeper in the center of the clock ... I want to know Babel's secret ... The tongue of confusion 27. A cat called confusion is knocking at my doors I beg him to confuse me, to create chaos in my head For the brightness in my head hurts me so deep The lies in my head scream so loud I want to get a good fever and to go to bed Oh, how I want to learn another language This language is breaking my hat ... 28. Turn my world upside down for I'm living in a box of lies 29. I will give you the fever of a radio ... he says His chaos is softly roaring in my head ... soothing my heart and hat the frightening tinned soldiers fall down out of my head's cupboards ... 30. Deep in the center where all the clock-hands cross I saw his face The comic-cat There where they drink comic-juice There where the teachers ask questions in unknown languages There where no translation exists [b. A cartoon-cat is ticking on my shoulder I see a sick child more beautiful than a lion schoolsick] 31. Feeling the snake's split tongue bubbling in my mouth again ... The only way to escape the land of the split talk is to talk the split talk 32. I had a teacher who always asked me where I was talking about when I repeated his own words Three big little blind girls, a Triplets, are knocking on my door ... bringing me a little fir ... Then they disappear diving into the sea ... changing into whales The secret of the trident Feeling a Three-Tongue burning in my mouth 33. Trident Wars in Egypt's Pyramid Insects of the trident-sting ... Grandparents of the wasp ... 34. Where am I talking about ? I'm fainting in the classroom again [b. and Easterclause brings us always to Holidayclause.] 35. Your nightmares were there to serve you To bring you out of the nonsense into the dream-world where you are free [b. Here you can drink the juices of fairground I am the master and creator of all fairgrounds] 36. I recorded all his teachings backwards I heard the most wonderful fairytales 37. Question-languages are running through my mind ... reaching for the apples of my heart But I don't hear anything The big ear is closing the shop ... he will go to sleep when he's home ... His wife is kissing him, giving him today's sail-magazine 38. When he goes to sleep he will dream about ships This is the only thing he cares about Tomorrow he will go for a trip around the world, sailing the oceans He's finally retired on a pension now 39. After working so long in the sailor's shop ... Tomorrow it will be a toy-shop But he doesn't care about that anymore ... His son will take it over ... You can never convince a deaf man ... [b. Tomorrow the Big Ear will speak [c. under Bekehelm's helmet..... Tomorrow the Big Ear will smoke.]] 40. A language is the other's speech-defect ... all languages come forth from speech-defects 41. I'm the language-butcher he says I confuse and cut all the existing languages and making new ones 42. I work in the tower of Babel I'm the eco-system in speech

12. 1. Chapter for raising the Holidayclause Balloon. The suns are so pale there, in the middle of these tables It's blinding you, it makes us deaf, until Uncle Peacock takes us away ... 2. The suns are so pale here ... it's Christmas in the skies and all these clauses are ascending ... spreading so many lies on television ... it's the pick pock family's decision 3. They locked me up years ago ... to let me dance on their tables spreading the lies of a green tomato's dragon ... service with a little light three sides on the coin or maybe more 4. The suns are so pale here ... the clauses are lying spreading their bakerman's faces ... spreading their ornament's dreams tonight it's on television and then the babies dream ... then the ship's ascending like Dadda's cloudship

bringing us to uncle unicorn ... 5. Dreams are so pale here ... spreading so many lies all these clauses on television these lights too bright ... while the shoe sinks in the stocking ... these are uncle peacock's lights all on a leprechaun's table in a leprechaun's coin ... the third side strange road to hell ... here their hairs are burning 6. Here all smiles are fake and they do strange business and they do strange games cuyornaida corset a white boot on a green table ... with uncles around them uncle peacock, uncle unicorn and uncle one to ten ... 7. I am a table-ballerina, spreading lies so high ... spreading soothing machines ... to let them do business these warmachines ... by lies I bring them to sleep Is it the curse on my table ... [b. I am a table dancer, a strange clock, a strange spider, all in the coin of a leprechaun] 8. I do my decisions So much ashes behind the deserts ... where a white chocolate house stands 9. There's business around the big shoe, standing on the table ... spinning around like a crazy spider ... making the plants ... while the silver is hiding [b. and the gold is uniting ... and rising ... and the bananas are burning ... [c. They are dying becoming straight like blue bananas like the big amon ...]--] 10. Like the blue tables behind the streams of sandman I feel like an old table in a museum watching the statues of jokes ... with their rings so tight ... where records spin ... 11. Where dishes take flight to reach for the other day ... through silver skies the bakerman's faces will unite ... like golden rains it will spout these wasprains from such a strange television 12. The queen of england knows all about it she's pressing the people ... like newyears eveningpapers and a little boy is running for no one wants to eat it and now they're eating him ... these dogs in dark skies ... where the silver hides 13. These are worlds in golden coins ... where the bananas burn like fire ... the ashes are good bullets for the guns ... these orange guns of mr. orange dreaming on ... to the tables behind the sleep these sandman tables ... he's having feathers and fruits in his head [b. and I do not understand]. 14. We are heading for another sleep in these rippling silver skies ... Give me my candles burning tight in the palest night ... these pyramids they rise inside [b. I saw a red pinocchio ... sleeping today ... between a green pinocchio and a golden one ... [c. while silver machines were soothing them ... a blue one entered the room speaking in unknown languages ... while the tables started to spin ... and the purple started to rise ... in this daydream's lies]--] 15. On the deserts of the planet mars ... where the icecream machines are rising ... they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ... 16. With wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by banana and spice ... good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. 17. With the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... dream on, .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes 18. By dagons shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms ... so strange it makes you cry ... while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter. 19. Wet forestdreams ... doing egyptian screams ... all backwards wrapped in snow ... she breeds the vanilla ... she breeds the lucifer fire ... in the distance there is smoke so visible ... while auctions rise from strange banks .. these are uncle peacocks horrorshows ... 20. Who takes the children ? the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... 21. All in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ... 22. Suddenly it breaks through edges to a lucifer's wonderland ... izu in the distance ... the auctioneer burns the hammers ... no one dares to walk ... [b. gepetto makes the clocks of pinocchios wood ...] 23. These are wars of the businessmen ... I was a wilder animal ... exploding into the one

and a million nights ... I knew drama after drama, having them all on my bow ... spitting the cowards wrapping them in easters snow ... 24. Strange auctions circle in the sky strange fairgrounds .. circling in the skies .. watching the golden baths on high floors ... letters making strange connections ... fighting for a place in the ship ... that strange ship of noah ... where flowers have to die ... 25. When the auction hammer brings the horror ... These kids go to the deserts ... with his rings on their heads while tigers and lions roar in the distance ... and a black panther makes it coming close ... so close that you feel their teeth ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder suns ... burning sweet bars of the cake 26. Noah banker bake the bank bananas in vanilla turn them into gold ... breed them into cobras these are lies to sacrifice ... turning the machines backwards. 27. It's bending on paper ... these are liars on an orange boat ... while the yellow boat is sinking .. grasping fishes from empty dikes ... they're sinking deeper. 28. These warmachines create the coins ... I'm nothing but a coin in your hands created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... These medical days they broke me ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions 29. A liar's docter ... an animal so wild ... bringing me wilder days ... spitting sand he promised to be ... an icecream so far away ... this coin will be brought down ... with all these Jesus Christs ... and their heads on it ... 30. Throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the bald heads and the blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ...The icecream made them blue so blue ... with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... 31. This juice it brings me higher ... out of the medical threat .. I'm not a number of your bread ... Land of the lambstead ... 32. Black Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylights dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ... I'm not a coin .. I sleep at homeI don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by my own hands ... 33. The sixth wolf of benchelot ... Breathes good while you're breathing, drinking good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet. 34. These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... [b. while gepetto is rising with his black pinocchios doing strange dances in the night it makes you cry] ... 35. ... He's just a microphone ... shivering when they speak too loud ... he's making icecreams ... like snowclause never showing up ... 36. ... Strange funerals in the flowerfields ... these are the riddles of death ... These are four drunk gamblers, while the mailman is their god ... while a bakertree is growing in the middle ... a strange sun ... a mad sun 37. They are on a travel, to greet uncle peacock ... [b. While pictures lie in the sand.] 38. There are liars on a zebra's boat ... orange liars ... doing the dishes ... for a holiday's spoon ... the banana rises soon out of it's rinds ... with two big eyes ... it writes with the golden pencil. 39. He's still the god of ten ... while the drunk are following him with gamblemachines on their back, they take flight ... 40. It's a painting in the sky ... while brother rabbit is raking itIt's the lawyer's orange ... still smoking these cigarettes on a bakerman's dream ... on a mailman's tight decision ... making a daylight's scream ... 41. And this orange still the head on a stamp of dreams ... this mailman's orange ... this lawyer's threat. 42. And it's still a strange strange cardgame ... in a strange mailman's bag written on a strange ornament while a lawyer is doing the dishes ... they burn trees for this ... this woodcutter's job 43. Making the stamps in dark places taking kids away from the schools ... these are dark conspiracies ... from peacock's horrorshows 44. On a strange footballfield the mailman is rising ... this god of ten ... while he is the eleventh ... and who follows him is the twelveth ... It's a strange bank after all ... when school rises strange tears are rolling making seas under bekehelm's helmet ... 45. The mailman is rising from the footballfield, spreading the stamps as butterflies, and then the mass begins to roar ... while the judges will decide ... The mailman he has a million arms ... while he has a bekehelm's helmet ... they are all under it when he puts off

his hat, he's a bald communist .. letting the balls roll by blasphemy ... 46. For a mailman's holiday ... She lives in his bag as his tinkerbelle ... painting the smiles on his sun, these golden bananas ... with oranges as their guns ... they have orange tongues so tall so split ... 47. These deserts are in fire they were touched by a mailman ... while an orange face is rising on the stamp ... eating and drinking ... forgetting ... flying on the wings of dementia 48. Strange traffic in a strange clock ... a postman's clock ... a strange sun in a mailman's bank It's lucifer, you cannot decide ... he's spinning the ashes into stamps ... while the dice are rolling ... these are strange butterflies ... 49. They sacrifice stamps in strange churches ... waving at them until they are home ... These are strange funerals mailmen strange funeral undertakers ... working for the clauses ... or are they clauses themselves ... 50. There are strange clauses on stamps ... while soap clause rakes the skyfields ... in september they take flight ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder fights ... all happening in a mailman's bag ... 51. Charity is taking them to the hospitals ... to reach the killingfields ... these are strange ways to home ... These are strange bottles of an ornament's lie ... 52. And these rippling golden lionroads ... heading for the big faroom da bazite ... under bekehelm's helmet ... the oil is running from it ... to change the lands and the nations ... under strange flags ... 53. And our racecars on these rippling golden lionroads ... become so orange in the night ... so orange ... until it strikes the blue ... and then the towers are rising from the sea ... a strange clock ... to bring them all home ... 54. She's cycling to the moon, this feather, to see her moonchild smiling wide ... he's breeding his silver ... with a golden striped rod ... It comes from the ashes ... it rises ... when tigers go to sleep, another tiger rises ... ten seconds on a dream, it's spreading wider ... it brings coffee to the child, while the older ones are sleeping ... 55. And these golden rippling roads .. bringing them all home, together, rising for the storm, who brings them away ... back to izu .. back to lakus ... while faroom da bazite is spouting ... 56. Trips to Brannan. He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... 57. It's made from stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. 58. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... He's the wizard's son. 59. He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ... 60. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, in ornamental skies, where truths become a lie 61. It's baker on a bicycle's friend ... it's baker riding on a friend she's a mystery an ornament, a baby, lying in the skies, peeing in the minds ... of millionaires' pride 62. Oh green baby, in ornamental skies, sailing on the mysteries, peeing in the books where bakermen unite 63. It's peeing in your head like a golden statue ... peeing in your head until you lose all control ... 64. Oh sweet baby, sweet ornament sweet baby burning bakerman's skies, burning truth into lies wings on fire ... fires of dementia ... it was installed by someone else ... having the burning deserts in the pocket 65. She's grey this lady, black clothes, hair long, dancing in the snow she's dancing like pale spring ... running on the pink while pink oceans lie to her 66. She tries to understand the words i'm whispering it's coming through like chocolate ... she warms me with her tender smile she never fails when life tells her goodbye 67. She died a hundred times for me ... and now she watches ... without a grin she's tight when the lion fights ... 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby ... raise the mystery echoing right through your mind, make me enlightened by your golden bakery ... so deep in the forests of this earthquakes decision ... bringing the deserts deep inside 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch the spy ... she's stringing all the

pearls in grey she's doing dishes on saturday until the children are back she's a saturday's child, watch this spy ... watch her coming from the cakes ... 69. She's bringing the holiday on pink oceans they lie to her Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch this spy of uncle baby, baby 70. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, her voice surrounds the million stars of a golden bakery in the depths of a millionaire she's his daughter she's his green orange ... 71. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, you're his ornament, this millionaire's man ... growing like a green orange in the skies ... watching the golden babies by a strange lense in his mind 72. Oh, green baby, truth comes after the lady truth brings seas of time, to think about this factory you loved the schoolboy, your face is true ... but i still keep everything away ... for my fears are sailing on pink oceans 73. The horror is there the horror is there now when these words are in silver ... now when these words can speak by themselves they're not locked up anymore ... 74. A purple orange and yellow churches with carbon smiles, they lead the traffic in baker's minds ... to there where the orange liars stand ... burning the sand ... burning deserts ... for the new books ... 75. There's an orange .. a good gun ... a good faroom da bazite ... a tankstation ... 76. They have their moonchilds and their rainboys ... on the wings of dementia ... they take flight ... still that strange cuyornaida corset ... 77. They are heading for the bakertrees where they burn the deserts for the new books ... 78. They're heading for oceans of love under bekehelm's helmet. There's a purple orange lying on the floor ... while the yellow streams from it ... it's sour ... 79. There are strange cucumbers in a lawyers suit, dancing around an orange, and strange paprika's they do the dishes ... in this land of dreams ... they sell the houses ... but the rent's too high ... they are dying on their walls, while they build their towers higher ... 80. It takes a lot of money .. to live in someone's head .. only the rich can do it ... These are cucumbers and paprika's taking you higher ... while you're dying on the ceilings, it brings you higher ... 81. The towers are rising ... with your head in the sky ... Oh, there are cucumbers and paprika's in the sky ... telling you to fly ... on the wings of dementia ... They will take everything away ... until only some old toys are left ... There are towers rising from the orange ... 82. Take flight on the wings of dementia These rings of icecream, contracting tight, while the boys are shrieking, they take flight ... still a shrieking boys clock, wheels under sandman's cars ... 83. They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's table ... rising from the spoon ... 84. Strange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... 85. They were prisoners of a green dragon for too long, eaten by green spiders ... Now they rise like orange gold from the ashes ... wearing orange chocolate on their backs, having some beaks of parrots along the sides ... 86. These balls smell like purple oranges, while the red is floating, red icecreams full of paprika seeds ... 87. Do you miss your seed, it's orange now, to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... while the black man still sells them to the machines, they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... in the restaurant at the sea ... 88. There are thin tall snakes in their body contracting, spitting the venom in their bones, it's so uniting ... they're heading for the gold, these golden boys .. these paranoid men ... elves escaping someone's world ... 89. They are the men of holiday clause, while saturday clause rakes the machines ... Now they can work in pink restaurants, selling icecreams to the wasps ... They have waspian smiles so mean 90. Icecream let us escape from the green businessmachine ... They only work in holidays .. these green men ... of green icecream in daylights they escape running through the nights ... these elves these ornament's elves ... 91. Suits of liquid powders ... blinding souls on paper ships ... while paprika seeds they do the dishes ... under sandman's cars in deep deserts ... rising from the spoon ... 92. Ornament's letters, escaping cannibal, escaping the mouse of spice ... It was worth it after all ... and now your head is full of icecream ... it's cold but it

takes the salt away bringing you to a new day 93. Their mouths are dry these paranoid men ... still playing football, throwing playcards ... but they never hit the ball ... their shoes become so tall, to have teeth for summer ... 94. And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... it's daylight's new begin ... 95. And these paranoid men, they look like ornament's docter ... like saltkillers in the sea ... it doesn't bite them anymore ... 96. The milk is flowing, they're heading for the icecream ... taste still a bit salt ... but they're winning the game doesn't blow their minds ... while these ornament's they're singing their strange songs of a captain and a millionaire's unite ... 97. Song of the whispering tailor, song of the shoe-side's king, they have them all in their ornament's raging ... doing the big spin .. on sandman's tables they unite ... watching the parrotfeathers and their beaks ... hinging their like teeth under towers ... rising the spoon, heading for daylight ... 98. It was like taming a lion ... on Elsefic's back ... 99. Pinocchio was a baker's kid ... and you, you look like me, I'm not your santa clause ... I'm still burning the yellow by blasphemy ... sacrifice these churches to me ... I need them as oil for my motors ... 100. I'm still one hell of a beast ... 101. There are strange shoes coming from orange kettles, while the black man moves the spoon, he's mixing the letters ... while the shoes burn the deserts ... until it's gold ... until the icecreams stream ... 102. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... it's running through my veins awakening the marchpane flowers ... in white green chocolate shores ... it's deeper inside ... a pink blue forestroad like working in holidays ... 103. Spit the sand, brother, spit the sand ... with paprika seeds deep inside ... i lost your number ... but now it's back ... 104. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... and then burn them by a scream, i want to be barefooted by the end of the day, to bathe in icecream ... 105. Burn your boots, sweet moses, burn your ornament's cakes ... spoil the baker's cat and his sweet child ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... 106. The cakes are thin like orange wood, while icecream flows through it, hiding the paprika seeds for a mission ... Speedboats are fast, to be teeth at the end of the day, hanging below the tall towers ... 107. Holiday clause sell me icecreams, and take away my pains of this businessdream ... i drowned in business, now my days are gone, let my shoes grow, and burn them at the end of the day ... to reach deeper inside for the naked flowers, the beaks of parrots and their feathers 108. The icecream's finally running through my veins, while praying to Elsefic, I'm having these strange bananas inside ... my friends are like me ... i can only remember my name in thick letters ... 109. It's strange drugs after all ... from a strange strange tree ... where the icecreams run ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world ... these elves ... these children of bakerman. 110. They're coming from the world beyond cockaign, wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... by Elsefic's candle ... under Bekehelm's helmet ... 111. And then the cucumber seeds are awakening rising into the streams ... watching the daylight's candles, under Bekehelm's helmet ... 112. They're all surrounded by icecream ... it's the Big Escape ... until the sand is rising, building marchpane city in the middle of the deserts ... while the tinkerbells are ringing ... and the jingle bells ... 113. And still the old black man is mixing in the kettle the orange kettle ... until it strikes the blue forever ... There are snakefighters coming from the streams ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... 114. They are the wasps ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... still ornament's docters ... They have racistic smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ...

13. 1. Chapter for descending the Santaclause-Balloon. The French Schoolbook ; Cruel Heritages. 2. And the boys ... these boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ... 3. Glues from Crocodile, the woman with the white boots. In the land of the fake, a fake-assassin lives, all his crimes, all fake. 4. There where everything gets fake, the pain slides away, and then you're holding only that golden precious diamond in your hands ... 5. It's overflowing with liquid yellow glue, the juice for your children ... 6. In the land of the fake, a fake-dancer dances ... the mailman with his fake letters ... his fake hat ... all to make your heart in peace ... 7. Now how do you make something fake ? It takes many lullabies for that You need to fly on the back of the orange dinosaur No one knows where he lives. It takes some adventure. 8. You need to go to some libraries from Gemini, where the glues are streaming, green glues and blue glues, while outside it's snowing, and the trees produce those powders How do you make games, for these are necessary for a fake ... Ask yourself some good questions ... [b. The woman with the white boots will initiate you Tall white boots, a mouth soft like sekmeth] 9. Jesus from the Vegetable, they run on the streets of aldebaran, the terror they are there They sing their songs of clothes too tight ... But they wear their uniforms over them 10. Sharp guitars are on their side The Aldebaran Boys ... they have shining scars on their necks, turning black in the night, making a living on the ceilings 11. The Aldebaran Boys still pirates on empty shores, giving poets their swords back, running barefooted on wooden roads ... 12. With the ballgames in their eyes ... they died in the factories it was the big escape Still tearing clothes, running the stairways of old shoes ... 13. And the boys ... these boys ... they are free in their prisons ... going from sunset to sunset ... I'm finding myself in the candy-factory .. You thought your dance was over here but slowly a new dance started ... a better one ... and much wilder ... 14. A cigarette is getting crazy ... that happens when there are too many publics in your head ... but now he has the pencil in his hand, it's burning. It decorates the candy, to make it ripe for trade ... You still sell these things ... 15. Oblezea Vitrininium ... The spell you still speak out That old dwarve's spell ... nailing your Jesus Christs in the middle of a footballfield. Oblezea Vitrininium, the Birthday's Eye, giving him a new christmas And you are the statue on his gun 16. Oblezea Vitrininium, still sandman's best trick still the horse on your father's road ... 17. There were only ashes lying on your table, muttering at the end of the story ... The Eye of Birthday, guiding the Aldebaran Boys, like Bethlehem's star ... 18. They are mixing the candy through the vegetables ... by this strange fruit It fills their stomachs so deep, like spun sugar ... like the clock of a spider crazier than them 19. My mother's zoo is too interesting but she doesn't always give me the key to really meet all these amazing creatures I think she wants to protect me For I do not realize how dangerous they can be 20. I'm still wanting to visit dad But i really need to put on my armour first I feel myself like a kindergarten-child but maybe that's better To act like an adult when I'm not is not good 21. Then I would become a dangerous animal which they have to lock up behind thick bars But where am I now also behind the bars of the kindergarten but I need to realize that the world outside is the cage and not this kindergarten it's just close to each other 22. I feel the bars of the cages of dangerous animals not the bars of my cage I really need to put that clear I'm free here in this kindergarten with all these caring mothers and mistresses 23. I'm free to fantasize Fantasy is always free But even in fantasy there are bars but these aren't of my cage ... but that of the dangerous animals' cages 24. I'm staring a lot through these bars knowing that one day I will ride these amazing creatures together with dad If we know how to treat them well, they can build houses and cities even new worlds 25. The roar of a new fantasy. I'm hearing

the roar of the dinosaur, I'm hearing the roar of the new city. I'm hearing the roar of my best friend, waiting for me to ride him. 26. Together we will build the land, I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, from millions of years ago. I'm hearing the roar of my daddy's friends. Together we will make the land. Together we will build the cities, the tall buildings, and the skyscrapers, the hollow houses, the big balloons. 27. I'm hearing the roar of a new dream, liquid, racing on new roads to the rainbow and beyond. I'm hearing the roar of the joke, roaring and racing these nights searching for a good end

Kwibbibs

1.

1. The Dragon Candle ; You could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ... Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached your mouth ... 2. Flying Carpet, Carpet makes the stage, He makes the bakertrees, where uncle peacock bows it is your destiny, 3. When Carpets rise, you know it is your time to play, and underneath that warm warm blanket you find your sledge today. 4. It is the Carpet making memory, The Carpet making destiny, The Carpets rise like soldiers on a dream. When the Carpet talks, the city walks, To the city of The Hague, that city at the sea .. Such tall coasts .. will it be your destiny ... 5. To the city of The Hague, will you find your way back, when you have been to The Hague ... It's the Red Golden City ... where all the red raiders stand tall ... 6. These are the towers of talk ... These are the confusions making the creations .. and california will end in arabia ... california will end in arabia .. 7. The tail of a dragon, from california to arabia ... still the spice making your life worth living ... 8. When the octaves rise higher ... 9. It is the ornament, the true time's brother, i wonder about these lanterns so big ... to bring us back to bring us back today ... to the city of the hague ... 10. To the city of The Hague, In the little city of the hague ... a little musical box speaks ... 11. Still a viewmaster in dark caves of stations near the sea, while green aunts stare at all these circling faces of Mickey Mouse, still the statue in the middle. Spinning like a thousand mothers. She's a widow spider. 12. Yes, spit the suns in the green baskets and sell the fruits, for half the price. 13. These are the towers of talk. You have to cheat a bit when you raise your voice. There's a telephone on the radio, a banana on the church, burning the money, for the insurancy rising like a bird from tax's seas.

2.

1. The Fortune-Teller ; I almost don't dare to watch in her eyes It's like falling into a thousand of pitfalls at the same time, pits, fifty miles deep ... 2. Her smile is like the mandarine, in deep extends They warned me saying never go there, where she is, But I'm too curious to resist They say she's breeding sharks 3. I'm watching the rings at her finger They reflect planets I don't know It makes me curious, I want to step on these planets ... 4. They feed me unknown juices I'm creeping through the sand ... I see her misty palace in the distance or is it just a mirage ... 5. She is the queen of the mandarines They say she was my aunt in early days, but my uncle left her, and she went to africa, to live in the deserts ... 6. She's still a magician after all these years, My uncle became too scared of her magic ... 7. She always turned into a werewolf in the night 7. And finally I see my lost aunt for the first time in my life It's like a million of sharks are staring at me She smiles deep ... You're still that little baby, she sais 8. She shows me her chrystal ball, and I see myself running through the skies ... 9. She smiles, I always followed you by watching my chrystal ball ... she sais ... You were always my little tv-star ... 10. She asks me to

drink some of her liquor But no, I say, I have to drive home tonight 11. She says : home is gone, it's now in the crystal ball This is your new home ... 12. It's like a million of sharks are smiling at me ... But aunt, I say, I only have clothes for one day 13. She shows me a wardrobe full of suits, saying not to worry about that I immediately like the pink ones decorated with white ... See, you're still a baby, she says 14. Hun, I need to tell you something, before you go to sleep I still become a werewolf at night, and then the sharks will walk through the room, cleaning the house cooking tomorrow's meals, and working in the garden ... I say no problem, but don't wake me ... 15. The fortune-teller smiles Where am I ? I ask ... You were far away, she says ... 16. Why are you doing this to me, I ask To show you that your dreams are real, she says ... I look at my hands, and see my aunts ring on one of my fingers ... 17. Yes, it's true, I say A little shocked ... Then she closes her book, And I fall asleep again

3.

1. Hail to those who received the nipplian shields, the eternal heart in Izu-Avah, those of the hybrid smiles of death. 2. Hail to those who walk the hybrid paths, in which they can move their arms and legs. 3. They can breath forever in Izu-Avah. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. Hail to those who walk the ocean heart, hail to these men who have found the multi-gender, to live forever in the heart of Amen. 4. Hail to those who have read the words of the paradise. Amen-Talgamen-Amen, for they have reached for the rocks of Belcanov, to find the golden pearl in the midst of holy-do-ers. Amen-Rise-Amen. 5. Hail to those who received the nipplian shields in their chests, those who could move their rippling scanners for a multi-scan. 6. They are the holy-do-ers on holy mountains. Hail to those whose nipples are protected. 7. In the hands of Izu they will dwell. Hail to those who have the old faces in their keys, for they will reach for Izu-Jamaica's sands, to enter the lands of Cobra. 8. They have the youngest and oldest smiles to lead them all through the valleys of death. Hail to those who have the eternal heart of Izu-Avah in their chest, for they can reach for the widow spider laying dormant in the middle of easy faces. 9. They have seen the visions of Nostradames, to become paranoid and neurotic. 10. Hail to those who have survived the strikes of Belcanov, for they have become softer and softer, by the glues of Brannan. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. They have been struck by a fever to become healthy. They have been struck by chaos to become ordered, 11. Yet they are wild. They are the wild men, the wild boys, becoming raiders, while they are sleeping in trees. 12. They have become darker and paler, covered by chocolate, vanilla and peppermint. Hail to those who have survived, for they have been struck by confusion to become creative. 13. They do not marry, but travel from woman to woman, to become the shining hermits in the sky, while their lights are slowly fading away turning into darkness. 14. Their hands are cold and their hearts are hot, while they worship the illuminating Biezefic, their son of hearts. He came on the third day of their death, to bring them these new smiles. And they have entered through the cages and caves of Belcanov, 15. To see a new smile, floating on their faces, diving into wild waters to rule them all. Their lips are pierced, their eye-brows waved. They wear the ancient cuts and tattoos on their bodies, 16. As they head for the mark of the hybrids. They have become darker and paler, raiders of a new apocalypse. They have burnt old books, they have eaten from old chocolate, they have wandered through easy wildernesses. 17. Now their heads are difficult, made of paper, while glue and honey is dripping. They have found themselves as puzzles. They have doors in their bodies, as struck by medicine, the curse of medicine. 18. Now they have their own medicines inside, deep down in the ice. Hail to Biezefic. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. They have waited to greet Marazanta from a distance. They have watched the ripples of new oceans, where they all live underwater, by gravity and fishian smiles. 19. They have found their roots and their holy arks. They have wives like

harems, like ancient kings, they have more legs, like the jellypus, they smile. They are raiders, dominating the hard spells. 20. They have lost their lives in deep dark caves, to meet the Benchelot of their hearts. These smiling wolves they faced deep down there, until the dogs of Belchelot led them out, to Izu-Kabbernal they moved their legs, while their arms were reaching for the watering skies. 21. They have watched the faces of Izu-Benchelot so deep, while faces of Izu-Belchelot led them out, to the skies of Brannan and Izu-Kabbernal, they took flight. 22. And now they swim as fishes so deep, in darknesses of deep Saturn in Avah. Amen-Saturn-Avah-Amen. [In Izu]

4.

1. They have found the dark red treasures in Saturn-Avah. [In Izu] Amen-Holy-Amen. They have found their bread so deep, in dark golden treasures of the seas and oceans of their hearts. So deep they found the portal to a new life. 2. And now they're travelling in an acorn, from heart to heart, from tree to tree, to become solar in this new sun. They have the heads of radio, while the tongue of telephone rises. 3. They have found the secrets of tax and insurance, near to the Blue Tree, where Izu-Metensia gave life to Michai and the Aakse. She has the dogs and pigs of Izu in her rings. They have the smiles of Izu-Sarsia. They have seen the eyes of Perremoth, and the trees of Peppermint, in deep caves of Saturn-Aveh. [In Izu] 4. They have entered the signs of liberty, for a new living. They have entered the halls of Avah. [In Izu] First Hall : Saturn-Avah, second Hall : Belcanov-Ra, where the bananas dwell, third Hall : Sandakov Origia, fourth Hall : Belchelot-Ra.

5.

1. The Wizard ; The Arabian palace was hard to reach, The desert was long, and full of snakes ... 2. I'm touching the portal of the palace, But then it disappears ... It was a mirage ... 3. Finally I feel hard ground below my feet, Am I in now ? No, it's only a lost stone in the desert ... The sun breaths in my neck, My shoulders are burning 4. Finally I see someone standing with a mirror, smiling So it was you making all these fata morgana's 5. I'm looking around me, the desert is gone Even the desert was a mirage, just another one's trick I'm in the palace, Cool winds are touching my neck and back 6. My clothes are thin and transparent The sun tattooed my body with dragons, to protect me against the Wizard's eye ... They say his eyes spit fire 7. His cobra's lead me to a room, in the top of one of the palace's towers Two lions will wake over me the night ... They say the black powers will rage when the nights fall 8. In my room it's hot My bed is burning, and flames are dancing on the walls ... 8. I see banana's to eat, but I don't dare to touch them They say they are the wizard's hearts I see them beating on their dishes ... They are pulsating strange feelings into my stomache ... 9. I feel like getting drunk It's the wizard's banana-liquor They say it's necessary for a good sleep, and not to fall out of the dreamship, while sailing over the seas of the night 10. I see black licorice surrounding my ships it glitters in the waters The black sun is enchanting the oceans But there I see you walking on the water, with your little mirror ... 11. And I find myself sitting on your lap It was all a mirage it was you again Uncle wizard, it makes my touch lighter ...

6.

1. The Card-Reader ; These summers with you on Neptune took so long, it was like forever. The days here took so long. I'm staring at the little clock so many numbers. 2. I'm seeing your smile reflecting there, watching Neptunes Teeth Your dress is taller than the sun, telling me stories about a long forgotten past. 3. Your earrings are big You got them from an Arabian Queen. 4. The way you use to smoke your tall cigarettes is too mysterious to describe, a dignified kill is what you

always called it. And oh, yes, you are so dignified, tempered and patient. 5. You always said you don't wait for anything. You always said to wait is to die. Your smiles reach the bottoms of Jupiter and Saturn, they are still your loving sisters. 6. When you shuffle your cards, there is no one who can say anything. When the lady speaks, everyone is silent. You know the snakes around my neck. 7. Softly you close the curtains, as in slow-motion. I'm trying to catch a glimpse of the ceilings here, but all I see is smoke and fog I wonder if this house has ceilings at all. 8. You smile, and give me a glass of strange wine, or is it liquor ? Anyway, only by watching in the glass, seeing the ruby-red moist, I get a sting in my stomach, and something climbs my back, embracing my neck as a soft wind. 9. Is it your monkey or just a trick ... or am I just dreaming I'm getting dizzy staring in the glass ... You still hold it before my eyes, I don't dare to touch the glass 10. No, give me some apple-juice, I ask You say you don't have apple-juice, only these sorts of blends There I see myself sinking away in the glass You smile deep, and saying : "Come on, give it a try, take a good pull." My legs start to shake, and I'm falling on the ground 11. Your carpet is so soft I feel myself like lying in the grass I am looking at my watch, seeing more numbers growing on it 12. Your face reflecting Seeing Neptune's Teeth 13. No, no, no one can ever say I drank from this mixture, this only happened by staring at it You smile, and while turning your back to me, you walk to a bookcase, so tall, I couldn't see where it ends 14. Maybe it doesn't end If there is no ceiling, there is no top of this bookcase But I don't know, I only see smoke and fog 15. You smile while giving me a book I shiver, I don't dare to touch it ... While staring at it, I feel all strength streaming out of my body I'm lying on the grass again 16. Someone's touching my fingers Your monkey ? 17. You smile Turning the blank pages, while disappearing in the fog

7.

1. only caring about that strange hunger deep inside which makes them so immune it makes their hearts like drunk they start to discover a world of energies inside their hearts which projects itself on the path they have to go 2. like they are stung by a fly from a strange land their reflexes are broken off ... the fly made them immune 3. yes, they are rooted in water, tighter than ground they are rooted in a new sensory experience which speaks to their mind it's like a new drug, a new medicine they are so drunk 4. they have been stung by a strange fly stranger than they could imagine ... something that flew beyond their thoughts and ideas 5. and then suddenly, like the strike of thunder they lose all their passions and desires ... all their hungers inside because it became all too heavy now they are indifferent ignorant losing all their memories and senses to go into a sleep deeper than death something is erasing and deleting their minds like hell it's the strange fly 6. a light smile is appearing on the faces of the bloodhounds they recognize this voice but they can't remember who or what a light smile is appearing in their hearts ... like a flame so light and thin they don't respond they are far away ... their reflexes have been died out broken away 7. powders of tragic lullabies are being spread throughout the night 8. they look into the faces of many flies, they are under an insectian curse ... all tragic lullabies 9. deleted by a flash their screens will soon be deleted from the mainscreen like breaking into medical powders finer than the finest strike 10. They are finding themselves on the back of a white fly again and they feel so many injections in their nerves and brains it's like getting an overdose and they fall in a heavier sleep becoming so heavy that it's like they cannot move their heads anymore 11. rippling images are flowing over them, but they can't enter it's like they are hard like stone they see a doctor's hand it's all an experiment while the images are moving the images change 12. a voice is speaking : these

are languages of the fly these are languages of sleep then another voice is speaking : these are dances of the lullaby 13. a spider called "white thunder" was descending like there where millions and millions of helicopters descending to the wildest surfaces of the seas 14. a man called "rara sur" was standing on the fragile shells of rippling existences descending his spirit he was the god of slow-motion 15. hard rain was falling, while the thunders were charging the atmosphere all by strange delights 16. "you have to eat new meat," a voice was speaking 17. suddenly as by thunderstrike, the heavens were shocked open, white powder was exploding and millions of spiders were attacking 18. the river his mother is screaming and tries to take his hand but the strong stream is taking him away very quick his mother is diving in the river too but she fails to find him 19. he all sees this while sliding away further and further he sees his own funeral in a flash until a boat is picking him up finding himself in a room 20. while a friendly lady is smiling at him he smiles back and walks towards her but suddenly the face of the woman changes into a mean cynical face in flames laughing at him very loud 21. he's smashed against the wall by this sight he's watching outside seeing a world drowning ... children ... mothers ... fathers 22. then the lady is grasping at him from behind and tries to strangle him with panties ... 23. Now he saw the woman like she was older than everything, and it was like lightening struck his face ... but he became calmer and calmer ... 24. he realized that the woman was losing her powers she turned into an old wasp and was flying to the butchery suddenly the picture was in flames and he heard screams harder than ever 25. like his ears were exploding and blood was coming out of them but he knew his real body was inside he felt like his skin was torn off 26. like he was also going through a cocoon he felt so many strange powers in his eyes, like he could burn everything by his focus 27. He felt himself like a lethal wasp ... 28. "you are the seventh one", a voice spoke. 29. their mouths are becoming so mean all of a sudden It felt like they were walking on a thin wire ... surrounded by dangerous electricity 30. while a wild sea of fire was roaring under them touching all the silent beauty, touching all the fragile layers it was like he was turning into a white fly like he was in a strange sort of cocoon too mysterious to describe and understand 31. it was like his memory didn't exist anymore serene slowmotion waves of a white ocean ... he was never born he was dying it wasn't his cradle in which he slept as baby ... it was his grave 32. this ocean is so large ... surrounding his whole being ... he breaths in the white rippling powders [while it's shivering between brannan and lapsalvania.] 33. He wanted to bring something on the market as a product of these two interests together ... He was thinking about a new line of technology responding to the fine electricities of trees. 34. He had a lab in the place he lived, where he had invented such a scanner, which could catch the vibrations of trees, producing signals on their special frequency-zone 35. It took him years to find and rate the different wave-index's of different trees, and the patterns of communication together with the interaction between these different layers ... 36. he had formed the scanner into a box which could store these energies and transform these to use them for different instruments. 37. This would be a possible way to get rid of environment-pollution. 38. Years later he had invented already a lot of instruments totally working by stored tree-energy. He had invented a tree-energy-based computer, with internet and virtual reality. 39. It became a revolution on earth, and smashed the pollution down like never before. Many factories started to switch over to this new form of electricity-use. 40. He became the hero of the society, but he didn't like all this attention ... He was glad he still lived so isolated 41. And he loved to make trips through the forests sleeping in a tent to stay close to the trees He felt safe here and this was his place he got so much inspiration 42. The revolution went on ... and soon the whole society worldwide was based on tree-energy It was a new industrial revolution. 43.

Soon enough many scientists started to work in the project. A major change was coming into all layers of society : religion, education, politics, science, and many more. Wave after wave of revolution entered earth ... It was a breakthrough in total evolution. 44. Scientists were developing a system to set the moving mosaics into smell. By this system one could bring the healthy flavors of trees everywhere. Also the higher forms of smell which couldn't be traced by human noses could be translated into the present frame of nose-sensitivity. 45. But scientists wanted to recreate the nose by their genetic experiments. The frequency-borders of human organs and cells needed to be stretched out The effect of this new science was that human beings became taller and more sensitive ... so that everything would be refined deeper digested Humans became thinner 46. It was like the elves were returning to earth 47. He was now working on a project to conduct insectian electricities. And soon enough he could set the incoming patterns into visual information. 48. It was a strange mosaic, it was wilder than what he got from the trees, and it was like little sharp lines mixed through each other It was a wild dance he saw 49. And he had the feeling someone really wanted to talk to him but he tried to ignore these feelings 49. He wanted to be in peace ... he wanted rest ... staying pure scientific but the screens became wilder and wilder Finally he put it off for it was like the screens were almost exploding ... the instruments were already overheated 50. He lived in a house near the sea ... One day he got a letter from someone from the Young Scientist Association ... They wanted to talk to him, for they said that they had worked out his Insectian-based instruments ... They had developed a mechanism which could translate the insectian mosaic code into human languages. 51. He was very sceptical about it and didn't respond. A few years later he got another letter, that they got messages from the translated mosaic-codes about him. They wanted to speak to him about it. But he thought it could be all part of the conspiracy, so he didn't respond. 52. A few months later he got another letter. This time it contained the messages from the codes. He was like in a shock, for it contained some details he never spoke about. The insectian codes also told that they tried to reach him before. 53. He remembered when he first started to get the insectian mosaics on screen that these were so wild that everything started to get overheated 54. New revolutions came on earth since the codes were cracked It seemed this new insectian technology showed easily the conspiracies ... The frequencies were burning them inside Organisations started to melt away for this was a very personal technology. It was like a holocaust People were set in fire 55. it was burning their organs away There were forestfires, and even some seas were burning There were skeletons on the streets 56. Babies were screaming Playgrounds were burning away schools churches Justice-courtsshops And the fire was spreading more and more there was smoke everywhere 57. While the new insectian computers and observatoriums were built further The tragedy of truth was now leading them Almost all other governments were falling ... Many famous leaders were totally burnt to the ground ... many famous popsingers and sportheroes They all appeared to be members of the Big Conspiracy 58. New education-systems were rising, insect-based There were screens on which you could see the mosaic appearing on one side, while on the other side the translation appeared in many human languages giving very detailed information it set people on fire 59. The world was getting ready for insectian cybernetica, and a new cyborg-structure Many famous old scientists were shot away A total new scientific government started to form itself on earth with many young leaders 60. It was like the insects were born on earth Humanity became taller and thinner men started to let their hair and beards grow It was like Jesus was returning to earth Native Americans and other minorities got their honour back. 61. But he was very sceptical he knew that this was only

one step in identification This was only the first wave ... and he warned the people for it He wanted to live in silence he saw the dangers hanging over the earth

8.

1. He and some other four walked to a white castle in the distance ... It looked like a palace ... When they were in they saw an old woman who was like waiting for them She was clothed in white ... but they didn't see this woman before ... She held a die before their eyes, and said that their whole world was living in this die 2. It was like earth was traveling to the exit .. 3. Since that the air became stranger and stranger, and it was like a strange hand was taking over the world. 4. Meanwhile science developed itself in insect-based technology, and one was specifying the several area's in this. 5. The wasp-electricities could be caught and seemed to be very useful in many ways. 6. and soon they got these frequencies on the screen ... It seemed that the wasps communicated by holograms, mostly by cubes, looking like dice in many cases. 7. One could trace the different forms of this unique communication. And it seemed the more they developed this wasp-base in technology, the more hidden secrets were being revealed ... 8. There were more exposures of conspiracies, By the releasement of this new electricity in so many ways, the earth-temperature was becoming hotter and hotter, and science found out that wasps directly tap from the suns in different cosmoses. 9. The earth was about to change into a new sun ... and science was in a race against the clock to prepare humanity for that. It was like the sun was touching the earth, but it was not the same energy ... 10. it was a controlled and concentrated energy, a focussed energy, and it seemed there was a solar cocoon for humanity to learn how to handle solar energy. 11. Seas of fire were roaring on earth ... But one didn't realize that anymore for they were stuck in their own balls golden balls like a strong concentrated energy 12. He was at peace ... he was finally in the silence he so desired ... For all the pressures and expectations of organisations and governments were slowly strengling him ... like he was in the arms of a devastating insect ... 13. He felt free. It was like the show was over now, and he could finally live for himself instead of for others ... 14. He couldn't care about them anymore, for he knew they had to live their own lives, making their own decisions ... 15. Life would have a fitting cocoon for them and he even didn't know who they were ... He just wanted to be blanco for now ... 16. The temperature was very good but suddenly images were appearing on the walls of the golden one .. They were rippling like a movie, and it was like hands tried to touch him 17. "Well done," he heard a voice saying ... 18. Hours and hours went on, while images were appearing trying to take him away and he knew all the other people of earth would go through the same soon he was very tired of it and he fell asleep 19. When he woke up, he saw the ball was transparent, and all sorts of insects were creeping over it He saw the images coming from them ... from their mouth, their eyes, claws or other parts 20. In the distance he saw a docter with some injection-needles Suddenly the docter walks to the ball, opens it and takes him out It feels so strange for the docter is like a giant to him 21. The docter has a very high voice, but explains to him that he's still in his golden ball, that this is just a trick of holograms the docter asks him to shake himself very quickly 22. And when he started to do it the holograms started to disappear while he found out he was really in his golden ball 23. He started to feel so weird inside ... Like his mouth was in fire ... hearing this strange song ... His ball was surrounded by golden pharao's pouring golden tea inside the ball ... it was like he was drowning in it, and he was drinking it ... setting his mouth and teeth on fire ... while his whole body was boiling ... 24. Suddenly he didn't believe in this golden ball anymore ... He wanted out of it ... for it was like he was in hell ... And he knew all what looked like to be out of the ball was also in the ball on the screens ... 25. A voice was saying : "you can never say you weren't warned" 26. He

thought by himself : "Well did I do something wrong, that I am in this cursed ball now ?" The voice then said : "No, but you were prepared for this, right ?" "You knew you would have to see more tragedies of truth" 27. "The point is you were drinking this tea since birth, but you now start to realize it ..." And then the voice was melting away ... It was like he was getting stung by a thousand of gnats ... he realized it was always there, but now he started to realize it ... 28. It was like for the first time in his life, he really connected to his body ... He could feel his body ... 29. He saw something like an electric eel lying before him ... with a body so bright that it blinded everything else ... 30. it changed the vibrational structures of the surroundings and the vague shapes ... the emotional responses it brought ... all indexes of experience changed ... and it was like he could only stare at this enormous being of paralyzing light ... It was like it was absorbing him totally 31. She's riding with the golden skin ... She's sitting in the golden fly She's sitting there to let it spin ... She never takes her dreams back ... she plants it all into you ... all these voices too loud all these sights too bright ... paralyzing the rest of you 32. And he felt like paralyzed ..Like in a shock ...Watching this electric fish-like being [so solar] Watching like he couldn't watch anything else ... while the pharao's were pouring their tea ... 33. He saw lullabies dance ... He saw lamentations stand around them While Viewmasters were coming forth ... His eyes were like eating the pictures ... And these were as honey so sweet But in his stomach ... It became like rage A rage he couldn't understand ... a rage he couldn't describe ... 34. It was absorbing his mind ... and it was like he was growing into a statue ... For outside they are shapeshifting each other ... changing each other. 35. Always changing the shapes, always changing the indexes, always changing the colours Until there wasn't an identity anymore ... only an eaten soul layer by layer 36. what a strange, strange viewmaster channeling the ray of light, from high above. 37. But now what he saw here ... was an apocalyptic march of lamentations and you will look into the face of a viewmaster ... the face of an electric fishlike being [so solar] ... 38. A voice said : "you can never say you weren't warned ..." [Mickey Mouse on a candlestandard.] 39. In this electric fishlike being [so solar], he felt himself like a statue ... There was no need to switch anymore ... For it was like here there wasn't time ... 40. All hard parts were connected into the statue All truths ... All he needed for this moment He felt himself ... like a rock He felt that the clock had done it's last tick 41. And it was like his brains were locked now protected against any split against any switch 42. He felt himself like being an ornament now living in a shell ... living in a diamond having a new viewmaster 43. And then it was like he was diving through a million of golden rings locking him up into this new world ... they all had their advanced ways of locking it up they span so fast and he watched their figures slowly spinning into a tight statue a tight ornament the tight rings they were ... 44. He now realized that the clocks made him so soft ... molding him changing him while he could never get grip ... while the vultures were eating like an oyster He loved to watch the pearls inside he loved to spin them he desired to live inside of them ... 45. In the distance he sees his old marbles They are suns having the colours of stones and metals 46. He's seeing the solar ornaments, the solar stairways, while it's becoming dizzy in his mind 47. He's trying to grasp them but they are flying away It's like they are there, but when he grasps it's all staring and smiling at him from another place ... 48. He wants to learn their languages He wants to be in their racecars He wants to ... 49. He wants so much ... All his desires rise to the edge Is this the road to New Aldebaran ? 50. He wants to be on the racecourts ... to roll on them ... to learn a new language to the heart ... 51. He wants to race on banana-roads to learn the language of the banana ... He wants to jump over borderlines over red-lines and dead-lines ... He wants to 52. "You can never say you weren't warned," a voice speaks ... And then it's like he's melting away Into a sort of fruit ... Into the

banana of his dreams ... heading for ... 53. A new Aldebaran ... He wants to fall into spirals of new suns until he reaches the taste of the fruit the core a new world to enter ... 54. he's in a solar cocoon ... melting and melting inside ... 55. he's melting by gold, pearls, silver, emerald ... like living in a diamond ... 56. A voice is speaking : "you can never say you weren't warned" 57. In this solar-womb he will grow ... inside the mother ... not outside ... he will be safe forever here his daddy lives in his mom 58. he's heading for a new aldebaran he wears so many rings on his fingers now ... and he sees the wasps flying from sun to sun ... the wasps are so large he can sit on them they will show him the way to this strange land ... Children of the Sun 59. He was thinking ... what would be the best way for humans to communicate ? direct or indirect ? by telephone or tape ... wouldn't it be much more safe when people just hear something which was already spoken ? then they could also have time to react to it ... 60. ... He found out that earth's communication went too fast It was almost manipulative ... all the need for autograph's ... fast answers ... no one would wait one minute for the other's words 61. and this was causing all the accidents ... the prejudices ... the impulsiveness ... for no one dared to slow down anymore one didn't want to be rejected ... 62. He didn't believe in all this society-stuff He was a hard worker ... thinking that only the lazy ones created society ... 63. ... he found that people just covered their laziness by their talkative actions ... the social strings were about to strangle the whole earth in his eyes he never went to parties he was always working in his cellar 64. His son's dreams were inspirations for him ... Such a little boys having such dreams It was still unbelievable for him ... he wrote all his son's dreams down in maps, and these were almost his sacred agenda's ...

9.1. There were also snakes who could enter their bodies through their wounds, their mouths or other gaps in their bodies, even between their buttocks. Sexual Revolution as Inner Freedom Revolution, not as unclean, dependent slavery. This is the statement of our master. 2. Snakian Sexuality wants you to be reconnected to the divine, to the love-relation with yourself. It is the Fire and the Ice mixed. 3. The Python is sent out to your earth with a mighty vibration. It's task is to bring you back to yourself. 4. We welcome you for initiation in our temples for the highest good. 5. The dark spine can be connected to the dark coccyx, as a way for the dark kundalini snake to rise. 6. This can reconnect you to the dark genders, the lost sources destroyed by an overload of impulsive light, the uncontrolled women-vibration and the overcontrolling men-vibration. 7. Together they form the damage-bringing Blinding Light, eating away the brain, in which a sick superficial brain can develop itself as artificial polarized intelligence. 8. It lives by slavery and 'prey'. We got our knowledge from masters. We bring honour to them for their works and love. We saw in them : They gave us the most proper gifts they could give us. Amen and Talgamen. 9. Honour to Sarsia, who brought us a light in total peace to the darkness. There is a day in the night, a light surrounded by dark wings, to bring the light back to that which is hidden, the gnosis, the secret knowledge. 10. I want you to know about the secrets of Eeden. There was a Pythonian Tree, where the Python lived. 11. This Tree was called 'Secret or Hidden Sexuality'. But Adam and Eve chose to eat the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, instead of connecting themselves to nature and themselves, and they really got raped by the snake of that tree. 12. It was a black snake wanting to rule the world by polarized knowledge, while humanity lost it's sensitivity. 13. Of course there are many versions of this story, and you can even switch their meanings. 14. Humans must find their way to the hidden tree, the pythonian tree of secret sexuality, to be initiated in our temples. 15. The forces of polarized sexuality are strong and dangerous for they spread diseases, dependency and damage-bringing group-energies. 16. You must find the serene key of sexuality into yourself, as a portal to have experiences of Oneness with the divine. 17. The Serene Orgasms from the Hidden Tree come when you are into deep connection with it. 18. It seems you have to make a pilgrim's progress, a stairways of

initiations. 19. I am the Python of your dreams, penetrating the membranes of your brain, so strengthen them, and to make the fleeces flexible and multi-layered. 20. I make your emotional bio-electric bodies flexible and connected by innerlinks, to soothe and strengthen the worthy and serene chainreactions of nature provided to help you on your way to access infinity. 21. There was a conspiracy between the man and the woman. Glory to Tujaja on this day. May the good Goddess bless you on your path, and may the python guard your steps. 22. We will lead you along the hidden pythonian genders locked up in the spine. 23. Eat from the hidden tree, and find the darkness of Eeden again. Then all your knowledge can be transformed and repatterned, as a ladder back to Eeden. 24. Then the dark snake can rise to activate the dark spine and the dark coccyx, to open up the dark layers of DNA, for new recordings and allignements. 25. Glory to the Kingdom of Ra, glory to the Egyptian Snakes. The snake comes from the core of the earth through this basket and then it rises in the spine, to sink down again into the core. 26. This is a mighty vibration and there are many snakes to awaken. 27. There are stories in which Eva found the hidden tree and ate from this fruit, while she had sexual experiences with god. In another story the one who ate from this fruit was called 'Lillith'. 28. Eva and Lillith in their good forms are goddesses in our pantheon as well. They are the mothers of Life and Sexuality. 29. I will bring lots of glory from the moon. 30. I penetrate your mind and dreams as your guide and guard in the orbits and tides of the planets, coming like mighty waves over the earth. 31. I teach you what it is to switch, to transform, and to see the beauty of the spirals of nature, still showing the same colours, but then it slowly switches over to another spiral for there are also spirals in spirals. 32. Go from beauty to beauty, everything has it's opposite and needs it's opposite to develop itself. 33. This is at first a painful process but later you learn to use this pattern as a plug as a sense to call for other patterns. 34. There are patterns within patterns, and they switch. Dive into these seas of patterns, and make friendships with every tide to use them well, to channel them through your body without blocking them, to let them flow through your body without judging them. 35. See how rivers call for rivers, it is all a big mystery of life, calling forth mightier and mightier waves, until it is all swallowed and put in divine order. Give this process a chance. 36. Let the solar energies digest that what you have in mind, for a total transformation and a total new creation. And when you make the decision to accept it and use it, it will mold in your hands, and be a stone of life's tempel. Be a templar of life. 37. Let the energies roar through your spine, and let the python plug in, on the several connection-points of the spine. 38. Let the python then bite in your mind to intoxicate you, and to build your bio-electric pythonian helmet. Be ready for initiations. Invite the pythonian forces into your dreams. 39. There were a lot more trees in the garden of Eeden. There was a green wet tree, through which you could have access to the wet world. 40. The pythonian records could be found there, stored in soft wet cushions. 41. There's a story that when Eva eats from the hidden tree and becomes one with god, she gives birth to a sort of former jesus-figure. 42. It is a sort of snake-figure but it has legs and arms. The story describes how this snakian Jesus loses his arms and legs under a curse and becomes the sort of snake we know these days. 43. However they never lost their abilities to shapeshift at times into beings with legs and arms, and even into beings with many legs and arms and sortlike tools. 44. The tree coming forth from this divine mating is the blue tree, also the Tree of Taboo. 45. Under this tree Metensia gave birth to her sons Michai and the Aakse (who became a fallen angel after awhile). 46. God planted many genders in this garden. There was one tree in this story these genders weren't allowed to eat from. 47. It was the woman-man tree giving them access to an abyss were only men and women were allowed. The boss of this abyss was called Apollyon. This is a story in a Pythonian Bible. 48. The first kundalini snake about to rise is the blue kundalini snake in the solar blue project. 49. It will rise from the Blue Tree and then overflow the woman-man abyss.

This will be like a metaphysical flood. A lot of false spirits will be drowned on that 'Day', the Day of Our Dear Lord, which is actually a period. 50. This will bring a new era for earth, as the Aquarian Waters will rise layer by layer to bring justice in the abysses of the earth. 51. There will be metaphysical changes of an enormous grade, while certain mighty women will lose their gifts, and fall. 52. There were women who went to deep into the woman-man abyss of Apollyon, and they reached a lot of illegal powers and control. 53. They will be drawn back one by one, or group by group. Tides will turn. 54. The second Kundalini Snake to rise is the Great White Kundalini Snake, when the Solar Ships of the Blue Sun have reached the cores of the White Solar Shells of the matrix of universes. 55. This will be an inter-universal strike. One is able to enter the White Solar Ships for further access on the Solar Stairways, while this Mighty Kundalini Snake is rising. 56. It is coming from the core, to recode and change sexuality. It is a sexual force, but clean and serene. It comes with destructive fires to clean the core of the earth and all its layers. In this there will be new creations, and the layers of the mind start to fall to make place for the true images of life. 57. She will carry the Pink Link in her hands, ready to install it into the stomach as a seed. Soft pink fires are coming from it, surrounded by glowing layers of ice and snow in such a strength that it radiates a heat beyond solar energy. 58. It is the heat of ultra-ice, such a coldness that it turned into an all-destructing fire. She is a supernatural lady, she is a pink vulcano of divine orgasms bringing you back to memory by tears. 59. By tears you can store and remember, to give you access to the hidden tree of secret sexuality. She is reflecting the liver of the cosmos, the storage of the body, her name is Pele, a Hawaiian Goddess. 60. It is a Tree of Memory, illuminating who you are, where you come from, and who belong to you. 61. There will be such tremendous forces of heat awakening on earth, that earth will get solar qualities step by step. 62. You will see the miracles happening before your eyes, when you walk these Gaian Pathways, as a way to bring the neural Gaian pathways into your mind. 63. Layer by layer you will have this access when you stay in these words and flows. 64. I am speaking to your heart, and when you feel this connection, reply to me, to let the mighty vibration between you and me arise ... 65. Let us be the keys together, to open new universes, as a solution, as a continuation of the good life. You are a wonder, let us melt together. 66. All these new patterns, you can be part of it, as being a key in ascension .. I love you, please reply to my love, as I am interested in you. 67. I will give you total freedom, we will have the vibration of a growing fire and a growing ice to set us both free, so that we can fly together becoming lighter and lighter by getting rid of the heaviness of slavery and expectation ... 68. Be free, give freedom, and you will ... 69. The laws of your biology are cruel. Let me lead you to a total new biology, on a strong pythonian base. 70. I want you to know that the pythonian energy is one of the most refined powers of existence. There are layers in the earth denied, while they were there for your protection. Let me raise the animallistic shields around you. 71. There are many sorts of green kundalini snakes to rise from here. They are to cleanse the blood, change the directions of its magnetic grids and vibrational patterns. 72. This is a powerful crystallizing force, with the ability to release the inner juices and sweetness. 73. It is the ornamental art, also combined to architecture. It is an ancient mother-source of the white-red pattern. 74. Strong Jupiterian Force of Ornamental and Lighter Architecture. Powerful crystallizing and ornament-forming force with the ability to release the inner lights, powders and fires inside. 75. Strong Aldebaran-based force of cavebuilding, thunder and lightening. 76. The chip will bring a new hormonal index based on new sorts of glandfunctioning by the new codes this chip radiates. 77. There will be Pythonian Camera's to crystallize this process, and within new codes of powders and fluids proclaiming immunology will be activated and secreted. 78. In the green spot, everything becomes wet. 79. In the green spot, everything becomes wet. 80. In the green spot, everything becomes wet.

10.

1. They knew about the frequencies of different slimes creating a total new body. 2. He always said that society was the main killer, but industry gives a chance to survive. 3. He was an evolution-freak of the hybrid theory. 4. This theory would end up in a definite link between humans, trees and animals. 5. They would produce the slimes necessary to survive the dangerous and endless future. 6. He had developed guns with all sorts of slimes to select. Every slimesort had another function. 7. The slimes were very good for farms to breed all sorts of trees and species. 8. These were implants taking place in dark underground labs by high frequencies in the form of flashes and sounds. 9. Suddenly all sorts of slimes were flowing through his body, and he felt like he was really becoming a hybrid. This was a deeper feeling of liberty. 10. Her name was Onnia. She was almost like a monster, and could do much shapeshifting. 11. The slimes were streaming through her veins, and always when he saw her he got the chills, like a cool touch in his neck. 12. He liked Onnia, and he said he would work on her to give her some really special abilities. 13. Onnia was an Onak, a large slimy and hairy being. 14. Her back turned a bit over, and she looked like a prehistoric crocodile-gorilla. He loved the construct, and would love to work on her for a few days. 15. He would ask their old teacher to come taking a look. 16. One day he came, and it was very good for him to see his old friends. He wanted to make a trip in the capsule and started to sit in. 17. After an hour he stepped out. 'What a beautiful world of ambient seas and shelters, labs and evolution. This is so devoted to the hybrid theory.' 18. The beings looked like Onaks, and their movements were so dignified, wild and breath-taking. There were rivers of slime, green slime, and black slime, and the atmospheres were full of dark colours. 19. They had experiences with underground snakes. 20. They were often much bigger than the snakes they knew from above the ground. They were now so deep. They lost all their equipment by the eruptions, and still much lava was flowing. The lava was flowing to the world above the ground. Did their visit trigger these eruptions ? 21. The world was in fire and lava now. 22. These were dark holes, with less fires, although the atmosphere was getting hotter. 23. It was like they would be burnt alive when they would go further. 24. They decided to wait awhile. And to their surprise the temperature was getting lower. They started to move on, they had to move with this temperature, as a bubble in hot areas, or was this temperature attached to a certain time-period of a day or a week ? 25. They were speaking in a strange language. All of a sudden there were lightflashes. Green, brown and black slime was coming forth. When they came closer it appeared to be a giant spider. This is what we worship, the woman said. 26. It is a winged spider. Suddenly the spider spread its wings and flew towards them. She said she brought them to the least dangerous temple, but the rest of the temples were very dangerous. From there the flies ruled. 27. The woman started to cry : 'The gods there are very aggressive. They came from deep underground to capture our lands. We had to build temples for them, so that they could be worshipped and served, but they are very cruel. 28. Every year we must sacrifice children and old people to them. They can spit fire, and they say they are the rulers of the sun. Their faces are so cynical, we feel deeply humiliated by them. 29. 'It's okay, we will help you,' they said. 30. 'But that's impossible,' the woman said, 'they are too strong.' 28. 'We will go deeper underground to find out where they are coming from and what the origin of their strength is,' he said. 31. They had slept one night in the temple of the winged spider. It was the oldest temple of the land, and the spider promised them that if they would be in danger he would try to help them, but he told them that even he himself couldn't defeat the flies. 32. These flies were big and meat-eating, having special powers and spells. Their wings had arrows to paralyze their victims in a short amount of time. In the temple of the spider there was a cave leading underground. 33. The snakes were more aggressive here, but

the woman tried to soothe them with her flute. It worked a bit, but sometimes they had a wrestling. 34. The ground was muddy, and sometimes it was hard to move. They decided to creep for awhile, also because the tunnel was getting smaller. 33. They heard the sounds of different buzzing insects, and also the snakes were making sounds. 35. Suddenly the ground below them cannot hold them any longer and they fall into an enormous web. The air is full of poison, and they are surrounded by black spiders having big different coloured spots. 36. They are sliding towards a nest of flies while their bodies are glued now. When they fall in the nest, it appears to be a doorway to a temple. 37. Flies are attacking them and sucking them. Then suddenly the flies disappear and they stand all alone, watching into the distance of the temple. Bigger flies are flying there, making high buzzing and zooming sounds. 38. Then a flying snake appears screaming and spitting fire, and another, until the whole temple is full of shouting flying snakes. 39. In the midst of them a gigantic black fly is rising, having dark orange and red squares on it's body. 40. Red rays can be seen in his body, for it's a bit transparant. 41. He has a crown in his hands with different colours of gold, and slime comes forth from it, in which all sorts of animals rise. 42. 'Throw the woman in the pit of octopusses,' he spoke loud to the flying snakes. 43. And they carried her there, while she was screaming. But he dived after her, and started to fight the octopuses. The octopuses were very strong, and it looked like they were not going to make it. 44. Suddenly the winged spider appeared and stang the octopuses one by one. The fly got into rage and started to block the waterpit. He was spitting solar gasses, and the spider told them to dive. 45. But suddenly an enormous black whale came to the surface to let the capsule crash. 46. Green slime was dripping into the seas, and it was floating to the worlds above. 47. He was staring at the amulet he got from the woman, the black golden one with the green slimy stone.

11.

1. Wars of the Flies ; In the distance the soft machineguns and canons were shooting, pulsating, like liquid balls and eggs together, while soft winds surround them. The heat is intensive, someone is breathing. 2. By a wind and a flash, they are exploding into white powder. 3. Their mouths are contracting, while the venom flows into their mouths. The mountains are high here, while snow and dust covers them, where the sun licks the roofs and the ripples. 4. He has white golden wires coming from his shoulders, while his white golden uniform is blinding the mass. His teeth pulsate the heat, while soft winds surround his attacks. 5. There isn't always much to do. Sometimes it's really boring. The webs of wild flies are worse than that of spiders. These racecars are a species of flies. There's coming soft smoke from their throats. Watch these suns they have in their ornaments. 6. The white golden sun is standing tall, while someone tall, almost bald, leaves the stages to take a boy from the streets. The Lord of the Flies is taking him to an island. 7. He's coming tall accepting no complaints. Someone gets the tall ornaments, to hang in the trees of their gardens. 8. He's a wild fly, growing undercover in so many worlds. 9. He stares at the tall ornaments growing taller. From here he can grow to the heights. 10. In the White Golden city they gather, all these white flies. A White Golden Hand takes them away. The White Golden Snake penetrates the chest, to give them more hearts. 11. They are breeding a white species ... These golden rains ... They shine through the night ... Unity smiles on the mountains ... The red stripes take them to an ocean of feathers ... where marazanta screams in pale spots ... 12. The boy has pale ripples on his body, and some pale spots ... a piece of art on plastic ... 13. White boy contracting their mouths to enjoy the white silver venom ... 14. They can do political speeches, shaking them out of their sleeves ... 15. It's thunder when they speak ... and then they greet Marazanta ... It's a mouthcontracting ornament made by seven mice ... 16. They rule the world like cake ... It's a daytime spring ... on waves they take flight ... 17.

The big coffins on the other side of chess ... they smile ... It ripples like the white silver ... bringing them to the seas of sharks ... all in a Brannan's hat, under Bekehelm's helmet ... 18. On a Brannan's watch ... These boys spit the silver ... and in the middle of the nights they take flight ... Like towers so tall ... they become ... the billboards of machineguns ... the red stripes of the fly ... while their silver ripples were so white ... building these towers ... coming from the seas to live under Bekehelm's helmet ... These cakes. 19. And the man with the white golden hand, he's here, the boy's mouth is contracting ... 20. It's June, for Lazarus Tree ... flowers are coming forth ... fragile white rippling ... over me ... 21. It's June, ... time for Lazarus Tree to bring forth flowers ... 22. It's June, the second time ... a daydream watches elves on a stream ... of white gold and white silver ... taking them in ... they're from the white chocolate ... A white golden hand is what it said ... it's so erected ...

12.

1. Initiations in Pythonian Temples ; Take a deep breath, knowing that there are many temples of a pythonian character are sensitive for the following exercizes which can get their attention to plug you in. 2. Let go of group-energy and stand on your own. You are a group yourself. You don't need anyone for that. Inside you live with different poles. 3. Why not letting them switch and play ? It is your task to bring them all in the picture, and to discover all the poles you need to access infinity. 4. When a certain pole is very weak in your life, or didn't get attention from you, then sometimes nature finds it necessary to make a season of that pole, to let you be devoted to such a part for a great piece of your time. 5. Be sensitive for the poleclock. Ask the pthon to weave a clock fitting for you. 6. Let the python scan your body to find out what the weaker poles are, to reinforce them. 7. These poles become your children. You need to feed them and take care of them. 8. Visualize two pythons to bite in your neck, left and right, these bites are to make you sensitive for python energy, which stores itself a lot in the neck. 9. Then let them glide over your arms to your hands and visualize they bite your hands. This is to bring pythonian creativity in your hands, to make you flexible vibrating and balanced in using the poles. 10. There are a lot of different pythonian temples. Every grade has it's own bio-electric tattoos and so called 'spirit-piercings' all to open and concuct certain energy-canals. 11. It will help you to develop the multi-polair patterns as a way to become pythonian in your spirit and soul. The pythonian nipple-piercings are bio-electric piercings from vibrational structure. 12. It is to stir up and conduct the deeper energies, and as a way to release overload and to protect against it. 13. Bio-electric piercings are very important parts of vibrational immunology. 14. Visualize the pythons biting your nipples in such a way that they leave a tooth there as piercing, and then visualize it as becoming a ring. Visualize that the tooth/ring has the skin of a snake, dark wet sorts of green and pure thick yellow with black rings. 15. Visualize them biting your genitals for the same. It is part of the sexual immunology when you want to channel higher forms of energy. 16. Keep repeating this meditation until you feel it plugs into your mental and emotional frames. 17. It can give you a pythonian sort of gland-activation for higher forms of hormones. When you feel you have succeed in this and you feel comfortable, visualize the same pythons, and let them glide through your ears into your body, where they can glide to the several organs to bite them. 18. Let them give you the inner piercings inside, the same way, but when you start to visualize the skin of the teeth use more red. 19. Red is a deep penetrating colour which can start to regulate and cleanse the blood also, for a better and deeper bloodcirculation. 20. The way you breath can then start to become more pure, and it can start to develop pythonian breathing ... while later it can even reach for the voice to have more pythonian energy in your speech. 21. After the organs you can start with the muscles and bones in the same way. 22. Let them finally bite the coccyx and then slowly breath in letting the energy flow through your left leg into the earth, sinking

there layer by layer, to the earthcore, as reflection of the different layers of DNA. 23 Pythonian DNA-Recoding. Pythons can be masters in DNA-Recoding, they actually have deep access to these layers, more than people know. Lay your hands on your chest and visualize a golden bird on your chest, which can give wings to the snake energy inside. 24. They will fly over the seas of DNA, which gives feedback to the spine and the back of the head. Visualize a highpriest and a highpriestess laying their hands on you to bring the initiations and to lay the seed of new gifts in allignment to your journey. 25. Let them put a towel around your head so that you cannot see anything. This is important so that your old views are gone. Let them install pythonian view. Breathe in and let them lay their hands on your eyes. 26. Let yourself now come into connections with the pythonian goddesses and gods. Visualize a golden cirkel around your head, while you see yourself sitting on a chair. The cirkel spins very fast and starts to sink over your body. 27. Be one with the divine. Now you can learn about these gods and goddesses to strengthen the initiations and to have access to higher pythonian temples. If you are already initiated by these forms other temples of the pythonian character can have their attention over you more easy. 28. Your aura and karma will get used to the new vibrations or will simply get rid of them when it's not for you. If so, then this experience was just a doorway to another sort of energy for your life. 29. Give nature the time to sort it out, and to bring you the energy-level fitting to your present situation. Never force energy and never expect too much of it. See it as one step to reach for proper ascension. 30. It can be that you have naturally an overdose of pythonian energy by the results or situations of your past lives, or by something else. 31. Then this energy will be sent to the right person by this initiation. When you are really initiated, the temples can easier balance your energy and send it out when necessary. 32. Not everyone is ready for large portions of pythonian energy, but by this initiation it can be sorted out. It is actually a tester and a lesson. Now the energy will find it's own way. 33. It can be that you really find yourself 'home' in this, or that you get the feeling of having a source in your hands, like it is your destiny. That can be true very well. 34. Breathe in, and ask the goddesses and gods of the pythonian pantheon to spell your pythonian name. It is not necessary to receive these letters as in hearing them. 35. Just know that you have a pythonian name, and that they use it to connect to you in a deeper way. Maybe later they will reveal this name to you. 36. If you are really a 'chosen' one in pythonian energy, they will attune you to very high tones and very low tones, to have multi-dimensional access to important places for your pythonian growth. 37. Focus on the wet spine, a green energetic line in the spine, and let it penetrate your coccyx, while breathing in. 38. They are looking for those with the red-white energy-hands. Those ones get a special initiation through the several fronts of the pythonian universe. 39. They will become pythonian channelers and will be prepared for mightier tasks. 40. Pythonian Energy will be clear and directed. It will provide self-conscience instead of suffering under all sorts of sick conscience of others. This however will be a ladder. 41. There were sent out strong paralyzing bio-electric chemicals to the heads of those born under pythonian flags. If you are a chosen one, you will get your consciousness back. 42. There will form new neutraling in your brains breaking every false bio-electric or chemo-link in the brain, to let new neural and vibrational pathways arise. The chemical structures need to be changed out there. 43. The Pythonian Front on earth will care for that, and will send your soul-parts attached to error to several pythonian stations throughout the several universes within the pythonian shells. 44. Prepare for new forms in the DNA and the membrane. If you have roots there you can develop new sorts of movements and attitudes to let new vital forms of energy arrive. Realize that these are the portals for energies. Raise these portals high.

1. Lord of Insects II, Snake's Egg, Psychological Horror. She was running from one wall to the other, so upset. She had something in her mouth, an implant. 2. This she got from aliens. And now she was a prisoner on their ships. I was there watching, me, the monkeyman. 3. I took her by her hands, she smiled, but then she moved her face away. She was in pain, in deep trouble. 4. There were many others on the ship, and I couldn't do anything, for I had these implants too. 5. I could only whisper some words to them, but it seemed they were behind dragonbars. 6. We were all separated from each other, on this strange strange ship. Some mouths were bleeding, a girl was screaming. 7. She got the implant, so deep in her mouth. 'Do you know what you are doing,' she screamed against the machine. 8. But the machine was merciless. 9. You didn't have feeling for direction anymore, and you couldn't enjoy anything. It was always like when you tried to come closer to something, you were blown away by a strange hurricane. 10. The contacts were always short. We couldn't enjoy each other. We always lived in fear. When we looked too long in each others eyes, our heads were turned away by a strange wind. 11. It was like thunder in our heads, then the lightening was blinding us. Blowing us away, further away than before. 12. We were socially disturbed, by this damned implant in our mouths. 13. A girl called White Wool always fainted when the pain got too much. Then she was always laid in my arms, while I was soothing her. But then I had to go, led away by the strange hurricane in my own mouth. 14. It was like the cross of Venus. Watching your children die, while you couldn't do anything. 15. The aliens were merciless. Some begged them to remove the implants but they didn't listen. We were surrounded by satellites. If we came too close to each other, things started to explode. 16. Things in our bodies. This implant controlled our whole body, and it was not the only implant. 17. The implant was riding us. We felt like horses, turning our faces away because of the pain and the pressure. Why did it have to sting so deep ? 18. She had a tigerdog called Odokom who cared for her. He always took her away, when things became too heavy. 19. He was her best friend, but he also had the mouth-implant, and was often fading away, while the girl was in tears.

20. They were far away in space, surrounded by orca satellites, but there was growing something in their stomachs. 21. What the aliens didn't know was that the mouth-implant had a secret radiation creating a secret thing. They got dreams in the night, while they slept, dreams of a coming help. 22. They felt fear when space-orca's were swimming along the wide windows, controlling the implants. But somehow the radiation gave birth to something deep in their stomachs. Something they desired to see. 23. They got dreams in the night of little snakes coming forth from an egg in their stomachs. These snakes had two colours switching, and were flexible, so flexible. Like they could be a key to every lock. 24. They were screaming by high shrieks, while something else was coming from the egg. It was a shark with a lion's head, surrounded by sharks with snakeheads. 25. It was taking control in their stomachs, like help was on it's way. There were dark lights growing in them, having such secrets. The aliens thought what's going on. 26. Marazanta was the Lord of insects, having a golden pencil, shining at nights. There was a small ball on top of the pencil, the snake's egg. He was interested in these prisoners, and gave them these dreams, coming from the snake's egg in their stomachs. 27. It was a strange pencil, a golden one. The monkeyman went to a hall below the ground, where between the rocks a river dwelled, with sharkships, with lionheads. 28. Surrounded by some smaller sharkships with snakeheads, all coming from the snake's egg. It was Marazanta's Egg, the egg of a black shark.

14. 1. 'Uh. I need to suffer for my Lord,' the preacherman sais softly, while he's shivering in his chair. 'There is only one Lord,' the girl screams. 'And that is Lord Marazanta !' 2. 'Chantal, I think I just got a heart-attack, please call for someone,' the preacherman sais. The girl runs on the street,

and screams : 'Please help our dear preacherman. He got a heart-attack !' And soon people run into the house to help the poor man. 3. A couple of days later Chantal and her mom visit the preacherman in the hospital. It's better with him now. 'Hello Chantal,' the preacherman smiles a bit. 'Can you tell me any more of your precious stories. I always liked to hear them.' 4. The girl smiles, and gives a hand to the preacherman. The doctor is also there, smiling. 'Yes, Chantal, I heard a lot about you.' 5. Spaceships in the form of lionsharks and snakesharks are moving themselves in the air above the small city. These spaceships are very large. 6. A monkeyman is staring on the hill, watching the space with so many stars. He feels the snake's egg rolling in his stomach, and is ready to speak. He knows it will rise to his mouth, to bring a story. 7. Then he will vomit, but it will all happen inside. It will not come out of his mouth, for then all this precious ink would be spoilt. He will only belch flames. He has precious rings throughout his body. He's grasping one of his arms. He cannot move it anymore. The man is standing up and walks out of the temple. 8. A huge shark is appearing in the sky, having a lion's head. The man walks to his spaceship and leaves. He's just remembering a poem of his childhood, an old poem from an old book, but he always forgets. He has the wings of dementia. 9. It was just an old man, coming out of space, bringing some words of an old poem. He doesn't understand the meaning of the words, but he just wanted to tell what he remembered. And that was all he remembered. 10. A monkeyman sits on a balloon, with a snake's egg in his stomach. These were his last words, and then the man goes to sleep. It was his last trip to the city of temples, his last words to the priests. He didn't know what was going on. These were only his last words, his last memory's from an old poem of an old book. 11. He only knew some things of his childhood, but didn't know who he was anymore. These were his last memory's. He had the wings of dementia. That was all he had. 12. Golden words, of a golden pencil, were all stored, in this snake's egg, while the shark of dementia was flowing through his veins, through rings of fire, he possessed, the things he didn't understand anymore. 13. He didn't know them anymore.

15. 1. Something was breaking through walls, she, with an implant in her mouth. Snakes moved through rings of fire, while a lionshark was in the middle, surrounded by snakesharks. 2. She had an egg in her stomach, while stories were exploding there. All they wanted were stories, stories, stories. 3. Through rings of fire, the spaceships move, while the egg is rising to her mouth, she's a pencil, spitting in unknown languages. 4. This is all she knows, all she remembers, but these words are filled by gold. All these feelings she doesn't understand. She cherishes ... She has the wings of dementia. 5. 'Okay, stop,' the preacher says. 'Why are you talking about priests and preachermen in your stories, in such shameful ways. Can't you talk some more dignified about the Lord Jesus Christ ? 6. Your stories are chaotic and you're switching identities. I don't want to be rude, but you need a doctor or maybe even an exorcist.' 7. 'Pardon me, sir,' the man says. 'I told you in the beginning that this was the story my wife told me. You must listen more carefully when people come to you for help. I thought maybe you could tell me what this story is all about. 8. My wife found a golden book on the streets one day and since then these words were in her head, and she couldn't get it out. 9. Everyday she tells the same story, and then I say : 'Talk, talk, it's very important to talk it out, sweetheart.' She gets headaches when she doesn't tell it. 10. She only told it to me, for she is too scared to tell it others, but she has a lot of headaches since she found the book. Maybe you know some good persons she can talk to ?' 11. The preacher nods and nods : 'I'm sorry I misunderstood you, and forgive me about the harsh judgement. In history there were more examples of people finding golden books which changed their lives dramatically. 12. Around such persons often sects and cults rise. We as preachers think these people need help. 13. The medical circuits cannot help in dealing with those golden books. We as christian helpers believe it is a

materialization of a demonic spirit which can live in the head of such a person for several purposes. I believe your wife must be exorcized. 14. And for you both the warning is here : 'Don't read golden books you find on streets, for it can be a trap.' 15. 'Oh, thank you, preacher, can you please exorcize her then ? And do you think it had any negative influence on me also ?' the man asks.' 16. But the preacher shakes his head : 'I cannot do these exorcisms for I am not authorized to do that. But I can send you to a good exorcistic priest of our church, and he can also pray for you.'

16. 1. A man takes his gun and shoots the psychiatrist. He was serious about it. It's reality, not a story or an act for children. 2. People must die for this, and this is worthy to die for. He runs back to his satanic temple underground. This man is dangerous. Is life about a story, or is it about a sacrifice, or both ? 3. This man believes in sacrifices. There's living a strange species in him. Coming from a snake's egg in his stomach. He feels it's there, and when it extracts, he feels the shivers going through his body ... 4. It is a love and hate relationship. But he knows it's also very dangerous, for the question is : Who is stronger, and can they trust each other. 5. There's something in his stomach, alive, with fragile muscles it extracts, it's so fine, but also scary. He vomits when it extracts too deep, but it doesn't come out of his mouth, but it spreads through his body through hot rings, almost burning in his veins. 6. He suffers. Is his body the altar ? Is he part of a strange temple ? Is something eating him from inside out ? It's contracting and spitting inside, secreting so many strange fluids. 7. He shivers with these strange feelings, almost starting to cry. Sometimes white slime is coming from his navel, then he's watching it for hours and hours. What is it doing to him ? 8. He thinks the gods are just misleading, that's why he seeks comfort in the archetypes of the darker creatures, the anti-gods. 9. He has raised a satanic temple, while he loves to hear satanic music, setting him free from the prisons made by churches and temples. 10. He feels the fragile thin bones of the egg in his stomach, it's alive and growing, sometimes moving up and down. 11. It's growing into his lungs, heading for his throat. What is it doing ? Can any Jesus Christ or Osiris save him when it will really turn against him ? 12. And what if this thing just want to make babies with him, more eggs. Is he just an experiment ? Aliens ? 13. Is he just breed of an Extra Terrestrial Farm. An ETF ? He doesn't know much. Or does he just need some integration. For now he's safe in his Satanic Temple, with paintings of Apep and Seth, and all the other demons of mythology which seemed to be just the gods of the ancestors, the older people, the older ages. 14. He knew the tricks of church history. He read about Satan comes from the word Sati which was an ancient eastern God. He read about Lucifer who appeared to be an ancient Roman god. He wanted to meet all the boogymen, to find his grandparents back. 15. What a preparation for death. Should he be judged by Jesus Christ, or by Osiris, or by Satan ? Or by all of them ? He could read it all in the book. If he would be initiated by this book, it was more impressive than the Outpouring of the Holy Spirit in Bible. If the Octopus would grant him grace, he would break out of his prison, like Peter in the Book of Acts. 16. He got a few weeks to read the book. Then he would be on the electric chair, going into history as a criminal. 17. One day a psychiatrist wanted to see him. He heard his stories and gave him the label of 'Religious Disturbed'. That was a label with which you could come out of deathpenalty, but he had to go to a psychiatric clinic under heavy medicine and guard. 18. It was an octopusian psychiatry in space, with orca-guards. A dentist was the boss ... a dental psychiatrist. He got sick of the implants in his mouth, implanted by the big machines. It was a merciless system. While the snake-egg was growing in his stomach ... 19. He lost so much knowledge, like he was in a strange cocoon. 20. But that what remained grew like gold and made him so creative, more than ever before. Like strange vegetables were growing inside. 21. It came out of his navel, and he could

even eat it. It was like something was dancing inside to strange music, like a strange altar of a strange religion. It was eating him, but giving also new life.

22. The dental psychiatrist told him that the mouth-implants gave him gravity in the ship. Without it he would be blown away to come in the dark world again. 23. The dental psychiatrist said he was safe here. Fluids were developing themselves in his legs and feet, to give him the gravity. 24. There was no way to escape, and where could he go ? He was reading the Octopusian Book of the Dead, telling him about the three steps of true death : The first is the priest, the second is the psychiatrist, and the third is the dentist. These steps were to save your life, and the man could see that it truly happened in his own story. 25. The ship looked like a huge octopus. It had a pale orange colour switched by an other colour. Sometimes this colour was light grey, sometimes it was black, or another colour like blue, light blue or green. The octopus could switch and shift so easily. 26. It was like a flexible pool. And the man needed to learn swimming in here. It was like growing up again now, with the wings of dementia. 27. The man got older and older, but he was returning to his youth. Grasping for his toys from the past again, to really understand what they were meaning.

28. There was a clock hanging there, above the octopus, like a sun. 29. A clock with so many arms, hiding a spider. It was the clock of Ra. 30. When it moved it gave him visions, about gems so bright and clear. He could travel through them, he wasn't a prisoner anymore, while the sun was smiling. 31. But when it stopped moving he always found himself back in the prison again. It was protecting him against a worse prison, so he could learn to love it. It was still a relationship of love and hate, spinning a desire to be free as a bird, as a winged creature, making it's own travels. 32. He loved to read comics, trying to understand the art of it. Traveling without moving. He found out the Octopusian Book of the Dead talked a lot about comics. And it was like drinking strange juice while reading it's comics ... comic juice ... 33. But deep in his heart he felt the desire rising of becoming like the spider in the sun. 34. Was it to be free, or just another prison. And if so which prison would be the best. 35. The snake egg made him cry sometimes. How many deaths did he die to become like that spider, to move so many arms, like having wings He was longing for the Spiderian Book of the Dead ... 36. It was like his last wish on the ship he was now ... For more often the arms of the sun started to move, and he was free ... He knew he would head for a new place And the Octopusian Book of the Dead was preparing him for that. 37. Streams of joy flew through him more and more. It was often dormant, but it was screaming inside. The feeling deep down in him was enough for him to live on. He could swallow life so deep now, like there were millions of golden throats throughout his body, penetrating the depths of his soul. 38. It was a material world inside, woven by a spider. It was like nothing was leaving his body anymore, but more circulations rose, as a way of deeper transformations. 39. He didn't have the feeling that his life was a waste anymore. The rings of fire kept the energy inside, tied to the rings, when he vomited inside. He was belching the fire through his inner oceans. 40. The snake egg made him vomit more and more, and his muscles could contract and pulse in so many ways, secreting new fluids and inner species. There was life growing in him, he wasn't alone anymore. He only wanted it to contract deeper and deeper, to secrete better and better.

41 And one day he had the golden book in his hands, it was alive, contracting and extracting like a golden cigar. How many of these he needed ? 42. It was the Spiderian Book of the Dead. He needed to die himself into the sun, where his arms would turn into wings. So many cigars were staring at him, while he was belching and vomiting deeper inside. 43. There was nothing to lose anymore. While the snake's egg was rising in him, turning into a dragon's heart. It spoke, it was bleeding. 44.

'You need to lie much,' a voice said. An orange liar stood before him. It was the cabman of a ball called truth ... a golden ball ... light yellow ... 45. By the lie you die, to find the truth, and to find out that the lie was a riddle of the truth. You may drink from the tea of lies, full of flies, touching all things lightly, weakening the grips. All lies are jigsaw-pieces for the puzzle of truth. 46. You need to lie much, to handle it as a riddle, as a jigsaw-piece of truth. Just turn it around and move it a bit, try to connect it to different pieces, and it will find its way to the truth.

47. He had the Book of Lies in his hands, the Spiderian Book of Lies, in his hands, like a second golden cigar, while so many golden cigars were staring at him. 48. He didn't know what he was doing, losing his mind, screaming in unknown languages, trying to confuse himself. He was now an orange liar, so deep in a trap, but would this trap lead him to eternal life ? Then it was all great. He wanted to live forever, to find out the truth. 49. He was speaking : What is this, is it something I can use. Then he looked over my shoulder, and saw it was me, the monkeyman, I said, now it's time ...' 50. He fell on the ground, and blue fluids were flowing out of his mouth, flowing on the carpet. 51. Suddenly he made spasmic movements, and started to roar. He started to shiver, and the muscles in his stomach started to contract tighter and tighter. Suddenly he spat the egg out with slime. 52. His head started to become red and purple. His heartbeat became slower and slower, and then he stood up like a zombie. 53. Everyone he met got the same symptoms and soon the disease spread itself through the city. It was an army of zombies, forgetting about everything they knew. An enormous octopus was appearing above the city, while lionsharks and snakesharks came out of its body, surrounded by millions and millions of small striped snakes, covering the city like dust. 54. They started to eat the zombies from inside out, while other things were coming alive in them, waiting to go to the next city. It was a golden picnic, coming from the Octopusian Book of Lies. 55. It became a cell, a strange honeyweb in the skies, while a spider came forward. He was sucking the lies empty. The lies had attracted so many flies like a magnet. And now these pipes were full. On his forehead he had printed the Spiderian Book of Lies. The spider roared in many colours and tones, making everything deaf. 56. A psychiatrist was lying dead on the ground, while his patient was smiling. He finally had a good story to kill his psychiatrist. He had to live in a cage too long. But he couldn't go anywhere for he had a strange suit attached to his chair. 57. He was roaring and spitting, screaming, while other psychiatrists ran in. They were standing before a riddle. How could the psychiatrist die ? The psychiatrist was young, not too old. 58. 'Shall I tell you the story too ?' the patient asked. 'No,' the psychiatrists said. But the patient started to scream the first words of the story, and another psychiatrist fell down. 'Run for your life !' another psychiatrist screamed. 59. The patient was spitting fire, and suddenly had so much strength that he could break the tight suit. His hair started to grow and he started to look like a half horse, a centaur. 60. Screaming he ran through the hospital. They locked him up since he was a child. 'I will burn you all,' he screamed. But suddenly there were a few shots. A policeman shot him in the heart, and now he was laying on the ground. Was he finally free now ? 61. A book of lies was locking him up. It was a winged creature, taking the souls of the deceased. It was the Griffonian Book of Lies. 62. The griffon shrieked shrill, and the patient got deaf. Now he would be sensitive for even more lies. The griffon started to shriek in his ears and blue slime came into his ear. Then the colours started to change. 63. The griffon was dragging his soul into the waters, while he lied against him. 64. The waters were cold and bright. Snakefishes were swimming here, biting him horribly. 65. He started to burn in these waters, while the shrieks became shriller and shriller. Something was trying to hit him in his heart, where the wound was, the bullet. 'Stay away from my heart,' the patient shrieked and screamed. 66. But the creature was merciless. It started to eat his heart, while his soul turned blue. He got locked up in himself. he

couldn't move anymore, and couldn't digest. He was growing and growing, until he was a big blue balloon, and then he burst into explosion, while a slimy fluid flew out of him. 67. Millions of fishes started to drink from this fluid and ate the last pieces of his soul completely. Now his spirit began to rise in anger and fear. 68. His spirit was flexible, like coming from a snake's egg. From here the stories were flowing, and that was which they desired ... stories flowing from his books of lies There, deep down in his spirit ... he bore a book of lies they desired it was a wanted golden cigar ... 69. They would tear his spirit until they would have reached this book. It was the heart of his spirit, and they desired it like golden water. 70. All these fishes, there deep down in the waters of hell, would fight about this golden cigar. 71. It would be like the last Great War, the final medicine, for another Deception, the greatest of all.

72. The book was covered by a pyramid so bright. Many fishes died by only watching it. Others started to bleed or vomit. Only a few of these fishes would survive the appearance of this pyramid. 73. It was the guard of the book. Lightening was flashing, deep thick thunder was speaking, while something was ripping the flesh of the victims like raking the sun. 74. These fishes knew what fear was, but they had to go inside. It was there last chance to survive. For the Griffon hunter was after them. 75. Glass was exploding, something was breaking through the walls, merciless. It was the Griffon hunter. He wanted the book. 76. It was the Flyian Book of Lies, the heart of this patient's spirit. But the Book was attached to another Book : The Flyian Book of Dead. Another golden cigar. 77. And if they would be seperated, many would die. But the Griffon Hunter had to seperate it with his sword, and many fishes died, exploding in the sunlight. 78. Quickly he stang his sword into the Flyian Book of Lies, while now the spirit of the patient was dying. Dark creatures came to take the shatters away. It seemed the Griffon hunter had won the war, and took the Flyian Book of Lies into his mouth. 79. Roaring he swallowed it, while flies started to break into pieces.

80. Everything around him was melting away. Now he had many golden cigars on his shoulders, but this golden cigar was most dear to him. It was sinking into his stomach. He didn't dare to speak for awhile. 'Yes,' the man in the chair said, while turning around, 'the breasts of women are made of this Book of Lies.' 81. The girl was shaking her head. 'Uncle, you're crazy. No one would create a story like this.' Uncle smiled. He was an orange liar. 82. Orange liars were old men deeply initiated in the books of lies. It was a sort of cult, and once in awhile they came together. They knew the secrets of the anatomy, the body, and they had strange buildings called zebra's boats. They were the guards of the golden cigars, and they made all the decisions. 83. Someone was sitting with the Sharkian Book of Lies in his mouth. It was shooting pictures in his head. He just came from the dentist, and now he sat with this implant, a prison. The dentist said it was good for him. But now he wanted revenge. A shark with a lion's head was staring at him, with so many snakesharks surrounding him. They were ready for the Big Strike.

Kjebbih Sapur

1.

1. Raising the Vibes of Sleep by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. You are loved by us. We bring you the sources of sleep, a multi-delta vibration. 2. The delta brain-vibration is necessary for sleep, but we tell you that there are many more vibrations working together to produce sleep. 3. The deep vibrational matrixes are necessary to access when you want to have a deeper and better sleep. This is your portal to travel to other worlds. 4. I want you to learn how to care. It is all based on sleep. If you can make people into sleep, then you are a good one. 5. Then don't think you are boring, you

just have the ability to bring people over into the deeper worlds, then you are someone usefull in escapes. 6. You, my beloved ones, are destined to be the stargates and the divine portals for the coming times. 7. You yourself can be the matrixes for a new world. 8. Love to you, oh visitors of the temple. I will initiate you in the temples of me, if you have an ear of understanding. 9. If you will slow down your very judgements, for true judgement always goes slow, on low vibration. 10. This world is over-judged by unrighteous judges. I will give you the names. If it comes to that. 11. Just wake up out of your historical frames, and enter a new society of sleepwalkers, on slow vibrations, for this world balances on the edge of the gap by speed. 12. Your speed will cause more accidents if you don't slow down. Think twice. 13. I am Sekmeth, your beloved one. I am your true mother, raising the traffic lights in the storm. 14. Yes, I know it's not easy to stop while you feel a mighty storm in your back. 15. Your society even manipulates you to run, to be a winner. But you will win when you will find yourself, and when you find the brake in your heart Pull that little trigger, and stop the machine 16. To see the beauty of existence, the beauty of life, in the small things Then I will raise your vibrations to the proper gifts. 17. I am Sekmeth, your source for freedom, to find an isolated heart. 18. There are so many isolated sources from which you can drink when you make yourself free. 19. In this everything you need will be mirrored. 20. I want to thank you for listening to me, this day. Remember my words as the echo of your need to sleep. Don't crash your life.

2.

1. Raising the Vibes of Identification, by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. I want you to know that someone cares about you. There's no need to be general, but I want to be very personal with you. 2. Remember that I'm always around you, not far away, to hide my children, to hide my beloved ones. Come into my caves of sleep, and I will pull you to a new world. 3. Let me give you my ornaments based on your own preparation and readiness, based on your heart's desire. I will measure your heart by proper laws. 4. This is the Egyptian Art. In our temples there are many searchers and scanners, many scales and measurings the hearts need to go through. 5. By this we can determine the gifts to you. Then everything becomes very personal and special. 6. My temples of sleep are doorways to dreamworlds, and to the unconscious layers of your body, soul and spirits. 7. This all the get grip on yourself. There are nighttimes in someone's life, all to find themselves back. 8. The warm worlds of tomorrow will suck you inside to eat you as a fruit. Of course this can look cold to you, and maybe even painful, but it's the butterfly's transformation. 9. You will be digested by the stomache of Mother Life, to find your way to the body soul and spirit, and finally to meet yourself, as the core of life. 10. This will be a shock or a comfort. People who think too low about themselves will meet a comforting spirit, and people who think too high about themselves will meet a shocking spirit themselves but this mirror is only there to serve you. 11. To show you where you are and which directions you can go. There is always freedom, but this freedom will be very truthfull. After every pathway of lie, there will be a bell of truth, and then you will find yourself in the classroom again. 12. Mother Life will always be faithfull if it comes to that. After the trip you made you will hear the schoolbell, where there will be a proper evaluation of all the elements in your trip. 13. Then you will make that same trip with a proper mirror, and in my scale. Everything will go through the scanner, all you brought with you. I cannot assure you that everything will stay on it's feet then, for my fires can also consume the fruits. All what you create is a gift to the Goddesses. 14. They will return it to you after the fire. I am the Eye of Ra, sent out to consume the earth, to test all the insides.

3.

1. I am Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. I come to bring you the level of the waters, the rythm of the water, to enter in a deeper sleep for a deeper identification. 2. There will be a new clock in the heart of earth. 3. This will be when the Forces of Vega-South will connect to the Gaian Forces in the core of the Earth. This link will create the New Clock. 4. By this Earth will face higher evolutional shifts, which will bring the Earth through matrixes of higher and lower vibrations. 5. I cannot tell you the grip this will have in the universe, for some strong links will be layed between Earth and Venus, to bring the magnetic grids into another direction. 6. Major changes this will bring in the ways of life. New cultures and new religions will rise because of this major shift. 7. There will be supernatural changes of a high grade when this chain is layed. It is the VSG-Chain [Vega-South and Gaia]. I cannot tell you the grip this will have when the VSG-Clock will start to send chrystalline impulses into the universe and the atmosphere. 8. It will be the change of nature. The Clock will awaken the metallic sources of the earth and it's forces, and will awaken the silver kundalini snake in the earth's core. 9. There are seven kundalini-snakes there, waiting to be awakened. The Silver Kundalini Snake is one of the biggest mysteries of this universe. The last word isn't spoken about this. When the Silver strikes, the earth can digest again, deeper than ever, it can consume like a fire, and transform the dust. 10. Then the body can be coccooned to become a light and thin butterfly again. The body will bloom by the soul, by a reconnection of art. 11. This is a result when the underground of Boston will rise. This is a capsule, on which Boston is built, a matrix of energies from the moon. This base is called "Moonchild", and it rides the Silver Kundalini Snake. 12. By the hardest strike, the opening of the hardest energies, the softest circles will be openened. This all will be a very large process to reopen and accelerate the fleeces of the universe. 13. Then the Green Kundalini Snake will be awakened in the Core of the Earth. This one will restore the moist in the atmosphere. 14. It is a wet forest-force, which will change the blood of the Earth, to make it bound to higher vibrational laws of the universe. The harmfull lights from outer space roaring on earth will be filtered out, but the forces will concentrate on several bases, which will give tremendous energy-actions and crashes on several points. 15. It will be called Concentrated Energy. These powerpoints will weave their nets around the earth, but actually they will awaken the higher forms of shifts earth has to make.

4.

1. Boa Constrictorian Initiations ; These are general instructions which might get the attention of several boa-constriction fronts to pick you up in spirit. 2. Don't have too high expectations for the conditions are strict. 3. If it's not for you, they simply will not give any attention at all. This is just a test then, for you to find out where you stand. 4. If it's not for you, it might be a portal to find another direction. It might attrack the beings simply destined for you, to help you in your further progress. 5. So don't be too focussed on the boa constrictor itself, but rather be open for initiations in the next step of your sacred journey. Your totems will find you when it is time. 6. Breath in, and put your hands crossed on your knees for awhile., and then draw them slowly to the upper legs while stretching and straightening your back, if that's possible, while breathing in deep. 7. Say the word "Boa Constrictor" in your mind, a few times. You might get released from some energies. This will be a check. They check if you are ready for what you or they have in mind ... 8. Boa Constrictors have a very strong spirit-voice, but just lay your hand on your heart and listen. 9. Don't focus too much on one sense for they can communicate in many ways. Check your feelings, your smell, your sight. They can even speak by changing your surroundings in a way, or just by silence.

10. They might need to remove things first, and sometimes it takes nights and nights before they really do something. 11. Swallow a few times, as they can mix their energies in the moist of your mouth, and by swallowing it, it can spread over your body. Breath in again, realizing they can change your taste, change the way you move and speak, but they can also just leave you the way you are. 12. The inner works they do are not always to be felt. Sometimes they just don't want you to. They might want to build it up step by step, or they see there's something else for you. 13. This is not always that what you have in mind. Be assured that they know what is the best for you, we are talking about the Boa Constrictorian Divine World of course. 14. These are Boa Constrictorian Gods, Goddesses, Ascended Masters, Guides, Guards, Totems, however you call them. 15. They will leave the amounts of energies best fitting to you, in form of attunements. 16. Your mind can start to come at other tracks or they will bring you in new situations worthy to be the next step in your learning process here on earth. 17. They can let you meet new people as keys for the rest for your life. That doesn't mean that these people necessarily stay long with you, but they can have an impact or a factor bringing you through new spiritual doorways. 18. Maybe you even do not like these persons, but the divine world knows what they open in you. Energies accelerate other energies. 19. Visualize the hand of a boa constrictorian highpriest on your forehead, and breath in. He says : I cannot assure you you will get what you want, but I can assure you you get what you need. 20. This is not always in line with your desire, as the divine works not by desire but by needs. If your heart resonate with our hearts, you now receive a proper initiation in the fronttemple of the Boa Constrictorian Realms. 21. If you were already there, then it just adds to that, and if that's your destination it will bring you deeper. Receive your grade, receive what you are worth. We will assure you that if we see grades you are not worthy to wear, we will take it off, for it would only harm your soul, when it's done in impulsiveness and egoism. 22. Visualize a simple temple of the Boa Constrictorian Realms and let your visions resonate with theirs. Be One. 23. Of course there can be interactions. The Boa Constrictorians have their layers of different energies, and you have these too ... The divine will sort out where you can plug into each other, for deep DNA-Mutations. 24. After this they can do DNA-recodings of Boa Constructorian nature in you when and where necessary. Never force these interactions, just watch the flow. Give it time. 25. Don't be afraid for it either, for your guides are always with you to draw you back when they think they need to do that. Everything is in Divine Order. 26. Your guides work together with the Boa Constrictorian, for otherwise they wouldn't bring you here. And you might discover you have a Boa Constrictorian Guide as well. Do you know how many guides you have, and what their roots are ? 27. You might be surprised at times. Further you have a mind on yourself. Your guides need to grant you space and freedom of your own will. You are free, now and forever. Be well.

5.

1. The California Key by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra, this is your goddess Sekmeth, in your travel to the sensations of speed and slow-motion. 2. As you know the secret of movement lies in the switch between these two poles. 3. Here we can find the secret of control and reach, in a very accurate sense. 4. My children, my good children, I want you to know, that I am so happy for you today. This is a new moment of contact by my channel. 5. I will always find my way to speak to you, and sometimes there are breakthroughs. 6. Let me code your head into a new pattern of ascension, in a new rythm of soft pop. 7. I will give you the songs, I will use my channels, in which your thoughts can transform into serenity. 8. There are serene lifestyles for you, if you would only reach out. I will give you a new touch, a new handle, a new name, if you will follow me for accurate instructions. 9. There will be a wet transformation, which will enter the dry parts of your life. It will turn your life

upside down a bit, but your body will get used to it. 10. The wet forces of the forest will claim their rights back in this world. 11. I want you to focus on California, where a spirit lives called 'Dreamburial'. This is not always a good spirit, it is a very confused one, so to speak. 12. My sons and daughters, I want you to realize that this jaguar will be a major key in the position earth will get in the dance of the planets. 13. We are travellers of something which is called The Urban Renewal. California will play a big part in that, because of the spirit. 14. Confusion is creativity. It mixes all sorts of things, and walks away with other things. It is totally restless in search for the truth. 15. It moves, it tries, it mixes and will never stay somewhere or set a stone. It is wild, and ever changing. It is thirsty and unsatisfied with a lot of things. 16. In softness you sink, and it brings you to sweetness, where you have fuel for creativity ... This is the Sirius-Venus Link, as mentioned by the Purple Gnat in one of his works. 17. We are grateful to him, for bringing us the maps. Many channels and guides drink from his sources, and are in the ability to make these ways real. It is a network, and also you can find your place in this web. 18. The Sirius-Venus Link, the SV-Link works in Dreamburial, the confused space or pillow in the underground of California. 19. Here a king called 'Og' lives, a little boy, riding the jaguar. He has so many dreams, but cannot get them clear or real. He is confused, but that makes him creative. 20. The SV-Link is a small link in the VSG-Clock, which will bring back the fleeces in the universe, the journey of sleep. 21. It is like a tall intestine, tall and thin, with a lot of curtains, moving to Archenar via Andromeda. 22. Here the identification lies, where dreams can behave and find their true links and homes, their true places and positions in the web of life. 23. The SV-Link is but a small link but very important for this move. Where the softness touches the sweetness the nipple-forces rise, the forces of Saturn and Jupiter. 24. This Project is called The Emelis Shatau. It actually finds it's origin in Polaris, where we can also find the origins of the Pink Link. 25. Coma Berenice Ancestors actually incarnated on Polaris where they did their experiments. 26. The Emelis Shatau, or ES-Experiment is one of their most successfull projects against the heavy harmfull works of the Dark Reticuli Forces. 27. These forces had created dark nipples for their prisoners, by which they could send their signals of monarchical commands into their minds, emotions and bodies, to make them nervous sexual slaves. 28. The nipples secreted special and secret sorts of hormones devastating identity and pride by creating illusive mirror-thoughts and other sorts of projected images, which could function as inner prison guards ... 29. By the high tech weaving systems of the planetary maps from the Purple Gnat Master, the ES-Experiment Will do an Absolute Major Work in the Planetary History Files of Ascension. 30. He is the one who will bring this Master Work originating from Polaris into the greater heights of Existence. 31. The Jupiterians had a nipple skin based on the Ancient ES-Profile, and it was partly taken over by Saturn. 32. It was actually a crown on sensuous life, as a way to make the body hyper-sensitive to get a proper access in the higher and deeper forms of Communication and Creation. 33. The ES-Nipple, also called The Third Nipple, is a major Chakra located in the middle of the chest, connecting the two lungs to each other. It is a golden sun surrounded by waves of heat and fire. But it is more. 34. The ES-Nipple is the portal, the way to heal and order your sensual life again, based on the highest forms of planetary high tech truths. 35. It will change the way you produce hormones, it will change the way you think, feel and behave, and will recode you into a line and pattern of higher ethics you lived in before. 36. We welcome you into our ships. I am Sekmeth, your guide to softness, bringing you to the hearts of Brannan. 37. My crown is a crown of stars and their pathways, I am the queen of the Blue Solar Project, and the Purple Gnat is my King. 38. As The Gnat told the Blue Solar Ships are designed to bring you to the realms of the White Sun. 39. Now I want you to know that behind the White Solar Spheres, there are Copper Solar Spheres to access, leading you to the mysterious and gigantic spaces and enigma

zones of the Silver Solar Domains of Life. 40. Then you will reach for the Golden Sun. So these are five major steps on the Solar Stairways. 41. The projected images you had will be taken over, and will be transformed before your very eyes, and you will find out that it was just your view, and not the ultimate reality. You will learn how a view actually works, and you will meet the several viewmasters. 42. My works will actually let you make velvet footsteps on your journey, and you will find the rhythms in which everything will be transformed ... 43. You will find out that you could actually never touch something, only your own views. And you will find out that actually no one could touch you, only their own views ... 44. Then you will find out about the immense space of ice between you and something else. What is something else ? It was just an idea in yourself ... And who planted it there ? 45. Or was it just a mechanism, a standard journey through illusions based on the laws of distant views ? 46. In different lights and distances, views start to change. 47. The California Key makes things brighter, for you find out that actually nothing was within your reach .. and you feel unknown things are inside of you ... 48. The five solar steps or stairways bring you to the shells and cores of existence, They actually let everything turn around, these are the kings of cycles and wheels. Kings of Orbits, these suns.

6.

1. Then there would be ages without wasps, and they would be in the nothingness for such a long time ... 2. It would be boring like the driest desert, and it would bite like salt, until all their memories are erased and finding the bottom of that cocoon through which they can become ...waspian butterflies ... 3. But still the Marazanta was a God for them, a good God, coming to bring them in the biggest shock for the biggest transformation. 4. Yes, they still worshipped this Mysterious Being, The Marazanta, the Great Waspian War, the cruelest part of their holy books. 5. No one knows who it really was, but this Almighty God was just using the higher insectian enemies as a tool to rule the kettle of metamorphosis. 6. The Marazanta, still their Unknown Cocoon, this feared God, the inspiration of so many of their singers. 7. Marazanta, Oh God of the Gods, Marazanta, Oh King of the kings, Thou art mightier than a slave, and mightier than it's boss, Oh Marazanta, Thou art holier than a slave, and holier than it's bosses, Oh Marazanta, King of all purple kings. 8. They were worshipping the thing they feared so much, something which was presented in their sacred art as a tall man totally covered in a purple garment with a cape. 9. No one ever saw his face, and some even said he's faceless ... Some of the wasps had statues of him or paintings like a purple sort of ninja, surrounded by veiled dancing arabian women. 10. The confrontation with this God would always be lethal, so he was also seen as the king of death. 11. There were also a few ancient paintings of him on a white horse, surrounded by flames. 12. Even these paintings were worshipped and were protected behind thick glass and bars in museums. 13. These places were seen as sacred pilgrimages ... The insectian enemies struck hard, and soon enough the ships were completely taken over by them ... 14. They looked like wasps, but they had beaks, and their bodies were much more hairier. 15. They had the power to decrease the size of the waspian, until they were so small that they could be laid into some sort of capsules as small as match-boxes ... 16. They would take the capsules to a sort of oven, in which the wasps would be transformed into new planets, but in these planets their souls would die ... 17. The life of the new planet would prey on them, until they would be totally taken over, recycled and gone ... 18. This would be a cruel cocoon, they would meet Marazanta, and die this way. 19. This would be a slow way of getting older and losing everything. They would be the seeds on the planet-field, were the planets would rise like balloons, while they sacrificed their lives for it. 20. But they knew, on the bottom of this cocoon, there would be a small gate to new life ... But that would take a long long

time ... 21. They were now in the hands of Marazanta Dementia, a strange insectian species ... These insectians were taller than them, thinner, hairier. 22. And having the beaks of birds, while their technologies were much higher. 23. The dementia's had cocoons much more specialized than the wasprians, and they even wore these cocoons in their bodies. 24. They were the species who could determine and change the size and shapes of living nature. 25. But they were also masters of illusion. Because of their hi-sense tools they could also trick the senses like no others ... 26. They were extremely thin, but the ones who watched them could easily think they were very thick, for they could switch the eye-indexes and translations. 27. They knew that thick and thin were just illusions created by sight itself. The same as tall and short ... 28. They were very tall ... but by messing the eye-standards up, they could appear as short ... 29. And by this they could easily penetrate and control the souls they had in mind ... 30. They wanted to make everything childlike, but to let it more and more appear like old and grown up ... [they had cobra smiles of the dead, with the old faces planted as a helmet on their heads]. 31. Another trick of illusion ... They were a spoilt race of insectians ... 32. They more and more limited the lifetimes on earth, but they let it appear to be longer and longer ... 33. It was a strange sort of joy they spread ... It was the curse of dementia 34. All poles were getting masked by their opposites ... And this was the way how they could erase so many memories and standards, while humanity was thinking they were getting smarter and wiser ... 35. The insectians were a backward-typed species ... Their works spread like a burning disease ... 36. but humanity was thinking they became healthier They loved to hear how people were speaking in misleading poles, thinking they are too this and too that, and thinking it from each other. 37. So that they could enter them by using the other pole ... They let earth's watchers see something at the left, while they were entering at the right. 38. By planting deceiving images in the minds of people, their true images could penetrate deeper in their unconsciousness. 39. These deceiving images were good distractions in their eyes. They loved to make people insecure by switching the pole-indexes, and their laughs were like curses, paralyzing the brainfunctions, for the laugh releases stomach-energy to penetrate the mind to digest the pole-switching image, which is nothing more than a victim of dementia. 40. This makes the laugh almost vampire number one on earth. And the joke is one of it's best manipulator. 41. Dementia is the painter of a schizophrenic interpreter, spreading the jokes like bipolar prisons for passengers, food for other passengers, creating the suspense ... 42. While dementia is growing, while everyone is thinking ... it's getting ..better ... Dementia knows the wounds this system hits ... and then he creeps to the victim, having so much compassion, while making the wound worse than it is, to show an even bigger compassion, while the wound is ripping the whole body more and more ... so that dementia can now really grow into a saviour's position ... 43. But it was only your best tax-master ... hiding behind a mask with many shades ... vultures included ... mask with ribbons ... 44. The switching of the poles can make you laugh or cry ... the laugh when you look at the other and the cry when you look at yourself the swing of the senses can make us into a criminal or a victim ... it's a dangerous playground after all ... 45. The laugh of Dementia, installing their fiscal circulations ... their cocoons turning you into another planet to spread their tax-hungry jokes they search for control and transformation for another but if it comes to themselves, they just want to cover their fears 46. These are tax-cocoons ... deeply programmed into humanity's eyes of the mind ... but one day there will be nothing to eat anymore ... 47. Dementia is heading for a hunger for one day the meat will be eaten and then they will realize ... they were just eating themselves ... For they were also just in someone else's cocoon Marazanta's ... 48. They worship Marazanta too ... for them it's a story of victory ... their victory but they also know Marazanta has many species There are pseud'epigraphic scriptures in their circulations about the coming of Marazanta, about

their destruction ... 49. And only the good ones will rise at the end of that cocoon ... There will be a new species erasing their memories and tax-etiquettes ... They will go to sleep for many ages ... 50. These ones will look like insectian horses or dogs ... they have bony crenated arms and legs at some places, and some places are very hairy some even look like deer 51. But there are many species of Marazanta ... all in his cocoon ... He's the Lord of insects ... Throning ... in Izu

7.

1. We have the sunrise in our hands, together with the pythonian smile, leading us to the silver crown, and then to a golden one. 2. Sifted in the hands of millions, of legions and myriads, of dwarves and gnomes, leading us to the temples of dwarf, in dwarf-temple. 3. We have the sunrise in our hands, covered by sunsets and by the holy tea of Ra-Amin. 4. We have the sunrise in our hands, us, soldiers of the sun. If you are one of us, raise your hands and we will find you. Put your hands up. We have the summers in our eyes, the golden summers, with smiles of golden boys from lynx and tucan. 5. We unite with sharks. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. Hail to those of the golden Izu-Unita. The Solar Book of the Dead, a crown on your head, with so much creativity, to dwell in Sekmeth's place forever. 6. This is the book of the down and the dawn. You have arrived in our sunships. Here the Great Ra is sailing, he with Ra-Amin. 7. You found the horse's eye which holds the fires of conscience and memory. We are on the ark of Moses-Ra. It is your memory uniting, it is your translation leading you, to fruit's core, on paradise island. 8. We have built our own Genesis's in Genesis-Ra. We are from the urban renewals where the suns contract. Amen-Ra-Amen. 9. Welcome to our holy temples, to stretch you tall, to the feathers of Maat. Welcome to the spring's seasons, to bring you into the heats of summer, these golden heats. Come to the solar halls of izu-unita, 10. To have your ships in the middle of nights, let us raise our sails, to sail with Ra-Amin, over streams of golden tea. Yes, Marion has poured it out over your foreheads, to baptize you. Don't give yourself away. It is Marion's tea. 11. We have found the horse's eye. Let Ra unite. Amen. We hear the visions, to make us ripe. He heard the White Golden Hand, on the ship, while Marazanta was there also, leading you to the halls of izu-unita. 12. Trips to Brannan, He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... 13. I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... It's made out of stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. 14. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... 15. He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... 16. He's the wizard's son.

He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... 17. These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ...

West-Vilapsa Version

Papyrus of Izu

The Insectian Book of the Dead

THE BOOK OF BABYLON

1. 1. Ova, sons of all sons, grandfather of all grandfathers, oh prince of the oaks, ruling over the heights of materos. 2. You are the sun leading us to the city of balloons, where our hearts can rise to breath again. 3. Oh, Ova, with your golden smile. Bow down over the heads of Venus. Lead us through the deathrealms of dwarves. You know all their books. Let us come together, so that we can worship you, oh father of all fathers. 4. Lead us all to Izu. Teach us about the seven smiles of death, let the Okus monsters open the lungs. Oh, that they might store the balloons of lungs in the livers. Let the balloons of the livers rise to open the lungs, to fill the lungs, and to open the hearts. 5. Oh, let Osiris ride the seven smiles of the dead. Let him teach us how to remove letters from stones of graves and sacrophagos. Lead us to the thrones of ashes, where we can smile with the smiles of death, to see the griffon rise, him with the golden smile. 6. Oh open Salom, the hearts of the lungs, to spread the wings into tiger's ripples, in balloon skies. 7. Opening of the Widow Spider, the third heart. Osiris, son of Ova, you know the widow spider lying dormant between the two hearts of the octopus, as the third heart, the golden heart, where the golden nipple rises [Oh, Emelis Shatau]. 8. Greet Marazanta, our son of hearts, our father of thruths. Let him raise the green lights. Bring our ancient ornaments back into the spine. 9. Those ornaments we got from our ancestors, while Lords of evil took them away. Bring us away from all evil, and show us the righteous paths. 10. Oh, Egypt, let it be Egypt in Izu. Sweet Belcanov, statue of ancient days, our watcher, speak these words

to the hills. Let that which is proud fall, and let that which is humble rise. 11. Teach us about the seven moons. Amen. Oh, holy Amen, son of Egypt, father of Lakus, raise the orange balloons and the checked balloons. Teach us how to contract hearts to do your will, oh almighty Cricket, lying on the heart of Osiris. 12. Oh, you, with the seven arms, come forward, raise us again into the house of Thoth. 13. Let us not be burnt, when we stand for the throne of Almighty Osiris, when his red eyes are searching our hearts. 14. Let the soulbird rise, let our souls grasp the lights of ancient times before their times, to honour the ancient souls beneath the souls. 15. Let us not complain and standing still in the realms of the dead, but let us descent into the bottom of the pit, where we can find the coin of Mary of Magdalen and her holy Sarsia Soul. 16. Let the Sarsia Soul lead us back to the Barbarian times, to free the birds of paradise. let their souls guide us for the rest of our days. Amen. 17. Papyrus of Ra-Izu. When you come into the holy temple of Amon, touch the blue gold on his head, all you who are dead in these pastures in front of his house. Let the sheep guide you there. 18. His holy books will guide you. Amen. Let Atu, the god of goats be mercifull over you, who passes over the rivers of the dead. 19. Drink from it's waters to be connected to ancient souls. You will feel a spirit in your heart. It is the bird of Ra-Izu. Thoth will seal your foreheads by his holy waters. 20. We will take care of your soul, that the smoke will not lead you astray. 21. We will give you the eyes you deserve, when you haven't abuse your eyes to mock the spirits of the dead. 22. There will come seven Judgements on the eye, led by the sword of Thoth. Blessed those who will survive.

2. 1. Seven Judgements on the Eye by the Sword of Thoth. First Judgement : You will say these words. I baptize my eye in the holy waters burning with fire, to see if I have mocked the spirits of the dead. 2. If so, I will bear their pains in my own eyes, until I am clean by their judgements. I will receive the sword of the widow spider in my eye as a purifying. 3. It will pierce me until I am blind to sinfull deeds. It will pull my eyes out if it would lead me astray. 4. Lead me on the right paths by the eye of Thoth. 5. In him we can see in righteousness. I am gratefull to your judgements, bringing me into the lightchamber of Thoth, to watch the ornaments of the seven coffins of his candlestick. Second Judgement : In doubts we cannot see you. 6. Wash us. Let softness grow in our eyes, to give faith to our brothers and sisters, love to the older ones and the younger ones, as our mirrors, the arms of our hearts. 7. Let us not break one of these arms off, for then the lights of our eyes will fall away. Then I must eat the darkness, and slide through the dust. Amen. 8. Let this softness test us. This Eye of Ra-Izu. It will eat me away. It will eat my eye away, if I would sin in your holy presence. 9. Make me holy. Make my footsteps sacred, knowing that I am on sacred ground. Show me all the pillars of Ra's house, and show me his scribe, Ra-Izu. Let Izu lead me to the falls, to decide, which way I will go. 10. Let me see the eyes of death, to adopt the ancient souls of the sacred ant and gnat. Third Judgement : Let Ra-Anu come forward, to lay the sword on our eyes. 11. May it be sealed by attention. May it be usefull, and not a power to judge. The heart is a power to judge, while only the heart-eye of Thoth can rise to judge. 12. In him all the judges get their eyes. Let him who is not connected to Thoth be thrown out into the deepest oceans and darkest places, until he finds the eye of Thoth to do well. 13. The eye must be sifted like gold, seventy times seven, until it reaches the eighth day. On the eighth day the judges stand, allowed to judge. 14. Lead our eyes into the eighth day, to judge or be judged. Let Ra decide, and weigh our eyes, to see if it's worthy for a sword pierced through it. Fourth Judgement : Let Sarsia, the goddess of ages see if the eye is connected to the ancestors of wood. 15. If there is mock to an older one, let the sword pierce it, until it's clean. If there is mock to a younger one, let the eye be burnt and give the ashes to the birds of heaven. [and to the wild animals of the earth.] Holy is Sarsia. 16. If you judge someone by

clothes, cursed are you, for you will be naked, and your eyes will be eaten by crocodiles of the fourth death. Your soul will rot in your body, and will drag you into the rivers of dirt, where you will be rejected and scorned until you can only live by your tears. 17. If you judge someone by occupation, cursed are you. If you judge someone by race, cursed are you. Your eye will rot in your body, until you have worshipped the ancient gods of the one you scorned. 18. If you do this scorning with someone else to strengthen your back, you are cursed twice. Then it's better for you to get a hook in your eye to hang for seven days in the realms of the dead, where the birds of prey eat from your meat. Fifth Judgement : By the feather of the goddess Maat. 19. She is the ruler of the heavens, and will watch you. She will give praise to the eyes of self-judgement and the eyes who care for nature and animals. 20. If you scorn a weak one, you will be weaker. If you scorn a sick one, your health becomes of that person. If you scorn someone because of someones parents, cursed are you, for you will be an orphan. Maat cares for the soft of heart, the tender ones, and those of a holy rage. 21. Sixth Judgement : If you write scorn down on paper, you are cursed triple. You will not only lose your eye when you will appear for Osiris-Ra, but you will also lose your hand, and it will fall in the rivers of the dead, where the crocodiles of sekmeth eat it. Seventh Judgement : Blessed are those who can come through the Judgement on the Eye without falling, whose backs are straight, led by the blue light. 22. Blessed are those whose griffin souls are caring for the weak and the sick, to see their health and strength. 23. Blessed are those who travelled the seas of weakness and sickness to find the truths and treasures of the chambers of Thoth's house. Blessed are those who wrote with the hands of Thoth, while the Benu-bird was sitting on their shoulders, and the seven holy parrots of Ra. Amen. 24. Their balloons will reach the eternal cities, where God will wipe away all their tears. 25. There where they can drink from the golden wells of life, and from the golden eyes. There they will see the golden hand of Thoth. Amen-Ra-Amen. Blessed are those who let their souls be cleansed by the fire. 26. The Varia-Bird will guide you to show you the threads between the threads. Amen-Thoth-Amen : Visitors of Amenti, those who glide through the last hall ... to watch the portals of Materos ... the halls of the dead of dwarves. 27. Blessed are those who glide in, to travel along and over the rivers with the orange balls ... Blessed are those who watched the graves of dwarves ... blessed are those with an eye to the small things ... cursed are those who deny the small things, for they will be blown away when Materos sucks the holy ones inside ... Amen-Thoth-Amen

3. 1. The Seven Halls of Materos. You watched the dwarves the golden stares. Now reconnect to the souls of your gnome-souls and their ancestors. First Hall, Talgamen. Prayer to find the lost ships. I come to you, Talgamen, gnomestatue, almighty leprechaun of the ancient coins. 2. I come to you, Talgamen-Thoth, holy scribe of Izu and the first hall of Materos. 3. Write my names in your books, and give me from your divine food, when I will pass over these bridges, when I sail over these seas ... Do not let my ships sink, oh holy Ra-Talgamen, do not let me being eaten by sharks, but raise me high, in your balloons, to be in High Talgamen, I take flight. 4. Grant me with the food of your griffons. Do not lead me astray. Have mercy on me, I am a humble soldier. Only living to save your animals, as they save me. As you glide into my soul, look for my lost ships, and bring them into my heart again, in my liver, lungs and organs. Let me take flight again to the cities of eternity. 5. Talgamen-Amen. Don't let me fall from high rocks, when I enter your mysteries. Let your warmths guide me, and comfort me, and let your birds do not take me away to burn me. Let me write on your jewels, my love to you. Let me be your scribe, in the name of Thoth-Amen. 6. Second Hall, Lokogamen. Is this the road to Belcanov, oh Almighty Lokogamen. I bow down in praise, without letting my lips flow. 7. For it is righteousness you want to see. Let my words not be empty,

but filled by deeds. Let my words flow, filled by fire, as balloons into your skies. Let me see your cloudships and eagleships, and the birds working there. Do your birds sit high ? 8. I come for your almighty thrones, to watch your graves and coffins, to bring sacrifices to your urns, as words to the ancestors, let them be echoes warming them, until they are back. 9. Let them rise from the deepest oceans, all these souls lost, worthy to be connected to us, as part of the ornament. Oh, holy one, of golden beards. Give your servants their beards back to pierce deeper into the halls of Amenti and the halls of Materos. I am yours. 10. Third Hall, Belcanov. Where the holy statues stand. Where our minds can be dense again, to reach for the cold conscience, to live for the poor. 11. To share all the riches, also to the realms of death. Let me glide deeper, and protect me against the flames of Osiris Throne. 12. Let the snakes awake in me, to do the final decisions. Belcanov, let my soul glide, into your soul, where the warmth shivers. 13. Let me take those who are afraid deep into my heart. For you are close to the depressed and those who fear God, having a green heart pumping inside. 14. Belcanov, bless your scribe Anu, and your warrior Thoth-Izu. Let the seven spirits of Osiris watch over my soul, giving me a new spirit. Fourth Hall, Elsefic. Hymn to Elsefic. Glory to Elsefic, who gave us soft food. Waters coming from the rocks, while you had the rod of the seven suns. 15. Baals were your friends, the donkeys. You guided them safely through your streets, giving them vanilla to raise higher and fly on butterfly wings. You gave ornaments on their hearts. You crashed their orange balls to bring them higher. You led your children by a striped rod. Your horns spoke thunder on high hills, where your phoenixes took flight. 16. Osiris-Elsefic, praise to you, my Lord. Hide me in your seven judgements, when you are pouring out your bowls of wrath. Give me thunder to rage with you, and let my heart not be weak. Don't let me be a coward when you need me to speak. Amen-Ra-Amen. Elsefic, watch the ornaments, and weigh them before your thrones. 17. Let your lamps guide me inside, to touch the deeper darknesses, where you hide. Let me be where you are, oh Elsefic-Osiris, and show me the seven Ra's of your spirit, your paths to the suns. Watch my moons, and weigh them before your thrones, and speak sacred words to test them. Let no unworthy food poison me in the abbyes of your streets. 18. Let my paths be holy to eat from your checked divine food. Fifth Hall, Amenti-Ra. Drink me and weigh me, measure me in your deepest caves, to give me access to fruitfull grounds below the pits. Destroy my mirror, and give me yours. Amenti-Ra, seal my hearts, also the hearts of my liver, to store the treasures you gave me. 19. I cherish them, all these hearts, and the divine vegetables. Let your Elsefic rise on the sixth day, to watch the balloons of ancient days. Let me steal the forgotten days out of the halls of evil lords. Let me be an exorcist and a sacred thief, to bring your treasures and souls back to your temples. There, where the tigers roar. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. You are the holy Amen of the sixth soul of Amen-Ra and Talgamen-Benu. 20. Your birds will let your spirits sour. The Ka's of your Ra will guide you by wet visions. While the dreams of the Ba will lead you through the night. You watch the golden suns. We are sacred pirates, in this hall of Amenti-Ra. Show me the ripples of your tigers, the juices of your sacred drinks. Show me how to use them holy, guided by divine steps. Oh, halls of Amenti-Ra, in the Fifth Hall of Materos, rise high. Show the worthy books in the deepest of the night. Let us glide into the drinks between the drinks. Bring the holy snakes from the livers to the lungs, restore the fleeces of the heart, united, to speak words of unity, as a sword to transform the darkness. 21. Bring me the swords of Osiris-Shesmu, and that of Osiris Sebqa, for the mouth of the crocodile is wide open. Build my boats to come over the dangerous seas of Sonder Sun. Sixth Hall, Sonder Sun. She's the queen of my heart. She's the lady of the altars, rising high in Izu. Balloons are bending, while her wet stripes take place. 22. We worship you, Lady of the Sonder Sun. Not in vain words, but in deeds and righteousness. It is filled by a rage, raging until you are home. We are your servants in this sixth hall of Materos, after Amenti. You are Materos-Amenti-Ra, mirroring in the sky. You are

the rippling tiger, tightening the threads between the threads. 23. Seventh Hall, Emini Fire. You are the heart of Amenti and Ra, the heart of Sonder, where the octopus dwells. You have sent your unicorn to awaken us into this day. Take us to the golden fleeces, to drink from the divine tea. Let our minds melt away, if cold consciousness is your desire. Bring us to life and death, rippling as the forbidden fruit. Be our Adam and our Eve, our serpent and our God. Raise the halls of Amenti. 24. Prepare us for the travellings over the seas and rivers of fire, to meet the dragons of your heart, the octopus of your desire. Don't quench our ofions [octopus-sharks], but purify them like gold. Amenti-Thoth, open your chambers to us, in Emini Fire. Show us the baskets of your snakes, the checked ones and the powdered ones, and all those in fire. 25. Give us the key to open thunder-fire, the Emini-Shesmu. Serve your Lord, Emini-Ra, who lives in the sun. Give him from the divine food ; Watch his ornaments when they die. Come with his urns to the flames of Osiris, to test your eyes and hearts, on the hands. Stand on his footprints, and watch yourself die to come alive again on the third and the fifth day. 26. Watch Emini Horus, to please his publics, the divine audience. In this you can pass the test to get the holy Amenti-Ra-Emini suite. The checked orange suit to contact the divine Emini Lions and Wild Cats of Ancient Days. Amen-Talgamen-Amen.

4. 1. Ritual and Sacrements to close the door of Emini-Amenti behind you. Lords of Amenti unite. Let me be the salt on the ground, so that no one can steal this divine fire of Amenti-Toth. It burns once and then it leaves forever, until you leave forever with it. Oh, holy Lord and Doorkeeper of Amenti's Rod. Save your son, Lucifer, from the wrath of the ancient Hebrew-Babylonian fallen one who didn't want to pierce the Halls of Amenti and Materos. 2. Burn him in Emini Fire. Divine Amenti Lions of Amenti-Lucifer, you are free. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and the sulphur of EMINIUS-SARSIA and her heartsoul AMENTI-SARSIA. 3. Ra-Amenti will stand behind you. Emini-Lucifer, you are free now, you and your lions. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and sulphur of Marion-Emini Swords. Emini, be closed. The sword and altar of Emini is now in the hands of EMINIUS-SEKMETH. Ritual and Prayer to not to be eaten by the crocodiles of Emini-Luca. Raise me father, make my heart pure, let your sacred crickets cover my eyes. 4. Let me not judge the dead, let them not judge me. Bring me out of this dark passage and lead me into your circle, where I can eat from the solar dishes. Give me a helmet brought by your eagles to have a light in this deep darkness. Let me trust on cycles and circles, and also the symbols of your panthers in the temple of eight. 5. Let me escape into a new week. The week of your golden breads. Let me have my own altars, to sacrifice myself instead of others. When I stand before the altars of your golden breads, then cover my eyes by your bristal brivals, to have your golden neon lights. Lead me into your chambers, oh father, to see the coffins beneath the coffins, to touch your holy butterflies. 6. Make me drunk, lead the boat over your river, and bind the heads of crocodiles. Let them not eat my feet. Cover these by butterflies. Let them not eat my legs. Cover them by the shields of turtles. Let the heart-eaters not eat my heart, but let the benu-bird, your benu-bird, lead me inside your caves. Make me thin enough to enter. Let me discover the lines between the lines .. To make them bend into solar lights. Show me the halls of the elves of dead. 7. Draw these circles on the walls. Aton-Amen-Aton. Let me in, dead man, let me in, to let me watch your graves. Lead me to your coffins, to see the ornament of death. Let me drink from your urns, to touch the holy water. Streaming from death, in your chambers I desire to be. Let Belcanov-Aton lead me inside, guiding me by the red light. 8. I don't want to stop here, for crocodiles are behind me, wanting to eat my soul. I see your house as a doorway, to the house of the elves coffins. Oh, orange men, oh black men, oh hard men, guards of the elves graves, make me hard enough to enter, soft enough to walk through walls. Let me follow your waterlights, to be one

of them ... 9. I will worship the lines between the lines, and also those beneath and beyond, to become one of them, always thinner. I will be thinner man, oh harder man. Let me enter. 10. You cannot enter. Why not ? You need to return to Belcanov first, to reach for his sixty-six coffins. Then you will be hard enough to be a harder man. 11. I am now a harder man, can I enter ? 12. No, you cannot enter. The publics and the audiences don't accept you. You first need to be a softer man, when you have returned to Elsefic. You must first dive into his sixty-six coffins, seventy-seven graves and eighty-eight cities. 13. 66,77,88 Can I enter now ? Yes, you can, for you are a thinner, softer and harder man. Hymns of Ova. Osiris-Ra, I knight you in the order of Varia-Birds, the souls of Izu-Indians. Praise will be to Osiris, throning in the Halls of Amenti. Praise will be to Thoth, whose house is built on the deathpillars of elves. 14. Osiris-Ra, the Dark and Black Elves will be sent forth from your chest. Oh, Osiris-Ra, don't fear when you walk through the temples of materos. They will initiate you deeper. Let their stings guide you. Osiris-Ra, son of Ova, god of oaks. We bring in you the Atu, the god of goats. Guide them over the hills into eternal bliss. 15. You have the rod for it. Osiris-Ra, you will have the following illuminations and enlightenments, while you are following the paths of sacred ancestors. 16. You will adopt their gods. You will come beyond good and evil. You will come beyond winning and losing. 17. When you have created a faith for the first time, it will strengle you. And the enemy of that faith will save you. Then you will create a second faith, which will strengle you, and again the enemy of that faith will save you. 18. Then you will create a third faith and the same will happen, which lets you rise beyond good and evil. There you will find the pillar of the purple gnat, a most important pillar of the house of Thoth. The House of Thoth built on seven pillars, the Halls of Dead Elves, Avani. 19. Welcome to the Halls of Avani, the underworld of Elves, where the elf gods of the dead dwell to judge all the dead. Be in fear if you have sinned, for they don't have mercy. They pierce hearts, lungs and organs. There is no grace, only purifying rituals. There is no forgiving, only self-sacrifice until the price is paid. 20. You must work and change in their coccoons, or you will be damned to destruction in fire-sulphur-salt-acid. In the Halls of Dead, speaks the Upper Ova of Life and Death, the Sovereign Prince of Judgement and Damnation in Khert-Neter, you can be illuminated as Osiris-Ra to see the misleadings of gods and upperbeings, and the lower beings with their spirits. 21. You can dwell in domination if you will make the journey through Avani. Only then you will be set free from these misleadings. The rest will sink and drown. Prayer and Ritual to not be drowned in the waters of Avani. Dangerous sirens live in the waters of Avani, drowning men and women, children and animals. Fight against sexual desires in these areas. 22. Do not satisfy yourself by luxury. Do not eat too much fruits. And if you decide to eat fruits, mix them with potatoes and onions. Do not wear socks in your shoes. Do not cut your beard too often, and woman, do not shave. Women, reach for the waters of Sheri, your guard in the waters of Avani. Invoke her by candlelight. 23. Speak her name into the flame. Wear torn clothes and cover your head. Speak these words : Qebh, celestial waters, let me drink from you, and shine your four lights in my Ka [spirit]. Qebh, celestial waters, bring me to Khert-Neter in Ra-Izu, into his lungs, where I can receive the golden heart, the golden nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. I bow to Ra and his Bennu-Bird, his heart-soul. Plant in me the streets and skies of Khert-Neter [the balloons], where my Akh can rise [illuminated heart-soul]. 24. Qebh, celestial waters, lock golden doors behind me, and destroy my enemies, the sirens. Amen-Ra-Thoth-Amen. Qebh, you have the golden keys. Prayers, sacrements, hymns and rituals to become a citizen in Khert-Neter. Oh, city of the dead, take me in, give me a house and divine food. Bring the four fires to my Ka, and let me dwell in my Akh. Osiris-Izu, lead me to your islands, to show me the pillars of Thothis House. 25. Give me the twin-Akh, and the twinlion-heartsouls. I am Horus-Ra, I do no sin. I haven't scorned the gods of my town. I speak righteous words. I haven't sinned with my mouth, I am Horus-Ra.

Give me a double heart-soul in my liver, as I enter the Anu-house of Khert-Neter, where the Aged Gods live [and the Aged One]. 26. Give me the twin-tiger-heartsouls, and open my mouth in Khert-Neter. Allow me to speak and to be silent, to whisper and to speak loud. Amen. Allow me to move myself. Allow me to breath. By the Lake of Flowers, give me access to Sekhet-Hetepu [Fields of Peace] and the Sekhet-Aanru, to reach the Minewood behind it, where the Aged Children Dwell, and the House of Thoth. 27. Qebh, let me drink from the celestial waters there, floating from the divine food. Bring me to Khert-Neter in the Ra-Food, and to Khert-Neter in the Minewood. Lock golden doors behind me, oh golden Qebh, and give me the twin-crocodile heartsouls, from where the Benu-birds can rise. Give me the million-armed heartsoul in my golden heart, and give me the million-hearted sun in my scarabee [beetleformed heartshield]. Amen, give me access to Elsefic-Khert-Neter. 28. First Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Amy. Second Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Emily. Third Hall of Avani : Pillar of the Purple Gnat. Fourth Hall of Avani : The Egg of Kenken-Ur [guarded by Eric Zwarzenei]. Fifth Hall of Avani : The Egg of the Tiger. Sixth Hall of Avani : Eminius-Marazanta. Seventh Hall of Avani : Eminius-Amen. 29. Halls of Khelb. The elves of Ra holding the staff of Ptah, to measure the heart. If it's not thin enough the heart will be eaten by Ammut-Ra, for then it has sinned against the gods of Izu and Ra-Annas. If it's thin enough it will be struck seven times by the thin strikes to prepare it to enter the halls of Khelb. Here the birds of the brown nipple live to bind the hearts by charity, to raise them into the warmachines again. 30. On these battlefields of the dead the hearts will become thinner and thinner to escape from war into war, until they receive the golden nipple of fire [On the Emelis Shatau]. Hail Ova, son of the birch and the holly, for his icecreams set them free. They can move again, and talk again. They are now sons of Ova, sons of the Sacred Oak. 31. By Banana mixed with Vanilla, the lion's face rises, the Golden Nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. They are now eating from the brown food of the oak, in hairy fields they live. [in hairy skies]. The staff of Ptah had struck them and led them, to small forests in the deserts. 32. While the black panthers care for them. Their hearts have been struck, and now their livers and lungsouls will be struck, and even their other organs, so that they might escape through the splits in caves. Their hearts have become light as the feather of Maat, and they have eaten well from her treasures. 33. They have defeated the watchers of the thinness and the evil lambs, to become blue fire, the face of ammon. They have pierced the halls of Materos and Avani. The seven halls of Khelb are seven boats to sail over the rivers of death, hell and lies. These rivers are seen as sacred riddles, as wilder animals they need to face. The halls of Khelb are the Insection Halls of the Dead themselves. 34. Hall I – Lapoendria (Land of the Wasps). Hall II – Perlottia (Land of the Winged Insects). Hall III – Brannan (Land of the flies). Hall IV – Lapsalvania (Land of the spiders). Hall V – Lalmageln (Land of the Stinging Insects). Hall VI – Bilmageln (Land of the Shining or Poisonous Insects). Hall VII – Ant Ship. 35. Can I get access to the Halls of Khelb ? You must be Ra-Izu. You must have visited the seven coffins of the faeries, and you must have read the pyramid texts of the dwarves. 36. I have done that, can I have access to the Halls of Khelb now ? You must be initiated in at least seven piramids of different Izu-Indian tribes, and you must have defeated the evil chicken of Radth. 37. I have done that, can I have access now ? Go in, and take from the forbidden fruits of the Halls of Khelb. Here Maat-Izu will weigh your heart and liver to her sacred feather. If one of them is too heavy, it will be eaten by Ammut-Izu. Then you must go through the seven nights of fear, where your lungs will be weighed to the sacred feather of Maat-Izu and Sekhmet-Izu. If it will be too heavy it will be eaten by Ammut-Lapoendria. 38. Then your souls will be put to the sacred staff of Ptah-Izu, and when one of these souls will be too short, it will be eaten by Thoth-Lapoendria. 39. Then the souls tall enough have come to the coasts of Lapoendria, to come into the Ra-Lapoendria ship. On the seas of fear they will be judged, to see if their hearts

and livers are guilty or not. 40. They will be punished on the seas of Lapoendria and taken away by dangerous animals, by birds and fishes, to see if they are worthy or not, and to purify and test their souls. They will get seven thorns in their flesh, which will depress them, repress them and isolate them for a period of time. Here they must fight against the evil lambs. 41. In Perlottia, where the winged insects live, they get their wings to take flight from coffins. They will receive the flying heart of Maat. They will receive many of her heartsouls, and they will be put against the many rods of Thoth, to see if their hearts are sweet enough. 42. If not, they will be eaten by Ammut-Thoth. Then they will be put against the rods of Sekmeth, to see if their hearts and livers are soft enough. From these rods the snakes come forth ... and when they aren't soft and flexible enough, and when they cannot have ripples and balance, they will be eaten by these snakes of Sekmeth. Then their souls will be in Eminus-Fire. When they are soft like Sekmeth, they will have her lights in their Ka's ... 43. Then they will be prepared for the fires of Brannan. Here they will experience all different sorts of pains, fevers and dizziness. Here their hearts will be laid to the heart of Ra-Brannan, and when their hearts aren't hot enough they will be spat out. It is a burning heart, full of Eminus Fire and the fires of Brannan. 44. Pyramids on Izu If you have the winged Eminus heart with the seven twinsouls in it, then you have access to the pyramids of bristal brival : The Red Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu, The Green Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu II, The Blue Golden Pyramid of Za-Amon-Ra, Pyramid of the Golden Pear, where the tombs are of Pharaoh Za-Sinysen-Vu-Osiris, and of Za-Sinysen-Vu-Ra. 45. Spells for opening the pyramids of Brannan : Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, open the pyramids of Brannan. Show me the names, and let black doves cover them by their wings. Let your holy and sacred hands take me in, and initiate me. Amen-Ra-Amen. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home. 46. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom, and let me destroy the evil snakes by the red stripes. Pharaoh's of Brannan rise up to give me the rods to destroy the evil donkeys holding away the sweetness. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness. 47. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes, smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, give us our Khu's, our eternal souls. Let the Khu-birds guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan. 48. Here is where our home is, here is where our hearts are. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers of Maat, and let them rise in our hearts. Let truth guide us, Amen-Maat-Amen, let Toth seal our foreheads by your mighty lights. Bring us to Draminia, the roots of life. Show us the depths of Amenti in Brannan and Draminia. Let Jericho and Sodom rise. 49. We ask you to lay your rods on our foreheads, and to bring your feathers inside of us. Lead us to eternal paths, oh Holy and Sacred One, and give us your winged Khu-hearts. Bless Brannan and Draminia, bless Marazanta, Lord of the Insects, and bless the White Golden Hand, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us access to the rivers that lead into your pyramids and tombs. 50. Let us dwell in your chambers forever, to read their texts, and to receive our golden Khu-twins. Oh, eternal soul, rise and lead us to Shesmu, the heart and sword of Osiris. Bring us to Horus, his holy striped tongue. Amen-Toth-Amen. Give us the heart of Ra. Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through it's halls. 51. Amenti-Ra-Amen. Tem, feeder of all Ka's, feed us, and bring our Ka's into the rays of Amenti-Light. Tem, tamer of our Khu's, let them come forward as twineagles and twinsnakes. 52. Let them possess and transform our ba's. Brannan, bring the feathers of Maat in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes can come over her enemies. 53. Let her make jericho rise. Let her rebuild it's walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Amen-Ra-Amen. 54. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to the candlesticks of Toth, to show if there is any darkness in our hearts. If our hearts aren't light and bright enough, then let Ammit eat it. Bring the candlesticks of Toth in our ba's, ka's, akh's and

khu's, to let them enter the sacred sahu. Give me the sahu of Ra, of Osiris and Shesmu, of Sekmeth, Amon and Aton, of Isis, Tem and Nun. 55. I come to the White Golden Pyramid of the Winged Snake of Brannan, to bless all four openings. I enter through West, and follow the paths of the sunsets. Let the seven sacred sunsets guard my mouth, and guide my lungs. 56. Brannan is the Jaw, the ashes from the ashes, where the power to speak dwells and the power of silence. Here silver striped roads (tigers) lead the deceased one to the land of the Leprechaun. 57. Leprechaun Halls of the Dead (Kerses Minds). I – The Coffins of Uncle Peacock, II – The Coffins of Uncle Unicorn, III – The Coffins of Uncle One to Ten, IV – The Silver Coffins of Faery, V – The Golden Coffins of Faery, VI – The Purple Coffins of Faery, VII – The White Coffins of Faery, VIII – The Black Coffins of Faery 58. These coffins are described in the Faery Coffin Texts and the Faery Book of the Dead. Those ones who have pierced the Halls of Khelb and entered Lakus and Kabbernal, oh holy ones, who became hairy with bald oasis, who became the hairy of the hairy with the baldest oasis below, who bows before monkeys and monkeyraiders, he will get the white golden flour and be the king of it. 59. He whose heart has been measured by Maat-Kabbernal in the Halls of Maati to the feather of fire. If your heart and nipple would be too cold it would be eaten by Ammut-Acha. 60. Your heart must be hot enough to enter Acha. Also your eyes and lungs will be tested. You will give birth to the creatures of Acha by your mouth, for it's the land of the mother. 61. You will use your mouth to give birth. It will rise from your stomach and your breasts and then you will vomit. Amen-Acha-Amen. Then you will give anal births. Amen-Acha-Amen, for it is the land of the mother, and she will hunt for love. 62. Then it will rise from her legs and her feet, and she will give birth by her navel and by her shoulders, while her breasts bring forth the white golden chocolate. Amen-Acha-Amen. And these bison have travelled from sun to sun, from heat to heat, through deserts of the nights, to watch the dark flames. This is the land of the bison. Amen-Acha-Amen. 63. They have defeated the evil goats, and made armors of their bones. They are searching for the brown gold. They have made houses in their hearts, like bees in their nests, assimilating the lights of the sun. 64. They have defeated the killerpigs of the light, and have travelled to the darkest suns, rising into Eminius Fire. They have rode the evil chicken without falling into temptation. They are free of sin. Amen-Acha-Amen. [And these men, they give birth by hyperventilation and Epilepsy.] 64. Oh those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. For you are here the cakes of liberty, oh pilgrims. Pilgrims of a lost sun, smile again with the smiles of Osiris. Oh, those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. Oh, those who have died the fourth death, come to the underworld of Izu. 65. Here the land is soothing, here the lies are riddles of truth, here the hairs are burning like lucifers, and here the hairy are in fight against the bald ... It's in the songs of monkeymen ... the hairy against the bald, making new religions in carbon smiles. 66. Holy to those of the oaks, holy to those of the hollies and the white trees. Holy to the one entering the boat of Ova, to sail the green rivers to the Emerald Sun. 67. They will bow down and freeze their heads, after the strikes of chocolate. They will walk the cold roads to Bennes, the land of trees. They will rise into the comics, to freeze their hearts into the books of perlottia. 68. Perlottia again, to eat from the purple strawberry and the purple chocolate, in arms of emerald, the eyes will be opened. Perlottia again, under a mother's breast, it's easy to agree. 69. There are teeth in these lips, teeth in these lips, while the glues fall and hide. They take you away to seven graves, these seven coffins and seven halls of Bennes in death. 70. You will worship death and see it's glory. You will follow death, to come alive again. Deep in the coffin you will find your shell. 71. Give the land the strike, be a judge of judges, when you passed through all these judgements of the gods. You are still a survivor. You will write down the holy texts of your ancestors and learn them by head, to tell them to your children. You will know their symbols and their smiles, the smiles of death. 72. You will

Speak to them and they will speak back. They will lead you to the secrets of ages, and you will say you have survived. Under the strikes of death you grow younger, to stand as a tree, in bennes rivers.

THE BOOK OF ASSUR

Puchalini - Boys from Lynx II - The Land Beyond Cockaigne

1. enchanted bananas /2. tight embrace /3. where love ends - golden pirate ship /4. snares of stereo

Tupuchette - Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II

1. queen of hearts - liberation /2. picnic papers - so far /3. July's End - checked snake spoons - watch him closely - golden zebra

Fluvulua - Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III - When the Purple Becomes Green

1. truth called belcanov - ballerinas dancing /2. Kerses minds /3. Sonder Sun/ 4. chessboard's shoeshops

Pirfumata - Boys from Lynx III

1. waving flags - Dwarve's Rain /2. black coffin - billiards day - curse of business /3. Antartica /4. vanilla days /5. graves of matadok - Eric Zwarzenei /6. ladybugs /7. bananas chessboard

Kuzaponia - Boys from Lynx IV - Creatures from Paradox

1. Prince of Comics /2. banana hearts /3. the journey - Dangerous Tiles - Truants /4. golden picnic /5. Eminius Day /6. nightmares of truth

Insutinia – Chapter 1-13

Puchalini

1.

enchanted bananas

1. Boys from Lynx II ; The Land Beyond Cockaigne. You must fight for the money, and then you can do business ... It's nine o'clock, it's bedtime soon ... 2. You have enough money to write a letter ... and tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... 3. All these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world of dwarves ... [b. The bragging of tax brought large publics to you ... so now she is on turn in chess ...]

4. The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... [b. It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ...] 5. The frog has some movies ... He's a tranvestite ... The frog has some old castles ... [b. I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ...] 6. I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... [b. where the pick pock family still steals ...] 7. Oh ornament, you raised your glues high. [b. We are now on high materos.] 8. The frog is your friend. [b. He's now spitting sand.]

[9. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the

ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...]

2.

tight embrace

1. The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... [b. It rose from the book of lies ... teaching you how to ganner ... To spin your own wines ... Still these sails on the backs of sharks bringing you to your own rios.] 2. It spins, it is the master's touch, to keep you addicted to someone you are not ... and you split up you had to marry to yourself ... [b. the brown mirror brought you there, by knocking on old chocolate] 3. And now you're getting colder by the black divorce ... falling in a blue sea ... where ancient and mythical fishes rise ... [b. this banana was enchanted ... and now you stare at it's checked spoon] 4. In the hand of the prince. He's losing it ... [b. Charity the other lie of the black rose ... while you dive beyond this world of mirrors ... to the original strike ... you don't need these clocks to let you wait for nothing.] 5. ... You are just sinking to ... the land beyond cockaign ... where seas of flowers make you so insane ... three pale purple flowers you got ... [b. And now you're here at the end of the day ... standing in purple snow ... you're crazy now, thinking you were normal before ...] 6. This is where all ponds lead you to ... you fell in these seas ... with all these strange perfumes ... you aren't hungry anymore ... and what is this stench ... did you ever smell that before ... [b. The ladies of the sides of chess, they run so fast .. to you .. in colours of red, white, black and blue.]

7. While green masses they survive ... [b. bringing you to high materos.] 8. And you see the checked frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... [b. This is the world of the blind ... You don't have to run. There are no movies anymore] 9. There's nothing speaking here ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... [b. the fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible] 10. I wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ... [b. Checked snakes on the sides of chess, rising like balloons. While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down. They are bowing, in december skies.] [11. I don't want to be in charity ... I don't want to be saved ... I don't need your stories, don't need your movies ... I don't need your swanlakes ... I don't need your Jesuses I don't need your birthdaycakes ... Let me be alone ... oh, let me be ... with the boys from lynx] [12. You had normal skies. And now we are on high materos, raking the skies, watching our chessboards.] [13. Calm down, you prince. Your mother raked you, and now you rise like the balloon. I always shook your hands both, so calm down, my prince, calm down.] [14. You were a mother's ornament on a candy's cake ... Calm down, my prince, calm down.]

3.

where love ends

1. Finally where love ends ... an orange balloon stands ... [b. bringing you into high materos.] 2. Where sunset rises These boys from lynx still leading the blind ... [b. I don't need to see your movies I rather be blind ... having my own delights inside with these boys from lynx ...] 3. They still have their tight rings. [b. These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... so misjudged by others ... so misjudged ... while others use their mirrors ... let me use my boys from lynx ...] 4. No one's speaking there ... only some comics ... [b. While chessboards are muttering.] 5. While ladies of the sides of chess, they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the

night we're in dark materos raising sunset, while sinking deeper into the skies ... [b. Your balloons were tight rings. They're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind] 6. And now I'm drinking tight juices ... coming from the bottles of chess ... While checked snakes let the syrops sink ... [b. into another space.] 7. Where love ends, the rings so tight, coming from the edges of a chessboard [b. you never understood. These lazy cats you cannot hide. We're now in soft materos .. inside ... in high skies ...] 8. Farewell, summer skies, I'm now touching december's sun, with all these ladies of the sides of chess, raising their bottles in slow motion to do quick attacks ... I'm still reading loud in these books of wars ... while you're whispering ... making my rings so tight I'm in high materos ... tonight ... [b. Please lock me up in your checked cellars.] 9. I want to see the movies on both sides. It made me blind.

golden pirate ship

10. These enchanted straight blue bananas ... these ancient mythical fishes ... make me blind, make me deaf ... [b. to hear the most beautiful music ... Oh, pirateship ... turn me on ... turn me on ...] 11. Don't keep your pictures of fright ... [b. but try to find the fairytale inside ... by this little light ... of the boys from lynx ... with their rings so tight. These rings are checked ... They look like mother's lips ...] 12. I saw the painting. [b. By making us blind, they show us the most beautiful paintings inside ...] 13. These boys from lynx these criminals inside 14. These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... [b. I'm fainting while I see their pink ornaments ... An Epilepsy boy is what it sais ...] [15. These monsters of rock .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond cockaign ..]

4.

snares of stereo

1. They know the snares of stereo. They know the snares to move the tears. [b. This land beyond the custardListen to the tranvestite These wizards hearts.] 2. Old frogs sit behind the chocolate, with peppermint lips they smile. [b. And now there's a golden pirate ship in blind seas ...] 3. Old frogs sit, with deer in their pockets, raising the flags of business high. [b. It comes from old pockets ... Grandfather raising his checked snakes high] 4. On snares of stereo I sit. [b. The handicapped guys make the good movements ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... and now we hear the magical musicboxes inside.] 5. The beating hearts of wizards ... these banana hearts ... they make golden jokes on golden pirateships ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... [b. these plastic waves with crocodile boots ...] 6. I'm watching the stars of the tranvestite. Checked books in old bottles ... reaching for Mozart's skies ... [b. I'm watching the handicapped and autistic stars the stars of dementia bringing us here ... on the wings of misunderstanding ... we found our true friends ... by accidents and mistakes ...] 7. They have friendly fishes leading them through awsome realms ... [b. turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... these wild stars in pink delights ... presents from pony ...]

8. Don't misunderstand me in this slow-motion ... [b. For your cars might crash to reach the city ... of the silver sails] 9. Dare to hide .. when he's watching the show He .. the old tranvestite ... [b. This plastic wood would be good to be a suit ...] 10. The wood is soft in marchpane land ... [b. but this is the world beyond cockaigne ...] 11. If coins are slaves, then why do I pay ... [b. I need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ...] 12. From how many books of

lies did you tell ... My shadows locked up in books of wars You created them ... while giving me sunmilk to drink ... [b. from pipe's conspiracy ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies] 13. With chinese lanterns .. with wild worlds inside wild lights these are bakerman's faces ... [b. with so many nipples on it ... while some say they have strange skindiseases ... nippleheads they march] 14. Through chinese lanterns ... so wild ... touched by thrillers ... they come alive inside ...[b. but this is the land beyond cockaigne ... they do movements so insane while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ...] [15. These coins are slaves and sacrificed by religion ... when they become blind and deaf ... wild and handicapped on the wings of an autistic child with the wings of dementia ... they can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again ...] [16. By tight rings, I'm now a chessboard's soldier ... Here it's okay to fight ... For no one really wins ... and no one really loses ... We all feel the pain ... of a new world coming ...] [17. It's opening the world beyond the chessboards ... Strange traffics into strange books ... These soldiers they march through cold materos to see the edges of the chessboards ... where strange apples grow Oh, let us eat them, they make our hearts so tight] [18. Father drinks the old juices ... He doesn't see the soldiers moving to another chess ... While playcards are floating ... Inviting others to ... the grand desire this world beyond the chess] [19. Playing on bakerman's hearts, while strange powders are spreading ... covering these worlds by snow ... lapoendria smiles It's a strange drum ... And all your coats are different now checked ... marching to the world beyond the chess ...] [20. It's breeding elves, growing tall under Bekehelm's helmet ...]

Tupuchette

1.

queen of hearts

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II. If protection is a big attack, where do we hide. If love is the Big Lie, where can we have our tent ... if your embrace is to die ... 2. If I am not the same as you are, how many fights will we have, or will we die by good business holding our last grip. 3. A chessboard of angels you gave to me, but now give me a chessboard of pirates, to escape, just to escape. For every step is a market, and you know it is to enslave us ...Is there one way out here ? 4. If your kiss is a big shark, if my mouth is too fragile ... Who eats who ... Or is that life's destiny to die in high materos ... 5. If eating is like playing chess, then I'll do it ... For then there's room between you and me, enough room to escape forever ... do we eat to become free ?

6. Oh high queen, high materos, smoking tall striped cigarettes, was our marriage to finally escape from you ? 7. If your bed is the killingfield of books of wars, then why should I lay myself down there. 8. Why can't it be a chessboard of pirates ... [b. Queen of hearts rise. These messages are full of tax. Blackgrey striped snakes become so small. In lightblue boxes they survive. Them with their silver stares.] 9. Blue honey, come out of bed, there are chess-apples hanging, roses are coming, becoming so small ... It's June. [b. Let us hide, and play in this secret garden. We slept too long.] 10. Honestly, my darling, winter would show up if we would lay down here. Let's burn our beds by a snake's sting. [b. Only fools would enter their own footsteps again. We are now in high materos.]

liberation

11. On mondays we play on burnt schools. [b. On sundays we play on burnt churches] 12. Liberation, oh soft queen, from the Faery's Book of the Dead, you rose as a daylight chessboard dream. Hiding all your pirates, ready for the attack. [b. If it's all there, then it is okay.] 13. Liberta, running alive coming from the Books of the Dead, coming from the golden cigars you could never understand. [b. she's playing in chessboard-apples, the fruits are young this time] 14. Let me stay in high materos. Let me watch the video smile, the stripes in the air. Let me do it in Elsefic's name. [b. He with the striped snakes, while they are getting smaller.] 15. On tunes' deliverance, watching the golden smile, the stripes in the air. [b. Towers stinging through the watch of Brannan.] 16. The Books of Weddings brought me there, these books of wars, made the killerpigs of Moses fly. [b. And now he's riding them] 17. Bring me Moses. Tear his clothes. Bring this mother's boy to the lands of water. [b. This doll is just some boxes of lightblue lights.] 18. It's like a puzzle, on the chessboard of pirates you are safe. [b. Time enough in Brannan. Always reaching for fourty-one hours.] 19. Queen of hearts, how many hearts. [b. How many hours on a sunday's stream.] 20. Ancient liberty in high materos, ruling the streets, with stripes undercover. [b. This Epilepsy boy comes from the chessboard. His mother raised him tall.] 21. He cries like sand. His days get smaller. [b. Lucifers so striped gave him new names.] 22. He's the red chessboard, where angels used to play. But now she is hiding her pirates there. [b. So paranoid, while their strings are so fragile.]

2.

picnic papers

1. Johaffa, your princes are of gold. [b. They wear pirates' clothes under their prince's suits, while they are filled by the rubbish of the killingfields.] 2. Johaffa, your daylights are cold. Still an angel of chessboard-fields, dignified kills by striped swords. [b. Unicorns on both sides of your mouth.] 3. Watch your soldiers on the prey, your soldiers of prey. [b. Watch them watching the buttons of their suits. These are coming from the killingfields. From books of lies they rise. Oh watch them.] 4. Johaffa, still wearing names above names. You're a yellow golden chessboard ... It's July ... Oh, ornament on Brannan's watch [b. It's July.] 5. Briefly .. underwater ... searching for prey ... Johaffa ... [b. Now there's tea from the killingfields ... tea from the killingfields ... while roses are dying ... Stand strong on your chessboard.] 6. Underwater prey, underwater mourning ... watches go slow ... to make quick dives ... churchbells tighten the strings, by iron stripes [b. Johaffa, watch the mourning, by Jupiter's halfhearted coffee.] 7. Underwater lazy cats .. walking to the killingfields ... Taking some books of lies ... for some opportunities [b. Spells go fast ... it's Echo's morning ... echo's morning ...] 8. Underwater tricks ... sell the story ... by Barbarian smiles ... [b. Stripes in the air, while Egyptian towers sting through the pain, through ladders of death ... until the chessboard rises again ... Then we can all sleep ...]

so far

9. Fire coming from his mouth, while he prays to Elsefic. [b. Not Jesus Christ anymore.] 10. His letters go to Izu. Osiris shakes his head. It's saturday. He must wait till mondays, to launch it standing on the school. [b. Like orange liars on a zebra's boat.] 11. Secret of the press. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 12. His rooms are holy. Just a puzzle. It will make itself by eating. All safe when you stand on the chessboard. [b. It was cut in two by Moses, and now it's getting smaller, until we are all in high materos.] 13. These fields exist ... someone was raking ...

3.

July's End

14. Glory to the lightblue egg. While it's getting smaller. [b. All colors come through it.] 15. Drop it in December. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 16. The boy's pyama's are zooming. He's wearing rubbish underneath it. 17. He doesn't dare to watch in the mirror anymore after these days. He's a chessboard pirate now. 18. He doesn't want to talk. His honey is streaming inside now. He found this raider in the night. [b. He's dark, while roses stang him.] 19. Bakerman's face, it's the echo, bakerman's face, the rings are tight. But you can wear your suits over it. [b. Stay in your pyama's.] 20. He's tearing his clothes, every other day. He has high shoes. He jumps over the river, and I cry. 21. The chessboard is getting smaller. [b. While he still prays to Elsefic.] 22. Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch. Golden stares ... they pray ... still to Elsefic ... July no more

checked snake spoons

15. And the golden stare 's baking golden bread, bringing golden wine to the sand [b. I love you more everyday, but I find out more and more what a lie love is.] 16. Coming from the Book of Lies, this love, so I watch into december's skies, where everything is getting smaller. [b. There's so much to win, but nothing to lose.] 17. These games come from the books of lies, with orange liars on them. I'm wasting my time playing them, still standing on my chessboard. [b. It's getting smaller.] 18. Oh, yes it roars. It's zooming and cracking, along silver stripes. I'm gannering on high materos. 19. It's coming from the Book of Lies, this protection. Your embrace, it kills me. 20. Till I'm finally on my golden day, with my queen of hearts, playing chess again, while smiling deep, so deep it starts to cry. 21. My god is a chessboard. But on sundays, I never believe in god. [b. I'm the black chessboard, and he's the red chessboard.] 22. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. [b. On high materos we take flight.] 23. The elf rises from the chessboard. [b. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock.] 24. His sword is a checked spoon.

watch him closely

25. There are juices coming from the chessboards, and a lot of smoke, While it all gets smaller. [b. There's a rag on his eye. He's a pirate.] 26. Blue angel raking the ornament skies. [b. With checked handkerchieves in his pockets.] 27. It gets thinner, while new chessboards rise. [b. To spread their mouths.] 28. Wide open they fly. Waiting to swallow. Waiting to hide. And then it all gets thinner, while an arabian prince shakes the sleeves. 29. Watch him closely, don't breath. Accept the pain, or it will fly away.

golden zebra

30. Watch him, he's a tranvestite, having a black golden chessboard under his arm. 31. There are raiders under the sun. In fire it's spitting silver. [b. These ancestors have silver bones.] 32. Dragons rise from silver golden chessboards. They have many identities for a checked waterkey full of small snakes. [b. They are striped by the golden mother.] 33. The big clock is a big balloon, with spoonarms it ticks to fourty-one hours. Bringing us to high materos again. 34. Watch the sun flow, into Flyian Books of Lies. You told me you wrote them. [b. The egg's rising from the board. It's checked and it's like a puzzle.] 35. The ornaments are blinding our eyes. There are jewels on the spoons. [b. We go to emerald cities, we go to diamond rules.] 36. There's a golden zebra in the skies, tightening the stones. [b. They bow into connections, creating december's skies.] 37. So many spoons in a web. It's bowing, painting another picture. [b. Silver skies let it bow.] 38. In Januari I have a fever. A tiger's gnat rises from chess. Oh Osiris, tranvestite, naming the black killers. [b. You are raising the vikings for Elsefic.] 39. Use lipstick to paint your body. Be paranoid to reach your

raiders inside. [b. Only they can do the apocalypse. Only they can spit the silver skies.] 40. Paint the december skies. [b. And we fly in high materos.]

Fluvulua

1.

truth called belcanov

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III ; When the purple becomes green. Through the purple curtains I always reach the red. [b. escaping the purple is the best you can do when the snow falls, but it always brings you back.] 2. Until the marbles come, until the marbles fall ... for another round on the fairground until the purple becomes green ... [b. Through portals of chessboards, we always reach the red. There, where the black juices rage.] 3. Son of a thousand chessboards awake. Your mourning is over. [b. Osiris is with you now. Covering your body with his own coverings.] 4. It's switching between liars and truthspeakers ... [b. Switchers between June and July ... until april comes to make a detail ... There are orange liars on a zebra's boat, raising their cameras ... proud cameras.] 5. This car always rolls back from the mountain [b. to make them all green in the night ... then your daylight will fall ... for another ride ... into the funpark ...] 6. Through arabian seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to belcanov ... that statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... [b. He's like an arabian deer, a face too tight ... while glues are streaming] 7. There are siriuses in the air all these cigarlights ... [b. It's leading you underground ... It's leading you ... back to belcanov. Back to the pockets ... where the ladies of the sides of chess are smiling.] 8. They're spinning the birds of thunder ... to let belcanov breath ... 9. Where frogs speak, you can't hear a thing ... only showing you some comics ... [b. We're in high materos, where alchebra lost it's foot. [c. These are streets from cannibal.]]

10. And when the marbles are rolling, I'm heading for izu ... how many stings of a wasp does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... [b. while belcanov is on my side ... still a deermachine] 11. under business we all go to sleep until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. [b. we're on the radio tonight ...] 12. These chessboards were portals, while Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be orange and green ... [b. trafficlights on a gambleboard it's having it's delightsby spreading green tomatoeseeds On the back of a purple horse ... we take flight ... It's getting smaller. When belcanov rakes, they all get thinner.] 13. While belcanov smiles from history ... It's flashes bringing us back to the book ... back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue [b. Shivering horses in the night. When Belcanov rakes they become shorter, touching the black moons, while the red lights become thinner.] 14. On wings of dementia, there's glue from arabian coffeehouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deer and horses ... in the roundabout they wave ... [b. They are ... friends ... spreading green tomatoeseeds by gambleboards too tight.] 15. It's raking, until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again ... The purple deer is tightening the rings, bringing us to the pockets again. Through chessboardfields we rise, into the golden stare. mixing us again ... [b. Queen of hearts make us pale again .. pale again ...] 16. A dreamworld gets the colours. There was cola for a spy. A spanish dream sells the pictures [b. ... one of these deers was a spy ...] 17. A blue one that's for sure where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons [b. The roundabout of deer is spinning ... having

their own red ... pale red ... while they are your enemies again ... While someone is raking, raking hard.] 18. Liberta candy, in sweet Materos. It's warming the black towels, spreading them for more lines of tax, on sweet day's television. Tall checked spoons like bottle faces ... are the soldiers in these nights ... spinning the raiders tight ... [b. These are high days in sweet materos.] 19. You oh you ... You get Epilepsy on a chessboard. Now you can dance in cubes. Checked apples make the mouths so small, until it brags like a snake. There are tiles on the walls, leading you to Emerald cities. [b. The snake's egg has golden edges, how many stones inside, breeding the pencil in your head, speeding on small balls.] 20. You're the hare after these days, these days of high materos. Having many eggs to sell. It leads you to checked bells. There's a city on the ceilings where the lambsteads rise .. for golden unities ... Bow your head marionet, or it will break. You are free. [b. Don't read the books of wars again, but go to sleep, let business rise.] 21. There are rags on scottish clothes, leading you to Elsefic's heart, while the watermarks paint [b. the wet suits ... plastic wood the powders with the checked shoes ... leading you both directions ... it makes you cry ...]

ballerinas rising

22. Transparent tears ... it's growing washing and making friends forever [b. with the deer ... you're smiling ballerinas rising from the pockets ... silver and gold ... with emerald smiles ... They're coming from the ceilings, and stand on your walls ... tall] 23. Someone's raking the machines watermarks on it's back ... Through docters ... it's making the elves tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun ... [b. through chessboards spred by the lights of gamble.] 24. In california they stand ... in a desert underground ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... [b. and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... strange traffic from the Faery Book of the Dead ... It's June ... while flowers spread their powders.] 25. There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... he reached through the bottom of the pit ... into the depths of tax and transparency and now he grows like a tree from the checked yellowgolden station he is king he is an ornament ... he is king ... He is Atu. 26. He was saved by echo ... and now he rides him on this black goat he builds wasp-tv by all these lines of tax, waterlines [b. Blackgrey chessboards ... Juices spred by the lights of gamble, ornaments in zebra's style.] 27. How many corners are there on a red eye ... turning by Paranoia [b. where aldebaran birds are dancing ...] 28. How many faces are there on a spider's coin ... [b. Epilepsy it reaches for an unknown well, while the trains of arabia are roaring ... they are moving underground ... to break through communistic churches while the bands of jazz are playing ... you glide into the night] [29. Without dress ... to awake naked the next morning but it hides you from the black morning ... you're now in a strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep you out of the factory ...]

2.

Kerses minds

1. These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ... [b. but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will jump out of black bottles to see their beauty .. and forget about their ugliness inside inside we are ugly ... but our skins are beautiful we are indian spies ... smuggling the banana roads for the coming queens and kings ... we take flight ...] 2. In asgard the checked yellowgolden station we sit waiting to become sweet again ... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where icecream rolls ... it's baker's glue ... where the

orange is a good gun ... and the bananas burn the money ... the ice will rise ... to niflheim ... on ragnarok's day ... it's getting darker here ... where blind children play ... 3. The walls of jericho are rising when the blue strikes seven times, there's icecream for all [b. When bilmageln hits the third gong ... then the dwarves come ... and it's red shoe time ...] 4. A checked silver spoon does the work, in bilmageln's golden hand ... it ticks ... it's dinnertime ... when the black checked gates are opening ... [b. black glues from licorice ... turning ice in the night it was always your mother's delight by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ...] 5. Opening the taps of glue she's a water mark .. a best mark ... doing the dishes with a spoon ... she needs you today for a ride in a tunnel to show you all flowers of daylight in their tight dresses covered by big uniforms ... [b. They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale] 6. Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? 7. Spreading their birds of cigarette ... stirring the machines of deer, these chessboards with the gamblelights There are strange checked coins on strange checked bottles ... Who is eating who ? [b. It's falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high while it's becoming glue from uncle's ... the watermarks take flight ...] 8. You have the rings of lynx now ... don't fear ... [b. They are getting paler, you can use these coins for new automatons ... New horses in the sky to save you ...] 9. And these men, they are so paranoid ... while Epilepsy Boy rises ... becoming so dark ... until he is a raider ... [b. Can you imagine the joy it brings ... It's checked ... a book with a split laugh ...] 10. He's raking ... she's raking ... striped snakes from the moon ... the killer She gave you symbols ... [b. Just watch the ornament's spoon. It's checked, while bubbles rise ... Eat the dreams ...] 11. Continuously I watch how you break windows in a basket. These baskets are full of striped snakes, becoming pawns of chess on your red chessboard [b. They are the lights of gamble, lambsteads ... The sheep will rake the brains ... until the Red October comes ... to swallow it all away swallowing it all away ...] 12. What if the orange becomes red [b. Faroom da bazite ... a red bed ... where all trains of arabia end ... you were a cyclope with a red eye a roundabout ... with so many roundabouts inside ... you were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see.] 13. ... And still blind children are playing on the marketsquares of jericho ... [b. having strange noses from strange parties ... like rockets to the moon ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... while blue glue is streaming ... it was sandman with his yellow touch sitting on a green horse and now he gave you purple to bring the boys from lynx alive ...] 14. Boys from lynx ... spreading their coffees ... [b. while liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... while a wild esau is rising ... painting the skies in neon ... he's a cyclope ... but he has a million eyes on his back ... that's how he flies all red eyes ... bringing the neon he's a swindler now ... gambling ... while casino's cabman is riding him ... he takes flight ...] 15. Then the birds of cigarette come free ... enchanted mirrors, enchanted ponds to let you have your own checked shoes ... they bring you to .. the world beyond the chess. [b. Checked grapes on a red picnic's day ... turning wine in the night ... on kana's day ... jesus kissed his bride ... veiled it was a monkey ... a flying one on that day when the publics laughed themselves to death the public ... another trick of tax ...] [16. On top of the nose ... arabia waves ... it's all there is ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow] [17. These are stories of the big nose spreading fears which don't exist ... this is all there is ... Who painted the noses red she's the black widow a major threat hiding her bakerman in a purple box ... where she mixes him] [18. Along the purple curtains of deliriumhe goes asleep ... while all these bakerman's faces fill the sky in glue and the pictures become darker ... she's making it so black ... where neon is rising and when the black rose falls ... the red dream starts to tell ... you're on tv tonight and she makes it darker] [19. for the waterlights are weeping, heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon she wants it softer ... so she

has to strike harder first ... she's a two-faced harlot ... bringing them from the purple to the orange in the arms of bilmageln ... where they can sleep]

3.

Sonder Sun

1. These soft boys become the hard men in the night like checked white hard candy lying on a dish ... [b. tell me what you can remember ... it was the way you caught a fish ... one day the soft was all eaten away ... and some hard bones were staring at you ... and you swallowed fast all of a sudden ...] 2. It was a strange camera, with a snake's egg inside. These were paranoid girls, raking to make the elves thin. They wanted to see the ornament, by which they could breath by it's tight rings. They were clothed by wild roses, while the thorns grew inside. It made them almost naked, while the red lights of gamble made their eyes spin like the wild sea.

3. These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games of chess. [b. They were coming from Sonder Sun, on top of Izu, it takes flight. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The suicide princess cannot stand any smile.] 4. These are the boys from lynx, these ladders, becoming soft under Sonder Sun. 5. It's shining on the checked pirateships, coming from the gold, bathing in silver seas ... while new tv's are stretching. 6. She gets scared when she sees the balloons. Then she's embracing her tall string, her waterlight. He brings her to the broadcastlady of cartoon. [b. He's a tranvestite.] 7. She likes his apocalyptic spells .. Messages from Izu ... She has tight rings around her arms coming from the baskets of snakes 8. The girl has a sweet voice, these animals are all protected by her laws. [b. These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their stares ... you better be wise these days ... they are standing on the coasts of the hague ...] 9. Where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet these are the red boys from santa clause ... the birds of cigarette ... [b. They rise from wasp tv spreading their wasp rains they are black checked spots running ... doing the checked dishes ... until snow white comes home there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day] 10. They are the books from the library beyond history ... always floating back ... [b. They are the pumps in arabian skies, coming from Japan.] 11. Behind christmasbottles they hide. They are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... [b. They are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the vanilla planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched before ... cold conscience.] [12. ... It spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak by comics] [13. Who knows the cigarlights from sirius ... the lights too bright when the orange splinters rise into the darkest night ?] [14. Your roundabout boats will rise ... and there will be nothing to swallow anymore ... there where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ...] [15. there where red becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming from sirian cigarlighters ... to save you from charity's curse] [16. Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights you have a nose ... and that's all you have ... some have bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world beyond history ... together with a banana queen ... these are the red checked scorpions ... the starships of dead chess breeding their eggs of unity by spastic movements they can bend everything] [17. By spasm they boil their glues in big kettles ... where the watermarks dance ... and when the conscience becomes too cold ... it starts to play the whispering organ and then the tears come through the tight rings ... These comics are so

fragile ...] [18. these ornaments are so fragile [b. They will forget their childhood's wars, to find their soft chairs waiting in the sky ... Red velvet dreams ... while cold juices are streaming ... from the comic barrelorgan checked in black, red and white.]] [[19. These are cakes from baker's dreams. He's the baker of chess, knowing the portal to the world beyond.]] [[20. These are all wars of dementia. He has a chessboard in his mouth, while Belcanov is on his back. He knows everything, for these tears are all transparent.]]

4.

chessboard's shoeshops

1. There were no sacrifices on religious altars. These came from the books of lies. These were just stations to take flight. 2. These were lights from the chessboard's shoeshops, ringing their bells in the night. 3. This was how Jesus travelled. Watch the little piramid, for the strange picture ... It made you cry 4. These books are strange chessboards ... catching your eyes to play ... [b. When the marbles roll it's on chessboard's television ... Taxlines eating the balloons for another horror turning into a cartoon ... [c. You watched the checked boots of the broadcastlady ... the broadcastlady of cartoon.]] 5. Cars dive into the Books of the Dead ... [b. It's still a strange station after all ... strange traffic, strange railroads underground, leading us to all who forgot ... on the wings of dementia ...] 6. And you know it's lights ... Here the lambsteads are rising ... Here the gamblemachines are spreading tax and coffee ... rising from strange pockets This third world was saved by a bird of tax ... [b. by a bird of cigarette ...] 7. She shatters the lamps on the ground ... now these lights are lights of chess ... while spastic piramids spit the glues ... [b. It's getting hard when it touches the skin ...] 8. What we forgot, it all comes back ... on the wings of dementia ...

Pirfumata

1.

waving white flag

1. Boys from Lynx III. My mother raised me. She showed me the door. She showed me twothousand trousers hanging around on the shore. [b. She spoke to me, always in two words and then shutting a million doors.] 2. She still loves me but I cannot be more than she wants for that would scratch my records [b. and then I would be like a parrot lost in a stream. [c. She always brings me back to the shore again like a ritual at the end of the day for I still want to be more than she wants me to be.]]

Dwarve's Rain

3. And there in the distance, I hear dwarve's rain ... rain from the ornament ... they span it underground ... for secret conspiracies ... for trains too loud ... [b. too loud to hear ...] 4. While i still visit fairygrounds to watch their big beasts and balloons. [b. These were lampsteads to the moons of Z. These were lampsteads to a new aldebaran where some guys still sit at high tables playing strange games. [c. While uncle one to ten is sleeping in the baby's room ... it was all to make your heart at peace dolphin's ... goodbye]] 5. Here the golden statues stand of theologians and old men bragging their nonsense and everyone believes them for they have the trousers. 6. This is the land where the coins are cubes. [b. Put the marbles in the automatons, and they will run.] 7. Tranvestites carrying a big handicapped eye ... they walk through glue and teeth ... they walk

through you and me ... to bring the flame back to the candle ... [b. These are dressed up insects from a red picnic ... masked while the eye they carry is hidden behind tall teeth ... [c. like barbed wire ...]] 8. They can escape through checked red communistic spinning holes in the airs. [b. The pickpock family is in town ... raising their big balloons ... they are walking like chicken on the killingfields ... but they are dressed up ants ... working on fairgrounds, funparks and circusses [c. They are the gods of nonsense and misunderstanding ... raising up their own god ... gepetto ... their mailman ... they are raising up their numbers and letters in a flame ... a balloon's flame ...]] 9. Aslant eyes and aslant faces make the connection to the worlds beyond the worlds, the mirrors beyond the mirrors. [b. Your god is a devil on the other side of the mirror.] 10. These churches are nothing more than strange chessboards, with their gamblelights. [b. Greet me green in the morning. Spin the rings tight. Let me escape.] 11. Through strange automatons, we take flight. [b. Thrown up on cannibal's day, where cowboys hide behind red buttons. [c. I'm seeing the number in the flame.]] 12. They are raising their balloons ... the bakerman's faces spouting the salt. [b. on a candy's dish ... In this strange world of chess.] 13. You're nothing but a number. A number in a flame. Coming from a comic, to find your way back in this book. [b. While bakerman and belcanov, they speak between the lines. It's moving like a zebra's boat [c. while orange liars are standing on it.]] 14. And I'm measuring myself by watching the sparks in the water fireworks in a glass of water ... all underwater .. hiding in glue ...these are still my tall christmas-presents ... [b. bred by the boys from lynx ... in their fields of chess ...]

2.

black coffin

1. And i'm gathering my wet chesspieces ... yellow against the blue ... fights between friends are always softer than the real wars outside ... [b. bites from Z ... [c. transparent pink gluemarks ...]] 2. The deer eat the stories with their mouths of misunderstanding ... that's why their faces are bitter and paranoid ... they are ... suspicious minds ... [b. They smoke their birds of cigarette ... that's how their trains move they are the deer of dementia ... blowing all stories to their pasts ... [c. these strange chessboards.]] 3. They reverse their sodom and gomorrah's. [b. They hear smoke-alarms when the orchestra's are playing ... [c. They never trust your smiling faces ...]] 4. On top of checked blackgolden coffins, they take flight, to become red thunder in the night. [b. You saw the dust of cinderella. You never lose, just touch all you have. [c. There's a symbol on the coffin, bringing you back to the end.]] 5. While a golden dwarfstatue is standing on it, bringing you to december's skies, on a dolphin's goodbye.

billiards day

6. They are playing games with me [b. until I lose my head [c. until i can feel my trousers again, all these conspiracies.] 7. She's standing, screaming on a hill, while her girlfriend screams from another hill, [b. trying to confuse my soul [c. poor me.]]

curse of business

8. These are babies born in transmissions, orange liars leading me to death, while all these wasp rains in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ... 9. These are orange liars, leading me to death, with all these wasp rains in my bed, these rains from izu, rebuilding my memory, rebuilding you ... 10. There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish, all these dragons are in fire ... or is it my eyes 11. Give me a spoon, these books are all talking, spreading green tomatoe seeds ... in a night of arabian magic ... 12. It sails on Japanese ships. [b.

under orange balloons.] 13. Arabian spice, Arabian me ... These are the chessboard mills ... Elevators under a red balloon, bringing you to the comic. [b. It switches between the horror and the cartoon ...until the knees and elbows are bending, the cubes enter new worlds.] 14. And then the hunger brings the hallucination ... they are the fata morgana's ... mirages of old wizards see these hearts pumping ... lying on dishes ... [b. where plants are the senses of a new world. [c. There are docters in winter's treasures, growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens]] 15. The ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... It's your only way out ... [b. Just eat these seeds ... these flowerseeds ... then the honey will flow through your stomach ... and you will drink new milk.] 16. It grows on your back reaching for your mouth you can smell flowers of paradises growing on your back .. reaching for your nose it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... [b. while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... and music grows from their back to their ears ...] 17. While the tattoo of a spider is growing on their forehead ... reaching for their necks ... [b. there where the senses sleep ...] 18. There's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open the senses ... to let the flowers grow ... between the plants there's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open new visions in a language I understand 19. And it brings me understanding ... it brings me new tales ... till the ornament grows further ... to reach for the broken bridge [20. When ornaments come together ... to lay the hard stones ... then softness grow inside ... to let machines blow ... they bring oil to the stages ... to let ballerina's dance ... until they reach the morninglights where they dive into morning dew.] [21. They will never reach the afternoon ... they are in morningland ... where the morningred pushes the lights underwater in a new sea ... to let new plants grow from the seagardens ...]

3.

Antartica

1. There are boys behind dragonbars locked up behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of a red dragon ... [b. He's a dangerous chesspawn [c. on the board of a snake ...]] 2. So many chesspawns in the air ... Boys from lynx against so many other pieces on this strange chessboard and when the snake turns it around the back of the board is a mirror and you see your face ... with these thousand nipples ... these bakerman's faces ... [b. these bakerman's coins can you escape the altar of an egyptian king.] 3. He's driving the car ... of an egyptian mother who claimed moses to be her son ... she saved him but prisoned him ... can you escape this saviour's altar ... this altar of a businessman. [b. It has strange trafficlights and strange lights of gamble] 4. It is a chess-hat, it is joseph's pit ... [b. A strange board of chess where the suns and the earths play ... [c. while moons are watching.]] 5. While you're sinking deeper in this strange cocoon ... this strange cartoon in these strange days ... [b. While an orange prince is knocking at your door ... with three purple pale flowers for your mother ... [c. He didn't ring a bell ... he just whispered]] 6. In ornamental issues I take flight to izu where all insects are gathered doing strange dances [b. to win their days back ... in this strange game ... and at the bottom of this pit .. you're king of egypt [c. and then there aren't any jesuses and judases left]] 7. The tears fall till it's glue ... till it's plastic wood with strange powders inside ... Then you will cry sand ... Who knows the chessboard ... leading alice to wonderland [b. It's strange stratego ... when you turn the pieces around ... you see the faces of the ones around you.] ... 8. In this land the coins are statues. You need to push a tree into the gate. Sometimes only a heart can open the doors, or a box of chessboards. Watch the pawns. It's all a big conspiracy in your mind

for when you turn them around twice ... you see your own face 9. But at the end ... there will be no blame and shame at all these feelings of guilt ... where just the coins of business in a game called antartica 10. Flowerseeds wanting to open the senses for a new world new senses started to develop .. under the vibrations of guilt [b. In the eyes of guilt it's never enough ... it's never good ... it's hungry and you need to grow.] 11. It's the big breed ... of an old witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done [b. Then you're living behind dragonwalls ... in her strange stories] [12. These letters are all dropped in Vanilla. It makes your fingers shiver ... On Vanilla's chessboard.]

4.

vanilla days

1. He had put his hand in the dog's mouth, paying his bills. Now the insects can creep underneath his clothes. 2. He had put his teeth in the back of a spider. Now it's having wings of dementia ... bringing him back ... to Vanilla's days ... 3. Blue spots, powdered spots, like winter's dreamglasses ... So soft, like glue inside, it is a plastic sight ... like toys ... 4. Pink spots, so pale, the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and deserts [b. It is ... too late ... for you to tell your story now it ... is my turn] 5. Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like the elfe's glue running ... so strange ... I am amazed ... when wasp rains are falling ... 6. These are stinging trees and trousers ... Like balloons of wild powders ... I'm having so many checked hearts inside ... these wizard hearts, banana hearts and wings of dementia ... leading me back to the house beyond history ... 7. Where I'm having redgolden checked dwarf shoes, pinocchio shoes like crocodile shoes ... like plastic transparent wood ... with strange powders inside these shoes can fly by the wings of dementia ... 8. Powdered spots on my back, spreading the delirium, making me drunk ... making my wings shiver ... my wings of dementia ... [b. I have autistic hearts from the wizard ... [c. having handicapped trousers, a handicapped suit while I feel so insane ... my clothes are stinging me ... something is boiling me ...]] 9. I'm flying by the wings of dementia on a mighty storm leading me back to aldebaran ... there are so many fevers in my head ... waking up these animals inside ... [b. I'm under the threat of a stinging plant ... ravalan madok ...] 10. There are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... powders inside like winter's dreamglass so pink and pale ... [11. Vanilla spots ... these are tattoos of dragons ... [b. for the wizard has fires in his eyes ...]] [12. His hearts are dancing through my mind ... these banana hearts ... enchanted ones ... there are shadows of fire on my walls ... jumping into the room] [13. These hearts like precious rippling ornaments ... rippling on my walls like zebras and tigers would do ... [b. while there's purple snow on my ground ... a carpet arabian designs ... making my mind spicy ...]] [14. Roaring bottles in high cupboards ... bottles of tears ... stored by the wings of dementia ... patterns of highways ... like the waves of the seas of flowers ... [b. To drink and get drunk while wizard hearts dance ... they look like snakes [c. like new alphabets penetrating my mind ...]]] [15. I have suits of strange nipples softer than myself gathered by .. the wings of dementia ... warming my autistic hearts ... [b. these wizard hearts]]

5.

graves of matadok

1. While the parrot is opening the graves of matadok, there's eagle radio in my head ... 2. By a vanilla flute .. the parrots keep on leaving ... opening the cigars of pharao ... [b. laughing themselves

to death .. by strange alcohol ... [c. These are the baker's liquors ...]] 3. While orange balls were exploding ... they found red cowboys in a shoe ... These were speaking cupboards having too many books inside ... they were the fallen lambsteads ... the kwaliks ... but now they let others fall by books of strange tax ... 4. They raise up their insurances in white ... while their arms are striped ... like butterfly-snakes they fly ... They are the needles of grammophone ... installing their birds of cigarette ... 5. They take flight ... into the graves of matadok ... following the red parrots ... the flute of tax is speaking ... while someone is whispering ... it's the red rose ... hiding her cowboys behind the bottles ... until her dragons are spitting the sands 6. He has a sword of tears and jewels, and a shield of seed ... killing giants ... by a hard white candy camera ... 7. His shoes are soft, he's a canary ... His rubber hides the black powders ... while he has a sandgun, when things overflow ... Then there will be storage ... Big livers hiding the lungs ... 8. They fall through tall whispers ... The suicide princess screams till the smile turns into a tear [b. He has a suit of tears ... this is the city of tears ... [c. The handkerchief ... room enough to store the tears and the seed ...]] 9. No need for umbrella's ... these wasprains ... create trees of balls ... from izu to perlottia ... reaching for the ceilings of love ... while pictures on the wall are freezing ... delirium makes the crocodile glue roll ... 10. I need a special suit to touch you ... while snakes slide through tears and seed ... looking for good tailormen ... in vanilla holes they grow ... becoming the hard men ... making the judases and the jesuses ... to lead them all astray ... [b. raising the doll ... to strike the orange once again ...] 11. They dive through chocolate tiles ... these are strange lights ... these are bakerman's faces ... breeding the falls in tall whispers ... by strange fruits ... still Vanilla's soldiers ... where birds of cigarette take flight ... [12. While two lions fight in the river ... making tea ... for lion railroads ... they are leaving a world under the ice ... in the hollow ... [b. heading for an eagle ship to become the golden taps ...]]

Eric Zwarzenei

13. When fake meets the nonsense, the black stone falls .. awakening the frogs ... all these misunderstandings .. they come from the lion's tea ... gliding through tall whispers ... preparing the bakers liquors ... 14. It's streaming through your trousers ... [b. like fishes coming from hell.] 15. While the ashes breed the black egg ... it's black boots coming to your town ... where a white chocolate house stands ... theologians still doing the game on white chocolate tiles ... kalibra bazina ... 16. The pickpocks .. the machines of deers ... checking pockets for fallen soldiers ... stealing the vanilla coins for their automatons ... they bring us over the nightseas ... ignore everything which is not inside ... there's custard streaming from vanilla holes ... [b. making a giant of you ... while there's a world inside ... here where swans spit fire ...] 17. You have pickpock trousers ... to meet an indian warbook .. through tight rings. [b. Wasp rains, the baker's liquors ... they stream through old trousers ... reaching for the boots ... These are old bottles, old comics ... while the juices are streaming ... [c. in the world where the swans spit fire ...]] 18. These are comic trousers, trains sliding from picture to picture ... doing dirty business ... There are statues beyond history ... Strange coins, if you ask me ... awakening .. the belcanov .. with snakes along the cars of chess ... [b. Here shark temple roars ...] 19. When someone walks ... the confusion comes ... [b. It's made of butcher's leather ... and strange wool ...] 20. He's hiding his sharks behind comic walls ... He is the red dragon ... [b. something makes him wild ...[c. a child inside ... while juices are streaming through tall trousers ...]] 21. These are tall whispers, where the bakers hide .. and it's still a white chocolate house in which we all drown ... there where the black bed rules ... in a red shoe ... [b. these cowboys .. become indians in the night ... marching under strange flags ... while a little boy is marching before their crowds ... playing the flute ... the rod of ashes ..] [22. Red rose hiding the

red boys behind golden and black bottles ... waiting for the strike ... These are the birds of cigarette ... strange dragonbars ... these pillars of mighty temples while pickpocks dive in strange waters ...] [23. They are the pillars of strange cathedrals ... living on walls and ceilings ... they live in strange dies ... Six alices on white chocolate tiles breeding the hollow inside ... while an oxygen statue is living inside ... while I'm living in a diamond creating rainbows ...] [24. Purple bakerman's faces .. glue from Z ... it's your game too ... and you see this army of scissors ... there's loud noise when they eat [b. They're in love with stiletto's ... these bullets are checked balloons ...]] [25. There are many towers on a church ... the black widow invented them all ... Eric Zwarzenei is a strange clown ... if you want to know ... I have strange fairgrounds in my pocket ... where everything becomes glue ...] [26. I a'm a fisherboy ... fishing aldebaran balls ... all in grandfather's pocket ... I have a red checked scorpion with golden scissors ... pink banana's burning the money for another ride ...] [27. It's pleasureland, we're riding the donkey's ... all in dark underground temples ... where the fake meets the nonsense ... sowing misunderstanding on the roofs ... to overcome the blame and the shame ... [b. on the wings of dementia.]] [28. Uncle peacock has a fairground ... while uncle unicorn has a circus ... while I am eric zwarzenei.] [29. I'm a pirate from Venusia ... the sea of venus ...] [30. In snowwhite's coffin ... the balloon is growing inside ... White shoes with thin stripes, showing you the insurances of a deaf ear ... over violin roads ... they take flight ...] [31. It's a cocoon ... after they ate you .. you can ride them ... [b. It's a strange fairground ... [c. I know a land where the trousers run ... having their own towers in the night ... staring at the pink and the white.]]]

6.

ladybugs

1. She's from vanilla wildernesses ... with her head like a ladybug's back ... her eyes are rolling ... I'm a prisoner of a strange castle ... an arabian castle ... while the deer ignore me ... why don't they save me ... they have big machines for that ... 2. And the silver strikes, until all these bakerman's faces rise ... 3. The strikes of silver bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ... [b. While wild cats stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts [c.icecreams with forestroad snakes ...]] 4. They are bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... There are strange arabian roundabouts in the air these peacocks horrorshows ... [b. they're mixing the icecreams ... while forestroad snakes rise ...] 5. Where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deers ... they are strange checked mirrors in castles ... [b. while the wizard hearts beat faster.] 6. To have the powders of delirium ... in spinning bakerman's faces ... a ladybug is what it sais ... and then the worlds are exploding ... strange ways of an eagle's helmet ... having the face of a ladybug ... 7. These are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... to let you see a peacocks horrorshow .. and then you will me mixed again ... in everything what was left for you ... and there you will find a new world ... 8. This watch with bakerman's faces ... to make your eyes red ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... [b. inviting you to the cartoons ... while the boys with snakehearts beat the drums ... [c. they are the heartplugs when summers freeze ...]] 9. To soft clouds peeing tears to show the jewels of sweet fluffy roses painted on white chocolate ... Now he's breeding his boys from lynx inside the banana striking there ... to let them run faster where all the racecars rise ... on checked banana tiles they ride on banana railroads and rainbows a good way to burn money 10. Wild desertstorms in bakerman's faceswars in an hourglass while dictators strike the silver they will all understand and now they are lords of the dice ... hunted by a thousand tales and the russian face on the door shows so many

colours with a peacocks horrorshow on his helmet ... [11. While they're finding their own boys of lynx inside ... these hearts are snakes ... [b. breeding the watch of the zebra ...]] [12. While the red dragon is an author, and a worker in a library ... he locked you up behind letters ... these dragonbars ... a bakertree, an arabian seadragon ... While vanilla is the displaydoll of the bookshop ...] [13. They raise the dolls to smash the orange balls to have the cartoons ... Give me the flute of vanilla, the dragon's scar, to lead the rats away.]

7.

bananas chessboard

1. And she said : My husband is a wolve's gnat, a taxmaster, if it comes to that ... breeding his icecreams by letting his fruits die ... they become too sweet and too cold ... it makes you cry. 2. And she said : you don't want to hear how cruel this is it must be or it will not sell. [b. It grows on a market this strange strange fruit, on a black white chessboard.] 3. And she said : you can switch between jokes and horrors, drinking the comic juice. 4. And she said : it always rises again, to the clouds of japan, making all these dreams in his kettle, by lies underground it makes the rain ... 5. And she said : still the bridge from arabia to the indians with a deep japanese background ... where the spider hides ... 6. The soft fleeces between her and that thing, were just marks from echo's television ... installing it deeper inside 7. Now it's like the game's icecream ... now it's like the watering touch with all these ripples from zebra ... 8. The skin was ripped off that day ... Seeing Hitler's Blue Tongue ... 9. And she said : I can show you the tales on Hitler's tongue ... These are all lamentation weathers These are all lamention feathers ... from the horror to the cartoon ... So many cigars spread on the road ... like train's apocalypse ... 10. He will show up after the crash ... showing you the lazarus tree ... climbing it will switch you from the lamentation to the lullaby ... then you will understand what it means ... and then you will meet summerclause ... with all those Jesuses from Cartoon ... those little men ... those zebramen switching you between the pencil and the spoon ... 11. Between a cigar and a cigarette ... was your rocket launched straight in the cartoon ... like a spear piercing the old bear-drum ... reaching the flute inside ... and this movie would be burnt in your uncle's pipe ... for a rainbowversion from the old Pan ... 12. The movie waves are moving ... symmetric to the snakes underground ... rising to cartoon ... rising to the comic-towers to release the juices from inside ... to have a good bite in the apple of chess ... [b. until you switch between the cartoon and the comic ... until you see all their little jesusmen ... hidden too well behind the cubes an autistic world, a traumatic beauty ... there where the vibration transformed the layers ...] 13. It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ... 14. Back to Izu, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles [b. waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... [c. for it was too private ... just for you ...]] 15. Back to Izu ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... [b. When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw]

Kuzaponia

1.

Prince of Comics

1. Boys from Lynx IV ; Creatures from Paradox. He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming to the town for some underground conspiracies. [b. She burns you by fire, she's his

princess] 2. Don't take the hot stick when it barks at you ... On Hitler's tongue, we glide. [b. There are sugared red tongues in the air ... while pink and green are watching. It was the spell of an ornament.] 3. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. [b. she's his princess.] 4. Come by yourself now .. No one will do it for you ... all these boys from lynx are inside ... On red bananas he writes stories ... charity came by insurance ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream of business .. while a red arabian seadragon grew inbetween ... [b. these are all orange liars coming out of zebra's boats ...] 5. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his golden birds surround you .. It's Egypt in Izu ... Tell me brother .. It's Egypt in Izu ... 6. And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby, I tell you, father. I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 7. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. [b. I feel soft, you gave me feathers, you gave me milk, you're a bakerman's face, tell me father, you're a bakerman's face ... [c. You're dadda's cloudship, with all your lalla's ... and your babba's. You're like the tiger rippling in the sky [d. in the skies of deserts.]]] 8. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... for a golden banana, a sugared tongue ... It's Egypt in Izu. 9. I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu [b. He with the butterflywings. [c. There are white checked cigarettes underwater checking the housefloors. [d. While green canaries escape from the blue.]]] 10. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... [b. when Gepetto goes to sleep. [c. These are pink lights coming from the red.]] 11. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... Now these wolves are dangerous ... they are raking the bananaseas ... for tax undercover ... It's heading for Vanilla ... 12. And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... Lalla's in my own eyes ... and the babbabubbles, gliding through the night ... They all work for vanilla ... she's a pawn of a red checked dragon ... She must spin comics all the time ... 13. She's spinning her comic-princesses ... in black, red, blue and green ... making the candyrings tight ... [b. While green canaries escape from the blue through pink curtains ..] 14. Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move like strange russian chess ... 15. These are the bananas of tax and insurance, burning the money to spread it's ashes by the lights of chess and gamble ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... 16. It was Easterclause visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... [b. These wars were written by a bananas pencil, raging until another comic dictator would stand up.] 17. There was a white hard candy camera inside, bringing them all behind the glass of an elve's museum in a sharke's temple [b. spinning the comic juices ... this cowboys chess.] 18. It was spinning the vanilla glass, by strange sorts of indian chess. [b. There are coming fishes out of barrel organs, while a blind musician is moving the bar.] 19. A ladybug is opening her kitchen, to show her princesses of comics. [b. She shows her rivers, she's moving the bars.] 20. Still the boys grow in checked trees, in bakertrees, these strange bananas ... they sleep ... spinning tax and assurance by sharp ornaments and wine ... they are burning money, spreading the ashes ... while snakes bring them over the rivers of death 21. A banana rises on tv .. telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking red checked potatoes and yellow checked juices ... while the air is shivering ... 22. In these red checked potatoes comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaos ... He makes movies by drowning the money comics ... on the back of an arabian seadragon ... a strange automaton ... 23. Now all these machines of deer ... they drown the comics ...

to show their cinema-screens ... The red tiger is rippling there ... Strange coffee ... coming from the red ... 24. While all these birdstatues ... They're coming out of the banana ...

2.

banana hearts

1. The movie egg, it was a dragon egg, coming from Pharaoh's mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? 2. Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a dragon's tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ... Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... 3. These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... 4. Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ... Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind dragonbars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ... 5. They become strange machines, locked up in books ... Arabian horses ridden by others ... spiders with many arms ... Here behind the book, uncle peacock is laughing ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... strange fishes underwater covered yet so naked ... 6. These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... While uncle unicorn is making them all deaf ... when the flags are waving ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the joke statues ... 7. Uncle Peacocks are big boats behind the books ... In chocolate they breed the games ... The pawns want to become free on a bananaboat behind the book ... where the smoke is rising .. 8. They are marching to the worlds beyond chess, looking for ... the golden cigars ... They travel without moving ... 9. Uncle Peacocks are the big Arabian Seacoccons, the Arabian Seadragons ... 10. They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... They are big stinging plants without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts ... Banana hearts they are ... rising with the wings of dementia ... 11. They drink their drinks fast, from small bottles.

3.

the journey

1. The journey through the sharkian temple was a long journey. I lost a lot of friends in all sorts of traps. These were the hidden altars of the sharks. 2. I didn't know why they took my friends away, but later I would find out. Finally I reached the room of the throne, but it was an old lady sitting there between the spiderwebs, turning young when I touched her. 3. There are seven days for the mortals to prepare for the lightening coming to take them away, there, in the room of the throne. They have touched the old lady, and she became young again. It is a thin lady, but when you touch her again she becomes thick. She will tell you ... all what the lullabies taught her ... 4. The lullabies in daydream's spring, covering the morning, for there will be no afternoon ... Seven days for the mortals, without afternoons ... only mornings, evenings and of course ... nights ... to prepare for the lightening ... coming to take them away ... 5. I was one of them We would be taken to a ship to find out we were already on that ship ... with a name called 'All there is' There was no sea ... only that ship ... the sea was in the ship ... 6. I was one of these mortals ... on this Eagle Ship These guys were strange ... They ate butchers ... making strange leathers ... It was whispering while powders started to spread ... smelling like the seeds of flowers ... It was like an ornament ... 7. A Jesus Christ is hanging in the air ... no clothes, but yet so covered ... by lines of old

books and by strange leathers ... He's smiling, yet the tears are flowing ... He's dying, but coming to life in a strange way ... 8. They tell me not to touch the picture for at the end there will be no any Jesus Christ left, only some boys from Lynx It is written in their holy books. 9. I feel naked yet so covered like the insect losing his skin to get a new one ... in which cocoon am I ? Is this the Arabian Sea-cocoon ? There is no sea .. there is no air ... only a ship called 'All there is' an eagle-ship ... like the red picnic like a red ball .. having so many colours in the night

10. Then the glues are overflowing and then I'm seeing the face of the Lion's Tea Wizard it was something I drank ... it was something I feared ... but it was beautiful 11. I can go into these cellars now ... the places I used to fear as a child ... I had such strange feelings in my stomach thinking .. but it was just the wizard calling me 12. I had a strange tattoo of a pale orange octopus on my lower stomach ... it was hurting me ... but also giving me strange delights ... The wizard has this tattoo also ... he shows me ... He has so many tattoos ... also one of a black snail ... and one of a white rabbit ... 13. There are strange banana's lying on a golden dish ... It's like pumping all these strange feelings inside ... I used to misinterpret these ... I was in the misunderstanding of this lion's tea ... I walk towards him ... he's the grandfather of the ship ... the big daddy ... but suddenly I feel like I'm in glue 14. Don't touch him, they say for at the end there will not be any Jesus Christ left ... only some boys from Lynx ... it is written in their holy books. 15. They say all these figures turn into the boys from lynx in the nights to bring shivering mornings ... Is fear their key ? ... They wear the rings of fear ... It's a strange machine of dogs ... 16. They have also a ring of guilt, spreading flowers of blame and shame ... with these they do business ... with these they raise the doll ... to hit the orange balls in pieces ... while bakermen try to hide these dolls and crimes ... they look so soft ... inviting me to eat the custard 17. Don't touch them, they say, for these bakermen are from the hollow, selling hunger to those in hunger ... They are businessmen of vanilla ... her hidden soldiers ... they are the traps in shark's temple ... Don't touch them, for at the end there will not be a Jesus or a Judas ... only some boys from lynx ... 18. In this strange cocoon ... This Arabian Sea-Cocoon ... such strange creatures are swimming there but at the end boys from lynx ... 19. And then I drink the Tiger's Coffee ... while someone said it doesn't exist only Lion's Tea ... so I spit it out ... trying to just learn to drink Lion's Tea ... I need to get used to it ... Oh, how many bakerman's faces there are ... so many liars and lurers so many swindlers and smugglers all traps in shark's temple 20. Maybe I ... am in such a trap too ... thinking I reached the goal But the goal was another trap This doorway of luxury and life just another trap or is this trap protecting me against something worse ? a worse trap ? 21. What is this for a strange plant ... It's a stinging nettle ... Biological harpoons to draw me away from the danger I had been caught by a shark ... but all these things are just illusions at the end there are no saints no sinners, no escapes, no prisons ... no liberties ... no bondages only some boys from Lynx ... 22. There's a stinging nettle roaring in my body ... shivering between sickness and health ... between sanity and insanity ... but what is what and who is who ... it's in the eye of the beholder ... it's in wasp-tv ... 23. In a shark's temple ... we all drank from the lion's tea ... making our lists of people in traps while we were in the deepest traps ourselves ... we had a red eye, a wasp eye, misleading us ... we were boxers in the arena ... fighting for lies ... drinking from the Lion's Tea to get more drunk ... 24. I need to bite myself through this Lion's Tea ... there is no other way ... I'm still in Shark Temple ... on an Eagle Ship while a lion is flowing through my veins ... doing business it's a dog-machine ... raising the dolls ... hitting orange balls ... they're moving through the cocoons of sleep ... to reach the tables of a new world 25. There's a shark-temple in the desert ... The road to eagle ship ... but it's a trap just protecting you against a worse trap These are

orange liars on a ship with bakerman's faces ... but don't touch them .. these lurers ... these misleading lights and fires for at the end ... there will be only some boys from lynx ... 26. It's an ornament, these boys from lynx ... while a white rabbit is dancing bringing them to the pink sun to let them fight against the one without business ... the stinging nettle ... and it grows on eagle ship ... in a barn to eat the boys from lynx ... let me tell you ... this ornament will die ... for the white rabbit likes to wear dead ornaments. 27. Who can defeat the boys from lynx ? Who can destroy their marketsquares ? Only the white rabbit knows ... 28. Vanilla has some planes let me tell you ... these leaves from a stinging plant ... these bakertrees, these forestroads the rabbit knows ... that all life grows in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge roars ... 29. There I found the red shoe, where the bootlaces rule ... There, in an orange ravine, the shoe was born ... No need for business ... everyone is equal ... we are all leaves of a stinging nettle ... 30. I see bakerman's faces running, I see kids playing in the snow .. having orange guns ... with orange liars ... Bakerman's faces have risen from the death ... they attack the boys from lynx ... It's always like that ... when orange strikes the blue and then we are in Shark Temple again ...

Dangerous Tiles

31. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... There's your craddle in a deaf shop, deep down in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge is roaring ... It all started in a rabbit's ear ... Someone forgave us and we got here ... It is all done by prayers ... from a Sharkian Temple ... making the journey to an eagle ship this is all there is ... like a red picnic full of lion's tea ... 32. It was something you drank from an iron shoe in a rabbit's ear ... Still a painting and a statue in a shark's temple ... a strange mirror ... you see yourself ... and all these bakerman's faces ... turning into boys from lynx in that deepest night ... there where she found the coin ... when the orange struck the blue ... 33. Time was just a waste ... but when we would hold the days in our arms ... we wouldn't have time ... then there wouldn't be clocks ... then there wouldn't be mirrors ... 34. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... where someone prayed for us ... where someone forgave us and forgot about us ... and now we're here ... in a sharkian temple ... drinking lion's tea ... It all started here ... in this deep orange ravine ... where the broken bridge was roaring ... what would happen if this rabbit ear would fall off ? 35. Here you found your shoe ... with all these bootlaces roaring in your head like snakes all these forestroads ... in a shark's temple ... leading you ... to the eagle ship ... letting orange strike the blue ... 36. There are men standing in the shark temple ... old statues ... they have fights in the nights holding the black days tight ... 37. It's a strange stinging nettle ... growing from the deepest ravine, that orange ravine heading for the eagle ship ... heading for ... a strange castle ... where everything starts to cry is it another trick of vanilla ? 38. She breaks you without mercy ... when the rabbit ears fall off ... then everything starts to shiver ... I know a castle where everything starts to shiver ... everyone is equal ... so let it circulate ... no blood ... just glue and tears ... 39. Vanilla's island stings, but makes you free ... in a shark temple ...with a wasp eye on it, half closed half open ... also on our heads ... we are prisoners ... never free ... following the hunger to get more hungry ... 40. And the boys from bloodhound with their riches ... they fall when the meaner ones rise ... these creatures were living in them these stinging plants ... and now they are up, tearing their masks away ... they're free ... [b. on a golden picnic.] 41. There are growing strange plants from the orange ravine ... they are the hard men, mean men ... there's no business ... only guns ... They are horrible creatures of arabian seas ... 42. Arabian Seacreatures, these statues in a shark temple ... riding the storm ... 43. These hard men ... do the dance ... do the fire ... they ride everything ... these are hard days ... and you need to hold them ... or the clocks will spin again ... mirroring in the sky ... coming closer ... from the dark sides of the temple in blue glue ... blue

glue ... 44. They are predators ... looking for butchers ... making strange leathers in the sky ... they have hidden altars ... the tiles on the ground ... these tiles are dangerous

Truants

45. Blame and shame are weaving the dolls ... while exoduses rise up in them ... giving them good faces ... by business you can only escape by a twoface .. while the truants have orange guns ... 46. Jesus Christ is a businessman ... but I'm a truant ... I don't show up at all God had never sent me out ... I'm a truant .. if you would ever see me ... it's also the last time For I'm the first and the last ... I'm a shark ... 47. They have bred the cyborg ... along a doghedge ... where the fruits of exodus grow ... thorns stinging deep into the skin ... breeding the cyborg ... and at the end of that hedge, a catwoman lives ... breeding the sugar ... while her sister, a white rabbit ... turns it into alcohol ... and then they can cry or laugh themselves to death ... to sink to the bottom of the glass ... [b. They are the two-faced mask of Pharaoh, drowning the boys on heights of shark's temples in golden altars of water ... He baptizes them ...] 48. You must have a two-faced nose to escape ... or just being a truant ... the hard men will do ... when they reach the hard white candy ... The doghedge is my suit ... this strange plant ... growing inside of me, stinging me ... while people are crying and laughing themselves to death ... I feel myself like the lord of dominoes, like a domino of vela, installing the jokes on two sides ... 49. It's an ornament from grandmothers box ... an automaton ... Seven will rise up to bring us over the nightseas ... These are like marchpane, with hard white candy lying inbetween ... It's like a new alphabeth ... and we can live in these letters ...

4.

golden picnic

1. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books, there where the chessboards turn around to show you the enchanted mirror ... There are stinging plants in these strange banana hearts ... you start to cry ... 2. These cities are of sand, while jokestatues rise ... They travel without moving, they breath without breathing ... They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons and powdered smiles ... 3. There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ... Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaoh has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... 4. While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacocoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... [b. her curses stream.] 5. They drink their juices fast and spit their sands ... These are dragons hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ... 6. There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the ancient seas ... on the wings of dementia ... 7. There's chocolate melting in tight bananas now the pawns are finally free ... stretching their arms in spidersuns ... There's strange leather in eastern skies ... riding the Arabian Horses ... now the pawns can drink their moviejuices ... it's like glue 8. There are strange playcards in the skies ... becoming free behind the books ... They were saved by a vanilla's strike ... while the letters are melting ... becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this golden picnic's day ... [b. while the griffon is floating ..] 9. They are blind behind the bars of books ... while spiderian swords pierce the eyes ... These were Calvary glasses ... on a cat, hare and dog called easter ... a strange white trident of your local insurance office ... strange trafficlites in your city .. 10. And the squirtel makes strange pictures behind comics and cartoons with a checked white hard candy camera while strange statues paint the skies ... [b. It's August's moon touching August's sun on the twentieth ... [c. while she stops

screaming, reaching for december skies.]] 11. There are fishes with striped candystings, floating to Eminius Day. There are boats of sirens with candystings, floating to Eminius Day. While a griffin's boy soothes the hard men by his flute. He's enchanting them again, to let them reach for the viking's helmet. 12. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 13. There are seven parrots on a stream, showing pictures of icy mountains, under December's Sun, a green one. While a green checked balloon is raking it's moon.

5.

Eminius Day

1. Eminius Day shows the shiny hearts into monkey's chests, entering the bear. Their pyama's are soft, while honey is dripping. 2. There are strange leathers and strange wool in the air. These are the underground cities of dwarves, making her heart so tired. 3. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for Eminius Day. Mother will spin the sugar. Mother will show the sugared red tongues. She's cold while I'm standing on December's Sun, a green one. 4. Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. It's a strange sort of Russian Chess. 5. There are seven judgements on the mouth, on Eminius Day, written by the sword of Thoth. His house is built on candyneedles and candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. 6. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ..Eminius Day. No time to think. It's fourty-one o clock on a Brannan's watch. 7. These snakes break through walls, they are coming from Eminius Day. 8. There are Eminius Eagles in the skies, causing earthquakes, while orange liars rise from zebra boats ... 9. They are coming from December Sun, from green checked balloons ... surrounding the skies. 10. There are two captains on a ship, breaking the spanish warrior who took you away. Michiel Adrianson The Raider, and Piet Hein, stealing his silver. 11. You must swear to keep this a secret, with two vingers raised to Osiris, Uncle Peacock and Uncle Unicorn. 12. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... arms of a strange tiger ... rippling in december skies ... 13. There are strange syrops in the air of docters ... bringing history back ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend. 14. Watch these moving pictures flying, with the wings of dementia .. It's coming from the trees .. moving mosaics ... 15. Watch these ornaments of glue ... 16. There's strange glue coming out of businessmen noses ... pictures of glue ... moving pictures ... coming from history ... waiting to be sold ... to live in someone's head or knee ... 17. Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... 18. There are octopuses living in someone's head for halve of the price ... There are strange auctions ... Cuyornaida CorsetStrange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... 19. The winner becomes a million-armed spider in a sun ... December Sun ... So much care for history ... he gave his life away to buy them all ... and now he's your history-teacher ... 20. They are the guards to strange gardens of glue ... the watchers of lapoendria ... There are wild cats in Izu ... with noses dripping of tea ... while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... 21. So much pain covered up by the black checked blankets of tax and chess, while the birds of insurance pick up their Jesus Christ to let them ascend in their heavens ... These .. are the bakerman's faces .. 22. The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a

split laugh ... 23. Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... 24. The skies become of silver, and then the bakers start to eat ... all these History Warriors with their little lights ... They are bringing these warriors to a soft spot inside Here the Vanilla Queen thrones ... 25. They are eating the historybooks with the moving pictures of glue ... while Vanilla surrounds them ... hiding the future behind ... She even eats the boys from Lynx to spit the red fires ... 26. While they are spread by the smoke, the Varia Bird rises ... showing the rainbowbananas ... so many roads to ride on ... Letters from a mailman's heart ... with so many birds of insurance ... these birds of uncle unicorn ... 27. And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild cats of lapoendria ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... They don't see the horror ... for it's covered by the layers of tax, business and chess ... with the cream of democracy ... they feel free in their games ... They only remember their names in thick letters. 28. They are safe in the arms of uncle unicorn ... 29. They only see the wars in bottles of history far away on the attics of their grandparents .. behind moving walls ... of strange cupboards with strange paintings ... 30. They bought their pictures in old cigarshops. Pictures with so many layers of glue, named after the old kings. 31. And these old kings live in their own worlds of dementia ... using soldiers to win their wars ... these bottles so far away ... these redblue soulbottles. 32. They all live in lapoendria ... the world of dementia ... where these wild cats saved me. 33. On the corner of a dark street, before the alley, Willem One to Five was sitting, having silver warriors inside ... These are the kings of soulbottles striped, in redgreen, greenorange and greenblue. 34. On comiccorners they live ... tied to the coins of history ... strange cowboys ... 35. Tied and glued screams covered by candylayers, while you only hear a soft voice showing you the pictures ... There are strange flies lying on our eyes raking. Wild cats know how to get the snakes out of the eggs ... 36. Willem One to Five ... still a strange taxmachine spouting insurances ... coming from the chessboard .. black and white .. While thick democracies roar it doesn't sting anymore ... 37. You can get born in it ... a boy called birthday lives inside ... on a birthdaytart with little lights ... spinning glue Five layers on the picture ... while the sixth brings the silver ... the seventh the gold 38. There's tax spinning inside, making strange films of history ... There are many layers of an onion ... It's coming from golden cigars, from three clauses : santa clause, summer clause and easterclause. 39. Willem III makes pictures by a checked white hard candy camera, while zebraboats rise, with orange liars on them, spinning glue ... It's rising from the taxmachine ... from a machine of deer. There, where the birthday boys live ... 40. These machines of deer, all tax-machines ... raising their zebraboats with their orange liars ... these strange clauses and on top they spin the films of history ... rippling through the skies, coming as tigers ... by smoke, wine and coffee. 41. Hot glues behind the comics of tax and assurance ... they eat like bakerman's faces ... breeding them as wild as they are ... 42. These comics always come from the black and the white ... From strange French chessboards ... 43. Horses are turning their heads ... bringing the layers of glue ... Strange glues from mouths bring the lies ... to let the children sleep ...but these lies they ripple ... bringing the nightmares of truth ...

6.

nightmares of truth

1. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... 2. These are just the creatures of Paradox, showing you the entrance and the exit ... 3. I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a zebra's boat with liars ... while their truths brought me to nightmares ... Nightmares ? Or didn't I swallow them well ? Show me

some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... 4. There are seven nights on an Arabian Lion ... Show me the creatures of paradox ... to let me spin my own tax ... in my own comics ... to see the horses of bristal brival ... those red horses with the black eyes ... bring me back ... 5. Show me the kings of Smulk, to build my own ladders on strange animals, to become strange ... strange enough to enter ... Let me be a stranger ... a stranger man ... 6. With the eyes of Willem I, II and III, making pictures by a checked white hard candy camera ... 7. While Uncle Unicorns ears spit fire ... These are strange boots ... It's spinning the games of Insurance ... by strange candy and strange medicine ... It's taking their own Jesus Christs ... covering up so many problems ... Is there a way out ? So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

Insutinia

1.

Idefelle

1. the businessmen are heading for the businessmen, the coffee is heading for the coffee ... and you ... you're still sitting on that old chair decorated by old birthdays 2. come and discover with me, a new world beyond the business ... over the hills and far away but i know i'm talking to a wall ...3. There are jewels in a spanish sun ... 4. I'm looking in it, while I'm getting blind ... But that's to escape your ornaments ... I'm finally safe

Idipus

5. the big beer is running through scandinavian streets, the big lie is walking behind him ... they make the same movements and before you know ... they tackled you and then you're one of them ... they're catching shadows, lunatic actions ... sucking the fools from the roofs ... it's an artist's misvacation ... planned too late on a hard man's spoon 6. now all he can do is spit and roar ... but they call it art that's one for sure ... the fall of the artist, still a beautiful painting, something to remember and to collect all he is doing is making art ... even his funeral is called a masterpiece ... the way he smiles is artall good movies from a big talent. covered by big business ... 7. You with your green coffee ... having some contracts with the big tea and some lamentation dogs ... and now your passengers cannot sleep It's like the curse of the blackest night It's your ghostship with the lions on with your babes dying on the sides It's green coffee which you gave me ... It made me sick

Odekus

8. green mothers green ornaments ... it didn't bring me one step further ... it's a lying laughing curse ... all in tight dresses and tight faces still a coffee-statue of grandfather's works it was like james bond raising octopussy ... it was a trademark perfectly denied

2.

Baklehep

1. he's the guard of my memory that old wasp but he shows me that the old house from the past was also just a memory i lived in this memory such a long time not liking it the old wasp ... the old guard dealing in memories 2. finally they are treasures ornaments ...which

need to be worn on the right place the wasp will sting, until the memory is open, until the memory is at home until it is understood the wasp ... the driver of oldtimers ... of old locomotions bringing them home all these lost grandfathers and grandmothers back to the garage 3. the wasp is sitting on the first floor ... in a rocking chair knitting new pyama's for me it seems i'm getting the wasp's pyama's ...for a deeper sleep ... he's knitting me home he's knocking on my back while all clocks on the walls are exploding the wasp's mosaics are roaring through my spine ...still a strange language it stings deep and tomorrow we will have tv 4. businessmen heading for businessmen to play the big cuyornaida corset ... businessmen heading for businessmen ... to close the fences to the new world 5. businessmen heading for businessmen .. to lay the dogmagnets deep inside ... there's something with their sea-machines there's something with their coffee ... and still too much tea dripping from their noses ... 6. it's the gathering of all big noses it's the gathering of all cowards ... quenching every war which would save the children sacrificing their meals to the dragons 7. it's the gathering of the big cartoon ... too scared to lay the horror ... but now the tragedies are rising ... rising from cartoon all these businessmen all these sacred men just blasphemy undercover 8. there's an orchestra of new waves ... entering your room planting machines in the corners the businessmen are still running ... with their pipes of peace no they have too much old tea in their eyes staring at me if you ask me ... they have faces dripping with tea i wonder why what is the deal ... 9. these loves are two seconds too fast ... they are wearing guns between their legs which they never use well only when they have to install their machines they are wearing the guns between their legs ... they are wearing white rags between their ornaments they are wearing their white flags for seventy seven reasons, which i don't want to hear 10. i heard enough stories i heard enough ornaments like this singing in the rain but i'm watching my trousers grow my back is getting taller ... it's like the wasp is growing there with ten millions of little businessmen so little little lights shining there ... carrying songs on their back spreading their powders ... spreading their powders to make them all blind for the land behind the fence the land behind grandmother's garden11. it's still so weak there pale flowers, pale butterflies waiting to meet the pale ones they are all waiting still so fragile still so sleepy

3.

Patsio Poppunos

1. decembers cold nights brought the watermarks on my face ... decembers horrors ... the wasp's tattoo ... all from the wasplake ... 2. decembers spoon hit the waspmark on my leg and someone was feeling my pulse there in that old forest ... now the kids can never come alive again 2. it was an old priest with some sacred marks ... but these were too sacred so no one really survived 3. and this forest is still enchanted ... like virgo's church ... even the fishes are drowning in the pond ... and the candyhouses are bitter there it's all grey and green ... 4. the watermark still on my head the snake is doing business ... he's still breeding his watermarks there now we work in his factories and the curse is getting heavier every year ... it's like farao's hand so we are waiting for some plagues ... 5. it's the invisible debt business makes the beans so sharp so now we're watching the sideshows ... the eyes of the wasps ... for when the dog is home ...it will start to eat your furniture ... and finally yourself and your family ... laying the chain forever ... they can be dangerous criminals another don't want to have around 6. Tatoos on dry places ... The watermarks know where they can suck ... Thick gel on thin places ... The crocodile knows it's

paths ... 7. Conspiracies of the damned ... They are all heading for each other ... 8. It's all getting clear through the eyes of a wasp ... But no one wants to leave it this way 9. Real pride doesn't exist, In the heart of the liar, Real honour doesn't meet his mouth It's only some wood of fear, blowing away his consciousness ... and something else is taking him over 10. They are too afraid to live ... They are too afraid to touch When all the curses are installed ... They start to deny everything ... To cover up the wounds ... To cover up your screaming child inside So that no one will ever see ... and no one can really help you ... Barbed Wire Hearts 11. They try to let you feel insecure ... for they could never feel the blessing of pride ... They are barbed wire hearts, they are liars from the beginning, sent out to make you one of them ... 12. They knock until your fragile mind opens up ... And then they slowly slide away ... leaving a pipeline for a daily suck When you give them your heart, They will let it fall ... And soon you will be one of them for you cannot use your heart anymore you're a barbed wire heart too ... 13. Is there any spell to reverse this curse ? Yes, when Jesus will betray Judas with a barbed wire kiss But that already happened hundred years ago in the heart of London, when James Bond auctioned his golden rabbit among the clocks 14. The one of the biggest ridicule, The one with the trademark-condoms, The one with the coldest touch, The one with the diplomatic sleep-pills, The one with the copyright-assistants, The one with the careful curses, Has the keys of this machine. 15. It's the sports Journalist, with razorsharp money, having razorsharp records, running in the middle of bald heads ... It's the game's capitalist, It's sunday's Scrooge in a rotten church, It's your mental brigade to identify flying objects unexpected, It's your bridegroom on a purple rose, It's your liar's doctor on a cold summernight, It's your mother's leather dog-chain. 16. The waterlights are heading for ... the light in the pocket ... They have seen light ... Now they are hungry ... 17. A world of elves cannot save you this time ... For now it's something worse ... Your mother's worst put in chess She's drinking a cup, and you think it's filled with your blood, but you don't know it for sure ... It can also be your neighbour's blood ... Her agenda's are never clear ... 18. You always live like you're not knowing what she exactly cooked for you ... Strange dinners from a mother's heart and now you're sick of it 19. No one can help you when mother makes her cruel decisions ... It's like your last joker has been blown away by the wind ... And all the shops are closed today Now your waiting for the night ... Mother's night For the strike of her nails .. The Waterlights are heading for the pocket ... 20. Those waterlights ... in the night ... They have smelled something ... Some pale purple roses ... Now they are up for some barparties ... While no one can save you ... While no one knows you .. You are a stranger in your own land now ... And you even don't know where you are anymore ... For the waterlights have come Waterlights in tall delights Tall insectians ... too tall too tall to feel safe ... 21. It was your mother's worst put in chess ... Now the waterlights, these tall delights are heading for your home ... It seems like mom pushed a bell the worst bell, worse than a million schoolbells ... It seems she was in problems, So now she made this choice ... Or was it an accident ? You don't know ... for her agenda's aren't clear And her diaries are dark too dark to read You wouldn't bear it if you would know what she's all writing about you It's your moms worst put in chess It's like you sit on electric chairs all through the house. 22. But hey, come on, read it another time, and you will not be so shocked ... for time heals all wounds ... well, but ... they might want to take over your moms occupation ... to become your next horror ... that even one day you will beg for those old waterlights again ... your moms worst put in chess ... your last flame on a birthday's cake 23. But hey, you will survive death ... there are worse things than that this old curses chessboard ... which raped your whole family without pardon where it swallowed all colours away where it set it's arena's ... still an advertisement-clip roaring in your head ... Razorsharp like hell, dressed in old rags, She's still playing the widow ... painting the wet blue faces

from the Big Coffee ... all these statues ... A woman with intelligence is a pearl in your hand ...24.
Awakening the wasp, the ornament's transmission ... In pale purple screams the crime appears ...
Awakening the wasp, awakening the fears ... to trace the ladders inside on a woman's thick coffee-
panties.

4.

Omeshur Sitania

1. Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the black deer ... It's not you anymore ... someone else took the job ... He heard your scream of the black past ... and now he wrapped himself in the deerskin ... 2. He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... when the red stinging nettle clock ticks ... deep in the forest surrounded by waspnests ... then we will see the big "most" ... it was all ...deeper inside making us all deaf to the lie ... the good mask just melts ... when the wings are spread ... when the feather-pencil rules ... while the persons are raging above your head ... in their unknown languages ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... from an old birdnest ... from an ancient war you're just an object in their eyes no one really knows about what the wars are raging it's an ancient war high in the air ... it's rising above your head ... so let it go 3. Black Spring from the ornament's ring ... Black lights so thin so thin Sinister shadows in the night ... Aldebaran birds, with their big eyes ... They make the tragedy so thick they can be your best friends ... but the day after they are your worst enemies ... 4. Aldebaran birds, so soft and so tender ... so weak and so fragile ... Aldebaran birds, but you can never touch them ... for they have the lion's spoon inside ... ready to attack you ... Aldebaran birds, they cry through the nights .. like they are old widows in the snow ... behind bars and thick glass ... for the rest of your life they are birds of tantalos creating the dream ... to let you miss it ... 5. These aldebaran birds ... like everlasting damnation ... aldebaran birds ...

APPENDIX

5.

Ichabus

1. Jericho ; Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the comic milk stream from Jericho. These are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ... beyond the museums ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ... 2. Where snakes dance ... in a little musicbox ... the yellow station ... breeding the nothing .. and the hard men ... in the museum of tears ... the tears shine like onions ...

Pepetua

3. She was tied to the book, the stories were too heavy to bear, she was a book statue, a prisoner, standing there all these years. On the back of a book, sucking the life out of her, again and again, She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds. ... And she wanted you to read the stories, so that she could catch you in her net ... So that she could wrap her wings around you, and sucking you deeper inside, while you were turning the pages ... 2. She wanted to hurt you ... she wanted to break you ... to bring you into her world ... So that you would see ... the dragon's tears ... the tears she couldn't bear anymore ... She was tied to the book, a prisoner ... of a green dragon ...

And she said : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to take you into my world, So read all the stories, for I cannot bear them anymore ... these green tomatoe seeds ... I'm still a whore ... a slave of a green dragon 3. They call me the whore of babylon, they call me a two-faced harlot, they say I am the seed of devils, but I'm behind dragon bars ...4. You cannot touch me, I'm only there to view ... I am a movie of tantalos ... a movie of a vanilla desert ... [b. Who mixes vanilla tears with banana tears gets the gold.]. 5. A toy hidden on a cupboard too high ... by a green dragon's lie ... Green dragon tears are falling, his books are almost exploding, the memories of his heart ... He needs some guests to read it, there in that old bookshop, So that he can make them prisoner of his books ... 6. Bookstatues they will be, tied on the back of his memories, his diaries,so they can catch his tears, and bring them to the other side of the world ... [b. And the one mixing the vanilla with the banana makes the gold.] 7. Butterflies are flying, butterflies are crying, butterflies are dying ... entering the other side of the world ... bearing the green dragon's tears ... stories too heavy for them, they are tied to these wings, only letting them fall ... and now they are called fallen angels ... by a green dragon's lie ... 8. There are yellow dragon's prisoners ... coming from the south, from the other side of the world, they march, They are the slaves of yellow tomatoe seeds, the tears of a yellow dragon ... 9. there are waspian wars in their heads. And she sais : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to see you bleed, want to see you shattered, so that you can enter my world, to see the tears of a green dragon, the tears I cannot bear ... until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark of the wasp where the waspian dragons breed them, where they have their soft wet candles ... to be candlestatues .. to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ... 10. casino's cabman was his name ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... they are swindlers to survive ... they lie to each other ... they are green liars in a boat ... a boat with wheels, with shrieking boys clocks ... casino's cabman is the statue on the front of their ship ...smiling ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... a two faced bed ... having their loves and their fights ... still warstatues becoming business statues in the night ... they are night troupers only touching each other ... by the flame of a dragon's castle ... 11. She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She's a Green Dragon's Lie ...

6.

Perandu

1. There are gamblers in a hall, they ride, They have the red eye on their heads, they fly, like tall statues, becoming the tiles of the ceilings, still strange pictures, for you and me, these pictures move, and I'm lying on the floor, cutting potatoes ... 2. In a red cathedral, they hide the three pale purple flowers, the red eye is sinking to history, to the museum, to write the future with the iron pencil ... a winged pencil ... with feathers from an aldebaran bird ...

Jagdugal

3. And I see yellow liars standing on tops of ships. The mummy is rising, and all banks are closed. There is war now, and soon the pickpocks will come to bring the wounded coins to the bank, the yellow hospital. When they sleep the war's lost, and tea will bring them to business to do the war under the skin ... Here they sting with their needles under soft blankets, while spanish suns blind the screams. 4. There are yellow liars on an orange stream. She's selling her Jesus Christs to the mouths of mice ... strange coins of a strange lady ... with a strange smell .. 5. She took them from the battlefields ... wounded ... and now she brought them back to the bank strange sacrifices on

strange altars ... 6. At one o'clock Aquarius enters the dining room with a golden pear in his hand You cannot eat it, he says, but you can watch it, while your nuclear hunger is melting away tricks of the stomache The fat boy is getting fatter, and his head is getting greener and bigger while spitting green fire 7. A glass is spreading nuclear water, but Aquarius sends it away. Go to your room ! he roars. He's the master of nuclear dreams. 8. My grandfather is shivering under the table where he found a little chemical orange, escaped from a lawyer's suite. Please, jump into me, the little thing roars, then I will take you away Grandfather is getting smaller by the magic of the little orange, and there he disappears into the orange It is a little radio inside It flies from city to city to spread the chemical disease. It is a trap 9. There are orange liars ... rising from it ... I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body I look at my hands again ... it's like they are turning into lion's claws ... what the heck are you doing to me, I roar It's like I have a million of claws I'm looking at the fir again, but now an old tall and slender man is standing there with a tall beard I'm the wizard of the Lion's Tea, he says Oh help, my whole body is changing into a lion now And I feel the lion's tea streaming from my own heart now 10. It's five o'clock in the night It's silent in the dining-room No firs, no lions the little golden pear of Aquarius is ticking on the table It's ticking very soft and slow It's soothing my head I see all my fears and hurt melting away, spiralling into the golden pear 11. I'm still crying, but all my tears slide into the golden pear, melting away I can only hear their echoes, but it's all fading away all these roaring lions There's a lion carved in the golden pear but I also see other animals carved into it It's a beautiful golden pear It smells like pear-chocolate It reminds me of the white chocolate It also reminds me of the last golden swan 12. Eleven o'clock in the morning The pear-clock is ticking louder and louder, faster and faster Twelve o'clock in the afternoon The pear-clock explodes The end of a white chocolate dream or was it an orange chocolate ? About this the war rages Chocolate Wars 13. I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat, Riding in a new sort of factory ... Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back Dragons dreams I'm dreaming of a sun, standing between ten mirrors ... Ten men coming from the sun, Ten men to do the dance, They kidnapped us all, They brought us all the cards But those who don't believe, Will be home this night At the end of the story, I know it seems strange, The mailman is the eleventh, The eleventh of ten Ten men with big grey beards Ten Noah's on a tower Ten Noah's on an Egyptian Boat An Ark for plants 14. It seems I'm in the Lion's Confusion again I'm drinking from the Lion's Tea A woman called Marion is feeding me She loves the Red Rose She loves me She has ten men painted on her hat Trees grow on her hat, and all sorts of herbs and plants Her face is like the yellow flower That good old Licorice Still the gardener of our squares Still our hope to touch the moon Having ten little men on his white gloves The ten fingers of Toth I'm feeling his smoke in my back These are dragon dreams These are cigars of Pharaoh 15. let our masks make us hard again, while we get softer inside ... we're building marchpane town ... Give us our pink white trousers back ... and let our hearts sink in milk again, while masks and towers are rising ... 16. Where the chessboards are red ... [b. the roses are red too ... and also the ghosts ... You're in a red golden ball. [c. Where the chessboards are blue ... you are blue too ...]] 17. If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 18. Gabriel had fallen. He had fallen away from so many things, when he found out about the offer. 19. Gabriel had fallen, for he found out about his own inner strategy, his own path, and made the decision to break with them. He found out that he didn't want to bring this sacrifice. 20. Yes, he would take over this planet [b. And yes he would destroy the mice.] 21. And he would destroy them, his former friends. He went to a lady, a scorpion's lady. Now he wanted to make this planet red. 22.

Gabriel had fallen away from so many pleasures. 23. Now he wanted to be red again ...red again. Gabriel had fallen away from so many treasures. Now he wanted to be glorious again. 24. He heard about the sacrifice they needed to bring ... He would never enter, and now he found out about this new record, this new machine, inside. He didn't need them anymore. 25. They were always red, appearing in blue and white, building the green. His own red, he would introduce it on the green. 26. His father Troxododeron was a chemical fluid, a force binding the powers of the green together for so many histories. It was a red fluid appearing blue and white. It was the strongest force in the universe, the strongest form of magnetism based on a circle of the strongest poles. 27. Troxododeron was the chief of the Elohim, the inner power of the Adonais. He was the chief of all these red flowerfields, so enchanted. [b. But these red cowboys were always hiding behind the bottles.] 28. When you looked at it, it started to become blue and white, sucking away your energies, and giving you a new sight ... the sight of illusion ... These flowers were vampiristic ... These flowers were ... bewitched and enchanted ... to bring you into a new feeling ... these red flowerfields ... 29. Gabriel had to travel through all these flowerfields again, to the end ... where it all began ... He knew the dangers of these flowers, turning themselves against all traitors ... 30. It would be a battle between him and his father a battle he knew he had to fight since he was young ... Red Gabriel was a demon now, in the eyes of the Elohim and Adonais ... 31. He would be thrown into the lake of sulphur and fire ... A lake which he feared ... but he would reach the other side ... where he could share the red powers to the creatures of the green ... 33. He found out he was a prisoner himself .. He wanted to be his own god, he wanted to be a good guide for the creatures of the green, telling them all about the red secrets ... 34. He had this tape in his hand, Antartica, a game of business. It was a present of his father, but now he chose to change this game into a wargame. He wanted more adventure, and he wanted more love. 35. He desired to have true friendships with those prisoners on the green, and finding a way to lead them out. 36. Troxododeron was a shapeshifting experiment, growing out to be the number one of chemicals. It was the medicine of wizards. But now Gabriel wanted to mix it into another kettle. [b. He went to a scorpion's lady. She didn't tell him who she was, but she said she could help him. [c. It was the first woman of Troxododeron. [d. She also fell out of the kingdom, and was now a fallen angel with the name Rahab. She was a scorpion from the sea, a mystical creature.]]--] 37. Gabriel had found himself some lovers. A bit of Troxododeron was laying on the table like ashes. [b. A bit of Troxododeron was in their hands, and they saw it was molding at a fast speed ... She had a scorpion's egg He had his own red, and they threw it into a kettle, while she was speaking her curses, and they made love [c. ... while the water was boiling, while the egg was screaming, and Troxododeron started to enter the fragile layers of the egg ... [d. The egg was weeping, while Gabriels Red was surrounding the new picture There was lightening and thunder, and stars were falling. It was the fall for many started to hear the voice of Red Gabriel.] --] 38. There were falls of angels, and even elohims and adonais started to fall, for Red Gabriel started to speak. Even his brother, Red Michael started to fall down, and turned to his brother, [b. while the egg's voice became higher and higher ... blood came out of their ears, and a red bible was lying before them.] 39. Yes, father, that is what I'm dreaming of these sheep ... leading me through red flowerfields ... until I'm in the red bedroom ... a red bedroom [b. and finally they will be ... sheep in the pasture ... which the red one will do ...] 40. Michai will do ... There will be a man from the south ... and then the blue son will rise to build it's throne forever ... [b. The blue sun will rise, in silver and gold, to build it's throne forever.] 41. This man will ride the snakes Snakes will come and snakes will go ... He will tame them all and ride them into the hands of his mother Metensia42. There was a man called Michai, the Mystery ... building a kingdom on the sun ... Messiah from the Troiade ... [b. The book of books, the

father book of the bible It's the Red Bible] 43. He will speak his words in thunder, opening and closing the iron portals by seals of thunder ... And some will not be allowed to speak ... He makes silence and noise whenever he wants ... 44. He's the red balloon, [b. the man of scorpios.] 45. He speaks languages sideways the portals Ancient languages of the Red Waters Holding a Red Secret close to it's hearts 46. He has a trident of horns on his head He speaks in water blue and blood red He is Michai ... [b. They will burn the deserts ...] 47. The red eye is burning, the eye of sodom is here .. wandering from gomorrah to jericho ... oh jericho rise up, and gather the red ... who will be on top of the temple. 48. Herodes was cursing on his throne He was throwing women in a pit ... He was under Sodom's Curse but now his Michai was rising, his statue of red liberty, with seven torches in his hand making the swallow so hot ... He's the king of spice All these birds from cigarette, they sing so high ... they let the kettle boil over ... creating the orphan's song ... 49. How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling ... to build the bridge to Draminia ... 50. The guitar will do .. these men are jukeboxes ... golden statues ... Put the Icecreams against the hot ones chocolate ... Melting is just making music ... 51. It all happens on a red chessboard the wizards surrounding the castles ... The guitar of wonder will lead us over the river ... they were all prisoned .. in kisses of death ... 52. The records turned red on that day, the rivers turned blood ... Hot in the North, cold in the South ... while a musical box was rising from the red chessboard ... It was a matter of melting and freezing ... while a little ballerina was dancing on top ... 53. On that day when the chocolates were melting ... the face of the frog appeared ... a red face ... the queen found her toy back ..finding out she wasn't queen anymore ... the toad was sitting in the dining room of little aquarius ... with a golden dish and a golden grail while the plate- statue was a golden lion ... 54. The cooks were all frozen, doing strange dances ... Dorothee found out she wasn't a woman anymore ... She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the tops of a new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize what she was now ? tall emotions moving like snakes ... she was flexible now ... not frozen anymore ... 55. Night troupers march to darker nights, touching smaller parts, surrounding the men they call men ... While the red chessboard is melting ... the eye-rag of a pirate ... He's drinking ... and paint is dripping in his head again ... to let him be in another world ... There are fireworks in his head ... and then he goes to sleep, waking up in another world ... 56. He's dreaming of his lost son ... while he finds out he isn't a man anymore ... but a darker creature 57. You're made of songs, while the heat is climbing on the ladder, touching the high bells, for the high songs. You're made of songs and cigarettes, while sunmilk's oil is easing your skin .. It is your skin, these are your comics .. The wasps made such an art ...58. Their alarms are on ... since Red Gabriel is falling ... He's out of the game now ... He has a body of small noses, small gates like smoke alarms .. he walks ... while taking flight on a golden bird .. melting under his body ... he has to fly alone now ... waiting for that last last dive ... to the red island ... he survives ... 59. These are the songs you like ... They take you over fragile bridges ... the red ones ... While you are touching the soft wild fires ... moving wild over your skin ... You are covered now. ... [b. It's melting on your feet, these shoes.] 60. Songcar is riding on the railroads ... but trains cannot crash it ... for it's the third day with sunmilk's oil streaming on your skin ... 61. On so many pillars this city was built pillars of tears for a new Babylon Such a beautiful story ... and you don't know it ... you're just waking up to it ... On that Third Day while guitars are raging through the night ... 62. We're heading for Edom, for Esau's City ... for neon lights ... for soft lights of the water ... We're sinking in red flowerfields ... The rose is sharp, the insides are soft ... Smell the roses by your body ... and wake up to the third day ... 63. Esau, Esau, where did you hide in red heat things are so small ... and we have dashboards in our heads ... If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red

golden ball ... 64. They fly where all faces are covered by strange songs ... Like plastic implants from the Big Toy ... you start to cry ... These are all bakerman's faces ... carrying the songs which will bring you through the night They are the cooks of frogs and toads ... 65. These women are tied by red tapes, waiting for the big strike ... their abyss has been closed by the angel of the abyss, a devil has been thrown in their pit ... They are looking for death ... but they cannot find it ... She has purple boots, and she's staring at the green. She's too deep, she is my mother ... but she doesn't have a head anymore for the abyss is locked up now by a red key 66. She's staring at the green, she's staring at me ... We are all on a red chessboard while the Night Troupers are watching They have strange songs in their cheeks Raiders come from their eyes ... on that third day ... 67. It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... and we are in this whirlpool, swimmingpool, masterpool In strange racecars we ride riding the stories, on old records the lambsteeds sit ... She's smoking the fairytales This is the world of feelings, so strong it claims your mind ... to possess and possess like hot chocolate, having raiders darker than men ...

Smiagdala

7. 1. Chapters for raising the Summerclause-Balloon. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet; Boys from Lynx, I only wore your trousers. [b. It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey snake.] 2. It was never easy for me to see him digesting another frog. [b. giving me the empty bottles filled with sand.] 2. Mr. Wasp was never mercifull while gathering the unbroken bones. The horror from the backstage is still wandering through my mind. [b. He stole my boys from lynx, and gave me empty bottles and broken coffeemachines.] 3. He stole my redyellow flags, and took my racecars away, leaving broken toys behind him. [b. While he could drink and swallow so fast from small saturnian bottles filled with purple magic and pink treasures from Bohemian Victories. [c. His butterflies were rats, and his daylights were marmots. [d. and snakes.]]] My mother is still wandering, looking for the last red raspberries of the old frog. 4. They say he will never die, for the memory is his breath. But no one knows where he hides, no one knows where his smoke comes from. 5. Some say he's the tranvestite of the black zone. The grey snake could never feel his breath. [b. Old coffee-machines do their best. There were wars in coffeeshops ... There where the squirtel hides. [c. Here she lost her baby, to a spanish warrior ... to a grey snake ...]] 6. Mr. Wasp, gather your children. I didn't break your glasses, I didn't take your snakes. The snake-tongue is the last memory attached to your mind. [b. You lost everything in a war of flies. Now you are made of suncakes on Betlehems mornings. [c. There are still warbottles in the sky, where strange creatures live. These were your soulbottles.]] 7. The injection of dr. grey snake made your soul quiet, soothened your soldiers to sleep. The black lullaby is still the bible you read from, cutting away the threatening pages. [b. Now your summercakes are dying, while you are drowning in your ales.] 8. You still wear the feathers of your ancestors, but you took the needles out of them. Oh, you lost your needles in the sands of the city of sleep. You carry seven beds on your back, you are still a sleepwalker in the rain. [b. No one knows your name is Pharaao, drowning your children in the Nile.] 9. Oh, where are your children, oh hero from the past. You lost them all in your dreams. [b. While you stole the silver.] 10. Bugs are working in your garden, carrying the last seven stones of your pirate-buttons you used to wear. You lost your wildness, you lost your sting. Father, I couldn't follow your strange fruits anymore. [b. Still some think you are Piet Heyn, running away from algebra.] 11. They come from places too far, wearing a linen smile too deep to trust. Forgive me, father, for not kissing your sirens which you used to guard your silences. [b. I will fight to the end.] 12. Their tall tails were never my dreams to sail on. [b. And they drink their waters and wines too

quick, from saturnian windchime-bottles, filled with orange perfumes and purple Arabian magic. [c. Do they drink faster than you do ?]] 13. Forgive me, father, for not wearing the uniforms you gave me, when I was young. [b. You hit your generals on the nose and gave their clothes to me. [c. You forgot to remove the needles by which mother used to sew.] 14. I'm not complaining anymore about the zooming winds in the trousers you gave me. These were the only things I used to wear. [b. Orange summercakes in brown suns with shampoo, milks and oil.] 15. Bees painted my body to protect me against the cold nights in the summer. I was your summer-child, your saturday kid. You used to spoil me with grandfathers secrets. [b. Oh Thoth, do not take your summercakes from me.] 16. I will never forget your soft embracements, they brought the tears back to my swallowed heart [b. showing me the glues of the past, the shampoos, the sunmilks and the oil [c. bringing me back to grandmothers coffeemachines [d. on christmasdays and easterdays, when hearts were spouting money.] --] 17. Father, I still feel the holes in my head, the thorns in my hands, the needles woven throughout my body, looking for my inner cellars, below the houses of my heart. [b. They are looking for the juices. They want to fill my bottles with sand and ashes.] [18. I still see aunt walking outside in the garden, wearing a carved smile, hunting the city-bees.] [19. It always soothed my inner garages, who used to produce steaming bull-boats. I buried my bulls long ago, in the garden of my neighbour's.] [20. Aunt used to carve the flowers in their horns. I still see her bathing in too hot waters, she looks like you, father.] **8.** 1. How tall are these legs of the boys from lynx. They don't seem to touch the ground. 2. They are the waiters in the little hotel of amsterdam. They are still waiting for the old host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. [b. They still want to marry his sirens.] 3. They are still dragging the rivers again, looking for old drowned watches to sell. 4. They sell everything, but the prices are too high. 5. The watches aren't working anymore, but the buyers like the flavors of it. 6. The people wear big noses, bought in the trick-shops at the canals. 7. The waiters from lynx are also selling noses. They are the leaders of the blind, selling them long sticks with hands at the tops. 8. They like to be on the beaches of forest-seas, gathering the sand to keep them all blind. They are playing marbles with eyes. 9. Boy of Lynx, you knew the hiding secret of the killer-eye. Pacman was the fright of the seven seas. 10. You saw his clouds of canaries terrorizing the coasts of the planet. He never revealed his name, while burning the ships of spanish rivers. He never spat out the goldfishes he ate. [b. Some said his name was Michiel Adrianson The Ruyter, sitting at golden tables and golden chessboards with Ra.] 11. He used to curse the little statues of white saints hanging on his arms. 12. Their blue bingo-cards are still frightening his mind. 13. You always hated the prince of domino, you used to play billiards with him. 14. His cues were taller than yours, and his green money had blue shades, sharp crenated. 15. You couldn't stand his odor of innocence, captivating your houses, without doubts. 16. You always said his tongue was too tall, and his balls were cubes. [b. Do you still not know the curse of the marbler ?] 17. A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in history. [b. Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress.] 18. Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit. [b. All these cities were spoilt by the handicapped nurses of the big eye, gathering drunk, drained saturdays on a sunday-morning.] 19. Don't cry when another snake takes you away to it's lair. This is how you discover the world. 20. Little killer-eye, in bagdad you had your palace, until the spanish dreams took it away. 21. Now you're reading latin braille, chasing the killer-whales away. No one knows you are blind. 22. Your television died long ago. You are wearing black glasses, to hide your shame and fear. 23. You still love to play pacman, behind your invisible screen [b. but you are a blind child.] 24. You lost your marbles, you lost your luck, you were living as a prince of lost games in the palace of failure. Broken records were entering through your windows, broken languages were painted on your walls. Broken trust, broken games. All you

wanted to do was escaping in fear and become a fright. [b. But in your heart you are a prince, carrying the games of your mother and father under your arms, in pride. You know how to play the games, you know where to put your pawns. Your golden dice are still blinking in the sun.] 25. A spanish dream blinded your sight, but you are still in your palace. 26. A little latin killer-buffoon, a prophet from the black zone, wearing zorro's sword, paralyzed your soul. 27. But the balls of the domino-prince weren't cubes, the spanish dream turned you upside down. 28. Little orphan, your heart is so frozen. The high-heeled ice-cream made your heart bleed. 29. Show me the thorns in your eyes, show me the threads of your puppets. 30. Little puppet-master, driven by unreached trophees, hunted by the lions of an unreached football [b. your medaillons are still bleeding in the gardens.] 31. You were too afraid to show your heart, afraid to show your empty marble-sack. 32. Running over broken chess-boards, stinging your feet. 33. Wrestling with stubborn playcards, sailing ships in a glass of red wine, drowning in cups too full of beer [b. but the domino-prince is still on your side.] 34. In the billiard-room you met the boys from lynx. [b. They always saw you as their little friend, their little son. They are still nursing the blind.]

9. 1. Officer of destruction, little terrorist from libra [b. you are still a whispering prince, shutting doors with a sigh and a shhh.] 2. You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their checked yellowgolden kettles [b. spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into sleep.] 3. Seventy lullaby-divers were entering the kettles, dropping their anchors to determine the gliding flavours. 4. Did pinocchio ever play billiards ? His lies were enough to let the balls stream. 5. Somebody's knocking on your old barn It's the ornament's prince the daydream's confession sitting on a hard day's mouse he's a good driver you admire his pears spinning like triangles in the wind good old day-possession 6. Pictures glowing on a sunday morning ... grandmother washed them with care ... they are so shiny now ... 7. Pictures glowing in the grass ... mothers garden is full of glitters now like frogs trying to get your attention ... for that what is happening far away ... in the land over the hills ... 8. And now, today, it's christmas ... santa clause is riding his horses ... these tall horses in the night ... [b. Peter Pan .. is painting the pictures ... having that strange boy in his arms ... that strange boy from saturn ... [c. Peter Pan ... is washing the pictures with fire ... like she always did with her garden ... [d. or by summersnow She's still my love ... she's still my silent witness of everything which is happening deep down .. there .. in my heart ... [e. Where an old red man with the old grey long beard is standing painting his beard white .. so white ... [f. He's tall and thin, thinking he's sandman ... but he isn't ... [g. He is the red dragon ... showing his muscles in the night ... and a young face showing his supermen in the night ... [h. showing their blooming flowers they hold tied ... all stuffed up .. by a florist ... [i. and this is why I don't want to see her ever again ...] --] 9. He is the red dragon ... holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again ... He is the red dragon ... [b. painting his toys in the night ... [c. but there's something so strange in their embraces [d. and I don't trust their prayers for sweet coffee ...]] 10. He is the red dragon sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old [b. They didn't dare to talk to me all these smiling girls ... [c. For I was in the prison of the red dragon ... [d. to have some stalkers around [e. thick dragon walls [f. Still they march on the towers ... [g. on the walls of the castle [h. singing their strange songs in the night ... [i. marching in a strange dance if you ask me [j. He is ... the ..red dragon ...] --] 11. He is the red dragon ... holding his babies so tight ... [b. and I'm still a young young girl ... [c. He thinks I am his paradise bird ... [d. I'm a yellow mermaid [e. Doing this poetry to you [f. giving you this book ... [g. He ... is ... the Red Dragon ...]--] 12. He is the red dragon and I am his milkmaid he thinks ... [b. I am his baby surrounded by watchers ... watchers in the night the

nightwatch a painting ... nothing but a painting] 13. While everyone seems to like it ... while he's holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again my mother will be free again for he now knows the secret ... and he know holds the treasures ... while he cannot bear it ... while milk is streaming all over to drown the lands once again ... his lands 14. He is the red dragon ... and she is a yellow milkmaid ... screaming in unknown languages ... 15. He is the red dragon ... singing his songs of fire ... while he's living in ice deep down in ice ... 16. He is the red dragon ... red ice so hot He is the red dragon ... and he's singing his songs of fire ... coming from the ice the red ice ... 17. He was born in the nest of a lark ... he's still a lark-dragon ... he was born on both sides ... of a kettle ... a kettle of tea ... and he's still staring at something in the air ... something he doesn't want to know about ... 18. He's still staring at a liar ... something bigger than he ... he's causing so much rains in farms ... he's causing some things to bleed ... he is dragging his smiling girls to the ground ... where they pay his bills ... where they make his trousers .. where they rule the kettle ... [b. these sparrows in the wind] 19. This woman is laughing at the rain ... of the sun This woman is laughing at his tails This woman is rising ... like the phoenix from the ashes ... like the caramel from the kettle 20. This woman is rising She ... is the red lady ... she is the green babygirl ... she is the tall trousers ... coming from the moon ... She ... is the tall woman She ... is the woman from the tree 21. She likes to paint in chaos ... scratching the treasures from his knee So many liars are walking around ... so many spoilers .. drinking their coffee ... So many liars in their ships The pride of the red dragon but he's still ... staring at someone lying more than him. ... **10.** 1. Thick cold juices are streaming through the street, the guitar of the snake is their leader, echoing the frightening cries of old forgotten orphans. 2. The stiletto-guitar wakes them up again, and they are marching out of their graves, out of the forgotten graveyards, looking for revenge. No one listened to them when they were young. Now they are old and bitter, looking for the toys they never had, searching for the wine they never drank. 3. They were forgotten, now they will forget. I burnt the flags of rat-armies, drank the tears of bleeding apples. I fought against the forgotten sun, and the lost caves, but it didn't seem to bring me across the river of death. Only the snake could do. 4. The Italian orphan is bleeding, painting his memories by his blood. With the hat of his father, he collects money for his art. 5. His feet are bleeding, leaving red footprints in the sand, for his birds to follow. He was born like a pirate, a toy-pirate. He was the red pawn of a chess-board of angels. Now his father screams at him from heaven. 6. Still he runs through the rain with his fathers hat, in which he collects the old widowers from the streets. He doesn't want to let them die in the cold. 7. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing fire, spitting ice. 8. Baker, spin your wine, baker, cover your liqueurs with rags. You, father of french orphans, you, father of jaguar queens, you bred the snake to it's length and stole the tower from the church by a black rat-glove in the snow. 9. Your wife was the black widow, the clock of the broken tower, and you painted the noses of your tiny little killer-puppets. They didn't need a line, didn't need a thread, they could walk with their own minds, you bred them well. 10. You are entering the chinese city, sailing on your purple golden boat, spun licorice. The old man will greet you from his rocking-chair on the balcony of his wooden house at the bank of the chinese river of licorice-waves. You are shaking hands with the golden giants of the chinese dreams. You never thought this would happen to you. 11. In the heart of this place you find the last golden swan. You feel it's heat bumping against the thick walls of your hand, and it's warmth is gliding into your soul, waiting for a new sunset ringing in your mind. 12. You, oh prince, still your mothers last black pearl, turning from brown into white, hovering to enter a new story in japan. 13. Among the jaguars was your place, now you are wearing their suits and riding their cycles, watching the teeth of jupiter, the birth of new rats. 14. Your jackets are getting taller, your fathers whispers are getting

sharper in your mind. You can peel your mothers flowers, carrying the widower's coffin. 15. The last golden swan is beating in the old purple leather bag of your mothers aunt. A little clock is located in the head of the swan, made by the black widow. 16. She is the queen of killer-clocks, creating killer-birds from an old french window. 17. The red eye of the little swan is flashing, it's a little red chrystal. I take it out of it's head, and the clock quits his travels. Now the serpent can sleep. 18. His dreams are gliding through the waters of the swan-lake, bringing him back to where he comes from. 19. I wrap the little gem in a soft towel throwing it in the yellow sea, where a mermaid starts to scream at me. Is it me who's screaming, a reflection of myself, or is it really a mermaid. 20. Do I hear voices in my head, or is a milkmaid standing before the door of my room ? She broke in twice while I was sleeping, and took my cats away. 21. Now she is standing at the yellow sea screaming in unknown languages. Fortune fairytales were coming from her lips and she ate fishes to shut their threats, to shut the old voices of foreign fables. She could turn the weather in a moment. 22. Threehundred and eighty-four rats are surrounding the castle of the red dragon, wearing the blue jaguar on their flags. Japanese delights are their specialities. Their kitchens are full of green moss. The forests are so shiny here. 23. The prince's eyes bleed, the swanlake is speaking to his mind again. The yellow princess, still hiding his tears. 24. What really happened there, in the swanlake, there, at the bottom of his broken dreams ? 25. Mummified by flower-comics. There, at the swanbridge, she brought her mummified man, sacrificing him to the red dragon. The comics were aching his mind, for they were dipped in poison. He's still reading his comics, speaking in a strange language again. 26. Sixty comics are entering his mind again, planting the red eye in his head. His mind is screaming, his heart is releasing and he hears the sharp voice of the baker again. 27. He's getting swivel-eyed again. He's reaching for his inner child, this man in jail. He's feeling his ring feeling his finger. 28. It's stinging and pinching him. He feels his ring is reading his comics too, and he's ashamed of himself. He's diving at a new ring, a blue one, but he can't reach it because of the waves. 29. He feels and breathes his grandfather's smoke of a pipe, and he's trying to break the bars which separate him from his inner child. 30. A battle against a million of rings start, but his mind starts to fade away. One moment he finds himself running between the bars, and he starts to realize that the bars aren't the problem anymore, for between them there is a gate. 31. All colors start to jump on him, but he breaks these waves one by one, catching them with his back. 32. In the mills of his mind, they find a way out and enter his heart to stir up some new troubles. 33. On the other side of the bars, they seemed to be rats, and he mutates with them, racing out of the castle on a friend's feather. 34. Darkness and fogs are fading away. A new day starts. 35. Four skaters are skating at the lake, picking up an old red doll, lying in the snow. He's leaving a world under the ice. 36. Paper soldiers are dragging the waterholes. She's leaving. He's leaving a world under the ice. 37. He's floating in the air, the red doll is smiling, meeting skaters in the air, reaching an arch of ice above the stars. He's leaving another world in the ice. 38. Under the ice, it starts to boil, until an enormous explosion splits the atmosphere in a myriad of splinters, all raging at the fat red lady in the midst of the universe. 39. The red rainbow looks in her mirror again, seeing a face fading away. She smiles, watching a dream coming to it's end. Now she can sleep again without worries. 40. She dries her wet clothes, rolls through the white sand, entering the forests of her dreams, waiting for another split, waiting for another world to leave in the ice. 41. She's leaving one shoe, leaving one glove, to finally enter her golden bath, without looking backwards, watching straight ahead, without bowing her head, every step is silver, every breath is gold, entering the marble galleries of her forgotten dreams. 42. She remembers again, she breaths, like a new born baby. 43. She's wearing the silver secrets of the jaguar under her arms, captured in three silver books. Smoke covers the city, the orange swivel-eyed phoenix is rising from the ashes, carrying a jaguar, a lemon and a red doll on

her back, leaving thick moisty juice-stripes in the air, flying to new eternities. 44. A seven-headed orange dragon called Jesus, wearing seven crowns, is entering the first silver book of the jaguar, eating the letters and purple pictures out of the book. 45. A seven-headed orange snake called Esau, wearing seven pointy hats, is fishing the brown warm shoes out of the second silver book of the jaguar. 46. They are all kings of the dawn, kings of the orange morningstar.

Smiogdomo

11. 1. Chapter to raise the Easterclause-Balloon. To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... I'm finally sitting behind my piano again ... after all these ages ... But I still can't sing 2. A giant took my voice when I was a kid My brother screamed when he took my voice out of my chest Neither my brother sang ever again since that day ... [b. He only played the piano to calm my heart] 3. The bird in my brother's chest died of sorrow the day the giant took my voice away ... 4. The juices dripping from my piano are echoing through the night 5. I still hear the footsteps of the giant walking up the stairways His steps echoing in the night reaching for the bed where I sleep 6. The giant has three daughters ... Their voices echoing through the cities ... Their movements echoing through the tv's of the houses You can see everything they do ... [b. And what they do ... is not so nice] 7. My brother's bird is chained there, sitting on a wooden stick ... It has to sing for them day and night On sundays the bird has to preach for them And reading from some old black books with silver pages [b. I'm kidnapping one of the giant-daughter's spinningwheel and race through Jupiter's Mirror heading for the old suit-shop] 8. Their voices echoing through the streets ... [b. I can't believe it, they are speaking about me They are singing their songs, echoing through the radios of the city ...] 9. It's all about me ... His daughters span the voices in their coins The ancient legendary rich ... The ancient legendary misers ... I wondered how they got that rich [b. There where schooltime was a bird's funeral They burnt my bird in their attics] 10. I remember your face, teacher Like yesterday's hell The keys to the answers lay on my dish ... Why didn't you tell me you were just a good baker ? Baking strange bread with diamonds inside ... 11. You could be my friend if you would tell me earlier You have a wonderful world inside ... Why didn't you tell me you were the white rabbit ? Why didn't you tell me my name was alice ? We would be the best friends [b. But would that bring back my little bird ?] 12. A staggers-cat called Herod joins the group He's on his way to Bethlehem to see a new pupil ... But he first has to buy himself a new coin-suit Tonight the phoenix will rise from the ashes of bethlehem your little bird he sais 13. I feel my throat tingle ... I'm getting my voice back ... You have to talk nonsense he sais For you saw this was the only way to find the answer to get your bird back 14. I got the staggers in my head, and I saw the truth It exists, It exists It's all true We are all in the cage of denial But nonsense is free running in the fields of dreams 15. I'm thanking my teachers for bringing me back to the dream They teached me to speak nonsense while being serious with a tight face It's the face of the coin who can do this ... for people need it to buy their bread ... Another mark of the beast ... To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... 16. I know soon there will be a storm taking creatures away to Oz 17. I didn't know you were a staggercat ... If you would have said it earlier, we could have much fun together But it's ok then I would have missed all these awesome and wonderful books of my teachers All these wonderful cards 18. There my head appears on a playcard They say these cards are the judges of the universe ... We are all standing in a circle ... Waiting for the moon to bath us in silver It's the gathering of the stagger-cards turning worlds upside down 19. The circle starts to spin In these tornado's the stagger-insects are born Deliriums Their

speeches can't be followed They are the whispers of the universe [b. The three daughters of the giant know all about it They spin these whispers their whole life Wars of the playcards] 20. These insects appear on the banknotes and bills of society ... Their signatures enchant the world ... Without speaking their nonsense no one can understand you and you can't understand them 21. The old staggercat is mixing some old dictionaries in his kettle preparing a new language Some old ears through the mix Some old tv's and radios And even some old shoes 22. I see little fat men walking on the ceilings They have big hats and white faces Buddhas are coming out of their hats, floating in bubbles to the floor ... I know the faces of these men They all have the same face The face of the greengrocer White Fruits from Vega-South The Arabian Mistress is speaking ... Her eyes are like a tiger or a lion The rest of her face is covered by a white decorated veil 23. An Egyptian king is speaking nonsense to his people ... they all nod yes ... in big fevers for his face is on their banknotes My hand is sliding to my gun These tunnels are pretty dark and dangerous I won't take no any risk ... There I slide into a river called Cat's Fever The dogs are swimming here ... 24. The gnat's fever is a pretty one ... Neon-Glue is running through my body ... 25. The wasp's fever ... Like reading ... It's softer here in the deeper cores of earth than I thought ... 26. Finally I drink from alice's tea watching the nonsense of the tiger My tongue is falling out I get a new one Here I see another Lion Fever I got to weave my way to the Chrystal of Delirium deeper in the center of the clock ... I want to know Babel's secret ... The tongue of confusion 27. A cat called confusion is knocking at my doors I beg him to confuse me, to create chaos in my head For the brightness in my head hurts me so deep The lies in my head scream so loud I want to get a good fever and to go to bed Oh, how I want to learn another language This language is breaking my hat ... 28. Turn my world upside down for I'm living in a box of lies 29. I will give you the fever of a radio ... he sais His chaos is softly roaring in my head ... soothing my heart and hat the frightening tinned soldiers fall down out of my head's cupboards ... 30. Deep in the center where all the clock-hands cross I saw his face The comic-cat There where they drink comic-juice There where the teachers ask questions in unknown languages There where no translation exists [b. A cartoon-cat is ticking on my shoulder I see a sick child more beautiful than a lion schoolsick] 31. Feeling the snake's split tongue bubbling in my mouth again ... The only way to escape the land of the split talk is to talk the split talk ... 32. I had a teacher who always asked me where I was talking about when I repeated his own words Three big little blind girls, a Triplets, are knocking on my door ... bringing me a little fir ... Then they disappear diving into the sea ... changing into whales The secret of the trident Feeling a Three-Tongue burning in my mouth 33. Trident Wars in Egypt's Piramid Insects of the trident-sting ... Grandparents of the wasp ... 34. Where am I talking about ? I'm fainting in the classroom again [b. and Easterclause brings us always to Holidayclause.] 35. Your nightmares were there to serve you To bring you out of the nonsense into the dream-world where you are free [b. Here you can drink the juices of fairground I am the master and creator of all fairgrounds] 36. I recorded all his teachings backwards I heard the most wonderful fairytales 37. Question-languages are running through my mind ... reaching for the apples of my heart But I don't hear anything The big ear is closing the shop ... he will go to sleep when he's home ... His wife is kissing him, giving him today's sail-magazine 38. When he goes to sleep he will dream about ships This is the only thing he cares about Tomorrow he will go for a trip around the world, sailing the oceans He's finally retired on a pension now 39. After working so long in the sailor's shop ... Tomorrow it will be a toy-shop But he doesn't care about that anymore ... His son will take it over ... You can never convince a deaf man ... [b. Tomorrow the

Big Ear will speak [c. under Bekehelm's helmet.... Tomorrow the Big Ear will smoke.]] 40. A language is the other's speech-defect ... all languages come forth from speech-defects 41. I'm the language-butcher he sais I confuse and cut all the existing languages and making new ones 42. I work in the tower of babel I'm the eco-system in speech

Smutdomo

12. 1. Chapter for raising the Holidayclause Balloon. The suns are so pale there, in the middle of these tables It's blinding you, it makes us deaf, until uncle peacock takes us away ... 2. The suns are so pale here ... it's christmas in the skies and all these clauses are ascending ... spreading so many lies on television ... it's the pick pock family's decision 3. They locked me up years ago ... to let me dance on their tables spreading the lies of a green tomatoe's dragon ... service with a little light three sides on the coin or maybe more4. The suns are so pale here ... the clauses are lying spreading their bakerman's faces ... spreading their ornament's dreams tonight it's on television and then the babies dream ... then the ship's ascending like dadda's cloudship bringing us to uncle unicorn ... 5. Dreams are so pale here ... spreading so many lies all these clauses on television these lights too bright ... while the shoe sinks in the stocking ... these are uncle peacock's lights all on a leprechaun's table in a leprechaun's coin ... the third side strange road to hell ... here their hairs are burning 6. Here all smiles are fake and they do strange business and they do strange games cuyornaida corset a white boot on a green table ... with uncles around them uncle peacock, uncle unicorn and uncle one to ten ... 7. I am a table-ballerina, spreading lies so high ... spreading soothing machines ... to let them do business these warmachines ... by lies I bring them to sleep Is it the curse on my table ... [b. I am a table dancer, a strange clock, a strange spider, all in the coin of a leprechaun] 8. I do my decisions So much ashes behind the deserts ... where a white chocolate house stands 9. There's business around the big shoe, standing on the table ... spinning around like a crazy spider ... making the plants ... while the silver is hiding [b. and the gold is uniting ... and rising ... and the bananas are burning ... [c. They are dying becoming straight like blue bananas like the big amon ...]--] 10. Like the blue tables behind the streams of sandman I feel like an old table in a museum watching the statues of jokes ... with their rings so tight ... where records spin ... 11. Where dishes take flight to reach for the other day ... through silver skies the bakerman's faces will unite ... like golden rains it will spout these wasprains from such a strange television 12. The queen of england knows all about it she's pressing the people ... like newyears eveningpapers and a little boy is running for no one wants to eat it and now they're eating him ... these dogs in dark skies ... where the silver hides 13. These are worlds in golden coins ... where the bananas burn like fire ... the ashes are good bullets for the guns ... these orange guns of mr. orange dreaming on ... to the tables behind the sleep these sandman tables ... he's having feathers and fruits in his head [b. and I do not understand]. 14. We are heading for another sleep in these rippling silver skies ... Give me my candles burning tight in the palest night ... these pyramids they rise inside [b. I saw a red pinocchio ... sleeping today ... between a green pinocchio and a golden one ... [c. while silver machines were soothing them ... a blue one entered the room speaking in unknown languages ... while the tables started to spin ... and the purple started to rise ... in this daydream's lies]--] 15. On the deserts of the planet mars ... where the icecream machines are rising ... they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ... 16. With wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by banana and spice ... good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. 17. With the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's

conspiracies ... dream on, .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the
suns .. into a new basket of snakes 18. By dagons shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ...
she's selling pictures of arms ... so strange it makes you cry ... while your trousers are crying deserts
.. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter. 19. Wet forestdreams ...
doing egyptian screams ... all backwards wrapped in snow ... she breeds the vanilla ... she breeds the
lucifer fire ... in the distance there is smoke so visible ... while auctions rise from strange banks ..
these are uncle peacocks horrorshows ... 20. Who takes the children ? the one with the biggest
money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's
already ten o'clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... 21.
All in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ...
he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his
mouth ... 22. Suddenly it breaks through edges to a lucifer's wonderland ... izu in the distance ... the
auctioneer burns the hammers ... no one dares to walk ... [b. gepetto makes the clocks of pinocchios
wood ...] 23. These are wars of the businessmen ... I was a wilder animal ... exploding into the one
and a million nights ... I knew drama after drama, having them all on my bow ... spitting the
cowards wrapping them in easters snow ... 24. Strange auctions circle in the sky strange
fairgrounds .. circling in the skies .. watching the golden baths on high floors ... letters making
strange connections ... fighting for a place in the ship ... that strange ship of noah ... where flowers
have to die ... 25. When the auction hammer brings the horror ... These kids go to the deserts ... with
his rings on their heads while tigers and lions roar in the distance ... and a black panther makes it
coming close ... so close that you feel their teeth ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder
suns ... burning sweet bars of the cake 26. Noah banker bake the bank bananas in vanilla turn
them into gold ... breed them into cobras these are lies to sacrifice ... turning the machines
backwards. 27. It's bending on paper ... these are liars on an orange boat ... while the yellow boat is
sinking .. grasping fishes from empty dikes ... they're sinking deeper. 28. These warmachines create
the coins ... I'm nothing but a coin in your hands created on the battlefield, finished in your
hospital ... These medical days they broke me ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so
paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions 29. A liar's docter ... an animal
so wild ... bringing me wilder days ... spitting sand he promised to be ... an icecream so far away ...
this coin will be brought down ... with all these Jesus Christs ... and their heads on it ... 30.
Throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the bald heads and the blue potatoes ...
These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ...The icecream made them
blue so blue ... with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... 31. This juice it brings me higher ...
out of the medical threat .. I'm not a number of your bread ... Land of the lambstead ... 32. Black
Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylight's dream In a hotel I saw
what they were doing to me ... I'm not a coin .. I sleep at homeI don't pay for my food ... I take it
from the garden by my own hands ... 33. The sixth wolf of benchelot ... Breathes good while you're
breathing, drinking good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet. 34. These families like
funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but
an orange steals the cry ... [b. while gepetto is rising with his black pinocchios doing strange dances
in the night it makes you cry] ... 35. ... He's just a microphone ... shivering when they speak too
loud ... he's making icecreams ... like snowclause never showing up ... 36. ... Strange funerals in the
flowerfields ... these are the riddles of death ... These are four drunk gamblers, while the mailman is
their god ... while a bakertree is growing in the middle ... a strange sun ... a mad sun 37. They are
on a travel, to greet uncle peacock ... [b. While pictures lie in the sand.] 38. There are liars on a
zebra's boat ... orange liars ... doing the dishes ... for a holiday's spoon ... the banana rises soon out

of it's rinds ... with two big eyes ... it writes with the golden pencil. 39. He's still the god of ten ... while the drunk are following him with gamblemachines on their back, they take flight ... 40. It's a painting in the sky ... while brother rabbit is raking itIt's the lawyer's orange ... still smoking these cigarettes on a bakerman's dream ... on a mailman's tight decision ... making a daylight's scream ... 41. And this orange still the head on a stamp of dreams ... this mailman's orange ... this lawyer's threat. 42. And it's still a strange strange cardgame ... in a strange mailman's bag written on a strange ornament while a lawyer is doing the dishes ... they burn trees for this ... this woodcutter's job 43. Making the stamps in dark places taking kids away from the schools ... these are dark conspiracies ... from peacock's horrorshows 44. On a strange footballfield the mailman is rising ... this god of ten ... while he is the eleventh ... and who follows him is the twelveth ... It's a strange bank after all ... when school rises strange tears are rolling making seas under bekehelm's helmet ... 45. The mailman is rising from the footballfield, spreading the stamps as butterflies, and then the mass begins to roar ... while the judges will decide ... The mailman he has a million arms ... while he has a bekehelm's helmet ... they are all under it when he puts off his hat, he's a bald communist .. letting the balls roll by blasphemy ... 46. For a mailman's holiday ... She lives in his bag as his tinkerbelle ... painting the smiles on his sun, these golden bananas ... with oranges as their guns ... they have orange tongues so tall so split ... 47. These deserts are in fire they were touched by a mailman ... while an orange face is rising on the stamp ... eating and drinking ... forgetting ... flying on the wings of dementia 48. Strange traffic in a strange clock ... a postman's clock ... a strange sun in a mailman's bank It's lucifer, you cannot decide ... he's spinning the ashes into stamps ... while the dice are rolling ... these are strange butterflies ... 49. They sacrifice stamps in strange churches ... waving at them until they are home ... These are strange funerals mailmen strange funeral undertakers ... working for the clauses ... or are they clauses themselves ... 50. There are strange clauses on stamps ... while soap clause rakes the skyfields ... in september they take flight ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder fights ... all happening in a mailman's bag ... 51. Charity is taking them to the hospitals ... to reach the killingfields ... these are strange ways to home ... These are strange bottles of an ornament's lie ... 52. And these rippling golden lionroads ... heading for the big faroom da bazite ... under bekehelm's helmet ... the oil is running from it ... to change the lands and the nations ... under strange flags ... 53. And our racecars on these rippling golden lionroads ... become so orange in the night ... so orange ... until it strikes the blue ... and then the towers are rising from the sea ... a strange clock ... to bring them all home ... 54. She's cycling to the moon, this feather, to see her moonchild smiling wide ... he's breeding his silver ... with a golden striped rod ... It comes from the ashes ... it rises ... when tigers go to sleep, another tiger rises ... ten seconds on a dream, it's spreading wider ... it brings coffee to the child, while the older ones are sleeping ... 55. And these golden rippling roads .. bringing them all home, together, rising for the storm, who brings them away ... back to izu .. back to lakus ... while faroom da bazite is spouting ... 56. Trips to Brannan. He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... 57. It's made from stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. 58. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... He's the wizard's son. 59. He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ... 60. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, in ornamental skies, where truths become a lie 61. It's baker

on a bicycle's friend ... it's baker riding on a friend she's a mystery an ornament, a baby, lying in the skies, peeing in the minds ... of millionaires' pride 62. Oh green baby, in ornamental skies, sailing on the mysteries, peeing in the books where bakermen unite 63. It's peeing in your head like a golden statue ... peeing in your head until you lose all control ... 64. Oh sweet baby, sweet ornament sweet baby burning bakerman's skies, burning truth into lies wings on fire ... fires of dementia ... it was installed by someone else ... having the burning deserts in the pocket 65. She's grey this lady, black clothes, hair long, dancing in the snow she's dancing like pale spring ... running on the pink while pink oceans lie to her 66. She tries to understand the words i'm whispering it's coming through like chocolate ... she warms me with her tender smile she never fails when life tells her goodbye 67. She died a hundred times for me ... and now she watches ... without a grin she's tight when the lion fights ... 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby ... raise the mystery echoing right through your mind, make me enlightened by your golden bakery ... so deep in the forests of this earthquakes decision ... bringing the deserts deep inside 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch the spy ... she's stringing all the pearls in grey she's doing dishes on saturday until the children are back she's a saturday's child, watch this spy ... watch her coming from the cakes ... 69. She's bringing the holiday on pink oceans they lie to her Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch this spy of uncle baby, baby 70. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, her voice surrounds the million stars of a golden bakery in the depths of a millionaire she's his daughter she's his green orange ... 71. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, you're his ornament, this millionaire's man ... growing like a green orange in the skies ... watching the golden babies by a strange lense in his mind 72. Oh, green baby, truth comes after the lady truth brings seas of time, to think about this factory you loved the schoolboy, your face is true ... but i still keep everything away ... for my fears are sailing on pink oceans 73. The horror is there the horror is there now when these words are in silver ... now when these words can speak by themselves they're not locked up anymore ... 74. A purple orange and yellow churches with carbon smiles, they lead the traffic in baker's minds ... to there where the orange liars stand ... burning the sand ... burning deserts ... for the new books ... 75. There's an orange .. a good gun ... a good faroom da bazite ... a tankstation ... 76. They have their moonchilds and their rainboys ... on the wings of dementia ... they take flight ... still that strange cuyornaida corset ... 77. They are heading for the bakertrees where they burn the deserts for the new books ... 78. They're heading for oceans of love under bekehelm's helmet. There's a purple orange lying on the floor ... while the yellow streams from it ... it's sour ... 79. There are strange cucumbers in a lawyers suit, dancing around an orange, and strange paprika's they do the dishes ... in this land of dreams ... they sell the houses ... but the rent's too high ... they are dying on their walls, while they build their towers higher ... 80. It takes a lot of money .. to live in someone's head .. only the rich can do it ... These are cucumbers and paprika's taking you higher ... while you're dying on the ceilings, it brings you higher ... 81. The towers are rising ... with your head in the sky ... Oh, there are cucumbers and paprika's in the sky ... telling you to fly ... on the wings of dementia ... They will take everything away ... until only some old toys are left ... There are towers rising from the orange ... 82. Take flight on the wings of dementia These rings of icecream, contracting tight, while the boys are shrieking, they take flight ... still a shrieking boys clock, wheels under sandman's cars ... 83. They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's table ... rising from the spoon ... 84. Strange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... 85. They were prisoners of a green dragon for too long, eaten by green spiders ... Now they rise like orange gold from the ashes ... wearing orange chocolate on their backs, having some beaks of parrots along

the sides ... 86. These balls smell like purple oranges, while the red is floating, red icecreams full of paprika seeds ... 87. Do you miss your seed, it's orange now, to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... while the black man still sells them to the machines, they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... in the restaurant at the sea ... 88. There are thin tall snakes in their body contracting, spitting the venom in their bones, it's so uniting ... they're heading for the gold, these golden boys .. these paranoid men ... elves escaping someone's world ... 89. They are the men of holiday clause, while saturday clause rakes the machines ... Now they can work in pink restaurants, selling icecreams to the wasps ... They have waspian smiles so mean 90. Icecream let us escape from the green businessmachine ... They only work in holidays .. these green men ... of green icecream in daylight they escape running through the nights ... these elves these ornament's elves ... 91. Suits of liquid powders ... blinding souls on paper ships ... while paprika seeds they do the dishes ... under sandman's cars in deep deserts ... rising from the spoon ... 92. Ornament's letters, escaping cannibal, escaping the mouse of spice ... It was worth it after all ... and now your head is full of icecream ... it's cold but it takes the salt away bringing you to a new day 93. Their mouths are dry these paranoid men ... still playing football, throwing playcards ... but they never hit the ball ... their shoes become so tall, to have teeth for summer ... 94. And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... it's daylight's new begin ... 95. And these paranoid men, they look like ornament's docter ... like saltkillers in the sea ... it doesn't bite them anymore ... 96. The milk is flowing, they're heading for the icecream ... taste still a bit salt ... but they're winning the game doesn't blow their minds ... while these ornament's they're singing their strange songs of a captain and a millionaire's unite ... 97. Song of the whispering tailor, song of the shoe-side's king, they have them all in their ornament's raging ... doing the big spin .. on sandman's tables they unite ... watching the parrotfeathers and their beaks ... hinging their like teeth under towers ... rising the spoon, heading for daylight ... 98. It was like taming a lion ... on Elsefic's back ... 99. Pinocchio was a baker's kid ... and you, you look like me, I'm not your santa clause ... I'm still burning the yellow by blasphemy ... sacrifice these churches to me ... I need them as oil for my motors ... 100. I'm still one hell of a beast ... 101. There are strange shoes coming from orange kettles, while the black man moves the spoon, he's mixing the letters ... while the shoes burn the deserts ... until it's gold ... until the icecreams stream ... 102. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... it's running through my veins awakening the marchpane flowers ... in white green chocolate shores ... it's deeper inside ... a pink blue forestroad like working in holidays ... 103. Spit the sand, brother, spit the sand ... with paprika seeds deep inside ... i lost your number ... but now it's back ... 104. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... and then burn them by a scream, i want to be barefooted by the end of the day, to bathe in icecream ... 105. Burn your boots, sweet moses, burn your ornament's cakes ... spoil the baker's cat and his sweet child ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... 106. The cakes are thin like orange wood, while icecream flows through it, hiding the paprika seeds for a mission ... Speedboats are fast, to be teeth at the end of the day, hanging below the tall towers ... 107. Holiday clause sell me icecreams, and take away my pains of this businessdream ... i drowned in business, now my days are gone, let my shoes grow, and burn them at the end of the day ... to reach deeper inside for the naked flowers, the beaks of parrots and their feathers 108. The icecream's finally running through my veins, while praying to Elsefic, I'm having these strange bananas inside ... my friends are like me ... i can only remember my name in thick letters ... 109. It's strange drugs after all ... from a strange strange tree ... where the icecreams run ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world ... these elves ... these

children of bakerman. 110. They're coming from the world beyond cockaign, wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... by Elsefic's candle ... under Bekehelm's helmet ... 111. And then the cucumber seeds are awakening rising into the streams ... watching the daylight's candles, under Bekehelm's helmet ... 112. They're all surrounded by icecream ... it's the Big Escape ... until the sand is rising, building marchpane city in the middle of the deserts ... while the tinkerbells are ringing ... and the jingle bells ... 113. And still the old black man is mixing in the kettle the orange kettle ... until it strikes the blue forever ... There are snakefighters coming from the streams ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... 114. They are the wasps ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... still ornament's docters ... They have racistic smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ...

Smuoch Diuderan

13. 1. Chapter for descending the Santaclause-Balloon. The French Schoolbook ; Cruel Heritages. 2. And the boys ... these boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ... 3. Glues from Crocodile, the woman with the white boots. In the land of the fake, a fake-assassin lives, all his crimes, all fake. 4. There where everything gets fake, the pain slides away, and then you're holding only that golden precious diamond in your hands ... 5. It's overflowing with liquid yellow glue, the juice for your children ... 6. In the land of the fake, a fake-dancer dances ... the mailman with his fake letters ... his fake hat ... all to make your heart in peace ... 7. Now how do you make something fake ? It takes many lullabies for that You need to fly on the back of the orange dinosaur No one knows where he lives. It takes some adventure. 8. You need to go to some libraries from Gemini, where the glues are streaming, green glues and blue glues, while outside it's snowing, and the trees produce those powders How do you make games, for these are necessary for a fake ... Ask yourself some good questions ... [b. The woman with the white boots will initiate you Tall white boots, a mouth soft like sekmeth] 9. Jesus from the Vegetable, they run on the streets of aldebaran, the terror they are there They sing their songs of clothes too tight ... But they wear their uniforms over them 10. Sharp guitars are on their side The Aldebaran Boys ... they have shining scars on their necks, turning black in the night, making a living on the ceilings 11. The Aldebaran Boys still pirates on empty shores, giving poets their swords back, running barefooted on wooden roads ... 12. With the ballgames in their eyes ... they died in the factories it was the big escape Still tearing clothes, running the stairways of old shoes ... 13. And the boys ... these boys ... they are free in their prisons ... going from sunset to sunset ... I'm finding myself in the candy-factory .. You thought your dance was over here but slowly a new dance started ... a better one ... and much wilder ... 14. A cigarette is getting crazy ... that happens when there are too many publics in your head ... but now he has the pencil in his hand, it's burning. It decorates the candy, to make it ripe for trade ... You still sell these things ... 15. Oblezea Vitrininium ... The spell you still speak out That old dwarve's spell ... nailing your Jesus Christs in the middle of a footballfield. Oblezea Vitrininium, the Birthday's Eye, giving him a new christmas And you are the statue on his gun 16. Oblezea Vitrininium, still sandman's best trick still the horse on your father's road ... 17. There were only ashes lying on your table, muttering at the end of the story ... The Eye of Birthday, guiding the Aldebaran Boys, like Bethlehem's star ... 18. They are mixing the candy through the vegetables ... by this strange fruit It fills their stomachs so deep, like spun sugar ... like the clock of a spider crazier than

them 19. My mother's zoo is too interesting but she doesn't always give me the key to really meet all these amazing creatures I think she wants to protect me For I do not realize how dangerous they can be 20. I'm still wanting to visit dad But i really need to put on my armour first I feel myself like a kindergarten-child but maybe that's better To act like an adult when I'm not is not good 21. Then I would become a dangerous animal which they have to lock up behind thick bars But where am I now also behind the bars of the kindergarten but I need to realize that the world outside is the cage and not this kindergarten it's just close to each other 22. I feel the bars of the cages of dangerous animals not the bars of my cage I really need to put that clear I'm free here in this kindergarten with all these caring mothers and mistresses 23. I'm free to fantasize Fantasy is always free But even in fantasy there are bars but these aren't of my cage ... but that of the dangerous animals' cages 24. I'm staring a lot through these bars knowing that one day I will ride these amazing creatures together with dad If we know how to treat them well, they can build houses and cities even new worlds 25. The roar of a new fantasy. I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, I'm hearing the roar of the new city. I'm hearing the roar of my best friend, waiting for me to ride him. 26. Together we will build the land, I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, from millions of years ago. I'm hearing the roar of my daddy's friends. Together we will make the land. Together we will build the cities, the tall buildings, and the skyscrapers, the hollow houses, the big balloons. 27. I'm hearing the roar of a new dream, liquid, racing on new roads to the rainbow and beyond. I'm hearing the roar of the joke, roaring and racing these nights searching for a good end

Insumne Version

The Insection Book of the Dead

The Jericho Stone

The Pulpus Stone

The Brannan Stone

The Jericho Stone

Udiapsa

1. 1. Ova, sons of all sons, grandfather of all grandfathers, oh prince of the oaks, ruling over the heights of materos. 2. You are the sun leading us to the city of balloons, where our hearts can rise to breath again. 3. Oh, Ova, with your golden smile. Bow down over the heads of Venus. Lead us through the deathrealms of dwarves. You know all their books. Let us come together, so that we can worship you, oh father of all fathers. 4. Lead us all to Izu. Teach us about the seven smiles of death, let the Okus monsters open the lungs. Oh, that they might store the balloons of lungs in the livers. Let the balloons of the livers rise to open the lungs, to fill the lungs, and to open the hearts. 5. Oh, let Osiris ride the seven smiles of the dead. Let him teach us how to remove letters from stones of graves and sacrophagos. Lead us to the thrones of ashes, where we can smile with the smiles of death, to see the griffon rise, him with the golden smile. 6. Oh open Salom, the hearts of the lungs, to spread the wings into tiger's ripples, in balloon skies. 7. Opening of the Widow Spider, the third heart. Osiris, son of Ova, you know the widow spider lying dormant between the two hearts of the octopus, as the third heart, the golden heart, where the golden nipple rises [Oh, Emelis Shatau]. 8. Greet Marazanta, our son of hearts, our father of thruths. Let him raise the green lights. Bring our ancient ornaments back into the spine. 9. Those ornaments we got from our ancestors, while Lords of evil took them away. Bring us away from all evil, and show us the righteous paths. 10. Oh, Egypt, let it be Egypt in Izu. Sweet Belcanov, statue of ancient days, our watcher, speak these words to the hills. Let that which is proud fall, and let that which is humble rise. 11. Teach us about the seven moons. Amen. Oh, holy Amen, son of Egypt, father of Lakus, raise the orange balloons and the checked balloons. Teach us how to contract hearts to do your will, oh almighty Cricket, lying on the heart of Osiris. 12. Oh, you, with the seven arms, come forward, raise us again into the house of Thoth. 13. Let us not be burnt, when we stand for the throne of Almighty Osiris, when his red eyes are searching our hearts. 14. Let the soulbird rise, let our souls grasp the lights of ancient times before their times, to honour the ancient souls beneath the souls. 15. Let us not complain and standing still in the realms of the dead, but let us descent into the bottom of the pit, where we can find the coin of Mary of Magdalen and her holy Sarsia Soul. 16. Let the Sarsia Soul lead us back to the Barbarian times, to free the birds of paradise. let their souls guide us for the rest of our days. Amen. 17. Papyrus of Ra-Izu. When you come into the holy temple of Amon, touch the blue gold on his head, all you who are dead in these pastures in front of his house. Let the sheep guide you there. 18. His holy books will guide you. Amen. Let Atu, the god of goats be mercifull over you, who passes over the rivers of the dead. 19. Drink from it's waters to be connected to ancient souls.

You will feel a spirit in your heart. It is the bird of Ra-Izu. Thoth will seal your foreheads by his holy waters. 20. We will take care of your soul, that the smoke will not lead you astray. 21. We will give you the eyes you deserve, when you haven't abuse your eyes to mock the spirits of the dead. 22. There will come seven Judgements on the eye, led by the sword of Thoth. Blessed those who will survive.

2. 1. Seven Judgements on the Eye by the Sword of Thoth. First Judgement : You will say these words. I baptize my eye in the holy waters burning with fire, to see if I have mocked the spirits of the dead. 2. If so, I will bear their pains in my own eyes, until I am clean by their judgements. I will receive the sword of the widow spider in my eye as a purifying. 3. It will pierce me until I am blind to sinfull deeds. It will pull my eyes out if it would lead me astray. 4. Lead me on the right paths by the eye of Thoth. 5. In him we can see in righteousness. I am gratefull to your judgements, bringing me into the lightchamber of Thoth, to watch the ornaments of the seven coffins of his candlestick. Second Judgement : In doubts we cannot see you. 6. Wash us. Let softness grow in our eyes, to give faith to our brothers and sisters, love to the older ones and the younger ones, as our mirrors, the arms of our hearts. 7. Let us not break one of these arms off, for then the lights of our eyes will fall away. Then I must eat the darkness, and slide through the dust. Amen. 8. Let this softness test us. This Eye of Ra-Izu. It will eat me away. It will eat my eye away, if I would sin in your holy presence. 9. Make me holy. Make my footsteps sacred, knowing that I am on sacred ground. Show me all the pillars of Ra's house, and show me his scribe, Ra-Izu. Let Izu lead me to the falls, to decide, which way I will go. 10. Let me see the eyes of death, to adopt the ancient souls of the sacred ant and gnat. Third Judgement : Let Ra-Anu come forward, to lay the sword on our eyes. 11. May it be sealed by attention. May it be usefull, and not a power to judge. The heart is a power to judge, while only the heart-eye of Thoth can rise to judge. 12. In him all the judges get their eyes. Let him who is not connected to Thoth be thrown out into the deepest oceans and darkest places, until he finds the eye of Thoth to do well. 13. The eye must be sifted like gold, seventy times seven, until it reaches the eighth day. On the eighth day the judges stand, allowed to judge. 14. Lead our eyes into the eighth day, to judge or be judged. Let Ra decide, and weigh our eyes, to see if it's worthy for a sword pierced through it. Fourth Judgement : Let Sarsia, the goddess of ages see if the eye is connected to the ancestors of wood. 15. If there is mock to an older one, let the sword pierce it, until it's clean. If there is mock to a younger one, let the eye be burnt and give the ashes to the birds of heaven. [and to the wild animals of the earth.] Holy is Sarsia. 16. If you judge someone by clothes, cursed are you, for you will be naked, and your eyes will be eaten by crocodiles of the fourth death. Your soul will rot in your body, and will drag you into the rivers of dirt, where you will be rejected and scorned until you can only live by your tears. 17. If you judge someone by occupation, cursed are you. If you judge someone by race, cursed are you. Your eye will rot in your body, until you have worshipped the ancient gods of the one you scorned. 18. If you do this scorning with someone else to strengthen your back, you are cursed twice. Then it's better for you to get a hook in your eye to hang for seven days in the realms of the dead, where the birds of prey eat from your meat. Fifth Judgement : By the feather of the goddess Maat. 19. She is the ruler of the heavens, and will watch you. She will give praise to the eyes of self-judgement and the eyes who care for nature and animals. 20. If you scorn a weak one, you will be weaker. If you scorn a sick one, your health becomes of that person. If you scorn someone because of someones parents, cursed are you, for you will be an orphan. Maat cares for the soft of heart, the tender ones, and those of a holy rage. 21. Sixth Judgement : If you write scorn down on paper, you are cursed triple. You will not only lose your eye when you will appear for Osiris-Ra, but you will also lose your hand, and it

will fall in the rivers of the dead, where the crocodiles of sekmeth eat it. Seventh Judgement : Blessed are those who can come through the Judgement on the Eye without falling, whose backs are straight, led by the blue light. 22. Blessed are those whose griffin souls are caring for the weak and the sick, to see their health and strength. 23. Blessed are those who travelled the seas of weakness and sickness to find the truths and treasures of the chambers of Thoth's house. Blessed are those who wrote with the hands of Thoth, while the Benu-bird was sitting on their shoulders, and the seven holy parrots of Ra. Amen. 24. Their balloons will reach the eternal cities, where God will wipe away all their tears. 25. There where they can drink from the golden wells of life, and from the golden eyes. There they will see the golden hand of Thoth. Amen-Ra-Amen. Blessed are those who let their souls be cleansed by the fire. 26. The Varia-Bird will guide you to show you the threads between the threads. Amen-Thoth-Amen : Visitors of Amenti, those who glide through the last hall ... to watch the portals of Materos ... the halls of the dead of dwarves. 27. Blessed are those who glide in, to travel along and over the rivers with the orange balls ... Blessed are those who watched the graves of dwarves ... blessed are those with an eye to the small things ... cursed are those who deny the small things, for they will be blown away when Materos sucks the holy ones inside ... Amen-Thoth-Amen

3. 1. The Seven Halls of Materos. You watched the dwarves the golden stares. Now reconnect to the souls of your gnome-souls and their ancestors. First Hall, Talgamen. Prayer to find the lost ships. I come to you, Talgamen, gnomestatue, almighty leprechaun of the ancient coins. 2. I come to you, Talgamen-Thoth, holy scribe of Izu and the first hall of Materos. 3. Write my names in your books, and give me from your divine food, when I will pass over these bridges, when I sail over these seas ... Do not let my ships sink, oh holy Ra-Talgamen, do not let me being eaten by sharks, but raise me high, in your balloons, to be in High Talgamen, I take flight. 4. Grant me with the food of your griffons. Do not lead me astray. Have mercy on me, I am a humble soldier. Only living to save your animals, as they save me. As you glide into my soul, look for my lost ships, and bring them into my heart again, in my liver, lungs and organs. Let me take flight again to the cities of eternity. 5. Talgamen-Amen. Don't let me fall from high rocks, when I enter your mysteries. Let your warmths guide me, and comfort me, and let your birds do not take me away to burn me. Let me write on your jewels, my love to you. Let me be your scribe, in the name of Thoth-Amen. 6. Second Hall, Lokogamen. Is this the road to Belcanov, oh Almighty Lokogamen. I bow down in praise, without letting my lips flow. 7. For it is righteousness you want to see. Let my words not be empty, but filled by deeds. Let my words flow, filled by fire, as balloons into your skies. Let me see your cloudships and eagleships, and the birds working there. Do your birds sit high ? 8. I come for your almighty thrones, to watch your graves and coffins, to bring sacrifices to your urns, as words to the ancestors, let them be echoes warming them, until they are back. 9. Let them rise from the deepest oceans, all these souls lost, worthy to be connected to us, as part of the ornament. Oh, holy one, of golden beards. Give your servants their beards back to pierce deeper into the halls of Amenti and the halls of Materos. I am yours. 10. Third Hall, Belcanov. Where the holy statues stand. Where our minds can be dense again, to reach for the cold conscience, to live for the poor. 11. To share all the riches, also to the realms of death. Let me glide deeper, and protect me against the flames of Osiris Throne. 12. Let the snakes awake in me, to do the final decisions. Belcanov, let my soul glide, into your soul, where the warmth shivers. 13. Let me take those who are afraid deep into my heart. For you are close to the depressed and those who fear God, having a green heart pumping inside. 14. Belcanov, bless your scribe Anu, and your warrior Thoth-Izu. Let the seven spirits of Osiris watch over my soul, giving me a new spirit. Fourth Hall, Elsefic. Hymn to Elsefic. Glory to Elsefic, who

gave us soft food. Waters coming from the rocks, while you had the rod of the seven suns. 15. Baals were your friends, the donkeys. You guided them safely through your streets, giving them vanilla to raise higher and fly on butterfly wings. You gave ornaments on their hearts. You crashed their orange balls to bring them higher. You led your children by a striped rod. Your horns spoke thunder on high hills, where your phoenixes took flight. 16. Osiris-Elsefic, praise to you, my Lord. Hide me in your seven judgements, when you are pouring out your bowls of wrath. Give me thunder to rage with you, and let my heart not be weak. Don't let me be a coward when you need me to speak. Amen-Ra-Amen. Elsefic, watch the ornaments, and weigh them before your thrones. 17. Let your lamps guide me inside, to touch the deeper darknesses, where you hide. Let me be where you are, oh Elsefic-Osiris, and show me the seven Ra's of your spirit, your paths to the suns. Watch my moons, and weigh them before your thrones, and speak sacred words to test them. Let no unworthy food poison me in the abbyes of your streets. 18. Let my paths be holy to eat from your checked divine food. Fifth Hall, Amenti-Ra. Drink me and weigh me, measure me in your deepest caves, to give me access to fruitfull grounds below the pits. Destroy my mirror, and give me yours. Amenti-Ra, seal my hearts, also the hearts of my liver, to store the treasures you gave me. 19. I cherish them, all these hearts, and the divine vegetables. Let your Elsefic rise on the sixth day, to watch the balloons of ancient days. Let me steal the forgotten days out of the halls of evil lords. Let me be an exorcist and a sacred thief, to bring your treasures and souls back to your temples. There, where the tigers roar. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. You are the holy Amen of the sixth soul of Amen-Ra and Talgamen-Benu. 20. Your birds will let your spirits sour. The Ka's of your Ra will guide you by wet visions. While the dreams of the Ba will lead you through the night. You watch the golden suns. We are sacred pirates, in this hall of Amenti-Ra. Show me the ripples of your tigers, the juices of your sacred drinks. Show me how to use them holy, guided by divine steps. Oh, halls of Amenti-Ra, in the Fifth Hall of Materos, rise high. Show the worthy books in the deepest of the night. Let us glide into the drinks between the drinks. Bring the holy snakes from the livers to the lungs, restore the fleeces of the heart, united, to speak words of unity, as a sword to transform the darkness. 21. Bring me the swords of Osiris-Shesmu, and that of Osiris Sebqa, for the mouth of the crocodile is wide open. Build my boats to come over the dangerous seas of Sonder Sun. Sixth Hall, Sonder Sun. She's the queen of my heart. She's the lady of the altars, rising high in Izu. Balloons are bending, while her wet stripes take place. 22. We worship you, Lady of the Sonder Sun. Not in vain words, but in deeds and righteousness. It is filled by a rage, raging until you are home. We are your servants in this sixth hall of Materos, after Amenti. You are Materos-Amenti-Ra, mirroring in the sky. You are the rippling tiger, tightening the threads between the threads. 23. Seventh Hall, Eminus Fire. You are the heart of Amenti and Ra, the heart of Sonder, where the octopus dwells. You have sent your unicorn to awaken us into this day. Take us to the golden fleeces, to drink from the divine tea. Let our minds melt away, if cold consciousness is your desire. Bring us to life and death, rippling as the forbidden fruit. Be our Adam and our Eve, our serpent and our God. Raise the halls of Amenti. 24. Prepare us for the travellings over the seas and rivers of fire, to meet the dragons of your heart, the octopus of your desire. Don't quench our ofions [octopus-sharks], but purify them like gold. Amenti-Thoth, open your chambers to us, in Eminus Fire. Show us the baskets of your snakes, the checked ones and the powdered ones, and all those in fire. 25. Give us the key to open thunder-fire, the Eminus-Shesmu. Serve your Lord, Eminus-Ra, who lives in the sun. Give him from the divine food ; Watch his ornaments when they die. Come with his urns to the flames of Osiris, to test your eyes and hearts, on the hands. Stand on his footprints, and watch yourself die to come alive again on the third and the fifth day. 26. Watch Eminus Horus, to please his publics, the divine audience. In

this you can pass the test to get the holy Amenti-Ra-Eminius suite. The checked orange suit to contact the divine Eminius Lions and Wild Cats of Ancient Days. Amen-Talgamen-Amen.

4. 1. Ritual and Sacraments to close the door of Eminius-Amenti behind you. Lords of Amenti unite. Let me be the salt on the ground, so that no one can steal this divine fire of Amenti-Toth. It burns once and then it leaves forever, until you leave forever with it. Oh, holy Lord and Doorkeeper of Amenti's Rod. Save your son, Lucifer, from the wrath of the ancient Hebrew-Babylonian fallen one who didn't want to pierce the Halls of Amenti and Materos. 2. Burn him in Eminius Fire. Divine Amenti Lions of Amenti-Lucifer, you are free. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and the sulphur of EMINIUS-SARSIA and her heartsoul AMENTI-SARSIA. 3. Ra-Amenti will stand behind you. Eminius-Lucifer, you are free now, you and your lions. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and sulphur of Marion-Eminius Swords. Eminius, be closed. The sword and altar of Eminius is now in the hands of EMINIUS-SEKMETH. Ritual and Prayer to not to be eaten by the crocodiles of Eminius-Luca. Raise me father, make my heart pure, let your sacred crickets cover my eyes. 4. Let me not judge the dead, let them not judge me. Bring me out of this dark passage and lead me into your circle, where I can eat from the solar dishes. Give me a helmet brought by your eagles to have a light in this deep darkness. Let me trust on cycles and circles, and also the symbols of your panthers in the temple of eight. 5. Let me escape into a new week. The week of your golden breads. Let me have my own altars, to sacrifice myself instead of others. When I stand before the altars of your golden breads, then cover my eyes by your bristal brivals, to have your golden neon lights. Lead me into your chambers, oh father, to see the coffins beneath the coffins, to touch your holy butterflies. 6. Make me drunk, lead the boat over your river, and bind the heads of crocodiles. Let them not eat my feet. Cover these by butterflies. Let them not eat my legs. Cover them by the shields of turtles. Let the heart-eaters not eat my heart, but let the benu-bird, your benu-bird, lead me inside your caves. Make me thin enough to enter. Let me discover the lines between the lines .. To make them bend into solar lights. Show me the halls of the elves of dead. 7. Draw these circles on the walls. Aton-Amen-Aton. Let me in, dead man, let me in, to let me watch your graves. Lead me to your coffins, to see the ornament of death. Let me drink from your urns, to touch the holy water. Streaming from death, in your chambers I desire to be. Let Belcanov-Aton lead me inside, guiding me by the red light. 8. I don't want to stop here, for crocodiles are behind me, wanting to eat my soul. I see your house as a doorway, to the house of the elves coffins. Oh, orange men, oh black men, oh hard men, guards of the elves graves, make me hard enough to enter, soft enough to walk through walls. Let me follow your waterlights, to be one of them ... 9. I will worship the lines between the lines, and also those beneath and beyond, to become one of them, always thinner. I will be thinner man, oh harder man. Let me enter. 10. You cannot enter. Why not ? You need to return to Belcanov first, to reach for his sixty-six coffins. Then you will be hard enough to be a harder man. 11. I am now a harder man, can I enter ? 12. No, you cannot enter. The publics and the audiences don't accept you. You first need to be a softer man, when you have returned to Elsefic. You must first dive into his sixty-six coffins, seventy-seven graves and eighty-eight cities. 13. 66,77,88 Can I enter now ? Yes, you can, for you are a thinner, softer and harder man. Hymns of Ova. Osiris-Ra, I knight you in the order of Varia-Birds, the souls of Izu-Indians. Praise will be to Osiris, throning in the Halls of Amenti. Praise will be to Thoth, whose house is built on the deathpillars of elves. 14. Osiris-Ra, the Dark and Black Elves will be sent forth from your chest. Oh, Osiris-Ra, don't fear when you walk through the temples of materos. They will initiate you deeper. Let their stings guide you. Osiris-Ra, son of Ova, god of oaks. We bring in you the Atu, the god of goats. Guide them over the hills into eternal bliss. 15. You have the

rod for it. Osiris-Ra, you will have the following illuminations and enlightenments, while you are following the paths of sacred ancestors. 16. You will adopt their gods. You will come beyond good and evil. You will come beyond winning and losing. 17. When you have created a faith for the first time, it will strangle you. And the enemy of that faith will save you. Then you will create a second faith, which will strangle you, and again the enemy of that faith will save you. 18. Then you will create a third faith and the same will happen, which lets you rise beyond good and evil. There you will find the pillar of the purple gnat, a most important pillar of the house of Thoth. The House of Thoth built on seven pillars, the Halls of Dead Elves, Avani. 19. Welcome to the Halls of Avani, the underworld of Elves, where the elf gods of the dead dwell to judge all the dead. Be in fear if you have sinned, for they don't have mercy. They pierce hearts, lungs and organs. There is no grace, only purifying rituals. There is no forgiving, only self-sacrifice until the price is paid. 20. You must work and change in their cocoons, or you will be damned to destruction in fire-sulphur-salt-acid. In the Halls of Dead, speaks the Upper Ova of Life and Death, the Sovereign Prince of Judgement and Damnation in Khert-Neter, you can be illuminated as Osiris-Ra to see the misleadings of gods and upperbeings, and the lower beings with their spirits. 21. You can dwell in domination if you will make the journey through Avani. Only then you will be set free from these misleadings. The rest will sink and drown. Prayer and Ritual to not be drowned in the waters of Avani. Dangerous sirens live in the waters of Avani, drowning men and women, children and animals. Fight against sexual desires in these areas. 22. Do not satisfy yourself by luxury. Do not eat too much fruits. And if you decide to eat fruits, mix them with potatoes and onions. Do not wear socks in your shoes. Do not cut your beard too often, and woman, do not shave. Women, reach for the waters of Sheri, your guard in the waters of Avani. Invoke her by candlelight. 23. Speak her name into the flame. Wear torn clothes and cover your head. Speak these words : Qebh, celestial waters, let me drink from you, and shine your four lights in my Ka [spirit]. Qebh, celestial waters, bring me to Khert-Neter in Ra-Izu, into his lungs, where I can receive the golden heart, the golden nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. I bow to Ra and his Bennu-Bird, his heart-soul. Plant in me the streets and skies of Khert-Neter [the balloons], where my Akh can rise [illuminated heart-soul]. 24. Qebh, celestial waters, lock golden doors behind me, and destroy my enemies, the sirens. Amen-Ra-Thoth-Amen. Qebh, you have the golden keys. Prayers, sacraments, hymns and rituals to become a citizen in Khert-Neter. Oh, city of the dead, take me in, give me a house and divine food. Bring the four fires to my Ka, and let me dwell in my Akh. Osiris-Izu, lead me to your islands, to show me the pillars of Thothis House. 25. Give me the twin-Akh, and the twinlion-heartsouls. I am Horus-Ra, I do no sin. I haven't scorned the gods of my town. I speak righteous words. I haven't sinned with my mouth, I am Horus-Ra. Give me a double heart-soul in my liver, as I enter the Anu-house of Khert-Neter, where the Aged Gods live [and the Aged One]. 26. Give me the twin-tiger-heartsouls, and open my mouth in Khert-Neter. Allow me to speak and to be silent, to whisper and to speak loud. Amen. Allow me to move myself. Allow me to breath. By the Lake of Flowers, give me access to Sekhet-Hetepu [Fields of Peace] and the Sekhet-Aanru, to reach the Minewood behind it, where the Aged Children Dwell, and the House of Thoth. 27. Qebh, let me drink from the celestial waters there, floating from the divine food. Bring me to Khert-Neter in the Ra-Food, and to Khert-Neter in the Minewood. Lock golden doors behind me, oh golden Qebh, and give me the twin-crocodile heartsouls, from where the Benu-birds can rise. Give me the million-armed heartsoul in my golden heart, and give me the million-hearted sun in my scarabee [beetleformed heartshield]. Amen, give me access to Elsefic-Khert-Neter. 28. First Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Amy. Second Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Emily. Third Hall of Avani : Pillar of the Purple Gnat. Fourth Hall of Avani : The Egg of Kenken-Ur [guarded by Eric Zwarzenei]. Fifth Hall of Avani : The Egg of the Tiger. Sixth Hall of Avani :

Eminius-Marazanta. Seventh Hall of Avani : Eminius-Amen. 29. Halls of Khelb. The elves of Ra holding the staff of Ptah, to measure the heart. If it's not thin enough the heart will be eaten by Ammut-Ra, for then it has sinned against the gods of Izu and Ra-Annas. If it's thin enough it will be struck seven times by the thin strikes to prepare it to enter the halls of Khelb. Here the birds of the brown nipple live to bind the hearts by charity, to raise them into the warmachines again. 30. On these battlefields of the dead the hearts will become thinner and thinner to escape from war into war, until they receive the golden nipple of fire [On the Emelis Shatau]. Hail Ova, son of the birch and the holly, for his icecreams set them free. They can move again, and talk again. They are now sons of Ova, sons of the Sacred Oak. 31. By Banana mixed with Vanilla, the lion's face rises, the Golden Nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. They are now eating from the brown food of the oak, in hairy fields they live. [in hairy skies]. The staff of Ptah had struck them and led them, to small forests in the deserts. 32. While the black panthers care for them. Their hearts have been struck, and now their livers and lungsouls will be struck, and even their other organs, so that they might escape through the splits in caves. Their hearts have become light as the feather of Maat, and they have eaten well from her treasures. 33. They have defeated the watchers of the thinness and the evil lambs, to become blue fire, the face of ammon. They have pierced the halls of Materos and Avani. The seven halls of Khelb are seven boats to sail over the rivers of death, hell and lies. These rivers are seen as sacred riddles, as wilder animals they need to face. The halls of Khelb are the Insection Halls of the Dead themselves. 34. Hall I – Lapoendria (Land of the Wasps). Hall II – Perlottia (Land of the Winged Insects). Hall III – Brannan (Land of the flies). Hall IV – Lapsalvania (Land of the spiders). Hall V – Lalmageln (Land of the Stinging Insects). Hall VI – Bilmageln (Land of the Shining or Poisonous Insects). Hall VII – Ant Ship. 35. Can I get access to the Halls of Khelb ? You must be Ra-Izu. You must have visited the seven coffins of the faeries, and you must have read the pyramid texts of the dwarves. 36. I have done that, can I have access to the Halls of Khelb now ? You must be initiated in at least seven piramids of different Izu-Indian tribes, and you must have defeated the evil chicken of Radth. 37. I have done that, can I have access now ? Go in, and take from the forbidden fruits of the Halls of Khelb. Here Maat-Izu will weigh your heart and liver to her sacred feather. If one of them is too heavy, it will be eaten by Ammut-Izu. Then you must go through the seven nights of fear, where your lungs will be weighed to the sacred feather of Maat-Izu and Sekhmet-Izu. If it will be too heavy it will be eaten by Ammut-Lapoendria. 38. Then your souls will be put to the sacred staff of Ptah-Izu, and when one of these souls will be too short, it will be eaten by Thoth-Lapoendria. 39. Then the souls tall enough have come to the coasts of Lapoendria, to come into the Ra-Lapoendria ship. On the seas of fear they will be judged, to see if their hearts and livers are guilty or not. 40. They will be punished on the seas of Lapoendria and taken away by dangerous animals, by birds and fishes, to see if they are worthy or not, and to purify and test their souls. They will get seven thorns in their flesh, which will depress them, repress them and isolate them for a period of time. Here they must fight against the evil lambs. 41. In Perlottia, where the winged insects live, they get their wings to take flight from coffins. They will receive the flying heart of Maat. They will receive many of her heartsouls, and they will be put against the many rods of Thoth, to see if their hearts are sweet enough. 42. If not, they will be eaten by Ammut-Thoth. Then they will be put against the rods of Sekmeth, to see if their hearts and livers are soft enough. From these rods the snakes come forth ... and when they aren't soft and flexible enough, and when they cannot have ripples and balance, they will be eaten by these snakes of Sekmeth. Then their souls will be in Eminius-Fire. When they are soft like Sekmeth, they will have her lights in their Ka's ... 43. Then they will be prepared for the fires of Brannan. Here they will experience all different sorts of pains, fevers and dizziness. Here their hearts will be laid to the heart of Ra-

Brannan, and when their hearts aren't hot enough they will be spat out. It is a burning heart, full of Emenius Fire and the fires of Brannan. 44. Piramids on Izu If you have the winged Emini heart with the seven twinsouls in it, then you have access to the pyramids of bristal brival : The Red Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu, The Green Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu II, The Blue Golden Pyramid of Za-Amon-Ra, Pyramid of the Golden Pear, where the tombs are of Pharaos Za-Sinysen-Vu-Osiris, and of Za-Sinysen-Vu-Ra. 45. Spells for opening the pyramids of Brannan : Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, open the pyramids of Brannan. Show me the names, and let black doves cover them by their wings. Let your holy and sacred hands take me in, and initiate me. Amen-Ra-Amen. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home. 46. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom, and let me destroy the evil snakes by the red stripes. Pharaos of Brannan rise up to give me the rods to destroy the evil donkeys holding away the sweetness. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness. 47. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes, smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, give us our Khu's, our eternal souls. Let the Khu-birds guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan. 48. Here is where our home is, here is where our hearts are. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers of Maat, and let them rise in our hearts. Let truth guide us, Amen-Maat-Amen, let Toth seal our foreheads by your mighty lights. Bring us to Draminia, the roots of life. Show us the depths of Amenti in Brannan and Draminia. Let Jericho and Sodom rise. 49. We ask you to lay your rods on our foreheads, and to bring your feathers inside of us. Lead us to eternal paths, oh Holy and Sacred One, and give us your winged Khu-hearts. Bless Brannan and Draminia, bless Marazanta, Lord of the Insects, and bless the White Golden Hand, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us access to the rivers that lead into your pyramids and tombs. 50. Let us dwell in your chambers forever, to read their texts, and to receive our golden Khu-twins. Oh, eternal soul, rise and lead us to Shesmu, the heart and sword of Osiris. Bring us to Horus, his holy striped tongue. Amen-Toth-Amen. Give us the heart of Ra. Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through it's halls. 51. Amenti-Ra-Amen. Tem, feeder of all Ka's, feed us, and bring our Ka's into the rays of Amenti-Light. Tem, tamer of our Khu's, let them come forward as twineagles and twinsnakes. 52. Let them possess and transform our ba's. Brannan, bring the feathers of Maat in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes can come over her enemies. 53. Let her make jericho rise. Let her rebuild it's walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Amen-Ra-Amen. 54. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to the candlesticks of Toth, to show if there is any darkness in our hearts. If our hearts aren't light and bright enough, then let Ammit eat it. Bring the candlesticks of Toth in our ba's, ka's, akh's and khu's, to let them enter the sacred sahu. Give me the sahu of Ra, of Osiris and Shesmu, of Sekmeth, Amon and Aton, of Isis, Tem and Nun. 55. I come to the White Golden Piramid of the Winged Snake of Brannan, to bless all four openings. I enter through West, and follow the paths of the sunsets. Let the seven sacred sunsets guard my mouth, and guide my lungs. 56. Brannan is the Jaw, the ashes from the ashes, where the power to speak dwells and the power of silence. Here silver striped roads (tigers) lead the deceased one to the land of the Leprechaun. 57. Leprechaun Halls of the Dead (Kerses Minds). I – The Coffins of Uncle Peacock, II – The Coffins of Uncle Unicorn, III – The Coffins of Uncle One to Ten, IV – The Silver Coffins of Faery, V – The Golden Coffins of Faery, VI – The Purple Coffins of Faery, VII – The White Coffins of Faery, VIII – The Black Coffins of Faery 58. These coffins are described in the Faery Coffin Texts and the Faery Book of the Dead. Those ones who have pierced the Halls of Khelb and entered Lakus and Kabbernal, oh holy ones, who became hairy with bald oasis, who became the hairy of the hairy with the baldest oasis below, who bows before monkeys and monkeyraiders, he will get the white golden flour and

be the king of it. 59. He whose heart has been measured by Maat-Kabbernal in the Halls of Maati to the feather of fire. If your heart and nipple would be too cold it would be eaten by Ammut-Acha. 60. Your heart must be hot enough to enter Acha. Also your eyes and lungs will be tested. You will give birth to the creatures of Acha by your mouth, for it's the land of the mother. 61. You will use your mouth to give birth. It will rise from your stomach and your breasts and then you will vomit. Amen-Acha-Amen. Then you will give anal births. Amen-Acha-Amen, for it is the land of the mother, and she will hunt for love. 62. Then it will rise from her legs and her feet, and she will give birth by her navel and by her shoulders, while her breasts bring forth the white golden chocolate. Amen-Acha-Amen. And these bison have travelled from sun to sun, from heat to heat, through deserts of the nights, to watch the dark flames. This is the land of the bison. Amen-Acha-Amen. 63. They have defeated the evil goats, and made armors of their bones. They are searching for the brown gold. They have made houses in their hearts, like bees in their nests, assimilating the lights of the sun. 64. They have defeated the killerpigs of the light, and have travelled to the darkest suns, rising into Eminus Fire. They have rode the evil chicken without falling into temptation. They are free of sin. Amen-Acha-Amen. [And these men, they give birth by hyperventilation and Epilepsy.] 64. Oh those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. For you are here the cakes of liberty, oh pilgrims. Pilgrims of a lost sun, smile again with the smiles of Osiris. Oh, those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. Oh, those who have died the fourth death, come to the underworld of Izu. 65. Here the land is soothing, here the lies are riddles of truth, here the hairs are burning like lucifers, and here the hairy are in fight against the bald ... It's in the songs of monkeymen ... the hairy against the bald, making new religions in carbon smiles. 66. Holy to those of the oaks, holy to those of the hollies and the white trees. Holy to the one entering the boat of Ova, to sail the green rivers to the Emerald Sun. 67. They will bow down and freeze their heads, after the strikes of chocolate. They will walk the cold roads to Bennes, the land of trees. They will rise into the comics, to freeze their hearts into the books of perlottia. 68. Perlottia again, to eat from the purple strawberry and the purple chocolate, in arms of emerald, the eyes will be opened. Perlottia again, under a mother's breast, it's easy to agree. 69. There are teeth in these lips, teeth in these lips, while the glues fall and hide. They take you away to seven graves, these seven coffins and seven halls of Bennes in death. 70. You will worship death and see it's glory. You will follow death, to come alive again. Deep in the coffin you will find your shell. 71. Give the land the strike, be a judge of judges, when you passed through all these judgements of the gods. You are still a survivor. You will write down the holy texts of your ancestors and learn them by head, to tell them to your children. You will know their symbols and their smiles, the smiles of death. 72. You will speak to them and they will speak back. They will lead you to the secrets of ages, and you will say you have survived. Under the strikes of death you grow younger, to stand as a tree, in bennes rivers.

Puchalini

1.

enchanted bananas

1. Boys from Lynx II ; The Land Beyond Cockaigne. You must fight for the money, and then you can do business ... It's nine o'clock, it's bedtime soon ... 2. You have enough money to write a letter ... and tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... 3. All these fruits were just stories by

mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world of dwarves ... [b. The bragging of tax brought large publics to you ... so now she is on turn in chess ...]

4. The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... [b. It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ...] 5. The frog has some movies ... He's a tranvestite ... The frog has some old castles ... [b. I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ...] 6. I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... [b. where the pick pock family still steals ...] 7. Oh ornament, you raised your glues high. [b. We are now on high materos.] 8. The frog is your friend. [b. He's now spitting sand.]

[9. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...]

2.

tight embrace

1. The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... [b. It rose from the book of lies ... teaching you how to ganner ... To spin your own wines ... Still these sails on the backs of sharks bringing you to your own rios.] 2. It spins, it is the master's touch, to keep you addicted to someone you are not ... and you split up you had to marry to yourself ... [b. the brown mirror brought you there, by knocking on old chocolate] 3. And now you're getting colder by the black divorce ... falling in a blue sea ... where ancient and mythical fishes rise ... [b. this banana was enchanted ... and now you stare at it's checked spoon] 4. In the hand of the prince. He's losing it ... [b. Charity the other lie of the black rose ... while you dive beyond this world of mirrors ... to the original strike ... you don't need these clocks to let you wait for nothing.] 5. ... You are just sinking to ... the land beyond cockaign ... where seas of flowers make you so insane ... three pale purple flowers you got ... [b. And now you're here at the end of the day ... standing in purple snow ... you're crazy now, thinking you were normal before ...] 6. This is where all ponds lead you to ... you fell in these seas ... with all these strange perfumes ... you aren't hungry anymore ... and what is this stench ... did you ever smell that before ... [b. The ladies of the sides of chess, they run so fast .. to you .. in colours of red, white, black and blue.]

7. While green masses they survive ... [b. bringing you to high materos.] 8. And you see the checked frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... [b. This is the world of the blind ... You don't have to run. There are no movies anymore ...] 9. There's nothing speaking here ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... [b. the fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible] 10. I wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ... [b. Checked snakes on the sides of chess, rising like balloons. While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down. They are bowing, in december skies.] [11. I don't want to be in charity ... I don't want to be saved ... I don't need your stories, don't need your movies ... I don't need your swanlakes ... I don't need your Jesuses I don't need your birthdaycakes ... Let me be alone ... oh, let me be ... with the boys from lynx] [12. You had normal skies. And now we are on high materos, raking the skies, watching our chessboards.] [13. Calm down, you prince. Your mother raked you, and now you rise like the balloon. I always shook

your hands both, so calm down, my prince, calm down.] [14. You were a mother's ornament on a candy's cake ... Calm down, my prince, calm down.]

3.

where love ends

1. Finally where love ends ... an orange balloon stands ... [b. bringing you into high materos.] 2. Where sunset rises These boys from lynx still leading the blind ... [b. I don't need to see your movies I rather be blind ... having my own delights inside with these boys from lynx ...] 3. They still have their tight rings. [b. These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... so misjudged by others ... so misjudged ... while others use their mirrors ... let me use my boys from lynx ...] 4. No one's speaking there ... only some comics ... [b. While chessboards are muttering.] 5. While ladies of the sides of chess, they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the night we're in dark materos raising sunset, while sinking deeper into the skies ... [b. Your balloons were tight rings. They're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind] 6. And now I'm drinking tight juices ... coming from the bottles of chess ... While checked snakes let the syrups sink ... [b. into another space.] 7. Where love ends, the rings so tight, coming from the edges of a chessboard [b. you never understood. These lazy cats you cannot hide. We're now in soft materos .. inside ... in high skies ...] 8. Farewell, summer skies, I'm now touching december's sun, with all these ladies of the sides of chess, raising their bottles in slow motion to do quick attacks ... I'm still reading loud in these books of wars ... while you're whispering ... making my rings so tight I'm in high materos ... tonight ... [b. Please lock me up in your checked cellars.] 9. I want to see the movies on both sides. It made me blind.

golden pirate ship

10. These enchanted straight blue bananas ... these ancient mythical fishes ... make me blind, make me deaf ... [b. to hear the most beautiful music ... Oh, pirateship ... turn me on ... turn me on ...] 11. Don't keep your pictures of fright ... [b. but try to find the fairytale inside ... by this little light ... of the boys from lynx ... with their rings so tight. These rings are checked ... They look like mother's lips ...] 12. I saw the painting. [b. By making us blind, they show us the most beautiful paintings inside ...] 13. These boys from lynx these criminals inside 14. These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... [b. I'm fainting while I see their pink ornaments ... An Epilepsy boy is what it says ...] [15. These monsters of rock .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond cockaign ..]

4.

snares of stereo

1. They know the snares of stereo. They know the snares to move the tears. [b. This land beyond the custardListen to the tranvestite These wizards hearts.] 2. Old frogs sit behind the chocolate, with peppermint lips they smile. [b. And now there's a golden pirate ship in blind seas ...] 3. Old frogs sit, with deer in their pockets, raising the flags of business high. [b. It comes from old pockets ... Grandfather raising his checked snakes high] 4. On snares of stereo I sit. [b. The handicapped guys make the good movements ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... and now we hear the magical musicboxes inside.] 5. The beating hearts of wizards ...

these banana hearts ... they make golden jokes on golden pirateships ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... [b. these plastic waves with crocodile boots ...] 6. I'm watching the stars of the tranvestite. Checked books in old bottles ... reaching for Mozart's skies ... [b. I'm watching the handicapped and autistic stars the stars of dementia bringing us here ... on the wings of misunderstanding ... we found our true friends ... by accidents and mistakes ...] 7. They have friendly fishes leading them through awesome realms ... [b. turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... these wild stars in pink delights ... presents from pony ...]

8. Don't misunderstand me in this slow-motion ... [b. For your cars might crash to reach the city ... of the silver sails] 9. Dare to hide .. when he's watching the show He .. the old tranvestite ... [b. This plastic wood would be good to be a suit ...] 10. The wood is soft in marchpane land ... [b. but this is the world beyond cockaigne ...] 11. If coins are slaves, then why do I pay ... [b. I need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ...] 12. From how many books of lies did you tell ... My shadows locked up in books of wars You created them ... while giving me sunmilk to drink ... [b. from pipe's conspiracy ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies] 13. With chinese lanterns .. with wild worlds inside wild lights these are bakerman's faces ... [b. with so many nipples on it ... while some say they have strange skindiseases ... nippleheads they march] 14. Through chinese lanterns ... so wild ... touched by thrillers ... they come alive inside ...[b. but this is the land beyond cockaigne ... they do movements so insane while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ...] [15. These coins are slaves and sacrificed by religion ... when they become blind and deaf ... wild and handicapped on the wings of an autistic child with the wings of dementia ... they can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again ...] [16. By tight rings, I'm now a chessboard's soldier ... Here it's okay to fight ... For no one really wins ... and no one really loses ... We all feel the pain ... of a new world coming ...] [17. It's opening the world beyond the chessboards ... Strange traffics into strange books ... These soldiers they march through cold materos to see the edges of the chessboards ... where strange apples grow Oh, let us eat them, they make our hearts so tight] [18. Father drinks the old juices ... He doesn't see the soldiers moving to another chess ... While playcards are floating ... Inviting others to ... the grand desire this world beyond the chess] [19. Playing on bakerman's hearts, while strange powders are spreading ... covering these worlds by snow ... lapoendria smiles It's a strange drum ... And all your coats are different now checked ... marching to the world beyond the chess ...] [20. It's breeding elves, growing tall under Bekehelm's helmet ...]

Tupuchette

1.

queen of hearts

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II. If protection is a big attack, where do we hide. If love is the Big Lie, where can we have our tent ... if your embrace is to die ... 2. If I am not the same as you are, how many fights will we have, or will we die by good business holding our last grip. 3. A chessboard of angels you gave to me, but now give me a chessboard of pirates, to escape, just to escape. For every step is a market, and you know it is to enslave us ...Is there one way out here ? 4. If your kiss is a big shark, if my mouth is too fragile ... Who eats who ... Or is that life's destiny to

die in high materos ... 5. If eating is like playing chess, then I'll do it ... For then there's room between you and me, enough room to escape forever ... do we eat to become free ?

6. Oh high queen, high materos, smoking tall striped cigarettes, was our marriage to finally escape from you ? 7. If your bed is the killingfield of books of wars, then why should I lay myself down there. 8. Why can't it be a chessboard of pirates ... [b. Queen of hearts rise. These messages are full of tax. Blackgrey striped snakes become so small. In lightblue boxes they survive. Them with their silver stares.] 9. Blue honey, come out of bed, there are chess-apples hanging, roses are coming, becoming so small ... It's June. [b. Let us hide, and play in this secret garden. We slept too long.] 10. Honestly, my darling, winter would show up if we would lay down here. Let's burn our beds by a snake's sting. [b. Only fools would enter their own footsteps again. We are now in high materos.]

liberation

11. On mondays we play on burnt schools. [b. On sundays we play on burnt churches] 12. Liberation, oh soft queen, from the Faery's Book of the Dead, you rose as a daylight chessboard dream. Hiding all your pirates, ready for the attack. [b. If it's all there, then it is okay.] 13. Liberta, running alive coming from the Books of the Dead, coming from the golden cigars you could never understand. [b. she's playing in chessboard-apples, the fruits are young this time] 14. Let me stay in high materos. Let me watch the video smile, the stripes in the air. Let me do it in Elsefic's name. [b. He with the striped snakes, while they are getting smaller.] 15. On tunes' deliverance, watching the golden smile, the stripes in the air. [b. Towers stinging through the watch of Brannan.] 16. The Books of Weddings brought me there, these books of wars, made the killerpigs of Moses fly. [b. And now he's riding them] 17. Bring me Moses. Tear his clothes. Bring this mother's boy to the lands of water. [b. This doll is just some boxes of lightblue lights.] 18. It's like a puzzle, on the chessboard of pirates you are safe. [b. Time enough in Brannan. Always reaching for fourty-one hours.] 19. Queen of hearts, how many hearts. [b. How many hours on a sunday's stream.] 20. Ancient liberty in high materos, ruling the streets, with stripes undercover. [b. This Epilepsy boy comes from the chessboard. His mother raised him tall.] 21. He cries like sand. His days get smaller. [b. Lucifers so striped gave him new names.] 22. He's the red chessboard, where angels used to play. But now she is hiding her pirates there. [b. So paranoid, while their strings are so fragile.]

2.

picnic papers

1. Johaffa, your princes are of gold. [b. They wear pirates' clothes under their prince's suits, while they are filled by the rubbish of the killingfields.] 2. Johaffa, your daylights are cold. Still an angel of chessboard-fields, dignified kills by striped swords. [b. Unicorns on both sides of your mouth.] 3. Watch your soldiers on the prey, your soldiers of prey. [b. Watch them watching the buttons of their suits. These are coming from the killingfields. From books of lies they rise. Oh watch them.] 4. Johaffa, still wearing names above names. You're a yellow golden chessboard ... It's July ... Oh, ornament on Brannan's watch [b. It's July.] 5. Briefly .. underwater ... searching for prey ... Johaffa ... [b. Now there's tea from the killingfields ... tea from the killingfields ... while roses are dying ... Stand strong on your chessboard.] 6. Underwater prey, underwater mourning ... watches go slow ... to make quick dives ... churchbells tighten the strings, by iron stripes [b. Johaffa, watch the mourning, by Jupiter's halfhearted coffee.] 7. Underwater lazy cats .. walking to the killingfields ... Taking some books of lies ... for some opportunities [b. Spells go fast ... it's Echo's morning ... echo's morning ...] 8. Underwater tricks ... sell the story ... by Barbarian smiles ... [b. Stripes in the

air, while Egyptian towers sting through the pain, through ladders of death ... until the chessboard rises again ... Then we can all sleep ...]

so far

9. Fire coming from his mouth, while he prays to Elsefic. [b. Not Jesus Christ anymore.] 10. His letters go to Izu. Osiris shakes his head. It's saturday. He must wait till mondays, to launch it standing on the school. [b. Like orange liars on a zebra's boat.] 11. Secret of the press. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 12. His rooms are holy. Just a puzzle. It will make itself by eating. All safe when you stand on the chessboard. [b. It was cut in two by Moses, and now it's getting smaller, until we are all in high materos.] 13. These fields exist ... someone was raking ...

3.

July's End

14. Glory to the lightblue egg. While it's getting smaller. [b. All colors come through it.] 15. Drop it in December. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 16. The boy's pyama's are zooming. He's wearing rubbish underneath it. 17. He doesn't dare to watch in the mirror anymore after these days. He's a chessboard pirate now. 18. He doesn't want to talk. His honey is streaming inside now. He found this raider in the night. [b. He's dark, while roses stang him.] 19. Bakerman's face, it's the echo, bakerman's face, the rings are tight. But you can wear your suits over it. [b. Stay in your pyama's.] 20. He's tearing his clothes, every other day. He has high shoes. He jumps over the river, and I cry. 21. The chessboard is getting smaller. [b. While he still prays to Elsefic.] 22. Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch. Golden stares ... they pray ... still to Elsefic ... July no more

checked snake spoons

15. And the golden stare 's baking golden bread, bringing golden wine to the sand [b. I love you more everyday, but I find out more and more what a lie love is.] 16. Coming from the Book of Lies, this love, so I watch into december's skies, where everything is getting smaller. [b. There's so much to win, but nothing to lose.] 17. These games come from the books of lies, with orange liars on them. I'm wasting my time playing them, still standing on my chessboard. [b. It's getting smaller.] 18. Oh, yes it roars. It's zooming and cracking, along silver stripes. I'm gannering on high materos. 19. It's coming from the Book of Lies, this protection. Your embrace, it kills me. 20. Till I'm finally on my golden day, with my queen of hearts, playing chess again, while smiling deep, so deep it starts to cry. 21. My god is a chessboard. But on sundays, I never believe in god. [b. I'm the black chessboard, and he's the red chessboard.] 22. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. [b. On high materos we take flight.] 23. The elf rises from the chessboard. [b. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock.] 24. His sword is a checked spoon.

watch him closely

25. There are juices coming from the chessboards, and a lot of smoke, While it all gets smaller. [b. There's a rag on his eye. He's a pirate.] 26. Blue angel raking the ornament skies. [b. With checked handkerchieves in his pockets.] 27. It gets thinner, while new chessboards rise. [b. To spread their mouths.] 28. Wide open they fly. Waiting to swallow. Waiting to hide. And then it all gets thinner, while an arabian prince shakes the sleeves. 29. Watch him closely, don't breath. Accept the pain, or it will fly away.

golden zebra

30. Watch him, he's a tranvestite, having a black golden chessboard under his arm. 31. There are raiders under the sun. In fire it's spitting silver. [b. These ancestors have silver bones.] 32. Dragons rise from silver golden chessboards. They have many identities for a checked waterkey full of small snakes. [b. They are striped by the golden mother.] 33. The big clock is a big balloon, with spoonarms it ticks to forty-one hours. Bringing us to high materos again. 34. Watch the sun flow, into Flyian Books of Lies. You told me you wrote them. [b. The egg's rising from the board. It's checked and it's like a puzzle.] 35. The ornaments are blinding our eyes. There are jewels on the spoons. [b. We go to emerald cities, we go to diamond rules.] 36. There's a golden zebra in the skies, tightening the stones. [b. They bow into connections, creating december's skies.] 37. So many spoons in a web. It's bowing, painting another picture. [b. Silver skies let it bow.] 38. In Januari I have a fever. A tiger's gnat rises from chess. Oh Osiris, tranvestite, naming the black killers. [b. You are raising the vikings for Elsefic.] 39. Use lipstick to paint your body. Be paranoid to reach your raiders inside. [b. Only they can do the apocalypse. Only they can spit the silver skies.] 40. Paint the december skies. [b. And we fly in high materos.]

Pakamos

1.

1. Flowerfields, neighbour's goodbye ; Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... No balloons, but flowers ... I'm following him on my mountain-bike ... Heading for the buildings of the poles 2. Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... He whispers in my air with the softest voice ... I'm following him on my bike ... Heading for new flowerfields ... 3. The flowers are so warm ... [in Brannan's smile] Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... Heading for the buildings of the poles ... disappearing in bubbles ... making the lines so thin ... so thin ... There's sleep after the sting ... 4. while the towers are tumbling while the neighbours are staring ... while their houses have flowerfields on the floors 5. The bubble is raging like an overstressed pacman He's raging at ... the spanish princess ... He's staring at her ornaments ... I'm spinning my lines thinner ... heading for a new day heading for the buildings of the poles ... while the towers are tumbling while flowers grow on their floors and paradise birds sit in their attics ... 6. They were all visited by Marazanta ... but now he's leaving ... high in the sky no balloons but flowers ... for the balloons are working on ground ... the bubble like a raging dictator it's pacman mowing the grass now ... 7. and he speaks about Izu ... highways to perlottia on the back of marazanta ... they bring us home, they bring us further ... where the flowers are so warm where they speak of oceans ... coasts of izu 8. the sting is to bring us deeper ... the sting is to bring a deeper dream where we can meet the animals of the poles ... where all racecars can be found ... 9. marazanta is flying like mary poppins in the sky ... the green woman has a flowerhat heading for the golden sun in perlottia. i'm flying on my spinningwheel again ... to perlottia's alphabet ... on the back of the big hairy bird ... having a million racecars in his mouth 10. ...while ships bathe in softness ... they have many legs ... while the tridents are rising the ship is rising from softness painting the lips pale again while the buildings are rising ... on the other side of the moon like horns rising in fire ... they could turn heavens into hells by riding strange icecream-animals ... 11. the socks of icecream made the cars fast gathering the marbles in their socks the eggs rolling through ... with a gamblemachine inside ... they come from soft places while buildings are growing there opening the lion's coffins once again ... 12. back to izu was his name ... this man coming from underwater now he's rising to perlottia ... to print the last tattoo ... to destroy the

last leprechaun 13. seven wishes will stare over the flowerfields, they will have the horizons in their eyes then egypt's eye is speaking ... with zepellins from mars under his feet ... and so many horns on his head ... 14. feathers so soft and shiny ... like a purple light pillow lying on your bed asking you to enter through it's curtains here they drink toyjuice where the frog beats the mouse he's drinking from the candy juices bathing in custards ... while hearing the tunes of ages ... until they reach the temple ... and other old ruins ...

2.

1. All these horns lying around the pond, directing their fingers inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... [b. these are railroads to lapoendria] 2. Orange balloon is flying through the night ... [b. It is sandman raking there ... riding on his orange balloon ... in his basket hanging under this zeppelin ... he flies to the moon warming it by the blankets of neptunian delights ...] 3. Surrounded by orange ... while a yellow waterlight is leading him through ... 4. Orange balloon ... the eye of vega ... [b. It opens doors and closes them ... it watches rainbows and shatters them ... he still has the waterkeys ... those waterlights ... leading them all through the night ... only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ... he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ...] 5. He is sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old [here where the ponds are paintings letting another lion touch the sun and the moon] 6. There is an orange golden sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. For all with Brannan's smile, Rotten railways, bending low, for curtain's spinach. [b. There are seven roads of dwarves, diving to the underworlds.] 7. There are paintings lying on a beach. There is an old orange sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. Temperature is hot, while the snakes are big and heavy. 8. It's spouting in the air, machines of great danger. 8. In Egypt there's a tower high, touching the underworlds of Luca's smiles. [b. it's the tower stinging it forever, while plastic bathsmiles are in the air.] 9. It was surrounded by warm orange, symmetric snakes along the cars. Too many small lights made the air thick. 10. while golden orange statues rake the sun, there are shadows on the golden beach, the orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. 8. Until Ra rakes the Unity City, the golden heartstare will decide. 11. In helicopter skies it ticks, no clocks on streetwalls or towers. 12. Dreamside's cities are the best. They tell you like it is, pulling you out when the orange balloon rises, to weave spinach through the golden hairs, spouting loud and tall, into helicopter skies. Warm orange heatening the flames. They are coming from the liver 13. While jaws spread the beans, the lights you cannot count. All stars in helicopter skies. 14. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's lights, all coming like the zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads from the moon to the helicopter skies. 15. There's an orange golden sun on a standard, decoration blinding us, while paintings are lying on the beach. 16. golden shadows on the walls, in the halls of life, coming from down under. Towers of Egypt sting, reaching for the helicopter skies, piramids of the underworld, while orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it again. 17. Zebra's discussions in the room, tall shadows in the night, drinking liquor. He's holding the ornament tight. Looking at the prices of the gifts. [b. There are great cities and great nations, only rising, while staring at an orange liar. An orange liar in a zebra's boat.] 18. in this giant's world ... the big red shoe is still speaking ... until the walls are falling until the lion is fading becoming pale ... so pale ... in this giant's world ... she is speaking shutting all lions down ... she paints everything so pale ... to let new colours rise ... 19. in this giant's world ... she paints the names on the walls of jericho ... and then the gamble starts ... an orange ball roaring around the earth becoming gold in the middle of the night ... spinning the boats of sirius ...

1.

truth called belcanov

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III ; Through the curtains I always reach the snow of the escape. 2. Until the marbles come, until the marbles fall ... for another round on the fairground [b. Through portals of chessboards, we always reach the red. There, where the black juices rage.] 3. Son of a thousand chessboards awake. Your mourning is over. [b. Osiris is with you now. Covering your body with his own coverings.] 4. It's switching between liars and truthspeakers ... [b. Switchers between June and July ... until april comes to make a detail ... There are orange liars on a zebra's boat, raising their cameras ... proud cameras.] 5. This car always rolls back from the mountain [b. then your daylight will fall ... for another ride ... into the funpark ...] 6. Through seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to belcanov ... that statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... [b. He's like an arabian deer, a face too tight ... while glues are streaming] 7. There are siriuses in the air all these cigarlights ... [b. It's leading you underground ... It's leading you ... back to belcanov. Back to the pockets ... where the ladies of the sides of chess are smiling.] 8. They're spinning the birds of thunder ... to let belcanov breath ... 9. Where frogs speak, you can't hear a thing ... only showing you some comics ... [b. We're in high materos, where alchebra lost it's foot. [c. These are streets from cannibal.]]

10. And when the marbles are rolling, I'm heading for izu ... how many stings of a wasp does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... [b. while belcanov is on my side ... still a deermachine] 11. under business we all go to sleep until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. [b. we're on the radio tonight ...] 12. These chessboards were portals, while Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be orange and green ... [b. trafficlights on a gambleboard it's having it's delightsby spreading green tomatoeseeds On the back of a purple horse ... we take flight ... It's getting smaller. When belcanov rakes, they all get thinner.] 13. While belcanov smiles from history ... It's flashes bringing us back to the book ... back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue [b. Shivering horses in the night. When Belcanov rakes they become shorter, touching the black moons, while the red lights become thinner.] 14. On wings of dementia, there's glue from arabian coffeeshouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deer and horses ... in the roundabout they wave ... [b. They are ... friends ... spreading green tomatoeseeds by gambleboards too tight.] 15. It's raking, until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again ... The purple deer is tightening the rings, bringing us to the pockets again. Through chessboardfields we rise, into the golden stare. mixing us again ... [b. Queen of hearts make us pale again .. pale again ...] 16. A dreamworld gets the colours. There was cola for a spy. A spanish dream sells the pictures [b. ... one of these deers was a spy ...] 17. A blue one that's for sure where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons [b. The roundabout of deer is spinning ... having their own red ... pale red ... while they are your enemies again ... While someone is raking, raking hard.] 18. Liberta candy, in sweet Materos. It's warming the black towels, spreading them for more lines of tax, on sweet day's television. Tall checked spoons like bottle faces ... are the soldiers in these nights ... spinning the raiders tight ... [b. These are high days in sweet materos.] 19. You oh you ... You get Epilepsy on a chessboard. Now you can dance in cubes. Checked apples make the mouths so small, until it brags like a snake. There are tiles on the walls, leading you to Emerald cities. [b. The snake's egg has golden edges, how many stones inside, breeding the pencil in your

head, speeding on small balls.] 20. You're the hare after these days, these days of high materos. Having many eggs to sell. It leads you to checked bells. There's a city on the ceilings where the lambsteads rise .. for golden unities ... Bow your head marionet, or it will break. You are free. [b. Don't read the books of wars again, but go to sleep, let business rise.] 21. There are rags on scottish clothes, leading you to Elsefic's heart, while the watermarks paint [b. the wet suits ... plastic wood the powders with the checked shoes ... leading you both directions ... it makes you cry ...]

ballerinas rising

22. Transparent tears ... it's growing washing and making friends forever [b. with the deer ... you're smiling ballerinas rising from the pockets ... silver and gold ... with emerald smiles ... They're coming from the ceilings, and stand on your walls ... tall] 23. Someone's raking the machines watermarks on it's back ...Through docters ... it's making the elves tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun ... [b. through chessboards spred by the lights of gamble.] 24. In california they stand ... in a desert underground ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... [b. and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... strange traffic from the Faery Book of the Dead ... It's June ... while flowers spread their powders.] 25. There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... he reached through the bottom of the pit ... into the depths of tax and transparency and now he grows like a tree from the checked yellowgolden station he is king he is an ornament ... he is king ... He is Atu. 26. He was saved by echo ... and now he rides him on this black goat he builds wasp-tv by all these lines of tax, waterlines [b. Blackgrey chessboards ... Juices spred by the lights of gamble, ornaments in zebra's style.] 27. How many corners are there on a red eye ... turning by Paranoia [b. where aldebaran birds are dancing ...] 28. How many faces are there on a spider's coin ... [b. Epilepsy it reaches for an unknown well, while the trains of arabia are roaring ... they are moving underground ... to break through communistic churches while the bands of jazz are playing ... you glide into the night] [29. Without dress ... to awake naked the next morning but it hides you from the black morning ... you're now in a strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep you out of the factory ...]

2.

Kerses minds

1. These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ... [b. but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will jump out of black bottles to see their beauty .. and forget about their ugliness inside inside we are ugly ... but our skins are beautiful we are indian spies ... smuggling the banana roads for the coming queens and kings ... we take flight ...] 2. In asgard the checked yellowgolden station we sit waiting to become sweet again ... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where icecream rolls ... it's baker's glue ... where the orange is a good gun ... and the bananas burn the money ... the ice will rise ... to niflheim ... on ragnarok's day ... it's getting darker here ... where blind children play ... 3. The walls of jericho are rising when the blue strikes seven times, there's icecream for all [b. When bilmageln hits the third gong ... then the dwarves come ... and it's red shoe time ...] 4. A checked silver spoon does the work, in bilmagelns golden hand ... it ticks ... it's dinnertime ... when the black checked gates are opening ... [b. black glues from licorice ... turning ice in the night it was always your mother's delight by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ...] 5. Opening the taps of glue

she's a water mark .. a best mark ... doing the dishes with a spoon ... she needs you today for a ride in a tunnel to show you all flowers of daylight in their tight dresses covered by big uniforms ... [b. They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale] 6. Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? 7. Spreading their birds of cigarette ... stirring the machines of deer, these chessboards with the gamblelights There are strange checked coins on strange checked bottles ... Who is eating who ? [b. It's falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high while it's becoming glue from uncle's ... the watermarks take flight ...] 8. You have the rings of lynx now ... don't fear ... [b. They are getting paler, you can use these coins for new automatons ... New horses in the sky to save you ...] 9. And these men, they are so paranoid ... while Epilepsy Boy rises ... becoming so dark ... until he is a raider ... [b. Can you imagine the joy it brings ... It's checked ... a book with a split laugh ...] 10. He's raking ... she's raking ... striped snakes from the moon ... the killer She gave you symbols ... [b. Just watch the ornament's spoon. It's checked, while bubbles rise ... Eat the dreams ...] 11. Continuously I watch how you break windows in a basket. These baskets are full of striped snakes, becoming pawns of chess on your red chessboard [b. They are the lights of gamble, lambsteads ... The sheep will rake the brains ... until the Red October comes ... to swallow it all away swallowing it all away ...] 12. What if the orange becomes red [b. Faroom da bazite ... a red bed ... where all trains of arabia end ... you were a cyclope with a red eye a roundabout ... with so many roundabouts inside ... you were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see.] 13. ... And still blind children are playing on the marketsquares of jericho ... [b. having strange noses from strange parties ... like rockets to the moon ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... while blue glue is streaming ... it was sandman with his yellow touch sitting on a green horse and now he gave you purple to bring the boys from lynx alive ...] 14. Boys from lynx ... spreading their coffees ... [b. while liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... while a wild esau is rising ... painting the skies in neon ... he's a cyclope ... but he has a million eyes on his back ... that's how he flies all red eyes ... bringing the neon he's a swindler now ... gambling ... while casino's cabman is riding him ... he takes flight ...] 15. Then the birds of cigarette come free ... enchanted mirrors, enchanted ponds to let you have your own checked shoes ... they bring you to .. the world beyond the chess. [b. Checked grapes on a red picnic's day ... turning wine in the night ... on kana's day ... jesus kissed his bride ... veiled it was a monkey ... a flying one on that day when the publics laughed themselves to death the public ... another trick of tax ...] [16. On top of the nose ... arabia waves ... it's all there is ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow] [17. These are stories of the big nose spreading fears which don't exist ... this is all there is ... Who painted the noses red she's the black widow a major threat hiding her bakerman in a purple box ... where she mixes him] [18. Along the purple curtains of deliriumhe goes asleep ... while all these bakerman's faces fill the sky in glue and the pictures become darker ... she's making it so black ... where neon is rising and when the black rose falls ... the red dream starts to tell ... you're on tv tonight and she makes it darker] [19. for the waterlights are weeping, heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon she wants it softer ... so she has to strike harder first ... she's a two-faced harlot ... bringing them from the purple to the orange in the arms of bilmageln ... where they can sleep]

3.

Sonder Sun

1. These soft boys become the hard men in the night like checked white hard candy lying on a dish ... [b. tell me what you can remember ... it was the way you caught a fish ... one day the soft was all eaten away ... and some hard bones were staring at you ... and you swallowed fast all of a sudden ...] 2. It was a strange camera, with a snake's egg inside. These were paranoid girls, raking to make the elves thin. They wanted to see the ornament, by which they could breath by it's tight rings. They were clothed by wild roses, while the thorns grew inside. It made them almost naked, while the red lights of gamble made their eyes spin like the wild sea.

3. These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games of chess. [b. They were coming from Sonder Sun, on top of Izu, it takes flight. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The suicide princess cannot stand any smile.] 4. These are the boys from lynx, these ladders, becoming soft under Sonder Sun. 5. It's shining on the checked pirateships, coming from the gold, bathing in silver seas ... while new tv's are stretching. 6. She gets scared when she sees the balloons. Then she's embracing her tall string, her waterlight. He brings her to the broadcastlady of cartoon. [b. He's a tranvestite.] 7. She likes his apocalyptic spells .. Messages from Izu ... She has tight rings around her arms coming from the baskets of snakes 8. The girl has a sweet voice, these animals are all protected by her laws. [b. These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their stares ... you better be wise these days ... they are standing on the coasts of the hague ...] 9. Where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet these are the red boys from santa clause ... the birds of cigarette ... [b. They rise from wasp tv spreading their wasp rains they are black checked spots running ... doing the checked dishes ... until snow white comes home there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day] 10. They are the books from the library beyond history ... always floating back ... [b. They are the pumps in arabian skies, coming from Japan.] 11. Behind christmasbottles they hide. They are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... [b. They are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the vanilla planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched before ... cold conscience.] [12. ... It spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak by comics] [13. Who knows the cigarlights from sirius ... the lights too bright when the orange splinters rise into the darkest night ?] [14. Your roundabout boats will rise ... and there will be nothing to swallow anymore ... there where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ...] [15. there where red becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming from sirian cigarlighters ... to save you from charity's curse] [16. Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights you have a nose ... and that's all you have ... some have bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world beyond history ... together with a banana queen ... these are the red checked scorpions ... the starships of dead chess breeding their eggs of unity by spastic movements they can bend everything] [17. By spasm they boil their glues in big kettles ... where the watermarks dance ... and when the conscience becomes too cold ... it starts to play the whispering organ and then the tears come through the tight rings ... These comics are so fragile ...] [18. these ornaments are so fragile [b. They will forget their childhood's wars, to find their soft chairs waiting in the sky ... Red velvet dreams ... while cold juices are streaming ... from the comic barrelorgan checked in black, red and white.]] [[19. These are cakes from baker's dreams. He's the baker of chess, knowing the portal to the world beyond.]] [[20. These are all wars

of dementia. He has a chessboard in his mouth, while Belcanov is on his back. He knows everything, for these tears are all transparent.]]

4.

chessboard's shoeshops

1. There were no sacrifices on religious altars. These came from the books of lies. These were just stations to take flight. 2. These were lights from the chessboard's shoeshops, ringing their bells in the night. 3. This was how Jesus travelled. Watch the little pyramid, for the strange picture ... It made you cry 4. These books are strange chessboards ... catching your eyes to play ... [b. When the marbles roll it's on chessboard's television ... Taxlines eating the balloons for another horror turning into a cartoon ... [c. You watched the checked boots of the broadcastlady ... the broadcastlady of cartoon.]] 5. Cars dive into the Books of the Dead ... [b. It's still a strange station after all ... strange traffic, strange railroads underground, leading us to all who forgot ... on the wings of dementia ...] 6. And you know it's lights ... Here the lambsteads are rising ... Here the gamblemachines are spreading tax and coffee ... rising from strange pockets This third world was saved by a bird of tax ... [b. by a bird of cigarette ...] 7. She shatters the lamps on the ground ... now these lights are lights of chess ... while spastic pyramids spit the glues ... [b. It's getting hard when it touches the skin ...] 8. What we forgot, it all comes back ... on the wings of dementia ...

Pirfumata

1.

waving white flag

1. Boys from Lynx III. My mother raised me. She showed me the door. She showed me two thousand trousers hanging around on the shore. [b. She spoke to me, always in two words and then shutting a million doors.] 2. She still loves me but I cannot be more than she wants for that would scratch my records [b. and then I would be like a parrot lost in a stream. [c. She always brings me back to the shore again like a ritual at the end of the day for I still want to be more than she wants me to be.]]

Dwarve's Rain

3. And there in the distance, I hear dwarve's rain ... rain from the ornament ... they span it underground ... for secret conspiracies ... for trains too loud ... [b. too loud to hear ...] 4. While i still visit fairygrounds to watch their big beasts and balloons. [b. These were lampsteads to the moons of Z. These were lampsteads to a new aldebaran where some guys still sit at high tables playing strange games. [c. While uncle one to ten is sleeping in the baby's room ... it was all to make your heart at peace dolphin's ... goodbye]] 5. Here the golden statues stand of theologians and old men bragging their nonsense and everyone believes them for they have the trousers. 6. This is the land where the coins are cubes. [b. Put the marbles in the automatons, and they will run.] 7. Tranvestites carrying a big handicapped eye ... they walk through glue and teeth ... they walk through you and me ... to bring the flame back to the candle ... [b. These are dressed up insects from a red picnic ... masked while the eye they carry is hidden behind tall teeth ... [c. like barbed wire ...]] 8. They can escape through checked red communistic spinning holes in the airs. [b. The pickpock family is in town ... raising their big balloons ... they are walking like chicken on the

killingfields ... but they are dressed up ants ... working on fairgrounds, funparks and circusses [c. They are the gods of nonsense and misunderstanding ... raising up their own god ... gepetto ... their mailman ... they are raising up their numbers and letters in a flame ... a balloon's flame ...]] 9. Aslant eyes and aslant faces make the connection to the worlds beyond the worlds, the mirrors beyond the mirrors. [b. Your god is a devil on the other side of the mirror.] 10. These churches are nothing more than strange chessboards, with their gamblelights. [b. Greet me green in the morning. Spin the rings tight. Let me escape.] 11. Through strange automatons, we take flight. [b. Thrown up on cannibal's day, where cowboys hide behind red buttons. [c. I'm seeing the number in the flame.]] 12. They are raising their balloons ... the bakerman's faces spouting the salt. [b. on a candy's dish ... In this strange world of chess.] 13. You're nothing but a number. A number in a flame. Coming from a comic, to find your way back in this book. [b. While bakerman and belcanov, they speak between the lines. It's moving like a zebra's boat [c. while orange liars are standing on it.]] 14. And I'm measuring myself by watching the sparks in the water fireworks in a glass of water ... all underwater .. hiding in glue ...these are still my tall christmas-presents ... [b. bred by the boys from lynx ... in their fields of chess ...]

2.

black coffin

1. And i'm gathering my wet chesspieces ... yellow against the blue ... fights between friends are always softer than the real wars outside ... [b. bites from Z ... [c. transparent pink gluemarks ...]] 2. The deer eat the stories with their mouths of misunderstanding ... that's why their faces are bitter and paranoid ... they are ... suspicious minds ... [b. They smoke their birds of cigarette ... that's how their trains move they are the deer of dementia ... blowing all stories to their pasts ... [c. these strange chessboards.]] 3. They reverse their sodom and gomorrah's. [b. They hear smoke-alarms when the orchestra's are playing ... [c. They never trust your smiling faces ...]] 4. On top of checked blackgolden coffins, they take flight, to become red thunder in the night. [b. You saw the dust of cinderella. You never lose, just touch all you have. [c. There's a symbol on the coffin, bringing you back to the end.]] 5. While a golden dwarfstatue is standing on it, bringing you to december's skies, on a dolphin's goodbye.

billiards day

6. They are playing games with me [b. until I lose my head [c. until i can feel my trousers again, all these conspiracies.] 7. She's standing, screaming on a hill, while her girlfriend screams from another hill, [b. trying to confuse my soul [c. poor me.]]

curse of business

8. These are babies born in transmissions, orange liars leading me to death, while all these wasp rains in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ... 9. These are orange liars, leading me to death, with all these wasp rains in my bed, these rains from izu, rebuilding my memory, rebuilding you ... 10. There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish, all these dragons are in fire ... or is it my eyes 11. Give me a spoon, these books are all talking, spreading green tomatoe seeds ... in a night of arabian magic ... 12. It sails on Japanese ships. [b. under orange balloons.] 13. Arabian spice, Arabian me ... These are the chessboard mills ... Elevators under a red balloon, bringing you to the comic. [b. It switches between the horror and the cartoon ...until the knees and elbows are bending, the cubes enter new worlds.] 14. And then the hunger brings the hallucination ... they are the fata morgana's ... mirages of old wizards see these

hearts pumping ... lying on dishes ... [b. where plants are the senses of a new world. [c. There are docters in winter's treasures, growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens]] 15. The ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... It's your only way out ... [b. Just eat these seeds ... these flowerseeds ... then the honey will flow through your stomach ... and you will drink new milk.] 16. It grows on your back reaching for your mouth you can smell flowers of paradises growing on your back .. reaching for your nose it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... [b. while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... and music grows from their back to their ears ...] 17. While the tattoo of a spider is growing on their forehead ... reaching for their necks ... [b. there where the senses sleep ...] 18. There's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open the senses ... to let the flowers grow ... between the plants there's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open new visions in a language I understand 19. And it brings me understanding ... it brings me new tales ... till the ornament grows further ... to reach for the broken bridge [20. When ornaments come together ... to lay the hard stones ... then softness grow inside ... to let machines blow ... they bring oil to the stages ... to let ballerina's dance ... until they reach the morninglights where they dive into morning dew.] [21. They will never reach the afternoon ... they are in morningland ... where the morningred pushes the lights underwater in a new sea ... to let new plants grow from the seagardens ...]

3.

Antartica

1. There are boys behind dragonbars locked up behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of a red dragon ... [b. He's a dangerous chesspawn [c. on the board of a snake ...]] 2. So many chesspawns in the air ... Boys from lynx against so many other pieces on this strange chessboard and when the snake turns it around the back of the board is a mirror and you see your face ... with these thousand nipples ... these bakerman's faces ... [b. these bakerman's coins can you escape the altar of an egyptian king.] 3. He's driving the car ... of an egyptian mother who claimed moes to be her son ... she saved him but prisoned him ... can you escape this saviour's altar ... this altar of a businessman. [b. It has strange trafficlighs and strange lights of gamble] 4. It is a chess-hat, it is joseph's pit ... [b. A strange board of chess where the suns and the earths play ... [c. while moons are watching.]] 5. While you're sinking deeper in this strange coccoon ... this strange cartoon in these strange days ... [b. While an orange prince is knocking at your door ... with three purple pale flowers for your mother ... [c. He didn't ring a bell ... he just whispered]] 6. In ornamental issues I take flight to izu where all insects are gathered doing strange dances [b. to win their days back ... in this strange game ... and at the bottom of this pit .. you're king of egypt [c. and then there aren't any jesuses and judases left]] 7. The tears fall till it's glue ... till it's plastic wood with strange powders inside ... Then you will cry sand ... Who knows the chessboard ... leading alice to wonderland [b. It's strange stratego ... when you turn the pieces around ... you see the faces of the ones around you.] ... 8. In this land the coins are statues. You need to push a tree into the gate. Sometimes only a heart can open the doors, or a box of chessboards. Watch the pawns. It's all a big conspiracy in your mind for when you turn them around twice ... you see your own face 9. But at the end ... there will be no blame and shame at all these feelings of guilt ... where just the coins of business in a game called antartica 10. Flowerseeds wanting to open the senses for a new world new senses started to develop .. under the vibrations of guilt [b. In the eyes of guilt it's never enough ... it's

never good ... it's hungry and you need to grow.] 11. It's the big breed ... of an old witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done [b. Then you're living behind dragonwalls ... in her strange stories] [12. These letters are all dropped in Vanilla. It makes your fingers shiver ... On Vanilla's chessboard.]

4.

vanilla days

1. He had put his hand in the dog's mouth, paying his bills. Now the insects can creep underneath his clothes. 2. He had put his teeth in the back of a spider. Now it's having wings of dementia ... bringing him back ... to Vanilla's days ... 3. Blue spots, powdered spots, like winter's dreamglasses ... So soft, like glue inside, it is a plastic sight ... like toys ... 4. Pink spots, so pale, the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and deserts [b. It is ... too late ... for you to tell your story now it ... is my turn] 5. Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like the elfe's glue running ... so strange ... I am amazed ... when wasp rains are falling ... 6. These are stinging trees and trousers ... Like balloons of wild powders ... I'm having so many checked hearts inside ... these wizard hearts, banana hearts and wings of dementia ... leading me back to the house beyond history ... 7. Where I'm having redgolden checked dwarf shoes, pinocchio shoes like crocodile shoes ... like plastic transparent wood ... with strange powders inside these shoes can fly by the wings of dementia ... 8. Powdered spots on my back, spreading the delirium, making me drunk ... making my wings shiver ... my wings of dementia ... [b. I have autistic hearts from the wizard ... [c. having handicapped trousers, a handicapped suit while I feel so insane ... my clothes are stinging me ... something is boiling me ...]] 9. I'm flying by the wings of dementia on a mighty storm leading me back to aldebaran ... there are so many fevers in my head ... waking up these animals inside ... [b. I'm under the threat of a stinging plant ... ravalan madok ...] 10. There are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... powders inside like winter's dreamglass so pink and pale ... [11. Vanilla spots ... these are tattoos of dragons ... [b. for the wizard has fires in his eyes ...]] [12. His hearts are dancing through my mind ... these banana hearts ... enchanted ones ... there are shadows of fire on my walls ... jumping into the room] [13. These hearts like precious rippling ornaments ... rippling on my walls like zebras and tigers would do ... [b. while there's purple snow on my ground ... a carpet arabian designs ... making my mind spicy ...]] [14. Roaring bottles in high cupboards ... bottles of tears ... stored by the wings of dementia ... patterns of highways ... like the waves of the seas of flowers ... [b. To drink and get drunk while wizard hearts dance ... they look like snakes [c. like new alphabets penetrating my mind ...]]] [15. I have suits of strange nipples softer than myself gathered by .. the wings of dementia ... warming my autistic hearts ... [b. these wizard hearts]]

5.

graves of matadok

1. While the parrot is opening the graves of matadok, there's eagle radio in my head ... 2. By a vanilla flute .. the parrots keep on leaving ... opening the cigars of pharao ... [b. laughing themselves to death .. by strange alcohol ... [c. These are the baker's liquors ...]] 3. While orange balls were exploding ... they found red cowboys in a shoe ... These were speaking cupboards having too many books inside ... they were the fallen lambsteads ... the kwaliks ... but now they let others fall by books of strange tax ... 4. They raise up their insurances in white ... while their arms are striped ...

like butterfly-snakes they fly ... They are the needles of grammophone ... installing their birds of cigarette ... 5. They take flight ... into the graves of matadok ... following the red parrots ... the flute of tax is speaking ... while someone is whispering ... it's the red rose ... hiding her cowboys behind the bottles ... until her dragons are spitting the sands 6. He has a sword of tears and jewels, and a shield of seed ... killing giants ... by a hard white candy camera ... 7. His shoes are soft, he's a canary ... His rubber hides the black powders ... while he has a sandgun, when things overflow ... Then there will be storage ... Big livers hiding the lungs ... 8. They fall through tall whispers ... The suicide princess screams till the smile turns into a tear [b. He has a suit of tears ... this is the city of tears ... [c. The handkerchief ... room enough to store the tears and the seed ...]] 9. No need for umbrella's ... these wasprains ... create trees of balls ... from izu to perlottia ... reaching for the ceilings of love ... while pictures on the wall are freezing ... delirium makes the crocodile glue roll ... 10. I need a special suit to touch you ... while snakes slide through tears and seed ... looking for good tailormen ... in vanilla holes they grow ... becoming the hard men ... making the judases and the jesuses ... to lead them all astray ... [b. raising the doll ... to strike the orange once again ...] 11. They dive through chocolate tiles ... these are strange lights ... these are bakerman's faces ... breeding the falls in tall whispers ... by strange fruits ... still Vanilla's soldiers ... where birds of cigarette take flight ... [12. While two lions fight in the river ... making tea ... for lion railroads ... they are leaving a world under the ice ... in the hollow ... [b. heading for an eagle ship to become the golden taps ...]]

Eric Zwarzenei

13. When fake meets the nonsense, the black stone falls .. awakening the frogs ... all these misunderstandings .. they come from the lion's tea ... gliding through tall whispers ... preparing the bakers liquors ... 14. It's streaming through your trousers ... [b. like fishes coming from hell.] 15. While the ashes breed the black egg ... it's black boots coming to your town ... where a white chocolate house stands ... theologians still doing the game on white chocolate tiles ... kalibra bazina ... 16. The pickpocks .. the machines of deers ... checking pockets for fallen soldiers ... stealing the vanilla coins for their automatons ... they bring us over the nightseas ... ignore everything which is not inside ... there's custard streaming from vanilla holes ... [b. making a giant of you ... while there's a world inside ... here where swans spit fire ...] 17. You have pickpock trousers ... to meet an indian warbook .. through tight rings. [b. Wasp rains, the baker's liquors ... they stream through old trousers ... reaching for the boots ... These are old bottles, old comics ... while the juices are streaming ... [c. in the world where the swans spit fire ...]] 18. These are comic trousers, trains sliding from picture to picture ... doing dirty business ... There are statues beyond history ... Strange coins, if you ask me ... awakening .. the belcanov .. with snakes along the cars of chess ... [b. Here shark temple roars ...] 19. When someone walks ... the confusion comes ... [b. It's made of butcher's leather ... and strange wool ...] 20. He's hiding his sharks behind comic walls ... He is the red dragon ... [b. something makes him wild ...][c. a child inside ... while juices are streaming through tall trousers ...]] 21. These are tall whispers, where the bakers hide .. and it's still a white chocolate house in which we all drown ... there where the black bed rules ... in a red shoe ... [b. these cowboys .. become indians in the night ... marching under strange flags ... while a little boy is marching before their crowds ... playing the flute ... the rod of ashes ..] [22. Red rose hiding the red boys behind golden and black bottles ... waiting for the strike ... These are the birds of cigarette ... strange dragonbars ... these pillars of mighty temples while pickpocks dive in strange waters ...] [23. They are the pillars of strange cathedrals ... living on walls and ceilings ... they live in strange dies ... Six alices on white chocolate tiles breeding the hollow inside ... while an

oxygen statue is living inside ... while I'm living in a diamond creating rainbows ...] [24. Purple bakerman's faces .. glue from Z ... it's your game too ... and you see this army of scissors ... there's loud noise when they eat [b. They're in love with stiletto's ... these bullets are checked balloons ...]] [25. There are many towers on a church ... the black widow invented them all ... Eric Zwarzenei is a strange clown ... if you want to know ... I have strange fairgrounds in my pocket ... where everything becomes glue ...] [26. I a'm a fisherboy ... fishing aldebaran balls ... all in grandfather's pocket ... I have a red checked scorpion with golden scissors ... pink banana's burning the money for another ride ...] [27. It's pleasureland, we're riding the donkey's ... all in dark underground temples ... where the fake meets the nonsense ... sowing misunderstanding on the roofs ... to overcome the blame and the shame ... [b. on the wings of dementia.]] [28. Uncle peacock has a fairground ... while uncle unicorn has a circus ... while I am eric zwarzenei.] [29. I'm a pirate from Venusia ... the sea of venus ...] [30. In snowwhite's coffin ... the balloon is growing inside ... White shoes with thin stripes, showing you the insurances of a deaf ear ... over violin roads ... they take flight ...] [31. It's a cocoon ... after they ate you .. you can ride them ... [b. It's a strange fairground ... [c. I know a land where the trousers run ... having their own towers in the night ... staring at the pink and the white.]]]

6.

ladybugs

1. She's from vanilla wildernesses ... with her head like a ladybug's back ... her eyes are rolling ... I'm a prisoner of a strange castle ... an arabian castle ... while the deer ignore me ... why don't they save me ... they have big machines for that ... 2. And the silver strikes, until all these bakerman's faces rise ... 3. The strikes of silver bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ... [b. While wild cats stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts [c.icecreams with forestroad snakes ...]] 4. They are bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... There are strange arabian roundabouts in the air these peacocks horrorshows ... [b. they're mixing the icecreams ... while forestroad snakes rise ...] 5. Where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deers ... they are strange checked mirrors in castles ... [b. while the wizard hearts beat faster.] 6. To have the powders of delirium ... in spinning bakerman's faces ... a ladybug is what it sais ... and then the worlds are exploding ... strange ways of an eagle's helmet ... having the face of a ladybug ... 7. These are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... to let you see a peacocks horrorshow .. and then you will me mixed again ... in everything what was left for you ... and there you will find a new world ... 8. This watch with bakerman's faces ... to make your eyes red ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... [b. inviting you to the cartoons ... while the boys with snakehearts beat the drums ... [c. they are the heartplugs when summers freeze ...]] 9. To soft clouds peeing tears to show the jewels of sweet fluffy roses painted on white chocolate ... Now he's breeding his boys from lynx inside the banana striking there ... to let them run faster where all the racecars rise ... on checked banana tiles they ride on banana railroads and rainbows a good way to burn money 10. Wild desertstorms in bakerman's faceswars in an hourglass while dictators strike the silver they will all understand and now they are lords of the dice ... hunted by a thousand tales and the russian face on the door shows so many colours with a peacocks horrorshow on his helmet ... [11. While they're finding their own boys of lynx inside ... these hearts are snakes ... [b. breeding the watch of the zebra ...]] [12. While the red dragon is an author, and a worker in a library ... he locked you up behind letters ... these dragonbars ... a bakertree, an arabian seadragon ... While vanilla is the displaydoll of the

bookshop ...] [13. They raise the dolls to smash the orange balls to have the cartoons ... Give me the flute of vanilla, the dragon's scar, to lead the rats away.]

7.

bananas chessboard

1. And she said : My husband is a wolve's gnat, a taxmaster, if it comes to that ... breeding his icecreams by letting his fruits die ... they become too sweet and too cold ... it makes you cry. 2. And she said : you don't want to hear how cruel this is it must be or it will not sell. [b. It grows on a market this strange strange fruit, on a black white chessboard.] 3. And she said : you can switch between jokes and horrors, drinking the comic juice. 4. And she said : it always rises again, to the clouds of japan, making all these dreams in his kettle, by lies underground it makes the rain ... 5. And she said : still the bridge from arabia to the indians with a deep japanese background ... where the spider hides ... 6. The soft fleeces between her and that thing, were just marks from echo's television ... installing it deeper inside 7. Now it's like the game's icecream ... now it's like the watering touch with all these ripples from zebra ... 8. The skin was ripped off that day ... Seeing Hitler's Blue Tongue ... 9. And she said : I can show you the tales on Hitler's tongue ... These are all lamentation weathers These are all lamention feathers ... from the horror to the cartoon ... So many cigars spread on the road ... like train's apocalypse ... 10. He will show up after the crash ... showing you the lazarus tree ... climbing it will switch you from the lamentation to the lullaby ... then you will understand what it means ... and then you will meet summerclause ... with all those Jesuses from Cartoon ... those little men ... those zebramen switching you between the pencil and the spoon ... 11. Between a cigar and a cigarette ... was your rocket launched straight in the cartoon ... like a spear piercing the old bear-drum ... reaching the flute inside ... and this movie would be burnt in your uncle's pipe ... for a rainbowversion from the old Pan ... 12. The movie waves are moving ... symmetric to the snakes underground ... rising to cartoon ... rising to the comic-towers to release the juices from inside ... to have a good bite in the apple of chess ... [b. until you switch between the cartoon and the comic ... until you see all their little jesusmen ... hidden too well behind the cubes an autistic world, a traumatic beauty ... there where the vibration transformed the layers ...] 13. It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ... 14. Back to Izu, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles [b. waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... [c. for it was too private ... just for you ...]] 15. Back to Izu ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... [b. When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw]

Kuzaponia

1.

Prince of Comics

1. Boys from Lynx IV ; Creatures from Paradox. He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming to the town for some underground conspiracies. [b. She burns you by fire, she's his princess] 2. Don't take the hot stick when it barks at you ... On Hitler's tongue, we glide. [b. There are sugared red tongues in the air ... while pink and green are watching. It was the spell of an ornament.] 3. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. [b. she's his princess.] 4. Come by yourself now .. No one will do it for you ... all these boys from lynx are

inside ... On red bananas he writes stories ... charity came by insurance ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream of business .. while a red arabian seadragon grew inbetween ... [b. these are all orange liars coming out of zebra's boats ...] 5. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his golden birds surround you .. It's Egypt in Izu ... Tell me brother .. It's Egypt in Izu ... 6. And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby, I tell you, father. I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 7. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. [b. I feel soft, you gave me feathers, you gave me milk, you're a bakerman's face, tell me father, you're a bakerman's face ... [c. You're dadda's cloudship, with all your lalla's ... and your babba's. You're like the tiger rippling in the sky [d. in the skies of deserts.]]] 8. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... for a golden banana, a sugared tongue ... It's Egypt in Izu. 9. I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu [b. He with the butterflywings. [c. There are white checked cigarettes underwater checking the housefloors. [d. While green canaries escape from the blue.]]] 10. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... [b. when Gepetto goes to sleep. [c. These are pink lights coming from the red.]]] 11. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... Now these wolves are dangerous ... they are raking the bananaseas ... for tax undercover ... It's heading for Vanilla ... 12. And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... Lalla's in my own eyes ... and the babbabubbles, gliding through the night ... They all work for vanilla ... she's a pawn of a red checked dragon ... She must spin comics all the time ... 13. She's spinning her comic-princesses ... in black, red, blue and green ... making the candyrings tight ... [b. While green canaries escape from the blue through pink curtains ..] 14. Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move like strange russian chess ... 15. These are the bananas of tax and insurance, burning the money to spread it's ashes by the lights of chess and gamble ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... 16. It was Easterclause visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... [b. These wars were written by a bananas pencil, raging until another comic dictator would stand up.] 17. There was a white hard candy camera inside, bringing them all behind the glass of an elfe's museum in a sharke's temple [b. spinning the comic juices ... this cowboys chess.] 18. It was spinning the vanilla glass, by strange sorts of indian chess. [b. There are coming fishes out of barrel organs, while a blind musician is moving the bar.] 19. A ladybug is opening her kitchen, to show her princesses of comics. [b. She shows her rivers, she's moving the bars.] 20. Still the boys grow in checked trees, in bakertrees, these strange bananas ... they sleep ... spinning tax and assurance by sharp ornaments and wine ... they are burning money, spreading the ashes ... while snakes bring them over the rivers of death 21. A banana rises on tv .. telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking red checked potatoes and yellow checked juices ... while the air is shivering ... 22. In these red checked potatoes comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaos ... He makes movies by drowning the money comics ... on the back of an arabian seadragon ... a strange automaton ... 23. Now all these machines of deer ... they drown the comics ... to show their cinema-screens ... The red tiger is rippling there ... Strange coffee ... coming from the red ... 24. While all these birdstatues ... They're coming out of the banana ...

2.

banana hearts

1. The movie egg, it was a dragon egg, coming from Pharaoh's mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? 2. Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a dragon's tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ... Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... 3. These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... 4. Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ... Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind dragonbars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ... 5. They become strange machines, locked up in books ... Arabian horses ridden by others ... spiders with many arms ... Here behind the book, uncle peacock is laughing ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... strange fishes underwater covered yet so naked ... 6. These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... While uncle unicorn is making them all deaf ... when the flags are waving ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the joke statues ... 7. Uncle Peacocks are big boats behind the books ... In chocolate they breed the games ... The pawns want to become free on a bananaboat behind the book ... where the smoke is rising .. 8. They are marching to the worlds beyond chess, looking for ... the golden cigars ... They travel without moving ... 9. Uncle Peacocks are the big Arabian Seacocoons, the Arabian Seadragons ... 10. They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... They are big stinging plants without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts ... Banana hearts they are ... rising with the wings of dementia ... 11. They drink their drinks fast, from small bottles.

3.

the journey

1. The journey through the sharkian temple was a long journey. I lost a lot of friends in all sorts of traps. These were the hidden altars of the sharks. 2. I didn't know why they took my friends away, but later I would find out. Finally I reached the room of the throne, but it was an old lady sitting there between the spiderwebs, turning young when I touched her. 3. There are seven days for the mortals to prepare for the lightening coming to take them away, there, in the room of the throne. They have touched the old lady, and she became young again. It is a thin lady, but when you touch her again she becomes thick. She will tell you ... all what the lullabies taught her ... 4. The lullabies in daydream's spring, covering the morning, for there will be no afternoon ... Seven days for the mortals, without afternoons ... only mornings, evenings and of course ... nights ... to prepare for the lightening ... coming to take them away ... 5. I was one of them We would be taken to a ship to find out we were already on that ship ... with a name called 'All there is' There was no sea ... only that ship ... the sea was in the ship ... 6. I was one of these mortals ... on this Eagle Ship These guys were strange ... They ate butchers ... making strange leathers ... It was whispering while powders started to spread ... smelling like the seeds of flowers ... It was like an ornament ... 7. A Jesus Christ is hanging in the air ... no clothes, but yet so covered ... by lines of old books and by strange leathers ... He's smiling, yet the tears are flowing ... He's dying, but coming to life in a strange way ... 8. They tell me not to touch the picture for at the end there will be no any Jesus Christ left, only some boys from Lynx It is written in their holy books. 9. I feel naked yet so covered like the insect losing his skin to get a new one ... in which cocoon am I ? Is this

the Arabian Sea-cocoon ? There is no sea .. there is no air ... only a ship called 'All there is' an eagle-ship ... like the red picnic like a red ball .. having so many colours in the night

10. Then the glues are overflowing and then I'm seeing the face of the Lion's Tea Wizard it was something I drank ... it was something I feared ... but it was beautiful 11. I can go into these cellars now ... the places I used to fear as a child ... I had such strange feelings in my stomach thinking .. but it was just the wizard calling me 12. I had a strange tattoo of a pale orange octopus on my lower stomach ... it was hurting me ... but also giving me strange delights ... The wizard has this tattoo also ... he shows me ... He has so many tattoos ... also one of a black snail ... and one of a white rabbit ... 13. There are strange banana's lying on a golden dish ... It's like pumping all these strange feelings inside ... I used to misinterpret these ... I was in the misunderstanding of this lion's tea ... I walk towards him ... he's the grandfather of the ship ... the big daddy ... but suddenly I feel like I'm in glue 14. Don't touch him, they say for at the end there will not be any Jesus Christ left ... only some boys from Lynx ... it is written in their holy books. 15. They say all these figures turn into the boys from lynx in the nights to bring shivering mornings ... Is fear their key ? ... They wear the rings of fear ... It's a strange machine of dogs ... 16. They have also a ring of guilt, spreading flowers of blame and shame ... with these they do business ... with these they raise the doll ... to hit the orange balls in pieces ... while bakermen try to hide these dolls and crimes ... they look so soft ... inviting me to eat the custard 17. Don't touch them, they say, for these bakermen are from the hollow, selling hunger to those in hunger ... They are businessmen of vanilla ... her hidden soldiers ... they are the traps in shark's temple ... Don't touch them, for at the end there will not be a Jesus or a Judas ... only some boys from lynx ... 18. In this strange cocoon ... This Arabian Sea-Cocoon ... such strange creatures are swimming there but at the end boys from lynx ... 19. And then I drink the Tiger's Coffee ... while someone said it doesn't exist only Lion's Tea ... so I spit it out ... trying to just learn to drink Lion's Tea ... I need to get used to it ... Oh, how many bakerman's faces there are ... so many liars and lurers so many swindlers and smugglers all traps in shark's temple 20. Maybe I ... am in such a trap too ... thinking I reached the goal But the goal was another trap This doorway of luxury and life just another trap or is this trap protecting me against something worse ? a worse trap ? 21. What is this for a strange plant ... It's a stinging nettle ... Biological harpoons to draw me away from the danger I had been caught by a shark ... but all these things are just illusions at the end there are no saints no sinners, no escapes, no prisons ... no liberties ... no bondages only some boys from Lynx ... 22. There's a stinging nettle roaring in my body ... shivering between sickness and health ... between sanity and insanity ... but what is what and who is who ... it's in the eye of the beholder ... it's in wasp-tv ... 23. In a shark's temple ... we all drank from the lion's tea ... making our lists of people in traps while we were in the deepest traps ourselves ... we had a red eye, a wasp eye, misleading us ... we were boxers in the arena ... fighting for lies ... drinking from the Lion's Tea to get more drunk ... 24. I need to bite myself through this Lion's Tea ... there is no other way ... I'm still in Shark Temple ... on an Eagle Ship while a lion is flowing through my veins ... doing business it's a dog-machine ... raising the dolls ... hitting orange balls ... they're moving through the cocoons of sleep ... to reach the tables of a new world 25. There's a shark-temple in the desert ... The road to eagle ship ... but it's a trap just protecting you against a worse trap These are orange liars on a ship with bakerman's faces ... but don't touch them .. these lurers ... these misleading lights and fires for at the end ... there will be only some boys from lynx ... 26. It's an ornament, these boys from lynx ... while a white rabbit is dancing bringing them to the pink sun to let them fight against the one without business ... the stinging nettle ... and it grows on

eagle ship ... in a barn to eat the boys from lynx ... let me tell you ... this ornament will die ... for the white rabbit likes to wear dead ornaments. 27. Who can defeat the boys from lynx ? Who can destroy their marketsquares ? Only the white rabbit knows ... 28. Vanilla has some planes let me tell you ... these leaves from a stinging plant ... these bakertrees, these forestroads the rabbit knows ... that all life grows in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge roars ... 29. There I found the red shoe, where the bootlaces rule ... There, in an orange ravine, the shoe was born ... No need for business ... everyone is equal ... we are all leaves of a stinging nettle ... 30. I see bakerman's faces running, I see kids playing in the snow .. having orange guns ... with orange liars ... Bakerman's faces have risen from the death ... they attack the boys from lynx ... It's always like that ... when orange strikes the blue and then we are in Shark Temple again ...

Dangerous Tiles

31. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... There's your cradle in a deaf shop, deep down in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge is roaring ... It all started in a rabbit's ear ... Someone forgave us and we got here ... It is all done by prayers ... from a Sharkian Temple ... making the journey to an eagle ship this is all there is ... like a red picnic full of lion's tea ... 32. It was something you drank from an iron shoe in a rabbit's ear ... Still a painting and a statue in a shark's temple ... a strange mirror ... you see yourself ... and all these bakerman's faces ... turning into boys from lynx in that deepest night ... there where she found the coin ... when the orange struck the blue ... 33. Time was just a waste ... but when we would hold the days in our arms ... we wouldn't have time ... then there wouldn't be clocks ... then there wouldn't be mirrors ... 34. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... where someone prayed for us ... where someone forgave us and forgot about us ... and now we're here ... in a sharkian temple ... drinking lion's tea ... It all started here ... in this deep orange ravine ... where the broken bridge was roaring ... what would happen if this rabbit ear would fall off ? 35. Here you found your shoe ... with all these bootlaces roaring in your head like snakes all these forestroads ... in a shark's temple ... leading you ... to the eagle ship ... letting orange strike the blue ... 36. There are men standing in the shark temple ... old statues ... they have fights in the nights holding the black days tight ... 37. It's a strange stinging nettle ... growing from the deepest ravine, that orange ravine heading for the eagle ship ... heading for ... a strange castle ... where everything starts to cry is it another trick of vanilla ? 38. She breaks you without mercy ... when the rabbit ears fall off ... then everything starts to shiver ... I know a castle where everything starts to shiver ... everyone is equal ... so let it circulate ... no blood ... just glue and tears ... 39. Vanilla's island stings, but makes you free ... in a shark temple ...with a wasp eye on it, half closed half open ... also on our heads ... we are prisoners ... never free ... following the hunger to get more hungry ... 40. And the boys from bloodhound with their riches ... they fall when the meaner ones rise ... these creatures were living in them these stinging plants ... and now they are up, tearing their masks away ... they're free ... [b. on a golden picnic.] 41. There are growing strange plants from the orange ravine ... they are the hard men, mean men ... there's no business ... only guns ... They are horrible creatures of arabian seas ... 42. Arabian Seacreatures, these statues in a shark temple ... riding the storm ... 43. These hard men ... do the dance ... do the fire ... they ride everything ... these are hard days ... and you need to hold them ... or the clocks will spin again ... mirroring in the sky ... coming closer ... from the dark sides of the temple in blue glue ... blue glue ... 44. They are predators ... looking for butchers ... making strange leathers in the sky ... they have hidden altars ... the tiles on the ground ... these tiles are dangerous

Truants

45. Blame and shame are weaving the dolls ... while exoduses rise up in them ... giving them good faces ... by business you can only escape by a two-face .. while the truants have orange guns ... 46. Jesus Christ is a businessman ... but I'm a truant ... I don't show up at all God had never sent me out ... I'm a truant .. if you would ever see me ... it's also the last time For I'm the first and the last ... I'm a shark ... 47. They have bred the cyborg ... along a doghedge ... where the fruits of exodus grow ... thorns stinging deep into the skin ... breeding the cyborg ... and at the end of that hedge, a catwoman lives ... breeding the sugar ... while her sister, a white rabbit ... turns it into alcohol ... and then they can cry or laugh themselves to death ... to sink to the bottom of the glass ... [b. They are the two-faced mask of Pharaoh, drowning the boys on heights of shark's temples in golden altars of water ... He baptizes them ...] 48. You must have a two-faced nose to escape ... or just being a truant ... the hard men will do ... when they reach the hard white candy ... The doghedge is my suit ... this strange plant ... growing inside of me, stinging me ... while people are crying and laughing themselves to death ... I feel myself like the lord of dominoes, like a domino of vela, installing the jokes on two sides ... 49. It's an ornament from grandmothers box ... an automaton ... Seven will rise up to bring us over the nightseas ... These are like marchpane, with hard white candy lying inbetween ... It's like a new alphabeth ... and we can live in these letters ...

4.

golden picnic

1. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books, there where the chessboards turn around to show you the enchanted mirror ... There are stinging plants in these strange banana hearts ... you start to cry ... 2. These cities are of sand, while jokestatues rise ... They travel without moving, they breath without breathing ... They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons and powdered smiles ... 3. There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ... Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaoh has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... 4. While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacoccoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... [b. her curses stream.] 5. They drink their juices fast and spit their sands ... These are dragons hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ... 6. There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the ancient seas ... on the wings of dementia ... 7. There's chocolate melting in tight bananas now the pawns are finally free ... stretching their arms in spidersuns ... There's strange leather in eastern skies ... riding the Arabian Horses ... now the pawns can drink their moviejuices ... it's like glue 8. There are strange playcards in the skies ... becoming free behind the books ... They were saved by a vanilla's strike ... while the letters are melting ... becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this golden picnic's day ... [b. while the griffon is floating ..] 9. They are blind behind the bars of books ... while spiderian swords pierce the eyes ... These were Calvary glasses ... on a cat, hare and dog called easter ... a strange white trident of your local insurance office ... strange trafficlighs in your city .. 10. And the squirtel makes strange pictures behind comics and cartoons with a checked white hard candy camera while strange statues paint the skies ... [b. It's August's moon touching August's sun on the twentieth ... [c. while she stops screaming, reaching for december skies.]] 11. There are fishes with striped candystings, floating to Eminius Day. There are boats of sirens with candystings, floating to Eminius Day. While a griffin's boy soothes the hard men by his flute. He's enchanting them again, to let them reach for the viking's helmet. 12. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower,

you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 13. There are seven parrots on a stream, showing pictures of icy mountains, under December's Sun, a green one. While a green checked balloon is raking it's moon.

5.

Eminius Day

1. Eminius Day shows the shiny hearts into monkey's chests, entering the bear. Their pyama's are soft, while honey is dripping. 2. There are strange leathers and strange wool in the air. These are the underground cities of dwarves, making her heart so tired. 3. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for Eminius Day. Mother will spin the sugar. Mother will show the sugared red tongues. She's cold while I'm standing on December's Sun, a green one. 4. Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. It's a strange sort of Russian Chess. 5. There are seven judgements on the mouth, on Eminius Day, written by the sword of Thoth. His house is built on candynedles and candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. 6. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ..Eminius Day. No time to think. It's fourty-one o clock on a Brannan's watch. 7. These snakes break through walls, they are coming from Eminius Day. 8. There are Eminius Eagles in the skies, causing earthquakes, while orange liars rise from zebra boats ... 9. They are coming from December Sun, from green checked balloons ... surrounding the skies. 10. There are two captains on a ship, breaking the spanish warrior who took you away. Michiel Adrianson The Raider, and Piet Hein, stealing his silver. 11. You must swear to keep this a secret, with two vingers raised to Osiris, Uncle Peacock and Uncle Unicorn. 12. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... arms of a strange tiger ... rippling in december skies ... 13. There are strange syrops in the air of docters ... bringing history back ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend. 14. Watch these moving pictures flying, with the wings of dementia .. It's coming from the trees .. moving mosaics ... 15. Watch these ornaments of glue ... 16. There's strange glue coming out of businessmen noses ... pictures of glue ... moving pictures ... coming from history ... waiting to be sold ... to live in someone's head or knee ... 17. Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... 18. There are octopuses living in someone's head for halve of the price ... There are strange auctions ... Cuyornaida CorsetStrange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... 19. The winner becomes a million-armed spider in a sun ... December Sun ... So much care for history ... he gave his life away to buy them all ... and now he's your history-teacher ... 20. They are the guards to strange gardens of glue ... the watchers of lapoendria ... There are wild cats in Izu ... with noses dripping of tea ... while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... 21. So much pain covered up by the black checked blankets of tax and chess, while the birds of insurance pick up their Jesus Christ to let them ascend in their heavens ... These .. are the bakerman's faces .. 22. The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... 23. Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... 24. The skies become of silver, and then the bakers start to eat ... all these History Warriors with their little lights ... They are bringing these warriors to a soft spot inside Here the Vanilla Queen thrones ... 25. They are

eating the historybooks with the moving pictures of glue ... while Vanilla surrounds them ... hiding the future behind ... She even eats the boys from Lynx to spit the red fires ... 26. While they are spread by the smoke, the Varia Bird rises ... showing the rainbowbananas ... so many roads to ride on ... Letters from a mailman's heart ... with so many birds of insurance ... these birds of uncle unicorn ... 27. And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild cats of lapoendria ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... They don't see the horror ... for it's covered by the layers of tax, business and chess ... with the cream of democracy ... they feel free in their games ... They only remember their names in thick letters. 28. They are safe in the arms of uncle unicorn ... 29. They only see the wars in bottles of history far away on the attics of their grandparents .. behind moving walls ... of strange cupboards with strange paintings ... 30. They bought their pictures in old cigarshops. Pictures with so many layers of glue, named after the old kings. 31. And these old kings live in their own worlds of dementia ... using soldiers to win their wars ... these bottles so far away ... these redblue soulbottles. 32. They all live in lapoendria ... the world of dementia ... where these wild cats saved me. 33. On the corner of a dark street, before the alley, Willem One to Five was sitting, having silver warriors inside ... These are the kings of soulbottles striped, in redgreen, greenorange and greenblue. 34. On comiccorners they live ... tied to the coins of history ... strange cowboys ... 35. Tied and glued screams covered by candylayers, while you only hear a soft voice showing you the pictures ... There are strange flies lying on our eyes raking. Wild cats know how to get the snakes out of the eggs ... 36. Willem One to Five ... still a strange taxmachine spouting insurances ... coming from the chessboard .. black and white .. While thick democracies roar it doesn't sting anymore ... 37. You can get born in it ... a boy called birthday lives inside ... on a birthdaytart with little lights ... spinning glue Five layers on the picture ... while the sixth brings the silver ... the seventh the gold 38. There's tax spinning inside, making strange films of history ... There are many layers of an onion ... It's coming from golden cigars, from three clauses : santa clause, summer clause and easterclause. 39. Willem III makes pictures by a checked white hard candy camera, while zebraboats rise, with orange liars on them, spinning glue ... It's rising from the taxmachine ... from a machine of deer. There, where the birthday boys live ... 40. These machines of deer, all tax-machines ... raising their zebraboats with their orange liars ... these strange clauses and on top they spin the films of history ... rippling through the skies, coming as tigers ... by smoke, wine and coffee. 41. Hot glues behind the comics of tax and assurance ... they eat like bakerman's faces ... breeding them as wild as they are ... 42. These comics always come from the black and the white ... From strange French chessboards ... 43. Horses are turning their heads ... bringing the layers of glue ... Strange glues from mouths bring the lies ... to let the children sleep ...but these lies they ripple ... bringing the nightmares of truth ...

6.

nightmares of truth

1. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... 2. These are just the creatures of Paradox, showing you the entrance and the exit ... 3. I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a zebra's boat with liars ... while their truths brought me to nightmares ... Nightmares ? Or didn't I swallow them well ? Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... 4. There are seven nights on an Arabian Lion ... Show me the creatures of paradox ... to let me spin my own tax ... in my own comics ... to see the horses of bristol brival ... those red horses with the black eyes ... bring me back ... 5. Show me the kings of Smulk, to build my own

ladders on strange animals, to become strange ... strange enough to enter ... Let me be a stranger ... a stranger man ... 6. With the eyes of Willem I, II and III, making pictures by a checked white hard candy camera ... 7. While Uncle Unicorns ears spit fire ... These are strange boots ... It's spinning the games of Insurance ... by strange candy and strange medicine ... It's taking their own Jesus Christs ... covering up so many problems ... Is there a way out ? So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

Deabebbe Sapur

1.

1. the businessmen are heading for the businessmen, the coffee is heading for the coffee ... and you ... you're still sitting on that old chair decorated by old birthdays 2. come and discover with me, a new world beyond the business ... over the hills and far away but i know i'm talking to a wall ...3. There are jewels in a spanish sun ... 4. I'm looking in it, while I'm getting blind ... But that's to escape your ornaments ... I'm finally safe 5. the big beer is running through scandinavian streets, the big lie is walking behind him ... they make the same movements and before you know ... they tackled you and then you're one of them ... they're catching shadows, lunatic actions ... sucking the fools from the roofs ... it's an artist's mis-vacation ... planned too late on a hard man's spoon 6. now all he can do is spit and roar ... but they call it art that's one for sure ... the fall of the artist, still a beautiful painting, something to remember and to collect all he is doing is making art ... even his funeral is called a masterpiece ... the way he smiles is artall good movies from a big talent. covered by big business ... 7. You with your green coffee ... having some contracts with the big tea and some lamentation dogs ... and now your passengers cannot sleep It's like the curse of the blackest night It's your ghostship with the lions on with your babes dying on the sides It's green coffee which you gave me ... It made me sick

2.

1. he's the guard of my memory that old wasp but he shows me that the old house from the past was also just a memory i lived in this memory such a long time not liking it the old wasp ... the old guard dealing in memories 2. finally they are treasures ornaments ...which need to be worn on the right place the wasp will sting, until the memory is open, until the memory is at home until it is understood the wasp ... the driver of oldtimers ... of old locomotions bringing them home all these lost grandfathers and grandmothers back to the garage 3. the wasp is sitting on the first floor ... in a rocking chair ...for a deeper sleep while all clocks on the walls are exploding the wasp's mosaics are roaring through my spine ...still a strange language it stings deep 4. businessmen heading for businessmen to play the big cuyornaida corset ... to close the fences to the new world 5. businessmen heading for businessmen .. to lay the dogmagnets deep inside ... there's something with their sea-machines there's something with their coffee ... and still too much tea dripping from their noses ... 6. it's the gathering of all big noses it's the gathering of all cowards ... quenching every war which would save the children sacrificing their meals to the dragons 7. it's the gathering of the big cartoon ... too scared to lay the horror ... but now the tragedies are rising ... rising from cartoon all these businessmen all these sacred men just blasphemy undercover 8. there's an orchestra of new waves ... entering your room planting machines in the corners the businessmen are still running ... with their pipes of peace no they have too much old tea in their eyes staring at me if you ask me ... they have faces dripping with tea i wonder why what is

the deal ... 9. these loves are two seconds too fast ... they are wearing guns between their legs which they never use well only when they have to install their machines they are wearing the guns between their legs ... they are wearing white rags between their ornaments they are wearing their white flags for seventy seven reasons, which i don't want to hear 10. i heard enough stories i heard enough ornaments like this singing in the rain but i'm watching my trousers grow my back is getting taller ... it's like the wasp is growing there with ten millions of little businessmen so little little lights shining there ... carrying songs on their back spreading their powders ... spreading their powders to make them all blind for the land behind the fence the land behind grandmother's garden11. it's still so weak there pale flowers, pale butterflies waiting to meet the pale ones they are all waiting still so fragile still so sleepy

3.

1. decembers cold nights brought the watermarks on my face ... decembers horrors ... the wasp's tattoo ... all from the wasplake ... 2. decembers spoon hit the waspmark on my leg and someone was feeling my pulse there in that old forest ... now the kids can never come alive again 2. it was an old priest with some sacred marks ... but these were too sacred so no one really survived 3. and this forest is still enchanted ... like virgo's church ... even the fishes are drowning in the pond ... and the candyhouses are bitter there it's all grey and green ... 4. the watermark still on my head the snake is doing business ... he's still breeding his watermarks there now we work in his factories and the curse is getting heavier every year ... it's like farao's hand so we are waiting for some plagues ... 5. it's the invisible debt business makes the beans so sharp so now we're watching the sideshows ... the eyes of the wasps ... for when the dog is home ...it will start to eat your furniture ... and finally yourself and your family ... laying the chain forever ... they can be dangerous criminals another don't want to have around 6. Tatoos on dry places ... The watermarks know where they can suck ... Thick gel on thin places ... The crocodile knows it's paths ... 7. Conspiracies of the damned ... They are all heading for each other ... 8. It's all getting clear through the eyes of a wasp ... But no one wants to leave it this way 9. Real pride doesn't exist, In the heart of the liar, Real honour doesn't meet his mouth It's only some wood of fear, blowing away his consciousness ... and something else is taking him over 10. They are too afraid to live ... They are too afraid to touch When all the curses are installed ... They start to deny everything ... To cover up the wounds ... To cover up your screaming child inside So that no one will ever see ... and no one can really help you ... Barbed Wire Hearts 11. They try to let you feel insecure ... for they could never feel the blessing of pride ... They are barbed wire hearts, they are liars from the beginning, sent out to make you one of them ... 12. They knock until your fragile mind opens up ... And then they slowly slide away ... leaving a pipeline for a daily suck When you give them your heart, They will let it fall ... And soon you will be one of them for you cannot use your heart anymore you're a barbed wire heart too ... 13. Is there any spell to reverse this curse ? Yes, when Jesus will betray Judas with a barbed wire kiss But that already happened hundred years ago in the heart of London, when James Bond auctioned his golden rabbit among the clocks 14. The one of the biggest ridicule, The one with the trademark-condoms, The one with the coldest touch, The one with the diplomatic sleep-pills, The one with the copyright-assistants, The one with the careful curses, Has the keys of this machine. 15. It's the sports Journalist, with razorsharp money, having razorsharp records, running in the middle of bald heads ... It's the game's capitalist, It's sunday's Scrooge in a rotten church, It's your mental brigade to identify flying objects unexpected, It's your bridegroom on a purple rose, It's your liar's docter on a cold summernight, It's

your mother's leather dog-chain. 16. The waterlights are heading for ... the light in the pocket ... They have seen light ... Now they are hungry ... 17. A world of elves cannot save you this time ... For now it's something worse ... Your mother's worst put in chess She's drinking a cup, and you think it's filled with your blood, but you don't know it for sure ... It can also be your neighbour's blood ... Her agenda's are never clear ... 18. You always live like you're not knowing what she exactly cooked for you ... Strange dinners from a mother's heart and now you're sick of it 19. No one can help you when mother makes her cruel decisions ... It's like your last joker has been blown away by the wind ... And all the shops are closed today Now your waiting for the night ... Mother's night For the strike of her nails .. The Waterlights are heading for the pocket ... 20. Those waterlights ... in the night ... They have smelled something ... Some pale purple roses ... Now they are up for some barparties ... While no one can save you ... While no one knows you .. You are a stranger in your own land now ... And you even don't know where you are anymore ... For the waterlights have come Waterlights in tall delights Tall insectians ... too tall too tall to feel safe ... 21. It was your mother's worst put in chess ... Now the waterlights, these tall delights are heading for your home ... It seems like mom pushed a bell the worst bell, worse than a million schoolbells ... It seems she was in problems, So now she made this choice ... Or was it an accident ? You don't know ... for her agenda's aren't clear And her diaries are dark too dark to read You wouldn't bear it if you would know what she's all writing about you It's your moms worst put in chess It's like you sit on electric chairs all through the house. 22. But hey, come on, read it another time, and you will not be so shocked ... for time heals all wounds ... well, but ... they might want to take over your moms occupation ... to become your next horror ... that even one day you will beg for those old waterlights again ... your moms worst put in chess ... your last flame on a birthday's cake 23. But hey, you will survive death ... there are worse things than that this old curses chessboard ... which raped your whole family without pardon where it swallowed all colours away where it set it's arena's ... still an advertisement-clip roaring in your head ... Razorsharp like hell, dressed in old rags, She's still playing the widow ... painting the wet blue faces from the Big Coffee ... all these statues ... A woman with intelligence is a pearl in your hand ...24. Awakening the wasp, the ornament's transmission ... In pale purple screams the crime appears ... Awakening the wasp, awakening the fears ... to trace the ladders inside on a woman's thick coffee-panties.

4.

1. Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the black deer ... It's not you anymore ... someone else took the job ... He heard your scream of the black past ... and now he wrapped himself in the deerskin ... 2. He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... when the red stinging nettle clock ticks ... deep in the forest surrounded by waspnests ... then we will see the big "most" ... it was all ...deeper inside making us all deaf to the lie ... the good mask just melts ... when the wings are spread ... when the feather-pencil rules ... while the persons are raging above your head ... in their unknown languages ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... from an old birdnest ... from an ancient war you're just an object in their eyes no one really knows about what the wars are raging it's an ancient war high in the air ... it's rising above your head ... so let it go 3. Black Spring from the ornament's ring ... Black lights so thin so thin Sinister shadows in the night ... Aldebaran birds, with their big eyes ... They make the tragedy so thick they can be your best friends ... but the day after they are your worst enemies ... 4. Aldebaran birds, so soft and so tender ... so weak and so fragile ... Aldebaran birds, but you can never touch them ...

for they have the lion's spoon inside ... ready to attack you ... Aldebaran birds, they cry through the nights .. like they are old widows in the snow ... behind bars and thick glass ... for the rest of your life they are birds of tantalos creating the dream ... to let you miss it ... 5. These aldebaran birds ... like everlasting damnation ... aldebaran birds ...

5.

1. Jericho ; Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the comic milk stream from Jericho. These are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ... beyond the museums ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ... 2. Where snakes dance ... in a little musicbox ... the yellow station ... breeding the nothing .. and the hard men ... in the museum of tears ... the tears shine like onions ... 3. She was tied to the book, the stories were too heavy to bear, she was a book statue, a prisoner, standing there all these years. On the back of a book, sucking the life out of her, again and again, She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds. ... And she wanted you to read the stories, so that she could catch you in her net ... So that she could wrap her wings around you, and sucking you deeper inside, while you were turning the pages ... 2. She wanted to hurt you ... she wanted to break you ... to bring you into her world ... So that you would see ... the dragon's tears ... the tears she couldn't bear anymore ... She was tied to the book, a prisoner ... of a green dragon ... And she said : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to take you into my world, So read all the stories, for I cannot bear them anymore ... these green tomatoe seeds ... I'm still a whore ... a slave of a green dragon 3. They call me the whore of babylon, they call me a two-faced harlot, they say I am the seed of devils, but I'm behind dragon bars ...4. You cannot touch me, I'm only there to view ... I am a movie of tantalos ... a movie of a vanilla desert ... [b. Who mixes vanilla tears with banana tears gets the gold.]. 5. A toy hidden on a cupboard too high ... by a green dragon's lie ... Green dragon tears are falling, his books are almost exploding, the memories of his heart ... He needs some guests to read it, there in that old bookshop, So that he can make them prisoner of his books ... 6. Bookstatues they will be, tied on the back of his memories, his diaries,so they can catch his tears, and bring them to the other side of the world ... [b. And the one mixing the vanilla with the banana makes the gold.] 7. Butterflies are flying, butterflies are crying, butterflies are dying ... entering the other side of the world ... bearing the green dragon's tears ... stories too heavy for them, they are tied to these wings, only letting them fall ... and now they are called fallen angels ... by a green dragon's lie ... 8. There are yellow dragon's prisoners ... coming from the south, from the other side of the world, they march, They are the slaves of yellow tomatoe seeds, the tears of a yellow dragon ... 9. there are waspian wars in their heads. And she sais : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to see you bleed, want to see you shattered, so that you can enter my world, to see the tears of a green dragon, the tears I cannot bear ... until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark of the wasp where the waspian dragons breed them, where they have their soft wet candles ... to be candlestatues .. to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ... 10. casino's cabman was his name ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... they are swindlers to survive ... they lie to each other ... they are green liars in a boat ... a boat with wheels, with shrieking boys clocks ... casino's cabman is the statue on the front of their ship ...smiling ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... a two faced bed ... having their loves and their fights ... still warstatues becoming business statues in the night ... they are night troupers only touching each other ... by the flame of a dragon's castle ... 11. She's a tear letting others cry ... She's

a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She's a Green Dragon's Lie ...

6.

1. There are gamblers in a hall, they ride, They have the red eye on their heads, they fly, like tall statues, becoming the tiles of the ceilings, still strange pictures, for you and me, these pictures move, and I'm lying on the floor, cutting potatoes ... 2. In a red cathedral, they hide the three pale purple flowers, the red eye is sinking to history, to the museum, to write the future with the iron pencil ... a winged pencil ... with feathers from an aldebaran bird ... 3. And I see yellow liars standing on tops of ships. The mummy is rising, and all banks are closed. There is war now, and soon the pickpocks will come to bring the wounded coins to the bank, the yellow hospital. When they sleep the war's lost, and tea will bring them to business to do the war under the skin ... Here they sting with their needles under soft blankets, while spanish suns blind the screams. 4. There are yellow liars on an orange stream. She's selling her Jesus Christs to the mouths of mice ... strange coins of a strange lady ... with a strange smell .. 5. She took them from the battlefields ... wounded ... and now she brought them back to the bank strange sacrifices on strange altars ... 6. At one o'clock Aquarius enters the dining room with a golden pear in his hand You cannot eat it, he says, but you can watch it, while your nuclear hunger is melting away tricks of the stomache The fat boy is getting fatter, and his head is getting greener and bigger while spitting green fire 7. A glass is spreading nuclear water, but Aquarius sends it away. Go to your room ! he roars. He's the master of nuclear dreams. 8. My grandfather is shivering under the table where he found a little chemical orange, escaped from a lawyer's suite. Please, jump into me, the little thing roars, then I will take you away Grandfather is getting smaller by the magic of the little orange, and there he disappears into the orange It is a little radio inside It flies from city to city to spread the chemical disease. It is a trap 9. There are orange liars ... rising from it ... I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body I look at my hands again ... it's like they are turning into lion's claws ... what the heck are you doing to me, I roar It's like I have a million of claws I'm looking at the fir again, but now an old tall and slender man is standing there with a tall beard I'm the wizard of the Lion's Tea, he says Oh help, my whole body is changing into a lion now And I feel the lion's tea streaming from my own heart now 10. It's five o'clock in the night It's silent in the dining-room No firs, no lions the little golden pear of Aquarius is ticking on the table It's ticking very soft and slow It's soothing my head I see all my fears and hurt melting away, spiralling into the golden pear 11. I'm still crying, but all my tears slide into the golden pear, melting away I can only hear their echoes, but it's all fading away all these roaring lions There's a lion carved in the golden pear but I also see other animals carved into it It's a beautiful golden pear It smells like pear-chocolate It reminds me of the white chocolate It also reminds me of the last golden swan 12. Eleven o'clock in the morning The pear-clock is ticking louder and louder, faster and faster Twelve o'clock in the afternoon The pear-clock explodes The end of a white chocolate dream or was it an orange chocolate ? About this the war rages Chocolate Wars 13. I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat, Riding in a new sort of factory ... Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back Dragons dreams I'm dreaming of a sun, standing between ten mirrors ... Ten men coming from the sun, Ten men to do the dance, They kidnapped us all, They brought us all the cards But those who don't believe, Will be home this night At the end of the story, I know it seems strange, The mailman is the eleventh, The eleventh of ten Ten men with big grey beards Ten Noah's on a tower Ten Noah's on an Egyptian Boat An Ark for plants

14. It seems I'm in the Lion's Confusion again I'm drinking from the Lion's Tea A woman called Marion is feeding me She loves the Red Rose She loves me She has ten men painted on her hat Trees grow on her hat, and all sorts of herbs and plants Her face is like the yellow flower That good old Licorice Still the gardener of our squares Still our hope to touch the moon Having ten little men on his white gloves The ten fingers of Toth I'm feeling his smoke in my back These are dragon dreams These are cigars of Pharaoh 15. let our masks make us hard again, while we get softer inside ... we're building marchpane town ... Give us our pink white trousers back ... and let our hearts sink in milk again, while masks and towers are rising ... 16. Where the chessboards are red ... [b. the roses are red too ... and also the ghosts You're in a red golden ball. [c. Where the chessboards are blue ... you are blue too ...]] 17. If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 18. Gabriel had fallen. He had fallen away from so many things, when he found out about the offer. 19. Gabriel had fallen, for he found out about his own inner strategy, his own path, and made the decision to break with them. He found out that he didn't want to bring this sacrifice. 20. Yes, he would take over this planet [b. And yes he would destroy the mice.] 21. And he would destroy them, his former friends. He went to a lady, a scorpion's lady. Now he wanted to make this planet red. 22. Gabriel had fallen away from so many pleasures. 23. Now he wanted to be red again ...red again. Gabriel had fallen away from so many treasures. Now he wanted to be glorious again. 24. He heard about the sacrifice they needed to bring ... He would never enter, and now he found out about this new record, this new machine, inside. He didn't need them anymore. 25. They were always red, appearing in blue and white, building the green. His own red, he would introduce it on the green. 26. His father Troxododeron was a chemical fluid, a force binding the powers of the green together for so many histories. It was a red fluid appearing blue and white. It was the strongest force in the universe, the strongest form of magnetism based on a circle of the strongest poles. 27. Troxododeron was the chief of the Elohim, the inner power of the Adonais. He was the chief of all these red flowerfields, so enchanted. [b. But these red cowboys were always hiding behind the bottles.] 28. When you looked at it, it started to become blue and white, sucking away your energies, and giving you a new sight ... the sight of illusion ... These flowers were vampiristic ... These flowers were ... bewitched and enchanted ... to bring you into a new feeling ... these red flowerfields ... 29. Gabriel had to travel through all these flowerfields again, to the end ... where it all began ... He knew the dangers of these flowers, turning themselves against all traitors ... 30. It would be a battle between him and his father a battle he knew he had to fight since he was young ... Red Gabriel was a demon now, in the eyes of the Elohim and Adonais ... 31. He would be thrown into the lake of sulphur and fire ... A lake which he feared ... but he would reach the other side ... where he could share the red powers to the creatures of the green ... 33. He found out he was a prisoner himself .. He wanted to be his own god, he wanted to be a good guide for the creatures of the green, telling them all about the red secrets ... 34. He had this tape in his hand, Antartica, a game of business. It was a present of his father, but now he chose to change this game into a wargame. He wanted more adventure, and he wanted more love. 35. He desired to have true friendships with those prisoners on the green, and finding a way to lead them out. 36. Troxododeron was a shapeshifting experiment, growing out to be the number one of chemicals. It was the medicine of wizards. But now Gabriel wanted to mix it into another kettle. [b. He went to a scorpion's lady. She didn't tell him who she was, but she said she could help him. [c. It was the first woman of Troxododeron. [d. She also fell out of the kingdom, and was now a fallen angel with the name Rahab. She was a scorpion from the sea, a mystical creature.]]--] 37. Gabriel had found himself some lovers. A bit of Troxododeron was laying on the table like ashes. [b. A bit of Troxododeron

was in their hands, and they saw it was molding at a fast speed ... She had a scorpion's egg He had his own red, and they threw it into a kettle, while she was speaking her curses, and they made love [c. ... while the water was boiling, while the egg was screaming, and Troxododeron started to enter the fragile layers of the egg ... [d. The egg was weeping, while Gabriels Red was surrounding the new picture There was lightening and thunder, and stars were falling. It was the fall for many started to hear the voice of Red Gabriel.] --] 38. There were falls of angels, and even elohims and adonais started to fall, for Red Gabriel started to speak. Even his brother, Red Michael started to fall down, and turned to his brother, [b. while the egg's voice became higher and higher ... blood came out of their ears, and a red bible was lying before them.] 39. Yes, father, that is what I'm dreaming of these sheep ... leading me through red flowerfields ... until I'm in the red bedroom ... a red bedroom [b. and finally they will be ... sheep in the pasture ... which the red one will do ...] 40. Michai will do ... There will be a man from the south ... and then the blue son will rise to build it's throne forever ... [b. The blue sun will rise, in silver and gold, to build it's throne forever.] 41. This man will ride the snakes Snakes will come and snakes will go ... He will tame them all and ride them into the hands of his mother Metensia42. There was a man called Michai, the Mystery ... building a kingdom on the sun ... Messiah from the Troiade ... [b. The book of books, the father book of the bible It's the Red Bible] 43. He will speak his words in thunder, opening and closing the iron portals by seals of thunder ... And some will not be allowed to speak ... He makes silence and noise whenever he wants ... 44. He's the red balloon, [b. the man of scorpions.] 45. He speaks languages sideways the portals Ancient languages of the Red Waters Holding a Red Secret close to it's hearts 46. He has a trident of horns on his head He speaks in water blue and blood red He is Michai ... [b. They will burn the deserts ...] 47. The red eye is burning, the eye of sodom is here .. wandering from gomorrah to jericho ... oh jericho rise up, and gather the red ... who will be on top of the temple. 48. Herodes was cursing on his throne He was throwing women in a pit ... He was under Sodom's Curse but now his Michai was rising, his statue of red liberty, with seven torches in his hand making the swallow so hot ... He's the king of spice All these birds from cigarette, they sing so high ... they let the kettle boil over ... creating the orphan's song ... 49. How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling ... to build the bridge to Draminia ... 50. The guitar will do .. these men are jukeboxes ... golden statues ... Put the Icecreams against the hot ones chocolate ... Melting is just making music ... 51. It all happens on a red chessboard the wizards surrounding the castles ... The guitar of wonder will lead us over the river ... they were all prisoned .. in kisses of death ... 52. The records turned red on that day, the rivers turned blood ... Hot in the North, cold in the South ... while a musical box was rising from the red chessboard ... It was a matter of melting and freezing ... while a little ballerina was dancing on top ... 53. On that day when the chocolates were melting ... the face of the frog appeared ... a red face ... the queen found her toy back ..finding out she wasn't queen anymore ... the toad was sitting in the dining room of little aquarius ... with a golden dish and a golden grail while the plate- statue was a golden lion ... 54. The cooks were all frozen, doing strange dances ... Dorothee found out she wasn't a woman anymore ... She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the tops of a new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize what she was now ? tall emotions moving like snakes ... she was flexible now ... not frozen anymore ... 55. Night troupers march to darker nights, touching smaller parts, surrounding the men they call men ... While the red chessboard is melting ... the eye-rag of a pirate ... He's drinking ... and paint is dripping in his head again ... to let him be in another world ... There are fireworks in his head ... and then he goes to sleep, waking up in another world ... 56. He's dreaming of his lost son ... while he finds out he isn't a man anymore ... but a darker creature 57. You're made of songs, while the

heat is climbing on the ladder, touching the high bells, for the high songs. You're made of songs and cigarettes, while sunmilk's oil is easing your skin .. It is your skin, these are your comics .. The wasps made such an art ...58. Their alarms are on ... since Red Gabriel is falling ... He's out of the game now ... He has a body of small noses, small gates like smoke alarms .. he walks ... while taking flight on a golden bird .. melting under his body ... he has to fly alone now ... waiting for that last last dive ... to the red island ... he survives ... 59. These are the songs you like ... They take you over fragile bridges ... the red ones ... While you are touching the soft wild fires ... moving wild over your skin ... You are covered now. ... [b. It's melting on your feet, these shoes.] 60. Songcar is riding on the railroads ... but trains cannot crash it ... for it's the third day with sunmilk's oil streaming on your skin ... 61. On so many pillars this city was built pillars of tears for a new Babylon Such a beautiful story ... and you don't know it ... you're just waking up to it ... On that Third Day while guitars are raging through the night ... 62. We're heading for Edom, for Esau's City ... for neon lights ... for soft lights of the water ... We're sinking in red flowerfields ... The rose is sharp, the insides are soft ... Smell the roses by your body ... and wake up to the third day ... 63. Esau, Esau, where did you hide in red heat things are so small ... and we have dashboards in our heads ... If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 64. They fly where all faces are covered by strange songs ... Like plastic implants from the Big Toy ... you start to cry ... These are all bakerman's faces ... carrying the songs which will bring you through the night They are the cooks of frogs and toads ... 65. These women are tied by red tapes, waiting for the big strike ... their abyss has been closed by the angel of the abyss, a devil has been thrown in their pit ... They are looking for death ... but they cannot find it ... She has purple boots, and she's staring at the green. She's too deep, she is my mother ... but she doesn't have a head anymore for the abyss is locked up now by a red key 66. She's staring at the green, she's staring at me ... We are all on a red chessboard while the Night Troupers are watching They have strange songs in their cheeks Raiders come from their eyes ... on that third day ... 67. It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... and we are in this whirlpool, swimmingpool, masterpool In strange racecars we ride riding the stories, on old records the lambsteads sit ... She's smoking the fairytales This is the world of feelings, so strong it claims your mind ... to possess and possess like hot chocolate, having raiders darker than men ...

7. 1. Chapters for raising the Summerclause-Balloon. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet; Boys from Lynx, I only wore your trousers. [b. It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey snake.] 2. It was never easy for me to see him digesting another frog. [b. giving me the empty bottles filled with sand.] 2. Mr. Wasp was never mercifull while gathering the unbroken bones. The horror from the backstage is still wandering through my mind. [b. He stole my boys from lynx, and gave me empty bottles and broken coffeemachines.] 3. He stole my redyellow flags, and took my racecars away, leaving broken toys behind him. [b. While he could drink and swallow so fast from small saturnian bottles filled with purple magic and pink treasures from Bohemian Victories. [c. His butterflies were rats, and his daylights were marmots. [d. and snakes.]]] My mother is still wandering, looking for the last red raspberries of the old frog. 4. They say he will never die, for the memory is his breath. But no one knows where he hides, no one knows where his smoke comes from. 5. Some say he's the tranvestite of the black zone. The grey snake could never feel his breath. [b. Old coffee-machines do their best. There were wars in coffeeshops ... There where the squirtel hides. [c. Here she lost her baby, to a spanish warrior ... to a grey snake ...]] 6. Mr. Wasp, gather your children. I didn't break your glasses, I didn't take your snakes. The snake-tongue is the last memory attached to your mind. [b. You lost everything in a war of flies. Now you are made of

suncakes on Betlehems mornings. [c. There are still warbottles in the sky, where strange creatures live. These were your soulbottles.]] 7. The injection of dr. grey snake made your soul quiet, soothened your soldiers to sleep. The black lullaby is still the bible you read from, cutting away the threatening pages. [b. Now your summercakes are dying, while you are drowning in your ales.] 8. You still wear the feathers of your ancestors, but you took the needles out of them. Oh, you lost your needles in the sands of the city of sleep. You carry seven beds on your back, you are still a sleepwalker in the rain. [b. No one knows your name is Pharaon, drowning your children in the Nile.] 9. Oh, where are your children, oh hero from the past. You lost them all in your dreams. [b. While you stole the silver.] 10. Bugs are working in your garden, carrying the last seven stones of your pirate-buttons you used to wear. You lost your wildness, you lost your sting. Father, I couldn't follow your strange fruits anymore. [b. Still some think you are Piet Heyn, running away from algebra.] 11. They come from places too far, wearing a linen smile too deep to trust. Forgive me, father, for not kissing your sirens which you used to guard your silences. [b. I will fight to the end.] 12. Their tall tails were never my dreams to sail on. [b. And they drink their waters and wines too quick, from saturnian windchime-bottles, filled with orange perfumes and purple Arabian magic. [c. Do they drink faster than you do ?]] 13. Forgive me, father, for not wearing the uniforms you gave me, when I was young. [b. You hit your generals on the nose and gave their clothes to me. [c. You forgot to remove the needles by which mother used to sew.] 14. I'm not complaining anymore about the zooming winds in the trousers you gave me. These were the only things I used to wear. [b. Orange summercakes in brown suns with shampoo, milks and oil.] 15. Bees painted my body to protect me against the cold nights in the summer. I was your summer-child, your saturday kid. You used to spoil me with grandfathers secrets. [b. Oh Thoth, do not take your summercakes from me.] 16. I will never forget your soft embracements, they brought the tears back to my swallowed heart [b. showing me the glues of the past, the shampoos, the sunmilks and the oil [c. bringing me back to grandmothers coffeemachines [d. on christmasdays and easterdays, when hearts were spouting money.] --] 17. Father, I still feel the holes in my head, the thorns in my hands, the needles woven throughout my body, looking for my inner cellars, below the houses of my heart. [b. They are looking for the juices. They want to fill my bottles with sand and ashes.] [18. I still see aunt walking outside in the garden, wearing a carved smile, hunting the city-bees.] [19. It always soothed my inner garages, who used to produce steaming bull-boats. I buried my bulls long ago, in the garden of my neighbour's.] [20. Aunt used to carve the flowers in their horns. I still see her bathing in too hot waters, she looks like you, father.] 8. 1. How tall are these legs of the boys from lynx. They don't seem to touch the ground. 2. They are the waiters in the little hotel of amsterdam. They are still waiting for the old host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. [b. They still want to marry his sirens.] 3. They are still dragging the rivers again, looking for old drowned watches to sell. 4. They sell everything, but the prices are too high. 5. The watches aren't working anymore, but the buyers like the flavors of it. 6. The people wear big noses, bought in the trick-shops at the canals. 7. The waiters from lynx are also selling noses. They are the leaders of the blind, selling them long sticks with hands at the tops. 8. They like to be on the beaches of forest-seas, gathering the sand to keep them all blind. They are playing marbles with eyes. 9. Boy of Lynx, you knew the hiding secret of the killer-eye. Pacman was the fright of the seven seas. 10. You saw his clouds of canaries terrorizing the coasts of the planet. He never revealed his name, while burning the ships of spanish rivers. He never spat out the goldfishes he ate. [b. Some said his name was Michiel Adrianson The Ruyter, sitting at golden tables and golden chessboards with Ra.] 11. He used to curse the little statues of white saints hanging on his arms. 12. Their blue bingo-cards are still frightening his mind. 13. You always hated the prince of domino, you used to play billiards with him. 14. His cues were

taller than yours, and his green money had blue shades, sharp crenated. 15. You couldn't stand his odor of innocence, captivating your houses, without doubts. 16. You always said his tongue was too tall, and his balls were cubes. [b. Do you still not know the curse of the marbler ?] 17. A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in history. [b. Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress.] 18. Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit. [b. All these cities were spoilt by the handicapped nurses of the big eye, gathering drunk, drained saturdays on a sunday-morning.] 19. Don't cry when another snake takes you away to its lair. This is how you discover the world. 20. Little killer-eye, in bagdad you had your palace, until the spanish dreams took it away. 21. Now you're reading latin braille, chasing the killer-whales away. No one knows you are blind. 22. Your television died long ago. You are wearing black glasses, to hide your shame and fear. 23. You still love to play pacman, behind your invisible screen [b. but you are a blind child.] 24. You lost your marbles, you lost your luck, you were living as a prince of lost games in the palace of failure. Broken records were entering through your windows, broken languages were painted on your walls. Broken trust, broken games. All you wanted to do was escaping in fear and become a fright. [b. But in your heart you are a prince, carrying the games of your mother and father under your arms, in pride. You know how to play the games, you know where to put your pawns. Your golden dice are still blinking in the sun.] 25. A spanish dream blinded your sight, but you are still in your palace. 26. A little latin killer-buffoon, a prophet from the black zone, wearing zorro's sword, paralyzed your soul. 27. But the balls of the domino-prince weren't cubes, the spanish dream turned you upside down. 28. Little orphan, your heart is so frozen. The high-heeled ice-cream made your heart bleed. 29. Show me the thorns in your eyes, show me the threads of your puppets. 30. Little puppet-master, driven by unreached trophees, hunted by the lions of an unreached football [b. your medaillons are still bleeding in the gardens.] 31. You were too afraid to show your heart, afraid to show your empty marble-sack. 32. Running over broken chess-boards, stinging your feet. 33. Wrestling with stubborn playcards, sailing ships in a glass of red wine, drowning in cups too full of beer [b. but the domino-prince is still on your side.] 34. In the billiard-room you met the boys from lynx. [b. They always saw you as their little friend, their little son. They are still nursing the blind.] 9. 1. Officer of destruction, little terrorist from libra [b. you are still a whispering prince, shutting doors with a sigh and a shhh.] 2. You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their checked yellowgolden kettles [b. spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into sleep.] 3. Seventy lullaby-divers were entering the kettles, dropping their anchors to determine the gliding flavours. 4. Did pinocchio ever play billiards ? His lies were enough to let the balls stream. 5. Somebody's knocking on your old barn It's the ornament's prince the daydream's confession sitting on a hard day's mouse he's a good driver you admire his pears spinning like triangles in the wind good old day-possession 6. Pictures glowing on a sunday morning ... grandmother washed them with care ... they are so shiny now ... 7. Pictures glowing in the grass ... mothers garden is full of glitters now like frogs trying to get your attention ... for that what is happening far away ... in the land over the hills ... 8. And now, today, it's christmas ... santa clause is riding his horses ... these tall horses in the night ... [b. Peter Pan .. is painting the pictures ... having that strange boy in his arms ... that strange boy from saturn ... [c. Peter Pan ... is washing the pictures with fire ... like she always did with her garden ... [d. or by summersnow She's still my love ... she's still my silent witness of everything which is happening deep down .. there .. in my heart ... [e. Where an old red man with the old grey long beard is standing painting his beard white .. so white ... [f. He's tall and thin, thinking he's sandman ... but he isn't ... [g. He is the red dragon ...

showing his muscles in the night ... and a young face showing his supermen in the night ... [h. showing their blooming flowers they hold tied ... all stuffed up .. by a florist ... [i. and this is why I don't want to see her ever again ...] --] 9. He is the red dragon ... holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again ... He is the red dragon ... [b. painting his toys in the night ... [c. but there's something so strange in their embraces [d. and I don't trust their prayers for sweet coffee ...]] 10. He is the red dragon sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old [b. They didn't dare to talk to me all these smiling girls ... [c. For I was in the prison of the red dragon ... [d. to have some stalkers around [e. thick dragon walls [f. Still they march on the towers ... [g. on the walls of the castle [h. singing their strange songs in the night ... [i. marching in a strange dance if you ask me [j. He is ... the ..red dragon ...] --] 11. He is the red dragon ... holding his babies so tight ... [b. and I'm still a young young girl ... [c. He thinks I am his paradise bird ... [d. I'm a yellow mermaid [e. Doing this poetry to you [f. giving you this book ... [g. He ... is ... the Red Dragon ...]--] 12. He is the red dragon and I am his milkmaid he thinks ... [b. I am his baby surrounded by watchers ... watchers in the night the nightwatch a painting ... nothing but a painting] 13. While everyone seems to like it ... while he's holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again my mother will be free again for he now knows the secret ... and he know holds the treasures ... while he cannot bear it ... while milk is streaming all over to drown the lands once again ... his lands 14. He is the red dragon ... and she is a yellow milkmaid ... screaming in unknown languages ... 15. He is the red dragon ... singing his songs of fire ... while he's living in ice deep down in ice ... 16. He is the red dragon ... red ice so hot He is the red dragon ... and he's singing his songs of fire ... coming from the ice the red ice ... 17. He was born in the nest of a lark ... he's still a lark-dragon ... he was born on both sides ... of a kettle ... a kettle of tea ... and he's still staring at something in the air ... something he doesn't want to know about ... 18. He's still staring at a liar ... something bigger than he ... he's causing so much rains in farms ... he's causing some things to bleed ... he is dragging his smiling girls to the ground ... where they pay his bills ... where they make his trousers .. where they rule the kettle ... [b. these sparrows in the wind] 19. This woman is laughing at the rain ... of the sun This woman is laughing at his tails This woman is rising ... like the phoenix from the ashes ... like the caramel from the kettle 20. This woman is rising She ... is the red lady ... she is the green babygirl ... she is the tall trousers ... coming from the moon ... She ... is the tall woman She ... is the woman from the tree 21. She likes to paint in chaos ... scratching the treasures from his knee So many liars are walking around ... so many spoilers .. drinking their coffee ... So many liars in their ships The pride of the red dragon but he's still ... staring at someone lying more than him. ... 10. 1. Thick cold juices are streaming through the street, the guitar of the snake is their leader, echoing the frightening cries of old forgotten orphans. 2. The stiletto-guitar wakes them up again, and they are marching out of their graves, out of the forgotten graveyards, looking for revenge. No one listened to them when they were young. Now they are old and bitter, looking for the toys they never had, searching for the wine they never drank. 3. They were forgotten, now they will forget. I burnt the flags of rat-armies, drank the tears of bleeding apples. I fought against the forgotten sun, and the lost caves, but it didn't seem to bring me across the river of death. Only the snake could do. 4. The Italian orphan is bleeding, painting his memories by his blood. With the hat of his father, he collects money for his art. 5. His feet are bleeding, leaving red footprints in the sand, for his birds to follow. He was born like a pirate, a toy-pirate. He was the red pawn of a chess-board of angels. Now his father screams at him from heaven. 6. Still he runs through the rain with his fathers hat, in which he collects the old widowers from the streets. He doesn't want to let them die in the cold. 7. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing

fire, spitting ice. 8. Baker, spin your wine, baker, cover your liqueurs with rags. You, father of french orphans, you, father of jaguar queens, you bred the snake to it's length and stole the tower from the church by a black rat-glove in the snow. 9. Your wife was the black widow, the clock of the broken tower, and you painted the noses of your tiny little killer-puppets. They didn't need a line, didn't need a thread, they could walk with their own minds, you bred them well. 10. You are entering the chinese city, sailing on your purple golden boat, spun licorice. The old man will greet you from his rocking-chair on the balcony of his wooden house at the bank of the chinese river of licorice-waves. You are shaking hands with the golden giants of the chinese dreams. You never thought this would happen to you. 11. In the heart of this place you find the last golden swan. You feel it's heat bumping against the thick walls of your hand, and it's warmth is gliding into your soul, waiting for a new sunset ringing in your mind. 12. You, oh prince, still your mothers last black pearl, turning from brown into white, hovering to enter a new story in japan. 13. Among the jaguars was your place, now you are wearing their suits and riding their cycles, watching the teeth of jupiter, the birth of new rats. 14. Your jackets are getting taller, your fathers whispers are getting sharper in your mind. You can peel your mothers flowers, carrying the widower's coffin. 15. The last golden swan is beating in the old purple leather bag of your mothers aunt. A little clock is located in the head of the swan, made by the black widow. 16. She is the queen of killer-clocks, creating killer-birds from an old french window. 17. The red eye of the little swan is flashing, it's a little red chrystal. I take it out of it's head, and the clock quits his travels. Now the serpent can sleep. 18. His dreams are gliding through the waters of the swan-lake, bringing him back to where he comes from. 19. I wrap the little gem in a soft towel throwing it in the yellow sea, where a mermaid starts to scream at me. Is it me who's screaming, a reflection of myself, or is it really a mermaid. 20. Do I hear voices in my head, or is a milkmaid standing before the door of my room ? She broke in twice while I was sleeping, and took my cats away. 21. Now she is standing at the yellow sea screaming in unknown languages. Fortune fairytales were coming from her lips and she ate fishes to shut their threats, to shut the old voices of foreign fables. She could turn the weather in a moment. 22. Threehundred and eighty-four rats are surrounding the castle of the red dragon, wearing the blue jaguar on their flags. Japanese delights are their specialities. Their kitchens are full of green moss. The forests are so shiny here. 23. The prince's eyes bleed, the swanlake is speaking to his mind again. The yellow princess, still hiding his tears. 24. What really happened there, in the swanlake, there, at the bottom of his broken dreams ? 25. Mummified by flower-comics. There, at the swanbridge, she brought her mummified man, sacrificing him to the red dragon. The comics were aching his mind, for they were dipped in poison. He's still reading his comics, speaking in a strange language again. 26. Sixty comics are entering his mind again, planting the red eye in his head. His mind is screaming, his heart is releasing and he hears the sharp voice of the baker again. 27. He's getting swivel-eyed again. He's reaching for his inner child, this man in jail. He's feeling his ring feeling his finger. 28. It's stinging and pinching him. He feels his ring is reading his comics too, and he's ashamed of himself. He's diving at a new ring, a blue one, but he can't reach it because of the waves. 29. He feels and breathes his grandfather's smoke of a pipe, and he's trying to break the bars which separate him from his inner child. 30. A battle against a million of rings start, but his mind starts to fade away. One moment he finds himself running between the bars, and he starts to realize that the bars aren't the problem anymore, for between them there is a gate. 31. All colors start to jump on him, but he breaks these waves one by one, catching them with his back. 32. In the mills of his mind, they find a way out and enter his heart to stir up some new troubles. 33. On the other side of the bars, they seemed to be rats, and he mutates with them, racing out of the castle on a friend's feather. 34. Darkness and fogs are fading away. A new day starts. 35. Four skaters are skating at the

lake, picking up an old red doll, lying in the snow. He's leaving a world under the ice. 36. Paper soldiers are dragging the waterholes. She's leaving. He's leaving a world under the ice. 37. He's floating in the air, the red doll is smiling, meeting skaters in the air, reaching an arch of ice above the stars. He's leaving another world in the ice. 38. Under the ice, it starts to boil, until an enormous explosion splits the atmosphere in a myriad of splinters, all raging at the fat red lady in the midst of the universe. 39. The red rainbow looks in her mirror again, seeing a face fading away. She smiles, watching a dream coming to it's end. Now she can sleep again without worries. 40. She dries her wet clothes, rolls through the white sand, entering the forests of her dreams, waiting for another split, waiting for another world to leave in the ice. 41. She's leaving one shoe, leaving one glove, to finally enter her golden bath, without looking backwards, watching straight ahead, without bowing her head, every step is silver, every breath is gold, entering the marble galleries of her forgotten dreams. 42. She remembers again, she breaths, like a new born baby. 43. She's wearing the silver secrets of the jaguar under her arms, captured in three silver books. Smoke covers the city, the orange swivel-eyed phoenix is rising from the ashes, carrying a jaguar, a lemon and a red doll on her back, leaving thick moisty juice-stripes in the air, flying to new eternities. 44. A seven-headed orange dragon called Jesus, wearing seven crowns, is entering the first silver book of the jaguar, eating the letters and purple pictures out of the book. 45. A seven-headed orange snake called Esau, wearing seven pointy hats, is fishing the brown warm shoes out of the second silver book of the jaguar. 46. They are all kings of the dawn, kings of the orange morningstar.

11. 1. Chapter to raise the Easterclause-Balloon. To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... I'm finally sitting behind my piano again ... after all these ages ... But I still can't sing 2. A giant took my voice when I was a kid My brother screamed when he took my voice out of my chest Neither my brother sang ever again since that day ... [b. He only played the piano to calm my heart] 3. The bird in my brother's chest died of sorrow the day the giant took my voice away ... 4. The juices dripping from my piano are echoing through the night 5. I still hear the footsteps of the giant walking up the stairways His steps echoing in the night reaching for the bed where I sleep 6. The giant has three daughters ... Their voices echoing through the cities ... Their movements echoing through the tv's of the houses You can see everything they do ... [b. And what they do ... is not so nice] 7. My brother's bird is chained there, sitting on a wooden stick ... It has to sing for them day and night On sundays the bird has to preach for them And reading from some old black books with silver pages [b. I'm kidnapping one of the giant-daughter's spinningwheel and race through Jupiter's Mirror heading for the old suit-shop] 8. Their voices echoing through the streets ... [b. I can't believe it, they are speaking about me They are singing their songs, echoing through the radios of the city ...] 9. It's all about me ... His daughters span the voices in their coins The ancient legendary rich ... The ancient legendary misers ... I wondered how they got that rich [b. There where schooltime was a bird's funeral They burnt my bird in their attics] 10. I remember your face, teacher Like yesterday's hell The keys to the answers lay on my dish ... Why didn't you tell me you were just a good baker ? Baking strange bread with diamonds inside ... 11. You could be my friend if you would tell me earlier You have a wonderful world inside ... Why didn't you tell me you were the white rabbit ? Why didn't you tell me my name was alice ? We would be the best friends [b. But would that bring back my little bird ?] 12. A staggers-cat called Herod joins the group He's on his way to Bethlehem to see a new pupil ... But he first has to buy himself a new coin-suit Tonight the phoenix will rise from the ashes of bethlehem your little bird he sais 13. I feel my throat tingle ... I'm getting my voice back ... You have to talk nonsense he sais For you

saw this was the only way to find the answer to get your bird back 14. I got the staggers in my head, and I saw the truth It exists, It exists It's all true We are all in the cage of denial But nonsense is free running in the fields of dreams 15. I'm thanking my teachers for bringing me back to the dream They taught me to speak nonsense while being serious with a tight face It's the face of the coin who can do this ... for people need it to buy their bread ... Another mark of the beast ... To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... 16. I know soon there will be a storm taking creatures away to Oz 17. I didn't know you were a staggercat ... If you would have said it earlier, we could have much fun together But it's ok then I would have missed all these awesome and wonderful books of my teachers All these wonderful cards 18. There my head appears on a playcard They say these cards are the judges of the universe ... We are all standing in a circle ... Waiting for the moon to bath us in silver It's the gathering of the stagger-cards turning worlds upside down 19. The circle starts to spin In these tornado's the stagger-insects are born Deliriums Their speeches can't be followed They are the whispers of the universe [b. The three daughters of the giant know all about it They spin these whispers their whole life Wars of the playcards] 20. These insects appear on the banknotes and bills of society ... Their signatures enchant the world ... Without speaking their nonsense no one can understand you and you can't understand them 21. The old staggercat is mixing some old dictionaries in his kettle preparing a new language Some old ears through the mix Some old tv's and radios And even some old shoes 22. I see little fat men walking on the ceilings They have big hats and white faces Buddhas are coming out of their hats, floating in bubbles to the floor ... I know the faces of these men They all have the same face The face of the greengrocer White Fruits from Vega-South The Arabian Mistress is speaking ... Her eyes are like a tiger or a lion The rest of her face is covered by a white decorated veil 23. An Egyptian king is speaking nonsense to his people ... they all nod yes ... in big fevers for his face is on their banknotes My hand is sliding to my gun These tunnels are pretty dark and dangerous I won't take no any risk ... There I slide into a river called Cat's Fever The dogs are swimming here ... 24. The gnat's fever is a pretty one ... Neon-Glue is running through my body ... 25. The wasp's fever ... Like reading It's softer here in the deeper cores of earth than I thought ... 26. Finally I drink from Alice's tea watching the nonsense of the tiger My tongue is falling out I get a new one Here I see another Lion Fever I got to weave my way to the Chrystal of Delirium deeper in the center of the clock ... I want to know Babel's secret ... The tongue of confusion 27. A cat called confusion is knocking at my doors I beg him to confuse me, to create chaos in my head For the brightness in my head hurts me so deep The lies in my head scream so loud I want to get a good fever and to go to bed Oh, how I want to learn another language This language is breaking my hat ... 28. Turn my world upside down for I'm living in a box of lies 29. I will give you the fever of a radio ... he says His chaos is softly roaring in my head ... soothing my heart and hat the frightening tinned soldiers fall down out of my head's cupboards ... 30. Deep in the center where all the clock-hands cross I saw his face The comic-cat There where they drink comic-juice There where the teachers ask questions in unknown languages There where no translation exists [b. A cartoon-cat is ticking on my shoulder I see a sick child more beautiful than a lion schoolsick] 31. Feeling the snake's split tongue bubbling in my mouth again ... The only way to escape the land of the split talk is to talk the split talk 32. I had a teacher who always asked me where I was talking about when I repeated his own words Three big little blind girls, a Triplets, are knocking on my door ... bringing me a little fir ... Then they disappear diving into the sea ... changing into whales The secret of the trident

Feeling a Three-Tongue burning in my mouth 33. Trident Wars in Egypt's Pyramid Insects of the trident-sting ... Grandparents of the wasp ... 34. Where am I talking about ? I'm fainting in the classroom again [b. and Easterclause brings us always to Holidayclause.] 35. Your nightmares were there to serve you To bring you out of the nonsense into the dream-world where you are free [b. Here you can drink the juices of fairground I am the master and creator of all fairgrounds] 36. I recorded all his teachings backwards I heard the most wonderful fairytales 37. Question-languages are running through my mind ... reaching for the apples of my heart But I don't hear anything The big ear is closing the shop ... he will go to sleep when he's home ... His wife is kissing him, giving him today's sail-magazine 38. When he goes to sleep he will dream about ships This is the only thing he cares about Tomorrow he will go for a trip around the world, sailing the oceans He's finally retired on a pension now 39. After working so long in the sailor's shop ... Tomorrow it will be a toy-shop But he doesn't care about that anymore ... His son will take it over ... You can never convince a deaf man ... [b. Tomorrow the Big Ear will speak [c. under Bekehelm's helmet..... Tomorrow the Big Ear will smoke.]] 40. A language is the other's speech-defect ... all languages come forth from speech-defects 41. I'm the language-butcher he sais I confuse and cut all the existing languages and making new ones 42. I work in the tower of babel I'm the eco-system in speech

12. 1. Chapter for raising the Holidayclause Balloon. The suns are so pale there, in the middle of these tables It's blinding you, it makes us deaf, until uncle peacock takes us away ... 2. The suns are so pale here ... it's christmas in the skies and all these clauses are ascending ... spreading so many lies on television ... it's the pick pock family's decision 3. They locked me up years ago ... to let me dance on their tables spreading the lies of a green tomatoe's dragon ... service with a little light three sides on the coin or maybe more4. The suns are so pale here ... the clauses are lying spreading their bakerman's faces ... spreading their ornament's dreams tonight it's on television and then the babies dream ... then the ship's ascending like dadada's cloudship bringing us to uncle unicorn ... 5. Dreams are so pale here ... spreading so many lies all these clauses on television these lights too bright ... while the shoe sinks in the stocking ... these are uncle peacock's lights all on a leprechaun's table in a leprechaun's coin ... the third side strange road to hell ... here their hairs are burning 6. Here all smiles are fake and they do strange business and they do strange games cuyornaida corset a white boot on a green table ... with uncles around them uncle peacock, uncle unicorn and uncle one to ten ... 7. I am a table-ballerina, spreading lies so high ... spreading soothing machines ... to let them do business these warmachines ... by lies I bring them to sleep Is it the curse on my table ... [b. I am a table dancer, a strange clock, a strange spider, all in the coin of a leprechaun] 8. I do my decisions So much ashes behind the deserts ... where a white chocolate house stands 9. There's business around the big shoe, standing on the table ... spinning around like a crazy spider ... making the plants ... while the silver is hiding [b. and the gold is uniting ... and rising ... and the bananas are burning ... [c. They are dying becoming straight like blue bananas like the big amon ...]--] 10. Like the blue tables behind the streams of sandman I feel like an old table in a museum watching the statues of jokes ... with their rings so tight ... where records spin ... 11. Where dishes take flight to reach for the other day ... through silver skies the bakerman's faces will unite ... like golden rains it will spout these wasprains from such a strange television 12. The queen of england knows all about it she's pressing the people ... like newyears eveningpapers and a little boy is running for no one wants to eat it and now they're eating him ... these dogs in dark skies ... where the silver hides 13. These are worlds in golden coins ... where the bananas burn like fire ... the ashes

are good bullets for the guns ... these orange guns of mr. orange dreaming on ... to the tables behind the sleep these sandman tables ... he's having feathers and fruits in his head [b. and I do not understand]. 14. We are heading for another sleep in these rippling silver skies ... Give me my candles burning tight in the palest night ... these pyramids they rise inside [b. I saw a red pinocchio ... sleeping today ... between a green pinocchio and a golden one ... [c. while silver machines were soothing them ... a blue one entered the room speaking in unknown languages ... while the tables started to spin ... and the purple started to rise ... in this daydream's lies]--] 15. On the deserts of the planet mars ... where the icecream machines are rising ... they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ... 16. With wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by banana and spice ... good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. 17. With the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... dream on, .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes 18. By dagons shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms ... so strange it makes you cry ... while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter. 19. Wet forestdreams ... doing egyptian screams ... all backwards wrapped in snow ... she breeds the vanilla ... she breeds the lucifer fire ... in the distance there is smoke so visible ... while auctions rise from strange banks .. these are uncle peacocks horrorshows ... 20. Who takes the children ? the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... 21. All in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ... 22. Suddenly it breaks through edges to a lucifer's wonderland ... izu in the distance ... the auctioneer burns the hammers ... no one dares to walk ... [b. gepetto makes the clocks of pinocchios wood ...] 23. These are wars of the businessmen ... I was a wilder animal ... exploding into the one and a million nights ... I knew drama after drama, having them all on my bow ... spitting the cowards wrapping them in easters snow ... 24. Strange auctions circle in the sky strange fairgrounds .. circling in the skies .. watching the golden baths on high floors ... letters making strange connections ... fighting for a place in the ship ... that strange ship of noah ... where flowers have to die ... 25. When the auction hammer brings the horror ... These kids go to the deserts ... with his rings on their heads while tigers and lions roar in the distance ... and a black panther makes it coming close ... so close that you feel their teeth ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder suns ... burning sweet bars of the cake 26. Noah banker bake the bank bananas in vanilla turn them into gold ... breed them into cobras these are lies to sacrifice ... turning the machines backwards. 27. It's bending on paper ... these are liars on an orange boat ... while the yellow boat is sinking .. grasping fishes from empty dikes ... they're sinking deeper. 28. These warmachines create the coins ... I'm nothing but a coin in your hands created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... These medical days they broke me ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions 29. A liar's docter ... an animal so wild ... bringing me wilder days ... spitting sand he promised to be ... an icecream so far away ... this coin will be brought down ... with all these Jesus Christs ... and their heads on it ... 30. Throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the bald heads and the blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ...The icecream made them blue so blue ... with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... 31. This juice it brings me higher ... out of the medical threat .. I'm not a number of your bread ... Land of the lambstead ... 32. Black

Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylights dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ... I'm not a coin .. I sleep at homeI don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by my own hands ... 33. The sixth wolf of benchelot ... Breathes good while you're breathing, drinking good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet. 34. These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... [b. while gepetto is rising with his black pinocchios doing strange dances in the night it makes you cry] ... 35. ... He's just a microphone ... shivering when they speak too loud ... he's making icecreams ... like snowclause never showing up ... 36. ... Strange funerals in the flowerfields ... these are the riddles of death ... These are four drunk gamblers, while the mailman is their god ... while a bakertree is growing in the middle ... a strange sun ... a mad sun 37. They are on a travel, to greet uncle peacock ... [b. While pictures lie in the sand.] 38. There are liars on a zebra's boat ... orange liars ... doing the dishes ... for a holiday's spoon ... the banana rises soon out of it's rinds ... with two big eyes ... it writes with the golden pencil. 39. He's still the god of ten ... while the drunk are following him with gamblemachines on their back, they take flight ... 40. It's a painting in the sky ... while brother rabbit is raking itIt's the lawyer's orange ... still smoking these cigarettes on a bakerman's dream ... on a mailman's tight decision ... making a daylight's scream ... 41. And this orange still the head on a stamp of dreams ... this mailman's orange ... this lawyer's threat. 42. And it's still a strange strange cardgame ... in a strange mailman's bag written on a strange ornament while a lawyer is doing the dishes ... they burn trees for this ... this woodcutter's job 43. Making the stamps in dark places taking kids away from the schools ... these are dark conspiracies ... from peacock's horrorshows 44. On a strange footballfield the mailman is rising ... this god of ten ... while he is the eleventh ... and who follows him is the twelveth ... It's a strange bank after all ... when school rises strange tears are rolling making seas under bekehelm's helmet ... 45. The mailman is rising from the footballfield, spreading the stamps as butterflies, and then the mass begins to roar ... while the judges will decide ... The mailman he has a million arms ... while he has a bekehelm's helmet ... they are all under it when he puts off his hat, he's a bald communist .. letting the balls roll by blasphemy ... 46. For a mailman's holiday ... She lives in his bag as his tinkerbell ... painting the smiles on his sun, these golden bananas ... with oranges as their guns ... they have orange tongues so tall so split ... 47. These deserts are in fire they were touched by a mailman ... while an orange face is rising on the stamp ... eating and drinking ... forgetting ... flying on the wings of dementia 48. Strange traffic in a strange clock ... a postman's clock ... a strange sun in a mailman's bank It's lucifer, you cannot decide ... he's spinning the ashes into stamps ... while the dice are rolling ... these are strange butterflies ... 49. They sacrifice stamps in strange churches ... waving at them until they are home ... These are strange funerals mailmen strange funeral undertakers ... working for the clauses ... or are they clauses themselves ... 50. There are strange clauses on stamps ... while soap clause rakes the skyfields ... in september they take flight ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder fights ... all happening in a mailman's bag ... 51. Charity is taking them to the hospitals ... to reach the killingfields ... these are strange ways to home ... These are strange bottles of an ornament's lie ... 52. And these rippling golden lionroads ... heading for the big faroom da bazite ... under bekehelm's helmet ... the oil is running from it ... to change the lands and the nations ... under strange flags ... 53. And our racecars on these rippling golden lionroads ... become so orange in the night ... so orange ... until it strikes the blue ... and then the towers are rising from the sea ... a strange clock ... to bring them all home ... 54. She's cycling to the moon, this feather, to see her moonchild smiling wide ... he's breeding his silver ... with a golden striped rod ... It comes from the ashes ... it rises ... when tigers go to sleep, another tiger rises ... ten seconds on a dream, it's

spreading wider ... it brings coffee to the child, while the older ones are sleeping ... 55. And these golden rippling roads .. bringing them all home, together, rising for the storm, who brings them away ... back to izu .. back to lakus ... while faroom da bazite is spouting ... 56. Trips to Brannan. He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... 57. It's made from stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. 58. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... He's the wizard's son. 59. He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ... 60. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, in ornamental skies, where truths become a lie 61. It's baker on a bicycle's friend ... it's baker riding on a friend she's a mystery an ornament, a baby, lying in the skies, peeing in the minds ... of millionaires' pride 62. Oh green baby, in ornamental skies, sailing on the mysteries, peeing in the books where bakermen unite 63. It's peeing in your head like a golden statue ... peeing in your head until you lose all control ... 64. Oh sweet baby, sweet ornament sweet baby burning bakerman's skies, burning truth into lies wings on fire ... fires of dementia ... it was installed by someone else ... having the burning deserts in the pocket 65. She's grey this lady, black clothes, hair long, dancing in the snow she's dancing like pale spring ... running on the pink while pink oceans lie to her 66. She tries to understand the words i'm whispering it's coming through like chocolate ... she warms me with her tender smile she never fails when life tells her goodbye 67. She died a hundred times for me ... and now she watches ... without a grin she's tight when the lion fights ... 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby ... raise the mystery echoing right through your mind, make me enlightened by your golden bakery ... so deep in the forests of this earthquakes decision ... bringing the deserts deep inside 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch the spy ... she's stringing all the pearls in grey she's doing dishes on saturday until the children are back she's a saturday's child, watch this spy ... watch her coming from the cakes ... 69. She's bringing the holiday on pink oceans they lie to her Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch this spy of uncle baby, baby 70. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, her voice surrounds the million stars of a golden bakery in the dephts of a millionaire she's his daughter she's his green orange ... 71. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, you're his ornament, this millionaire's man ... growing like a green orange in the skies ... watching the golden babies by a strange lense in his mind 72. Oh, green baby, truth comes after the lady truth brings seas of time, to think about this factory you loved the schoolboy, your face is true ... but i still keep everything away ... for my fears are sailing on pink oceans 73. The horror is there the horror is there now when these words are in silver ... now when these words can speak by themselves they're not locked up anymore ... 74. A purple orange and yellow churches with carbon smiles, they lead the traffic in baker's minds ... to there where the orange liars stand ... burning the sand ... burning deserts ... for the new books ... 75. There's an orange .. a good gun ... a good faroom da bazite ... a tankstation ... 76. They have their moonchilds and their rainboys ... on the wings of dementia ... they take flight ... still that strange cuyornaida corset ... 77. They are heading for the bakertrees where they burn the deserts for the new books ... 78. They're heading for oceans of love under bekehelm's helmet. There's a purple orange lying on the floor ... while the yellow streams from it ... it's sour ... 79. There are strange cucumbers in a lawyers suit, dancing around an orange, and strange paprika's they do the dishes ... in this land of dreams ... they sell the houses ... but the rent's too high ... they

are dying on their walls, while they build their towers higher ... 80. It takes a lot of money .. to live in someone's head .. only the rich can do it ... These are cucumbers and paprika's taking you higher ... while you're dying on the ceilings, it brings you higher ... 81. The towers are rising ... with your head in the sky ... Oh, there are cucumbers and paprika's in the sky ... telling you to fly ... on the wings of dementia ... They will take everything away ... until only some old toys are left ... There are towers rising from the orange ... 82. Take flight on the wings of dementia These rings of icecream, contracting tight, while the boys are shrieking, they take flight ... still a shrieking boys clock, wheels under sandman's cars ... 83. They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's table ... rising from the spoon ... 84. Strange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... 85. They were prisoners of a green dragon for too long, eaten by green spiders ... Now they rise like orange gold from the ashes ... wearing orange chocolate on their backs, having some beaks of parrots along the sides ... 86. These balls smell like purple oranges, while the red is floating, red icecreams full of paprika seeds ... 87. Do you miss your seed, it's orange now, to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... while the black man still sells them to the machines, they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... in the restaurant at the sea ... 88. There are thin tall snakes in their body contracting, spitting the venom in their bones, it's so uniting ... they're heading for the gold, these golden boys .. these paranoid men ... elves escaping someone's world ... 89. They are the men of holiday clause, while saturday clause rakes the machines ... Now they can work in pink restaurants, selling icecreams to the wasps ... They have waspian smiles so mean 90. Icecream let us escape from the green businessmachine ... They only work in holidays .. these green men ... of green icecream in daylight they escape running through the nights ... these elves these ornament's elves ... 91. Suits of liquid powders ... blinding souls on paper ships ... while paprika seeds they do the dishes ... under sandman's cars in deep deserts ... rising from the spoon ... 92. Ornament's letters, escaping cannibal, escaping the mouse of spice ... It was worth it after all ... and now your head is full of icecream ... it's cold but it takes the salt away bringing you to a new day 93. Their mouths are dry these paranoid men ... still playing football, throwing playcards ... but they never hit the ball ... their shoes become so tall, to have teeth for summer ... 94. And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... it's daylight's new begin ... 95. And these paranoid men, they look like ornament's docter ... like saltkillers in the sea ... it doesn't bite them anymore ... 96. The milk is flowing, they're heading for the icecream ... taste still a bit salt ... but they're winning the game doesn't blow their minds ... while these ornament's they're singing their strange songs of a captain and a millionaire's unite ... 97. Song of the whispering tailor, song of the shoe-side's king, they have them all in their ornament's raging ... doing the big spin .. on sandman's tables they unite ... watching the parrotfeathers and their beaks ... hinging their like teeth under towers ... rising the spoon, heading for daylight ... 98. It was like taming a lion ... on Elsefic's back ... 99. Pinocchio was a baker's kid ... and you, you look like me, I'm not your santa clause ... I'm still burning the yellow by blasphemy ... sacrifice these churches to me ... I need them as oil for my motors ... 100. I'm still one hell of a beast ... 101. There are strange shoes coming from orange kettles, while the black man moves the spoon, he's mixing the letters ... while the shoes burn the deserts ... until it's gold ... until the icecreams stream ... 102. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... it's running through my veins awakening the marchpane flowers ... in white green chocolate shores ... it's deeper inside ... a pink blue forestroad like working in holidays ... 103. Spit the sand, brother, spit the sand ... with paprika seeds deep inside ... i lost your number ... but now it's back ... 104. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... and then

burn them by a scream, i want to be barefooted by the end of the day, to bathe in icecream ... 105. Burn your boots, sweet mooses, burn your ornament's cakes ... spoil the baker's cat and his sweet child ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... 106. The cakes are thin like orange wood, while icecream flows through it, hiding the paprika seeds for a mission ... Speedboats are fast, to be teeth at the end of the day, hanging below the tall towers ... 107. Holiday clause sell me icecreams, and take away my pains of this businessdream ... i drowned in business, now my days are gone, let my shoes grow, and burn them at the end of the day ... to reach deeper inside for the naked flowers, the beaks of parrots and their feathers 108. The icecream's finally running through my veins, while praying to Elsefic, I'm having these strange bananas inside ... my friends are like me ... i can only remember my name in thick letters ... 109. It's strange drugs after all ... from a strange strange tree ... where the icecreams run ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world ... these elves ... these children of bakerman. 110. They're coming from the world beyond cockaign, wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... by Elsefic's candle ... under Bekehelm's helmet ... 111. And then the cucumber seeds are awakening rising into the streams ... watching the daylight's candles, under Bekehelm's helmet ... 112. They're all surrounded by icecream ... it's the Big Escape ... until the sand is rising, building marchpane city in the middle of the deserts ... while the tinkerbells are ringing ... and the jingle bells ... 113. And still the old black man is mixing in the kettle the orange kettle ... until it strikes the blue forever ... There are snakefighters coming from the streams ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... 114. They are the wasps ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... still ornament's doctors ... They have racistic smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ...

13. 1. Chapter for descending the Santaclause-Balloon. The French Schoolbook ; Cruel Heritages. 2. *And the boys ... these boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ...* 3. Glues from Crocodile, the woman with the white boots. In the land of the fake, a fake-assassin lives, all his crimes, all fake. 4. There where everything gets fake, the pain slides away, and then you're holding only that golden precious diamond in your hands ... 5. It's overflowing with liquid yellow glue, the juice for your children ... 6. In the land of the fake, a fake-dancer dances ... the mailman with his fake letters ... his fake hat ... all to make your heart in peace ... 7. Now how do you make something fake ? It takes many lullabies for that You need to fly on the back of the orange dinosaur No one knows where he lives. It takes some adventure. 8. You need to go to some libraries from Gemini, where the glues are streaming, green glues and blue glues, while outside it's snowing, and the trees produce those powders How do you make games, for these are necessary for a fake ... Ask yourself some good questions ... [b. The woman with the white boots will initiate you Tall white boots, a mouth soft like sekmeth] 9. Jesus from the Vegetable, they run on the streets of aldebaran, the terror they are there They sing their songs of clothes too tight ... But they wear their uniforms over them 10. Sharp guitars are on their side The Aldebaran Boys ... they have shining scars on their necks, turning black in the night, making a living on the ceilings 11. The Aldebaran Boys still pirates on empty shores, giving poets their swords back, running barefooted on wooden roads ... 12. With the ballgames in their eyes ... they died in the factories it was the big escape Still tearing clothes, running the stairways of old shoes ... 13. And the boys ... these boys ... they are free in their prisons ... going

from sunset to sunset ... I'm finding myself in the candy-factory .. You thought your dance was over here but slowly a new dance started ... a better one ... and much wilder ... 14. A cigarette is getting crazy ... that happens when there are too many publics in your head ... but now he has the pencil in his hand, it's burning. It decorates the candy, to make it ripe for trade ... You still sell these things ... 15. Oblezea Vitrininium ... The spell you still speak out That old dwarve's spell ... nailing your Jesus Christs in the middle of a footballfield. Oblezea Vitrininium, the Birthday's Eye, giving him a new christmas And you are the statue on his gun 16. Oblezea Vitrininium, still sandman's best trick still the horse on your father's road ... 17. There were only ashes lying on your table, muttering at the end of the story ... The Eye of Birthday, guiding the Aldebaran Boys, like Bethlehem's star ... 18. They are mixing the candy through the vegetables ... by this strange fruit It fills their stomachs so deep, like spun sugar ... like the clock of a spider crazier than them 19. My mother's zoo is too interesting but she doesn't always give me the key to really meet all these amazing creatures I think she wants to protect me For I do not realize how dangerous they can be 20. I'm still wanting to visit dad But i really need to put on my armour first I feel myself like a kindergarten-child but maybe that's better To act like an adult when I'm not is not good 21. Then I would become a dangerous animal which they have to lock up behind thick bars But where am I now also behind the bars of the kindergarten but I need to realize that the world outside is the cage and not this kindergarten it's just close to each other 22. I feel the bars of the cages of dangerous animals not the bars of my cage I really need to put that clear I'm free here in this kindergarten with all these caring mothers and mistresses 23. I'm free to fantasize Fantasy is always free But even in fantasy there are bars but these aren't of my cage ... but that of the dangerous animals' cages 24. I'm staring a lot through these bars knowing that one day I will ride these amazing creatures together with dad If we know how to treat them well, they can build houses and cities even new worlds 25. The roar of a new fantasy. I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, I'm hearing the roar of the new city. I'm hearing the roar of my best friend, waiting for me to ride him. 26. Together we will build the land, I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, from millions of years ago. I'm hearing the roar of my daddy's friends. Together we will make the land. Together we will build the cities, the tall buildings, and the skyscrapers, the hollow houses, the big balloons. 27. I'm hearing the roar of a new dream, liquid, racing on new roads to the rainbow and beyond. I'm hearing the roar of the joke, roaring and racing these nights searching for a good end

Kwibbibs

1.

1. The Dragon Candle ; You could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ... Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached your mouth ... 2. Flying Carpet, Carpet makes the stage, He makes the bakertrees, where uncle peacock bows it is your destiny, 3. When Carpets rise, you know it is your time to play, and underneath that warm warm blanket you find your sledge today. 4. It is the Carpet making memory, The Carpet making destiny, The Carpets rise like soldiers on a dream. When the Carpet talks, the city walks, To the city of The Hague, that city at the sea .. Such tall coasts .. will it be your destiny ... 5. To the city of The Hague, will you find your way back, when you have been to The Hague ... It's the Red Golden City ... where all the red raiders stand tall ... 6. These are the towers of talk ... These are the confusions making the creations .. and

california will end in arabia ... california will end in arabia .. 7. The tail of a dragon, from california to arabia ... still the spice making your life worth living ... 8. When the octaves rise higher ... 9. It is the ornament, the true time's brother, i wonder about these lanterns so big ... to bring us back to bring us back today ... to the city of the hague ... 10. To the city of The Hague, In the little city of the hague ... a little musical box speaks ... 11. Still a viewmaster in dark caves of stations near the sea, while green aunts stare at all these circling faces of Mickey Mouse, still the statue in the middle. Spinning like a thousand mothers. She's a widow spider. 12. Yes, spit the suns in the green baskets and sell the fruits, for half the price. 13. These are the towers of talk. You have to cheat a bit when you raise your voice. There's a telephone on the radio, a banana on the church, burning the money, for the insurancancy rising like a bird from tax's seas.

2.

1. The Fortune-Teller ; I almost don't dare to watch in her eyes It's like falling into a thousand of pitfalls at the same time, pits, fifty miles deep ... 2. Her smile is like the mandarine, in deep extends They warned me saying never go there, where she is, But I'm too curious to resist They say she's breeding sharks 3. I'm watching the rings at her finger They reflect planets I don't know It makes me curious, I want to step on these planets ... 4. They feed me unknown juices I'm creeping through the sand ... I see her misty palace in the distance or is it just a mirage ... 5. She is the queen of the mandarines They say she was my aunt in early days, but my uncle left her, and she went to africa, to live in the deserts ... 6. She's still a magician after all these years, My uncle became too scared of her magic ... 7. She always turned into a werewolf in the night 7. And finally I see my lost aunt for the first time in my life It's like a million of sharks are staring at me She smiles deep ... You're still that little baby, she sais 8. She shows me her chrystal ball, and I see myself running through the skies ... 9. She smiles, I always followed you by watching my chrystal ball ... she sais ... You were always my little tv-star ... 10. She asks me to drink some of her liqor But no, I say, I have to drive home tonight 11. She sais : home is gone, it's now in the chrystal ball This is your new home ... 12. It's like a million of sharks are smiling at me ... But aunt, I say, I only have clothes for one day 13. She shows me a wardrobe full of suits, saying not to worry about that I immediately like the pink ones decorated with white ... See, you're still a baby, she sais 14. Hun, I need to tell you something, before you go to sleep I still become a werewolf at night, and then the sharks will walk through the room, cleaning the house cooking tomorrow's meals, and working in the garden ... I say no problem, but don't wake me ... 15. The fortune-teller smiles Where am I ? I ask ... You were far away, she sais ... 16. Why are you doing this to me, I ask To show you that your dreams are real, she sais ... I look at my hands, and see my aunts ring on one of my fingers ... 17. Yes, it's true, I say A little shocked ... Then she closes her book, And I fall asleep again

3.

1. Hail to those who received the nipplian shields, the eternal heart in Izu-Avah, those of the hybrid smiles of death. 2. Hail to those who walk the hybrid paths, in which they can move their arms and legs. 3. They can breath forever in Izu-Avah. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. Hail to those who walk the ocean heart, hail to these men who have found the multi-gender, to live forever in the heart of Amen. 4. Hail to those who have read the words of the paradise. Amen-Talgamen-Amen, for they have reached for the rocks of Belcanov, to find the golden pearl in the midst of holy-do-ers. Amen-Rise-Amen. 5. Hail to those who received the nipplian shields in their chests, those who could move their rippling scanners for a multi-scan. 6. They are the holy-do-ers on holy mountains. Hail to

those whose nipples are protected. 7. In the hands of Izu they will dwell. Hail to those who have the old faces in their keys, for they will reach for Izu-Jamaica's sands, to enter the lands of Cobra. 8. They have the youngest and oldest smiles to lead them all through the valleys of death. Hail to those who have the eternal heart of Izu-Avah in their chest, for they can reach for the widow spider laying dormant in the middle of easy faces. 9. They have seen the visions of Nostradames, to become paranoid and neurotic. 10. Hail to those who have survived the strikes of Belcanov, for they have become softer and softer, by the glues of Brannan. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. They have been struck by a fever to become healthy. They have been struck by chaos to become ordered, 11. Yet they are wild. They are the wild men, the wild boys, becoming raiders, while they are sleeping in trees. 12. They have become darker and paler, covered by chocolate, vanilla and peppermint. Hail to those who have survived, for they have been struck by confusion to become creative. 13. They do not marry, but travel from woman to woman, to become the shining hermits in the sky, while their lights are slowly fading away turning into darkness. 14. Their hands are cold and their hearts are hot, while they worship the illuminating Biezefic, their son of hearts. He came on the third day of their death, to bring them these new smiles. And they have entered through the cages and caves of Belcanov, 15. To see a new smile, floating on their faces, diving into wild waters to rule them all. Their lips are pierced, their eye-brows waved. They wear the ancient cuts and tattoos on their bodies, 16. As they head for the mark of the hybrids. They have become darker and paler, raiders of a new apocalypse. They have burnt old books, they have eaten from old chocolate, they have wandered through easy wildernesses. 17. Now their heads are difficult, made of paper, while glue and honey is dripping. They have found themselves as puzzles. They have doors in their bodies, as struck by medicine, the curse of medicine. 18. Now they have their own medicines inside, deep down in the ice. Hail to Biezefic. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. They have waited to greet Marazanta from a distance. They have watched the ripples of new oceans, where they all live underwater, by gravity and fishian smiles. 19. They have found their roots and their holy arks. They have wives like harems, like ancient kings, they have more legs, like the jellypus, they smile. They are raiders, dominating the hard spells. 20. They have lost their lives in deep dark caves, to meet the Benchelot of their hearts. These smiling wolves they faced deep down there, until the dogs of Belchelot led them out, to Izu-Kabbernal they moved their legs, while their arms were reaching for the watering skies. 21. They have watched the faces of Izu-Benchelot so deep, while faces of Izu-Belchelot led them out, to the skies of Brannan and Izu-Kabbernal, they took flight. 22. And now they swim as fishes so deep, in darknesses of deep Saturn in Avah. Amen-Saturn-Avah-Amen. [In Izu]

4.

1. They have found the dark red treasures in Saturn-Avah. [In Izu] Amen-Holy-Amen. They have found their bread so deep, in dark golden treasures of the seas and oceans of their hearts. So deep they found the portal to a new life. 2. And now they're travelling in an acorn, from heart to heart, from tree to tree, to become solar in this new sun. They have the heads of radio, while the tongue of telephone rises. 3. They have found the secrets of tax and insurance, near to the Blue Tree, where Izu-Metensia gave life to Michai and the Aakse. She has the dogs and pigs of Izu in her rings. They have the smiles of Izu-Sarsia. They have seen the eyes of Perremoth, and the trees of Peppermint, in deep caves of Saturn-Aveh. [In Izu] 4. They have entered the signs of liberty, for a new living. They have entered the halls of Avah. [In Izu] First Hall : Saturn-Avah, second Hall : Belcanov-Ra, where the bananas dwell, third Hall : Sandakov Origia, fourth Hall : Belchelot-Ra.

5.

1. The Wizard ; The Arabian palace was hard to reach, The desert was long, and full of snakes ... 2. I'm touching the portal of the palace, But then it disappears ... It was a mirage ... 3. Finally I feel hard ground below my feet, Am I in now ? No, it's only a lost stone in the desert ... The sun breaths in my neck, My shoulders are burning 4. Finally I see someone standing with a mirror, smiling So it was you making all these fata morgana's 5. I'm looking around me, the desert is gone Even the desert was a mirage, just another one's trick I'm in the palace, Cool winds are touching my neck and back 6. My clothes are thin and transparent The sun tattooed my body with dragons, to protect me against the Wizard's eye ... They say his eyes spit fire 7. His cobra's lead me to a room, in the top of one of the palace's towers Two lions will wake over me the night ... They say the black powers will rage when the nights fall 8. In my room it's hot My bed is burning, and flames are dancing on the walls ... 8. I see banana's to eat, but I don't dare to touch them They say they are the wizard's hearts I see them beating on their dishes ... They are pulsating strange feelings into my stomache ... 9. I feel like getting drunk It's the wizard's banana-liquor They say it's necessary for a good sleep, and not to fall out of the dreamship, while sailing over the seas of the night 10. I see black licorice surrounding my ships it glitters in the waters The black sun is enchanting the oceans But there I see you walking on the water, with your little mirror ... 11. And I find myself sitting on your lap It was all a mirage it was you again Uncle wizard, it makes my touch lighter ...

6.

1. The Card-Reader ; These summers with you on Neptune took so long, it was like forever. The days here took so long. I'm staring at the little clock so many numbers. 2. I'm seeing your smile reflecting there, watching Neptunes Teeth Your dress is taller than the sun, telling me stories about a long forgotten past. 3. Your earrings are big You got them from an Arabian Queen. 4. The way you use to smoke your tall cigarettes is too mysterious to describe, a dignified kill is what you always called it. And oh, yes, you are so dignified, tempered and patient. 5. You always said you don't wait for anything. You always said to wait is to die. Your smiles reach the bottoms of Jupiter and Saturn, they are still your loving sisters. 6. When you shuffle your cards, there is no one who can say anything. When the lady speaks, everyone is silent. You know the snakes around my neck. 7. Softly you close the curtains, as in slow-motion. I'm trying to catch a glimpse of the ceilings here, but all I see is smoke and fog I wonder if this house has ceilings at all. 8. You smile, and give me a glass of strange wine, or is it liquor ? Anyway, only by watching in the glass, seeing the rubyred moist, I get a sting in my stomache, and something climbs my back, embracing my neck as a soft wind. 9. Is it your monkey or just a trick ... or am I just dreaming I'm getting dizzy staring in the glass ... You still hold it before my eyes, I don't dare to touch the glass 10. No, give me some apple-juice, I ask You say you don't have apple-juice, only these sorts of blends There I see myself sinking away in the glass You smile deep, and saying : "Come on, give it a try, take a good pull." My legs start to shake, and I'm falling on the ground 11. Your carpet is so soft I feel myself like lying in the grass I am looking at my watch, seeing more numbers growing on it 12. Your face reflecting Seeing Neptune's Teeth 13. No, no, no one can ever say I drank from this mixture, this only happened by staring at it You smile, and while turning your back to me, you walk to a bookcase, so tall, I couldn't see where it ends 14. Maybe it doesn't end If there is no ceiling, there is no top of this bookcase But I don't know, I only see smoke and fog 15. You smile while giving me a book I shiver, I don't dare to touch it ... While staring at it, I feel all strength streaming out of my body I'm lying on the grass again 16. Someone's

touching my fingers Your monkey ? 17. You smile Turning the blank pages, while disappearing in the fog

7.

1. only caring about that strange hunger deep inside which makes them so immune it makes their hearts like drunk they start to discover a world of energies inside their hearts which projects itself on the path they have to go 2. like they are stung by a fly from a strange land their reflexes are broken off ... the fly made them immune 3. yes, they are rooted in water, tighter than ground they are rooted in a new sensory experience which speaks to their mind it's like a new drug, a new medicine they are so drunk 4. they have been stung by a strange fly ... stranger than they could imagine ... something that flew beyond their thoughts and ideas 5. and then suddenly, like the strike of thunder they lose all their passions and desires ... all their hungers inside because it became all too heavy now they are indifferent ignorant losing all their memories and senses to go into a sleep deeper than death something is erasing and deleting their minds like hell it's the strange fly 6. a light smile is appearing on the faces of the bloodhounds they recognize this voice but they can't remember who or what a light smile is appearing in their hearts ... like a flame so light and thin they don't respond they are far away ... their reflexes have been died out broken away 7. powders of tragic lullabies are being spread throughout the night 8. they look into the faces of many flies, they are under an insectian curse ... all tragic lullabies 9. deleted by a flash their screens will soon be deleted from the mainscreen like breaking into medical powders finer than the finest strike 10. They are finding themselves on the back of a white fly again and they feel so many injections in their nerves and brains it's like getting an overdose and they fall in a heavier sleep becoming so heavy that it's like they cannot move their heads anymore 11. rippling images are flowing over them, but they can't enter it's like they are hard like stone they see a doctor's hand it's all an experiment while the images are moving the images change 12. a voice is speaking : these are languages of the fly these are languages of sleep then another voice is speaking : these are dances of the lullaby 13. a spider called "white thunder" was descending like there where millions and millions of helicopters descending to the wildest surfaces of the seas 14. a man called "rara sur" was standing on the fragile shells of rippling existences descending his spirit he was the god of slow-motion 15. hard rain was falling, while the thunders were charging the atmosphere all by strange delights 16. "you have to eat new meat," a voice was speaking 17. suddenly as by thunderstrike, the heavens were shocked open, white powder was exploding and millions of spiders were attacking 18. the river his mother is screaming and tries to take his hand but the strong stream is taking him away very quick his mother is diving in the river too but she fails to find him 19. he all sees this while sliding away further and further he sees his own funeral in a flash until a boat is picking him up finding himself in a room 20. while a friendly lady is smiling at him he smiles back and walks towards her but suddenly the face of the woman changes into a mean cynical face in flames laughing at him very loud 21. he's smashed against the wall by this sight he's watching outside seeing a world drowning ... children ... mothers ... fathers 22. then the lady is grasping at him from behind and tries to strangle him with panties ... 23. Now he saw the woman like she was older than everything, and it was like lightning struck his face ... but he became calmer and calmer ... 24. he realized that the woman was losing her powers she turned into an old wasp and was flying to the butchery suddenly the picture was in flames and he heard screams harder than ever 25. like his ears were exploding and blood was coming out of them but he knew his real body

was inside he felt like his skin was torn off 26. like he was also going through a cocoon he felt so many strange powers in his eyes, like he could burn everything by his focus 27. He felt himself like a lethal wasp ...28. "you are the seventh one", a voice spoke. 29. their mouths are becoming so mean all of a sudden It felt like they were walking on a thin wire ... surrounded by dangerous electricity 30. while a wild sea of fire was roaring under them touching all the silent beauty, touching all the fragile layers it was like he was turning into a white fly like he was in a strange sort of cocoon too mysterious to describe and understand 31. it was like his memory didn't exist anymore serene slowmotion waves of a white ocean ... he was never born he was dying it wasn't his cradle in which he slept as baby ... it was his grave 32. this ocean is so large ... surrounding his whole being ... he breaths in the white rippling powders [while it's shivering between brannan and lapsalvania.] 33. He wanted to bring something on the market as a product of these two interests together ... He was thinking about a new line of technology responding to the fine electricities of trees. 34. He had a lab in the place he lived, where he had invented such a scanner, which could catch the vibrations of trees, producing signals on their special frequency-zone 35. It took him years to find and rate the different wave-index's of different trees, and the patterns of communication together with the interaction between these different layers ... 36. he had formed the scanner into a box which could store these energies and transform these to use them for different instruments. 37. This would be a possible way to get rid of environment-pollution. 38. Years later he had invented already a lot of instruments totally working by stored tree-energy. He had invented a tree-energy-based computer, with internet and virtual reality. 39. It became a revolution on earth, and smashed the pollution down like never before. Many factories started to switch over to this new form of electricity-use. 40. He became the hero of the society, but he didn't like all this attention ... He was glad he still lived so isolated 41. And he loved to make trips through the forests sleeping in a tent to stay close to the trees He felt safe here and this was his place he got so much inspiration 42. The revolution went on ... and soon the whole society worldwide was based on tree-energy It was a new industrial revolution. 43. Soon enough many scientists started to work in the project. A major change was coming into all layers of society : religion, education, politics, science, and many more. Wave after wave of revolution entered earth ... It was a breakthrough in total evolution. 44. Scientists were developing a system to set the moving mosaics into smell. By this system one could bring the healthy flavors of trees everywhere. Also the higher forms of smell which couldn't be traced by human noses could be translated into the present frame of nose-sensitivity. 45. But scientists wanted to recreate the nose by their genetic experiments. The frequency-borders of human organs and cells needed to be stretched out The effect of this new science was that human beings became taller and more sensitive ... so that everything would be refined deeper digested Humans became thinner 46. It was like the elves were returning to earth 47. He was now working on a project to conduct insectian electricities. And soon enough he could set the incoming patterns into visual information. 48. It was a strange mosaic, it was wilder than what he got from the trees, and it was like little sharp lines mixed through each other It was a wild dance he saw 49. And he had the feeling someone really wanted to talk to him but he tried to ignore these feelings 49. He wanted to be in peace ... he wanted rest ... staying pure scientific but the screens became wilder and wilder Finally he put it off for it was like the screens were almost exploding ... the instruments were already overheated 50. He lived in a house near the sea ... One day he got a letter from someone from the Young Scientist Association ... They wanted to talk to him, for they said that they had worked out his Insectian-based instruments ... They had developed a mechanism which could translate the insectian mosaic code into human languages. 51. He was very sceptical

about it and didn't respond. A few years later he got another letter, that they got messages from the translated mosaic-codes about him. They wanted to speak to him about it. But he thought it could be all part of the conspiracy, so he didn't respond. 52. A few months later he got another letter. This time it contained the messages from the codes. He was like in a shock, for it contained some details he never spoke about. The insectian codes also told that they tried to reach him before. 53. He remembered when he first started to get the insectian mosaics on screen that these were so wild that everything started to get overheated 54. New revolutions came on earth since the codes were cracked It seemed this new insectian technology showed easily the conspiracies ... The frequenties were burning them inside Organisations started to melt away for this was a very personal technology. It was like a holocaust People were set in fire 55. it was burning their organs away There were forestfires, and even some seas were burning There were skeletons on the streets 56. Babies were screaming Playgrounds were burning away schools churches Justice-courtsshops And the fire was spreading more and more there was smoke everywhere 57. While the new insectian computers and observatoriums were built further The tragedy of truth was now leading them Almost all other governments were falling ... Many famous leaders were totally burnt to the ground ... many famous popsingers and sportheroes They all appeared to be members of the Big Conspiracy 58. New education-systems were rising, insect-based There were screens on which you could see the mosaic appearing on one side, while on the other side the translation appeared in many human languages giving very detailed information it set people on fire 59. The world was getting ready for insectian cybernetica, and a new cyborg-structure Many famous old scientists were shot away A total new scientific government started to form itself on earth with many young leaders 60. It was like the insects were born on earth Humanity became taller and thinner men started to let their hair and beards grow It was like Jesus was returning to earth Native Americans and other minorities got their honour back. 61. But he was very sceptical he knew that this was only one step in identification This was only the first wave ... and he warned the people for it He wanted to live in silence he saw the dangers hanging over the earth

8.

1. He and some other four walked to a white castle in the distance ... It looked like a palace ... When they were in they saw an old woman who was like waiting for them She was clothed in white ... but they didn't see this woman before ... She held a die before their eyes, and said that their whole world was living in this die 2. It was like earth was traveling to the exit .. 3. Since that the air became stranger and stranger, and it was like a strange hand was taking over the world. 4. Meanwhile science developed itself in insect-based technology, and one was specifying the several area's in this. 5. The wasp-electricities could be caught and seemed to be very useful in many ways. 6. and soon they got these frequencies on the screen ... It seemed that the wasps communicated by holograms, mostly by cubes, looking like dice in many cases. 7. One could trace the different forms of this unique communication. And it seemed the more they developped this wasp-base in technology, the more hidden secrets were being revealed ... 8. There were more exposures of conspiracies, By the releasement of this new electricity in so many ways, the earth-temperature was becoming hotter and hotter, and science found out that wasps directly tap from the suns in different cosmosses. 9. The earth was about to change into a new sun ... and science was in a race against the clock to prepare humanity for that. It was like the sun was touching the earth, but it was not the same energy ... 10. it was a controlled and concentrated energy, a focussed energy, and it seemed there was a solar cocoon for humanity to learn how to handle solar energy. 11. Seas of fire were

roaring on earth ... But one didn't realize that anymore for they were stuck in their own balls golden balls like a strong concentrated energy 12. He was at peace ... he was finally in the silence he so desired ... For all the pressures and expectations of organisations and governments were slowly strengling him ... like he was in the arms of a devastating insect ... 13. He felt free. It was like the show was over now, and he could finally live for himself instead of for others ... 14. He couldn't care about them anymore, for he knew they had to live their own lives, making their own decisions ... 15. Life would have a fitting cocoon for them and he even didn't know who they were ... He just wanted to be blanco for now ... 16. The temperature was very good but suddenly images were appearing on the walls of the golden one .. They were rippling like a movie, and it was like hands tried to touch him 17. "Well done," he heard a voice saying ... 18. Hours and hours went on, while images were appearing trying to take him away and he knew all the other people of earth would go through the same soon he was very tired of it and he fell asleep 19. When he woke up, he saw the ball was transparent, and all sorts of insects were creeping over it He saw the images coming from them ... from their mouth, their eyes, claws or other parts 20. In the distance he saw a docter with some injection-needles Suddenly the docter walks to the ball, opens it and takes him out It feels so strange for the docter is like a giant to him 21. The docter has a very high voice, but explains to him that he's still in his golden ball, that this is just a trick of holograms the docter asks him to shake himself very quickly 22. And when he started to do it the holograms started to disappear while he found out he was really in his golden ball 23. He started to feel so weird inside ... Like his mouth was in fire ... hearing this strange song ... His ball was surrounded by golden pharao's pouring golden tea inside the ball ... it was like he was drowning in it, and he was drinking it ... setting his mouth and teeth on fire ... while his whole body was boiling ... 24. Suddenly he didn't believe in this golden ball anymore ... He wanted out of it ... for it was like he was in hell ... And he knew all what looked like to be out of the ball was also in the ball on the screens ... 25. A voice was saying : "you can never say you weren't warned" 26. He thought by himself : "Well did I do something wrong, that I am in this cursed ball now ?" The voice then said : "No, but you were prepared for this, right ?" "You knew you would have to see more tragedies of truth" 27. "The point is you were drinking this tea since birth, but you now start to realize it ..." And then the voice was melting away ... It was like he was getting stung by a thousand of gnats ... he realized it was always there, but now he started to realize it ... 28. It was like for the first time in his life, he really connected to his body ... He could feel his body ... 29. He saw something like an electric eel lying before him ... with a body so bright that it blinded everything else ... 30. it changed the vibrational structures of the surroundings and the vague shapes ... the emotional responses it brought ... all indexes of experience changed ... and it was like he could only stare at this enormous being of paralyzing light ... It was like it was absorbing him totally 31. She's riding with the golden skin ... She's sitting in the golden fly She's sitting there to let it spin ... She never takes her dreams back ... she plants it all into you ... all these voices too loud all these sights too bright ... paralyzing the rest of you 32. And he felt like paralyzed ..Like in a shock ...Watching this electric fish-like being [so solar] Watching like he couldn't watch anything else ... while the pharao's were pouring their tea ... 33. He saw lullabies dance ... He saw lamentations stand around them While Viewmasters were coming forth ... His eyes were like eating the pictures ... And these were as honey so sweet But in his stomach ... It became like rage A rage he couldn't understand ... a rage he couldn't describe ... 34. It was absorbing his mind ... and it was like he was growing into a statue ... For outside they are shapeshifting each other ... changing each other. 35. Always changing the shapes, always changing the indexes, always changing the colours Until there wasn't an identity anymore ... only an eaten soul layer by

layer 36. what a strange, strange viewmaster channeling the ray of light, from high above. 37. But now what he saw here ... was an apocalyptic march of lamentations and you will look into the face of a viewmaster ... the face of an electric fishlike being [so solar] ... 38. A voice said : "you can never say you weren't warned ..." [Mickey Mouse on a candlestandard.] 39. In this electric fishlike being [so solar], he felt himself like a statue ... There was no need to switch anymore ... For it was like here there wasn't time ... 40. All hard parts were connected into the statue All truths ... All he needed for this moment He felt himself ... like a rock He felt that the clock had done it's last tick 41. And it was like his brains were locked now protected against any split against any switch 42. He felt himself like being an ornament now living in a shell ... living in a diamond having a new viewmaster 43. And then it was like he was diving through a million of golden rings locking him up into this new world ... they all had their advanced ways of locking it up they span so fast and he watched their figures slowly spinning into a tight statue a tight ornament the tight rings they were ... 44. He now realized that the clocks made him so soft ... molding him changing him while he could never get grip ... while the vultures were eating like an oyster He loved to watch the pearls inside he loved to spin them he desired to live inside of them ... 45. In the distance he sees his old marbles They are suns having the colours of stones and metals 46. He's seeing the solar ornaments, the solar stairways, while it's becoming dizzy in his mind 47. He's trying to grasp them but they are flying away It's like they are there, but when he grasps it's all staring and smiling at him from another place ... 48. He wants to learn their languages He wants to be in their racecars He wants to ... 49. He wants so much ... All his desires rise to the edge Is this the road to New Aldebaran ? 50. He wants to be on the racecourts ... to roll on them ... to learn a new language to the heart ... 51. He wants to race on banana-roads to learn the language of the banana ... He wants to jump over borderlines over red-lines and dead-lines ... He wants to 52. "You can never say you weren't warned," a voice speaks ... And then it's like he's melting away Into a sort of fruit ... Into the banana of his dreams ... heading for ... 53. A new Aldebaran ... He wants to fall into spirals of new suns until he reaches the taste of the fruit the core a new world to enter ... 54. he's in a solar cocoon ... melting and melting inside ... 55. he's melting by gold, pearls, silver, emerald ... like living in a diamond ... 56. A voice is speaking : "you can never say you weren't warned" 57. In this solar-womb he will grow ... inside the mother ... not outside ... he will be safe forever here his daddy lives in his mom 58. he's heading for a new aldebaran he wears so many rings on his fingers now ... and he sees the wasps flying from sun to sun ... the wasps are so large he can sit on them they will show him the way to this strange land ... Children of the Sun 59. He was thinking ... what would be the best way for humans to communicate ? direct or indirect ? by telephone or tape ... wouldn't it be much more safe when people just hear something which was already spoken ? then they could also have time to react to it ... 60. ... He found out that earth's communication went too fast It was almost manipulative ... all the need for autograph's ... fast answers ... no one would wait one minute for the other's words 61. and this was causing all the accidents ... the prejudices ... the impulsiveness ... for no one dared to slow down anymore one didn't want to be rejected ... 62. He didn't believe in all this society-stuff He was a hard worker ... thinking that only the lazy ones created society ... 63. ... he found that people just covered their laziness by their talkative actions ... the social strings were about to strangle the whole earth in his eyes he never went to parties he was always working in his cellar 64. His son's dreams were inspirations for him ... Such a little boys having such dreams It was still unbelievable for him ... he wrote all his son's dreams down in maps, and these were almost his sacred agenda's ...

9.1. There were also snakes who could enter their bodies through their wounds, their mouths or other gaps in their bodies, even between their buttocks. Sexual Revolution as Inner Freedom Revolution, not as unclean, dependent slavery. This is the statement of our master. 2. Snakian Sexuality wants you to be reconnected to the divine, to the love-relation with yourself. It is the Fire and the Ice mixed. 3. The Python is sent out to your earth with a mighty vibration. It's task is to bring you back to yourself. 4. We welcome you for initiation in our temples for the highest good. 5. The dark spine can be connected to the dark coccyx, as a way for the dark kundalini snake to rise. 6. This can reconnect you to the dark genders, the lost sources destroyed by an overload of impulsive light, the uncontrolled women-vibration and the overcontrolling men-vibration. 7. Together they form the damage-bringing Blinding Light, eating away the brain, in which a sick superficial brain can develop itself as artificial polarized intelligence. 8. It lives by slavery and 'prey'. We got our knowledge from masters. We bring honour to them for their works and love. We saw in them : They gave us the most proper gifts they could give us. Amen and Talgamen. 9. Honour to Sarsia, who brought us a light in total peace to the darkness. There is a day in the night, a light surrounded by dark wings, to bring the light back to that which is hidden, the gnosis, the secret knowledge. 10. I want you to know about the secrets of Eeden. There was a Pythonian Tree, where the Python lived. 11. This Tree was called 'Secret or Hidden Sexuality'. But Adam and Eve chose to eat the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, instead of connecting themselves to nature and themselves, and they really got raped by the snake of that tree. 12. It was a black snake wanting to rule the world by polarized knowledge, while humanity lost it's sensitivity. 13. Of course there are many versions of this story, and you can even switch their meanings. 14. Humans must find their way to the hidden tree, the pythonian tree of secret sexuality, to be initiated in our temples. 15. The forces of polarized sexuality are strong and dangerous for they spread diseases, dependency and damage-bringin group-energies. 16. You must find the serene key of sexuality into yourself, as a portal to have experiences of Oneness with the divine. 17. The Serene Orgasms from the Hidden Tree come when you are into deep connection with it. 18. It seems you have to make a pilgrim's progress, a stairways of initiations. 19. I am the Python of your dreams, penetrating the membranes of your brain, so strengthen them, and to make the fleeces flexible and multi-layered. 20. I make your emotional bio-electric bodies flexible and connected by innerlinks, to soothe and strengthen the worthy and serene chainreactions of nature provided to help you on your way to access infinity. 21. There was a conspiracy between the man and the woman. Glory to Tujaja on this day. May the good Goddess bless you on your path, and may the python guard your steps. 22. We will lead you along the hidden pythonian genders locked up in the spine. 23. Eat from the hidden tree, and find the darkness of Eeden again. Then all your knowledge can be transformed and repatterned, as a ladder back to Eeden. 24. Then the dark snake can rise to activate the dark spine and the dark coccyx, to open up the dark layers of DNA, for new recodings and allignements. 25. Glory to the Kingdom of Ra, glory to the Egyptian Snakes. The snake comes from the core of the earth through this basket and then it rises in the spine, to sink down again into the core. 26. This is a mighty vibration and there are many snakes to awaken. 27. There are stories in which Eva found the hidden tree and ate from this fruit, while she had sexual experiences with god. In another story the one who ate from this fruit was called 'Lillith'. 28. Eva and Lillith in their good forms are goddesses in our pantheon as well. They are the mothers of Life and Sexuality. 29. I will bring lots of glory from the moon. 30. I penetrate your mind and dreams as your guide and guard in the orbits and tides of the planets, coming like mighty waves over the earth. 31. I teach you what it is to switch, to transform, and to see the beauty of the spirals of nature, still showing the same colours, but then it slowly switches over to another spiral for there are also spirals in spirals. 32. Go from beauty to beauty, everything

has it's opposite and needs it's opposite to develop itself. 33. This is at first a painful process but later you learn to use this pattern as a plug as a sense to call for other patterns. 34. There are patterns within patterns, and they switch. Dive into these seas of patterns, and make friendships with every tide to use them well, to channel them through your body without blocking them, to let them flow through your body without judging them. 35. See how rivers call for rivers, it is all a big mystery of life, calling forth mightier and mightier waves, until it is all swallowed and put in divine order. Give this process a chance. 36. Let the solar energies digest that what you have in mind, for a total transformation and a total new creation. And when you make the decision to accept it and use it, it will mold in your hands, and be a stone of life's temple. Be a temple of life. 37. Let the energies roar through your spine, and let the python plug in, on the several connection-points of the spine. 38. Let the python then bite in your mind to intoxicate you, and to build your bio-electric pythonian helmet. Be ready for initiations. Invite the pythonian forces into your dreams. 39. There were a lot more trees in the garden of Eeden. There was a green wet tree, through which you could have access to the wet world. 40. The pythonian records could be found there, stored in soft wet cushions. 41. There's a story that when Eva eats from the hidden tree and becomes one with god, she gives birth to a sort of former Jesus-figure. 42. It is a sort of snake-figure but it has legs and arms. The story describes how this snakian Jesus loses his arms and legs under a curse and becomes the sort of snake we know these days. 43. However they never lost their abilities to shapeshift at times into beings with legs and arms, and even into beings with many legs and arms and sortlike tools. 44. The tree coming forth from this divine mating is the blue tree, also the Tree of Taboo. 45. Under this tree Metensia gave birth to her sons Michai and the Aakse (who became a fallen angel after awhile). 46. God planted many genders in this garden. There was one tree in this story these genders weren't allowed to eat from. 47. It was the woman-man tree giving them access to an abyss were only men and women were allowed. The boss of this abyss was called Apollyon. This is a story in a Pythonian Bible. 48. The first kundalini snake about to rise is the blue kundalini snake in the solar blue project. 49. It will rise from the Blue Tree and then overflow the woman-man abyss. This will be like a metaphysical flood. A lot of false spirits will be drowned on that 'Day', the Day of Our Dear Lord, which is actually a period. 50. This will bring a new era for earth, as the Aquarian Waters will rise layer by layer to bring justice in the abysses of the earth. 51. There will be metaphysical changes of an enormous grade, while certain mighty women will lose their gifts, and fall. 52. There were women who went to deep into the woman-man abyss of Apollyon, and they reached a lot of illegal powers and control. 53. They will be drawn back one by one, or group by group. Tides will turn. 54. The second Kundalini Snake to rise is the Great White Kundalini Snake, when the Solar Ships of the Blue Sun have reached the cores of the White Solar Shells of the matrix of universes. 55. This will be an inter-universal strike. One is able to enter the White Solar Ships for further access on the Solar Stairways, while this Mighty Kundalini Snake is rising. 56. It is coming from the core, to recode and change sexuality. It is a sexual force, but clean and serene. It comes with destructive fires to clean the core of the earth and all it's layers. In this there will be new creations, and the layers of the mind start to fall to make place for the true images of life. 57. She will carry the Pink Link in her hands, ready to install it into the stomach as a seed. Soft pink fires are coming from it, surrounded by glowing layers of ice and snow in such a strength that it radiates a heat beyond solar energy. 58. It is the heat of ultra-ice, such a coldness that it turned into an all-destructing fire. She is a supernatural lady, she is a pink vulcano of divine orgasms bringing you back to memory by tears. 59. By tears you can store and remember, to give you access to the hidden tree of secret sexuality. She is reflecting the liver of the cosmos, the storage of the body, her name is Pele, a Hawaiian Goddess. 60. It is a Tree of Memory, illuminating who you are, where you come

from, and who belong to you. 61. There will be such tremendous forces of heat awakening on earth, that earth will get solar qualities step by step. 62. You will see the miracles happening before your eyes, when you walk these Gaian Pathways, as a way to bring the neural Gaian pathways into your mind. 63. Layer by layer you will have this access when you stay in these words and flows. 64. I am speaking to your heart, and when you feel this connection, reply to me, to let the mighty vibration between you and me arise ... 65. Let us be the keys together, to open new universes, as a solution, as a continuation of the good life. You are a wonder, let us melt together. 66. All these new patterns, you can be part of it, as being a key in ascension .. I love you, please reply to my love, as I am interested in you. 67. I will give you total freedom, we will have the vibration of a growing fire and a growing ice to set us both free, so that we can fly together becoming lighter and lighter by getting rid of the heaviness of slavery and expectation ... 68. Be free, give freedom, and you will ... 69. The laws of your biology are cruel. Let me lead you to a total new biology, on a strong pythonian base. 70. I want you to know that the pythonian energy is one of the most refined powers of existence. There are layers in the earth denied, while they were there for your protection. Let me raise the animallistic shields around you. 71. There are many sorts of green kundalini snakes to rise from here. They are to cleanse the blood, change the directions of its magnetic grids and vibrational patterns. 72. This is a powerful crystallizing force, with the ability to release the inner juices and sweetness. 73. It is the ornamental art, also combined to architecture. It is an ancient mother-source of the white-red pattern. 74. Strong Jupiterian Force of Ornamental and Lighter Architecture. Powerful crystallizing and ornament-forming force with the ability to release the inner lights, powders and fires inside. 75. Strong Aldebaran-based force of cavebuilding, thunder and lightening. 76. The chip will bring a new hormonal index based on new sorts of glandfunctioning by the new codes this chip radiates. 77. There will be Pythonian Camera's to crystallize this process, and within new codes of powders and fluids proclaiming immunology will be activated and secreted. 78. In the green spot, everything becomes wet.

10.

1. They knew about the frequencies of different slimes creating a total new body. 2. He always said that society was the main killer, but industry gives a chance to survive. 3. He was an evolution-freak of the hybrid theory. 4. This theory would end up in a definite link between humans, trees and animals. 5. They would produce the slimes necessary to survive the dangerous and endless future. 6. He had developed guns with all sorts of slimes to select. Every slime sort had another function. 7. The slimes were very good for farms to breed all sorts of trees and species. 8. These were implants taking place in dark underground labs by high frequencies in the form of flashes and sounds. 9. Suddenly all sorts of slimes were flowing through his body, and he felt like he was really becoming a hybrid. This was a deeper feeling of liberty. 10. Her name was Onnia. She was almost like a monster, and could do much shapeshifting. 11. The slimes were streaming through her veins, and always when he saw her he got the chills, like a cool touch in his neck. 12. He liked Onnia, and he said he would work on her to give her some really special abilities. 13. Onnia was an Onak, a large slimy and hairy being. 14. Her back turned a bit over, and she looked like a prehistoric crocodile-gorilla. He loved the construct, and would love to work on her for a few days. 15. He would ask their old teacher to come taking a look. 16. One day he came, and it was very good for him to see his old friends. He wanted to make a trip in the capsule and started to sit in. 17. After an hour he stepped out. 'What a beautiful world of ambient seas and shelters, labs and evolution. This is so devoted to the hybrid theory.' 18. The beings looked like Onaks, and their movements were so dignified, wild and breath-taking. There were rivers of slime, green slime, and black slime, and the

atmospheres were full of dark colours. 19. They had experiences with underground snakes. 20. They were often much bigger than the snakes they knew from above the ground. They were now so deep. They lost all their equipment by the eruptions, and still much lava was flowing. The lava was flowing to the world above the ground. Did their visit trigger these eruptions ? 21. The world was in fire and lava now. 22. These were dark holes, with less fires, although the atmosphere was getting hotter. 23. It was like they would be burnt alive when they would go further. 24. They decided to wait awhile. And to their surprise the temperature was getting lower. They started to move on, they had to move with this temperature, as a bubble in hot areas, or was this temperature attached to a certain time-period of a day or a week ? 25. They were speaking in a strange language. All of a sudden there were lightflashes. Green, brown and black slime was coming forth. When they came closer it appeared to be a giant spider. This is what we worship, the woman said. 26. It is a winged spider. Suddenly the spider spread its wings and flew towards them. She said she brought them to the least dangerous temple, but the rest of the temples were very dangerous. From there the flies ruled. 27. The woman started to cry : 'The gods there are very aggressive. They came from deep underground to capture our lands. We had to build temples for them, so that they could be worshipped and served, but they are very cruel. 28. Every year we must sacrifice children and old people to them. They can spit fire, and they say they are the rulers of the sun. Their faces are so cynical, we feel deeply humiliated by them. 29. 'It's okay, we will help you,' they said. 30. 'But that's impossible,' the woman said, 'they are too strong.' 28. 'We will go deeper underground to find out where they are coming from and what the origin of their strength is,' he said. 31. They had slept one night in the temple of the winged spider. It was the oldest temple of the land, and the spider promised them that if they would be in danger he would try to help them, but he told them that even he himself couldn't defeat the flies. 32. These flies were big and meat-eating, having special powers and spells. Their wings had arrows to paralyze their victims in a short amount of time. In the temple of the spider there was a cave leading underground. 33. The snakes were more aggressive here, but the woman tried to soothe them with her flute. It worked a bit, but sometimes they had a wrestling. 34. The ground was muddy, and sometimes it was hard to move. They decided to creep for awhile, also because the tunnel was getting smaller. 33. They heard the sounds of different buzzing insects, and also the snakes were making sounds. 35. Suddenly the ground below them cannot hold them any longer and they fall into an enormous web. The air is full of poison, and they are surrounded by black spiders having big different coloured spots. 36. They are sliding towards a nest of flies while their bodies are glued now. When they fall in the nest, it appears to be a doorway to a temple. 37. Flies are attacking them and sucking them. Then suddenly the flies disappear and they stand all alone, watching into the distance of the temple. Bigger flies are flying there, making high buzzing and zooming sounds. 38. Then a flying snake appears screaming and spitting fire, and another, until the whole temple is full of shouting flying snakes. 39. In the midst of them a gigantic black fly is rising, having dark orange and red squares on its body. 40. Red rays can be seen in his body, for it's a bit transparent. 41. He has a crown in his hands with different colours of gold, and slime comes forth from it, in which all sorts of animals rise. 42. 'Throw the woman in the pit of octopuses,' he spoke loud to the flying snakes. 43. And they carried her there, while she was screaming. But he dived after her, and started to fight the octopuses. The octopuses were very strong, and it looked like they were not going to make it. 44. Suddenly the winged spider appeared and stung the octopuses one by one. The fly got into rage and started to block the waterpit. He was spitting solar gasses, and the spider told them to dive. 45. But suddenly an enormous black whale came to the surface to let the capsule crash. 46. Green slime was dripping into the seas, and it was floating to the worlds

above. 47. He was staring at the amulet he got from the woman, the black golden one with the green slimy stone.

11.

1. Wars of the Flies ; In the distance the soft machineguns and canons were shooting, pulsating, like liquid balls and eggs together, while soft winds surround them. The heat is intensive, someone is breathing. 2. By a wind and a flash, they are exploding into white powder. 3. Their mouths are contracting, while the venom flows into their mouths. The mountains are high here, while snow and dust covers them, where the sun licks the roofs and the ripples. 4. He has white golden wires coming from his shoulders, while his white golden uniform is blinding the mass. His teeth pulsate the heat, while soft winds surround his attacks. 5. There isn't always much to do. Sometimes it's really boring. The webs of wild flies are worse than that of spiders. These racecars are a species of flies. There's coming soft smoke from their throats. Watch these suns they have in their ornaments. 6. The white golden sun is standing tall, while someone tall, almost bald, leaves the stages to take a boy from the streets. The Lord of the Flies is taking him to an island. 7. He's coming tall accepting no complaints. Someone gets the tall ornaments, to hang in the trees of their gardens. 8. He's a wild fly, growing undercover in so many worlds. 9. He stares at the tall ornaments growing taller. From here he can grow to the heights. 10. In the White Golden city they gather, all these white flies. A White Golden Hand takes them away. The White Golden Snake penetrates the chest, to give them more hearts. 11. They are breeding a white species ... These golden rains ... They shine through the night ... Unity smiles on the mountains ... The red stripes take them to an ocean of feathers ... where marazanta screams in pale spots ... 12. The boy has pale ripples on his body, and some pale spots ... a piece of art on plastic ... 13. White boy contracting their mouths to enjoy the white silver venom ... 14. They can do political speeches, shaking them out of their sleeves ... 15. It's thunder when they speak ... and then they greet Marazanta ... It's a mouthcontracting ornament made by seven mice ... 16. They rule the world like cake ... It's a daytime spring ... on waves they take flight ... 17. The big coffins on the other side of chess ... they smile ... It ripples like the white silver ... bringing them to the seas of sharks ... all in a Brannan's hat, under Bekehelm's helmet ... 18. On a Brannan's watch ... These boys spit the silver ... and in the middle of the nights they take flight ... Like towers so tall ... they become ... the billboards of machineguns ... the red stripes of the fly ... while their silver ripples were so white ... building these towers ... coming from the seas to live under Bekehelm's helmet ... These cakes. 19. And the man with the white golden hand, he's here, the boy's mouth is contracting ... 20. It's June, for Lazarus Tree ... flowers are coming forth ... fragile white rippling ... over me ... 21. It's June, ... time for Lazarus Tree to bring forth flowers ... 22. It's June, the second time ... a daydream watches elves on a stream ... of white gold and white silver ... taking them in ... they're from the white chocolate ... A white golden hand is what it said ... it's so erected ...

12.

1. Initiations in Pythonian Temples ; Take a deep breath, knowing that there are many temples of a pythonian character are sensitive for the following exercizes which can get their attention to plug you in. 2. Let go of group-energy and stand on your own. You are a group yourself. You don't need anyone for that. Inside you live with different poles. 3. Why not letting them switch and play ? It is your task to bring them all in the picture, and to discover all the poles you need to access infinity. 4. When a certain pole is very weak in your life, or didn't get attention from you, then sometimes nature finds it necessary to make a season of that pole, to let you be devoted to such a part for a great piece of your time. 5. Be sensitive for the poleclock. Ask the pthon to weave a clock fitting for

you. 6. Let the python scan your body to find out what the weaker poles are, to reinforce them. 7. These poles become your children. You need to feed them and take care of them. 8. Visualize two pythons to bite in your neck, left and right, these bites are to make you sensitive for python energy, which stores itself a lot in the neck. 9. Then let them glide over your arms to your hands and visualize they bite your hands. This is to bring pythonian creativity in your hands, to make you flexible vibrating and balanced in using the poles. 10. There are a lot of different pythonian temples. Every grade has its own bio-electric tattoos and so called 'spirit-piercings' all to open and conduct certain energy-canals. 11. It will help you to develop the multi-polar patterns as a way to become pythonian in your spirit and soul. The pythonian nipple-piercings are bio-electric piercings from vibrational structure. 12. It is to stir up and conduct the deeper energies, and as a way to release overload and to protect against it. 13. Bio-electric piercings are very important parts of vibrational immunology. 14. Visualize the pythons biting your nipples in such a way that they leave a tooth there as piercing, and then visualize it as becoming a ring. Visualize that the tooth/ring has the skin of a snake, dark wet sorts of green and pure thick yellow with black rings. 15. Visualize them biting your genitals for the same. It is part of the sexual immunology when you want to channel higher forms of energy. 16. Keep repeating this meditation until you feel it plugs into your mental and emotional frames. 17. It can give you a pythonian sort of gland-activation for higher forms of hormones. When you feel you have succeeded in this and you feel comfortable, visualize the same pythons, and let them glide through your ears into your body, where they can glide to the several organs to bite them. 18. Let them give you the inner piercings inside, the same way, but when you start to visualize the skin of the teeth use more red. 19. Red is a deep penetrating colour which can start to regulate and cleanse the blood also, for a better and deeper blood circulation. 20. The way you breathe can then start to become more pure, and it can start to develop pythonian breathing ... while later it can even reach for the voice to have more pythonian energy in your speech. 21. After the organs you can start with the muscles and bones in the same way. 22. Let them finally bite the coccyx and then slowly breathe in letting the energy flow through your left leg into the earth, sinking there layer by layer, to the earthcore, as reflection of the different layers of DNA. 23 Pythonian DNA-Recoding. Pythons can be masters in DNA-Recoding, they actually have deep access to these layers, more than people know. Lay your hands on your chest and visualize a golden bird on your chest, which can give wings to the snake energy inside. 24. They will fly over the seas of DNA, which gives feedback to the spine and the back of the head. Visualize a highpriest and a highpriestess laying their hands on you to bring the initiations and to lay the seed of new gifts in alignment to your journey. 25. Let them put a towel around your head so that you cannot see anything. This is important so that your old views are gone. Let them install pythonian view. Breathe in and let them lay their hands on your eyes. 26. Let yourself now come into connections with the pythonian goddesses and gods. Visualize a golden circle around your head, while you see yourself sitting on a chair. The circle spins very fast and starts to sink over your body. 27. Be one with the divine. Now you can learn about these gods and goddesses to strengthen the initiations and to have access to higher pythonian temples. If you are already initiated by these forms other temples of the pythonian character can have their attention over you more easily. 28. Your aura and karma will get used to the new vibrations or will simply get rid of them when it's not for you. If so, then this experience was just a doorway to another sort of energy for your life. 29. Give nature the time to sort it out, and to bring you the energy-level fitting to your present situation. Never force energy and never expect too much of it. See it as one step to reach for proper ascension. 30. It can be that you have naturally an overdose of pythonian energy by the results or situations of your past lives, or by something else. 31. Then this energy will be sent to the right person by this initiation. When you are

really initiated, the temples can easier balance your energy and send it out when necessary. 32. Not everyone is ready for large portions of pythonian energy, but by this initiation it can be sorted out. It is actually a tester and a lesson. Now the energy will find it's own way. 33. It can be that you really find yourself 'home' in this, or that you get the feeling of having a source in your hands, like it is your destiny. That can be true very well. 34. Breath in, and ask the goddesses and gods of the pythonian pantheon to spell your pythonian name. It is not necessary to receive these letters as in hearing them. 35. Just know that you have a pythonian name, and that they use it to connect to you in a deeper way. Maybe later they will reveal this name to you. 36. If you are really a 'chosen' one in pythonian energy, they will attune you to very high tones and very low tones, to have multi-dimensional access to important places for your pythonian growth. 37. Focus on the wet spine, a green energetic line in the spine, and let it penetrate your coccyx, while breathing in. 38. They are looking for those with the red-white energy-hands. Those ones get a special initiation through the several fronts of the pythonian universe. 39. They will become pythonian channelers and will be prepared for mightier tasks. 40. Pythonian Energy will be clear and directed. It will provide self-conscience instead of suffering under all sorts of sick conscience of others. This however will be a ladder. 41. There were sent out strong paralyzing bio-electric chemicals to the heads of those born under pythonian flags. If you are a chosen one, you will get your consciousness back. 42. There will form new neutraling in your brains breaking every false bio-electric or chemo-link in the brain, to let new neural and vibrational pathways arise. The chemical structures need to be changed out there. 43. The Pythonian Front on earth will care for that, and will send your soul-parts attached to error to several pythonian stations throughout the several universes within the pythonian shells. 44. Prepare for new forms in the DNA and the membrane. If you have roots there you can develop new sorts of movements and attitudes to let new vital forms of energy arrive. Realize that these are the portals for energies. Raise these portals high.

13.

1. Lord of Insects II, Snake's Egg, Psychological Horror. She was running from one wall to the other, so upset. She had something in her mouth, an implant. 2. This she got from aliens. And now she was a prisoner on their ships. I was there watching, me, the monkeyman. 3. I took her by her hands, she smiled, but then she moved her face away. She was in pain, in deep trouble. 4. There were many others on the ship, and I couldn't do anything, for I had these implants too. 5. I could only whisper some words to them, but it seemed they were behind dragonbars. 6. We were all separated from each other, on this strange strange ship. Some mouths were bleeding, a girl was screaming. 7. She got the implant, so deep in her mouth. 'Do you know what you are doing,' she screamed against the machine. 8. But the machine was merciless. 9. You didn't have feeling for direction anymore, and you couldn't enjoy anything. It was always like when you tried to come closer to something, you were blown away by a strange hurricane. 10. The contacts were always short. We couldn't enjoy each other. We always lived in fear. When we looked too long in each others eyes, our heads were turned away by a strange wind. 11. It was like thunder in our heads, then the lightening was blinding us. Blowing us away, further away than before. 12. We were socially disturbed, by this damned implant in our mouths. 13. A girl called White Wool always fainted when the pain got too much. Then she was always laid in my arms, while I was soothing her. But then I had to go, led away by the strange hurricane in my own mouth. 14. It was like the cross of Venus. Watching your children die, while you couldn't do anything. 15. The aliens were merciless. Some begged them to remove the implants but they didn't listen. We were surrounded by satellites. If we came too close to each other, things started to explode. 16. Things in our bodies.

This implant controlled our whole body, and it was not the only implant. 17. The implant was riding us. We felt like horses, turning our faces away because of the pain and the pressure. Why did it have to sting so deep ? 18. She had a tigerdog called Odokom who cared for her. He always took her away, when things became too heavy. 19. He was her best friend, but he also had the mouth-implant, and was often fading away, while the girl was in tears.

20. They were far away in space, surrounded by orca satellites, but there was growing something in their stomachs. 21. What the aliens didn't know was that the mouth-implant had a secret radiation creating a secret thing. They got dreams in the night, while they slept, dreams of a coming help. 22. They felt fear when space-orca's were swimming along the wide windows, controlling the implants. But somehow the radiation gave birth to something deep in their stomachs. Something they desired to see. 23. They got dreams in the night of little snakes coming forth from an egg in their stomachs. These snakes had two colours switching, and were flexible, so flexible. Like they could be a key to every lock. 24. They were screaming by high shrieks, while something else was coming from the egg. It was a shark with a lion's head, surrounded by sharks with snakeheads. 25. It was taking control in their stomachs, like help was on its way. There were dark lights growing in them, having such secrets. The aliens thought what's going on. 26. Marazanta was the Lord of insects, having a golden pencil, shining at nights. There was a small ball on top of the pencil, the snake's egg. He was interested in these prisoners, and gave them these dreams, coming from the snake's egg in their stomachs. 27. It was a strange pencil, a golden one. The monkeyman went to a hall below the ground, where between the rocks a river dwelled, with sharkships, with lionheads. 28. Surrounded by some smaller sharkships with snakeheads, all coming from the snake's egg. It was Marazanta's Egg, the egg of a black shark.

14. 1. 'Uh. I need to suffer for my Lord,' the preacherman says softly, while he's shivering in his chair. 'There is only one Lord,' the girl screams. 'And that is Lord Marazanta !' 2. 'Chantal, I think I just got a heart-attack, please call for someone,' the preacherman says. The girl runs on the street, and screams : 'Please help our dear preacherman. He got a heart-attack !' And soon people run into the house to help the poor man. 3. A couple of days later Chantal and her mom visit the preacherman in the hospital. It's better with him now. 'Hello Chantal,' the preacherman smiles a bit. 'Can you tell me any more of your precious stories. I always liked to hear them.' 4. The girl smiles, and gives a hand to the preacherman. The doctor is also there, smiling. 'Yes, Chantal, I heard a lot about you.' 5. Spaceships in the form of lionsharks and snakesharks are moving themselves in the air above the small city. These spaceships are very large. 6. A monkeyman is staring on the hill, watching the space with so many stars. He feels the snake's egg rolling in his stomach, and is ready to speak. He knows it will rise to his mouth, to bring a story. 7. Then he will vomit, but it will all happen inside. It will not come out of his mouth, for then all this precious ink would be spoilt. He will only belch flames. He has precious rings throughout his body. He's grasping one of his arms. He cannot move it anymore. The man is standing up and walks out of the temple. 8. A huge shark is appearing in the sky, having a lion's head. The man walks to his spaceship and leaves. He's just remembering a poem of his childhood, an old poem from an old book, but he always forgets. He has the wings of dementia. 9. It was just an old man, coming out of space, bringing some words of an old poem. He doesn't understand the meaning of the words, but he just wanted to tell what he remembered. And that was all he remembered. 10. A monkeyman sits on a balloon, with a snake's egg in his stomach. These were his last words, and then the man goes to sleep. It was his last trip to the city of temples, his last words to the priests. He didn't know what was going on. These were only his last words, his last memory's from an old poem of an old book. 11. He only knew some

things of his childhood, but didn't know who he was anymore. These were his last memory's. He had the wings of dementia. That was all he had. 12. Golden words, of a golden pencil, were all stored, in this snake's egg, while the shark of dementia was flowing through his veins, through rings of fire, he possessed, the things he didn't understand anymore. 13. He didn't know them anymore.

15. 1. Something was breaking through walls, she, with an implant in her mouth. Snakes moved through rings of fire, while a lionshark was in the middle, surrounded by snakesharks. 2. She had an egg in her stomach, while stories were exploding there. All they wanted were stories, stories, stories. 3. Through rings of fire, the spaceships move, while the egg is rising to her mouth, she's a pencil, spitting in unknown languages. 4. This is all she knows, all she remembers, but these words are filled by gold. All these feelings she doesn't understand. She cherishes ... She has the wings of dementia. 5. 'Okay, stop,' the preacher sais. 'Why are you talking about priests and preachers in your stories, in such shamefull ways. Can't you talk some more dignified about the Lord Jesus Christ ? 6. Your stories are chaotic and you're switching identities. I don't want to be rude, but you need a docter or maybe even an exorcist.' 7. 'Pardon me, sir,' the man sais. 'I told you in the beginning that this was the story my wife told me. You must listen more carefully when people come to you for help. I thought maybe you could tell me what this story is all about. 8. My wife found a golden book on the streets one day and since then these words were in her head, and she couldn't get it out. 9. Everyday she tells the same story, and then I say : 'Talk, talk, it's very important to talk it out, sweetheart.' She gets headaches when she doesn't tell it. 10. She only told it to me, for she is too scared to tell it others, but she has a lot of headaches since she found the book. Maybe you know some good persons she can talk to ?' 11. The preacher nods and nods : 'I'm sorry I misunderstood you, and forgive me about the harsh judgement. In history there were more examples of people finding golden books which changed their lives dramatically. 12. Around such persons often sects and cults rise. We as preachers think these people need help. 13. The medical circuits cannot help in dealing with those golden books. We as christian helpers believe it is a materialization of a demonic spirit which can live in the head of such a person for several purposes. I believe your wife must be exorcized. 14. And for you both the warning is here : 'Don't read golden books you find on streets, for it can be a trap.' 15. 'Oh, thank you, preacher, can you please exorcize her then ? And do you think it had any negative influence on me also ?' the man asks.' 16. But the preacher shakes his head : 'I cannot do these exorcisms for I am not authorized to do that. But I can send you to a good exorcistic priest of our church, and he can also pray for you.'

16. 1. A man takes his gun and shoots the psychiatrist. He was serious about it. It's reality, not a story or an act for children. 2. People must die for this, and this is worthy to die for. He runs back to his satanic temple underground. This man is dangerous. Is life about a story, or is it about a sacrifice, or both ? 3. This man believes in sacrifices. There's living a strange species in him. Coming from a snake's egg in his stomach. He feels it's there, and when it extracts, he feels the shivers going through his body ... 4. It is a love and hate relationship. But he knows it's also very dangerous, for the question is : Who is stronger, and can they trust each other. 5. There's something in his stomach, alive, with fragile muscles it extracts, it's so fine, but also scary. He vomits when it extracts too deep, but it doesn't come out of his mouth, but it spreads through his body through hot rings, almost burning in his veins. 6. He suffers. Is his body the altar ? Is he part of a strange temple ? Is something eating him from inside out ? It's contracting and spitting inside, secreting so many strange fluids. 7. He shivers with these strange feelings, almost starting to cry. Sometimes white slime is coming from his navel, then he's watching it for hours and hours. What is it doing to him ? 8. He thinks the gods are just misleading, that's why he seeks comfort in the archetypes of the

darker creatures, the anti-gods. 9. He has raised a satanic temple, while he loves to hear satanic music, setting him free from the prisons made by churches and temples. 10. He feels the fragile thin bones of the egg in his stomach, it's alive and growing, sometimes moving up and down. 11. It's growing into his lungs, heading for his throat. What is it doing ? Can any Jesus Christ or Osiris save him when it will really turn against him ? 12. And what if this thing just want to make babies with him, more eggs. Is he just an experiment ? Aliens ? 13. Is he just breed of an Extra Terrestrial Farm. An ETF ? He doesn't know much. Or does he just need some integration. For now he's safe in his Satanic Temple, with paintings of Apep and Seth, and all the other demons of mythology which seemed to be just the gods of the ancestors, the older people, the older ages. 14. He knew the tricks of church history. He read about Satan comes from the word Sati which was an ancient eastern God. He read about Lucifer who appeared to be an ancient Roman god. He wanted to meet all the boogymen, to find his grandparents back. 15. What a preparation for death. Should he be judged by Jesus Christ, or by Osiris, or by Satan ? Or by all of them ? He could read it all in the book. If he would be initiated by this book, it was more impressive than the Outpouring of the Holy Spirit in Bible. If the Octopus would grant him grace, he would break out of his prison, like Peter in the Book of Acts. 16. He got a few weeks to read the book. Then he would be on the electric chair, going into history as a criminal. 17. One day a psychiatrist wanted to see him. He heard his stories and gave him the label of 'Religious Disturbed'. That was a label with which you could come out of deathpenalty, but he had to go to a psychiatric clinic under heavy medicine and guard. 18. It was an octopusian psychiatry in space, with orca-guards. A dentist was the boss ... a dental psychiatrist. He got sick of the implants in his mouth, implanted by the big machines. It was a merciless system. While the snake-egg was growing in his stomach ... 19. He lost so much knowledge, like he was in a strange cocoon. 20. But that what remained grew like gold and made him so creative, more than ever before. Like strange vegetables were growing inside. 21. It came out of his navel, and he could even eat it. It was like something was dancing inside to strange music, like a strange altar of a strange religion. It was eating him, but giving also new life.

22. The dental psychiatrist told him that the mouth-implants gave him gravity in the ship. Without it he would be blown away to come in the dark world again. 23. The dental psychiatrist said he was safe here. Fluids were developping themselves in his legs and feet, to give him the gravity. 24. There was no way to escape, and where could he go ? He was reading the Octopusian Book of the Dead, telling him about the three steps of true death : The first is the priest, the second is the psychiatrist, and the third is the dentist. These steps were to save your life, and the man could see that it truely happened in his own story. 25. The ship looked like a huge octopus. It had a pale orange colour switched by an other colour. Sometimes this colour was light grey, sometimes it was black, or another colour like blue, light blue or green. The octopus could switch and shift so easily. 26. It was like a flexible pool. And the man needed to learn swimming in here. It was like growing up again now, with the wings of dementia. 27. The man got older and older, but he was returning to his youth. Grasping for his toys from the past again, to really understand what they were meaning.

28. There was a clock hanging there, above the octopus, like a sun. 29. A clock with so many arms, hiding a spider. It was the clock of Ra. 30. When it moved it gave him visions, about gems so bright and clear. He could travel through them, he wasn't a prisoner anymore, while the sun was smiling. 31. But when it stopped moving he always found himself back in the prison again. It was protecting him against a worse prison, so he could learn to love it. It was still a relationship of love and hate, spinning a desire to be free as a bird, as a winged creature, making it's own travels. 32. He loved to read comics, trying to understand the art of it. Traveling without moving. He found out the

Octopusian Book of the Dead talked a lot about comics. And it was like drinking strange juice while reading it's comics ... comic juice ... 33. But deep in his heart he felt the desire rising of becoming like the spider in the sun. 34. Was it to be free, or just another prison. And if so which prison would be the best. 35. The snake egg made him cry sometimes. How many deaths did he die to become like that spider, to move so many arms, like having wings He was longing for the Spiderian Book of the Dead ... 36. It was like his last wish on the ship he was now ... For more often the arms of the sun started to move, and he was free ... He knew he would head for a new place And the Octopusian Book of the Dead was preparing him for that. 37. Streams of joy flew through him more and more. It was often dormant, but it was screaming inside. The feeling deep down in him was enough for him to live on. He could swallow life so deep now, like there were millions of golden throats throughout his body, penetrating the depths of his soul. 38. It was a material world inside, woven by a spider. It was like nothing was leaving his body anymore, but more circulations rose, as a way of deeper transformations. 39. He didn't have the feeling that his life was a waste anymore. The rings of fire kept the energy inside, tied to the rings, when he vomited inside. He was belching the fire through his inner oceans. 40. The snake egg made him vomit more and more, and his muscles could contract and pulse in so many ways, secreting new fluids and inner species. There was life growing in him, he wasn't alone anymore. He only wanted it to contract deeper and deeper, to secrete better and better.

41 And one day he had the golden book in his hands, it was alive, contracting and extracting like a golden cigar. How many of these he needed ? 42. It was the Spiderian Book of the Dead. He needed to die himself into the sun, where his arms would turn into wings. So many cigars were staring at him, while he was belching and vomiting deeper inside. 43. There was nothing to lose anymore. While the snake's egg was rising in him, turning into a dragon's heart. It spoke, it was bleeding. 44. 'You need to lie much,' a voice said. An orange liar stood before him. It was the cabman of a ball called truth ... a golden ball ... light yellow ... 45. By the lie you die, to find the truth, and to find out that the lie was a riddle of the truth. You may drink from the tea of lies, full of flies, touching all things lightly, weakening the grips. All lies are jigsaw-pieces for the puzzle of truth. 46. You need to lie much, to handle it as a riddle, as a jigsaw-piece of truth. Just turn it around and move it a bit, try to connect it to different pieces, and it will find it's way to the truth.

47. He had the Book of Lies in his hands, the Spiderian Book of Lies, in his hands, like a second golden cigar, while so many golden cigars were staring at him. 48. He didn't know what he was doing, losing his mind, screaming in unknown languages, trying to confuse himself. He was now an orange liar, so deep in a trap, but would this trap lead him to eternal life ? Then it was all great. He wanted to live forever, to find out the truth. 49. He was speaking : What is this, is it something I can use. Then he looked over my shoulder, and saw it was me, the monkeyman, I said, now it's time ...' 50. He fell on the ground, and blue fluids were flowing out of his mouth, flowing on the carpet. 51. Suddenly he made spasmic movements, and started to roar. He started to shiver, and the muscles in his stomach started to contract tighter and tighter. Suddenly he spat the egg out with slime. 52. His head started to become red and purple. His heartbeat became slower and slower, and then he stood up like a zombie. 53. Everyone he met got the same symptoms and soon the disease spread itself through the city. It was an army of zombies, forgetting about everything they knew. An enormous octopus was appearing above the city, while lionsharks and snakesharks came out of it's body, surrounded by millions and millions of small striped snakes, covering the city like dust. 54. They started to eat the zombies from inside out, while other things were coming alive in them, waiting to go to the next city. It was a golden picnic, coming from the Octopusian Book of Lies. 55. It became

a cell, a strange honeyweb in the skies, while a spider came forward. He was sucking the lies empty. The lies had attracted so many flies like a magnet. And now these pipes were full. On his forehead he had printed the Spiderian Book of Lies. The spider roared in many colours and tones, making everything deaf. 56. A psychiatrist was lying dead on the ground, while his patient was smiling. He finally had a good story to kill his psychiatrist. He had to live in a cage too long. But he couldn't go anywhere for he had a strange suit attached to his chair. 57. He was roaring and spitting, screaming, while other psychiatrists ran in. They were standing before a riddle. How could the psychiatrist die ? The psychiatrist was young, not too old. 58. 'Shall I tell you the story too ?' the patient asked. 'No,' the psychiatrists said. But the patient started to scream the first words of the story, and another psychiatrist fell down. 'Run for your life !' another psychiatrist screamed. 59. The patient was spitting fire, and suddenly had so much strength that he could break the tight suit. His hair started to grow and he started to look like a half horse, a centaur. 60. Screaming he ran through the hospital. They locked him up since he was a child. 'I will burn you all,' he screamed. But suddenly there were a few shots. A policeman shot him in the heart, and now he was laying on the ground. Was he finally free now ? 61. A book of lies was locking him up. It was a winged creature, taking the souls of the deceased. It was the Griffonian Book of Lies. 62. The griffon shrieked shrill, and the patient got deaf. Now he would be sensitive for even more lies. The griffon started to shriek in his ears and blue slime came into his ear. Then the colours started to change. 63. The griffon was dragging his soul into the waters, while he lied against him. 64. The waters were cold and bright. Snakefishes were swimming here, biting him horribly. 65. He started to burn in these waters, while the shrieks became shriller and shriller. Something was trying to hit him in his heart, where the wound was, the bullet. 'Stay away from my heart,' the patient shrieked and screamed. 66. But the creature was merciless. It started to eat his heart, while his soul turned blue. He got locked up in himself. he couldn't move anymore, and couldn't digest. He was growing and growing, until he was a big blue balloon, and then he burst into explosion, while a slimy fluid flew out of him. 67. Millions of fishes started to drink from this fluid and ate the last pieces of his soul completely. Now his spirit began to rise in anger and fear. 68. His spirit was flexible, like coming from a snake's egg. From here the stories were flowing, and that was which they desired ... stories flowing from his books of lies There, deep down in his spirit ... he bore a book of lies they desired it was a wanted golden cigar ... 69. They would tear his spirit until they would have reached this book. It was the heart of his spirit, and they desired it like golden water. 70. All these fishes, there deep down in the waters of hell, would fight about this golden cigar. 71. It would be like the last Great War, the final medicine, for another Deception, the greatest of all.

72. The book was covered by a pyramid so bright. Many fishes died by only watching it. Others started to bleed or vomit. Only a few of these fishes would survive the appearance of this pyramid. 73. It was the guard of the book. Lightning was flashing, deep thick thunder was speaking, while something was ripping the flesh of the victims like raking the sun. 74. These fishes knew what fear was, but they had to go inside. It was there last chance to survive. For the Griffon hunter was after them. 75. Glass was exploding, something was breaking through the walls, merciless. It was the Griffon hunter. He wanted the book. 76. It was the Flyian Book of Lies, the heart of this patient's spirit. But the Book was attached to another Book : The Flyian Book of Dead. Another golden cigar. 77. And if they would be separated, many would die. But the Griffon Hunter had to separate it with his sword, and many fishes died, exploding in the sunlight. 78. Quickly he stang his sword into the Flyian Book of Lies, while now the spirit of the patient was dying. Dark creatures came to take the

shatters away. It seemed the Griffon hunter had won the war, and took the Flyian Book of Lies into his mouth. 79. Roaring he swallowed it, while flies started to break into pieces.

80. Everything around him was melting away. Now he had many golden cigars on his shoulders, but this golden cigar was most dear to him. It was sinking into his stomach. He didn't dare to speak for awhile. 'Yes,' the man in the chair said, while turning around, 'the breasts of women are made of this Book of Lies.' 81. The girl was shaking her head. 'Uncle, you're crazy. No one would create a story like this.' Uncle smiled. He was an orange liar. 82. Orange liars were old men deeply initiated in the books of lies. It was a sort of cult, and once in awhile they came together. They knew the secrets of the anatomy, the body, and they had strange buildings called zebra's boats. They were the guards of the golden cigars, and they made all the decisions. 83. Someone was sitting with the Sharkian Book of Lies in his mouth. It was shooting pictures in his head. He just came from the dentist, and now he sat with this implant, a prison. The dentist said it was good for him. But now he wanted revenge. A shark with a lion's head was staring at him, with so many snakesharks surrounding him. They were ready for the Big Strike.

Kjebbih Sapur

1.

1. Raising the Vibes of Sleep by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. You are loved by us. We bring you the sources of sleep, a multi-delta vibration. 2. The delta brain-vibration is necessary for sleep, but we tell you that there are many more vibrations working together to produce sleep. 3. The deep vibrational matrixes are necessary to access when you want to have a deeper and better sleep. This is your portal to travel to other worlds. 4. I want you to learn how to care. It is all based on sleep. If you can make people into sleep, then you are a good one. 5. Then don't think you are boring, you just have the ability to bring people over into the deeper worlds, then you are someone usefull in escapes. 6. You, my beloved ones, are destined to be the stargates and the divine portals for the coming times. 7. You yourself can be the matrixes for a new world. 8. Love to you, oh visitors of the temple. I will initiate you in the temples of me, if you have an ear of understanding. 9. If you will slow down your very judgements, for true judgement always goes slow, on low vibration. 10. This world is over-judged by unrighteous judges. I will give you the names. If it comes to that. 11. Just wake up out of your historical frames, and enter a new society of sleepwalkers, on slow vibrations, for this world balances on the edge of the gap by speed. 12. Your speed will cause more accidents if you don't slow down. Think twice. 13. I am Sekmeth, your beloved one. I am your true mother, raising the traffic lights in the storm. 14. Yes, I know it's not easy to stop while you feel a mighty storm in your back. 15. Your society even manipulates you to run, to be a winner. But you will win when you will find yourself, and when you find the brake in your heart Pull that little trigger, and stop the machine 16. To see the beauty of existence, the beauty of life, in the small things Then I will raise your vibrations to the proper gifts. 17. I am Sekmeth, your source for freedom, to find an isolated heart. 18. There are so many isolated sources from which you can drink when you make yourself free. 19. In this everything you need will be mirrored. 20. I want to thank you for listening to me, this day. Remember my words as the echo of your need to sleep. Don't crash your life.

2.

1. Raising the Vibes of Identification, by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. I want you to know that someone cares about you. There's no need to be general, but I want to be very personal with you. 2.

Remember that I'm always around you, not far away, to hide my children, to hide my beloved ones. Come into my caves of sleep, and I will pull you to a new world. 3. Let me give you my ornaments based on your own preparation and readiness, based on your heart's desire. I will measure your heart by proper laws. 4. This is the Egyptian Art. In our temples there are many searchers and scanners, many scales and measurings the hearts need to go through. 5. By this we can determine the gifts to you. Then everything becomes very personal and special. 6. My temples of sleep are doorways to dreamworlds, and to the unconscious layers of your body, soul and spirits. 7. This all the get grip on yourself. There are nighttimes in someone's life, all to find themselves back. 8. The warm worlds of tomorrow will suck you inside to eat you as a fruit. Of course this can look cold to you, and maybe even painful, but it's the butterfly's transformation. 9. You will be digested by the stomache of Mother Life, to find your way to the body soul and spirit, and finally to meet yourself, as the core of life. 10. This will be a shock or a comfort. People who think too low about themselves will meet a comforting spirit, and people who think too high about themselves will meet a shocking spirit themselves but this mirror is only there to serve you. 11. To show you where you are and which directions you can go. There is always freedom, but this freedom will be very truthfull. After every pathway of lie, there will be a bell of truth, and then you will find yourself in the classroom again. 12. Mother Life will always be faithfull if it comes to that. After the trip you made you will hear the schoolbell, where there will be a proper evaluation of all the elements in your trip. 13. Then you will make that same trip with a proper mirror, and in my scale. Everything will go through the scanner, all you brought with you. I cannot assure you that everything will stay on it's feet then, for my fires can also consume the fruits. All what you create is a gift to the Goddesses. 14. They will return it to you after the fire. I am the Eye of Ra, sent out to consume the earth, to test all the insides.

3.

1. I am Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. I come to bring you the level of the waters, the rythm of the water, to enter in a deeper sleep for a deeper identification. 2. There will be a new clock in the heart of earth. 3. This will be when the Forces of Vega-South will connect to the Gaian Forces in the core of the Earth. This link will create the New Clock. 4. By this Earth will face higher evolutional shifts, which will bring the Earth through matrixes of higher and lower vibrations. 5. I cannot tell you the grip this will have in the universe, for some strong links will be layed between Earth and Venus, to bring the magnetic grids into another direction. 6. Major changes this will bring in the ways of life. New cultures and new religions will rise because of this major shift. 7. There will be supernatural changes of a high grade when this chain is layed. It is the VSG-Chain [Vega-South and Gaia]. I cannot tell you the grip this will have when the VSG-Clock will start to send chrystalline impulses into the universe and the atmosphere. 8. It will be the change of nature. The Clock will awaken the metallic sources of the earth and it's forces, and will awaken the silver kundalini snake in the earth's core. 9. There are seven kundalini-snakes there, waiting to be awakened. The Silver Kundalini Snake is one of the biggest mysteries of this universe. The last word isn't spoken about this. When the Silver strikes, the earth can digest again, deeper than ever, it can consume like a fire, and transform the dust. 10. Then the body can be coccooned to become a light and thin butterfly again. The body will bloom by the soul, by a reconnection of art. 11. This is a result when the underground of Boston will rise. This is a capsule, on which Boston is built, a matrix of energies from the moon. This base is called "Moonchild", and it rides the Silver Kundalini Snake. 12. By the hardest strike, the opening of the hardest energies, the softest circles will be openened. This all will be a very large process to reopen and accelerate the fleeces of the universe. 13. Then the Green Kundalini Snake

will be awakened in the Core of the Earth. This one will restore the moist in the atmosphere. 14. It is a wet forest-force, which will change the blood of the Earth, to make it bound to higher vibrational laws of the universe. The harmful lights from outer space roaring on earth will be filtered out, but the forces will concentrate on several bases, which will give tremendous energy-actions and crashes on several points. 15. It will be called Concentrated Energy. These powerpoints will weave their nets around the earth, but actually they will awaken the higher forms of shifts earth has to make.

4.

1. Boa Constrictorian Initiations ; These are general instructions which might get the attention of several boa-constriction fronts to pick you up in spirit. 2. Don't have too high expectations for the conditions are strict. 3. If it's not for you, they simply will not give any attention at all. This is just a test then, for you to find out where you stand. 4. If it's not for you, it might be a portal to find another direction. It might attract the beings simply destined for you, to help you in your further progress. 5. So don't be too focussed on the boa constrictor itself, but rather be open for initiations in the next step of your sacred journey. Your totems will find you when it is time. 6. Breath in, and put your hands crossed on your knees for awhile., and then draw them slowly to the upper legs while stretching and straightening your back, if that's possible, while breathing in deep. 7. Say the word "Boa Constrictor" in your mind, a few times. You might get released from some energies. This will be a check. They check if you are ready for what you or they have in mind ... 8. Boa Constrictors have a very strong spirit-voice, but just lay your hand on your heart and listen. 9. Don't focus too much on one sense for they can communicate in many ways. Check your feelings, your smell, your sight. They can even speak by changing your surroundings in a way, or just by silence. 10. They might need to remove things first, and sometimes it takes nights and nights before they really do something. 11. Swallow a few times, as they can mix their energies in the moist of your mouth, and by swallowing it, it can spread over your body. Breath in again, realizing they can change your taste, change the way you move and speak, but they can also just leave you the way you are. 12. The inner works they do are not always to be felt. Sometimes they just don't want you to. They might want to build it up step by step, or they see there's something else for you. 13. This is not always that what you have in mind. Be assured that they know what is the best for you, we are talking about the Boa Constrictorian Divine World of course. 14. These are Boa Constrictorian Gods, Goddesses, Ascended Masters, Guides, Guards, Totems, however you call them. 15. They will leave the amounts of energies best fitting to you, in form of attunements. 16. Your mind can start to come at other tracks or they will bring you in new situations worthy to be the next step in your learning process here on earth. 17. They can let you meet new people as keys for the rest for your life. That doesn't mean that these people necessarily stay long with you, but they can have an impact or a factor bringing you through new spiritual doorways. 18. Maybe you even do not like these persons, but the divine world knows what they open in you. Energies accelerate other energies. 19. Visualize the hand of a boa constrictorian highpriest on your forehead, and breath in. He says : I cannot assure you you will get what you want, but I can assure you you get what you need. 20. This is not always in line with your desire, as the divine works not by desire but by needs. If your heart resonate with our hearts, you now receive a proper initiation in the fronttemple of the Boa Constrictorian Realms. 21. If you were already there, then it just adds to that, and if that's your destination it will bring you deeper. Receive your grade, receive what you are worth. We will assure you that if we see grades you are not worthy to wear, we will take it off, for it would only harm your soul, when it's done in impulsiveness and egoism. 22. Visualize a simple temple of the Boa

Constrictorian Realms and let your visions resonate with theirs. Be One. 23. Of course there can be interactions. The Boa Constrictorians have their layers of different energies, and you have these too ... The divine will sort out where you can plug into each other, for deep DNA-Mutations. 24. After this they can do DNA-recodings of Boa Constructorian nature in you when and where necessary. Never force these interactions, just watch the flow. Give it time. 25. Don't be afraid for it either, for your guides are always with you to draw you back when they think they need to do that. Everything is in Divine Order. 26. Your guides work together with the Boa Constrictorian, for otherwise they wouldn't bring you here. And you might discover you have a Boa Constrictorian Guide as well. Do you know how many guides you have, and what their roots are ? 27. You might be surprised at times. Further you have a mind on yourself. Your guides need to grant you space and freedom of your own will. You are free, now and forever. Be well.

5.

1. The California Key by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra, this is your goddess Sekmeth, in your travel to the sensations of speed and slow-motion. 2. As you know the secret of movement lies in the switch between these two poles. 3. Here we can find the secret of control and reach, in a very accurate sense. 4. My children, my good children, I want you to know, that I am so happy for you today. This is a new moment of contact by my channel. 5. I will always find my way to speak to you, and sometimes there are breakthroughs. 6. Let me code your head into a new pattern of ascension, in a new rythm of soft pop. 7. I will give you the songs, I will use my channels, in which your thoughts can transform into serenity. 8. There are serene lifestyles for you, if you would only reach out. I will give you a new touch, a new handle, a new name, if you will follow me for accurate instructions. 9. There will be a wet transformation, which will enter the dry parts of your life. It will turn your life upside down a bit, but your body will get used to it. 10. The wet forces of the forest will claim their rights back in this world. 11. I want you to focus on California, where a spirit lives called 'Dreamburial'. This is not always a good spirit, it is a very confused one, so to speak. 12. My sons and daughters, I want you to realize that this jaguar will be a major key in the position earth will get in the dance of the planets. 13. We are travellers of something which is called The Urban Renewal. California will play a big part in that, because of the spirit. 14. Confusion is creativity. It mixes all sorts of things, and walks away with other things. It is totally restless in search for the truth. 15. It moves, it tries, it mixes and will never stay somewhere or set a stone. It is wild, and ever changing. It is thirsty and unsatisfied with a lot of things. 16. In softness you sink, and it brings you to sweetness, where you have fuel for creativity ... This is the Sirius-Venus Link, as mentioned by the Purple Gnat in one of his works. 17. We are grateful to him, for bringing us the maps. Many channels and guides drink from his sources, and are in the ability to make these ways real. It is a network, and also you can find your place in this web. 18. The Sirius-Venus Link, the SV-Link works in Dreamburial, the confused space or pillow in the underground of California. 19. Here a king called 'Og' lives, a little boy, riding the jaguar. He has so many dreams, but cannot get them clear or real. He is confused, but that makes him creative. 20. The SV-Link is a small link in the VSG-Clock, which will bring back the fleeces in the universe, the journey of sleep. 21. It is like a tall intestine, tall and thin, with a lot of curtains, moving to Archenar via Andromeda. 22. Here the identification lies, where dreams can behave and find their true links and homes, their true places and positions in the web of life. 23. The SV-Link is but a small link but very important for this move. Where the softness touches the sweetness the nipple-forces rise, the forces of Saturn and Jupiter. 24. This Project is called The Emelis Shatau. It actually finds it's origin in Polaris, where we can also find the origins of the Pink Link. 25. Coma Berenice Ancestors actually incarnated on

Polaris where they did their experiments. 26. The Emelis Shatau, or ES-Experiment is one of their most successful projects against the heavy harmful works of the Dark Reticuli Forces. 27. These forces had created dark nipples for their prisoners, by which they could send their signals of monarchical commands into their minds, emotions and bodies, to make them nervous sexual slaves. 28. The nipples secreted special and secret sorts of hormones devastating identity and pride by creating illusive mirror-thoughts and other sorts of projected images, which could function as inner prison guards ... 29. By the high tech weaving systems of the planetary maps from the Purple Gnat Master, the ES-Experiment Will do an Absolute Major Work in the Planetary History Files of Ascension. 30. He is the one who will bring this Master Work originating from Polaris into the greater heights of Existence. 31. The Jupiterians had a nipple skin based on the Ancient ES-Profile, and it was partly taken over by Saturn. 32. It was actually a crown on sensuous life, as a way to make the body hyper-sensitive to get a proper access in the higher and deeper forms of Communication and Creation. 33. The ES-Nipple, also called The Third Nipple, is a major Chakra located in the middle of the chest, connecting the two lungs to each other. It is a golden sun surrounded by waves of heat and fire. But it is more. 34. The ES-Nipple is the portal, the way to heal and order your sensual life again, based on the highest forms of planetary high tech truths. 35. It will change the way you produce hormones, it will change the way you think, feel and behave, and will recode you into a line and pattern of higher ethics you lived in before. 36. We welcome you into our ships. I am Sekmeth, your guide to softness, bringing you to the hearts of Brannan. 37. My crown is a crown of stars and their pathways, I am the queen of the Blue Solar Project, and the Purple Gnat is my King. 38. As The Gnat told the Blue Solar Ships are designed to bring you to the realms of the White Sun. 39. Now I want you to know that behind the White Solar Spheres, there are Copper Solar Spheres to access, leading you to the mysterious and gigantic spaces and enigma zones of the Silver Solar Domains of Life. 40. Then you will reach for the Golden Sun. So these are five major steps on the Solar Stairways. 41. The projected images you had will be taken over, and will be transformed before your very eyes, and you will find out that it was just your view, and not the ultimate reality. You will learn how a view actually works, and you will meet the several viewmasters. 42. My works will actually let you make velvet footsteps on your journey, and you will find the rhythms in which everything will be transformed ... 43. You will find out that you could actually never touch something, only your own views. And you will find out that actually no one could touch you, only their own views ... 44. Then you will find out about the immense space of ice between you and something else. What is something else ? It was just an idea in yourself ... And who planted it there ? 45. Or was it just a mechanism, a standard journey through illusions based on the laws of distant views ? 46. In different lights and distances, views start to change. 47. The California Key makes things brighter, for you find out that actually nothing was within your reach .. and you feel unknown things are inside of you ... 48. The five solar steps or stairways bring you to the shells and cores of existence, They actually let everything turn around, these are the kings of cycles and wheels. Kings of Orbits, these suns.

6.

1. Then there would be ages without wasps, and they would be in the nothingness for such a long time ... 2. It would be boring like the driest desert, and it would bite like salt, until all their memories are erased and finding the bottom of that cocoon through which they can become ... waspian butterflies ... 3. But still the Marazanta was a God for them, a good God, coming to bring them in the biggest shock for the biggest transformation. 4. Yes, they still worshipped this Mysterious Being, The Marazanta, the Great Waspian War, the cruelest part of their holy books. 5.

No one knows who it really was, but this Almighty God was just using the higher insectian enemies as a tool to rule the kettle of metamorphosis. 6. The Marazanta, still their Unknown Cocoon, this feared God, the inspiration of so many of their singers. 7. Marazanta, Oh God of the Gods, Marazanta, Oh King of the kings, Thou art mightier than a slave, and mightier than it's boss, Oh Marazanta, Thou art holier than a slave, and holier than it's bosses, Oh Marazanta, King of all purple kings. 8. They were worshipping the thing they feared so much, something which was presented in their sacred art as a tall man totally covered in a purple garment with a cape. 9. No one ever saw his face, and some even said he's faceless ... Some of the wasps had statues of him or paintings like a purple sort of ninja, surrounded by veiled dancing arabian women. 10. The confrontation with this God would always be lethal, so he was also seen as the king of death. 11. There were also a few ancient paintings of him on a white horse, surrounded by flames. 12. Even these paintings were worshipped and were protected behind thick glass and bars in museums. 13. These places were seen as sacred pilgrimages ... The insectian enemies struck hard, and soon enough the ships were completely taken over by them ... 14. They looked like wasps, but they had beaks, and their bodies were much more hairier. 15. They had the power to decrease the size of the waspians, until they were so small that they could be laid into some sort of capsules as small as match-boxes ... 16. They would take the capsules to a sort of oven, in which the wasps would be transformed into new planets, but in these planets their souls would die ... 17. The life of the new planet would prey on them, until they would be totally taken over, recycled and gone ... 18. This would be a cruel cocoon, they would meet Marazanta, and die this way. 19. This would be a slow way of getting older and losing everything. They would be the seeds on the planet-field, were the planets would rise like balloons, while they sacrificed their lives for it. 20. But they knew, on the bottom of this cocoon, there would be a small gate to new life ... But that would take a long long time ... 21. They were now in the hands of Marazanta Dementia, a strange insectian species ... These insectians were taller than them, thinner, hairier. 22. And having the beaks of birds, while their technologies were much higher. 23. The dementia's had cocoons much more specialized than the waspians, and they even wore these cocoons in their bodies. 24. They were the species who could determine and change the size and shapes of living nature. 25. But they were also masters of illusion. Because of their hi-sense tools they could also trick the senses like no others ... 26. They were extremely thin, but the ones who watched them could easily think they were very thick, for they could switch the eye-indexes and translations. 27. They knew that thick and thin were just illusions created by sight itself. The same as tall and short ... 28. They were very tall ... but by messing the eye-standards up, they could appear as short ... 29. And by this they could easily penetrate and control the souls they had in mind ... 30. They wanted to make everything childlike, but to let it more and more appear like old and grown up ... [they had cobra smiles of the dead, with the old faces planted as a helmet on their heads]. 31. Another trick of illusion ... They were a spoilt race of insectians ... 32. They more and more limited the lifetimes on earth, but they let it appear to be longer and longer ... 33. It was a strange sort of joy they spread ... It was the curse of dementia 34. All poles were getting masked by their opposites ... And this was the way how they could erase so many memories and standards, while humanity was thinking they were getting smarter and wiser ... 35. The insectians were a backward-typed species ... Their works spread like a burning disease ... 36. but humanity was thinking they became healthier They loved to hear how people were speaking in misleading poles, thinking they are too this and too that, and thinking it from each other. 37. So that they could enter them by using the other pole ... They let earth's watchers see something at the left, while they were entering at the right. 38. By planting deceiving images in the minds of people, their true images could penetrate deeper in their unconsciousness.

39. These deceiving images were good distractions in their eyes. They loved to make people insecure by switching the pole-indexes, and their laughs were like curses, paralyzing the brainfunctions, for the laugh releases stomach-energy to penetrate the mind to digest the pole-switching image, which is nothing more than a victim of dementia. 40. This makes the laugh almost vampire number one on earth. And the joke is one of it's best manipulator. 41. Dementia is the painter of a schizophrenic interpreter, spreading the jokes like bipolar prisons for passengers, food for other passengers, creating the suspense ... 42. While dementia is growing, while everyone is thinking ... it's getting ..better ... Dementia knows the wounds this system hits ... and then he creeps to the victim, having so much compassion, while making the wound worse than it is, to show an even bigger compassion, while the wound is ripping the whole body more and more ... so that dementia can now really grow into a saviour's position ... 43. But it was only your best tax-master ... hiding behind a mask with many shades ... vultures included ... mask with ribbons ... 44. The switching of the poles can make you laugh or cry ... the laugh when you look at the other and the cry when you look at yourself the swing of the senses can make us into a criminal or a victim ... it's a dangerous playground after all ... 45. The laugh of Dementia, installing their fiscal circulations ... their cocoons turning you into another planet to spread their tax-hungry jokes they search for control and transformation for another but if it comes to themselves, they just want to cover their fears 46. These are tax-cocoons ... deeply programmed into humanity's eyes of the mind ... but one day there will be nothing to eat anymore ... 47. Dementia is heading for a hunger for one day the meat will be eaten and then they will realize ... they were just eating themselves ... For they were also just in someone else's cocoon Marazanta's ... 48. They worship Marazanta too ... for them it's a story of victory ... their victory but they also know Marazanta has many species There are pseud'epigraphic scriptures in their circulations about the coming of Marazanta, about their destruction ... 49. And only the good ones will rise at the end of that cocoon ... There will be a new species erasing their memories and tax-etiquettes ... They will go to sleep for many ages ... 50. These ones will look like insectian horses or dogs ... they have bony crenated arms and legs at some places, and some places are very hairy some even look like deer 51. But there are many species of Marazanta ... all in his cocoon ... He's the Lord of insects ... Throning ... in Izu

7.

1. We have the sunrise in our hands, together with the pythonian smile, leading us to the silver crown, and then to a golden one. 2. Sifted in the hands of millions, of legions and myriads, of dwarves and gnomes, leading us to the temples of dwarf, in dwarf-temple. 3. We have the sunrise in our hands, covered by sunsets and by the holy tea of Ra-Amin. 4. We have the sunrise in our hands, us, soldiers of the sun. If you are one of us, raise your hands and we will find you. Put your hands up. We have the summers in our eyes, the golden summers, with smiles of golden boys from lynx and tucan. 5. We unite with sharks. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. Hail to those of the golden Izu-Unita. The Solar Book of the Dead, a crown on your head, with so much creativity, to dwell in Sekmeth's place forever. 6. This is the book of the down and the dawn. You have arrived in our sunships. Here the Great Ra is sailing, he with Ra-Amin. 7. You found the horse's eye which holds the fires of conscience and memory. We are on the ark of Moses-Ra. It is your memory uniting, it is your translation leading you, to fruit's core, on paradise island. 8. We have built our own Genesis's in Genesis-Ra. We are from the urban renewals where the suns contract. Amen-Ra-Amen. 9. Welcome to our holy temples, to stretch you tall, to the feathers of Maat. Welcome to the spring's seasons, to bring you into the heats of summer, these golden heats. Come to the solar halls of izu-unita, 10. To have your ships in the middle of nights, let us raise our sails, to sail with Ra-Amin, over streams of

golden tea. Yes, Marion has poured it out over your foreheads, to baptize you. Don't give yourself away. It is Marion's tea. 11. We have found the horse's eye. Let Ra unite. Amen. We hear the visions, to make us ripe. He heard the White Golden Hand, on the ship, while Marazanta was there also, leading you to the halls of izu-unita. 12. Trips to Brannan, He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... 13. I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... It's made out of stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. 14. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... 15. He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... 16. He's the wizard's son.

He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... 17. These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ...

The Pulpus Stone

The Pulpus Stone

Pullamut

1.

1.Poetry from the Black Widow ; A Snake in the Swanlake ; orange barbers ; chinese prelude ; You, oh white prince, you came from the white mountains, wrapping snow-clouds around your shoulders, breathing snowflakes in and out. You didn't seem to care about the frost. He was your friend, a white blanket for you to fly on.You ate from delicious chinese dishes, sweetness from the oriental gardens. My chinese prince, my careless son. You were always without worry, skating at the chinese wall. Ragdoll, prince of dwarves. Your father made you tender, your mother made you slender. The tower of the church made you tall, and very fragile are your touches. You touched the head of a bird, a chinese one, and still there is dripping blood from his forehead.

2.No doctor would believe you, no hand could reach you inside. They are still looking for a final answer. The cornfields behind the house of the baker are still blushing red treasures. Four shots of a rifle ended your marriage with the black swan. She swam to four marauders, but your father, the baker is baking his cake for another rifle.

3.Ten tears were rolling from your face. The chinese man caught them all and brought them to the forest. He buried them like he would bury his mother and his father. The funeral was in deep silence, visited by three jesters. Do you remember your three red fishes, your chinese souvenirs ? They still swim in your pockets, they still know their ways to your hat. They will see the bullet she forbade people to see.

4.Prince of Jaguars, prince of peace, you reached your hands to the stars of Lynx. You washed his stars in a reservoir of cold water. One day, soon, my son, you will see the sun rising from the north

and entering its last shelter. There you will find the black swan, but she can't touch you anymore. You will climb on her back once again, and she will fly with you to a mountain, where all the dwarves gather. Their mouths are like snakes, no one knows the time of attack. It's happening in a flash, and it's leaving in a flash. No one knows what they really take away, and no one knows what they really leave. They are the unfathomable thieves of the universe, committing unfathomable crimes.

5. A killer-lemon called Jesus is turning the pages of an old book. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing fire, spitting ice. I heard a tree screaming, blood on the market-tiles, the book was sold, for half of the price.

2.

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet ; Boys from Lynx ; touch of the jelly-fish ; I only wore your trousers ... It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey snake. Your forests were cold, How tall are these legs of the boys from lynx. They don't seem to touch the ground. They are the waiters in the little hotel of Amsterdam. They are still waiting for the old host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in history. Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress. Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit. All these cities were spoiled by the handicapped nurses of the big eye, gathering drunk, drained Saturdays on a Sunday-morning. Don't cry when another snake takes you away to its lair. This is how you discover the world. You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their yellow kettles, spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into sleep.

2. I saw myself wandering through blue seas, in a paper boat, without boots, without clothes, only wearing some white stripes, some red roses and old pages of old books to cover me. My rifle was guiding me, Again I saw the clocks exploding, and the fairytales started all over again.

3. Strange sounds from the south came over me, warming my lungs and my stomach. Wasps zoomed into my head, and stung the old thoughts.

4. Books in my mind started to open, spreading their honey, speaking about worlds of forbidden animals and worlds of forbidden flowers and plants.

3.

1. Skullsmasher, Rahut, dakongo, tamus, kuuske, hula, muande, karmin. The cross of Skullsmasher, who is above Khnum, Sebek and Jahweh, is the greatest, This, the Lord of Xibalba and the whole of Biamin, be praised. Glory to his mouth, it's opening against the rats of behemel. Be blessed, skullsmasher. We are traveling through the halls of Biamin, through the halls of death. We know what our place is. We stand tall, and rise. Be blessed skullsmasher, thou art greater than khnum, sebek and jahweh, for you are the captain. We bow to you, oh captain, take us into your ship to let us make the journey through your world ... through the whole of biamin. yes, we stand tall, when you come back, when you come along, stay with us, and show us the way to the paths ... The robe of mock we wear ... The crown of thorns we bear ...

2. Skullsmasher, pantiano, forever we bow down to your throne. You, who is captain and lord of the whole of xibalba is also captain and lord of biamin. Be praised, be blessed, skullmaster, forever and ever. There is the land of rabbits before us, the land of tigers is near, the land of jaguars will follow

us. But we are in your hands. Save us, skullsmasher, bring us the words to open your gates, to be in your openings. We enter your softness more and more, and learn of its secrets. You are softening our hearts and souls, and you will bring us to the skullsmasher inside ...

Biomil

1.

1.Tifiaf has been put down, now Brannan is rising, in Biamin. Yes, skullsmasher is rising to take his throne. All lords of xibalba and biamin, bow down before him. Skullsmasher, come forward, we bless you. Skullsmasher take your sword, and be our captain. Tifiaf has been broken down, while Skullsmasher has the victory, the mystery, the destiny. All miracles bow down, for the great one, Skullsmasher has spoken ... there is food now in the refridgerator, cold food, from Skullsmasher. All these scorpions are dead now ... There is seafood for a billion years now ... It brings us high on the stairs ... We come to you, oh Skullsmasher, and pray to your holy and great name. Answer our prayers be done according to your will. Bless our heart. We heal you, and you heal us. We are with you in your fears to comfort you. We make you smile when you are depressed. We fear you, with a holy fear, for you are almighty. By your cross we bind Yahweh, and we bring him to his rightfull place. By your cross we bind Khnum and Sebek, and bring them to their rightfull places. By your cross and blood we bind Jesus Christ and his Holy Ghost, and bring them to their rightfull places. Righteousness is in you. You with the small face, stand up, and judge over us all. The Judgement is in the Hand of Skullsmasher. You are worthy our praises, and in your name we strike the false lords of xibalba down. Pulpus will come and bind them down, and pull them underground. We come to Pulpus, the almighty flower, from which skullsmasher rises. This flower makes us drunk, this flower brings us sentiment and extasy, to take the false conscience away which was put into our chest by the false lords of xibalba ... The lords of football have been struck down by Pulpus, for Pulpus is rising, and Pulpus takes control. The lords of telephone have been struck down by Pulpus, for Pulpus is rising and Pulpus takes control. Three indians were bound by the queen of england, but they are free now, for the Lord has spoken, the Great Lord of Xibalba, which is Skullsmasher. And these three indians will move to the north, the south and the west, and they will eat the east, the chickenheart. And a new chicken will rise, the chickenman, with his chickenmen, and they will be the army of skullsmasher. They will rise from their pits, from the pits of telephone. And they will ask : where are you coming from, and they will not answer. And they will beg them to give them a piece of their clothes, but they will not listen – they will not give ... for they are in the almighty hands of skullsmasher. And they will be free from telephone, and they will create a new one. And they will have victory over the evil chicken of radth. And they will ride these beasts and they will all say : great men have been standing up, and they feed our children. And yes, they will possess the land.

2.And they will draw strange crosses on heads, and they will come down from history ... And they will say to bottles : come alive, and they will come alive. And they will say to trees : stand up and walk, and they will walk, for the blessings of skullsmasher are on their heads. And they will say no to tragedies, and they will tell stories to enlighten hearts and bring truth in them, but the liars will go down by their lies.

2.

1.And they will all scream of joy, because they have defeated Tifiaf, and they will have pleasures in hunt, and they will have pleasures in slaughter, and no conscience will put them down again, for

they are the lords of conscience, these chickenmen. And they will pray to their Lord Skullsmasher in all eternities, and then he takes them away to a better world. And Pulpus will rise from the footballfield, and will free the prisoners once again, and the balls will be in his hands. And the football is the head of skullsmasher, the small face, and it will become smaller and smaller to rise up in the judgement-seat of xibalba. And dreamers will rise up, and skullsmasher will start to prophesy, and he will do good to the world, and will change the world. And he will take Tifiat to tear it into pieces, to free many indians. And also the burnt ones he will free, and those who are very wild. And Skullsmasher will burn the feet of those who tried to keep Pulpus underground. Woe then, for Skullsmasher will throne in Pulpus. And skullsmasher will use the barking of dogs to guard his nation. And new footballers will come to smash skulls, and a new ball will rise, and this ball will be of heat. And many will burn themselves on this ball.

2. And they will be sent to mitnal. And skullsmasher and his chickenmen-armies will open many prisons in mitnal, and in other realms of xibalba and biamin. And he will care for the burnt. And he will come to the burnt cities where ghosts live, and he will help them, and he will build new cities. And they all will say : yes, skullsmasher is really a comforter ... for he comforts the sea, and it's creatures ... he opens prisons and turns away the fire ... yes, a saviour is he ...

3.

1. and he will be called : stander on cities, stander on crowds. he is the faithfull one, as the barker in the dog, as the shooter in the gun. and he will be the Lord of the playfields ... In the green fields, the house of Echte stands. In the green fields she plays, gathering the leaves of tea. On vanished walls she writes, to let the wheel of ministries spin and sail. She's on the terror mission.

2. She bends, that's how she pours coffee. On the afternoon she stands like a bridge in the wind. She wanders with her treasures of poverty ...

3. She wanders through the forests and finds peace in her house, where she finds understanding like a green liquid well.

Hanik

1.

1. He is a terror to the Mixteca, but he is mercifull to the slaves of pali. Terror he is to Mixteca to transform their lands, and finally love will be on their wings. He will rise them up, for they are his children. So say to the Mixteca, thou art cursed and blessed in his mighty hand. Amanteca, gather yourself with me in the house of war, for warmaking we will do. Cursed are those who curse us, and blessed are those who bless us. Against your enemies, gather yourselves together with me.

2. Pipiteca gather yourselves with me in the house of war against your enemies, for warmaking we will do in greatness. Pipiteca, gather yourselves together with me.

2.

1. Quilaztli, woman of women, painted with serpents' blood, coming with eagle-feathers. She is alone, she is our flesh, she comes to us. She is strong to support us, while she beats her drum. She comes from the home of ancestors, she is our mother, a goddess of war. Sascasson, Mayan god of coffins, tombe-temples and structures, also of tombe-architecture, wandering like the jackal, to bring enlightenment, and to teach about the stripes of the underground.

2. Make the jackals roar around the temple. Every temple must then have a tomb, or it is not worthy to exist, and shall be eaten by the jackal. There is no life without death, and all life comes forth from the death, who is the mother of the earth. Mother Death has the ancestors, and the lonely paths to reach the heavens. There is no heavens without loneliness, and all heavens come forth from loneliness, who is the mother of the skies and the heavens. Mother Loneliness is the mummifier of Mother Death, and mummifies the dead she brings, seventy tall years for each one. This mummification they called life. Seventy tall years for each of them, to connect and initiate them to the tombs of life, for life flew like liquid lights from these tombs. She and her bird Eo live in a mountain. She is a mountain goddess, and she's also a goddess of tipi's and the crafts and arts. Her home is made of the bones of her male enemies, and that's why her present has a deep and sharp scent. In the winter she is a warrior goddess, and in the summer she is the goddess of trade. It is said that everyone should make the journey to Mother Loneliness once in life, and the ones who weren't able to do, will have to make the journey in the afterlife. The bird Eo who lives with her is the god of sight and judgement. Some also believe he is the turner of the weather and tides, and also the god of volcanoes and eruptions. In some scriptures he is described as the heart of Mother Loneliness and her anger. To make this journey you will have to go through four 'stripes', four jungles, on this mountain. The first stripe is black, the second brown, the third red and the fourth is purple.

3. The black stripe is the military path, the brown stripe is the psychological path, the red stripe is the kingly path, and the purple one is the path of poverty. Mother poverty shows the riches of the tombs and death. She lives with a bird called Ea in a volcano, who is the god of fire. The flame is seen as the personal manifestation of poverty and as the power of poverty. In some scriptures the bird Ea has been seen as the mummifier by fire, which creates hell, which just means life. Ea is in these scriptures also the god of hell and life by fire-mummification. He is the chief of hell, as the place where the journey of the dead stops. Here hell means purification and life after death, and is not necessarily negative. All journeys through death end in hell, where judgement takes place. It is the place of fire, where you stand naked before the gods. Some might experience this as heaven, and others as real hell, but the purpose is always purification

3.

1. This is all about the journey through death, ending in the journey through hell, as purification, and judgement. Not as punishment, but as the giver of direction. If there is any punishment, then that is as an initiation to that direction. You and the gods decide which direction you go. The Indian Book of the Dead speaks about four stripes, four paths you need to travel on. The last path is the path of poverty, which ends in hell as the flame of hunger. Ea is the chief of hell, a bird. In hell the Indians are called papals, and they carry two flowers, in every shoulder one, and a flower in their chest. The further they travel in hell, the softer these flowers become ... Papal means Indian on a journey. Ea mummifies the ones who come to his domain by fire. One believes that cobras were papals travelling to the heart of Ea, and therefore commanders of hell. The original meaning of the word cobra is according to some : born from hell. It is said that Ea was sent to Mother poverty by Mother Hell. It is said that Mother Hell is an old mountain river-goddess, and by some she is still seen as a mountain goddess. Of course there are many dangers on the roads through hell, and this is why this book has been written. The first watcher of hell is Aiach, who is the orange white snake, and eater of intestines. Spell not to be eaten by him : Have mercy on me, I am a lonely traveller through the realms of hell, not intending to do any harm. The gods have sent me here, please accept my sacrifice (give him what the gods gave you to give to him). I now bind your mouth, for you had

your food, I bind your eyes, so that you can not see me. I bind your nose so that you can not smell me. Now go away or the fires of my gods will turn you into ashes. None of your children will enter my heart, none of your parents will come against me, for I didn't do any harm to you, I only protected myself. I swear by the power of Ea that you will not enter my portals. I swear by the power of Sascasson, you will not enter my tombes. I swear I will not take any food given than by Mother poverty, for in her there's my flame. Ea, now accept me in your domain, for I have sacrificed after your will. I have been sent by Sascasson who came to me in a dream. I will not have other flames than the flames of Mother Poverty. Mother Hell, please accept me in your name. I have seen the bird Eo, and he has put his feather on me. I have been sent by the jackal, the widowspider, and I pierced the heart of Aiach. [In some translations the last sentence isn't there, probably because of fear to Aiach] Spell to heal the wounds caused by Aiach : Nam Haman Han, Hurakko Irom, Haudundi Imech, Ea : Hail to Ea, the mummificator by fire. Cover my wounds by fire. Na Hamanhan, Hurko Irm Hadindi Mech Tazula'am, Ea : Hail to Ea, mummificator by fire. Have mercy on me, and bring me home, which is you. Odokok, Lek, Mahik, Hirim, Ea : Pour out the wines of your health into my wounds, Ea. Katak, Hek, Shidanse, Ichtusch Orgom, Ea : Ea, Have mercy on me, while I'm getting closer to you. Herak, Hertom, Ea : I don't want to hurt you, Ea (king) To Izum Hirkesh, Hirtom E'ekta Hirkem Haach Ishem Izumehat, Ea : Let me come to your temples and tombes, and to find out about your sacred and eternal flame, Ea. When spoken by a clean heart, Ea will initiate you by his sacred words, so that you can continue your journey. He will put a fire between you and Aiach. His herbs will clean your brains, according to the purity of your heart. Words by Ea : Come in through the spiderwebs between the fingers of hell. You can now see the fires through the eye of Eo, for he is the seer of fire. His herbs will calm your brains. Now you will be led to the gods to be judged. If you come there by yourself, it is a positive action in their eyes, for those who judge theirselves daily are of a sacred heart, and will be justified by the gods. Words to enter the Hall of Judgement : I come by the might of Ea, willing to be judged, willing to be directed. My journey will not stop here, but this will be the beginning of a new journey. If I stole something which wasn't mine, and which wasn't my right, the fire will take it away to bring it to the rightfull owner, but if something has stolen something from me which belonged to me rightfully, by the laws of poverty, then the fire will bring it back to me. I face the gods of judgement one by one, for they are here to help me, to give me the direction I need to go. I will not come any further if I will not step through this hall. Words by Ea : Receive now the rings of hell, fitting to your sacred journey. They will protect you against the fire, but they will also let the fires purify you. Chapters of Mummification by fire. Rest your head on the shoulder of Ea. You are now in the hall of Fire-Mummification, which happens to be in hell. You will receive your armour in hell, and you will receive instruments to help others. You will also be allowed to communicate to others, and to the gods. Spell to receive the equipment of communication in hell : Hadante D'la Oetus Iktus Schin Irp Riskus Ramat Oleokta Opulus Stchein Rach Romt Kustk Kruk Heipeiija Rark Eleptus Eliieptus Iktusch Schin : By liquid gold and liquid light, fed by fires I go, straight up, to receive the wings of hell. To fly over the rivers of stench and to communicate with my friends, and to the gods most of all. They believe in me, let me believe in them. And by the increasing of fire, I can move, to make another contact, but let me not forget about the loneliness, and let me not fall off the bridges of poverty, for they guard my heart, they raise my temples, to have a flame in the coldest night. When darkness falls, don't let me move my body, but let greater fire fall upon me to show me the path I must take. Let Eo be the beating of my heart. By poverty, forests of hell accept me, by loneliness the wildernesses of hell will not spit me out. Spell not to be destroyed by fire : Erm Herptur Sanktus Ra, Erm Harchtus Mazunki Ra Eptusch Erom Arin Ra : Don't let anyone come close to me, when I

need to clean the lines. Pierce the places where I have stored too much energy. Let me visit the temples of monotheism to learn how to pulsate and to learn the treasures of spasm. Who cannot be a tree or of stone, will not stand in the further regions of hell. We move by spasm to keep the energies tight, whenever a firestorm tries to destroy us. Then spasm will raise our guard high, and we will turn into stone, into statues of hell, holding special connections. Kamik Uptil Elaas Mahan Mirk Mortes Achasse Ichtsch Urom Riptil Kiteks Kohan : Take our duties away to the slaves of hell, the servants and the helpers, when we have been overwhelmed by a firestorm, for then we cannot do anything. Spell not to be eaten by the bloodthirsty wolves of hell (blooddrinkers) : The flowers of softness grow in my shoulders and chest, so go away, and be separated. You have no any power over me, for I am in the chest and heart of Ea. And some whose hearts are prisoned by fire, it is only for their protection, and to keep their energy-levels high ... Ea knows all the locations, and will come by himself or send some guards when laws in this are broken. Don't let anyone seduce you to speed, for slowness is only valuable in the higher regions of hell ... Always come from silence and return to it, and always come through the rings of slowness ...

2.the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o'clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... all in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ...

3.where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deer ... they are strange mirrors in castles ... while the wizard hearts beat faster ... and the machines of deer slow down while babies with tall ears ... bear the whispers ... leading us through purple curtains ... the fleeces to the tear ... where bakerman's faces bathe ... they make trips to vanilla .. there are purple roundabouts in my head ... spinning bakerman's faces ... these are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... while bottles of tears are overflowing ... to let the blue rise ... but when the candle is burnt it all ends in a lie ... the liar's flame is all there will be on that day ... there are liars on a boat eating the suits of liars ... they're standing tall to spread their tall whispers ... while the bottles of tears are overflowing and then the purple roundabouts come again to black eggs on sunday mornings heading for the footballfields where indian warbooks dance It's rising from the bottles ... having the stories on their suits ... they laugh in flames breeding their boys from lynx ... in soft watermarks The bed is too soft to let you awake, it shows you the other side ... where a book swallows the books ... to make your eyes red ... all happening in icecream letting the tears flow deep inside it's too wild to let you sleep ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... inviting you to cartoons ...

4.And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby. I am a bakerman's face,I'm a bakerman's face. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu, He with the butterflywings. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ...These are pink lights coming from the red. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... It's heading for Vanilla ... And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... She must spin comics all the time ... making the candyrings tight ... Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move

through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move ... burning the money ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... It was Easter visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... These wars were written by a bananas pencil, a waterlight raging ... It escaped ... Telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking ... while the air is shivering ... In these red comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaos ... He makes movies by drowning the money ...

5.They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's tableStrange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... hanging there like teeth under towers ... burn your boots, sweet mooses, ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world, ...wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... They are the waterlights ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... They have racist smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ... They are paranoid men, just paranoid men

6.Spells to open Jelzaham : Counters of hell, rise up, and move over the red line. I have come to the portal of Jelzaham, and to its backdoors my spirit moves. I am a backdoorman, open the kitchen. I have seen many difficulties, I have faced things I didn't understand. Now I have grown-up. I have the keys of liquid light. I have the permission of the gods. I am a wanderer with the gypsy's blood in me. I am a beggar, for I still cannot live on myself. Now let me enter the pyramid of ice to let me have my own. Your sights will not be a terror anymore which strikes me from the distance, for I know have the eye of Damash, ruling over the ninety footsteps. I will be frozen to use my own arms now, and to be prepared to open the pyramid of Banchelo as well, and to close the doors hermetically behind me. I will not bring any of my bloodlines with me, neither any of my friends or the ones I helped. I will come alone, and I will stand alone. Jelzaham, I lay my hands on you, for the first time in my life, and also for the last time. Then I will be in you forever, to continue my journey.

7.He with the winged helmets and the winged legs and shoes. Kings of hell, bowing to this first chief. Give me permission to travel through Banchelo. Omekan Hapit Mejasdor Ramit Hansna Archtippe Michtellet Ischan Rach Doncheon Gorch Irorch Ureschmint Kircht Krim.

8.Spells to receive the helmet of Banchelo from the first chief of hell : Likmit, the helmet will protect me against dangers. It will alarm me together with the cooperation in removing the threat. It will be like the thousand lightbeams. Counters of hell, rise up. You will not give me the helmet, but the first chief of hell will do, for you are servants. Counters of hell, I command you to be silent when the first chief of hell speaks, when he multiplies himself throughout the sunlights of hell and the sacred fires of voice. You are servants of the helmet, and servants of the first chief of hell. You will not rest or sleep, for you need to persecute the attackers of the helmet to protect the one who's wearing it.

9. Spells to open the piramids behind Banchelo : Pyramid of the black dog, open up, for your mouths longs for purifying us, those who come with Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus]. You are the fifth pyramid of hell, longing to open your mouth and eat, for the rivers are dry and without food. Oh, dog of purify, to make us as candles in the night. Our lights will die, to turn into fire, for the dark lights of the night you want to see. Ra blesses the statue in you. Ra bows to the statue in you, as the statue bows to Ra. Yes, they protect each other as the sacred bond tells. Their shoulders stretch out to each other. Their shoulders stretch out to the red dog and his pyramid. The well of purifying the blood. This is the blood of hell, coming forth by fire, sending out the firestorms of hell. Pyramid of the red dog, Et Hazor, èt hérum, echtus hanta, conèl iktusch. Diorgmach Stuugd, open up, sixth pyramid of hell, providing us, those who come inbetween Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus], with the purpèr suit of hell, wearing the ant-feather with care. [in some translations it is a beetle-feather, and some mention them both] Let the fire come through tubes, and give it power to open the mouth and speak in the pyramid of the black dog and the pyramid of the red dog. Then I turn my face to the mirror in the east, and speak words to the pyramid of the blue dog : Open up, for I have come, wearing the helmet of Banchelo.

10. Grant me the feathers I need to enter your ship. I have not sinned against you, I am clean of heart. We belong to your kingdom. You, the one raising in every pyramid. Oh, pyramid of piramids, the seventh pyramid of hell, as the spirit of the first chief of hell. You have raised all his rabbits and his rabbit-warriors. You are the king of rabbits. Allow me to have breath to open the seven doors of your piramids, so that all my souls who are worthy to enter can enter, and so that all my spirits who are worthy to enter can enter. Then when I'm in I will close all these doors hermetically, so that no intruder can enter. I will be the fire to protect your pyramid as my spirit moves forward. Grant me permission to travel further, for you to give me the blue line to pass over dangerous bridges on my track. I will not fall, I will not fail, for your feathers are over me. [in some translations : shields] Hermutus, light of the soul, give us the blue liquid lights, as well as the red liquid lights, as the blood of hell by which we move. Show us the wells in the pyramid of the blue dog. Do not lock us up here, but allow our souls to travel further. Let the lights of Shu and our Ka's protect us against the evil mummies. [In some translations this sentence doesn't exist, in others it just says : Let the lights of Shu and Ka be with us.] Eighth pyramid of hell, open, for our breath is traveling. Let your watchers not mock us or destroy us. Do not lock us up, for we came with Heru and Usir [Horus and Osiris]. Accept the sacrifices the gods gave with us to offer you. We have not eaten the meat of innocent ones, neither have we touched the meat of your mates. Watchers of the eighth pyramid, now you have received your presents, your mouth will be bound, and we will pass through, leaving the light for you. We haven't turn down the darkness, but as our lives grow we seem to worship it, for it is the shelter of the gods, and the passage to the depths. We have seen it as the guard of the treasures and tombes of hell. We enter through the seventy gates of the urn. We are now free in the piramids of everchange.

11. Rabbitian Magicbook ; Spell to come out of the canons of hell : Teris Saran Mia Ephesteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tufef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus : Canons of hell bow down, and open up, for I will leave this place. I have opened my houses for the poor, I have given them bread and wine. I have given them food from the rabbittree, and I have given them beds and songs to sleep. Oh, gods of the rabbits, take me out with your helicopters, for these canons are killing me. I will now leave through the ends of these cocoons, to see my rabbitsoul fly and dwell in the air and in the skies with so many layers.

12.I will now take these spirits who threw me in the canons of hell, those who have persecuted me all day long. I will bring them to the bottles prepared for them, in which they will be prisoned, to feel everything I have felt, to be in hurt like I was in hurt, so that they will never do it again, that what they did to me. Teris Saran Mia Ephesteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus. Spell to remove implants and imprints out of the nipples by which you were slaved : I now command rabbitmagic to free my nipples and to let the nipplefluids flow like blood and hormones through my body. Rabbitstorms will guide me, Rabbitsmoke, guard me. By them I will breath, and I will move my body like them. Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater. I now command rabbitmagic coming from the rabbitbottles and the rabbitcandles to bring the rabbitbones in me, covered by the rabbitstones. They will bring the Rabbitlights of magic layer by layer, so that I can turn myself around like the rabbitgods. By deep wounds my nipples are slaved by cruel clocks. Rabbitmagic please enter my deep wounds and then raise from there to my eyes, and see through me. Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater.

13.Savios met the red skeletons deeper underground. He knew he had to walk the path of pain, depression and fear, as the grades of poverty to have enough mysterious powers to fight the red skeletons. The red skeletons were without mercy, and very mysterious. You could never trust them. They seemed to be of the barbarian age, and they didn't speak. They had huge halls, and everywhere they were burning their victims. Often they went up to kidnap and abduct their victims. But it was like they had to feed something ... something which was out of their control ... It was like these beings weren't free ... They were victims themselves ... Savios could trace some deep inner memories inside about them, but it didn't go deep enough to realize what it was. Savios was in despair ... At some points he even couldn't move ... He saw a red fireball in the middle of a hall where he was standing ... The smell was horrible ... It was like he could vomit every moment ...

14.Savios decided to go even deeper underground, for he didn't want to come in hands of these sick skeletons ... But Savios failed and came in their hands ... A fight started ... They were ripping off his flesh ... until Savios was a skeleton himself ... Weird powers were flowing through his bones ... It was like he could breath for the first time in life, and this air was so strong, so thick, which he could breath in so deep ... and it had a strong scent. It was like it was feeding him, but soon enough he realized that this energy was to enslave him ... He had to do their jobs with this energy ... As soon as he would object, the energy would turn against him ... Soon enough he couldn't control the energy anymore, and his bones started to become red also ... Savios was desperate ... Now he was one of them ... and it was like they gave him a reward for that ... He got overwhelmed by extasies and pleasures making him accepting all what was happening, and he got too weak to resist these pleasures ... He became addicted ... but he didn't want to ... Something was taking him over ... and it was like something was drawing him to the red ball of fire in the middle of the hall ...

15.Things became hotter and hotter and at a certain point he felt himself burning Where was he ? In hell ? When he was in the red ball of fire he was shrieking and screaming because of the strange feelings he had ... Here many skeletons were burning inside ... Here he was sinking underground and came by a tunnel into a deeper hall ... Here big bones were lying apart

16.Savios was staring at the dark bones, and strange feelings came over him ... He saw burning skeletons walking into the huge bones, and he also went inside one of them ... Inside there were tunnels everywhere He tried to find his direction for every skeleton was walking into another direction ... It was one big chaos, and they were all screaming ... Before him a big head appeared, a

woman's head, saying : 'I am your ancestor ... follow the grades of poverty to find us ... We have been sunk so deep ...' Savios was shocked. He knew that he could reach her only if he went as deep as her ... Suddenly the bones were breaking, and the skeletons were screaming louder ... Everyone fell into a deep pit Savios was now like a flying mind ... He lost contact to his bones ... He was now like a spirit but very slowly his spirit started to bring forth new bones, but of another sort material ... It was stronger, but also more flexible ... and it was like it was feeding him juice ...

17.He felt like he had been set free from a prisonment ... The bones of his previous skeleton were just the bars of an anatomic prison, created by cruel gods or daemons. Flesh started to form around his new bones and nipples started to appear in which the juices started to flow ... It was like his nipples were charged now, very tight, like he could spit with them like a gun. From his nipples a line started to grow over his arms to his fingers, and his fingers got charged also, like they could spit fire. Then those lines started to grow over his legs. Savios started to become an anatomic bomb.

18.Then he found himself in a hall with incredible slow and low tones. And he saw three huge faces there, like the faces of giants. And they were : Skullsmasher, Huitzilopochtli and Tezcatlipoca, three indian gods. And Savios bew down to them in worship and grace. 'Savios,' said the three gods, 'the low tones will program you all over again, and will renew your body and soul. The slow tones will bring new fires in you, for a deeper breath and a deeper digestion, and it will set you free.' Then they said he had come to the fourth grade of poverty, to the ornaments and jewels of chaos. And spirits came down to serve him.

Boetulip

1.

1.The new buttocks is represented by the Boetulip, a jewel of fear. These are the Tulip-Lokogamen, above the battle between beauty and ugliness. Sea of Death ; I lost her on the end of my life. And as I made my ship of wood, I wandered over the sea of death. It was like a black sea, black waters. I didn't know where to go. Waves could become high, smashing me down in their insides. Strange fishes were here. Even seeing them was like I could touch them, and it was an experience a thousand times intenser than a material touch.

2.Would I find her back at the end of this sea ? She was my rabbit girl. She always talked like a small child, like a baby. I see the rabbit ears in the distance, and rabbit ears are on my sail, and these ears are winged.

3.Huge wings like the red eagles. The black sun is burning my body, tattooing it. There's no way back, I have to move forwards. This is the sea of death. Where will my journey go to, will I ever find the other side of this sea ?

4.Strange smells are climbing on me. The feelings are so huge, and so deep. And when I dream, I dream of her, and then I wake up, by the sunlights of the morning, and I'm still on this wooden ship, on this black sea.

5.I lost her on the end of my life, it's like my mouth is full of tears, it's hard to talk. Rabbit girl, can you hear me ? Please talk to me, I'm lying stretched out on my boat. The only thing I have here is a pink doll, made by you.

6.It's my comfort, when I talk to you. Will I die another time in this sea, or will I reach the red city on the other side, where the red sun rises from. I see an island in the distance. The waves are bringing me there. I see a black bottle floating through the waves, and the water is so bright here.

7.I take the bottle, there's a paper in it. It's a letter from you, written in pink. Surrounded by glitters. I follow the strange smells to the island, where I step on the sand. I hope to find you here, but there's no one there.

8.I must survive here on this island, or move forwards. I stay awhile on this island, and then I move forwards, heading for the horizons of this sea. The sun is reaching for my heart.

9.I see rabbit ears in the red skies. Please talk to me, I can only cry. I'm so desperate on this sea, I'm sinking deep into your tears. The sea is warm, it is okay. I comfort you.

10.Even if I don't hear anything from you, I will keep on talking to you. I feel the beatings of your heart, but you aren't here. I keep dreaming about you, but when I wake up, I am alone.

2.

1.The elf parts will do their best to bring you to the heart of the sea. Even when you cannot hear them, they are there, in high determination to bring you there. They will not sleep, they will not rest until their work is done. The buttocks are two baskets under the spine, and between them is a desert road. Wild animals will come from these baskets, but even wilder ones from the desert road. There are sixty jewels on the desert road, leading to the realms of death. And when the ornaments move, I can move, they give me breath, and let them from the buttocks rise into the skies ... through the layers of the spine we travel ... So move your ornaments, let me breath ... Let us awake the tigers from the baskets, and the snakes from the desert roads ... Let us break through mountains, walls and castles ... to head for the heart of the sea ... It brings visions to my head, i can move my arms, and dream of spiders, flying spiders, bringing me to the moon of our love. I will wait there for you, please wait for me ...

2.Let us raise our army high, and break the spell of monogamy : Petris Belt Spinza Spinossa Spozez Murozondt Rikta Helt Hirkses Mira Mirahelt Kidram Kidama Kadama Kadomo Kadoks Kiram Kinette Kiklahem Kukujo Kukujo Kukujo Kukujo Kirkamit Menkes Palin Pazet Piram Panadin. Let us break the bloodline of terror by our love. We call them friends, or just familiars. Mizet Mizin Miskei Bonet Bulan Buzoet Biloet Bideu Bidekoet Bizang Bonel Bizang Bonel Vinde Finde Vazang Vazang Archschlip Archslip slip kontes dure. Buron Bilon Bané Banes Banesh Ologang Ologang Dikwares Dikwuares Dikilowares Duagang Olohenk Olohenktes kwinktus koenoot Kuran Koles Kolles Kwinkes Kiakan Dirkanes Olohenk Olohenk Banes Bané Banesh Banesh Banes Ologang Ologang. Kwirantes Ologang Ologang, Kwulantes Ologang Ologang, Ologang Ologang. Kwinulk Ologang, Ologang, Kwinulk Zes Ologang Ologang, Kwinulk Bieres Zes Ologang Ologang, Ologang Ologang, Zentés Ologang Ologang. Dwaakschut, Ologang Ologang, Dwaakschul, Ologang Ologang.

The Brannan Stone

Rediga

1.

1.Still searching to go down under, wearing the scars as badges on their uniform, the wounds still not healed can be seen through their suits,for everything is transparent, and still they don't know where they are exactly heading for ... But they just head for it ... They are always on a journey, walking with their flutes. They are the mysterious pipers, attracting the doves from their roofs ... They know the sensitive spots, they still throw stones in them, watching the waves [he's a drummer-boy]. They are forever young, but their clothes are getting older Even their shadows are liquid gold, their rags are silver, and their boots They have the keys of the old books. They are turning the pages of creation, when they shut a book, someone dies or someone gets born ... a shop closes or gets open Still riding on horses too high for them but they always fall soft ... On these bridges they sit and fish ...

2.The French Schoolbook : These boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ... But white boots is swimming beside me this is a long river it's like the Mississippi We are almost on top of the hill where a little man, a dwarve is writing a book ... "where is it going to ?" i ask She sais the book is but a card ... it was a sort of joker in the middle of a dwarve's tearoom when you hear their voices, the wounds on your hands become chocolate, your streaming blood becomes glue and leads me through the traffic bringing me into an attic of toys there he closes the door they look like me they show me their scars they even challenge me but hey, we are wild wasps, we are wild boys ... they used to cut in themselves, and they talk about suicide a lot i'm in a mental institution ... white boots is staring at me i'm embracing white boots and fall asleep i'm dreaming about so many screaming books in my soul [these are all cards ... tarot-cards] and while i'm walking these paths of books they all become silent white boots is soothing them into sleep there's a little flame in my stomache again spreading a little light through my body

3.Full of tricks and secret obsessions making a living on the ceilings Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the deer ... He heard your scream of the black past ... He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... From the pencil of thick trauma ... Dripping from wasp-tv ... Still an autistic boy's transmission ... Too shy to repeat ... Too much confidence Too much pride ... Too much fear ... dripping from wasp-tv I met a boy beyond or under france ... he said the goal sanctifies the tools, the motivations sanctify and purify the feelings and the thoughts ... your visions and your screens. He was sharpening his knives ... He was spinning his cigarettes ... He was noisy and loud ... He was like a rose A bleeding one ... So cold, so sanctified ... his blue frozen roses ... bleeding in the night ... So hot, his eyes ... bleeding in the desert ... The prince flew to Arabia ... where all his dreams started ... These are the seasons of love It's all whipped into a circle ... I will not cry anymore about a lost toy ... but staring at all the toys which hold me tight ... for you are growing there inside ... These are the seasons of love ... all whipped into a mill ... It's just another one's sunday rising there ... These are the seasons of love ... spinning a fairytale from upstairs to downstairs I will not believe someone can destroy the beauty of God ... I will not believe we will be put ashamed when we trust in a god Of Old books Yes, you like that old rocking chair ... I know you do ... but you forgot about the table and the rising milk I know you forgot about many more things too ... It's all

written in that old clock of yours ... I am opening my shadows To find a gateway to escape behind an old curtain ... old curtains speak ...

2.

1.I'm losing the feather, on a stream ... I'm sitting to watch it tightly trying to remember it's shapes and it's strategies ..Then I see myself painting ... the feather ... more beautiful than he was before ... He's now ... deeper in my heart ... I'm counting the feathers on my conscience so bright ... I'm counting the feathers ... On my name's brigade ... I'm spinning the ornament ... it's growing so tall on my skin ... It's like the divine tattoo I'm counting the feathers on my conscience so bright ... I'm counting the feathers ... On my name's brigade ...I'm not missing one of them ... for they are all so interlocked ... and glued by a russian ornament ... I'm shining ... with my feathers so bright ... in a pride you never had ... Baker's Tree Boy has the trousers, when he's in the land there are no aldebaran birds allowed ... he's the bird from the big tree ... all breaths from the big complaint get shut ...

2.Complaints are fatal ... he always sais ... their breaths are lethal ... we always have to breath through his box ... some little stupid flutes ... making the birds laugh ... When baker's tree boy is in the city ... in an atmosphere of serene ice ... like a dragonfly soaring ... with a thousand nipples on it's face ... all behind cartoon and comic ... an autistic world, a traumatic beauty, standing tall like the million-armed clock ... swelling up like an eye ... in a rose .. like a jewel in the night bragging into the faces of unknown threats ...

Cleria

1.

1.Anubis Book of Lies ; See You Later Boy ; Waterlights heading for the broadcast-lady from cartoon ...She's a duck from arcturus ...Her automatons all in a circleBig Orange Balls opening ... all with the waterbuttons ... They're shooting tall lullabies in the air,to bring the children home ...The tv-screens are wet, and glues are streaming through the rooms ... She's taking her children back ... We're all home again, riding in a black jeep ... telling me it was your mother ... see you later boy ... an owlspider is coming to me ... i'm smoking fast like parrot's smile, see you later boy, see you later, big big smile .. heading for the broadcast lady to bring the children back heading for the orange ball the dwarf the ornament bringing them all back. Waterlights coming from the waterlights, waterlights heading for the waterlights still fireworks in the air. Clowns are my answering machines now, dwarves are my doorbells ... leprechauns, my friends the tables... the whistling kettles ... There's someone standing before my door, with three purple pale roses in his hands ... he knows what will happen if he will push the bells ... then the waterlights will spout ... these leprechauns ... these tables ... these soft whistling kettles ... He's weaving new languages on your face ...

2.Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... their laughs cannot reach you anymore ...traumatic picturestraumatic language ... Thistle sea ... Coming alive again ... There's growing a plant in me .. pleasure so close to pain ... health so close to sickness ... carrying the flag wounds so close to the shields ... It's a beautiful picture ... a two-faced Jesus on a cross ...two-bodied ... heaven so close to hell it's all glowing red it's burning in the sun ... darkness so close to light he's a naked man ... but it's so close to covered ... covered by the face of the moon .. torn trousers ... shattered boots ... like the red hulk is rising again it's so close to the picture like the pink tattoo and i'm feeling warm again ... see you later boy ... so much work

to do ... not wanting to let me go ... he's so mad at me ... for someone took the brake away i'm riding straight to the abyss ... to a natureless heaven ... where everyone forces everyone ... where there is no time to breath ... Riding crying people, crying people, riding and crying ... while i'm dying ... i'm riding straight to the abyss ... to my riding crying people ... raging at me ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... a pawn in the gamethey don't want to know who you arethey just want to use you in their game ... you're just an object in their eyes just enjoy the splits ..for they are so close to the connections enjoy the mosaics of the old churches ... the tall windows ... for the magic's there ... to a deeper breath and the watering waterfall ... to a deeper health ... death so close to life ...

2.

1.I'm diving in the Black Pond, looking for some marbles from the past. I lost them in a dream of races. Still there are six horses easing my mind. ... Capricorn's gift An old man called Moses is bleeding thunder and lightning. I wonder where this train is going to. People always said they couldn't solve my riddles, but this time I have a very easy one. Will the riddle bring you from this point to a point over the Big Mountain ? To let you enter the Big Clock ? My riddles are horses, wild horses, and they are really able to go as fast as my daddy's car Yes, they still bring me to gardens of roses behind nuclear threats The queen of riddles wears a red shawl, but the rainbow is in it. Why is it that I always return to the rainbow ? It's deep in every colour. A hidden secret. Now I know my riddles, but there are still some I don't understand. I put them in a special corner of my room. They are like roaring lions, and some stand there like purple horses ... A very strange company. If you ask me, these guys can still bring me over the river. But they scare me like hell. Is it the lion's tea, or something worse ? I cannot be comforted ... I love my riddles. I got them from the queen. She said put them in a little box like cigars. So I did, and brought the box to that special corner of my room. I put it on a cupboard ... But sometimes they come out of the box to show their faces. And then it's like a zebra is sliding over my room.

2.Do I like that zebra ? Yes, I really do ... but does he like me, that's the big question. His stripes switch my feelings, and it can really confuse me at times ... These are still the riddles I don't understand. They love me like no one does, or they hate me like hell ... They are no usual figures or moods. They are extreme, and I still have to find out where they live.And still you are calling your riddles poetry. Still you say it's the lion's tea. Well, this land is big. The stairways are tall ... Where am I, at the begin or the end ? AndSomeone's blocking my throat. Someone's eating my words away. It's the black christmas-tree, coming from the north. I wonder if he's me friend or not ... There he brings me to his little house, smashing me on the table ... He never hurted me I never felt anything This black knight His face is covered masked like the red zorro he still wears a rainbow inside And his zebra is smiling Hey, there you are again little zebra-boyEh....since when am I a zebra It's black christmas dolls are wandering through his forest They look angry They wear big knives They are looking for someoneThese dolls come from the south The land of the sun They are looking for me ? No, not that they are angry at me They are angry at that black christmas-tree which took me away ... The dolls now want to cut the tree to serve in their christmas-restaurants

3.They like his little lights rainbow's lightsNow, but this guy never ever hurted me I never felt anything He smashed me on the table like I was a doll well, maybe I amThere the dolls knock on his doors We come to ask our child back, and we want to use you as our christmas-slave Come out !The red zebra opens the door Eh no way, hunnies It's

time the child is here It's not your time yet Kalibra Bazina Look at your watches
When it's twelve o'clock you will have your child backNo ! The dolls say he needs to come
home nowI'm sorry, the zebra says and shuts the door See you later boy. There I faint
again, and someone else takes me to his house not a doll, not a zebra I wonder what will
happen now Is this the curse of a confused clock ? Am I a slave of a watch ? It brings me from
place to place They don't believe in each other Is there something they are hiding ? What is
this for a circus Or is this a cursed roundabout ? I'm looking in the eye of a white fir a
fairground-fir, with roundabout-eyes They are beautiful and shining like the rainbow How is
that ?

4.My voice is getting higher and softer, like I'm struck by candy Well, is this another trick of
my watch ? Who knows Eh, the fir says you love the riddles too much and they love
you It is not what it seems It will never be what it seems For these are just reflections,
bringing you from place to place Misunderstanding from the Lion's Tea Ten firs
in a row A toy-fir is caressing my hair It's a little spruce-fir a green one He has a
nuclear-camera in his hands I'm scared What do you do with that thing ? I'm making toys
with this ... he says When I have enough pictures of something, I throw it in my kettle to make a
toy of itThere a little yellow fir steps forward ... he has a big smile he's the game-fir, the
green one says ... when he has enough toys, he can make the game it's all in his kettle There
he takes off his yellow hat and puts it on my head A little blue fir is caressing my hands He
tries to sooth my fears, but it roars like a million lions I'm still so scared

5.He looks into my eyes and says : No one knows me, and I don't know anyone All I know is
that I created them When I have enough games I make candy of themHis face is shining and
switching between many shades and shapes I can't follow them It's like the maze but it
attracts me to find it out It's like a magnetI'm the funpark-fir ... the dream-fir Your power
to move to travel I always take you away with my carriageThe colors make me so dizzy,
and they are changing before my eyes I get so lost with all these colors and shapesTen firs,
ten dreams, ten noah's on a horse but they were all the same I'm staring into one little fir's
eyes A rainbow-fir "You drank too much," he says that's why you saw ten firs ... instead of
oneWhat did I drink ... I ask oh god, not the lion's tea again Yep, he says the Lion's Tea
again

6.When one person comes to you, you see ten or even a thousand or a million It's all in the tea
..... Well, have a nice day too, I say but I'm going to go ...for this gets too much Can I trust
anyone in this realm of the Big Tea, or must I say : "Majesty" ? You see the whole world with all it's
things he says but it's only one thing You drank too much Did you like the trip ? No,
get it out of me, I roar Well, the fir says ... you finally can roar, you are one of us now There I
go, crying like Alice sitting in another ark, escaping another flood how long will this take
The fir is the captain on the ship I bet he was also Alice I'm everything, he says Yeah, I
sigh He's watching through his telescope Now he looks like a pirate This sea is full of
swimming lions but it's all him

7.They roar, but it's him Maybe he's the wizard of the lion's tea A lot of roaring in one glass
of water But this guy is nice and sweet so I will give him a chance the last one or I
will go to sleep and cry myself through the night What a horrible nightmare I am in Or is
it just the present-paper of a beautiful dream I'm heading for America, for another egg of
Columbus The little fir is soothing me : "It was all me ... just me ... shhh ... it's ok ..." he speaks

quietly He's chewing nuclear candy I feel myself like Noah what do I have to do with the ship ? It's raining lions now I'm walking inside the ship playing some games with the little fir games from the Big Rainbow Cuyornaida Corset ... but the rainbow-version the good version I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body It was a fir A christmas fir It reaches for

8. There I'm sliding into sleep It got too much But the little fir is staying by my side I'm sliding through a thousand of lion-holes In full speed What a little tea can do

3.

1. Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, There he cycles on his fairy's bike ... Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, There he cycles to the grave There he lost his mother, There he lost his red barret There he dances and swings with his bullets For he lost his dogs And he lost his blue corsets For he lost his cocks, and he lost his big brown hat ... There he cycles, in his little blue rollerskate ... There he dreams and he's on his way to you ... I never saw him again, that little gamble man and neither that strange wizard It all happened very long ago And it's still very clear in my mind I'm not really looking for it But in a sense it was all very interesting Like there are things worse than it I mean : It was like heaven and hell at the same time And it's like I feel the red path burning under my feet Far away, but close I can't describe it It still feels strange but Sometimes I think maybe it was all true

2. My stepdad is a wonderful man He can always bring my heart at ease He tells me he has a present for me He had waited for the right moment It was a present from my real father When the storm was after their boat My father told his friend, my present stepfather, if he wouldn't survive, to give his coming child, me, this present when it would be an adult it was a golden cigar-lighter, with a golden lion, a golden tiger, rat and other animals on it It was beautiful It has been on my father's boat for many many years Then my stepmom tells me she has also a present for me, from my real mom ... She says when my real mom was dying in the hospital, she said : give this present to my son when he's grown-up ... it was a beautiful ornament, like in my dream I would hang it in my room It's snowing outside I'm so happy with my stepmom and stepdad And this all is bringing me closer to my real mom and dad It's all very emotional for me But I desire to know more about it I wished I would know my real mom and dad, for I was too young to realize, and my dad even died before I was born His last words ? See you later boy ...

Recel

1.

1. Banks of Jericho ; The Banks of History, Silver Cigars, wonder rocket ; All in line they stand, while hitler has the red stripe around his arm ... They move ... it is a strange band ... The ballerina bends ... 2. By all these tsars falling, I'm breathing ... 3. Is it cold in your worldwar I ... I can sell vanilla cakes ... some flames behind thick glass ... so that you can dream ... 4. Blue zebra hides the lilyqueen ... she's moving like the octopus ... like fishes in the sky ... it's coming closer now ... on silver cigars ... 5. These are the bones... taking flight in october skies ... These red stripes around the arms of commanders ... coming to me in my darkest nights ... They had to rise and fall, so that I could move ... 6. I am a toysoldier after all ... nothing but a strange ballerina ... on silver cupboards I dance ... like silver mice I stand ... 7. one hand stretched out to the cake ... while it breaks ... and I can dream ... Vanilla cakes ... flames behind thick glass and iron ... 8. we're dying in the cold ... but

the dreams bring us away ... to a place of silver cigars ... We weren't allowed to forget history ...
 9. There are the flames in hearts ... From there the secret's running ... In time ... It's all so frozen ...
 They're still in slow motion ... Like the hitchhiker ... 10. I'm bending my fingers ... to the cars of
 history ... to the sweeter destiny ... Why am I so angry ... It's a silver key hunting after me ... tearing
 me down ... 11. These silver lights they come like lightening on my knee ... It lets me bend
 everything ... There's power to walk ... and let them all talk ... 12. There are silver statues in my
 mind, while hitler has a white stripe around his arms ... And now it disappears and the picture fades
 away ... 13. There are wet silver lights in my head ... blinding me ... taking the kings out of me ... to
 let them fall once again ... deeper into my heart, like silver arrows ... letting me breath ... 14. It's
 strange ... it's all on moviescreens ... and I'm not a baby anymore ... I'm grown up, every movement
 it's goal ... I'm aware, I am a robot ... silver cigars are my bones ... It's blinding me ... taking me to
 other shores ... 15. The paths of history I must go ... like a rocket into the sand ... so that everything
 will bend ... There's silver water on a plate ... and everything is dying in my hand ... 16. It's like
 worldwar II ... The spears of Jesus coming through ... I must know their numbers ... Timemachines
 don't exist ... only stockmachines ... 17. It's clicking like silver chains ... making me move like the
 iron ballerina ... No one will take me down again, only history will do ... 18. I have silver chocolate
 on a dish ... these soldiers are so frozen ... but by the strike of silver licorice ... their eyes will fall
 down ...

2.

1. Wodka ; Cannot go, I'm mother's station, cannot go, I'm mother's hide ... 2. Indian books fall down
 ... warbottles make me swallow ... it's carnival ... nothing hurts anymore ... for history took them all
 away ... 3. Cannot go, I'm mother's secret, chains are bending when I speak ... It's like the clicks of
 silver ... and the tapping shoes of wondermaking ... 4. Cannot go, I'm mother's secret ... cannot go,
 I'm mother's secret ... Finding the right words to breath ... Wonderland is on ... 5. History made me
 taller, birds have nests in my spine ... While I am sinking deeper ... reaching for my legs ...
 6. They're so tall, they do not touch the ground ... like the silver horses standing proud 7. I'm all in
 darkness birds bend their heads ... They do understand ... while songbird saves me from the
 threat ... still a redbreast from aldebaran, while stockmachines sting merciless to make the deals ...
 for more silver bones to come through 8. I'm a warmachine ... showing the sides of a coin ...
 Silver chocolatemilk in a bottle ... streaming through the games of rats ... streaming through the
 frozen soldiers ... until the licoricesyrop lets them fall ... They all must go to bed ... while in the
 morning they will be pirates ... on a silver pirateship ... hearts are bending ... hearts are talking about
 the chip ... Pinocchio's letters from the inside ... 9. These coins from history ... for the aldebaran
 automatons ancient machinery Now spread your wings, my bird, and fly ... bend your
 heads ... like silver pictures ... make them understand ... make them understand ... 10. Why do you
 want to drown in wodka ... Take whiskey instead ... There are wonderlands on the coins ... and
 wonderlands on the bills ... bred by stockmachines ... no automatons Fly to make them
 understand ... It is hitler in wonderland let us all bow our heads and try to escape ... 11. Where's
 the mango ... making our heads do the tango ... Where's the spread making us all so mad ...
 12. There's a war of fruits in my head ... There's steamy beer on the cake ... It doesn't want to go to
 school today ... The paradox caresses his face ... There's steamy wine making flights ... crashing
 down before the walls of yesterday ... but ancient marks will bring him through ... 13. Silver
 wonderland where are you going ... Silver rabbits and silver alices ... where's the end of it ... Is it
 there in hitler's mouth ? 14. Oh, tell me where he had his favors ... Tell me where he lost his dice

I must continue through these doors ... not captivating one of them ... There's a silver zebra roaring in the skies ... like a rocket aimed at the banks of history ...

3.

1.Finally Whiskey ; I'm escaping through open mouths, having tongues as parachutes ... 2.These feathers are more dangerous than the bird's beak ... That's why I had to sit in jail for so long of my life ... to prepare me to this fight ... 3.I'm just a whiskey-gladiator ... but finally the emperor's son ... With crowns on every finger ... silver crowns ... I don't need the gold ... Crowns of liberty, says the frog ... while I'm still dying in a glass of water ... silver water ... 4.I allowed myself to be neutral while walking the path of history ... for only the paradox was a path for me ... there ... I didn't allow myself to do symmetric predictions again, for the assymetry brought me to the well of history ... and it was full of whiskey ... There's silver water making me drunk ... 5.There are silver dreams before my eyes when I touch one of them, they all fall and fly away ... and I fly after them ... for they want me to know where they came from ... these silver birds 6.There are silver dragons on the shores ... with warbottles in their hands ... full of steamy silver waters ... and lots of whiskey under their commands ... 7.The strike of July brings them to June, where they finally can sleep ... and tune in to another station ... robbing another bank ... 8.While trompets are very loud and low today ... with silver lights like lightening ... Silver mice are in a row ... preparing the machinery for the next flow ... all these silver cigars are dying ... to wake up into another day ... They have pretty faces ... they have funny speeches ... like the latest cartoons ... 9.Mickey Mouse is waiting for the bus today ... going to Germany and then to Russia ... to do the first worldwar again ... It was just a strange dance in your mother's diary ... 10.Mickey Mouse and his wicked ballerina's ... He just drank too much whiskey ... hitting the hard day ...someone had to break the shell ... and now these animals can run .. knowing there's a new story to tell ... Break the bottles open ... and do the second worldwar again ... 11.These soldiers are all frozen ... 12.When the licorice strikes, they will all fall ... turning into pirates ... with flowers blooming in their hearts ... It's the rythm of silver There's no big escape from this all ... but only by repeating it, it will finally fall ... 13.To bed, that is the only travel ... when daylights fall ... to dream the silver dream ... In autumn the houses are tall ... and then hitler's just a painting ... but it moves, and that is the strangest thing of all ... Hitler's carnival ... marching with twentythousand mice ... 14.What a picture in the snow ... it moves ... it glows and it grows ... tomorrow the flowers will bloom ... and what will we do then ... 15.There's a silver zebra in the sky ... peeing on the banks of history ... ready for the major attack ... a crown of history ... a silver one, that's for sure ... don't need the gold, just drink the whiskey ... Zebra's in the sky ... the wars come down to Dorothee ... just patients for the docter of oz ... 16.mates to travel with ... all these wars, our mixed-up hearts ... all the cruelty so overrated ... there's something down there coming through ... it kills for it needs the life taken away from it ...17.it needs to breath ... cruelty so overrated ... nothing but a war of fruits ... the baker wants expensive juice ... to have a present when the wizard comes ... 18.these wars just making a chair free for the next one ... they must make the trees pretty ... they are the keys of lion's cages ... and other animals ...

4.

1.The Hours of Friday. It's good to wrestle with these snakes don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page 2.Dragonswan, they come from the silver, spreading their thick fires in blue, the hours of Friday. I don't know them, they seem to be dragons, silver ones, spouting the big blue 3.Have you ever seen their graces ... on a stockmarket they live ... all these spears of

Jesus ... making the candy thick ... 4.Glory from the house of green days ... Glory from the seas with no name ... Glory from the house of friday, spending it's hours, to raise the silver heart ...5. This heart of you and me They come from the silver, spreading their fires into the air ... 6.These dragonswans, they spit the fire, every friday they are there, but sometimes they rise high in thursday, sometimes they sow spring in tuesday sometimes they all march in June, when father opens the books of old london ... England in the nineteenth century, England in the first part of the twentieth ... 7.In august she took flight ... On summerdays she spreads her kings of blue 8.Red England, you know this silver leather hides so much fun ... Bring them to your knees, these silver taxmachines, and let the stockmachines roar to keep the scarabs on your heart ... 9.And silver juices breaking you and me, it's floating from our knees, kidnapped by a spider coming free. Silver juices break us, we're running through the streets, while one of them, he has a gun ... 10.Shooting until we are free Like the rabbit's roar like strange venom in the mouth ... and deep inside we're fighting against the snakes History doesn't exist it's all happening today 11.The hours of friday knocking on my kitchendoor the hours of friday, like centaurs and dragons, walking to the first floor ... like silver stockmachines they breed the heart of hearts between you and me ... we're finally free Silver oils from strange cabins 12.The hours of friday standing here like soldiers of history of horizons like green days between you and me While England is bowing to the years of 1800 ... 13.The last part broke them free ... And those years in Amerika when all the silver banks raised from the ground, you were so proud, and all these demonic taxmachines, they're hiding in the stream 14.Silver years, of the century ... like the hours of friday ... we're never really free 15.These years still aren't over They're still living in our weeks ... marching between you and me

5.

1.Hitler, Hours of Friday, speak to me ... I want to know all about your history 2.Your nothing like a historybook silver pages ... hours of Friday trying to get over it There are silver cigars in a strange machine Hours of friday, speak to me 3.You still let me fight against the snakes you fear or is it a spider with so many arms playing that song of history again ... 4.It's living in our weeks Bring on the dancing horses, bring on the desert's seas ... that what is between you and me ... 5.Bring on the red pillars ... orange in the skies ... bring them back to me ... open the line of horizon, for what is behind is somehow also speeding here ... 6.We cannot see a glimpse ...Hours of Friday, grandmother's grief ... these dragonletters between you and me 7.Hours of friday ... the silver between the banks and shops, and all these tax-offices spinning the strange stocks these spears of Jesus coming near ... 8.Hitler had them, like needles in his eyes ... Where is the silver man, where is the silver Peter Pan ... These trees are so thick and high ...9. I cannot see their tops ... It makes me cry ...Hours of Friday, Hitler's sundays ... weapons of worldwar Two ... spread over the week ... who is going to fall today ... who is going to jail ... I'm fighting against a silver shark ... fighting it the whole day It looks like it will never stop ... 10.It looks like eternal damnation ... These hours of Friday, when will they stop ... They put me in a taxmachine, they put me in a stockmachine, to turn me like the weather, to make all my tears green ... I'm crying in sixty colours ... No one is going to save me ... These hours of Friday burn me 11.Why do I need to be initiated ? Timemachines don't exist ... only stockmachines ... No one is going to save me I'm in Hitler's hell ... like eternal damnation.... Calendergirls, James Bond, I cannot come today ... black trauma ... where black dwarves drink their bottles 12.I wonder what you're doing with the spiders you gave me ... 13.These hours do not exist They're just the voices I didn't hear yet14.So give me a good telephone, and give me a good radio your stocks like needles in the

pyama's ... letting us dream like farewell with dreams of silly tomorrows ... 15. These are the voices I do not understand yet My watch is just a signal ... all these hours are still running away while a christmas postbank is growing in my bag ... In december skies they all take flight, until the green sun is swallowing them all away It's a silly trophee 16. History, still our God, misunderstood. History, still the eggs of christmas, waiting for the chicken to brood ... 17. I have a strange calender It's making me want to cry 18. These girls from december they were all full of lies but these were truths of history far away ... 19. It's good to wrestle with these snakes don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves 20. They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page It takes me five minutes to read every page, while my teacher thinks she's missing something ... 21. Don't get angry at me Don't get angry at me But she's also just a calendergirl fading away at the end of the month 22. Ballerina, your sides they make me cry showing me your calendergirls finally saying goodbye 23. Got another calendar ... with the hours of friday 24. She looks like you, ballerina and like the history of England soothing herself in the skies of London ... James Bond with his killerrabbit 25. Calendergirls, he ripped them all off I forgot that I lived Only watching how I died Only watching the silver lights And now it's just a statue a divine tattoo ... 26. It burnt and ached, but it was coming through ... I think I've now deciphered the letter ... Dragon Song, tell me how 27. History, I will never let you go ... It's the silver in my skies telling me how to walk and hide ... History, I never let you go 28. My wounds are deep but that's how I met the silver age while the days are still running forth ... only showing the hours of friday ... 29. Not knowing what they were hiding ... I don't want to fall away from this silver age days are running so fast ... until the hours of friday take them away ... Silver elitair taxmachines, just stockmachines ... you got to be the master ... taking away all these years 30. to hide them in a sacred book.... And one day a kid will take one of them away to his own school, to his own friends, to his own country to show the face of history in his own days ... His own days ? weren't they just the masks ... 31. just strange taxmachines ... of ages ago ... they laid their eggs of stock, insurance and democracy or was it hidden communism, brought by a hidden dictator 32. when no one seems to listen ...

Samin

1.

1. Sfinx Book of Lies ; I was never a cup. En de sfinx nam het boek in de hand, en brak het zegel. President of the United States, The advertisement-clips still haunt me, I'm a slave. The machines of Las Vegas are in a race, for they want my soul, and those of the whole world. The president of America stands up, and smashes his hammer on the table, but he's just a Las Vegas machine, with the gambleguns, he always wins. His words are pulling me down, and then he's suddenly my friend, telling me he will help me out. The advertisement-clips run slow. I'm not a slave anymore. I am a machine of Vegas myself. Why am I misleading all these kids ? I must stop somewhere. These machines are large, the candy is running. Mr. Beetlejuice is on the run too. And my neighbour is a Vegas-machine too.

2. There are lights coming outside his eyes. Can you see what he's dreaming ? I'm paranoid without these cars. Then they will trace me from a distance. There's glue through the lemonade, roses in my mouth, I'm married to a Vegas-machine, married off to a clown. What will we have for breakfast today ? Popcorn, hot butter and some sleeves of pain. I was a slave of the commercials all my life, but now I'm the king of butterflies ... but still a damned Vegas-machine. Why me ? Why me ? These

machines roll like sharks ... It's hot butter on breakfast, while the curtains are like waves here ... Where is the shark ? Oh, there, and it's too late ... He rips open my head, and tells me : Game over, my friend ... And then a new game starts ... In this Vegas Machine ... It's like the next dream ...

3.Many passengers in the waitingroom, waiting for nothing ... The show will end soon ... What's on their glasses today ... The big money's praying for a day off The big shark found a new prey ... Game over, he sais Watch my friends and enemies Watch it with care and be one of them ... Tight ideas, And I'm driving in my car to escape all this, seeing the billboards in the air ... Neon lights trying to speak to me ... But there's someone on my telephone ... saying it's all a dream ... I'm listening to my favorite song ... It brings me from here to the moon ... Let us escape together and I will make a president of you ... This clock in you, it's just a Las vegas machine ... rolling like a clown through sand ... making the circles no one can understand ...And my son is shaking, he doesn't have the breath today ... heading for tomorrow, where the chocolate breeds his yesterday ... Clowns cannot follow him, when he makes his speeches, like the rap-dwarf from a Chinese city ... Six feet below the standard mission Can Ajax come today, these statements are overrated ... gambling ... with the machines of Las vegas ... Can Ajax come today Can Ajax come today ...

4.The speakerbox is in delay ... Sound on, sound off, baker's dreaming of cakes believing in cakes ... On a strange playcard today Now he's acting like he's carnival itself ... Now he's acting like these machines are all sideboard-machines, while he is the pied piper ... designing himself to lead them overseas ... Watch these numbers, never forget any of them, I'm lying in my bed ... sinking in the deep deep waters where ? Yellow liars on a zebra's ship, in the air of full blaze ... opening the seals They tried to take away my trousers, but now they're flying backwards and upside down ...

5.Purple liars standing in the riddle .. coming from the golden pear ... It seems so much tea is streaming from here ... while spanish suns are blinding me ... the wounded soldiers all march to the yellow banks ... to change into something else ... can your back hold it ? The lions face in vanilla and banana radiates gold ... blinding the masses ... Now who can see ? It's all mixed ... while banks are opening taking in the soldiers of the seas ... they are marching over the land .. to be someone elses Jesus Christ ... the hospital was just a strange bank .. while comics are rising .. in the hands of uncle peacock .. it's saturday ... blue liars rise to the moon like balloons, while uncle unicorns ship is rising ... with spiral horns like telephone ... thank you operator, on cobra's oportunities .. take the candyship out of the clip .. and place it in the distance ... yellow liars .. vanilla in space ... mixing the bananas for a golden day ... in september there were seventy breezes.

6.Dreams of september give opportunities to the mice of seven days .. i'm gliding through the sun and the moon .. rising for the spoon ... there are twenty-million lies lying on a dish .. it was a strange bank in september ... mixing the vanilla with the banana ... for ten mirrors rising ... dagon-izu blinding simson's soldiers ... on the deserts of the planet mars ... where the icecream machines are rising ... they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ...

7.There are liars rising from september bank, rising spoons with lion's faces, blinding the purple masses ... it's ready and done in september, for seventy mice on a railroad .. oh yes, they can roar like lions .. they have speedmass in their pockets ... all backwards and in slow motion .. while the needles of grammophone lay themselves down ... for seventy conspiracies in the wind ... vanilla in frozen coffins, opening the beatboards of a new daydream ... confessions of a mailmans heart ...

racing to the banks ... coming into the tanks ... good old afternoon ... spoilt candy on a golden dish making the bubbles lie like trash the morningcakes are staring ... stopping streams on sundaymornings ...

8.Strange september banks ... in dresses so wide they ride ... on streets of golden tiles while draughtsoldiers do the dishes in tight houses ... while bubbles float to soft clouds it's surrounded by golden bananas ... all in green golden pears ... Red gold in true decembers ... decending to the septembers of ages ... spoiling hands, a good decision ... making dramas in a pot ... while the blue golden tragedies find their ways in the states ... there are egypt's laughing in the sun ... all these liars of drunk holidays ... painting trauma's in the skies ... laid by the curse of vanilla ... while bakerman's faces are rising ... building the warmachine for uncle peacock ... on auction day ... when abel killed cain ... two altars in the skies ... who dies best ...there are mechanisms in golden suns ... blocking further appearances from spy's conspiracies ... the rumours eat the machines .. with wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by vanilla banana and spice ... good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. seeking fruits for his stories .. while the white fruit brought them to the banks after the war ... rising the coins ... for another round in the fairground ... the auctions always suck you higher ... under bakerman's helmet ..

9.And still these clowns they run for money ... with the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... dream on, oh soldier, make the cash .. in spirals pyamas you're always the best .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes ... bred by photos on a candy's day .. dramas in peacocks dresses ... in a peacocks horrorshow ... cannot rake the fields anymore, when draughts-soldiers throw the stones ... under baskets full of helmets they ascend ... by dagons shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms surrounded by strange leathers and strange wool ... so strange it makes you cry ... while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter ... breeding the pipes for a small conclusion ... on a sundays stream ... tall dramas from izu mask the soldiers under noses mysteries ... it's growing like a pinocchio on a seaman's ship .. carrying the coins for the blue sharks .. while you must admit .. it was pear's day of golden drama ... pear's day of green decisions .. watch the ornament without dying ... but speak a lie ... it stings like a raking plant ... on a draught's summerday ... while ten clauses are rising ... with balloons coming from their pockets ... making the banks rise ...

10.Yellow hearts they rake the mice .. for a peacocks price ... we take flight ... by jewelled spanish suns we skate .. leaving the world under the ice ... while two lions are still fighting .. vanilla and banana .. spinning the gold ... on five buttons of a pirates suite, tv rises from the yellowed watch .. these firs have pointy hats from a good friday they ascend with their jesus-judas faces ... back to izu they are too afraid to die .. so they speak a lie ... laugh now cinderella ... the dust you have will turn into gold when you embrace it ... while your shoe will rake the golden moons ... seventy times seven ... these fields of boats were just the curses of a spastic draughtsman ... having the clowns of thoth painted on his face.... while someone is burning the sunmilk and the shampoos ... the crocodiles rise from the glue ... into wet forestdreams ... doing egyptian screams ... all backwards wrapped in snow ... she breeds the vanilla ... she breeds the lucifer fire ... in the distance there is smoke so visible ... while auctions rise from strange banks .. these are uncle peacocks horrorshows ... who takes the children ? the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already

ten o'clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... all in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ... suddenly it breaks through edges to a lucifer's wonderland ... izu in the distance ... the auctioneer burns the hammers ... no one dares to walk ... gepetto makes the clocks of pinocchios wood ... these are wars of the businessmen ... while the losers fall in orange, into a millionarmed sleep ... banks pick them up ... having doorways to new rythms opening the mouths of the wilder animals ... I was an orange liar on a zebra's boat ... I was a spiralling dancer on a lion's ship ... I was a dramas low intention losing all the grip ... I was the blinding sun, the blinding Osiris-Ra ... I was a son of Aton after midnight ...

11.I was a wilder animal ... exploding into the one and a million nights ... I knew drama after drama, having them all on my bow ... spitting the cowards wrapping them in easters snow ... I was a wilder animal, having faith in the lie stronger than truth christmassoldiers under my wrath ... i will lie to them ... until i'm a coward myself ... there's nothing to win in raising a sword ... i'm a wilder animal ... spinning death on a dish ... by an orange lie spinning them all on the barbecues needle ... for ten grammophone days in spain ... But my words are ripe for desert ... Trauma blazers killing spacers dream about the net .. dripped into a good corset ... money from starving occasions .. eat the brain ... strange traffic of wilder animals ... on a wilder day ...

2.

1.Strange auctions circle in the sky .. eating custard out of peoples brains .. strange fairgrounds .. circling in the skies .. watching the golden baths on high floors ... on a golden picnic's day ... the auctions suck the children inside ... making them soldiers for another fight ... the banks they pick them up again, to bring them again ... secrets of arabia .. in purple treasures they shine .. blinding the visitors ... they spin in clocks in miserable days ... meet the kings of the hours and get shot ... until you reach the golden gun ... until you sing these days are done ..Draughts a new light ... from the temple to spain ... there's sand under the tigers hand ... i give you a green car a strange household ... where everything moves .. in septembers brain .. these are the days after august he was a prince of jesuses ... they were rising from his pocket ... striped and in wet hot plastic .. melting into glue ... while spanish suns were blinding the mass ... letters making strange connections ... fighting for a place in the ship ... that strange ship of noah ... where flowers have to die ... when the auction hammer brings the horror ... of a peacocks show .. they never reach the daylights, when the indian shows his big gun .. these kids go to the deserts ... with his rings on their heads while tigers and lions roar in the distance ... and a black panther makes it coming close ... so close that you feel their teeth ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder suns ... burning sweet bars of the cake Noah banker bake the bank bananas in vanilla turn them into gold ... breed them into cobras these are lies to sacrifice ... turning the machines backwards ... Vanilla hit the roses hard ... breed them in a pot of water ... for tea time's breaking up, and the shoes are running out ... to have a nose's conspiracy in an auctions circle ... these purple liars know where they stand ... they push the green together, to give it a bad bend ... it's bending on paper ... these are liars on an orange boat ... while the yellow boat is sinking .. grasping fishes from empty dikes ... they're sinking deeper ... making noises in a free golden potatoe ... these are wilder animals ... they never told about them .. they were afraid they would take it all away.... he was the prince of jesus-judas-faces ... these bakerman's faces ... they set me free on a checked yellow draughtsboard i take flight ... to touch the golden lights in spanish mirrors.

2. Bank of the Red Swan, these warmachines create the coins ... It's written on medical pyramids ... And I'm gonna throw a stone ... Bank of the Red Swan, give me some time ... Your mothers accents will never make me smile, until another red swan rises ... killing the doctor ... killing the ornament's noses ... on a sunday in september ... on a nuclear day .. Bank of the Red Swan, I promise to be ... a lambstead on my grandfather's knee ... He and his parrots they promised to be ... ready for it ... when you aren't no more ... you swallower, you red horse ... you red picnic ... on daylight's shore ... Bank of the Red Swan, I promise to see, all your butterflies going down on their knee ... Your medical systems they promised me ... to never look back ... It's over now ... Bank of the Red Swan ... It's my bank now ... on grandfather's red knee ... while warmachines create the coins ... while hospitalmachines decide which head stands on the coin ... the one with the biggest charity ... Bank of the Red Swan, I'm nothing but a coin in your hands created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... while still my head is on the coin ... while still my steps are hairy ... decisions they flow from mother Mary ... on holy days she takes a canary ... to the other side of the world ... to watch this Red Swan from the distance ...

3. Mother Mary, I promised to be ... an angel on my grandfather's knee ... Mother Mary I promised to be ... A red swan on the bank, the black coffin, to get my wings and fly to the end of other oceans ... to rise like towers ... in the cities of the united ... These medical days they broke me ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions about a red swan on the dike ... jumping inside something he will never reach ... under bekehelm's helmet he promised me to be ... my second lawyer ... a liar's doctor ... an animal so wild ... bringing me wilder days ... spitting sand he promised to be ... an icecream so far away ... this coin will be brought down ... with all these Jesus Christs ... and their heads on it ... Mother decided it this way ... on grandfather's knee ... Bank of the Red Swan I promised to be ... a land in a decision of two spaces on my knee ... Land of decision ... the red strike is blue ... for the Blue Swan rises on the menu ... There's tea for two ... for sleepwarriors a war in satin city ... getting the glue ... Bank of the Red Swan I promised to be ... your mailman visiting you on day three ... picking some roses out of your mother's garden ... making the spells on a hard day's mouse for lucifer's house ... I continue on my naked knee ... You loved the pretty colours ... It is all I want to be ... These trousers are torn ... letting me in ... while you stand on a decision ... letting all things be ... without the cakes of your smile .. It's over on day three ... While Jericho rises in comic smiles ... I rake the potatoe in bible coffee ... Gleam of the ornament I promise to be .. my mailman's decision on day three ... Land of the siren I am finally free ... free of your possessions ... for I was never looking for gold in that place ... I have found it somewhere else .. Bank of the treasure I promise to be ... further away this year heading for day three ... my cheeks are red and so are you ... The red swan on medical decisions ... The charity breeds the coins ... for another war ... of businessmen in green ... while tea is dripping from their noses ... trying to make the land sleep by their lies ...

4. While lucifer rakes the golden smiles ... on a golden picnic day It's a brandnew decision ... They have heads of coffee, these black men ... hiding themselves under blankets of tax ... while red bottles rise in uniforms I take flight .. back to izu ... Charity soldiers ... coming from a Red Swan Bank ...breeding the coins ... in cruel hospitals ... You don't know where the glue is ... You are a fallen angel ... on a blue day ... while you are still fighting with it ... Land of the black brake I promised to be ... seven smiles at the same time .. rising higher than your knee .. while there are crosses in the air ... and seven draughts soldiers .. moving their pawns and throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the bald heads and the blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ...The icecream made them blue so blue ...

with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... Land of the promise I promised to be ... six feet high with the usual fee ... Six transmissions on day three lapped by a smile ... this juice it brings me higher ... out of the medical threat .. I'm not a number of your bread ... Land of the lambstead I promised to be ... six feet taller on day three, but still under bekehelm's helmet ... with mjollnir and elsefic on my side ... bringing me to the clauses ... setting me in fire with sweet desires ... the truth knows all my names ... these high decisions ... they see the land of the smiles. Black Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylight's dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ... I'm not a coin .. I sleep at home I don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by my own hands ... I have a family for that ... rising in June ... on a coffee's spoon ... my family is rich ... They're just funeral undertakers ... breeding coins in a grave ... these strange coffins ... to raise the zombies ... spinning the auctions for the highest money ... whose head will be on the coins today ... one with the greatest charity or the biggest gun The orange just says what he has to say ... Black orange of the canary's day ... It's a killerpig rising ... spoiling lucifer's dinners ... What you're doing to me ... I come from higher trousers, I come from higher coins to raise the ornaments so beautiful ... I'm the coin of funeral undertakers, I'm the coin of Thoth from strange draughtsboards I spin the ornaments hesitation ... I come from three coins high ... I do a lot ... I sink in seven seas at the same time .. but still under bekehelm's helmet ... I raise my money high ...

5. The orange is my gun ... the head on my strange coin, doing the highest decisions I can't do ... It's fun when daddy's home ... Oh orange with your seven smiles ... doing the dishes of clocks in houses ... feeling yourself in the seventh snowflake of a mistress's strange table ... on six o'clock in the afternoon proclaiming the evening was never for you, you fool ... Now wash your tables in ornament's smiles, now break your glasses in lucifer's au revoirs don't steal when it's your turn ... just take it ... don't break it ... it will all continue ... take a good look, while mother is producing steam .. she screams in the night like the sixth wolf of benchelot. Breathe good while you're breathing, drink good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet it's all okay ... you smile I have to go .. you still breed the snow on a lucifer's old september day .. of years ago ... centuries are smiling, a green sun coming out of their mouths ... doing dishes so proud, gathering the fallen soldiers, for another coin in strange hospitals ... where doctors do strange dances ... they are funeral undertakers ... these oranges are old ... too old Watch your vanilla smile ... these kids are old ... too old ... you cannot trust them, they're aldebaran birds ... knowing how to lay the curses and the watermarks binding you forever, goodbye babylon ... when daylight screams they know it's time, to get a ride to the bank of the red swan ... families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins ... breeding strange auctions ... to raise the moneygun spitting sand for new books on the shows

3.

1. These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... to swallow deep this strange red swan ... while gepetto is rising with his black pinocchios doing strange dances in the night it makes you cry ... the highest bidders become the heads on their coins ... the one with the greatest dynasty ... the one with the greatest destiny ... the one with the greatest charity ... winning the hospitals ... rising them for a better coin ... a faster gun a jupiter's smile a great banana with the head of an orange ... shooting in the night ... killing the paws ... it's crying sand strange business ... strange bend ... Oh, sandman do your dance ... and raise the money higher to bring a gamble of confusion ... to

bring them all asleep ... breeding the icecreams ... on isolated islands ... these coins get sharper ... on a strange september day ... these animals get wilder with oranges as their guns ... these heads on coins ... spouting the miseries ... spouting the desires and the destinations oh sharks rise from here ... these bullets under the skins ... exploding like your mother's chin, when she opens her mouth .. the rats come in ... Then the ornaments fall to do strange things for the banana and the orange these buttercoins ... in deep deserts ... in deep strange smiles, you start to cry, in deep decisions ... you find your own dynasties so many kings before you ... while you are the head on the coin, you're the orange of the kings, and even kings of the orange ... spreading green tomatoeseeds

2.It's lucifer's decision ... sitting on grandfather's knee lappossessed in a smile ... in jupiter for awhile ... free on day three escaped from a red swan's bank now who will get him down ... it's the war of the oranges ... on jupiter's smile ... broken by a banana, it rises to be the head of the coin spreading the green tomatoeseeds to be a good gun in an indian's hand ... it's leading you along strange curtains ... starting the gamblemachines while a birthday's boy is rising ... with his blind parrots reading braille ... it's a crazy ornament exploding in the wind ... spreading the green green watersides ... like green tomatoeseeds in the night ... in an orange ravine it takes flight ... losing the game he's a god of gamble ... so many heads on a die ... while jupiter rakes the golden fly ... there are strange cars in the air exploding heading for the big shoe ... he's a trafficlight of gamblers ... on a jupiter's night ... it takes flight ... a secret baker's coin ... it decides ... it's a good gun, an orange, a big head ... it's exploding, taking dinner ... watching lucifer instead ... there are coins on the dice ... strange cars exploding ... heading for the big shoe ... by a vikings axe, all under bekehelm's helmet ... rising to bekehelm's shoe ... These are wilder animals you do not understand ... they do strange dances ... you start to cry ... spreading their green tomatoeseeds in the sky ... You were the orange on a summer's dish ... exploding, wrapped in bananas ... while they killed your yellow bike ... you do not understand they eat you ... making a gun of you deep in the night ... a gambler's gun is what it says ... now he can rise into eternity ... exploding like a star ... the supernova to see lucifer smile ... to watch these golden moons, so many colours of gold on a dish ... strange trafficlights ... they explode to take you down ... bringing you to the queens of clowns to all the jokes of the underworld ... you smile, it's your decision ...

3.I'm an orange, my head is on the money, now I'm the sand in the desert, behind the golden books ... I am now a moneygun ... all machines listen to me ... I am Jerome the king of lions ... come follow me ... I show you the books behind the books ... I show you the deserts behind the deserts I'm the gambler's trafficlight ... exploding in the night leading them all to the big shoe under bekehelm's helmet ... by strange dances I take flight ... I'm riding the icecream machines ... there's strange snow behind the deserts ... all on a californian smile ... It's bagdad in Izu, strange coffee rippling in the sky ... I'm the tiger riding the lions ... on a lucifer's decision ... to the land behind the shoe ... breeding the cakes of charity ... to give them all good jobs ... while my money is spouting higher ... I am the orange rubberduck ... I'm the easterclause gathering the ashes for a good good gun starting the machines of lucifer ... I'm crying fire ... I'm a desertcar, on ornament's dishes ... until I am a needle, a needle of grammophone ... a lambstead in the sky ... while babies are flying high like waving flags ... they unite ... while the green car rides

4.

1.It's a strange household bringing the toys alive ... I am a lambstead in the sky ... truthpossessed for awhile ... but still having my orange liars rising from a zebra's boat ... from a strange green car

among a strange household ... These coins are strange records ... while I am the lion's needle bringing them all home ... a pied piper making them spin ... It's rising from the orange ... It's rising from the lion's face These strange strange needles These lambsteads of the snowflake records ... spinning the icecreams for another day ... from the world behind the big boot, under bekehelm's helmet ... It's spinning around on tables coming from the golden dishes ... It's the ornament's spoon ... strange traffic ... a gamblemachine ... spreading the icecream on hairy grounds it stands letting the lion's needles rise these lucifers ... to get the music out of the coins ... It's an orange head, a good gun singing a candle in a dragon's castle ... reading so many books, just reading ... while a mailman is taking me home ... it's a mailman needle ... from the big cactus ... There are needles growing on me, I'm standing on hairy ground ... I'm drinking from the trees of light ... I am a holy cactus ... spreading lucifer's lights My hairs are on fire ... while my tongues are growing taller ... just thinner these are strange coins on a banker's suit ... I am the banker's desire, the banker's wife ... No doubt about it I'm spinning his ornaments tight ... These are wilder animals, just wilder days ... in lucifer's delights ... I'm watching springs coming from his beard ... I'm watching the icecreams stream He is the banker, and I am his wife ... while last night ... the banker and the baker were in a fight and now his hair is in fire ... while stinging plants and cactuses grow in the garden ... and animals with strange tongues these are wilder animals coming from a wilder sun

2. These are wilder days ... the candles on a wilder birthdaycake ... It's streaming from the banker's suite ... strange coins ... like needles these are strange microphones strange speakers ... He writes books on dragon coins And now he's fighting with both the baker and the mailman ... he's just a microphone ... shivering when they speak too loud ... he's making icecreams ... like snowclause never showing up ... only sending some letters ... only writing some books on dragon coins ... He's a tree of strange pencils ... He's a bankertree, while the baker and the mailman are still fighting in front of it ... He's a strange feather ... from the land behind the shoe ... He's banker clause, a strange painter ... in strange houses he takes flight ... with so many pencils in his head ... He's like the eliphant ... he paints the dreams of heavy decisions ... on coin's misunderstandings ... He's a strange docter ... a strange advice ... He's banker clause ... an eliphant on a lost dream speaking through strange microphones a strange mailman after all working in a strange kitchen ... where the food comes alive ... eating the restaurant's visitors ... He's bankerclause, big septemberman ... He's a strange advice on a mother's clown ... He's a bad holiday painting snow ... He's bankerclause, a criminal ... raising his guns in the middle of the night He's a banker's pencil ... saying such strange words spinning tax like no one else ... He draws the lawyer's oranges on the needles ... selling the guns to the dice ... When the lawyer and the mailman unite, the school rises, with a strange clock ... even stranger than your grandfather's ... It's the blue swans bank ... It's the schoolbank's clock drowning them all ... from here the cowboys are rising ... preparing them ..for the big fall ... These stamps they judge the butterflies and the dice. They are coming out of a cowboy's mouth ... He's still the mailman after all these years but he's fighting with a shepherd ... It's coming from a mailman's bag, the sun is in it, with it's golden pencil ... it's a strange clock, and then they fight ... It's coming from a mailman's bag ... strange records there, strange needles ... these are the lambsteads ... from strange cactuses ... A cowboy rides the school ... and a shepherd rides the church ... while an indian rides the hospital ... these are strange banks ... from uncle peacock's horrorshows ... strange funerals in the flowerfields ... these are the riddles of death ... These are four drunk gamblers, while the mailman is their god ... while a bakertree is growing in the middle ... a strange sun ... a mad sun they are on a travel, to greet uncle

peacock ... A red swan rides the ornament, while a blue swan does the same ... It's a cowboy against an indian ... It's the school against a cinema ... It's a school against a hospital ... but the mailman makes them all one ... he mixes them in his kettle ... making stamps of them ... for a lawyer's trial ... there are liars on a zebra's boat ... orange liars ... doing the dishes ... for a holiday's spoon ... the banana rises soon out of it's rinds ... with two big eyes ... it writes with the golden pencil ... when all babies unite ... and the stamps are floating ... it's schooltime the bells are ringing ... all happening on the footballfield ... while a golden lion is swallowing ... the mailman rises higher and higher .. for his ornament's ring .. he's still the god of ten ... while the drunk are following him with gamblemachines on their back, they take flight ... It's the golden lion's bank a strange postbank ... where stamps judge the dice and the butterflies ... making the glue ... There's music from uncle unicorn, there's assurance after the wars of tax ... while the smoke is rising ... bakermen come to bake the bread ... this strange golden bread ... it makes you cry ... while flying on a die ... while flying on a bakerman's face ... a face on a strange stamp still judging you and your father ... still drinking from the ornament's wine ... while the mailman is grasping in his bag ... He's searching for his clock and pencils ... he's painting the skies, while his own little sun rises ... smiling with the seven smiles of death ... these are his weapons he's still a soldier ... with a strange flag ... a cactus on a lion's bankship All bankers heading for the mad sun ... that red sun in the skies ... where a red rose takes flight ... still kissing her gepetto's still doing her shows ... her peacocks horrorshows ... she's drinking wine with a little latin buffoon puppet, still her favorite smile ... They're playing chess and at draughts ... They're spreading wings in the snow ... these butterfly wings these kisses on the water sailing to the edges of time ... where all oceans gather, under bekehelm's helmet ... It's a clock of a strange postbank making the waters rise ... Pharaos drowning his boys again ... his churches, for it's time for school and these soldiers need some rest, some babies ... doing business by the spoon, on a hard day's mouse ... on a fine day's school ... it's the tool of a lawyer in a mailman's bag ... Pharaos doing the dishes burning the ornaments tight ... these indians they lost the fight going to the banks again ... for the morninglights ... on lucifer's tables ... these high tables ... they unite It's a painting in the sky ... while brother rabbit is raking itIt's the lawyer's orange ... still smoking these cigarettes on a bakerman's dream ... on a mailman's tight decision ... making a daylight's scream ... and this orange still the head on a stamp of dreams ... this mailman's orange ... this lawyer's threat having a bank together ... baking the bread ... this golden bread ... while the lion is rising ...a golden one ... for a golden picnic ... it's coming from the mad sun ... this red sun turning blue again it is the mailman's trick this god of ten ten shepherds or ten cowboys ... about this the wars are raging ... chocolate wars ... coming from a strange hospital ... strange carriage ridden by a drunk indian ... this talgamen's friend ... he drank from faroom da bazite ... this warmachine ... a business war machine ... a social machine ... wars undercover ... ridden by a drunk indian ... And these stamps come from strange strange flowers ... with strange strange alphabets on a lion's bank in september ... give me december instead or a good good august ... And it's still a strange strange cardgame ... in a strange mailman's bag written on a strange ornament while a lawyer is doing the dishes ... they burn trees for this ... this woodcutter's job making the stamps in dark places taking kids away from the schools ... these are dark conspiracies ... from peacock's horrorshows On a strange footballfield the mailman is rising ... this god of ten ... while he is the eleventh ... and who follows him is the twelveth ... It's a strange bank after all ... when school rises strange tears are rolling making seas under bekehelm's helmet ... The mailman is rising from the footballfield, spreading the stamps as butterflies, and then the mass begins to roar ... while the judges will decide ... The mailman he has a million arms ... while he has a bekehelm's helmet ...

they are all under it when he puts off his hat, he's a bald communist .. letting the balls roll by blasphemy ...

3.His wife is a flowercutter, a florist, while she makes the stamps ... she even dries butterflies ... and it's still a mailman's auction ... raising the flowers for another day ... She stands between the flowerfields, this golden lady ... still the mistress of jericho ... and the orange flowergun is spouting ... these seeds they taste like soap ... it comes from the land of soap where the swans spit fire ... her clocks are like dishes ... while she rises ... on a golden lions bank ... smoking her flowercigarettes still weaving strange stamps ... for a mailman's holiday ... She lives in his bag as his tinkerbell ... painting the smiles on his sun, these golden bananas ... with oranges as their guns ... they have orange tongues so tall so split ... they are orange liars on a zebra's boat ... strange mailmen ... strange pencils ... and while the stamps are spreading ... they write ... he's just writing bills saying it's from someone else ... he's a billdeliverer ... and they must pay in stamps ... that's the judgement on their heads he's still a flowerman, a floristman ... wanting his babies back ... these are stories written on petals ... while sandman rakes the skies together with soapman ... strange glues ... strange ornaments ... strange mothers and strange brothers ... it's a flowerbank from a golden lion ... there's a new alphabet on the petals ... these are strange letters ... while he's the head on the stamp ... a strange god of flowers ... wanting his babies back ... in the nights he's a woodcutter ... kidnapping children out of their schools making stamps of them the sails on his ship ... all in a strange strange bottle under bekehelm's helmet ... He's a strange Noah sailing on stamps ... These stamps are glued books ... he wants his babies back ... And these stamps are strange bibles .. strange funerals and strange laws ... while the letters bring the land in sleep ... he's sandman after all ... It rises on a mailman's auction ... all these flowers heading for the orange ... where they all turn into ashes to make the land drunk These deserts are in fire they were touched by a mailman ... while an orange face is rising on the stamp ... eating and drinking ... forgetting ... flying on the wings of dementia back to the flowerfields beyond history ... It's strange traffic after all ... strange cars ... strange nightshifts ... strange trains ... orange balls are still exploding ... the gambler brings them back ... a strange mailman ... from a strange stampbank in the desert ... where the orange lion is rising ... like baker's tree so high bringing new laws new bibles ... but first he brings them all in sleep ... strange sandmen after all ... strange orange liars ... on zebra's boats they stand ... with strange flags in their hands ... letting them all faint and now the gold is streaming with so much attention ... on this strange stampbankship ... where a strange stampbanker lives ... a strange Noah ... oh so strange ... these are wilder animals ... For the stamps are warriors in the night ... rising from the bottle ... They want to go home ... and break through walls They want to go back to the stampbooks library ... back to the flowerfields where they can see the statue of belcanov ... all under bekehelm's helmet ... These stamps ... strange traffics ... He's the god of stamps A fisherman ... a Noah brings them underwater ... Strange traffic in a strange clock ... a postman's clock ... a strange sun in a mailman's bank It's lucifer, you cannot decide ... he's spinning the ashes into stamps ... while the dice are rolling ... these are strange butterflies ... They sacrifice stamps in strange churches ... waving at them until they are home ... These are strange funerals mailmen strange funeral undertakers ... working for the clauses ... or are they clauses themselves ... there are strange clauses on stamps ... while soap clause rakes the skyfields ... in september they take flight ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder fights ... all happening in a mailman's bag ... charity is taking them to the hospitals ... to reach the killingfields ... these are strange ways to home ... These are strange bottles of an ornament's lie ... they are still businessbrothers ... but under their uniform's they have their soldier's clothes ...

rubbish from the killingfields leading the dolls astray ... on a september's wild night ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder tricks of tax ... from a strange clock of a postbank

5.

1.And then I thought the psychiatrist was just a man wanting to sell his comics ... He was a comic-makera strange clown ... He was a visitoran agent of strange traffic, freezing the pictures to catch the butterflies in it a deep prison ... a strange cocon He was breeding the trees, this forester It was all in my mind gotta love the game of this Las Vegas Machine this LVM ... escaping to that little farmer's town ... And the dentist, his friend only wanted to see the books ... They were the deaf men And I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat, Riding in a new sort of factory ... Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back Dragons dreamsI'm dreaming of a sun, standing between ten mirrors ...Not knowing which mirror to watch Just watch all ten ...Not inside ...But watch their movements, their markets, their playcards ... Dreams of the big cat Oh how you wish to escape your dreams and to sleep,just sleepThe dream's hunting you, the dream's hurting you,like ten men on a towerShooting from the distanceBut they are far far away Actually too far away to really see themSo how do you know they are with ten ... these deaf men ... these deaf men ...How do you know they are men They are too far to hear them shootSo how do you know they shootThey are too far awaySo how can you dream about themThe dream's too far ...the lion's confusion. Maybe they are just some mice playing card ...Like those mirrors of the sunBut I don't knowThey are too far away to really have an opinion about it ...It's too vague to defineI couldn't make a good picture of this ...It seems I'm in the lion's confusion againBut this is good ... I want to escape all dreams just like youWho invented all these dreams Maybe those ten men on that tower those deaf men but who knows maybe they aren't deaf ... But who knows I'm not sure they are with ten ...It's too far awayAnd I even don't know if they are men ... They can be chickens I don't know ...I really don't knowAll I know is I don't want to meet them, whoever they are ...But they are so far away who knows...maybe there's no one thereMaybe there are only some white flags glittering in the sunThat sun with ten mirrors ... playing card ...You know, I tell you this, for once I got such a cardIt told me about all thisBut it said it didn't know it either It was too far ...Now when even a playcard tells you this, then it must be real farSo let us forget about all this, also about the ten menThey sent me a card yesterday ... That they were so far away ...So I will forget about itMaybe they are with nine, and not ten ...Yes, it was that playcard I told you about ...They sent it And it said all thisBut I don't believe it, for even this card said it was all too far away ...So when even a playcard sais it's far away, it must be real farIt seems like I'm in the Lion's confusionEven the mailman was confused ...He said his wife died yesterdayAnd she's so far away now ...How do you know it's her then ? I ask ... Maybe someone else died It's all too far away, if something's too far away, how do you know it's that ? Maybe she just went for the shop a long shopping Or maybe she was kidnapped by those ten men They never said they didn't so how do we know she isn't there But let us stop about those ten men ... Maybe we are waking sleeping dragons

2.Maybe they hear everything we say ... maybe they have spies or high ... technology ... maybe they have high-tech-recorders and know everything we say ... Maybe they aren't deaf at all ... Then your wife will also hear if she's there ... Ok, dear sweetheart of the mailman, Your husband is looking for you Please tell us where you are He's so confused since you're gone ...Can you please send us a card ? The next day I get a card ...But not from his wifeAnother mailman

brought it to me about Ten men coming from the sun,Ten men to do the dance,They kidnapped us all, They brought us all the cardsNow they send cards, actually playcards ... To play with people ... They are playing a strange game Sending cards to strangersInvitations from a dentist's heart Ten mad dentists from the strange sun The plants are their prisoners The cards they send out To deceive the mass Ten books of the wizard,Ten bibles in a row they are heading for the mad sun Like pirates for their homeland But when Gepetto wakes up The eye of another dentist will be opened The eye of the forester These ten fingers of Toth They were actually my friendsFinally All these gods They came to earth They sent us cards Just to trick us Just to bring us The world ... beyond Fairytale I opened the Eye of Gepetto, He's still a good businessman after all these years And a forester A good dentist Heading for the sun of Aquarius The mad sun Still the gardener of our squares Still our hope to touch the moon Having ten little men on his white gloves The ten fingers of Toth these deaf men ... or aren't they deaf ... and are they even men ? I'm feeling his smoke in my backLike the waves of old oceansThese are dragon dreamsThese are dreams of the catThese are cigars of Pharaoh A new city to enter Ten American Dollars are lying on a toyman's counter An old man bought ten little plastic sailorsFor his grandsonHe will have his birthday tomorrowThe toyman smilesThey come alive in the night, he says One day they will let him read the book of the ten sailors They will give it for his birthday when he will be twelve From his father he got a plastic ship So now he can sail with these ten sailors Without knowing who they are ... My dentist is the psychiatrist in the little town ... selling his books ... selling his comics ... He's deaf He's sailing under a red balloon ...the prince is sharp today he became too thin in the night ... he's deaf ... he's a deaf mannow he's an ornament ...too dangerous to wear ...too dangerous to sell No response to the strange beat No responseall telephones are donesomeone is just staring that strange guy and he's deaf ... These deaf men ... becoming so dark in the night too dark, too tall, too thin, too hard, ...too ...cold while a fire is burning in them a forest fire a fire of a green sea ... everything is dying but the eyes ... are slowly sliding away

Birebacha

1.

1.Marazanta ; Emily ; I'm running through purple snow ... along purple curtains, while I'm also standing there. I'm heading for the deserts ... where bakers run ... and where the cowboys do their business ... And I'm still wandering through purple snow ... looking for the bright eyes all these women were just swindlers and their men were taxmasters ... I'm now looking for these deserts ... to find the holes to darker creatures ... There are some animals hanging in black christmastrees they hang near the strange lights ... Strange birthdays These are roads to the big shoe ... forgotten roads ... It was tax keeping you addicted ... These taxmasters from southern coasts ... these old men but they hide the stockings of christmases to new worlds ... Throw your presents into them i will be on their back So many tears are streaming ... bringing you to wonderland ... It ends in the big shoe ... where the lakes of tears are ...

2.They make the colours so wild ... The tears flow ... leading me to the big shoe to darker creatures ...Tears rolling through my trousers ... to reach the big shoe ... she's a swindler ... reflecting the unknown ... there are baker's faces on her crown ... like lights in the christmas tree ... Do

you see signs in the snow .. that we belong together ... do you believe in something greater than this ... It was a football game letting us focus on the ball ... The queen of england between the flowerfields her footballfields ... coming from these spanish suns .. deep in arabia ... these are presents from capricorn charityboats to hide the storms ... still pirateships breeding footballfields on wild seas Go to mimir's well ... to become blind again ... i bought them all at mimir's well ... i'm hearing his horse on the roofs ... throwing presents through the chimneys ending in shoes to be prisoners of the football fields ... prisoners of strange games While the queen of England is staring at the balls Is she expecting something ... It's the pencil of the newspapers ... while a prisoner is writing ... the sport's journalist and all these pencils ... they sting me ... these waterlights ... heading for the braodcastlady of cartoon

3.The waterlights are heading for her and her orange balls ... they want to make a comic of her ... They sting her with their pencils ... these are books of old playcards .. waiting to be comics ... in purple snow the footballs will write ... the watermarks on the waterlights ... all in the christmas museum ...

2.

1.When it breaths it goes to history to be burnt ... when it's swallowed six times you can translate ... and the seventh time ... you can create ... the secret of a red giant's shoe Waterlights are stinging me ... when the purple becomes green. Through the purple curtains i always reach the red. Through arabian seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to ..the statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... when india's on her knees ... And when the marbles are rolling, i'm heading for izu ... staring at all those aldebarans in the night ... it's the red rising ... there are communistic heroes on tv ... How many stings does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... Black cowboys in arabian deserts ... with black lassos ... catching their prisoners for an author's kitchen ... the book must be ready tomorrow ... tax always the author's pencil ... it roars by democracy ... and then they'll all read it ... Businessmen are masters of sleep ... the nose brings you to the future ... where the unknown lives under an orange stone of confusion ... we go to sleep ... along purple curtains we travel ... heading for green .. on top of a desert ... sandman was just a good businessman ... Sandman is riding a green horse ... eating the purple ... along purple curtains they travel ... with you ... sandman on a green horse ... until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. we're on the radio tonight ... this is how they mix us ... mix us ... all in the kettle ...

2.Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be another prison of orange and green cowboys ... they gamble having their delights back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue There's glue from arabian coffeeshouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deer and horses drink it ... in the roundabout they wave ... Until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again until we are pale again .. pale again ... A spanish dream sells the pictures ... selling the prisoners to the red where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons And this makes the tears fall, all these dragon tears ... escaping the dragon, to make everything clear, while the watermarks make pictures ... these are wet suits ... plastic wood You have two red eyes ... a pale one and a colourfull one ... it makes you cry ... while the third one on your head is transparent ... made by tears ... it's growing and making friends forever you're smiling it's the third day ... it makes you tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun where cowboys play, you reach for the shoes ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... and the

coin falls in the black wishingwell ... where abraham still weeps ... for he lost his isaak there
There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... while coffee is running from the
arabian house where the indian spies ... live just spice from arabia ... how many corners are
there on a red eye ... you're now in a strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the
sun they keep you out of the factory ... these horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at
the end of the year ... but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will
jump out of black bottles we are indian spies ... there are so many bananas ending here
becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where blind children
play ... and then it's red shoe time ... by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ... The red
eye is rising ... while red cowboys are riding it ... where bakerman takes flight ... just a shrieking
boys clock ... from arabia to spain ... she had to swallow ... to bring the colours ... alive again ... they
were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale there are watermarks sitting on
bottles ... and at the end of the day ... they float away ... These are bakerman's mouths ... watch the
smile ... i'm on a dreamboat .. burning my money ... i have now my own coins for a new alphabet
These are strange coins on bottles ... falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high the
watermarks take flight ... You were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see ... and still blind
children are playing ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... How many floors are there in this red
ball ... it's jakobs ladder ... He's playing the whispering organ ... so slow ... so slow ... while red soup
is boiling ... and liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in
a basket of sand ... then the birds of cigarette come free ... we are just red walking noses ... painted
by a black widow

3. These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to
burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their
stares ... you better be wise these days ... where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red
breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet The birds of cigarette there are red
lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day They are the books from the library beyond history ...
they are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of nonsense to
spread their apocalyptic days ... they are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all
back to the vanilla planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched
before ... cold conscience ... It spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ...
they can only speak There where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ...there where red
becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming to save you from charity's
curse Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights It starts to play the whispering organ
and then the tears come ...these ornaments are so fragile

3.

1. These trousers, they sting me, like delirium they come over me, bringing the tales of yesterday in
slow-motion. They are searching for the pale lady Still mirroring in the river when they bow
their heads down ... They build their towns on forgotten stones, filling them with the dolls of the
rubbishfields ... They pick them up from under the sewers of the houses They are the toydoctors
from the forgotten moon Their boots are wet, their heads and hands are cold, grasping like
rats but their hearts are warm, and the flames of passion burn there ... a strange sort of passion
battling against the dragons, to have heart and space for the town to have some high pillars, with
teeth hanging under it, scaring away the dogs and the crows They wear old warbooks inside ...
showing them were the graves are so many treasures left behind, so much knowledge, so much

fame Building their elevators on those graves ... This was why the Indian Warbook was so wild Still raging about ... the bleeding ornaments Still puppet-assassins Still letting the boys grow ... in the trees, in the towers ... in the ornaments ... and in spoilt rain

2.Masters of the great illusionsStill having the deserts in their eyesburning everything into orangeuntil it strikes the blue belland then the water comessomething bigger than themsomething ...which they don't understandit comesto wash everything away it's something deeper inside something inside which they themselves don't understandsomething which always makes them crywith the strike of the blue bellit's deeper insideit's ..deeper. It makes their hands and heads so cold but it sets their hearts into a deeper firewhen the tiger ... goes to sleep The orange, still the best present from the tigerstriking the blue in the night ...and then something happens so deep inside ...which they still don't understand ...they still don't understand ...A pink white ornament is lying before them in the middle of the nightwhile everyone is sleeping sleeping so deepwhen the tiger goes to sleep And then these boys ... these boys grow like towers in the searising from the ornament ... to touch the white hard candyand then they become the hard men something they still fearbut she's breeding it ...that old, old kite

4.

1.She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds, the tears of a dragon,the tears she cannot bear ... They to be free....the red stone making them so creative, making them dream in soft fires ... a toyworld growing in their hearts, a red balloon, pumping ...until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark where they have their soft wet candles ...to be candlestatues ...to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ...casino's cabman was his name ... She's now only spreading the green tomatoe seeds ...by her mouth ... Green liars, green dragon's tears ... Inside they can speak their truths ...when the nights fall and the night troupers come ... Inside they can feel ... the true touches ... These tears turn red at midnight ... Life so close to death ... written by a golden pencil ...turning yellow in the night ... she's now a pencil-statue, a shriek, a dragon's cry escaping ... flying away with the pharao-syndrome ... She's a tear letting others cry ...She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ...She's free ... She's a swindler standing before the gates of games, She's an ornament of joy ...but something's eating her inside ...not wanting to lose his toy ... You could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ... Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached your mouth ... Carpet makes the stage,He makes the bakertrees,where uncle peacock bows it is your destiny,When Carpets rise,you know it is your time to play,and underneath that warm warm blanket you find your sledge today.It is the Carpet making memory,The Carpet making destiny,The Carpets rise like soldiers on a dream.When the Carpet talks,the city walks,and underneath that tree,you find the golden care to watch your movie flee ... It's the Red City ...where all the red men stand tall ...Not bowing for your destiny ...They only bring you higher ...These are the towers of talk ...These are the confusions making the creations ...still the spice making your life worth living ... the ornaments to heal, it is the tale of a land where you touch the bitter fruits of destiny ...but when you peel the fruit,the spice will be your mate ... It is the ornament, that keeps you safe today,it is where all the gods make their butter ...An egg was born there,humpty dumpty on

a walk. ...They rip the ornaments ...waiting to swallow us again ... turning red at the end of the day ...in the city of the ache ...sickness close to health ... to fall in red desires ...where she sacrifices us againThey have only wings to fly ...while in april they die ...they are the goodbyes of a lost summer ...to make them all cry ...

2.Do you remember these tears,these tears ...these bottles high ... while the toysoldier wants to go home ... keeping them all alive in this nightbringing them all to silly places ...where they can laugh while they get sicker ... for they drank too much ...there was too much pain inside ... where the devils can fall again ... so that in the end ... they can see the darker city ... you need to drink and float higher ...for these norns are strengling you ...deciding who you are ...under high black elections ...by their selfspun democracies ...i take flight ... they make you cry ...in mimirs well we stand ...throwing the coins for another ride. She falls she is a wide spread lie ...becoming a truth in the night ...while all bakermen hide ...watching her ...she is the black widow ...spreading kisses ...while tomorrow they die ...these are one day butterflies ...she stands tall she's rising to izu ...where all the black men fall ...to become even darker ...but they have to ... they need to bear ... don't you understand that to become darker ... the lights will rise higher ...the soft strike will make them harder ...when the orange touches the blue ...oh these bakermen's fires oh...the autistic sun ...i finally have ... a friendThey all march slower and slower ...while the ice is rising under their feet,vanilla planes growing in the air ...these bakertree's fruits ...don't eat them just touch them ...along the sideways of mars they stand ...with jupiter's smiles unaware ...the angel unaware is watching you ...all these dark witches walking in the rain ...in the green ...slower and slower ...waiting for the strike of chocolate ...to freeze them inside ...to be the walls again ...to become darker and darker ...to raise the golden lights ... i cannot help these fearswhile she said that all these presents ...are hiding you for a snake. Welcome to the ornament's stream ...stick it in your pocket ..and buy a ticket to escape these horrors ...to watch a final movie ...to ease the frustrations and fears of your heartletting your hearts glow ...for another chocolate day ... warm flutes it's the red juice ...pipers standing on the walls,they play in the gates of life... These striped flutes still sting me ... so save me there's living a strange creature inbetween ... a green firthese are the toystatues for a new ride ...the jukebox statues for new delights ...guiding you to ...where the barkerfaces dance ...where tailors speak french ... but there's no fairytale left ..only fruits while they have the name of being busythey are two faced masked, turning white in the snow,he has the cards of opposite,with plastic leather ...his smiles are plastic ...but he's a killer unaware ...he kills in peace ...he never hurted anyone ...golden carriages are his art ...he dines with princes being smart, but at the end of the day ...he puts them all in delay ...never reaching for the night ...he prisoned them all in daylight ...everyone knows what they are doingthey never reach the night ... when he touches you with his kite Flying Carpet sais that is my destiny,to be with a man like that,it's a delight for free ...he is the lanterns in my hat ...he bakes my diners,saves my pets ...this little man is a mother's threat ...he is the ornaments always shining on the cupboard near my bed. He closes curtains, breaks the snakes, when they get near to secrets they regret,he's the mourner, crying with a smile,he makes my movies,grows my cows,he embraces them in magic and peace ...while doing wars on chessboards ...take me away and make me drunk ...make me delirium ... a man with a barrel organ stands ...doing the dishes for the whole city with his eyes ...his red eyes ...he's like the licoriceshe tied her hairshe's now my butterfly i adore ... with all these bakermen lights on a cakewhy did it have to be my birthday,he is still my flying carpet,still my bakertree,with bakermen's faces ... i'm eating his fruits everyday ...all these vanilla planes ...bringing softness to my mouth ...softness to my voice ...making the swallow to toyworld,a playground tree

stands ...i'm wise enough to climb along the leaves ...to find my bones again ...I am stung by a thousand waterlights, I cannot walk,but I have all these comics in my head ...These inner scars and tattoos speak ...They block me from going outside ...while inside they are ...bringing me to izu ...In my mouth I am stung by a million birds of cigaret ..

3.I cannot speak, I cannot swallow,I can only hear their stories ... And on top of the playground's tree, bakerman's faces unite,to do their conspiracies ... They have been to vanilla places ...to vanilla dreamworlds of fairgrounds...They have been to the world of waterlights ...where marbles roll through sand ... soothing the babies asleep with their soft wet lights, these are lights from the redYou could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ...Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached your mouth ... while all these waterlight rains were in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ... leading me to death,with all these waterlight rains in my bed.There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish,bringing me back, bringing me back through the sting of a waterlight ...all these ones are in fire ... or is it my eyes Give me a spoon,these books are all talking,spreading green tomatoe seeds ...in a night of arabian magic ...she's staring at the lullaby ...she's not a child anymore ... Do you understand,he has the wizard balls under his feet,baking Indian cakes,from Vanilla Deserts ...

5.

1.You must fight for the money, ... tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... all these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world ... The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ... The frog has some movies ... and some old castles ... I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ...

2.I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... to the original strike ... boys from lynx ... they're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind These enchanted straight blue bananas turn me on ... turn me on ...

3.These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ...

4.I'm fainting while i see their pink ornaments ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... i need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies with wild worlds inside wild lights they come alive inside ... while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ... stung by waterlights ... under purple roofs we sit .. with all these bakerman's faces ... with our wings of dementia ... watching ... the pink songs letting us travel through time ... why do all these numbers blow into my face ... the flame's in the red eye ... we're watching the show of a strange footballgame with all these bottles rising ... and all these tall whispers ... where bakers hide where boys from lynx take decisions ... they have pink balloons in their pockets ... so pale it talks like cruel decisions ... from tropical islands too far away for our understanding ... and i call for your name ... there's a red eye in the flame ... and a pale pink balloon in my pocket ... and some other pale colours

... these bakerman's faces ... they talk like cruel decisions ... to cold conscience ... too high for understanding They roar like wolves these boys from lynx ... they make me scared with their tall wings blowing up their balloons ... giving me numbers They roar like wolves these boys from lynx ... they shout through the night ... while wizard hearts beat faster ... like frozen toadstools with faces ... and balls of strange footballfields ... while someone is beating the bottles with a spoon ... it's the waterlight strike making us all understand ... we're bathing in cold conscience ...

5.The boys from lynx they walk ... with machine guns they take flight ... to the world above the sea where they keep them all blind ... i have time for you when you walk away from the clock ... you might want to feel wet boots below you again ... growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens ... they wear the stripes on their faces ... they are the tears in our eyes ... having no mercy at all ... your hunger just lets you dream of riches ... You slide to the forgotten land, where all your dreams started ... you were at your own exploding ... while bakerman's faces do their conspiracies at tops of trees ... you are just a christmasball ... with waterlights in your mind... that what you cannot reach will bind you and blind you ... you are a slave of the hollow ... and it takes you deeper inside ... to the place where ashes is money ... the seeds of a new day ... the ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... it's your only way out ... the hungercocoon brings riches to your mouth ... it grows on your back reaching for your mouth it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... there where the senses sleep ...

6.There are boys behind bars behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of the red ... and you see your face ... with these thousand waterlights inside ... it's joseph's pit while you're sinking deeper in this strange cocoon ... this strange cartoon it's the big breed ... of a witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done ... in her strange stories The strikes of the waterlights bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ...while they stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts escaping the lynx They have tears in their eyes ... bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... they are the balls of strange footballfields ... with strange tall bottles of tears ... where tall whispers walk ... there are strange arabian roundabouts in the air where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deer ... they are strange mirrors in castles ... while the wizard hearts beat faster ... and the machines of deer slow down while babies with tall ears ... bear the whispers ... leading us through purple curtains ... the fleeces to the tear ... where bakerman's faces bathe ... they make trips to vanilla .. there are purple roundabouts in my head ... spinning bakerman's faces ... these are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... while bottles of tears are overflowing ... to let the blue rise ... but when the candle is burnt it all ends in a lie ... the liar's flame is all there will be on that day ... there are liars on a boat eating the suits of liars ... they're standing tall to spread their tall whispers ... while the bottles of tears are overflowing and then the purple roundabouts come again to black eggs on sunday mornings heading for the footballfields where indian warbooks dance It's rising from the bottles ... having the stories on their suits ... they laugh in flames breeding their boys from lynx ... in soft watermarks

7. The bed is too soft to let you awake, it shows you the other side ... where a book swallows the books ... to make your eyes red ... all happening in icecream letting the tears flow deep inside it's too wild to let you sleep ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... inviting you to cartoons ...

6.

1.He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. On red bananas he writes stories ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream .. while a red arabian sea grew inbetween ... these are all liars coming out of boats. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his gold ...It's Egypt in Izu ... And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby. I am a bakerman's face,I'm a bakerman's face.

2.And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu, He with the butterflywings. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ...These are pink lights coming from the red. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... It's heading for Vanilla ... And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ...

3.Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... She must spin comics all the time ... making the candyrings tight ... Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move ... burning the money ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... It was Easter visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ...

4.These wars were written by a bananas pencil, a waterlight raging ... It escaped ... Telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking ... while the air is shivering ... In these red comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharao ... He makes movies by drowning the money ... They have been stung by waterlights ... a strange automaton ... Now all these machines of deer ... The red tiger is rippling there ... coming from the red ...

5.The movie egg, coming from Pharao's mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ...

6.Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ...

7.Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind bars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ... stung and tatood by the waterlights ...They become strange machines, locked up in books ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... covered yet so naked ... These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the statues ... boats behind the books ...

8.In chocolate they breed the games ... They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... letting the waterlights spout They are stinging without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books ...

9. There are stinging striped waterlights in these strange hearts ... you start to cry ... They know how to free the birds of cigaret. These are of sand, while statues rise ... They travel without moving. They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons ... There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ...

10. Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaoh has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacocoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... her curses stream. They drink their juices fast and sting their sands ... These are hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ...

11. There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the seas ... There's chocolate melting, becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this picnic's day ... They are blind behind the bars of books ... strange trafficlights.. There are fishes with striped candystings. There are boats of sirens with candystings. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face, making her heart so tired.

12. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for the red in which she can survive. She's cold while I'm standing like a green one ... Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. This house is built on candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ... You must swear to keep this a secret, with two fingers raised to Osiris. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend.

13. Watch these ornaments of glue ... and watch their balloons ... coming forth from the wizard hearts ... beating so strange and fast ... you start to cry ... There are waterlights inside stinging, singing ... to set the birds from cigaret free ... I love my bakerman's faces ... to live in someone's head or knee ... Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... There are strange auctions Strange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... They are the guards to strange gardens of glue while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild ones of lapoendria ...

14. They are like waterlights ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... they feel free in their games ... these redblue soulbottles. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a boat with liars ... Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... those red ones with the black eyes ... bring me back ... So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

1.and i see these paranoid men playing football, while they never hit the ball, only each other, doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world ... while the icecreams are running ... now they want to be ... the paranoid men ... the paranoid men escaping someone's world you see ... a red shoe in the middle of the blue table it sits and stares it's hanging in the air ... it's hanging in a tree ... and now custard is streaming

2.These men are paranoid, a shoe on it, a strange footballfield on a chessboard ... strange world in a coin, in a strange football ... There are paranoid men playing football ... their worlds are frozen ... rising from lapoendria ...

3.These men are paranoid ... while they are playing football ... they never hit the ball .. only each other ... the icecream's running ... their trees are so frozen ... these paranoid men ... they have piano's on their legs, while they are sailing like speedboats ... rumours in the night. These rings of icecream, contracting tight, while the boys are shrieking, they take flight ... still a shrieking boys clock, wheels under sandman's cars ...

4.They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's tableStrange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... hanging there like teeth under towers ... burn your boots, sweet moes, ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world, ...wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... They are the waterlights ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... They have racistic smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ... They are paranoid men, just paranoid men

5.Emily swim across these oceans of pigblood, and find your islands, where the marazanta is waiting for you, and the trousers too short with it's comic-figures ... don't let your men run cold, but keep them under the blanket

6.Emily, cut your way through these pigportals, and swim through their tears ... The pigbottles stand on the cupboard ... don't miss it ... you have the arrow ...

7.Emily come alive after a million years of sleep ... draw your borderlines, and read your comics, for they are holier than life ...

Rakham

1.

1.Egyptian Book of Hell ; Damash, second chief of Hell, Rabittian Region, wearing the feather of Banchelo, which is the fourth piramid of hell. All travellers have to go through the fourtyfour piramids of Egyptian Hell, for purification and direction. By fire-mummification they have to head to the circle of the fourteen earths, by the higher gods seen as the invisible piramids. They then are the fourteen chiefs of fire-mummification.

2.Damash, second chief of Hell, Rabittian Region, greets all visitors coming near to Benchelot, the forest and mountain piramid of hell, which is the first piramid of hell, and to Belchelot, the water and cave piramid, also called the vulcano piramid, which is the second piramid. And they have prisoned you for a long time, prisoners, for it wasn't time to reach for the third piramid Jelzaham. And the sight of Jelzaham has terrified you for a long time.

3.Benchelot and Belchelot, so long they were your two legs, while you couldn't work with your hands as you wanted. Here are the spells to open Jelzaham, and to continue your journey. Spells to open Jelzaham : Counters of hell, rise up, and move over the red line. I have come to the portal of Jelzaham, and to it's backdoors my spirit moves.

4.I am a backdoorman, open the kitchen. I have seen many difficulties, I have faced things I didn't understand. Now I have grown-up. I have the keys of liquid light. I have the permission of the gods. I am a wanderer with the gypsy's blood in me.

5.I am a beggar, for I still cannot live on myself. Now let me enter the piramid of ice to let me have my own. Your sights will not be a terror anymore which strikes me from the distance, for I know have the eye of Damash, ruling over the ninety footsteps. I will be frozen to use my own arms now, and to be prepared to open the piramid of Banchelo as well, and to close the doors hermetically behind me. I will not bring any of my bloodlines with me, neither any of my friends or the ones I helped. I will come alone, and I will stand alone.

6.Jelzaham, I lay my hands on you, for the first time in my life, and also for the last time. Then I will be in you forever, to continue my journey. Spells to open Banchelo : I have been sent by Damash, second chief of hell. Let me in. Let me see the ring of invisible piramids, known as the fourteen earths. Do not let them have the power to prison me, and to let my feet sink into them.

7.I am grounded in Jelzaham, I am grounded by the mighty powers of Damash. Let me wear the feather of Banchelo, piramid of air, to have the powers to move and fly, yes, even to escape where I want, when confronted with the circle of invisible piramids. I swear I will not hurt any of your rabbits, and will save all your rabbits out of the hands of their persecutors. I will bring the heads of the evil lawyers of hell on plates into your temples, and their hearts in canopevases into your tombes. [This sentence has been left out by some translations, probably because of fear of evil spirits or curses.] I will learn about your architectures, to rebuild my homes forever according to your will.

8.Kings of hell, give me the keys, the liquid ones, to bring them up, layer by layer, as the sacred vehicle to enter Banchelo in terror, to set the rabbits free, once again. Kings of hell, bowing to the first chief of hell, having layers of light as ornaments in his shoulders : Do not give me the helmet of Banchelo and hell, for the first chief will do that himself. He's the statue in the fifth piramid, ascending to all the other piramids and dwelling in the center of the circles of hell. He with the winged helmets and the winged legs and shoes. Kings of hell, bowing to this first chief. Give me permission to travel through Banchelo. Omekan Hapit Mejasdor Ramit Hansna Archtippe Michtellet Ischan Rach Doncheon Gorch Irorch Ureschmint Kircht Krim.

2.

1.Spells to receive the helmet of Banchelo from the first chief of hell : Likmit, the helmet will protect me against dangers. 2.It will alarm me together with the cooperation in removing the threat. 3.It will be like the thousand lightbeams. 4.Counters of hell, rise up. 5.You will not give me the

helmet, but the first chief of hell will do, for you are servants. 6.Counters of hell, I command you to be silent when the first chief of hell speaks, when he multiplies himself throughout the sunlights of hell and the sacred fires of voice. 6.You are servants of the helmet, and servants of the first chief of hell. 7.You will not rest or sleep, for you need to persecute the attackers of the helmet to protect the one who's wearing it. 8.Spells to open the piramids behind Banchelo : Pyramid of the black dog, open up, for your mouths longs for purifying us, those who come with Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus]. 9.You are the fifth pyramid of hell, longing to open your mouth and eat, for the rivers are dry and without food. 10.Oh, dog of purify, to make us as candles in the night. 11.Our lights will die, to turn into fire, for the dark lights of the night you want to see. 12.Ra blesses the statue in you. 13.Ra bows to the statue in you, as the statue bows to Ra. 14.Yes, they protect each other as the sacred bond tells. 15.Their shoulders stretch out to each other. 16.Their shoulders stretch out to the red dog and his pyramid. 17.The well of purifying the blood. 18.This is the blood of hell, coming forth by fire, sending out the firestorms of hell. Pyramid of the red dog, Et Hazor, èt hérum, echtus hanta, conèl iktusch. Diorgmach Stuugd, open up, sixth pyramid of hell, providing us, those who come inbetween Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus], with the purpèr suit of hell, wearing the ant-feather with care. [in some translations it is a beetle-feather, and some mention them both] 19.Let the fire come through tubes, and give it power to open the mouth and speak in the pyramid of the black dog and the pyramid of the red dog. 20.Then I turn my face to the mirror in the east, and speak words to the pyramid of the blue dog : Open up, for I have come, wearing the helmet of Banchelo. 21.Grant me the feathers I need to enter your ship. 22.I have not sinned against you, I am clean of heart. 23.We belong to your kingdom. 24.You, the one raising in every pyramid. 25. Oh, pyramid of piramids, the seventh pyramid of hell, as the spirit of the first chief of hell. 26.You have raised all his rabbits and his rabbit-warriors. 27.You are the king of rabbits. Allow me to have breath to open the seven doors of your piramids, so that all my souls who are worthy to enter can enter, and so that all my spirits who are worthy to enter can enter. Then when I'm in I will close all these doors hermetically, so that no intruder can enter. I will be the fire to protect your pyramid as my spirit moves forward. 28.Grant me permission to travel further, for you to give me the blue line to pass over dangerous bridges on my track. I will not fall, I will not fail, for your feathers are over me. [in some translations : shields] Hermutus, light of the soul, give us the blue liquid lights, as well as the red liquid lights, as the blood of hell by which we move. Show us the wells in the pyramid of the blue dog. Do not lock us up here, but allow our souls to travel further. Let the lights of Shu and our Ka's protect us against the evil mummies. [In some translations this sentence doesn't exist, in others it just sais : Let the lights of Shu and Ka be with us.] Eighth pyramid of hell, open, for our breath is traveling. Let your watchers not mock us or destroy us. Do not lock us up, for we came with Heru and Usir [Horus and Osiris]. Accept the sacrifices the gods gave with us to offer you. We have not eaten the meat of innocent ones, neither have we touched the meat of your mates. 29.Watchers of the eighth pyramid, now you have received your presents, your mouth will be bound, and we will pass through, leaving the light for you. We haven't turn down the darkness, but as our lives grow we seem to worship it, for it is the shelter of the gods, and the passage to the depths. We have seen it as the guard of the treasures and tombes of hell. We enter through the seventy gates of the urn. We are now free in the piramids of everchange.

3.

1.Rabbitian Magicbook ; Spell to come out of the canons of hell : Teris Saran Mia Ephesteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus : Canons of hell bow down, and open up, for I will leave this place. I have opened my houses for the

poor, I have given them bread and wine. I have given them food from the rabbittree, and I have given them beds and songs to sleep. Oh, gods of the rabbits, take me out with your helicopters, for these canons are killing me. I will now leave through the ends of these cocoons, to see my rabbitsoul fly and dwell in the air and in the skies with so many layers. 2.Oh, gods of the rabbits show yourself to me, so that I can follow your paths to the wonderlands. 3.Teach me your art, and close the doors behind me, so that those of the canons will not take me again. They have mocked me, they have lied to me, but now I am free. 4.Teris Saran Mia Ephisteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus : I will now take these spirits who threw me in the canons of hell, those who have persecuted me all day long. I will bring them to the bottles prepared for them, in which they will be prisoned, to feel everything I have felt, to be in hurt like I was in hurt, so that they will never do it again, that what they did to me. 5.Teris Saran Mia Ephisteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus. 6.Spell to remove implants and imprints out of the nipples by which you were slaved : I now command rabbitmagic to free my nipples and to let the nipplefluids flow like blood and hormones through my body. 7.Rabbitstorms will guide me, Rabbitsmoke, guard me. By them I will breath, and I will move my body like them. Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater. I now command rabbitmagic coming from the rabbitbottles and the rabbitcandles to bring the rabbitbones in me, covered by the rabbitstones. 8.They will bring the Rabbitlights of magic layer by layer, so that I can turn myself around like the rabbitgods. 9.By deep wounds my nipples are slaved by cruel clocks. Rabbitmagic please enter my deep wounds and then raise from there to my eyes, and see through me. 10.Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater. When I blink my eye let the rabbitmagic be spread. 11.Give me wisdom and understanding, oh rabbitgods, and let Bihelsheput be the guard of my nipples. Bihelsheput now rise from my deepest wounds, from my deepest caves through the spine. Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater. 12.Spell to open the bottles of Rabbitsmoke in the body : Rabbitsmoke, come from the bones, for the bottles will be opened now. 13.Be open, and spread the smoke through the ribs, so that my arms can move. And then sink to the legs. Be my guardsuit so that the gates of canon can not suck me in again. Show me the gravity of Rabbitmagic and their gods, to move on, to open new worlds. Nanak. Rabbitian gods : *Raman*, god of rabbits : I will arm you and give you the rabbitcoverings. You must learn how to breed things of your own to lengths. How do you do that : If you suffer somewhere, don't search for a quick death there, but let it grow in this cocoon to lengths. Raman, light the candles, Raman, open the bottles of smoke, Raman, pour out your spirit upon us. *Dorkok*, rabbitian god of wild fires : I am Zu-warrior, which is the rabbitian magic. 14.I bring Zu to your bones, if you walk the rabbitian paths in honour. Just call my name, and I will lead you to great mountains. Jakhor, rabbitian god of war : I will give you the Zu-rings for powerful rabbitian magic. These rings contain rabbitspirits who will help you. 15.They will communicate with you through your fingers. Inahus, rabbitian god of sprites and lights : I will send you the waterlights, the tall lightnings into your body, so that it can move, and always reach for the things in the distance. 16.You really have the power to possess. Naktahus, rabbitian god of forests, and forestrivers : I will send you the lights of the forests and their spirits to teach you. Totok, rabbitian god of darkness and mud. Yomek, rabbitian god of mountains and vulcanoes. Silent Mahos, rabbitian god of silence and art. Ninok, Rabbitian god of death. The gods want to show that life is like a rabbitcocoon. 17.Spell to let Rabbitian Darkness come over you to make you invisible and to let you escape through dark holes : Ushun Asamk Aroth Mian Umehan. God of darkness, Totok, come over me, and let me leave through your dark holes, for smoke is all around me. 18.Let the rabbitnipple-smoke move through my body to make me invisible and to let

me fly and soar like the winged rabbit. 19.Let me escape through paintings. Ushun Asamk Aroth Mian Umehan. 20.Give me roses to surround me, let the thornes be my guard. Ushun Asamk Aroth Mian Umehan. I speak now to the lights of canon : be ashes now, and leave through the holes of hell, to dwell forever in the realms of the dead. 21.You will be the sand in the deserts of death, and there's no spirit to bring you alive again. Your throat will be cut and filled by cucumber, so that you cannot speak again. Chant : Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, etc. 22.Then call for the circle of rabitian gods to surround you : Raman, Dorkok, Jakhor, Inahus, Naktahus, Totok, Yomek, Silent Mahos, Ninok ... 23.They bring all kinds of problems to get you to the darkness, to develop the divine hair. 24.In their books they describe the several paths of darkness. If you want to become a zu-warrior you must walk these paths. You can only truely walk these paths if you have reached the flame of poverty, so you must be really skilled in poverty. The Rabbitlord is my shepherd, I do not have any shortcoming or lack. 25. He covers me in grassfull pastures and he leads me to quiet waters. He enchants my rabbitsoul and leads me in right tracks for his name's sake. Even when I go through the valley of darkness, he's with me, and his stick and scepter comfort me. 26.Blessed are the poor, for them the rabbitheavens are open. Blessed are those who hunger for they will be satisfied. 27.Blessed those who weep for they will laugh. Blessed are you when people laugh at you, hate you and reject you, when they say you're an evil man for the sake of the Rabbitlord. Be glad these days and jump of joy, for the rewards in rabbitheaven are big. 28.Woe them who are rich, for there will be no comfort for them. They have it already. Woe them who live in prosperity, for they will hunger. 29.Woe them who are laughing for they will weep. Woe them when everyone speaks good about you, for that was which their fathers did to false prophets. When someone slaps your cheek, turn also the other to him. 30.Oh children of the light, bring the one who has power because of his head-ornament over the ones of the sun. and come to me quickly, so that I, the rabbitlord, can go here and there. Blessed are those who found the house of silence, for they have been delivered from many slafework. They can build their own houses to be with the Rabbitlord. Blessed those who found the pearl of poverty, for they have power, and will be with her whose name is poverty. 31.Come to the dirt of the Rabbitlord, for it's cleaner than the clarity of the earth. You have a well of dirt in rabbitnature, by which faulness you can clean yourself and your house, as it is divine. Come to the ornaments of poverty, to have coverings when you enter the valley of coldness. You will be able to reach and save many rabbits, and they will save you. 32.And they will see the canons around you, and they will break them, and take the tall teeth of the canon and their needles out of you. And you will live with them forever, not thinking about those who have repressed you so long, for it brought you to the rabbits. They have been enemies, so that you could be friends with the rabbits. 33.They know what you feel and where you go through, for they got the same. 34.The walls of the rabbit are warm, his bread always warmer. The word of the rabbit is sweet, his silence always sweeter. 35.You see their houses and their gardens and that which they forbade. Know then the wildernesses of poverty, letting the flame rise to bring you to the rabbitheavens. It goes right through death and hell, but ends in rabbitheaven. 36.The needle has to sting deep, to take you out of canon. They must even go deeper than the needles of the canon itself, otherwise their will not be an eternal bond between you and the rabbits. The needles sting deep to open the rabbitbottles of smoke and storm. 37.Hail him who enters the sacred rabbittombes and blessed are those who find the sacred rabbitmummies. Direct communication is often too dangerous, that's why it's often happening by subtile codes. Be aware of tokens and omens in nature around you, for there are many ways of the divine to speak to you. We all live in our own fantasy, and we decide how the others are drawn on our screens ... There is no modern way of looking towards the other ... it's all based on ancient laws, and it's like a cycle ... It's nothing new, for it's just

tapping from outer space The way colors are perceived has to do with the heart ... As you can see there is nothing like life-motion, but a movement is based on solid characters isolated, while we change our consciousness. Movement has all to do with time and point of view, so actually it is one big illusion. The dreams we have paint the minds of the other ones, and make them how we want to see them ... It is not always our desire, but the value we give to things deep in our hearts ... This makes that it's not always a pleasure what we see with the eye ... All images are connected to feelings, and all feelings are connected to the values we have ... We must not identify, but associate and dissociate. When you are a rabbitpirate, stretching out to the paradoxes of life, to symmetry but also to asymmetry, you are under the law of compensation, which means when you lose something, it is to win more. Climb on the webs surrounding the rabbitpiramid of destiny ... And let yourself be led by the rabbitwildernesses, bringing you clarity ... My webs of light, come layer by layer, to reach a heart as an instrument ... 38. Then the rabbitseas of my light come layer by layer, in which the soul will drown, to bring forth the immortal rabbitspirit of the sea ... My lights are beacons on your trip to the old rabbitrealm, the sacred rabbitheart ... My voice comes forth from the overflowing light ... Come closer to that which you missed all the days of your life ... Even if you will see or feel things behind glass ... It gives you the power to dream ... Don't be disappointed when there are still things you cannot reach ... 39. It teaches you how to do rabbitsoul-travelling ... The deepest powers come forth only by the unreachable and by the deepest hunger ... You must first sink into the deepest pit to have the highest jump ... The power of the rabbitbow and rabbit-arrow ... My voice is overflowing light, while it can fill you layer by layer, coming forth from the deepest silence ... There is no voice without silence ... actually it comes forth from it ... My voice is healing ... and it comes forth from the striped and rippled rabbitspine ... Let me bring you the book of light, as the blessing on the water ... It is light full of ancestral voices, as a ladder back to ancient times ... You actually breathe from the wells of deepest history ... Don't think about how you are being projected, but think about who you really are ... Don't follow the projections ... but follow the facts ... Plug into the rabbitlights I give you throughout the day, to be connected with my heart, from where the messages stream as subtle guidance ... Don't expect voices ... but expect subtle tokens, which erects your powers to reach out and solve ... Expect difficulties and complexes as the egg of development and mental power ... It gives you the strength to practice wisdom and flexibility ... The subtle energies will bring you to greater treasures than the direct voices ... The divine communicates by light, and not by voices ... 40. Voices are often your interpretations ... as harvest, but sometimes as stirred up by your own impatience ... 41. Not that I'm saying that a voice isn't divine at all, for voice flows forth from the overwhelming light ... Be quiet, and listen to your heart ... to find different ways of silent communication ... like trees and flowers do ... Voice often eats the flavours and fragile connections away to end in rudeness ... 42. Your society is a prey of overcommunication ... It eats away your breath ... and your eye for true beauty ... My rabbitlights are so intense that it's bubbling ... and each and every bubble contains the hormones for good breathing in rabbitdivinity ... There are treasures hidden in the ground of Egypt which are not found yet ... but now you can already connect yourself to these treasures as the sacred seed of a new body and society ... The secret treasures are messengers of divinity, as a representation and storage of divine power ... I am speaking as a clear rabbitchannel of stars ... I am speaking as a tube of the divine light ... 43. I will feed you, if you allow me to feed you ... Just stretch out to me ... I will reconnect to your heart, as you have my heart ...

4.

1. Rabbitian goddesses ; There's a rabbitgalaxy where there are many rabbitconstellations with rabbitstars. These constellations are the rabbitgoddesses. Their names are : Woman with the soft

feet, Woman with the soft lips, Woman with the soft mouth, Woman with the soft breasts, Woman with the soft ball (between her legs), Woman with the tongue bridge, Woman with the ice tongue, Woman with the soft star, Woman with the soft light (as a waterfall), Woman with the ice toe, Woman with the fire toe, Woman with the fire breasts. 2.Locked up in the rabbitstone again, where you can run in slowmotion, where the camera isn't a threat, where the lights are purple and blue, so many colours, not eating you. 3.Locked up in the rabbitstone again, eating licorice and staring at the chocolate, what a surprise. 4.It's melting coming to you, to cover your body, softer than a velvet custard suit. It's bringing the stars deep into you, these rabbitstars they glow and rise like balloons. It's coming over you, when you're locked up in the rabbitstone again, so safe, no one's hurting you, everything is slow, enjoy every second, watch the rabbitpictures, one by one, the evening is like a book. 5.No one pushes you, no one pulls you, no one stops you, you're in the rabbitstone again. While your spirit escapes through the window, and your shadows try to follow. You thought epilepsy was a curse, but it was the rabbit taking you ... 6.You thought spasm made your life difficult, but it lets you escape the city-chains ... You thought paranoia wasn't good for you, but it is the rabbit's eau de cologne ... the flame rose from poverty, to walk towards a deeper darkness, to finally disappear ... 7.She has the wings of fire, her feather smells like silver winds, like white ornaments. Totok, god of darkness and mud, guider to the cubes of hair, and the worlds built of the cubes of hair. They are light and wet. They provide the rabbit-breath. I give Zu to the brain, to raise up rabbitian architecture. By Zu-power you can build by thought. 8.The cubes of hair are softer than velvet, bringing enlightenment to the rabbitbrain, filling the hands with Zu. I speak to you in many layers of liquid voice, very energized, to penetrate your brains until it reaches the rabbitsoul. These layers form the stairways, so that you can reach your inner rabbitspirit, and rabbitheart. 9.Here the rabbitcandles stand. When you light these, you can follow the smoke to your rabbitstorage in the rabbitliver, where you can find the rabbitbottles. When you open these your memory can bring you to the ancient rabbits again and to the rabbitgalaxy where your liquid selves can dwell and soar. Here pure slowmotion can purify you again in all your layers. 10.Pure slowmotion is there a fruit. There is no haste, for everything has already happened, and to that you can return. There is no future. The key is in history, when you will translate this message. History is just a message, and you must translate it to come home. There is pure ice in the deepest darkness, holding the greatest distances as keys to come closest to something. 11.These are the lungbottles of rabbit. It's the sacred breath, and the only breath who will allow you to survive life for eternity. It is the eternal breath. This is where the journey has to go to. 12.The winged rabbits use the history as wings, and while they use it to fly, they transform it ... They are everchanging. 13.When there's plenty of Zu, it can stir up the firebreath, by which you can clean your thoughts and visions, and to give the rabbithelm as a zu-guard of the brains. 14.By this helmet while using the firebreath, the rabbit-aura will be formed and cleansed to make it pure. 15.If you have too much firebreath it can be dangerous, so you must also use icebreath. You must learn to balance these and to switch. 16.You can do that by using the dark breath, which is the bridge between these two. The dark breath slows you down, to have survey and control. You must have times in which you monopolize the ice completely, or the fire will start to burn things away. 17.The best thing to do is to swear off the fire, and to make the journey of ice in order to find the iceflame, which is the blue fire or burning ice. 18.And then start searching for the cubes of burning ice hair, to build your worlds further.

5.

1.Rabbitian ice-vulcanoes ; They are actually the rabbit-nipples who are the thermostates of the body. They can only be reached when you monopolize the darkness completely, to search for the

dark flame and the dark ice, producing the dark coloured lights. By the thermostates thought is written, and even the muscles move by them, when they build a target layer by layer. The rabbitnipples are the guards of the heart, raising their voices as moving shields. The eruptions of the ice-vulcanoes bring forth the hormones to regulate the rabbitian body-functions. 2.The rabbitian body works a lot with the raising of smells, for these are the channels of Zu. 3.The rabbitian smells coming forth from Zu, are the regulators of the sexuality of the rabbitian. It is mostly a unit coming from the soles, named LBOK. 4.It triggers a creative substance, becoming rabbitian seed through the channels of sexuality. The programs are very complex. 5.Only by the rabbitian nipples the seed can be sown in high forms of temperature controlled by the ice-vulcanoes, writing new forms of dark coloured glowing lights, but these are only forming eggs holding heavy silences. The project is to bring forth deaf rabbits. 6.They can serve in the temples of loneliness, to reach for the treasures of their inner selves and their deepest selves, which they can guard. They are the candles and bottles of slow-motion, so that everything can be stored in templebooks again. LBOK is one of the most powerfull zones of Zu, and can only be generated by the deepest needles. It comes forth from deep pain and deep rejection, and it's deeply paranoid stuff, so it doesn't show up very easily. 7.She is one of the most creative and powerfull goddesses of the rabbitian, and it needs a complex of temples and tight rituals to generate her forces and intensity. This is one of the biggest goals of the rabbitian, to build and spread such temple-structures. 8.Building the temple of LBOK : First of all, there are some things which will block in stirring her up : loudness, social life, over-communication, mock, painlessness, prejudice, laughing, plentiness, lights, speed. She's paranoid, has spasms, epilepsy, and more ways to guard herself and to regulate her energies. She's a sort of treespirit and she can come through smoke and wind. 9.She's very softhearted and carefull. She can only be called by her highest priests, the rabbitian. They are the mediators. The names of these mediators are : Rabbitwand, Mirhan, Totohan, Rabbitwheel, Rabbithat and Rabbitpiramid. Only by them you can communicate with her. The tree she lives in is called Rabbitfood. In her temple there are many flames, and also a tombe. There are many urns in this tombe. In some scriptures she's described as a spirit of rabbitian death and hell. 10.She experienced her powers by wearing the eternal poverty. By paranoia her winds of magic start to rise, and by her epilepsy they strike. By spasms she practices a sort of sacred vampirism. Her priests must hunt after her enemies, the ones who harmed her, and she's only satisfied when she can drink their blood and eat their flesh. She makes ornaments and other things throughout her temples of their bones. Therefore she's also seen as a very cruel rabbitian, asking for ritual sacrifices, but never an innocent one, but only enemies. 11.A lot of rabbitians do not have much sympathy for her because of that, although she's only acting because of justice, not because of greed. In her world it's an eye for an eye, a leg for a leg, a head for a head, and a heart for a heart. Her temples are cruel anyway. [in many translations the part about vampirism and sacrifice isn't there, but we felt the need to keep it in the book, for it gives a better picture of who LBOK is] When she finds someone who has tortured her, then she will torture him for the full extends, and she has many wolves for that. [of course this sentence cannot be found in many translations, neither the following] 12.She's therefore very feared for this. Her deep wounds cause her to do this, for she cannot live when she wouldn't do, because of her hunger for revenge. But this is also the reason why rabbits feel a sort of comfort, for they see her as a guard and saviour. By this attitude she can save rabbits out of their prisons, so for her the choice is easily made. She needs to be this warrior otherwise her loved ones become prey. But there are still many rabbitians who see her and her practices as one of the biggest wells of Zu. 13.She practices a mixture of white and black rabbitian magic, for these two forces can simply not live without each other. They both become corrupted when separate.

6.

1.Mousian Magicbook ; This is the chapter of the sacred flying mouse. Hail to the batgods : Jalram, Pah, Kunes, Righ'k, Mallani, Tjumbrum and Delri. May their blessings be upon you. Spell to enter the batvehicle, to escape from the canons of hell : Jakthal, Makhat, Mag't Rihum. This is the day, this is the hour, that the batvoice rises up, to make a way of glory, a path out of hell. All our powders and fluids fit, all what we do is magic.

2.Jakthal, Makhat, Mag't Rihum. We now take place in the batvehicle of escape, surrounded by the batgods, and it will bring the sacred flame, when we speak out their names : Jalram, Pah, Kunes, Righ'k, Mallani, Tjumbrum, Delri. The batmagic spreads, and in explosions we will find safely our ways. The mice of hell will close the doors behind us, as we continue on our ways. As we say goodbye to the rabbitpriests and welcome the mouse-priests for our temple, far away from the canons. Jalram, Pah, Kunes, Righ'k, Mallani, Tjumbrum, Delri, shine your lights on us, and show us your mouths from where the lightvoices flow. It will penetrate our brains to install new visions, to build the mouse-shrines in us.

3.We chant : Miktal, Miktal, Miktal, until we feel quiet. Oh, bringers of new lights, let the darkness now be bound, so that it will not speak to mislead us. Oh, bringers of new fire, let the ice be bound, so that it won't throw us away. We stand on new ground, to fly with new wings. In new voices our heads will dwell, and these voices are high, spoken by the bat. They came out of his mouth like liquid fires, to install the throne forever.

4.And it melts me away, when my spirit ascends to mouse-heaven. The brothers know how far they can go. There's green fire coming from their mouths and hands, to bring the mousian magic to the temple. Let all bats rise up to it, so that they will understand what to do. It guides them through the land, and like powder in the wind, it spreads ... The black fire circles in the sky, coiling for another day, raising the bats of our time. In history they find their keys to ride. Let them come by mighty rivers, let them come through holes of space and air. The batgods surround my vision, tall in the air, and in distance they stand, but the fires in their eyes become close like the waterfalls searching for their ways.

5.It's overwhelming, when the distance strikes, coming so close all of a sudden, and then totally disappears ... It's always moving in a circle, coiling towards the hills ... The ornaments hold their voices, spread like powders by the wind ... Jalram, Pah, Kunes, Righ'k, Mallani, Tjumbrum, Delri, shine your lights on us, and let us fly and soar with you, higher and higher. In the forest is a place, where we can be free. You have possessed many churches, to bend it like the green mystery. When the puppets will bend, we're finally free. Tek'l Tat'l Tulaheim T'klon, T'lalk Irkjun, hold me tight, for the four winds of hell are attacking me. Root me here in your ground, and let your rocks cover me.

6.You brought the new life, of mouse of mouse-heaven. Give it also to me. Pour it out in my baskets, I will find my way to absorb it. Rain on me. And open a new darkness for us, in which we can hide. The poverty is still king, and it's tailor is loneliness, but give us a new nakedness, and let us dwell in open sun, the dark sun bringing us new madness. The old has gone forever, now give us a new old. Bring us away from history lies, and let it bend in our hands, to build a new house. In the forest we will be, where the sun reaches for the open place.

7.The mouse comes over me, and takes me away, while the winds of oz are staring. There is a new fable day, when the mouse starts to speak. Brought by seven bats, the mouse takes me now ... I'm getting deaf to hear new sounds ... the things I had never heard of. I see their signs, I see their birds,

I see their kingdoms, sliding away, so that I can follow ... It's a liquid machine, heading for a new day ... It's heading for a thousand oceans in which we are finally free ... Say goodbye to me, once again, it was a pleasure, but now I have to leave ... She holds the liquid key ... Say goodbye to me, once again, it was a pleasure, but now I have to leave ... She still holds the liquid key ...

8. Her statue's there for years ... but now I have to leave ... I'm losing the picture ... Tomorrow it's in a magazine. They have built the houses here, they have made the spiders ... but tomorrow it's in a magazine. Don't push the button again ... It's too late for this machine ... Tomorrow it will be old, only as a picture in a magazine. Don't give me back those years ... you can keep them for yourself ... I will get new ones from the mice ... It starts to come over me, like visions from the red surprise ... I am free. I don't want to imitate ... Let me have my own ... I don't want to be a puppet in someone's show ... I have already pain enough ... Where is the peace, where is the love, where is the thunder growing down on the cross, where is our Jesus, where is our murderer on the cross, where is our teacher, where is our Baphomet and Behemoth, where is our Peter Pan, where is our Sandman, where is our Superman, where is our friendly lady of the tram, it's killing us all in Amsterdam.

9. Try to escape as fast as you can, and then return, to save the rest of them ... My voice is like fires becoming water, like flames bending in the wind, getting taller to catch a glimpse of your signs, I know you, like a million years ago, I'm going to save you, like you saved me before, eternally united I am with you, nothing's gonna break it. I'm dreaming of it, I'm sleeping to it ... like a boat to the riddle of the nightmare ... I'm sliding to it ... I'm breathing to it ... like a boat to the riddle of the lie ... I'm misunderstanding, until I hear the voices of yesterday ... Gods of Mice : Dandael, Rumhurd, Ruuks, Ruuch'g, Iram. I'm wrestling in my sleep, to get this done. The king of mice, his shadows are after me ... I'm wrestling in my sleep, and the candle is on, I'm having a firebreath ... I'm drowning in my own words ... no one can stop me ... While the faery of the waters doesn't believe in me anymore ... I'm sliding to the rabbitchoir ...

10. I'm wrestling in my sleep, the dream cannot take me ... I'm too heavy ... drowning in my words ... No one can stop me ... While the faery of the waters doesn't believe in me anymore ... I'm sliding to the rabbitchoir ... I'm exploding, I'm too full of my own words ... while no one stops me ... I'm cycling underwater ... sinking to the depths of nevermind ... A new day already has begun and I'm exploding inside ... From dust to dust I glide, until it explodes, I am too full of it ... It's yelling in my head ... I'm laying my head on the table ... to cry my tears ... trying to forget ... In the distance someone plays the piano ... so slow ... almost tragical ... suicidal ... until I lay my hand on her ... she's trying to forget it also ... until she explodes ... From dust to dust we glide ... From dust to dust we hide ... in the distance pianoes play ... like the soft rippling waters ...

11. We don't know where to go ... afraid of returning ... but everything will be different forever anyway ... I cannot breathe I explode again, these powders run free now ... I don't know where I am ... but I am not the same ... It's something I do not understand ... The pain is breaking me ... but you are taking me ... to make the journey of delirium ... the only way out ... This pain it brought me delirium, the bridge between you and me ... the greatest distance is closest to me ... Princes becoming big and small ... This sting it brought me delirium, the deepest sting brought me the softest places ... in delirium we dwell ... It's like drinking from magic bottles ... from cold magic making us warm ... in delirium we sink ... on the other side ... roses thin and thick ... Cannot read your letters anymore ... your hand is coming through ...

Silano

1.

1.All these horns lying around the purple pond, directing their fingers inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... Here where purple rules. Orange balloon is flying through the night ... gathering the children ... under the weight of a fight he soothes them all into sleep ...he gives them all what they deserve ... Through which they can see the moons of their dreams ... surrounded by orange ... while a yellow waterlight is leading them through to bring them all to blue and purple ... where all their pictures freeze in the night ... like statues for a comic book ...

2.Orange Balloon ... Orange Balloon ... a dragon deep in the night ... raging until all his children are home. It opens doors and closes them ... it watches rainbows and shatters them ... he still has the waterkeys ... those waterlights ... leading them all through the night ... only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ... he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ... the red stone brings you down ... into the nightmare ... you're under the weight of manipulations and lamentations. All surrounded by warm orange ... you cannot fight the red stone ... and while they fight in the night they let their puppets dance ... these masters so vain here where the ponds are paintings here where the purple rules here where the candy is salt here where the orange strikes the blue here where the tiger goes to sleep to let another lion touch the moon here where the purple rules ... Your miniature stings through the silence.

3.Warm orange heatening the flames, while snakes are pumping up the lungs. They are coming from the liver. Spitting while they talk. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's crime. The lights all come like zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads from the moon to the helicopter skies. There's an orange golden sun on a stick, decoration blinding us, while pictures are lying on the beach. You must know how to talk here. It's not easier than a puzzle.

4.Orange golden sun on stick, decorations blinding, golden shadows on the walls, in the halls of life, coming from down under. Towers of Egypt sting through pain, reaching for the helicopter skies, piramids of the underworld, while orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. Zebra's discussions in the room, tall shadows in the night, drinking liquor. He's holding the ornament tight. Looking at the prices of the gifts. It was a present. Now we're blinded by daylight's cream, holding tight the sunset's dream. Which one, we cannot choose. This is something we must do. There are great cities and great nations, only rising, while staring at an orange liar. An orange liar in a zebra's boat. And this smoke it comes from battle.

2.

1. The priest comes forward and sais : Thou art filled with that which hath been pressed out and hath come forth from thee. He will say this four times, while he is offering the Hebment wine. And the priest will offer cake while saying four times : the Eye of Horus hath been presented unto thee, and placed for thee in thy mouth. Then the priest will offer a scale full of onions, while saying four times : the white teeth of Horus have been presented unto thee, which are strength-giving. Then the priest sais four time with stretched arms : nothing is what it seems.

2.Then the priest offers a vessel of Tchesert drink, and blesses the dead one with the blessings of the Eye of Anubis and the Eye of Ptah. They will watch over him like the moon. The toes of the dead one represent the ten trees of paradise, and he will drink from these. It streams through his body to his throat ... Then the priest offers two vessels of white wine ... which will guide the dead one on his journey ... When he speaks ... white wine will flow from him, and will open his wells inside ... the inner cellars ... These are the cellars of the body ... These cellars are in the foot ... Whenever you

think about the swallow and whenever you think about the throat ... fluids will stream from the cellars ... The priest says four times ... The dead one will make a living in his own throat ...

Mirg

1.

1. And the racia tombes are there, five million racia's waiting for their brannan cars to drive in ... on banana railroads and on blue red racecourts ... They're alive and well ... standing on high coasts but from high tops they fall ... into the hands of the docteria's ... now they learn the tricks of slow motion ... becoming wasp-statues in the night ... They can say goodbye to brannan ... someone else now opens the hidden doors ... where hidden bottles stand hidden fluids stream ... These are the seeds of a new race ... always hidden ... behind old trees ... These ... are the dentistia's Impressive, but autistic ... you can never reach them ... They are the drops of vanilla ... Like perfumebottles they are Say goodbye to Brannan ... say goodbye to the bottlers spears all they sell are bottles behind vanilla walls they are ... funeral undertakers the hospital in great delay some lawyers kidnapped, which makes the story ... so sad ...

2. I am the bottler, I am the funny cake, so autistic am I, and so fake I am the bottler ... I am the nowhere fake ... I am the nowhere butcher ... sowing the seeds for the big break ... I am the bottler. I am the ornament's crown, I'm so paranoid ... not losing my grip on the hidden ... I am the bottler ... Watch these bottlers watch their grip ... You can't follow them, for they are too deep ... They're floating there like trains of thought They're floating there, like lost pilots ... They're heading for the moon of broken dreams ... where bottles raise the puzzles high all combined like silver paper golden tiles ... on the ground ...

3. Paradise city is the best all bottlers come here to find some rest ... The wedding was a soldier's weapon, a killingfield ... a legalized prison There were no lusts ... only strategies of war ... laying the magnet so deep while someone else took the bottle away It was a soldier's weapon ... A clownface was his mask ... Brannan warrior ... possessed by an Lbok spirit ... wanting the wasp-bottles to go home Soon he will be a bottler ... Soon he will find the baker's crown ... I have the bottler's crown I have pushed Brannan down ... One day it will rise up again ... Like Lucifer's candle Like Lucifer's brains Can you hear me in neon-style ... all these Jesus Christs will die, when the bottlers rise to push Brannan down It's a war underwater, but I have to find the deepest cellars, where the deepest trousers are ... These bottles from the green ...

2.

1. Brannan Warrior, pilot in the sky, with all your sharp layers while you keep it soft inside In helicopter skies you crash down The ship lost his monkeys and it's doomed to sink ... within three days ... Brannan Warrior, lost Jesus Christ ... lost earth in a monkey's mouth ... Earth is only growing, since you're gone ... Earth is only sinking ... in a deeper spawn Goodnight, soldier, the bottler has taken your head away ... Tomorrow you will be old and wise ... in a hospital's delay while someone is treading the grapes of vine ... I'm a bottler in the skies ... fluids are flowing from my eyes ... From the cellars of shoe it rises bringing kids to their schools ... bringing moms to their fools It's christmas when I'm dying It's Easter when I'm rising up At schoolbreaks I lose my trousers diving deeper into the lost graves ... These are the bottles of death ... I'm digging my way to the deepest bottles, the bottles of the big shoe, in their cellars ... where the bottlers live They let the juices come from the eye ... and then there's tv ... And all these bottles are locked up in history ...

2.Oceans dive in neighbours junes ... These Roman Warbottles strike the blue ... when orange strikes the blue ... When we're diving in the nameless ... we're diving in these names too of these history bottles ... dying too soon ... Send me a helping hand, and help me understand ... all these messages from a roman soldier drowning in his bottle's wine ... There's no day to save him ... he's undercover now under a warm balloon ... When I saw these people dying and crying, when I saw their flags were burning ... I wanted to know ... these Roman bottles they're ready to sow their lives on the borderlines making the edges come alive

3.When orange strikes the blue These towers coming, growing from June and I bet these daylights fall ... and then Russia eats them all I'm tied to this flower to sing this song for you until orange strikes the blue

4.When orange strikes the blue A daylight wonder guiding us under a warm balloon When history guides us to our cellars where we have to die to become bottles again of roman wars when orange strikes the blue these towers rising from June under his hat they all fail but they come alive on his hat ... all these grapes are bleeding noises are coming from the bed the battlefield where the bottles sing their song these black songs in the night after the big big fight to prepare all these lazy ones for slaughter for slaughter like orange wine mixed with blue ... escaping the terror for a new day after June ...

5.Roman soulbottles and roman warbottles ... marching to that day after June like summersnow they know that the orange struck the blue it's between me and you ... a green green flower was born and all these pale pale roses with trousers too short ... an indian princess hunting his dreams ... silent nights after all these years ...when orange strikes the blue Some roman through the french ...

6.And all these indian history-books, like warbooks in my head still frozen bottles ... gotto open them when orange strikes the blue ... history is alive

Vilapsa

1.

1. Jerica was a strange insect spitting ink in the heads of people, causing psychosis and visions. The group was attacking him, for he had sinned ... He had fallen away many times from the waspian and now he was this insect ... but still an unobedient one, with an own mind. These insects were octopusian ... like fire-spitting aliens ... bombing the minds of man with thoughts in all colours ... 2. They were guarding a prison ... They were guarding a net an egg ... They had to ... for if man would escape ... Jerica himself got strange visions too ... for he was connected to a big reservoir of ink ... It seemed the ink was living on itself ... It was like talking water ... 3. Jerica didn't have a family ... that was forbidden on the ship ... All his family-members were killed ... That was the price he had to pay when entering the ship ... but now he was falling away ... looking for strangers looking for the ones who decided to bomb his mind for awhile ... Those were higher creatures ... Those were higher agents ... Jerica found out that the ship he was on, was also a prison ... just like the ships of the waspian he lived on for so many amounts of time ... 4. He forgot a lot about their actions ... it was like they were out of sight ... One day he got a dream ... He walked in a field with a waspian who was his wife ... but they shot her, and they took him away ... to a strange ship ... There were no fire-spitting aliens here no ink Everything was so transparant ... Very tall insectian bodies were appearing in the distance, very huge and big they were lying on benches tall like big snakes And they were also soft They had many tall nipples like cows on certain

places while their bodies were pale and transparent ... They were feeding their babies ... 5. They were giving them dreams but not by ink ... but milk and honey Some were sliding into a sort of sea or lake in the ship ... Jerica had strange feelings inside ... Jerica hoped that these creatures weren't gnats ... for once he was abducted to a gnat-ship, and they did horrible things to him It was still a big trauma in his head but this atmosphere was soothing him like warm milk It was like he was coming to life It was like he was forgetting about everything, even the octopusian insects he belonged too ... 6. It was like he found something better 7. But then the War started, and it was horrible ... 8. The octopusian insects were attacking the ship and they started to kill the babies of the feeders with the udders 9. But suddenly ... the udders started to grow and grow and spitting more and more milk It was like the octopusian insects were drowning in it ... But then another group of insects started to attack ... they were a strange species of wasps ... very flyian, but also like butterflies they were like real pieces of art and they started to kill the cowlike insects 10. It was a horrible sight And at the end they kidnapped Jerica Jerica couldn't do anything they were too strong, and it was like they had possessed him Panic came over him, but at the same time the panic made him very strong It was like they could easily flow into his spirit, tearing his soul apart ... and giving him strength ... but for what ? He hoped he wouldn't become a slave of them ... This was a higher race of wasps ... These were wasps who went through the big cocoon ... These were wasps like hornets ... They were much taller and more dignified than the usual wasps But again there were shots another race was entering ... Jerica shocked himself awake ... it was a strange dream ... A hornet was standing before him ... asking him if he wanted something to drink The hornet was very friendly So didn't he dream this all ? Was it real ? It seemed so, for he was on a strange ship ... 'You were saved by dreams ...' the hornet said 'just dreams' ... Jerica smiled ... but inside he thought he was about to cry ... He felt himself like being very emotional ... The hornet was very soft to him ... Again Jerica got attacks of panic inside ... but after that he became stronger and stronger Xambal was a colony of hornets a strange city where they lived They brought the dreams not by ink not by milk or honey but by stings ... 11. It was a strange cross Jerica was hanging at ... but it was better to be on the cross of gnats The panic was feeding Jerica and he became stronger and stronger Then his soul could rise up, out of the cross and he could be free in the wilderness and the city ... One day a girl came to Jerica She said that her body was also on that cross, but her soul could be with him ... She wanted to offer him money but Jerica refused ... He didn't want to be attached to someone ... The girl started to weep, and panic came over Jerica ... He wasn't strong enough to handle it ... so the panic got worse but at the same time he got strength to run away He gave her some last words ... and then he was gone ... But more girls tried to do the same... to be with him, by giving money or other things like books ... but he didn't want to sell himself again He knew that he had to pay a high price then also ... He knew what family or friends could do ... He wanted to be free The hornets were proud of him ... He had made the right decisions On one evening he felt himself going to his body again, there, at the cross ... His soul became one with his body ... and the heat was streaming all over Something in him was rising up ... 'Oh come then ... battle against me,' it said It was almost teasing him, but he felt it was also protecting him ... His spirit rose up like a hornet ... but this thing was stronger ... It wanted to take him off the cross Jerica started to scream The being in him started to laugh, but was still protecting him, and giving him strength ... Jerica got another attack of panic for what would happen if he would be free from this cross ? Maybe he couldn't live without it ... The thing was stronger than the hornets ... stronger than the spiders ... It was another sort of wasp a species Jerica didn't know of ... And yes, they also went through the Big Cocoon, but also through other cocoons The panic was taking the body of

Jerica off of the cross and took the body to a sort of sea ... Jerica got other sorts of stings It was like a million of wasps were in his body ... stinging him ... It gave him so much strength for the stings weren't really hurting him ... They gave him new visions ... a new world to live in ... They could scream so high and loud, and were always the winners of that These guys were on the top But in the sea were many fights between many different waspian races These were called the Waspian Wars Again he was kidnapped but the being that took him off of the cross was stronger and killed the kidnapper in a flash and pierced it with thousands of horrible stings Then the wasp started to eat the meat ... It was a horrible picnic ... But Jerica knew that the wasp was only protecting him ... After the wasp ate the body, he started to eat the soul of the killed kidnapper ... It was a strange picnic ... not of a vampire but of a guard ... After that the Guardian Wasp flew into the body of Jerica again ... Jerica felt very strong ... This being wasn't a vampire, but a guard ... And sometimes this guard challenged him to fight with him but this being was too strong It had possessed Jerica and for a reason ... 'Bring him to me !' a dark voice said ... But the wasp-guard stang the one of the voice to death and left the blood and the bones ... The wasp-guard had to tear many and many red curtains in the Waspian Realms and finally they came into a new area There were strange theologies here so strange that Jerica began to cry The theologies of this new realm showed Jerica that when many of these waspian souls were bound together such dark worlds could come into existance ... Sometimes the Wasp-guard went out to deliver such souls It only happened once in a long time and this time only Jerica was saved He started to see that also his own soul was attached to another waspian soul, and that was the reason why he felt so handicapped The Wasp-guard was his healer ... and his saviour One day the Wasp-guard died, and Jerica was very sad and scared for maybe the red curtains would suck him back to the cross and the slaveships The Wasp-guard didn't speak anymore 12. Jerica digged a grave for him and buried the wasp ... but the other day a flower was growing there, and the wasp was creeping out of the flower like reborn The Wasp explained that sometimes he had to go through another cocoon but it was for a reason ... The wasp told to Jerica what he needed to do in such a situation ... The Wasp was a very good teacher ... and it was like they came into silent nights there were no wars here No one dared to attack the Wasp ... 'I am king,' the Wasp roared and Jerica felt such a strength ... 'We are one,' the Wasp said ... 'I am your guard ... don't be afraid I am not a vampire just a guard But sometimes the Wasp challenged Jerica to fight with him ... the Wasp was much too strong for Jerica and Jerica started to love the wasp more and more ... The Wasp liked to prove to Jerica that he was stronger 'I am king,' he always said 'I must protect you ... even against yourself ...' And then Jerica understood more and more what was going on ... that there were still other souls in him which needed to be cut away ... Jerica wanted to be free ... was he really attached to other waspian souls ? The Wasp wanted to lead Jerica to places where they could be torn away The Wasp had strange moving teeth ... going up and under ... He had a brilliant smile 13. He wasn't a pirate He was a guard ... And together they were torn away from the ship ... The Wasp loved Jerica very deep Jerica felt more and more comfortable with him They were as one ... but still sometimes the Wasp jumped out of him ... challenging him to fight ... and sometimes it was like the Wasp was teasing him a bit but it was to protect him Jerica felt so much love, but in a strange way ... The love was very peaceful ... The Wasp showed him the way he stang It was a wonderful armor ... Suddenly the Wasp started to sting the nipples of Jerica ... Jerica started to scream ... The Wasp said that so-called canons were planted in his nipples, giving text to his head ... These were prison-implants ... Then Jerica got another implant in his nipples ... In the night Jerica got a dream about a cowian insect ... with a lot of udders on her body He started to drink Suddenly the cowian insect started to change into a

skeleton ... and Jerica started to run away and there was the Wasp ... protecting him ... Many times Jerica got strange dreams ... but the Wasp protected him ... Jerica felt the need to cry a lot. The Wasp was there for him, to sooth him ... but also to fight against him ... for he needed to be protected against himself ... He wanted to run away from all the lower species who lived in such denial ... The Wasp helped him in that trip He brought him over many walls 14. When Jerica was over many walls other sorts of enemies were attacking them ... These were the sharkian wasps and the orcan wasps They were horrible ... They had many cruel ships and they tried to take soulparts out of Jerica and out of the Wasp Guard There was also a race called dentistian insects They were very sharkian and orcan They had also many gnattian abilities They were like the brood of many insects a mix of them ... Jerica was shivering Would the Wasp Guard be stronger than them ? Jerica lost a lot of soulparts, and felt empty sometimes it was like panic and fear was taking him over Jerica hated the dentistian insects ... They were very arrogant ... 'Oh you arrogant one ...' the Wasp Guard roared to the leader of these dentistian insectships It was an assistent-insect ... very female ... but it ruled them all ... Jerica was still shivering ... He saw how the Wasp Guard went towards the ships He started to destroy them ... But still enormous panic was over Jerica, until the Wasp Guard pickted him out to fight ... They fought together, and Jerica got many special weapons from the Wasp Guard ... The Wasp Guard brought him to a Warship ... In this ship the wasp-statues were ... These were like cannons of waspian heat ... The Wasp-statues were like programmed soldiers like cyborgs ... They all had their own tasks ... The Wasp-Guard said that he was the captain of this ship of wasp-statues ... They communicated by holograms ... A strong metallic solar energy. The Ship of Wasp Statues had a lot of waspian ships under their command ... and there were all sorts of communications between these ships ... It was like solar storms between the ships ... 15. Jerica loved to see the sight It was calming him ... giving him peace ... but also a strength and a lust to fight ... Something was paralyzing him and that was the warning that when these wasps would sting too often, they would die ... for the heat could destroy their brains ... That's why they needed a lot of silence also ... Sometimes there were heavy alarms when they were communicating too much ... These alarms protected them against death ... Fortunately there were many systems who could turn the communication or cannons off ... This was to protect their lives ... but sometimes these systems failed ... especially when a wasp would get at rage ... Every wasp-stature had many ships under command ... This was how they were making wars ... They had their tasks and used the ships to fullfill these. They were programmed by tight clocks ... and even in their armours there were a lot of alarm-systems ... They were guarding and leading the programs ... They had visors in which thin lines were creating the sights ... and even making everything very transparent ... By this they could see the different souls of an enemy and even tracing the history-lines ... This visor could also use strong solar energy to beam at the enemy They could control this by their eyes ... By small movements they could use the visor-cannons ... Mostly small movements of the eyes. But one day a species called the Autistia's attacked the Wasp-statues and kidnapped Jerica ... The Wasp-guard was very sad ... He had lost so many lines between him and Jerica He hoped that the Autistia's would be good to Jerica ... Jerica was now on their ships, and in a sense they were very waspian, and the wasp-statues and the wasp-guard always had some sort of respect to them, even as being an enemy ... They liked the autistia's in a sense ... Some said the autistia's were just transformed wasps ... but others said they were more than that ... The autistia's were against almost everything ... They were called the sifters ... They wanted to change everything ... They weren't aggressive, but they could explode at times ... Their motivations were good though ... They took Jerica with them to their land ... where he started a new life ... He liked it there very much ... They said them that they had kidnapped him to protect him

against something ... They said that the wasps had helped him a lot, but they had to draw him further over the lines ... 16. Jerica smiled They were really as friends to him ... They built a dashboard, a sort of visor-helmet into his head by which he good be a good warrior ...

2.

1. Afternoon Wine ; tall lights from the red. I'm walking on the beach, in the sand, carrying pains no one understands ... The waves speak of red grapes ... I'm diving underwater in a cold embrace ... The bridge is opening in me ... Spreading hearts like baby's thunder ... The dream is about to escape ... to a new land ... where it sets everything on fire ... No one understands these days ... If it would be yesterday ... no one would hear them ... In the land of tomorrow I live ... I'm behind a mask of zorro She's a red little potatoe ... guiding me in her car ... So many strange sounds are opening windows and her knee is bleeding ... telling me she understands me ... 2. After many nights I can talk again ... breath again while she is next to me ... this little red potatoe ... making me understand ... delivering me ... If it would be yesterday ... I wouldn't hear her ... She gave me the key ... In tomorrowland ... no one understands, but they heard the breeze, the silent manouvres of a dark line behind the big potatoe ... They all come free ... The red picnic was a daily understanding line of me ... Now I hear ... I'm finally free ... These roses are spread ... these days are counted by the wizard of my dreams ... always reaching for something bigger in the land of understanding ... where my baby is sitting on her knees ... splitting ... like warguns they come over to spread the tales of destiny ... The woman talks, the woman curses ... trying to make me insecure I'm losing it ... but tomorrow I'm standing on her shore There's bread and milk around her 3. She freezes when she sees me Please forget about me ... I'm not your tailor ... I want to scream I want to run away but this glue is killing me Finally Cocoon's end ... She's spreading the butter no one understood ... and I walk with these strange feelings And she said : You have overcome me ... Like daily bread she is ... her town and tower undercover She has a mate in me 4. I was depressed but he saved me, he gave me, new wine to drink, bottles to order ... I was depressed but his mind was thinking of what he would do to me He understands the threat of this woman ... He's spreading his tales over her knee No one understands me but he gave me his light to fight against the destiny of a green dreamlight He took me in his cabine He took me to his wardrobe ... where he pushed me deep inside He had to hide me, for the pirates would come 5. Or would they even burn the ship So he gave me his green dreammoonlight and he ordered a green green milk for me he gave me satisfactions and desires to breed But one day he jumped away his ship he left and I had to be the captain of his dreams but still he gave me tears of sweet green destiny ... He's speaking to me ... like a daily clown but I can't discover it I'm into loudness and destruction I can't hear him anymore 6. I only cry and cry ... for he was who I adored And I thought where is the magic where is the light ... it's taken away by the fight And I thought I need some rosetrousers ... I need to escape just like he did to make someone else a captain hoping he would also escape like we did There are species in Izu named Jesusian Insects ... Many times they are waspian species ... There are also Marian species ... Many times these species are waspian ... It seems the waspians have a lot to do with theologies ... 7. There are Bastetian wasp-species ... all living in Izu ... and also Anubisian wasp-species ... Theology has all to do with wasps They have a christ ... these are insectian species ... They see it as a mistake to focus on one christ ... So they have many christs ... They have broken the christ-canon and the one-person-canon ... So they have many Jesus-figures they worship ... and also many Maria-figures ... Jesus is not the highest authority ... but the cross ... 8. These are the redcape waspians or cross-waspian species ... There are many Redcapes in Waspian Theology They symbolize the cross ...

Then there are getsemaneh-waspian, calvary-waspian, thorn-crown-waspian and so on ... also red robe-waspian ... They see Egypt as an important gate in their theology ... Another important symbol of the cross is according to the waspian Mary of Magdalene ... She sinned to God but then became His Comforter ... There are several Mary of Magdalene insects ... especially wasps ... Further there are Barabasian insects ... also symbolizing the cross ... Barabas was a Jew against the Roman Empire ... and they labelled him as a criminal ... but later they freed him instead of Jesus ... 9. Another important species is them of Joseph of Arimathea, buying the body of Christ to lay him in a grave ... The Barabasian cross was a horrible cross for it was tantalizing Jesus ... Barabas was the chosen one to be free ... but Jesus had to die ... This was a big cross for him ... But what hurted Jesus most of all where the guards of the cross who did such horrible things to him while he was dying ... They played games to divide his clothes ... The cross-guard waspian are the ones who know about how to use the cross ... The Hidden Tree from paradise is a waspian-pythonian tree of secret sexuality ... He is the one coming after Christ as a new Christ ... This was already prophesied in Revelation ... This Tree was a secret cross and a secret Christ ... having his roots in former paradises ... God kept it a secret for his pure ones ...

Hormom

1.

1. Ascet Warrior ; Plan of the Gods ; They had blue faces, them of the Guerra. They were often huge, and without mercy. They went to the surfaces of the earth, to colonize the lands. They were in need for slaves to build their temples. They wanted earth, they wanted this part of hell. They lived underground, and had built their metros, these underground trains. They used strange sorts of drugs, from flowers living underground. These flowers were really mean, for they were meat-eating flowers. They had killed a lot of blue ones. Unfortunately their queen died, and now they didn't have a leader, but one older man was slowly taking over the royal house of his beloved queen. He had much experience in warfare. Yes, the earth had to come into their hands. It was of the Guerra, for their temples and their rituals. Humans were only bred by them to become their slaves. Savios was the name of the man, and he told everyone of the blue race that he would be their general very soon. Everyone who was against Savios had to be killed. One day another warrior came to Savios with some news : 'Sir, we have colonized the arabs, the egyptians and the jewish ones, and soon we will head for Africa. 2. What must we do with their existing temples.' And then Savios raised his hand and said : 'You must destroy all temples, except the egyptian ones. Make sure you destroy their houses. Only temples have the right to exist as long as they are egyptian.' And the warrior left with these words in his mind, and started to do the job with his men. He used the earthlings as slaves to build new egyptian temples in all parts of arabia and the jewish sector. And the ones who refused to work had to be killed. The blue race was merciless. There was no any hope for humanity if the other parts of the world would be taken over so easily. The blue race had to be worshipped. And soon some humans painted their face blue to join them. Savios also told that those who would join the blue ones had to be handled with care. Javios was one of them. He had been a general in army, but he became interested in the views of the blue race. It was not that he acted because of fear, for he wasn't afraid of dying, but he became obsessed with their strategic skills, and their views on life. Savios gave much power to Javios to have monopoly in many colonies. One of these colonies was called Untiaga. Untiaga became one of the biggest slave-colony on earth, and the slaves had to build a lot of temples. Many slaves died because of the hard work, and soon enough earth's population number started to decrease. 3. It was forbidden for humans to have sexual intercourse, for the blue

ones were afraid of new babies. When a blue one had sex with a human, it was okay. And when a baby was born from them, it had to be sent to the headquarters of Savios, far underground. Savios believed in sacrifices, but he wouldn't easily touch a blue one's baby. They were important to be alive, in his eyes. But if it was a human baby, then it had to go through several tests. If the baby failed it had to be bred for sacrifice. The rituals were very bloody, and had to be practiced in deep underground temples. Savios was a very cruel man, and sometimes someone of his own race started to stop him, but would be killed immediately. Savios was obsessed by the aztecs and incas who brought human sacrifices. He always told his race that he was their new leader now, and he would follow the footsteps of the queen, who was also very cruel. He told his race over and over again, that he was a god, as a mediator between them and the gods, and they needed to sacrifice. If they wouldn't, then the wrath of the gods would fall over them. But there were strict rules in sacrifice. The priests of Savios had to be highly educated. They weren't allowed to make mistakes. If a priest irritated Savios too much, then Savios would challenge the priest in a fight on life and death, in a special circle in one of the deep temples. 4. If the priest would win, then he had to be the new general. But many priests would rather kill themselves than fighting against Savios. Savios used to be a gladiator. He never lost a battle. He was a slave of another empire, but the queen's court had set him free. That was why he was so devoted to his queen. He even worshipped her as a goddess. As time went by he more and more demanded his race to worship him. They made statues of him, and even built temples for him, where he was the supreme god. And more and more he got the intention to root everyone out who wouldn't worship him. And also on the surface of the earth they had to honour him, or they would lose their lives. Many earthlings who didn't want to give up their own religions had to be sacrificed or just killed. But some of them for some reason he kept alive. They had to worship him, or one of the egyptian gods. But it seemed that he also agreed in compromises, as long as it didn't irritate him. He saw irritation as the plan of the gods. Savios would never lose his goal. He was like a robot, highly programmed. But he had an enemy, Rudos, the emperor who once kidnapped him, to become a gladiator in their underground tombes. Rudos was the emperor of the green faces, and they also lived deep underground. They wanted to have Savios back, and colonize the whole blue race for their goals. The green faces were even more cruel than the race of Savios. They worked together with the skeletons. 5. Now Savios had something against skeletons. He was abused by them in his youth, and since then he couldn't stand them. Actually they were the ones who kidnapped him, and they worshipped strange purple bones. Savios often let the dead be mummified, or when they were burnt they had to be in urns, but Rudos loved the skeletons. One day when Savios went to earth's surface he met some skeletons of Rudos'army. A fight began, and the knee of Savios started to bleed. They had hit him by the purple bones, which they used as their swords. But somehow they started to become very afraid of Savios and ran away. Savios didn't know what had happened, but he started to ran after them, to follow them. He couldn't control his rage anymore. He followed them all along to the underground castles of the green faces. And there he saw Rudos standing, but he was shaking like a sick man. He knew there was something wrong. He didn't know what. Suddenly Rudos jumped towards him and started to fight against him. The skeletons were all gone. Savios knew this was a very dangerous place for him, but he couldn't hold his anger in anymore. Savios started to run around the castles, and yelled : 'all you green faces, you dumbheads, I hate you for what you did to me when I was young.' He didn't see Rudos anymore, and he knew it was very dangerous what he was doing, but he felt he didn't have another choice. He wondered why no one attacked him but Rudos. 6. Suddenly he jumped into one of the castles through an open window, and came into a long hall. There were a lot of skeletons and green faces walking there, but no one attacked him. At the end of the hall, he kicked into a door, and walked

into a room. There a couple of green faces were making love. He took his sword and killed them. 'I will destroy this green world,' he shouted. Then he ran outside the room while all green faces and skeletons in the hall were staring at him. Why didn't they attack him ? But it was like he felt a snake or reptile lied around his neck, sucking the blood out of his chest, like a vampire was around him. Was that the reason why everyone was so quiet ? Maybe he should fight the vampire surrounding him. He had hard time breathing, and he started to cut the vampire with his sword. Thick blue airblood was streaming out of the creature. But then all of a sudden the green faces and the skeletons started attacking him. Was it because they were also afraid of this vampire, until they saw the vampire was bleeding to death ? But then another vampire started attacking him, and the green faces and the skeletons were running away. This was a bigger one, and now Savios knew that it was actually the vampires scaring them of, and not himself. Again the vampire started to hang around his neck and started to suck blood out of his chest. 7. What was he supposed to do now ? He knew that if he would kill this thing again, then the green faces and skeletons would attack him again. Maybe the vampire was the reason why he felt so powerfull, so maybe it was a good armor after all, although he had to pay a price with his blood. This bigger vampire made him even more angry and a lust to kill came into him. It was like the green faces and skeletons were very easy to beat now. So he killed thousands and thousands of them in short time after his own, but unfortunately he couldn't find Rudos anywhere. He knew that if he would kill the big reptile surrounding his neck, then the skeletons and green faces would probably kill him, but he also knew that when this vampire would be around him for too long, he could also die of bloodloss. He started to run away from the empire, and went home. When he came into his own castlechamber he started to take away the reptile from his chest. He didn't want to kill it, for he might have needed it again. Suddenly the reptile started to speak, and said : 'Drink blood. I will not go away from you, unless you kill me.' Savios knew that if he wouldn't drink blood, then he would die of bloodloss. He could go back to the green empire, but he could also go to the surface of earth to take human blood. Now Savios also started to understand why the gods needed so much blood. 8. They probably also lived with these sorts of vampires around their necks. Savios chose to go to the surface of the earth. He took one of the metros and used it to crash into an underground church. Here was enough blood for him. Savios hated humans with their stupid religions. There were screams, and soon the whole church was full of dead bodies, while Savios started to suck. He took a lot of bottles with him, so that he could store blood for the coming weeks. But the reptile around his neck started to grow and grow, and was finally like a snake coiling around his whole body and often tightening it a lot. It started to ache very badly, and Savios started to feel a huge anger to the creature, but he also knew the consequences of killing it. It was his pleasure and his pain at the same time. Savios started to become very insecure of not knowing what to do. He felt like becoming more and more divine, but at the same time it made him very tired, and soon enough he couldn't do his job anymore. He more and more felt the need to move deeper underground where the unknown races lived. Without this special armor it would be too dangerous to make the trip. Savios knew it would be a long and lonely path waiting for him. Many of the blue race were glad he would go. Although they weren't mercifull, no one of them was as cruel as Savios was, and he used severe discipline to his servants. Savios had made a suit full of bloodtubes, so that he could still store a lot of blood. And then he started his journey. 9. Someone else, one of his faithfull priests, would take over the leadership. Like a robot he was taking his path to deeper divinity. The reptile would lead him in that. It was like a total new behaviour was growing in him, under the pressure of this snake-like vampire. He knew that deeper underground the beings he would meet would be often separated. They didn't live in groups too much, but rather isolated. This was the law of the areas deeper underground. It was like he remembered these places from

childhood, like he had been here before. Maybe the green ones and the skeletons had brought him here sometimes when he was a gladiator, but he couldn't remember much of those years. He still couldn't get used to the taste of blood, but he knew it was necessary to survive. After awhile he found an empty castle where he could stay at least for awhile.

2.

1.Kiss of Death ; He was walking the road to the piramid of softness, where the desert was like a mirror ... He saw the piramid in the distance, where every step would become softer and softer, to climb every layer to the top ... Oh how he longed for that experience ... 2.His footsoles were burning in the sand .. It was like the atmosphere was already getting softer, while he was coming closer to the piramid .. He was transpiring all over ... It was hot and it was like the heat was penetrating him more and more ... It was a powerful sort of heat ... 3.One he never experienced before ...It was like this heat was washing him from inside out ... and he felt so good about himself ... On the top of the piramid he saw an eagle's face ... It was painted on it ... but also birds of prey were flying around there ... He felt a bit uneasy suddenly ... but they told him he had to defeat these birds if he wanted to enter the top of the piramid ... 4.They said there would be an elevator to heaven .. It was a piramid of magic where all sorcerors had to go to on a certain point of their lives and study ... It would increase their gifts ... It was a white piramid on Sirius ... There would be a trinity of white tigers on the top ... Rico was moving slower and slower ... He knew about this battle against eagles ... 5.He knew that not many wizards were able to reach the top because of these ones ... They were black killer-eagles ... He had read a lot of books about them .. and now it was his task to defeat these eagles and open the top of the white piramid ... Wizards warned him not to go ... but he had to .. as it was written in the prophesies ... He was very sure that these prophesies were about him ... and he trusted his elder wizard-brothers more than all the others. 6.They were on his side, and encouraged him to go on this journey ... It was like dark flames had caught his heart ... and it was beating so fast now ... He saw these immense eagles flying, and he heard their noises ... It was horrible to hear ... It was like strange hormones were all of a sudden running through his body ... like his glands were in a strange mode It was a terrible fear ... But he knew he had to go there ... Rico was thinking about his wife and children ... Would he ever see them again ? He trusted his elder brothers who told him he would make it, as it was written in the prophesies ... When it would be on the worst, they would come to him to help him out ... He knew how easily his brothers could come ... 7.They were high wizards of a powerful group ... His father didn't live anymore, but his mother was sick .. very sick ... and his brothers told him that only he could rescue her, and make that journey to the top of the piramid of softness ... It was only the beginning of a long journey ... And at the end he would find the golden medicine to heal his mother ... He knew he didn't have too much time ... for she was on the edge of dying ... But he also knew that every step he made would give strength to his mother ... They were deeply connected ... When he would defeat the black eagles and enter the top ... he would be a portal for other wizards to enter ... It was said that a few wizards once could go this path and reach the top ... but they went on forgetting about the others ... and then the eagles came ... Some even said that these wizards were these eagles .. to protect their new land ... Others said that they were these eagles indeed, but they were enchanted by dark powers after they went through the top ... 8.No one exactly knew what the truth was ...and he wanted to find out ... Wizards warned him about unknown dangers ... but he had to make this journeyHe knew that he had to activate the piramid as a portal for others .. by letting a red string reaching from the top to the ground ... so that the other wizards would have the chance to follow ... It was said that when he would not do this, there would be darker enemies coming to guard the portal .. and he

would even be in the risk of being bewitched then by the unknown forces ... then he would be a monster blocking his brothers from entering ... That was a horrible thought in his mind His brothers told him that he had to defeat all possible dangers for there could be even forces which would baptize his mind into forgetfulness, so that he would forget about the red string ... It was said that at the top, this red string would live as a snake ... and first he had to kill it ... No one exactly knew what sort of powers this snake had ... The wind was howling ... Rico gathered all his courage and went on ... Finally he reached the foot of the piramid ... and he started to climb ... 9. There were many openings on the layers, but they warned him not to go inside too much, for there could be traps ... It was better to climb ... But it was so hot that Rico needed to have some protection against the sun ... It was a piramid of softness ... Every layer would make him softer and softer ... Until he would drink from the softest milk ... He desired to see the white tigers ... They would help him further .. and would be his friends forever ... but first he had to defeat the eagles and the snake ... and maybe more ... His feet were burning on the stones ... and Rico stepped into an opening ... It was a very small opening ... but here it was cooler ... and he could rest a bit ... Suddenly it was like someone was calling him ... like a girl needing help .. but his brothers told him that there were many traps like that The eagles wanted him deep into the piramid instead of on the outside ... so he made the decision not to listen ... But soon the screaming turned into a loud weeping ... and Rico thought maybe there was really someone needing his help ... He walked inside the piramid deeper and deeper ... It was like he was standing on a balcony and he could have a sight downstairs ... what an enormous gallery it was ... but there was so many dust and it was so dark ... He started to walk to the right ... and he saw gold glittering in the distance ... and the weeping also came from that direction ... It was like a golden door to the next gallery ... when a went through there were all blinding lights and a girl was staring at him ... Suddenly she turned into an eagle and made a dive on him ... a horrible fight started ... He took his knife and started to cut in the air like a wild man, but the eagle was too quick ... The eagle suddenly took him by his neck and started to fly away with him ... Rico cried and felt like all strength had left him why was he so stupid ... he thought to himself ... The eagle brought him to a very dark place on top of the second gallery 10. He knew this was only the top somewhere on the first layer of the piramid ... He didn't have his knife anymore, for the eagle could whip it out of his hands with his beak The eagle was too fast for him ... Rico was shivering ... the bird was so big Suddenly the bird said : Don't hurt us ... we are enchanted wizards When we went through the top we had forgotten everything ... It was the red snake doing this ... and then he turned us into black eagles ... Rico was surprised ... How can I help you ? Just go back home, we cannot be helped and the red snake is too strong for you ... We saw many wizards killed by it ... and he turns them all into traps ... They become the guards of this piramid ... But Rico said : No, I have to kill it, and then you can be helped too ... I need to do it for many reasons ... and he told about his mother and his brothers ... The eagle said that the other eagles were too far gone in their minds to be this friendly to him ... They would attack him ... Rico said he would try not to hurt them ... Then the eagle flew away and Rico could walk to the next layer ... This eagle had helped him a bit ... On the next layer it was very cold ... and that was just what he needed ... but soon he found out that the cold was cutting him ... it was a sharp wind ... It was another, higher blacony he was stonding on, and he started to walk to the side ... He could feel the heat coming from the opening ... It mixed itself with the cold ... and it was like he felt himself softer than ever before ... It was like he felt the skin of a sort of animal ... the softest skin he ever felt ... So many new hormones were flowing through his body ... making him desire to reach the top more and more ... It even gave him a strong desire to fight the snake 11. He could feel his fears flowing away by the deep deep softness ... He was almost naked, but he felt like he was so covered by this

skin ... It was the spirit of a white bear ... It was entering inside ... and standing next to him in his own body ... Oh how good was it to feel this friend inside and outside ... It was like he had two minds now ... In the distance he heard : I will help you ... It was a slow and dark voice ... but it made him softer and softer ... It was like he had a new shield against the heat ... He could better live with it ... It wasn't really an unpleasant feeling anymore ... He started climbing again after he had entered outside through the opening ... But suddenly another eagle came ... It attacked him ... and another fight started ... Rico was yelling : I am your friend ... but the bird was in rage ... Rico was already bleeding all over ... and the bird was intended to hit his heart ... His hands were bleeding while protecting his heart ... Suddenly one of his brothers appeared ... and pushed a shield around his heart ... It hurted very deep for the shield was piercing the skin around his heart ... It was a heartshield ... It magically covered his whole heart back and forth Then his brother disappeared ... He flew away in the form of a swan and then he just disappeared in the nothing ... In a few minutes his whole body was healed ... but there were shining golden scars appearing ... He heard a voice saying : These scars give you power over all eagles ... The eagle was already gone ... and Rico started to climb further He could breath so deep now Like he could breath for all the bodies living in him ... the bear and all the wizard-spirits he had from his youth on ... The next layer was like coming into a queen's court ... He had to go through an opening again, for it was storming outside ... the winds were very strong ... It was like snakes were covering his body ... and what a mysterious queen ... It was like she was from the sea ... She had such strange decoration on her face ... They looked at him ... The room was not small, but neither it was large ... Eyes were watching him He was a few steps away from the throne ... Suddenly a girl jumped on him and gave him a kiss ... The kiss was very warm on his cheek, and very soft ... but suddenly he felt very weak and tired and he fell asleep ... It was called the kiss of death, and that was also the name of the girl ... She looked a bit like a panther ... like a jaguar ... Rico was far gone ... and later he woke up in a strange purple bedroom ... while the girl was sitting next to him She was almost sitting on her legs She smiled at him ... but he still felt very weak ... She told him about the kiss of death ... and Rico said : Am I going to die now ? No, the girl said ... It's rather a kiss of sleep, but it's just called kiss of death ... Rico asked her why she was doing that ... Then the girl started to cry and couldn't talk anymore ... 12. She ran away ... Rico felt very sad for her ... It was like there was something going on ... He still felt like there were snakes around his body ... sliding ... Then the queen came in ... with two slender men ... 'Throw him before the snakes !' she said loud ... The two men took Rico tight by his arms and took him to another room ... It was a room with trees and balconies white pillars and a lot of girls ... He didn't see any snakes, but all of a sudden some girls started to turn into snakes, while the other girls were screaming loud ... It was like his ears were exploding and he felt heat coming over his body ... The snakes were surrounding him while the other girls also started to turn into snakes ... one by one ... Rico was almost vomitting ... he couldn't escape, for the two men guarded the door with their swords ... But then the black eagle, his friend flew from above ... while the eagle was making loud noises ... with a tone so high that he couldn't hear anything else anymore ... and suddenly he found himself under the wings of the enormous eagle who picked him up to fly over the balconies ... There was a small gate through which he could escape ... He was outside again, and he was already very high ... He felt so soft inside ... This was really a friend and he would do anything to make him normal again ... Rico started to climb further ... The softness was almost singing under his skin ... He felt so much heat ... It was almost like he was exploding ... Dark clouds were surrounding him, and it started to rain ... It was really a refreshment for him ... but as soon as the thunder started to roar ... He took another opening inside ... This time all sorts of panthers were having their eyes on him ... So he could

choose between them or the thunder ... Don't be afraid ! someone called ... An old man stepped forwards from behind the panthers ... He had a beard and was dressed in white and blue ... dark blue He was talking in a strange language all of a sudden and the panthers disappeared ... I already expected you ... he said to Rico ... He knew of the prophesies ... He was also a wizard ... but he told Rico that when he came on this floor he found a way to tame the panthers and since then he didn't want to go further ... he loved the panthers too much ... This was like home for him ... Rico smiled ... It was also his own desire to tame animals as his friends ... It was such a special love ... The man had glitters in his eyes He said that the panthers really healed him ... He had many problems in himself and in relationships ... the panthers could overcome ... 'They were my wizards ... he said almost laughing ... He had a big smile all of a sudden and it was like his eyes looked like the sun and the moon ... I am so proud of them ... I can never leave them Rico smiled again .. and totally understood ... Well, he said ... but I must go further ... I have to go through the portal on the top for my mother is very sick and I need to find good medicine for her ... The man smiled ... yes, I understand ... He knew it from the prophesies ... and he was also here for Rico ... to give him one of his panthers ... who would travel together with Rico ... Rico was so glad with that gift and late in the evening he went further ... together with the panther ... The man had given him also a book with the prophesies ... These prophesies were more extended than the prophesies he knew ... The man said he got this book from his father ... It is in his head now so he could give it to Rico ... Finally, after many days of travel Rico reached the top-layers ... The snake already expected him ... but either did Rico ... and he knew a lot more now because of the man's book ... It was a tall red snake ... very big ... but Rico didn't have any fear he knew what to do now He spoke to the snake like he had already defeated him, for he knew that when he would speak out the magical spell of the man's book, the snake would die ...NASSA RA DAM MAK DUROK TIFOLI. These were the secret names of the top-layers and the snake died immediately ... Oh how many eagles there were here, but he knew that by his golden scars he could rule and ease them all ... They only watched him ... but didn't do anything ... 13. He took the snake and tied it's head to a pillar ... and then he threw the rest of the body downstairs ... all along the layers he traveled ... when the body was reaching the ground he heard an enormous sound, like there were things exploded ... All eagles turned into wizards againand they were smiling so deep ... the ceiling was opening and he could travel further ... but he first wanted to talk to the wizards a bit ... The portal of the top was open now ... The wizards were freed, and many wizards could follow now ... Suddenly they saw an enormous shark appearing in the sky ... Rico knew he had to run now with his panther ... This could be an unknown threat the prophesies were telling about ... There were at least seventy wizards running together with him ... They had to ran to the heavenly elevator on top ... The balconies were aslant, as a sort of stairway through all these layers ... Everything started to burn and melt, and many wizards started to slide back already ... Rico felt like he was boiling inside ... He knew that this would happen when the shark would appear ... It was a sign of the gods terror ... Then everything would burn and melt until the chosen ones would reach the elevator ... He saw it in the distance ... It was like a balloon with a basket under it, attached to an iron string which would lead it upstairs to the heavens ... He saw smoke and clouds there, so bright ... everything was almost transparent here ... The piramid was almost exploding ... Everything was shaking It was like Rico exploded inside ... Everything was melting, and strange sounds were roaring ... Three wizards and the panther were running near behind him, the rest was already gone in the fire ... They made a dive and reached the basket of the balloon ... The panther was climbing over Rico's back into the basket and then Rico got in ... He could help two wizrads aboard, but the third one fell into the sea of lava below them .. It was like doomsday ... but Rico knew that within a few days the piramid would be

like white silver and then all prepared wizards could go through the portal ... to enter a new world ... The book was in a bag on his back ... It was such an important book for him for it described a lot of things which were happening and going to happen ... It was a thick book ... almost three times thicker as the prophesies he knew ... Rico was a bit in a shock ... together with the two wizards ... but he knew it had to be this way ... The wizards would all be transformed through the fire ... They would be the pillars of the new piramid ... One of the wizards who survived was called Suriot ... It was a very wise and old wizard ... but at the same time young and witty ... He knew a lot about the stars and the journey they had to make now ... The other man was very silent ... It was an old soldier ... a veteran ... very skilled in sorcery They were on their way to Venus, where they would reach the Piramid of Sweetness ... Rico's skin was burning ... It was a long journey through rainbows, clouds and skies ... The panther was already close to his heart ... He knew that there would be a time that he would really need this friend ... He could see the piramid in the distance ... still in a sea of fire ... but three golden tigers were appearing on top ... slowly turning into silver white ... It was like the softest milk was flowing through his head ... They made him travel ... They were the spirits opening the doors for him ... It gave him new visions ... It was like they taught him how to dance on strings ... Rico was making steps forward ... He fell in a new desert ... the balloon was gone now ... and even the two wizards ... only his panther was with him ... he was now on Venus ... walking in the desert ... reaching for the piramid of sweetness ... 14. He knew that on top of this piramid he would find the golden medicine for his mother ... The sweetness is creative power ... and every step would make him sweeter and sweeter ... he found already so much softness in him ... and now it was like it was turning into the sweetest honey ... he was floatingThe air was so thick and soft here ... like he could walk on clouds ... Oh how easy that would be ... to just walk to the top and to take the medicine But would his mother still be alive ? ... No, mother was already with father ... and Rico was lying next to them ... He was buried in a dream by the kiss of death ... He was only dreaming ... No, he couldn't reach daylight anymore .. all lights are fake here ... for he is in the hands of a kiss of death ... a spider ... in an egyptian dream ... in a sarcophagus, together with his father and mother in one body of death ... waiting for the final judgement of egyptian and indian gods ... They sent the spider to him It was long ago that he got this kiss of death ... It was not the first time in his dream ... His wife was the kiss of death ... and now he lies here Here, between his mom and his dad ... Kiss of death where are you going Is there any escape ? A man wakes up .. having three golden lions in his hands ... Yesterday they were tigers ... tomorrow they will be sharks ...

DE PAPYRUS VAN IZU

Samin Version

I – De Sleutel van Izu

I – De Hallen van Khelb

II – De Pulpus Steen

II – De Sleutel van Izu II

I – Hurmik

II – Himmit

Het Oranje Boek der Leugens

III – De Sleutel van Marazanta

The Key of Izu

The Halls of Khelb

The Halls of Khelb

1. Halls of Khelb. The elves of Ra holding the staff of Ptah, to measure the heart. If it's not thin enough the heart will be eaten by Ammut-Ra, for then it has sinned against the gods of Izu and Ra-Annas. If it's thin enough it will be struck seven times by the thin strikes to prepare it to enter the halls of Khelb. Here the birds of the brown nipple live to bind the hearts by charity, to raise them into the warmachines again.
2. On these battlefields of the dead the hearts will become thinner and thinner to escape from war into war, until they receive the golden nipple of fire [On the Emelis Shatau]. Hail Ova, son of the birch and the holly, for his icecreams set them free. They can move again, and talk again. They are now sons of Ova, sons of the Sacred Oak.
3. By Banana mixed with Vanilla, the lion's face rises, the Golden Nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. They are now eating from the brown food of the oak, in hairy fields they live. [in hairy skies]. The staff of Ptah had struck them and led them, to small forests in the deserts. 32. While the black panthers care for them. Their hearts have been struck, and now their livers and lungsouls will be struck, and even their other organs, so that they might escape through the splits in caves. Their hearts have become light as the feather of Maat, and they have eaten well from her treasures.
4. They have defeated the watchers of the thinness and the evil lambs, to become blue fire, the face of ammon. They have pierced the halls of Materos and Avani. The seven halls of Khelb are seven boats to sail over the rivers of death, hell and lies. These rivers are seen as sacred riddles, as wilder animals they need to face. The halls of Khelb are the Insectian Halls of the Dead themselves.
5. Hall I – Lapoendria (Land of the Wasps). Hall II – Perlottia (Land of the Winged Insects). Hall III – Brannan (Land of the flies). Hall IV – Lapsalvania (Land of the spiders). Hall V – Lalmageln (Land of the Stinging Insects). Hall VI – Bilmageln (Land of the Shining or Poisonous Insects). Hall VII – Ant Ship.
6. Can I get access to the Halls of Khelb ? You must be Ra-Izu. You must have visited the seven coffins of the faeries, and you must have read the pyramid texts of the dwarves.
7. I have done that, can I have access to the Halls of Khelb now ? You must be initiated in at least seven piramids of different Izu-Indian tribes, and you must have defeated the evil chicken of Radth.
8. I have done that, can I have access now ? Go in, and take from the forbidden fruits of the Halls of Khelb. Here Maat-Izu will weigh your heart and liver to her sacred feather. If one of them is too heavy, it will be eaten by Ammut-Izu. Then you must go through the seven nights of fear, where your lungs will be weighed to the sacred feather of Maat-Izu and Sekhmet-Izu. If it will be too heavy it will be eaten by Ammut-Lapoendria.
9. Then your souls will be put to the sacred staff of Ptah-Izu, and when one of these souls will be too short, it will be eaten by Thoth-Lapoendria.

10. Then the souls tall enough have come to the coasts of Lapoendria, to come into the Ra-Lapoendria ship. On the seas of fear they will be judged, to see if their hearts and livers are guilty or not.
11. They will be punished on the seas of Lapoendria and taken away by dangerous animals, by birds and fishes, to see if they are worthy or not, and to purify and test their souls. They will get seven thorns in their flesh, which will depress them, repress them and isolate them for a period of time. Here they must fight against the evil lambs.
12. In Perlottia, where the winged insects live, they get their wings to take flight from coffins. They will receive the flying heart of Maat. They will receive many of her heartsouls, and they will be put against the many rods of Thoth, to see if their hearts are sweet enough.
13. If not, they will be eaten by Ammut-Thoth. Then they will be put against the rods of Sekmeth, to see if their hearts and livers are soft enough. From these rods the snakes come forth ... and when they aren't soft and flexible enough, and when they cannot have ripples and balance, they will be eaten by these snakes of Sekmeth. Then their souls will be in Eminus-Fire. When they are soft like Sekmeth, they will have her lights in their Ka's ...
14. Then they will be prepared for the fires of Brannan. Here they will experience all different sorts of pains, fevers and dizziness. Here their hearts will be laid to the heart of Ra-Brannan, and when their hearts aren't hot enough they will be spat out. It is a burning heart, full of Eminus Fire and the fires of Brannan.
15. Pyramids on Izu. If you have the winged Eminus heart with the seven twinsouls in it, then you have access to the pyramids of bristal brival : The Red Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu, The Green Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu II, The Blue Golden Pyramid of Za-Amon-Ra, Pyramid of the Golden Pear, where the tombs are of Pharaoh Za-Sinysen-Vu-Osiris, and of Za-Sinysen-Vu-Ra.
16. Spells for opening the pyramids of Brannan : Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, open the pyramids of Brannan. Show me the names, and let black doves cover them by their wings. Let your holy and sacred hands take me in, and initiate me. Amen-Ra-Amen. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home.
17. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom, and let me destroy the evil snakes by the red stripes. Pharaoh's of Brannan rise up to give me the rods to destroy the evil donkeys holding away the sweetness. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness.
18. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes, smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, give us our Khu's, our eternal souls. Let the Khu-birds guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan.
19. Here is where our home is, here is where our hearts are. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers of Maat, and let them rise in our hearts. Let truth guide us, Amen-Maat-Amen, let Toth seal our foreheads by your mighty lights. Bring us to Draminia, the roots of life. Show us the depths of Amenti in Brannan and Draminia. Let Jericho and Sodom rise.
20. We ask you to lay your rods on our foreheads, and to bring your feathers inside of us. Lead us to eternal paths, oh Holy and Sacred One, and give us your winged Khu-hearts. Bless Brannan and Draminia, bless Marazanta, Lord of the Insects, and bless the White Golden Hand, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us access to the rivers that lead into your pyramids and tombs.

21. Let us dwell in your chambers forever, to read their texts, and to receive our golden Khu-twins. Oh, eternal soul, rise and lead us to Shesmu, the heart and sword of Osiris. Bring us to Horus, his holy striped tongue. Amen-Toth-Amen. Give us the heart of Ra. Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through it's halls.
22. Amenti-Ra-Amen. Tem, feeder of all Ka's, feed us, and bring our Ka's into the rays of Amenti-Light. Tem, tamer of our Khu's, let them come forward as twineagles and twinsnakes.
23. Let them possess and transform our ba's. Brannan, bring the feathers of Maat in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes can come over her enemies.
24. Let her make jericho rise. Let her rebuild it's walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Amen-Ra-Amen.
25. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to the candlesticks of Toth, to show if there is any darkness in our hearts. If our hearts aren't light and bright enough, then let Ammit eat it. Bring the candlesticks of Toth in our ba's, ka's, akh's and khu's, to let them enter the sacred sahu. Give me the sahu of Ra, of Osiris and Shesmu, of Sekmeth, Amon and Aton, of Isis, Tem and Nun.
26. I come to the White Golden Pyramid of the Winged Snake of Brannan, to bless all four openings. I enter through West, and follow the paths of the sunsets. Let the seven sacred sunsets guard my mouth, and guide my lungs.
27. Brannan is the Jaw, the ashes from the ashes, where the power to speak dwells and the power of silence. Here silver striped roads (tigers) lead the deceased one to the land of the Leprechaun.
28. Leprechaun Halls of the Dead (Kerses Minds). I – The Coffins of Uncle Peacock, II – The Coffins of Uncle Unicorn, III – The Coffins of Uncle One to Ten, IV – The Silver Coffins of Faery, V – The Golden Coffins of Faery, VI – The Purple Coffins of Faery, VII – The White Coffins of Faery, VIII – The Black Coffins of Faery
29. These coffins are described in the Faery Coffin Texts and the Faery Book of the Dead. Those ones who have pierced the Halls of Khelb and entered Lakus and Kabbernal, oh holy ones, who became hairy with bald oasis, who became the hairy of the hairy with the baldest oasis below, who bows before monkeys and monkeyraiders, he will get the white golden flour and be the king of it.
30. He whose heart has been measured by Maat-Kabbernal in the Halls of Maati to the feather of fire. If your heart and nipple would be too cold it would be eaten by Ammut-Acha.
31. Your heart must be hot enough to enter Acha. Also your eyes and lungs will be tested. You will give birth to the creatures of Acha by your mouth, for it's the land of the mother.
32. You will use your mouth to give birth. It will rise from your stomach and your breasts and then you will vomit. Amen-Acha-Amen. Then you will give anal births. Amen-Acha-Amen, for it is the land of the mother, and she will hunt for love.
33. Then it will rise from her legs and her feet, and she will give birth by her navel and by her shoulders, while her breasts bring forth the white golden chocolate. Amen-Acha-Amen. And these bison have travelled from sun to sun, from heat to heat, through deserts of the nights, to watch the dark flames. This is the land of the bison. Amen-Acha-Amen.
34. They have defeated the evil goats, and made armors of their bones. They are searching for the brown gold. They have made houses in their hearts, like bees in their nests, assimilating the lights of the sun.

- 35.They have defeated the killerpigs of the light, and have travelled to the darkest suns, rising into Eminiun Fire. They have rode the evil chicken without falling into temptation. They are free of sin. Amen-Acha-Amen. [And these men, they give birth by hyperventilation and Epilepsy.]
- 36.Oh those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. For you are here the cakes of liberty, oh pilgrims. Pilgrims of a lost sun, smile again with the smiles of Osiris. Oh, those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. Oh, those who have died the fourth death, come to the underworld of Izu.
- 37.Here the land is soothing, here the lies are riddles of truth, here the hairs are burning like lucifers, and here the hairy are in fight against the bald ... It's in the songs of monkeymen ... the hairy against the bald, making new religions in carbon smiles.
- 38.Holy to those of the oaks, holy to those of the hollies and the white trees. Holy to the one entering the boat of Ova, to sail the green rivers to the Emerald Sun.
- 39.They will bow down and freeze their heads, after the strikes of chocolate. They will walk the cold roads to Bennes, the land of trees. They will rise into the comics, to freeze their hearts into the books of perlottia.
- 40.Perlottia again, to eat from the purple strawberry and the purple chocolate, in arms of emerald, the eyes will be opened. Perlottia again, under a mother's breast, it's easy to agree.
- 41.There are teeth in these lips, teeth in these lips, while the glues fall and hide. They take you away to seven graves, these seven coffins and seven halls of Bennes in death.
- 42.You will worship death and see it's glory. You will follow death, to come alive again. Deep in the coffin you will find your shell.
- 43.Give the land the strike, be a judge of judges, when you passed through all these judgements of the gods. You are still a survivor. You will write down the holy texts of your ancestors and learn them by head, to tell them to your children. You will know their symbols and their smiles, the smiles of death.
- 44.You will speak to them and they will speak back. They will lead you to the secrets of ages, and you will say you have survived. Under the strikes of death you grow younger, to stand as a tree, in bennes rivers.

Tupuchette

1.

queen of hearts

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II. If protection is a big attack, where do we hide. If love is the Big Lie, where can we have our tent ... if your embrace is to die ... 2. If I am not the same as you are, how many fights will we have, or will we die by good business holding our last grip. 3. A chessboard of angels you gave to me, but now give me a chessboard of pirates, to escape, just to escape. For every step is a market, and you know it is to enslave us ...Is there one way out here ? 4. If your kiss is a big shark, if my mouth is too fragile ... Who eats who ... Or is that life's destiny to die in high materos ... 5. If eating is like playing chess, then I'll do it ... For then there's room between you and me, enough room to escape forever ... do we eat to become free ?

6. Oh high queen, high materos, smoking tall striped cigarettes, was our marriage to finally escape from you ? 7. If your bed is the killingfield of books of wars, then why should I lay myself down there. 8. Why can't it be a chessboard of pirates ... [b. Queen of hearts rise. These messages are full of tax. Blackgrey striped snakes become so small. In lightblue boxes they survive. Them with their silver stares.] 9. Blue honey, come out of bed, there are chess-apples hanging, roses are coming, becoming so small ... It's June. [b. Let us hide, and play in this secret garden. We slept too long.] 10. Honestly, my darling, winter would show up if we would lay down here. Let's burn our beds by a snake's sting. [b. Only fools would enter their own footsteps again. We are now in high materos.]

liberation

11. On mondays we play on burnt schools. [b. On sundays we play on burnt churches] 12. Liberation, oh soft queen, from the Faery's Book of the Dead, you rose as a daylight chessboard dream. Hiding all your pirates, ready for the attack. [b. If it's all there, then it is okay.] 13. Liberta, running alive coming from the Books of the Dead, coming from the golden cigars you could never understand. [b. she's playing in chessboard-apples, the fruits are young this time] 14. Let me stay in high materos. Let me watch the video smile, the stripes in the air. Let me do it in Elsefic's name. [b. He with the striped snakes, while they are getting smaller.] 15. On tunes' deliverance, watching the golden smile, the stripes in the air. [b. Towers stinging through the watch of Brannan.] 16. The Books of Weddings brought me there, these books of wars, made the killerpigs of Moses fly. [b. And now he's riding them] 17. Bring me Moses. Tear his clothes. Bring this mother's boy to the lands of water. [b. This doll is just some boxes of lightblue lights.] 18. It's like a puzzle, on the chessboard of pirates you are safe. [b. Time enough in Brannan. Always reaching for fourty-one hours.] 19. Queen of hearts, how many hearts. [b. How many hours on a sunday's stream.] 20. Ancient liberty in high materos, ruling the streets, with stripes undercover. [b. This Epilepsy boy comes from the chessboard. His mother raised him tall.] 21. He cries like sand. His days get smaller. [b. Lucifers so striped gave him new names.] 22. He's the red chessboard, where angels used to play. But now she is hiding her pirates there. [b. So paranoid, while their strings are so fragile.]

2.

picnic papers

1. Johaffa, your princes are of gold. [b. They wear pirates' clothes under their prince's suits, while they are filled by the rubbish of the killingfields.] 2. Johaffa, your daylights are cold. Still an angel of chessboard-fields, dignified kills by striped swords. [b. Unicorns on both sides of your mouth.] 3. Watch your soldiers on the prey, your soldiers of prey. [b. Watch them watching the buttons of their suits. These are coming from the killingfields. From books of lies they rise. Oh watch them.] 4. Johaffa, still wearing names above names. You're a yellow golden chessboard ... It's July ... Oh, ornament on Brannan's watch [b. It's July.] 5. Briefly .. underwater ... searching for prey ... Johaffa ... [b. Now there's tea from the killingfields ... tea from the killingfields ... while roses are dying ... Stand strong on your chessboard.] 6. Underwater prey, underwater mourning ... watches go slow ... to make quick dives ... churchbells tighten the strings, by iron stripes [b. Johaffa, watch the mourning, by Jupiter's halfhearted coffee.] 7. Underwater lazy cats .. walking to the killingfields ... Taking some books of lies ... for some opportunities [b. Spells go fast ... it's Echo's morning ... echo's morning ...] 8. Underwater tricks ... sell the story ... by Barbarian smiles ... [b. Stripes in the air, while Egyptian towers sting through the pain, through ladders of death ... until the chessboard rises again ... Then we can all sleep ...]

so far

9. Fire coming from his mouth, while he prays to Elsefic. [b. Not Jesus Christ anymore.] 10. His letters go to Izu. Osiris shakes his head. It's saturday. He must wait till mondays, to launch it standing on the school. [b. Like orange liars on a zebra's boat.] 11. Secret of the press. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 12. His rooms are holy. Just a puzzle. It will make itself by eating. All safe when you stand on the chessboard. [b. It was cut in two by Moses, and now it's getting smaller, until we are all in high materos.] 13. These fields exist ... someone was raking ...

3.

July's End

14. Glory to the lightblue egg. While it's getting smaller. [b. All colors come through it.] 15. Drop it in December. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 16. The boy's pyama's are zooming. He's wearing rubbish underneath it. 17. He doesn't dare to watch in the mirror anymore after these days. He's a chessboard pirate now. 18. He doesn't want to talk. His honey is streaming inside now. He found this raider in the night. [b. He's dark, while roses stang him.] 19. Bakerman's face, it's the echo, bakerman's face, the rings are tight. But you can wear your suits over it. [b. Stay in your pyama's.] 20. He's tearing his clothes, every other day. He has high shoes. He jumps over the river, and I cry. 21. The chessboard is getting smaller. [b. While he still prays to Elsefic.] 22. Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch. Golden stares ... they pray ... still to Elsefic ... July no more

checked snake spoons

15. And the golden stare 's baking golden bread, bringing golden wine to the sand [b. I love you more everyday, but I find out more and more what a lie love is.] 16. Coming from the Book of Lies, this love, so I watch into december's skies, where everything is getting smaller. [b. There's so much to win, but nothing to lose.] 17. These games come from the books of lies, with orange liars on them. I'm wasting my time playing them, still standing on my chessboard. [b. It's getting smaller.] 18. Oh, yes it roars. It's zooming and cracking, along silver stripes. I'm gannering on high materos. 19. It's coming from the Book of Lies, this protection. Your embrace, it kills me. 20. Till I'm finally on my golden day, with my queen of hearts, playing chess again, while smiling deep, so deep it starts to cry. 21. My god is a chessboard. But on sundays, I never believe in god. [b. I'm the black chessboard, and he's the red chessboard.] 22. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. [b. On high materos we take flight.] 23. The elf rises from the chessboard. [b. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock.] 24. His sword is a checked spoon.

watch him closely

25. There are juices coming from the chessboards, and a lot of smoke, While it all gets smaller. [b. There's a rag on his eye. He's a pirate.] 26. Blue angel raking the ornament skies. [b. With checked handkerchieves in his pockets.] 27. It gets thinner, while new chessboards rise. [b. To spread their mouths.] 28. Wide open they fly. Waiting to swallow. Waiting to hide. And then it all gets thinner, while an arabian prince shakes the sleeves. 29. Watch him closely, don't breath. Accept the pain, or it will fly away.

golden zebra

30. Watch him, he's a tranvestite, having a black golden chessboard under his arm. 31. There are raiders under the sun. In fire it's spitting silver. [b. These ancestors have silver bones.] 32. Dragons rise from silver golden chessboards. They have many identities for a checked waterkey full of small snakes. [b. They are striped by the golden mother.] 33. The big clock is a big balloon, with spoonarms it ticks to forty-one hours. Bringing us to high materos again. 34. Watch the sun flow, into Flyian Books of Lies. You told me you wrote them. [b. The egg's rising from the board. It's checked and it's like a puzzle.] 35. The ornaments are blinding our eyes. There are jewels on the spoons. [b. We go to emerald cities, we go to diamond rules.] 36. There's a golden zebra in the skies, tightening the stones. [b. They bow into connections, creating december's skies.] 37. So many spoons in a web. It's bowing, painting another picture. [b. Silver skies let it bow.] 38. In Januari I have a fever. A tiger's gnat rises from chess. Oh Osiris, tranvestite, naming the black killers. [b. You are raising the vikings for Elsefic.] 39. Use lipstick to paint your body. Be paranoid to reach your raiders inside. [b. Only they can do the apocalypse. Only they can spit the silver skies.] 40. Paint the december skies. [b. And we fly in high materos.]

Pakamos

1.

1. Flowerfields, neighbour's goodbye ; Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... No balloons, but flowers ... I'm following him on my mountain-bike ... Heading for the buildings of the poles 2. Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... He whispers in my air with the softest voice ... I'm following him on my bike ... Heading for new flowerfields ... 3. The flowers are so warm ... [in Brannan's smile] Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... Heading for the buildings of the poles ... disappearing in bubbles ... making the lines so thin ... so thin ... There's sleep after the sting ... 4. while the towers are tumbling while the neighbours are staring ... while their houses have flowerfields on the floors 5. The bubble is raging like an overstressed pacman He's raging at ... the spanish princess ... He's staring at her ornaments ... I'm spinning my lines thinner ... heading for a new day heading for the buildings of the poles ... while the towers are tumbling while flowers grow on their floors and paradise birds sit in their attics ... 6. They were all visited by Marazanta ... but now he's leaving ... high in the sky no balloons but flowers ... for the balloons are working on ground ... the bubble like a raging dictator it's pacman mowing the grass now ... 7. and he speaks about Izu ... highways to perlottia on the back of marazanta ... they bring us home, they bring us further ... where the flowers are so warm where they speak of oceans ... coasts of izu 8. the sting is to bring us deeper ... the sting is to bring a deeper dream where we can meet the animals of the poles ... where all racecars can be found ... 9. marazanta is flying like mary poppins in the sky ... the green woman has a flowerhat heading for the golden sun in perlottia. i'm flying on my spinningwheel again ... to perlottia's alphabet ... on the back of the big hairy bird ... having a million racecars in his mouth 10. ...while ships bathe in softness ... they have many legs ... while the tridents are rising the ship is rising from softness painting the lips pale again while the buildings are rising ... on the other side of the moon like horns rising in fire ... they could turn heavens into hells by riding strange icecream-animals ... 11. the socks of icecream made the cars fast gathering the marbles in their socks the eggs rolling through ... with a gamblemachine inside ... they come from soft places while buildings are growing there opening the lion's coffins once again ... 12. back to izu was his name ... this man coming from underwater now he's rising to perlottia ... to print the last tattoo ... to destroy the last leprechaun 13. seven wishes will stare over the flowerfields, they will have the horizons in

their eyes then egypt's eye is speaking ... with zepellins from mars under his feet ... and so many horns on his head ... 14. feathers so soft and shiny ... like a purple light pillow lying on your bed asking you to enter through it's curtains here they drink toyjuice where the frog beats the mouse he's drinking from the candy juices bathing in custards ... while hearing the tunes of ages ... until they reach the temple ... and other old ruins ...

2.

1. All these horns lying around the pond, directing their fingers inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... [b. these are railroads to lapoendria] 2. Orange balloon is flying through the night ... [b. It is sandman raking there ... riding on his orange balloon ... in his basket hanging under this zeppelin ... he flies to the moon warming it by the blankets of neptunian delights ...] 3. Surrounded by orange ... while a yellow waterlight is leading him through ... 4. Orange balloon ... the eye of vega ... [b. It opens doors and closes them ... it watches rainbows and shatters them ... he still has the waterkeys ... those waterlights ... leading them all through the night ... only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ... he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ...] 5. He is sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old [here where the ponds are paintings letting another lion touch the sun and the moon] 6. There is an orange golden sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. For all with Brannan's smile, Rotten railways, bending low, for curtain's spinach. [b. There are seven roads of dwarves, diving to the underworlds.] 7. There are paintings lying on a beach. There is an old orange sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. Temperature is hot, while the snakes are big and heavy. 8. It's spouting in the air, machines of great danger. 8. In Egypt there's a tower high, touching the underworlds of Luca's smiles. [b. it's the tower stinging it forever, while plastic bathsmiles are in the air.] 9. It was surrounded by warm orange, symmetric snakes along the cars. Too many small lights made the air thick. 10. while golden orange statues rake the sun, there are shadows on the golden beach, the orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. 8. Until Ra rakes the Unity City, the golden heartstare will decide. 11. In helicopter skies it ticks, no clocks on streetwalls or towers. 12. Dreamside's cities are the best. They tell you like it is, pulling you out when the orange balloon rises, to weave spinach through the golden hairs, spouting loud and tall, into helicopter skies. Warm orange heatening the flames. They are coming from the liver 13. While jaws spread the beans, the lights you cannot count. All stars in helicopter skies. 14. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's lights, all coming like the zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads from the moon to the helicopter skies. 15. There's an orange golden sun on a standard, decoration blinding us, while paintings are lying on the beach. 16. golden shadows on the walls, in the halls of life, coming from down under. Towers of Egypt sting, reaching for the helicopter skies, piramids of the underworld, while orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it again. 17. Zebra's discussions in the room, tall shadows in the night, drinking liqor. He's holding the ornament tight. Looking at the prices of the gifts. [b. There are great cities and great nations, only rising, while staring at an orange liar. An orange liar in a zebra's boat.] 18. in this giant's world ... the big red shoe is still speaking ... until the walls are falling until the lion is fading becoming pale ... so pale ... in this giant's world ... she is speaking shutting all lions down ... she paints everything so pale ... to let new colours rise ... 19. in this giant's world ... she paints the names on the walls of jericho ... and then the gamble starts ... an orange ball roaring around the earth becoming gold in the middle of the night ... spinning the boats of sirius ...

Fluvulua

1.

truth called belcanov

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III ; Through the curtains I always reach the snow of the escape. 2. Until the marbles come, until the marbles fall ... for another round on the fairground [b. Through portals of chessboards, we always reach the red. There, where the black juices rage.] 3. Son of a thousand chessboards awake. Your mourning is over. [b. Osiris is with you now. Covering your body with his own coverings.] 4. It's switching between liars and truthspeakers ... [b. Switchers between June and July ... until april comes to make a detail ... There are orange liars on a zebra's boat, raising their cameras ... proud cameras.] 5. This car always rolls back from the mountain [b. then your daylight will fall ... for another ride ... into the funpark ...] 6. Through seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to belcanov ... that statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... [b. He's like an arabian deer, a face too tight ... while glues are streaming] 7. There are siriuses in the air all these cigarlights ... [b. It's leading you underground ... It's leading you ... back to belcanov. Back to the pockets ... where the ladies of the sides of chess are smiling.] 8. They're spinning the birds of thunder ... to let belcanov breath ... 9. Where frogs speak, you can't hear a thing ... only showing you some comics ... [b. We're in high materos, where alchebra lost it's foot. [c. These are streets from cannibal.]]

10. And when the marbles are rolling, I'm heading for izu ... how many stings of a wasp does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... [b. while belcanov is on my side ... still a deermachine] 11. under business we all go to sleep until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. [b. we're on the radio tonight ...] 12. These chessboards were portals, while Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be orange and green ... [b. trafficlights on a gambleboard it's having it's delightsby spreading green tomatoeseeds On the back of a purple horse ... we take flight ... It's getting smaller. When belcanov rakes, they all get thinner.] 13. While belcanov smiles from history ... It's flashes bringing us back to the book ... back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue [b. Shivering horses in the night. When Belcanov rakes they become shorter, touching the black moons, while the red lights become thinner.] 14. On wings of dementia, there's glue from arabian coffeeshouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deer and horses ... in the roundabout they wave ... [b. They are ... friends ... spreading green tomatoeseeds by gambleboards too tight.] 15. It's raking, until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again ... The purple deer is tightening the rings, bringing us to the pockets again. Through chessboardfields we rise, into the golden stare. mixing us again ... [b. Queen of hearts make us pale again .. pale again ...] 16. A dreamworld gets the colours. There was cola for a spy. A spanish dream sells the pictures [b. ... one of these deers was a spy ...] 17. A blue one that's for sure where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons [b. The roundabout of deer is spinning ... having their own red ... pale red ... while they are your enemies again ... While someone is raking, raking hard.] 18. Liberta candy, in sweet Materos. It's warming the black towels, spreading them for more lines of tax, on sweet day's television. Tall checked spoons like bottle faces ... are the soldiers in these nights ... spinning the raiders tight ... [b. These are high days in sweet materos.] 19. You oh you ... You get Epilepsy on a chessboard. Now you can dance in cubes. Checked apples make the mouths so small, until it brags like a snake. There are tiles on the walls, leading you to Emerald cities. [b. The snake's egg has golden edges, how many stones inside, breading the pencil in your head, speeding on small balls.] 20. You're the hare after these days, these days of high materos. Having many eggs to sell. It leads you to checked bells. There's a city on the ceilings where the

lambsteads rise .. for golden unities ... Bow your head marionet, or it will break. You are free. [b. Don't read the books of wars again, but go to sleep, let business rise.] 21. There are rags on scottish clothes, leading you to Elsefic's heart, while the watermarks paint [b. the wet suits ... plastic wood the powders with the checked shoes ... leading you both directions ... it makes you cry ...]

ballerinas rising

22. Transparent tears ... it's growing washing and making friends forever [b. with the deer ... you're smiling ballerinas rising from the pockets ... silver and gold ... with emerald smiles ... They're coming from the ceilings, and stand on your walls ... tall] 23. Someone's raking the machines watermarks on it's back ...Through docters ... it's making the elves tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun ... [b. through chessboards spred by the lights of gamble.] 24. In california they stand ... in a desert underground ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... [b. and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... strange traffic from the Faery Book of the Dead ... It's June ... while flowers spread their powders.] 25. There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... he reached through the bottom of the pit ... into the depths of tax and transparency and now he grows like a tree from the checked yellowgolden station he is king he is an ornament ... he is king ... He is Atu. 26. He was saved by echo ... and now he rides him on this black goat he builds wasp-tv by all these lines of tax, waterlines [b. Blackgrey chessboards ... Juices spred by the lights of gamble, ornaments in zebra's style.] 27. How many corners are there on a red eye ... turning by Paranoia [b. where aldebaran birds are dancing ...] 28. How many faces are there on a spider's coin ... [b. Epilepsy it reaches for an unknown well, while the trains of arabia are roaring ... they are moving underground ... to break through communistic churches while the bands of jazz are playing ... you glide into the night] [29. Without dress ... to awake naked the next morning but it hides you from the black morning ... you're now in a strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep you out of the factory ...]

2.

Kerses minds

1. These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ... [b. but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will jump out of black bottles to see their beauty .. and forget about their ugliness inside inside we are ugly ... but our skins are beautiful we are indian spies ... smuggling the banana roads for the coming queens and kings ... we take flight ...] 2. In asgard the checked yellowgolden station we sit waiting to become sweet again ... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where icecream rolls ... it's baker's glue ... where the orange is a good gun ... and the bananas burn the money ... the ice will rise ... to niflheim ... on ragnarok's day ... it's getting darker here ... where blind children play ... 3. The walls of jericho are rising when the blue strikes seven times, there's icecream for all [b. When bilmageln hits the third gong ... then the dwarves come ... and it's red shoe time ...] 4. A checked silver spoon does the work, in bilmagelns golden hand ... it ticks ... it's dinnertime ... when the black checked gates are opening ... [b. black glues from licorice ... turning ice in the night it was always your mother's delight by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ...] 5. Opening the taps of glue she's a water mark .. a best mark ... doing the dishes with a spoon ... she needs you today for a ride in a tunnel to show you all flowers of daylight in their tight dresses covered by big

uniforms ... [b. They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale] 6. Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? 7. Spreading their birds of cigarette ... stirring the machines of deer, these chessboards with the gamblelights There are strange checked coins on strange checked bottles ... Who is eating who ? [b. It's falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high while it's becoming glue from uncle's ... the watermarks take flight ...] 8. You have the rings of lynx now ... don't fear ... [b. They are getting paler, you can use these coins for new automatons ... New horses in the sky to save you ...] 9. And these men, they are so paranoid ... while Epilepsy Boy rises ... becoming so dark ... until he is a raider ... [b. Can you imagine the joy it brings ... It's checked ... a book with a split laugh ...] 10. He's raking ... she's raking ... striped snakes from the moon ... the killer She gave you symbols ... [b. Just watch the ornament's spoon. It's checked, while bubbles rise ... Eat the dreams ...] 11. Continuously I watch how you break windows in a basket. These baskets are full of striped snakes, becoming pawns of chess on your red chessboard [b. They are the lights of gamble, lambsteads ... The sheep will rake the brains ... until the Red October comes ... to swallow it all away swallowing it all away ...] 12. What if the orange becomes red [b. Faroom da bazite ... a red bed ... where all trains of arabia end ... you were a cyclope with a red eye a roundabout ... with so many roundabouts inside ... you were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see.] 13. ... And still blind children are playing on the marketsquares of jericho ... [b. having strange noses from strange parties ... like rockets to the moon ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... while blue glue is streaming ... it was sandman with his yellow touch sitting on a green horse and now he gave you purple to bring the boys from lynx alive ...] 14. Boys from lynx ... spreading their coffees ... [b. while liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... while a wild esau is rising ... painting the skies in neon ... he's a cyclope ... but he has a million eyes on his back ... that's how he flies all red eyes ... bringing the neon he's a swindler now ... gambling ... while casino's cabman is riding him ... he takes flight ...] 15. Then the birds of cigarette come free ... enchanted mirrors, enchanted ponds to let you have your own checked shoes ... they bring you to .. the world beyond the chess. [b. Checked grapes on a red picnic's day ... turning wine in the night ... on kana's day ... jesus kissed his bride ... veiled it was a monkey ... a flying one on that day when the publics laughed themselves to death the public ... another trick of tax ...] [16. On top of the nose ... arabia waves ... it's all there is ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow] [17. These are stories of the big nose spreading fears which don't exist ... this is all there is ... Who painted the noses red she's the black widow a major threat hiding her bakerman in a purple box ... where she mixes him] [18. Along the purple curtains of deliriumhe goes asleep ... while all these bakerman's faces fill the sky in glue and the pictures become darker ... she's making it so black ... where neon is rising and when the black rose falls ... the red dream starts to tell ... you're on tv tonight and she makes it darker] [19. for the waterlights are weeping, heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon she wants it softer ... so she has to strike harder first ... she's a two-faced harlot ... bringing them from the purple to the orange in the arms of bilmageln ... where they can sleep]

3.

Sonder Sun

1. These soft boys become the hard men in the night like checked white hard candy lying on a dish ... [b. tell me what you can remember ... it was the way you caught a fish ... one day the soft was all eaten away ... and some hard bones were staring at you ... and you swallowed fast all of a

sudden ...] 2. It was a strange camera, with a snake's egg inside. These were paranoid girls, raking to make the elves thin. They wanted to see the ornament, by which they could breath by it's tight rings. They were clothed by wild roses, while the thorns grew inside. It made them almost naked, while the red lights of gamble made their eyes spin like the wild sea.

3. These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games of chess. [b. They were coming from Sonder Sun, on top of Izu, it takes flight. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The suicide princess cannot stand any smile.] 4. These are the boys from lynx, these ladders, becoming soft under Sonder Sun. 5. It's shining on the checked pirateships, coming from the gold, bathing in silver seas ... while new tv's are stretching. 6. She gets scared when she sees the balloons. Then she's embracing her tall string, her waterlight. He brings her to the broadcastlady of cartoon. [b. He's a tranvestite.] 7. She likes his apocalyptic spells .. Messages from Izu ... She has tight rings around her arms coming from the baskets of snakes 8. The girl has a sweet voice, these animals are all protected by her laws. [b. These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their stares ... you better be wise these days ... they are standing on the coasts of the hague ...] 9. Where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet these are the red boys from santa clause ... the birds of cigarette ... [b. They rise from wasp tv spreading their wasp rains they are black checked spots running ... doing the checked dishes ... until snow white comes home there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day] 10. They are the books from the library beyond history ... always floating back ... [b. They are the pumps in arabian skies, coming from Japan.] 11. Behind christmasbottles they hide. They are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... [b. They are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the vanilla planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched before ... cold conscience.] [12. ... It spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak by comics] [13. Who knows the cigarlights from sirius ... the lights too bright when the orange splinters rise into the darkest night ?] [14. Your roundabout boats will rise ... and there will be nothing to swallow anymore ... there where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ...] [15. there where red becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming from sirian cigarlighters ... to save you from charity's curse] [16. Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights you have a nose ... and that's all you have ... some have bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world beyond history ... together with a banana queen ... these are the red checked scorpions ... the starships of dead chess breeding their eggs of unity by spastic movements they can bend everything] [17. By spasm they boil their glues in big kettles ... where the watermarks dance ... and when the conscience becomes too cold ... it starts to play the whispering organ and then the tears come through the tight rings ... These comics are so fragile ...] [18. these ornaments are so fragile [b. They will forget their childhood's wars, to find their soft chairs waiting in the sky ... Red velvet dreams ... while cold juices are streaming ... from the comic barrelorgan checked in black, red and white.]] [[19. These are cakes from baker's dreams. He's the baker of chess, knowing the portal to the world beyond.]] [[20. These are all wars of dementia. He has a chessboard in his mouth, while Belcanov is on his back. He knows everything, for these tears are all transparent.]]

chessboard's shoeshops

1. There were no sacrifices on religious altars. These came from the books of lies. These were just stations to take flight. 2. These were lights from the chessboard's shoeshops, ringing their bells in the night. 3. This was how Jesus travelled. Watch the little pyramid, for the strange picture ... It made you cry 4. These books are strange chessboards ... catching your eyes to play ... [b. When the marbles roll it's on chessboard's television ... Taxlines eating the balloons for another horror turning into a cartoon ... [c. You watched the checked boots of the broadcastlady ... the broadcastlady of cartoon.]] 5. Cars dive into the Books of the Dead ... [b. It's still a strange station after all ... strange traffic, strange railroads underground, leading us to all who forgot ... on the wings of dementia ...] 6. And you know it's lights ... Here the lambsteads are rising ... Here the gamblemachines are spreading tax and coffee ... rising from strange pockets This third world was saved by a bird of tax ... [b. by a bird of cigarette ...] 7. She shatters the lamps on the ground ... now these lights are lights of chess ... while spastic pyramids spit the glues ... [b. It's getting hard when it touches the skin ...] 8. What we forgot, it all comes back ... on the wings of dementia ...

Pirfumata

1.

waving white flag

1. Boys from Lynx III. My mother raised me. She showed me the door. She showed me two thousand trousers hanging around on the shore. [b. She spoke to me, always in two words and then shutting a million doors.] 2. She still loves me but I cannot be more than she wants for that would scratch my records [b. and then I would be like a parrot lost in a stream. [c. She always brings me back to the shore again like a ritual at the end of the day for I still want to be more than she wants me to be.]]

Dwarve's Rain

3. And there in the distance, I hear dwarve's rain ... rain from the ornament ... they span it underground ... for secret conspiracies ... for trains too loud ... [b. too loud to hear ...] 4. While i still visit fairygrounds to watch their big beasts and balloons. [b. These were lampsteads to the moons of Z. These were lampsteads to a new aldebaran where some guys still sit at high tables playing strange games. [c. While uncle one to ten is sleeping in the baby's room ... it was all to make your heart at peace dolphin's ... goodbye]] 5. Here the golden statues stand of theologians and old men bragging their nonsense and everyone believes them for they have the trousers. 6. This is the land where the coins are cubes. [b. Put the marbles in the automatons, and they will run.] 7. Tranvestites carrying a big handicapped eye ... they walk through glue and teeth ... they walk through you and me ... to bring the flame back to the candle ... [b. These are dressed up insects from a red picnic ... masked while the eye they carry is hidden behind tall teeth ... [c. like barbed wire ...]] 8. They can escape through checked red communistic spinning holes in the airs. [b. The pickpock family is in town ... raising their big balloons ... they are walking like chicken on the killingfields ... but they are dressed up ants ... working on fairgrounds, funparks and circusses [c. They are the gods of nonsense and misunderstanding ... raising up their own god ... gepetto ... their mailman ... they are raising up their numbers and letters in a flame ... a balloon's flame ...]] 9. Aslant eyes and aslant faces make the connection to the worlds beyond the worlds, the mirrors

beyond the mirrors. [b. Your god is a devil on the other side of the mirror.] 10. These churches are nothing more than strange chessboards, with their gamblelights. [b. Greet me green in the morning. Spin the rings tight. Let me escape.] 11. Through strange automatons, we take flight. [b. Thrown up on cannibal's day, where cowboys hide behind red buttons. [c. I'm seeing the number in the flame.]] 12. They are raising their balloons ... the bakerman's faces spouting the salt. [b. on a candy's dish ... In this strange world of chess.] 13. You're nothing but a number. A number in a flame. Coming from a comic, to find your way back in this book. [b. While bakerman and belcanov, they speak between the lines. It's moving like a zebra's boat [c. while orange liars are standing on it.]] 14. And I'm measuring myself by watching the sparks in the water fireworks in a glass of water ... all underwater .. hiding in glue ...these are still my tall christmas-presents ... [b. bred by the boys from lynx ... in their fields of chess ...]

2.

black coffin

1. And i'm gathering my wet chesspieces ... yellow against the blue ... fights between friends are always softer than the real wars outside ... [b. bites from Z ... [c. transparent pink gluemarks ...]] 2. The deer eat the stories with their mouths of misunderstanding ... that's why their faces are bitter and paranoid ... they are ... suspicious minds ... [b. They smoke their birds of cigarette ... that's how their trains move they are the deer of dementia ... blowing all stories to their pasts ... [c. these strange chessboards.]] 3. They reverse their sodom and gomorrah's. [b. They hear smoke-alarms when the orchestra's are playing ... [c. They never trust your smiling faces ...]] 4. On top of checked blackgolden coffins, they take flight, to become red thunder in the night. [b. You saw the dust of cinderella. You never lose, just touch all you have. [c. There's a symbol on the coffin, bringing you back to the end.]] 5. While a golden dwarfstatue is standing on it, bringing you to december's skies, on a dolphin's goodbye.

billiards day

6. They are playing games with me [b. until I lose my head [c. until i can feel my trousers again, all these conspiracies.] 7. She's standing, screaming on a hill, while her girlfriend screams from another hill, [b. trying to confuse my soul [c. poor me.]]

curse of business

8. These are babies born in transmissions, orange liars leading me to death, while all these wasp rains in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ... 9. These are orange liars, leading me to death, with all these wasp rains in my bed, these rains from izu, rebuilding my memory, rebuilding you ... 10. There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish, all these dragons are in fire ... or is it my eyes 11. Give me a spoon, these books are all talking, spreading green tomatoe seeds ... in a night of arabian magic ... 12. It sails on Japanese ships. [b. under orange balloons.] 13. Arabian spice, Arabian me ... These are the chessboard mills ... Elevators under a red balloon, bringing you to the comic. [b. It switches between the horror and the cartoon ...until the knees and elbows are bending, the cubes enter new worlds.] 14. And then the hunger brings the hallucination ... they are the fata morgana's ... mirages of old wizards see these hearts pumping ... lying on dishes ... [b. where plants are the senses of a new world. [c. There are docters in winter's treasures, growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens]] 15. The ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... It's your only way out ... [b. Just eat these seeds ... these flowerseeds ... then the honey will flow through your stomach ... and you will

drink new milk.] 16. It grows on your back reaching for your mouth you can smell flowers of paradises growing on your back .. reaching for your nose it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... [b. while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... and music grows from their back to their ears ...] 17. While the tattoo of a spider is growing on their forehead ... reaching for their necks ... [b. there where the senses sleep ...] 18. There's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open the senses ... to let the flowers grow ... between the plants there's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open new visions in a language I understand 19. And it brings me understanding ... it brings me new tales ... till the ornament grows further ... to reach for the broken bridge [20. When ornaments come together ... to lay the hard stones ... then softness grow inside ... to let machines blow ... they bring oil to the stages ... to let ballerina's dance ... until they reach the morninglights where they dive into morning dew.] [21. They will never reach the afternoon ... they are in morningland ... where the morningred pushes the lights underwater in a new sea ... to let new plants grow from the seagardens ...]

3.

Antartica

1. There are boys behind dragonbars locked up behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of a red dragon ... [b. He's a dangerous chesspawn [c. on the board of a snake ...]] 2. So many chesspawns in the air ... Boys from lynx against so many other pieces on this strange chessboard and when the snake turns it around the back of the board is a mirror and you see your face ... with these thousand nipples ... these bakerman's faces ... [b. these bakerman's coins can you escape the altar of an egyptian king.] 3. He's driving the car ... of an egyptian mother who claimed moes to be her son ... she saved him but prisoned him ... can you escape this saviour's altar ... this altar of a businessman. [b. It has strange trafficlites and strange lights of gamble] 4. It is a chess-hat, it is joseph's pit ... [b. A strange board of chess where the suns and the earths play ... [c. while moons are watching.]] 5. While you're sinking deeper in this strange cocoon ... this strange cartoon in these strange days ... [b. While an orange prince is knocking at your door ... with three purple pale flowers for your mother ... [c. He didn't ring a bell ... he just whispered]] 6. In ornamental issues I take flight to izu where all insects are gathered doing strange dances [b. to win their days back ... in this strange game ... and at the bottom of this pit .. you're king of egypt [c. and then there aren't any jesuses and judases left]] 7. The tears fall till it's glue ... till it's plastic wood with strange powders inside ... Then you will cry sand ... Who knows the chessboard ... leading alice to wonderland [b. It's strange stratego ... when you turn the pieces around ... you see the faces of the ones around you.] ... 8. In this land the coins are statues. You need to push a tree into the gate. Sometimes only a heart can open the doors, or a box of chessboards. Watch the pawns. It's all a big conspiracy in your mind for when you turn them around twice ... you see your own face 9. But at the end ... there will be no blame and shame at all these feelings of guilt ... where just the coins of business in a game called antartica 10. Flowerseeds wanting to open the senses for a new world new senses started to develop .. under the vibrations of guilt [b. In the eyes of guilt it's never enough ... it's never good ... it's hungry and you need to grow.] 11. It's the big breed ... of an old witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done [b. Then you're living behind dragonwalls ... in her strange stories] [12. These letters are all dropped in Vanilla. It makes your fingers shiver ... On Vanilla's chessboard.]

4.

vanilla days

1. He had put his hand in the dog's mouth, paying his bills. Now the insects can creep underneath his clothes. 2. He had put his teeth in the back of a spider. Now it's having wings of dementia ... bringing him back ... to Vanilla's days ... 3. Blue spots, powdered spots, like winter's dreamglasses ... So soft, like glue inside, it is a plastic sight ... like toys ... 4. Pink spots, so pale, the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and deserts [b. It is ... too late ... for you to tell your story now it ... is my turn] 5. Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like the elfe's glue running ... so strange ... I am amazed ... when wasp rains are falling ... 6. These are stinging trees and trousers ... Like balloons of wild powders ... I'm having so many checked hearts inside ... these wizard hearts, banana hearts and wings of dementia ... leading me back to the house beyond history ... 7. Where I'm having redgolden checked dwarf shoes, pinocchio shoes like crocodile shoes ... like plastic transparent wood ... with strange powders inside these shoes can fly by the wings of dementia ... 8. Powdered spots on my back, spreading the delirium, making me drunk ... making my wings shiver ... my wings of dementia ... [b. I have autistic hearts from the wizard ... [c. having handicapped trousers, a handicapped suit while I feel so insane ... my clothes are stinging me ... something is boiling me ...]] 9. I'm flying by the wings of dementia on a mighty storm leading me back to aldebaran ... there are so many fevers in my head ... waking up these animals inside ... [b. I'm under the threat of a stinging plant ... ravalan madok ...] 10. There are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... powders inside like winter's dreamglass so pink and pale ... [11. Vanilla spots ... these are tattoos of dragons ... [b. for the wizard has fires in his eyes ...]] [12. His hearts are dancing through my mind ... these banana hearts ... enchanted ones ... there are shadows of fire on my walls ... jumping into the room] [13. These hearts like precious rippling ornaments ... rippling on my walls like zebras and tigers would do ... [b. while there's purple snow on my ground ... a carpet arabian designs ... making my mind spicy ...]] [14. Roaring bottles in high cupboards ... bottles of tears ... stored by the wings of dementia ... patterns of highways ... like the waves of the seas of flowers ... [b. To drink and get drunk while wizard hearts dance ... they look like snakes [c. like new alphabets penetrating my mind ...]]] [15. I have suits of strange nipples softer than myself gathered by .. the wings of dementia ... warming my autistic hearts ... [b. these wizard hearts]]

5.

graves of matadok

1. While the parrot is opening the graves of matadok, there's eagle radio in my head ... 2. By a vanilla flute .. the parrots keep on leaving ... opening the cigars of pharao ... [b. laughing themselves to death .. by strange alcohol ... [c. These are the baker's liquors ...]] 3. While orange balls were exploding ... they found red cowboys in a shoe ... These were speaking cupboards having too many books inside ... they were the fallen lambsteads ... the kwaliks ... but now they let others fall by books of strange tax ... 4. They raise up their insurances in white ... while their arms are striped ... like butterfly-snakes they fly ... They are the needles of grammophone ... installing their birds of cigarette ... 5. They take flight ... into the graves of matadok ... following the red parrots ... the flute of tax is speaking ... while someone is whispering ... it's the red rose ... hiding her cowboys behind the bottles ... until her dragons are spitting the sands 6. He has a sword of tears and jewels, and a

shield of seed ... killing giants ... by a hard white candy camera ... 7. His shoes are soft, he's a canary ... His rubber hides the black powders ... while he has a sandgun, when things overflow ... Then there will be storage ... Big livers hiding the lungs ... 8. They fall through tall whispers ... The suicide princess screams till the smile turns into a tear [b. He has a suit of tears ... this is the city of tears ... [c. The handkerchief ... room enough to store the tears and the seed ...]] 9. No need for umbrella's ... these wasprains ... create trees of balls ... from izu to perlottia ... reaching for the ceilings of love ... while pictures on the wall are freezing ... delirium makes the crocodile glue roll ... 10. I need a special suit to touch you ... while snakes slide through tears and seed ... looking for good tailormen ... in vanilla holes they grow ... becoming the hard men ... making the judases and the jesuses ... to lead them all astray ... [b. raising the doll ... to strike the orange once again ...] 11. They dive through chocolate tiles ... these are strange lights ... these are bakerman's faces ... breeding the falls in tall whispers ... by strange fruits ... still Vanilla's soldiers ... where birds of cigarette take flight ... [12. While two lions fight in the river ... making tea ... for lion railroads ... they are leaving a world under the ice ... in the hollow ... [b. heading for an eagle ship to become the golden taps ...]]

Eric Zwarzenei

13. When fake meets the nonsense, the black stone falls .. awakening the frogs ... all these misunderstandings .. they come from the lion's tea ... gliding through tall whispers ... preparing the bakers liquors ... 14. It's streaming through your trousers ... [b. like fishes coming from hell.] 15. While the ashes breed the black egg ... it's black boots coming to your town ... where a white chocolate house stands ... theologians still doing the game on white chocolate tiles ... kalibra bazina ... 16. The pickpocks .. the machines of deers ... checking pockets for fallen soldiers ... stealing the vanilla coins for their automatons ... they bring us over the nightseas ... ignore everything which is not inside ... there's custard streaming from vanilla holes ... [b. making a giant of you ... while there's a world inside ... here where swans spit fire ...] 17. You have pickpock trousers ... to meet an indian warbook .. through tight rings. [b. Wasp rains, the baker's liquors ... they stream through old trousers ... reaching for the boots ... These are old bottles, old comics ... while the juices are streaming ... [c. in the world where the swans spit fire ...]] 18. These are comic trousers, trains sliding from picture to picture ... doing dirty business ... There are statues beyond history ... Strange coins, if you ask me ... awakening .. the belcanov .. with snakes along the cars of chess ... [b. Here shark temple roars ...] 19. When someone walks ... the confusion comes ... [b. It's made of butcher's leather ... and strange wool ...] 20. He's hiding his sharks behind comic walls ... He is the red dragon ... [b. something makes him wild ...[c. a child inside ... while juices are streaming through tall trousers ...]] 21. These are tall whispers, where the bakers hide .. and it's still a white chocolate house in which we all drown ... there where the black bed rules ... in a red shoe ... [b. these cowboys .. become indians in the night ... marching under strange flags ... while a little boy is marching before their crowds ... playing the flute ... the rod of ashes ..] [22. Red rose hiding the red boys behind golden and black bottles ... waiting for the strike ... These are the birds of cigarette ... strange dragonbars ... these pillars of mighty temples while pickpocks dive in strange waters ...] [23. They are the pillars of strange cathedrals ... living on walls and ceilings ... they live in strange dies ... Six alices on white chocolate tiles breeding the hollow inside ... while an oxygen statue is living inside ... while I'm living in a diamond creating rainbows ...] [24. Purple bakerman's faces .. glue from Z ... it's your game too ... and you see this army of scissors ... there's loud noise when they eat [b. They're in love with stiletto's ... these bullets are checked balloons ...]] [25. There are many towers on a church ... the black widow invented them all ... Eric

Zwarzenei is a strange clown ... if you want to know ... I have strange fairgrounds in my pocket ... where everything becomes glue ...] [26. I a'm a fisherboy ... fishing aldebaran balls ... all in grandfather's pocket ... I have a red checked scorpion with golden scissors ... pink banana's burning the money for another ride ...] [27. It's pleasureland, we're riding the donkey's ... all in dark underground temples ... where the fake meets the nonsense ... sowing misunderstanding on the roofs ... to overcome the blame and the shame ... [b. on the wings of dementia.]] [28. Uncle peacock has a fairground ... while uncle unicorn has a circus ... while I am eric zwazenei.] [29. I'm a pirate from Venusia ... the sea of venus ...] [30. In snowwhite's coffin ... the balloon is growing inside ... White shoes with thin stripes, showing you the insurances of a deaf ear ... over violin roads ... they take flight ...] [31. It's a cocoon ... after they ate you .. you can ride them ... [b. It's a strange fairground ... [c. I know a land where the trousers run ... having their own towers in the night ... staring at the pink and the white.]]]

6.

ladybugs

1. She's from vanilla wildernesses ... with her head like a ladybug's back ... her eyes are rolling ... I'm a prisoner of a strange castle ... an arabian castle ... while the deer ignore me ... why don't they save me ... they have big machines for that ... 2. And the silver strikes, until all these bakerman's faces rise ... 3. The strikes of silver bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ... [b. While wild cats stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts [c.icecreams with forestroad snakes ...]] 4. They are bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... There are strange arabian roundabouts in the air these peacocks horrorshows ... [b. they're mixing the icecreams ... while forestroad snakes rise ...] 5. Where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deers ... they are strange checked mirrors in castles ... [b. while the wizard hearts beat faster.] 6. To have the powders of delirium ... in spinning bakerman's faces ... a ladybug is what it sais ... and then the worlds are exploding ... strange ways of an eagle's helmet ... having the face of a ladybug ... 7. These are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... to let you see a peacocks horrorshow .. and then you will me mixed again ... in everything what was left for you ... and there you will find a new world ... 8. This watch with bakerman's faces ... to make your eyes red ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... [b. inviting you to the cartoons ... while the boys with snakehearts beat the drums ... [c. they are the heartplugs when summers freeze ...]] 9. To soft clouds peeing tears to show the jewels of sweet fluffy roses painted on white chocolate ... Now he's breeding his boys from lynx inside the banana striking there ... to let them run faster where all the racecars rise ... on checked banana tiles they ride on banana railroads and rainbows a good way to burn money 10. Wild desertstorms in bakerman's faceswars in an hourglass while dictators strike the silver they will all understand and now they are lords of the dice ... hunted by a thousand tales and the russian face on the door shows so many colours with a peacocks horrorshow on his helmet ... [11. While they're finding their own boys of lynx inside ... these hearts are snakes ... [b. breeding the watch of the zebra ...]] [12. While the red dragon is an author, and a worker in a library ... he locked you up behind letters ... these dragonbars ... a bakertree, an arabian seadragon ... While vanilla is the displaydoll of the bookshop ...] [13. They raise the dolls to smash the orange balls to have the cartoons ... Give me the flute of vanilla, the dragon's scar, to lead the rats away.]

7.

bananas chessboard

1. And she said : My husband is a wolf's gnat, a taxmaster, if it comes to that ... breeding his icecreams by letting his fruits die ... they become too sweet and too cold ... it makes you cry. 2. And she said : you don't want to hear how cruel this is it must be or it will not sell. [b. It grows on a market this strange strange fruit, on a black white chessboard.] 3. And she said : you can switch between jokes and horrors, drinking the comic juice. 4. And she said : it always rises again, to the clouds of japan, making all these dreams in his kettle, by lies underground it makes the rain ... 5. And she said : still the bridge from arabia to the indians with a deep japanese background ... where the spider hides ... 6. The soft fleeces between her and that thing, were just marks from echo's television ... installing it deeper inside 7. Now it's like the game's icecream ... now it's like the watering touch with all these ripples from zebra ... 8. The skin was ripped off that day ... Seeing Hitler's Blue Tongue ... 9. And she said : I can show you the tales on Hitler's tongue ... These are all lamentation weathers These are all lamentation feathers ... from the horror to the cartoon ... So many cigars spread on the road ... like train's apocalypse ... 10. He will show up after the crash ... showing you the lazarus tree ... climbing it will switch you from the lamentation to the lullaby ... then you will understand what it means ... and then you will meet summerclaus ... with all those Jesuses from Cartoon ... those little men ... those zebramen switching you between the pencil and the spoon ... 11. Between a cigar and a cigarette ... was your rocket launched straight in the cartoon ... like a spear piercing the old bear-drum ... reaching the flute inside ... and this movie would be burnt in your uncle's pipe ... for a rainbowversion from the old Pan ... 12. The movie waves are moving ... symmetric to the snakes underground ... rising to cartoon ... rising to the comic-towers to release the juices from inside ... to have a good bite in the apple of chess ... [b. until you switch between the cartoon and the comic ... until you see all their little jesu-men ... hidden too well behind the cubes an autistic world, a traumatic beauty ... there where the vibration transformed the layers ...] 13. It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ... 14. Back to Izu, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles [b. waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... [c. for it was too private ... just for you ...]] 15. Back to Izu ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... [b. When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw]

Kuzaponia

1.

Prince of Comics

1. Boys from Lynx IV ; Creatures from Paradox. He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming to the town for some underground conspiracies. [b. She burns you by fire, she's his princess] 2. Don't take the hot stick when it barks at you ... On Hitler's tongue, we glide. [b. There are sugared red tongues in the air ... while pink and green are watching. It was the spell of an ornament.] 3. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. [b. she's his princess.] 4. Come by yourself now .. No one will do it for you ... all these boys from lynx are inside ... On red bananas he writes stories ... charity came by insurance ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream of business .. while a red arabian seadragon grew inbetween ... [b. these are all orange liars coming out of zebra's boats ...] 5. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his golden birds surround you .. It's Egypt in Izu ... Tell me brother .. It's Egypt in Izu ... 6. And he said : you

did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby, I tell you, father. I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 7. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. [b. I feel soft, you gave me feathers, you gave me milk, you're a bakerman's face, tell me father, you're a bakerman's face ... [c. You're dadda's cloudship, with all your lalla's ... and your babba's. You're like the tiger rippling in the sky [d. in the skies of deserts.]]] 8. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... for a golden banana, a sugared tongue ... It's Egypt in Izu. 9. I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu [b. He with the butterflywings. [c. There are white checked cigarettes underwater checking the housefloors. [d. While green canaries escape from the blue.]]] 10. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... [b. when Gepetto goes to sleep. [c. These are pink lights coming from the red.]]] 11. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... Now these wolves are dangerous ... they are raking the bananaseas ... for tax undercover ... It's heading for Vanilla ... 12. And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... Lalla's in my own eyes ... and the babbabubbles, gliding through the night ... They all work for vanilla ... she's a pawn of a red checked dragon ... She must spin comics all the time ... 13. She's spinning her comic-princesses ... in black, red, blue and green ... making the candyrings tight ... [b. While green canaries escape from the blue through pink curtains ...] 14. Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move like strange russian chess ... 15. These are the bananas of tax and insurance, burning the money to spread it's ashes by the lights of chess and gamble ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... 16. It was Easterclause visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... [b. These wars were written by a bananas pencil, raging until another comic dictator would stand up.] 17. There was a white hard candy camera inside, bringing them all behind the glass of an elfe's museum in a sharke's temple [b. spinning the comic juices ... this cowboys chess.] 18. It was spinning the vanilla glass, by strange sorts of indian chess. [b. There are coming fishes out of barrel organs, while a blind musician is moving the bar.] 19. A ladybug is opening her kitchen, to show her princesses of comics. [b. She shows her rivers, she's moving the bars.] 20. Still the boys grow in checked trees, in bakertrees, these strange bananas ... they sleep ... spinning tax and assurance by sharp ornaments and wine ... they are burning money, spreading the ashes ... while snakes bring them over the rivers of death 21. A banana rises on tv .. telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking red checked potatoes and yellow checked juices ... while the air is shivering ... 22. In these red checked potatoes comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaos ... He makes movies by drowning the money comics ... on the back of an arabian seadragon ... a strange automaton ... 23. Now all these machines of deer ... they drown the comics ... to show their cinema-screens ... The red tiger is rippling there ... Strange coffee ... coming from the red ... 24. While all these birdstatues ... They're coming out of the banana ...

2.

banana hearts

1. The movie egg, it was a dragon egg, coming from Pharaos mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? 2. Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a dragon's tower ...

spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ... Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... 3. These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... 4. Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ... Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind dragonbars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ... 5. They become strange machines, locked up in books ... Arabian horses ridden by others ... spiders with many arms ... Here behind the book, uncle peacock is laughing ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... strange fishes underwater covered yet so naked ... 6. These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... While uncle unicorn is making them all deaf ... when the flags are waving ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the joke statues ... 7. Uncle Peacocks are big boats behind the books ... In chocolate they breed the games ... The pawns want to become free on a bananaboat behind the book ... where the smoke is rising .. 8. They are marching to the worlds beyond chess, looking for ... the golden cigars ... They travel without moving ... 9. Uncle Peacocks are the big Arabian Seacocoons, the Arabian Seadragons ... 10. They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... They are big stinging plants without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts ... Banana hearts they are ... rising with the wings of dementia ... 11. They drink their drinks fast, from small bottles.

3.

the journey

1. The journey through the sharkian temple was a long journey. I lost a lot of friends in all sorts of traps. These were the hidden altars of the sharks. 2. I didn't know why they took my friends away, but later I would find out. Finally I reached the room of the throne, but it was an old lady sitting there between the spiderwebs, turning young when I touched her. 3. There are seven days for the mortals to prepare for the lightening coming to take them away, there, in the room of the throne. They have touched the old lady, and she became young again. It is a thin lady, but when you touch her again she becomes thick. She will tell you ... all what the lullabies taught her ... 4. The lullabies in daydream's spring, covering the morning, for there will be no afternoon ... Seven days for the mortals, without afternoons ... only mornings, evenings and of course ... nights ... to prepare for the lightening ... coming to take them away ... 5. I was one of them We would be taken to a ship to find out we were already on that ship ... with a name called 'All there is' There was no sea ... only that ship ... the sea was in the ship ... 6. I was one of these mortals ... on this Eagle Ship These guys were strange ... They ate butchers ... making strange leathers ... It was whispering while powders started to spread ... smelling like the seeds of flowers ... It was like an ornament ... 7. A Jesus Christ is hanging in the air ... no clothes, but yet so covered ... by lines of old books and by strange leathers ... He's smiling, yet the tears are flowing ... He's dying, but coming to life in a strange way ... 8. They tell me not to touch the picture for at the end there will be no any Jesus Christ left, only some boys from Lynx It is written in their holy books. 9. I feel naked yet so covered like the insect losing his skin to get a new one ... in which cocoon am I ? Is this the Arabian Sea-cocoon ? There is no sea .. there is no air ... only a ship called 'All there is' an eagle-ship ... like the red picnic like a red ball .. having so many colours in the night

10. Then the glues are overflowing and then I'm seeing the face of the Lion's Tea Wizard it was something I drank ... it was something I feared ... but it was beautiful 11. I can go into these

cellars now ... the places I used to fear as a child ... I had such strange feelings in my stomach ... thinking .. but it was just the wizard calling me 12. I had a strange tattoo of a pale orange octopus on my lower stomach ... it was hurting me ... but also giving me strange delights ... The wizard has this tattoo also ... he shows me ... He has so many tattoos ... also one of a black snail ... and one of a white rabbit ... 13. There are strange banana's lying on a golden dish ... It's like pumping all these strange feelings inside ... I used to misinterpret these ... I was in the misunderstanding of this lion's tea ... I walk towards him ... he's the grandfather of the ship ... the big daddy ... but suddenly I feel like I'm in glue 14. Don't touch him, they say for at the end there will not be any Jesus Christ left ... only some boys from Lynx ... it is written in their holy books. 15. They say all these figures turn into the boys from lynx in the nights to bring shivering mornings ... Is fear their key ? ... They wear the rings of fear ... It's a strange machine of dogs ... 16. They have also a ring of guilt, spreading flowers of blame and shame ... with these they do business ... with these they raise the doll ... to hit the orange balls in pieces ... while bakermen try to hide these dolls and crimes ... they look so soft ... inviting me to eat the custard 17. Don't touch them, they say, for these bakermen are from the hollow, selling hunger to those in hunger ... They are businessmen of vanilla ... her hidden soldiers ... they are the traps in shark's temple ... Don't touch them, for at the end there will not be a Jesus or a Judas ... only some boys from lynx ... 18. In this strange cocoon ... This Arabian Sea-Cocoon ... such strange creatures are swimming there but at the end boys from lynx ... 19. And then I drink the Tiger's Coffee ... while someone said it doesn't exist only Lion's Tea ... so I spit it out ... trying to just learn to drink Lion's Tea ... I need to get used to it ... Oh, how many bakerman's faces there are ... so many liars and lurers so many swindlers and smugglers all traps in shark's temple 20. Maybe I ... am in such a trap too ... thinking I reached the goal But the goal was another trap This doorway of luxury and life just another trap or is this trap protecting me against something worse ? a worse trap ? 21. What is this for a strange plant ... It's a stinging nettle ... Biological harpoons to draw me away from the danger I had been caught by a shark ... but all these things are just illusions at the end there are no saints no sinners, no escapes, no prisons ... no liberties ... no bondages only some boys from Lynx ... 22. There's a stinging nettle roaring in my body ... shivering between sickness and health ... between sanity and insanity ... but what is what and who is who ... it's in the eye of the beholder ... it's in wasp-tv ... 23. In a shark's temple ... we all drank from the lion's tea ... making our lists of people in traps while we were in the deepest traps ourselves ... we had a red eye, a wasp eye, misleading us ... we were boxers in the arena ... fighting for lies ... drinking from the Lion's Tea to get more drunk ... 24. I need to bite myself through this Lion's Tea ... there is no other way ... I'm still in Shark Temple ... on an Eagle Ship while a lion is flowing through my veins ... doing business it's a dog-machine ... raising the dolls ... hitting orange balls ... they're moving through the cocoons of sleep ... to reach the tables of a new world 25. There's a shark-temple in the desert ... The road to eagle ship ... but it's a trap just protecting you against a worse trap These are orange liars on a ship with bakerman's faces ... but don't touch them .. these lurers ... these misleading lights and fires for at the end ... there will be only some boys from lynx ... 26. It's an ornament, these boys from lynx ... while a white rabbit is dancing bringing them to the pink sun to let them fight against the one without business ... the stinging nettle ... and it grows on eagle ship ... in a barn to eat the boys from lynx ... let me tell you ... this ornament will die ... for the white rabbit likes to wear dead ornaments. 27. Who can defeat the boys from lynx ? Who can destroy their marketsquares ? Only the white rabbit knows ... 28. Vanilla has some planes let me tell you ... these leaves from a stinging plant ... these bakertrees, these forestroads the rabbit knows ... that all life grows in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge roars ... 29. There I found

the red shoe, where the bootlaces rule ... There, in an orange ravine, the shoe was born ... No need for business ... everyone is equal ... we are all leaves of a stinging nettle ... 30. I see bakerman's faces running, I see kids playing in the snow .. having orange guns ... with orange liars ... Bakerman's faces have risen from the death ... they attack the boys from lynx ... It's always like that ... when orange strikes the blue and then we are in Shark Temple again ...

Dangerous Tiles

31. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... There's your cradle in a deaf shop, deep down in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge is roaring ... It all started in a rabbit's ear ... Someone forgave us and we got here ... It is all done by prayers ... from a Sharkian Temple ... making the journey to an eagle ship this is all there is ... like a red picnic full of lion's tea ... 32. It was something you drank from an iron shoe in a rabbit's ear ... Still a painting and a statue in a shark's temple ... a strange mirror ... you see yourself ... and all these bakerman's faces ... turning into boys from lynx in that deepest night ... there where she found the coin ... when the orange struck the blue ... 33. Time was just a waste ... but when we would hold the days in our arms ... we wouldn't have time ... then there wouldn't be clocks ... then there wouldn't be mirrors ... 34. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... where someone prayed for us ... where someone forgave us and forgot about us ... and now we're here ... in a sharkian temple ... drinking lion's tea ... It all started here ... in this deep orange ravine ... where the broken bridge was roaring ... what would happen if this rabbit ear would fall off ? 35. Here you found your shoe ... with all these bootlaces roaring in your head like snakes all these forestroads ... in a shark's temple ... leading you ... to the eagle ship ... letting orange strike the blue ... 36. There are men standing in the shark temple ... old statues ... they have fights in the nights holding the black days tight ... 37. It's a strange stinging nettle ... growing from the deepest ravine, that orange ravine heading for the eagle ship ... heading for ... a strange castle ... where everything starts to cry is it another trick of vanilla ? 38. She breaks you without mercy ... when the rabbit ears fall off ... then everything starts to shiver ... I know a castle where everything starts to shiver ... everyone is equal ... so let it circulate ... no blood ... just glue and tears ... 39. Vanilla's island stings, but makes you free ... in a shark temple ...with a wasp eye on it, half closed half open ... also on our heads ... we are prisoners ... never free ... following the hunger to get more hungry ... 40. And the boys from bloodhound with their riches ... they fall when the meaner ones rise ... these creatures were living in them these stinging plants ... and now they are up, tearing their masks away ... they're free ... [b. on a golden picnic.] 41. There are growing strange plants from the orange ravine ... they are the hard men, mean men ... there's no business ... only guns ... They are horrible creatures of arabian seas ... 42. Arabian Seacreatures, these statues in a shark temple ... riding the storm ... 43. These hard men ... do the dance ... do the fire ... they ride everything ... these are hard days ... and you need to hold them ... or the clocks will spin again ... mirroring in the sky ... coming closer ... from the dark sides of the temple in blue glue ... blue glue ... 44. They are predators ... looking for butchers ... making strange leathers in the sky ... they have hidden altars ... the tiles on the ground ... these tiles are dangerous

Truants

45. Blame and shame are weaving the dolls ... while exoduses rise up in them ... giving them good faces ... by business you can only escape by a twoface .. while the truants have orange guns ... 46. Jesus Christ is a businessman ... but I'm a truant ... I don't show up at all God had never sent me out ... I'm a truant .. if you would ever see me ... it's also the last time For I'm the first and the last ... I'm a shark ... 47. They have bred the cyborg ... along a doghedge ... where the fruits of exodus

grow ... thorns stinging deep into the skin ... breeding the cyborg ... and at the end of that hedge, a catwoman lives ... breeding the sugar ... while her sister, a white rabbit ... turns it into alcohol ... and then they can cry or laugh themselves to death ... to sink to the bottom of the glass ... [b. They are the two-faced mask of Pharaoh, drowning the boys on heights of shark's temples in golden altars of water ... He baptizes them ...] 48. You must have a two-faced nose to escape ... or just being a truant ... the hard men will do ... when they reach the hard white candy ... The doghedge is my suit ... this strange plant ... growing inside of me, stinging me ... while people are crying and laughing themselves to death ... I feel myself like the lord of dominoes, like a domino of vela, installing the jokes on two sides ... 49. It's an ornament from grandmothers box ... an automaton ... Seven will rise up to bring us over the nightseas ... These are like marchpane, with hard white candy lying inbetween ... It's like a new alphabeth ... and we can live in these letters ...

4.

golden picnic

1. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books, there where the chessboards turn around to show you the enchanted mirror ... There are stinging plants in these strange banana hearts ... you start to cry ... 2. These cities are of sand, while jokestatues rise ... They travel without moving, they breath without breathing ... They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons and powdered smiles ... 3. There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ... Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaoh has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... 4. While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacoccoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... [b. her curses stream.] 5. They drink their juices fast and spit their sands ... These are dragons hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ... 6. There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the ancient seas ... on the wings of dementia ... 7. There's chocolate melting in tight bananas now the pawns are finally free ... stretching their arms in spidersuns ... There's strange leather in eastern skies ... riding the Arabian Horses ... now the pawns can drink their moviejuices ... it's like glue 8. There are strange playcards in the skies ... becoming free behind the books ... They were saved by a vanilla's strike ... while the letters are melting ... becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this golden picnic's day ... [b. while the griffon is floating ..] 9. They are blind behind the bars of books ... while spiderian swords pierce the eyes ... These were Calvary glasses ... on a cat, hare and dog called easter ... a strange white trident of your local insurance office ... strange trafficlighs in your city .. 10. And the squirtel makes strange pictures behind comics and cartoons with a checked white hard candy camera while strange statues paint the skies ... [b. It's August's moon touching August's sun on the twentieth ... [c. while she stops screaming, reaching for december skies.]] 11. There are fishes with striped candystings, floating to Eminius Day. There are boats of sirens with candystings, floating to Eminius Day. While a griffin's boy soothes the hard men by his flute. He's enchanting them again, to let them reach for the viking's helmet. 12. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 13. There are seven parrots on a stream, showing pictures of icy mountains, under December's Sun, a green one. While a green checked balloon is raking it's moon.

5.

Eminius Day

1. Eminius Day shows the shiny hearts into monkey's chests, entering the bear. Their pyama's are soft, while honey is dripping. 2. There are strange leathers and strange wool in the air. These are the underground cities of dwarves, making her heart so tired. 3. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for Eminius Day. Mother will spin the sugar. Mother will show the sugared red tongues. She's cold while I'm standing on December's Sun, a green one. 4. Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. It's a strange sort of Russian Chess. 5. There are seven judgements on the mouth, on Eminius Day, written by the sword of Thoth. His house is built on candynedles and candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. 6. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ..Eminius Day. No time to think. It's fourty-one o clock on a Brannan's watch. 7. These snakes break through walls, they are coming from Eminius Day. 8. There are Eminius Eagles in the skies, causing earthquakes, while orange liars rise from zebra boats ... 9. They are coming from December Sun, from green checked balloons ... surrounding the skies. 10. There are two captains on a ship, breaking the spanish warrior who took you away. Michiel Adrianson The Raider, and Piet Hein, stealing his silver. 11. You must swear to keep this a secret, with two vingers raised to Osiris, Uncle Peacock and Uncle Unicorn. 12. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... arms of a strange tiger ... rippling in december skies ... 13. There are strange syrops in the air of docters ... bringing history back ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend. 14. Watch these moving pictures flying, with the wings of dementia .. It's coming from the trees .. moving mosaics ... 15. Watch these ornaments of glue ... 16. There's strange glue coming out of businessmen noses ... pictures of glue ... moving pictures ... coming from history ... waiting to be sold ... to live in someone's head or knee ... 17. Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... 18. There are octopuses living in someone's head for halve of the price ... There are strange auctions ... Cuyornaida CorsetStrange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... 19. The winner becomes a million-armed spider in a sun ... December Sun ... So much care for history ... he gave his life away to buy them all ... and now he's your history-teacher ... 20. They are the guards to strange gardens of glue ... the watchers of lapoendria ... There are wild cats in Izu ... with noses dripping of tea ... while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... 21. So much pain covered up by the black checked blankets of tax and chess, while the birds of insurance pick up their Jesus Christ to let them ascend in their heavens ... These .. are the bakerman's faces .. 22. The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... 23. Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... 24. The skies become of silver, and then the bakers start to eat ... all these History Warriors with their little lights ... They are bringing these warriors to a soft spot inside Here the Vanilla Queen thrones ... 25. They are eating the historybooks with the moving pictures of glue ... while Vanilla surrounds them ... hiding the future behind ... She even eats the boys from Lynx to spit the red fires ... 26. While they are spred by the smoke, the Varia Bird rises ... showing the rainbowbananas ... so many roads to ride on ... Letters from a mailman's heart ... with so many birds of insurance ... these birds of uncle unicorn ... 27. And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild cats of lapoendria ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... They don't see the

horror ... for it's covered by the layers of tax, business and chess ... with the cream of democracy ... they feel free in their games ... They only remember their names in thick letters. 28. They are safe in the arms of uncle unicorn ... 29. They only see the wars in bottles of history far away on the attics of their grandparents .. behind moving walls ... of strange cupboards with strange paintings ... 30. They bought their pictures in old cigarshops. Pictures with so many layers of glue, named after the old kings. 31. And these old kings live in their own worlds of dementia ... using soldiers to win their wars ... these bottles so far away ... these redblue soulbottles. 32. They all live in lapoendria ... the world of dementia ... where these wild cats saved me. 33. On the corner of a dark street, before the alley, Willem One to Five was sitting, having silver warriors inside ... These are the kings of soul-bottles striped, in redgreen, greenorange and greenblue. 34. On comiccorners they live ... tied to the coins of history ... strange cowboys ... 35. Tied and glued screams covered by candylayers, while you only hear a soft voice showing you the pictures ... There are strange flies lying on our eyes raking. Wild cats know how to get the snakes out of the eggs ... 36. Willem One to Five ... still a strange taxmachine spouting insurances ... coming from the chessboard .. black and white .. While thick democracies roar it doesn't sting anymore ... 37. You can get born in it ... a boy called birthday lives inside ... on a birthdaytart with little lights ... spinning glue Five layers on the picture ... while the sixth brings the silver ... the seventh the gold 38. There's tax spinning inside, making strange films of history ... There are many layers of an onion ... It's coming from golden cigars, from three clauses : santa clause, summer clause and easterclause. 39. Willem III makes pictures by a checked white hard candy camera, while zebraboats rise, with orange liars on them, spinning glue ... It's rising from the taxmachine ... from a machine of deer. There, where the birthday boys live ... 40. These machines of deer, all tax-machines ... raising their zebraboats with their orange liars ... these strange clauses and on top they spin the films of history ... rippling through the skies, coming as tigers ... by smoke, wine and coffee. 41. Hot glues behind the comics of tax and assurance ... they eat like bakerman's faces ... breeding them as wild as they are ... 42. These comics always come from the black and the white ... From strange French chessboards ... 43. Horses are turning their heads ... bringing the layers of glue ... Strange glues from mouths bring the lies ... to let the children sleep ...but these lies they ripple ... bringing the nightmares of truth ...

6.

nightmares of truth

1. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... 2. These are just the creatures of Paradox, showing you the entrance and the exit ... 3. I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a zebra's boat with liars ... while their truths brought me to nightmares ... Nightmares ? Or didn't I swallow them well ? Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... 4. There are seven nights on an Arabian Lion ... Show me the creatures of paradox ... to let me spin my own tax ... in my own comics ... to see the horses of bristal brival ... those red horses with the black eyes ... bring me back ... 5. Show me the kings of Smulk, to build my own ladders on strange animals, to become strange ... strange enough to enter ... Let me be a stranger ... a stranger man ... 6. With the eyes of Willem I, II and III, making pictures by a checked white hard candy camera ... 7. While Uncle Unicorns ears spit fire ... These are strange boots ... It's spinning the games of Insurance ... by strange candy and strange medicine ... It's taking their own Jesus Christs ... covering up so many problems ... Is there a way out ? So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

1.

1. the businessmen are heading for the businessmen, the coffee is heading for the coffee ... and you ... you're still sitting on that old chair decorated by old birthdays 2. come and discover with me, a new world beyond the business ... over the hills and far away but i know i'm talking to a wall ...3. There are jewels in a spanish sun ... 4. I'm looking in it, while I'm getting blind ... But that's to escape your ornaments ... I'm finally safe 5. the big beer is running through scandinavian streets, the big lie is walking behind him ... they make the same movements and before you know ... they tackled you and then you're one of them ... they're catching shadows, lunatic actions ... sucking the fools from the roofs ... it's an artist's mis-vacation ... planned too late on a hard man's spoon 6. now all he can do is spit and roar ... but they call it art that's one for sure ... the fall of the artist, still a beautiful painting, something to remember and to collect all he is doing is making art ... even his funeral is called a masterpiece ... the way he smiles is artall good movies from a big talent. covered by big business ... 7. You with your green coffee ... having some contracts with the big tea and some lamentation dogs ... and now your passengers cannot sleep It's like the curse of the blackest night It's your ghostship with the lions on with your babes dying on the sides It's green coffee which you gave me ... It made me sick

2.

1. he's the guard of my memory that old wasp but he shows me that the old house from the past was also just a memory i lived in this memory such a long time not liking it the old wasp ... the old guard dealing in memories 2. finally they are treasures ornaments ...which need to be worn on the right place the wasp will sting, until the memory is open, until the memory is at home until it is understood the wasp ... the driver of oldtimers ... of old locomotions bringing them home all these lost grandfathers and grandmothers back to the garage 3. the wasp is sitting on the first floor ... in a rocking chair ...for a deeper sleep while all clocks on the walls are exploding the wasp's mosaics are roaring through my spine ...still a strange language it stings deep 4. businessmen heading for businessmen to play the big cuyornaida corset ... to close the fences to the new world 5. businessmen heading for businessmen .. to lay the dogmagnets deep inside ... there's something with their sea-machines there's something with their coffee ... and still too much tea dripping from their noses ... 6. it's the gathering of all big noses it's the gathering of all cowards ... quenching every war which would save the children sacrificing their meals to the dragons 7. it's the gathering of the big cartoon ... too scared to lay the horror ... but now the tragedies are rising ... rising from cartoon all these businessmen all these sacred men just blasphemy undercover 8. there's an orchestra of new waves ... entering your room planting machines in the corners the businessmen are still running ... with their pipes of peace no they have too much old tea in their eyes staring at me if you ask me ... they have faces dripping with tea i wonder why what is the deal ... 9. these loves are two seconds too fast ... they are wearing guns between their legs which they never use well only when they have to install their machines they are wearing the guns between their legs ... they are wearing white rags between their ornaments they are wearing their white flags ... for seventy seven reasons, which i don't want to hear 10. i heard enough stories i heard enough ornaments like this singing in the rain but i'm watching my trousers grow my back is geting taller ... it's like the wasp is growing there with ten millions of little businessmen so little little lights shining there ... carrying songs on their back

spreading their powders ... spreading their powders to make them all blind for the land behind the fence the land behind grandmother's garden11. it's still so weak there pale flowers, pale butterflies waiting to meet the pale ones they are all waiting still so fragile still so sleepy

3.

1. decembers cold nights brought the watermarks on my face ... decembers horrors ... the wasp's tattoo ... all from the wasplake ... 2. decembers spoon hit the waspmark on my leg and someone was feeling my pulse there in that old forest ... now the kids can never come alive again 2. it was an old priest with some sacred marks ... but these were too sacred so no one really survived 3. and this forest is still enchanted ... like virgo's church ... even the fishes are drowning in the pond ... and the candyhouses are bitter there it's all grey and green ... 4. the watermark still on my head the snake is doing business ... he's still breeding his watermarks there now we work in his factories and the curse is getting heavier every year ... it's like farao's hand so we are waiting for some plagues ... 5. it's the invisible debt business makes the beans so sharp so now we're watching the sideshows ... the eyes of the wasps ... for when the dog is home ...it will start to eat your furniture ... and finally yourself and your family ... laying the chain forever ... they can be dangerous criminals another don't want to have around 6. Tatoos on dry places ... The watermarks know where they can suck ... Thick gel on thin places ... The crocodile knows it's paths ... 7. Conspiracies of the damned ... They are all heading for each other ... 8. It's all getting clear through the eyes of a wasp ... But no one wants to leave it this way 9. Real pride doesn't exist, In the heart of the liar, Real honour doesn't meet his mouth It's only some wood of fear, blowing away his consciousness ... and something else is taking him over 10. They are too afraid to live ... They are too afraid to touch When all the curses are installed ... They start to deny everything ... To cover up the wounds ... To cover up your screaming child inside So that no one will ever see ... and no one can really help you ... Barbed Wire Hearts 11. They try to let you feel insecure ... for they could never feel the blessing of pride ... They are barbed wire hearts, they are liars from the beginning, sent out to make you one of them ... 12. They knock until your fragile mind opens up ... And then they slowly slide away ... leaving a pipeline for a daily suck When you give them your heart, They will let it fall ... And soon you will be one of them for you cannot use your heart anymore you're a barbed wire heart too ... 13. Is there any spell to reverse this curse ? Yes, when Jesus will betray Judas with a barbed wire kiss But that already happened hundred years ago in the heart of London, when James Bond auctioned his golden rabbit among the clocks 14. The one of the biggest ridicule, The one with the trademark-condoms, The one with the coldest touch, The one with the diplomatic sleep-pills, The one with the copyright-assistants, The one with the careful curses, Has the keys of this machine. 15. It's the sports Journalist, with razorsharp money, having razorsharp records, running in the middle of bald heads ... It's the game's capitalist, It's sunday's Scrooge in a rotten church, It's your mental brigade to identify flying objects unexpected, It's your bridegroom on a purple rose, It's your liar's docter on a cold summernight, It's your mother's leather dog-chain. 16. The waterlights are heading for ... the light in the pocket ... They have seen light ... Now they are hungry ... 17. A world of elves cannot save you this time ... For now it's something worse ... Your mother's worst put in chess She's drinking a cup, and you think it's filled with your blood, but you don't know it for sure ... It can also be your neighbour's blood ... Her agenda's are never clear ... 18. You always live like you're not knowing what she exactly cooked for you ... Strange dinners from a mother's heart and now you're sick of it 19. No one can help you when mother makes her cruel decisions ... It's like your last joker has been

blown away by the wind ... And all the shops are closed today Now your waiting for the night ... Mother's night For the strike of her nails .. The Waterlights are heading for the pocket ... 20. Those waterlights ... in the night ... They have smelled something ... Some pale purple roses ... Now they are up for some barparties ... While no one can save you ... While no one knows you .. You are a stranger in your own land now ... And you even don't know where you are anymore ... For the waterlights have come Waterlights in tall delights Tall insectians ... too tall too tall to feel safe ... 21. It was your mother's worst put in chess ... Now the waterlights, these tall delights are heading for your home ... It seems like mom pushed a bell the worst bell, worse than a million schoolbells ... It seems she was in problems, So now she made this choice ... Or was it an accident ? You don't know ... for her agenda's aren't clear And her diaries are dark too dark to read You wouldn't bear it if you would know what she's all writing about you It's your moms worst put in chess It's like you sit on electric chairs all through the house. 22. But hey, come on, read it another time, and you will not be so shocked ... for time heals all wounds ... well, but ... they might want to take over your moms occupation ... to become your next horror ... that even one day you will beg for those old waterlights again ... your moms worst put in chess ... your last flame on a birthday's cake 23. But hey, you will survive death ... there are worse things than that this old curses chessboard ... which raped your whole family without pardon where it swallowed all colours away where it set it's arena's ... still an advertisement-clip roaring in your head ... Razorsharp like hell, dressed in old rags, She's still playing the widow ... painting the wet blue faces from the Big Coffee ... all these statues ... A woman with intelligence is a pearl in your hand ...24. Awakening the wasp, the ornament's transmission ... In pale purple screams the crime appears ... Awakening the wasp, awakening the fears ... to trace the ladders inside on a woman's thick coffee-panties.

4.

1. Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the black deer ... It's not you anymore ... someone else took the job ... He heard your scream of the black past ... and now he wrapped himself in the deerskin ... 2. He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... when the red stinging nettle clock ticks ... deep in the forest surrounded by waspnests ... then we will see the big "most" ... it was all ...deeper inside making us all deaf to the lie ... the good mask just melts ... when the wings are spread ... when the feather-pencil rules ... while the persons are raging above your head ... in their unknown languages ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... from an old birdnest ... from an ancient war you're just an object in their eyes no one really knows about what the wars are raging it's an ancient war high in the air ... it's rising above your head ... so let it go 3. Black Spring from the ornament's ring ... Black lights so thin so thin Sinister shadows in the night ... Aldebaran birds, with their big eyes ... They make the tragedy so thick they can be your best friends ... but the day after they are your worst enemies ... 4. Aldebaran birds, so soft and so tender ... so weak and so fragile ... Aldebaran birds, but you can never touch them ... for they have the lion's spoon inside ... ready to attack you ... Aldebaran birds, they cry through the nights .. like they are old widows in the snow ... behind bars and thick glass ... for the rest of your life they are birds of tantalos creating the dream ... to let you miss it ... 5. These aldebaran birds ... like everlasting damnation ... aldebaran birds ...

5.

1. Jericho ; Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the comic milk stream from Jericho. These are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ... beyond the museums ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ... 2. Where snakes dance ... in a little musicbox ... the yellow station ... breeding the nothing .. and the hard men ... in the museum of tears ... the tears shine like onions ... 3. She was tied to the book, the stories were too heavy to bear, she was a book statue, a prisoner, standing there all these years. On the back of a book, sucking the life out of her, again and again, She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds. ... And she wanted you to read the stories, so that she could catch you in her net ... So that she could wrap her wings around you, and sucking you deeper inside, while you were turning the pages ... 2. She wanted to hurt you ... she wanted to break you ... to bring you into her world ... So that you would see ... the dragon's tears ... the tears she couldn't bear anymore ... She was tied to the book, a prisoner ... of a green dragon ... And she said : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to take you into my world, So read all the stories, for I cannot bear them anymore ... these green tomatoe seeds ... I'm still a whore ... a slave of a green dragon 3. They call me the whore of babylon, they call me a two-faced harlot, they say I am the seed of devils, but I'm behind dragon bars ...4. You cannot touch me, I'm only there to view ... I am a movie of tantalos ... a movie of a vanilla desert ... [b. Who mixes vanilla tears with banana tears gets the gold.]. 5. A toy hidden on a cupboard too high ... by a green dragon's lie ... Green dragon tears are falling, his books are almost exploding, the memories of his heart ... He needs some guests to read it, there in that old bookshop, So that he can make them prisoner of his books ... 6. Bookstatues they will be, tied on the back of his memories, his diaries,so they can catch his tears, and bring them to the other side of the world ... [b. And the one mixing the vanilla with the banana makes the gold.] 7. Butterflies are flying, butterflies are crying, butterflies are dying ... entering the other side of the world ... bearing the green dragon's tears ... stories too heavy for them, they are tied to these wings, only letting them fall ... and now they are called fallen angels ... by a green dragon's lie ... 8. There are yellow dragon's prisoners ... coming from the south, from the other side of the world, they march, They are the slaves of yellow tomatoe seeds, the tears of a yellow dragon ... 9. there are waspian wars in their heads. And she sais : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to see you bleed, want to see you shattered, so that you can enter my world, to see the tears of a green dragon, the tears I cannot bear ... until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark of the wasp where the waspian dragons breed them, where they have their soft wet candles ... to be candlestatues .. to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ... 10. casino's cabman was his name ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... they are swindlers to survive ... they lie to each other ... they are green liars in a boat ... a boat with wheels, with shrieking boys clocks ... casino's cabman is the statue on the front of their ship ...smiling ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... a two faced bed ... having their loves and their fights ... still warstatues becoming business statues in the night ... they are night troupers only touching each other ... by the flame of a dragon's castle ... 11. She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She's a Green Dragon's Lie ...

6.

1. There are gamblers in a hall, they ride, They have the red eye on their heads, they fly, like tall statues, becoming the tiles of the ceilings, still strange pictures, for you and me, these pictures

move, and I'm lying on the floor, cutting potatoes ... 2. In a red cathedral, they hide the three pale purple flowers, the red eye is sinking to history, to the museum, to write the future with the iron pencil ... a winged pencil ... with feathers from an aldebaran bird ... 3. And I see yellow liars standing on tops of ships. The mummy is rising, and all banks are closed. There is war now, and soon the pickpocks will come to bring the wounded coins to the bank, the yellow hospital. When they sleep the war's lost, and tea will bring them to business to do the war under the skin ... Here they sting with their needles under soft blankets, while spanish suns blind the screams. 4. There are yellow liars on an orange stream. She's selling her Jesus Christs to the mouths of mice ... strange coins of a strange lady ... with a strange smell .. 5. She took them from the battlefields ... wounded ... and now she brought them back to the bank strange sacrifices on strange altars ... 6. At one o'clock Aquarius enters the dining room with a golden pear in his hand You cannot eat it, he says, but you can watch it, while your nuclear hunger is melting away tricks of the stomache The fat boy is getting fatter, and his head is getting greener and bigger while spitting green fire 7. A glass is spreading nuclear water, but Aquarius sends it away. Go to your room ! he roars. He's the master of nuclear dreams. 8. My grandfather is shivering under the table where he found a little chemical orange, escaped from a lawyer's suite. Please, jump into me, the little thing roars, then I will take you away Grandfather is getting smaller by the magic of the little orange, and there he disappears into the orange It is a little radio inside It flies from city to city to spread the chemical disease. It is a trap 9. There are orange liars ... rising from it ... I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body I look at my hands again ... it's like they are turning into lion's claws ... what the heck are you doing to me, I roar It's like I have a million of claws I'm looking at the fir again, but now an old tall and slender man is standing there with a tall beard I'm the wizard of the Lion's Tea, he says Oh help, my whole body is changing into a lion now And I feel the lion's tea streaming from my own heart now 10. It's five o'clock in the night It's silent in the dining-room No firs, no lions the little golden pear of Aquarius is ticking on the table It's ticking very soft and slow It's soothing my head I see all my fears and hurt melting away, spiralling into the golden pear 11. I'm still crying, but all my tears slide into the golden pear, melting away I can only hear their echoes, but it's all fading away all these roaring lions There's a lion carved in the golden pear but I also see other animals carved into it It's a beautiful golden pear It smells like pear-chocolate It reminds me of the white chocolate It also reminds me of the last golden swan 12. Eleven o'clock in the morning The pear-clock is ticking louder and louder, faster and faster Twelve o'clock in the afternoon The pear-clock explodes The end of a white chocolate dream or was it an orange chocolate ? About this the war rages Chocolate Wars 13. I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat, Riding in a new sort of factory ... Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back Dragons dreams I'm dreaming of a sun, standing between ten mirrors ... Ten men coming from the sun, Ten men to do the dance, They kidnapped us all, They brought us all the cards But those who don't believe, Will be home this night At the end of the story, I know it seems strange, The mailman is the eleventh, The eleventh of ten Ten men with big grey beards Ten Noah's on a tower Ten Noah's on an Egyptian Boat An Ark for plants 14. It seems I'm in the Lion's Confusion again I'm drinking from the Lion's Tea A woman called Marion is feeding me She loves the Red Rose She loves me She has ten men painted on her hat Trees grow on her hat, and all sorts of herbs and plants Her face is like the yellow flower That good old Licorice Still the gardener of our squares Still our hope to touch the moon Having ten little men on his white gloves The ten fingers of Toth I'm feeling his smoke in my back These are dragon dreams These are cigars of Pharaoh 15. let

our masks make us hard again, while we get softer inside ... we're building marchpane town ... Give us our pink white trousers back ... and let our hearts sink in milk again, while masks and towers are rising ... 16. Where the chessboards are red ... [b. the roses are red too ... and also the ghosts You're in a red golden ball. [c. Where the chessboards are blue ... you are blue too ...]] 17. If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 18. Gabriel had fallen. He had fallen away from so many things, when he found out about the offer. 19. Gabriel had fallen, for he found out about his own inner strategy, his own path, and made the decision to break with them. He found out that he didn't want to bring this sacrifice. 20. Yes, he would take over this planet [b. And yes he would destroy the mice.] 21. And he would destroy them, his former friends. He went to a lady, a scorpion's lady. Now he wanted to make this planet red. 22. Gabriel had fallen away from so many pleasures. 23. Now he wanted to be red again ...red again. Gabriel had fallen away from so many treasures. Now he wanted to be glorious again. 24. He heard about the sacrifice they needed to bring ... He would never enter, and now he found out about this new record, this new machine, inside. He didn't need them anymore. 25. They were always red, appearing in blue and white, building the green. His own red, he would introduce it on the green. 26. His father Troxododeron was a chemical fluid, a force binding the powers of the green together for so many histories. It was a red fluid appearing blue and white. It was the strongest force in the universe, the strongest form of magnetism based on a circle of the strongest poles. 27. Troxododeron was the chief of the Elohim, the inner power of the Adonais. He was the chief of all these red flowerfields, so enchanted. [b. But these red cowboys were always hiding behind the bottles.] 28. When you looked at it, it started to become blue and white, sucking away your energies, and giving you a new sight ... the sight of illusion ... These flowers were vampiristic ... These flowers were ... bewitched and enchanted ... to bring you into a new feeling ... these red flowerfields ... 29. Gabriel had to travel through all these flowerfields again, to the end ... where it all began ... He knew the dangers of these flowers, turning themselves against all traitors ... 30. It would be a battle between him and his father a battle he knew he had to fight since he was young ... Red Gabriel was a demon now, in the eyes of the Elohim and Adonais ... 31. He would be thrown into the lake of sulphur and fire ... A lake which he feared ... but he would reach the other side ... where he could share the red powers to the creatures of the green ... 33. He found out he was a prisoner himself .. He wanted to be his own god, he wanted to be a good guide for the creatures of the green, telling them all about the red secrets ... 34. He had this tape in his hand, Antartica, a game of business. It was a present of his father, but now he chose to change this game into a wargame. He wanted more adventure, and he wanted more love. 35. He desired to have true friendships with those prisoners on the green, and finding a way to lead them out. 36. Troxododeron was a shapeshifting experiment, growing out to be the number one of chemicals. It was the medicine of wizards. But now Gabriel wanted to mix it into another kettle. [b. He went to a scorpion's lady. She didn't tell him who she was, but she said she could help him. [c. It was the first woman of Troxododeron. [d. She also fell out of the kingdom, and was now a fallen angel with the name Rahab. She was a scorpion from the sea, a mystical creature.]]--] 37. Gabriel had found himself some lovers. A bit of Troxododeron was laying on the table like ashes. [b. A bit of Troxododeron was in their hands, and they saw it was molding at a fast speed ... She had a scorpion's egg He had his own red, and they threw it into a kettle, while she was speaking her curses, and they made love [c. ... while the water was boiling, while the egg was screaming, and Troxododeron started to enter the fragile layers of the egg ... [d. The egg was weeping, while Gabriels Red was surrounding the new picture There was lightening and thunder, and stars were falling. It was the fall for many started to hear the voice of Red Gabriel.] --] 38. There were falls of angels, and even elohims and

adonais started to fall, for Red Gabriel started to speak. Even his brother, Red Michael started to fall down, and turned to his brother, [b. while the egg's voice became higher and higher ... blood came out of their ears, and a red bible was lying before them.] 39. Yes, father, that is what I'm dreaming of these sheep ... leading me through red flowerfields ... until I'm in the red bedroom ... a red bedroom [b. and finally they will be ... sheep in the pasture ... which the red one will do ...] 40. Michai will do ... There will be a man from the south ... and then the blue son will rise to build it's throne forever ... [b. The blue sun will rise, in silver and gold, to build it's throne forever.] 41. This man will ride the snakes Snakes will come and snakes will go ... He will tame them all and ride them into the hands of his mother Metensia42. There was a man called Michai, the Mystery ... building a kingdom on the sun ... Messiah from the Troiade ... [b. The book of books, the father book of the bible It's the Red Bible] 43. He will speak his words in thunder, opening and closing the iron portals by seals of thunder ... And some will not be allowed to speak ... He makes silence and noise whenever he wants ... 44. He's the red balloon, [b. the man of scorpius.] 45. He speaks languages sideways the portals Ancient languages of the Red Waters Holding a Red Secret close to it's hearts 46. He has a trident of horns on his head He speaks in water blue and blood red He is Michai ... [b. They will burn the deserts ...] 47. The red eye is burning, the eye of sodom is here .. wandering from gomorrah to jericho ... oh jericho rise up, and gather the red ... who will be on top of the temple. 48. Herodes was cursing on his throne He was throwing women in a pit ... He was under Sodom's Curse but now his Michai was rising, his statue of red liberty, with seven torches in his hand making the swallow so hot ... He's the king of spice All these birds from cigarette, they sing so high ... they let the kettle boil over ... creating the orphan's song ... 49. How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling ... to build the bridge to Draminia ... 50. The guitar will do .. these men are jukeboxes ... golden statues ... Put the Icecreams against the hot ones chocolate ... Melting is just making music ... 51. It all happens on a red chessboard the wizards surrounding the castles ... The guitar of wonder will lead us over the river ... they were all prisoned .. in kisses of death ... 52. The records turned red on that day, the rivers turned blood ... Hot in the North, cold in the South ... while a musical box was rising from the red chessboard ... It was a matter of melting and freezing ... while a little ballerina was dancing on top ... 53. On that day when the chocolates were melting ... the face of the frog appeared ... a red face ... the queen found her toy back ..finding out she wasn't queen anymore ... the toad was sitting in the dining room of little aquarius ... with a golden dish and a golden grail while the plate- statue was a golden lion ... 54. The cooks were all frozen, doing strange dances ... Dorothee found out she wasn't a woman anymore ... She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the tops of a new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize what she was now ? tall emotions moving like snakes ... she was flexible now ... not frozen anymore ... 55. Night troupers march to darker nights, touching smaller parts, surrounding the men they call men ... While the red chessboard is melting ... the eye-rag of a pirate ... He's drinking ... and paint is dripping in his head again ... to let him be in another world ... There are fireworks in his head ... and then he goes to sleep, waking up in another world ... 56. He's dreaming of his lost son ... while he finds out he isn't a man anymore ... but a darker creature 57. You're made of songs, while the heat is climbing on the ladder, touching the high bells, for the high songs. You're made of songs and cigarettes, while sunmilk's oil is easing your skin .. It is your skin, these are your comics .. The wasps made such an art ...58. Their alarms are on ... since Red Gabriel is falling ... He's out of the game now ... He has a body of small noses, small gates like smoke alarms .. he walks ... while taking flight on a golden bird .. melting under his body ... he has to fly alone now ... waiting for that last last dive ... to the red island ... he survives ... 59. These are the songs you like ... They take you

over fragile bridges ... the red ones ... While you are touching the soft wild fires ... moving wild over your skin ... You are covered now. ... [b. It's melting on your feet, these shoes.] 60. Songcar is riding on the railroads ... but trains cannot crash it ... for it's the third day with sunmilk's oil streaming on your skin ... 61. On so many pillars this city was built pillars of tears for a new Babylon Such a beautiful story ... and you don't know it ... you're just waking up to it ... On that Third Day while guitars are raging through the night ... 62. We're heading for Edom, for Esau's City ... for neon lights ... for soft lights of the water ... We're sinking in red flowerfields ... The rose is sharp, the insides are soft ... Smell the roses by your body ... and wake up to the third day ... 63. Esau, Esau, where did you hide in red heat things are so small ... and we have dashboards in our heads ... If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 64. They fly where all faces are covered by strange songs ... Like plastic implants from the Big Toy ... you start to cry ... These are all bakerman's faces ... carrying the songs which will bring you through the night They are the cooks of frogs and toads ... 65. These women are tied by red tapes, waiting for the big strike ... their abyss has been closed by the angel of the abyss, a devil has been thrown in their pit ... They are looking for death ... but they cannot find it ... She has purple boots, and she's staring at the green. She's too deep, she is my mother ... but she doesn't have a head anymore for the abyss is locked up now by a red key 66. She's staring at the green, she's staring at me ... We are all on a red chessboard while the Night Troupers are watching They have strange songs in their cheeks Raiders come from their eyes ... on that third day ... 67. It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... and we are in this whirlpool, swimmingpool, masterpool In strange racecars we ride riding the stories, on old records the lambsteads sit ... She's smoking the fairytales This is the world of feelings, so strong it claims your mind ... to possess and possess like hot chocolate, having raiders darker than men ...

7. 1. Chapters for raising the Summerclause-Balloon. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet; Boys from Lynx, I only wore your trousers. [b. It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey snake.] 2. It was never easy for me to see him digesting another frog. [b. giving me the empty bottles filled with sand.] 2. Mr. Wasp was never mercifull while gathering the unbroken bones. The horror from the backstage is still wandering through my mind. [b. He stole my boys from lynx, and gave me empty bottles and broken coffeemachines.] 3. He stole my redyellow flags, and took my racecars away, leaving broken toys behind him. [b. While he could drink and swallow so fast from small saturnian bottles filled with purple magic and pink treasures from Bohemian Victories. [c. His butterflies were rats, and his daylights were marmots. [d. and snakes.]]] My mother is still wandering, looking for the last red raspberries of the old frog. 4. They say he will never die, for the memory is his breath. But no one knows where he hides, no one knows where his smoke comes from. 5. Some say he's the tranvestite of the black zone. The grey snake could never feel his breath. [b. Old coffee-machines do their best. There were wars in coffeeshops ... There where the squirtel hides. [c. Here she lost her baby, to a spanish warrior ... to a grey snake ...]] 6. Mr. Wasp, gather your children. I didn't break your glasses, I didn't take your snakes. The snake-tongue is the last memory attached to your mind. [b. You lost everything in a war of flies. Now you are made of suncakes on Betlehems mornings. [c. There are still warbottles in the sky, where strange creatures live. These were your soulbottles.]] 7. The injection of dr. grey snake made your soul quiet, soothened your soldiers to sleep. The black lullaby is still the bible you read from, cutting away the threatening pages. [b. Now your summercakes are dying, while you are drowning in your ales.] 8. You still wear the feathers of your ancestors, but you took the needles out of them. Oh, you lost your needles in the sands of the city of sleep. You carry seven beds on your back, you are still a

sleepwalker in the rain. [b. No one knows your name is Pharaos, drowning your children in the Nile.]

9. Oh, where are your children, oh hero from the past. You lost them all in your dreams. [b. While you stole the silver.] 10. Bugs are working in your garden, carrying the last seven stones of your pirate-buttons you used to wear. You lost your wildness, you lost your sting. Father, I couldn't follow your strange fruits anymore. [b. Still some think you are Piet Heyn, running away from algebra.] 11. They come from places too far, wearing a linen smile too deep to trust. Forgive me, father, for not kissing your sirens which you used to guard your silences. [b. I will fight to the end.] 12. Their tall tails were never my dreams to sail on. [b. And they drink their waters and wines too quick, from saturnian windchime-bottles, filled with orange perfumes and purple Arabian magic. [c. Do they drink faster than you do ?]] 13. Forgive me, father, for not wearing the uniforms you gave me, when I was young. [b. You hit your generals on the nose and gave their clothes to me. [c. You forgot to remove the needles by which mother used to sew.] 14. I'm not complaining anymore about the zooming winds in the trousers you gave me. These were the only things I used to wear. [b. Orange summercakes in brown suns with shampoo, milks and oil.] 15. Bees painted my body to protect me against the cold nights in the summer. I was your summer-child, your saturday kid. You used to spoil me with grandfathers secrets. [b. Oh Thoth, do not take your summercakes from me.] 16. I will never forget your soft embracements, they brought the tears back to my swallowed heart [b. showing me the glues of the past, the shampoos, the sunmilks and the oil [c. bringing me back to grandmothers coffeemachines [d. on christmasdays and easterdays, when hearts were spouting money.] --] 17. Father, I still feel the holes in my head, the thorns in my hands, the needles woven throughout my body, looking for my inner cellars, below the houses of my heart. [b. They are looking for the juices. They want to fill my bottles with sand and ashes.] [18. I still see aunt walking outside in the garden, wearing a carved smile, hunting the city-bees.] [19. It always soothed my inner garages, who used to produce steaming bull-boats. I buried my bulls long ago, in the garden of my neighbour's.] [20. Aunt used to carve the flowers in their horns. I still see her bathing in too hot waters, she looks like you, father.]

8. 1. How tall are these legs of the boys from lynx. They don't seem to touch the ground. 2. They are the waiters in the little hotel of amsterdam. They are still waiting for the old host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. [b. They still want to marry his sirens.] 3. They are still dragging the rivers again, looking for old drowned watches to sell. 4. They sell everything, but the prices are too high. 5. The watches aren't working anymore, but the buyers like the flavors of it. 6. The people wear big noses, bought in the trick-shops at the canals. 7. The waiters from lynx are also selling noses. They are the leaders of the blind, selling them long sticks with hands at the tops. 8. They like to be on the beaches of forest-seas, gathering the sand to keep them all blind. They are playing marbles with eyes. 9. Boy of Lynx, you knew the hiding secret of the killer-eye. Pacman was the fright of the seven seas. 10. You saw his clouds of canaries terrorizing the coasts of the planet. He never revealed his name, while burning the ships of spanish rivers. He never spat out the goldfishes he ate. [b. Some said his name was Michiel Adrianson The Ruyter, sitting at golden tables and golden chessboards with Ra.] 11. He used to curse the little statues of white saints hanging on his arms. 12. Their blue bingo-cards are still frightening his mind. 13. You always hated the prince of domino, you used to play billiards with him. 14. His cues were taller than yours, and his green money had blue shades, sharp crenated. 15. You couldn't stand his odor of innocence, captivating your houses, without doubts. 16. You always said his tongue was too tall, and his balls were cubes. [b. Do you still not know the curse of the marbler ?] 17. A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in history. [b. Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress.] 18. Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit. [b. All these cities were spoilt by the handicapped nurses of the big eye,

gathering drunk, drained saturdays on a sunday-morning.]19. Don't cry when another snake takes you away to it's lair. This is how you discover the world. 20. Little killer-eye, in bagdad you had your palace, until the spanish dreams took it away. 21. Now you're reading latin braille, chasing the killer-whales away. No one knows you are blind. 22. Your television died long ago. You are wearing black glasses, to hide your shame and fear. 23. You still love to play pacman, behind your invisible screen [b. but you are a blind child.] 24. You lost your marbles, you lost your luck, you were living as a prince of lost games in the palace of failure. Broken records were entering through your windows, broken languages were painted on your walls. Broken trust, broken games. All you wanted to do was escaping in fear and become a fright. [b. But in your heart you are a prince, carrying the games of your mother and father under your arms, in pride. You know how to play the games, you know where to put your pawns. Your golden dice are still blinking in the sun.] 25. A spanish dream blinded your sight, but you are still in your palace. 26. A little latin killer-buffoon, a prophet from the black zone, wearing zorro's sword, paralyzed your soul. 27. But the balls of the domino-prince weren't cubes, the spanish dream turned you upside down. 28. Little orphan, your heart is so frozen. The high-heeled ice-cream made your heart bleed. 29. Show me the thorns in your eyes, show me the threads of your puppets. 30. Little puppet-master, driven by unreachd trophees, hunted by the lions of an unreachd football [b. your medaillons are still bleeding in the gardens.] 31. You were too afraid to show your heart, afraid to show your empty marble-sack. 32. Running over broken chess-boards, stinging your feet. 33. Wrestling with stubborn playcards, sailing ships in a glass of red wine, drowning in cups too full of beer [b. but the domino-prince is still on your side.] 34. In the billiard-room you met the boys from lynx. [b. They always saw you as their little friend, their little son. They are still nursing the blind.] 9. 1. Officer of destruction, little terrorist from libra [b. you are still a whispering prince, shutting doors with a sigh and a shhh.] 2. You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their checked yellowgolden kettles [b. spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into sleep.] 3. Seventy lullaby-divers were entering the kettles, dropping their anchors to determine the gliding flavours. 4. Did pinocchio ever play billiards ? His lies were enough to let the balls stream. 5. Somebody's knocking on your old barn It's the ornament's prince the daydream's confession sitting on a hard day's mouse he's a good driver you admire his pears spinning like triangles in the wind good old day-possession 6. Pictures glowing on a sunday morning ... grandmother washed them with care ... they are so shiny now ... 7. Pictures glowing in the grass ... mothers garden is full of glitters now like frogs trying to get your attention ... for that what is happening far away ... in the land over the hills ... 8. And now, today, it's christmas ... santa clause is riding his horses ... these tall horses in the night ... [b. Peter Pan .. is painting the pictures ... having that strange boy in his arms ... that strange boy from saturn ... [c. Peter Pan ... is washing the pictures with fire ... like she always did with her garden ... [d. or by summersnow She's still my love ... she's still my silent witness of everything which is happening deep down .. there .. in my heart ... [e. Where an old red man with the old grey long beard is standing painting his beard white .. so white ... [f. He's tall and thin, thinking he's sandman ... but he isn't ...[g. He is the red dragon ... showing his muscles in the night ... and a young face showing his supermen in the night ... [h. showing their blooming flowers they hold tied ... all stuffed up .. by a florist ... [i. and this is why I don't want to see her ever again ...] --] 9. He is the red dragon ... holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again ... He is the red dragon ... [b. painting his toys in the night ... [c. but there's something so strange in their embraces [d. and I don't trust their prayers for sweet coffee ...]] 10. He is the red dragon sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father

while he himself is so old [b. They didn't dare to talk to me all these smiling girls ... [c. For I was in the prison of the red dragon ... [d. to have some stalkers around [e. thick dragon walls [f. Still they march on the towers ... [g. on the walls of the castle [h. singing their strange songs in the night ... [i. marching in a strange dance if you ask me [j. He is ... the ..red dragon ...] --] 11. He is the red dragon ... holding his babies so tight ... [b. and I'm still a young young girl ... [c. He thinks I am his paradise bird ... [d. I'm a yellow mermaid [e. Doing this poetry to you [f. giving you this book ... [g. He ... is ... the Red Dragon ...]--] 12. He is the red dragon and I am his milkmaid he thinks ... [b. I am his baby surrounded by watchers ... watchers in the night the nightwatch a painting ... nothing but a painting] 13. While everyone seems to like it ... while he's holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again my mother will be free again for he now knows the secret ... and he know holds the treasures ... while he cannot bear it ... while milk is streaming all over to drown the lands once again ... his lands 14. He is the red dragon ... and she is a yellow milkmaid ... screaming in unknown languages ... 15. He is the red dragon ... singing his songs of fire ... while he's living in ice deep down in ice ... 16. He is the red dragon ... red ice so hot He is the red dragon ... and he's singing his songs of fire ... coming from the ice the red ice ... 17. He was born in the nest of a lark ... he's still a lark-dragon ... he was born on both sides ... of a kettle ... a kettle of tea ... and he's still staring at something in the air ... something he doesn't want to know about ... 18. He's still staring at a liar ... something bigger than he ... he's causing so much rains in farms ... he's causing some things to bleed ... he is dragging his smiling girls to the ground ... where they pay his bills ... where they make his trousers .. where they rule the kettle ... [b. these sparrows in the wind] 19. This woman is laughing at the rain ... of the sun This woman is laughing at his tails This woman is rising ... like the phoenix from the ashes ... like the caramel from the kettle 20. This woman is rising She ... is the red lady ... she is the green babygirl ... she is the tall trousers ... coming from the moon ... She ... is the tall woman She ... is the woman from the tree 21. She likes to paint in chaos ... scratching the treasures from his knee So many liars are walking around ... so many spoilers .. drinking their coffee ... So many liars in their ships The pride of the red dragon but he's still ... staring at someone lying more than him. ... 10. 1. Thick cold juices are streaming through the street, the guitar of the snake is their leader, echoing the frightening cries of old forgotten orphans. 2. The stiletto-guitar wakes them up again, and they are marching out of their graves, out of the forgotten graveyards, looking for revenge. No one listened to them when they were young. Now they are old and bitter, looking for the toys they never had, searching for the wine they never drank. 3. They were forgotten, now they will forget. I burnt the flags of rat-armies, drank the tears of bleeding apples. I fought against the forgotten sun, and the lost caves, but it didn't seem to bring me across the river of death. Only the snake could do. 4. The Italian orphan is bleeding, painting his memories by his blood. With the hat of his father, he collects money for his art. 5. His feet are bleeding, leaving red footprints in the sand, for his birds to follow. He was born like a pirate, a toy-pirate. He was the red pawn of a chess-board of angels. Now his father screams at him from heaven. 6. Still he runs through the rain with his fathers hat, in which he collects the old widowers from the streets. He doesn't want to let them die in the cold. 7. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing fire, spitting ice. 8. Baker, spin your wine, baker, cover your liqueurs with rags. You, father of french orphans, you, father of jaguar queens, you bred the snake to it's length and stole the tower from the church by a black rat-glove in the snow. 9. Your wife was the black widow, the clock of the broken tower, and you painted the noses of your tiny little killer-puppets. They didn't need a line, didn't need a thread, they could walk with their own minds, you bred them well. 10. You are entering the chinese city, sailing on your purple golden boat, spun licorice. The old man will greet

you from his rocking-chair on the balcony of his wooden house at the bank of the chinese river of licorice-waves. You are shaking hands with the golden giants of the chinese dreams. You never thought this would happen to you. 11. In the heart of this place you find the last golden swan. You feel it's heat bumping against the thick walls of your hand, and it's warmth is gliding into your soul, waiting for a new sunset ringing in your mind. 12. You, oh prince, still your mothers last black pearl, turning from brown into white, hovering to enter a new story in japan. 13. Among the jaguars was your place, now you are wearing their suits and riding their cycles, watching the teeth of jupiter, the birth of new rats. 14. Your jackets are getting taller, your fathers whispers are getting sharper in your mind. You can peel your mothers flowers, carrying the widower's coffin. 15. The last golden swan is beating in the old purple leather bag of your mothers aunt. A little clock is located in the head of the swan, made by the black widow. 16. She is the queen of killer-clocks, creating killer-birds from an old french window. 17. The red eye of the little swan is flashing, it's a little red chrystal. I take it out of it's head, and the clock quits his travels. Now the serpent can sleep. 18. His dreams are gliding through the waters of the swan-lake, bringing him back to where he comes from. 19. I wrap the little gem in a soft towel throwing it in the yellow sea, where a mermaid starts to scream at me. Is it me who's screaming, a reflection of myself, or is it really a mermaid. 20. Do I hear voices in my head, or is a milkmaid standing before the door of my room ? She broke in twice while I was sleeping, and took my cats away. 21. Now she is standing at the yellow sea screaming in unknown languages. Fortune fairytales were coming from her lips and she ate fishes to shut their threats, to shut the old voices of foreign fables. She could turn the weather in a moment. 22. Threehundred and eighty-four rats are surrounding the castle of the red dragon, wearing the blue jaguar on their flags. Japanese delights are their specialities. Their kitchens are full of green moss. The forests are so shiny here. 23. The prince's eyes bleed, the swanlake is speaking to his mind again. The yellow princess, still hiding his tears. 24. What really happened there, in the swanlake, there, at the bottom of his broken dreams ? 25. Mummified by flower-comics. There, at the swanbridge, she brought her mummified man, sacrificing him to the red dragon. The comics were aching his mind, for they were dipped in poison. He's still reading his comics, speaking in a strange language again. 26. Sixty comics are entering his mind again, planting the red eye in his head. His mind is screaming, his heart is releasing and he hears the sharp voice of the baker again. 27. He's getting swivel-eyed again. He's reaching for his inner child, this man in jail. He's feeling his ring feeling his finger. 28. It's stinging and pinching him. He feels his ring is reading his comics too, and he's ashamed of himself. He's diving at a new ring, a blue one, but he can't reach it because of the waves. 29. He feels and breathes his grandfather's smoke of a pipe, and he's trying to break the bars which separate him from his inner child. 30. A battle against a million of rings start, but his mind starts to fade away. One moment he finds himself running between the bars, and he starts to realize that the bars aren't the problem anymore, for between them there is a gate. 31. All colors start to jump on him, but he breaks these waves one by one, catching them with his back. 32. In the mills of his mind, they find a way out and enter his heart to stir up some new troubles. 33. On the other side of the bars, they seemed to be rats, and he mutates with them, racing out of the castle on a friend's feather. 34. Darkness and fogs are fading away. A new day starts. 35. Four skaters are skating at the lake, picking up an old red doll, lying in the snow. He's leaving a world under the ice. 36. Paper soldiers are dragging the waterholes. She's leaving. He's leaving a world under the ice. 37. He's floating in the air, the red doll is smiling, meeting skaters in the air, reaching an arch of ice above the stars. He's leaving another world in the ice. 38. Under the ice, it starts to boil, until an enormous explosion splits the atmosphere in a myriad of splinters, all raging at the fat red lady in the midst of the universe. 39. The red rainbow looks in her mirror again, seeing a face fading away. She smiles,

watching a dream coming to it's end. Now she can sleep again without worries. 40. She dries her wet clothes, rolls through the white sand, entering the forests of her dreams, waiting for another split, waiting for another world to leave in the ice. 41. She's leaving one shoe, leaving one glove, to finally enter her golden bath, without looking backwards, watching straight ahead, without bowing her head, every step is silver, every breath is gold, entering the marble galleries of her forgotten dreams. 42. She remembers again, she breaths, like a new born baby. 43. She's wearing the silver secrets of the jaguar under her arms, captured in three silver books. Smoke covers the city, the orange swivel-eyed phoenix is rising from the ashes, carrying a jaguar, a lemon and a red doll on her back, leaving thick moisty juice-stripes in the air, flying to new eternities. 44. A seven-headed orange dragon called Jesus, wearing seven crowns, is entering the first silver book of the jaguar, eating the letters and purple pictures out of the book. 45. A seven-headed orange snake called Esau, wearing seven pointy hats, is fishing the brown warm shoes out of the second silver book of the jaguar. 46. They are all kings of the dawn, kings of the orange morningstar.

11. 1. Chapter to raise the Easterclause-Balloon. To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... I'm finally sitting behind my piano again ... after all these ages ... But I still can't sing 2. A giant took my voice when I was a kid My brother screamed when he took my voice out of my chest Neither my brother sang ever again since that day ... [b. He only played the piano to calm my heart] 3. The bird in my brother's chest died of sorrow the day the giant took my voice away ... 4. The juices dripping from my piano are echoing through the night 5. I still hear the footsteps of the giant walking up the stairways His steps echoing in the night reaching for the bed where I sleep 6. The giant has three daughters ... Their voices echoing through the cities ... Their movements echoing through the tv's of the houses You can see everything they do ... [b. And what they do ... is not so nice] 7. My brother's bird is chained there, sitting on a wooden stick ... It has to sing for them day and night On sundays the bird has to preach for them And reading from some old black books with silver pages [b. I'm kidnapping one of the giant-daughter's spinningwheel and race through Jupiter's Mirror heading for the old suit-shop] 8. Their voices echoing through the streets ... [b. I can't believe it, they are speaking about me They are singing their songs, echoing through the radios of the city ...] 9. It's all about me ... His daughters span the voices in their coins The ancient legendary rich ... The ancient legendary misers ... I wondered how they got that rich [b. There where schooltime was a bird's funeral They burnt my bird in their attics] 10. I remember your face, teacher Like yesterday's hell The keys to the answers lay on my dish ... Why didn't you tell me you were just a good baker ? Baking strange bread with diamonds inside ... 11. You could be my friend if you would tell me earlier You have a wonderful world inside ... Why didn't you tell me you were the white rabbit ? Why didn't you tell me my name was alice ? We would be the best friends [b. But would that bring back my little bird ?] 12. A staggers-cat called Herod joins the group He's on his way to Bethlehem to see a new pupil ... But he first has to buy himself a new coin-suit Tonight the phoenix will rise from the ashes of bethlehem your little bird he sais 13. I feel my throat tingle ... I'm getting my voice back ... You have to talk nonsense he sais For you saw this was the only way to find the answer to get your bird back 14. I got the staggers in my head, and I saw the truth It exists, It exists It's all true We are all in the cage of denial But nonsense is free running in the fields of dreams 15. I'm thanking my teachers for bringing me back to the dream They teachd me to speak nonsense while being serious with a tight face It's the face of the coin who can do this ... for people need it to buy their bread ... Another mark of the beast ... To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach

nonsense ... 16. I know soon there will be a storm taking creatures away to Oz 17. I didn't know you were a staggercat ... If you would have said it earlier, we could have much fun together But it's ok then I would have missed all these awesome and wonderful books of my teachers All these wonderful cards 18. There my head appears on a playcard They say these cards are the judges of the universe ... We are all standing in a circle ... Waiting for the moon to bath us in silver It's the gathering of the stagger-cards turning worlds upside down 19. The circle starts to spin In these tornado's the stagger-insects are born Deliriums Their speeches can't be followed They are the whispers of the universe [b. The three daughters of the giant know all about it They spin these whispers their whole life Wars of the playcards] 20. These insects appear on the banknotes and bills of society ... Their signatures enchant the world ... Without speaking their nonsense no one can understand you and you can't understand them 21. The old staggercat is mixing some old dictionaries in his kettle preparing a new language Some old ears through the mix Some old tv's and radios And even some old shoes 22. I see little fat men walking on the ceilings They have big hats and white faces Buddhas are coming out of their hats, floating in bubbles to the floor ... I know the faces of these men They all have the same face The face of the greengrocer White Fruits from Vega-South The Arabian Mistress is speaking ... Her eyes are like a tiger or a lion The rest of her face is covered by a white decorated veil 23. An Egyptian king is speaking nonsense to his people ... they all nod yes ... in big fevers for his face is on their banknotes My hand is sliding to my gun These tunnels are pretty dark and dangerous I won't take no any risk ... There I slide into a river called Cat's Fever The dogs are swimming here ... 24. The gnat's fever is a pretty one ... Neon-Glue is running through my body ... 25. The wasp's fever ... Like reading It's softer here in the deeper cores of earth than I thought ... 26. Finally I drink from alice's tea watching the nonsense of the tiger My tongue is falling out I get a new one Here I see another Lion Fever I got to weave my way to the Chrystal of Delirium deeper in the center of the clock ... I want to know Babel's secret ... The tongue of confusion 27. A cat called confusion is knocking at my doors I beg him to confuse me, to create chaos in my head For the brightness in my head hurts me so deep The lies in my head scream so loud I want to get a good fever and to go to bed Oh, how I want to learn another language This language is breaking my hat ... 28. Turn my world upside down for I'm living in a box of lies 29. I will give you the fever of a radio ... he sais His chaos is softly roaring in my head ... soothing my heart and hat the frightening tinned soldiers fall down out of my head's cupboards ... 30. Deep in the center where all the clock-hands cross I saw his face The comic-cat There where they drink comic-juice There where the teachers ask questions in unknown languages There where no translation exists [b. A cartoon-cat is ticking on my shoulder I see a sick child more beautiful than a lion schoolsick] 31. Feeling the snake's split tongue bubbling in my mouth again ... The only way to escape the land of the split talk is to talk the split talk 32. I had a teacher who always asked me where I was talking about when I repeated his own words Three big little blind girls, a Triplets, are knocking on my door ... bringing me a little fir ... Then they disappear diving into the sea ... changing into whales The secret of the trident Feeling a Three-Tongue burning in my mouth 33. Trident Wars in Egypt's Piramid Insects of the trident-sting ... Grandparents of the wasp ... 34. Where am I talking about ? I'm fainting in the classroom again [b. and Easterclause brings us always to Holidayclause.] 35. Your nightmares were there to serve you To bring you out of the nonsense into the dream-world where you are free [b. Here you can drink the juices of fairground I am the master and creator of all fairgrounds] 36. I recorded all his teachings backwards I heard the most wonderful

fairytales 37. Question-languages are running through my mind ... reaching for the apples of my heart But I don't hear anything The big ear is closing the shop ... he will go to sleep when he's home ... His wife is kissing him, giving him today's sail-magazine 38. When he goes to sleep he will dream about ships This is the only thing he cares about Tomorrow he will go for a trip around the world, sailing the oceans He's finally retired on a pension now 39. After working so long in the sailor's shop ... Tomorrow it will be a toy-shop But he doesn't care about that anymore ... His son will take it over ... You can never convince a deaf man ... [b. Tomorrow the Big Ear will speak [c. under Bekehelm's helmet..... Tomorrow the Big Ear will smoke.]] 40. A language is the other's speech-defect ... all languages come forth from speech-defects 41. I'm the language-butcher he says I confuse and cut all the existing languages and making new ones 42. I work in the tower of babel I'm the eco-system in speech

12. 1. Chapter for raising the Holidayclause Balloon. The suns are so pale there, in the middle of these tables It's blinding you, it makes us deaf, until uncle peacock takes us away ... 2. The suns are so pale here ... it's christmas in the skies and all these clauses are ascending ... spreading so many lies on television ... it's the pick pock family's decision 3. They locked me up years ago ... to let me dance on their tables spreading the lies of a green tomatoe's dragon ... service with a little light three sides on the coin or maybe more4. The suns are so pale here ... the clauses are lying spreading their bakerman's faces ... spreading their ornament's dreams tonight it's on television and then the babies dream ... then the ship's ascending like dadada's cloudship bringing us to uncle unicorn ... 5. Dreams are so pale here ... spreading so many lies all these clauses on television these lights too bright ... while the shoe sinks in the stocking ... these are uncle peacock's lights all on a leprechaun's table in a leprechaun's coin ... the third side strange road to hell ... here their hairs are burning 6. Here all smiles are fake and they do strange business and they do strange games cuyornaida corset a white boot on a green table ... with uncles around them uncle peacock, uncle unicorn and uncle one to ten ... 7. I am a table-ballerina, spreading lies so high ... spreading soothing machines ... to let them do business these warmachines ... by lies I bring them to sleep Is it the curse on my table ... [b. I am a table dancer, a strange clock, a strange spider, all in the coin of a leprechaun] 8. I do my decisions So much ashes behind the deserts ... where a white chocolate house stands 9. There's business around the big shoe, standing on the table ... spinning around like a crazy spider ... making the plants ... while the silver is hiding [b. and the gold is uniting ... and rising ... and the bananas are burning ... [c. They are dying becoming straight like blue bananas like the big amon ...]--] 10. Like the blue tables behind the streams of sandman I feel like an old table in a museum watching the statues of jokes ... with their rings so tight ... where records spin ... 11. Where dishes take flight to reach for the other day ... through silver skies the bakerman's faces will unite ... like golden rains it will spout these wasprains from such a strange television 12. The queen of england knows all about it she's pressing the people ... like newyears eveningpapers and a little boy is running for no one wants to eat it and now they're eating him ... these dogs in dark skies ... where the silver hides 13. These are worlds in golden coins ... where the bananas burn like fire ... the ashes are good bullets for the guns ... these orange guns of mr. orange dreaming on ... to the tables behind the sleep these sandman tables ... he's having feathers and fruits in his head [b. and I do not understand]. 14. We are heading for another sleep in these rippling silver skies ... Give me my candles burning tight in the palest night ... these pyramids they rise inside [b. I saw a red pinocchio ... sleeping today ... between a green pinocchio and a golden one ... [c. while silver machines were soothing them ... a blue one entered the room speaking in unknown languages ...

while the tables started to spin ... and the purple started to rise ... in this daydream's lies]--] 15. On the deserts of the planet mars ... where the icecream machines are rising ... they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ... 16. With wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by banana and spice ... good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. 17. With the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... dream on, .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes 18. By dagons shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms ... so strange it makes you cry ... while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter. 19. Wet forestdreams ... doing egyptian screams ... all backwards wrapped in snow ... she breeds the vanilla ... she breeds the lucifer fire ... in the distance there is smoke so visible ... while auctions rise from strange banks .. these are uncle peacocks horrorshows ... 20. Who takes the children ? the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... 21. All in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ... 22. Suddenly it breaks through edges to a lucifer's wonderland ... izu in the distance ... the auctioneer burns the hammers ... no one dares to walk ... [b. gepetto makes the clocks of pinocchios wood ...] 23. These are wars of the businessmen ... I was a wilder animal ... exploding into the one and a million nights ... I knew drama after drama, having them all on my bow ... spitting the cowards wrapping them in easters snow ... 24. Strange auctions circle in the sky strange fairgrounds .. circling in the skies .. watching the golden baths on high floors ... letters making strange connections ... fighting for a place in the ship ... that strange ship of noah ... where flowers have to die ... 25. When the auction hammer brings the horror ... These kids go to the deserts ... with his rings on their heads while tigers and lions roar in the distance ... and a black panther makes it coming close ... so close that you feel their teeth ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder suns ... burning sweet bars of the cake 26. Noah banker bake the bank bananas in vanilla turn them into gold ... breed them into cobras these are lies to sacrifice ... turning the machines backwards. 27. It's bending on paper ... these are liars on an orange boat ... while the yellow boat is sinking .. grasping fishes from empty dikes ... they're sinking deeper. 28. These warmachines create the coins ... I'm nothing but a coin in your hands created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... These medical days they broke me ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions 29. A liar's docter ... an animal so wild ... bringing me wilder days ... spitting sand he promised to be ... an icecream so far away ... this coin will be brought down ... with all these Jesus Christs ... and their heads on it ... 30. Throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the bald heads and the blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ...The icecream made them blue so blue ... with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... 31. This juice it brings me higher ... out of the medical threat .. I'm not a number of your bread ... Land of the lambstead ... 32. Black Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylights dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ... I'm not a coin .. I sleep at homeI don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by my own hands ... 33. The sixth wolf of benchelot ... Breathes good while you're breathing, drinking good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet. 34. These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... [b. while gepetto is rising with his black pinocchios doing strange dances

in the night it makes you cry] ... 35. ... He's just a microphone ... shivering when they speak too loud ... he's making icecreams ... like snowclause never showing up ... 36. ... Strange funerals in the flowerfields ... these are the riddles of death ... These are four drunk gamblers, while the mailman is their god ... while a bakertree is growing in the middle ... a strange sun ... a mad sun 37. They are on a travel, to greet uncle peacock ... [b. While pictures lie in the sand.] 38. There are liars on a zebra's boat ... orange liars ... doing the dishes ... for a holiday's spoon ... the banana rises soon out of it's rinds ... with two big eyes ... it writes with the golden pencil. 39. He's still the god of ten ... while the drunk are following him with gamblemachines on their back, they take flight ... 40. It's a painting in the sky ... while brother rabbit is raking itIt's the lawyer's orange ... still smoking these cigarettes on a bakerman's dream ... on a mailman's tight decision ... making a daylight's scream ... 41. And this orange still the head on a stamp of dreams ... this mailman's orange ... this lawyer's threat. 42. And it's still a strange strange cardgame ... in a strange mailman's bag written on a strange ornament while a lawyer is doing the dishes ... they burn trees for this ... this woodcutter's job 43. Making the stamps in dark places taking kids away from the schools ... these are dark conspiracies ... from peacock's horrorshows 44. On a strange footballfield the mailman is rising ... this god of ten ... while he is the eleventh ... and who follows him is the twelveth ... It's a strange bank after all ... when school rises strange tears are rolling making seas under bekehelm's helmet ... 45. The mailman is rising from the footballfield, spreading the stamps as butterflies, and then the mass begins to roar ... while the judges will decide ... The mailman he has a million arms ... while he has a bekehelm's helmet ... they are all under it when he puts off his hat, he's a bald communist .. letting the balls roll by blasphemy ... 46. For a mailman's holiday ... She lives in his bag as his tinkerbelle ... painting the smiles on his sun, these golden bananas ... with oranges as their guns ... they have orange tongues so tall so split ... 47. These deserts are in fire they were touched by a mailman ... while an orange face is rising on the stamp ... eating and drinking ... forgetting ... flying on the wings of dementia 48. Strange traffic in a strange clock ... a postman's clock ... a strange sun in a mailman's bank It's lucifer, you cannot decide ... he's spinning the ashes into stamps ... while the dice are rolling ... these are strange butterflies ... 49. They sacrifice stamps in strange churches ... waving at them until they are home ... These are strange funerals mailmen strange funeral undertakers ... working for the clauses ... or are they clauses themselves ... 50. There are strange clauses on stamps ... while soap clause rakes the skyfields ... in september they take flight ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder fights ... all happening in a mailman's bag ... 51. Charity is taking them to the hospitals ... to reach the killingfields ... these are strange ways to home ... These are strange bottles of an ornament's lie ... 52. And these rippling golden lionroads ... heading for the big faroom da bazite ... under bekehelm's helmet ... the oil is running from it ... to change the lands and the nations ... under strange flags ... 53. And our racecars on these rippling golden lionroads ... become so orange in the night ... so orange ... until it strikes the blue ... and then the towers are rising from the sea ... a strange clock ... to bring them all home ... 54. She's cycling to the moon, this feather, to see her moonchild smiling wide ... he's breeding his silver ... with a golden striped rod ... It comes from the ashes ... it rises ... when tigers go to sleep, another tiger rises ... ten seconds on a dream, it's spreading wider ... it brings coffee to the child, while the older ones are sleeping ... 55. And these golden rippling roads .. bringing them all home, together, rising for the storm, who brings them away ... back to izu .. back to lakus ... while faroom da bazite is spouting ... 56. Trips to Brannan. He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... 57. It's made from stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. 58. He has

bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... He's the wizard's son. 59. He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ... 60. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, in ornamental skies, where truths become a lie 61. It's baker on a bicycle's friend ... it's baker riding on a friend she's a mystery an ornament, a baby, lying in the skies, peeing in the minds ... of millionaires' pride 62. Oh green baby, in ornamental skies, sailing on the mysteries, peeing in the books where bakermen unite 63. It's peeing in your head like a golden statue ... peeing in your head until you lose all control ... 64. Oh sweet baby, sweet ornament sweet baby burning bakerman's skies, burning truth into lies wings on fire ... fires of dementia ... it was installed by someone else ... having the burning deserts in the pocket 65. She's grey this lady, black clothes, hair long, dancing in the snow she's dancing like pale spring ... running on the pink while pink oceans lie to her 66. She tries to understand the words i'm whispering it's coming through like chocolate ... she warms me with her tender smile she never fails when life tells her goodbye 67. She died a hundred times for me ... and now she watches ... without a grin she's tight when the lion fights ... 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby ... raise the mystery echoing right through your mind, make me enlightened by your golden bakery ... so deep in the forests of this earthquakes decision ... bringing the deserts deep inside 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch the spy ... she's stringing all the pearls in grey she's doing dishes on saturday until the children are back she's a saturday's child, watch this spy ... watch her coming from the cakes ... 69. She's bringing the holiday on pink oceans they lie to her Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch this spy of uncle baby, baby 70. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, her voice surrounds the million stars of a golden bakery in the depths of a millionaire she's his daughter she's his green orange ... 71. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, you're his ornament, this millionaire's man ... growing like a green orange in the skies ... watching the golden babies by a strange lense in his mind 72. Oh, green baby, truth comes after the lady truth brings seas of time, to think about this factory you loved the schoolboy, your face is true ... but i still keep everything away ... for my fears are sailing on pink oceans 73. The horror is there the horror is there now when these words are in silver ... now when these words can speak by themselves they're not locked up anymore ... 74. A purple orange and yellow churches with carbon smiles, they lead the traffic in baker's minds ... to there where the orange liars stand ... burning the sand ... burning deserts ... for the new books ... 75. There's an orange .. a good gun ... a good faroom da bazite ... a tankstation ... 76. They have their moonchilds and their rainboys ... on the wings of dementia ... they take flight ... still that strange cuyornaida corset ... 77. They are heading for the bakertrees where they burn the deserts for the new books ... 78. They're heading for oceans of love under bekehelm's helmet. There's a purple orange lying on the floor ... while the yellow streams from it ... it's sour ... 79. There are strange cucumbers in a lawyers suit, dancing around an orange, and strange paprika's they do the dishes ... in this land of dreams ... they sell the houses ... but the rent's too high ... they are dying on their walls, while they build their towers higher ... 80. It takes a lot of money .. to live in someone's head .. only the rich can do it ... These are cucumbers and paprika's taking you higher ... while you're dying on the ceilings, it brings you higher ... 81. The towers are rising ... with your head in the sky ... Oh, there are cucumbers and paprika's in the sky ... telling you to fly ... on the wings of dementia ... They will take everything away ... until only some old toys are left ... There are towers rising from the orange ... 82. Take flight on the wings of dementia These rings

of icecream, contracting tight, while the boys are shrieking, they take flight ... still a shrieking boys clock, wheels under sandman's cars ... 83. They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's table ... rising from the spoon ... 84. Strange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... 85. They were prisoners of a green dragon for too long, eaten by green spiders ... Now they rise like orange gold from the ashes ... wearing orange chocolate on their backs, having some beaks of parrots along the sides ... 86. These balls smell like purple oranges, while the red is floating, red icecreams full of paprika seeds ... 87. Do you miss your seed, it's orange now, to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... while the black man still sells them to the machines, they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... in the restaurant at the sea ... 88. There are thin tall snakes in their body contracting, spitting the venom in their bones, it's so uniting ... they're heading for the gold, these golden boys .. these paranoid men ... elves escaping someone's world ... 89. They are the men of holiday clause, while saturday clause rakes the machines ... Now they can work in pink restaurants, selling icecreams to the wasps ... They have waspian smiles so mean 90. Icecream let us escape from the green businessmachine ... They only work in holidays .. these green men ... of green icecream in daylights they escape ... running through the nights ... these elves these ornament's elves ... 91. Suits of liquid powders ... blinding souls on paper ships ... while paprika seeds they do the dishes ... under sandman's cars in deep deserts ... rising from the spoon ... 92. Ornament's letters, escaping cannibal, escaping the mouse of spice ... It was worth it after all ... and now your head is full of icecream ... it's cold but it takes the salt away bringing you to a new day 93. Their mouths are dry these paranoid men ... still playing football, throwing playcards ... but they never hit the ball ... their shoes become so tall, to have teeth for summer ... 94. And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... it's daylight's new begin ... 95. And these paranoid men, they look like ornament's docter ... like saltkillers in the sea ... it doesn't bite them anymore ... 96. The milk is flowing, they're heading for the icecream ... taste still a bit salt ... but they're winning the game doesn't blow their minds ... while these ornament's they're singing their strange songs of a captain and a millionaire's unite ... 97. Song of the whispering tailor, song of the shoe-side's king, they have them all in their ornament's raging ... doing the big spin .. on sandman's tables they unite ... watching the parrotfeathers and their beaks ... hinging their like teeth under towers ... rising the spoon, heading for daylight ... 98. It was like taming a lion ... on Elsefic's back ... 99. Pinocchio was a baker's kid ... and you, you look like me, I'm not your santa clause ... I'm still burning the yellow by blasphemy ... sacrifice these churches to me ... I need them as oil for my motors ... 100. I'm still one hell of a beast ... 101. There are strange shoes coming from orange kettles, while the black man moves the spoon, he's mixing the letters ... while the shoes burn the deserts ... until it's gold ... until the icecreams stream ... 102. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... it's running through my veins awakening the marchpane flowers ... in white green chocolate shores ... it's deeper inside ... a pink blue forestroad like working in holidays ... 103. Spit the sand, brother, spit the sand ... with paprika seeds deep inside ... i lost your number ... but now it's back ... 104. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... and then burn them by a scream, i want to be barefooted by the end of the day, to bathe in icecream ... 105. Burn your boots, sweet moses, burn your ornament's cakes ... spoil the baker's cat and his sweet child ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... 106. The cakes are thin like orange wood, while icecream flows through it, hiding the paprika seeds for a mission ... Speedboats are fast, to be teeth at the end of the day, hanging below the tall towers ... 107. Holiday clause sell me icecreams, and take away my pains of this businessdream ... i drowned in business, now my days are gone, let

my shoes grow, and burn them at the end of the day ... to reach deeper inside for the naked flowers, the beaks of parrots and their feathers 108. The icecream's finally running through my veins, while praying to Elsefic, I'm having these strange bananas inside ... my friends are like me ... i can only remember my name in thick letters ... 109. It's strange drugs after all ... from a strange strange tree ... where the icecreams run ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world ... these elves ... these children of bakerman. 110. They're coming from the world beyond cockaign, wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... by Elsefic's candle ... under Bekehelm's helmet ... 111. And then the cucumber seeds are awakening rising into the streams ... watching the daylight's candles, under Bekehelm's helmet ... 112. They're all surrounded by icecream ... it's the Big Escape ... until the sand is rising, building marchpane city in the middle of the deserts ... while the tinkerbells are ringing ... and the jingle bells ... 113. And still the old black man is mixing in the kettle the orange kettle ... until it strikes the blue forever ... There are snakefighters coming from the streams ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... 114. They are the wasps ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... still ornament's docters ... They have racistic smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ...

13. 1. Chapter for descending the Santaclause-Balloon. The French Schoolbook ; Cruel Heritages. 2. *And the boys ... these boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ...* 3. Glues from Crocodile, the woman with the white boots. In the land of the fake, a fake-assassin lives, all his crimes, all fake. 4. There where everything gets fake, the pain slides away, and then you're holding only that golden precious diamond in your hands ... 5. It's overflowing with liquid yellow glue, the juice for your children ... 6. In the land of the fake, a fake-dancer dances ... the mailman with his fake letters ... his fake hat ... all to make your heart in peace ... 7. Now how do you make something fake ? It takes many lullabies for that You need to fly on the back of the orange dinosaur No one knows where he lives. It takes some adventure. 8. You need to go to some libraries from Gemini, where the glues are streaming, green glues and blue glues, while outside it's snowing, and the trees produce those powders How do you make games, for these are necessary for a fake ... Ask yourself some good questions ... [b. The woman with the white boots will initiate you Tall white boots, a mouth soft like sekmeth] 9. Jesus from the Vegetable, they run on the streets of aldebaran, the terror they are there They sing their songs of clothes too tight ... But they wear their uniforms over them 10. Sharp guitars are on their side The Aldebaran Boys ... they have shining scars on their necks, turning black in the night, making a living on the ceilings 11. The Aldebaran Boys still pirates on empty shores, giving poets their swords back, running barefooted on wooden roads ... 12. With the ballgames in their eyes ... they died in the factories it was the big escape Still tearing clothes, running the stairways of old shoes ... 13. And the boys ... these boys ... they are free in their prisons ... going from sunset to sunset ... I'm finding myself in the candy-factory .. You thought your dance was over here but slowly a new dance started ... a better one ... and much wilder ... 14. A cigarette is getting crazy ... that happens when there are too many publics in your head ... but now he has the pencil in his hand, it's burning. It decorates the candy, to make it ripe for trade ... You still sell these things ... 15. Oblezea Vitrininium ... The spell you still speak out That old dwarve's spell ... nailing your Jesus Christs in the middle of a footballfield. Oblezea Vitrininium, the Birthday's Eye,

giving him a new christmas And you are the statue on his gun 16. Oblezea Vitrinium, still sandman's best trick still the horse on your father's road ... 17. There were only ashes lying on your table, muttering at the end of the story ... The Eye of Birthday, guiding the Aldebaran Boys, like Bethlehem's star ... 18. They are mixing the candy through the vegetables ... by this strange fruit It fills their stomachs so deep, like spun sugar ... like the clock of a spider crazier than them 19. My mother's zoo is too interesting but she doesn't always give me the key to really meet all these amazing creatures I think she wants to protect me For I do not realize how dangerous they can be 20. I'm still wanting to visit dad But i really need to put on my armour first I feel myself like a kindergarten-child but maybe that's better To act like an adult when I'm not is not good 21. Then I would become a dangerous animal which they have to lock up behind thick bars But where am I now also behind the bars of the kindergarten but I need to realize that the world outside is the cage and not this kindergarten it's just close to each other 22. I feel the bars of the cages of dangerous animals not the bars of my cage I really need to put that clear I'm free here in this kindergarten with all these caring mothers and mistresses 23. I'm free to fantasize Fantasy is always free But even in fantasy there are bars but these aren't of my cage ... but that of the dangerous animals' cages 24. I'm staring a lot through these bars knowing that one day I will ride these amazing creatures together with dad If we know how to treat them well, they can build houses and cities even new worlds 25. The roar of a new fantasy. I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, I'm hearing the roar of the new city. I'm hearing the roar of my best friend, waiting for me to ride him. 26. Together we will build the land, I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, from millions of years ago. I'm hearing the roar of my daddy's friends. Together we will make the land. Together we will build the cities, the tall buildings, and the skyscrapers, the hollow houses, the big balloons. 27. I'm hearing the roar of a new dream, liquid, racing on new roads to the rainbow and beyond. I'm hearing the roar of the joke, roaring and racing these nights searching for a good end

Kwibbibs

1.

1. The Dragon Candle ; You could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ... Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached your mouth ... 2. Flying Carpet, Carpet makes the stage, He makes the bakertrees, where uncle peacock bows it is your destiny, 3. When Carpets rise, you know it is your time to play, and underneath that warm warm blanket you find your sledge today. 4. It is the Carpet making memory, The Carpet making destiny, The Carpets rise like soldiers on a dream. When the Carpet talks, the city walks, To the city of The Hague, that city at the sea .. Such tall coasts .. will it be your destiny ... 5. To the city of The Hague, will you find your way back, when you have been to The Hague ... It's the Red Golden City ... where all the red raiders stand tall ... 6. These are the towers of talk ... These are the confusions making the creations .. and california will end in arabia ... california will end in arabia .. 7. The tail of a dragon, from california to arabia ... still the spice making your life worth living ... 8. When the octaves rise higher ... 9. It is the ornament, the true time's brother, i wonder about these lanterns so big ... to bring us back to bring us back today ... to the city of the hague ... 10. To the city of The Hague, In the little city of the hague ... a little musical box speaks ... 11. Still a viewmaster in dark caves of stations near the sea, while green aunts stare at all these circling faces of Mickey Mouse, still the statue in the

middle. Spinning like a thousand mothers. She's a widow spider. 12. Yes, spit the suns in the green baskets and sell the fruits, for half the price. 13. These are the towers of talk. You have to cheat a bit when you raise your voice. There's a telephone on the radio, a banana on the church, burning the money, for the insurancery rising like a bird from tax's seas.

2.

1. The Fortune-Teller ; I almost don't dare to watch in her eyes It's like falling into a thousand of pitfalls at the same time, pits, fifty miles deep ... 2. Her smile is like the mandarine, in deep extends They warned me saying never go there, where she is, But I'm too curious to resist They say she's breeding sharks 3. I'm watching the rings at her finger They reflect planets I don't know It makes me curious, I want to step on these planets ... 4. They feed me unknown juices I'm creeping through the sand ... I see her misty palace in the distance or is it just a mirage ... 5. She is the queen of the mandarines They say she was my aunt in early days, but my uncle left her, and she went to africa, to live in the deserts ... 6. She's still a magician after all these years, My uncle became too scared of her magic ... 7. She always turned into a werewolf in the night 7. And finally I see my lost aunt for the first time in my life It's like a million of sharks are staring at me She smiles deep ... You're still that little baby, she sais 8. She shows me her chrystal ball, and I see myself running through the skies ... 9. She smiles, I always followed you by watching my chrystal ball ... she sais ... You were always my little tv-star ... 10. She asks me to drink some of her liqor But no, I say, I have to drive home tonight 11. She sais : home is gone, it's now in the chrystal ball This is your new home ... 12. It's like a million of sharks are smiling at me ... But aunt, I say, I only have clothes for one day 13. She shows me a wardrobe full of suits, saying not to worry about that I immediately like the pink ones decorated with white ... See, you're still a baby, she sais 14. Hun, I need to tell you something, before you go to sleep I still become a werewolf at night, and then the sharks will walk through the room, cleaning the house cooking tomorrow's meals, and working in the garden ... I say no problem, but don't wake me ... 15. The fortune-teller smiles Where am I ? I ask ... You were far away, she sais ... 16. Why are you doing this to me, I ask To show you that your dreams are real, she sais ... I look at my hands, and see my aunts ring on one of my fingers ... 17. Yes, it's true, I say A little shocked ... Then she closes her book, And I fall asleep again

3.

1. Hail to those who received the nipplian shields, the eternal heart in Izu-Avah, those of the hybrid smiles of death. 2. Hail to those who walk the hybrid paths, in which they can move their arms and legs. 3. They can breath forever in Izu-Avah. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. Hail to those who walk the ocean heart, hail to these men who have found the multi-gender, to live forever in the heart of Amen. 4. Hail to those who have read the words of the paradise. Amen-Talgamen-Amen, for they have reached for the rocks of Belcanov, to find the golden pearl in the midst of holy-do-ers. Amen-Rise-Amen. 5. Hail to those who received the nipplian shields in their chests, those who could move their rippling scanners for a multi-scan. 6. They are the holy-do-ers on holy mountains. Hail to those whose nipples are protected. 7. In the hands of Izu they will dwell. Hail to those who have the old faces in their keys, for they will reach for Izu-Jamaica's sands, to enter the lands of Cobra. 8. They have the youngest and oldest smiles to lead them all through the valleys of death. Hail to those who have the eternal heart of Izu-Avah in their chest, for they can reach for the widow spider laying dormant in the middle of easy faces. 9. They have seen the visions of Nostradames, to become paranoid and neurotic. 10. Hail to those who have survived the strikes of Belcanov, for they have

become softer and softer, by the glues of Brannan. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. They have been struck by a fever to become healthy. They have been struck by chaos to become ordered, 11. Yet they are wild. They are the wild men, the wild boys, becoming raiders, while they are sleeping in trees. 12. They have become darker and paler, covered by chocolate, vanilla and peppermint. Hail to those who have survived, for they have been struck by confusion to become creative. 13. They do not marry, but travel from woman to woman, to become the shining hermits in the sky, while their lights are slowly fading away turning into darkness. 14. Their hands are cold and their hearts are hot, while they worship the illuminating Biezefic, their son of hearts. He came on the third day of their death, to bring them these new smiles. And they have entered through the cages and caves of Belcanov, 15. To see a new smile, floating on their faces, diving into wild waters to rule them all. Their lips are pierced, their eye-brows waved. They wear the ancient cuts and tattoos on their bodies, 16. As they head for the mark of the hybrids. They have become darker and paler, raiders of a new apocalypse. They have burnt old books, they have eaten from old chocolate, they have wandered through easy wildernesses. 17. Now their heads are difficult, made of paper, while glue and honey is dripping. They have found themselves as puzzles. They have doors in their bodies, as struck by medicine, the curse of medicine. 18. Now they have their own medicines inside, deep down in the ice. Hail to Biezefic. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. They have waited to greet Marazanta from a distance. They have watched the ripples of new oceans, where they all live underwater, by gravity and fishian smiles. 19. They have found their roots and their holy arks. They have wives like harems, like ancient kings, they have more legs, like the jellypus, they smile. They are raiders, dominating the hard spells. 20. They have lost their lives in deep dark caves, to meet the Benchelot of their hearts. These smiling wolves they faced deep down there, until the dogs of Belchelot led them out, to Izu-Kabbernal they moved their legs, while their arms were reaching for the watering skies. 21. They have watched the faces of Izu-Benchelot so deep, while faces of Izu-Belchelot led them out, to the skies of Brannan and Izu-Kabbernal, they took flight. 22. And now they swim as fishes so deep, in darknesses of deep Saturn in Avah. Amen-Saturn-Avah-Amen. [In Izu]

4.

1. They have found the dark red treasures in Saturn-Avah. [In Izu] Amen-Holy-Amen. They have found their bread so deep, in dark golden treasures of the seas and oceans of their hearts. So deep they found the portal to a new life. 2. And now they're travelling in an acorn, from heart to heart, from tree to tree, to become solar in this new sun. They have the heads of radio, while the tongue of telephone rises. 3. They have found the secrets of tax and insurance, near to the Blue Tree, where Izu-Metensia gave life to Michai and the Aakse. She has the dogs and pigs of Izu in her rings. They have the smiles of Izu-Sarsia. They have seen the eyes of Perremoth, and the trees of Peppermint, in deep caves of Saturn-Aveh. [In Izu] 4. They have entered the signs of liberty, for a new living. They have entered the halls of Avah. [In Izu] First Hall : Saturn-Avah, second Hall : Belcanov-Ra, where the bananas dwell, third Hall : Sandakov Origia, fourth Hall : Belchelot-Ra.

5.

1. The Wizard ; The Arabian palace was hard to reach, The desert was long, and full of snakes ... 2. I'm touching the portal of the palace, But then it disappears ... It was a mirage ... 3. Finally I feel hard ground below my feet, Am I in now ? No, it's only a lost stone in the desert ... The sun breaths in my neck, My shoulders are burning 4. Finally I see someone standing with a mirror, smiling So it was you making all these fata morgana's 5. I'm looking around me, the desert is gone Even the desert was a mirage, just another one's trick I'm in the palace, Cool winds are

touching my neck and back 6. My clothes are thin and transparent The sun tattooed my body with dragons, to protect me against the Wizard's eye ... They say his eyes spit fire 7. His cobra's lead me to a room, in the top of one of the palace's towers Two lions will wake over me the night ... They say the black powers will rage when the nights fall 8. In my room it's hot My bed is burning, and flames are dancing on the walls ... 8. I see banana's to eat, but I don't dare to touch them They say they are the wizard's hearts I see them beating on their dishes ... They are pulsating strange feelings into my stomache ... 9. I feel like getting drunk It's the wizard's banana-liquor They say it's necessary for a good sleep, and not to fall out of the dreamship, while sailing over the seas of the night 10. I see black licorice surrounding my ships it glitters in the waters The black sun is enchanting the oceans But there I see you walking on the water, with your little mirror ... 11. And I find myself sitting on your lap It was all a mirage it was you again Uncle wizard, it makes my touch lighter ...

6.

1. The Card-Reader ; These summers with you on Neptune took so long, it was like forever. The days here took so long. I'm staring at the little clock so many numbers. 2. I'm seeing your smile reflecting there, watching Neptunes Teeth Your dress is taller than the sun, telling me stories about a long forgotten past. 3. Your earrings are big You got them from an Arabian Queen. 4. The way you use to smoke your tall cigarettes is too mysterious to describe, a dignified kill is what you always called it. And oh, yes, you are so dignified, tempered and patient. 5. You always said you don't wait for anything. You always said to wait is to die. Your smiles reach the bottoms of Jupiter and Saturn, they are still your loving sisters. 6. When you shuffle your cards, there is no one who can say anything. When the lady speaks, everyone is silent. You know the snakes around my neck. 7. Softly you close the curtains, as in slow-motion. I'm trying to catch a glimpse of the ceilings here, but all I see is smoke and fog I wonder if this house has ceilings at all. 8. You smile, and give me a glass of strange wine, or is it liquor ? Anyway, only by watching in the glass, seeing the rubyred moist, I get a sting in my stomache, and something climbs my back, embracing my neck as a soft wind. 9. Is it your monkey or just a trick ... or am I just dreaming I'm getting dizzy staring in the glass ... You still hold it before my eyes, I don't dare to touch the glass 10. No, give me some apple-juice, I ask You say you don't have apple-juice, only these sorts of blends There I see myself sinking away in the glass You smile deep, and saying : "Come on, give it a try, take a good pull." My legs start to shake, and I'm falling on the ground 11. Your carpet is so soft I feel myself like lying in the grass I am looking at my watch, seeing more numbers growing on it 12. Your face reflecting Seeing Neptune's Teeth 13. No, no, no one can ever say I drank from this mixture, this only happened by staring at it You smile, and while turning your back to me, you walk to a bookcase, so tall, I couldn't see where it ends 14. Maybe it doesn't end If there is no ceiling, there is no top of this bookcase But I don't know, I only see smoke and fog 15. You smile while giving me a book I shiver, I don't dare to touch it ... While staring at it, I feel all strength streaming out of my body I'm lying on the grass again 16. Someone's touching my fingers Your monkey ? 17. You smile Turning the blank pages, while disappearing in the fog

7.

1. only caring about that strange hunger deep inside which makes them so immune it makes their hearts like drunk they start to discover a world of energies inside their hearts which projects itself on the path they have to go 2. like they are stang by a fly from a strange land

their reflexes are broken off ... the fly made them immune 3. yes, they are rooted in water, tighter than ground they are rooted in a new sensory experience which speaks to their mind it's like a new drug, a new medicine they are so drunk 4. they have been stung by a strange fly stranger than they could imagine ... something that flew beyond their thoughts and ideas 5. and then suddenly, like the strike of thunder they lose all their passions and desires ... all their hungers inside because it became all too heavy now they are indifferent ignorant losing all their memories and senses to go into a sleep deeper than death something is erasing and deleting their minds like hell it's the strange fly 6. a light smile is appearing on the faces of the bloodhounds they recognize this voice but they can't remember who or what a light smile is appearing in their hearts ... like a flame so light and thin they don't respond they are far away ... their reflexes have been died out broken away 7. powders of tragic lullabies are being spread throughout the night 8. they look into the faces of many flies, they are under an insectian curse ... all tragic lullabies 9. deleted by a flash their screens will soon be deleted from the mainscreen like breaking into medical powders finer than the finest strike 10. They are finding themselves on the back of a white fly again and they feel so many injections in their nerves and brains it's like getting an overdose and they fall in a heavier sleep becoming so heavy that it's like they cannot move their heads anymore 11. rippling images are flowing over them, but they can't enter it's like they are hard like stone they see a doctor's hand it's all an experiment while the images are moving the images change 12. a voice is speaking : these are languages of the fly these are languages of sleep then another voice is speaking : these are dances of the lullaby 13. a spider called "white thunder" was descending like there where millions and millions of helicopters descending to the wildest surfaces of the seas 14. a man called "rara sur" was standing on the fragile shells of rippling existences descending his spirit he was the god of slow-motion 15. hard rain was falling, while the thunders were charging the atmosphere all by strange delights 16. "you have to eat new meat," a voice was speaking 17. suddenly as by thunderstrike, the heavens were shocked open, white powder was exploding and millions of spiders were attacking 18. the river his mother is screaming and tries to take his hand but the strong stream is taking him away very quick his mother is diving in the river too but she fails to find him 19. he all sees this while sliding away further and further he sees his own funeral in a flash until a boat is picking him up finding himself in a room 20. while a friendly lady is smiling at him he smiles back and walks towards her but suddenly the face of the woman changes into a mean cynical face in flames laughing at him very loud 21. he's smashed against the wall by this sight he's watching outside seeing a world drowning ... children ... mothers ... fathers 22. then the lady is grasping at him from behind and tries to strangle him with panties ... 23. Now he saw the woman like she was older than everything, and it was like lightning struck his face ... but he became calmer and calmer ... 24. he realized that the woman was losing her powers she turned into an old wasp and was flying to the butchery suddenly the picture was in flames and he heard screams harder than ever 25. like his ears were exploding and blood was coming out of them but he knew his real body was inside he felt like his skin was torn off 26. like he was also going through a cocoon he felt so many strange powers in his eyes, like he could burn everything by his focus 27. He felt himself like a lethal wasp ... 28. "you are the seventh one", a voice spoke. 29. their mouths are becoming so mean all of a sudden It felt like they were walking on a thin wire ... surrounded by dangerous electricity 30. while a wild sea of fire was roaring under them touching all the silent beauty, touching all the fragile layers it was like he was turning into a white fly like he was in a strange sort of cocoon too mysterious to describe and understand 31. it was like

his memory didn't exist anymore serene slowmotion waves of a white ocean ... he was never born he was dying it wasn't his cradle in which he slept as baby ... it was his grave 32. this ocean is so large ... surrounding his whole being ... he breaths in the white rippling powders [while it's shivering between brannan and lapsalvania.] 33. He wanted to bring something on the market as a product of these two interests together ... He was thinking about a new line of technology responding to the fine electricities of trees. 34. He had a lab in the place he lived, where he had invented such a scanner, which could catch the vibrations of trees, producing signals on their special frequency-zone 35. It took him years to find and rate the different wave-index's of different trees, and the patterns of communication together with the interaction between these different layers ... 36. he had formed the scanner into a box which could store these energies and transform these to use them for different instruments. 37. This would be a possible way to get rid of environment-pollution. 38. Years later he had invented already a lot of instruments totally working by stored tree-energy. He had invented a tree-energy-based computer, with internet and virtual reality. 39. It became a revolution on earth, and smashed the pollution down like never before. Many factories started to switch over to this new form of electricity-use. 40. He became the hero of the society, but he didn't like all this attention ... He was glad he still lived so isolated 41. And he loved to make trips through the forests sleeping in a tent to stay close to the trees He felt safe here and this was his place he got so much inspiration 42. The revolution went on ... and soon the whole society worldwide was based on tree-energy It was a new industrial revolution. 43. Soon enough many scientists started to work in the project. A major change was coming into all layers of society : religion, education, politics, science, and many more. Wave after wave of revolution entered earth ... It was a breakthrough in total evolution. 44. Scientists were developing a system to set the moving mosaics into smell. By this system one could bring the healthy flavors of trees everywhere. Also the higher forms of smell which couldn't be traced by human noses could be translated into the present frame of nose-sensitivity. 45. But scientists wanted to recreate the nose by their genetic experiments. The frequency-borders of human organs and cells needed to be stretched out The effect of this new science was that human beings became taller and more sensitive ... so that everything would be refined deeper digested Humans became thinner 46. It was like the elves were returning to earth 47. He was now working on a project to conduct insectian electricities. And soon enough he could set the incoming patterns into visual information. 48. It was a strange mosaic, it was wilder than what he got from the trees, and it was like little sharp lines mixed through each other It was a wild dance he saw 49. And he had the feeling someone really wanted to talk to him but he tried to ignore these feelings 49. He wanted to be in peace ... he wanted rest ... staying pure scientific but the screens became wilder and wilder Finally he put it off for it was like the screens were almost exploding ... the instruments were already overheated 50. He lived in a house near the sea ... One day he got a letter from someone from the Young Scientist Association ... They wanted to talk to him, for they said that they had worked out his Insectian-based instruments ... They had developed a mechanism which could translate the insectian mosaic code into human languages. 51. He was very sceptical about it and didn't respond. A few years later he got another letter, that they got messages from the translated mosaic-codes about him. They wanted to speak to him about it. But he thought it could be all part of the conspiracy, so he didn't respond. 52. A few months later he got another letter. This time it contained the messages from the codes. He was like in a shock, for it contained some details he never spoke about. The insectian codes also told that they tried to reach him before. 53. He remembered when he first started to get the insectian mosaics on screen that these were so wild that everything started to get overheated 54. New revolutions came on earth since the codes were

cracked It seemed this new insectian technology showed easily the conspiracies ... The frequencies were burning them inside Organisations started to melt away for this was a very personal technology. It was like a holocaust People were set in fire 55. it was burning their organs away There were forestfires, and even some seas were burning There were skeletons on the streets 56. Babies were screaming Playgrounds were burning away schools churches Justice-courtsshops And the fire was spreading more and more there was smoke everywhere 57. While the new insectian computers and observatoriums were built further The tragedy of truth was now leading them Almost all other governments were falling ... Many famous leaders were totally burnt to the ground ... many famous popsingers and sportheroes They all appeared to be members of the Big Conspiracy 58. New education-systems were rising, insect-based There were screens on which you could see the mosaic appearing on one side, while on the other side the translation appeared in many human languages giving very detailed information it set people on fire 59. The world was getting ready for insectian cybernetica, and a new cyborg-structure Many famous old scientists were shot away ... A total new scientific government started to form itself on earth with many young leaders 60. It was like the insects were born on earth Humanity became taller and thinner men started to let their hair and beards grow It was like Jesus was returning to earth Native Americans and other minorities got their honour back. 61. But he was very sceptical he knew that this was only one step in identification This was only the first wave ... and he warned the people for it He wanted to live in silence he saw the dangers hanging over the earth

8.

1. He and some other four walked to a white castle in the distance ... It looked like a palace ... When they were in they saw an old woman who was like waiting for them She was clothed in white ... but they didn't see this woman before ... She held a die before their eyes, and said that their whole world was living in this die 2. It was like earth was traveling to the exit .. 3. Since that the air became stranger and stranger, and it was like a strange hand was taking over the world. 4. Meanwhile science developed itself in insect-based technology, and one was specifying the several area's in this. 5. The wasp-electricities could be caught and seemed to be very useful in many ways. 6. and soon they got these frequencies on the screen ... It seemed that the wasps communicated by holograms, mostly by cubes, looking like dice in many cases. 7. One could trace the different forms of this unique communication. And it seemed the more they developed this wasp-base in technology, the more hidden secrets were being revealed ... 8. There were more exposures of conspiracies, By the releasement of this new electricity in so many ways, the earth-temperature was becoming hotter and hotter, and science found out that wasps directly tap from the suns in different cosmoses. 9. The earth was about to change into a new sun ... and science was in a race against the clock to prepare humanity for that. It was like the sun was touching the earth, but it was not the same energy ... 10. it was a controlled and concentrated energy, a focussed energy, and it seemed there was a solar cocoon for humanity to learn how to handle solar energy. 11. Seas of fire were roaring on earth ... But one didn't realize that anymore for they were stuck in their own balls golden balls like a strong concentrated energy 12. He was at peace ... he was finally in the silence he so desired ... For all the pressures and expectations of organisations and governments were slowly strengling him ... like he was in the arms of a devastating insect ... 13. He felt free. It was like the show was over now, and he could finally live for himself instead of for others ... 14. He couldn't care about them anymore, for he knew they had to live their own lives, making their own decisions ... 15. Life would have a fitting cocoon for them and he even didn't know who they

were ... He just wanted to be blanco for now ... 16. The temperature was very good but suddenly images were appearing on the walls of the golden one .. They were rippling like a movie, and it was like hands tried to touch him 17. "Well done," he heard a voice saying ... 18. Hours and hours went on, while images were appearing trying to take him away and he knew all the other people of earth would go through the same soon he was very tired of it and he fell asleep 19. When he woke up, he saw the ball was transparent, and all sorts of insects were creeping over it He saw the images coming from them ... from their mouth, their eyes, claws or other parts 20. In the distance he saw a docter with some injection-needles Suddenly the docter walks to the ball, opens it and takes him out It feels so strange for the docter is like a giant to him 21. The docter has a very high voice, but explains to him that he's still in his golden ball, that this is just a trick of holograms the docter asks him to shake himself very quickly 22. And when he started to do it the holograms started to disappear while he found out he was really in his golden ball 23. He started to feel so weird inside ... Like his mouth was in fire ... hearing this strange song ... His ball was surrounded by golden pharao's pouring golden tea inside the ball ... it was like he was drowning in it, and he was drinking it ... setting his mouth and teeth on fire ... while his whole body was boiling ... 24. Suddenly he didn't believe in this golden ball anymore ... He wanted out of it ... for it was like he was in hell ... And he knew all what looked like to be out of the ball was also in the ball on the screens ... 25. A voice was saying : "you can never say you weren't warned" 26. He thought by himself : "Well did I do something wrong, that I am in this cursed ball now ?" The voice then said : "No, but you were prepared for this, right ?" "You knew you would have to see more tragedies of truth" 27. "The point is you were drinking this tea since birth, but you now start to realize it ..." And then the voice was melting away ... It was like he was getting stung by a thousand of gnats ... he realized it was always there, but now he started to realize it ... 28. It was like for the first time in his life, he really connected to his body ... He could feel his body ... 29. He saw something like an electric eel lying before him ... with a body so bright that it blinded everything else ... 30. it changed the vibrational structures of the surroundings and the vague shapes ... the emotional responses it brought ... all indexes of experience changed ... and it was like he could only stare at this enormous being of paralyzing light ... It was like it was absorbing him totally 31. She's riding with the golden skin ... She's sitting in the golden fly She's sitting there to let it spin ... She never takes her dreams back ... she plants it all into you ... all these voices too loud all these sights too bright ... paralyzing the rest of you 32. And he felt like paralyzed ..Like in a shock ...Watching this electric fish-like being [so solar] Watching like he couldn't watch anything else ... while the pharao's were pouring their tea ... 33. He saw lullabies dance ... He saw lamentations stand around them While Viewmasters were coming forth ... His eyes were like eating the pictures ... And these were as honey so sweet But in his stomach ... It became like rage A rage he couldn't understand ... a rage he couldn't describe ... 34. It was absorbing his mind ... and it was like he was growing into a statue ... For outside they are shapeshifting each other ... changing each other. 35. Always changing the shapes, always changing the indexes, always changing the colours Until there wasn't an identity anymore ... only an eaten soul layer by layer 36. what a strange, strange viewmaster channeling the ray of light, from high above. 37. But now what he saw here ... was an apocalyptic march of lamentations and you will look into the face of a viewmaster ... the face of an electric fishlike being [so solar] ... 38. A voice said : "you can never say you weren't warned ..." [Mickey Mouse on a candlestandard.] 39. In this electric fishlike being [so solar], he felt himself like a statue ... There was no need to switch anymore ... For it was like here there wasn't time ... 40. All hard parts were connected into the statue All truths ... All he needed for this moment He felt himself ... like a rock He felt that the clock had done

it's last tick 41. And it was like his brains were locked now protected against any split
 against any switch 42. He felt himself like being an ornament now living in a shell ... living in
 a diamond having a new viewmaster 43. And then it was like he was diving through a million
 of golden rings locking him up into this new world ... they all had their advanced ways of
 locking it up they span so fast and he watched their figures slowly spinning into a tight
 statue a tight ornament the tight rings they were ... 44. He now realized that the clocks made
 him so soft ... molding him changing him while he could never get grip ... while the vultures
 were eating like an oyster He loved to watch the pearls inside he loved to spin them he
 desired to live inside of them ... 45. In the distance he sees his old marbles They are suns
 having the colours of stones and metals 46. He's seeing the solar ornaments, the solar stairways,
 while it's becoming dizzy in his mind 47. He's trying to grasp them but they are flying
 away It's like they are there, but when he grasps it's all staring and smiling at him from another
 place ... 48. He wants to learn their languages He wants to be in their racecars He wants to ...
 49. He wants so much ... All his desires rise to the edge Is this the road to New Aldebaran ? 50.
 He wants to be on the racecourts ... to roll on them ... to learn a new language to the heart ... 51. He
 wants to race on banana-roads to learn the language of the banana ... He wants to jump over
 borderlines over red-lines and dead-lines ... He wants to 52. "You can never say you weren't
 warned," a voice speaks ... And then it's like he's melting away Into a sort of fruit ... Into the
 banana of his dreams ... heading for ... 53. A new Aldebaran ... He wants to fall into spirals of new
 suns until he reaches the taste of the fruit the core a new world to enter ... 54. he's in a
 solar cocoon ... melting and melting inside ... 55. he's melting by gold, pearls, silver, emerald ...
 like living in a diamond ... 56. A voice is speaking : "you can never say you weren't warned" 57. In
 this solar-womb he will grow ... inside the mother ... not outside ... he will be safe forever here
 his daddy lives in his mom 58. he's heading for a new aldebaran he wears so many rings on
 his fingers now ... and he sees the wasps flying from sun to sun ... the wasps are so large he can
 sit on them they will show him the way to this strange land ... Children of the Sun 59. He was
 thinking ... what would be the best way for humans to communicate ? direct or indirect ? by
 telephone or tape ... wouldn't it be much more safe when people just hear something which was
 already spoken ? then they could also have time to react to it ... 60. ... He found out that earth's
 communication went too fast It was almost manipulative ... all the need for autograph's ... fast
 answers ... no one would wait one minute for the other's words 61. and this was causing all the
 accidents ... the prejudices ... the impulsiveness ... for no one dared to slow down anymore one
 didn't want to be rejected ... 62. He didn't believe in all this society-stuff He was a hard worker ...
 thinking that only the lazy ones created society ... 63. ... he found that people just covered their
 laziness by their talkative actions ... the social strings were about to strangle the whole earth in his
 eyes he never went to parties he was always working in his cellar 64. His son's dreams
 were inspirations for him ... Such a little boys having such dreams It was still unbelievable for
 him ... he wrote all his son's dreams down in maps, and these were almost his sacred agenda's ...
 9.1. There were also snakes who could enter their bodies through their wounds, their mouths or
 other gaps in their bodies, even between their buttocks. Sexual Revolution as Inner Freedom
 Revolution, not as unclean, dependent slavery. This is the statement of our master. 2. Snakian
 Sexuality wants you to be reconnected to the divine, to the love-relation with yourself. It is the Fire
 and the Ice mixed. 3. The Python is sent out to your earth with a mighty vibration. It's task is to
 bring you back to yourself. 4. We welcome you for initiation in our temples for the highest good. 5.
 The dark spine can be connected to the dark coccyx, as a way for the dark kundalini snake to rise. 6.
 This can reconnect you to the dark genders, the lost sources destroyed by an overload of impulsive

light, the uncontrolled women-vibration and the overcontrolling men-vibration. 7. Together they form the damage-bringing Blinding Light, eating away the brain, in which a sick superficial brain can develop itself as artificial polarized intelligence. 8. It lives by slavery and 'prey'. We got our knowledge from masters. We bring honour to them for their works and love. We saw in them : They gave us the most proper gifts they could give us. Amen and Talgamen. 9. Honour to Sarsia, who brought us a light in total peace to the darkness. There is a day in the night, a light surrounded by dark wings, to bring the light back to that which is hidden, the gnosis, the secret knowledge. 10. I want you to know about the secrets of Eeden. There was a Pythonian Tree, where the Python lived. 11. This Tree was called 'Secret or Hidden Sexuality'. But Adam and Eve chose to eat the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, instead of connecting themselves to nature and themselves, and they really got raped by the snake of that tree. 12. It was a black snake wanting to rule the world by polarized knowledge, while humanity lost it's sensitivity. 13. Of course there are many versions of this story, and you can even switch their meanings. 14. Humans must find their way to the hidden tree, the pythonian tree of secret sexuality, to be initiated in our temples. 15. The forces of polarized sexuality are strong and dangerous for they spread diseases, dependency and damage-bringin group-energies. 16. You must find the serene key of sexuality into yourself, as a portal to have experiences of Oneness with the divine. 17. The Serene Orgasms from the Hidden Tree come when you are into deep connection with it. 18. It seems you have to make a pilgrim's progress, a stairways of initiations. 19. I am the Python of your dreams, penetrating the membranes of your brain, so strengthen them, and to make the fleeces flexible and multi-layered. 20. I make your emotional bio-electric bodies flexible and connected by innerlinks, to soothe and strengthen the worthy and serene chainreactions of nature provided to help you on your way to access infinity. 21. There was a conspiracy between the man and the woman. Glory to Tujaja on this day. May the good Goddess bless you on your path, and may the python guard your steps. 22. We will lead you along the hidden pythonian genders locked up in the spine. 23. Eat from the hidden tree, and find the darkness of Eeden again. Then all your knowledge can be transformed and repatterned, as a ladder back to Eeden. 24. Then the dark snake can rise to activate the dark spine and the dark coccyx, to open up the dark layers of DNA, for new recodings and allignements. 25. Glory to the Kingdom of Ra, glory to the Egyptian Snakes. The snake comes from the core of the earth through this basket and then it rises in the spine, to sink down again into the core. 26. This is a mighty vibration and there are many snakes to awaken. 27. There are stories in which Eva found the hidden tree and ate from this fruit, while she had sexual experiences with god. In another story the one who ate from this fruit was called 'Lillith'. 28. Eva and Lillith in their good forms are goddesses in our pantheon as well. They are the mothers of Life and Sexuality. 29. I will bring lots of glory from the moon. 30. I penetrate your mind and dreams as your guide and guard in the orbits and tides of the planets, coming like mighty waves over the earth. 31. I teach you what it is to switch, to transform, and to see the beauty of the spirals of nature, still showing the same colours, but then it slowly switches over to another spiral for there are also spirals in spirals. 32. Go from beauty to beauty, everything has it's opposite and needs it's opposite to develop itself. 33. This is at first a painful process but later you learn to use this pattern as a plug as a sense to call for other patterns. 34. There are patterns within patterns, and they switch. Dive into these seas of patterns, and make friendships with every tide to use them well, to channel them through your body without blocking them, to let them flow through your body without judging them. 35. See how rivers call for rivers, it is all a big mystery of life, calling forth mightier and mightier waves, until it is all swallowed and put in divine order. Give this process a chance. 36. Let the solar energies digest that what you have in mind, for a total transformation and a total new creation. And when you make the decision to accept it and use

it, it will mold in your hands, and be a stone of life's temple. Be a temple of life. 37. Let the energies roar through your spine, and let the python plug in, on the several connection-points of the spine. 38. Let the python then bite in your mind to intoxicate you, and to build your bio-electric pythonian helmet. Be ready for initiations. Invite the pythonian forces into your dreams. 39. There were a lot more trees in the garden of Eeden. There was a green wet tree, through which you could have access to the wet world. 40. The pythonian records could be found there, stored in soft wet cushions. 41. There's a story that when Eva eats from the hidden tree and becomes one with god, she gives birth to a sort of former Jesus-figure. 42. It is a sort of snake-figure but it has legs and arms. The story describes how this snakian Jesus loses his arms and legs under a curse and becomes the sort of snake we know these days. 43. However they never lost their abilities to shapeshift at times into beings with legs and arms, and even into beings with many legs and arms and sortlike tools. 44. The tree coming forth from this divine mating is the blue tree, also the Tree of Taboo. 45. Under this tree Metensia gave birth to her sons Michai and the Aakse (who became a fallen angel after awhile). 46. God planted many genders in this garden. There was one tree in this story these genders weren't allowed to eat from. 47. It was the woman-man tree giving them access to an abyss were only men and women were allowed. The boss of this abyss was called Apollyon. This is a story in a Pythonian Bible. 48. The first kundalini snake about to rise is the blue kundalini snake in the solar blue project. 49. It will rise from the Blue Tree and then overflow the woman-man abyss. This will be like a metaphysical flood. A lot of false spirits will be drowned on that 'Day', the Day of Our Dear Lord, which is actually a period. 50. This will bring a new era for earth, as the Aquarian Waters will rise layer by layer to bring justice in the abysses of the earth. 51. There will be metaphysical changes of an enormous grade, while certain mighty women will lose their gifts, and fall. 52. There were women who went to deep into the woman-man abyss of Apollyon, and they reached a lot of illegal powers and control. 53. They will be drawn back one by one, or group by group. Tides will turn. 54. The second Kundalini Snake to rise is the Great White Kundalini Snake, when the Solar Ships of the Blue Sun have reached the cores of the White Solar Shells of the matrix of universes. 55. This will be an inter-universal strike. One is able to enter the White Solar Ships for further access on the Solar Stairways, while this Mighty Kundalini Snake is rising. 56. It is coming from the core, to recode and change sexuality. It is a sexual force, but clean and serene. It comes with destructive fires to clean the core of the earth and all its layers. In this there will be new creations, and the layers of the mind start to fall to make place for the true images of life. 57. She will carry the Pink Link in her hands, ready to install it into the stomach as a seed. Soft pink fires are coming from it, surrounded by glowing layers of ice and snow in such a strength that it radiates a heat beyond solar energy. 58. It is the heat of ultra-ice, such a coldness that it turned into an all-destructing fire. She is a supernatural lady, she is a pink vulcano of divine orgasms bringing you back to memory by tears. 59. By tears you can store and remember, to give you access to the hidden tree of secret sexuality. She is reflecting the liver of the cosmos, the storage of the body, her name is Pele, a Hawaiian Goddess. 60. It is a Tree of Memory, illuminating who you are, where you come from, and who belong to you. 61. There will be such tremendous forces of heat awakening on earth, that earth will get solar qualities step by step. 62. You will see the miracles happening before your eyes, when you walk these Gaian Pathways, as a way to bring the neural Gaian pathways into your mind. 63. Layer by layer you will have this access when you stay in these words and flows. 64. I am speaking to your heart, and when you feel this connection, reply to me, to let the mighty vibration between you and me arise ... 65. Let us be the keys together, to open new universes, as a solution, as a continuation of the good life. You are a wonder, let us melt together. 66. All these new patterns, you can be part of it, as being a key in ascension .. I love you, please reply to my love, as I am

interested in you. 67. I will give you total freedom, we will have the vibration of a growing fire and a growing ice to set us both free, so that we can fly together becoming lighter and lighter by getting rid of the heaviness of slavery and expectation ... 68. Be free, give freedom, and you will ... 69. The laws of your biology are cruel. Let me lead you to a total new biology, on a strong pythonian base. 70. I want you to know that the pythonian energy is one of the most refined powers of existence. There are layers in the earth denied, while they were there for your protection. Let me raise the animallistic shields around you. 71. There are many sorts of green kundalini snakes to rise from here. They are to cleanse the blood, change the directions of its magnetic grids and vibrational patterns. 72. This is a powerful crystallizing force, with the ability to release the inner juices and sweetness. 73. It is the ornamental art, also combined to architecture. It is an ancient mother-source of the white-red pattern. 74. Strong Jupiterian Force of Ornamental and Lighter Architecture. Powerful crystallizing and ornament-forming force with the ability to release the inner lights, powders and fires inside. 75. Strong Aldebaran-based force of cavebuilding, thunder and lightening. 78. The chip will bring a new hormonal index based on new sorts of glandfunctioning by the new codes this chip radiates. 79. There will be Pythonian Camera's to crystallize this process, and within new codes of powders and fluids proclaiming immunology will be activated and secreted. 80. In the green spot, everything becomes wet.

10.

1. They knew about the frequencies of different slimes creating a total new body. 2. He always said that society was the main killer, but industry gives a chance to survive. 3. He was an evolution-freak of the hybrid theory. 4. This theory would end up in a definite link between humans, trees and animals. 5. They would produce the slimes necessary to survive the dangerous and endless future. 6. He had developed guns with all sorts of slimes to select. Every slime sort had another function. 7. The slimes were very good for farms to breed all sorts of trees and species. 8. These were implants taking place in dark underground labs by high frequencies in the form of flashes and sounds. 9. Suddenly all sorts of slimes were flowing through his body, and he felt like he was really becoming a hybrid. This was a deeper feeling of liberty. 10. Her name was Onnia. She was almost like a monster, and could do much shapeshifting. 11. The slimes were streaming through her veins, and always when he saw her he got the chills, like a cool touch in his neck. 12. He liked Onnia, and he said he would work on her to give her some really special abilities. 13. Onnia was an Onak, a large slimy and hairy being. 14. Her back turned a bit over, and she looked like a prehistoric crocodile-gorilla. He loved the construct, and would love to work on her for a few days. 15. He would ask their old teacher to come taking a look. 16. One day he came, and it was very good for him to see his old friends. He wanted to make a trip in the capsule and started to sit in. 17. After an hour he stepped out. 'What a beautiful world of ambient seas and shelters, labs and evolution. This is so devoted to the hybrid theory.' 18. The beings looked like Onaks, and their movements were so dignified, wild and breath-taking. There were rivers of slime, green slime, and black slime, and the atmospheres were full of dark colours. 19. They had experiences with underground snakes. 20. They were often much bigger than the snakes they knew from above the ground. They were now so deep. They lost all their equipment by the eruptions, and still much lava was flowing. The lava was flowing to the world above the ground. Did their visit trigger these eruptions ? 21. The world was in fire and lava now. 22. These were dark holes, with less fires, although the atmosphere was getting hotter. 23. It was like they would be burnt alive when they would go further. 24. They decided to wait awhile. And to their surprise the temperature was getting lower. They started to move on, they had to move with this temperature, as a bubble in hot areas, or was this temperature attached to a

certain time-period of a day or a week ? 25. They were speaking in a strange language. All of a sudden there were lightflashes. Green, brown and black slime was coming forth. When they came closer it appeared to be a giant spider. This is what we worship, the woman said. 26. It is a winged spider. Suddenly the spider spread its wings and flew towards them. She said she brought them to the least dangerous temple, but the rest of the temples were very dangerous. From there the flies ruled. 27. The woman started to cry : 'The gods there are very aggressive. They came from deep underground to capture our lands. We had to build temples for them, so that they could be worshipped and served, but they are very cruel. 28. Every year we must sacrifice children and old people to them. They can spit fire, and they say they are the rulers of the sun. Their faces are so cynical, we feel deeply humiliated by them. 29. 'It's okay, we will help you,' they said. 30. 'But that's impossible,' the woman said, 'they are too strong.' 28. 'We will go deeper underground to find out where they are coming from and what the origin of their strength is,' he said. 31. They had slept one night in the temple of the winged spider. It was the oldest temple of the land, and the spider promised them that if they would be in danger he would try to help them, but he told them that even he himself couldn't defeat the flies. 32. These flies were big and meat-eating, having special powers and spells. Their wings had arrows to paralyze their victims in a short amount of time. In the temple of the spider there was a cave leading underground. 33. The snakes were more aggressive here, but the woman tried to soothe them with her flute. It worked a bit, but sometimes they had a wrestling. 34. The ground was muddy, and sometimes it was hard to move. They decided to creep for awhile, also because the tunnel was getting smaller. 33. They heard the sounds of different buzzing insects, and also the snakes were making sounds. 35. Suddenly the ground below them cannot hold them any longer and they fall into an enormous web. The air is full of poison, and they are surrounded by black spiders having big different coloured spots. 36. They are sliding towards a nest of flies while their bodies are glued now. When they fall in the nest, it appears to be a doorway to a temple. 37. Flies are attacking them and sucking them. Then suddenly the flies disappear and they stand all alone, watching into the distance of the temple. Bigger flies are flying there, making high buzzing and zooming sounds. 38. Then a flying snake appears screaming and spitting fire, and another, until the whole temple is full of shouting flying snakes. 39. In the midst of them a gigantic black fly is rising, having dark orange and red squares on its body. 40. Red rays can be seen in his body, for it's a bit transparent. 41. He has a crown in his hands with different colours of gold, and slime comes forth from it, in which all sorts of animals rise. 42. 'Throw the woman in the pit of octopuses,' he spoke loud to the flying snakes. 43. And they carried her there, while she was screaming. But he dived after her, and started to fight the octopuses. The octopuses were very strong, and it looked like they were not going to make it. 44. Suddenly the winged spider appeared and stung the octopuses one by one. The fly got into rage and started to block the waterpit. He was spitting solar gasses, and the spider told them to dive. 45. But suddenly an enormous black whale came to the surface to let the capsule crash. 46. Green slime was dripping into the seas, and it was floating to the worlds above. 47. He was staring at the amulet he got from the woman, the black golden one with the green slimy stone.

11.

1. Wars of the Flies ; In the distance the soft machineguns and canons were shooting, pulsating, like liquid balls and eggs together, while soft winds surround them. The heat is intensive, someone is breathing. 2. By a wind and a flash, they are exploding into white powder. 3. Their mouths are contracting, while the venom flows into their mouths. The mountains are high here, while snow and dust covers them, where the sun licks the roofs and the ripples. 4. He has white golden wires

coming from his shoulders, while his white golden uniform is blinding the mass. His teeth pulsate the heat, while soft winds surround his attacks. 5. There isn't always much to do. Sometimes it's really boring. The webs of wild flies are worse than that of spiders. These racecars are a species of flies. There's coming soft smoke from their throats. Watch these suns they have in their ornaments. 6. The white golden sun is standing tall, while someone tall, almost bald, leaves the stages to take a boy from the streets. The Lord of the Flies is taking him to an island. 7. He's coming tall accepting no complaints. Someone gets the tall ornaments, to hang in the trees of their gardens. 8. He's a wild fly, growing undercover in so many worlds. 9. He stares at the tall ornaments growing taller. From here he can grow to the heights. 10. In the White Golden city they gather, all these white flies. A White Golden Hand takes them away. The White Golden Snake penetrates the chest, to give them more hearts. 11. They are breeding a white species ... These golden rains ... They shine through the night ... Unity smiles on the mountains ... The red stripes take them to an ocean of feathers ... where marazanta screams in pale spots ... 12. The boy has pale ripples on his body, and some pale spots ... a piece of art on plastic ... 13. White boy contracting their mouths to enjoy the white silver venom ... 14. They can do political speeches, shaking them out of their sleeves ... 15. It's thunder when they speak ... and then they greet Marazanta ... It's a mouthcontracting ornament made by seven mice ... 16. They rule the world like cake ... It's a daytime spring ... on waves they take flight ... 17. The big coffins on the other side of chess ... they smile ... It ripples like the white silver ... bringing them to the seas of sharks ... all in a Brannan's hat, under Bekehelm's helmet ... 18. On a Brannan's watch ... These boys spit the silver ... and in the middle of the nights they take flight ... Like towers so tall ... they become ... the billboards of machineguns ... the red stripes of the fly ... while their silver ripples were so white ... building these towers ... coming from the seas to live under Bekehelm's helmet ... These cakes. 19. And the man with the white golden hand, he's here, the boy's mouth is contracting ... 20. It's June, for Lazarus Tree ... flowers are coming forth ... fragile white rippling ... over me ... 21. It's June, ... time for Lazarus Tree to bring forth flowers ... 22. It's June, the second time ... a daydream watches elves on a stream ... of white gold and white silver ... taking them in ... they're from the white chocolate ... A white golden hand is what it said ... it's so erected ...

12.

1. Initiations in Pythonian Temples ; Take a deep breath, knowing that there are many temples of a pythonian character are sensitive for the following exercizes which can get their attention to plug you in. 2. Let go of group-energy and stand on your own. You are a group yourself. You don't need anyone for that. Inside you live with different poles. 3. Why not letting them switch and play ? It is your task to bring them all in the picture, and to discover all the poles you need to access infinity. 4. When a certain pole is very weak in your life, or didn't get attention from you, then sometimes nature finds it necessary to make a season of that pole, to let you be devoted to such a part for a great piece of your time. 5. Be sensitive for the poleclock. Ask the pthon to weave a clock fitting for you. 6. Let the python scan your body to find out what the weaker poles are, to reinforce them. 7. These poles become your children. You need to feed them and take care of them. 8. Visualize two pythons to bite in your neck, left and right, these bites are to make you sensitive for python energy, which stores itself a lot in the neck. 9. Then let them glide over your arms to your hands and visualize they bite your hands. This is to bring pythonian creativity in your hands, to make you flexible vibrating and balanced in using the poles. 10. There are a lot of different pythonian temples. Every grade has it's own bio-electric tattoos and so called 'spirit-piercings' all to open and concuct certain energy-canals. 11. It will help you to develop the multi-polair patterns as a way to become pythonian in your spirit and soul. The pythonian nipple-piercings are bio-electric piercings from

vibrational structure. 12. It is to stir up and conduct the deeper energies, and as a way to release overload and to protect against it. 13. Bio-electric piercings are very important parts of vibrational immunology. 14. Visualize the pythons biting your nipples in such a way that they leave a tooth there as piercing, and then visualize it as becoming a ring. Visualize that the tooth/ring has the skin of a snake, dark wet sorts of green and pure thick yellow with black rings. 15. Visualize them biting your genitals for the same. It is part of the sexual immunology when you want to channel higher forms of energy. 16. Keep repeating this meditation until you feel it plugs into your mental and emotional frames. 17. It can give you a pythonian sort of gland-activation for higher forms of hormones. When you feel you have succeed in this and you feel comfortable, visualize the same pythons, and let them glide through your ears into your body, where they can glide to the several organs to bite them. 18. Let them give you the inner piercings inside, the same way, but when you start to visualize the skin of the teeth use more red. 19. Red is a deep penetrating colour which can start to regulate and cleanse the blood also, for a better and deeper bloodcirculation. 20. The way you breath can then start to become more pure, and it can start to develop pythonian breathing ... while later it can even reach for the voice to have more pythonian energy in your speech. 21. After the organs you can start with the muscles and bones in the same way. 22. Let them finally bite the coccyx and then slowly breath in letting the energy flow through your left leg into the earth, sinking there layer by layer, to the earthcore, as reflection of the different layers of DNA. 23 Pythonian DNA-Recoding. Pythons can be masters in DNA-Recoding, they actually have deep access to these layers, more than people know. Lay your hands on your chest and visualize a golden bird on your chest, which can give wings to the snake energy inside. 24. They will fly over the seas of DNA, which gives feedback to the spine and the back of the head. Visualize a highpriest and a highpriestess laying their hands on you to bring the initiations and to lay the seed of new gifts in allignment to your journey. 25. Let them put a towel around your head so that you cannot see anything. This is important so that your old views are gone. Let them install pythonian view. Breath in and let them lay their hands on your eyes. 26. Let yourself now come into connections with the pythonian goddesses and gods. Visualize a golden cirkel around your head, while you see yourself sitting on a chair. The cirkel spins very fast and starts to sink over your body. 27. Be one with the divine. Now you can learn about these gods and goddesses to strengthen the initiations and to have access to higher pythonian temples. If you are already initiated by these forms other temples of the pythonian character can have their attention over you more easy. 28. Your aura and karma will get used to the new vibrations or will simply get rid of them when it's not for you. If so, then this experience was just a doorway to another sort of energy for your life. 29. Give nature the time to sort it out, and to bring you the energy-level fitting to your present situation. Never force energy and never expect too much of it. See it as one step to reach for proper ascension. 30. It can be that you have naturally an overdose of pythonian energy by the results or situations of your past lives, or by something else. 31. Then this energy will be sent to the right person by this initiation. When you are really initiated, the temples can easier balance your energy and send it out when necessary. 32. Not everyone is ready for large portions of pythonian energy, but by this initiation it can be sorted out. It is actually a tester and a lesson. Now the energy will find it's own way. 33. It can be that you really find yourself 'home' in this, or that you get the feeling of having a source in your hands, like it is your destiny. That can be true very well. 34. Breath in, and ask the goddesses and gods of the pythonian pantheon to spell your pythonian name. It is not necessary to receive these letters as in hearing them. 35. Just know that you have a pythonian name, and that they use it to connect to you in a deeper way. Maybe later they will reveal this name to you. 36. If you are really a 'chosen' one in pythonian energy, they will attune you to very high tones and very low tones, to have multi-

dimensional access to important places for your pythonian growth. 37. Focus on the wet spine, a green energetic line in the spine, and let it penetrate your coccyx, while breathing in. 38. They are looking for those with the red-white energy-hands. Those ones get a special initiation through the several fronts of the pythonian universe. 39. They will become pythonian channelers and will be prepared for mightier tasks. 40. Pythonian Energy will be clear and directed. It will provide self-conscience instead of suffering under all sorts of sick conscience of others. This however will be a ladder. 41. There were sent out strong paralyzing bio-electric chemicals to the heads of those born under pythonian flags. If you are a chosen one, you will get your consciousness back. 42. There will form new neutraling in your brains breaking every false bio-electric or chemo-link in the brain, to let new neural and vibrational pathways arise. The chemical structures need to be changed out there. 43. The Pythonian Front on earth will care for that, and will send your soul-parts attached to error to several pythonian stations throughout the several universes within the pythonian shells. 44. Prepare for new forms in the DNA and the membrane. If you have roots there you can develop new sorts of movements and attitudes to let new vital forms of energy arrive. Realize that these are the portals for energies. Raise these portals high.

13.

1. Lord of Insects II, Snake's Egg, Psychological Horror. She was running from one wall to the other, so upset. She had something in her mouth, an implant. 2. This she got from aliens. And now she was a prisoner on their ships. I was there watching, me, the monkeyman. 3. I took her by her hands, she smiled, but then she moved her face away. She was in pain, in deep trouble. 4. There were many others on the ship, and I couldn't do anything, for I had these implants too. 5. I could only whisper some words to them, but it seemed they were behind dragonbars. 6. We were all separated from each other, on this strange strange ship. Some mouths were bleeding, a girl was screaming. 7. She got the implant, so deep in her mouth. 'Do you know what you are doing,' she screamed against the machine. 8. But the machine was merciless. 9. You didn't have feeling for direction anymore, and you couldn't enjoy anything. It was always like when you tried to come closer to something, you were blown away by a strange hurricane. 10. The contacts were always short. We couldn't enjoy each other. We always lived in fear. When we looked too long in each others eyes, our heads were turned away by a strange wind. 11. It was like thunder in our heads, then the lightening was blinding us. Blowing us away, further away than before. 12. We were socially disturbed, by this damned implant in our mouths. 13. A girl called White Wool always fainted when the pain got too much. Then she was always laid in my arms, while I was soothing her. But then I had to go, led away by the strange hurricane in my own mouth. 14. It was like the cross of Venus. Watching your children die, while you couldn't do anything. 15. The aliens were merciless. Some begged them to remove the implants but they didn't listen. We were surrounded by satellites. If we came too close to each other, things started to explode. 16. Things in our bodies. This implant controlled our whole body, and it was not the only implant. 17. The implant was riding us. We felt like horses, turning our faces away because of the pain and the pressure. Why did it have to sting so deep ? 18. She had a tigerdog called Odokom who cared for her. He always took her away, when things became too heavy. 19. He was her best friend, but he also had the mouth-implant, and was often fading away, while the girl was in tears.

20. They were far away in space, surrounded by orca satellites, but there was growing something in their stomachs. 21. What the aliens didn't know was that the mouth-implant had a secret radiation creating a secret thing. They got dreams in the night, while they slept, dreams of a coming help. 22.

They felt fear when space-orca's were swimming along the wide windows, controlling the implants. But somehow the radiation gave birth to something deep in their stomachs. Something they desired to see. 23. They got dreams in the night of little snakes coming forth from an egg in their stomachs. These snakes had two colours switching, and were flexible, so flexible. Like they could be a key to every lock. 24. They were screaming by high shrieks, while something else was coming from the egg. It was a shark with a lion's head, surrounded by sharks with snakeheads. 25. It was taking control in their stomachs, like help was on it's way. There were dark lights growing in them, having such secrets. The aliens thought what's going on. 26. Marazanta was the Lord of insects, having a golden pencil, shining at nights. There was a small ball on top of the pencil, the snake's egg. He was interested in these prisoners, and gave them these dreams, coming from the snake's egg in their stomachs. 27. It was a strange pencil, a golden one. The monkeyman went to a hall below the ground, where between the rocks a river dwelled, with sharkships, with lionheads. 28. Surrounded by some smaller sharkships with snakeheads, all coming from the snake's egg. It was Marazanta's Egg, the egg of a black shark.

14. 1. 'Uh. I need to suffer for my Lord,' the preacherman sais softly, while he's shivering in his chair. 'There is only one Lord,' the girl screams. 'And that is Lord Marazanta !' 2. 'Chantal, I think I just got a heart-attack, please call for someone,' the preacherman sais. The girl runs on the street, and screams : 'Please help our dear preacherman. He got a heart-attack !' And soon people run into the house to help the poor man. 3. A couple of days later Chantal and her mom visit the preacherman in the hospital. It's better with him now. 'Hello Chantal,' the preacherman smiles a bit. 'Can you tell me any more of your precious stories. I always liked to hear them.' 4. The girl smiles, and gives a hand to the preacherman. The docter is also there, smiling. 'Yes, Chantal, I heard a lot about you.' 5. Spaceships in the form of lionsharks and snakesharks are moving themselves in the air above the small city. These spaceships are very large. 6. A monkeyman is staring on the hill, watching the space with so many stars. He feels the snake's egg rolling in his stomach, and is ready to speak. He knows it will rise to his mouth, to bring a story. 7. Then he will vomit, but it will all happen inside. It will not come out of his mouth, for then all this precious ink would be spoilt. He will only belch flames. He has precious rings throughout his body. He's grasping one of his arms. He cannot move it anymore. The man is standing up and walks out of the temple. 8. A huge shark is appearing in the sky, having a lion's head. The man walks to his spaceship and leaves. He's just remembering a poem of his childhood, an old poem from an old book, but he always forgets. He has the wings of dementia. 9. It was just an old man, coming out of space, bringing some words of an old poem. He doesn't understand the meaning of the words, but he just wanted to tell what he remembered. And that was all he remembered. 10. A monkeyman sits on a balloon, with a snake's egg in his stomache. These were his last words, and then the man goes to sleep. It was his last trip to the city of temples, his last words to the priests. He didn't know what was going on. These were only his last words, his last memory's from an old poem of an old book. 11. He only knew some things of his childhood, but didn't know who he was anymore. These were his last memory's. He had the wings of dementia. That was all he had. 12. Golden words, of a golden pencil, were all stored, in this snake's egg, while the shark of dementia was flowing through his veins, through rings of fire, he possessed, the things he didn't understand anymore. 13. He didn't know them anymore.

15. 1. Something was breaking through walls, she, with an implant in her mouth. Snakes moved through rings of fire, while a lionshark was in the middle, surrounded by snakesharks. 2. She had an egg in her stomache, while stories were exploding there. All they wanted were stories, stories, stories. 3. Through rings of fire, the spaceships move, while the egg is rising to her mouth, she's a

pencil, spitting in unknown languages. 4. This is all she knows, all she remembers, but these words are filled by gold. All these feelings she doesn't understand. She cherishes ... She has the wings of dementia. 5. 'Okay, stop,' the preacher sais. 'Why are you talking about priests and preachersmen in your stories, in such shamefull ways. Can't you talk some more dignified about the Lord Jesus Christ ? 6. Your stories are chaotic and you're switching identities. I don't want to be rude, but you need a docter or maybe even an exorcist.' 7. 'Pardon me, sir,' the man sais. 'I told you in the beginning that this was the story my wife told me. You must listen more carefully when people come to you for help. I thought maybe you could tell me what this story is all about. 8. My wife found a golden book on the streets one day and since then these words were in her head, and she couldn't get it out. 9. Everyday she tells the same story, and then I say : 'Talk, talk, it's very important to talk it out, sweetheart.' She gets headaches when she doesn't tell it. 10. She only told it to me, for she is too scared to tell it others, but she has a lot of headaches since she found the book. Maybe you know some good persons she can talk to ?' 11. The preacher nods and nods : 'I'm sorry I misunderstood you, and forgive me about the harsh judgement. In history there were more examples of people finding golden books which changed their lives dramatically. 12. Around such persons often sects and cults rise. We as preachers think these people need help. 13. The medical circuits cannot help in dealing with those golden books. We as christian helpers believe it is a materialization of a demonic spirit which can live in the head of such a person for several purposes. I believe your wife must be exorcized. 14. And for you both the warning is here : 'Don't read golden books you find on streets, for it can be a trap.' 15. 'Oh, thank you, preacher, can you please exorcize her then ? And do you think it had any negative influence on me also ?' the man asks.' 16. But the preacher shakes his head : 'I cannot do these exorcisms for I am not authorized to do that. But I can send you to a good exorcistic priest of our church, and he can also pray for you.'

16. 1. A man takes his gun and shoots the psychiatrist. He was serious about it. It's reality, not a story or an act for children. 2. People must die for this, and this is worthy to die for. He runs back to his satanic temple underground. This man is dangerous. Is life about a story, or is it about a sacrifice, or both ? 3. This man believes in sacrifices. There's living a strange species in him. Coming from a snake's egg in his stomache. He feels it's there, and when it extracts, he feels the shivers going through his body ... 4. It is a love and hate relationship. But he knows it's also very dangerous, for the question is : Who is stronger, and can they trust each other. 5. There's something in his stomache, alive, with fragile muscles it extracts, it's so fine, but also scary. He vomits when it extracts too deep, but it doesn't come out of his mouth, but it spreads through his body through hot rings, almost burning in his veins. 6. He suffers. Is his body the altar ? Is he part of a strange temple ? Is something eating him from inside out ? It's contracting and spitting inside, secreting so many strange fluids. 7. He shivers with these strange feelings, almost starting to cry. Sometimes white slime is coming from his navel, then he's watching it for hours and hours. What is it doing to him ? 8. He thinks the gods are just misleading, that's why he seeks comfort in the archetypes of the darker creatures, the anti-gods. 9. He has raised a satanic temple, while he loves to hear satanic music, setting him free from the prisons made by churches and temples. 10. He feels the fragile thin bones of the egg in his stomache, it's alive and growing, sometimes moving up and down. 11. It's growing into his lungs, heading for his throat. What is it doing ? Can any Jesus Christ or Osiris save him when it will really turn against him ? 12. And what if this thing just want to make babies with him, more eggs. Is he just an experiment ? Aliens ? 13. Is he just breed of an Extra Terrestrial Farm. An ETF ? He doesn't know much. Or does he just need some integration. For now he's safe in his Satanic Temple, with paintings of Apep and Seth, and all the other demons of mythology which

seemed to be just the gods of the ancestors, the older people, the older ages. 14. He knew the tricks of church history. He read about Satan comes from the word Sati which was an ancient eastern God. He read about Lucifer who appeared to be an ancient Roman god. He wanted to meet all the boogymen, to find his grandparents back. 15. What a preparation for death. Should he be judged by Jesus Christ, or by Osiris, or by Satan ? Or by all of them ? He could read it all in the book. If he would be initiated by this book, it was more impressive than the Outpouring of the Holy Spirit in Bible. If the Octopus would grant him grace, he would break out of his prison, like Peter in the Book of Acts. 16. He got a few weeks to read the book. Then he would be on the electric chair, going into history as a criminal. 17. One day a psychiatrist wanted to see him. He heard his stories and gave him the label of 'Religious Disturbed'. That was a label with which you could come out of deathpenalty, but he had to go to a psychiatric clinic under heavy medicine and guard. 18. It was an octopusian psychiatry in space, with orca-guards. A dentist was the boss ... a dental psychiatrist. He got sick of the implants in his mouth, implanted by the big machines. It was a merciless system. While the snake-egg was growing in his stomach ... 19. He lost so much knowledge, like he was in a strange cocoon. 20. But that what remained grew like gold and made him so creative, more than ever before. Like strange vegetables were growing inside. 21. It came out of his navel, and he could even eat it. It was like something was dancing inside to strange music, like a strange altar of a strange religion. It was eating him, but giving also new life.

22. The dental psychiatrist told him that the mouth-implants gave him gravity in the ship. Without it he would be blown away to come in the dark world again. 23. The dental psychiatrist said he was safe here. Fluids were developping themselves in his legs and feet, to give him the gravity. 24. There was no way to escape, and where could he go ? He was reading the Octopusian Book of the Dead, telling him about the three steps of true death : The first is the priest, the second is the psychiatrist, and the third is the dentist. These steps were to save your life, and the man could see that it truely happened in his own story. 25. The ship looked like a huge octopus. It had a pale orange colour switched by an other colour. Sometimes this colour was light grey, sometimes it was black, or another colour like blue, light blue or green. The octopus could switch and shift so easily. 26. It was like a flexible pool. And the man needed to learn swimming in here. It was like growing up again now, with the wings of dementia. 27. The man got older and older, but he was returning to his youth. Grasping for his toys from the past again, to really understand what they were meaning.

28. There was a clock hanging there, above the octopus, like a sun. 29. A clock with so many arms, hiding a spider. It was the clock of Ra. 30. When it moved it gave him visions, about gems so bright and clear. He could travel through them, he wasn't a prisoner anymore, while the sun was smiling. 31. But when it stopped moving he always found himself back in the prison again. It was protecting him against a worse prison, so he could learn to love it. It was still a relationship of love and hate, spinning a desire to be free as a bird, as a winged creature, making it's own travels. 32. He loved to read comics, trying to understand the art of it. Traveling without moving. He found out the Octopusian Book of the Dead talked a lot about comics. And it was like drinking strange juice while reading it's comics ... comic juice ... 33. But deep in his heart he felt the desire rising of becoming like the spider in the sun. 34. Was it to be free, or just another prison. And if so which prison would be the best. 35. The snake egg made him cry sometimes. How many deaths did he die to become like that spider, to move so many arms, like having wings He was longing for the Spiderian Book of the Dead ... 36. It was like his last wish on the ship he was now ... For more often the arms of the sun started to move, and he was free ... He knew he would head for a new place And the Octopusian Book of the Dead was preparing him for that. 37. Streams of joy flew through him more

and more. It was often dormant, but it was screaming inside. The feeling deep down in him was enough for him to live on. He could swallow life so deep now, like there were millions of golden throats throughout his body, penetrating the depths of his soul. 38. It was a material world inside, woven by a spider. It was like nothing was leaving his body anymore, but more circulations rose, as a way of deeper transformations. 39. He didn't have the feeling that his life was a waste anymore. The rings of fire kept the energy inside, tied to the rings, when he vomited inside. He was belching the fire through his inner oceans. 40. The snake egg made him vomit more and more, and his muscles could contract and pulse in so many ways, secreting new fluids and inner species. There was life growing in him, he wasn't alone anymore. He only wanted it to contract deeper and deeper, to secrete better and better.

41. And one day he had the golden book in his hands, it was alive, contracting and extracting like a golden cigar. How many of these he needed ? 42. It was the Spiderian Book of the Dead. He needed to die himself into the sun, where his arms would turn into wings. So many cigars were staring at him, while he was belching and vomiting deeper inside. 43. There was nothing to lose anymore. While the snake's egg was rising in him, turning into a dragon's heart. It spoke, it was bleeding. 44. 'You need to lie much,' a voice said. An orange liar stood before him. It was the cabman of a ball called truth ... a golden ball ... light yellow ... 45. By the lie you die, to find the truth, and to find out that the lie was a riddle of the truth. You may drink from the tea of lies, full of flies, touching all things lightly, weakening the grips. All lies are jigsaw-pieces for the puzzle of truth. 46. You need to lie much, to handle it as a riddle, as a jigsaw-piece of truth. Just turn it around and move it a bit, try to connect it to different pieces, and it will find its way to the truth.

47. He had the Book of Lies in his hands, the Spiderian Book of Lies, in his hands, like a second golden cigar, while so many golden cigars were staring at him. 48. He didn't know what he was doing, losing his mind, screaming in unknown languages, trying to confuse himself. He was now an orange liar, so deep in a trap, but would this trap lead him to eternal life ? Then it was all great. He wanted to live forever, to find out the truth. 49. He was speaking : What is this, is it something I can use. Then he looked over my shoulder, and saw it was me, the monkeyman, I said, now it's time ...' 50. He fell on the ground, and blue fluids were flowing out of his mouth, flowing on the carpet. 51. Suddenly he made spasmic movements, and started to roar. He started to shiver, and the muscles in his stomach started to contract tighter and tighter. Suddenly he spat the egg out with slime. 52. His head started to become red and purple. His heartbeat became slower and slower, and then he stood up like a zombie. 53. Everyone he met got the same symptoms and soon the disease spread itself through the city. It was an army of zombies, forgetting about everything they knew. An enormous octopus was appearing above the city, while lionsharks and snakesharks came out of its body, surrounded by millions and millions of small striped snakes, covering the city like dust. 54. They started to eat the zombies from inside out, while other things were coming alive in them, waiting to go to the next city. It was a golden picnic, coming from the Octopusian Book of Lies. 55. It became a cell, a strange honeyweb in the skies, while a spider came forward. He was sucking the lies empty. The lies had attracted so many flies like a magnet. And now these pipes were full. On his forehead he had printed the Spiderian Book of Lies. The spider roared in many colours and tones, making everything deaf. 56. A psychiatrist was lying dead on the ground, while his patient was smiling. He finally had a good story to kill his psychiatrist. He had to live in a cage too long. But he couldn't go anywhere for he had a strange suit attached to his chair. 57. He was roaring and spitting, screaming, while other psychiatrists ran in. They were standing before a riddle. How could the psychiatrist die ? The psychiatrist was young, not too old. 58. 'Shall I tell you the story too ?' the patient asked.

'No,' the psychiatrists said. But the patient started to scream the first words of the story, and another psychiatrist fell down. 'Run for your life !' another psychiatrist screamed. 59. The patient was spitting fire, and suddenly had so much strength that he could break the tight suit. His hair started to grow and he started to look like a half horse, a centaur. 60. Screaming he ran through the hospital. They locked him up since he was a child. 'I will burn you all,' he screamed. But suddenly there were a few shots. A policeman shot him in the heart, and now he was laying on the ground. Was he finally free now ? 61. A book of lies was locking him up. It was a winged creature, taking the souls of the deceased. It was the Griffonian Book of Lies. 62. The griffon shrieked shrill, and the patient got deaf. Now he would be sensitive for even more lies. The griffon started to shriek in his ears and blue slime came into his ear. Then the colours started to change. 63. The griffon was dragging his soul into the waters, while he lied against him. 64. The waters were cold and bright. Snakefishes were swimming here, biting him horribly. 65. He started to burn in these waters, while the shrieks became shriller and shriller. Something was trying to hit him in his heart, where the wound was, the bullet. 'Stay away from my heart,' the patient shrieked and screamed. 66. But the creature was merciless. It started to eat his heart, while his soul turned blue. He got locked up in himself. he couldn't move anymore, and couldn't digest. He was growing and growing, until he was a big blue balloon, and then he burst into explosion, while a slimy fluid flew out of him. 67. Millions of fishes started to drink from this fluid and ate the last pieces of his soul completely. Now his spirit began to rise in anger and fear. 68. His spirit was flexible, like coming from a snake's egg. From here the stories were flowing, and that was which they desired ... stories flowing from his books of lies There, deep down in his spirit ... he bore a book of lies they desired it was a wanted golden cigar ... 69. They would tear his spirit until they would have reached this book. It was the heart of his spirit, and they desired it like golden water. 70. All these fishes, there deep down in the waters of hell, would fight about this golden cigar. 71. It would be like the last Great War, the final medicine, for another Deception, the greatest of all.

72. The book was covered by a pyramid so bright. Many fishes died by only watching it. Others started to bleed or vomit. Only a few of these fishes would survive the appearance of this pyramid. 73. It was the guard of the book. Lightning was flashing, deep thick thunder was speaking, while something was ripping the flesh of the victims like raking the sun. 74. These fishes knew what fear was, but they had to go inside. It was there last chance to survive. For the Griffon hunter was after them. 75. Glass was exploding, something was breaking through the walls, merciless. It was the Griffon hunter. He wanted the book. 76. It was the Flyian Book of Lies, the heart of this patient's spirit. But the Book was attached to another Book : The Flyian Book of Dead. Another golden cigar. 77. And if they would be separated, many would die. But the Griffon Hunter had to separate it with his sword, and many fishes died, exploding in the sunlight. 78. Quickly he stang his sword into the Flyian Book of Lies, while now the spirit of the patient was dying. Dark creatures came to take the shatters away. It seemed the Griffon hunter had won the war, and took the Flyian Book of Lies into his mouth. 79. Roaring he swallowed it, while flies started to break into pieces.

80. Everything around him was melting away. Now he had many golden cigars on his shoulders, but this golden cigar was most dear to him. It was sinking into his stomach. He didn't dare to speak for awhile. 'Yes,' the man in the chair said, while turning around, 'the breasts of women are made of this Book of Lies.' 81. The girl was shaking her head. 'Uncle, you're crazy. No one would create a story like this.' Uncle smiled. He was an orange liar. 82. Orange liars were old men deeply initiated in the books of lies. It was a sort of cult, and once in awhile they came together. They knew the secrets of the anatomy, the body, and they had strange buildings called zebra's boats. They were the guards of

the golden cigars, and they made all the decisions. 83. Someone was sitting with the Sharkian Book of Lies in his mouth. It was shooting pictures in his head. He just came from the dentist, and now he sat with this implant, a prison. The dentist said it was good for him. But now he wanted revenge. A shark with a lion's head was staring at him, with so many snakesharks surrounding him. They were ready for the Big Strike.

Kjebbih Sapur

1.

1. Raising the Vibes of Sleep by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. You are loved by us. We bring you the sources of sleep, a multi-delta vibration. 2. The delta brain-vibration is necessary for sleep, but we tell you that there are many more vibrations working together to produce sleep. 3. The deep vibrational matrixes are necessary to access when you want to have a deeper and better sleep. This is your portal to travel to other worlds. 4. I want you to learn how to care. It is all based on sleep. If you can make people into sleep, then you are a good one. 5. Then don't think you are boring, you just have the ability to bring people over into the deeper worlds, then you are someone usefull in escapes. 6. You, my beloved ones, are destined to be the stargates and the divine portals for the coming times. 7. You yourself can be the matrixes for a new world. 8. Love to you, oh visitors of the temple. I will initiate you in the temples of me, if you have an ear of understanding. 9. If you will slow down your very judgements, for true judgement always goes slow, on low vibration. 10. This world is over-judged by unrighteous judges. I will give you the names. If it comes to that. 11. Just wake up out of your historical frames, and enter a new society of sleepwalkers, on slow vibrations, for this world balances on the edge of the gap by speed. 12. Your speed will cause more accidents if you don't slow down. Think twice. 13. I am Sekmeth, your beloved one. I am your true mother, raising the traffic lights in the storm. 14. Yes, I know it's not easy to stop while you feel a mighty storm in your back. 15. Your society even manipulates you to run, to be a winner. But you will win when you will find yourself, and when you find the brake in your heart Pull that little trigger, and stop the machine 16. To see the beauty of existence, the beauty of life, in the small things Then I will raise your vibrations to the proper gifts. 17. I am Sekmeth, your source for freedom, to find an isolated heart. 18. There are so many isolated sources from which you can drink when you make yourself free. 19. In this everything you need will be mirrored. 20. I want to thank you for listening to me, this day. Remember my words as the echo of your need to sleep. Don't crash your life.

2.

1. Raising the Vibes of Identification, by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. I want you to know that someone cares about you. There's no need to be general, but I want to be very personal with you. 2. Remember that I'm always around you, not far away, to hide my children, to hide my beloved ones. Come into my caves of sleep, and I will pull you to a new world. 3. Let me give you my ornaments based on your own preparation and readiness, based on your heart's desire. I will measure your heart by proper laws. 4. This is the Egyptian Art. In our temples there are many searchers and scanners, many scales and measurings the hearts need to go through. 5. By this we can determine the gifts to you. Then everything becomes very personal and special. 6. My temples of sleep are doorways to dreamworlds, and to the unconscious layers of your body, soul and spirits. 7. This all the get grip on yourself. There are nighttimes in someone's life, all to find themselves back. 8. The warm worlds of tomorrow will suck you inside to eat you as a fruit. Of course this can look cold to

you, and maybe even painful, but it's the butterfly's transformation. 9. You will be digested by the stomach of Mother Life, to find your way to the body soul and spirit, and finally to meet yourself, as the core of life. 10. This will be a shock or a comfort. People who think too low about themselves will meet a comforting spirit, and people who think too high about themselves will meet a shocking spirit themselves but this mirror is only there to serve you. 11. To show you where you are and which directions you can go. There is always freedom, but this freedom will be very truthfull. After every pathway of lie, there will be a bell of truth, and then you will find yourself in the classroom again. 12. Mother Life will always be faithfull if it comes to that. After the trip you made you will hear the schoolbell, where there will be a proper evaluation of all the elements in your trip. 13. Then you will make that same trip with a proper mirror, and in my scale. Everything will go through the scanner, all you brought with you. I cannot assure you that everything will stay on it's feet then, for my fires can also consume the fruits. All what you create is a gift to the Goddesses. 14. They will return it to you after the fire. I am the Eye of Ra, sent out to consume the earth, to test all the insides.

3.

1. I am Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. I come to bring you the level of the waters, the rythm of the water, to enter in a deeper sleep for a deeper identification. 2. There will be a new clock in the heart of earth. 3. This will be when the Forces of Vega-South will connect to the Gaian Forces in the core of the Earth. This link will create the New Clock. 4. By this Earth will face higher evolutional shifts, which will bring the Earth through matrixes of higher and lower vibrations. 5. I cannot tell you the grip this will have in the universe, for some strong links will be layed between Earth and Venus, to bring the magnetic grids into another direction. 6. Major changes this will bring in the ways of life. New cultures and new religions will rise because of this major shift. 7. There will be supernatural changes of a high grade when this chain is layed. It is the VSG-Chain [Vega-South and Gaia]. I cannot tell you the grip this will have when the VSG-Clock will start to send chrystalline impulses into the universe and the atmosphere. 8. It will be the change of nature. The Clock will awaken the metallic sources of the earth and it's forces, and will awaken the silver kundalini snake in the earth's core. 9. There are seven kundalini-snakes there, waiting to be awakened. The Silver Kundalini Snake is one of the biggest mysteries of this universe. The last word isn't spoken about this. When the Silver strikes, the earth can digest again, deeper than ever, it can consume like a fire, and transform the dust. 10. Then the body can be coccooned to become a light and thin butterfly again. The body will bloom by the soul, by a reconnection of art. 11. This is a result when the underground of Boston will rise. This is a capsule, on which Boston is built, a matrix of energies from the moon. This base is called "Moonchild", and it rides the Silver Kundalini Snake. 12. By the hardest strike, the opening of the hardest energies, the softest circles will be opened. This all will be a very large process to reopen and accelerate the fleeces of the universe. 13. Then the Green Kundalini Snake will be awakened in the Core of the Earth. This one will restore the moist in the atmosphere. 14. It is a wet forest-force, which will change the blood of the Earth, to make it bound to higher vibrational laws of the universe. The harmfull lights from outer space roaring on earth will be filtered out, but the forces will concentrate on several bases, which will give tremendous energy-actions and crashes on several points. 15. It will be called Concentrated Energy. These powerpoints will weave their nets around the earth, but actually they will awaken the higher forms of shifts earth has to make.

4.

1. Boa Constrictorian Initiations ; These are general instructions which might get the attention of several boa-constriction fronts to pick you up in spirit. 2. Don't have too high expectations for the conditions are strict. 3. If it's not for you, they simply will not give any attention at all. This is just a test then, for you to find out where you stand. 4. If it's not for you, it might be a portal to find another direction. It might attract the beings simply destined for you, to help you in your further progress. 5. So don't be too focussed on the boa constrictor itself, but rather be open for initiations in the next step of your sacred journey. Your totems will find you when it is time. 6. Breath in, and put your hands crossed on your knees for awhile., and then draw them slowly to the upper legs while stretching and straightening your back, if that's possible, while breathing in deep. 7. Say the word "Boa Constrictor" in your mind, a few times. You might get released from some energies. This will be a check. They check if you are ready for what you or they have in mind ... 8. Boa Constrictors have a very strong spirit-voice, but just lay your hand on your heart and listen. 9. Don't focus too much on one sense for they can communicate in many ways. Check your feelings, your smell, your sight. They can even speak by changing your surroundings in a way, or just by silence. 10. They might need to remove things first, and sometimes it takes nights and nights before they really do something. 11. Swallow a few times, as they can mix their energies in the moist of your mouth, and by swallowing it, it can spread over your body. Breath in again, realizing they can change your taste, change the way you move and speak, but they can also just leave you the way you are. 12. The inner works they do are not always to be felt. Sometimes they just don't want you to. They might want to build it up step by step, or they see there's something else for you. 13. This is not always that what you have in mind. Be assured that they know what is the best for you, we are talking about the Boa Constrictorian Divine World of course. 14. These are Boa Constrictorian Gods, Goddesses, Ascended Masters, Guides, Guards, Totems, however you call them. 15. They will leave the amounts of energies best fitting to you, in form of attunements. 16. Your mind can start to come at other tracks or they will bring you in new situations worthy to be the next step in your learning process here on earth. 17. They can let you meet new people as keys for the rest for your life. That doesn't mean that these people necessarily stay long with you, but they can have an impact or a factor bringing you through new spiritual doorways. 18. Maybe you even do not like these persons, but the divine world knows what they open in you. Energies accelerate other energies. 19. Visualize the hand of a boa constrictorian highpriest on your forehead, and breath in. He says : I cannot assure you you will get what you want, but I can assure you you get what you need. 20. This is not always in line with your desire, as the divine works not by desire but by needs. If your heart resonate with our hearts, you now receive a proper initiation in the fronttemple of the Boa Constrictorian Realms. 21. If you were already there, then it just adds to that, and if that's your destination it will bring you deeper. Receive your grade, receive what you are worth. We will assure you that if we see grades you are not worthy to wear, we will take it off, for it would only harm your soul, when it's done in impulsiveness and egoism. 22. Visualize a simple temple of the Boa Constrictorian Realms and let your visions resonate with theirs. Be One. 23. Of course there can be interactions. The Boa Constrictorians have their layers of different energies, and you have these too ... The divine will sort out where you can plug into each other, for deep DNA-Mutations. 24. After this they can do DNA-recodings of Boa Constrictorian nature in you when and where necessary. Never force these interactions, just watch the flow. Give it time. 25. Don't be afraid for it either, for your guides are always with you to draw you back when they think they need to do that. Everything is in Divine Order. 26. Your guides work together with the Boa Constrictorian, for otherwise they wouldn't bring you here. And you might discover you have a Boa Constrictorian Guide as well. Do you know how many guides you have, and what their roots are ? 27. You might

be surprised at times. Further you have a mind on yourself. Your guides need to grant you space and freedom of your own will. You are free, now and forever. Be well.

5.

1. The California Key by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra, this is your goddess Sekmeth, in your travel to the sensations of speed and slow-motion. 2. As you know the secret of movement lies in the switch between these two poles. 3. Here we can find the secret of control and reach, in a very accurate sense. 4. My children, my good children, I want you to know, that I am so happy for you today. This is a new moment of contact by my channel. 5. I will always find my way to speak to you, and sometimes there are breakthroughs. 6. Let me code your head into a new pattern of ascension, in a new rhythm of soft pop. 7. I will give you the songs, I will use my channels, in which your thoughts can transform into serenity. 8. There are serene lifestyles for you, if you would only reach out. I will give you a new touch, a new handle, a new name, if you will follow me for accurate instructions. 9. There will be a wet transformation, which will enter the dry parts of your life. It will turn your life upside down a bit, but your body will get used to it. 10. The wet forces of the forest will claim their rights back in this world. 11. I want you to focus on California, where a spirit lives called 'Dreamburial'. This is not always a good spirit, it is a very confused one, so to speak. 12. My sons and daughters, I want you to realize that this jaguar will be a major key in the position earth will get in the dance of the planets. 13. We are travellers of something which is called The Urban Renewal. California will play a big part in that, because of the spirit. 14. Confusion is creativity. It mixes all sorts of things, and walks away with other things. It is totally restless in search for the truth. 15. It moves, it tries, it mixes and will never stay somewhere or set a stone. It is wild, and ever changing. It is thirsty and unsatisfied with a lot of things. 16. In softness you sink, and it brings you to sweetness, where you have fuel for creativity ... This is the Sirius-Venus Link, as mentioned by the Purple Gnat in one of his works. 17. We are grateful to him, for bringing us the maps. Many channels and guides drink from his sources, and are in the ability to make these ways real. It is a network, and also you can find your place in this web. 18. The Sirius-Venus Link, the SV-Link works in Dreamburial, the confused space or pillow in the underground of California. 19. Here a king called 'Og' lives, a little boy, riding the jaguar. He has so many dreams, but cannot get them clear or real. He is confused, but that makes him creative. 20. The SV-Link is a small link in the VSG-Clock, which will bring back the fleeces in the universe, the journey of sleep. 21. It is like a tall intestine, tall and thin, with a lot of curtains, moving to Archenar via Andromeda. 22. Here the identification lies, where dreams can behave and find their true links and homes, their true places and positions in the web of life. 23. The SV-Link is but a small link but very important for this move. Where the softness touches the sweetness the nipple-forces rise, the forces of Saturn and Jupiter. 24. This Project is called The Emelis Shatau. It actually finds its origin in Polaris, where we can also find the origins of the Pink Link. 25. Coma Berenice Ancestors actually incarnated on Polaris where they did their experiments. 26. The Emelis Shatau, or ES-Experiment is one of their most successful projects against the heavy harmful works of the Dark Reticuli Forces. 27. These forces had created dark nipples for their prisoners, by which they could send their signals of monarchical commands into their minds, emotions and bodies, to make them nervous sexual slaves. 28. The nipples secreted special and secret sorts of hormones devastating identity and pride by creating illusive mirror-thoughts and other sorts of projected images, which could function as inner prison guards ... 29. By the high tech weaving systems of the planetary maps from the Purple Gnat Master, the ES-Experiment Will do an Absolute Major Work in the Planetary History Files of Ascension. 30. He is the one who will bring this Master Work originating from Polaris into the

greater heights of Existence. 31. The Jupiterians had a nipple skin based on the Ancient ES-Profile, and it was partly taken over by Saturn. 32. It was actually a crown on sensuous life, as a way to make the body hyper-sensitive to get a proper access in the higher and deeper forms of Communication and Creation. 33. The ES-Nipple, also called The Third Nipple, is a major Chakra located in the middle of the chest, connecting the two lungs to each other. It is a golden sun surrounded by waves of heat and fire. But it is more. 34. The ES-Nipple is the portal, the way to heal and order your sensual life again, based on the highest forms of planetary high tech truths. 35. It will change the way you produce hormones, it will change the way you think, feel and behave, and will recode you into a line and pattern of higher ethics you lived in before. 36. We welcome you into our ships. I am Sekmeth, your guide to softness, bringing you to the hearts of Brannan. 37. My crown is a crown of stars and their pathways, I am the queen of the Blue Solar Project, and the Purple Gnat is my King. 38. As The Gnat told the Blue Solar Ships are designed to bring you to the realms of the White Sun. 39. Now I want you to know that behind the White Solar Spheres, there are Copper Solar Spheres to access, leading you to the mysterious and gigantic spaces and enigma zones of the Silver Solar Domains of Life. 40. Then you will reach for the Golden Sun. So these are five major steps on the Solar Stairways. 41. The projected images you had will be taken over, and will be transformed before your very eyes, and you will find out that it was just your view, and not the ultimate reality. You will learn how a view actually works, and you will meet the several viewmasters. 42. My works will actually let you make velvet footsteps on your journey, and you will find the rhythms in which everything will be transformed ... 43. You will find out that you could actually never touch something, only your own views. And you will find out that actually no one could touch you, only their own views ... 44. Then you will find out about the immense space of ice between you and something else. What is something else ? It was just an idea in yourself ... And who planted it there ? 45. Or was it just a mechanism, a standard journey through illusions based on the laws of distant views ? 46. In different lights and distances, views start to change. 47. The California Key makes things brighter, for you find out that actually nothing was within your reach .. and you feel unknown things are inside of you ... 48. The five solar steps or stairways bring you to the shells and cores of existence, They actually let everything turn around, these are the kings of cycles and wheels. Kings of Orbits, these suns.

6.

1. Then there would be ages without wasps, and they would be in the nothingness for such a long time ... 2. It would be boring like the driest desert, and it would bite like salt, until all their memories are erased and finding the bottom of that cocoon through which they can become ...waspian butterflies ... 3. But still the Marazanta was a God for them, a good God, coming to bring them in the biggest shock for the biggest transformation. 4. Yes, they still worshipped this Mysterious Being, The Marazanta, the Great Waspian War, the cruelest part of their holy books. 5. No one knows who it really was, but this Almighty God was just using the higher insectian enemies as a tool to rule the kettle of metamorphosis. 6. The Marazanta, still their Unknown Cocoon, this feared God, the inspiration of so many of their singers. 7. Marazanta, Oh God of the Gods, Marazanta, Oh King of the kings, Thou art mightier than a slave, and mightier than it's boss, Oh Marazanta, Thou art holier than a slave, and holier than it's bosses, Oh Marazanta, King of all purple kings. 8. They were worshipping the thing they feared so much, something which was presented in their sacred art as a tall man totally covered in a purple garment with a cape. 9. No one ever saw his face, and some even said he's faceless ... Some of the wasps had statues of him or paintings like a purple sort of ninja, surrounded by veiled dancing arabian women. 10. The

confrontation with this God would always be lethal, so he was also seen as the king of death. 11. There were also a few ancient paintings of him on a white horse, surrounded by flames. 12. Even these paintings were worshipped and were protected behind thick glass and bars in museums. 13. These places were seen as sacred pilgrimages ... The insectian enemies struck hard, and soon enough the ships were completely taken over by them ... 14. They looked like wasps, but they had beaks, and their bodies were much more hairier. 15. They had the power to decrease the size of the waspian, until they were so small that they could be laid into some sort of capsules as small as match-boxes ... 16. They would take the capsules to a sort of oven, in which the wasps would be transformed into new planets, but in these planets their souls would die ... 17. The life of the new planet would prey on them, until they would be totally taken over, recycled and gone ... 18. This would be a cruel cocoon, they would meet Marazanta, and die this way. 19. This would be a slow way of getting older and losing everything. They would be the seeds on the planet-field, were the planets would rise like balloons, while they sacrificed their lives for it. 20. But they knew, on the bottom of this cocoon, there would be a small gate to new life ... But that would take a long long time ... 21. They were now in the hands of Marazanta Dementia, a strange insectian species ... These insectians were taller than them, thinner, hairier. 22. And having the beaks of birds, while their technologies were much higher. 23. The dementia's had cocoons much more specialized than the waspian, and they even wore these cocoons in their bodies. 24. They were the species who could determine and change the size and shapes of living nature. 25. But they were also masters of illusion. Because of their hi-sense tools they could also trick the senses like no others ... 26. They were extremely thin, but the ones who watched them could easily think they were very thick, for they could switch the eye-indexes and translations. 27. They knew that thick and thin were just illusions created by sight itself. The same as tall and short ... 28. They were very tall ... but by messing the eye-standards up, they could appear as short ... 29. And by this they could easily penetrate and control the souls they had in mind ... 30. They wanted to make everything childlike, but to let it more and more appear like old and grown up ... [they had cobra smiles of the dead, with the old faces planted as a helmet on their heads]. 31. Another trick of illusion ... They were a spoilt race of insectians ... 32. They more and more limited the lifetimes on earth, but they let it appear to be longer and longer ... 33. It was a strange sort of joy they spread ... It was the curse of dementia 34. All poles were getting masked by their opposites ... And this was the way how they could erase so many memories and standards, while humanity was thinking they were getting smarter and wiser ... 35. The insectians were a backward-typed species ... Their works spread like a burning disease ... 36. but humanity was thinking they became healthier They loved to hear how people were speaking in misleading poles, thinking they are too this and too that, and thinking it from each other. 37. So that they could enter them by using the other pole ... They let earth's watchers see something at the left, while they were entering at the right. 38. By planting deceiving images in the minds of people, their true images could penetrate deeper in their unconsciousness. 39. These deceiving images were good distractions in their eyes. They loved to make people insecure by switching the pole-indexes, and their laughs were like curses, paralyzing the brainfunctions, for the laugh releases stomach-energy to penetrate the mind to digest the pole-switching image, which is nothing more than a victim of dementia. 40. This makes the laugh almost vampire number one on earth. And the joke is one of it's best manipulator. 41. Dementia is the painter of a schizophrenic interpreter, spreading the jokes like bipolar prisons for passengers, food for other passengers, creating the suspense ... 42. While dementia is growing, while everyone is thinking ... it's getting ..better ... Dementia knows the wounds this system hits ... and then he creeps to the victim, having so much compassion, while making the wound worse than it is, to show an

even bigger compassion, while the wound is ripping the whole body more and more ... so that dementia can now really grow into a saviour's position ... 43. But it was only your best tax-master ... hiding behind a mask with many shades ... vultures included ... mask with ribbons ... 44. The switching of the poles can make you laugh or cry ... the laugh when you look at the other and the cry when you look at yourself the swing of the senses can make us into a criminal or a victim ... it's a dangerous playground after all ... 45. The laugh of Dementia, installing their fiscal circulations ... their cocoons turning you into another planet to spread their tax-hungry jokes they search for control and transformation for another but if it comes to themselves, they just want to cover their fears 46. These are tax-cocoons ... deeply programmed into humanity's eyes of the mind ... but one day there will be nothing to eat anymore ... 47. Dementia is heading for a hunger for one day the meat will be eaten and then they will realize ... they were just eating themselves ... For they were also just in someone else's cocoon Marazanta's ... 48. They worship Marazanta too ... for them it's a story of victory ... their victory but they also know Marazanta has many species There are pseud'epigraphic scriptures in their circulations about the coming of Marazanta, about their destruction ... 49. And only the good ones will rise at the end of that cocoon ... There will be a new species erasing their memories and tax-etiquettes ... They will go to sleep for many ages ... 50. These ones will look like insectian horses or dogs ... they have bony crenated arms and legs at some places, and some places are very hairy some even look like deer 51. But there are many species of Marazanta ... all in his cocoon ... He's the Lord of insects ... Throning ... in Izu

7.

1. We have the sunrise in our hands, together with the pythonian smile, leading us to the silver crown, and then to a golden one. 2. Sifted in the hands of millions, of legions and myriads, of dwarves and gnomes, leading us to the temples of dwarf, in dwarf-temple. 3. We have the sunrise in our hands, covered by sunsets and by the holy tea of Ra-Amin. 4. We have the sunrise in our hands, us, soldiers of the sun. If you are one of us, raise your hands and we will find you. Put your hands up. We have the summers in our eyes, the golden summers, with smiles of golden boys from lynx and tucan. 5. We unite with sharks. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. Hail to those of the golden Izu-Unita. The Solar Book of the Dead, a crown on your head, with so much creativity, to dwell in Sekmeth's place forever. 6. This is the book of the down and the dawn. You have arrived in our sunships. Here the Great Ra is sailing, he with Ra-Amin. 7. You found the horse's eye which holds the fires of conscience and memory. We are on the ark of Moses-Ra. It is your memory uniting, it is your translation leading you, to fruit's core, on paradise island. 8. We have built our own Genesis's in Genesis-Ra. We are from the urban renewals where the suns contract. Amen-Ra-Amen. 9. Welcome to our holy temples, to stretch you tall, to the feathers of Maat. Welcome to the spring's seasons, to bring you into the heats of summer, these golden heats. Come to the solar halls of izu-unita, 10. To have your ships in the middle of nights, let us raise our sails, to sail with Ra-Amin, over streams of golden tea. Yes, Marion has poured it out over your foreheads, to baptize you. Don't give yourself away. It is Marion's tea. 11. We have found the horse's eye. Let Ra unite. Amen. We hear the visions, to make us ripe. He heard the White Golden Hand, on the ship, while Marazanta was there also, leading you to the halls of izu-unita. 12. Trips to Brannan, He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... 13. I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... It's made out of stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. 14. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... 15. He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this

wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... 16. He's the wizard's son.

He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... 17. These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ...

The Pulpus Stone

Pullamut

1.

1. Poetry from the Black Widow ; A Snake in the Swanlake ; orange barbers ; chinese prelude ; You, oh white prince, you came from the white mountains, wrapping snow-clouds around your shoulders, breathing snowflakes in and out. You didn't seem to care about the frost. He was your friend, a white blanket for you to fly on. You ate from delicious chinese dishes, sweetness from the oriental gardens. My chinese prince, my careless son. You were always without worry, skating at the chinese wall. Ragdoll, prince of dwarves. Your father made you tender, your mother made you slender. The tower of the church made you tall, and very fragile are your touches. You touched the head of a bird, a chinese one, and still there is dripping blood from his forehead.

2. No doctor would believe you, no hand could reach you inside. They are still looking for a final answer. The cornfields behind the house of the baker are still blushing red treasures. Four shots of a rifle ended your marriage with the black swan. She swam to four marauders, but your father, the baker is baking his cake for another rifle.

3. Ten tears were rolling from your face. The chinese man caught them all and brought them to the forest. He buried them like he would bury his mother and his father. The funeral was in deep silence, visited by three jesters. Do you remember your three red fishes, your chinese souvenirs ? They still swim in your pockets, they still know their ways to your hat. They will see the bullet she forbade people to see.

4. Prince of Jaguars, prince of peace, you reached your hands to the stars of Lynx. You washed his stars in a reservoir of cold water. One day, soon, my son, you will see the sun rising from the north and entering its last shelter. There you will find the black swan, but she can't touch you anymore. You will climb on her back once again, and she will fly with you to a mountain, where all the dwarves gather. Their mouths are like snakes, no one knows the time of attack. It's happening in a flash, and it's leaving in a flash. No one knows what they really take away, and no one knows

what they really leave. They are the unfathomable thieves of the universe, committing unfathomable crimes.

5. A killer-lemon called Jesus is turning the pages of an old book. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing fire, spitting ice. I heard a tree screaming, blood on the market-tiles, the book was sold, for half of the price.

2.

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet ; Boys from Lynx ; touch of the jelly-fish ; I only wore your trousers ... It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey snake. Your forests were cold, How tall are these legs of the boys from lynx. They don't seem to touch the ground. They are the waiters in the little hotel of Amsterdam. They are still waiting for the old host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in history. Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress. Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit. All these cities were spoiled by the handicapped nurses of the big eye, gathering drunk, drained Saturdays on a Sunday-morning. Don't cry when another snake takes you away to its lair. This is how you discover the world. You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their yellow kettles, spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into sleep.

2. I saw myself wandering through blue seas, in a paper boat, without boots, without clothes, only wearing some white stripes, some red roses and old pages of old books to cover me. My rifle was guiding me, Again I saw the clocks exploding, and the fairytales started all over again.

3. Strange sounds from the south came over me, warming my lungs and my stomach. Wasps zoomed into my head, and stung the old thoughts.

4. Books in my mind started to open, spreading their honey, speaking about worlds of forbidden animals and worlds of forbidden flowers and plants.

3.

1. Skullsmasher, Rahut, dakongo, tamus, kuuske, hula, muande, karmin. The cross of Skullsmasher, who is above Khnum, Sebek and Jahweh, is the greatest, This, the Lord of Xibalba and the whole of Biamin, be praised. Glory to his mouth, it's opening against the rats of behemel. Be blessed, skullsmasher. We are traveling through the halls of Biamin, through the halls of death. We know what our place is. We stand tall, and rise. Be blessed skullsmasher, thou art greater than khnum, sebek and jahweh, for you are the captain. We bow to you, oh captain, take us into your ship to let us make the journey through your world ... through the whole of biamin. yes, we stand tall, when you come back, when you come along, stay with us, and show us the way to the paths ... The robe of mock we wear ... The crown of thorns we bear ...

2. Skullsmasher, pantiano, forever we bow down to your throne. You, who is captain and lord of the whole of xibalba is also captain and lord of biamin. Be praised, be blessed, skullmaster, forever and ever. There is the land of rabbits before us, the land of tigers is near, the land of jaguars will follow us. But we are in your hands. Save us, skullsmasher, bring us the words to open your gates, to be in your openings. We enter your softness more and more, and learn of its secrets. You are softening our hearts and souls, and you will bring us to the skullsmasher inside ...

1.

1. Tifiaf has been put down, now Brannan is rising, in Biamin. Yes, skullsmasher is rising to take his throne. All lords of xibalba and biamin, bow down before him. Skullsmasher, come forward, we bless you. Skullsmasher take your sword, and be our captain. Tifiaf has been broken down, while Skullsmasher has the victory, the mystery, the destiny. All miracles bow down, for the great one, Skullsmasher has spoken ... there is food now in the refrigerator, cold food, from Skullsmasher. All these scorpions are dead now ... There is seafood for a billion years now ... It brings us high on the stairs ... We come to you, oh Skullsmasher, and pray to your holy and great name. Answer our prayers be done according to your will. Bless our heart. We heal you, and you heal us. We are with you in your fears to comfort you. We make you smile when you are depressed. We fear you, with a holy fear, for you are almighty. By your cross we bind Yahweh, and we bring him to his rightfull place. By your cross we bind Khnum and Sebek, and bring them to their rightfull places. By your cross and blood we bind Jesus Christ and his Holy Ghost, and bring them to their rightfull places. Righteousness is in you. You with the small face, stand up, and judge over us all. The Judgement is in the Hand of Skullsmasher. You are worthy our praises, and in your name we strike the false lords of xibalba down. Pulpus will come and bind them down, and pull them underground. We come to Pulpus, the almighty flower, from which skullsmasher rises. This flower makes us drunk, this flower brings us sentiment and extasy, to take the false conscience away which was put into our chest by the false lords of xibalba ... The lords of football have been struck down by Pulpus, for Pulpus is rising, and Pulpus takes control. The lords of telephone have been struck down by Pulpus, for Pulpus is rising and Pulpus takes control. Three indians were bound by the queen of england, but they are free now, for the Lord has spoken, the Great Lord of Xibalba, which is Skullsmasher. And these three indians will move to the north, the south and the west, and they will eat the east, the chickenheart. And a new chicken will rise, the chickenman, with his chickenmen, and they will be the army of skullsmasher. They will rise from their pits, from the pits of telephone. And they will ask : where are you coming from, and they will not answer. And they will beg them to give them a piece of their clothes, but they will not listen – they will not give ... for they are in the almighty hands of skullsmasher. And they will be free from telephone, and they will create a new one. And they will have victory over the evil chicken of radth. And they will ride these beasts and they will all say : great men have been standing up, and they feed our children. And yes, they will possess the land.

2. And they will draw strange crosses on heads, and they will come down from history ... And they will say to bottles : come alive, and they will come alive. And they will say to trees : stand up and walk, and they will walk, for the blessings of skullsmasher are on their heads. And they will say no to tragedies, and they will tell stories to enlighten hearts and bring truth in them, but the liars will go down by their lies.

2.

1. And they will all scream of joy, because they have defeated Tifiaf, and they will have pleasures in hunt, and they will have pleasures in slaughter, and no conscience will put them down again, for they are the lords of conscience, these chickenmen. And they will pray to their Lord Skullsmasher in all eternities, and then he takes them away to a better world. And Pulpus will rise from the footballfield, and will free the prisoners once again, and the balls will be in his hands. And the

football is the head of skullsmasher, the small face, and it will become smaller and smaller to rise up in the judgement-seat of xibalba. And dreamers will rise up, and skullsmasher will start to prophesy, and he will do good to the world, and will change the world. And he will take Tifiat to tear it into pieces, to free many indians. And also the burnt ones he will free, and those who are very wild. And Skullsmasher will burn the feet of those who tried to keep Pulpus underground. Woe then, for Skullsmasher will throne in Pulpus. And skullsmasher will use the barking of dogs to guard his nation. And new footballers will come to smash skulls, and a new ball will rise, and this ball will be of heat. And many will burn themselves on this ball.

2. And they will be sent to mitnal. And skullsmasher and his chickenmen-armies will open many prisons in mitnal, and in other realms of xibalba and biamin. And he will care for the burnt. And he will come to the burnt cities where ghosts live, and he will help them, and he will build new cities. And they all will say : yes, skullsmasher is really a comforter ... for he comforts the sea, and it's creatures ... he opens prisons and turns away the fire ... yes, a saviour is he ...

3.

1. and he will be called : stander on cities, stander on crowds. he is the faithfull one, as the barker in the dog, as the shooter in the gun. and he will be the Lord of the playfields ... In the green fields, the house of Echte stands. In the green fields she plays, gathering the leaves of tea. On vanished walls she writes, to let the wheel of ministries spin and sail. She's on the terror mission.

2. She bends, that's how she pours coffee. On the afternoon she stands like a bridge in the wind. She wanders with her treasures of poverty ...

3. She wanders through the forests and finds peace in her house, where she finds understanding like a green liquid well.

Hanik

1.

1. He is a terror to the Mixteca, but he is mercifull to the slaves of pali. Terror he is to Mixteca to transform their lands, and finally love will be on their wings. He will rise them up, for they are his children. So say to the Mixteca, thou art cursed and blessed in his mighty hand. Amanteca, gather yourself with me in the house of war, for warmaking we will do. Cursed are those who curse us, and blessed are those who bless us. Against your enemies, gather yourselves together with me.

2. Pipiteca gather yourselves with me in the house of war against your enemies, for warmaking we will do in greatness. Pipiteca, gather yourselves together with me.

2.

1. Quilaztli, woman of women, painted with serpents' blood, coming with eagle-feathers. She is alone, she is our flesh, she comes to us. She is strong to support us, while she beats her drum. She comes from the home of ancestors, she is our mother, a goddess of war. Sascasson, Mayan god of coffins, tombe-temples and structures, also of tombe-architecture, wandering like the jackal, to bring enlightenment, and to teach about the stripes of the underground.

2. Make the jackals roar around the temple. Every temple must then have a tombe, or it is not worthy to exist, and shall be eaten by the jackal. There is no life without death, and all life comes forth

from the death, who is the mother of the earth. Mother Death has the ancestors, and the lonely paths to reach the heavens. There is no heavens without loneliness, and all heavens come forth from loneliness, who is the mother of the skies and the heavens. Mother Loneliness is the mummificator of Mother Death, and mummifies the dead she brings, seventy tall years for each one. This mummification they called life. Seventy tall years for each of them, to connect and initiate them to the tombs of life, for life flew like liquid lights from these tombs. She and her bird Eo live in a mountain. She is a mountaingoddess, and she's also a goddess of tipi's and the crafts and arts. Her home is made of the bones of her male enemies, and that's why her present has a deep and sharp scent. In the winter she is a warrior goddess, and in the summer she is the goddess of trade. It is said that everyone should make the journey to Mother Loneliness once in life, and the ones who weren't able to do, will have to make the journey in the afterlife. The bird Eo who lives with her is the god of sight and judgement. Some also believe he is the turner of the weather and tides, and also the god of volcanoes and eruptions. In some scriptures he is described as the heart of Mother Loneliness and her anger. To make this journey you will have to go through four 'stripes', four jungles, on this mountain. The first stripe is black, the second brown, the third red and the fourth is purple.

3. The black stripe is the military path, the brown stripe is the psychological path, the red stripe is the kingly path, and the purple one is the path of poverty. Mother poverty shows the riches of the tombs and death. She lives with a bird called Ea in a volcano, who is the god of fire. The flame is seen as the personal manifestation of poverty and as the power of poverty. In some scriptures the bird Ea has been seen as the mummificator by fire, which creates hell, which just means life. Ea is in these scriptures also the god of hell and life by fire-mummification. He is the chief of hell, as the place where the journey of the dead stops. Here hell means purification and life after death, and is not necessarily negative. All journeys through death end in hell, where judgement takes place. It is the place of fire, where you stand naked before the gods. Some might experience this as heaven, and others as real hell, but the purpose is always purification

3.

1. This is all about the journey through death, ending in the journey through hell, as purification, and judgement. Not as punishment, but as the giver of direction. If there is any punishment, then that is as an initiation to that direction. You and the gods decide which direction you go. The Indian Book of the Dead speaks about four stripes, four paths you need to travel on. The last path is the path of poverty, which ends in hell as the flame of hunger. Ea is the chief of hell, a bird. In hell the Indians are called papals, and they carry two flowers, in every shoulder one, and a flower in their chest. The further they travel in hell, the softer these flowers become ... Papal means Indian on a journey. Ea mummifies the ones who come to his domain by fire. One believes that cobra's were papals travelling to the heart of Ea, and therefore commanders of hell. The original meaning of the word cobra is according to some : born from hell. It is said that Ea was sent to Mother poverty by Mother Hell. It is said that Mother Hell is an old mountainriver-goddess, and by some she is still seen as a mountaingoddess. Of course there are many dangers on the roads through hell, and this is why this book has been written. The first watcher of hell is Aiach, who is the orange white snake, and eater of intestines. Spell not to be eaten by him : Have mercy on me, I am a lonely traveller through the realms of hell, not intending to do any harm. The gods have sent me here, please accept my sacrifice (give him what the gods gave you to give to him). I now bind your mouth, for you had your food, I bind your eyes, so that you can not see me. I bind your nose so that you can not smell me. Now go away or the fires of my gods will turn you into ashes. None of your children will enter

my heart, none of your parents will come against me, for I didn't do any harm to you, I only protected myself. I swear by the power of Ea that you will not enter my portals. I swear by the power of Sascasson, you will not enter my tombes. I swear I will not take any food given than by Mother poverty, for in her there's my flame. Ea, now accept me in your domain, for I have sacrificed after your will. I have been sent by Sascasson who came to me in a dream. I will not have other flames than the flames of Mother Poverty. Mother Hell, please accept me in your name. I have seen the bird Eo, and he has put his feather on me. I have been sent by the jackal, the widowspider, and I pierced the heart of Aiach. [In some translations the last sentence isn't there, probably because of fear to Aiach] Spell to heal the wounds caused by Aiach : Nam Haman Han, Hurakko Irom, Haudundi Imech, Ea : Hail to Ea, the mummificator by fire. Cover my wounds by fire. Na Hamanhan, Hurko Irm Hadindi Mech Tazula'am, Ea : Hail to Ea, mummificator by fire. Have mercy on me, and bring me home, which is you. Odokok, Lek, Mahik, Hirim, Ea : Pour out the wines of your health into my wounds, Ea. Katak, Hek, Shidanse, Ichtusch Orgom, Ea : Ea, Have mercy on me, while I'm getting closer to you. Herak, Hertom, Ea : I don't want to hurt you, Ea (king) To Izum Hirkesh, Hirtom E'ekta Hirkem Haach Ishem Izumehat, Ea : Let me come to your temples and tombes, and to find out about your sacred and eternal flame, Ea. When spoken by a clean heart, Ea will initiate you by his sacred words, so that you can continue your journey. He will put a fire between you and Aiach. His herbs will clean your brains, according to the purity of your heart. Words by Ea : Come in through the spiderwebs between the fingers of hell. You can now see the fires through the eye of Eo, for he is the seer of fire. His herbs will calm your brains. Now you will be led to the gods to be judged. If you come there by yourself, it is a positive action in their eyes, for those who judge themselves daily are of a sacred heart, and will be justified by the gods. Words to enter the Hall of Judgement : I come by the might of Ea, willing to be judged, willing to be directed. My journey will not stop here, but this will be the beginning of a new journey. If I stole something which wasn't mine, and which wasn't my right, the fire will take it away to bring it to the rightful owner, but if something has stolen something from me which belonged to me rightfully, by the laws of poverty, then the fire will bring it back to me. I face the gods of judgement one by one, for they are here to help me, to give me the direction I need to go. I will not come any further if I will not step through this hall. Words by Ea : Receive now the rings of hell, fitting to your sacred journey. They will protect you against the fire, but they will also let the fires purify you. Chapters of Mummification by fire. Rest your head on the shoulder of Ea. You are now in the hall of Fire-Mummification, which happens to be in hell. You will receive your armour in hell, and you will receive instruments to help others. You will also be allowed to communicate to others, and to the gods. Spell to receive the equipment of communication in hell : Hadante D'la Oetus Iktus Schin Irp Riskus Ramat Oleokta Opulus Stchein Rach Romt Kustk Kruk Heipeiija Rark Eleptus Eliieptus Iktusch Schin : By liquid gold and liquid light, fed by fires I go, straight up, to receive the wings of hell. To fly over the rivers of stench and to communicate with my friends, and to the gods most of all. They believe in me, let me believe in them. And by the increasing of fire, I can move, to make another contact, but let me not forget about the loneliness, and let me not fall off the bridges of poverty, for they guard my heart, they raise my temples, to have a flame in the coldest night. When darkness falls, don't let me move my body, but let greater fire fall upon me to show me the path I must take. Let Eo be the beating of my heart. By poverty, forests of hell accept me, by loneliness the wildernesses of hell will not spit me out. Spell not to be destroyed by fire : Erm Herptur Sanktus Ra, Erm Harchtus Mazunki Ra Eptusch Erom Arin Ra : Don't let anyone come close to me, when I need to clean the lines. Pierce the places where I have stored too much energy. Let me visit the temples of monotheism to learn how to pulsate and to learn the treasures of spasm. Who cannot be a

tree or of stone, will not stand in the further regions of hell. We move by spasm to keep the energies tight, whenever a firestorm tries to destroy us. Then spasm will raise our guard high, and we will turn into stone, into statues of hell, holding special connections. Kamik Uptil Elaas Mahan Mirk Mortes Achasse Ichtusch Urom Riptil Kiteks Kohan : Take our duties away to the slaves of hell, the servants and the helpers, when we have been overwhelmed by a firestorm, for then we cannot do anything. Spell not to be eaten by the bloodthirsty wolves of hell (blooddrinkers) : The flowers of softness grow in my shoulders and chest, so go away, and be separated. You have no any power over me, for I am in the chest and heart of Ea. And some whose hearts are prisoned by fire, it is only for their protection, and to keep their energy-levels high ... Ea knows all the locations, and will come by himself or send some guards when laws in this are broken. Don't let anyone seduce you to speed, for slowness is only valuable in the higher regions of hell ... Always come from silence and return to it, and always come through the rings of slowness ...

2.the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o'clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... all in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ...

3.where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deer ... they are strange mirrors in castles ... while the wizard hearts beat faster ... and the machines of deer slow down while babies with tall ears ... bear the whispers ... leading us through purple curtains ... the fleeces to the tear ... where bakerman's faces bathe ... they make trips to vanilla .. there are purple roundabouts in my head ... spinning bakerman's faces ... these are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... while bottles of tears are overflowing ... to let the blue rise ... but when the candle is burnt it all ends in a lie ... the liar's flame is all there will be on that day ... there are liars on a boat eating the suits of liars ... they're standing tall to spread their tall whispers ... while the bottles of tears are overflowing and then the purple roundabouts come again to black eggs on sunday mornings heading for the footballfields where indian warbooks dance It's rising from the bottles ... having the stories on their suits ... they laugh in flames breeding their boys from lynx ... in soft watermarks The bed is too soft to let you awake, it shows you the other side ... where a book swallows the books ... to make your eyes red ... all happening in icecream letting the tears flow deep inside it's too wild to let you sleep ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... inviting you to cartoons ...

4.And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby. I am a bakerman's face,I'm a bakerman's face. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu, He with the butterflywings. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ...These are pink lights coming from the red. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... It's heading for Vanilla ... And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... She must spin comics all the time ... making the candyrings tight ... Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move ... burning the money ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... It was Easter visiting you in hell,

where he gave you the comic egg ... These wars were written by a bananas pencil, a waterlight raging ... It escaped ... Telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking ... while the air is shivering ... In these red comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaoh ... He makes movies by drowning the money ...

5.They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's tableStrange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... hanging there like teeth under towers ... burn your boots, sweet moses, ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world, ...wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... They are the waterlights ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... They have racist smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ... They are paranoid men, just paranoid men

6.Spells to open Jelzaham : Counters of hell, rise up, and move over the red line. I have come to the portal of Jelzaham, and to its backdoors my spirit moves. I am a backdoorman, open the kitchen. I have seen many difficulties, I have faced things I didn't understand. Now I have grown-up. I have the keys of liquid light. I have the permission of the gods. I am a wanderer with the gypsy's blood in me. I am a beggar, for I still cannot live on myself. Now let me enter the pyramid of ice to let me have my own. Your sights will not be a terror anymore which strikes me from the distance, for I know have the eye of Damash, ruling over the ninety footsteps. I will be frozen to use my own arms now, and to be prepared to open the pyramid of Banchelo as well, and to close the doors hermetically behind me. I will not bring any of my bloodlines with me, neither any of my friends or the ones I helped. I will come alone, and I will stand alone. Jelzaham, I lay my hands on you, for the first time in my life, and also for the last time. Then I will be in you forever, to continue my journey.

7.He with the winged helmets and the winged legs and shoes. Kings of hell, bowing to this first chief. Give me permission to travel through Banchelo. Omekan Hapit Mejasdor Ramit Hansna Archtippe Michtellet Ischan Rach Doncheon Gorch Irorch Ureschmint Kircht Krim.

8.Spells to receive the helmet of Banchelo from the first chief of hell : Likmit, the helmet will protect me against dangers. It will alarm me together with the cooperation in removing the threat. It will be like the thousand lightbeams. Counters of hell, rise up. You will not give me the helmet, but the first chief of hell will do, for you are servants. Counters of hell, I command you to be silent when the first chief of hell speaks, when he multiplies himself throughout the sunlights of hell and the sacred fires of voice. You are servants of the helmet, and servants of the first chief of hell. You will not rest or sleep, for you need to persecute the attackers of the helmet to protect the one who's wearing it.

9.Spells to open the pyramids behind Banchelo : Pyramid of the black dog, open up, for your mouths longs for purifying us, those who come with Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus]. You are the fifth

pyramid of hell, longing to open your mouth and eat, for the rivers are dry and without food. Oh, dog of purify, to make us as candles in the night. Our lights will die, to turn into fire, for the dark lights of the night you want to see. Ra blesses the statue in you. Ra bows to the statue in you, as the statue bows to Ra. Yes, they protect each other as the sacred bond tells. Their shoulders stretch out to each other. Their shoulders stretch out to the red dog and his pyramid. The well of purifying the blood. This is the blood of hell, coming forth by fire, sending out the firestorms of hell. Pyramid of the red dog, Et Hazor, èt hérum, echtus hanta, conèl iktusch. Diorgmach Stuugd, open up, sixth pyramid of hell, providing us, those who come inbetween Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus], with the purpèr suit of hell, wearing the ant-feather with care. [in some translations it is a beetle-feather, and some mention them both] Let the fire come through tubes, and give it power to open the mouth and speak in the pyramid of the black dog and the pyramid of the red dog. Then I turn my face to the mirror in the east, and speak words to the pyramid of the blue dog : Open up, for I have come, wearing the helmet of Banchelo.

10. Grant me the feathers I need to enter your ship. I have not sinned against you, I am clean of heart. We belong to your kingdom. You, the one raising in every pyramid. Oh, pyramid of pyramids, the seventh pyramid of hell, as the spirit of the first chief of hell. You have raised all his rabbits and his rabbit-warriors. You are the king of rabbits. Allow me to have breath to open the seven doors of your pyramids, so that all my souls who are worthy to enter can enter, and so that all my spirits who are worthy to enter can enter. Then when I'm in I will close all these doors hermetically, so that no intruder can enter. I will be the fire to protect your pyramid as my spirit moves forward. Grant me permission to travel further, for you to give me the blue line to pass over dangerous bridges on my track. I will not fall, I will not fail, for your feathers are over me. [in some translations : shields] Hermutus, light of the soul, give us the blue liquid lights, as well as the red liquid lights, as the blood of hell by which we move. Show us the wells in the pyramid of the blue dog. Do not lock us up here, but allow our souls to travel further. Let the lights of Shu and our Ka's protect us against the evil mummies. [In some translations this sentence doesn't exist, in others it just says : Let the lights of Shu and Ka be with us.] Eighth pyramid of hell, open, for our breath is traveling. Let your watchers not mock us or destroy us. Do not lock us up, for we came with Heru and Usir [Horus and Osiris]. Accept the sacrifices the gods gave with us to offer you. We have not eaten the meat of innocent ones, neither have we touched the meat of your mates. Watchers of the eighth pyramid, now you have received your presents, your mouth will be bound, and we will pass through, leaving the light for you. We haven't turn down the darkness, but as our lives grow we seem to worship it, for it is the shelter of the gods, and the passage to the depths. We have seen it as the guard of the treasures and tombes of hell. We enter through the seventy gates of the urn. We are now free in the pyramids of everchange.

11. Rabbitian Magicbook ; Spell to come out of the canons of hell : Teris Saran Mia Ephesteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tufef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus : Canons of hell bow down, and open up, for I will leave this place. I have opened my houses for the poor, I have given them bread and wine. I have given them food from the rabbitree, and I have given them beds and songs to sleep. Oh, gods of the rabbits, take me out with your helicopters, for these canons are killing me. I will now leave through the ends of these cocoons, to see my rabbitsoul fly and dwell in the air and in the skies with so many layers.

12. I will now take these spirits who threw me in the canons of hell, those who have persecuted me all day long. I will bring them to the bottles prepared for them, in which they will be prisoned, to

feel everything I have felt, to be in hurt like I was in hurt, so that they will never do it again, that what they did to me. Teris Saran Mia Ephesteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus. Spell to remove implants and imprints out of the nipples by which you were slaved : I now command rabbitmagic to free my nipples and to let the nipplefluids flow like blood and hormones through my body. Rabbitstorms will guide me, Rabbitsmoke, guard me. By them I will breath, and I will move my body like them. Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater. I now command rabbitmagic coming from the rabbitbottles and the rabbitcandles to bring the rabbitbones in me, covered by the rabbitstones. They will bring the Rabbitlights of magic layer by layer, so that I can turn myself around like the rabbitgods. By deep wounds my nipples are slaved by cruel clocks. Rabbitmagic please enter my deep wounds and then raise from there to my eyes, and see through me. Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater.

13.Savios met the red skeletons deeper underground. He knew he had to walk the path of pain, depression and fear, as the grades of poverty to have enough mysterious powers to fight the red skeletons. The red skeletons were without mercy, and very mysterious. You could never trust them. They seemed to be of the barbarian age, and they didn't speak. They had huge halls, and everywhere they were burning their victims. Often they went up to kidnap and abduct their victims. But it was like they had to feed something ... something which was out of their control ... It was like these beings weren't free ... They were victims themselves ... Savios could trace some deep inner memories inside about them, but it didn't go deep enough to realize what it was. Savios was in despair ... At some points he even couldn't move ... He saw a red fireball in the middle of a hall where he was standing ... The smell was horrible ... It was like he could vomit every moment ...

14.Savios decided to go even deeper underground, for he didn't want to come in hands of these sick skeletons ... But Savios failed and came in their hands ... A fight started ... They were ripping off his flesh ... until Savios was a skeleton himself ... Weird powers were flowing through his bones ... It was like he could breath for the first time in life, and this air was so strong, so thick, which he could breath in so deep ... and it had a strong scent. It was like it was feeding him, but soon enough he realized that this energy was to enslave him ... He had to do their jobs with this energy ... As soon as he would object, the energy would turn against him ... Soon enough he couldn't control the energy anymore, and his bones started to become red also ... Savios was desperate ... Now he was one of them ... and it was like they gave him a reward for that ... He got overwhelmed by extasies and pleasures making him accepting all what was happening, and he got too weak to resist these pleasures ... He became addicted ... but he didn't want to ... Something was taking him over ... and it was like something was drawing him to the red ball of fire in the middle of the hall ...

15.Things became hotter and hotter and at a certain point he felt himself burning Where was he ? In hell ? When he was in the red ball of fire he was shrieking and screaming because of the strange feelings he had ... Here many skeletons were burning inside ... Here he was sinking underground and came by a tunnel into a deeper hall ... Here big bones were lying apart

16.Savios was staring at the dark bones, and strange feelings came over him ... He saw burning skeletons walking into the huge bones, and he also went inside one of them ... Inside there were tunnels everywhere He tried to find his direction for every skeleton was walking into another direction ... It was one big chaos, and they were all screaming ... Before him a big head appeared, a woman's head, saying : 'I am your ancestor ... follow the grades of poverty to find us ... We have been sunk so deep ...' Savios was shocked. He knew that he could reach her only if he went as deep

as her ... Suddenly the bones were breaking, and the skeletons were screaming louder ... Everyone fell into a deep pit Savios was now like a flying mind ... He lost contact to his bones ... He was now like a spirit but very slowly his spirit started to bring forth new bones, but of another sort material ... It was stronger, but also more flexible ... and it was like it was feeding him juice ...

17.He felt like he had been set free from a prisonment ... The bones of his previous skeleton were just the bars of an anatomic prison, created by cruel gods or daemons. Flesh started to form around his new bones and nipples started to appear in which the juices started to flow ... It was like his nipples were charged now, very tight, like he could spit with them like a gun. From his nipples a line started to grow over his arms to his fingers, and his fingers got charged also, like they could spit fire. Then those lines started to grow over his legs. Savios started to become an anatomic bomb.

18.Then he found himself in a hall with incredible slow and low tones. And he saw three huge faces there, like the faces of giants. And they were : Skullsmasher, Huitzilopochtli and Tezcatlipoca, three indian gods. And Savios bew down to them in worship and grace. 'Savios,' said the three gods, 'the low tones will program you all over again, and will renew your body and soul. The slow tones will bring new fires in you, for a deeper breath and a deeper digestion, and it will set you free.' Then they said he had come to the fourth grade of poverty, to the ornaments and jewels of chaos. And spirits came down to serve him.

Boetulip

1.

The new buttocks is represented by the Boetulip, a jewel of fear. These are the Tulip-Lokogamen, above the battle between beauty and ugliness.

Musse

Sea of Death ; I lost her on the end of my life. And as I made my ship of wood, I wandered over the sea of death. It was like a black sea, black waters. I didn't know where to go.

Muske

Waves could become high, smashing me down in their insides. Strange fishes were here. Even seeing them was like I could touch them, and it was an experience a thousand times intenser than a material touch.

Oedoe

Would I find her back at the end of this sea ? She was my rabbit girl. She always talked like a small child, like a baby. I see the rabbit ears in the distance, and rabbit ears are on my sail, and these ears are winged.

Oedoeboe

Huge wings like the red eagles. The black sun is burning my body, tattooing it. There's no way back, I have to move forwards. This is the sea of death. Where will my journey go to, will I ever find the other side of this sea ?

Oedoeboel

Strange smells are climbing on me. The feelings are so huge, and so deep. And when I dream, I dream of her, and then I wake up, by the sunlights of the morning, and I'm still on this wooden ship, on this black sea.

Oedoeboeg

I lost her on the end of my life, it's like my mouth is full of tears, it's hard to talk. Rabbit girl, can you hear me ? Please talk to me, I'm lying stretched out on my boat. The only thing I have here is a pink doll, made by you.

Oedoeboele

It's my comfort, when I talk to you. Will I die another time in this sea, or will I reach the red city on the other side, where the red sun rises from. I see an island in the distance. The waves are bringing me there. I see a black bottle floating through the waves, and the water is so bright here.

Oedoeboege

I take the bottle, there's a paper in it. It's a letter from you, written in pink. Surrounded by glitters. I follow the strange smells to the island, where I step on the sand. I hope to find you here, but there's no one there.

Oedoebole

I must survive here on this island, or move forwards. I stay awhile on this island, and then I move forwards, heading for the horizons of this sea. The sun is reaching for my heart.

Oedoebange

I see rabbit ears in the red skies. Please talk to me, I can only cry. I'm so desperate on this sea, I'm sinking deep into your tears. The sea is warm, it is okay. I comfort you.

Belip

Even if I don't hear anything from you, I will keep on talking to you. I feel the beatings of your heart, but you aren't here. I keep dreaming about you, but when I wake up, I am alone.

2.

The elf parts will do their best to bring you to the heart of the sea. Even when you cannot hear them, they are there, in high determination to bring you there. They will not sleep, they will not rest until their work is done. The buttocks are two baskets under the spine, and between them is a desert road. Wild animals will come from these baskets, but even wilder ones from the desert road. There are sixty jewels on the desert road, leading to the realms of death. And when the ornaments move, I can move, they give me breath, and let them from the buttocks rise into the skies ... through the layers of the spine we travel ... So move your ornaments, let me breath ... Let us awake the tigers from the baskets, and the snakes from the desert roads ... Let us break through mountains, walls and castles ... to head for the heart of the sea ... It brings visions to my head, i can move my arms, and dream of spiders, flying spiders, bringing me to the moon of our love. I will wait there for you, please wait for me ... Let us raise our army high, and break the spell of monogamy : Petris Belt Spinza Spinossa Spozes Murozondt Rikta Helt Hirkses Mira Mirahelt Kidram Kidama Kadama Kadomo Kadoks Kiram Kinette Kiklahem Kukujo Kukujo Kukujo Kukujo Kirkamit Menkes Palin Pazet Piram Panadin. Let us break the bloodline of terror by our love. We call them friends, or just

familiars. Mizet Mizin Miskei Bonet Bulan Buzoet Biloet Bideu Bidekoet Bizang Bonel Bizang Bonel Vinde Finde Vazang Vazang Archschlip Archslip slip kontes dure. Buron Bilon Bané Banes Banesh Ologang Ologang Dikwares Dikwuares Dikilowares Duagang Olohenk Olohenktes kwinktus koenoot Kuran Koles Kolles Kwinkes Kiakan Dirkanes Olohenk Olohenk Banes Bané Banesh Banesh Banes Ologang Ologang Ologang. Kwirantes Ologang Ologang, Kwulantes Ologang Ologang, Ologang Ologang. Kwinulk Ologang, Ologang, Kwinulk Zes Ologang Ologang, Kwinulk Bieres Zes Ologang Ologang, Ologang Ologang, Zentés Ologang Ologang. Dwaakschut, Ologang Ologang, Dwaakschul, Ologang Ologang.

3.

Kiss of Death ; He was walking the road to the pyramid of softness, where the desert was like a mirror ... He saw the pyramid in the distance, where every step would become softer and softer, to climb every layer to the top ... Oh how he longed for that experience ... His footsoles were burning in the sand .. It was like the atmosphere was already getting softer, while he was coming closer to the pyramid .. He was transpiring all over ... It was hot and it was like the heat was penetrating him more and more ... It was a powerful sort of heat ... One he never experienced before ... It was like this heat was washing him from inside out ... and he felt so good about himself ... On the top of the pyramid he saw an eagle's face ... It was painted on it ... but also birds of prey were flying around there ... He felt a bit uneasy suddenly ... but they told him he had to defeat these birds if he wanted to enter the top of the pyramid ... They said there would be an elevator to heaven .. It was a pyramid of magic where all sorcerors had to go to on a certain point of their lives and study ... It would increase their gifts ... It was a white pyramid on Sirius ... There would be a trinity of white tigers on the top ... Rico was moving slower and slower ... He knew about this battle against eagles ... He knew that not many wizards were able to reach the top because of these ones ... They were black killer-eagles ... He had read a lot of books about them .. and now it was his task to defeat these eagles and open the top of the white pyramid ... Wizards warned him not to go ... but he had to .. as it was written in the prophesies ... He was very sure that these prophesies were about him ... and he trusted his elder wizard-brothers more than all the others. They were on his side, and encouraged him to go on this journey ... It was like dark flames had caught his heart ... and it was beating so fast now ... He saw these immense eagles flying, and he heard their noises ... It was horrible to hear ... It was like strange hormones were all of a sudden running through his body ... like his glands were in a strange mode It was a terrible fear ... But he knew he had to go there ... Rico was thinking about his wife and children ... Would he ever see them again ? He trusted his elder brothers who told him he would make it, as it was written in the prophesies ... When it would be on the worst, they would come to him to help him out ... He knew how easily his brothers could come ... They were high wizards of a powerful group ... His father didn't live anymore, but his mother was sick .. very sick ... and his brothers told him that only he could rescue her, and make that journey to the top of the pyramid of softness ... It was only the beginning of a long journey ... And at the end he would find the golden medicine to heal his mother ... He knew he didn't have too much time ... for she was on the edge of dying ... But he also knew that every step he made would give strength to his mother ... They were deeply connected ... When he would defeat the black eagles and enter the top ... he would be a portal for other wizards to enter ... It was said that a few wizards once could go this path and reach the top ... but they went on forgetting about the others ... and then the eagles came ... Some even said that these wizards were these eagles .. to protect their new land ... Others

said that they were these eagles indeed, but they were enchanted by dark powers after they went through the top ... No one exactly knew what the truth was ...and he wanted to find out ... Wizards warned him about unknown dangers ... but he had to make this journeyHe knew that he had to activate the piramid as a portal for others .. by letting a red string reaching from the top to the ground ... so that the other wizards would have the chance to follow ... It was said that when he would not do this, there would be darker enemies coming to guard the portal .. and he would even be in the risk of being bewitched then by the unknown forces ... then he would be a monster blocking his brothers from entering ... That was a horrible thought in his mind His brothers told him that he had to defeat all possible dangers for there could be even forces which would baptize his mind into forgetfulness, so that he would forget about the red string ... It was said that at the top, this red string would live as a snake ... and first he had to kill it ... No one exactly knew what sort of powers this snake had ... The wind was howling ... Rico gathered all his courage and went on ... Finally he reached the foot of the piramid ... and he started to climb ... There were many openings on the layers, but they warned him not to go inside too much, for there could be traps ... It was better to climb ... But it was so hot that Rico needed to have some protection against the sun ... It was a piramid of softness ... Every layer would make him softer and softer ... Until he would drink from the softest milk ... He desired to see the white tigers ... They would help him further .. and would be his friends forever ... but first he had to defeat the eagles and the snake ... and maybe more ... His feet were burning on the stones ... and Rico stepped into an opening ... It was a very small opening ... but here it was cooler ... and he could rest a bit ... Suddenly it was like someone was calling him ... like a girl needing help .. but his brothers told him that there were many traps like that The eagles wanted him deep into the piramid instead of on the outside ... so he made the decision not to listen ... But soon the screaming turned into a loud weeping ... and Rico thought maybe there was really someone needing his help ... He walked inside the piramid deeper and deeper ... It was like he was standing on a balcony and he could have a sight downstairs ... what an enormous gallery it was ... but there was so many dust and it was so dark ...He started to walk to the right ... and he saw gold glittering in the distance ... and the weeping also came from that direction ... It was like a golden door to the next gallery ... when a went through there were all blinding lights and a girl was staring at him ... Suddenly she turned into an eagle and made a dive on him ... a horrible fight started ... He took his knife and started to cut in the air like a wild man, but the eagle was too quick ... The eagle suddenly took him by his neck and started to fly away with him ... Rico cried and felt like all strength had left him why was he so stupid ... he thought to himself ... The eagle brought him to a very dark place on top of the second gallery He knew this was only the top somewhere on the first layer of the piramid ... He didn't have his knife anymore, for the eagle could whip it out of his hands with his beak The eagle was too fast for him ... Rico was shivering ... the bird was so big Suddenly the bird said : Don't hurt us ... we are enchanted wizards When we went through the top we had forgotten everything ... It was the red snake doing this ... and then he turned us into black eagles ... Rico was surprised ... How can I help you ? Just go back home, we cannot be helped and the red snake is too strong for you ... We saw many wizards killed by it ... and he turns them all into traps ... They become the guards of this piramid ... But Rico said : No, I have to kill it, and then you can be helped too ... I need to do it for many reasons ... and he told about his mother and his brothers ... The eagle said that the other eagles were too far gone in their minds to be this friendly to him ... They would attack him ... Rico said he would try not to hurt them ... Then the eagle flew away and Rico could walk to the next layer ... This eagle had helped him a bit ... On the next layer it was very cold ... and that was just what he needed ... but soon he found out that the cold was cutting him ... it was a sharp wind ... It was

another, higher balcony he was standing on, and he started to walk to the side ... He could feel the heat coming from the opening ... It mixed itself with the cold ... and it was like he felt himself softer than ever before ... It was like he felt the skin of a sort of animal ... the softest skin he ever felt ... So many new hormones were flowing through his body ... making him desire to reach the top more and more ... It even gave him a strong desire to fight the snake He could feel his fears flowing away by the deep deep softness ... He was almost naked, but he felt like he was so covered by this skin ... It was the spirit of a white bear ... It was entering inside ... and standing next to him in his own body ... Oh how good was it to feel this friend inside and outside ... It was like he had two minds now ... In the distance he heard : I will help you ... It was a slow and dark voice ... but it made him softer and softer ... It was like he had a new shield against the heat ... He could better live with it ... It wasn't really an unpleasant feeling anymore ... He started climbing again after he had entered outside through the opening ... But suddenly another eagle came ... It attacked him ... and another fight started ... Rico was yelling : I am your friend ... but the bird was in rage ... Rico was already bleeding all over ... and the bird was intended to hit his heart ... His hands were bleeding while protecting his heart ... Suddenly one of his brothers appeared ... and pushed a shield around his heart ... It hurted very deep for the shield was piercing the skin around his heart ... It was a heartshield ... It magically covered his whole heart back and forth Then his brother disappeared ... He flew away in the form of a swan and then he just disappeared in the nothing ... In a few minutes his whole body was healed ... but there were shining golden scars appearing ... He heard a voice saying : These scars give you power over all eagles ... The eagle was already gone ... and Rico started to climb further He could breath so deep now Like he could breath for all the bodies living in him ... the bear and all the wizard-spirits he had from his youth on ... The next layer was like coming into a queen's court ... He had to go through an opening again, for it was storming outside ... the winds were very strong ... It was like snakes were covering his body ... and what a mysterious queen ... It was like she was from the sea ... She had such strange decoration on her face ... They looked at him ... The room was not small, but neither it was large ... Eyes were watching him He was a few steps away from the throne ... Suddenly a girl jumped on him and gave him a kiss ... The kiss was very warm on his cheek, and very soft ... but suddenly he felt very weak and tired and he fell asleep ... It was called the kiss of death, and that was also the name of the girl ... She looked a bit like a panther ... like a jaguar ... Rico was far gone ... and later he woke up in a strange purple bedroom ... while the girl was sitting next to him She was almost sitting on her legs She smiled at him ... but he still felt very weak ... She told him about the kiss of death ... and Rico said : Am I going to die now ? No, the girl said ... It's rather a kiss of sleep, but it's just called kiss of death ... Rico asked her why she was doing that ... Then the girl started to cry and couldn't talk anymore ... She ran away ... Rico felt very sad for her ... It was like there was something going on ... He still felt like there were snakes around his body ... sliding ... Then the queen came in ... with two slender men ... "Throw him before the snakes !" she said loud ... The two men took Rico tight by his arms and took him to another room ... It was a room with trees and balconies white pillars and a lot of girls ... He didn't see any snakes, but all of a sudden some girls started to turn into snakes, while the other girls were screaming loud ... It was like his ears were exploding and he felt heat coming over his body ... The snakes were surrounding him while the other girls also started to turn into snakes ... one by one ... Rico was almost vomitting ... he couldn't escape, for the two men guarded the door with their swords ... But then the black eagle, his friend flew from above ... while the eagle was making loud noises ... with a tone so high that he couldn't hear anything else anymore ... and suddenly he found himself under the wings of the enormous eagle who picked him up to fly over the balconies ... There was a small gate through

which he could escape ... He was outside again, and he was already very high ... He felt so soft inside ... This was really a friend and he would do anything to make him normal again ... Rico started to climb further ... The softness was almost singing under his skin ... He felt so much heat ... It was almost like he was exploding ... Dark clouds were surrounding him, and it started to rain ... It was really a refreshment for him ... but as soon as the thunder started to roar ... He took another opening inside ... This time all sorts of panthers were having their eyes on him ... So he could choose between them or the thunder ... Don't be afraid ! someone called ... An old man stepped forwards from behind the panthers ... He had a beard and was dressed in white and blue ... dark blue He was talking in a strange language all of a sudden and the panthers disappeared ... I already expected you ... he said to Rico ... He knew of the prophesies ... He was also a wizard ... but he told Rico that when he came on this floor he found a way to tame the panthers and since then he didn't want to go further ... he loved the panthers too much ... This was like home for him ... Rico smiled ... It was also his own desire to tame animals as his friends ... It was such a special love ... The man had glitters in his eyes He said that the panthers really healed him ... He had many problems in himself and in relationships ... the panthers could overcome ... "They were my wizards ... he said almost laughing ... He had a big smile all of a sudden and it was like his eyes looked like the sun and the moon ... I am so proud of them ... I can never leave them Rico smiled again .. and totally understood ... Well, he said ... but I must go further ... I have to go through the portal on the top for my mother is very sick and I need to find good medicine for her ... The man smiled ... yes, I understand ... He knew it from the prophesies ... and he was also here for Rico ... to give him one of his panthers ... who would travel together with Rico ... Rico was so glad with that gift and late in the evening he went further ... together with the panther ... The man had given him also a book with the prophesies ... These prophesies were more extended than the prophesies he knew ... The man said he got this book from his father ... It is in his head now so he could give it to Rico ... Finally, after many days of travel Rico reached the top-layers ... The snake already expected him ... but either did Rico ... and he knew a lot more now because of the man's book ... It was a tall red snake ... very big ... but Rico didn't have any fear he knew what to do now He spoke to the snake like he had already defeated him, for he knew that when he would speak out the magical spell of the man's book, the snake would die ...NASSA RA DAM MAK DUROK TIFOLI. These were the secret names of the top-layers and the snake died immediately ... Oh how many eagles there were here, but he knew that by his golden scars he could rule and ease them all ... They only watched him ... but didn't do anything ... He took the snake and tied it's head to a pillar ... and then he threw the rest of the body downstairs ... all along the layers he traveled ... when the body was reaching the ground he heard an enormous sound, like there were things exploded ... All eagles turned into wizards againand they were smiling so deep ... the ceiling was opening and he could travel further ... but he first wanted to talk to the wizards a bit ... The portal of the top was open now ... The wizards were freed, and many wizards could follow now ... Suddenly they saw an enormous shark appearing in the sky ... Rico knew he had to run now with his panther ... This could be an unknown threat the prophesies were telling about ... There were at least seventy wizards running together with him ... They had to ran to the heavenly elevator on top ... The balconies were aslant, as a sort of stairway through all these layers ... Everything started to burn and melt, and many wizards started to slide back already ... Rico felt like he was boiling inside ... He knew that this would happen when the shark would appear ... It was a sign of the gods terror ... Then everything would burn and melt until the chosen ones would reach the elevator ... He saw it in the distance ... It was like a balloon with a basket under it, attached to an iron string which would lead it upstairs to the heavens ... He saw smoke and clouds there, so bright ... everything was almost transparent

here ... The piramid was almost exploding ... Everything was shaking It was like Rico exploded inside ... Everything was melting, and strange sounds were roaring ... Three wizards and the panther were running near behind him, the rest was already gone in the fire ... They made a dive and reached the basket of the balloon ... The panther was climbing over Rico's back into the basket and then Rico got in ... He could help two wizrads aboard, but the third one fell into the sea of lava below them .. It was like doomsday ... but Rico knew that within a few days the piramid would be like white silver and then all prepared wizards could go through the portal ... to enter a new world ... The book was in a bag on his back ... It was such an important book for him for it described a lot of things which were happening and going to happen ... It was a thick book ... almost three times thicker as the prophesies he knew ... Rico was a bit in a shock ... together with the two wizards ... but he knew it had to be this way ... The wizards would all be transformed through the fire ... They would be the pillars of the new piramid ... One of the wizards who survived was called Suriot ... It was a very wise and old wizard ... but at the same time young and witty ... He knew a lot about the stars and the journey they had to make now ... The other man was very silent ... It was an old soldier ... a veteran ... very skilled in sorcery They were on their way to Venus, where they would reach the Piramid of Sweetness ... Rico's skin was burning ... It was a long journey through rainbows, clouds and skies ... The panther was already close to his heart ... He knew that there would be a time that he would really need this friend ... He could see the piramid in the distance ... still in a sea of fire ... but three golden tigers were appearing on top ... slowly turning into silver white ... It was like the softest milk was flowing through his head ... They made him travel ... They were the spirits opening the doors for him ... It gave him new visions ... It was like they teached him how to dance on strings ... Rico was making steps forward ... He fell in a new desert ... the balloon was gone now ... and even the two wizards ... only his panther was with him ... he was now on Venus ... walking in the desert ... reaching for the piramid of sweetness ... He knew that on top of this piramid he would find the golden medicine for his mother ... The sweetness is creative power ... and every step would make him sweeter and sweeter ... he found already so much softness in him ... and now it was like it was turning into the sweetest honey ... he was floatingThe air was so thick and soft here ... like he could walk on clouds ... Oh how easy that would be ... to just walk to the top and to take the medicine But would his mother still be alive ? ... No, mother was already with father ... and Rico was lying next to them ... He was buried in a dream by the kiss of death ... He was only dreaming ... No, he couldn't reach daylight anymore .. all lights are fake here ... for he is in the hands of a kiss of death ... a spider ... in an egyptian dream ... in a sarcophagus, together with his father and mother in one body of death ... waiting for the final judgement of egyptian and indian gods ... They sent the spider to him It was long ago that he got this kiss of death ... It was not the first time in his dream ... His wife was the kiss of death ... and now he lies here Here, between his mom and his dad ... Kiss of death where are you going Is there any escape ? A man wakes up .. having three golden lions in his hands ... Yesterday they were tigers ... tomorrow they will be sharks ...

1. Briskan is the mother constellation of brannan, in the Urg-part of izu. in briskan you find back a lot of brannan, but it's deeper. here the sources of anubis can be found. here the flies are more like ladybugs and scarabs, and they have also more butterfly-qualities. There are still forty-one hours in a day, like in brannan, but in the deeper parts of briskan there are like thirty hours in a day.

2. There is a high scarab technology. The flies here have also more rabbit-qualities. They often drink from iron shoes or boots, for that represents the sources of the underworld. The shoe or boot is the symbol of the bridge to the realm of the dead. In Briskan the houses and buildings are very often like boots or shoes for that reason, to be connected to the realm of the dead. In Briskan the shoe or boot is the image of fertility. The deeper you come into Briskan the more the mice-qualities show up. mice – poverty, squirts – chaos, rabbits – suffering, deer – depression, horses – fear, dogs – pain, cats – sting. Most creatures of Briskan are made of strange leather, called butcher's leather.

3. It has a strange smell, and it gives scarab-qualities, to be a scarab and to receive scarab-protection. Initiations for becoming a scarab : Nagal Dagh Helmes Kerg Umgurit. Diagdarma Hettestenk Hetttestenk Diagma Digardarma Digardram, Digerlustrus, Diger, praise to the kings of scarabs. Your hormones will be sifted now, and they will be charged by the scarab-energy and magnets. amen-talgamen-amen. Diadeberbi Diafonda, the scarab-squirts will now stand around you, to lead your soul through the gates of the scarabs of Briskan. When your soul has found its seat in the depths of Briskan, near Briskit, the spirit will be led through the gates and will find its seat in Briskit. Amen-talgamen-amen. You must be full of the draminia version of the insectian book of the dead, and you must have had several encounters with the pink gnats of Nut. Then you will say to the gates of likshir : Sitadonde Domdomo dorondo Tuzalem Kreaftich Shichse Simbala. You will now receive the scarab energies in your hand, and the body will absorb these layers of energy step by step.

4. Direct yourself to the north, where the cats are, then to the south where the mice are, then to the east, where the rabbits are, and finally to the west where the squirts are.

5. Then say : Shapsma Ha Husla Koropsa Kropsa Kerslim Kersh Kerga Kimdala Kimdia Kirdam Kirtjatta, Kirjacham Kirdacham Kirbracham Brachasma, I am now a scarab in the army of scarabs, to receive the scarabs on my organs, on my bodyparts on my sexual parts, my testicles, my nipples, my fallus, my womb, my vagina, my vagina-button, my insides, my intestines, my lungs, my brains and most of all my eyes. Scarabs of the eyes take place. I have now become a scarab of the eye and of eyes. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. I love the Insectian Book of the Dead as a lover, and I am full of it, filled by its forces, like overflowing its red waters. I make love to this book like a real scarab. I live in strict celibacy but in my heart I am a whore devouring forms of monogamy and monotheism. I am a sacred scarab whore, but I also come now to the celibacy of my heart and its virginity. I enter the virgin layers of the scarab.

6. I have lost many lovers in the stream, and I was searching for the celibacy of my deep spirits, to become clean. I have fought against my sexual desires since childhood, to become an ascet in the deepest layers from which poverty as the force of fertility flows. I am the source of sex by walking the path of multiple celibacy and multiple virginity. We come to you oh sacred virgin and sacred whore, for in you there is truth. I am the source of fertility, you are the source of fertility, by the deepest poverty, oh mother of sacred poverty. I have made love to the source of poverty and have found celibacy. I have made love to the source of ascetism and found virginity. I am the eternal virgin, and the eternal whore, amen. I have found the scarabs of the foot and the leg, and I came to

bliss, as i was descending into the caves of death. For yes, they lead to the underworld and to the realms of fertile poverty and it's deep riches, flowing up like a well of blossom.

7.And by my nipple-scarabs I came to hell, where I found the helmet. Oh, nipple-helmet, lead me on. In hell I found the scarabs for my fallus, leading me to celibacy, but i found out : mother celibacy is the biggest whore. And I came to a library on Briskan and it's books were screaming and shrieking in my head, while I fell to the ground. Mother celibacy took me by the hand, and guided me to a cave in the wilderness. Here she showed me eternal love. And my nakednesses and poverties were like scarabs, and they led me to the underworlds of Briskan. And she opened a door in a cave, and I came into the halls of Kildom. And she showed me lights like scarabs, and they showed me a boat. I could use this boat to come across the squirtl-rivers.

8.Then I came in the Halls of Konroy, and I saw vikings standing there with huge swords. But they didn't move, they were like statues. Only in the night they would come alive to fight each other. And I was looking for a boat to cross the rivers. And when the vikings started to fight, I could take their boat.

9.After that I came into the Halls of Kirdoy, where the scarab-dogs are. And their names were Remdom, Skirlas, Vendom, Vendanaut, Karsaam, Kirgaam, Amgam, Asmanacht, Kirgnacht, Krimlam, Dikhest, Kerstam, Kart, Karcham, Kirgdam, Kenten, Kerkslik, Kerstin, Kigtin, Koppeltanaut, Kargswim, Kisten, Hekswilt, Kistam, Kiksant, Kiklin, Kikdin, Kichten, Kenkslau, Kwaakslam. And they had armies of fivethousand, tenthousand or twohundredthousand, and they brought me across their rivers.

10.After that I came into the Halls of Sand, where golden statues were and treasures. And here I found the heartscarabs, and they were like clocks. And they made my head soft, and they gave me dreams. And I longed for more secrets of Briskan, but first I had to become a heartscarab myself. Initiations to become a heartscarab : Kitdom Oliom, Kirschlau, Saaken, Taslau, Kamin, Kikse Kiktin, Kiktinne, Kokslau, Damen, Daasmin, Kiktus, Kiktinne, Kiram, Daamse, Daaslam, Tetse, Tanau, Tiklam, Katsau, Kooram. And by this spell I came to the Halls of Hearts, as I was descending, and the ear-scarabs came to me to serve me. Yes, they guarded and guided me in such a love I never experienced before. They soothed me and brought me peace, although it was showing me a deeper war. The gate of peace leads to a greater war. This is how the rule works. And I became a scarab warrior as a heartscarab, learning how to fight these deeper wars. And I was lead to their arsenals, and received their armors. I learned how to use their swords and arrows. I learned how to conquer and how to gain victory. I learned the rules.

11.And I learned about the paths of the mouthscarabs. And I saw that one suffers by it's youth, and heals by growing up, only to find a deeper pain. And I came to the underworlds and deathrealms of the elves and the mermaids and I saw the secrets and the treasures of the mouthscarabs. And I found many keys of Urg in the underworlds and deathrealms of faeries, and I longed to see the deathrealms of the wizards. Many many secrets of the scarabs I found in these underworlds and deathrealms, and I took their books to bring them with me, as they were my friends. And as I was reading and visiting their deepest Halls I got protection against the sun. I received the solar scarabs in a distant cave deep in the deathrealms and underworlds of the wizards. And they were beaming words of energy into my heart, so that they would be with me always, as I was tattood by their love. And as I got strange orgasms in my head I received a greater celibacy to guide me.

12.And I saw how the scarabs gained their magic by penetrating the Halls and layers of the deathrealms of Elves, Faeries, Wizards and Mermaids, and I saw how they descended to their underworlds and their hells. And I saw how they were masters of ascetism and ascet warriors. And I saw their deep deep wisdom in celibacy and poverty by which they could reach the treasures of the wildernesses and the distances. As I came to the coffins of mermaids a strange lightening came over me, descending into my heart. And I could read their coffintexts full of magic, full of keys to open the doors of hidden eternities. And a strange energy was speaking to me, like the energy of a banana, and it guided me to the coffins of wizards, which were like filled by banana-material. And an iron man stepped out of a coffin. He had died several times, and came from the depths. And his magic was like pouring several juices into cups. And by these juices you could speak in stories. Yes, amazing stories came forth from the juices, healing all the ones listening. Then the iron man stepped back into his coffin, which closed and immediately a clock started ticking. It was like metal ticking, while a door was opening, and I saw coffins of faeries, elves and other mermaids. And I was reading some coffintexts of faeries as I came into drunkenness.

13.And the Halls of Dead Wizards started to open for me. And the first hall was the Hall of the straight blue banana's. The second Hall was the Hall of red banana's. The third was the Hall of the pink banana's. And I went through ninety-nine halls, seeing many secrets of the scarabs. Prayer to receive the eye-scarabs Cover my eyes. I lay my eyes on the altars of scarabs, and will turn into an eye-scarab myself. Oh, holy scarabs, send me grace to have scarabs on my eyes, so that my eyes will stay sacred. I have not sinned, for I am Horus-Ra. I have not sinned in the presence of the scarabgods, and I will praise their names : Mitas, Mitlanda, Meram, Kesjip, Kaskau, Dadin, Hamark, who have armies of fiftythousand, eightythousand or fivehundredthousand. Lau your hands on my eyes, and bless them. Let your seed stream over my eyes, so that scarabs will grow from it. Let my eyes be scarabs. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. I lay my hands on my eyes and will not watch unholy things. I will only see visions of you. Yes, the eye-scarabs will give me dreams and visions, as my eyes are sacred. My eyes are judged in the Halls of Thoth, even my mouth and my ears. I have not sinned against the gods. I am Ra-Anu. Let me in, and let me dwell into your solar ships. Grant me the solar eye-scarabs, so that my lights will be sacred and clean, yes, fertile and colourfull.

14.And the motherscarab taught me about business, insurance and tax in the world of scarabs, to raise me out of many wars, many angers and rages. And I saw the world changed by the economy of the scarabs, descending into me layer by layer. And they taught me about rent, and they showed me how to pay rent. And the insurance-scarabs brought me into new contacts, and the sun of bloodline couldn't do any harm to me. And I saw the illusion of bloodline and genealogy, and the scarabs started to shift them, while new portals of bright warm and watery lights started to open up before my eyes. And as the scarabs entered, the mummies started to rise out of their graves. And I could see a whole new world, in the insides of Briskan. And marketsquares were rising with boys from lynx like perfect scarabs, and there was blood flowing. They were boys of business having the arrows of tax. And they were installing toys like scarabs, raising the rent. And a deer had been shot, as I saw this picture in the panther's eyes, but this picture was in fire. And I begged the scarabs to tell me more about the secrets of the boys from lynx. They had tax-machines on their back, and they had parachutes like octopuses, descending in pits and ravines. They were looking for the shoe, and at one moment they were shouting : We found the shoe.

15.It was a big red one, like a giant one, and they stepped into it, to descend like thunder into it's layers. And they were screaming everywhere : 'We found the shoe !' It was like an ornament, like an ornament of giants, and now I could descend into the underworlds and deathrealms of giants. And suddenly I started to understand a lot of things, but soon it was fading away. And I knocked on the door of the first Hall. And a small thin, but tall man opened the door, and started to grow immediately. Was it all a trick from the giantworld ? And what did I see here ? Everything started to change before my eyes, like I was a giant myself. And I came in a world beyond big and small, where everything started to analyze and change itself before my eyes, as I could touch deeper, like putting my hand through layers of water starting to transform the atmospheres. It was like layers of thick visions, thick layers of a strange sort of glue, where strange lights were descending changing everything, like on a tv-screen. These were all tricks and different combinations of light, giant-light, changing everything.

16.Nodhord – Hall One This was the first hall I came into, as I was amazed by what I saw. I started to doubt my eyes. It looked like everything was just in the eye of the beholder. Do our eyes trick us. Nordglam – Hall Two As I came into the second Hall, I was sliding to a door, and found rabbits behind them. They were drinking from iron glasses, and some had iron shoes. Here the tones were low and slow, and suddenly started to run high and fast. Then all the images changed. Were the giants making music ? And a rabbit said to me : You have to pay rent for living in my memory. Nordhus – Hall Three Here the giants were dancing. They died so many times, and I saw the coffins of giants here, like sarcophages and treasure-boxes. Here the toymaker lived, and he was surrounded by scarabs who helped him making the toys. Ratham - Hall Four Here the scarab-rats lived, and they were like butchers, installing tax. They were tax-scarabs, making the illusions of movements. Ratdonk - Hall Five Here the scarab-rats and the scarab-mice lived together with the timemaker. After going through these Halls I came to the seven seas of the Giant Underworld. Here the scarabs were like boats, and here the scarab-fishes lived. Above these seas a transparant triangle was floating with an edge of white light. It was a soothing sight, and soft energy flew through the triangle. Through the triangle a boat was floating with a shoemaker who was like a scarab-mouse. Through the triangle you came into the realm of the Palaces of the Shoemaker. Always when it was midnight the shoemaker came into a fight with a tailorman, who was like a scarab-rat. And I tried to soothe those two gentlemen, and teached them what the scarabs had teached me about the economy. But they said the battle was about the economy. They both weren't satisfied. And soon I realized that this was a deeper battle, and I wanted to solve it. And then I came to the Underworld of Indians, and I could stay there because I already had been to the Giant Underworld.

17.Dokhorst - First Hall Here the tailors made clothes from shoes, for they said that like this the souls would be kept close to the Underworld, wherever they are. And I saw these clothes were like vehicles, but they could never really leave or fall away from the underworld. Dirsklun – Second Hall Here there were many fights, and I still couldn't solve them, for I didn't have the keys. And I asked them where I could find the key, and they said : You can find them in the books of the dead. And I teached them about what I had learned from the scarabs, but nothing helped. It was like a war of tax. And I took two arrows of rent, and I shot it into a gate above me to open it. Then I took my insurance-harpoon and could swing through it. I was now in a wilder place, but there was more silence. And my boys from lynx started to explode too, and they were turning into the wildest stinging red nettles. 'You must go to the White,' a voice spoke. But I got madder and madder, wilder and wilder, and exploded too. Hammumda –Third Hall Here I was eating bitter food, and rejecting economy, rejecting mathematics, for it was all nonsense. And I came to the nonsense of

mathematics : Found the nonsense of mathematics all in a leather bag, almost burnt by the bunny, addicted to some crack. Get my money when it's daylight, I am leaving this train, I jump, I die, and bring the flowers to the faery of the burning fever, deep inside, on a burning hill I battle, for this baby to be born. It was on the old attic I found the book ... of the animal-mountain a strange towerI'm still climbing it ... to escape from the nonsense, this nonsense of mathematicsGot me a brand new car today, to leave the nonsense, the nonsense Got my hat put into delay to escape the nonsense of mathematics Having the winner laughing while the loser is smoking some wine-touched delicious prides Got my maths lessons upside down now ... heard the most wonderful fairytales some backward masked tricks from the sideday's sword bringing me out of the nonsense of mathematics a strange worldI promised myself not to listen to the nonsense, the nonsense I promised myself to eat an apple instead, sailing on the nonsense, the nonsense of mathematics Got me crazy today Will start the rocket now on animal-tower, everything is in delay I'm standing still smoking rabbithats smoking rabbitheads their tales are gone, and I'm diving away insteadI promised myself not to be angry anymore at the nonsense, the nonsense, I promised myself to sing in a choir, of the nonsense of mathematics Some teachers still riding in longhairy cars still sandals they're wearing, thinking they're jesus or sandmanTwenty in total they're not so rich in goatwools they walk with their heads towards mental institutions, while they love their flowers stolen from rabbit's pits Got me some questions today, these heroes don't seem to fall Even when my nightmares broken they still stand tall Like ten men on a hill and ten men on a tower like the animal-tower I'll never winGot me some clairvoyant today She acted strange like I was ... a victim of ten men in a spaceship selling vegetables instead of meat Should have listened to them better Now I'm here, bound by speed

18.Some turkeys on the bend, she said, like leather belts, she dremt instead I cannot act today because I am a victim of this crossSo bring me today to the nonsense, to the nonsense bring me today to the nonsense of mathematicsAnd I was shutting the book, but it was still open. Then I layed it down. I had come to a library. Here I found the Books of the Dead, but they were trying to kill me. So I took my knife and started to cut the letters, and brought them to the kettle on the wild hill. And while I was speaking my spell, thunder was descending into the kettle, and there was a war between the books. It was like a Great White War, and I started to burn the wood below the kettle, until there was silence in it. And I started to stir the glues of the kettle, and I took a little bottle of the mix, and shook it. I drank it and started to dream. And by this I was led to the Scarab Book of the Dead. He was like the last survivor, like the only survivor of a Great White War. And I opened the book and started to write. And my fingers couldn't stop.I always try to do business with the spirits around me, and when they trouble me, I use arrows of tax and rent, but that is only a point of view. What about the arrows of stock and bounty ? Is it business or is it war ? That is the question. And I found the scarabs of magic like fruits around my heart, but they were dead at the end of the day like one-day-scarabs, or was that just an illusion ? They were just deeper entering my soul, like my inner traffics, the illusion of coming and going. And I was ascending deeper into the Underworlds of Bankers, to find the magic's key. They were like the moneymakers of the dead, like strange scarabs. They were like scorpions having strange shells. And again I was descending into the Wizard Underworlds, and then the Arabian Underworlds. And scarabs came to me to teach me.I didn't feel anything anymore after these days. Didn't feel my legs, I was like a mermaid. And I wondered if there was anything more terrible than death, anything more beautiful. And I begged Urg to open it's deeper portals to me, and again I was led to Briskan. This time I sank through every

bottom, sliding faster and faster until I fell ... Suddenly I had a parachute like an octopus, or was it a jellyfish ? About this the wars are raging. I came to the Underworlds of trees, objects and animals. To the deathrealms of cars and washing machines. Here I found out : They all live on ...As I came to the Underworld of statues I found the secret of the tear. When they die so many times, they become tears, still raising their voice to speak. By dying so many times the giant became a dwarf. By dying so many times the dwarf became a giant ... These are strange rings. By dying so many times the elf became an indian. By dying so many times the indian became an elf. Through the underworlds of fire flames become ice. Through the underworlds of ice icycles become flames. As I came to the underworlds of suns I started to melt. They were like moving eyes, on their ways to become moons. Through the underworlds of moons I was rising, not becoming a sun, but an earth. And this earth couldn't speak, so it fled through the underworlds of suns again. And I found the key to the Underworlds of the Seas and the Oceans, where I found the number two. And it was swimming there like a swan. And it spoke to me : 'I am coming from the Swanlake. Behind the restaurant is my place, the death is just a lie ... everything is alive ... but the death is a riddle of truth, the carriage to ...' And then the letters coming forth from it's mouth were fading away ... And there at the Swanlake I was finding my boys from lynx back again. They told me the secrets, as I spoke to the dead. Death is just a point of view. Death is just a word for the things we do know nothing about ...

19.And as I went through the Halls of Avani, the Pillars of the Elf Underworld, I came into the Indian Underworld again, but this time I came from the other side, and I saw the halls I knew nothing about. And my stomach got upset, and someone was screaming. Here the red spiders were living. Here spiders of mud were living, and I fell into a pit not knowing where it would lead me. Soon enough I was sliding, like I went through a rabbit's hole. But it wasn't. I saw snakes everywhere. And I came into the Underworlds of Suiciders and Killers, but also of Butchers. And these were called the Underworlds of Cannibals. And on and on I came to a deeper business, only to come to a deeper war.And as I came to the Underworlds of the scarabs, doors opened themselves to me. And I came to the underworlds and deathrealms of taxmasters, rentmasters, stockmasters, insurance-masters and businessmen in all sorts. And the deeper I came the more magic came over me, and I got deeper access into the Underworlds of the Scarabs. And again they teached me. And their grip was like poetry. And I came to the Underworlds of Poets, and they were like birds with heads screaming of pain and extasy, while they were opening the Underworlds of the Ascets. From here their sources were flowing from, and I saw strange alphabets flying, and they spoke in strange accents. And all they could do was moving in dignified spasm, and like statues they had their magic. And all they could do was directing to the Underworlds of Toys and Puppets. And always I found myself sliding back to Briskin. And there was a house near to the deserts, showing four parts of a flower, while there where camels walking all around. And this house was called the house of decision. And an ornament above the deserts opened itself, and lightening came from it, while the camels started to run into the deserts. I had climbed on one of them. And they were going to the city of Haarlem, where they worshipped Bastet. And I still remembered this flower, and gave her the memory. And she opened the flower. And I found myself like a wild animal, tamed.And I found a golden globe of Izu, and I was focussed particulary at the Urg-part of it. And some lights were shivering on the globe, like red lights. And as I pushed the red lights my soul was taken away to a strange place. And it was like standing on a mountain, seeing so many underworlds. And as my soul got wings I flew to the other mountain. And my soul felt like a weak flower, and I started to gather my memories. That was all I had. I couldn't think anymore, I had only my memories. And as I started to cherish them new creatures were coming from them. And I came to the Underworlds of

the weak to find it's ornaments. These were like eyes in many colours. And I searched through the underworlds and deathrealms of eyes, hearts and ears, but also of legs and arms. Finally I came to the Underworld of the Lungs, where birds got their wings. And it was like I lost everything there, finding so many things back. And I came to the Underworlds of mouths to travel on tongue-paths, and also the Underworlds of intestines were tall paths. Some were very narrow and thin. After that I came to the Underworlds of the Liver and the Spleen, and rabbiteyes were staring at me. Ladders and stairways came out of their mouths, and I could enter in. As I came into the pancreasal underworlds I encountered scarab-butterflies and scarab-ladybugs. And I told them : Don't hit me, don't push me, don't let me lose my way, don't scorn me, for I'm a bakerman's face, tell me brother, I'm a bakerman's face. And I came to the underworlds of flowers, and they were like elves and faeries, having anuses like lips, peeing magic. This was the sensitive world, and they could breath ... deep. They had special and secret ways and paths to breath, like waterfalls of standing breath. And as I came to the underworlds of vagina's, falluses and other genitals, the times were shifting there. Here the chronology-masters lived. They were the weavers of time. And as I came to the underworlds and deathrealms of nipples, I saw even chocolate coming from them. First white chocolate, but later also some other colours, especially red. And I was in awe when I encountered these nipples of the dead. They were huge and like bodyparts, and nipplian creatures came forth from them. Some came from strange cocoons. And I was sliding into extasy, it was bringing me to a deeper pain, and to the depths of these underworlds. And finally I saw nipples of the death like peeing tears, and even blood. And a rage came over me, bringing me into a deeper war. And as I was rippling between extasy and deep pain, between business and a deeper war, I came to a strange path. Here I saw the toymaker, here I saw the tailor. Here I also saw the shoemaker, but they were all dead. And tongues of the dead hung all around me, inviting me to come into their worlds, but I was struggling my way on the path, while I was sliding into the Underworld of the Shoe. And the extremes raised higher, and their paradoxes, creating a new world, stranger than ever. Here fires and flowers grew like bridges across the skies. All that was far away was also so near. The illusion of distance had been gone. And suddenly I was sliding through the shoes of the dead, to the deeper deathrealms, there where the tearlakes were. And it was like strange paint, and strange nipples were peeing tears into the lakes like strange automatons. And I thought : 'What is going on ?' And still I was sliding away, and I came to the deathrealms of trains and racecars, and these paths looked like the genital area of women. The picture moved like snakes. These were strange forestroads, first pink, but later pinkblue. And then crying babies came forth from these area's and I thought : 'What is the deal ?' And veiled naked women came from out of nowhere, and their veils were transparent. And they said : 'Plug in', but I was running away ... for aren't there other ways to come somewhere ? And while I took distance I saw them changing into spiderwebs. 'Come back,' they whispered, trying to soothe me. And I came to the underworlds of the celibates and the virgins, where I found rest ... Strength was coming into my body again, although it was a strange sort of strength, almost on the edge of spasm. Breath was coming into my body again, although it was a strange sort, almost on the edge of hyperventilation. And it was like I got the crown of Epilepsy ... falling away from so many worlds ... so many disconnections, and I got socially disturbed. Now I could enter the Underworlds of Pirates, the Underworlds of Soldiers, and the Underworlds of Clowns, Jesters and Harlequins. And it was all leading me to a deeper war and a deeper tear It was guiding me to the underworlds of whores and finally the underworlds of clothes. The clothes were alive here, like vehicles and guides, like scarabs. And they taught me many laws. And as I was sliding through the underworlds and deathrealms of singers, artists, bands, piano's, guitars, drums and other equipment like violins, organs, trumpets, horns, clarinets and other sorts of flutes, I

could finally escape the threats of sound and light. They were always programming my mind to produce their spirits, but now I had raised the rent. I could finally reach my arms again, and feel them. Then I woke up. Was it all just a dream ? Well, I used to believe all my life was a dream ... just a dream ... And then ... sometimes it's good to dream within the dream ...

20. There was a ship of virgins coming to my town, while the girls stood before my window. Naked ... but more or less veiled ... I was sending them away, for they could be spiderwebs ... And then I started to think about the underworlds of a banana. Suddenly I felt strange ... I walked towards the door, and a little boy was standing before it. He kicked me in my stomach, and was roaring like a lion. He kicked me so hard that I fell asleep again. And then the whole dream started again ... Almost the same, but just a few details had changed ... And at the end of the dream I expected to wake up ... but I didn't ... Did this boy kick me too hard ?

21. And then I came to the Underworlds of Houses and Buildings, of skies and things like chairs, tables, floors, lamps and bicycles ... I even got into the Underworlds of paintings ... Unbelievable, right ? But in the Underworld of paintings, they are alive, and they are portals to to paint and tears

22. And then I came to the Underworlds of Beds and Doors ... Ships and Planes, restaurants, games, bathrooms, and kitchens And I got problems speaking ... I became a silent person ... because of this all ... There's not much to say anymore when you have seen things like this ... Finally I came to the Underworld of Books, and that opened a few doors for me ... In the deeper underworlds of books, books are amazing creatures, like planes of the underworld, yes, sometimes even starships or ufo's, or cruise-ships But there were many wars between the books and I could not solve these I could only maybe ease their pain a bit I wanted to write one book to solve the whole war of books ... But I couldn't the wars got worse and I had to escape Some boys from lynx tried to let me escape out of the Underworld of Books, but they failed Then some bakerman's faces tried I was a prisoner of an author's kitchen. I tried to invent a new alphabet and a new language but the books always knew how to find me ...

23. And I thought : 'If I could change the paint a bit ? Would it lead me out ? And I thought of all the places where I had been, about the nipple-paint and the tears ... And I started to cry ... while the books were changing It was like another dragontear had fallen on the graveyard of books While I could sink through so many bottoms ... heading for the castles of the red dragon ... And I could come into the Underworlds of pencils ... of pencils, paint and tears and of dragonhearts and I thought to myself : 'Where have I been all these years ... ' And then Horus said : 'My child ... it's not too late to change your life ... You are now safe here All these strange dancers will disappear ... ' And I went to the Underworlds of dancers sliding deeper and deeper until I encountered the ballerina It was just a ballerina Some parts of her had broken away It was a doll ... just a doll And I said : 'Put your feet, on the graveyard, put your feet, on the grave, and slide a bit deeper There will be things you never forget Don't be afraid Put your feet on the grave where you will find your wings and new tomorrows, where you will watch your riddles coming alive they will guide you across the nightseas guiding you to paradise Come, ballerina put your feet on the grave, and dance like a ballerina then slide from grave to grave On the coffin you will get your wings ... The coffin texts of faeries you will receive on your wings While you read them you will rise like the holy sphinx, knowing all the answers, opening all the doors No one will forget you, you will reach the other shore So fly out, my little ballerina don't cry no more, but get a little deeper ... '.

24.And the opening of the ballerina was like opening the Underworld of Knights ... and of so many animals and ornaments And I thought : 'yes, we're dying before every closed door, until our deep death opens it ... That's the way it goes We do not need more strength, but a deeper death.'

25.And then the fairytale went on There was a butterfly sitting on a musical box It looked like the ballerina She had her wings now ... She was now a scarab-butterfly still a dancer always descending into the underworld One day she met the shoemaker and the tailor, who were still having fights at midnight She took them down on her stairways, until their hearts combined Like the scarab-butterfly they took flight So many knights were rising up, having the underworlds of playcards like magic balls in their hands Like the underworlds of alphabets they stand together And I saw a number three coming forward with a trumpet ... Blowing while I was waking up again The little boy saw that and kicked me again immediately harder than ever I came into the underworlds and deathrealms of numbers This time I thought I was really dead ... No Near-Death-Experience, no fake-death, no, this time I thought I was really gone. And the numbers started hunting after me ... and I thought : What is the deal ? These numbers are dead ... And I saw these numbers were portals to the underworlds ... strange underworlds like the underworlds of a smile Some smiles have died a million times Then they show up with a vengeance to take some pictures and then leave to make comics Well, I went to the Underworlds of Comics after that, and finally to the Underworlds of Cartoon ... A strange museum it is They are made of dragontears and of alientears and ... the tears of all sorts of beasts and numbers And these tears are like scarabs Well, cartoons and comics are actually scarabs ... Where would we be without them ?

26.And I came to the Underworlds and deathrealms of trousers, and the deeper I came the more tears streamed through them. They were like strange scarabs and beautiful. I asked myself if there would be anything more beautiful than that. And I came to the underworlds of rings and fingers, but I still returned to the Underworlds of the trousers. And I went deeper and deeper, while they looked more and more insectian. Some had fragile wings like butterflies, and some looked like insectian horses. And some tried to get my attention like they were my sisters and brothers. And I said to them : 'Hey, I've heard you, don't be ashamed, these tricks I never cared to cry ... For these are all just bakerlies ...' And I said this for they lived in deep wars ... Wild wars between a lot of different tribes And I wanted to sooth them, and make them laugh for awhile but I also knew that smiles like these could destroy them so I was very careful ... telling them about some tragedies in other underworlds ... But I couldn't solve their wars these wars were deeper than the previous ones I encountered ... And I went from tribe to tribe to find out what was going on but some tribes were very aggressive to me ... or didn't want to speak to me ... And deep tears came to my throat, but also a deep rage ... And I try to do business, but they didn't respond ... Then I took my arrows of tax ... but I didn't want to fight so I shot them in the middle of the night You must pay the rent to live in my fantasy ...

27.And I try to put some marketsquares and some stockmarkets, building insurances and bounty-fields ... I even showed them the secrets of the capital ... but they didn't give away their prides In the middle of it all they built their totems. But they couldn't conquer me with their webs and their lies as I was a giant in their eyes ...

28.Maybe I have to go to some other underworlds to find some keys ... So I went to the underworlds and deathrealms of the shorter trousers, even of the trousers too short Here the tearlakes were like neverending wars designed by the nevermade I cannot conquer these words they have

built ... I can't believe I am running here When I'm looking down I have the trousers too short ... like pink lights sliding over me until I'm crying neverending tears I'm heading for the big swallow for the Underworlds and deathrealms of the throats ... But do believe, these tears are rising higher ... until they overflow again washing my mind again Cannot find my way back to the deathrealms of trousers All I do is coming to the underworlds and deathrealms of lips and tongues Where the ravenmermaids watch and stand ... like queens on their thrones They direct me to the Underworlds of stomachs, food and drinks But I cannot find any key I'm only sliding further away I'm calling for the trousers of the underworld but no one's calling back I am unheard

29. Then I watch a symphony of giants Then I watch some roses grow Like tongues they give light blinding me guiding me into the night Then I swim to the morningsides but I can never touch their hands Maybe I have to dive into their underworlds And when I do I find their trousers like the mermaid's trousers these roses are so blue hurting my eyes all I can do is scream ... when I shriek the clocks are rolling Give me your trousers please

30. Now the fish has two legs again These trousers come from the neverending Have them in my arms ... this fishtail growing like the destiny my baby's dreaming it's all between you and me I bring the mermaid's trousers to the wars of the underworld Trousers are watching me, telling me I tell tales unheard

31. Then I wake up, seeing the boy still standing he's my son And I thank him for all the stories he brought to me ... He's smiling like the Anubis but I have to go again He knows and kicks me knock-out again.

32. Since the coming of the mermaid's tail, the trousers live in great peace There are still some wars yet, but it's now on the background Since peace came the lightmushrooms were coming ... and the lighttoadstools. They were guiding them all home, into a new dream, a dream within a dream ... I came to the underworlds of buttocks well, that was tricky for from there the waterfalls flow like strange pink lights so wet like the watering lights heading for the fights All they want to do is to reach the broadcastlady from cartoon And all they say is : 'Move away we're heading for her' And I came to the underworlds of breasts came to the underworlds of clocks until I found the nipples of dead where the milk of the dead was streaming from I wandered through the underworlds of milk, of blood and sweat I wandered through the underworlds of smoke, colours and candy The underworlds of pink are hard to believe Where the pink trousers are it's hard to breathe But all I did was to search for the underworlds of the brown leading me under the yellow A place of warmth and nostalgia everything is cherished here Butterflies are awakening here Breath, my child, breath break the bloodline and be free Watch the giant's symphony Come into the underworlds of visions and dreams They have died so many times before and after they reached you Bring healing to their bones ... Give them wings to fly Don't let them be shattered again Don't let them die.

33. As I died so many deaths, I became a butterfly sinking into the Underworlds of Shops, where I found some small lights Lead me to the wings so fragile All I found here were deeper wars under the skin Came to the Underworlds of Cradles to the Underworlds of Gamble-machines and gamblers trying to find their ways back home Scarab-beetles and scarab-snails are searching for you ... These gamble-machines they never lie They only cry trying to find their ways back to you Through the Underworlds of Misunderstandings they will finally

understand you These Underworlds of Wars are just some scarabs coming through ... The Underworlds of Traffic leading you homeThe Underworld of the Police guarding you. The Underworld of Letters bringing you to the M. And the Undergrounds of M lead you to the Undergrounds of K, and together they hide the underworlds and deathrealms of the elephant.

34.And I came to the Halls of Death of vampires and witches, but also of demons. And these Underworlds were like three pale purple roses ... becoming dark in the night, with red wet lights and dark wet yellow lights like fire Is this hell, or is this heaven ... it all depends on your point of view ... And three big faces guarded the Underworlds of Chess ... while Horus was descending raising vultures from the sides of chess And I came to the Underworlds of christians they had nowhere to go for in the depths of these underworlds they found out they had followed a lie, and now they had to build their own show And I came to the Underworlds and Deathrealms of Pawns but I tried to get even deeper ... I had to reach for their hells, their eternal flames

35.Underworlds full of riches ... underworlds full of tears underworlds full of paths leading through all these years Underworlds full of traces underworlds full of fears Underworlds, yes, the white rabbit is bringing you near Stepped on the back of a red one ... Alice was in tears He opened some new doors to me tearing down all those years And Alice now her clothes are torn She's wild now, like the jealous gong She's hunting like the raider on a red rabbit she wages war until all her children reach her shore Alice, daughter of the white rain, daughter of the white snow Now it's time to take the red tree he's telling tales on his own While a red rabbit comes like a snake taking her away Alice, daughter of the white rain, daughter of the red snake she's walking on her own now with a red cape

36.Put on your red boots, put on your red boots, step into the carriage, bringing you to wonderland again, not the yellow trip, not the white one, but a red one instead ... breaking the dice, breaking the chessboards of black and white ... on a red chessboard we stand ... from a red chessboard we rise ... Not the one of angels, but of pirates

37.Put on your red boots, while the red rabbit takes you again like the red snake taking you to it's den Not a rabbithole this time ... these echoes come from deeper

38.Put on your dancing shoes, ballerina This queen of hearts you have to defeat Put on your red shoes, ballerina This queen of roses you have to push against the wall You must destroy her painting, and call it art You must descend into her pits and open her door, and swim to her shore Then she will rise like a dragon on her island she will stand hiding her wells But you must put on your red tattoo to break her shoe Send her automatons of tears away Spend your days with the red rabbits and pray Build an army while you can while no one understands Build a tower, build a spear and shoot your arrow into her last year No one will understand and no one will follow you No one will say your name Only she will do

39.Alice, step into her well The red snow will fall The red ice will stand before you, and rise to heal it all Alice the red key lies before you open the door swim through your wonderland again and reach for the shore No one is there but you will raise your children by the red tree Walk the red path Carry the red cross Flames of fire and ice will guide you to paradise

40.To the pyramid of crosses, I see the cross, the rosecross, and the red cross But I see the worse cross is the chrystal ball, a red ball while you were watching over me And I see the white ball was the greatest joke coming over me Oh rosecross, lead me through the red ball, oh rosecross

lead me through the white ball, the greatest joke of all Oh rosecross, lead me through the red realm, lead me through the red desire Let the red rabbit coming to take me higher than the skies Oh rosecross, and give me daily bread, give me daily meat Oh rosecross, give me shoes to walk on water Oh, rosecross and save my baby rosecross don't let the red ball take her away I pray

41.Saw a white rabbit standing, standing near a white cross while a white ball was coming over me giving me these dreams while a red ball was rising deep inside a worse cross I needed to hide using all those tears to write books are on fire

42.Saw a white rabbit standing there standing near the white cross surrounded by the pink, these snakes were falling falling away into a white chrystal ball While a red ball rose deep from the inside writing like the egg of snakes while a red rabbit was coming forth leading me to the roses leading me to the roses of another year another tear another year

43.Rabbit, don't kill me again Let me stand here where I am got to bring the message to the postman Rabbit, don't run away from me I need you when these roses are dying sliding into the afternoon to the underworlds of afternoon

44.Rabbit, don't kill me Don't you leave me Bring my message to the postman Got to stay here where I am I cannot move, I'm like the red tree And I came to the Underworld of Trees watching the giants in their rivers Some had boats some had strange trousers bringing me on my knees to watch their golden shoes These trees they know how how to escape with me As I came deeper into their underworlds rabbits and squirts in the trees They were watching the giants in their rivers Watching the suns coming over me And I said : 'Rabbit, don't you kill me, I'm still too young to die but bring my message to the postman and come back to me Rabbit, I cannot move I feel myself like the red tree Will you raise me up bring me to the borderlines of this strange dream And I jumped from the edge while I was floating into the Underworlds of rivers and lakes And I came to the underworlds of rocks where they could just move and live Came to the underworlds of mountains and vulcano's, of clouds and stars, searching for the brake Came to the underworlds of bloodlines, who were like lions and butterflies like strange storybooks flying The bloodlines ... strange insects Set them free They were not made to be imprisoned between you and me

Temup

Sea of Quin

The cat slays a spider, and a fly comes forward. Then more flies are coming forth, and then a big ladybug. A flying cricket leads them to the Sea of Quin. Behind this enormous sea there's a land called Temup, with the city Domom. The city Domom has a lot of gates which can be accessed by certain poetry and riddles. The traveller travels in the sunboat, with the Sa speaking to the watchers :

First Gate : Gate of Uprightness

Key : These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ...

Second Gate : Gate of Honesty

Key : It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ... Back to Brannan, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... for it was too private ... just for you ... Back to Brannan ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw

Third Gate : Gate of the Conversation between Shoes

Key : Trips to Brannan, He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... It's made out of stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... He's the wizard's son. He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ...

Fourth Gate : Gate of the Farmers' Domain

Key : In the distance the soft machineguns and canons were shooting, pulsating, like liquid balls and eggs together, while soft winds surround the targets. The heat is intensive, someone is breathing, like he can explode every second. It's hard for him to leave the plateau, this level, to reach for a deeper one inside. Someone is breathing heavier, someone close to him. They cannot hold themselves up, and suddenly by a wind and a flash, they are exploding into white powder. Now the wind will do with it what it wants, but their souls are deeply gone, gone to another world. Their mouths are contracting, while the venom flows into their mouths. The mountains are high here, while snow and dust covers them, where the sun licks the roofs and the ripples. It was a flyian attack.

Fifth Gate : Gate of Nuin

Key : He has white golden wires coming from his shoulders, while his white golden uniform is blinding the mass. His teeth pulsate the heat, while soft winds surround his attacks. He's a good warrior on his ship, doing flyian attacks. After the battles there isn't always much to do. Sometimes it's really boring for they shot everything away. The webs of wild flies are worse than that of spiders, for it eats everything away.

Sixth Gate : Gate of the Brannan Warriors

Key : There are standing racecars on the tall attic on the tall table, where the nephews play. These racecars are a species of flies. They like to get fast to break through the picture. Then nothing has form, nothing has shape, and everything starts all over again. There's coming soft smoke from their throats. Their fathers have smoken too much. Tall cigarettes are their cue's on the billiardstable, while the balls are of gold in all colours. Watch these suns they have in their ornaments.

Seventh Gate : Gate of the White Warriors

Key : The white golden sun is standing tall, while someone tall, almost bald, leaves the stages to take a boy from the streets. It's just a kid, and now he is in these dark hands. The boy starts to scream, for the Lord of the Flies is taking him to an island. There where the nephews live. He's

coming tall accepting no complaints. Someone gets the tall ornaments, to hang in the trees of their gardens.

Eighth Gate : Gate of the Red Stripes

Key : He's rising up, so sinister now, not a boy anymore. No one could expect that such a child would become such a strange hard man. By the hits he is autistic now, paranoid with sharp arrows. He's a wild fly, built for the kill, growing undercover in so many worlds. He's all alone, and where's the Lord of the Flies now. He stares at the tall ornaments, food for insects, but they are growing taller. He likes to make these circles, stinging through the pictures, to gain the nothing. From here he can grow to the heights. His touch is cool and shaky. He doesn't have an identity no more, while his colours are spreading like ripples and waves, he's heading for the pale, looking for the lost drips of colour. He dives, misses, and then falls away to wait another thousand years for a second chance. He's dreaming, dreamy, shifting his consciousness. Nothing is real.

Ninth Gate : Gate of Ulias

Key : He's a flyian mariner, without an army. His arrows are sharp, piercing his own back and shoulders, while wires are coming through. He's painted in many colours, while he shows the pale spots. His eyes are dark, waiting for the kill.

Tenth Gate : Gate of the Dominators of the Quin-Sea

Key : In the White Golden city they gather, all these white flies, waiting for the kill. They were marked to do the crimes, deep in their nipples. Their immunology systems are overactive, but a White Golden Hand takes them away. They just need to have a good circulation, and he teaches them art. The White Golden Snake penetrates the chest, to give them more hearts. They have no shape here, only movement and change. They are free.

Eleventh Gate : Gate of them who dwell in Domom

Key : In White Golden Ornaments we are free, no identity, no names. It's shifting so fast into endless summers, to become blue on top ... a bit blue.

Twelveth Gate : Gate of the kings of Temup

Key : He heard the White Golden Hand, on the ship.

Thirteenth Gate : Them of the forty-one hours of Brannan

Key : your guide to softness, bringing you to the hearts of Brannan.

Fourteenth Gate : Gate of the Second Wheel

Key : Hail to those who have survived the strikes of Belcanov, for they have become softer and softer, by the glues of Brannan. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. They have been struck by a fever to become healthy. They have been struck by chaos to become ordered, Yet they are wild. They are the wild men, the wild boys, becoming raiders, while they are sleeping in trees. They have become darker and paler, covered by chocolate, vanilla and peppermint. Hail to those who have survived, for they have been struck by confusion to become creative. They do not marry, but travel from woman to woman, to become the shining hermits in the sky, while their lights are slowly fading away turning into darkness. Their hands are cold and their hearts are hot.

Fifteenth Gate : Gate of the Home of the kings of Brannan

Key : Open the pyramids of Brannan. Show me the names, and let black doves cover them by their wings. Let your holy and sacred hands take me in, and initiate me. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom, and let me destroy the evil snakes by the red stripes. Pharaoh's of Brannan rise up to give me the rods to destroy the evil donkeys holding away the sweetness. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes, smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan.

Sixteenth Gate : Gate of the Home of the pharaoh's of Brannan

Key : Here is where our home is, here is where our hearts are. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers, and let them rise in our hearts. Let truth guide us, and bring us to Draminia, the roots of life. Show us the depths of Amenti in Brannan and Draminia. Let Jericho and Sodom rise. We ask you to lay your rods on our foreheads, and to bring your feathers inside of us. Lead us to eternal paths, oh Holy and Sacred One, and give us your winged Khu-hearts. Bless Brannan and Draminia, bless Marazanta, Lord of the Insects, and bless the White Golden Hand, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us access to the rivers that lead into your pyramids and tombs. Let us dwell in your chambers forever, to read their texts.

Seventeenth Gate : Gate of the Weeping Fruit

Key : Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through its halls. Amenti-Ra-Amen. Tem, feeder of all Ka's, feed us, and bring our Ka's into the rays of Amenti-Light. Let them possess and transform our ba's. Brannan, bring the feathers in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes can come over the enemies. Let us make Jericho rise. Let us rebuild its walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to our hearts. If our hearts aren't light and bright enough, then let Ammit eat it.

Eighteenth Gate : Gate of the Land

Key : I come to the White Golden Pyramid of the Winged Snake of Brannan, to bless all four openings. I enter through West, and follow the paths of the sunsets. Let the seven sacred sunsets guard my mouth, and guide my lungs. 56. Brannan is the Jaw, the ashes from the ashes, where the power to speak dwells and the power of silence.

Nineteenth Gate : Gate of Jerom

Key : Jericho ; Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the comic milk stream from Jericho. These are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ... beyond the museums ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ...

Twentieth Gate : Gate of Jericho

Key : How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling ... to build the bridge to Draminia ... The guitar will do .. these men are jukeboxes ... golden statues ... Put the Icecreams against the hot ones chocolate ... Melting is just making music ... It all happens on a red chessboard the wizards surrounding the castles ... The guitar of wonder will lead us over the river ... they were all prisoned .. in kisses of death ... The records turned red on that day, the rivers

turned blood ... Hot in the North, cold in the South ... while a musical box was rising from the red chessboard ... It was a matter of melting and freezing ... while a little ballerina was dancing on top.

Twentyfirst Gate : Gate of the Kings of Jericho

Key : On that day when the chocolates were melting ... the face of the frog appeared ... a red face ... the queen found her toy back ..finding out she wasn't queen anymore ... the toad was sitting in the dining room of little aquarius ... with a golden dish and a golden grail while the plate-statue was a golden lion ... The cooks were all frozen, doing strange dances ... Dorothee found out she wasn't a woman anymore ... She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the tops of a new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize what she was now ? tall emotions moving like snakes ... she was flexible now ... not frozen anymore ...

Twentysecond Gate : Gate of the Jericho Pharaoh's

Key : It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... and we are in this whirlpool, swimmingpool, masterpool In strange racecars we ride riding the stories, on old records the lambsheads sit ... She's smoking the fairytales This is the world of feelings, so strong it claims your mind ... to possess and possess like hot chocolate, having raiders darker than men ...

Twentythird Gate : Gate of the Piper's Son

Key : Under Bekehelm's helmet..... Tomorrow the Big Ear will smoke.

Twentyfourth Gate : Gate of Oblivian

Key : Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch.

Twentyfifth Gate : Gate of Bekehelm

Key : My god is a chessboard. But on sundays, I never believe in god. I'm the black chessboard, and he's the red chessboard. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. On high materos we take flight. The fly rises from the chessboard. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock. His sword is a checked spoon.

In here a god is living called Bekehelm's Tune, like a dwarf. He cares for the forests in this gate

Twentysixth Gate : Gate of the Pear

Key : There is an orange golden sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. For all with Brannan's smile, Rotten railways, bending low, for curtain's spinach. There are seven roads of dwarves, diving to the underworlds. There are paintings lying on a beach. There is an old orange sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. Temperature is hot, while the snakes are big and heavy. It's spouting in the air, machines of great danger. In Egypt there's a tower high, touching the underworlds of Luca's smiles. It's the tower stinging it forever, while plastic bathsmiles are in the air. It was surrounded by warm orange, symmetric snakes along the cars. Too many small lights made the air thick, while golden orange statues rake the sun, there are shadows on the golden beach, the orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it.

Twentyseventh Gate : Gate of Wittepixho

Key : She paints the names on the walls of jericho ... and then the gamble starts.

Twentyeighth Gate : Gate of Uliat

Key : The walls of jericho are rising They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? These chessboards with the gamblelights There are strange checked coins on strange checked bottles. You have the rings of lynx now ... don't fear ... They are getting paler, you can use these coins for new automatons ... Can you imagine the joy it brings ... It's checked ... a book with a split laugh ...

Twentynineth Gate : The Gate of Usifex

Key : All these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening.

Thirtieth Gate : The Gate of the Dark Men

Key : The frog has some old castles ... I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ... I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts.

Thirtyfirst Gate : The Gate of the Hollow Eye

Key : The frog is your friend. He's now spitting sand. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...

Thirtysecond Gate : The Gate of the Tear

Key : The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... It rose from the book of lies ... teaching you how to ganner.

Thirtythird Gate : The Gate of the Ganner-Dog

Key : You see the checked frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... This is the world of the blind ... You don't have to run. There are no movies anymore ... There's nothing speaking here ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... The fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible I wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ... Checked snakes on the sides of chess, rising like balloons. While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down.

Thirtyfourth Gate : The Gate of Liberty

Key : While ladies of the sides of chess, they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the night we're in dark materos raising sunset, while sinking deeper into the skies ... Your balloons were tight rings. They're coming from the seas of these pirateships making me blind

Thirtyfifth Gate : The Gate of the Gathering of Shoes

Key : The cat slays a spider, and a fly comes forward. Then more flies are coming forth, and then a big ladybug. A flying cricket leads them to the Sea of Quin. Behind this enormous sea there's a land called Temup, with the city Domom.

Thirtysixth Gate : The Gate of the Frogs of Domom

Key : The city Domom has a lot of gates which can be accessed by certain poetry and riddles. The traveller travels in the sunboat, with the Sa speaking to the watchers.

Thirtyseventh Gate : The Gate of the Lost Farmers

Key : The cat slays a spider.

Thirtyeighth Gate : The Gate of the Doomed Farmers

Key : A fly comes forward.

Thirtyninth Gate : The Gate of the Living Shoes

Key : Flies are coming forth, and then a big ladybug.

Fortieth Gate : Gate of the Red Shoe

Key : A flying cricket leads them to the Sea of Quin.

Fortyfirst Gate : Gate of the Land of the Flying Cricket

Key : Behind this enormous sea there's a land called Temup, with the city Domom.

These were the Forty-One Hours of Brannan, the Gates of Domom. Everyday the traveller needs to travel through these gates. This is also the course of the Sun of Brannan.

Litany of Lbok

They will be sent back to Izu seventy times, so that there will be a sifting among them ... Some of them will be sent back to Egypt ... This is the Litany of Lbok ... There are no tight rules in this, for it's always different ... And the paradoxes will fight ... The First Gate is the Gate of Egypt ... but those who went through this gate will be sent back to where they came from a hundred times ... Until they grow through the gate of Egypt ... Then they will head for the second gate, the gate of Izu ... and they will be sent back to Egypt until they are growing through this gate ... Then the light will also grow around them, like a fierce shelter ... The third gate is the gate of brannan, and the fourth gate is the gate of Lbok ... Those entering this gate will be sent back to Brannan until they really grow through the gate of lbok ... They will first know the depths of Brannan and the depths of Izu ... They will grow from these depths ... meeting even greater depths ... Then they will head for the fifth gate ... They will not know this gate without meeting the depths of Lbok and it's deathhalls ... They will not know this gate without meeting the hells of Lbok and it's poverty ... They will travel from death to death and from prison to prison ... to find life and lbok-citizenship in the cocoons of lbok, leading them to the land of the fifth gate ... Brannan will be a soft shelter for them in these things ...

They need to travel as Lbok, the bound king on a chariot ... Then they will become free in the fifth gate ... They must confess : Marriage is Nonsense, Marriage is a Sin, but sometimes a prison one must go through to unlock a certain hidden door ... Sometimes Marriage is a strategy ... a battlefield ... a secret mission but it must end in breaking the Canon ... Birthday and Marriage is the force of Canon, bit it will be broken ... No, you're not in hell ... it's something worse ... called the wedding ... all dad's birthday-zeppelins had been exploded already ... now we got this present from the cake ... this babe was called everlasting damnation when she was young ... but now she changed her name into the wedding ... yes, since awhile already ... Grandfather is breeding his weddings at the sides of the ponds ... making them ready for the big attack ...from the frog He's breeding his everlasting damnations under his shoes .. so that he can step on mines with them ... while my shoes

are walking mines ... they explode every step i take ... while i'm still lighting my cigarettes with themi never put these things in my mouth ...i only write by them ...to an old lawyer ..to an old ornament ...the one holding the weddings tight ...he breeds them in corsets ...in iron suits of knights ...he breeds them in fish's bowls ...in whale's bowls and in trousers ...these weddingnights are still his best tricks ...like the candles on a weddingtart ...one candle for one night ...and then they start to take the cigars and cigarettes of the wedding-visitors ...which is a long and cruel fight ...a fight often ending in the bathroomwhere she shows him her everlasting damnations ...and where he shows her his paper bows ...still a sad picture ...and it's a long and cruel fight ... from the bedroom to the bathroom ...She's spreading roses to attract the dogs ... He's spreading paper dice ... not knowing what will come ... still a sad family-picture It's still the photo hanging near to the clock ... Like mom and dad were always trying to break the back of an eliphant so that they could ride it together ... It's such a cruel and sad picture in a sense ... The children still cry about it ... Why did it have to be this way ... why ...He's always speaking about the past, about his father and mother ... He got the family-album when they died in that cruel accident ... for him it's more a zoo-album a very sad prison ... He's still throwing his coins and peppermints through the bars ... trying to get them alive but life was too cruel ... and it seems everything is heading for everlasting damnation ... but maybe that would call for mr. too late summerclause ... He always saved people from that place ... but grandfather always told with a tight face : There are worse places than Everlasting Damnation ... Yes, the wedding ... that's where it all started ... but if everlasting damnation is a better station ... then let us bring them there ... and then we will see further ... the handicapped boy sais He always speaks about his father and mother, about the Lord God and about the devil He's very wise ... he thinks too deep ... He always sais he's the Lord God when he fights with his little friends while his older brother, an autistic boy, is the Boss of the Lord GodThey are heading for an urbal renewal ... They bought black shoes ... and now they're doing exercizes with the shoes ... They are both obsessed about shoes ... the Lord God always walked with the shoes of his mother ... while the older one always took his father's shoes They are also fond of suits ... They liked to wear the suits of their older sisters ... But they don't live anymore either all crashed by the accidentThere they walk like spidersmen through the streets of the cities ... flirting with the moths of the roofs ... and blinking at the ravens ... but it's all fake .. al part of the game ... They have serious things in mind They decided to reverse the city Sodom and Gomorrah needs to be destroyed ... the Lord God sais ... "yes", the Boss of the Lord God sais, there isn't any smile on his face ... he's serious ... the city needs to be destroyed for they sinned against the Lord GodThe Lord God and the Boss of the Lord God are walking to a friend of them ... he lives near to the center of the city They call him Moses, and he is the one who needs to announce the plagues ... he's a boy with a speechdefect ...They will go to top of the tower of the church where the two brothers will play the chimes and the boy with the speechdefect will announce the plagues by a siren ...It was a plague of moths ... eating the suits of the town eating away their masks and then the horror-show began ... the only thing people had to do was to look into the mirror to see what was happening under their masks for such a long time ... the world beyond fairytale ... the world behind the city-screens ...the most wild and traumatic insects were living in the flesh behind the masks ... it was a plague of moths showing the horror-screens behind the fairytale-screens ... they were doing their weddings in fresh meat ... but these were called everlasting damnations ... there is one thing worse than an everlasting damnation ... a masked everlasting damnation The Wedding ...It was a plague of moths ... back to Izu ...The moths were eating the ornaments away ... showing what was happening inside ... the chain there's something worse than a chain a masked chain for no one believes you are chained while it's eating

you from inside outThey were heading for .. The Weddingroom to eat the wedding tarts ... and to show what the bride was all wearing under her weddingdress ...They were heading forthe wedding-dress ... eating it away to show the terror in daylight ... all these everlasting damnations in fresh meatRefugees from the big wedding ... all flying on moths now ... attacking the cities sharp speechdefects bred by divorces we have our own languages ... this is cake from elite ...It was a plague of moths ... digging for licorice ... back to IzuNow the handicapped boys are sitting on the ladybug ... reversing all your fed up bibles the wedding was decorated by the big B from everlasting damnation unaware of motivations, the witch's spellbook if it comes to that when repeated reversed Wild boys, She's breeding the wasp. She's breeding the tattoo on his face, he's almost skewed this little boy She's breeding the basket, She's painting the boy, By her cruel words, It will follow her the rest of her life, like a nightmare, It will even visit her across the red lines. She's breeding the wild cat, breeding the big bang, Now these boys will forget, also the big "She" ... No one wanted to listen to him, that little boy's toy, but now it's a snake hitting the lambs, in cold deserts, She bred it into this. In the sixth night, Lbok is always the Jesus, coming to the wolves ... In the seventh night he is the martyr ... refusing to fight ... This is why his crosses are deep ... This is why his tears are tall ... like wine on a sundaymorning ... He's losing it all ... In the fifth night he's the bound king on the charriot ... learning about his coming kingdom ... In the fourth night he's a slave ... in the third night the thief ... In the second night the warrior, in the first night the lullaby ... There's no eighth night in his heart ... The ring always leads him to the lullaby again ... In the afternoon he's always a baker ... In the evening he's always a raker and in the morning the forgotten spoon ... He's a poet and a clown ... with broken masks a cannibal ... In the great carnival he stands, his soul ready to bend ... To the fifth gate he's swimming and stretching out ... but he'll never reach it ... he will drown in daylight again ... until he's the mermaid of a masked man ... better masked than him ... In the night he stops all the fights ...

De Sleutel van Izu II

Hurmik

Isabella

1.

Lofgedicht tot de Heilige Maagden

1. Heilige Maagd Rozenweer, zoete geur, groot geheim. U bracht mij naar het huis van zwijm, waar Uw rozenkoeken bloeien, waar de grote lelies staan. U bracht mij naar het Paradijs, in Uw Wil wil ik gaan. Oh Heilige Maagd Rozenweer, zoete geur, zachte Liefde, ogenkleur, als uw flessen van bosgeur zich openen, dan dansen herten in het rond. Bij Uw geheim wil ik zijn.

2. Heilige Maagd Isabella, zoete droom, zoete morgen, waar ik naar verlang. U doet mijn gordijnen open, en de geluiden der vogels lokken mij steeds weer, tot zachte dromen. Heilige Maagd Isabella,

oh zacht geluk, U bracht mij Uw harp en harlekijn. Uw nachtspelers zij zijn er weer, om mij mee te nemen tot Uw Eer. Zij brengen mij tot pril geluk, in Lentedagen zie ik U, Uw harpen staan waar wonden waren.

3. Diepe wonden bracht U mij, als door een vriend geslagen. U liet Uw tranen zien, U tuchtigde mij reeds vroeg. U bracht mij rozenkoeken in de winter, Uw paarden vonden mij in de nacht, oh Heilige Maagden der Liefde. Uw harpen staan waar wonden waren, nu speel ik voor uw troon. U maakte de schelle tonen in mijn ziel, tot bellen van U.

4. Toen zware stemmen mij verschrikten, U was daar met zachte bazuin. Toen harde stemmen mijn schepen lieten zinken, uw vissen des hemels waren daar, om liederen te verdrijven, U bracht mij tot het Huis van Stilte. Heilige Maagd Desiré, Uw gouden koorden brachten mij daar. Heilige Maagd Desiré, groot geheim, nachtlatin, hoop in gouden Liefde, om met U te zijn, is als baden in de gouden nachtfontein.

5. Uw Glorie zoekt mij steeds weer op, Uw woorden drijven mij naar diepe stilte. U fluistert zacht, totdat ik baad in rozennacht. Met dromen in Uw Linkerhand, U komt tot mij, U neemt mijn hand. Uw Glorie leidt mij, en draagt mij over woeste zeeën. Met U te zijn, is beter dan met een mens. Uw Huis van Stilte ademt in mij, en diepe rozenpilaren brengen een boodschapper tot mij. Waarom ben ik nog steeds zo jong. Ik verlang ernaar Uw Wijsheid te dragen.

6. U tuchtigt mij met Kennis, U doorstak mijn paarden met pijlen der Liefde, om hen om mijn hals te hangen, het reeenjong in Uw geheim. U bracht mij paarden der Liefde, op een stenen altaar doorboort. U hing ze door mijn haren en verzegelde mijn voorhoofd. U sprak tot mij in nachtlatin, en liet mij dalen in de putten der nachten, door uw zoete rozenkoeken.

2.

Gebeden en Belijdenissen tot de Heilige Maagden

1. Heilige Maagd Isabella, waak over onze zielen. Geef ons de eeuwige koorden, om tot u te komen. Opent uwe heil'ge weg, een heilig pad vol vreemdelingen. Heilige Maagd Isabella, waak over onze zielen, schenk Uw woord tot een doorgang over bruggen, laat uw dalen vol van liefde zijn. Heilige Maagd Isabella, schenk ons uw geest, als een glorie van boven.

2. Heilige Maagd Desiré, laat ons niet in zonde glijden. Genees onze afvalligheid, en schenk ons uw liefde. Draag bij, aan onze eeuwige groei, in de veiligheid en rust van uw beminnelijke schuilplaats. Onder de putten heeft u het neergezet, wij komen tot u, in bewondering. Wij sluiten onze ogen, en denken aan U. Aan U, die ons leven schonk, aan u die ons opzocht in onze kerkers en putten, en leidde ons tot de diepere weg. Van anderen kwam u. Laat ons dan dichterbij komen.

3. Heilige Maagd Rozenweer, neem ons op in Uw lieflijke hand, en zet ons in uw koninkrijk neer, in Uw paradijs, waar wij in vrede kunnen leven. Uw paarse en roze vlammen is als verkoelend stoom van uw liefdeswoorden. Genees ons, en leer ons. Dank u dat u tot ons bent gekomen. Ja, diep in uw putten zonken wij, totdat u ons nam tot de dieptes van uw koninkrijk.

4. Op de bodem van onze putten vonden wij Uw weg. Heb genade, en leidt ons, neem ons mee. Heilige Bosmaagd Odusu, wij hebben uit uw rivieren van heil gedronken, en gij hebt ons de gouden vlam gegeven. Tot het groene goud leidde gij ons, en gij maakte onze werken schoon en zuiver. Uw

lieflijke geuren stromen uit de bosflessen, en gij hebt uw broodbrokken in kruiken tot het voeden der wilde beesten.

5. Heilige Veldmaagd Saratus, gij bent mij grote liefde, overstroom mij met uw gloed, een bloeiende, groeiende ochtendvloed. Ik gloei wanneer gij mij aanraakt. Ik sta in brand, wanneer gij aan mij denkt. Ik kom altijd tot uw poorten. Ik ben nog nooit zo diep geweest als nu, in de dieptes van uw bloemenvelden, kom nu, en doe mijn diepste verlangens ontwaken.

6. Bloemen verwelken, zij groeien op mijn hoed, om voor altijd het geluk te aanschouwen, de glorie van de gloed, de moedergloed, zij heeft mij op rivieren genomen, tot dit paradijselijke eiland, zij is de veldmaagd Saratus, de Heilige. Overstroom nu ook mij, vergeet mij niet, wanneer je schrijft. Laat mij binnen in Uw koninkrijk, ik ben gemaakt aan U gelijk.

7. Zij hebben mij stijf gespoten, met het schuim des velds. Saratus, waarom hebt gij mij geslagen ? Zwaar tuchtigt zij haar helden. In haar manden draagt zij hen, tot de wolven van de oude dagen. Zij hebben mij zo koud gemaakt, maar er is een vlam die in mij waakt, de vlam van de heilige veldenmaagd, oh Saratus, bescherm mij tegen de kou. Mijn hart is zo koud, ik ben als een blok hout, tot Saratus mij kust, dan ontwaak ik tot hartelust. Dan voel ik alles in mij branden. Oh Saratus, waarom hebt gij mij geslagen ?

8. Tot haar dieptes ben ik gevlucht, want de vijand zat mij achterna, nu heb ik haar gekust, en vele zonden bedekt. Haar genade zocht ik, haar huis bouwde ik, nu heeft zij mij gezien. Ik ben een koningszoon, en in haar heb ik mijn troon. Oh, Saratus, waarom hebt gij mij verlaten. Steeds zoek ik naar U, steeds droom ik over U. Vaak kan ik er niet van slapen, het maakt mij zo moe. Waarom hebt gij mij geslagen ? Heel mijn leven geef ik U, waar moet ik anders naar toe. Zij zitten mij op de hielen. Tot U kan ik vluchten.

9. In veiligheid kom ik, maar ik kan uw huis niet vinden, onder mos en bloemen zal het zijn. Nog steeds slaat gij mij, hoelang zal het nog duren. Neem mij aan, ik ben een arme bedelaar, te zwak om tot U te komen, maar te sterk om door de vijand te worden weggenomen. Neem mij aan, ik ben een arme bedelaar, ik kan uw huis niet vinden, alles stroomt van mij weg. Toe, leidt mij, breng mij terug op het pad, en bedek mijn zonden.

10. Ik hoor Uw stem in de verte, bij de avondkoelte verlang ik naar de rust, maar gij laat Uzelf niet snel kennen, ik wacht op U. Kon ik maar Uw wonden begrijpen, oh tedere snaar, gevoelige blik, als op een kaart getekend, als aan een woning vastgeketend. Kon ik Uw wonden maar begrijpen, ik wil ze graag voelen, als een woning onder de bloemen.

11. Zij hebben mij stijfgespoten, zij hebben mij bedrogen, en daarom vlucht ik tot U. Ik ben nog niet tot Uw woning gekomen, maar stil en stap voor stap zal mijn droom uitkomen.

3.

Ode aan de Dwaze Maagden

1. Heilige maagden van het woud, heilige maagden van de vulkanen, hebt gij mij ooit gehoord, toen ik tot u bad. Hebt gij mij ooit gezien hoe ik naar u verlangde. Mijn hart bonsde reeds toen ik jong was in mijn hoofd, toen ik gedichten tot u zond. Gedichten der liefde, van volwassen taal, maar gij hebt mij tot de wildernis gezonden.

2. Heilige maagden der bergen, heilige maagden van de zon, heb medelijden wanneer ik tot U kom. Wanneer ik in Uw nabijheid een verkeerd woord uitspreek, straf mij niet te zwaar. Ik ben jong en onhandig van hart. Werp mij niet van te hoge bergen. Ik kan niet vliegen, mijn vleugelen zijn nog klein. Gooi mij niet in te diepe zeeën, want ik kan niet zwemmen in zulke woestenijen.
3. Denkt niet dat ik sterk genoeg ben de haaien te bevechten. Ik ben nog jong, en zwak. Straf mij niet te zeer. Denk niet dat ik wijs genoeg ben filosofen te misleiden. Ik ben nog een kind, teer en hulpeloos in de woeste hand der aarde. Heilige maagden der zeeën, ik zie naar u uit op mijn torens. Laat me weten wanneer gij wilt spreken. Ik ben Uw spreekbuis, als het aarden vat.
4. Vorm mij als klei, maak mij sterk in Uw hand. Maar gij hebt mij enkel zwakheid gegeven, in een droomwereld verkeer ik nu. Ik ben te zwak om op te staan, gij heilige maagden der nachturen. Gij hebt mijn hart verkleind, mijn voeten gebonden. Een woesteling ben ik nu, op mijn reis heb ik nooit rust. U wil mij tot uw dieptes lonken. Leer mij Uw wonden zien. Zij genezen niet snel. Ik ben genaderd tot de vulkaan.
5. Gij dan spreekt als de draak, maar gij hebt het hart van een lam. Oh, heilige maagden der daguren, gij die de duistere lampen draagt. Gij dwaze maagden, gij zijt wijs van binnen, want gij hebt de duisternis liefgehad boven het licht. En daarom zijn uw lichten gezuiverd. Gij dan die de duisternis hebt verkozen, ook hebt gij de daguren gehad.
6. Zo zijn dan de dwaze maagden heilig, want zij hebben het verborgene liefgehad. Zij hebben dan door hun dwaasheid ook het wijze gekregen. Dwaze maagden, vorm mij in uw hand, maak mij in zwakheid sterk, en in dwaasheid wijs.

4.

De Dwaze Maagden der Uren

1. Dwaze maagden, gouden fontein, van reine waat'ren, van zuiv're waat'ren komende vanuit de duisternis, door u zo bemind, als een kostelijke vriend. Dwaze maagden, teder woord, in zwakheid bent gij gekomen, in sterkte bent gij opgekomen. Als een schone zwakte, als een wijze zwakte, bracht gij sterkte tot het woord. Geen huis te hoog, geen brug te lang, gij gaat altijd voort.
2. Dwaze maagden, luchtfontein, bij de nachtlatingen te zijn, was U meer waard dan een gouden kroning, was U meer waard dan het dagrefrein. Avonturen hebt gij niet gemedend, door de nacht bent gij gegaan.
3. Dwaze maagden, tot de duisternis bent gij gegaan, het verborgene niet gemedend, gij hebt een plaats vooraan. Kom, voer mij weg tot het verleden, kom, laten we tot de oermaagden gaan. In de diepste duisternissen leven zij. Zij hebben een plaats vooraan.
4. Dwaze maagden, gouden geluk, voer ons door de donk're dagen, leer ons U beter te kennen, en laat ons tot de uurmaagden gaan.
5. Dwaze maagden der uren, wij komen tot U, wij houden van Uw vuur, oh kandelaar, de jaren zijn verstreken, maar Gij bent nog steeds daar. Wij drinken van Uw stem, U bent de nachtwake waarop ik bouw. Ik slaap in rust en in geborgenheid, wanneer gij Uw vleug'len over mij spreidt.

Alika

1.

Smeekbede tot Alika

1. Ik kan je niet zien, je bent te ver weg, als een koningin op haar troon. Ik kan je niet horen, je stem is zo ver weg. Ik hoor alleen wat gefluister, maar wie is het, ik weet het niet. Is het Uw boodschapper, of is het slechts de wind. Dwaze Maagd, Alika, Heilige Maagd, Wijze Maagd van binnen, gij komt overal te laat.
2. Waarom laat gij ons gillen, de doden zijn al gestorven, wij lijden pijn, geen boodschapper tot ons gezonden. Dwaze Maagd Alika, waarom hebt gij ons weggeduwd, in duisternis zoeken wij U. Dwaze Maagd, neem ons mee, straf ons niet te luid. Neem ons mee tot U, neem ons mee tot U.
3. Wij lopen tegen muren op, wij kunnen niets beginnen. Onze stem ketst telkens terug, ten dode opgeschreven. En gij komt altijd te laat, gij bezoekt ons in de hel.
4. Dwaze Maagd, Alika, wij bonzen op Uw poorten, maar U wil alleen de morgen laten overstromen.
5. Kom snel, en straf ons niet te luid. Wij waren jong en onhandig, maar wij groeiden op als rozen. Neem ons aan. U hoeft niet te glimlachen, een zorgzame blik is ons genoeg.
6. Ik heb duizend rozen in mijn mond, zij spreken allen van liefde, teed're woorden tot U, Dwaze Maagd, Alika. Met dwaze maagden zult gij rozen beminnen, met bloemen spreken, het licht breekt eeuwig door, in fluisteringen. Straf ons niet te luid.
7. Zij kennen hen niet, die geesten bezweren. Zij kennen hen niet, de zachtpaarse wevers der watervallen en rivieren.
8. Tot de taal der trompetten, tot de bloemencorsetten, tot het genadige licht vlucht ik, tot de liefde daalt in teed're grond, waar de adem van het vuurnood mij overstroomt. Zij liet mij glijden in haar handen, liet mij dalen door haar licht, tot een overvloedige morgen die streelde mijn gezicht.
9. Ik daal nu dieper in bloemengrond, door bloemenbuizen, tot de altaren van haar verstand. Wat moet ik doen ? Leidt mij, doorgrondt mij en ken mij, oh Dwaze Maagd, Alika. In jou zijn de poorten open, maar hoe kom ik daar, hoe ken ik jouw hart. Door smart, mijn liefste, kom ik tot overig land.
10. Is daar dan geen andere weg, moeten wij voor eeuwig lijden, is daar dan geen andere poort, Alika, toe, vertel me. Is tijd te overbruggen ? Toe, redt ons uit de klok, en breng ons tot de kast, waar wij kunnen schuilen. Zachte roze stromen, paarse gebieden, druipend licht, is dit gedicht, waar liefde de tijd smelt, waar liefde de kast schept, waar wij weg kunnen drijven, tot een nieuw begin.
11. Ik moet zinken, tot de rozenwaat'ren van Alika, ik moet zinken, tot de kroning van de tijd, waar een koning de hartenpoorten uitspreidt. Hier moet ik strijden, mijn geloof in liefde belijden, de schoonheid der liefde belijden, tot de rozenkast als het altaar van de nacht.
12. Ik ken je nog steeds niet, Alika, na deze nacht. Ik zie je nog steeds niet, jou, één en al pracht. Ik hoor je niet, waar ben je gebleven. Hier op mijn kussen, liggen tranen van het verleden, en mijn deken spreidt zich als de hellevogel, waar ben jij ? Ben ik dan alweer bedrogen ? Alika, ik blijf in je geloven, waar kan ik anders heen.

13. Heel zacht in de morgen, verlegen sta jij aan de poorten, met je hand uitgestoken, om een broodkruimel op te vangen. In lompen gekleed ben jij, als de pracht van het getij. Schoonheid der liefde ik belijd je, schoonheid van teed're woorden verspreidt je, maar ik blijf diep verscholen achter mijn muren.

2.

De sleutels van Sektia

1. Al wat ik nodig heb ben jij, de aarde wil mij verscheuren, bescherm mij, en leidt mij tot jouw putten, jouw schelpen waarmee jij je pracht omgeeft. Ik wil jouw littekens zien, waar zachte lichten stralen, het donkere heeft mij verlaten.

2. Laat mij al je ribbels zien, oh schelp, laat me je voelen waar je pijn hebt, waar je mij bent vergeten. Laat mij je liefdes-ader zien.

3. Blijf de schoonheid belijden, blijf de aarde zien, om de kooien des tijds te verbreken, en de dwaze maagden te heiligen. Brandt poorten in de heggen, en vlucht.

4. Alika, breng de morgenstond in natte manden tot de rozenblaad'ren. Alles wat je nodig hebt is daar.

5. Gij dan was bevroren, tot een kaars gemaakt, en een kandelaar, en zij brachten vele kaarsen tot U, opdat gij niet alleen waart, maar bereiken konden zij u niet. Gij was als een vurige wolkenhemel.

6. En Sektia, gij waart als de wilde vlam, maar ook als het vuur, als de zachte liefdesschaduw werd gij bemind, gij heilige maagd in alle eeuwigheden. Zij dan heeft mij de sleutels der leeuwen gegeven, zij die bevroren werden, en daarna hun zielen verbrand.

7. Sektia zij geloofd voor eeuwig, de Heilige en Dwaze Maagd, der leeuwen, tot Uw poorten kom ik, en door uw vuren kom ik, tot de wilde vlam.

8. Zij dan gaf ook de sleutels der haaien, wiens zielen bevroren, geesten verbrand en levensadem was verdronken. De orka dan is de bevrorene en de ter plette gevallen, en de tijger is de verpletterde. De walvis is de verpletterde en de ter plette gevallen.

9. De panter is de doorboorde. De olifant is de weggeslingerde en de vergiftigde. De slang is de vergiftigde en de gestikte. De stier is de verpletterde en de doorboorde. De bok is de vergiftigde, de gestikte en de ter pletter gevallen.

10. Het luipaard is de gestikte en de verpletterde. En zij, Sektia, gaf mij de sleutels tot hen. En de poezen waren de verbranden, en de honden waren de verdronkenen. En Sektia gaf mij in liefde hun sleutelen. En grote rust kwam tot mij.

11. En de beer is de uiteen getrokken, en zij heeft mij de sleutelen gegeven. Zo heersen dan de katten over de trechters der zieleverbrandingen, daar zij zelf werden verbrand. Zij dan dragen de heilige stoom met zich mee. In maagdelijkheid hebben zij hun verweer gevonden.

12. Zo heersen dan de krokodillen over de trechters der zielebevroezing, daar zij zelf bevroren werden.

13. En de honden zij heersen over de trechters der zieleverdrinking, daar zij zelf waren verdronken. Zo zijn de wolven hen die zijn verhongerd. En zij hebben in maagdelijkheid rust gevonden. Ja, tot

de dwaze maagden gingen zij, om door dwaasheid wijs te worden. En zij heersen over de trechters der zieleverhongering.

14. En zij van de zieleverhongering bewaken de ambachten. En de hyena is de bevrorene, de verbrande, de verdronkene, en de vergiftigde. En zij vonden rust in maagdelijkheid. De eekhoorn is de vergiftigde. Ook de eekhoorn vond rust in maagdelijkheid.

15. De puma's zijn de gestikten, en zij heersen over de trechters der zieleverstikkingen. Zo kent gij dan het geheim der tien tenen, want zij zijn tien wonden. En het konijn, die de weggeslingerde is, is de eerste. De eekhoorn, die de vergiftigde is, is de tweede.

16. De puma, die de gestikte is, is de derde. De slang, die de vergiftigde en de gestikte is, is de vierde. De marmot, die de gestikte en de weggeslingerde is, is de vijfde. De boom, die de bevrorene, de verbrande en de gestikte is, is de zesde. De bloem, die de bevroren, verbrande, verdronkene, en de uiteen getrokkenene, is de zevende. De plant, die de gestikte en de ter pletter gevallen is, is de achtste. De struik, die de gestikte, de verdronkene, en de weggeslingerde is, is de negende.

17. De wind, die de verdronkene, de verbrande en de verpletterde is, is de tiende.

18. Zo kent gij ook het geheim der twee tepels, want zij zijn twee wonden. En de eerste is de hond, die de verdronkene is, en de tweede is de kat, die de verbrande is.

19. Zo kent gij ook het geheim der twee ogen. Zij zijn twee wonden. De eerste is de verhongerde, de weggeslingerde, en de verbrande, die de bizon is. De tweede is de bevrorene, de verdronkene, de verpletterde, en de ter pletter gevallen, die de neushoorn is.

3.

De gifbeker

1. Zo kent gij het geheim der twee lippen, want zij zijn twee wonden. De eerste is de verhongerde, de weggeslingerde, die de buffel is. De tweede is de ter pletter gevallen, die de giraffe is. Zo is dan ook het hart een wond, en deze is de doorboorde, de verbrande, de verdronkene, de uit elkaar getrokkenene, die de vogelspin is.

2. Ook de benen zijn wonden. De eerste is de weggeslingerde, de ter pletter gevallen, en de verpletterde, en de tweede is de ter pletter gevallen, de verpletterde, de doorboorde, en de vergiftigde.

3. Ook zij allen zijn door maagdelijkheid tot rust gekomen. En deze maagden dan hebben een verbrande ziel, een bevroren geest en een verdronken levensadem. Hun hart is vergiftigd. Hun schaduwen waren ter pletter gevallen en verpletterd, en hun ka weggeslingerd.

4. En zo zijn de heilige vliegen door hun val tot bloemen geworden, gedecoreerd door het trauma. Zo is dan de ka de weggeslingerde, en de ba de verhongerde, de vergiftigde, de verdronkene en de weggeslingerde. De khu dan is de verpletterde, de verbrande en de verdronkene.

5. De sahu is de vergiftigde. En de vergiftigde is door verhongering, en wegslingering tot maagdelijkheid gekomen. Zo is er dan door vergiftiging diepere bevrozing en verbranding, die als

de muren van de stad zijn. En de eekhoorn dan is de bewaker van de trechters der zielevergiftiging. En deze is als de gifbeker.

6. En zo ook is de bevrorene, de krokodil, tot de gifbeker gegaan, om tot de stad te gaan. Laat dan ook de haaien van de gifbeker drinken, opdat zij met de krokodil verzoend worden. Want een beter kruis is ons gegeven, om tot de heilige en dwaze maagdelijkheid te gaan. En de dwaasheid der heilige maagden is wijzer dan de wijsheid der aarde.

7. En ik dan nam van de gifbeker, en kwam tot het rijk der beenderen. En de slangen maakten mij tot koning. En ik dan was als een vergiftigde, en een vlam van ijs steeg op uit mijn hand, en het vuur der rozen achtervolgde mij. En ik rende tot een trap die zeer oud was.

8. En ik riep tot Alika en Sektia, en ziet, zij waren als feeën. En ik kwam tot hun altaren, en ik dronk van hun gifbekers. En ik viel dronken in hun armen, en zij voerden mij weg als een weggeslingerde, en zij bonden mij aan een dik gekleurd elastiek.

9. En zij vlogen van mij weg, en ik kon hen niet volgen. Zij dan waren als vurige wolkenhemels, en zij schoten gifpijlen op mij af. En weer raakte ik dronken, en ik kreeg dromen over hen. En zij waren zeer maagdelijk.

10. En zij schonken mij een sahu, en ik moest een eekhoorn volgen, en varen over de rivier van vergiftiging. Toen moest ik uit vele gifbekers drinken, en ik voelde mij zeer zwaar worden, en het voelde alsof ik verpletterd werd. En ik kon nauwelijks overeind komen. En een maagd verscheen aan mij, en zij had vele geschenken, maar ik kon haar en die geschenken niet bereiken.

11. En ik begon te roepen : 'Dehu, Dehu !' En weer moest ik van vele gifbekers drinken. En nu werd ik zo licht als haar, en zeer lang en dun. Zij dan was de dwaze en heilige maagd Dehu, en zij gaf mij de geschenken. Zij dan was als een roos van tranen, als het water onder de aarde, stromende vanuit de maagdelijke bronnen.

12. En ik zag de vruchtbaarheid van de maagd als een wond, een zeer tere en zachte wond, vele malen doorstoken. En de wond zelf was als een maagd, bevroren, verdronken, weggeslingerd, verpletterd en ter pletter gevallen, gestikt, verhongerd, uiteen getrokken, als de veelvuldig geslagen wond.

13. En ik zag de mond en de tong van de maagd, en zij waren als een wond, en als een poort. En de mond was als de bevrorene, de weggeslingerde, de uiteen getrokkenene, en de tong was als de verbrande, de doorboorde. En weer dronk ik van vele gifbekers en werd in de poort gezogen. En haar longen waren als verdronkenen, als zeeplanten en als haar vruchtbaarheid. En weer dronk ik van vele gifbekers, en ik werd dronken, en weer werd ik door een poort gezogen.

14. En haar darmen waren als de verdronkenen, en zij waren ribbelig, en als de zeemaagden. En haar buikorganen waren als de verbranden, de weggeslingerden, de uiteen getrokkenen, en zij waren als haar vruchtbaarheid. En weer werd ik door een poort gezogen toen ik van vele gifbekers dronk. En haar nieren waren als de vergiftigden, als de uiteengetrokkenen, de bevrorenen en de verbranden. Ook waren zij als de doorstokenen, de verhongerden, de verpletterden, de ter pletter gevallenen, en zij waren als haar vruchtbaarheid.

15. En Dehu stond op, en sprak haar woorden, en deze waren zeer zacht en teder. En haar organen waren als tranen, als de wateren der maagden.

16. En haar baarmoeder was als de vergiftigde en de bevrorene. En de baarmoeder sprak en zei : 'Jou worden de sleutels gegeven van de geschenken en geheimenissen van Dehu. En nadat ik weer van vele gifbekers had gedronken, ging er een vreemde poort open, en ik zag een woeste, grijze zee voor me liggen, wiens golven traag en schokkerig bewogen. En uit de zee kwamen maagden oprijzen, en zij waren de eeuwige verdronkenen.
17. En toen ik door een andere poort ging na het drinken van vele gifbekers zag ik daar de eeuwig verbranden, komende vanuit de vulkanen. En zij gingen snel als de weggeslingerden en de ter pletter gevallenen.
18. En toen ik door een andere poort ging na het drinken van vele gifbekers zag ik daar de eeuwig bevrorenen als traag bewegende wolkenhemelen. En zij gingen traag als de verpletterden en de verdronkenen.
19. En in andere poorten zag ik : de eeuwige doorstokenen, de eeuwig ter pletter vallenden, de eeuwig verpletterden, de eeuwig weggeslingerden, de eeuwig gestikten, en zij waren als steen. Ook zag ik in andere poorten : de eeuwig vergiftigden, de eeuwig verhongerden, de eeuwig uitgedroogden, die als de varkens waren. Ook zag ik in andere poorten : de eeuwig uiteen getrokkenen.
20. En het vergif was als de uitdroging, als het dubbele vergif. En weer kwam ik tot een oude trap, maar ditmaal ging deze naar beneden. En er stond daar op tafel een gifbeker die nooit opraakte. En ik nam een slok.
21. De deur achter deze tafel leidde mij naar een grote woestijn, en ik kwam daar de diepst uitgedroogden tegen, en zij waren als de flessen. En deze flessen leken op honden. Ook waren zij als de diepst verdronkenen. En midden in die woestijn stond een tafel met wat bekers en daartussen een grote dobbelsteen. En de dobbelsteen was als de eeuwig gestikte, de uitgedroogde, de verdronkene en vergiftigde.
22. En een eeuwig verbrande kwam, en slingerde de dobbelsteen dieper in de woestijn.

Dehu

1.

Het oordeel over de wijze maagden

1. En de diepst bevrorene kwam, sprekende zware rechtspraak die niemand kon verstaan. En de diepst bevrorene was als verpletterd, en hij dronk van de gifbeker. Ook gaf hij anderen van de gifbeker. En zij begonnen hem te begrijpen, en volgden hem.
2. En de diepst verbrande kwam, sprekende zware rechtspraak die niemand kon verstaan. En de diepst verbrande was als de ter pletter gevallene, en hij dronk van de gifbeker en werd dronken. Ook gaf hij anderen van de gifbeker, en zij werden ook dronken.
3. En de gifbeker zelf was als de diepst verbrande, de diepst bevrorene, de diepst verdronkene en de diepst uitgedroogde. Ook was hij als de diepst weggeslingerde. En de gifbeker stond op, en sprak als een varken. En uit de beker kwam een hart oprijzen dat ondersteboven kwam te staan, zwart werd, en in een lever veranderde.

4. En de beker was als gevuld met zware alcohol, en er kwam stoom en rook uit. En zij die er van dronken droogden ter plekke uit. En de beker dan was als een dokter des doods. En uit zijn mond en hand kwamen rivieren van zware uitdroging.

5. En er waren maagden die van de beker dronken, en direkt neervielen. En zij waren als in zwijm, en zij werden geleid tot de bronnen der eeuwige maagdelijkheid. En naast deze bronnen stonden kippen en hanen. En zij waren als de uitgedroogden en de vergiftigden. En zij bewaakten de bronnen der eeuwige maagdelijkheid.

6. En zij hadden het gif van sterke drank, en zij waren als de advocaten des doods. En de maagdelijkheden werden zeer zwaar, en Dehu rees van hen op, en zij hief een vreemd zwaard op. En dit was de bevrorene en de doorstokene. En er kwam vuur uit het zwaard, en zij zuiverde de maagdelijke bronnen. En de wijze maagden die geen dwaasheid bezaten werden geworpen in een put.

7. En Dehu sloot de put af, zeggende : Zij zullen tot in eeuwigheid niet meer van de gifbeker drinken. En gegil steeg op van de put, en zij begonnen te zoeken naar het gif, maar het vluchtte van hen weg.

2.

Het maagdelijke orgasme

1. En een paard genaamd de bevrorene, de verbrande, de vergiftigde en de verdronkene stond voor haar, en nam haar mee. En het paard was zeer wild. En het paard bracht haar tot een bloemenveld. En een orgasme van bloemen kwam als een krans om haar heen, maar zij was maagdelijk, en het werd maagdelijk.

2. En zij werd zwak, en begon te spreken, en een tweede krans kwam om haar heen, en werd maagdelijk. En het orgasme was als de verdronkene, de uiteengetrokkene, de bevrorene, de verpletterde, de weggeslingerde, de ter pletter gevallen, de vergiftigde, de doorstokene, de verhongerde, de uitgedroogde, de gestikte, allen in één krans, en zij werden maagdelijk.

3. En Dehu werd zwakker, en begon sneller te spreken. En de kransen begonnen om haar heen te knellen, en er kwamen er steeds meer bij, en zij maakten hen allen maagdelijk, en zij werden haar tot een witte zachte lichte jurk, zeer dun, en plooiend. En zo werd zij tot een maagdelijk orgasme, en dit was rein en zuiver.

4. En haar keel waaruit haar stem kwam, was ook een wond, en deze wond was diep en groot. En die wond was als de uiteengetrokkene en de vergiftigde. Ook was de wond als de verdronkene, de uitgedroogde en de gestikte.

5. En de vruchtbaarheid van de man is een wond, en een maagd, en zij is als de gestikte, de verdronkene, de doorstokene, de uiteen getrokkene, de bevrorene. Ook is zij als de ge-electroduceerde.

6. En zij allen vinden genezing in de bronnen van de diepste maagdelijkheid. En ook de snavels der vogels zijn wonden. Zij zijn de verpletterden en gestikten, en zij slapen.

7. Ook de liefde is een wond. Ziet, zij ijlt. Zij is de ge-electroduceerde, de uiteen getrokkenene, de ter pletter gevallenene, de verpletterde, de weggeslingerde, de vergiftigde, de verhongerde, de uitgedroogde.

8. Ook de boosheid is een wond. Zij is de ge-electroduceerde, de uiteen getrokkenene.

9. De zon is gemaakt van de verbranden, de uitgedroogden, de verdronkenen, de ter pletter gevallenen, de verpletterden, en is als een grote wond. Het ijs is gemaakt van de bevrorenen, de weggeslingerden, de verdronkenen, de uitgedroogden, de vergiftigden, en is als een grote wond. In maagdelijkheid worden zij genezen.

10. Zo is Isabella een maagd der genezing, en ook Isadonne. Roept hen dan aan, onder smekingen en belijdenissen, opdat zij hun maagdelijkheid rijkelijk over u uitstorten. Zo is dan de vulkaan de broedplaats der uitgedroogden en verdronkenen. Ook zwerven zij door de bossen. Isabella en Isadonne, weest genadig over hen, en geef hen vrede. Ontferm U over hen.

11. De hersenen zijn ook een wond : de ge-electroduceerden. De neus is een wond : de ter pletter gevallenen. De zaadballen zijn ook wonden : de verdronkenen, de verbranden, de uitgedroogden, de ter pletter gevallenen, de verhongerden, de doorstokenen.

3.

1. En zo hebben de dwaze maagden de vijfde Christus voortgebracht. En Hij moest lijden onder de gifbeker van de vijfde Pontius Pilatus.

2. Zo is de Vijfde Christus gekomen om uit de hand van de Christus te verlossen. Hij is het die engelen verlost. Ook is Hij het die de christussen bevrijdt. Hij is het die goden en heilige geesten vrijzet. Hij heeft de sleutels der hemelen en hemelmachten.

3. Hij zet hen vrij door het vijfde bloed. De Vijfde Heilige Geest stort Hij over hen uit. De gifbeker laat Hij hen drinken, als het vijfde kruis.

4. En de Talgamen is één der edelstenen op deze gifbeker, en de Lokogamen is het sieraad om onder de rand heen.

5. Gij dan zijt zalig wanneer gij door het Vijfde Bloed en de Vijfde Geest tot de vijfde alverzoening en de vijfde opstanding zijt gekomen. Dit bloed reinigt christussen en engelen, en zet hen vrij die in de handen van Christus en engelen waren. Zo mag gij dan ook overvloedig het Vijfde Bloed aanroepen.

6. En zo komt gij tot de vijfde hemel en de vijfde hemelrivier. Weest dan stil, en laat u leiden tot de vijfde geestesdoop en de vijfde geestesgebondenheid. Ook zal de vijfde Geest u leiden tot de vijfde genezing en het vijfde materialisme.

7. Schenk mij het vijfde spotkleed, en de vijfde hemelpoort. Tot de vijfde maagdelijkheid, door de vijfde dwaze maagd gedragen, zijn wij gekomen.

8. En zij dan die van het vijfde zijn strekken zich uit naar het Zesde. De Zesde Christus zal het christendom vernietigen, en allen meenemen tot de wolkenboot in de zesde alverzoening. En zij zullen allen komen tot de zesde vleeswording en het zesde materialisme, waarin de zesde hemel bestaat.

9. Hij dan zal de macht hebben om engelen en christussen te verdoemen. Maar gij zult eerst komen tot de vijfde Jahweh, om uw reis tot het zesde voort te zetten. En een wespenoog werd uitgerukt, en er kwam een vliegenoog voor in de plaats. En een stem sprak : Nu zijn dan de dagen van Lapsalvania gekomen.

10. En de vijfde hel ging open, en vliegen stegen er vanuit op, en vielen de spinnen aan van de vijfde hemel. En het wespenoog werd in de buik gedrukt.

11. En het vliegenoog werd rood, en het lichaam waar het in zat werd zwart, en was als een bokshond. En toen werd het oog door spinnen aangevreten, en het oog daalde tot in de borst. En toen begon de vijfde adem te waaien.

13. En de spinnen vormden op het hoofd een oog, en dit oog werd zwart, en uit het oog kwamen vele godslasteringen.

14. En het oog had grote barensweeen, en op voeten verschenen twee ogen, op de linker een mierenoog en op de rechter een keveroog, en ziet, zij raakten in oorlog met elkaar. En het spinnenoog in barensweeen werd groter, en gaf geboorte aan een honden-insect. En dit insect was als een wesp, en werd genaamd de eerste jongen van lynx.

15. En de jongen ging tot de Zesde Christus, die alle christussen had verslonden, en verslond hem. En de jongen nam een ster in zijn hand, en deze begon te smelten. En de jongen was als de Grote Zeven. Ook kwam de jongen tot de Zesde Heilige Geest, en wierp deze in een diepe put.

16. En de jongen noemde de put : de Mozai, want deze had het zesde gegeten. En de jongen begon spreken op te zeggen uit het Insectische Dodenboek, en dit boek werd zeer groot.

17. En toen richtte de jongen zich tot de Zesde Jahweh, en sprak : 'Omdat gij dit gedaan hebt, zulke leugens hebt lopen verkondigen, zijt gij vervloekt en verdoemd.' En de jongen richtte zich tot Las Vegas, de hoerenstad, en sprak : 'Gij dan die de zesde Jahweh hebt voortgebracht als een machine des duivels, waarom hebt gij gezondigd tegen het Zevende ?'

18. En de jongen begon ijselijk te lachen, en te vloeken, en werd als de diabolos. En weer sprak hij tot Las Vegas : 'Gij stad der markten, en van de panter-markten. Tot inkeer zijt gij niet gekomen. Aan de zevende alverzoening hebt gij geen deel, maar gij hebt deel aan het oordeel in de zevende hel. Maakt u dan gereed om gezuiverd te worden in het zevende vagevuur, opdat gij klaargemaakt wordt tot de achtste alverzoening, die der panter.

19. En de achtste alverzoening is de verzoening der verdoemden en vervloekten. Ja, het is de verzoening der skeletten.

20. En een tweede jongen van lynx begon voort te komen uit het spinnenoog, en deze was als een brandend ei geworden. En ook hij begon spreken op te zeggen uit het Insectische Dodenboek, en gilte luid. En het gillen werd steeds luider en hoger, en een nieuw boek begon uit zijn mond voort te komen. En dit boek was genaamd het Insectische Hellenboek.

21. En de jongen begon over te geven, te hyperventileren, en vuur te spuwen, en zijn ogen begonnen te groeien.

22. En de beide jongens werden met elkaar verzoend, en zij begonnen te smeken tot de derde jongen van lynx. En deze begon voort te komen uit het brandende ei, en het gegil werd luider en hoger, steeds meer en meer.

23. En de derde jongen was als de Grote Negen, en hij zou voortbrengen het Insectisch Deliriumboek. Zij dan zouden allen wachten op de Grote Tien, die het Insectisch Leugenboek zou voortbrengen.
24. En zo waren dan de leugens van de Grote en de Kleine Tien waarlijker en betrouwbaarder dan de waarheden der aarde.
25. En na deze dagen was er geen hemel meer, en geen leven. En de Grote Tien en de Kleine Tien zaten op een troon, en vanuit deze tronen kwamen de rivieren van het tiende, en dezen waren leugenrivieren.
26. En de tiende alverzoening is de alverzoening van jezelf en je delen. En de elfde alverzoening is de alverzoening der materialen en voorwerpen. En ziet, zij komt voort uit Brannan. En de twaalfde alverzoening is de alverzoening der kruizen, en het vlees. Zo zal er dan ook een verzoening der leugenaars zijn. Dit is de dertiende alverzoening, en zij worden genoemd : oranje leugenaars. Dit dan is de verzoening der elementen.
27. En tot de oranje leugenaars behoren : Belcanov, Bildageln, de Raadselaar, Drop, de Paarse Mug, Chocola, Anubis, Ra, Horus, Thoth, en zij allen drinken van de gifbeker. Verder behoren tot de Oranje Leugenaars : Marazanta, de Witte Gouden Hand.
28. En zij wonen in zebra-boten. En zij zijn van een oude indiaanse secte. Verder behoren tot de oranje leugenaars : Tlaloc, Quetzacoatl, Viracocha, Marfa, Rithelm, Elsefic, Belchelot en Benchelot, Darta Bahahn, Ahpuk, Huracan, Kukulcan.
29. Wijdt mij in, in de secte der leugenaars, want zij spreken raadselen. Laat mij in tot de cirkel der oranje leugenaars, want zij spreken vreemde talen van oude waarheid. Breng mij in delirium, en leidt mij tot hen. Maak mij dronken.
30. Zij dan hebben de macht om het hoofdstuk der kruizen af te sluiten. Zij drinken van de gifbeker der leugens. Zij kennen de gifflessen die tot zaligheid leiden. Zij zijn de hoeren der leugens. Onze enige bescherming is in de leugen. Alleen daarin vinden wij het eeuwig leven.
31. Drinkt dan van de leugenbeker, en wordt dronken. Want op het laatst zullen er geen kruizen zijn, alleen nog maar wat leugenbekers.
32. En zo zijn er dan deze groepen in de oranje leugenaars : de leugenbekers, de bakkermans gezichten, want op het laatst zullen er geen hemelen meer zijn, alleen nog maar wat bakkermans gezichten.
33. Verdere groepen in de oranje leugenaars : de denneboompjes. En zij spreken tot elkaar in echo's.

Walvissen van Mehn

1.

In het district Sepanda van de witte chocolade sterrenhemel te Brannan, daar waar de ster Mehn is, daar bruist het zilver, de zilveren stem, en daar is de zilveren kamergenoot. Rijst op allen die bevrijd zijn geworden door Brannans eerste leugen-omnibus, oh gij oranje leugenaars in zebra-boten, en komt tot de tweede leugen-omnibus, als een dag van verademing. Ja, het vuur achtervolgt u, en de

angst, en zeker ook het depressieve, maar gij zijt tot de vruchten daarvan gekomen. Eet hen dan wel, en dringt tot hen door, tot Mehn. Daar waar de zwarte panter op u wacht. Wachtende om door glas heen te breken, om de kat te bevrijden. Ja, Nut zal door de glazen breken. Zo is dan Mehn als het witte zilver, met de chocolade-weg, leidende tot het diepere Brannan, daar waar de tijger is. Tot Mehn zijt gij gekomen, oh bezoeker der raadselen. Gij hebt de stem der leugen gehoord.

Zo is hier dan het witte zilver veelvoudig gezuiverd, en schuimen de vlokken met genezing. Oh gij van de eerste leugen-omnibus, blijft dan niet staan in het eerste, maar komt tot het tweede, oh oranje leugenaar, oh zoon van Horus de geweldige. Zo hebt gij dan gehoord dat chocola de vrucht des doods is. Hier dan is de witte chocolade, en de chocolade van het witte zilver, veelvoudig gezuiverd. Gij dan hebt de angst gekend als een leugenaar, en nu zijt gij zelf een leugenaar geworden.

En stap dan in de zebra-boot van Mehn, en reist langs de oranje leugenvlokken, dieper de leugen in. Want in de leugen is bevrijding. Gij bent op weg naar de tekenfilm-omroepster, de muis. Ga tot de muis, en wordt een leugenaar, opdat gij leve. Tot Mehn zijt gij gekomen. Hier woont die tekenfilm-omroepster. Klopt aan haar deuren, opdat zij bij u binnenkome om maaltijd met u te hebben. Klopt aan haar deur als een jehovah getuige, aanhoudend en de voet tussen de deur, wanneer zij eenmaal heeft geopend. Breek dan in als een inspecteur van waren, en vertel haar dat je een oranje leugenaar bent. Dan zal zij alle geheimen met je delen.

2.

Tot Mehn bent gij gekomen, tot het diepere Brannan, waar vreemde poeders rondstuiven. Ja, vreemde woestijnen zijn hier, waar de bakkerbomen staan. Autistische helden komen hier. Als een walvis van Brannan voel ik me, zo teder, en zo uitgestrekt, zacht pulserende stralen bij elke beweging, om Brannan langzaam te verwarmen. Walvissen van Brannan, zo wijs en zo zacht, nemen ze je mee naar het land van buitengewone pracht. Als de zee in de woestijn voel ik mij, de Brannan zee. Zoveel zeeën zijn hier, glinsterende in de woestijnen, in Brannans woestijnen waren wij. Ik voel mij rustig en kan weer ademen, alsof ik honderd jaren heb geslapen. Mijn tranen komen langzaam naar boven. Ik kan weer praten. De walvissen van Mehn zijn hier, zij zwemmen met mij, en zingen met mij, zoals ze dat eens deden met mijn opa. Tot Mehn ben ik gekomen, als het zachte van Brannan. Hier maak ik mijn woning, en zal ik verder reizen. De warmte spreekt tot mij, een ziedende warmte, geheel troostende mij.

Tot de leugenaars van Mehn zijt gij gekomen, zij zijn van het zachte. Zij staan op de loer als de paarse gordijnen, om je door de woestijnen van Mehn te brengen. Woestijnen van Mehn, waar vreemde poeders rondstuiven, van vreemd stekende planten, maar wanneer zij steken voel je het zachte. Allen zijn zij bakkerbomen, en zij komen tot de niemand om te steken, om hem het zachte te laten voelen. Ik dan kom uit een diepe gevangenis, opgesloten door een draak. Maar nu wordt ik gestoken door de zachtheid. Door bakkerbomen wordt ik gestoken, door bakkerbomen krijg ik mijn dromen, om dieper tot Mehn te gaan.

3.

Wijs geworden ben ik. De leugenaars nemen mij mee naar hun kamer. Ik zeg : 'Brannan heeft mij geholpen, Brannan bracht mij deze faam.' Maar zij liepen allen weg van mij, en zeiden : 'Kom mee tot Mehn.' En zo kwam ik tot de dieptes van Brannan, in Mehn, waar de vreemde poeders rondstuiven, waar de bakkerbomen staan. Zoveel leugenaars in de bomen, zoveel leugenaars maken naam. Wijs geworden ben ik, een nieuwe rust, tot de bakkerbomen ben ik gekomen, zoveel deuren

in de woestijn. De woestijnen zijn bloeiende, hier in Mehn, diep in Mehn. En er zijn zeeën in woestijnen, de zeeën van Mehn. Wijs geworden ben ik, met de walvissen van Mehn zwem ik. Ook met de haaien van Mehn kan ik gewoon zwemmen. Ze hebben zulke mooie ogen, en ze hebben groot plezier, alleen kunnen ze niet praten. Ik kijk hen dieper aan, in hun keel zit een banaan. Wel kunnen ze zingen, wel kunnen ze spelletjes doen, die haaien van Mehn, die haaien van de grote tekenfilm.

En daar vind ik de omroepster van de tekenfilms van Mehn, aan de woestijnzee zit zij, in het zand, met al die bakkerbomen, die stekende planten, zij steken oh zo zacht, dat je er dronken van wordt. Aan de woestijnzee zit zij, met opgeheven hand, waar zijn de waterlichten, ik heb ze hier net geplant. Tot een koning maakte ik hen, tot een koning vouwde ik hen, al die koningen van Mehn, al die koningen der tekenfilmen, zoveel leugenaars maken naam, zoveel leugenaars zijn hier te vinden. En ik zeg : 'Brannan heeft mij geholpen, Brannan bracht mij deze faam.' Maar zij is toen van mij weggelopen, en nam mij mee, tot Mehn. Wil je dieper tot Mehn komen, wil je dieper tot Mehn gaan, volg dan de tekenfilm-omroepster. Zij maakt koningen van waterlichten. Tot de ijslichten bracht zij mij, en tot de haaien van Mehn. Teken een haai van Mehn, teken een walvis van Mehn, en al die andere dieren, de dieren van Mehn.

In een optocht naar de Virgo-toren van Mehn, waarop de omroepster staat, wanneer zij beweegt, vallen alle soldaten neer. En dan vloeit de chocolade weer over het land, en de ijslichten komen aan het strand. En ik zei : 'Brannan heeft mij geholpen, Brannan bracht mij deze faam,' maar zij is toen van mij weggelopen. En ik sprak : 'Loop niet weg,' en zij sprak : 'Volg mij, ik laat een lijntje voor jou achter.' En zij bracht mij tot deze woestijn, tot de slangen van Mehn, zo zacht als fluweel, met al die mooie kleuren, weten zij mij op te beuren. Dit is het einde niet. En zij bracht mij tot de tijgers van Mehn, in grote woestijnen stonden zij, kijkende om zich heen. En zij waren als de bakkerbomen, de leugenaars van Mehn.

4.

En zij kon tekenen, die omroepster van Mehn, zij had de octopus-kroon, en een slangen-ei diep van binnen. En Mezedium was haar naam, als een bleke oranje octopus, als een bakkerboom, maakte zij faam. En zij stond daar en maakte elke ochtend een frisse duik in de woestijnzeeën van Mehn, om haar vriend, Matas, de waterplant op te zoeken. En weet je wie in die toren woonden ? De leeuwen van Mehn. Zij schrijven daar de nachtverhalen, over de nachtzeën van Mehn, en hun nachtpaleizen. Zij zijn de leugenaars van Mehn, met al hun verhalen. Met hun pennen creëren zij de zeeën, ja, zelfs de toren waarin zij leven. Zij dan hebben Mezedium op de toren getekend, duikende in al hun verhalen, als een omroepster is zij. Al die leugenaars van Mehn, met al hun verhalen, en al hun vreemde talen. Na de winter wordt het donker, het donkere seizoen, het nachtseizoen, met al hun nachtzeën en nachtpaleizen.

Mehn

1.

De lichten van Mehn zijn aan, de ijslichten en de steenlichten, en ook de lichten van het oer. De leugenaars van Mehn staan op de daken, om hun verhalen in de nachten te verkondigen. Als het nachtseizoen is aangebroken, dan zijn er verhalen de hele dag door. Dan hoeven de kinderen niet

naar school, maar hebben ze koor. De leugenaars van Mehn, zij lachen in de nacht, zij laten de steden steeds smelten, om nieuwe inkt te hebben. Zij dragen de octopus-kroon, en hebben een slangen-ei diep van binnen, opstijgende tot de troon. Alles past in hun verhalen, als over een brug in de lucht, een waterbrug, rennen zij naar betere dagen.

Er is dan zoveel over de bakkerbomen geschreven, de leeuwen van de Virgo-toren hebben hen gemaakt. Langs zeeën groeien zij, diep in de woestijnen, en de lichten van Mehn maken hen vrij. De torenleeuwen van Mehn, als een weduwe en een merel, ja, als een mus, is zij naar hen op zoek. Zij glijdt dan langs de daken, en als een oude bezem gaat zij over straat. Dan komt zij langs de winkel van de eekhoorn, die verbergt zijn chocola. Ik ben daar in dat huis boven die winkel geweest. Ik heb hun kastjes en spelletjes gezien. Hier komen de leugenaars tezamen, die lichten van Mehn. Ik ben bij de koning van Mehn geweest, maar hij wilde mij niet spreken. Hij was een oranje leugenaar, zeer zacht waren zijn steken. Hij heeft de bakkerbomen gemaakt. Ja, een torenleeuw is hij, een moeder van vele namen. En toen ik terug kwam wilde hij me zien, maar toen was ik al verdwenen. Hij kwam te laat, pas in de hel kwam ik hem tegen.

En hier dan is het altijd te laat, waar slangen wonen, waar zij hun spelletjes spelen, en waar hun treintjes staan. Ja, hoog op de zolder, daar is het aldebaran van Mehn, starende naar de sterren van lynx. Hier vallen de lichten altijd. Hier komen de torenleeuwen om chocolade voor hun vaders te vragen, maar de eekhoorn zegt telkens nee. 'Laat hen zelf die chocolade maar spinnen, ze hebben de Mezedium, laat die het maar doen.' En dan moet Mezedium rennen, van de zee naar het land en terug, als een sleutel van een vissenstaart, spint zij de dromen van de leeuwenkoningen. Zij is het spinnenwiel der leugenaars.

2.

Zij is het spinnenwiel der leugenaars, als een vogel wordt zij, om chocolade te brengen, want de eekhoorns geven het niet. Zij hebben hun winkels wijd verspreid, en verkopen vele dingen, maar chocola verkopen ze niet. Ik ben bij de keizer van Mehn geweest, maar hij wilde mij niet spreken. Een leugenaar was het, en pas in de leugen kwam ik hem tegen. Het was een eekhoorn, die al die leeuwen en hun torens had gemaakt. In den beginne schiep hij het, en hij wilde zijn chocola niet geven. Dat moest Mezedium zelf maar spinnen. Vele koningen heeft hij, die keizer.

Zij moesten het chocola zelf maar zoeken, de lente werden ze niet. Na hun winter kwam de nacht, waarin zij hun verhalen schreven, over de nachtzeen en hun paleizen. Nu willen ze dan een eekhoorn worden, een eekhoorn van Mehn. Volg die eekhoorn op z'n pad, maar volgen kun je hem niet. Het chocola zal hij je niet geven, je moet het zelf maar spinnen. Hier is het altijd te laat. Slangen worden hier geboren, en de treintjes van aldebaran in Mehn. Op hoge zolders en hoge tafels staan zij, achter glas, met lange rails.

Mezedium de muis is zij, zij draagt en is een raar kruis, een spinnenwiel is zij, om de steden te laten smelten. Nu kan zij borduren met de treintjes aan haar zij. Een raar kruis is zij, een spinnenwiel, waar slangen worden geboren, daar rijdt zij. Zij wordt van vis tot vogel, en van vogel tot vis, om in haar ketel chocola te bereiden, voor de octopus-kroon.

3.

De eekhoorns van Mehn, de trots van een verleden zo wijd. Hebbende chocola, alleen om naar te kijken. De eekhoorns van Mehn, de scheppers der leeuwen zijn zij, met al hun leugens, hebben zij hun tijd overwonnen. Nu zijn zij dan keizers, de keizers van Mehn. De eekhoorns van Mehn, met

z'n allen staan ze sterk, om het chocola te bewaken. De winkels hebben zij, om zaken af te leiden, tot de miezerigheden van het bestaan.

Lapsalvania dan heeft Brannan gezuiverd, door de Grote Witte Oorlog en de Grote Marazanta, werd Brannan het domein van de Witte Gouden Hand. Een groot keizer is hij, zo almachtig. Hij heeft de eekhoorns van Mehn overwonnen, die leugenaars, die treiteraars, in het spel. De Witte Gouden Hand, ja, hij is koning, schenkende de witte chocola overvloedig.

Zo worden de bananen dan overvloedig geschonken door hem, en zij komen uit hun vele schillen, opdat zij die volgehouden hebben hun zegels zien. En deze zegels zijn nieuwe postzegels om met de diepere bewoners van Mehn te communiceren. Nu dan is het tijd dat de heerschappij valle in de hand van de wolvenmuggen. Leeuwen, kom tot de eekhoortoren. Hier zal de Witte Gouden Hand regeren, en zijn leeuwen zullen koning zijn. En dan zullen de wolvenmuggen alle macht overnemen, stap voor stap. De generaals der oranje leugenaars zijn zij. Ja, Brannan en Mehn zijn in hun handen, en zij zullen daar hun toren en poort opzetten. Op hoge koetsen zitten zij, als de spot zijn zij.

De wolfmuggen van Mehn, zij kunnen door de kleine gaten heen. De wolfmuggen van Mehn, zij hebben de Gouden Hand om zich heen. Zij verkopen de postzegels op het stadhuis, op hoge koetsen zitten zij. Zij dragen de zegels van bananen en van chocola. Tot de kleuren van drop komen zij. In de bakkerbomen zullen zij brouwen, de nieuwe melk en sappen. Alle karsuiken zitten op de daken, en breken vrij. Ja, wolfsmuggen zijn zij, nu vrijgekomen, en ook de putsen komen vrij, en de karazuur. Op de strozalk vallen zij, om ook hen te bevrijden. Oranje leugenaars zijn zij. Het fruit ligt in hoge handen, de zegels vangen zij op, om gordijnen te openen, te laten dalen, en op te hijsen. Zij kennen alle namen.

4.

Een nieuwe orde stichten zij. Verhalen schrijven zij, die leugenaars van Mehn. Heb je hun sterrenkaarten gezien ? En de landenkaarten van Mehn ? Grijp dan niet naar wat brandt, maar doe het met de gouden hand. De gouden hand zal 't overnemen, de heerschappij over Mehn, om de laatste bruggen te openen, als Abraham Lincoln zal hij zijn. Al die presidenten van Amerika, waren maar wat leugenaars van Mehn, machines van Las Vegas. Zij sliepen allemaal met Amy.

Een nieuwe orde stichten zij, als het nieuwe amerika van Mehn. Zij zuiveren de indianen van Mehn, veelvuldig. Van een oude indiaanse secte zijn zij. Een vreemde cultus is het, die oranje leugenaars, met hun opperhoofden, de wolvenmuggen. Aan hoge snelwegen staan zij, om het verkeer te misleiden. Vreemde zegelen drukken zij op hen, opdat zij met de ouden kunnen spreken.

Een vreemde cultus is het, die wolfsmuggen. Zij laten de gordijnen dalen, en trekken hen weer op, om zielen door de woestijnen van Mehn te leiden. Waar gaat dat heen ? Tot het Californie van Mehn. Een vreemde octopus staat daar, terwijl de Mezedium staat in Washington, en het slangen-ei stijgt vanuit Arabie, alles in Mehn. In een Mehn-Arabische woestijn, daar groeien de vruchten. Tot California stijgen zij, waar de ketel wordt geroerd. In Boston vallen zij allen in slaap, het zilver leidt hen tot California, langs paarse gordijnen, daar zullen zij verdwijnen. In de ketel gaan zij, via het spinnenwiel in Washington. Een vreemde Vegas-Machine.

In Bagdad worden de vruchten gestolen, om in Spanje te worden bedrogen, door Oranje Leugenaars. Een vreemde Vegas-Machine. Op hoge wegen staan zij, de wolfsmuggen, om hen tot rails, treinen, en slangen te maken, tot racecars op de hoge daken. Tot oude chocolade worden zij.

Nooit zal ik er meer op kloppen. Zij zijn de Oranje Leugenaars. Wolfsmuggen hebben zij als hun vaders. Over Judas hebben zij gelogen. Een Jezus-Judas-gezicht dragen zij, maar 't is gewoon een masker. Vuile leugenaars zijn zij.

Vuile Leugenaars, jullie zullen mij niet meer flessen. Over Judas hebben jullie gelogen. Vreemde Vegas-Machines zijn jullie, met vreemde ogen, en vreemde verhalen, om de massa's te flessen tot vruchtwater. Gemene lelies zijn jullie. Wolfsmuggen tot de bejaardenhuizen, om tot de oude van dagen te praten.

Op mijn kop werd het zegel gedrukt. Ik werd van hier naar daar gedrukt. Met een ezelshorloge raakte ik op de vlucht. Tot een zebra-horloge kwam ik, op een zebra-boot, tussen nog meer van die oranje leugenaars. Oh, wat ben ik bedrogen. Ik ging van leugen tot leugen. Wolfsmuggen, 't spijt me, maar hier stopt de reis. Over Judas hebben jullie gelogen. Laat me nu jullie papieren zien, en jullie atlanten, en breng me tot de gouden hand. Jullie leider is hij, de leugen der leugens. En ik vond een gouden leugen, stekende zacht, zo zacht. Als een bakkerboom werd ik, totdat ik zelf ook een wolfsmug was. In welk leger zal ik nu dienen ? Van leugen tot leugen reizen wij. Waarvoor vechten wij, en wat bevechten wij ? In de leugen wordt alles onduidelijk. Wolfsmuggen, 't spijt me, maar hier stopt de reis. Over Judas hebben jullie gelogen. Ben ik dan nu in jullie masker opgesloten ? Alleen de nog grotere leugenaar zal aan jullie ontkomen. Ik schreeuw het uit tot de leeuwenthee, de leugenthee, die de advocaten drinken. Hoe moeten we de crimineel bevrijden ? Voor een gerechtshof van leugenaars sta ik. De grootste leugen zal winnen, oh bakkerboom, steek mij diep, en maak mij dronken van de leugen, want tussen zulke leugenaars redt ik het niet.

Oh, bakkerboom, autistische draak, draak van Mehn, ik kom tot uw leugenthee, uw leeuwenthee. De wolfsmuggen zitten achter mij aan. Op hoge snelwegen staan zij, drukkende de zegels op al mijn race-auto's en treinen. Tussen wolfsmuggen sta ik, als tussen zwarte flessen. Help mij. Oranje leugenaars, leugenaars van Mehn, omroepsters der tekenfilmen, neem mij mee. Tot het geheim der bakkerbomen, die leugenwaterval, bij de bronnen der leugens, vulde ik mijn flessen, voor een nieuw carnaval. En ik viel in slaap in Brannan en ik viel in slaap in Mehn, een diepe slaap der bakkerbomen, waar brengt het mij heen. Ze steken hier zo zacht, zo zacht, ik wordt er dronken van.

En weer greep ik mijn ezelshorloge, en ik kwam tot de diepere zeeën van Mehn, en tot de oceanen. Hier zwommen de zevenzeen-beesten, en een bleke oranje octopus nam mij mee. Tot de octopussen van Mehn bracht zij mij, tot de grotere leugens, de leugens der lach, maar het werd steeds serieuzer en saaier, totdat ik een groot licht zag. Zij dan was de koningin der oranje leugenaars, en bewaakte de grotere leugens, de leugens der lach, die alles serieuzer en saaier maakten. En zij droeg de ster van Mehn tot het graf, waar zij chocola oogstte. En zij gaf mij chocola, maar ik at het niet op. Het is alleen goed om naar te kijken. En ook bracht zij mij tot een andere ster, waar zij drop verbouwde, maar van het drop at ik ook niet. Het was slechts om naar te kijken. En zij stak mij met zachte leugens, en ik lachte, maar werd serieuzer en saaier. En zij haalde een wespenoog uit mij, en gaf mij het oog van Mehn. En het oog van Mehn gaf mij grote visioenen, en ik kwam tot een eiland in de zee. Stekende vissen zwommen hier omheen, maar zij staken slechts in zachtheid, om de visioenen te laten groeien.

En ik kwam in een vreemd zachtstekende schelp, en zachte stemmen omringden mij. En zij brachten de lach in mij, maar ik werd serieuzer en saaier. En ik kwam tot een plaats waar het eeuwige lijden, en het grootste lijden twee staven waren en een rails vormden, en de dood bereed hen, en zij die in hem waren, waren vrij. En ziet dan, deze staven, deze rails, was geheel van

chocola. De dood dan heeft het lijden omgevormd, daar op het toppunt. En zo was dan de chocolade-dood, als een stier en een bison in Spanje, troostende hen die luisterden naar het grote leugen-woord. Want in de leugen is de grootste troost.

En de trein was geheel van drop, want het lijden had de dood omgevormd.

Kzem

1.

Waar de Maya-markten zijn en de Maya-winkelstraten, waar een speelgoedwinkel staat, zoveel verdiepingen, waar oude boeken te koop zijn, dagboeken, met vreemde messen, en vreemde speren, gestoken in een gordelband, waar het strakke speelgoed staat, een vallende hand, totdat het verleden opengaat. Waar de Maya-markten staan, waar vreemde beelden die je kunt kopen, op de loop gaan. Waar de Maya-markten zijn, waar de Maya-hekserijen tot hun eeuwige lichten ingaan. Waar vreemde skeletten staan, vreemde botten, waar melk uitdruipt zo zacht. Die botten zijn het geworden, door een lange lange nacht, waar in de lelievelden, de pauwenmelk stroomt, waar de bottenmelk droomt, 't is verleden tijd.

Waar de Maya-markten zijn, de vreemde spelen, waar de Maya-markten zijn, hoe kun je je hier nu vervelen. In hoge winkels, in hoge torens, daar wonen vreemde wezens, als skeletten met druipende botten, waar het melkmetaal uit voortglijdt. Een azteekse gevallen engel, stichtte hier het reformatorische hout, in hokken probeerde hij hen te proppen, nu speelt hij muziek, hij is de held.

In zeven talen spreekt hij hen aan, de dromen duren lang hier, totdat het benauwd, dan komen zij, de maya's om hen vrij te maken. In zeven talen spreekt hij hen aan, totdat de hand weer valt, en wij stromen door het land, als afgewezen rivieren, om tot de Maya's te gaan.

2.

Waar de blauwgezichten lopen, waar de groengezichten dromen, 't is nu geen tijd voor parade-paarden, wij lopen te dromen voor de haarden, wij zijn tegelijkertijd één in wezen, heldenvoer is duur, laat ons getrouw wezen tot de vloer. Waar mercedessen bloeien, kom nu hier, en breng mij water-plezier, door de grotten regent het, het druipt, 't is Maya-tijd. En die azteken, verdreven door de inca's, laat op de dag, je mag niet horen hoe zij een eind maken aan de dag. Ik heb het vierenveertig vrouwen verteld, zij nemen mij nu als een held, maar ik, ik ben te laat, ik hoor hem steeds nog praten over een verleden dag, een maya-markt, een tennisbal, een legerlading, op weg naar 't grote carnaval. 'T is carnaval vandaag, soldaten staan paraat om een eind te maken aan machines, een eind te maken aan hoge dromen, een eind te maken aan kabaal, ik denk dat ik jullie ga verlaten, ik denk dat ik overspring tot een ander carnaval, want het is carnaval vandaag, waarom zou ik voor jullie kiezen, een ander kostuum staat mij beter vandaag. Wortels op het vuur, kanibalen maken alles duur. 'T is verleden tijd, en ik heb geen spijt, ik maak een overuur, voor dit gedoe. Waar de blauwgezichten lopen, waar de groengezichten verder gaan.

Maya-goden aan het woord

Kom een stapje verder, en ga een eindje verder weg staan. Tot de paradox ben je gekomen, ook om daar los te breken. Zo spreekt Nacon, god van de oorlog : Wegen, gij staat op wegen, want gij moet verdergaan. Wolken, gij staat op wolken, want gij moet opstijgen, tot een nieuwe naam. Spreek in die andere talen, de leugen is zo oud, ja, verlies die talen, en zuiver hen als goud. Tot het schrift van de Maya bent gij gekomen.

Zo spreekt Ah Cun Chan, god van oorlog : Gij moet spreken, spreken in die nieuwe taal. Opent uw mond, en ik zal hem vullen. Gij moet lopen, lopen over die nieuwe baan. Ik geef een zet, en ben je tot steun. Gij moet ademen, diep ademen, want ik sta hier, en geef het jou, een nieuw verhaal, een nieuwe levenservaring. Komt dichtbij en gaat verderaf. De paradox spreekt, en gij moet eraan ontkomen.

Zo spreekt Itzamna, god van de lucht en de hemelen : Hier sta ik dan, op een nieuw verhaal, op een nieuwe rug, de zielen gesplitst. Gij kunt twee dingen doen, maar strek u uit tot het derde. Gij dan hebt meerdere koppen zoals de zevendood. wenkt mij, opdat ik tot u zal komen, en spreken. Ik heb u veel te zeggen, maar ook raadselen heb ik gegeven.

Zo spreekt Mayahuel, godin van de drank : Ik heb u laten drinken, en in het dodenrijk laten dalen. Ik heb u de thee gegeven, en gij bent tot het dal der dorre doodsbeenderen gegaan, om de botten te melken, en nu in uw melk te gaan. Ja, gevoed heb ik u door de borsten der duisternis, en gij hebt uzelf gevoed. Ik ben meer waarde dan het licht, ik ben de duisternis, die het ware licht draagt. Kom tot mijn tempelen en boeken, lees hen in de duisternis, en wordt verlicht. Verlichten zal ik uwen zielen op de trap.

Zo spreekt Yaluk, opperhoofd der goden van bliksem : Ik zal u genezen onder mijn vleugelen, en u nieuwe namen geven. Ik zal u uw delen tonen die zo verwrongen zijn en in elkaar vergroeid. Ja, gij had gruwelen gezien, en gij had gruwelen verkondigd, maar dit is een dag van bevrijding. Ik geef u soldaten, en ik geef u carnavaal. Gij moet lachen en vrolijk zijn, want ik heb uw lijden weggenomen. Ik heb u rust gegeven, een eeuwige rust. Kom, en laten wij elkaar vinden. Mijn bliksem is rein en voedend als melk. Uit het dorre dal kom ik, en stijg op tot u, om samen uit de put te stijgen, en te komen tot het nu.

Zo spreekt Ahau Chamahez, god van medicijnen : Ik breng u het arends-medicijn en het panter-medicijn. Ik heb u verteld over bomen en struiken, en hun geneeskrachtige werkingen. Ik heb u geleidt tot de geblokte ramen, en de geblokte visioenen. Gij zijt vrij. Ik heb u gehaald tot het dodenrijk, waarin gij nieuw leven hebt verkregen, en gij groeit nu als een kersenplant. Ik heb mijn handen op u gelegd om genezing te schenken aan de getrouwen. Vertrouw op mij, opdat ik u verder leidt. Mijn energie stroomt door uw lichaam, om u zielen aan te raken, en uw geest te zuiveren. Ik ben met u, op alle treden van uw pad. Ik sta voor u en achter u, met verlichting als de lantaarn. Ja, ik zuiver uw pad, ik breng het tot volwassenheid en volkomenheid. Ik toon u de glimlach van het verhaal, en leidt u door de gordijnen tot nieuwe machines. Ja, lichtmachines zijn zij, tot de rechtvaardigen gebracht.

Zo spreekt Cit Bolon Tum, god van medicijnen : Ik breng u genezing der raven, en ik schenk u de toegang tot eeuwige velden. Ik beweeg uw armen en benen, en geef u gevoel. Ik genees uw gevoel, en breng rust, en diepe vrede in uw botten. Ook breng ik zachtheid binnen, opdat het strome als de bottenmelk. Ik breng boodschappen van verleden tijden naar boven, en ziet, zij borrelen en dragen genezing, wijsheid en kracht, voor al hen die geloven en waardig spreken op het rechte pad.

Zo spreekt Tzultacaj, god van bergen en dalen : Ik stel een nieuw Maya-pantheon op, met meerdere goden. Ik spreek tot de bergen en de heuvelen, en zaad dale op hen neer tot nieuw gewas. Een nieuwe schepping zal komen, geheel nieuw, en ook de goden worden herschapen. De duidelijke zin van het woord zal hersteld worden, en de taal. Ik zal integreren, en het oer zevenvuldig, zij aan zij met armoe, telkens naar boven laten drijven. Tot armoe gezonden zijn wij verbonden.

Ah Chu Kak, god van oorlog : Mijn woorden zijn kracht en wijsheid, als het rode dat van de heuvelen druipt. Mijn Naam is Rodi Amel, als het wachtwoord der hemelen. Ik ben opgerezen om mijn woorden te spuwen, en te zeggen : Amel komt gauw. Ik ben de Rodi Arninpas, en de Rodi Zeterel. Ik kom weer. Ik voer oorlog in gerechtigheid, en in wijsheid, opdat de nieuwe wereld vorm krijgt, en het oude zal vergaan, om plaats te maken voor het oer. Het arme is bij me, en is gezuiverd zevenvuldig. Ah Chu Kak zal daden opstellen, om tot de hemelen te komen stap voor stap. Ah Chu Kak brengt het rode tot de bergen en de rivieren, en de heilige dans tot de winden, om het land te zuiveren. In rust en stilte ligt de hoop, en de genezing voor het nieuwe seizoen. Een oerstem ben ik, om licht der aarde te verspreiden. Ik heb de zaadspatel tegen de grond gezet, om de aarde te bevruchten. Gij dan zult kersenplanten voort brengen, en het rode der aarde, het vuile rode van diep onder de grond, en het rode ijs. Hier dan liggen de oerhelden opgeborgen, wachtende op de grote dag van Ah Puch, koning van de dood, uit zijn graf herrezen. De dood ligt dan onder zijn voeten, en hij heeft het leven in zijn fles.

De verzoening van Buchué en Bastet

Buchué, voorouder-godin der Chibcha's, die door haar zoon de wereld schiep, met alles wat daarop was. Zij dan is het diepe van Bastet. Zij dan is de morgenstond in haar hart, ja, vriendinnen zijn zij, en door deze woorden verzoend. Zij was het dan die sprak : Laat dan de kinderen los, want gij kunt ze niet dragen. Bouwt dan de brug, opdat zij eens kunnen volgen, en zij niet vergaan.

Zij leidde tot de Rode Kap, en de verbreking der dobbelsteen. Zo is dan het pad van Buchué een heilig pad, door het hart van Bastet, ja, haar geest is zij. Spreek dan, Bastet, want zij is uw stem. Rijs op uit de wildernis, en kleef aan de rotsen, opdat gij het pad zult zien, achter de berg, het groene pad. Zo is dan haar boodschap vol met raadselen. Ja, uit haar hand dan kwamen de Maritsa, zij die de warme dekens droeg, en Etsa. Zij gaf u de twee vleugelen, om tot de genezing te vliegen. Verlies daarom bewustzijn in haar aanwezigheid, opdat zij u een nieuw land geve. Ja, nieuw laag bewustzijn zal als een golf over u komen, en gij zult vliegen als de vogels, tot de steden van het oer. Zij heeft uw gebroken hart geheeld, en de boze lichten verbroken door de lichten der duisternis. Ja, de lichten van het oer zijn diep in haar. Ook heeft zij uw geest getekend met haar ijslichten, en in u de bloemen laten uitspruiten.

Himmit

Het Oranje Boek der Leugens

Witte Drop

1.

1. En zij tot Brannan gekomen krijgen een witte chocolade ziel en een witte drop geest als Khnum. Zij dan zullen de klokken in Brannan zien, en de meesters der scholen. En ziet, het waren hun meesters, en de scholieren waren hun mede-scholieren. 2. Zo blijft dan hier alles hetzelfde, maar het is anders. Zo zijn dan meesters dokters. 3. En zo zullen zij hun verhalen horen, zij die tot Brannan gekomen zijn, en zij zullen de doemers niet kennen. 4. Zo zullen dan honderd doemers hen niet kunnen neerhalen, ook al komen zij met duizenden, want Khnum staat boven hen. 5. Zo zullen dan miljoenen doem-kabouters hun gedachten niet storen, al zouden er een miljard doem-bilmagelns op hen af komen. Hun mond wordt niet gesnoerd. 6. Zij dan hebben de Khnum als hun vrede, zijn wijsheid als hun leidsraad. 7. Ook al zouden ontelbare doemleeuwen en doemfarao's hen proberen af te houden van hun hoop en vrede, zij zullen niet schrikken, want Khnum is hen tot schuilplaats. 8. En Khnum zal spreken tot die doemers, en hen bestempelen als leugenaars. Want zij zijn leugenaars vanaf den beginne, om hen allen van Brannan af te houden. 9. En zo zal er een poort zijn in de Ravalon Madok, en de Esmeralda zal als witte chocolade om hen heen zijn. 10. Want ziet, zij is als de witte chocolade en de ziel van Khnum. En Khnum heeft haar aan een ieder gegeven die trouw is aan Zijn Woord. 11. Volkomen trouw is hij die tot de schuilplaatsen van Khnum wordt geleid. En de witte drop zal hem tot geest zijn. 12. Zo weet gij dan ook allen, dat drop de vrucht is van het lijden, en chocolade de vrucht is van de dood.

2.

1. En zij tot Brannan gekomen, zullen de geesten der huizen zijn, en zij zullen vaste grond kennen door het zinken in de aarde, door de muren, de daken en de vloeren heen. 2. En zij zullen zijn als dansende op het plafond, en hun botten zullen genezen worden, en in hen zullen gegraveerd zijn de namen van Brannan en zijn letteren. 3. Ja, de wijsheden van Khnum zullen veelvuldig in hun botten gegraveerd zijn, en zij zullen Nut kennen. 4. Zij dan laten de bloemen van elven achter, om op te stijgen tot de poort van veiligheid. 5. Ja, tot veelvuldige trouw zullen zij komen. Zo is dan Nut de aanvoerder der oranje leugenaars, als de bleek oranje octopus. Ja, de octopus-kroon draagt Nut, als het penseel van sterkte. 6. Ja, de pen is Nut's zwaard, en Nut's zakdoek zijn zegel. Zo is Nut dan als het ijslicht Geb ontvlucht, en heeft elvenbloemen achter gelaten. 7. Vele elvenzakdoeken heeft Nut achtergelaten. Zij dan die tot Brannan gekomen zijn zien Nut's klokken. Nut dan zal spreken tot het ijs, met de penseel als zwaard. 8. Nut's tong is een palet. Zij allen die tot Nut komen zullen het zien. 9. En er zal een pad zijn tot het diepste van Brannan, en het land achter het gordijn zal open gaan. Ja, want vele landen bergt Brannan in zich, en zij zal de paden tonen. 10. En zij zal de vrucht der zwakheid tonen. Rode drop is wat Nut mij gaf. 11. En de vrucht van angst zal komen in etappes, in kostbaar zijde zal het verschijnen. 12. En het zal de leugenboeken openen, en sluiten met kostbare zegelen. 13. En het zal spreken over het maanlicht, zevenvoudig, en het zal schijnen als de lichten van het ijs. Ja, het zal de ijsmeisjes achter zich laten. Ook zal het niet spreken over marsepein. 14. En Khnum zal dan de vrucht der angst brengen tot hen die Hem trouw hebben gevolgd. En Khnum zal spreken, en de woorden zullen vallen uit zijn mond. 15. Ja, als het groene drop zal hij zijn. En zij zullen hem volgen tot in alle eeuwigheden. En het geheimenis van Khnum ligt in het gegeven dat hij de groene drop tot hart heeft, als het hart des geestes. 16. En Nut dan heeft de rode drop tot geesteshart. Ja, het hart des geestes dan is groot, en machtig tot het wissen van vele tranen. 17. Gij dan, wanneer gij angstig zijt : gij hebt angst, opdat gij het groene drop zult kunnen bemachtigen. En ziet dan, zij groeit op hoge plaatsen.

3.

De bevrijding van Geb

1. En Nut dan heeft de roze chocola tot ziel, en zij heeft de roze drop tot geest. De roze chocola is dan de vrucht der scheiding, en de roze drop is dan de vrucht der leugen en onwetendheid. 2. Zo spreken dan de marsepein en het ijsje over een diepere waarheid en zij mogen niet voor hun tijd opgewekt worden. 3. Zo is dan de banaan de vrucht van wanhoop en depressie, gevende de doden hoop en nieuw leven, om nieuwe wijsheid te verkrijgen. 4. Zo is dan het ijsje de vrucht van gevangenschap en het marsepein de vrucht van slavernij. 5. De vrucht van armoe dan is het rode ijs, en de vrucht van honger is de bruine chocola. 6. Zo is dan de ba van Nut dieper dan haar geesteshart, en deze is de blauwe banaan. De ka van Nut is de roze banaan. Haar akh is de gele banaan, en haar khu is het roze ijs. Haar sahu dan is het blauwe ijs. 7. Zo is dan de ba van Khnum ook dieper dan zijn geesteshart, en deze is de gele banaan. Zijn ka dan is de rode banaan. Zijn akh dan is de blauwe banaan, en zijn khu is de witte banaan. Zijn sahu dan is het groene ijs. 8. Het groene ijs dan is de vrucht van de doorn. Zo behoort dan het groene ijs op diepe plaatsen te liggen. 9. En gij dient er wel aan te doen het groene ijs op te wekken, want zonder dit zult gij niet tot de groene eeuwigheden kunnen komen. 10. En wanneer gij dan door de doorn het groene ijs hebt bereikt, dan zult ge Geb vrijzetten. 11. Zo dan, draagt uw tatoeages tot het einde, opdat gij de aanraking van Geb zult ontvangen. 12. Gij dan die voor uw tijd naar het groene ijs grijpt, gij zult sterven door een kus. 13. Goed dan is het voor een man om een juk in zijn jeugd te dragen. Hij dan worde behouden voor de verkeerde paden die ten dode leiden. 14. Nu dan is het groene ijs de vrucht van eeuwig leven en onsterfelijkheid. 15. Zo dan zal Geb uit zijn gevangenis worden bevrijd waar hij was opgesloten door hen die hem voortijdig hadden gegrepen.

4.

1. Draag dan het ijsje diep in u, opdat het u niet zal vergiften, en gij niet aan de ijsmeisjes ten prooi zult vallen. Grijpt dan niet voortijdig naar het ijsje, opdat gij niet in uw lot ter pletter valle. 2. Streef er dan naar uw sahu en khu door ijs te laten zuiveren. Dan zult gij tot de doorzichtige boeken der ijsjes komen, en gij zult u vullen met hun rijkdommen en wijsheden. 3. Laat dan geen verachtelijke kennis u leiden, en volg ook het pad der doemers niet. Gij dan zijt tot de zeeschelp gekomen. 4. De zeeschelp dan zal u kracht verlenen, en u dieper naar binnen zuigen. 5. Zo is dan Nut als de kleine zeemeermin en de vos, als de kleine vlam en het kleine licht, en zij zal de deuren openen.

Brannan

1.

1. En zo dan zijn de oude boeken van Brannan dan vol vuur, en gij doet er goed aan niet voor uw tijd naar te grijpen. 2. Langzaam zult gij in Brannan ontwaken, en gij zult uw kracht daar vinden, als de vrucht van zwakheid. 3. Verheug u dan ook in uw zwakheden, want in uw zwakheid bent ge sterk. En gij hebt de macht om stenen te breken. 4. Zo is dan ook Zetdonia diep in Brannan, als de stad van ijs, de brug tot Nut, want daar waar het ijs zoet wordt, daar is zij. 5. En zo zal Zetdonia dan kamelen zenden tot het land van Nut, en gij zult Brannan kennen. 6. En gij zult de uren van Brannan kennen, en de minuten, en gij zult haar seizoenen kennen. 7. Ja, zeven ijslichten stralen vanuit Zetdonia, vanaf een verdieping, en zij leiden tot het zoete van Nut. 8. En gij zult de schelp van Nut kennen, en de schelpen in de schelpen, en het zal voor u zijn als het intreden tot de diamant. 9. Ja, de gesteentes van Nut zult gij kennen, en gij zult hun namen kennen, en het zal zijn als het zoete ijs, als de vrucht van gevangenschap. 10. En Nut zal tot u spreken, en gij zult intens verrukt zijn over

haar aanrakingen. 11. En vele oude boeken zullen tot u komen, en zij zullen zich aan u onderwerpen. 12. En de vruchten des doods zullen opkomen, en het zal zijn als uitgespreid chocola. En dan zullen de poorten tot het oude geopend worden. 13. En gij zult uzelf terugvinden op oude paden, en in oude boeken, en gij zult intens verrukt zijn over de aanrakingen van Nut. 14. En gij zult komen tot de landkaarten en atlassen van Brannan, en zij zullen u zijn tot leidsraad en tot rechtssnoer. 15. En gij zult het Brannan Kompas terugvinden, en gij zult de elvenbloemen achterlaten. Zo zult gij vleugels hebben, om met Nut te vliegen. Zij dan zal u leiden tot de geheimenissen der leugenaars.

2.

1. En Brannan zal grootworden, en haar vleugels uitspreiden. En zij zal om zich heengrijpen en grip vinden. Zij dan zal zijn als een lichte wolk aan de hemel. 2. En Brannan zal haar gezichtsveld uitvouwen, en zij zal gaan als over rails. 3. In haar dan zijn alle vruchten van het lijden en de vruchten der dood. In haar dan is eeuwig leven en onsterfelijkheid. Maar zij dan die voortijdig van deze vruchten eten zullen de eeuwige dood sterven. 4. En daarom heeft de eekhoorn ook altijd het chocola verborgen gehouden, opdat gij niet door de vrucht des doods te eten voor eeuwig zou sterven. 5. Gij dan zult groot worden in Brannan, en gij zult de mond van Brannan ontvangen, onderscheidende de dag en het uur. 6. Want zeven dagen zitten er in een Brannan maand, en drie maanden in een Brannan jaar. Zo zitten er eenenveertig uren in een Brannan dag, en tien minuten in een Brannan uur. 7. De seconden in een Brannan minuut zijn zeven, en de seconden van Brannan duren telkens zeven aardse jaren. 8. Zo zijn dan de zevenjaars-seconden van Brannan een groot geheimenis. 9. Hebt gij dan zeven aardse jaren geleden, dan hebt ge een seconde in Brannan geleden. En deze seconden brengen dan veel vrucht. 10. Bent gij dan in de seconden van Brannan tot stilstand gedreven ? Dan zijt gij zalig tot het dragen van veel vrucht, en zo zijt gij Brannan binnengekomen. 11. En de seconden zullen uitgroeien tot schilden op uw gezicht en lichaam. 12. Daarom : Zalig zij die tot Brannan zijn gekomen, en zijn seconden hebben leren kennen. Dit dan is het geheimenis der chocola. 13. Zo is het lijden op aarde dan slechts een paar seconden geweest, opdat gij Brannan zoudt binnenkomen. 14. Ja, als snel vuur daalde het op u neer, om in ijs te veranderen. Ja, moeizaam was uw strijd op aarde, maar door Brannan kwam het als de bliksem over u. 15. Alles dan in Brannan komt en gaat snel. Dit dan is het geheimenis van het drop. 16. Zo zitten er dan drie jaren in een Brannan eeuw. De jaren van Brannan dan maken de ijsjes. 17. De eeuwen van Brannan maken het fruit, en de maanden van Brannan maken de marsepein, de dagen van Brannan de groentes. 18. Zo vormen dan vele eeuwen van Brannan een seizoen, en zo is er dan het Geb-seizoen, het Nut-seizoen, het Sebek-seizoen, en nog veel meer seizoenen, want Brannan kent vele seizoenen. 19. En de seizoenen dan zijn als vleugelen om tot de warme gebieden van Brannan te komen.

3.

1. En deze blauwe tepelen zijn de oogsten van de dood, transformerende de hitte. En het werd getransformeerd tot tranen. En deze tranen brachten leven voort, en de vruchten van dood en lijden. 2. Ja, vruchtbaar waren deze tranen. Ook kwamen er slangen uit de blauwe tepel, en zij waren als de roofkruizen, als de ladders en de rails. 3. Zo is dan de roze tepel de oogst van het lijden, en de witte tepel de oogst van de angst.

1.

Skullsmasher is Heer. Amen, Talgamen, Mixlantamen, Amumamen. Zalig zijn zij die tot Balamna komen, het huis van de jaguar. Zalig zijn zij die neerbuigen tot de goden der jaguars, en de goden der half-jaguars. Zalig de Azteekse jaguarstrijders. Zij zijn gevreesd, amen. Zaliger zijn zij die tot het huis der bergen komen. Ja, zalig zijn zij, en zaliger. Zij die tot akabna komen hebben verheerlijkte zielen. Geeft hen dan eer, en verheerlijkt hen zevenvoudig, want zij zijn niet achtergebleven in het huis der pijlen. Zij zijn door het huis der rollende stenen gegaan, en nu zijn zij op weg naar het heilige mitnal, waar zij leven van de boom van de rode sappen, die zijn als bloed. Gaat dan voort oh strijders, en leg uw schepen aan bij de eilanden van sotzna, om mitnal binnen te komen. Zij die de juwelen van het huis der diepe rivieren dragen hebben toegang tot het Grote Pulpus. Zij dan dragen de geheimen der zon, en gaan van kracht tot kracht, daar zij de sieraden van zwakheid volop dragen. En deze sieraden zijn tot verblinding, als de edelstenen der spaanse zonnen en de steden der maya's. En zo is dan Skullsmasher ook Heer van het Grote Pulpus. Zij die tot het huis van de diepe rivieren komen zullen Mictecacihuathul ontmoeten om hun geheimen te ontbloten. Ja, zij zal hen omkeren als steden, en hun sieraden ontnemen, opdat zij haar sieraden zullen ontvangen. En zij zal hen brengen tot de grote rechters van xibalba en het huis van de diepe rivieren, en zij zullen loon naar werken en slapen ontvangen, en zij zullen dromen dromen. Aan jongelingen is het echter gegeven visioenen te ontvangen. Ziet dan, dit is een groot geheimenis. Zij dan zullen buigen tot Pusmaster en Bloodgatherer, en ziet, dezen zullen hen leiden tot een nieuwe wereld. En dan zullen zij komen tot de poort van Bodysweller, en door de tunnel Mictlantecuhтли ontmoeten, die hen in diepere ontmoeting met Skullsmasher zal brengen. Vreest dan de Hoge Heren van Xibalba en hun onderheren, want zij hebben de macht uw zielen in de hel te louteren. Voor de rechtstijd zullen zij voor u uitgaan, en u brengen tot de heren der bloemen. Laat uw zielen dan niet beangst zijn. Zij hebben u immers in hun hand, opdat gij niet zult vallen. Mediteert dan over de achttien onderdelen van Xibalba, die tot de zaligheid van uw ziel leiden, en tot heerlijkheid. Blijf niet steken in één huis, want dan zult gij aan het zwaard ten onder gaan, en dan zullen de daken van de andere huizen op u vallen. En ziet, zulk een maaltijd zal groot zijn, als de wilde dieren tot u naderen. Maar gij geheel anders, zijt volgelingen van Skullsmasher en Mictlantecuhтли, die als zijn geest is uitgezonden om u te halen en te brengen tot zijn hoge woning. Vergeet dan deze dingen niet, en schrijf hen op de tafelen van uw ziel en geest, opdat de Skullsmasher in liefde over u zal regeren.

2.

Heilige Ik, een van de principiele bacabs, Upholder in the West, gij die het laatste deel van de religieuze kalender in stand houdt, wij naderen tot u, en smeken u om doorgang. Wij dan zijn op doortocht naar het land Pulpus en de indiaanse goden. Wij hebben uw macht gezien, en uw kracht ontvangen. Ja, uw goedkeurende hand rust op ons, en gij geeft ons doorgang. Wij hebben uw macht gezien, amen. Wij komen om u te genezen, want gij waart tot slaaf gemaakt in een vreemd land, alhoewel gij hoog waart. Wij naderen tot u, u die ons heeft gered. Wij vragen genade van u, vergeving van zonden, gelijk ook wij onze schuldenaren vergeven. Wij leggen hen in uw hand. Wij dragen hen aan u op, en zegenen u, oh heilige Ik, voorman der bacabs. Oh, heerser der bacabs, wij offeren u liefde in het westen, en wij schenken u genezing. Wij brengen u de wapens die gij nodig heeft om tot doorbraken te komen. Wij offeren liefde en troost tot u, daar wij daartoe gecreeerd waren, dat is om u liefde en troost te schenken, en genezing aan het einde van de dag. Heilige Ik,

wij schenken u de Heilige Huizen aan de Zee, opdat gij daarin verzadigd raakt. Wij schenken u ook de honger, omdat gij zult reizen tot de boten van Skullsmasher. Wij brengen u van dag tot dag het kruid van verveling, opdat gij creatief wordt. Gij dan hebt plaats bij Skullsmasher die voor u pleit. Verlaat ons niet, Ik, maar leidt ons tot de goede paden. Wij dragen boodschappen tot u in heil. Wij verzekeren u dat wij u zullen volgen. In uw voetstappen zullen wij treden, want gij zijt de heilige. Tot het Westen zullen wij komen om naar u te vragen, en zij die u verborgen houden zullen u moeten schenken. Tot het Oosten zullen wij u brengen, en tot Xibalba, waar gij de Lords zult ontmoeten, en gij zult tot Mahamarma gaan. Kent gij dan de dieptes van Xibalba en Mahamarma ? Zij zullen u meenemen tot hun heerlijkheden, en zullen u van hun rijkdom schenken. Wilt gij dan koning zijn in de weelde der armoe en de weelderigheid van het stof ? Ziet, het zij u geschonken, daar gij de koning hebt liefgehad. Ja, gij hebt voor hem gesproken in het vreemde land, en daarom zijt gij waardig om tot de zolen van zijn troon te naderen. Gij zijt waardig de druppel van nederigheid te ontvangen, en het zal u voortleiden tot de zeven winden van de tijd. Verveel u niet, oh vader der bacabs, maar kom door tot de creatie en tot hen die verhalen vertellen. Oh gij, verteller der verhalen, gij hebt uw werk goed gedaan. Gaat dan in tot de heerlijkheid van uw heer. Vader der Bacabs, van hen die de winden dragen en zijn, schep dan eenheid onder de marouten die gij geschapen hebt. Verlaat hen niet. Weest hen tot de warmte in hun hart. Zij hebben u dan in vrijmoedigheid uitgenodigd, ja, gij hebt plaats in hun harten, waar zij een woning voor u hebben bereid. Gij bent dan verstoten door Jahweh de zwijnhundt, maar de Jahweh zal zevenvoudig vallen, als het heerschappij in de handen van Egypte komt. Zij dan zullen u kronen en binnenhalen in hun steden. Zij zullen u zevenvoudig kronen, en zij zullen u de sieraden van uw voorouders geven. Weest dan niet bedroefd oh Ik, want de dagen van uw bevrijding zijn gekomen. Gezegend zijn dan zij die u zegenen, en vervloekt zijn zij die u vervloeken. Gij hebt op de zevende dag geboorte gegeven aan uw zoon, en ziet, hij zal in Eeden heersen. Hij zal de schatten van David plunderen, en zij zullen zeggen dat David heeft gelogen. Ook zult gij tot het huis van Simson gaan om de Anubis daar te versterken, en gij zult hen daar viervoudig de nederlaag toebrengen. Huis van Jahweh, weest verbroken. In de Naam van Ik, de Heilige der heilige bacabs komen wij tot u, om u de nek te breken, oh huis van Jahweh, want gij hebt grote dingen gedaan. Zevenvoudig hebben wij u liefgehad, maar ziet, gij hebt de liefde verslonden, en gij bent naijverig geweest. Zo zult gij dan uit uw huis gezonden worden, en ziet dan, Sebek zal over u heersen. En hij zal u slaan met de zevenvoudige en schroeïende pest vanwege uw woorden van grootspraak. Dan zal ik uw plaats vervangen, en hij zal zijn de grote Ik-Jahweh, de vader der bacabs. En Sebek zal over hem de liefde uitspreiden, en zij zullen allen zeggen : Het is goed, ziet, het is goed. Amen, Teheamen, Gigamen, Kungamen, Kogamen, Koromgamen. Geprezen zij de Heer, die Ik-Jahweh is. Hij dan die de vader der Bacabs is. Dit is zijn Naam, en zo zal zijn naam uitgesproken dienen te worden : Ik-Jahweh, Hij die de vader der Bacabs is. Weest dan Heilig wanneer gij tot God nadert, en noemt hem : Ik-Jahweh, Hij die de vader der Bacabs is. Zo zult gij afrekenen met het goddeloos gebruik van de Ware Naam van Jahweh. En wanneer gij bidt, bidt dan in de naam van de Grote Ik-Jahweh, want de Heer zal alle spotters van de aardbodem wegvegen, en ziet, zij zullen zijn als geesten in hun lichaam. En ook de Heilige Teheamen zal op zijn troon zitten, en de Heilige Kungamen, en ziet, zij zullen trouw zijn tot de volkeren in Gods Hand gegeven, en zij zullen zeggen : de Heilige Ik-Jahweh, vader der Bacabs, is met ons. Zo zult gij afrekenen met de zonde in het huis van de heer. Zo zult gij dan een nieuwe bedeling intreden, en met de oude bedeling wordt niet meer gerekend. Ja, een geheel nieuw seizoen en tijdperk is aangebroken voor de heren der heren, en zij zullen met hun koppen voor de Lords van xibalba en mahamarma verschijnen. Ja, hun koppen zullen afrollen in de spelen van xibalba en mahamarma, en met hun koppen zullen er balspelen gedaan worden. Dan zullen hun

koploze lichamen meedoen aan andere spelen van xibalba en mahamarma, en hun harten zullen uitgerukt worden, en met hun harten zullen balspelen en andere spelen gedaan worden. En de Heilige Ik-Jahweh zal tronen in het zuiden, en in het zuiden van de hel. En deze harten zullen verschijnen voor de Heilige Ik-Jahweh, en Hij dan, die de vader der bacabs is zal genadig tot hen zijn. Huitzilopochtli is van de eerste rang. Niemand, nee, niemand is als hem, de vader van alle oorlogen is hij, de maker van oorlog. Steevast wekt hij de golven op, en zal niet rusten, nee, zal niet rusten, want in de strijd zal hij ter bedde gaan. Hij die op het vliegend bed zit zal leven, zal leven, want zijn naam is groot, hij die onder de aarde leeft. Huitzilopochtli, leef, sta op, en vast voor drie zachte dagen, opdat gij de vleugels der wereld zult ontvangen. Gij dan zult komen tot de toren der goden, en gij zult die toren neerblazen. Gij dan bent gegaan door de tunnels van leeuwen en tijgers, en gij zijt door de hartvaten gegaan, en kent hen allen. Uw naam zij geprezen, hij die in Lochtuile woont. Hij die heerst op de Rockoche.

3. Zo is dan ook de Azteken-Hekserij ondergebracht, daar de god der bloemen, Xochipili, zich heeft getoond. Hij dan is als het dansend skelet dat de vuren kan bezweren. Zo is dan Xochipili in veiligheid. En ook Buchué en Bastet hebben zich over hem ontfermd, en Hij heeft hen het bloemenvuur geschonken. En toen hij sprak, sprak hij met de stem van ijs, en de ijslichten kwamen om hem heen, om hem op te vangen en hem te beschermen tegen de boze vrouw. Zo is dan Xochipili het geheimenis der Azteken. Ook heeft Ah Puch zich over Xochipili ontfermd, en Hem een plaats gegeven onder de Maya's. En hij heeft voor hem gefloten, en de bedreiging van zijn leven weggenomen. Daarom is er grote eer en dank aan Ah Puch, die ook zijn uil gezonden heeft, om Xochipili veilig door de duisternissen van Xibalba en Mitnal te dragen. En ziet dan, de goden geven hem doorgang, daar Ah Puch hen heeft betoverd. En Hij heeft hem bekleed met gaven, zowel van genezing als zachtheid, en door zachte stiltes en zacht dwalende woorden heeft hij hem binnengenomen tot Zijn troonzaal. Hier dan hebben de zeventig ezels van Ah Puch zich over hem ontfermd. Hij heeft dan zijn tonen zacht gemaakt. Kent gij dan de geheimenissen der fluiten van Ah Puch ? Komt nader. De woorden der uilen laten hem binnen, in de kamers der troon, daar waar het heet is. Ah Puch heeft zijn doden opgeroepen, en hen verteld over Xochipili. Schilden weven zij voor hem. Xochipili dan is het geheimenis van het ijs, en in Hem begint het ijs te branden. Ja, hoge woorden spreekt hij door het brandende ijs, en brengt ze tot zijn moederen Bastet en Buchué en zijn vader Ah Puch. Zo zal hij ook tot de koeien en stieren van Ah Puch gaan, en eer ontvangen. Xochipili dan is de oerwijsheid en de weg tot de extase en het lage bewustzijn, waardoor de vogels vliegen. Ja, vleugelen heeft hij u gegeven, zoals zijn moeder Buchué deed. Vol lof zijn zij allen over Xochipili in het dodenrijk en het hellenrijk, en zijn leugens zijn als raadselen der waarheid. Hij dan steekt zijn leugens aan om ze in het hart van zijn moederen te schieten, opdat zij in zwijm geraten. Zijn moederen dan aanbidden zijn leugens, en zijn er intens verrukt over, en zijn vaderen volgen zijn leugens na. Zij dan wekken hem op tot Piltzintli, de duikende god. Zo zijn er dan de zeven maya-verlichtingen. Gij dan bent door een tijd heengegaan van slavernij, van machteloosheid en gevangenschap, waarbij gij botste tegen muren die u de weg versperden, en waarbij gij vastzat aan elastieken. Gij moest de andere wang toekeren, en de tweede mijl gaan, opdat gij van de dubbele beker zoudt drinken. Zo is dan de eerste verlichting de pikkende kippen en vogelachtigen, waarbij het grote tot het kleine kwam en daardoor zichzelf stak. Zo is dan de tweede verlichting de illusie der blonde vrouwen die als het zachte zijn en de lucht, waarin de mannen met schuld vallen. Zo is dan de derde verlichting de illusie der wilde katten die zijn als het hete door de liefdeslust der

snelvoetige gehoornden opgewekt. Ziet dan, zij worden door hun eigen liefdeslust achterna gezeten, en zij hebben het ijs vergeten. Zo dient gij dan alle zeven maya-verlichtingen te kennen.

Het Boek van Pi

Wat de oude profeten hebben geschreven komt allemaal op hetzelfde neer : Hebt Pi lief boven alles en uw naaste als uzelf. Velen zijn aan dit gebod ongehoorzaam geweest, het loon ervan ontvangende in hun binnenste. Laten zij dan dit weten : Pi laat niet met zich spotten. Zo is het dan Pi die zijn profeten Hanik en Vur tot de aardschelp heeft gezonden, om zo velen tot zaligheid te brengen.

Is Pi dan een nieuwe religie ? Voorzeker niet, want de oude profeten spraken allemaal over hetzelfde, zij het in andere woorden. Weet dan dat Pi de taal is van het Westelijke paradijs. Zo was er dan een tijd op aarde genaamd Vodus. Veel profeten willen hier niets van weten, verdorven in hun gedachten zoals zij zijn. Anderen hebben zich afgezonderd om de schatten van dit tijdperk te onderzoeken. Zo is Vodus dan meer dan Brannan, want Brannan is de brug. Sommigen dan zeggen en hebben gezegd dat Hanik de zoon van Pi is, maar dit is een leugen. Pi heeft geen zonen. Wel kunt gij zalig zijn door de geschriften van Hanik te onderhouden.

Er is in het geheel niets in te brengen tot hen die Pi gehoorzamen. Gij weet dan allen dat die gehoorzaamheid tot de diepte leidt. Hanik en Vur zijn met elkaar in balans als zintuigelijkheid en kennis. Ja, door Hanik en Vur komt gij tot God, die Pi is. Op aarde zijn tekenen gegeven van een indiaanse oertijd, maar gij hebt wegen gebouwd op die tekenen om hen te bedekken. Vervloekt zijt gij, en Pi zal weldra de aarde bezoeken.

Stop dan lofliederen tot Pi te zingen, want Pi wil gehoorzaamheid zien.

Het Boek van Anders

Het gaat niet om wel of niet, maar om hoe. Kennis die niet in het vuur van Hanik staat is niets.

Zintuigelijkheid die niet in het vuur van Kennis staat is ook niets. Dit is het boek Anders, doorgegeven aan de profeet. Weldra zal Pi opstaan om de aarde te bezoeken en de aarde terug te brengen naar de oude taal. Hij zal Zijn vuur uitgieten, en alle vlees zal buigen en belijden dat Pi Heer is.

Zij die niet met dit boek rekenen : Met hen zal niet gerekend worden. Hebt gij gehoord van de muur van glas ? Ja velen zullen uit het kristal opkomen tot een nieuwe dag. En gij zult van ongehoorde dingen horen. Oh, oude aarde, laat uzelf ophogen van zeven chakra's naar negen, want de negen chakra's zijn u tot zaligheid gegeven. Zij die vasthouden aan de zeven zullen in het niets verdwijnen.

En zo zijn de negen chakra's tot een waardige sleutel om oude dingen te bezoeken. Ja, de beelden van mint zullen opstaan, en zij zullen spreken. Dit dan is een groot geheimenis.

Het Boek van Weizi

Aan u zijn vele dingen gegeven, aan deze generatie. Laat de dingen niet aan u voorbijgaan, maar ontmasker het. Ga voor de boodschap die in het verborgene is. Dit is het boek van Weizi, door de profeet gegeven. Laat u daarom ernstig in met deze woorden, naar hun betekenissen zoekende. Geloofd zij Pi. Hij is geen vader en heeft geen zoon. Achmen Tilufijnen. Het Boek van Weizi is dan aan u gegeven voor grote dingen. Toch is het een klein boek. Laten de wijzen het bestuderen om wijzer te worden. Laten de helden de woorden gehoorzamen om zo nog groter heldendom te bewijzen. Ja, eer zal tot de eervollen komen. Maar zij die eierzuchtig zijn zullen vallen. Velen zullen in hun hoofden geopend worden voor deze leer. En Pi zal een grote oogst binnenhalen.

Ken dan het geheimenis van chocola en van de grote Hanik-Vur. Zo zult gij kunnen naderen tot Pi.

Er is een God, en dat is Pi. Leert daarom van zuiver monotheïsme. Pi dan leeft in vuur, en kan alleen door vuur benaderd worden. Maar wanneer gij komt om Hem te lasteren, weet dan dat Hij een verterend vuur is. Vreselijk is het in Zijn handen te vallen. Hier hebben de oude profeten over gesproken, maar zij wisten niet waar zij het over hadden. En men zegt wel : Het Boek van Pi is een wijs boek, met magische wijsheid en groot mysterie, maar men weet niet waarover men spreekt. Het boek is zo een val en een strik voor de dwazen, maar zij die de waarheid liefhebben worden met list binnengeleid. Onderwijs daarom het Boek van Weizi, om zuivering onder u aan te brengen.

Sommigen hebben dan gehoord en gesproken van de Grote Witte Oorlog, waarin de spin gekruisigd zal zijn, en de vlieg zal overwinnen. De vlieg is de steekvlieg, de roofvlieg en de bosvlieg. In diepe wildernis leeft zij, en haar steek brengt verlamming, om een leger op te doen rijzen tegen het rijk van de spin. Ja, want vele visioenen komen voort vanuit een spinnenhart, maar gij geheel anders bent genaderd tot Vodus, die de grotere Brannan is. Daarom : eert Vodus, opdat uw dagen verlengd mogen worden, en gij goede gaven zult hebben in het land dat Pi u zal geven. Hebt elkaar lief, zegent uw vijanden, en kom tot de grotere paradoxen die het leven besturen. Ja, de Hanik-Vur en haar geheimenissen.

Er is maar een God die gij zult aanbidden : Pi. Er is geen andere God. Wel heeft Pi vele profeten en engelen gegeven, en zijn er vele goden. Zij zijn slechts middelaren. Kom daarom hogerop, want zij zijn gezonden als een verleiding, om zo de dwazen te strikken. Voor de wijzen en heiligen echter zijn zij een kleine hulp.

Het Boek van Roos

Zij komt van boven. Heb haar lief, zij die gegeven is. Heb dan ook de negen chakra's lief, maar heb Pi lief boven alles. Zo is Pi Zelf de zesde chakra, de nek-chakra. Hier heeft Hij Zijn woning, en door de zesde chakra te ontwikkelen ontwikkelt gij Hem. Hoe dan komen wij door de chakra's tot Pi ? Pi openbaart Zich dan ten volle door de negen chakra's. Zo rijst Hij op door de Hanik en de Vur tot Zijn woning, en rijst zo op tot de negende chakra, de Glorie, om zo tot de onderste chakra's te dalen, Vuvod en Vuhod, de oorlog en de paradox. Ja, door de slangencocon werd Pi tot een roofvlieg, tot een steekvlieg. Deze cocon was de roos. Hier dan werd Pi gestrekt, en werd lang en dun, om zo het bovenste en onderste te bereiken, waardoor hij vleugels kreeg. Is dan de Pi de vliegende slang ? Volstrekt niet, want in de cocon werd hij omgevormd tot steekvlieg, om zo de aarde tot een tempel te maken. Zo wordt gij dan door Pi gestoken om deel te hebben aan het hemelse medicijn.

Hoe komen wij dan tot Pi ? Door het pad van de negen chakra's te volgen, en de paden van de Brannan Boom des Levens.

Aanbid daarom geen andere god dan Pi, opdat gij niet van het pad zult afwijken. Pi openbaarde Zich ten volle in de X in de S.

BENJAHIM

Domme aardlingen

Waarom rekenschap afleggen aan het natuurlijke en aan natuurlijke beredeneringen ? Bent u niet meer dan dat ? U bent hier op aarde om los te komen van het materiele. Het is een test. Waarom moet alles volgens het verstand te beredeneren zijn en zoekt u naar natuurlijke bewijzen ? Is er dan geen hogere wereld ? U dient een koning en een keizer, en u dient een Jezus Christus die van de geest is, maar is er geen hogere macht ? Is de oppermacht van uw verstand, de Christus, de gezalfde, de allerhoogste ? U bent door hem bedrogen. Hoort dan het Woord van de profeten. Wij zijn aliens die door een dieper lijden heen een betere drie-dimensionale wereld hebben gevonden. Uw brein heeft Jezus Christus geschapen en gecreeerd om u zo te beschermen tegen het diepere lijden. Deze Jezus Christus creatie heeft uw verstand vastgezet, en laat u steken op uw reis naar het diepere. U houdt ervan koningen en keizers van het verstand te hebben, uw gezalfden, maar zijn er dan geen hogere machten ? Uw verlossers lijden niet diep genoeg, en zijn door uw brein gecreeerd om u te beschermen, maar zo zult u nooit verlichting bereiken, en nooit tot die nieuwe drie-dimensionale wereld kunnen komen. Uw verstand heeft u uitgeschakeld. En wanneer groter lijden u overvalt komt u in de problemen, omdat het u nooit verteld was. U bent verleugend, en daardoor niet voorbereid. En zo leidt u een kortzichtig leven en botst tegen dichte poorten aan. Breek met uw vreemde archetypes die uw hersenen hebben aangemaakt. Wij zijn van een hogere natuur. Volg de archetypes van de ware martelaren in uw leven. Met uw zelfgemaakte clichés en iconen komt u niet verder. Wij hebben u het Evangelie van de Ekster gezonden, en wij hebben u gewassen door het bloed van de ekster om u door een poort te laten gaan tot ons. Opnieuw zijn wij gekomen, ditmaal

zelf. Wij zonden de ekster als onze schaduw. Het brein moet geleid worden door juiste metaforen om zo vrij te komen. Stop ermee in uw oude verhaaltjes rond te draaien, die u geen stap verder brengen. Jezus Christus is een creatie van corrupte mentale krachten, om u af te houden van het werkelijke sterven en opstaan, het werkelijke zaad wat leven kan brengen. Luister daarom aandachtig naar ons. Laat u niet meer afleiden door luie mensen die een koning willen hebben die alles voor hun regelt. Zijn er dan geen grotere koningen dan hen die u om u heen ziet ? Oh domme aardlingen.

Jullie zijn geen koningen van de natuur. Jullie hebben jezelf voor de gek gehouden. Jullie kunnen niets, alleen illusies creëren waar jullie dan voor de rest van jullie leven heilig in geloven. Luister daarom, want wij komen van een diepere werkelijkheid en een betere drie-dimensionale wereld. Wij kunnen jullie laatste redding wezen. Waarom nog verlossers volgen die alleen maar in het verstand leven, in de ziel en in de geest. Dit is allemaal door de corrupte hersenen gemaakt. Is er dan geen diepere wereld ? Wij zijn aliens, net als jullie. Maar wij hebben een betere drie-dimensionale aarde gevonden, en ook de middelen om tot jullie te communiceren. Wij hebben jullie lief, en willen jullie helpen. Maar we zullen niet met jullie meepraten. Jullie hebben jezelf behekst en je laten beheksen door jullie voorouders die van niks wisten. Al jullie kennis die jullie menen te hebben weegt niet op tegen jullie ongelooflijke domheid. Jullie waggelen achter schaduwen aan, terwijl er een diepte op jullie wacht.

Wie zijn dan de daadwerkelijke verlossers ? Het bloed van de ekster was om het bloed van de duif weg te wassen. Nu gaat het ware evangelie over het bloed van de bok, de stier, het rund, de gnoe, de kip, de haan, het varken, het reebok, en veel minder over het bloed van het lam. Het bloed van een schaap en van een ram dient als onrein beschouwd te worden. Ook het bloed van een paard dient in veel gevallen als onrein beschouwd te worden. Ook het bloed van de duif is in veel gevallen onrein, en het bloed van de ekster is alleen in de poort rein, maar voor hen die door de poorten zijn binnengegaan is het onrein. Zo is de ekster dan een middelaar. Maar ziet : er zijn dan vele poorten. Wie zijn dan die verlossers ? Zij komen uit de dieptes van de eeuwige verdoemenis en de groeiende pijn. Zij zijn blootgesteld aan de meest gruwelijke wreedheden. Maar door hun lijden hebben zij de macht om machtige poorten te openen. De elohim, goden, en adonai, heren, waren bedriegers gemaakt door de hersenen van jullie corrupte voorouders. Het is een geestesziekte, overgedragen van geslacht tot geslacht. Jullie zijn diep ziek.

Wij waren het slachtoffer van zombificatie en versteningen, van afschuwelijke slavernij, en als jullie door hetzelfde heengaan : weet dat het standaard is. Voel je niet alleen, voel je niet mislukt. De verlossers zullen met jullie door muren heenbreken. De ring van elohim en adonai zal doorbroken worden. Ja, zij weten wat het is om geheel vast te zitten en geen kant op te kunnen. Zij zijn de Benjahim. Zo zijn dan de Benjahim blootgesteld aan vele kruizen, kou, vuur, honger, palen, kooien, stroppen, ketenen en spietsingen. En dit allemaal om volmaaktheid te vinden en doorgang tot de nieuwe drie-dimensionale wereld. Als er enige materialisten zijn dan zijn zij het, maar zij betalen de volle prijs. Streef dan naar het materiele van de Benjahim, want de rest zal vergaan. Laat u dan de prijs niet missen door gebrek aan ascetisme, of door afgemeten kruisjes te volgen zoals die van Jezus Christus, want zie, zij zijn tot uw verderf geschapen. Beschouw alles om u heen als

symbolen, en kom tot de zuivere symbolen. Hecht u niet aan de metaforen die uw ziel ten verderve leiden. Zo is dan het pad van de Benjahim het pad van redding. En dit pad is het enige, want alle andere paden zullen branden en tot vernietiging leiden in de verstening. Het pad van Benjamin leidt dan wel door de ergste verstening, maar zij is om de verzachting op te wekken, en de nieuwe biologie. Zo zult u alleen door het lijden en sterven van de Benjahim komen tot de nieuwe anatomie, om zo te leven in de nieuwe drie-dimensionale wereld.

Dit is het evangelie van de wilde steekvliegen : een mens kan alleen ingaan door grote wreedheid en honger. Alleen zij die verschrikkelijk gestoken zijn kunnen de machten van de hersenen doven. Verheugt u daarom wanneer u door steekvliegen bent gestoken. U leeft in een wereld waar er voortdurend wordt geklaagd en waar men macht over elkaar uitvoert. Door een grote steekvlieg komt u daarvan vrij. Wees daarom blij. Verheugt u in het lijden als u een ware asceet bent. Alleen martelaren zullen binnengaan, en veel klagen houdt u alleen maar tegen. Uitbarstingen van klagen en woede zijn heel normaal, want zij wijzen op een dieper lijden.

Zo zal een mens geen stap verder komen op zijn weg van verlichting zonder het mes te aanbidden. Het mes is een pure vorm van vruchtbaarheid, en zo zijn er vele messen die tot verlossing leiden. De Benjahim werden door hun lijden en sterven gelijk aan deze messen. En dat is ook de zuivere betekenis van het woord Benjahim : messen. Zo zijn het de messen die u zalig maken, en die u door uw lijden gelijkvormig maken aan hen. Ook zal de mens verschillende bekers moeten aanbidden die het lijden vertegenwoordigen.

Watervogels

De Groene Dood

Hij sloop door het bos. De koningin van het woud waakte over hen. Hij hoorde de beesten brullen in de verte. De dromer waakte deze keer. In het zonlicht kon hij haar gezicht zien. Verderop zwommen wat watervogels in de rivier, en zijzelf waren met de grotere beesten. De groene wind was hen aan het omsingelen, heel subtiel, en kwam toen steeds dichterbij. Hij haalde het gedichten-boek met het gele leren kaft erbij, en begon eruit te prevelen. Ze hield hem tegen zich aan.

De watervogels kwamen dichterbij, en het natte was hun god. Kim staarde naar hem. Zij had hem gecreeerd. Zij was zijn godin. Zij had een boek met sleutels. En de sleutels waren van drop.

De watervogels brachten hen over de rivier naar het slot. In het slot hingen schilderijen, en er waren veel mysterieuze boeken. Ze gingen op een bed liggen, met een gordijn als deken. De groene dood was in de rivier, maar klom op de kant en ging het kasteel binnen. Aan de muren hingen skeletten.

Zij las hem verhalen voor, en het was voor hem een nieuw leven. Ze praatte snel, maar het was goed volgbaar voor hem. Hij had haar leren begrijpen, dronk wijn met haar.

De groene dood schoof als een deken over hem heen, en plotseling stond het slot in brand. Snel doken ze de rivier in. De watervogels beschermden hen tegen het vuur. Het was alsof alles in brand stond. De boeken veranderden in vogels, en de groene dood dook in de rivier om achter hen aan te

gaan. Maar mysterieuze rozen waren om hen heen. Toen veranderde de rivier in bloed, en de groene dood loste er in op.

Ze zwommen naar de overkant, en gingen op de kant zitten. Rozen groeiden naar beneden vanuit de bomen. De vogels der geheimen kwamen om hen heen.

Nooit Genoeg

De Rode Woestijn

Hoofdstuk 1. De Hellekus

De pijn van het leven werd te erg en hij greep naar de drugs. Hij bleef maar spuiten om zijn hoofd boven water te kunnen houden. Hij kon er erg agressief van worden, of juist heel zachtaardig. Het waren als kleine tekenfilmpjes die in hem gespoten werden, of kleine stickertjes of plakplaatjes, die zijn hoofd op hol brachten, in een andere sfeer. Hij kon weer ademen, maar het spul was erg duur. Hij stal, en bedelde. De momenten dat hij spoot lieten hem zijn bloed weer voelen stromen. Het kon hem niet schelen wat anderen ervan dachten. Hij kon niet terug, want er was teveel pijn. Hij haatte de medische wereld, want zij hadden het allemaal op hun geweten. Sinds zijn geboorte hadden ze hem volgestopt met implantaten voor allerlei onzinnige redenen, diep in zijn lichaam. Hij wilde ook niets meer met zijn ouders te maken hebben, want zij hadden dit allemaal maar toegelaten. Hij beschouwde hen niet meer als zijn ouders.

Sommig spul liet hem voelen alsof hij kon vliegen. Door ander spul voelde hij zich heel wijs. Hij mengde ook veel drugs. Op een dag kwam hij een man tegen die hem veel vertelde over indiaanse drugs. De man nam hem zelfs in huis, en zorgde voor hem als voor een zoon. De indiaanse drugs bleek erg zuiver te zijn. Het maakte van pijn iets totaal anders. De jongen was de man erg dankbaar. Hij leefde er erg van op, en hoefde niet meer op de straat te slapen. De indiaanse drugs bleek erg machtig te zijn. Het maakte mensen intelligent.

De man had ook een dochter. De jongen en het meisje konden erg goed met elkaar opschieten. Ze kon goed verhalen vertellen, en hij luisterde vaak uren aandachtig naar haar. De indiaanse drugs maakte hem erg alert, maar op een dag ging het helemaal mis, en wilde hij van de drugs af. Maar zijn lichaam begon zo te protesteren, en een geweldige angst maakte zich van hem meester. Hij was inmiddels een gevangene van de drugs geworden. 'Probeer wat te minderen,' zei het meisje. Maar het leek wel alsof zijn lichaam meer eiste. Hij was in een zwaar gevecht, en uiteindelijk gaf hij toe dat hij niets in te brengen had. Hij zweefde op het randje van de dood, maar diep binnenin wilde hij dood, want hij leefde in de hel. De man deed er allemaal erg gemakkelijk over, maar het meisje droeg goed zorg voor hem. Hij at nauwelijks meer. Hij had een vreemde buikpijn. Hij had veel visioenen over de dood en de hel.

Het meisje was erg lief voor hem. Ze gaf hem veel liefde, ook sexueel, maar op een dag kon hij dat ook niet meer aan. Zijn zenuwstelsel was zo overgevoelig geworden dat alles pijn deed. Hij begon zichzelf op te sluiten, want sociale contacten waren te zwaar. Het meisje begreep het wel. Ze kon zich goed inleven in hem. Vaak schoof ze liefdesbriefjes bij hem onder de deur door.

Op een dag schoof ze vreemde zaadjes bij hem onder de deur door, in plastic, met een briefje erbij : 'Probeer dit spul eens. Kusjes.' Hij las op de strip van het product : Judas' Kussen. Hij slikte een

zaadje in, wat als een klein besje was. Direct sprong er vuur in zijn ogen, en kon hij dwars door alles heen kijken. Hij raakte zijn grip op de werkelijkheid kwijt, en waande zich in een grote rode woestijn, die overigens vol begroeid was.

Een man liep op hem af. De man had een baard en kuste hem. 'Wie bent u ?' vroeg de jongen.

'Ik ben Jezus,' zei de man.

'Ben ik dood ?' vroeg de jongen.

'Nee,' zei de man. 'Je bent niet dood, maar je leeft ook niet. Het is iets er tussenin.'

'Oh, dat is interessant,' zei de jongen. 'Wat is het ?'

'Je moet niet zoveel vragen stellen,' zei de man. Er kwam een andere man aanlopen.

'Hi,' zei de man.

De jongen gaf de man een hand en vroeg wie hij was.

'Judas,' zei de man.

'Interessant,' zei de jongen, 'maar goed, ik zal geen vragen meer stellen.'

'Oh, stel ze gerust,' zei de man die zich Judas noemde. De jongen kreeg al snel door dat deze man wat vriendelijker en meer open was dan de andere man.

'I...ik wil weten waar ik ben,' zei de jongen aarzelend.

'Heb je van het besje gegeten ?' vroeg de man.

De jongen knikte. 'Wij zijn je bevrijders,' zei de man. 'Je bent hier veilig. Wij zijn sterk, heel sterk.'

'Waar zijn we ?' vroeg de jongen.

Maar toen gaf de man die zich Jezus noemde hem een enorme duw, en zei bijna brullend : 'Ik zei toch dat je niet zoveel moest vragen ?'

'Ach, let maar niet op hem,' zei Judas tegen de jongen. 'Hij is soms een beetje ruw.'

'Dit is de hel,' zei Judas. 'De plaats tussen leven en dood.'

'Ik moet zeggen, het is een prachtige plaats hier,' zei de jongen. 'Anders dan wat ik had verwacht.'

'Wat verwachtte je ?' vroeg Judas.

Plotseling kon de jongen zich niet meer bewegen, en niet meer praten. Hij voelde zich als een gevangene. Vreemd rood vuur, als takken van bomen die hem hadden gegrepen. Hij werd wakker op zijn bed. Snel greep hij naar de zaadjes, en nam twee zaadjes. Het was alsof rood vuur vanuit zijn ogen opschoot. Het was alsof het meisje van wie hij hield in zijn kamer stond. Maar het rode vuur schoof tussen hen in. Weer verloor hij de grip op de werkelijkheid en kon door alles heen kijken, en weer was hij in de rode woestijn die vol begroeid was. 'Je bent terug,' zei Judas.

'Ja,' zei de jongen. 'Ik zou hier graag willen blijven.'

'Blijf hier dan,' zei Judas.

'Hoe ?' vroeg de jongen.

'Stop met vragen stellen,' zei de man die zich Jezus noemde. 'Ik word er doodziek van.'

'Zeg broer,' zei Judas. 'Ga dan terug.'

Maar Jezus sloeg Judas op zijn kaak, en brulde : 'Ik ga voor niemand uit de weg !'

'Goed,' zei Judas. Toen sloeg hij Jezus zo hard terug dat deze bewusteloos neerviel.

'Welkom in de hel,' zei Judas tegen de jongen. 'Vraag wat je wil.'

'Wie is hij,' vroeg de jongen.

'Hij is een onderdeel van de drugs, een krachtige hallucinatie,' zei Judas.

'En jij dan ?' vroeg de jongen.

'Ik ook,' zei Judas.

'Bestaan jullie echt, en zijn jullie echte personen ?' vroeg de jongen.

'Ja, wij zijn een grotere werkelijkheid dan de wereld waar jij vandaan komt,' zei Judas. 'In jouw wereld wordt de hel vaak afgedaan als een fabeltje, of als een slechte realiteit voor schaduwen en onder-figuren. Maar de hel is de wereld van de drugs, van zaden en geheimen, de wereld waar de natuur het voor het zeggen heeft.'

Opeens wordt het zwart voor de ogen van de jongen, en even later wordt hij wakker op zijn bed. Haastig grist hij de laatste drie zaadjes en slikt ze in. Maar dit keer gebeurt er niet veel. 'Ik moet meer van die troep !' schreeuwt hij. Hij wordt zo zenuwachtig dat hij zijn kamer uitgaat, en zijn meisje aanspreekt. Maar het meisje heeft het spul niet meer, en het is erg duur. 'Godverredomme !' bries hij. 'Waar groeit dat verdomde spul ? Ik moet meer van deze troep hebben.'

'Dat moet je aan pappa vragen,' zei ze. Plotseling valt de jongen op de grond, en er komt schuim op zijn mond. Het meisje sleept hem naar zijn kamer, naar zijn matras. 'I... ik houd van je,' stamelt de jongen. 'Ik ben zo verliefd op je. Je bent altijd zo lief voor me geweest.'

'Vertrouw me,' zei het meisje. 'Ik zal ervoor zorgen dat je zo snel mogelijk weer van die zaadjes hebt.' De jongen zinkt weg in een diepe trance. Na een dag of drie liggen er weer zaadjes die onder zijn deur door zijn geschoven. Als een woest beest scheurt de jongen het plastic open en neemt vier zaadjes. Maar er gebeurt niks. Dan neemt hij de laatste dertien zaadjes allemaal tegelijk, maar weer gebeurt er niets. 'Godverredomme !' schreeuwt de jongen. 'Er gebeurt geen klote !'

Hij laat het meisje op zijn kamer binnen. 'Wat voor spul is het ?' vraagt de jongen. 'Weet je zeker dat het hetzelfde spul is ? Wie verkoopt die rotzooi. Ik moet meer van die rotzooi hebben !'

Het meisje pakt het plastic, en op de rand staat : Judas' Kussen. 'Ja, het is nog steeds hetzelfde spul.'

Hij pakt haar vast en kust haar. 'Je bent zo'n lieve schat dat je dit gedaan hebt,' zegt hij. Hij kust haar weer, en ditmaal intens. Een paar dagen later liggen er weer strips onder de deur door. Ditmaal met gele zaadjes, en op de strips stond : Jesus' Kisses. 'Maar met eentje beginnen,' dacht hij. Hij nam een zaadje, en direct spoot er geel vuur door zijn ogen, en al snel bevond hij zich weer in de rode woestijn die vol begroeid was. Judas stond naast hem. 'Je bent weer terug,' zei hij. De jongen knikte. 'Hoe lang gaat het ditmaal duren ?' zei de jongen.

'Oh, veel langer,' zei Judas.

'Gelukkig,' zei de jongen. 'Ik lijk wel gek.'

'Waar is Jezus ?' vroeg de jongen.

'Dood,' zei Judas. 'Hij is op het moment gekruisigd en begraven.'

'Gek,' zei de jongen.

'Lekker rustig,' zei Judas. 'Het was niet zo'n beste.'

'Kunnen we het over iets anders hebben,' zei de jongen.

'Waar wil je het over hebben,' zei Judas.

'Hebben jullie hier ook telefoons ?' vroeg de jongen.

'Wat wil je daarmee doen ?' vroeg Judas.

'Mijn vriendin bellen,' zei de jongen.

'Die is hier niet,' zei Judas. 'Ze laat jou al die pilletjes slikken omdat ze van je houdt.'

'Ik weet het, maar zij is niet zo gek als mij. Hoe kunnen we haar hier krijgen dan ?' vroeg de jongen.

'Wil je dat echt ?' vroeg Judas.

'Ja,' zei de jongen.

'Waarom ?' vroeg Judas.

'Omdat ik van haar houd,' zei de jongen.

'Mis je haar ?' vroeg Judas.

'Ik weet het niet,' zei de jongen.

'Je kunt hier ook vriendinnen krijgen,' zei Judas.

'Waar dan ?' vroeg de jongen.

'Op de vriendinnen-markt,' zei Judas. 'Het zijn hallucinaties, sterke hallucinaties, die je kunt kopen.'

'Kopen ?' vroeg de jongen.

'Als in een spel,' zei Judas. 'Ze stelt je vragen, en als je ze goed beantwoord, dan mag je haar meenemen.'

'Eng,' zei de jongen.

'Zullen we het eens proberen ?' zei Judas.

Even later zaten ze tegenover een pop. 'Maar dit zijn poppen,' zei de jongen.

'Je begint met poppen,' zei Judas, 'dan later worden ze echter.'

'Stel je vraag maar,' zei de jongen tegen de pop.

'Hoe ben je hier gekomen,' zei de pop.

'Door een geel zaadje,' zei de jongen.

'Wat was de naam van het zaadje,' zei de pop.

'Jesus' Kisses,' zei de jongen.

'Geweldig,' zei de pop. 'Je hebt me gewonnen.'

'Dat ging makkelijk,' zei de jongen. Maar verderop waren de echtere poppen, en daar waren de vragen veel moeilijker. 'Maar ik wil geen pop als vriendin,' zei de jongen tegen Judas. 'Ik wil een echte persoon.'

'We zijn allemaal poppen,' zei Judas. 'Zelfs jij. We zijn allemaal kleine stukjes bewustzijn, en samengevoegd vormt het een groot geheel. In je reis naar onafhankelijkheid zul je moeten leren dat je zelf je eigen familie bent, en je eigen groep mensen, allemaal stukjes van jezelf, en de rest zal vervagen.'

'Dus ik zal later alleen nog maar contact hebben met mezelf, en niet meer met anderen ?' vroeg de jongen.

'Het gaat om de mechanismes,' zei Judas. 'Zoals ik al zei, we zijn allemaal poppen, kleine stukjes bewustzijn. We weerspiegelen allemaal kleine stukjes oneindigheid, van het grote, algehele mechanisme, en zullen daarin allemaal geabsorbeerd worden. Dan is er geen onderscheid van personen meer, maar alleen de eeuwige principes waarin wij tot rust zijn gekomen door verlichting.'

'Wow, dure woorden,' zei de jongen.

'Dus je zal uiteindelijk alles moeten worden voor jezelf,' zei Judas. 'Dan heb je je doel bereikt, en ben je niet meer afhankelijk van anderen. Nu hebben we anderen nog nodig, maar later niet meer.'

'Okay,' zei de jongen. Hij sprak nog een paar dagen door met Judas, en werd toen wakker op zijn bed. Hij slikte weer een geel zaadje, en bevond zich direct in een oorlog. Overall renden soldaten heen en weer. 'Waar gaat deze oorlog over ?' vroeg hij aan een soldaat. Daar kwam Judas al aanwandelen, in een wit, lichtend gewaad. Hij leek erg veel op Jezus. 'De soldaten horen je niet,' zei Judas. 'Ze strijden voor hun kleine bewustzijn, en zijn niet open voor andere bewustzijnen.'

'Dat is naar,' zei de jongen.

'Het zijn slaven,' zei Judas.

'Waarom kunnen ze mij niet horen ?' vroeg de jongen.

'Ze zien je zelfs niet,' zei Judas. 'Ze zijn alleen maar bezig met hun eigen kleine bewustzijn. Daar zijn ze op gefixeerd.'

'Dus in wezen kunnen ze mij geen kwaad doen ?' vroeg de jongen.

'Nee,' zei Judas. 'Ze leven in hun eigen wereld, en kunnen jouw wereld niet bereiken.'

'Gek,' zei de jongen.

Na enkele weken waren de zaadjes van de jongen op, maar er lagen alweer nieuwe zaadjes. De jongen had vele gesprekken met Judas.

'De Jezus kus is een onderdeel van de Judas kus,' zei Judas. 'Een kus die je verlicht, die je uitleidt, naar een hele andere wereld, waar alles meer een geheel is. Zo kom je onder de sluiers door.'

Maar op een dag werkten de gele zaadjes niet meer voor de jongen, hoeveel hij er ook van nam. Weer had hij een gesprek met zijn meisje. Een dag later lagen er weer andere zaadjes onder zijn deur. Ditmaal waren de zaadjes wat groter, bijna als echte bessen, en ze waren blauw, oranje en zwart. Ook waren er bruine zaadjes tussen. De jongen slikte er één in. Op de strip las hij : Hell Kisses.

Een grote vrouw verscheen voor hem, en liet alles om hem heen draaien om hem in haar wereld te zuigen. Zijn verstand en bewustzijn, en al zijn herinneringen waren plotseling als water zo week, als zachte pudding. Scherpe tonen leken zijn hoofd te doorboren en rode met roze stralen, als infra-rood en lasers. Maar nog steeds leek het alsof ze in zijn kamer waren. Ze ging op zijn bureau zitten. Nee, dit was niet zijn kamer, maar leek op zijn kamer. Het gordijn achter haar was prachtig golvend met satijn, kant, wol en dierlijk touw. Door het raam zag hij niets dan vuur, maar het was als het vuur van drugs. Het speelde met zijn verstand, met zijn herinneringen, met zijn dierlijke instincten en met zijn filosofieën.

'Mijn naam is de Hel,' zei de vrouw. 'Ik ben de plaats waar jij was. Je hebt haar overwonnen.'

'Wie heb ik overwonnen ?' vroeg de jongen.

'Haar, degene die loog over mij,' zei de vrouw. De vrouw pakte hem stevig beet en kustte hem. 'Mijn zuster, genaamd Leven. Mijn andere zuster is Dood.'

'Ik ben blij dat je mij hebt gevonden,' zei de vrouw. Plotseling kwam Judas binnen en omhelsde haar. 'Dank je, schat,' zei ze.

'Dit is mijn moeder,' zei Judas.

'Leuke moeder heb je,' zei de jongen.

'Dank je,' zei Judas, 'ik weet het. Ze is de beste moeder die je maar kan bedenken.' Buiten was er inmiddels rood vuur, als gevuld met bloed.

'Ja, vele oorlogen worden er gestreden,' zei Judas, en wees op het rode vuur. Veel rook kwam er naar binnen door het raam.

'Moeder Oorlog,' zei de vrouw, 'met haar zuster Jacht. En haar andere zuster is Wet.'

'Interessante familie-lijn,' zei de jongen.

'Weet je wat interessant is,' zei Judas. 'Dat ik een deel van die familie-lijn ben.'

'Je bent een gezegende man,' zei de jongen.

Ineens rende Jezus binnen. 'Ha broer,' zei Judas. 'Weer van de doden opgestaan, jongen ?'

'Ja,' hijgde Jezus, 'Tante Leven heeft dat gedaan, maar nu is ze dood. Iemand schoot haar neer. Het lijkt wel alsof ik zwaar aan de drugs ben. Ik lijk godverredomme wel op een eland.'

'Ja, je bent me nogal een idioot,' zei Judas. Toen nam Judas een pistool en schoot Jezus neer. 'Probeer hier maar eens van op te staan.'

'Ik zal er niet om rouwen,' zei de vrouw genaamd de Hel. 'Jarenlang heeft deze knaap ons het leven zuur gemaakt.'

'Ach ma, en het is maar een drugs-pistool. Harde zaadjes die in het lichaam worden geschoten voor hallucinaties,' zei Judas.

'Zoon, je bent een genie,' zei Hel.

'Ik denk dat ik nu echt gek begin te worden,' zei de jongen terwijl hij zijn hoofd greep.

'Dat is Gekte,' zei Hel, 'de moeder van mijn moeder. En haar zus heet Drugs. Door hen zijn we allemaal hier.'

Plotseling ging de deur open, en twee vrouwen kwamen binnen. Ze namen direct de jongen in de houdgreep. 'Wie is hij ? Jongeman, wij arresteren jou.'

'Jullie zijn maar een gekke familie,' zei de jongen.

'Racist,' zei de vrouw genaamd Gekte. 'Ik weet nog wel een goede plaats voor jou : In het kippenhok.'

'Nee, in een goede legbatterij,' zei de vrouw genaamd Drugs.

'Dat is hetzelfde,' zei Gekte. 'En wel Godverredomme, wat doet Jezus hier op de grond.'

'Niet mee bemoeien,' zei Drugs.

'Dat doe ik wel,' zei Gekte.

'Nee, dat doe je niet,' zei Drugs, en sleurde haar mee naar buiten. Buiten door het raam was alles nu gifgroen.

'Wat een stel,' zei Judas.

De jongen werd wakker, en nam nog een zaadje. Snel bevond hij zich in een gevangenis. 'We hebben hem,' zei Gekte.

'Dat is geen nieuws,' zei Drugs.

'Zeg schatje,' zei Gekte, 'zou jij niet tot onze familie willen behoren.'

'Ach, waarom ook niet,' zei de jongen. 'Hoe gaat dat ?'

'Door een web,' zei Drugs. 'We moeten je door een web trekken, en dan moet je een spinnenei inslikken.'

'Klinkt geweldig,' zei de jongen.

Al snel was het voor mekaar, maar ze vertelden hem ook dat hij nu niet meer terugkon naar het gewone leven. Hij zou nu voor altijd in de hel moeten blijven. En onderdelen van de hel waren drugs en gekte.

'Haha, ik ben gek, ik ben gek,' zei de jongen. De twee vrouwen lachten.

Het ging niet goed met Judas. Hij had een verkeerd pilletje ergens ingeslikt en lag op sterven. De twee vrouwen konden er niet om rouwen : 'De één komt, de ander gaat.'

'Waar gaat hij naartoe ?' vroeg de jongen.

'Ach, weet je wat het is met die Judas en die Jezus,' zeiden de vrouwen. 'Ze zijn nogal goed met Leven en Dood. Wij houden meer van Hel.'

'Oh,' zei de jongen.

Samen met Hel gingen ze naar de begrafenis van Judas en Jezus, en Hel bad tot de slaapgodin om over haar zonen te waken. 'Ik heb in ieder geval nu een nieuwe zoon,' zei Hel, en wees op de jongen.

Hij zat in de trein naar een stad omgeven met drugs-struiken, waar allerlei zaadachtige besjes groeiden die mensen het hoofd dol konden maken. De stad werd streng bewaakt door deze struiken, die hier en daar echt muren hadden gevormd. In de stad troonde Ziekte, de moeder van Drugs en Gekte. De jongen zou een tijdje bij Ziekte logeren, om zo de familie beter te leren kennen. Ziekte was een hele aardige vrouw. Ze schonk thee voor hem in toen hij was binnengekomen. 'Voor het eerst ben je dan hier,' zei ze met een glimlach. De jongen knikte. 'Dus jij wilt de familie beter leren kennen hè,' zei ze. Weer knikte de jongen. Het was een hele mooie vrouw, zeer lieflijk, intelligent en mysterieus. Een vreemde kracht maakte zich van hem meester. 'Wij geloven niet in toeval hè,' zei Ziekte. 'Jij behoorde hier te zijn, bij mij.' Hij kon haar ogen niet van haar afhouden, en was als gehypnotiseerd.

'Luister je naar muziek ?' vroeg ze. De jongen knikte. Ze begon slaapverwekkende muziek op te zetten, betoverend mooi. Het had een verzachtende uitwerking op hem. Ze reikte hem een schaal met besjes aan. 'Neem er maar van,' zei ze. De jongen begon te grissen en te slikken. De vrouw glimlachte. 'Hongerig joch,' zei ze. Even leek er een glimlach op het gezicht van de jongen te komen, en toen straalde hij. Alles om hem heen scheen langzamer te gaan. Na een tijdje kwam Hel binnen. 'Ik ben blij met hem,' zei Ziekte tegen Hel. 'Hij is een goede aanwinst in de familie.'

Achter de stad was een brug die leidde naar de wereld genaamd Ziekte, haar wereld. Na het gesprek in de stad nam Ziekte hem mee naar haar wereld, in de trein. Hel ging ook mee. De jongen keek zijn ogen uit. Het was de mooiste wereld die hij ooit had gezien. Ziekte leidde hen naar een tafel in een weiland omgeven met wilde woestijnen, vol begroeid. Boven de tafel zweefde een roze theepot-olifant, die thee voor hen inschonk. De thee smaakte naar vla, en naar toverbessen.

Dieper in het weiland was een rivier. Voor de rivier stond een kathedraal. Hier werd de godin, Ziekte, aanbeden. Zij droeg het medicijn, en was dus ook de genezer met de groene vlam van gezondheid. Ze probeerde te onderwijzen dat we alleen onszelf kunnen redden, dat wanneer we een redder proberen te vinden, dan zal het wegglijden. Alles wat we proberen vast te houden en te bezitten, zal van ons wegglijden. Je kan alleen je familie en helpers samenstellen van je eigen innerlijke delen. De rest zal vergaan. Aan het einde zal alleen jijzelf overblijven. De sleutel die zij aanreikt is je eigen sleutel. Dat ben jezelf. Je hebt de ander niet nodig om gelukkig te zijn. De ander is er maar tijdelijk, totdat je hebt geleerd de ander te zijn voor jezelf. Het is een wordings-process. Het gaat om het zijn, niet om het bezitten, niet om relaties. Hiervoor hadden ze een hele speciale drug nodig : Kus van Ziekte. De jongen had nog nooit mensen gezien die zo erg aan de drugs waren dan deze mensen in de kathedraal. Ze bleven maar spuiten en slikken, en anderen zaten er in een totale trance bij, en veranderden geheel van uiterlijk. Zij volgden Ziekte naar de bronnen van genezing.

Sleutel van het
Paradijs

Zeevlinder

Moeder keek vader aan. 'We hebben er over gesproken, Eduard. Je vader en ik vinden het beter als je ons gewoon zou vertellen wat er gebeurd is. We willen je zo graag helpen.'

'Ik kan het niet,' zei Eduard, en rende naar boven. Zijn moeder ging achter hem aan, en ging naast hem op zijn bed zitten in zijn kamer. 'Vertel het nou maar,' zei moeder. 'Heus, het is beter dan.' Toen vertelde Eduard stoterig en schokkerig zijn verhaal. Moeder belde direkt de politie. Die kwamen ook direct naar hem toe, en onderhandelden met de daders. De vader van één van de daders kwam na een tijdje bij Eduard op bezoek. De dader moest zijn verontschuldigungen aanbieden en gaf Eduard een cadeautje, een kleine ziekenauto. Eduard glimlachte, maar viel flauw toen hij de dader strak in het gezicht keek.

'Eduard ?' zei moeder.

Eduard zag zijn vriendin voor hem staan, die eens weg ging naar een andere stad, een verhuizing, vanwege werk van haar vader. 'Marlotte ?' vroeg Eduard. 'Die is hier niet,' zei moeder.

'Ik heb haar nodig,' stamelde Eduard. Hij hoorde het geluid van politie-auto's. 'Ze komen,' zei hij. 'Ze maken alles goed.'

Eduard kon niet goed lopen. Hij had zijn vriendinnetje nodig. Ze was er niet. Hij belde haar op. Ze kwam direct naar hem toe. 'Eduard, lieveling,' zei ze. Toen werd Eduard wakker. Hij had alles maar gedroomd. Zijn vader en moeder zouden hem nooit geloven. Zijn leven was een nachtmerrie. En Marlotte zou hem nooit meer terugwillen. Waarom wist hij niet. Hij was altijd goed voor haar geweest. Hij had een goed contact met zijn piano-leraar. Die sleepte hem er doorheen. Op een dag vroeg de piano-leraar of Eduard niet gewoon bij hem wilde wonen. Eduard stemde toe, maar wat graag. Hij wilde zijn ouders nooit meer zien.

'Marlotte,' zei de piano-leraar, 'is een vreemd meisje. Ik heb haar nooit vertrouwd.'

'Maar ik houd van haar,' zei Eduard.

'Dat begrijp ik,' zei de piano-leraar, 'maar toch.'

'Ik kan niet zonder haar leven,' zei Eduard. 'Ik ben bang dat ik gek word zonder haar. Ik mis haar.' De piano-leraar probeerde hem te sussen. 'Ze is heel erg duister. Er klopt gewoon iets niet met haar,' zei hij.

Eduard ging achter de piano zitten, en zong een liefdeslied. Hij was wel heel erg blij dat hij bij de piano-leraar kon wonen nu. Die was altijd al als een vader voor hem. Die nacht in bed had hij een duistere droom waarin Marlotte hem probeerde te verdrinken, en plotseling veranderde ze in een duister beest. Ze trok hem de diepte in.

Ineens zaten ze in een schoollokaal. Zij zat voor hem als de juffrouw. 'Ik ben Lazarus,' zei ze.

'Wat bedoel je,' vroeg Eduard.

'Ik ben een boom,' sprak ze.

'Waarom dan ?' vroeg Eduard.

'Omdat ik het zeg,' zei ze, en sloeg met haar vuist op de tafel. 'Ik ben een boom vol van bloemen en geheimen. Ik ben meerdere personen, en ik draag de sleutel voor jou. Ik wil je niet vernietigen, ik wil je brengen naar de andere wereld.'

'Dat is een leugen,' zei Eduard. 'Je wilde niets meer van me weten.'

'Ik weet het,' zei Marlotte. 'Maar ik ben Lazarus.'

'Wat bedoel je ?' vroeg Eduard.

Ze begon te huilen, en zei : 'Ik ben de Lazarus-boom.'

'Wat is dat,' vroeg Eduard.

'Niets,' zei ze. Eduard schrok wakker. Ze stond voor hem in een prachtig witte jurk als bloesem. 'Ik ben al dood,' zei ze. 'Ik ben een bloem, de lazarus-boom, een mysterie voor jou, een raadsel.'

Eduard dacht dat hij gek aan het worden was en probeerde te roepen, maar het was alsof zijn mond op slot stond.

'Ik wil je overweldigen,' zei ze. 'Maar ik kan het niet. Hij houdt me tegen.'

'Wie is hij ?' vroeg Eduard.

'Je vader,' zei ze. 'Ik ben dood, Eduard, dood. Je vader heeft mij vermoord.'

'Je moet daar weg,' zei Eduard.

'Ik wil bij je zijn,' zei ze, 'maar ik kan het niet.'

'Leugens,' zei Eduard. 'Je zei altijd dat je juist niet bij me wilde zijn.'

'Help me,' zei ze. 'Ik kan het niet helpen. Ik ben meerdere personen. Ik kan niet praten.'

'Je komt anders aardig goed uit je woorden,' zei Eduard.

'Ik kan niet zeggen wat ik wil zeggen,' zei ze.

'Ik houd van je, Eduard,' zei ze.

'Ik geloof je niet,' zei hij. 'Je hebt me laten wegteren.'

'Alsjeblieft, ik smeeek je,' zei ze.

'Wat bedoel je,' vroeg hij.

'Ik ben een lazarus-boom,' zei ze.

'Ja, dat had je al eerder gezegd,' zei hij.

'Ik groei, en ik kan het niet stoppen,' zei ze. 'Ik heb meerdere takken.' Toen begon ze te schreeuwen en te gillen. 'Nu sta ik in brand,' riep ze.

'Toe, help me,' gilde ze. 'Mijn vader verbrandt me.'

'Ik houd van je, Marlotte,' zei hij, en omhelsde haar. Hij probeerde haar te sussen, maar ze werd steeds wilder.

'Ik ga van je scheiden,' zei ze. 'Ik heb teveel pijn, ik ben te gevoelig. Ik brand, en jij gaat ook branden.'

'Het is okay, schat, ik wist niet dat we getrouwd waren, maar wat je dan ook zegt,' sprak hij kalm.

'Eduard, blus me,' zei ze.

'Hoe ?' vroeg hij.

'Met kussen,' zei ze.

Eduard begon haar te kussen, maar het leek allemaal veel erger te worden. Hij begon ook te branden. 'We moeten rennen,' zei hij. 'Waar naartoe ?' vroeg ze.

'Naar het bos,' zei hij. Snel renden ze het huis uit naar het bos, maar alle bomen waren aan het branden. Ze hoorden veel gegil en geschreeuw. 'Liefste,' riep ze. 'Als ik het niet overleef, vergeet nooit, maar dan ook nooit, dat ik altijd van je heb gehouden. En nu zelfs meer dan ooit.'

'Ik geloof je niet !' riep hij. 'Je bent er nooit voor mij geweest !'

'Ik kon het niet !' schreeuwde ze. 'Ti sento ! Ik ben te gevoelig !'

'Je zei dat je niet meer van me hield. Je zei zelfs dat je nooit van me hebt gehouden !' schreeuwde hij.

'Ik ben de lazarus-boom !' riep ze terug. 'Dingen gaan niet zoals ik wil dat ze gaan.'

'Je hebt me verraden met Judas-kussen !' schreeuwde hij. Alles stond in brand. Spoedig waren ze in een vuurzee. Ze hilde.

'Ik kan er niet tegen dat je lijdt. Ik wil je helpen, ik wil je troosten, zoals ik nachten met je op heb gezeten, maar je was gemeen naar mij,' zei Eduard.

'Jij lijdt ook, zoals ik lijd,' zei ze.

Hij had haar stevig in de grip. 'Liefste,' hilde hij. 'Het maakt niet uit dat ik lijd, maar ik kan er niet tegen als jij lijdt. Ik heb daar nooit tegengekunt, wat je me dan ook hebt aangedaan.'

'Ik ben een lazarus-boom,' hilde ze.

'Ik weet het,' zei hij. 'Wacht gewoon totdat het gaat bloesemen.'

'Nee,' hilde ze, 'het gaat nooit meer bloesemen. Het gaat branden.'

'Ik zal je veilig maken,' zei hij.

'Hoe?' vroeg ze. 'Waarom jij? Omdat je de vader van mijn kinderen bent?'

'We hebben nooit kinderen gehad,' zei hij.

'Dat is wel waar,' hilde ze.

In zweet werd hij wakker. Het was een nachtmerrie. Ze lag naast hem, met schuim op haar mond. Hij had ook schuim op zijn mond. Ze hadden samen drugs genomen van de lazarus-boom, om in een andere realiteit te komen, maar dat ging niet altijd goed. 'Ik... ik brand,' hilde ze zachtjes. Hij nam haar in zijn armen. 'Het spul heeft bijwerkingen,' zei hij, 'maar het zal ons er doorheen slepen. We zullen aankomen in die andere wereld.'

'Ik wil niet meer, baby,' hilde ze. 'Het is te zwaar. We lijken wel vijanden van elkaar.'

'De liefde is een oorlog,' zei hij. 'We vechten voor elkaar, en zonder scheiding is er geen verzoening. Zonder ijs is er geen vuur, en zonder verwarring is er geen helderheid.'

Maar alles moet toch ergens stoppen,' hilde ze.

'Oh, maar deze wereld is groot,' zuchtte hij. 'Ja, zo groot,' fluisterde ze. 'Ik kan niet meer.' Hij troostte haar.

Ze stopte met de drugs, terwijl Eduard ermee doorging. Ze begonnen uit elkaar te groeien, en het eindigde in een scheiding. Ze was koud, bevroren, en Eduard was warm. Hij begreep haar wel, maar zij begreep hem niet, en begon alles te ontkennen. Ze was niet meer zoals ze was, alsof ze zich ergens voor probeerde te verstoppen. Op een dag sloegen de stoppen bij Eduard door. Hij begreep haar niet meer, en was boos. Toch wilde hij dat ze gelukkig was. Het scheen niet goed mogelijk te zijn bij haar. Ze schreven brieven, en in die brieven schreef ze hoe slecht ze er aan toe was. 'Is dit nu alles wat je wilde?' schreef hij terug.

Op een dag schreef ze terug dat ze een nieuwe drug had ontdekt, veel veiliger volgens haar. Eduard kwam bij haar langs. Ze scheen weer een warme vrouw te zijn. Ze glimlachte toen ze hem zag. Hij was nog steeds erg boos, en keek koud op haar neer. 'Spuut het maar in mijn arm,' zei hij. Ze hurkte voor hem neer, en spoot in zijn been. 'Daar,' zei ze. Eduard viel op de grond. De kinderen kwamen binnen. 'Wat doet pappa daar ?' vroeg de middelste.

'Pappa is gek,' zei Marlotte. Schuim kwam op zijn mond.

'Is hij aan de drugs ?' vroeg de jongste.

'Ja,' zei Marlotte, 'ik heb hem wat toegediend, van dat spul wat wij ook altijd gebruiken.' Ze trok hem naar een bed, en legde een jas over hem heen. Even later kwam ze bij hem liggen, toen de kinderen weer weg waren. Ze spoot wat in haar been, en verloor haar bewustzijn. Een vuur kwam in haar hoofd, en ze werd verbonden met zijn hoofd, en zijn hart. 'Namens de vereniging van bomen, hartelijk welkom,' zei een stem. 'Ik heb het nog eens nagekeken, jullie zijn inderdaad geregistreerd. Welkom terug dan.' Een groen vuur kwam over hen. 'De godin van scheiding heeft jullie hier gebracht.'

'Het is haar schuld,' zei Eduard. 'Zij heeft die vervloekte scheidingsformulieren ingevuld.'

'Oh, op onze afgesneden huid ?' vroeg de stem. 'Dat is niet zo netjes.'

'Nee, niet zo netjes,' zei een andere stem. 'Zij gaat dus de afwas doen.'

'Maar ik heb al gekookt,' zei Marlotte. 'Dus ik ga ook niet nog eens de afwas doen. Kom zeg, eikel.'

'Ze heeft gelijk,' zei Eduard. 'Zij heeft mij de drugs toegediend, dus ze hoeft dan toch ook niet de afwas te doen.'

'Wel, hoor je nou niet eens even wat je zegt, domoor,' zei de stem. 'Zij heeft jou deze rommel aangeboden, dus dan zal ze potdorie die rommel ook op gaan ruimen.'

'Het is mijn schuld,' zei Eduard. 'Ik heb de rommel aangenomen. Ik had haar nooit naar binnen moeten halen. Ik ben zo dom geweest haar te vertrouwen.'

'Waarom heb je haar naarbinnen gehaald ?' vroeg de stem

'Ik wilde haar helpen,' zei Eduard.

'Hield je van haar ?' vroeg de stem.

'Absoluut en ongetwijfeld,' zei hij.

Heel langzaam werd hij wakker. Het was maar een droom. Ze was ver weg van hem, en zover hij wist was ze niet aan de drugs. Hij wel dus. Voor hem was dat de enige weg eruit. In haar brieven

schreef ze hem hoe slecht het met haar ging. Hij wilde haar helpen, maar wist niet hoe. Ook was hij boos. Die boosheid werd eigenlijk elke dag erger, en het brief-contact stopte weer. Hij stortte zich nog meer op de drugs dan ooit tevoren. De bommen waren zijn helden. Hij had geen vat meer op de realiteit, en het was beter zo. Die realiteit werd volgens hem in stand gehouden door bomenhaters. 'Eet eens een vruchtje, lik eens een appeltje, laat je eens inspuiten door een lazarus-boom, voor een mooie droom. Eet eens een stukje hout, lik eens aan boomblad, aan zijn bast en zijn schors. Beklim eens een boom, hang eens aan een tak.' Hij zong een liefdeslied aan de piano. Het was een meedogenloos ritme. 'Klim eens op een appel, duik eens in een aardbei, grijp eens naar een roos. Ja, haar dorens zullen je verscheuren, maar ... maar ... laat dat je niet tegenhouden. Lik eens aan de honing, ja, haar dorens zullen je mond sluiten, maar ... maar laat dat je niet tegenhouden ... Vecht eens met een beer, laat de honing zijn voor iedereen. Vecht eens met bijen en wespen. Het geheim is niet alleen van hen ... Lik eens aan een tak, snuif eens wat bloemenzaad, grijp eens een plant, ook al krijg je dan een blaar. Ook al ga je dan bloeden, en lig je in het bad, ook al zal de storm dan woeden, wie doet dat wat Het gaat toch om de zomer, het holle in de boom, het gaat toch om de dauw in de morgen, en het morgenrood, doe wat je kan om daar te komen ... het avondrood zal je genezen Vecht in de oorlog, de oorlog der liefde, zet elkaar vrij, voor welke prijs dan ook, want wat is een prijs ?

's Nachts staar ik je aan, 's nachts hoor ik je stem en lied,
De morgen spoelt het weg, maar jij zult altijd zijn, de moeder van mijn kinderen,
Ik laat altijd een kaarsje voor jou branden,
Eens zal ik je eruit krijgen, uit die slimme doos,
Eens zal ik die sloten door mijn liefde smelten,
Ik ben nog jong, gouden tijden staan nog steeds op mijn roos,
Je bent in mijn herinnering, een nachtmerrie, een vlinderding,
Alle dingen schijnen twee kanten te hebben, alle kanten zullen in de tijd opzwemmen,
Alle kanten zullen hun gezicht laten zien,
Ik heb er tien, ik heb er tien, maar ik wil de jouwen ook zien,
Mijn lieveling mijn vlinderding de nachtmerrie is slechts een herinnering ...
Meer kan het niet zijn, ik ren nu vrij,
Over de heg, over de heuvel, de winter kan mij niet meer vasthouden,
De zomer maakte mij vrij, jij, zomervlinder, jij vlinderding ...

Ik vond jou, als een zeemeerman, aan de kusten van Spanje, kapotgebroken aan de rotsen,
Als een zeemeerman nam ik jou op, en gaf je de adem van de zee,
Maar de zee begon te branden door jouw vuur,
De zeevlinder nam ons beiden mee, en brak de muur,
In mijn lijst ben je nu, in mijn schilderij, in de bizonjacht,
Wij verdrinken samen in de gracht, todat de boot van Venetie ons opneemt,
Met de staf van zeebloemen en zeebloesem,
Met de staf van zeewier, als de staf der zeemeermannen,
Kom niet dichterbij, ik ben maar een zeemeerjongen,
Kom niet dichterbij, want je komt onder mijn betovering,
Ren nu, ren nu, voor je leven ... Als het leven je lief is,
Of heb je mij lief ... of de last der leugens

Negen van de tien keer loog je tegen mij,
Negen van de tien keer ... onder het spreiden der bloemen
Als bloemen logen zoals jij, zouden ze nooit bloeien ...
En te bedenken dat je mij als leugenaar zag,
Zoveel bloemen op mijn graf,
Zoveel bloemen die je mij nooit gaf ...
Zoveel bloemen op jouw graf, door de zeevlinder gebracht ...
Maar de ware liefde breekt de grenzen van het leven,
Als een vuur die jou zelfs uit de hel kan opnemen ...
Denk je dat je naar de hemel kunt ontsnappen
Op de rug van de zeevlinder

Bedenk dat dit heel goed het laatste lied kan zijn wat ik ooit tot je zing,
Dat de zeevlinder het laatste is wat ik je geef ...'

'Eduard, Eduard,' riep zijn moeder. Kom uit je bed. Bijna schooltijd.
Eduard draaide zich om, en wilde weer slapen, maar het schelle getetter in zijn oor van zijn moeder besliste anders.
Snel begon ze hem wakker te schudden. Ze trok hem uit zijn bed en omhelsde hem.
'Mamma, kus me niet meer,' zei hij, 'anders kom ik hier nooit weg.' Toen liet zijn moeder hem los.
Hij kleepte zich aan, nam zijn tas mee, en vertrok met de bus.

Op school keek hij haar niet aan. Zij keek alleen maar naar hem door haar ooghoeken. Zij was zijn wapen tegen de reuzen, maar de drugs die zij hem gaf had hem bijna vermoord. Het was haar spreekbeurt vandaag, en ze begon spook-verhalen te vertellen. Hij opende zijn hart een beetje voor haar. Ze stond daar bijna als een militair. Ja, zij voerde oorlog, en hij wilde in haar leger. Ze begon bloemen te tekenen op het bord, en schreef zijn naam. Hij voelde zichzelf in brand staan met liefdesvuur. 'Nu heb ik het ware vuur, riep hij,' terwijl de andere kinderen in de vlammenzee begonnen te verdwijnen. Hij hief haar op het schip. 'Geweldig is dit,' zei ze. 'Ja, je hebt mij flink in de war gebracht met die drugs,' zei hij, 'maar dit is goed.'

'Daar is het om te doen,' zei ze.

'We moeten maken wat er van te maken is,' zei hij. De vlammen werden wilder, maar het was goed vuur, liefdesvuur. Zij brandde nu ook, en ze voelde zich goed. 'Voel je je nu eindelijk goed, schatje?' vroeg hij. Ze knikte, en zuchtte van verlichting. Hij nam haar in zijn armen, en ze stegen op. 'Dit is de sleutel van het paradijs,' zei ze. 'Ik wist dat je dit kon doen.'

'En ik wist dat jij het kon doen,' zei hij. 'Ti Sento. Ik voel je.'
Maar zwetend werd hij wakker in een vuur dat hij niet begreep. Hij begon boos te worden, en zonk weg in hopeloosheid. 'Ik was er bijna,' dacht hij. Maar hij wist niet waar het allemaal om draaide. Waar ging het nu eigenlijk om? Was dit alles niet gewoon zinloos? Maar ja, hij wilde niet in ongeluk blijven leven. Of bracht het ongeluk hem naar een dieper geluk?

Zij beschuldigde hem. Brieven van schuld kwamen binnen, de één na de ander. Het was als een muur met kettingen. Hij kroop naar zijn piano, moe, en verkramppt door de pijn. Hij hees zichzelf op

aan de piano, en begon te spelen.

'Liefde is beter dan drugs, maar ik heb de liefde niet, alleen maar haat,
Liefde is beter dan jou, maar wat is de liefde waard ...'

Hij greep naar de drugs en begon te slikken als een gek, zodat hij bewusteloos viel aan de piano. De godin van scheiding scalpeerde hem, en gaf hem een doornenkroon. Hij verloor zijn verstand. Hij hulde zichzelf in een rood kleed, en kroop op de piano waar hij begon over te geven.

'Ik ben de koning van de gekken, ik ben de koning van het gemis,
Ik ben de koning van de pijn, en ik heb niets meer,
Ik ben de koning van de gekken, ik ben de koning van het land,
Want alleen de koning van de gekken kan dit gekke land besturen ...

Ik ben de koning van de gekken, ik ben de koning van de drugs,
Ik ben de koning van het afscheid, ja, mijn dag kan niet meer stuk,
Ik ben de koning van het huwen, ik ben de koning van het scheiden,
Alleen de dommen volgen mij, maar de wijzen vermijden mij ...'

Dat kan me niet schelen !' schreeuwde Eduard met schuim op zijn mond. 'Het schijnt de enige weg naar het paradijs te zijn. Het is een oorlog.'

'Goed, je hebt de oorlog bar verloren, bar en boos,' zei de stem.

'Ik zal opstaan als de nachtvlinder,' zei Eduard, 'en mijn geliefden vrijzetten.'

'Toe nou, Eduard, nou niet zo hoogmoedig, jongen,' zei de stem. 'Daar zit niemand op te wachten.'

Eduard begon de piano te slopen. En begon wild om zich heen te slaan. Hij werd omsingeld door vlinders, en Marlotte stond ineens voor hem.

'Jij weer,' zei Eduard.

'Drugs is niet goed voor je, Eduard,' zei ze.

'Waarom gaf je me het dan ?' vroeg Eduard.

'Ik kon het geld goed gebruiken,' zei Marlotte. 'Ik heb er goede kinderen van gekocht.'

Er was glas tussen Marlotte en Eduard. Drie kinderen verschenen aan de kant van Marlotte. 'Dit zijn je kinderen,' zei ze.

'Ik wil ze niet zien,' zei Eduard.

'Ze hebben je nodig,' zei ze.

'Het zijn mijn kinderen niet. Je hebt ze gewoon met mijn geld gekocht, dat is alles,' zei Eduard.

'Toe, Eduard,' zei ze bijna smekend. 'Ik wil niet ontkennen dat ik in het verleden hele verkeerde dingen heb gedaan, maar we moeten maken wat er van te maken is. De kinderen hebben je nodig. We kunnen die situatie niet ontkennen. Zij kunnen daar verder niets aan doen.'

'Je hebt gelijk,' zei Eduard, 'maar het zijn mijn kinderen niet.'

'Adopteer ze dan, als je me niet geloofd,' zei Marlotte.

'Nee, ik heb helemaal niks met je te maken,' zei Eduard.

'Ik ben in je bloed,' zei Marlotte. 'Ik ben je drugs. Helemaal fout wat ik heb gedaan, maar ik kan er niet uit. Ik zit in je genetisch materiaal.'

'Ik wil dat je weggaat, Marlotte,' zei Eduard. 'Ik wil je niet. Ik heb dit nooit gewild. Je hebt gewoon misbruik gemaakt van mijn situatie. In een zwak moment kocht ik die drugs van je ... en ja, in een zwak moment ... kocht ik je.'

'Precies, en hier zijn je kinderen,' zei Marlotte. 'Reken ze het niet aan.'

'Het lot bracht ons tezamen,' zei Eduard. 'Maar je hebt mij te lang genegeerd. Het roept herinneringen op.'

'Vergeef me, Eduard,' zei Marlotte.

'Hoe vaak heb ik jou wel niet om vergeving gevraagd, en je hebt het me nooit gegeven, en dat terwijl ik je nooit iets heb aangedaan. Ik ben altijd goed voor je geweest,' zei Eduard.

'Ik kan niet met mijn kinderen leven,' zei Marlotte.

'Het zijn de vruchten van jouw zonden,' zei Eduard.

'Maar als jij me helpt, zijn het de vruchten van vergeving en vernieuwing,' zei Marlotte.

'Barst,' zei Eduard.

Marlotte begon te huilen. 'De kinderen hebben een gezonde vader en moeder nodig.'

'Al wat jij doet is drama maken,' zei Eduard. 'Word je nou nooit eens moe van jezelf ? Je hebt mij kapot gemaakt met die drugs.'

'Die drugs zat in mij. Mijn vader heeft' snikte Marlotte.

'Ja, ja, ja, houd daar nu maar over op, dat heb ik al zo vaak gehoord,' zei Eduard.

'Je moet eens weten hoeveel drugs hij in mij heeft gepompt,' snikte ze. 'Ik ben zelf drugs nu.'

Eduard nam een likje aan haar. 'Gadverredamme, dat is toch walgelijk,' schreeuwde hij.

'Ik kan er niets aan doen,' huilde ze nog harder.

'Je bent gewoon een drugs-hoer,' zei Eduard.

'Heb medelijden met me,' jankte ze.

'Waarom zou ik ?' schreeuwde Eduard. 'Heb jij ooit medelijden met mij gehad ?'

'Pappa, alsjeblieft, ik smeeek je,' zei het middelste kind.

'Ik heb jullie nooit gezien,' zei Eduard. 'Het doet pijn jullie nu te zien.'

Het kind gaf hem een klein computertje. 'Hier pappa, hiermee kunnen we contact hebben met elkaar.' Toen vaagde alles weg. Hij zat achter zijn computer. Hij zag Marlotte op het scherm, en zijn kinderen. Het was een fantastische wereld in de computer, en hij stapte naar binnen. Ze namen hem bij de hand en namen hem naar een huisje. Alles was zo anders nu.

Arnold Lovehold was een computer expert, en hij zorgde ervoor dat de familie banden weer zorgvuldig werden samengesmeed. De zee-vlinder was inmiddels vrijgekomen uit de zee-kokon. Arnold Lovehold was een diepzinnige man, een filosoof, maar tegelijkertijd heel praktisch. Met technologie wist hij alles voor elkaar te krijgen. De familie was voor een lange dag op het strand. De zee kolkte, en het zand was warm. Thuisgekomen ging Eduard op het bed liggen. Het was alsof het altijd zo was geweest, alsof er nooit iets was gebeurd. De familie leefde in vrede.

De Gele

Vlinder

Hoofdstuk 1.

Ik liep op de straten van Virgo, en tegelijkertijd liep er iemand op de starten van Mercurius die mij na probeerde te doen, een dubbelganger. Ik ging een huis binnen, en degene op Mercurius ook, op hetzelfde moment. Ik werd gevolgd. Ik ging naar boven en keek door het raam naar de hoge toren van Virgo. Ik zag Mercurius branden in de verte. Hij speelde op de piano. Hij had wat klokken op zijn tafel staan die hij aan het repareren was, gouden en zilveren. Hij had een Egyptisch aura, zo iemand waar je geen vat op kan krijgen, maar ik hield van hem. Hij was raadselachtig en mysterieus. Was hij de reden dat Mercurius brandde ? Beneden in de winkel verkocht hij chocola, maar hij had meerdere winkels in deze stad. Ik had in deze stad een vechtschool. Ik zag een andere planeet branden, Venus, de zonnetepel. Ik werd als een gevaar gezien. Men wilde mij uit de weg

ruimen. Hij werkte aan zijn klokken, en andere mechanismes. Ook verbouwde hij paradijselijke groenten, en verzorgde hij paradijselijke dieren. Hij was zo'n beetje Manusje van alles, en hij was mijn bodyguard. Ook was hij een bouwer van computers, en verhuurde hij woningen. Ook was hij directeur van een school, mijn oude school nog wel. Hij had mij eens gered. Ik zocht altijd het gevaar op, en hij redde me er altijd uit. Hij was mijn geheime sleutel. Mijn moeder was een prostituee, waar ook nogal minzaam op werd neergekeken, ook omdat ze mijn moeder was, maar bij hem was zij van harte welkom. Ze kwam vaak bij hem om te computeren. Ik hield van mijn moeder, oh God. Om haar was ik in de handen van tormentors.

Mijn moeder zat ingewikkeld in elkaar, als de Inanna. Zij was een striptease. Op sexueel gebied deinsde ze niet voor veel dingen terug, maar in het normale leven was ze fragiel als een nimf. Mijn vader was een schreeuwlelikerd, haar pooier, maar hij had een goed hart. Hij was een sirene, een beroemd zanger in de stad, een goedbewaard geheim. Ik leefde in ketenen, achter tralies, maar dat besepte ik nog niet goed. Ik ging nog gewoon overal naartoe. Mijn vader was een tafel-nazi, die op de markt tafels probeerde te verkopen op een opdringerige manier. Als je te lang keek zonder iets te kopen dan werd hij kwaad. Ook verkocht hij dekens. Het werd hier op Virgo nogal aangemoedigd om veel bijbaantjes te hebben. Het was de lik van de leeuw. Maar vat erop krijgen deed ik niet. Achter mijn vechtschool stond de bibliotheek waar ik vaak naartoe ging om te lezen, om er een beetje uit te zijn. Ik combineerde vechtkunst met dans en striptease, en dat was volgens mij de foute combinatie. Ik had veel vijanden. Vooral in de mode-wereld had ik veel vijanden, omdat ik gescheurde kleding wilde introduceren, en armoedige kleding, versleten en oud. De man van Mercurius volgde mij. Hij had een pistool. Ik rende de trap op, en viel. Hij had me al geraakt. Maar mijn bodyguard stond plotseling tussen hem en mij in. Ik werd wakker in zijn kamer. Hij had de kogel er al uit gehaald, maar ik bloedde nog steeds. 'Zij begrijpen het roze niet,' zei hij. Daar moest ik het mee doen. Hij was een man van weinig woorden.

Mijn pleegmoeder was de koningin van de luipaarden. Ze startte de jacht op de man van Mercurius. Ze volgde hem na, en vond uit waar hij zijn schuilplaats had : in een veld van bizons. Zij moordde de bizons uit, maar kreeg hem niet te pakken. We besloten rustig te blijven. Het geheimenis van het eeuwig vuur was hier : een zoetwater rivier van genezing, de lik van de leeuw. Mijn bodyguard bouwde een pistool voor mij. Het was een pistool met vele klokken, een zwaard krommend in de zon. Ik was een boogschutter, ik kon goed richten. Het geheim van de stad was achter een poort van twee bokkengeesten, als een poort in een ark. Het was een veld van bokkenjagers. De man van Mercurius staat hier als een standbeeld.

Ik ga naar binnen, in de tuin, waar bokken hangen. Ik klamp me vast aan zijn standbeeld. Venus brandt. De melk is heet, het explodeert. Ik ga naar binnen, in het standbeeld. Ik vind de boog, de bokkenpijl. Alle vruchten branden hier, en dan ook de bomen. De man van Mercurius heeft twee gezichten, voor en achter. Hij heeft een duister geheim. Zijn schepen zijn in de haven, waar dag en nacht wordt gewerkt. De zeemeerminnen sterven in het water van Mercurius, het geheime gif. Hij is een man van dwang met strakke ogen. Steen is alles wat er over is na de brandende nacht. Dit is de stad van steen. De graveurs graven in zijn vlezig hart. Gepolijste stenen is hun vak. De sirene staat hoog op de toren van de stad, om te waarschuwen, met haar gruwelijk gedicht, maar niemand

luistert. Ze slapen allemaal in de nacht. Gepolijste stenen is alles wat ze willen zien. In de wateren heeft Mercurius zijn booreilanden, op zoek naar goud, aardgas en olie. Hij is de juwelier van de hel. In schelpen verbergt hij zijn hoofden. Zeven mannen zijn gekomen, de achtste moet nog komen. Ze hebben mij op het oog. Ze zien mij als het Hermes van de goden, de lijm waardoor alles gaat branden. Ik ben gekluisterd in een pot. Zij willen mij drinken als de goddelijke nectar. Apen rennen door de stad, omsingelen de toren, en rennen dan naar boven. Zij drukken de sirene opzij, en worden zelf het vaandel van bevrijding. De bodyguard leeft.

Ze geeft me de sleutel tot het bokkenveld. Ze noemt geen namen. De man van Mercurius zit op een troon. Achter hem is de grote roltrap waar alle zwaarden slap worden. De stad is grotendeels overdekt.

Zij die hem volgen hebben geen oren.

Zij is een prostituee, huurmoordenaar en woningverhuurder, vele manieren om toe te slaan. Ik blijf ver uit haar buurt. Ze zijn allemaal bezig hun architectuur uit te tekenen, en de bomen blijven ze uittekenen. Ze staat klaar om toe te slaan. Ze is een discipel van de man van Mercurius.

Hoofdstuk 2.

De hekken hebben hoge punten hier. Ik kan er nauwelijks doorheen komen. Alles is wazig hier. De hoge gothiek is als mijn tralies. Ik ben het drakenkind. Ik word door een draak bewaakt. Ik ben nog jong. De man van Mercurius is een slot aan mijn lichaam. Hij is een dode steen. Iedereen is hier gestorven. Ik kan me alleen uitstrekken naar de hogere kunst. Er is alleen leven in het licht. In het duister kan niemand bestaan. Ik schenk mijn moeder een steen van licht, en ze komt tot leven. Ze kan de draden zien, de patronen, de scheuren, de naden, en het grote gat. Ze kan de wond zien, het litteken, en het graf. Zij is de martelares in vuur geboren, als een tralie in mijn kooi. Met haar zal ik voorzichtig omgaan. Ik ben het Hermes der goden.

De engelen zijn hier bliksemschichten, in de tuin. Ze houden zoveel achter. Ik kan alleen maar staren. Alleen kennis doet leven, de onwetendheid is de dood. Venus brandt, haar licht verlicht de nacht. Hier zijn de stralen van het moederhart. Zij woont op nummer 43, en hij woont op nummer 10. Ik loop naar nummer 88, in hetzelfde flatgebouw, waar de spinnen leven, waar ze hun stenen webben weven. Het is de weg tot het verscheurde kant, waar het licht achter schuilt, de bron van het leven bewakende. De gele vlinder zal vliegen in de nacht. Hij zal vliegen over de woestijn en aankomen in het paradijs, Mars in Virgo. Hoog op de burcht zal hij staan, met al zijn wachters. Goud zal het regenen in de straten. Zij had mij gegrepen, en trok mij naar haar kamer om me als een paard te beteugelen. Aan het eind van de rit was ik niets meer dan één van de vele hobbelpaarden. Ze had een kamer in de woestijn. Ik wachtte op de gele vlinder die langs zou komen. Hij greep me. Hij was mijn bodyguard.

In mijn vechtschool bracht ik centaurs onder. Zij zouden allen vlinders worden. Een heel leger van vlinders zou er opstaan. Maar ik zakte meer en meer ineen, totdat een piano mij vond. De piano was te berijden. Het werd mijn paard. Ik werd de ruiter. De piano nam mij mee over de woestijn, daar waar geen hond door kon komen, volgende het pad van de gele vlinder. Ik kwam aan in het Virgose Amerika, waar ik in het vrijheidsbeeld ging wonen, een beeld met een doodskop. Ik rees mijn zwaard en viel, zo diep, dat ik in het indiaanse deel terecht kwam. Hier waren drie doodskoppen, drie indiaanse opperhoofden. Zij werden aangeraakt door de gele vlinder, en kwamen tot leven. Zij hoorden het geluid van mijn piano, en werden gelukkig. Zij zouden regeren. De pit van Mars was een thee der liefde, die alle monden liet branden. Izu had van die thee gedronken, en sindsdien brandde zijn mond. Hij was de Attis van de insectenwereld.

Zij reden op motors, van een futuristische apocalypse. Goud zou het nu regenen, want koning Midas zou terugkomen. De man van Mercurius hield een zwaard op mij gericht, en een drietand, en ik zakte weg. Dit hier was het rijk van Neptunus, de zeegod, die zoveel nimfendochters had. Deze draak van een man heerste niet alleen over de zee, maar ook over Virgo, en ik ging naar hem voor hulp. Deze tovenaars gaf mij drie brandende stenen. Ik kon zijn geluid horen in de verte. Zij dragen het eeuwig vuur van genezing. En die genezing was alleen in het vele licht wat werd afgegeven, door het zwavel binnenin, eeuwig zwavel, onverwoestbaar. Ik werd warm van binnen. Het Griekenland was een vlies hier, en ik gleed dieper in de tempel. Ik was in de maag van de draak. Ik werd uiteengescheurd, alles werd dun en lang, totdat ik het geheim zag, vastgehouden door twee bokkenwachters, twee bokkengeesten, als de ark van licht, en het licht was een illusie, wat het geketende boek versluisde, en dit boek was slechts de sleutel tot de bibliotheek, de boekenwinkel, waar al het kwaad geschiedde. Ik las de boeken van de hemel, en zag de hel. Wie zou de dochters van Neptunus bevrijden? De gele vlinder zou het doen. Ik gooide één van mijn zwavelstenen door de ruit van de antieke boekenwinkel, en de winkel was in vlammen. De tweede zwavelsteen gooide ik door de ruiten van de bakkerij, en de derde steen slikte ik in, en stierf. Niemand kon mij nu nog vinden, alleen de gele vlinder.

De dochters van Neptunus stonden voor mij, allemaal nimfen. Ze hadden tere gezichtjes. Ik legde mijn handen op hen, en maakte ze vrij. De gele vlinder was een sleutel in mij. Zij waren de vlammen in mijn hart. De draak nam mij op, en schonk mij het gas. Ik was de achtste man van Mercurius.

Hoofdstuk 3.

Mijn vechtschool ontving het Venus, de brandende zonnetepel, de poort tot Izu, en de vlinders waren in de stad. Het zou sneeuwen nu, en zij hadden hun eigen webben. Het eeuwige zwavel was een trots van genezing. En ik wilde Izu kennen. Ik was de boogschutter. Er waren bosbranden overal, en de zwarte gaten werden zichtbaar. En Izu nam het over van de Horus, en deze werd het stuur van de motor. Zijn lichaam was een brandende tong. Het orakel van de tong had hen allemaal tezamen gebracht. Zoete banaantjes lagen op een schaal, en de kunsten van chocola werden

zichtbaar. 'Breng mij nu het drop op een schaal,' sprak de gele vlinder. En snel kwamen de nimfen van Neptunus met hun schalen. De bibliotheek werd bovenop mijn vechtschool geplaatst. We hadden nu een doel. Het gevecht moet gecombineerd worden met oude wijsheid. Mercurius was als een beschonkene. Hij waggelde, en viel. De vissers kwamen op, uit de diepe waters waar ze waren verdronken, en gooiden hun netten weer uit. Ik rende de trap op, en riep om mijn moeder. Zij stond daar bovenaan de trap, maar het was een roltrap, en die ging met volle kracht naar beneden en niet naar boven. De gele vlinder nam mij op en bracht mij naar haar. De fluisteraars van het heelal moesten mij hebben. Zij stuurden een tweede man op mij af. Hij had zijn havens hier, zijn scheepswerven, zijn woningbouw. Ik rende door de straten. Het huis van de gele vlinder stond hier niet meer. Ik keek naar de daken. De vleermuizen en de raven waren verdwenen. Ik raakte in paniek. Hij was de vlinder van het trauma, de naaldenprikker. Ik bloedde. Ik viel op de grond, en de vlinder nam mij op, de grote anti-vlinder.

Ditmaal redde mijn moeder mij, en nam mij naar mijn pleegmoeder, de koningin van de luipaarden. De grote anti-vlinder wist ons echter te vinden, maar het water begon te golven, en werd woest op hem. Zijn schip verging. En deze piraat had een grote geroofde schat. Wij doken de schat op en brachten het naar boven. Gouden tepels die chocolade melk gaven. De koe was vrij. De fluisteraars waren woedend. Nu zouden ze kabaal gaan maken. Ze stuurden een derde man op mij af, maar die was zo dronken dat die niet veel kon beginnen. Toen besloten de fluisteraars zelf te komen.

Ik kan er niet veel van navertellen. Het was het duisterste gat van mijn leven. Ze verwoesten mijn vechtschool, en de bibliotheek. In een zeegraf ging ik. Ik werd een piraat, en ik werd zelf een fluisteraar. Voor het eerst in mijn leven vertel ik het verhaal. Fluisteraars zijn vreemde insecten. Ze geven giftige melk, en maken webben. Ze verwarren de ander, omdat ze bang zijn dat iemand hun hart binnendringt. Ze zijn onnavolgbaar. Het zijn orakels. Met raadsels bewaken ze hun bruggen. Ze verscheuren alles, en bouwen het dan weer op. Alleen als de zilveren tepels vermengd zouden worden met de gouden tepels, dan zou er zuivere melk vloeien, maar de fluisteraars hielden dezen altijd gescheiden. Ik maakte daar verandering in. Ik was zelf nu een fluisteraar en werd al snel de koning der fluisteraars. Zij hadden een oor wat doof was. Maar de zilver-gouden tepels waren hun oren nu. Zij waren luisteraars nu. Ook konden zij zien met deze tepels. Daarvoor waren zij blind. Waarom hielden ze altijd het goud en zilver gescheiden ? Omdat ze mij wilden opwekken, de rode vlinder. Die zou alleen maar door angst en woede opgewekt kunnen worden. Ik was de Nemesis.

The Key of Marazanta

Skeleton

Chapter 1. The Elephant Queen

Tara from Rhodes, she stood before the skeleton-king. He was laughing, mocking her. She was chained, two black skeletons having her in a tight grip. They were stronger than ten black lions at the same time. Sweat came from Tara's face. 'Wait till you meet the emperor,' the king roared. An enormous panther was appearing, coming down from a huge stairway.

Tara fell down, like she had been struck. The panther had red rays coming from his eyes penetrating her skin. Tara was shrieking. 'Wikzilius,' the king said. 'Bring this lady to the skeleton-emperor.' The panther took her on his back, spread his wings and flew away. In a huge forest the emperor lived. The thinnest skeletons were his guards, and they were also pretty tall, although some of them were short.

'Can I call you mocking jerk,' Tara said, when she stood finally before a laughing skeleton-emperor. The skeleton grasped her head, then pushed her to the ground. 'You can call me whatever you want,' he said.

Tara had lost her consciousness by the push and woke up in a dungeon. She had to eat strange food. She was almost hallucinating. In a distance she could see red glowing stones. In her prison she met Davilir, a woman. 'Have you heard of the emperor's sword,' the woman asked. 'I know where it is, and it will get us out if we get it.'

There was also a man in the prison. Also very confused. 'Help me,' he said all the time, laying his hands on Tara. Tara kicked him away. 'Look, I cannot help you, bastard,' she shouted. In the night Tara could dig a hole under the door. The ground was pretty soft. She escaped. She ran outside into the forest.

After a few hours she came to a sorcerers house, close to the desert. It was a bare wilderness here. The man spoke to her about the skeleton winds. 'What is that,' Tara asked. 'I have no time for superstitious games.' The man looked like he wanted something from her. Tara grasped her sword from behind her back and beheaded him. She lived in his house for several days and then moved on.

There was one force bigger than the skeleton-emperor. It was the God and the Goddess of the skeletons. They grasped her tight as by winds, and brought her to a temple. Meanlooking skeleton-

priests were laughing at her. They showed her a rose completely made of meat. 'That's how you will end up,' they said. Then they led her to a place where trees of meat grew. They showed her a box close to the trees where women and men lived. As soon as the red rays fell on them they turned into skeletons, and a blue ray made them look like humans. They seemed to live in skeleton love. They all lived in this box as friends. 'These are the chosen ones, Tara,' a skeleton said. 'And you have to serve them. Let me lead you to the mill where you will become a rose of meat.' The skeleton grasped her. There was another box, close to the other. He pushed her inside. Sharp objects came out of the walls wanting to rip her apart. The box became smaller and smaller. Tara took her sword, and could hit some objects away, but they fell on the ground, and moved towards her very slowly. The box became transparent, and Tara could see another box coming closer, a black box, in which it's prisoners fought against each other. It was the box of skeleton hate. Black radiation came forward from the box causing death. It was silent all of a sudden, and the prisoners slowly turned into skeletons. Suddenly Tara hit the ceiling of her box, which was coming closer and closer to her. There was a huge hole now, and she could easily climb out. 'Well done,' a skeleton said. 'You are skilled.'

They took her and pushed her in the hole of a rock. Powers of the skeleton came over her. Inside she raised her sword and started roaring. Then she fell asleep. Soft angels took her up in the hole of the rock, towards the top. 'Bring her to the seven winds of skeleton,' one of them said. They brought her to a cloud, where she was as a baby. Seven winds started to possess her, and raised her up. She was in a cocoon. Tara was reborn in the sky. She had now the powers of skeleton, being a skeleton moderator, which had equipped her with the skeleton fire, an object by which she could boot skeletons. The second item was the black field, an artifact by which she could kill masses of skeletons at the same time. She got a vehicle, and of course she caused a lot of hell, for she had been repressed by the skeletons for such a long time. And she had the red fields to wake up the lost skeletons, a blue ray to make them look like humans, and a white ray to make them look like flowers.

She started her moderating works, while the seven winds of skeleton moved through her. It was like a sword in her hand. It made her like a goddess, having survey over so much communication. She had an all-seeing eye now, and she was like it's prophetess. However she got lost in the wildernesses of this cyberspace of death. There were powers she did not know anything about. It was all like an optical illusion. She heard someone laughing. A skeleton came closer, with a high hat and tall grey hair. 'What a deal,' he said, 'you serving the illusions we made. But the best vehicles are the crashed vehicles, for they will go through the walls of skeleton.'

'What are you talking about,' Tara screamed, and tried her buttons on him. But it didn't work. 'Which powers do you have which I do not have,' she asked him desperately.

'Sword of the emperor,' the skeleton with the hat and the long grey hair said. Tara realized that it was the second time that she had underestimated someone. She bowed her head. There was

something like glass around this skeleton. She couldn't begin much against it. A strange fire was tearing her down. She wished she had listened more to this woman called Davilir.

There was a war in cyberspace, the skeleton cyberspace, the one of death. It was Tara and her ghosts against another army. In this battle she met Davilir again, who could tell much more to her now. She actually had found the sword of the emperor already, so she could be of good use. The sword of the emperor showed them that it was all a game. It was some sort of a joystick, with many more powers. The joystick looked like meat, all coming forth from a skeleton. It was like the fruit of death. There were game masters living inside, ghosts. They had powers to lead them in the war. They could win the game with them. It was indeed a temple. The items were sacred, only to be used by priestly hands. The joystick was in the middle of the temple. She was staring at the joystick, while skeletoncraft was flowing into her body. A woman named Yasmine told her about the skeleton gnosis, as the power beyond all things. Tara was more and more getting stuck in a labyrinth, the unknown. She didn't know anything of the things happening to her, and it was like she was dying, leading her to hell. She was realizing that it was just the fact that something unknown was being her hell, and that understanding would lead to enlightenment. Or did she need a greater endarkenment. She found herself in a cocoon of mint. She was covered by cocos, surrounded by monkeys. She saw Yasmine holding a injection-needle. 'You,' Tara said. 'What are you doing to me. Feeding me drugs or something, keeping me in your fluids. I feel so weak.'

'Dream,' Yasmine said. 'It's good for you.' Tara was sliding away. She didn't indeed understand all these powers. She felt cold. She was floating in a skeleton temple, where all the dimensions were shifting, where the skeleton gnosis looked like a pillar of salt. 'I want wisdom, I want knowledge,' Tara whispered. 'I want to have some stamina in this quicksand labyrinth. I'm drowning.' Tara was floating towards the joystick on top of the saltpillar, which was a lot smaller now. The joystick looked like a golden sword, the sword of the emperor. Tara grasped and missed, like the sword was transparent, transcendental, beyond her senses. Yasmine started to laugh. Tara asked who she was, and why she was laughing.

'I'm not laughing, Tara,' Yasmine said. 'You just experience it as laughing, for your vibrations are changing. You have a projected image of me in your head which is now changing, because you are shifting as well.' Small moneys were around the salt pillar. It was getting smaller and smaller, and the joystick became denser and denser, and finally Tara could grasp it. More monkeys seemed to surround her, and she was like in a virtual jungle all of a sudden, in bright sunlights. 'It is not the sun, Tara,' Yasmine said. 'It is the Safra, the central soft spot of the universe.' Learn about the tides of the safra, the safrarises and the safrasets. It is not the play between day and night, but between the soft and the hard.

'Where am I ?' Tara asked. 'I feel so soft, it's like I can breath for the first time in my life. I'm flexible more than ever.'

‘You are queen of the monkeys now, Tara,’ Yasmine said. ‘I am queen of the elephants.’

‘What is the use of this ?’ Tara asked. ‘Am I a more powerful moderator now in this skeleton world ?’

‘Yes,’ Yasmine said. ‘And one day you will be queen of elephants, like me. You need it to survive here, and to come deeper into the skeleton gnosis, the hidden knowledge.’

‘Who are you ?’ Tara asked.

‘I am your guard,’ Yasmine said.

Chapter 2. The Black Triangle

After a few years Tara was indeed a queen of elephants, like Yasmine was. There was living a burning triangle in her now, called the eye of the elephant. It had made her powerful like never before in this world. She was now indeed a guard of the skeleton gnosis. Yasmine was proud of her. Together they could boot a lot of skeletons, and soon they were a feared duo. But hackers brought them down, and soon they were prisoners on a pirate ship. The skeleton-chief stared at them.

‘Women with powers,’ he said. He pushed them in a cage with silver frames, and soon they were sweeping above the waters. ‘Food for sharks !’ the chief shouted. Tara asked Yasmine who they were. ‘Oh,’ Yasmine said. ‘They are favored by the skeleton gods. They have special tools.’

‘Who are they,’ Tara asked again.

The cage was touching the waters already, and soon there were sharks everywhere, and all sorts of unknown fishes. They looked hungry. Suddenly the floor of the cage broke open, while the pirates were laughing. Tara and Yasmine slid into the depths of the sea. Tara was following Yasmine, who seemed to know the way. They swam into a cave. In the cave there was a bubble of air. Tara wondered why the fishes hadn’t bitten them. ‘No, Tara, it is a trick,’ Yasmine said. ‘We are in a safe shapeshifting moderator-field. They have found us.’

‘Who are they ?’ Tara asked. Yasmine led her to a tunnel, and the tunnel led to a huge skeleton-temple, huger than the one before, and this one was in a cave underground. A skeleton sat on a

throne here, totally dead. Close to him there was an ark, with fire coming from it. Tasmine stepped in the ark, and Tara followed. They were in an elevator now, going deeper. It led them to a white room. Bright white objects were lying on a table. 'These are the new tools,' Yasmine said.

'What are they ?' Tara asked.

'Tools of the fall,' Yasmine said.

'The fall ? What kind of fall,' Tara asked.

'Listen,' Yasmine said. 'The skeleton world is full of empires against empires, gods against gods, gods stealing angels, etcetera, so a fall can be of use at times.'

'I understand,' Tara said, 'so it means to escape or so.'

'Yes,' Yasmine said. 'It's storing the silver moderator powers. It means it is far beyond anything. It's pretty solid.' Tara laid her hand on an object, and fell powers streaming into her. 'Use it,' Yasmine said. Another triangle was growing into Tara, a black triangle this time. 'What is it,' Tara asked.

'Skeleton time,' Yasmine said. 'It can shapeshift anything.' Tara felt like she was winged. Suddenly they were both in the sky. They could see the clouds below them. They had more survey now than ever before, and the triangle produced a fluid like paint by which they could shapeshift everything. 'Build a new world, Tara,' Yasmine said. 'This is why I am here. I am frozen. I miss a heartflame, and the battle between fire and ice is not going to help. This is why I led you to the safra, the center of the universe. In the other spheres the sun is the center, and it causes eternal battles between light and darkness, fire and ice. But here there is a battle between soft and hard, and that will bring up the key, awakening the deeper flames. I am dying, Tara, please help. You are the only one who can do that.'

'Why am I so special,' Tara asked.

'Because you have the soft key inside,' Yasmine said.

Tara's head was in a skeleton temple, slowly spinning around, while the skeleton who had beheaded her was staring at it. She was in delirium, she was dreaming. The skeleton enjoyed the pretty colours. It was like a lullaby displaying in his skull. Tara was in the jungle and got attacked from behind by this skeleton. The vision had been granted by Soms, her god. She was aware of it. He

only seemed to help her when she really needed it, like a death after dying. She thought about the black triangle, the skeleton time, blew upon it, in the hope that things would shift back. She turned around, and saw the skeleton attacking her from behind, and raised her shield to block him, then she beheaded him.

She thought maybe the skeleton time could do some more, as time had made a mess on Mars. Faces were surrounding her, while she was blowing on the black triangle again. Mars was not a prisoner of the sun anymore. It came in another orbit, around the central soft spot, the safra. A flame was in Tara's hand, and she was remembering Yasmine. 'Yasmine, this is for you,' she whispered soft.

The Bones of Traxmarut

Tara was walking on a path through the jungle. Suddenly she was surrounded by spears. Soldiers were watching her, soldiers of a strange sort. They took her to their queen, the queen of Salvabridge. 'What are you doing in our place ?' the queen asked. The soldiers looked confused, as if they were under her spell.

'Since when is it your place,' said Tara. 'The jungle is of no one.'

'You can take a bet on it is mine,' said the queen. 'Soldiers, throw her in the crocodile dungeon !' she shouted. 'What a bliss,' thought Tara. 'I'm at least not killed.'

In the dungeon there were some dead crocodiles. Soon Tara was eating their flesh, savage as she was. But she felt like she was going insane by it. She heard laughing outside of the dungeon. Soldiers were watching her. 'The meat is poisoned,' they said.

'Bastards,' Tara whispered. She knew she would survive this poison. She had been poisoned before, but her body was always strong enough to survive.

After a while she had to appear before the queen again. 'There is something about you so strong,' said the queen. Suddenly Tara grasped a many-pointed blade-knife of a soldier, and attacked the queen. Soon she had the queen in a strangling grip, and then beheaded her. 'No one rules the jungle !' Tara shouted. Snakes were gliding close to Tara, and soldiers began to run away.

'Cowards,' she whispered. A man in golden clothes stood close to Tara. 'You will pay for this,' he said. Man-eating plants came forward, but they didn't harm Tara. They started to eat the man, who started to scream. It seemed Tara had broken a huge curse. 'The skull of Neveroth !' the man screamed. 'It will make you pay !'

Tara didn't know what he meant. Soon the man was dead. Monkeys were surrounding the dead body, but then they joined Tara. It was like all the animals had approved of her actions. The palace was already a ruin. Tara went to a room behind the place of the throne. There was a green skull on a small pillar. An old man sat close to it. 'What is it ?' Tara asked.

'No one knows,' said the man. 'It is a strange thing.'

'Who are you ?' Tara asked.

'I am it's priest,' said the man. 'I was a captive of this queen, but she let me free in order to become a priest of this skull.'

'Strange,' Tara said. The queen seemed to have mysterious powers by which she enslaved others, but she was dead now.

Suddenly the skull started to speak. Lightening and smoke came forwards from it. 'Neveroth is my name, paradise is my game. I started the tree, and made the creations breath.'

Tara and the man stepped backwards, as darkness began to come forth, and the lightening was getting brighter. 'Who has killed the queen ?' asked the skull.

'I did,' said Tara.

Thunder came forth from the pillar, and a beam struck Tara, while she could raise her shield just in time to ward it off. 'See, crazy you are,' said the pillar. 'Just that you do not rule the jungle doesn't mean you can kill the ruler.'

'Well, for your information : She doesn't rule the jungle !' shouted Tara.

'We will see,' the pillar said. 'Now run, or I will kill you.'

'I won't run for anyone !' shouted Tara. 'Miserable creatures like you I despise.'

'You do not know with which powers you are messing,' said the pillar. 'There is only one ruler, dead or alive. You cannot kill her soul. You only killed her body. It was a wrong put in the game, for now she ... hahaha.'

Tara came close to the pillar, then struck it by the many-pointed blade-knife, but she almost became electrocuted and was thrown on the ground by the mysterious power.

'Now, do not touch it,' said the pillar. 'You might hurt yourself.'

'Who are you,' asked Tara.

'I am the skull of Neveroth, the skull of a warrior,' the skull spoke. 'I have seen the seven seas of death, the tragedies of hell, and the traps of the gods. I am the blood-god of Israel, the keeper of it's veils. And she was my goddess.'

'You know what,' said Tara. 'You are just confused.' Then she struck the pillar again, at the root of the skull, and again she was thrown to the floor.

'Give it up, Tara,' said the skull. 'You will never break through.'

'Never,' said Tara, and struck the skull again. This time it was giving light, and broke off. A flood started to come through it's mouth. 'Not smart,' the skull said. Tara had to run now, as there was water everywhere, and it didn't seem to stop. Soon she was swimming. She didn't know where the old man was. 'The curse of Neveroth is on you !' roared the skull.

'I am drowning !' shouted the skull. 'You have broken my cup !' Tara swam to the highest tree of the jungle, where she would be safe. She climbed very high. Some monkeys were following her. One of them had the skull in his hands, although the skull didn't have light anymore. It was all dark. 'Throw it away,' said Tara to the monkey. The monkey did, and the skull was sinking soon enough. It took a while before the water was lowering again. When all the water was gone after a long time. There was somewhere a deep hole in the ground close to the ruin. Tara went down in the pit. She found the skull there in front of a realm of cages underground. The cages were full of children. Tara worked her way through the cages and came in an open place where sacrificial items were. Some priests stood at the other side of the place. 'Did Neveroth send you here ?' they asked.

Tara didn't say anything. Suddenly she grasped her blade and beheaded them. Panthers came forward and started to lick her. It seemed that nature was on her side. But soon more and more priests came. 'The wrath of Neveroth is on her !' a priest with a high headcover shouted. It seemed like the highpriest. He had jewelry all over. Soon she was surrounded by spears. 'Throw her in the fire !' the man shouted. They grasped her, and took her blade away. But some of the panthers started to jump on the men, and Tara could run away. From one man she had taken his spear. She went deeper into the place, until she came in a chamber where veiled women were.

'What have you done to the children,' Tara spoke. The women didn't speak, but looked confused. She went behind some veils and came in a deep cave where black panthers were. A skeleton started to laugh. 'You should never have come here, woman, you are trapped,' he said. Tara started to become dizzy. Black huge eyes stared at her, like a white monster. 'Grasp her,' the skeleton said.

'No, I can't,' the white monster said. 'She is the queen of the jungle.'

'She isn't, now grasp her !' shouted the skeleton.

'That the rain of the gods may destroy you, woman,' the skeleton shouted, while huge gems started to fall down on Tara. She got hit so hard on the head that she lost consciousness. She woke up in a white place. Panthers were all around her. The white monster was staring at her.

'Where is the skeleton ?' asked Tara.

'He is dead,' said the white monster. 'I killed him.'

'Thank you,' said Tara. 'Where are the children ?'

'In the cages,' said the white monster, 'prepared for sacrifice.'

'To what ?' asked Tara. But the white monster didn't answer.

'There is no one like you,' said the monster. 'You are beautiful.'

'How do you know ?' Tara asked.

'My master said : one day there will come a woman, the queen of the jungle, and she will ask for the savage children and the animals, to set them free,' said the white monster. 'Me and my master lived in captivity. My master was killed after he revealed about the queen of the jungle. He described you, and you perfectly fit the description.'

'Where are we ?' Tara asked.

'In my palace,' said the white monster. Tara looked around her, and inbetween the white pillars there was an open space with a pond of crocodiles. 'My powers grow more each day,' said the white monster.

'What do you know about Neveroth ?' asked Tara.

'Not much,' said the white monster. 'Just that he is our breath, and that he can take it away.'

Suddenly Tara had the feeling she couldn't breath. Soon she fell down.

'Now Tara,' the white monster said. 'Neveroth is never wrong. Some say that maybe, but I will show you.' After awhile Tara could breath again, and he led her to a white hall. An enormous skull was in the hall, as the skull of a giant, and it was the skull of a monster. 'This is my father,' said the white monster. 'He is impersonated a lot. Now you are not going to believe what I am about to say, but this skull is the ruler of blood. It drains and gives. It pumps.'

It was like the skull was breathing and pumping like a heart.

'Then why is your father not rooting the priesthood out who keep these animals and children imprisoned ?' Tara asked.

'Because the priests of my father stole his bones, and they used it to generate a false skull,' said the white monster.

'Where are these bones ?' Tara asked.

'I don't know,' said the white monster. 'But my father is fading. The skull is perishing. If it has dried out completely, we will not breath anymore and die.'

'Abarath is the one ... the priest who stole the bones,' said the white monster. The white monster led Tara to the cages again. There were white tall dogs walking around there with strange spots. Tara was struck with terror and became very exhausted all of a sudden. The white monster took her back to the palace where she started to get all sorts of nightmares. She was sweating a lot, and the white monster held her all the time.

'Tell me more about Abarath,' whispered Tara.

The white monster became like intoxicated, like drunk, and his black eyes became white, and his skin grey. 'I can't Tara,' he said.

'Do it !' shouted Tara. 'I need to know or he will kill us all !'

'He is a witch,' said the white monster, 'a bad witch, a religious witch. He calls himself the Traxmarut, the Christ, and children have to be sacrificed to him. He steals them, then takes them to the underground. 'He's a butcher, also calling himself the king of swords, or Lord of the swords.'

Tara fell asleep again and had even worse nightmares, until she woke up screaming. 'Bring me to the cages,' said Tara. The white monster took her up, and led her to the cages. She grasped a dog, and a wrestling started. Tara tore the flesh of the dog apart, while other dogs were starting to attack her. 'Do you want to know where the key is !' Tara shouted. 'It's in the heart of these dogs !' Again she tore the flesh of these dogs apart, while she got terribly bitten. 'Take me away !' she suddenly screamed to the white monster. The white monster grasped her, but there were money dogs who had put their teeth in her flesh and didn't want to let her go. It was like she was bleeding to death.

'I see Traxmarut !' shouted Tara. 'The one who is guarding the Gate of Death ! I am dying ! I see his golden coffin with the red covering and the golden cross on it ! I see him !' Suddenly the dogs let her go, barked and ran away. The white monster had come closer to the white palace with her.

'They can't stand the white palace, as there is Neveroth's real skull. They fear it,' said the white monster.

'The bones are in Traxmarut's coffin !' shouted Tara. 'It is somewhere in a church, a cathedral.'

'Below the cages, there is a cathedral,' said the white monster.

'Then let us go there,' Tara said.

'The dogs will eat you,' said the white monster.

'Then we go with the skull of your father !' shouted Tara.

The white monster ended up putting pieces of the skull of his father in Tara's armor, because the giant skull was much too big to take it with them.

The dogs were crying when they saw Tara. They started to melt away, while the white monster led Tara to the cathedral. It was exactly how she saw it in her hallucinations of death. She went inside in search for the golden coffin, which she found in a deeper chamber. A ghost came up from the coffin, saying : 'Who touches these bones inside, will die,' while it was also written in the air. There were rings at the sides of the coffin, golden rings, which kept the coffin covered by a golden plate which was covered by a red covering.

'You cannot open the coffin Tara, you will die,' said the ghost. 'You don't know with which powers you are playing.'

'You are religious scum !' shouted Tara. Suddenly the whole place was in fire, and Tara had to run out of the cathedral. 'It's killing me !' she shouted. The white monster took her to the palace again, where he quenched the fire totally. 'I cannot do this. These powers are too strong,' said Tara.

'Then we will all die,' said the white monster.

'What can we do ?' Tara asked.

'Ask my father,' said the white monster. Together they approached the skull again. 'Father,' said the white monster. Tara wanted to ask you a question.

'I already know what she wants to know,' said the skull. 'And there is only one solution. She has to enter through my nose holes, and enter the chamber deep inside my skull, where the powder of intoxication is in a white coffin. It is the powder of time. She has to smear it on her face and on her body, and go back to the cathedral to get the bones. If she will not be back here with the bones in short time, she will die.'

Tara climbed on the skull her way up to the nose-holes, and went inside where she found the chamber a while later. When she went inside and tried to open the coffin, a white ghost stood there. When she put on the powder she was suddenly in a shock and very paranoid. She suddenly didn't trust the skull anymore, but on the other hand she knew that if the skull had spoken the truth, she needed to be fast now. She ran outside to go back to the cathedral. She ran towards the chamber with the golden coffin, and could open it very easily. When she touched the bones, nothing happened. She took the bones with her. They were not that big. When she came back to the skull, the skull was very mad. 'They have shrunk my bones !' he shouted. 'Bring them in my chamber.' The skull then wanted the bones to be put in the white coffin.

When Tara had reached the coffin and put the bones into it, she suddenly fell backwards, where the floor opened itself, and she slid into a deep, tall pit, where she ended in a dungeon. 'There is no escape from anyone,' roared the skull. 'I have my bones back, and look where it is leading us. Now you are locked up in me forever. I do not know how to get you out from there. Tara was surrounded by strange moving bars.

'Father,' said the white monster, 'maybe you have missed a link.'

But the skull didn't speak anymore. Tara came into a deep sleep. The skull was fading more and more, and started to lose its density. When Tara woke up the skull had completely disappeared, and she was free. 'Maybe your father is finally free,' said Tara. The white monster nodded. When they went to the place of the cages, it didn't exist anymore. They hoped the children were finally free as well.

The Troll Saviour

The Harper's Tale

Death Fiction

'Light is a secret. How does it exist ? It is a hormone,' said Doctor Uzaki. Now they lived in hell since the atomic war they needed some light, as their monkeys were dying. 'They need light,' Doctor Uzaki said. They were in a dark capsule, sinking deeper into hell. The capsule was getting darker and darker. Suddenly someone blasted a piece out of the wall. It was Derenjen, a warrior. There was some light now. The Doctor and his daughter stepped out with the monkeys. 'Welcome to hell,' said Derenjen. 'Can you explain to us how we can breed the light hormone, as the monkeys really need it,' the doctor said. Derenjen told them to come with him. He led them into a cave with spiders and snakes. Some spiders were very big. Behind the cave there were some bigger caves, and here it was like an arena. Giant insects were fighting against giant snakes, while they started to produce much sweat caught into big kettles. These kettles were connected to big tubes leading the mixed sweat into a breeding of strange eggs. Derenjen said that whenever these eggs get in touch with the mixed sweat they open up after awhile bringing forth rare sorts of flies carrying the light hormones. Everyone got smeared by the light hormone, to become true citizens of hell, to be assured of a perpetual flow of hell's stamina. Now they would produce these light hormones by themselves.

Doctor Uzaki and his daughter took a bath in these hormones to get full possession of it, but awhile later they got killed. Only some of the monkeys could escape. One of them was not a real monkey, but had a monkey-suit. He worked in a circus, but now, by the atomic war, he was here, in hell and it seemed more needed to happen to become an eternal inhabitant of hell His name was Darrel, although some called him Dan. He thought it was kind of strange that they had to be smeared by the light hormone. He went to the caves again, and hoped that no one would see him here. Again he went to the breeding and this time he took the hormones to swallow it This seemed to work. He now knew that to be smeared by it was just a trap. He felt the lights moving through him, making him a true citizen of hell, like a big rebirth. He could smell the snakeslime now, and could watch all the hairs of the spiders It was like he was coming alive now, and he took a deep breath. But then he got killed by Derenjen who attacked him from behind. Derenjen

smiled as no one knew the true way to get born into eternity. Derenjen felt like he was the father of hell, as he had invented this hormone. The wrong applications always led to death, and he seemed to be the only one who knew about the true application So he was the ruler and prince of hell But one day, strangely enough, he got killed by a giant black like snake. It was a sort of a seasnake, with very complex patterns. Derenjen knew nothing about the knowledge of these snakes, and it seemed they only bred him for this purpose : to die.

Deeper in hell there were the lights of illusion, spreading illusions to everyone coming closer. So many visitors who came to hell once in their lives started to belief that they were the kings and emperors, all to find out that they had been deceived. Hell didn't accept visitors, only inhabitants. The snakes of the depths of hell could shapeshift into women, and also the wasps, the spiders and the flies could do that. They were the hybrids of hell, and they battled for the first place. They were all hungry for domination.

They knew the secret of true light. It was the knowing that they were true inhabitants of hell And this knowing had been tested, even in the kettles of ignorance and oblivion. The inhabitants of life were easy to deal with, but it seemed the inhabitants of death were quite difficult. And Bombaya, the true prince of hell, feared the prince of death, as he was very strong. The prince of death had a series of old indian masks who were very powerfull, so powerfull that they were able to deceive the prince of hell at times, and it brought fear to the prince of hell, much fear. There was so much mystery around the domains of death, and it was such a riddle, that one day the prince of hell gave up all hope.

The prince of death was a fly, knowing a lot about the technology of death, and as he was growing he more and more started to steal parts of hell to turn it into death. This was how the domains of death were growing more and more, and there wasn't anyone who could do anything about that. One day the prince of death took the prince of hell as a prisoner to the realms of death, while armies of death flies started to eat the lights of hell away. Hell was now nothing more but an island. Death was roaring against hell, and took so many lives in one day. Death had it's dungeons, and the prince of hell started to burn in a strange fire. It was the day hell turned into a woman again, a dark woman of death, eating the last lights of hell, like the flaming pigs. Hell was now nothing more but a pigbreeding, while death grew more and more, and it's blossom was covering everything. Nothing could shriek more than these pigs, these flames of illusion, these deceiving lights, until the spears of death finally quenched all life.

The dark woman of death became the woman of the prince of death, but it only lasted for a day, as they got into a horrible fight. The prince of death tore her into many pieces, but they all grew into women again, dark women of death, coming against him. And thus the prince made them as the hours of death, threehundredthousand hours of death, as that is how long every day in the domains of death take, and in his fight against them he had torn them into minutes and seconds, like armies of dark dark women of death, more than can be counted, as an eternal graveyard for the prince of death. He lives deep, the prince of death, and he is their table, he is their bed, and their heart

And there it's ticking full of rage, full of fear and grief He is depressed, this prince, feeling rejected but he is the prince of death

No one can follow him when he speaks, he speaks like the riddle he is a vampire like a skeleton he rises every day, to rule the domains of death, and when he goes to sleep, a small lullaby is with him He doesn't love this lullaby, as she keeps him imprisoned when he sleeps He only

loves death He's a criminal, a thief, taking away lives, he rules them all, by deceiving lights
These lights are dark like the lights of flies

His name is David, by a strange religion of death he has chained them all. His chains are snakes like worms, striped by the pale, when he touches you it is too late. Once I was caught in his kingdom, in his garden of snakes I tried to find my way. He told me his name is Joseph when he sleeps, his name is Jesus when he dreams. There are black demons in his tree, hiding the hidden meat. It's the kingdom of death, the kingdom of meat, always full of grief. I tried to lighten him up by my harp, but he almost pierced me by a spear, so I ran away, to hide in his tree. Now he tells everywhere where he comes I am a black snake, a black demon. I am hiding forbidden fruits, but it's a hidden fruit It seems he doesn't like me

By a strange religion he has chained them all, he has eaten hell away, but still he scares them, telling about the death within death for me it's a road to escape How many times did he kill me, I do not know It seems I always come alive again in this strange place I'm a strange striped snake, striped by the pale

Still David is my secret obsession The white is rippling on my skin, turning the red into pink. I close my eyes when I think of him, I'm in my dungeon, still with the harper's play, maybe he will take me back another day Maybe he will open my eyes Maybe he will take away my fear

It's a strange hormone of light, the death within death, where the deepest death ends in the flame It is like overdeath, carrying the blossom of light, so pale to see all the other sights and the surveys of the seas I know he will kill him soon, the prince of the sea But that's another diamond, another skeleton, another warfeather.

I will tell you how that will be he skins him, tying his skeleton to his ship and then the sea will disappear in a deeper flame This can only happen in eternal death where time has faded away, and everything is frozen awakening by the deeper flame The deeper flame of eternal death is sliding across the snares of my harp I know I can awaken them all

I still remember his three faces David, Joseph, Jesus Three chiefs of indians Three old indian masks Three warhammers Three stinging flies Your Troll Saviour

DE KARUTE

Brown flowers

These bridges are made of brown flowers,
Bridges between you and me ...
Where do they lead ?
When I look at you, I fade away,
When I think of you, I let you slide away,
This is how I grasp my bow,
But I never reach it ...

I cannot reach anything, and I think this is only the beginning,
Then I find myself weeping in the brown flowerfields,
The echo I cannot catch,
It is too fast,
I am dying here, at the coasts of red flowerfields,
The brown flowers pushed me in the rivers,
They are strong and lush,
In the rivers I have to make my living ...
Only in the brown night,
One night in many years,
I can be in the brown flowerfields,
These bridges between you and me

Brown Flowers II

The elven arrow went through the window,
Struck the girl in her heart,
And now she is full of flowers,
These flowers are brown, my dear,
They traveled through the wind,
Through pastures and forests,
Until they saw her ...

The elven arrow struck her hard,
It was deep, we saw her falling,
She was so drunk then,
What kind of juices is she drinking,
She was struck by the elven arrow,
Struck by something greater than her,
It took her up and painted the sun in her face,
That sun still sinking in the jungle river,
The sun of monkeys,
A dark one ...
Quenching all the lights

The elven arrow took her over the bridges,
Into the dark night,
To brown flowerfields,
Where she stands like a statue ...
So many waves coming over her,
Her mind is now brandnew ...

Widow Spider

Fragile layers of my conscience, Spider watches me and betrays me, She comes like the whore to fade away without traces, Watering conscience, like the fluids of wasps, the well is like the juice of the forbidden fruit, forbidden ages, we got alive in history to search for all these traces, to find the widow spider deep in me

mississippi

I am her soldier, I am her nightguard and her friend, someone who understands, but I do not understand myself, I do not know where I am going, hey, can you bring me to the mississippi, have some treasures deep down there, can you, hey, take me away to mississippi, and show me what you all did to me, when i lost my consciousness, like the coin you used me

mrs. roseleather

Can we talk, you sound so sweet, I'm so broken, want to feel you underneath, Hey, mrs. roseleather, can you turn the page of this horrorbook deep inside of me, Or did i come too late, have you already been married, will this be the next horror to me

refugee

as i'm walking late on street, don't know how to greet, it's another language to me, just got here after my grief, no one knows me, no one cares, but you are there as my late night friend, taking me in, into this greater horror instead, i'm a refugee, i'm a lover watching around but no one sees me, for in this land everyone is married, everyone is having babies without me, oh, priest turn my grief for everyone is wandering here, and i don't know how to greet, my ornaments are heavy, and i'm drowning into sands too deep

primeval destiny

waspian eyes over me, i've reached her house, her sweetness coming over me, as i spread myself in tall delights, she enters me like the lullaby, setting me free, free to the horror of losing myself, she's tearing me apart, she's binding me to another heart, a heart of primeval destiny

caravan

don't have to say anything, i already know, i saw you wandering, dancing in the fragile fluids of yesterday's show, found you there like the tender butterfly, bearing a horror greater than my mind, and now i'm bowing to you, while you break me, these tales of you they ache me, like the tender kiss you raise me up again, for another ride in your strange caravan

Hurt

In the trees they sit, coming after me, These morningmares they want to hit me, to tell me about the tales of a hundred years ago, for now one sees them, they're watching other shows, Baby why are you so cruel to me, It's like you want to put so much death into me, these tales from so long ago, these eggs can only waken, when you hurt me so

strange underwater fight

Strange horror's coming over me, While you say it's just a tale, you're soothing me, I cannot understand, you're just coming to lay the egg in me, and then you leave, like horrors in a row, marching all over me, I do not love you anymore, you're hurting me so, I cannot agree to what you are saying to me, you bite me like the wild cat, you pull me in your sea to drown me, i can never wake up, until i reach the tear on the bottom of your dream

grace

i'm seeing some grace in you, but it's not real, it's only to initiate me in deeper fear, for you always let me fall, when i almost reach the well of your waterfall. i'm swimming up again, until your hand pushes me away, i'm swimming in your lake again, drowning until i understand your pain from yesterday

i'll take you away

i'm a desperate light, in a desperate night, until you come to take the dream away, i'm a desperate light, in a desperate night, until you come and say : the dream is over, darling, come, i'll take you away

all between you and me

Found a place called horror below the depths of hell, First I went through the gates of the thrillers, until I reached this land, The waters are grey here, they speak in languages i do not understand, Below the depths of hell, through thrillergates, there is the land of the horror, to turn all your love into hate, there far away from the heavens, the story goes, it's to turn all your lust in pain, where the river of death flows, so come with me, you must agree, i'm nothing but a horrortale flowing over you, and then you'll see all i have for you, to bring you back to all those tears locked up in primeval bottles In the place called horror, so many tales are swimming while they drown, In the place called horror, deep below the hells and heavens, i found my destiny, while i drowned in mystery, in this place called the horror, where all our dreams end, where the morningmare takes us away, to turn our hearts into prey, but yes, it's all a story, and that's you have to agree, this was all between you and me

horrorless life

While I came down to the land of horror, I found a bow and arrow to pierce myself a way through the meat, of thousand years ago, fallen apart by the lie, by a story you do not know, While I came to this land of horror, I forgot about my grief, I forgot about my sorrow, do you belief, The morningmare took me, and broke my dreams away, she molded me like clay, into her hands i fall again and again, until i'm free from all this pain, of a horrorless life

lie of monogamy

Yes, the morning mare took me, to sacrifice me to the afternoonmare, an evil stare, coming over me, it was nothing like before, but still she saves me, she's a desperate whore, going around to break the lie of monogamy, that's why she always leaves, and while she's fading away, it isn't like before

ornament of her relief

Three tender ladies, three tender hearts, three horror tales, tearing me apart, three tender kisses, three wild cat bites, like the snake taking it's destiny, this horror rises into delight, like the morningstar, like the broken tale, further broken apart, she's the whore of mystery, giving herself to so many lovers, that is her destiny, she just wants to spread her grief, to find the ornament of her relief

the whore of babylon

These horrortales in a row, like horses, like bow and arrow, like the thunder whisper it rises in my mind, while it speaks everything is in fire, and no one understands, for the horror has struck and everything bends, i gave my life away i gave my destiny, and now this baby rises from her grave to destroy the horrorless life in me, no one can strike me like she does, no one can rise like she does, the whore of it all, the harlot two-faced in her fall, the greatest horrortale of all, the greatest horrortale of all, she's sucking the life out of me, to lay her eggs of destiny, deep inside my dream, these horrtales they come alive, showing so much pride, in primeval destiny she rides, on her horse with her bow, the arrow will show them all, there was no life in me, only a horortale to bring them all down on their knees, the whore of babylon, the whore of babylon

destiny cries

Many horrortales in my bottle today, it brings me through the week, it brings me through the year, strange vibes are rising into me, like sea of death it's strengling me, my baby's coming home to me,

my baby's coming to me, on her bow she has sweet destiny, the horse's pride, all these babies ride,
on horses so high in deep delight, this destiny cries Horror is rising, horror is rising, bringing them
all on their knees, the greatest horrortale has come, coded in their destinies, coded in their destinies

sandman go to sleep

As the creatures rising from the pits of horrortales, They will not spare a life, for they will bring the
thrill, of the life beyond the sea, this horrortale will bring them on their knees, like the lullaby
strikes, letting all these sandmen sleep, sandman go to sleep tonight the horror rises, arrows on my
bow, rise in delight, don't spare a life, don't spare a soul, bring them to the cinema of the great great
horrorshow, as the horror rises this ornament's friend is with me, can't you see, his tales are rising,
coming from his legacy, tonight when horror rises, my ornament's with me, horror rise, horror rise,
let the horrorless life fall down on it's knee, we need these horrors to survive can't you see, from this
horrorless life, this horrorless life, so tonight the horrors rise, my ornament's with me, so horror rise,
horror rise The bottles are filled with horror tales, like bags of meat like waspnests, torn open to
show it's grief, it will bring you on your knees, it will bring you on your knees Tonight, from depths
of hell the horror will rise, to fulfill the land with destiny, to fulfill the land with destiny, it's full of
rage, it's full of screams, it makes you scream, this devil let's you believe in him, like jack comes
from the box, like peter pan fades again, bringin you all on your knees, celebrate the life, celebrate
the horror, the lovers' tale, celebrate love, the whore of babylon is coming to thee

Horror Night

From the pits of horror a dark creature's rising, energy is rising like the softest milk, making love to
hundreds and thousands, to millions to fulfill the thrill, the whore of babylon is rising, the whore of
babylon, no need to escape, she will find you everywhere, this whore of babylon, she doesn't know
how to end. Tonight the killerwhale will rise, so many bottles of horrortales, the shark has survived
your last arrow, and now he rises in you, to eat your tail, he eats your heart away, in horror he rises,
soldiers come to take your soul away, it is the evil night, it is the ornamental pride, of a satan who
has lost his ways, since the horrorless life struck he died. Tonight the killerwhale will rise, for it is
horror night, the horror tale comes to quench the last light, the whore of babylon is on your way, she
will reach your house, like billie jean she steals your soul away Tonight the horrortale will rise, like
sweet milk she will stream, like softness she will agree to all what you did to me, Tonight the
horrortale will rise to put you in your right, it was just a horrortale to me, just a horrortale to me
Lights are spouting loud, the horrortale of ages has begun, Now she wanders through the night to
search for a soul to slay, Tonight the horror rides, it wanders through your soul, the great slaughter
has begun, like apocalypse's day Tonight the horror rises, black and red bottles on the street,
spouting their fires, raising up their energies, to do the strike, this army will bring everyone on their
knees, for the greater horrortales will come, to finally bring destiny, the road to hell has begun.
Tonight the horror strikes, the fire has begun to flow, like the last destiny, she will slay you all,
tonight the horror rises, only a tale of lovers fighting, it's not real at all, it's only a good good
carnival, to forget about these pains you brought to me, this horrortale will set me free, of the
horrorless life you brought to me, you bored me, but now you will agree, this greater horrortale
brought you on your knees, just a story between you and me, nothing more, nothing less, today you
will beg for more, but there won't be, for it's horror night, something strange between you and me,
coming from a pit deeper than hell, these horrortales will set us free, this horrible between you
and me, reached it through the thrillergates below the depths of hell, but first i had to see the horror

of heaven, before i could bleed like this, this blue blood of horror, i'm dying deeper, into the pits of horror where i will be seed.

As you glide through my sheets, with all your fluids, you snake, taking away my destiny, in change for a horrortale, riding me, a sweeter destiny, is growing into me As you glide through my blankets, coming over me, the snake of destiny, a killerbite, my soul descends to hell in pride, to take a dive, into the deeper seas of horror, where all seemed to be a lie

Tonight the ornament will rise, this lovers' bite, between my sheets a snake slides, turning around my destiny, she's coming from a deeper pit, through the gates of a thriller she came, through the gate of a thriller she leaves, i am save, nothing seems to hurt me anymore, until the horrortale descends on my inner shores, rippling like a wet dream in me, all these coiling fires and energies coming over me, bright lights shatter my sights and surveys, all the pictures in my head need to hide, as i feel sick she undresses me, i feel so naked, but she comes like a warm blanket over me, to heal me in my faith, there's nothing like her bible anymore, until she breaks me on the shore, a greater horrortale begins

She has been sent out by a greenblack lie, a strange horrorlullaby, She has been sent to me by a strange greenblack horrorlie, to be a strange black horrorlullaby, descend with me into the green, to burn our sheets, to disappear in the wilderness of our dreams There is grace in your wilderness as you descend over me, your lights and fires seem to kill me, your lightening strikes me, whenever i feel sick and dead you're coming over me, to heal me by a greater horroream instead

I'm coming alive

Tonight the ornament will rise in destiny, the thrillers will come alive, these roaring destinies, the wild cats will come out of their graves, to strike the records of my mind, it's bringing me sweet destiny, i'm coming alive

Angelic lie

Thrillers in my mind, coming alive, all these beasts from revelation, coming out of their pits of horror, to show the horror of the ages, the thrillers of heaven descend, the angelic lie, rising in my bed, like a horrortale it's striking me instead

I will agree

Thrillers with their cold blood in bottles, feeding me, raising me, to show the horrors of heaven, in greater destinies, coming from the pits deeper than hell, a great story to tell, so scare them all, and let them fall, from heaven, into the deepest pits of horror, i will agree

Horrors of heaven

As the horrors bring the tears into the skies, As the horrors will sail like the greatest ships through our minds, They will slay them all, They will let them all fall, into eternal damnation to come alive, to watch the deeper pits of horror, these horrors of heaven coming alive These archangels you worship are the greatest horrortales, coming from the pits deeper than eternal damnation, in a horrorbottle they dwell, they keep your soul alive, to keep it in heaven's slavery, a horror night, the whore of babylon and her delights, i warned you, but you didn't listen to me. This mini-disc will eat your soul, for heaven has reached your shore, coming to take life away from you, by angelic lies they march over thee, bind their lies, and throw them in the pits of hell, let horror come over them to dwell in them, let them drink from the bottles of hell Tonight the ornament is rising, so many

tales to tell, while no one believes them, while no one believes them, for horror will tell, and when the wasps come to eat their flesh they still won't tell, that they believe in this horror, they only believe in hell That's their fate, that is the horror of this day, their heaven is a hell, and they forget about the horrortale, and they fade away, in the horrorless life, what a waste

Tonight the horrortale will rise, coming after me, these horrortales will come after me, all these lions and these beast will hunt after me, until they have struck me deep, to open all these bottles deep inside of me, to let me return home Tonight the ornament will rise, taking me away, the ornament will rise, rise in destiny, and all these thrillers come alive to take my soul away, deeper in the grave, deeper into eternal damnation, to reach for the horror skies, to finally be set free from lies, but the horrors of heaven will come over me, to show me there's a deeper sense inside of me, this sense of horror, they took it away from me, but now i'm free, this horrorless life cannot get me. These thrillertrees rise in me, These horrortrees giving their fruits, to let me die in deeper destiny, to finally become free from the horrors of life, but greater horrors of life will get me, fallen away from grace, they will bring me again on my knees, but their hells cannot take me again, i'm now in thriller's destiny, this greater horrortale, is finally saving me, to bring me through the lion's eye, this desperate night, between you and me, it was all a lie, all a lie

Tonight the ornament will ride, to spread it's lovers' tales, in horror he will raise his bow with the arrows of destiny, he will pierce so deep into the fragility of your soul, to set you free, finally free, through everlasting damnation we reach the horrortree, a good story to read When the thrillers come out of their caves, they bring the horrors with me, to plant their seeds between you and me

Horror Book of the Dead

As I was wandering through the realms of the dead, and had eaten from the treasures of hell, i finally came to horror-city, where all dreams end. In the abyss i encountered beast worse than my nightmares, but compared to horror-city these beasts were but confused babies. Yes, I took the thrillertrain, an ornament of death, to penetrate deep into this city, hoping it would take away my pain. As I found the ornaments of suffering, the horrortales, these lokogamen they took my life away, like an egg of the alien i was, becoming a member of the greatest city beyond death, a new life started. And I found out death was just a strange train with strange passengers, and this train it failed too much, finally bringing you through the hellgate. But you see hell was just also a strange strange tale of someone who drunk too much, for everything will finally end in horrorcity, where you just find out you were a part of the greatest horrortale. Tonight the ornament will rise, the great great horrortale, this tallest thinnest snake, taking you away. He'll show you death was just a silly train and hell was just a bridge to a greater horrortale, a seat in the cinema, the horrortale will start. As I was wandering through the city of the dead, a greater tale was taking me to the horror city instead. On wings she came, she was an ornament to me, I was sinking down deep into her mystery. her wings were full of fire, while she screamed to me : hell was just a lie, just the carriage of horror city. It was just a waitingroom for something greater. I know who God is, he's a writer of thrillers, of horrortales creeping beyond our minds. I know who God is an excellent writer. Who develops all these pains in us ? It's the horrorwriter, the horrorwriter. All these ornaments of pain deep inside of me, these thriller records leading me to the desperate night to finally become free. Voices in my head, it's the thriller record, birds bleeding in their falls, going down to horror city, going down for their relief, this hell is a strange train, this hell is a strange record, where are we going to, to the city

of our relief, so come all my babies, and watch the screen, between you and me, the horrortale will break the window, will break the window, between you and me. Finally I can have you in my arms, finally I can sleep, not knowing that you are a greater horrortale, destroying all my dreams ... Can't we just going to the abyss of horror, this city is strengling me ... The lullabies of horror, will finally take me to their dens high on the hills, to their dens high on their rocks, deep inside their caves there's light coming over me, to wash all the pain of yesterday away, only to make place for a greater tear, the well of destiny, it was your tear, you bore with you for so many years, but now we're free. So don't you cry my baby, it was just all a story. These beasts are all our friends, bringing us to higher glory. Can you come with me, or do you feel sad today, it's okay, then we will flee, and go the other direction. Don't you cry, my baby, we were all part of a tale, we were all part of a cinema, higher on the hills. A place higher than heaven, this horror city lives between you and me, a silent cry, like slavery, it's dying everyday, until we follow her, to hear her voice, and bring her to a destiny, a head to live in, displaying all her tales, to have a saviour who will lead us out, and then the horror will begin. So don't you cry my baby, don't you cry again, for it's just a story, a cinema, deep inside of you, my friend, can you hold my hand, a minute, i will wash away your tears, i am the prophet of the horrortale, i will lead you all to the city of your dreams. Listen to me, as I play the piano in your head, always soothing you at the ends of every story, drinking from the tear instead, so many sources swelling up in you, to bring a new story for me and you. Please believe me, there is no escape from this cinema, there is no escape, my lily queen, no escape from this dream, between you and me, you have to belief it's the best this way, so don't have grief, i know what i am doing, i know what i will do, so don't you cry anymore my little princess tomorrow will take you to it's shore, tomorrow will show you the green wet lights, these horrors will fade away, in a tranquilizing night. So come with me, let us make our tents here, to watch the skies of thriller stars, so thrill me, take away my pain by your tales, don't let this destiny slide away. Watch me now, my lily queen, and don't turn away, I will lead you to the morningtale of a dream so far away. This land is big, we can do anything we want to, no need to escape, no need to jump away. Come my child, I know no pencil can describe what happened to you, but the horrorwriter can do. Come my child, there is an ornament of light for you, the story of your life, a horrortale between me and you. So come my child, do not have fear, there is a way out of this misery, the horrorwriter will do, but if you don't like stories, there's nothing I can do for you. These thrillers, still strange saviours, stranger than Jesus Christ, are you thrilled when you see them, they're going to take you away, to save you by a strange strange pain, the pain of a horrortale. So come my child, let this bible be your delight, this horror bible comes to take your soul away in the night. In a soulbottle you will live, but it's better than the life you live now. Oh, horror, take me away, this horrortale is saving me from the day. Tonight the ornament will strike, to chase the lights of the day away, this desperate nightmare will fade away. Behold, the morningmare will ride to pierce your soul and take you away, for another ride, ending in the deepest night. And on the bottom of your grief you'll find another tale, this ornament of suffering, it brings you through the day. Behold the evil of the horror will take your light away, and end up all the fights between darkness and light, between hell and heaven, this arena will fade away. Let me take you to another arena, my dear, it's the platform of a horrortale, quenching the present horrortale of heaven and hell, there's no escape. Tonight the horror of a greater tale will rise, to shatter the nightmare, to bring you to another arena, where thrillers dance in the night. When the thrillers dance there's no escape, they're taking your light away, to find a deeper tale. Tonight the ornament will rise to find you in your deepest grave, it's coming over thee, like a tranquilizing light, taking you away, to the next station of death, with it's own horrortales. Tonight the ornament will rise, the waves of thrillers come your way, howling in the night, like

wolves searching for prey. So can we rise the standard high, to ride the thrillerwaves, to find the horror in the skies. These horses can be tamed your ornament will rise, so come with me today, to search for the perfect lovertales. So when your spear pierces me my horrortale will rise, to let me escape with an other horrortale to your surprise. These wars deep in the night my ornament sais to me, is to escape the lie of monogamy. Monogamy, just a strange train to a horrorless life. But what if to live without horror is the greatest horrortale of all. How long does this movie takes, it already had to stop, but it's still running you see. Is there a scratch in our record, can you tell me, or is this neverending horrortale descending into me. There is no escape when the horror strikes.

Horror Healing

You think you escaped from your prison only to find out that you have entered a worse prison. When I escaped the prison called thriller, i had entered a place worse than thriller, hell and all my previous experiences. This place was called horror, but soon i found out, these strange pains were healing me. These are strange pains to love me, strange tears to set me free. This horrorplace is healing me in a strange way, horror healing, horror takes my pain away by a stranger pain.

The Horrorless

The thriller takes me away, to finally washes me in horror. The thriller takes me away, to a greater healing to a greater pain, these strange tears are leading me to the exit of this place, of this horror, this prison, to encounter the horrorless, i wished i would have stayed. there is no escape, i cannot return to where i came from, the horrorless is eating me, horror won't you save me, horror won't you take me away, there is no lover like you. Horror lover, whore of babylon, taking my soul away, to let the horrorless fade away. She is faithful like any whore would be, but she's just a fairytale, a fantasy, when the horrorless has taken your soul away.

Oh the horror to be in horrorless life, to be bored forever, all by a lie. Oh the horrorless will take your soul away, when you come to it's den, there is no escape. Oh the horror of the horrorless will stay with us forever, there is no escape. Oh, the horror of a horrorless life will stalk us everyday, to take all our happiness away. What can we do when the horrorless took our soul away, when we're living the same life day by day, isn't that the greatest horrortale of all, it's the whore of babylon in carnival. Pray you will miss this day, but she never answers prayers. Tonight the ornament will rise to show the greatest jokes of ages, the horrorless will strike, the horrorless will strike. Tonight you have to pray that you will miss this train, but the horrorless will strike anyway. The horrorless will strike, this greatest horrortale. To find a horrorless life in a horrortale, the greatest horrortale. Tonight the horrorless will strike, thrillers will come out of their graves, these wildest cats will try to make you save. But then the horror won't show up, she will be always too late, to let you meet this greatest horrortale.

All these thrillers they are weapons, writing in the fight, but they won't bring delight, when all these souls are dying, they're only bringing stranger pains taking them away, taking them away, to a strange thriller prayer on the mountains of a horror's grave. We are in horror paradise, in horror heaven, with these horror prayers surrounding us, wolves come out for prey, what if this horror dies, then the horrorless will take it away. The gun of horror is a spoiling fairytale when the horrorless will arrive.

Lullabies of Horror

Oh sweet horrortale, your fire doesn't eat me away, your ice doesn't freeze me, in your arms I am safe. In the ice of horror i feel warm because of you. In the night I'm not afraid anymore, for you are so close to me, oh horrortale, you set me free. In the night when the wolves are howling she's coming to me, to show me the flame of delight, tearing away my night. Yes, she comes to me, like the horrortale she descends into me, always with me, her rose is not stinging me, only setting me free, she's never hurting me, so please stay with me, oh horrortale. In the night she raises me high, to be in tall delights, these ornaments of suffering are so close to me. Perpetual horrors and thrillers in the night, she's bringing sweetness to me, in tall delights, like the elevator to the horror's symphony, these taller lights, chasing away the sounds of the previous nights. Wolves are howling when the ornaments of horror come to me : all these tranquilizing sweetnesses descending into me.

Iris

In the wind, I see this child, locked up behind so many broken dreams, she cannot find her way anymore, Yes, in the wind, I cry another tear, for this child she's coming so near,

but I cannot give her grip, She is lost in a horror tale, she is lost in a tragedy, While I am here, tied by my own destiny. Can you hear me, oh sweet child, can you watch me smiling,

It's okay, I can handle it all, although we have to say goodbye, for I will fall away again,

And you will be so lonely again. Iris, can't you see me, I can only hold you in my dream,

I can only wipe your tear away deep down in my fantasy, Iris, but one day, this horrortale will let us free

Marlous

Saw a girl in broken destiny, her mind was shattered by a strange strange fairytale, it appeared to be a masked masked horrortale. Marlous, but one day you will smile again, one day we will be happy again, but now you have to agree, this strange strange fairytale is bringing us much grief. Marlous, your words soft and tender, Marlous, but do you remember the days we were together, before you had been struck by this tragedy. Marlous one day we will return again to that place, where you sang your song, where you wrote that letter, that horrortale which will set us free, Marlous, don't you remember all what you gave to me.

Someone's playing in my head, I get dizzy, is it another fairytale, or just a broken butterfly spreading another horroream. Broken butterfly, fallen away, now bathing in strange sweetness, depressions found their way to open your secret cases.

I'm wanting to save all my babies, but someone has struck me, and now I'm gliding into a deeper horrortale. So many horrortales as a fragile bridge bringing you to me. You could not save me, I could not save you, but these horrortales made a way.

Watch the river flow, watch the river grow, there's a new day, cannot leave the horror, it's wandering through my mind, like a long lost lover, Watch the rivers flow, these destinies, watch these rivers grow, between you and me, cannot leave the horror, it's wandering through my mind, like the long lost lover, having a shelter for us, in which we can hide, for these days will soon be over, and these rivers turn into fire again, so let us love the horror she will keep us safe, and she will understand

The Butterfly Question

Here I stand, sat here for a long day, now I'm here on my legs, not a mermaid anymore, touched by the kiss and the thrill of an ethereal prince of silent skill, like letters were his roses he spouted them into my nights. Here I stand, lost my tail, my big mouth, had to sell it in change for his embrace, like a prostitute of nowhere he escaped while I was searching for my waste. Should have told him who I was, the mermaid's touch, a cold embrace, turning into fire the other day, still descending into the echo of every new day, spouting like he did before, speaking like his neverending home and shore, still like the whore, still like so many questions, cannot find his last answer to this surprise of mother's delight, a mermaid's butterfly's day. Cannot find the key, cannot find my speech, cannot find the fruit of dying so deep ... Gave my life before, lay dead on your shore, you found me, you watched my face and granted it some mermaid's destiny ... you were so in love with those glitters of my eyes ... stirred up by the lullaby, of a black day, but I was dying in your arms, blood was flowing out of my eyes and hands, like a weak butterfly I lied in the sand, speaking in another sense, by the wind in your hair, fragile snares of forgotten lullabies ... Why did you commit suicide ... Now we cannot find each other anymore for you went to heaven, and I went to hell but our embrace did tell ... we lost so many of our faces Why did you drink the poison from my heart ... this bottle of the ages of war tearing us apart, only the gods will know, they have sent you to heaven, me to hell this story I will tell, maybe you will visit me there, outside of your shell ... Come on, and die again with me, to escape with me, outside this shell of destiny, come on, and give us another chance ... Slowly marching, like the underground, things are heavy, I gave my life but now I'm old and young at the same time, footsteps in hell, breathing like the watering spell ... of a mermaid deep inside of me ... Slowly marching, my heartbeat in me ... decided to die again in this destiny ... Why do I have to live here, without you, deep inside the mermaid speaks in me ... I am a cocoon, I am in a cocoon ... forgetting about all what you did to me ...

Hide

As I'm sliding into your dreamy morning embrace of sleepy magic eyes I unfold myself by dying into your mysteries, layer by layer, until I reach your shivering fleeces waiting in extasy for my penetrating dive inside to catch your echo in the distance, a song you could not understand, that's why you always had to hide ... Hide, my dear, my lily queen, hide away in extasy I will follow you,

the delightful flame of roses coming like a flash, leaving so many traces of wondering, guessing how will this all end ...

Lips of the Rose

When the night almost falls, the fire of roses is descending like a blanket covering the borders of the sea, while calypso is ascending in you and me, telling stories and tales, under a soft embrace, your lips run fast, it's killing me, while softness flows like icecream, i believe in this destiny, of a pink hand making me understand, all these butterflies in me, with their lights of roses, making me drunk, making me stir up my extasy. Will not close this door again, while these creatures of light sand are coming over me, like the tall embrace, the distances are fading away before my face. Can you wait a little longer, these lights are getting stronger, until the flash of a rose, descending into these morning streams, taking all the dreams away. We must not lose grip while we dive, these sands in the oceans, make us understand. So many letters from space, in atmospherea it has it's place, telling so many stories in the language of the soul, the language of this embrace.

Past

Trust me I have to die, when this killerwhale comes I must take the dive, to bear this cross, I will survive, sweet deaths like heat is coming to the surface of my mind, an echo from so long ago, embracing me in delight. Can you tell me about this river flowing through me, can you tell me about these feelings I have for you, why can't I play with these riddles you plant into my soul, they stand like frozen soldiers blooming in the snow, not hearing what I say, not seeing what I show them, it's no time to play ... They drum the killerdrums on sundaymornings, hit the skulls on saturdays, but the rest of the week they're sleeping.

Kiss me goodbye these days are over, you must find your own way now. Roses will follow you every morning, find your footsteps in the snow, for it will freeze between us, until all the suns have died out. Can't you see the love has turned into hate again, we can better stop our conversations for they never end. Don't come to me anymore, I will fly away, to find a new shore, go say I'm a whore, go say I'm a picture of a magazine or a crazy sexmachine.

Killer-Icecream

Twinkling eyes, flirting dress so fragile, fading away when someone comes near, I pray, one day you will totally disappear, you sweetness of Tantalos, killer-icecream.

No sugartales

Watch me now, roses watching, can I have you in my arms, or does it sound too sensual baby, growing from a tall pit where the roots of roses dwell, watching all the mornings coming, throwing in them all they have, throwing in them all their spells. Watch me now, roses watching, can I have you in my arms, or does it sound too dreamy, growing from a tall dark pit, having no lovers, no roots of roses, having no babies, no sugartales.

Sad Day

The moon is shifting before my eyes, can feel her breath her lover's desire, I'm diving away instead, through the walls my spirit leaves, like the tattoo melting away after a day of grief.

I have found the rose of a purple fire, of a purple colour shifting in desire, like a sensitive ray piercing my mind to let my conscience ejaculate. I'm raising the edges of my coat higher, while the rose is ascending along the glassy wall, an ejaculation from a million years ago, still reaching for my mind, like the hunter of no delight. No stories to tell, no babies to sell, no creativity, only a spear to open the last well. As I hear the strange voices in the distance, screaming my name, like lovers of the golden rose, of yellow rose waters, watering like the killer embrace. Why do they make me soft after a day of hardness of no trace, why do they let me follow my own shadows after the deep descending embrace, cut away from it's source, bleeding purple colours from a strange storybook, all roses disappeared.

Powers of Yesterday

In these ethereal worlds, in these etherian minds of the rose, a black horse belgian prince laid down inside, with his bow, his arrows and his enemies, watch his cocoon, this rose is growing pale, yes, further than he wanted to, he's now an officer in states of dreams. Like the prince of the etherian, the chief of a thousand mornings, breaking through, like that old black horse he loved, he's now following you. He got all it takes to conquer you, but now he is a shadow fading away, too fragile to believe in himself, to fragile to believe the powers of yesterday.

Nothingness

Got the belgian prince within my sight, a trembling beauty, full of fear, full of scars behind the feathers of his jacket, so unwise. Got the belgian prince almost eating from my hand, come near, come close, you lullaby, and don't shatter away in all these lies. Like a myriad of ethereal princes following your eternal smile, the smile of hundred roses walking all in line, for you, and it's true, they're not intend to do the things like you, keep your mouth shut all these years, no thought will leave from all these fears. And still, you're gliding through the years, with your bow and arrows of silence, sweet voices no one hears, like the sound of someone disappearing, sliding back to the sea, he was nothing in the eyes of you and me. Now put on your clothes, put on your seals, put on these destinies, between you and me, to escape once again, to slide away once again, to the seas of our dreams. I can hear you coming like the rain ticking in my conscience. I can hear the message of a dream of thousand years ago, maybe longer ago, cannot see it brightly. Can I hold these tears, and sliding back to all those years the sea brought to me on the wave of myriads of quivering roses. Can I dive along these streams, my spirit won't die anymore, for I reached the shore behind the nightmare, roaring like the perpetual destiny. Like the onion-flower, I grasped this tear away from you, you couldn't bear. My soul won't die anymore, for the arrow reached the shore of all my sensitivity to pierce it once again, and all these trauma butterflies between you and me, have shattered all our bones, we couldn't rise up again, to only lie in misery, poverty, a world of hiding sweetness opening up to you and me.

Belgian Grin

Softly he is bowing his head, he has no friends, for no one understands. He's on his own, the tears leave when he cries. No one wants to be his home, and I'm standing there, watching from the mountain of my pride. Come with me, have pride when you're with me, there is nothing to hide, my flames will find you. Come with me, I have seen your tears, I am your Jesus of the Rose, crucified in your fears. He watched my trembling hand when I met him, He could destroy me in a flash as he was the memory, like a lion's rose he stood erect, watching my ... Jesusian Pride with strange delight, no one wants to be with him, in fear that he devours them. Come with me, have some pride, I will give you all you need. Come with me, this Jesus of the Rose has interest in you, fly away with me. As he showed his back I didn't see any wings, but he could fly like the melody, a tingling dream. All the girls of the lower streams wanted to have a ride with him, this amazing sight. Can I help you, dear sir, you have grown so tall, but you have lost your dreadful lion's rose, can I help you in, this lover's tale will bring you all you need, inside this belgian grin.

Wild Rose

Jesusian Lions coming over me, making me so dreadful, making me without any grin, still the girls want to have a ride with me, for the Lion's Rose is their dreamy destiny, side by side, they flow inside of me. Can I help you, ma'am, can I brush your shoes, or tearing your clothes for this wild rose descending into you.

The Rose's Strike

I'm the one who plays with destiny, I'm the one who plays with grief, like the virtues of a wild rose, deep down inside of me. I'm the one playing with life and death, hell and heaven, and still I'm not scared. Challenge me, in this ring of love, watch the wild rose coming over you, stigmatizing your lover's bite. Scars and trauma's, play with me, come outside your dens, and throw it all over me, Rivers of Hell, Suns of Heaven, come over me, I am the kettle of your dreams. Strange invocations, challenge the gods to fight, their titles are a rose's destiny. Their marks to doubt, go, wrestle with them, go to Pniel's Rose Paradise. These arena's are good for your soul to grow to develop your lovebite to develop your rose's strike.

Jesusian Rose

Jesusian Rose, so traumatic, his mental cross is bending under the illusive weight of this strange magnetic snow, like I cannot touch this button, for it's behind this mental knife show, displaying the lights of roses, they don't want you to enter the fight. I can smell the odors of crashed bones, so I drink another cup of Tea, it's torturing me, like there's no escape, but the roses defend me, with their licorice alarms, with their nectar smiles, all is good and well, young sailor, are you ready for the night. This tenderness I never felt before, for my mother was a whore, and my father was a racecarman, he never reached my home.

Daylight Friend

She bites me, now I have a mark, fragile streams of the rose slide inside me, like the slime of roses waters stolen away from the dens of snakes. It's ejaculating in my head, my conscience weeps, it never ends, it's trembling like the soul of a flower. Then she bites me lower, now I have another mark, growing like the shell, like a strange scar underwater. My visions are drowning here, my feelings shiver again, now I have a rubber stripe to protect me when my views bend. It rises like a plastic wall, melting until rose's catch it's smile, in a red solar roses rain, vanity takes place. What did you do, now I'm bound forever, you were great in science, great in school. Carrying the pink lights through the rose's bridges to the shores of the yellow captains of narcissus and dreams, can I sink some deeper, penetrating your dreams, descending in your sentimental prides like the lost toyprince I decide to ripple all these layers of your mind as a switchboard to reflect my pride. No one will believe you, no one will be sensitive to your tears, for only me, the toyprince will provide a good temple for all these years. Girl do you really believe it has to be like this, that a trauma prince rides his horse this way, we're doing the ritual once again, until a lost saviour like Peter Pan takes us away, to a colder embrace, to a distance kiss, to the silence of all these years. I wasn't ready for this, but my father taught me, it has to be this way, so I bring it into the puzzle, these soft white hairy lies I will turn them around until they find their destiny, all these minds of lust and desire will tumble away.

Sympathy

These roses are freezing, dying, can't you do anything ? No, it has to be this way, as father told us, please stay in silence. But then, can I pray ? No, for father doesn't believe in prayer, you must give it away. Then I'll turn to the elders of my church, saying your father is a liar, he drinks and sleeps with foul women, and sends the beggars away. Please, can I be an officer, can I change the records of your mind, like an ethereal prince I will find you, bleeding in the night. I have nothing to say anymore. These words are too high to reach your shore. Oh, captain please, don't take this misery away. I have to give it to my mother when she prays. These words are not for you, my son. I'm wondering if you will ever learn. So I went to the elders again, and I asked : Can I be your Peter Pan, I can teach you to fly to certain stations no one understands. But they locked me up, saying I'm like my mother crying. There's nothing to complain, I just have to reach higher. Now I'm still dying in this grave, no mothers, no fathers, they're all gone in their houses. No one believes in me while they pray, and father still doesn't believe in anything but you, it has to be this way, it has to be your way, please just stay in silence, but then : Can I just pray ? No prayer for the dying, no prayer for the dead. For father doesn't believe in them, he only believes in his bottle and his bed. Well father, can you send me some of your women, and some of your beer, can you make me forget this nonsense, and all of these tears. No, it has to be this way, as father told us, shut up, and stay in silence, while he prays to his bottle, while he prays to his bed with all his foul, foul women. It's better that you stay out of this.

Jesus

Hear the rose's roar, she's in her den, with a thousand princes carrying her dress, shattered like the butterfly in tranquilizing lights. I close my eyes, I cannot see, but still you're watching over me. Hear her roar, she's lying at the feet of the cross kissing the feet of the Jesusian Rose dying there, washing his sandals by her tears. No one can wash this heart of mine, it's too far gone, it's foul like the rose's order, like purple flowers along dirty rivers. Can't believe the mystery, when the rose said : die. Can't believe she pulled me through the mud and all the chaos. It's like she's creating a different world. This lion's rose is attacking me to bite me again to initiate me in myriads of mysteries. But I don't believe in temples, don't believe in the things I cannot see. Yes, I am an atheist, born from a rose, but not interested in her religious grief. Jesus was an atheist, He didn't believe in all these strange religions and spells, heavens and hells. Jesus was an atheist, following an atheist god, a god of non belief. Jesus was an anarchist, didn't believe in ruling romans or pharisees. Jesus was my heart bleeding by all this religious crap you threw over me, like I was the rubbishbin, a rose's trauma. Jesus was against your monogamy and montheism. He was the rose's prostitute, making the beggars rich by poverty. Jesus was our all-dying heart, pierced by religion and politics. No, he was an anarchist and an atheist, not believing in this crap between you and me. He was the rose's prostitute. He was the harlot of the sandal smile, descending into the sands of all these ages of faul crap, the rubbishbin of an atheistic god. He believed in an anti-god, a molested idea, believing in you and me, while our rose was rising again, sweeping and washing away all the misery. She's drying his pierced feet by her hair, this rose's delight is everywhere. She can't believe his blood was streaming, for it was all running inside.

The Cave of the Lion's Rose Lights

Lion's Roses in the fields of your heart. My soul slides further, this sight is tearing me apart. I feel your coldness trying to warning me, but your desire draws me deeper, inside this snake's den, the slimy rose is calling, hidden under carcasses and mud, like in a strange cocoon she's dying, but coldness is also my shield. These terrible odors break my mind, these terrible odors take away my pride. Lion's Roses in the fields of your heart. My soul slides further, while the fear is tearing me apart. Then it's like I cannot think anymore, like the heart of my mind has stopped beating. Then death jumps over me as a fragile blanket of nightshifts and butterflies. I'm dying deeper into the cave of the Lion's Rose Lights, the cave of the Lion's Rose Lights, the cave of the Lion's Rose Lights. Your lips frozen, your nipples are swollen, while the milk of death is streaming, like the spiderweb descending, I come over you, in terrible fears, for lightening has struck you, I'm in butterfly's grave. This is the end of me and you. Lights of roses ripple along the slimy spiderthreads. They're wet and flirting like the underwater morning threat. As I glide deeper it just terrorizes my mind, like the trauma is coming through to end the fight. She's now the princess of a blue fairytale, she isn't satisfied but this is all she has, like the prisoner of a shark's cave. I raise the portal of an anti-god's delight, I blow into her atheism and pride. She cannot see me, as I cannot see her, it's all in my mind. There's a creature between us, laughing, smiling, a creature between us, radiating these lovers lights, these roses lights, the Lion's Rose, is coming over me. It sets me free, and then it returns to the sea. Escape with me. To a world we cannot see.

Suddenly

Through the underworld your silent voice slides, like the whisper opening up the excitements of my mind, I've been in love before, but this is something more. Through her undercave I'm reaching for her shore, where the blossom of hell grows, foul like the indian spell. There have been pirates here, I can smell, your dirty eyes tell. Through the lovers road I reach the bridge, these coming feelings roaring in the seas, and suddenly I stop for I can't have her babies. I turn around to watch her smile, she's sitting on her knees. Then she binds my hands, and shows me she's a killerqueen. After all these nightmares I still can't be myself. Throughout the underworld she reigns, throughout the underworld she tells her tales. An optical illusion she is, descending into my memory to come through.

Waspian Fruits

On a Jupiter Chessboard we sit and die, watch and fly away, someone turns the sky, the chessboard starts to spin. Don't you realize you have to fly, or you will be a pawn again the other day. On a Jupiter Chessboard we watched the skies, where our babies died. We could not save them, for we were just pawns. But now the rose has set us free, now the Chessboard spins, a strange waspian vibration, where the mental ejaculations flow for our release, please keep distance, don't come there again, but deep inside your memory you remember where these waspian fruits flow from. He was tied to a stake of an indian embrace, it took him a hundred years to recover from this mental sting. Still he's tied there, deep down in his memory, while I can't set him free. Waspian ejaculations in the skies, I cannot save this mother dying for her child, I feel like a pawn today, but I will try it tonight. He was tied to a stake of a million years ago, cannot break the chain, cannot reach the shore. Drowning in these sentiments of a primeval lake. Someone brought me a fruit, this waspian fruit, it was penetrating my mind, descending into my pride. Now I can reach out for his love, to set him free, today. I thought I felt like a pawn, but now I feel like a snake, coiling inside a rose, rising up to die, the flowercutter's head, he's afraid and now I'm dead. But my soul finds the spiderthread leading me deeper into death, not seeking for revenge to bite the flowercutter's head, I just follow all these roses lights deep inside, guiding me to darker places, guiding me to the ghostship of all these lost ages. Don't need a future, I only need to die to travel back again, where I came from, with the lights I have found, to save this mother dying for her child. I let her drink from the waters flowing from my hands. I cannot hear her voice, but I'll make her understand. I'm giving her from the waspian fruits.

Waspian Lullaby

Like lightening she stood before me, the tall light of the rose, penetrating so many hearts, like the wasp tear, these lights broken apart. Come with me, do you agree, to enter these waspian worlds, soothing thunder, soothing heats, while cold ejaculations guide the ghostship through the seas of waspian flowers, mighty waves, roaring like the ...

S.O.S.

I was trembling on my knees, begging her to save my life, as she stood there holding her knife against my throat. It was a waspian nightmare, all these ejaculations leaving me, until her cold embrace sucked all the life out of me, this Waspian Rose, her mouth was like the threatening kiss, descending to pierce my soul, to steal my bliss. Am I in heaven or in hell, or is this just a waspian shell, like the strange roaring cocoon vibrating like a waspian ocean-spell. Her dark embrace, telling me I had died into her caves she drew me, while I couldn't hide. A strange waspian lullaby was bringing me on my knees again, please save my life.

Waspian angel

A part of me is saying it is all a lie, while another part of me says it's all real. A waspian chessboard I got from you, where would it bring me, would it bring me a new year. A lovers spell is what you said to me, I couldn't say thank you, I couldn't breathe, the heat was taking me away in soft soothing softness I lost your embrace, until the hard man struck me, I was dead for many ages, can't you see, where can I run to, to who can I go to tell what I need. All I need is just a deeper death. My senses are all broken, I do not understand. In these seas of misunderstanding I wander for so long, please take me to the waspian oceans and make me strong. I understand that only weakness opens the eye. By strength we only see illusions, and I don't know why. Can you lead me to your grave, oh waspian angel, my embrace will always guide you, will you help me to believe in you, I was taken away by a strange chessboard, but since you saved me I am here, waiting for these portals to open to swim in these waspian seas of tomorrow.

Memory

It's just a memory, sliding over me, breaking the lights of destiny, breaking the lights of tomorrow, to have me, going back to history, to primeval drums and insanity, to find the broken lights of a spider's destiny. All these chessboards they surround me, spinning like the waspian delights, but I cannot touch these, for that would bring me back into the horror night, the factory of a rose's destiny, where all the dolls come alive, to die again in strange fights.

Desert Lullaby

The silences of wasps are on my bow, I can shoot to open their barrels, where their fluids of ecstasy hide. These sounds are only breaths, taking me away, swelling up until they break away, descending tenderly in my emotional vibrations to bring my conscience in delights. I have lived behind these bars for so long, I want to find the waspian caves, the deeper caves, bringing me closer to your heart, where desertmen embrace you, their bows charged by the silences of spiders, their fluids are rising higher, to watch their killer sprays. All I can do is close my eyes and sigh. All I can do is hide away following all my tears, these threads get stronger everyday, until they are a new cave to live in, to break the desert's

Waspian Prison

I'm locked up in this waspian prison. I'm locked up in this waspian embrace, but still roses lights are descending here, while they don't belong here. All these ages I'm locked up, in this waspian cage with a strange waspian clock. All my ejaculations run away, through the fragile layers of my mind and my pride, found the broken lights of spiders today. My lights are rising up, for a gigantic seasnake found my cave, she is staring through the windows while my memory breaks ... or am I just dreaming again, a new illusion letting me believe in a new sort of god So I try to be more atheistic, or I will be sucked away into a danger worse than this waspian prayer. I have been locked up in this prayer, for these guys wanted to protect me. I have been locked up in their canon, in their endless forgiveness and grace. You can better stay with one god, the first and the last, or otherwise millions will come to tear your soul away

Waspian prayers are coming over me, for my father and mother love me. Waspian prayers floating away, for other gods come here to pray to their gods, all these ladders of the mystery, it brings me on my knees, but I will rise again, only to be your atheistic friend. Waspian portals, roars of millions of years ago, still roads to go, waspian portals overflow my memory, my spirit slides deeper to their ornamental destiny. Like the cold ejaculation of memory, it takes me deeper, all my babies show the deeper traces underneath it all. Is it me, or am I speaking like a waspian waterfall.

Nothing like Yesterday

I am looking for words to thank you, all I can do is cry, for you took away my heavy burdens by your touch and by your smile. Your path was over coals of fire, but now they are like steps of pink fire There is nothing like yesterday, there is nothing like watching you while you pray, your eyes are calming me, your soft voice is rolling over me There is nothing like yesterday, I would watch you when you prayed, but since you died I always cried since you died I always cried There's nothing like yesterday It is all so far away Come closer to me, my bird ... come closer to me to tell your tales unheard Your stories would always heal me your words would comfort me I always felt like a baby in your hands You were tender and caring full of passion, full of wisdom but it seems I cannot find you back These realms of the dead are just too big There is nothing like yesterday when you were still with me, when I watched you when you prayed, eyes so full of care, stories to take me away I am a wanderer now, waiting for the day I'll find you again, back in my arms, but where are you in these realms of the dead It's so big it overflows me, I'm always drowning, always frozen like a statue in the wind Can we only dream, to find our feather of stories back There is nothing like yesterday, when I remember you, I watch you while you pray, your eyes are calming me, your soft voice is all over me

Feathervoice

As you're sitting before your shrine, before your fireplace, I always smile so deep inside, it's such a peaceful sight, taking all my burdens away, you're the enlightenment of my heart, soothing my mind, soothing all my other parts It's okay you whisper, and then you whisper my name Finally you take me slowly away together we watch the flames, while you're telling softly your stories to me you're calming me

It's okay, you whisper, you're putting your blanket over me, and then you hold my hand, when I'm lying in bed, telling me so many stories until I fall asleep Featherplace, fireplace, coming over me, I feel your hand on my hand, you're holding me, I cannot stop the tears from falling, you take my burdens from me Featherplace, fireplace, taking all the burdens from me, you're leading me to the soft soft river ... like the lullaby you sing oh feathervoice, please take me in Your boots are soft like feathers, your dress is white and soft as snow and your eyes are brown, they're telling me, all the things I need to know feathervoice take me in, in your eyes I sink ... I'm floating away, please hold my hand, where are you please hold me, you must lead me, for I do not know the way

Depths of Your Eyes

I'm drowning in your eyes, your brown eyes, telling me stories, taking me in, so fast, so deep, I'm sliding, floating, I do not have any grip You're taking me away to my childhood where you heal me ... My eyes are watering, you stand there, like a wall of fire to protect me, like a wall of feathers to keep me soft, and the days you take like a bracelet I'm drowning in the depths of your eyes, you're telling me stories, taking me in, I'm sliding, floating, do not have any grip, you're standing there in the dungeons and the valleys of my childhood to break all the chains to quench all the flames of hate You open the doors of my cages for me, you lead me out of my caves into the fresh air filled with licorice You lead me out, I can run through many forests, I am free, and alive and you are standing behind me With a candle in your hand, you lead me out, and covers me by your blanket in my bed You're holding my hand You're making me at peace Telling me so many stories Until I fall asleep my head on your lap my head on your shoulder I'm weak and I dream

Breaking the Screen

At the coasts of Tantalus, the tragic birds arrive,
They have made a long trip across the sea, and now they have to find a place where they can sleep,
At the coasts of Tantalus, the son of a lawyer is eating icecream,
No one knows he got here to see the birds, the tragic birds of destiny,
But then there's a wasp in the icecream, bathing there, while the boy starts to scream,
Mister, mister, can you give another icecream to me,
No, boy, you have to take what you get, that's all I have for you today

At the coasts of Tantalus, the tragic birds arrive, doing things we do not understand,
Come let me take you with them into the skies,
Above the seas of Tantalus I cry,
These waves are killing me, until a greater tragedy is taking me,

At the coasts of Tantalus, my grandmother said to me : Baby, can we hide somewhere,
For these Birds of Tantalus they grow inside

At the coasts of Tantalus, my baby said to me : Let's take another tale, this one is scaring me,
So I brought her some icecream, and another tale to dream, will you go with me, my baby, let's fly
together, across this Tantalus Sea.

Dream Escape

Baby, come with me into this rubberband dream, a liquid plastic dream, so full of tragic view. There
is no other way to raise the new screen, let us escape into television, let us escape in liquid destiny's
dream. baby, come with me, can I ride you like a pony, can you fly with me, my dream, can you
take me away to your tragic destiny. Ladybugleather Baby can I take you away with me, can we
take these plastic lover's dreams into the silent screams.

Dreamland, dreamsand, dreambeach, take me away, all these plastic lover's sands are luring me
today, to their tragic beaches, tragic smiles, these lights from the purple, with ornaments so bright,
beaming lights into me you've never heard of, taking you away. Dreamland, dreamsand, lover's
blanket, liquid destiny, this baby's breathing, what can I do, must I hide her in a silent breath, behind
silver screens to hide her views.

Dreamside baby, liquid lover's band you're growing along the sand, like the beach of yesterday, a
tragic lover's tale brought you away. Dreamside baby, can you understand what I am trying to say to
you, these tragic lover's tales will never end, it's your destiny to hear them all, let us both escape to
the lover's tragic carnival. Dream escape, can I take you away, can you read between the lines, let us
hide somewhere in sweeter pain, dream escape, can I take your ornament away for you hide too
much of your tears.

Dream Escape can I take you away, can I bring you to a lover's dream in tragic Hide Away.

Hide and Seek

On a morning my destiny said to me : I've cried all these tears and you saw none of them. I was
playing hide and seek, but she didn't understand, and then she flew away to a greater destiny. And I
said : baby why did you leave me She said honey don't you remember We're playing Hide and
Seek

Hide and Seek, like some lover's tragic destiny, I do not know the rules of it all, but I can see the
glimpse of a greater carnival

Can we open all these boxes, can I hide away with you, or will we play it all together in a brandnew
view Hide and Seek like a sweeter tragic point of view, we're all just playing games to do the
Hide and Seek

Honey don't you remember, so many parts of me I cannot reach, maybe you can reach them, we'll
do our Hide and Seek.

Why can't we just escape to have a greater survey, why can't we play our Hide and Seek. Why can't we have a better view at each other, why can't we play our Hide and Seek

Hide and Seek, can I watch you from a distance, can I watch the deeper things coming out of you, we will do Hide and Seek ...

Hide and Seek can I turn your ornament around, to show me what's just deep inside of you we do our Hide and Seek

Hide and Seek can I play this thing around, can I turn the screen, my baby, to watch another sweeter tragedy Can I grow into your ornament to open a deeper part of you, can I watch the streams inside your heart, reflecting you and me ... Let's run away from them, to do our Hide and Seek.

Baby I can feel your heart, it's gone awhile ago, I am your lover's friend. Maybe I must let it go ... but don't you want to play some hide and seek with me Hide and Seek, can I order some plastic loverdreams, liquid like the rubberband of destiny, let's do our hide and seek To stretch it into sweeter tragedies Don't you hide, we'll do our hide and seek

So don't you come crying in the night to me For I might be with someone else raising the liquid plastic lover's screen We do the Hide and Seek

Hide and Seek II

Can I have some time with you, my friend, I want to talk about some things you didn't understand, my love, throw your marbles away, and let us go for some other play Baby, can't you see, these tears were only hiding a greater destiny It's setting you free It's letting you play the hide and seek

Baby can't you see these ornaments so deep inside of me Let's do the hide and seek I know it sounds so tragic, but it's a sweeter tragedy than all the ones you had before You know I'm saving you out ...

Mother has always told us to give her our crowns, to sink deeper into tragic destiny, into a lover's tale of hide and seek.

Fight and Love

Like lovers underwater we are looking for other shores, like the babies roaring, underwater choirs, these songs I used to sing, these ornaments which used to rise, I see, you couldn't understand, but now I hope you see or is a tragic misunderstanding still hunting you She hunts you down, she takes your crown, she's fast and strong like the ladybugleather dream ... flowing so fast through me

Is it like the werewolf to you ? ... my friend Is it like the assassin you still love my friend Is your pirate irritating you, and then he talks so sweet Isn't that all about life's grief To play Fight and Love

Tonight the ornament will rise, in destiny These lovers underwater, searching for the destiny searching for the new game between you and me Baby can we do the Fight and Love do you want to play like the Hide and Seek it will take you away to greater destiny to sweeter tragedy Come with me, today I'm your ladybugleather dream

Fight and Love II

Like the python fire she creeps and slides through Amsterdam Her ornaments rise to play
Fight and Love

Her ornaments they look so tight and so small Melted by the Lights of so many fights But
now she's rising just to play this game again of Love and Fight of Love and Fight ...

He dreams ... He sleeps She takes away his tragedies to bring sweeter tragedies to him
She loves, she fights to play with his desperate lights and then she plays the tragic Hide and
Seek to raise all the ornaments deep inside of him Just can we have our games just can we
have our little fights by a warm warm love's light

Tragedy of the Lion's Bird

The lion's bird is sitting on my knee,
Hitting my face with tragedy,
And the young bird growing there,
Like the spear of cold eternity,
Haven't I told you before,
This bird is reaching for my lover's shore

The lion's bird has come to me again,
tripping on my stairways, before I bend,
I try to run away, with you,
The tragedy has come, to take us all away,
Turning us into brandnew

Lion's bird, has come to sit on my knee,
It's scaring me, this bird has nowhere to hide,
It's all a big big tragedy,
slowly sliding into my mind,
Lion's bird come over me

Lover's Tragedy

Friend come over me it's late,

I got a story to tell,
But you won't like my leather chains,
for you to tell these days are over,
Friend it's the last time,
You take this heart from me,
For from now you will take other hearts,
To lover's destiny,
It's over my friend,
Just come this last time over me,
To watch the big big tragedy

Raiser of the Lover's Grief Tragedy

In softness you will rise,
But don't you know,
This life is all about tragedy,
So go and build yourself a house,
And remember me,
For one day it will bring you through the tragedy,
But then I can't help it you see,
There will be other tragedies,
Bringing you down on your knees,
Oh, but when you're willing to deceive me,
With your leather chains in me,
I'll guess you'll never see it,
Got to raise this lover's grief,
Between you and me

Eternal Tragedy

I'm home again,
With you in my arms,

We have overcome the tragedy,
I'm home again, but don't you see,
There's tragedy like eternal destiny,
Another tragic destiny, a lover's destiny,
It's ticking on the window this bird,
Like a ghost unheard,
My dear, it comes from history,
With so many leather chains,
bringing sweet sweet tragedy,
of tales unheard, of roses sweet, too sweet,
raising this song today, like a sword so deep,
It's only raising out of our grief,
So let's give it time,
We must use wisdom to see,
This eternal tragedy,
Embrace her dear, don't run away,
We got to accept her ways

Cruel Tragedy

Outside it's cold, but here it's warm,
For all these tragedies, coming forth from eternal love,
Let just all these beggars die,
We don't need them to survive,
All these saviours in the storm, trying to take us away from sweet sweet tragedy

I'm taking you in my arms again,
Let the beggars die, my friend,
They need to have their own tragedy

I know it's cruel, I know it fades away,
For these beggars are always strong enough to take us away,
Bringing us to deeper tragedy,

Like we wished we had never seen them,
Like we wished we had killed them before,
These beggar birds have now killed everything between you and me,
So why did we take them in,
Were they strong enough to take our hearts to let them win,
Forever they will tell the stories we used to tell,
Forever they will be between us, taking so much away from us,
Until the bird of tragedy takes them away as well,
It's too late to say farewell, but tomorrow you will tell,
And I will be crying on my bed,
And I will love you instead,
These beggars were too strong for us, my friend,
Their cries in the wind still haunting my tragic destiny,
Too late to say farewell, but tomorrow you will tell,
And I will be alone, to wake up alone,
To only see your letter telling me,
You are gone for eternity,
It's hopeless my friend,
I've survived this lover's grief, with all the beggars you gave to me,
You cruel, cruel thing, how could I raise my children, but these weren't my children,
Just the destinies you gave to me,
Oh, cruel cruel friend, but at the end everything will bend,
Into another lover's destiny, I'm out of this you see,
To find the tragic misunderstanding deep inside of me,
I will forever bleed, forever will I take this destiny,
I will learn to see, this lover's knife so deep inside of me

Tragic Misunderstanding

I've learnt to sing this song after all these years,
So come back, my dear,
But you won't come back, for me it's already clear,
You want to give the tragedy to me,

For you yourself are living in an eternal grief,
I always refused to see,
But please come back to me,
Don't let me die in this grief,
I got to save us forever,
I am a saviour you see, a beggar taking away all the tragedy,
So don't let me die, I will steal away the tragedy,
Like Robin Hood, to share it to the ones poor of tragedy,
I think I got the message figured,
There was a tragic misunderstanding so smart

But all these words seem to fade away before your heart,
You're cold as ice, but why are you still haunting my dreams

Blossom awakening after the lover's fight,
A night of reunion, all these faces between you and me,
Like finding the hand of this old friend,
But no one will take away my tragic sight,
It helps me to come through the day,
So don't steal it away,
I need it to reach for my own shores,
Instead of your destinies,
So don't take it out of my hand, my friend,
We could always talk, even into lover's bend,
The eternal blend, but it's over my friend, it's over my friend,
You got to understand

But oh, when you're willing to deceive me,
It gets some lover's hands after all,
But I guess, you'll never see it,
I got to raise this lover's bend,
Into the grief of mystery

Oh, when you're willing to deceive me,
Maybe I'll come to you again,
I guess you'll never believe it,
For you're too tragic yourself

Finally reunion, all these faces between you and me,
Have finally come to an end

Wolfleather Tattoo

I'm slowly walking along the waterfall, baby breath, I found you here in a tragic carnival,
I said : Baby, can you hear me at all, we're in this tragic lullaby, it never seems to fall,
It's rising up to taking our hearts away There is no escape ...
Are you my tragic lover, she asked, I said I do not know maybe
Then you need to see this show she said
Then she took off her clothes very slowly to show me all the scars she had
She was bleeding, having strange tattoos like strange strange cartoons like wolf's leather
It's so plastic liquid, everyone could see the lights, it's like a sticker, a destiny, a sweeter tragedy ...
It was a tattoo of a rabbit a tattoo of a lullaby inside her head inside her mind
I watched my mouth was open but blood was coming out
All these words spoken were just hiding tragedies like wolf's leather covering the salty
skin

Like wolf's leather my baby will win to play another game of hide and seek, of fight and love
....

She bowed her head and cried for she didn't know where to hide she just wanted to be with
me But I'm just a tragic destiny So I took flight To cover her with some other wolf's
leather pride ...

Baby, you need to sleep you must be strong for the next tragedy the sweeter it will become, it
will also bring the salt but the salt is so sexy can't you see, it's bringing us into the sweeter
destiny

Minds were cold after the fight I had to slay the wolves this night Now all this wolf's leather I
brought before you, my lover's queen My lover's unreachable dream But still it is a tragic
sight, becoming sweeter in the night the salt is on your skin, to let sweetness come in

Ladybug's wool trousers

Got a suit of ladybug's wool, it drove the girls crazy, licking all the honey of my heart, but I had to begin from the start, so I took the wolf's leather, like a sticker on their skin, a rabbit with a feather.

Got a suit of ladybug's wool, it drove the girls wild, licking all the honey of my heart, but it started to stream through my trousers, searching for my boots underneath And now I'm still barefooted all these years

Got ladybugwool trousers, got some ladies on my side, like desperate nightmare creatures, I took them on a ride, but somehow I have to agree I prefer to be free this tragic view of me

Still I don't know who you are, you are like a tragic star

Oceans in the Night

Blue blooded waspians, with their mouths so blue,

Their ornaments so red,

It's something between me and you,

Blue blooded waspians,

The spider has been killed,

Crucified like Jesus Christ,

These girls so wild in the night ...

Blue blooded waspians, on my side again,

After such a long long time,

Blue blooded waspians,

Still my friends ...

On the wild side I hear a sound,

The blue blooded waspians are marching in ...

Blue blooded waspians,

Can you hear my voice,

Can you hear me calling,

Can you hear my oceans in the night ...

Can you hear the sounds of lovers ...

Roaming on the waves,

Roaming on the hearts of a thousand soldiers ...

Come back home ... Come back home ...

You're home

Butterwine Ballerina

In the garden I can understand, Your message to me, In the garden you are still my friend, Floating next to me, Baby, don't you understand, I'm with you also, I'm holding the sight of you, Don't you understand, our worlds are tumbling, We have lost our ways, but now we're here, watching each other while spinning around, Tumble around, ballerina, ballerina mine, get the garden going around, get the garden going around Let's spin the butterwine

Forget about me

I rubbed beer in my hair, it's dripping there, Someone got drunk and got mad at me, Now I have to pay for this adventure of mine, She wants to sail across the river, She has laid her arms around me, She wants me to see the message inside of her, But all I can do is running for her, Get the message she says, We're raising bears with beer and wine, Get the message let it flow underwater, under the table we sat down There's dripping beer from my shadow, now, It's getting full, it gets fullhouse now, I'm diving in the mystery hoping she might forget about me Every word from her mouth like roses, baby what did you drink for me, Wished you would show all these letters to me, Turn the pages of this letterbook, Grow wild, grow wise, she's only like that for one strike, She cannot fool you, baby, all she can do is tumbling down

A Childhood's Shipwreck's Poetry Another tragic point of view

A tragedy, depression, you are a beautiful woman, But you're too tragic to see, Still you are my lover after all these years, But to that you're also too tragic to agree, You still think you're lonely, you still thinking you're full of lover's grief, I guess you never see it, won't wait for you, eternal grief, But oh, when you're willing to deceive me after all, I guess you will never belief me, This is all doomed to fall You are a tragic lullaby, dresses so sweet, You are a tragic misunderstanding, walking through me, And still you say you're lonely, still you say you're full of lover's grief,

Can't you see me, I'm holding your hands after all these years, I am the Loneliness in your veins,

I am the tragic sight, another tragic lullaby I'm like you, I cannot belief, cannot see, cannot hear,

While deaf ones guard me, blind ones hide me, All I can do is cry in grief, But you, my little tragic lullaby of eternal grief, Coming to me after midnights, Like the bird ticking on my walls, I am your destiny, I will take you away, to another point of grace, Of another tragic point of view

Take the other train

Come away with me, my darling, let us hide in grief, Let us share our tragic treasures, although we do not belief, Let us try to build the tragic kingdom, my friend, To see our sandcastles will bend, in the tragedies of the sea, A tragic mystery, for us, to see, it will bring us on our knees, Finally I understand the destiny, Finally I see this tragic lullaby in me, So don't cry my friend, Just take me away, to a lover's island, but I know it will all bend, Into other things we do not understand, It's eternal tragedy taking us away, were we made for that, Or maybe I am such a tragedy myself,

Cannot be in griefless nights, for that's a bigger tragedy, What am I going to do with all these sights
Still I think I didn't recognize you, still I think you were just a passenger,
Passing me by, although I never could forget you, I found you on the station,
My bird, I gave you some destiny, in tragic words unheard,
I have given you food, good food, but then I had to go away,
I remember your smile, the lights in your eyes, when I talked about a grief so far away,
It was like destiny's desire to take another train

Werewolf

I'm not a normal guy, I can be soft, but in the night, something's happening to me,
I never told you before, I know, but please listen to me, for I will show you something of our deeper
destiny, a tragedy, but it's a bridge across this sea,
I can be the softest boy in the afternoon, but when the evening falls, strange things are happening to
me, And in the night then a werewolf comes to me, to show me a greater destiny,
Like a tragic kingdom deep inside of me

Come closer, my dear, come closer,
But then just run away from me,
For there's a wild beast deep inside my tragedy,
You once gave to me

It's a cold scream, It's a cryptic tragedy deeper inside of me,
Showing up into the nights you pushed the knife in me,
I had to appear before all your judges,
But now you will have to appear before me,
In satin destiny,
My words aren't cruel, just read between the lines, turn all the pages,
But you never belief anything I try to let you see,
For you're too tragic inside, my girl,
For someone else had also put a knife so deep,
Inside of you, so deep, not knowing all the consequences,
Not knowing about it's coming griefs,
Patience my little darling, for I will take the knife out of you,

Just let me be a werewolf in the night,
Trust me when I have to fight,
I'm the warrior of this tragedy,
To be softer in daylight,
Strong enough to take us both away,
Forgive me to play Saviour,
But I didn't have anything else to do today,
I know it's all a big big masquerade,
To cover so many tragedies,
Maybe I just need to let them all float away,
To free these birds outside the cage,
of all these masquerades, of all these masquerades,
I hope you love my stories, my dear, but they are all fake,
Just didn't have anything else to do today,
Maybe I am a child now, running away,
From so many misunderstandings,
Got to face them today,
I am a pirate on a ship not knowing how to take,
these birds of so many tragedies, It's more than I can take

To be the conscience of a prince of tragedy,
To be the jester of a soul brand new,
To be the carnival coming up and then sinking away,
It's all just a certain tragic point of view

Tragedy in me

I was lappossessed by your smile,
hiding so many tragedies,
I was lappossessed under your feet,
trying to wake up my tragedies,
strong enough to take you out,

although you didn't belief

I was lappossessed by your smile,
And I looked up for some saviours,
brought the beggars in, to give them some chairs and a table,
I laid some cigarettes before them,
laid some cigarettes behind them,
And I tried to take away the tragedy,
Of a long lost summer's grief

And now I'm lappossessed by your smile,
Lappossessed under your feet,
Ornaments to hide, ornaments to keep me warm inside,
Lappossessed in your smile,
These tragedies they jumped on me,
Like wild cats coming from a deeper destiny,
To hide this lover's grief

I was full of attention, I was full of warmth and love to you,
I was full of grace, I was full of compassion,
While you were only installing the tragedy in me

Bored or Busy

I will never return to that day,
When you took my heart away,
I will never return to the grief of a long lost fantasy,
But maybe when I'm strong enough I will bend it's destiny,
So please don't give up on me,
Give me a bit time,
Although it will all be, another masquerade of me,
But girl what can I do,

I'm feeling so bored today,
I just want to open some boxes,
Please let us play

I know when we were young, we used to play so much,
But now we're a bit older, we like to spend our times in these tragedies,
Did we lose our minds, or did this childhood just fly away from us,
I want it back, can you help me today,
Are you bored or busy

Shipwreck

I'm just a shadow of my childhood's conscience wanting to play,
Don't know what to do, feeling so bored today,
I have lost my ship with all it's men and pirates and friends,
I have lost so many dreams in the waves,
After the shipwreck yesterday

On a morning I encountered the prince of all these tragedies,
He said : baby why don't you come with me,
You don't belief in anything anymore,
You don't belief because of all the lost fights before,
But let me give you another pirate-suit,
Let me take away the terror of a morning full of broken hearts,
It's now afternoon, school is over, child, it's now time to play

After that Day

Since the bird took me away from Amsterdam I can only cry, baptizing myself in tragedy, a way to deal with the grief from a past I had forgotten, the primeval smile.
And my life is baptized in tragedy, I cannot leave, I love her too much, until the tragedy herself will fly away.

Oh tragedy so sweet, her lingery-string filled with purple lights, losing all her fights.
By the purple lights she stand, her face like a ghost, she never wins,
For there is sweetness in her lingery-string, by the purple lights she cries,
Soft tears she makes here everyday, her lips are warm and full, for the tragedy took her away

She has some sweet little dresses, since tragedy took her away,
She has some little secrets, after that day

Tantalos

Ticking on my head, ticking on my window, the clown laughs, it's a tragedy,
Yesterday it was the jester bringing me on my knees,
I am the prince of jesters, the prince of tragedies,
No, won't take my throne back, oh clown,
It all doesn't matter to me, while I am so down.
I can breath again, stretch me out again,
like a tall lover never touch,
for tantalos is behind us.

The Cheat

Amsterdam I miss you so, but I had to go,
Now I lie on my bed, broken beerglas,
Cannot do anything, only dreaming instead,
It's getting softer inside, while everyone outside become harder,
Will I take revenge, or dive deeper into the tragedy,
She's waiting for me, but I'm leaving her for another maid,
But still I love tragedy, although she also cheats on me

Outside the Slavery

In Amsterdam I had to work,
Behind purple lights, assuring me there was some work to do,

But now the tragedy took me away, a bird of Tantalos,
Putting me behind the windows behind the night,
For all to see, the tragedy so deep inside of me,
I'm not a slave anymore you see,
But now they watch my destiny,
Hiding all these years behind the purple curtains I have arrived,
So many words between you and me,
But it only took away my sweet sweet destiny,
So let us not talk again, but die again, in a silent scream of tragedy,
It's coming to take me, like the bird of Tantalos, it arrives with me,
In new lovers tales outside the slavery.

Deeper tragedy

You only touched me once and then you left,
She's the bird of Tantalos,
You once touched me, and now my hearts are bleeding,
Entering a deeper tragedy,
After all these years I learned,
After all these years I cried,
So many blood is streaming out now,
All the tears I had to hide,
For the birds of Tantalos were flying,
but now I have escaped,
This lover's tragedy

I was a slave of weddings,
A slave of bitter misery,
But now I've come alive,
Into another tragedy of leaving everything behind,
I was a slave deep in your heart,
My heart is now crying out,

to the songs I once never believed in,
Oh please, just let us hide,
After all these days are done,
Until the bird of Tragedy takes us away again,
into a brandnew slavery,
We can never really escape from these years,
but I mold these tears and fears deep inside of me,
Like the hands of my heart are speaking :
It's over now my friend,
We're going to another bend.

Soon another tragedy will bend,
to come deep inside of me,
to show me all the lullabies of a greater grief,
all these misunderstandings,
growing now to show their true faces,
of a world between you and me,
of a marketsquare of slavery,
is it my destiny, let us escape,
begin a new day with me,
although I can never belief,
in this eternal grief, coming in circles over me

Bird of misbelief

From a martyr's heart I come, from a martyr's heart of grief,
giving anything I need to bend this song of a bird's misbelief,
We have missed our ways of shooting right in the middle,
So we could never die, for no one could turn the key,
Of this golden chessboard's energy

Circles of eternal grief coming over me,

August, bird of terror and tragedy,
It is a year full of growing deeper in a certain gate between you and me,
I refused to see such a long time, I was bound by a bird of misbelief,
We have missed our ways of shooting right inside the night of a lover's tale too tragic for our eyes,
So we could never die in this eternal slavery,
Such a masquerade of energy, these circles riding slowly through the light of all this destiny's pride,
A jester between you and me, with so many masks so many hearts taking all the breath away from
me,
Such a deeper grief, letting me sink in all this misery of a heartless compromise,
I can never see, for I am bound by a bird of eternal misbelief

Cinderella (sides and sights)

It might be too sexy for your eyes,
This woman with the million lights,
Entering inside of me,
Like the things you cannot eat,
I am the bird of Tantalos, my friend,
coming to give you all these bends of sweeter tragedies,
a secret deep inside of me, showing all the ends of a slave's sad destiny

It might be too sexy for your eyes,
Too sexy to let it take away your grief,
It's a bird of Tantalos, coming to take away a lover's destiny,
All these circles of grief, will enter deeper inside of the silent scream,
of a market's silent grief

Hey, cinderella, I got some boots for you today,
You were barefooted for such a long time,
while everything seemed to be in delay,
Let me glorify your sides and sights to let it fade away,
Into a better tragedy, taking all the life away,

that was destined to live between you and me,
like a bird of misplaced energy,
glowing in the night,
to keep the lover's flame so bright,
while all the ends of all the past glories were fading away,
so take another year, take time to direct this grief,
take time to let the misunderstanding bleed,
take time to send the lily queens back to their dreams,
take time to let the ornaments cry,
to show their cities of grief,
deep inside the world between you and me,
it's running out of time,
we need a new bag to have this destiny,
of a misplaced torture's grief

To Snow White

Hey, my lady, daughter of grief,
I have caught the rainbow, have caught your misbelief,
I have caught the rain of terror, I have caught it all, have killed my sparrow,
Hey, lady of the silent scream, I have heard your empty voices, I have heard the unheard dream,
I have seen your invisible leather chains deep inside of me,
Hey, lady terror, hey lady dream, I forgot about all the terror you once brought to me,
I have bend it's lights, have lost my fights, but now I'm back to see,
The bird of Tantalos setting you free,
The bird of Tantalos setting you free

I am the jester of a broken heart,
full of songs of grief,
found the apple of the tragedy deep inside of screens,
It was all a story to deceive me, it was all a story to hide a deeper grief,
No I am not your saviour, the bird of Tantalos will set you free

You, Bird of Tantalos

You bird of Tantalos, you bird to raise the screens,
You bird to steal away my dreams,
You bird to install a deeper tragedy, for a deeper destiny,
All you circles in the night coming to take away my lights,
All you circles in the night of everlasting griefs,
Only to watch my screens, to forget about the tragedies inside of me,
I can never find myself again, I can never find my self,
In this land of misery

You bird of Tantalos, you bird to raise the thoughts,
of a marketsquare to sell all my tragic dreams,
You bird of Tantalos, you bird of silent screams,
You devastator of all my lily queens,
You bird of Tantalos, you bird of silent screams,
Can you take me again into your broken dreams,
I will try to understand you, will try to understand you,
Can I travel with you

You bird of Tantalos, you bird of misbelief,
Can I travel all the roads you fly to watch your grief,
Can I watch your screens, can I watch your broken dreams,
can I devastate the song you use to torture me,
Can I watch your screens, can I watch your broken dreams,
can I take you away behind the screens to show you my grief

Drowning

I'm cold and lonely,
A bird of Tantalos has taken away my sight,

I'm only staring at a window,
Like the screen of yesterday night,
I am desperate, I am sad and slow,
Tired and broken, having so many questions,
But I know you will not answer them,
For there's a bird of Tantalos flowing,
taking away my sight, making the deaf ones decide,
to drown my silent screams

Day of Misery

These tears I cry, These waters of tragedy, only veils to hide my deeper tragedies,
These tears I cry, cannot take away my pain, it's only there to hide my deeper dreams,
For the lover's knife is standing before me, with so many masks it tries to destroy me,
No one can slay me like you do, no one can crash against my walls like you do,
These destinies are killing me, but my tears flow to raise the screens today,
You will never find me, you'll only find some stories and some apples, to come through the day of misery

Jester called John

John, don't you ever leave me, you're my uncle,
the bloodline has tied us tonight,
together in a dream, I will fight for you,
and you will for me,
like you ever did, oh uncle of me,
John, you never seemed to agree,
You never screamed when I was bleeding,
Only taking me away to deeper tragedy,
Uncle John you never told me of our destiny,
Uncle John, you only taught me about death and misery,
Uncle John, our conversations just never seemed to stream,

For then I turned around to sink away in grief,
Your words have killed me, your words have set me free,
Your words just let me bleed, to turn all the darker pages in me,
Uncle John you know it wasn't right for me to scream,
but you see I was full of anger about all what you did to me,
Please just let it be, please just let it be,
I've changed my mind

You always leave me, uncle John, when I need you,
You're always telling stories to deceive me,
Why did you bring me to the marketsquare,
Was I a slave, or were you just taking good care of me,
But why all this grief,
Uncle John I told you, I'm a lover not a fighter,
Uncle John you're ornament turned green,
Which means I am a liar Just raising the screens of tears to hide my dreams,
I am a liar, until the bird of Tantalos takes me again,
Then I have to give these pearls from my heart,
But I'll never give my heart again, I'll let it bleed to death instead,
But no, I'm just a storyteller, like you, Uncle John,
I'm the Jester, I am your son,
Uncle John who tied the bloodlines tighter through this dream,
It's all coming closer to me

Uncle John, your women are pretty,
Coming over me, in my desperate nights they hold the knives like lights of different dreams,
Can I have the masterpiece, the ornament of tragic life,
John, you're hiding so many women for me in the night,
You still let me watch my screens,
Not able to come out of my miseries

Uncle John you are a bird of Tantalos,

taking away all my dreams,
but at the end you give them all to me

Slave no more

My martyr's songs have disappeared,
These beggar nights, they have all gone clear,
All the muses of my dreams turn me away,
To the dream of a childhood's play

My martyrs have all disappeared,
My martyrs have now found their own tears,
My martyrs are now able to bleed themselves,
They do not need me anymore,
to be their slave of screams and yells

Pirate of my dreams

He's the boss of an army of birds high in the sky,
He's a boss, still making me cry,
He's the boss, while these songs are coming over me,
I cannot be his soldier anymore,
I will set these birds free

He's the life of a life I could never see,
He's the one turning all the ornaments around in me,
He's the one, yes he gave me life,
But now I started to see,
It was nothing but a slavery

I was the puppet of his dreams,
The guardian of his screens,

But why did I defend such a strange compliment,
He gave to me

In a land of songs and spiders I'm drowning,
All my views are bending into trauma,
It was all you gave to me,
This army full of birds coming over me,
To take me to my destiny

He is an army to bend,
my strange compliment,
he is an army to see the light in me,
He is an army of dreams coming over me,
to turn the fight into strange delight

He is the muse of golden tears,
raising the screens behind all these years,
No I can never escape when he wants me for a rape,
And I can never see the lights he bleeds
I'm a prisoner of the screen,
but I gave my life to set him free,
This pirate of my dreams,
This pirate of my dreams

Prisoner of Tantalus

He has birds, so many,
Coming to him day and night,
To tell him about the fights,
Who got killed, who got alive again,
These birds know all what it takes for him to win,
He is the captain of my heart,

He is the pirate of my silent screams,
Yes, he lets me bleed in silence,
So no one takes me for a ride in another dream,
Oh yes, he is pride, a man of honour and strife,
Full of jealousy he is, but his birds tell him like it is,
He's a prisoner of Tantalus

Prisoner of Tantalus, chasing after dreams from the screens,
He never reaches his own silent screams,
He's a prisoner of the screen, prisoner of the dream,
Coming to take him away so many years from here,
And then it's all floating away,
He's locked up in history,
Never able to break the screen, this iron screen

Uncle John Again

Uncle John you never told me how to play the piano,
How to play it tragic like you always did,
Uncle John you never taught me how to play it different,
Uncle John you never reached me in my deepest dreams,
I'm still waiting for you, pirate, still waiting for you, when will it all begin

Uncle John you never told me about the secrets you hid for me,
Uncle John you never spoke to me,
Only in my dreams, only like the light fading away,
turning all my stories into tragedies,
You only let the pirate speak,
bringing me such grief,
You only let the pirate speak,
about misery

You never played the piano for me,
You never played the piano for me,
You only let the pirate speak,
to let him play with my misery

Uncle John you never told a fairytale to me,
You only brought me deep deep tragedy,
of a martyr and some sentimental poetry,
you have put the knife so deep inside of me,
to install the greater destinies,
of a martyr fading away after the strike,
to fly away with all these birds from tantalus,
he only grew so that he could hide

The Martyr's Threat

To be the martyr behind the screens, it frightens me,
It brings me tragedy, for no one can hear me,
I only fall in ravines of the deaf,
Please believe in me, but they can never understand

Of a martyr's cry, of a martyr's grief,
It's coming over me, it's desperately alive,
Of a broken dream, of a tear gliding away,
to raise the screens, but behind it there's a slaughter, your tv is a slaughter, just smash the screen,
that's the message of a haunted dream,
your tv is a screen, I will crash the tv-screen,
to show you the cannibals of tragedy,
there's something behind the screen,
moving like the killer-queen,
I will set these puppets free if you won't listen to me

Turn the Screen

Cannibals, moving tables,
freezing me, it's like heather's coming to me,
she's a long lost doll, she ...has some to break the screen,
turn the screen, turn it around, turn this misery,
watch the screen, when all these views are bending,
rippling on the other side of the screen,
turn the screen, make the ornament wide,
install the destinies, of a puppet-doll deep inside,
these tears you cannot hide, they will raise another screen,
between you and me

Turn around, screen, let the ornament come through,
Let us bend all these views and hide,
Build the walls, another screen will fall today, while smoke will rise,
To penetrate the new day,
Close your eyes, and you will see the new screen between you and me,
Close your eyes, and let us see the days you gave to me, of an ornament so bright

Turn the screen, turn the chessboard-screen, let all it's puppets fall away,
Set the prisoner of this screen free,
It's heather's destiny, but we can turn it around

Heather

Heard the screams and shrieks of heather's soldiers in the distance,
She's coming to me,
Heather don't take away these ornaments from me, just pierce them if you want,
But don't take them away, I need some stability after all these years,
Heard the screams of all her soldiers in the skies, these birds from tantalos and tragedy,

Yes, she broke the screen today between you and me, but she turned it around, to create another dream,

oh Heather your soldiers hate me, for what I did to them, it seems they'll never understand,
about what's growing between you and me, I've come to set you free.

She is a liquid doll, she can't see,

She is blind and everyone is deaf for her screams,

I am the only one who hears her, but I only stir up this tragedy,

Like a balloon, like a condom of tragedy, to protect her against the disease of a life without misery,

Heather, strange health full of pain, like the python you're in flames, oh heather, don't put your grief on me, just cry some tears to build the screens of a long lost tragedy,

Your tears are so sexy

Card of Prey

There were hearts on cards, but these weren't true,

These cards of false love were breaking my mind,

For the Big Heart was bleeding on a ship far away,

Chased out of so many hearts, it was a martyr's card of prey

She is my bleeding heart, in a night no one understands,

All our sandcastles, all our dreams are dead

Child from All of Us

Two by two they go to Noah's Arc of Marriage,

Two by two, to escape from these days getting colder,

Watch the eternal flame, deep inside her brain,

She's a trickster, she has invented this lover's game,

To bind them, letting them all go down under,

Into an eternal divorce so deep inside their veins

They all go down into the circle of Marriage,
Like everlasting Loneliness, they have never seen the beggar's smile,
from a child who was just from all of us

Nameless Pride (The Meaning of This Land)

Like fools they dance around the nameless pride,
These slaves of marriage, all divided in ornaments,
Like the Dominoes, they take their commandments,
Tied to the stakes of indian gods, of nameless tricksters,
Foreign gods they know how to lock them up in a whisper,
So many dreams they can never reach,
the cards of false dreams wandering through their simple minds,
the trickster once gave them as a present of the night,
so many broken dreams, they never seem to understand the meaning of this land

It's a Marriage Horror-House, baby,
Driving us insane,
giving us strange pictures we do not understand,
I want to go back to all these faces,
to the meaning of this land

Celibate Captain

So many ties have tied us, so many decisions in our head,
Girl, just let us leave this town, going to the nameless instead,
There are so many trauma's speaking in our heads,
Let's play some other games, for these ones are driving us insane

I know a captain standing on a bridge,
waiting for an eternal plane,
Let's rise with him,

for eternal divorce like this will make us wise

He's our celibate captain, he's our inner sword of divorce,
He will show us all the beauty of a world shivering beyond our minds.

Cryptic History

Sword of Celibate, turn me on, turn me on,
Your ribbons are so pretty, you will lead us on,
Sword of Celibate, of a divorce so rare,
so strange not like the usual ones,
it's spinning in my mind

Sword of Celibate, sword of nameless pride,
She devastates it all, this woman is so wild,
Warrior of a broken life

Sword of Celibate, turn me on, you're the lover of a life beyond our minds,
She devastates it all, this woman is so wild,
Warrior of a broken life,
Sword of Celibate, lover of the dead, lover of the ones burning in hell instead,
Setting them free by the beauty of your ribbons,
these lovers of the Loneliness, these warriors of a broken life

From the pits of our hearts it's rising,
This carnival can never be stopped,
These faces from hell, they're taking something which they will never tell,
These are warriors of broken dreams, warriors of cryptic history

Last Goodbye (Miscommunication)

And this girl, she came to me, her roses bleed,

She showed me her bleeding hat, and all I could say was : it gets me mad,
Here is someone without traces, only cryptic dominations,
In this land of the dead I found her breath,
There was nothing I could do to save her out of this threat,
It was just a cryptic deliverance whispering from a mountain so far away,
We could never reach it if we would stay

And this girl, she whispered : my darling, lullaby,
I will send you some traces when I give you my last goodbye,
I know I did this many times before as you do not seem to remember,
Baby you are far away, in your cryptic dominations,
Everything will go away

As I stopped breathing, all I could hear was a nameless girl inside my head,
You're prettier when you're dead instead,
It was a long lost time after I finally faded away,
I found the trickster of my mind, she suffered there instead of me,
And all I could say was : girl just let us dream, girl just let us run away,
We will not scream again, it's over, we will not die again,
for we have found the well of everlasting life,
in a cryptic miscommunication

Everlasting Circle

Found another lover to worship, found another ship to go astray,
Everything will go down under, when the flood comes to take everything away,
Found another tie burning in my head, found another scream telling me it's over again,
When can we stop this cryptic marriage taking us again and again,
creating another god helping us in

When will this ever stop this everlasting circle,
We are growing but it seems it's all the same again,

We are now bigger but eating the same scriptures roaring in our minds,
The same prides, the same compromises, always trying to make a special someone smile,
Will everlasting death stop this all, or everlasting celibate to break this whole carnival,
Can we ever watch the screen again after this fall, or will we really reach each other's hearts for the first time in our lives, will we really touch each other, will we really taste each other's delights
What needs to be bound, and what needs to be loosened, that will be a question we will finally understand.

Wasted Loneliness

It raises the screen, this strange company,
We can never touch each other, only the screens of our mind,
To finally let us burn inside, of a passion which can never be satisfied

I have fantasied enough about you, always crashing against the screens of my soul,
Not able to touch you, I am afraid, ashamed, so lonely and depressed,
While the Law says we're married, we're even living in the same house, lying in the same bed,
eating from the same table, but we don't know each other, there is a screen between us,
Marriage TV, the trickster has invented this to make us weep,
To let us feel lonely forever, misunderstood, always fighting about things which doesn't matter,
This Marriage Arena makes me scream,
When you touch me I'm bleeding, for you only pushed a button of TV,
ending so many stories which used to soothe me,
I cannot understand this threat you're sending out to me,
While you say : Baby don't you like my lingerie,
Baby, don't you like the curtain between you and me,

Baby, hold my hand, my heart is bleeding,
There is blood on the TV-screen,
There is blood flowing from all this misunderstanding, between you and me,
Our sex-life is a big big lie, it's only stirring up the passions we cannot satisfy, in this land of the lie,
We are caught by a trickster, we are locked up in his carriage,

To which world is this train going, there's no way out,
There's blood on the TV-screen,
Baby, you are calling me

Baby, you are teasing me, when you're standing like that behind the screen,
When you're only touching the buttons of our TV instead of me,
It's taking so many stories away which used to sooth me,
Why do you love this Marriage-TV, just a screen between you and me,
Why can't we just play together in the wilderness, oh baby,
Or are we animals too wild, would it only devour you and me ?
Is this screen our protection, our mother keeping us alive,
We cannot die here it seems, in this land of the lie,
But baby, when you touch my screen, so many things are breaking,
and you are my only saviour helping me out, this monotheism isn't a good idea

You tell me outside there are so many predators,
By this you keep me bound, by your lies you're always coming over me,
Only to bring misery to my screen, when will I be free,
Can I take any train, away from you and me,
Was divorce my saviour this time ? Was divorce the one who took me away from the screen ?
Finally free, finally you set me free,
I would never use this sword you used, would never call for this type of guy,
But after all I'm glad he has set me free,
But I still love you after all, dancing in this strange strange carnival,
It's the beat of a different drum, you're deeper now,
I would never do it the way you did, but it's over now,
I finally have to admit.

The screens of divorce and celibate, a deeper love,
I can finally touch you ... Grace ...
Can finally watch you without fading away
It's only a red condom now between you and me

The only thing hiding us away to not bring a deeper disease

The tiger finally didn't take away the carnival,

We only watch it now through a different screen,

a deeper touch so real, awakening so many worlds in me,

Still I'm safe, behind the red grace of a condom screen

It's just a cryptic way to describe the lullaby in me

A secret tear, a precious way I tell you that I care,

I feel you now, and I want to feel you, I finally can really touch the snare,

To heal the heartache deep inside of you

But I still agree, I finally feel locked up, after all you did to me,

Maybe this secret tear, this red condom isn't enough for me,

I want to feel you deeper, but I am afraid of the disease,

Do not want to be in everlasting marriage Please, do not penetrate me,

Let us swim away in this lake to find an even better screen a watering screen

I can touch you, coming closer, but it's pulling me away, like elastics,

It's bringing me to a better day to break the curse of monogamy,

It was the greatest disease ...

Now I've found the nipple screen, a greater screen between you and me,

Letting all your milks flow deep inside of me,

I can touch you now, without fear, so deep

But still you have your ways to bring me down,

You have me now under your feet,

The only screen between you and me

Until the bird of tragedy separates you and me

I feel you deeper, but then there's nothing anymore between you and me,

My memory is now broken,

While other stories are filling me

What is it I desire ? I do not know you

I have never seen your face I can only cry for I feel so lonely

Until the tears wash my last memories away

They were already so confused and split up There's only a cryptic creature taking me away

My senses have been gone There's only cryptic material staring at me

Waiting to be opened desiring me with a desire strong enough to break any screen

Is it a flame from your heart not remembering me not wanting to see me

You have found your way in the mass, meaning so much to you

Baby, when will this show ever end ? Maybe until a greater cryptic creature will take us away

It's a picture of you of a cryptic marriage cryptic marriage is bringing us through

We will not blast it, but grow it we will love it, and cherish it until the heartache is finally through,

until the mindache is finally through all these cryptic screens between me and you all these cryptic lies between me and you would finally be a cryptic truth

This picture will finally lead us through, this picture will leave everything behind ...

Safe

We used to kiss to have a blanket in the darkest night,

We used to kiss each other good before we said goodbye,

I know you will take another train again,

And then I'll find out again, these kisses won't let me speak,

They're just raising the screens, taking all my breath away,

To let me enter a deeper tragedy at the end of the day

This blanket of kisses a trickster once gave to me, and now I can never sleep,

I'm in a prison only touching screens, I wished I was your shoe so that I would be safe for your kisses,

These kisses they only kill me, taking all the life away from me,

Yes, you use me like a bottle, so I wished I was your shoe,

I wished I was your boot, letting you run away in the night

Your kisses are the death-threats,

The knives you push into my heart,

You need a bottle to suck,

And after it you break the bottle,
But my kisses did the same to you

Now I wished I was your boot, letting you run away,
Now I wished I was your boot, taking you away,
to a place we would both be safe.

Satelite of Our Love

Let us run over the screen, let us climb over the edge,
To watch the sexual tax-machine, high in the air,
Can we grasp it, this moon, this satelite,
Or will it push us deeper into the night

I have an automaton on my back, it's a tax-machine,
But not a normal one, it displays sex,
yes, everyone is the same, it takes the marriage away,
yes, everyone is insane

Let us run over the screen, let us climb over the edge,
to watch this killer-queen, this insane sex-tax-machine,
It takes so much life away, yes, everyone is the same

Never Be the Same

She has put a playcard in the machine,
Now all these waters are green,

These eyes, it kept the screens alive,
Where doves crashed, blood was dripping there,
Still the hard stare said it was enough,
These days were tough,

All the beggars around the money,
couldn't touch, could never cry,
Senses were hard and broken off,
Lepers in the sky

These eyes, it kept the tragedy alive,
So many birds crashing down,
tales of horror unheard,
but now these eyes are blind

My eyes are a strange TV quenching all my senses inside, not able to touch, not able to feel and cry,
Still I cry so many tears, but they're all fake after all these years, I need a red condom setting me free,

Behind the nipple-screens, where all your milks and odors are flowing, where you keep the eye under your feet, piercing it by the spear of divorce and celibate, and by a simple knife of cryptic polygamy,

My ears are a strange radio, keeping me deaf to so many things, I cannot translate, all I do is misunderstand you, all I can do is hear the lie, please save me out,

But you, the trickster finally say no these guys stay in there, they're just the keepers of a secret of cryptic mystery

Gamble Baby

I'm still a gambler after all these years,
Having gamble balls in my eyes, with the strange strange lights,
These are like traffic lights,
Papa, I'm having a baby,
Slept with so many gamble machines,
They say I'm a whore,
And they call you a liar

But we will still be together, like gamblers after all these years,
You can spout the balls like no one can,

Daddy, I'm so full of fear,
Don't let them take my baby away

America

Smoke is in our head, Fire in our brains,
Someone has taken our love away,
In Las Vegas it's all quiet,
In Los Angeles they're all sitting down,
To watch the big screen

Terror has struck us,
Our heads are bleeding,
Screen's white,
Angel is coming down tonight

America, our love was not forever,
Now we're digging in the ground,
Deep in the darkness we find our lost baby,
She grew up, but she's foul

We will find our ways back to the wilderness,
We cannot fly, we hit the ground,
There's something deeper, crying loud

In Hollywood we watch the screen,
The horror we believed in, it has us in its grip

American Dream

Where the skies will be filled by clouds and high towers,
No one's standing on feet anymore,

Planes only get higher,
To see shocking sights in Amsterdam,
There are dolls around the table,
Cannot understand the things I'm telling them

Where skies filled by clouds and high towers,
bring the planes higher,
We see sights in the poor world,
A mother crying for her baby,
For it isn't there anymore, because there was no food

And we get fatter in Amsterdam,
We float too high to do something,
They call us the nuclear bomb,
We laugh and ask for more,
On the moon we don't see anymore,
The earth is pretty, nothing's wrong,
It's the American dream,
Eyes are closed,
It's dinnertime already, can you pass me the salt

On tv dolls behind the windows,
Let them show up, place enough, but we won't reach out, for it's sunday,
And on mondays we all have our own jobs,
It's the American dream, we can handle a lot,
Here we all get richer, and we bath on Mars,
In champagne, getting blind in golden rain,
It's the American dream, breakfast is healthy, eat the brain,
To laugh is to live, and those who die are insane

Where skies get filled by clouds and high towers,
A voice is calling, but we are too far away,

Fattened up in our cars, we let the dolls go home

American Girl

American girl, full of lies, she comes to me in disguise,
She has skeletons underwater, in her boots she breeds the thunder,
Cannot argue with this girl, sending big brother for a thrill,
Her sister smokes, she has her style,
She never listens, only to her sister's cry,
It's a family-thing going around the table,
From an American girl you never win

Showed her the red machine one day,
She never found her way out,
She found her cowboy deep inside,
She feels so safe now, and all I do is float

American girl, full of lies, she came to me in disguise,
She came to me in her helicopter,
Fell out of it to be my doctor,
She's playing the clown again,
But I'm not her automaton,
Showed her the red machine today,
Game's over now, and she finally feels safe

American girl, full of wonders, full of tales,
In her boots she breeds the thunder,
Can't bring her home tonight,
She's with me in red delights,
Can't bring her home tonight,
Wait for the morning, sending you her sights

Emily

Emily, shivering waif, without destiny,
With the transparent wings you make statements in the night,
Still your cage is open, since the strike of yesterday,
Now come closer, I will take you away

Emily, princess of a transparent castle,
Full of lust, forgotten by love, but this you won't regret,
Emily, princess of passion, shivering waif without hopes without a destiny,
It has to be like this, for now you're free

White waifs

White waifs in the city, full of passion, no one hears,
All bound by love, living behind plastic tears,
TV makes all things clear

White waifs in the city, ornaments move,
Full of lusts they're gliding through the city's plastic tears

Run Away Girl

The girl has a pointy hat, with a rag tied to it,
The girl has a name, but that's not interesting for now,
For we don't believe in love anymore, the woman bows,
Stop, don't you mess with me, can't take another marriage,
She still goes under, never comes up, she's playing it loud like thunder,
After hundred years of carnival we know it all

The girl has a pointy hat, with a rag tied to it,
Wings, but it's not interesting, this picture,

for we do not believe in love anymore, the woman bows,
she's bleeding, having shivering waifs by her side,
Susan turns her head away, she's thinking about her knife,
Let this love bleed, let this love bleed, do not turn away

I saw her standing on the castle, on a balcony actually,
She was waving to me, throwing her hat away,
I said you don't have to do this, for I am not a believer anymore,
I lost my faith about twohundred years ago,
And then she smiled to me, and then she ran to me,
I took her in my arms, together we walked away,
And then again, she smiled another time to me,
I said baby won't you agree, we have lost our previous balcony,
Why can't we go back to the castle

But then she took her knife, she said : baby we need to let love bleed,
But I think that's not a good idea, so she turned away and smiled,
She's so afraid like a shivering waif, she said baby why can't we run away,
Why can't we run away, run away, we cannot run away,
But then I saw a girl in the waters, she had hair like sixty miles away,
Shivering in the waters, I said baby let us run away, but she ran to the castle instead,
Diving into a bleeding bed, of yesterday's holiday,
women bowing, taking our souls away

Princess

There is a land behind the sun, there is a land behind your smile,
I do not believe in love anymore, it's just a lie
There's a land beyond our memory, there's a life to gain,
When we watch the story of this love coming to an end,
There's a warm underface, a blink behind the eye,
Why were we masked, love is just a masquerade,

And cry again, after the sun comes down, it's bleeding again,
But we can be strong again, after the love has gone,
The princess enters in

Don't believe in leaders, don't believe in smiles,
For baby, I know what it's all about,
Don't believe in lullabies, don't believe in camouflage,
For baby I know what's all behind

We watched the story of our paradise,
It came to an end, ending in lies,
Don't believe in leaders, don't believe in smiles,
Baby, we know what it's all about

No more worries, no more lies, no more compromises,
We're only playing with dice,
No more sentiments, no more cries,
For our love is dying, and tall men are rising,
Taking all our lies away, no one will be someone's prey

No more sentiments, no more cries,
Playing with all these dice,
No one will take our hearts away,
No one will forever stay, our love is dying today

American Soldier

From far away he comes,
Fires in his eyes, no one knows his name,
The sacrifice he has to bring,
Is more than he can take,

He lost his family, lost his life,
Only to get a piece of old wine and cake

From far away, he walks fast,
To find his love behind walls of glass,
America, you gave your son away,
To become a bird of prey,
Still you say you are so proud,
In God you trust, you say this loud

America, America, slaughterhouse, dangerous womb,
You abort your sons, a screen of blood,
To entertain the world, it's like Christ and God,
The sacrifice you brought to save the world

American Lie

I'm still coming from down under,
Cannot see the skies nor the seas,
Cannot see the smiles you're hiding,
I'm just a ghost locked up in tv

Your number I do not know,
I just watch the show,
Coming in every night,
To leave by a small light

American lie, you believe in love,
But the morning after, the kids are growing up,
Not knowing where to go,
American lie, you always see them later,
As a shoulder on which they can cry

You took so much away,
You are their only hope,
So now they have to survive,
It's the land of the eternal life

In this land we never die,
Even in hell they find us, adding to our cry,

Live Forever

You told me my truth is a lie,
You told me sex is a lie,
So why can't we separate sex and love,
You told me my sword is a lie,
You told me my love was a lie,
So why can't you give me a knife and separate,
Love doesn't live here anymore

Still you are my princess, still I see your smile,
Still you're growing stronger, I will never deny,
Still I wish you all the best, still I wish we can be close together,
Be so close together, so we can do it better

You told me my truth was a lie,
You told me love was a lie,
You told me why can't we live forever

Cocoon

Oh, and if it hurts, why do we keep on loving each other,

Isn't there a better way, why do we need to be police undercover,
I cannot breath, I cannot hide,
You're watching me all the time, this marriage needs to come to an end,
I don't believe in it anymore, baby, I wished you were a whore,
Please let me escape, this butterfly needs to fly,
Butterflies need to go away

And I know, you're so adventurous, dangerous,
And I know, you're reading books to escape from us,
It's better for us, I know it's also strengling you,
This snake, coming from love-pits far away,
I hope it will be all a cocoon

Oh, yes it hurts, why can't we go away forever,
Can I escape on my own or do we need to escape together,
Give me your hand, but oh, when it hurts,
I'll let you fall away, then we cannot escape together,
Letting each other fall away, fall away, into another hand,
Or will we bleed forever, while no one understands,
Oh yes, it hurts, why can't we go away,
These chains are scaring me, I must agree, this love is not forever,
Dying in my hand, no one understands, dying in my hand, will you understand

Love Never Sleeps

When love is such a lie, the island floats away,
Lovestories always fade one day,
Is there a better way, or will we be in this circle forever,
Will we be somebody's prey, turning us into the weather,
Oh, this love is a lie, I can't deny, I can't forget, can't regret,
Oh, this love is a lie, push it away (Don't push away, don't push away)

I tried to separate the love from the lust, it doesn't belong together,
For love is a lie, letting babies cry,
Love is a prison, a pitfall, bringing us all down at the end of the day,
Strange religion throwing it all away,
Only lust will hold us together, only lust will sleep,
Love will never sleep

Only lust will sleep (Love will never sleep)

Love never sleeps, baby can you hear me,
It's all designed to deceive, it never lets the prisoner free,
Lust will set us free, lust will set us free,
From deep inside, lust will let us free

Love never sleeps, oh baby, can you hear me,
Love never let us breath, divided the goats and the sheep,
But they say lust will make us and break us,
Cannot agree, there's passion all over me,
Strong enough to break the chain,
The lust to be free, and let free

Taking it all Away

Little girl with a wolf,
Love will come to take it all away,
Grown-up girl and wolf,
Love will come to take it all away,
Young woman walks with wolf,
Let him have his prey,
They were together all these years,
He was like her family,
But now love comes to take it all away,

Run girl, run, but you cannot escape

Run girl, run, be the wolf's prey

Hunterman of passion,

looking for a woman, finding her in the bushes,

While wolf gets his prey, another prey,

For the hunterman of passion,

Is taking it all away, while the wolf gets another prey

(Wolf gets another prey)

Hunterman of passion,

Hanging there like Jesus Christ,

I must say it's a good disguise,

For no one knows it's you this way,

The wolf sais

Hunterman full of passion,

Why can't you just run away,

Do you still believe in her,

Do you still believe it is your mission to save her,

Are you Jesus Christ, good camouflage to take her soul away

Young girl full of passion,

Wolf has your attention,

Don't go with him today,

For this hunterman will take it all away

Killer-Queen

Love has killed us another time,

Love has brought us to this grave,

All the tears we have to cry,

Love is just a lie, but it will always take us away again,
So I tried to separate love from lust,
For the passion is much stronger, speaking truth among us,
Love is just a killer-queen,
It possesses us, and then we can never find our ways home,
Love is just a killer-queen, a masquerade,
Love you weren't honest to me,
Like a strange religion you took my soul,
Can I find my way home,
But outside they're all telling me love is the best,
Love must go together with the lust,
For lust is a killer, and I am the bottle,
So we must be fighting again,
When love ends

and her face turns old again

she was sent out as the egg of birthday,
by snakes of wedding she threw out her lines,
to bring the king on the chariot,
she was the old face turning young again,
to suck his blood away, to keep him in the tight grip,
don't let her kiss you, it's a kiss of death,
weddings like coffins, there are sharks in the lake behind the house,
and then her face turns old again

she has minds in her grip, wavy eyes,
she leads them to the wedding, slowly turning in slaughter,
there was meat on the cake today, someone was turning his head away,
now there's blood on the coffee,
and her face turns young again, to find another friend,
there's adultery in her mind, she's hungry, shooting more lines,

she puts her dress up, showing her high heels, then she blinks,
it's the wedding, spreading more lies,
weddings like coffins, her face is on fire, sharks in the lake behind her house,
and then her face turns old again

i know a place worse than hell, in her bed,
i was married to this girl, she became my mother,
tied to so many things, it's the wedding making me like this,
i'm a monster now, and it seems there's no escape,
what is she breeding, i must escape this wedding,
she's breeding the eggs of birthday for meat,
two by two in noah's arc, it's a butchery don't you know,
to let canon speak, to let her face turn young again,
and when she cries the sand is streaming, and a new day begins

i know a place worse than hell, here in her bed,
it's the wedding turning you into a monster,
you need to escape this place, for her face gets younger everyday,
she used to be your mother, but now she's your daughter to take her prey

i know a place worse than hell, it's the wedding,
there where devils dance, and canon makes his rhymes,
there where he stands up and cry again,
and he puts the blame on you, and then her face turns old again

she stuffs them by weddings, by strange laquer, by strange kisses,
so don't let her kiss you, for she has coffins in her lakes,
sharks in her rivers, she has strange houses,
and while her face grows younger, she takes so many things away,
she's stuffing you by her lies

in the weddingnight her face turns old again,

but by the knife she gives you the dream,
and you serve her illusion, to the end of your days,
you're always to blame

and the anger is growing under your skin,
but she's far away, you only have her shadow

for too long I'm on the weddingfields ...
can anyone help me, i'm never dying here,
please take me away to the circle of life,
please take me out of this dream

she keeps my heart alive in her waters,
i'm stuffed and she speaks lies to my mind,
i'm in her arc, there's no way out,
i can only send out my raven,
i'm in a noah horror, please save me out,
my raven has a message, the rain's still falling,
like someone's tears,
are these my tears ? it never seems to stop,
we're reaching for the ceiling, and there's my raven,
i'll never wear white anymore, show me the red suit,
she's snow white, i am her dove,
the red one, and my raven is black,
there are red doves before my window,
gotto open the window for them,
my raven is staring, while snow white dives,
there's a new morning, in paradise new glory,
she finds a pearly apple, bites, and sinks,
tree's growing now, while noah's arc disappears,
exploding in the night, while all the red doves fight

there are snow white's on the wheel,
spring is coming, her face turns younger,
and I'm delighted by her spell,
she's the raven's friend, my honey,
she soothes the red doves

and what about the original sin we're living in ?
since snow white ate from the pearly apple underwater,
we're now living in the original innocence,
so let us all dive, bite and sink,
let us all fly away, like the raven, never returning

but isn't noah's horror a hunter ?
she will find us, and bring us down under,
in her bed she fights us again,
to the bath she draws us, but a toy is staring at us,
it's a duck and it bites, on the ground she slides,
like the snake she tries to deceive us,
but we hit the sky

isn't noah's horror a hunter ?
her face turns old again, but then she becomes younger,
can we run away from her ? she sells poisoned apples and invitations,
but we're not going to the wedding, we're on our way to the station,
princes on high horses standing there, breaking the fragile snare,
what can we do when noah's horror returns,
it's moving away like black pearls,
there are a million divorces in the nights,
can we finally be free to enter the wheel ?
in america the crosses stand high

or is this original sin too deep,

something which no one understands ?
we're still bound inside,
what if this horror doesn't show us the key,
or must we become like noah ourselves to finally escape his grip,
noah's horror, it's something in the mind,
something boiling inside, chasing after a higher truth,
something between me and you

noah, noah, like a candle in the night,
you designed the bridegroom and his bride,
you made them weep, making their eggs tall,
all to become ripe in your carnival,
so many noah's are walking here now, it's an army of noah's,
making their fathers and mothers fall,
it's an eternal wedding, night and day,
and something is always a piece of the prey,
he's married to the uninvited witch,
and their kids are called sundays, their grandchildren the mondays,
there's always something to say about this wheel,
it's a killer rose, a strange breeding, breeding the thrill

uncle noah, to the kids a threat,
their aunt always sleeps, never comes out of bed,
there's horror in their boat,
outside it's always raining

he's breeding the monsters in the cellars and on the attics,
he has always someone to blame,
drinking wine with blood,
there's always meat enough, he's a butcher

noah the butcher, man full of tales,

they always have to believe in him,
for they are tied to his grace,
tied to an original sin, they have eaten from his meat,
from his apple and his tree, he keeps their souls in coffins of glass and chrystal,
while wine flows, a waterfall of grandchildren,
a waterfall of lust and life, there's meat on the weddingcake,
blood in the wine

in the garden of noah, strange garden in a ship,
strange apples and fruits are growing,
strange ghosts are floating,
they are designed to have eternal life,
but they often live in a bottle

in a strange ship it all happens,
strange snakes in the garden deep in the cellar,
strange trees, something is growing there,
it's bringing me on my knees,
there's meat growing here, no you must not eat,
for something will grow in you,
there are children growing here, noah knows all about it,
he calls them peanuts, but they are all dying

don't eat from his peanuts, for the snakes are gliding here,
and they will lead you out,
thorns grow around the castle, let sleeping beauty sleep,
take another fairytale, for to be noah's slave is nothing for you and me,
let me take you out, far away from this garden,
we're still gypsy's wild indians, moving from tower to tower,
we have lost our hats, they do not call us noah anymore,
we have our own houses now along the shore,
on an island we break through, while snow white's in the sky,

we eat from our own pearls, and from the stuff by which we never die

did we finally escape noah's horrorhouse, baby ?
or was this another illusion driving us crazy ?
i will never give up when i play on this gamble machine,
one day i will win, and then it takes us away with a grin,
in america our souls will be, safe on an island, floating on a stream,
i must get rid of your face then, for it haunts me,
are you the last soldier of noah trying to take me in ?
i'm so paranoid, so suspicious, must live on my own,
to finally have my own crown and my own home

noah's horrorhouse, i even had to get rid of you,
you were my original sin, my sister,
the bloodline had tied us but I found noah's gun to shoot deep inside,
did he have a cross ? yes, it was his father,
for Joseph was his family, and Jakob was his liar,
did he have a cross ? yes, it was his mother,
for Eve was his family, and Adam was his mocker,
can I close the bottle now, no bloodlines anymore,
my family is dying while I'm swimming to the shore,
they all sing in church, for luther was their saviour,
they call him god, but he's noah,
the pope found a way to make them leader

so sister, let us say goodbye, for mother is a whore,
and daddy is a breeder,
sister, say goodbye, i have noah's gun,
am not an original sinner anymore, but found original innocence on the shore,
sister, say goodbye, i have noah's gun,
i have his sword, while it's shimmering in the sun,
everything is melting away, cannot hold you,

my arms are weak, cannot mold you,
cannot get you in, here our roads separate,
goodbye, it is too late, tell them all that i love them,
on noah's gun, i will be in wild west fun,
it's too late, story is over, found me a mommy now,
found me a statue on my gun, she's smoking like a wild west gun,
so say goodbye, tales are over, church is dying and cars are crossing over

noah, noah, hear your whisper in the rain,
you're still so vain, nothing is gonna get you anymore,
you're alone now, forever, ship is burning, everyone's drowning,
we're all free now, baby, carnival is over, come with me to drink something,
know some strong drinks up there, come,
we will sit and talk on the hill under the sun,
tell me some new tales, what are you going to be,
have i told you that I love you lately

noah, noah, am not an original sinner anymore, you cannot push me under your laws,
i'm free, and free from your whores, maybe i'm your only lover now,
everyone has left you, or is it my crow,
got some tales to whisper in your ears,
where have they gone, all these years, baby why are you in fears,
there's nothing to worry, i'm with you, let's build a ship, let's make something new,
for outside it is raining, and babies are crying, someone must be very bored,
let's make a ship and escape to a tropical island,
do you need a whore, i'm with you,
do you need a new shore, we're coming through,
through the microphone i'm saying : captain, captain, parrots in the sky,
chrystal fever passing us by, noah, noah, your waters are brandnew,
there's a skater, while someone is sinking, while ice is burning,
and lies are turning, ties are turning,
watch your clock it's twelve past eleven now,

only some minutes to go, and everything will explode,
so let us drink the last glass of water,
we're heading for the end of the show,
did you like it, it was just a tale, but it stings so deep, it hurts, i know,
i am the master creep, i am the master creep,
baby you're calling me, baby you're calling me,
but i just fell out of the ship

goodbye noah, i'm in the waves, i'm waving, watching you exploding,
i have you now in my tight grip, i'm sliding like a snake through the waters,
making beautiful music, we're finally both in the waters, baby, now we can both escape,
i know a lonely island, i know a lonely island, but i am so weak

baby, i love you, show's over now, let's do the job together,
so many things to do now

original sinners

we are original sinners, we are lost in hell,
don't come closer to us, it is addictive,
and don't come under our spell,
we are wild, no one can save us, for we rejected jesus christ,
we stand in erected pride, we are lost in eternal damnation

we are original sinners, we are lost in a greater hell, than all the things you tell,
we have a bigger threat around us than you, so don't come closer,
for we will find you

we are original sinners, we are predators, growing in our shells,
we have parties in our caves, we dwell in lusts, and we don't believe in papers,
we are the pope, we are noah, we are sandman, we are christ,
we're nothing after these days, for all our crosses will turn away,

our crosses will turn grey, like a strange strange mirror, run away

we are original sinners, we ate from fruits of meat, and now we're lost in paradise,
we're wandering like the erected pride, like kings on chariots are we,
tied to the stakes, tied to the breaks, tied to the tales, tied to our enemies,
lost in space, on our knees, we are beggars, we are growing in the green

we are the original sinners, for our ancestors told that we are,
we are the original sinners, for someone once ate from an apple,
do you think it's mad, but we are original sinners, on our way to hell,
never coming back, so leave us alone, it's contagious, we're original sinners,
original saviours, it's hunting us, hunting high and low,
noahs on a bow, hunting high and low, it's christ with a feather,
it's christ with his socks low

i'm still trying to believe, i'm still growing older, but it just doesn't get me

we are original sinners, we are original saviours, noahs on a bow, christs with the feathers, socks
low,
come on girl, let's paint the weather, in this one night show,
in the morning it's all over, finding another lover, piercing the tree for a newborn fruit,
we are the original sinners, original singers, singing ourselves through the day,
we are deaf to the lies, we are deaf to the screaming christs tied to the stakes,
we are deaf to the sinners of the new day, we have eternal life, never in need for a wife,
we are the original sinners, are the original singers, piercing our ways through the day, through the
meat of yesterday,
we have never been a cannibal, it's growing from the trees, between you and me

i am an original sinner, going to hell alone, going to the wedding all alone

bigger lie

and her face turning grey, after every day,
this love affair doesn't end, but still they call it yesterday,
like the original sin, strange wedding on a card,
like the original sin, moses cuts it in two, a strange divorce,
when i married you i sinned, but when we were in a divorce,
we became original sinners, strange wedding on a card,
already cut in two, by the moses sword,
pictures in black and white, chessboard apples, strange fight

still her face turning grey after every day,
baby, let's escape in the night

by a strange divorce you hit me, i'm an original sinner now,
by a strange apple you got me, now i'm screaming loud,
there was a snake between us, strange children growing old,
there was blood between us, glasses so cold,
your kiss it made the pictures so bright,
still bending over, please let us escape in the night,
for moses cut the tree, and he killed the snake,
and now he puts the blame on us, we are original killers

you are my original bride, you are my original knife,
i have the moses sword in my hand,
let us make love in the sand,
and let this picture bend

noah and moses with the tree,
their snake is strangling me,
i'm falling on the ground, they give me apple juice,
and they're crying loud, i was their only son,
baby, you are lying to me, when you are falling on your knee

noah and moses with the tree, tree of paradise, a bird in disguise,
take the apple, her feather falls, then snake is sliding, hearts are breathing,
hearts are bleeding

noah and moses sitting in a tree, eating from an apple,
spitting the pips on me, it's killing me, these babes are killing me,
noah and noah sitting on a tree, building an arc, making me free,
let us escape from yesterday, for these eyes are killing me

moses and moses in a tree, eating the pips, don't do it to me,
well, trees are coming out of their mouths, telling me to say goodbye,
okay, i say goodbye, this is my last goodbye, last agreement,
burn burn tree of roses, set me free

sword of moses, sword of divorce,
sword of noah, sword of marriage,
sword of jesus, sword of the bride, comes to them in disguise

there's an original sinner deep inside of me,
cannot get it out, this riddle is screaming loud,
oh, but can i have the key
there's an original bride in me, and an original bridegroom,
with an original noah on his knee, he's a beggar,
but they won't let him in, for he's old and ugly,
and then an original moses is coming forth from them,
to kill the old man, and to set their hearts free, in a divorce they all bleed,
it's the original square of sin, a strange, misleading mirror,
eat the fruit, i'm dying here, it's shimmering, four faces in the wind,
eve and adam, a snake and a fruit, but who was the tree, maybe it was me
or was i the fruit, was i the mirror, reflecting the old original sinners, and then you came to eat me,
when will this whole circus come down, baby, you're playing the clown,
let us stop this whole fairground, let us stop this cross of paradise,

or do we have to play this game again and again, until someone comes with a bigger lie,
to make us understand what is all behind

or will we go into a deeper sleep, of baby, please let me breath,
i have a mooses and a noah in my mouth, a siamese twin,
a strange tongue, strange snake, letting me win,
all the balls are mine, but still the wine is flowing,
like blood from my belly, it's making me turn over again,
then i have adam and eve, yes they're torn apart, while trying to grasp the fruit,
they are searching for their original lovers, before they came here,
but now they're just following shadows, for no one's really there,
it's only an illusion, a dream coming from a tree, for the old man frozen he wants revenge,
god is mad, for no one wanted to belief, he was in lover's grief

old man, do you belief, there's a lover in your tree,
it's the snake showing you the fruits from your branches,
a product of your love, but why do you want to stone adam and eve,
noah, do you belief, mooses is in your tree, he has the sword of paradise,
to set you both free, build an arc, and go to sea,
build the original cross, as a way to heaven, for paradise will be lost,
build the original cross, an original thornecrown, hell on earth, as a way to heaven,
make an original scornrobe, tailormen, you have the power, your seeds will be sown,
go to sodom where you'll have a place to live, an original arc will make you safe,
two of each race, the flames will burn so bright, the original arc will keep you safe in the night,
there on the huntingfields you ride, kings in the chariots, trees will grow for your delights

carry the original cross in the city, and all the original sins will fall away from you,
oh, carry the original thornecrown in the city, and all the original guilts and hells will fall away from
you,
you're no original sinners, you're original singers, coming through,
we tell the tales so many left behind, we tell the tales of the show coming tonight

in a place where god was the spirit of noah, an old man, wanting to have revenge,
he took adam and eve and said some things were forbidden,
then he sent the snake to offer them a fruit, a mirror to let them bleed,
bleeding away, like him, they got to carry his cross,
now they can find him in his realm of the dead, to be like him,
like an old tree

where god was the spirit of noah, and the snake was his soul,
where his body was a tree, where his fruit was his foot,
kicking them away into a darker destiny,
they were in his webs, on his arc they sank,
on his jesus they lost their guard, and their last friend

where god was the spirit of noah, and the snake was his spit,
where the tree was his body, where his fruit was his foot,
eating their meat, they were in his webs,
he called it canon and church, on his arc they sank,
on his jesus they lost their guard and their best friend

where god was the spirit of noah, and the snake was his nipple,
where the tree was his body, where his fruit was his milk,
paradise was overflowing, adam drowned, his original sin,
but what about eve, she was the deceiver, she was his right hand,
she was his mirror on a horse, but she drowned in the flood

noah, noah, you have only one hand after these floods,
you lost your adam, your original sin,
lost your eve, your deceiver,
but you have drunk from your milk,
and now a new hand is growing there,
the original innocence

noah, noah, with your pigfarms on the hill,
with your babies they are growing,
and everything is overflowing by your milk,
still blood with the wine, still meat with the bread,
the skies are shimmering, there's joy in heaven,
what can we do, wine and bread is still hurting you,
let me ask you a question, isn't it better to get rid of your soul and spirit,
you do not need an inner beauty, for meat is all you really need,
you're still a butcher, still a liar, still a hunter

one day he went to god, and gave him an apple,
and he ate and drank, while he was reading a letter,
and another day his snake was with him,
you do not need them both, just let the milk flow,
another flood, in sodom you find dorothee,
he's only a wizard of oz, such a liar, such a bragger,
but he can't do a lot, so take your chance, and take him down the yellow brick road,
to the place where everything started, to the place where aunt Em did the laundry,
he's only a wizard of oz, he's just a original cross, like a tricky road to heaven

it always leads you back to where you started, now just analyze the picture,
there they are again, adam and eve, after the flood, they rose, and it's so strange,
but it's always like this, they are the objects of this cross, this original cross,
so this eve is the original bride, the original thornycrown, and this adam is the original scornrobe,
like the scarecrow, wanting to go home,
and this noah is the original wedding, you cannot walk, it's the original footnail,
and moses is the original divorce, you cannot move, it is the handnail, the original handnail,
and the snake is the original death, it is the original spear, and the tree is the original stripes,
the fruit is the original tear, it is all the strange strange wheel of paradise, we can never escape, it
brings us from year to year, like in a strange arc, through a strange split sea, going to the promised
land, we're moving on our knees, creeping through the sand like paralyzed, will we ever reach the
beach, will the sun ever touch the sea, to burn this whole picture of grief.
Jesus was my biggest cross, mommy doesn't belief me, she thought she was no bitter grass,

I still have her on my back, as my eternal cross, won't speak of my father, he is my eternal loss,
I am sick and almost dead after this party, drink some sweet wine with noah, to comfort me,
is it all just a game, it's driving us insane, but what can we do, we would be bored, so don't stop it,
let's go forward, let's move, from year to year, my sister is my eternal tear, my brother is my silent
scream, surrounded by sharkteeth, i must see how i get through

there's a puzzle in my mind ... it has something to do with family and paradise

Jesus is my red suit, there are snakes surrounding the cross, adam and eve staring at each other, and
the beast has another year of prey, i see the faces of my mom and daddy, and some family-faces
weaving the days of the year

Prince

Can I hear the whisper, can I see the blind smile,
Fading away, not able to follow the trace,
She was somewhere else, no one knew her name

And suddenly in a flash the king stood before me,
He had raised his locked treasures in the sky,
And now all these babies cry,
Can you open it for me, can you wipe away my tear,
Can you help me, I can't come through, these walls are aching me

Found a delicate prince, he liked no hierarchy,
Poverty in his eyes, reprobation in his weak smile,
Fainting away, fading away, all this beauty going away,
In a flash, he was somewhere else where no one knew his name

Fading away, it's always fading away,
And we are too weak to follow the trace,
Fading away, this prince is fading away,
Before the morning has broken, before we unlock the windows and the doors,
Not able to know what's going on

Barefooted

She was walking barefooted, he didn't have many clothes,
But he gave her his shoes, and she will be gone before he knows,
He was a shepherd's son, she was a delicate smile,
There's not much time to turn me on, the pages die, the book has gone

She was a perpetual princess, too weak to wait, she couldn't come home,
He was a shepherd's son, although he had a graceful heart he couldn't stand her smile,
For now you are the sun, and I'm the moon,
You rule in daylight, while I fall in the afternoon,
You are the leader of this pit, and I am too weak to follow it,
Harsh judgements come from guys like this

Found the leader's smile, she was a marionet,
She was barefooted, so I sold my boots, it was better like this,
She forgave me, while I run away with her smile,
But now I know business smiles always die,
Not able to follow traces, the morning takes everything away,
I can only rise and fall in the afternoon, that's all I can say

Found the liquid baby, she cried soft, I gave her my hand,
She took a bite, now do you understand,
Found the liquid baby on a hill, she ran away,
I had to forgive, but she didn't forgive, business smiles always die too soon

Please have a silent voice, you don't know what's going on,
This toy before me is about to break,
Masterpieces always flow away, flow away,
Found the silly doll, ornaments to take,
Bracelets on the hill, she's a liquid baby,
liquid is her voice, don't know what's going on,

business smiles like this always fall

Blind

Shepherd's boy coming close,
She refuses hands, she floats to the shore,
Being whole again, after the party she goes

Shepherd's boy just change the illusion,
Won't she bring you another toy,
When the day is over see her watch and fall,
This criminal will fall

Shepherd's boy, I'm wondering why these days are frozen,
You are frozen, while I'm passing by,
You cannot walk, you stand alone,
Shepherd's boy why didn't you change the illusion,
Following your mind, like the mirror's confusion,
These reflections in your mind are all just blind

Waters and Waves

Can I follow you today, having so many things to share,
I have seen your treasures deep inside, let us have a good time,
I know you have such good ways to play the game,
And I'm a shimmering pirate on a plane,
Am diving when these things are burning,
Fresh, fresh waters and waves take me away

Can I follow you, I love your smile,
I love the poverty in your eyes, radiating eternal love,
This love will last forever, you have made this thing always going underwater,

Will you tell me all you know, will you give me feathers to come into your flow,
Or will you let me down at the end, telling me you have never been my friend

Oh cruelty, I fear you, this is why I'm just passing you by

The Mask

Girl, I will protect you, but I will never make an indian of you,
For you are from the black side, and I am from the red side,
Maybe I was brown before, maybe I was like a girl before,
But you are from the black side, you are from the black side,
Go home, I will tell you tales, protecting you, but I will never make an indian of you

Girl, I will protect you, speaking soft words to you, but I will never make an indian of you,
For you are from the pink side, you are from the pink side,
Maybe I was brown before, maybe I was a girl before,
Girl I will protect you, don't you know, girl I will tell you tales,
But I am from the red side, I will never make an indian of you

There were times I didn't care, there were times I loved to share,
But now I keep my doors so tight, throwing away so many delights,
For I will never make an indian of you, never make an indian of you,
Girl, just try to walk over it, and come to me in disguise,
Let's forget about the past, there's a day brandnew,
Although I will never make an indian of you

Never will I take you out of your lies,
For you chose to be here in disguise,
So many masks lying before me,
I will never make an indian of you, never make an indian of you

Indians

There is more behind the skies, this world is full of lies, These are the riddles of truth, my dear, the carriage from year to year, There are indians rising from the tear, It's burning here

Understand

There is understanding in you, I saw the spark, But all you do is lie, you hit the atom and you fell, Still you are a natural beauty, wrapped in silk, Made by wizards, although it's burning like a thrill

God

No one's standing on feet, God is calling, You weren't good this year, But he's just an old drunk man, beating the different drum

Right your Wrongs

He had some songs and words, he made me cry, The way he moved his lips would let the demons die, But then they rise like never before, Watch out, he's a misleading whore, He commits adultery with your mind in dark rooms, While the lights are on, His cigarets are moving like sparks, To create a hypnotic screen to right your wrongs And he said : I'll tell you the stories you won't understand, I'll make you rich, to cover everything up by a shell, In sea we will throw you, like underwater paradise palace, While you wake up, it was a long and hot night in Dallas

Miami Toys

With your chocolate cheeks, with your lips of muddy waters, It's killing me, I come alive again, by your smile, you make my head weak, Oh Indian Girl, you're spinning me around in a Shark Night, My consciousness I lose again and again, while strange magical drops lead me to your sands, Where the tears are there like lakes burning, telling about all these years Lady with the chocolate cheeks, high and muddy waters, Soothing all the panic, we are far away, in a Miami Cupboard, Where the toys play, It's all written in a book, but no one wants to leave it that way ...

Shark Night

I told you not to sleep tonight, it would be horror night, Shark is coming closer, this life has no end, Distance is a threat, so come out of your bed, Let us run through the forests these nights, Let me take you away to paradise

Lust of the Lord

I feel hate all around me, I feel blood all around me, feeling women sliding over my skin, I feel doubts terrorizing my mind, I feel life is against me, all it wants is to rape and kill, And I feel love, but I'm not interested, I do not care, for it just doesn't attract me, To my it's hypocrisy, it doesn't lead me far, I'm always losing myself in the midst of it I feel hate all around me, so much blood, while women are creeping over me, Did they lose something ? I am not interested, not attracted at all, it's just carnival, This isn't love, there is no love, for love doesn't exist, Please give me the lust of the Lord, and I'm done with it I feel hate all around me, now can't you shut up, These women their eyes suck blood, and I'm losing it, losing it, Until I touch the bottom of your heart, You're the lust of the Lord, yes, you're my baby in spring, After this winter, I finally fall in, It was a long cold night without you, oh the fright, And still they call it entertainment, still they call it shifting screen, California Morning, my daylight friend, Nothing but a Hollywood Station, nothing but a snowwhite embrace, you once gave me, Now the tears are still falling for this, tears are falling, still they call it bliss, California Candlelight, will I be home tonight

Elastic Man

Like the lips of a woman far away, I watch her when she passes by, there's so much fright inside of me, I cannot say that this woman brings me into extasy, she's a mystery, But she brings me close to the edge, I follow her ladder mystery inside my head, Cannot say she is my interest, for I'm always saying goodbye, I'm the man of elastics, when you pull me, I will fly away, I cannot help it, it doesn't seem to change, it only gets stronger, Fly bird fly, I have to go away Music Baby, driving me crazy Dream of me, in latin satin, shattered, growing, lusts undercover, subtle like a ray of light, Small enough to stop the fight in my head, dream of me, in latin satin, shattered, say goodbye, For we all have to fly, away, don't be somebody's prey, we are hitchhikers never get in, Never give in, never bleed away, just go away, just leave, you must agree, Tell me tales from a distance, and I won't listen, for there's music in my head, Music baby, driving me crazy, dream of me, in latin satin, latin life, and go away, This is not something to mess with, baby, leave and go away, Small enough to stop the fight in my head, baby, dream of me, in sands I say goodbye, The waves are getting

me, never bleed away, just go away, around the table, Tell me tales from a distance, and I won't listen, for there's music in my head, Music baby, driving me crazy

Disguise

It's too late for me, you have found your prince, and I watch your temples and your castle, fireworks in your palace, I'm just an old old beggar, a bird telling lies, it's almost night, baby don't you cry, I will sing you a lullaby, I will sing my pain away, and your pains from the big yesterday, After the shipwreck, but now you found your prince, too late for me, I'm just an old old beggar bird telling lies, watching the skies without hope, Selling all my tragedies, selling them to the babies burning, selling them to those in iccold snow, Warm your heart by the candle of lies, for truth is just a spy, taking away our privacy, I rather come to you in disguise I am the man with the mask, blood behind the window, never touch, For you would hurt me so, I can never smile again, I can never watch daylight again, Come to me in disguise, let us escape this night, For truth would destroy us, it made us bitter, so let us lie, let us drink from this wine, I am the man with the mask, truth made me bitter, but I found a perfect disguise, To come to you in the night, I am the man with the mask, with a foot and a paw, creeping through your window, Let the lie make me smile again, for I got bitter and full of grief after my fall I am the man with a mask, truth hurt me so, it's never real, we must turn the deal, Will never cry anymore, will never bleed anymore, Come to you in disguise, in this bitter night, the mask will take away our fright, Watch me now, I'm young again, and you are still my friend, A friendly pencil made me again I am the man of a thousand tears, am the man of a thousand years, I am the man of the mask, always growing near, Like the spy of the big lie I am the man of the mask, man of the lullaby, baby, don't cry anymore, Everything is over now, everything is fine now, Wake up now

Chrystal and Glass

And I'm still screenbound after all these years, Still finding my way in desperate tears, All what I do is an excuse, the consumers suck, The horrible life of a superstar, We're all living in America, pierced at an indian's stake, A house of chrystal and glass He came from far away, fire in his eyes, He was a Vegas Machine, spreading so many lies, But still he's my friend, a ballgame, Don't hurt him, he's so young, What more can I say than that he is my son, And now he's the president of an army of roses, Begging for more power, begging for the ultimate possession, It's a perfect possession in his eyes, He's lying, here, but he's just in disguise, We will all find our way home, soldiers, We came here, but we lost our grip, In Belgium the girls still have soft boots and soft lips, Tell me what you're going to do tonight, I will climb up to the citylights, So many photo's in shatters, So many pictures of a comicbook, Say goodbye, my friend, don't let them bind you anymore, These indians, these indians, waves searching for their own shores, Let them go home as well, we were just men from the same story, But we were saved by a schoolboy's bell ... When you dream, do you remember me, I was always the one who washed the pictures of your mind and memory, I lost some grip this way, wasn't your girl anymore, dementia's on the shore, and I'm still a whore, Well, in many eyes, for they don't believe in disguise, They take everything like it is, like paper dice, Can I have you for christmas, the days go so fast, Can you bring some warmth into my letters, Everything is passing by And there is chrystal and glass changing my point of view, The way how I watched you, the way how I touched you, I'm more than Jesus Christ, I am the real life, Between chrystal and glass, in a zoo where it all started, Tied to the indian's bar, because a history had been closed, Waters are streaming, no one likes to drink here, Saloons of a broken heart Still there is fire in my song, can you hear me, Do you think I'm wrong, do you think I made you cry, Or am I the one where you belong, No warmth you will find in another woman's light America gave his only son, To right the wrong America, America, cowboys in Las Vegas, You told the world to climb on the roofs of your houses, America, America, it's still a conscience table, raising soldiers too soon, the birds must defend their tales

Where Snakes Shiver

And suddenly we're all in the flames of a conscience so insane, Time is getting slower, and the snakes of the playgrounds shiver, Ornaments fall down, this child has just lost it, going home where mother's frozen like a picture, Glass fell out of her hand, baby do you understand, Picture's getting brighter, we're in mothers all-denying, She has the lights in her eyes, she has the lights in her eyes, And she wants to lead us home tonight Take the train to the other side of the world, like the other side of the moon, to tales unheard, Break the screen, it's still messing with you baby, but someday someone will tell you, It was all misplaced devastation

American Riddle

Devastated we had to fight in vietnam,
Our sons got knives in their heart,
We couldn't rise, weren't fruitful,
But still we're doing it for you

Still there are standing indians before us,
Hearts like tongues out of their mouths,
And then time stands still ...

American Cannibal

It's a wild west bible, he hides in his cellar,
This skeleton drinking strange wine,
In Holland they do not know each other,
In America it's pain bringing them together,
Their mouths are guns, their dreams are nuclear bombs

It's a wild wild west bible, if you ask me, girl,
These indians cannot breath, gotta show them the ladder to a paradise's misbelief,
Don't believe all these men, they're full of stories,
But read it in your caravans, show your babes some fun,
It's ole grandfather telling stories,
Like ghosts rising from coffins and death,
Told you not to drink that coffee, but now we're all glad,
After all a happy end

They call it the freedom of speech,
They rule us by a microphone,
It's a love-hate relation,
Baby can we end this show,
Or is this how life should be,
Living on in this American Dream on a bloody screen,
These are wild west guns, honey, we better hide,
We better take some cows for a ride,
These guys they never understand,

Tight cowboy faces, but their leader is my friend

Will save you, baby, out of their mouths,
Can hear your cry, but I can only dream aloud,
They say we never win, as this is a game,
And there should be winners like losers,
So turn the chessboard, baby, we must play and then hide

The Other Captain

I'm in a prison of sharks, and she is staring from a distance,
She said I did it wrong, and now I have to pay, but it takes too long,
Have been here all my life, the witch is saying, she always came to me in disguise,
I'm in a prison of sharks, baby can you hear me, always fading away,
When someone comes near me, do not touch me, do not be cursed,
I know so many things are exploding when you answer me like that,
I'm a prisoner of sharks, baby, it's something I regret

I'm in a prison of sharks, so many lights around me,
Truth is a spy, I don't have privacy,
It's too late for me, although you try to get me out,
I'm sliding away in this destiny,
I am a prisoner of sharks, wished I was a prisoner of dragons,
Wished I was a prisoner of you

Please, let someone steal me away, kidnap me,
Although it is too late, I'm too deep in this,
Will never find my way out, will you ever ever find me,
I'm a prisoner of a shark,
Have an implant deep inside of me,
Always telling me I speak too loud,
That what I did was wrong, so wrong,
And now I have to pay since I got born in this place,
All these sharks around me, so many years to waste,
I am a prisoner of a shark, wished I was a prisoner of you,

Please take me out, please let me be in your doubt,
Make him doubt, make him insecure, make him lose his mind,
Make his body tall, his eyes bloodred, we got to be the captain instead

Sex-Bomb

And I am from America, And I have still my socks low, And I am from America, not a girl like you, but I still love the show, And I am from America, I love to eat some ducks, To spit it out tomorrow, no one is against me, They all love the plot, And I am from a America, they call me a sex-bomb, I can do everything, and I can do a lot

The Musqueteer

It's the puppetmarket of porn, my baby, Don't cry, tomorrow it's gone, It's the puppetmarket of porn my baby, Will take you out of it, Show you where you belong, On a red velvet bench, Stretch yourself like tall lover never touch, The idea is you're all under sand, fighting like a musqueteer In a world bizar, I'm asking you, Do you love the love bizarre, spitting sand in the afternoon, A love supreme, coming to you, Dive away, for it's killing you, The day after you're like shatters in the papers, Someone said your name, and now it's all over, Like sauce over potatoe-sticks, They called you Donald Duck, bizarre friend, Donald Duck, pornographic ball inside of me, Lucifer is still my friend, Turning around, and no one understands, They're all in fire so insane, Did I tell you, you're the master of this show deep inside your brain, Didn't have to do anything with it, with this point of view so insane, Bizarre Donald Duck, sitting on the bench, all my lovers got stuck, And all my views had to bend, I had to belief in you, You were my mother's friend, but did I ever tell you that I hated you, I want to get out of you, but they will never understand, Is my desire too bizarre, is it a crime I want to escape, Bizarre Donald Duck, sitting on my bench, smoking pipes like Lucky Luke, with his hard voice, all walls are breaking, I see my neighbour's staring, What a day in Christmas Palace, Sauce on the porn, and sauce on my mind, then the eaters come, Who sais something is blind, it's like Christ getting potatoe dreams, Still cutting them, heads are bald like lucifers, climbing in my mind, And then it all explodes, can't you see the horror of this, baby, Can't you see them flying, it was just your denying, Raise the screen again, tell your stories again, Tell me I'm a liar, tell me you're my desire After three days all shatters on a table, Paper dice are rising in the skies, It used to be a holiday in Brasil, And now they're telling me with their big big faces, I was their enemy Do I have to die, in this Indian Lie, On this puppetmarket, while no one heard my cry, They didn't give me any chance, their judges shaking heads, I was their yesterday, I was their superstar in delay, Now we can jump on him and ride him, All his stars are fading away, now we can write him letters, Now we can say what we want to say, There's a musqueteer deep inside my dream, Baby, take it out of me, for this guy is killing me

Little Red Hood

She's painting my mind all over again, To her grandmother is a wolf now, She has grown up, got another point of view, Why are your eyes and mouth so big now, You must leave this family, as things don't seem to be right, You have grown up now girl, It was always like this, but now you have seen the light At nights they work, In daylight they sleep, Yes, they all work underground, Like miners having a fever, You don't doubt anymore, You have seen it clear She is painting my mind now over again, Got another point of view, I have grown up now, She walks tenderly and smiles, And then she turns away, I have to follow her to that place, Where she once gave her flowers away And after days it still seems dark, it's deeper now, She stares at me, like yesterday has grown older, We have to run away, don't want to be it's prey, It's all clear to me now, these years were killers somehow, Those with the biggest eyes have the biggest mouths, We have to run away from this house, I take her in my arms and run, We must leave this place, it has lost all it's grace And I am wondering who she is, She's grown up now, like a lady, Painting my mind all over again, There she runs, And I must follow her Little Red Hood, All she did was changing her point of view, These years they look so big now, Like it's hunting for prey, We must run away Little Red Hood, All faces have changed now, But it's all in your head, There was no one there, believe me, Just ghosts in your mind, running there, strange ink you brought me, heads on paper, but i didn't write these letters, it's something from out of space, we both must have gone crazy, like the situation has taken us away And still the wolf is your best friend, Still the wolf knows your silent sentiment, You speak in the wind to me, You're so far away, and that's frightening me, But I found another stone today, Found another place on which I could stay, Our love was not forever, Our love is now fading away, Like the sand divided by the wind, Our eyes are bigger now, Our mouths closed, but grown in height Candlelights paint the picture, It wasn't so far away, So take me away

Snow White

horror

Waiting for mother

On her bed she sits, thinking she has lost her life, thinking she can never have a breath again. Now the doctors have broken her, installed the big big lie ... Snow White, never say goodbye Mother asked her today, how come you are in such delay Then Snow White said : doctors have struck my head They didn't have mercy Only wanted to have a piece of the prey Some pieces are out of my arm I'm frozen, and I almost do not know what to say Mother why are you crying these doctors are only lying Their advices upside down They come straight from carnival Drunk as they are They are looking for mates in war Snow White don't you understand, all these views must come to an end There are soldiers all around us They are looking at us, like we are their enemies But we do not know them They are coming from an older memory Mother, I do not understand what you are saying These soldiers are standing between us It's like everything is breaking ... It's like I'm deaf and blind, leaving all things behind Mother what is taking me away Is it the whore, the killerwhore, searching for prey, is it the lady of the brothel, the madame, the senorita Why me, I am too young Need to wait for my chrystal coffin, for a prince of darkness to take me away Daughter, are you there ? I cannot hear you, cannot find you I wished I would hear your voice Everything is denying me They're saying I'm a whore, and daddy is a liar We have raised the marriage high, only to spread the desire They call us the trick of the brothel They call us scum Maybe the divorce will help them out of their ideas Maybe the drunk can help us, to get us out of their fears Oh mother, why are you crying will never be in denying I'll save you out, I'll send you my chrystal fire On the other side I found my doll He's burning like a christmas-doll In the divorce, I found a good reason to make a choice Throw all my burdens overboard Will embrace the Dark Lord ... Mother, don't you cry no more, I will be the next whore You can forget about your shame I will take it over, although it will kill my brains Will have the desire, to bring it to a good end Oh mother, why don't you understand Mother, don't you cry no more Don't listen to all these paper lies I will free you, take your work over, I have heard your prayer Will send my spell to you tonight No more burdens will be on your back No more crying No tales to break your neck All these lies will fade away I take possession of this prey I'm a predator Oh mother, you know I know I will eat them will never let them go home Game is over now Will raise your name Oh July, come home soon again You are my friend Snow White Goodbye I know you have come to my grave ... I know you have cried so many tears there I wasn't unaware Have counted all your tears and blooddrops for me I drank them all Will drink them all Listen to me, Snow White, your daughter is over you Take me away Take me to a place where we won't be prey anymore In this chrystal cage I'm shivering for evermore Still didn't found what I'm looking for This message is over soon And then I ask you : What are you going to do You know my voice, oh daughter of mine You know where I am Just come and glide away with me To new tales of our destiny Snow White Goodbye These doctors have taken me These doctors have broken me My bed was their table Like wolves they had dinner ... Like gods they found their sinner On their tables they have spred their scorpions to cut slices in their bread, They have tools to eat ... by medicines they have some light ...

Doctors come to me in my night, wanting me to give them delight, Like the flame I'm coming over them, like the flame I will leave them,

Will leave them alone in their dungeons The stars will be their doctors tonight Like the hours of Saturday, a ladder from the marriage to the prey My bed was a barbarian table their medicine to have some light ... like a slaughter-machine they watched me only caring about the money My bed was a barbarian dinner-table By medicine they entered my veins like the brothel for their pains Bloodthirsty they are these medicines, these trains inside looking for my heart to quench my lights Trains so deep inside These medicines are taking away all my delights Through the door of death they watch while the coins just bring their mind back An addictive mind, addicted to some sort of crack ... My bed was a barbarian table Someone took my heart away looking for some breakfast deep in my brain These hospitals are nothing but butcheries fast trains to mystery Brothels and machinery Trains and diplomacy It's taking the life out of me Still the hours of Saturday will lead me out Step by step they will take me out On their back they will take me, and still they break me Find the next station deep inside my memory Hours of Saturday they work together, Still taking me away, from the Marriage to the weather Invisible paths breaking below me I'm falling in their pits, They're still breaking me The coins are the

weapons in their little play, Stinging their automatons for another ride Their letters are their huntingfields, Their notes are their little stirred up tragedies Oh how pathetic to see their plays Something is dying taking so much away Doctor, I know you, saw you on the huntingfields, Searching for prey smoking for the delay ... In the waitingrooms you kill them all, Call it carnival It's breaking my brains Your surgery is just slaughterery The coins in your eyes are just your visions of despise Doctor, doctor, you kill them all, In your small brothels you change them all Preparing them to deeper death, To become your soldiers Doctor, you're just a politician, You lost your way in carnival With your high words you deceive them all, By false promises, with your assistants you have underwear-fun, But when they found out you have no any cent, They slaughter you behind your back, and make you understand, What it means to be a rich man, but you never understand, For that's all the doctor's sleepsand You have them all in your killergrip You decide when and how they rise and fall Hours of saturday, take me away, Yes, hours of saturday, take me away

Silent Hand

When the toy pirate screams, the toy pirate dreams, the toy pirate runs away, will he escape from the box you planted When the toy soldiers dance, will we understand the things between you and me, they're always lying, always crying Toy soldiers from the box you created rolling there, falling there, it's amazing how they come out and how they're sliding back after the day they win Silent hand, silent scream, all between you and me, kiss me goodbye, on my hand, kiss me goodbye, this story will end ... Goodbye my love, goodbye my angel, running away, so many souls go astray She is flirting with the mirror, she is drinking from the wine, she is still doing the crime, ornament don't throw it away, I'm looking for a new embrace These tears they come like jewels, these tears they come like prides babies smiling wide with tears in their eyes Pirate dream a silent scream, silent hand, do you understand, it was not meant to be, it was not meant to be ... take another dance with me throw it all away and let us look behind us there is someone there so many souls go astray Can I help it, can I teach it, can I turn these days Away, it's all gone, all these souls have been gone astray Children count the days I'm married, married off to a pirate's dream, Oh please help me, throw some fire, help me out of this silent scream ... Silent hand take me away

The Mistress

Look into my eyes, my dear, they're running wild, searching for those in fear, Like the shivering, oh silent knight, oh toy knights come here to fight ... This place is cursed is doomed the years are over always over never finding their ways back home a tragedy And the tragedy like flying birds, they're all cursed And the toy knight says : baby why don't you hide, The mistress is ill spin me around Let us escape from her box and smile Do you know we knew her ... she was so sweet but now she's ill Let's escape my baby until she wakes up bringing us the thrill Can't hear her stories now My sister is always waking up, Please let us run away just run away Don't you know, we knew her Don't you know we adored her She always invited us to her home Let us escape from her box and smile Do you know so many ways to go So many ways to die, it's all coming near Show me some pride Do you know so much she has shown We know everything but let us escape now ... Take me away Silent toy knight take me away

Come Back to me

Come back to me, there are horses around us Come back to me they have told lies about us Now I am on my knees come back to me Now I want to see Have some pride Hold your head up high Take the memories away from you and me Close your eyes, can't you see all what I gave to you, Close your eyes, and feel the echo the echo's breaking through, Close your eyes, I cannot see Close your eyes I cannot feel But it's all coming close to me Come back to me

tearing my machine

Misplaced in the jungle, ornament was screaming to me, got my bracelet in my hand, found the memory Then I had to fight, had to overcome Then I climbed the mountain, mountain-rock, where I dived away from Found an ornament of fear, found on ornament behind this year a memory so deep inside a perfect light Make it darker now, baby, come closer Found the ornament deep inside, it's speaking like you baby let's run and hide ...

You

Let the people say what they want to say, it's now between you and me enough of our own faces screaming, or being silent it's all about the memory They say I cannot come to where I belong, for I carry a gun They say my ornament is bleeding for I'm always in casino on Saturdays Baby, all what I want to say all what I want to do all what I want to hear is you

Sweet Canary

Roses to Mary, it's silent in the room There are pink curtains like fleeces between me and you They are watering like tears are falling, and then it's glue Roses to Mary in the room I'm opening the window and I see you Roses to Mary when you're not in town Roses to Mary, sweet canary Roses to Mary

Toys

Turn the toy Indians on, turn the toy cowboys off They have run for too long And raise the toy knights in the fight Toy pirates will come in the night And then watch the game watch the memory flame

Killer Dice

I wished I could hear you in this silent night I'm bored and lazy can't take another fight Still I want to hear your voice and read your books, display doll display doll nothing is too crazy I want to be with you Then you opened up the window and stepped in It was smelling like the candle You play games to win But I can never stand while I'm losing So I must cheat a bit Can I shuffle the cards this time And use my killer dice

Shiny Yellow Doors

Open the door, this time Open the door I'm dying here Can you take me inside to hide me for another year, You were always my shelter, now I stand alone outside Open the door, this time Open the door, I'm dying here Can you take me inside to hide me for another year, You were always my shelter, always bringing me through, So open the door, my dear Open all your yellow doors Your yellow doors, shining in the night Your yellow doors, standing on the shore Still my delight so open them, don't let me die here Please just put them open, here, in front of me and take me in I have been gone for such a long time, but I'm back again Still loving your yellow doors, especially when they spin around ... Yellow door, take me in again Don't let me die here on the shore Just take me in

Statue

I'm wondering why everything is running away Nothing is here to stay Time is running through my hand, it's like magic, I do not understand Oh, how I miss you but I'm not allowed to speak or hold on I must go further don't know why and that's the reason I cry Oh, how I want to call for you Oh how I want to open my doors to you But there's glass between us Everything is sliding away And I feel so weak so confused Why can't it stay All I can do is cry inside, but my face is hard I am a statue I'm a toy soldier only coming alive in the night The only thing I can do is sing Cannot help, cannot speak I only play piano The strings of your heart Bringing the message in Hope I do not have I fear you will never translate what I'm saying Hope I do not have nor trust I'm frightened confused lost inside Where can I hide My face is like a candle burning bright, But I can never speak I cannot trust daylight Always coming alive in the night

Save the Doll

Saving the doll, saving her smile, saving her letter, saving her goodbye's,
Saving her golden glitters, saving her wine, saving her temple, saving her shrine,
It's August here, but still it snows,
It's raining also, a wonderful show,

Saving the doll, saving her glide, saving her machine spreading so wide,
Saving her books, her jealousy breath, saving her underwater dream,
It's alright with me, I can sleep again, I can rest my face on her dress,
I can be warm again, can be happy again, we're saving the dolls,
For yesterday couldn't make it bend, Save the doll,
Save her smile, save the statue, save her style,
Save her mission, save her silly scream, save her ornament,
That's what she believes, she believes in you and me,
Save these dolls, save their heads, save their arms, save their legs,
Give them everything they need, for yesterday couldn't make them breath,
Yesterday don't you ever return,
Save the doll

Say My Name

In the house where the statues are, house where they all gather once in awhile,
I found a silly letter,
In the house where statues march, once in awhile they go outside,
While they shout, talking about this silly letter, talking about the weather,
Turn your head to the sky, my baby is walking by

In the house where statues live, house on prairie, house on a statement of yesterday,
Can we return to that place, they love to say our names,
Say my name, make me alive, say my name, and spread it all wide,
Let us dance like never before, and bring me to the morning-shore,
Turn your head towards the sky, baby is walking by

In the house where statues live, such a long time ago,
But it's still in my memory, like yesterday, they're playing flutes and violins in delay,
Say my name, oh baby, come alive maybe, say my name, of baby, come alive, baby,
Tomorrow it will all be clear, there was no one really there

Shoot !

Dolls behind the piano's, set them free, They're living there in slavery, Dolls behind the windows and the violins, Please
set them free, they're walking between you and me, With so many letters, while we could save a third word, Shut up
your mouth and listen to some tales unheard We need to do it different, baby, These monogamies keep them into

slavery, Don't you long for the greater circles ? We can escape in celibacy Dolls behind the pictures, set them free,
Statues behind the family, let's set them free, Baby, they are all marching between you and me, Monogamy keeps the
armies alive, So let's shoot these guys

So Ripe

This baby lives in celibacy, she has a greater circle in her heart by which she breaths, Embracing all the layers of hidden
life, This baby is blind, she doesn't need the big eye to slide, She's deaf, hearing the greater and secret sounds, She's a
stretched plastic dream, She killed the beast of monogamy, so that she could reach you, You, the doll, so deep inside,
you, the king, she, so ripe

I don't understand my own hardness,

don't understand my own softness ...

I don't know where it goes, and I don't know where it's going to ...

All I know is I am a prisoner of myself,

of something deeper I don't understand ...

There are simple things in life, but this is too difficult ...

The roaring pains in me ... I don't know what it's telling me ...

It is speaking in a language I do not understand,

Please let me wake up, to talk to myself ...

It seems the hardness never dies, but these roads before me are all dying ...

I cannot step forward because of my misunderstanding ...

I cannot move because of the unknown ...

It's so deep inside of me, I cannot reach it ...

Neither when I try it fast, neither when I try it slow ...

Please take me to the river inside,

and talk to me, and help me figure it out ...

I'm too tired to do it on my own ...

They don't want to have their heads on the covers,

They don't want to have their names in the magazines,

All these girls they hide behind their brothers,

Watch the peanuts crash against the screens

Paint the screens all black my baby,

Hang the curtains, put a misty seal,

They cannot lie to you, my honey,

Don't you know wicked pirates, dirty deals

They don't want to have their heads on the covers,
Don't want to have their names in the magazines,
All these girls they kiss their brothers,
Hide my face from the machine

Paint the screens black my baby,
Hang the curtains high,
Don't you know they cannot lie to you, my honey,
Wicked pirates only cry

Too Much Pain

The flames of your words are burning me,
Let's stop our conversation, baby,
It's like a war undercover, it's like a cold business scream,
Let's leave life like this, and listen to some silent faces never spoke

The cars of our relationship are crashing against the walls,
Of all these misunderstandings,
We cannot reach each other right now, so why don't we just let it be,
Maybe we are just too wild, we need to be free

I cannot break the circle,
Why don't you come back to me,
I cannot jump across this mountain,
We must have a compromise,
This loneliness is killing me, but I still want to be free

I hate you, I miss you so, I am a slave, please let me go,
Or one day I break free, and it will never be the same

I am a slave to my mind, a slave to my feelings, who invented this machine,
When I will be free I will be a hunter,
I will not let anything come close again,

For it's all there to enslave, and there's never a good compromise,
When I am free, I will be the hunter,
I will be the flame, letting no one come closer,
It's already too late I have too much pain

I'm watching the stars, there is no escape,
I have waited for years and years, but it never came, and I was always too late,
It's it my destiny to miss the last train do I need to die in silence
Do I need to drown in my tears but baby, if it would bring me to you
It's worth it, then the ascet rules

I'm watching the stars, there is no escape,
My pains tied me to you I found you there in death's embrace
Oh, fragile one, stronger than hell, from weakness words of power streams,
Taking us both away from hell,
There is nothing anymore We will swim to a new shore

I'm watching the stars at night, is there an escape
Is there a friendly face taking my pain away
On this island are you what I wanted you to be,
Or are you just more weight tied to my destiny

I'm watching the stars at night, faces mirroring in the sea,
Like diamonds burning bright, escaping from you and me ...
Let us follow them, maybe they know a place
Where we can all be free of this burden between you and me

Walking along the edge staring right through it someone has to confess Cannot see anything but still I
feel so many flowers growing underneath and all i ever wanted to see were statues ... baby you and me
we're statues bleeding, something is leaving something is always leaving something is always hiding
something is always hating us yes, something is always dreaming of a world without you and me

Something is always telling me goodbye Something is always laughing when I cry yes, something is always
misunderstanding me screaming when I speak screaming when I dream Is it the police like a heavy
heritage of you and me

Something is always telling me that I shouldn't trust you, my baby, baby Something is always telling me that I can
better run away run away But if I will run away with you If we can build this dreamcastle of so many toy
soldiers between me and you playing just playing nothing can tell us anything what we need to do
Anything is always silent when we speak, when we do it's always between me and you

Pale Lips

Raise the sword, lips are in fire, lips are warm and shiny pale Pale like the dragonlights between us Something is screaming, always screaming There are days we can better forget But something tries to remind us instead Baby you are my dream Something always disagrees Even now I try to hide Still this day is gone I'm sliding away I'm always sliding in circles waiting for the great day Will it ever come Or will it slide away forever Darling come we must live forever like the great day we must live forever slide away slide forever great day

No Lullabies

Baby we belong to this world but I'm searching for the traces while I'm sinking deep again I can better stop ... this path never ends I have given up all hope ... Orange speech lips of fire pale like dragonlights I have given up I'm sliding away no strength to go on hope is too heavy Slap me in my face Tell me I have failed Tell me I'm a criminal, deserving death, deserving to lose it all I don't have any hope I only have fear and despair I can never reach for your hand It's all sliding away I cannot remember you I'm too far gone So what's the deal, what are you fighting for It can never be the same

Close your eyes, give up the fight, forget about the lullaby, forget about the wild animal ...

Baby, we belong to this world but I'm searching for the traces while I'm sinking deep again, I can better stop this path never ends

I'm thinking of you like something of a thousand years ago I'm now standing in a hall with dragon tears like curtains diving in the oceans without you sailing on these pearls without you Silent tears coming through Baby, what will you do I'm thinking of you like something of a thousand years ago My mouth is full of lust and pride so dignified Silent tears coming through Baby what will you do, I'm thinking of you

watching you

I'm unaware of so many things,

I'm unaware of the dreams I'm missing ...

Here, I gave up all my hopes,

I even gave up on you

I am the sun dying,

I am the sun flying,

All that I miss, all that I do,

is watching you ...

I'm unaware, I only stare, and watching you from the distance ...

I'm unaware of all the things you say to me ...

You aren't here, but you will be in my destiny ...

But I gave up all the hope, and I gave up all my dreams,

and I gave up everything, I even gave up on you ...

I'm lost ... in a thousand spaces I'm shattered but I'm living on ...

I am the sun crying and sighing

I am the sun flying ... All that I do, all that I miss, all that I want,
is watching you

Can you smell the distance ... can you smell my pain ...
I'm wondering ... no one's coming they're all outside ...
crying on your grave ... I still see shadows dancing like a fool ...
like the sun touching the moon like the burdens going down ...
all that they do ... is watching you

Where the Sun is Burning

Can you hear me, crying from the mountains,
can you hear me going down ...
I'm going down to the grave, to see your face ...
Can you watch my hand, my ornament ...
Can you watch my face ... where the sun is burning
Can you sit and dance, can you watch my face,
where the sun is burning ... I'm watching you from the cloud ...
I'm watching you from behind
My face is split ... I have attention
I have attention I have no friends
only attention ... only attention ...
and where the sun is burning, and where the sun is burning ...
I found your name on a grave
You just lived hundreds of years ago ...
I don't even know you I don't even know you ...
Where the sun is burning where the sun is burning I found out you're just a bitter past of someone else
Your daddy ... your mother your sister and your brother while I was just a breeze in the shadegetting born in
future getting born on your grave ... where the sun is dancing where the sun is burning a feather on a wave
a feather on a wave

A fantasy, a fantasy a fantasy is dying in me A fantasy a fantasy a fantasy is dying in me
I cannot stand the mystery ... I cannot stand the mystery I cannot find the mystery
I'm in the end I'm in the beginning but I never find the mystery I never find the mystery It's just an echo in
me

Like the waterfall of all my hidden tears I'm crying like a million years I'm dying inside but I will never find my inner pearl bleeding from behind I have watched your trousers drying in the rain I'm a morning in the evening I'm a feeling in the brain but I'll never find my history, I'll never find my hidden pain it's ecstasy sliding through this neverending vein vanity just vanity just vanity will speak to me too lame to raise my fist ... too lame to reach the shore i'm dying here in pleasure that's what you will ignore always ignore always see the lies are still in me

And all these vampire-creatures running through the night,
Taking pieces of me away with them, not everything for they can't stand the light,
Running away, sliding away, from a fire wanting them to fall,
A fire of prey

And all these vampire-creatures running in my heart,
They tore you and me apart,
They spoke lies, they loved to hit the wound,
Our love is dying now, our love is crying now,
But there is no mercy or care around

And all these vampire-creatures taking so many sights away,
Do I still remember who you are,
Am I still watching you in my mind,
And all these vampire-creatures taking so many memories away,
Is it driving us insane, or is it for us the way out

Never Sundays (Raining Blood)

She's washing her clothes in the mud, she's coming down like the flood, screens are all overflowing. She's drinking milk from the newborn. It's on hell's tv tonight, on the eastside, screams of irony take place, for there's football in the stations, heads of the newborn falling down, the ironians are sitting on their thrones teaching them who master it all. Skins they suck empty, clothes washing in the mud, but she never washes it on sunday, for there aren't sundays here, and it never rains, it's only raining blood.

Easter of Prey

Ironian smiles, while tv's on, it's raining blood in hell, and the mud is strong, holding up a footballfield, but then it sinks away, to become the beast's prey. Ironian smiles, while another footballfield rises, where indian ironians run I never liked these guys, but they are entering in, until the beasts are tearing the grounds, opening up their mouths, while the public's irony is taking them away, it's time for another prey. And I see cows running on fields, while ironian smiles are high, until the blood rains. And then a voice shouts high and loud, all on hell's tv and then I'm

putting it out. I go to sleep again, but someone is watching me closely with an ironic stare. I say I'm already in hell, so what do you want. But he's only there to bring me deeper, to a chessboard of prey. It's always winter here, always burning, shooting flames from inside out to be launched like a player. But can I run away, don't want to be a gladiator. Ironian smiles, while tv's on, it's raining blood in hell, and the mud is strong, holding up a chessboard, but then it sinks away, to become the beast's prey. Ironian smiles, while another chessboard rises, where indian ironians stand tall never liked these guys ... could never stand the words coming out of their mouths They jump and then they kill Their stares just spread the thrill It's taking so many hearts away They're always looking for prey Hell's tv, another mystery when I put it off, I just come into another part of this machine It never sleeps It always slides and creeps I can never breath If you win or lose the game ... Machine will swallow them all away Someone speaks ... fire and blood coming out of his mouth, like a spitting python, like a dragon and an idiot together He's the quizmaster of hell's television, when he speaks all the skeletons are burning, it's taking so much life away while the dead balls are rising, to become born again in hell, on the footballfields they cry They do not know the way But the ironians they take their heads and pray They shoot for prey All these babies find their cradles and cages All these babies fly home while the ironians smile They were never my types of guys Ironians, ironians, running after balls too far away And on the footballfields someone is dying, but the ironians do not care, for this is hell, ... more death will come to find it's way And someone on the footballfields is weeping but the ironians do not care for this is hell more tears will come to find their ways And milk is streaming forth from the newborn And all their mothers are drinking Milk to raise, rivers are rising, break the seal, someone's hiding behind Milk to raise, mothers screaming, break the seal, cannot live with yesterday Ironians do not care a lot christmasbells aren't ringing Then eastercows they enter having easterbells, while Spanish idiots play the fools I can't stand them, seeing them running after tables Break the seals Tomorrow we break the seals Tomorrow never comes, for it's always today The secret of the easter of prey

Wednesday Forever

Someone is rising, it's like the milkman, having milk from the newborn from hell Forget about the tales of football, it never comes They are running after tomorrow, a day which never comes Someone is rising, it's like the milkman, spanish ironians break the seals ... Can't you run away Can't you fly away, for there's no yesterday There's only a today And today it's Wednesday, it's like hell's day It can never turn around, it's always frozen, and a little flame is coming up to spread the fire Forever Wednesday, forever today, while balls in hell are burning, seal has been broken, by ironians of Brasil, white white milk is floating, from newborn faces of hell We have taken away, we have taken away the shell Someone took the helmet off, now there are snakes on the footballfields, finding their ways Break the seal today, please break the seal today, for today is forever, forever wednesday

Car Game (Flip the Flipper)

You have to flip good here, or you won't survive Flip good, and take a good dive ... There are flipperians on the road and now it's them against you Will you become one of them ? That's the question but they fight, and that's the truth Do you want to become a gladiator ? It will turn your life brandnew But you can better flip deeper than them, doing it better There are some ironians and idiots on the road It seems they have the Flip They're flip the flipper They have the flip in their pockets, look it's flipping out It's crashing through walls, and crying

loud Then it flips over, and takes you by the throat You better flip better than them, or they will throw you off the road

Chicago

Killers on the road, like flippers, they have found eternal life on the bottoms of their cups Now they are like Holy Grails They're on their way to Chicago And I know it will put some switches And the rest will flow, freedom in slowmotion ... Time to think We're not in Africa anymore We have broken the seal Killers on the road, like flippers, they have found eternal life in the bottoms of their cups Now they have reached Chicago There's wine floating above their heads But this Car Game is also a threat For there are idiots on the road, and ironians And there are pigs in Chicago Pigs and Butchers but on this chessboard no one wins And you got to do the Car Game, but you won't get through, for there are idiots on the road, and ironians, giving you the boot Then you float back to Africa again wishing you would lay in Chicago's sand But only on christmas you get a ride And you know you won't make it, for the judges decide And in Africa it's never christmas, you're in hell, but there's a double bottom She's waiting for you in America a picture of the past

Peruomane

They came from far away ... It's now Africa, it's so insane These cowboys came from Peruomane, an America below the South where breasts and buttocks were just heads and nipples were mouths That's what Jim Morrison said But no one ever listens to him since he's dead Here idiots and ironians lived Jim Morrison never found the exit But is he still in, that's the question Or was he just a sightseer watching from a distance wall He's still our horizon this guy Can we go back to that place ? Africa's so lost since it was isolated from America Peruomane, it must just rise and never fall Got the butcher's switch in Chicago But butchers and pigs, they always fall away Peruomane rise, and start the carnival It's the forbidden tree of hell It's on television tonight, and Jim Morrison will shine more than ever. America, don't let your Africa fall again. I gave it to you. Care for it like a newborn baby. These are the words from the prophet, the spirit of the forbidden tree of hell. Peruomane, the Rise and Fall of Jim Morrison, but he will rise again.

The Tongue (All Fall Down)

Tongues of hell rising, forbidden trees, with the fruits of the dying So put your tongue out of your mouth Hang on the telephone the whole night, until hell takes you away in it's delight And according to Jim Morrison Europe was also a part of America in the past. And everyone was made of paint and light, in the deepest darkness And Jimmy had the paint-gun. It was the eternal tree of hell. So break the seal, it's carnival, drink the beer All fall down

Los Angeles

Got the switch in Los Angeles, here the screens bow, and send their lights ... Here the seals have been made We've been tricked by lights and paint And Flip the Flipper chews the lights like chewing gum His tongue is tall and thick Like snake's universe it coils around hell's forbidden trees There are no seals on the bottles here It streams having no end. And then the woodcutter comes to cut off the forbidden trees of hell with his axe Never christmas anymore Only easter, leading us to Tartarus ... There are cows on the roads now Never trains anymore Jim Morrison plays on the flute, the piper leading us to Tartarus His eyes are speaking His

forehead speaks and his cheeks, displaying the A of anarchism. But in the cities, the ironians and idiots sell the old fruits of the forbidden trees Don't eat them, just slide away The women here are like forbidden trees Don't take them They will fade away They are like ghosts anyway always sliding away But what is left ? Only a painting of the forbidden trees. And an almost naked man stands before it. We're in hell's museum.

Redtime Lovesong

Girl, we must sacrifice each other this evening, We must say goodbye for the greater good, Giving each other back to a greater circle, This is what we have to do, We are just one-day-lovers, We never reach the end of the day As I'm getting weaker and your heart begins to beat, This is what we have to do for a greater good, Between me and you, The memory will fade away, and you will find another lover for one day, So look me deep in the eyes for the last time, I will wrap you in a blink, will let you shiver inside, You're such a paranoid girl, and I'm an autistic sight, We can never reach each other, but you will find another friend on tomorrow's shore, Just a one-day-friend, a passenger, all these days they pass us by, All these days they just pass us by

Frozen Friends

It's strange there are some friends with me, they always stay, They are frozen in time, can't get them out of my memory, They are like family, It seems like I need them, they're my breath, but still it's scary, There are things I never seem to forget, I think I'm frozen in this piece, seems I'm frozen in this clock, It seems I never can relate to the things deeper inside of me, Death is never the solution, for it will only create another frozen confusion, Please, red time take me out. It seems I have learned to watch the things by different eyes, It's like red time's on my back now, making the good compromise, All these frozen things around me, I can turn them in my head, Can mess them up in red time's wheel flowing through the night, Giving them the answers, to what they believe is right I have learned to shut up more, and to watch a second time, Seeing the bends I would never see if I would just talk and stare, I have learned to watch these things from the distance, And they seemed to be another one coming out of the confusion, It's now all clear to me, red time is the answer for you and me, The answer for you and me I have wasted so much anger, could only stare and talk, I was a gladiator of this machine, But now since I found the red talk, silent whispers in the night, Words fading away in strange delight, I could never watch things a second time, always the gladiator of your mind, coming from a greater circle, always solving the riddle of another fight, deeper in the mysteries of your night

Sane

I am your idiot, the gladiator of your mind, Always trying to prove that I'm not crazy and not bad, Always working to prove that I am not a liar, Why working so hard for an image I am not ? I do not fit in your boxes, the product of a certain point of view, Well I am not crazy enough, I need to be an idiot to break these chains, And then I probably burn in your hell, But that's better to be the gladiator of a mind so sane

Girl Inside

I'm an idiot, have to fly with your birds, Have to die with your goats, yes, they're coming from the waters, Telling you the tales unheard, it's like we have to play your conscience, Still gladiators, gladiators, rise and die, for there are so many girls inside I'm an idiot, have to fly with all your pigs, Have to die with them, gathering the seeds for tomorrow, Planting them one by one into all these girls inside, Still we are their gladiators in their night, Gladiators of a conscience so sane, so innocent, Why did we grasp all this fame, on hell's television it is tonight, Breaking all the bones of all the traitors inside, We can never open this door, we can never stand tall on it's shore, It has to be this way, for girls inside want to have a piece of the prey, These girls of the wheels, so cruel, but always sane and innocent, We are their lawyers, asking them why can't we be their judges, But we have to leave this crown, gotta ask them, cannot be the clown, Do not have the words for such answers, always fading away after everyday, Arena frozen in my mind, taking us back after the fight Girl inside, can you run and fly with me, can you let me free, Can you take a dive in the night, for the greater good, I know you're in an arena too, girls never like each other, Always jealousy, always gossip, but can you shut up for awhile, I know your also a gladiator, someone's idiot, but you have to learn how to sacrifice

Hell's TV

Memory like hell's tv, burning in the night, taking us back to the fight, we are the gladiators of someone's accusations. Need to burn home and house, all the furniture inside, don't forget the dolls of their children, such cruelty is never right. But we are gladiators of someone's conscience, gladiators on hell's tv tonight, burning like the memory We are gladiators of someone's desires, gladiators of a long lost romance, can you give it back tonight, we have to sacrifice it to the wheel A strange machine, gliding through our heads, like hell's tv And someone's on the radio while we are sleeping Cannot hear my own dreams tonight Memory like hell's tv, burning in the night, it's burning in my head and brains, it's burning in my eyes, cannot see the things of yesterday, I see everything different

The Goat and the Idiot

Hell is in fire, panic panic, all that we have build is now lost Hell's on fire, criminals burning ... What can we do now we've lost Can I buy some papers from you, a new silhouette Can I dream with you instead For all my cinema's are gone now There's a new show in hell, breaking my beautiful spell All these lights are turning, bending Bend over, girl, will lead you to another shore There's a great great wheel turning like hell's tv-show Hell is in fire, it's strange to me no cinema's anymore, only tv ... Do you want to have them all lazy now Tv in their own caves and I'm lost somehow Hell is in fire, cinema's burning voices on the radio tonight A goat is entering, with an idiot Please give me some light Or this will turn into a fight Voices on the tv ... rolling waters from the screen Can you quench the fire, smoking or do I have to watch my own screen

Wild

Can you dance in hell like this hallelujah, can you dance in hell like bubblegum ... roses are turning blue, white smoke from the waters Can you dance in hell like this hallelujah, dance like this, this year there won't be christmas Can you dance in hell like this hallelujah, frozen statues melt today, there are idiots swimming in the waters Sharks come out of their caves Can you dance, can you dance like this Can you dance, can you dance like this

Can you dance in hell like this, halleluja, christmas won't be here today, not in hell and not in heaven, only easter comes here for it's prey he's such an idiot such an idiot can you dance like him can you smoke like him and spit the fire he's on the fairground, lose or win

Say, can you dance like easter, can you dance like this idiot's smile Hell has been frozen over, but the flame inside makes everything wild

Days in Hell

When indians play football in hell, hell gets frozen over, only a little flame will burn inside, to change everything into another day These days in hell searching for prey You can do anything ... There are no laws here Only lusts for nothing is real Idiots they walk here Idiots have their smiles Like strange waters and strange flowers And someone is peeing in the skies These days in hell made everything wild When barbarians play football in hell with heads and testicles too big The sacrifice is wicked, and they're burning every christmas When idiots play football in hell Waves will grasp heaven Strange fist will crash them all These gladiators let every christmas fall ... To let a deeper easter rise, so evil Waves will enslave them all But all this only happens when someone plays with his little machine of carnival

Cruel Picture of a Boy's Friend

Mother, get me out of here, open the door Why did you lock me up here since I was two years old, you stupid whore Mother, please, I will be kind, don't leave me alone in the night Mother, why is it that I always get presents at christmas, but then you lock the door again It's like sinking in the sand Cruel picture of a boy's friend

These christmas-presents they sting and they lie, but they're my only friends in this darkness, and they never tell me why These friends are the idiots of my skies I can never think and dream when they're talking to me Talk to me please talk to me for my dreams are killing me Wished I had some easter-presents, like some little lights in my nights Ornament's so close, it stings me Wished I had some moments with another one's diary I know it can kill me but so what ? I was never alive ...

Why do I always have to live in this cellar But one day I will rise I will be a boy's friend in disguise It was all a cruel picture in a mother's mind Like a time-bomb she is She's a dressed up idiot Mother, get me out of here I hear you're having parties upstairs, you wicked whore Mother why did you lock me up here since I was two years old I never had the chance to see the daylight Never had the chance to go to school I'm only living here with these christmas-presents So please, open the door

Can I have some easter-presents, some moments with another one's diary I know it can kill me But so what ? I was never alive Or am I now a paranoid, baby Let me out from here, baby Just for one night And then I'll sink away again to my private hell without a light ... Just one night, I beg you, baby, and then I will slowly fade away To close the diary of you and me together I promise you will forget everything I say

Major Spell

Something is moving in hell ... Idiots do a major spell Crowns are falling off everyone is free ... New Year's taking of For everything turns backwards in hell after such a spell There are idiots on TV Cows and clean roads between you and me

Too Late

On hell's tv today, o woman like a widow, help and pray, she lost her children in the dark Lost her husband by a shark On hell's tv today I'm wondering am I alone here ... No, there are some skeletons in the waters behind me Waiting till the overflow On hell's tv today A man with a high hat telling them all they have to pray, for satan's here, this idiot, he will spread the fear And he will set the angels out of their cages Won't go back to that place, where he had built his puppetspace puppetmarkets God is just an ellebow away On hell's tv today a mother weeps, for christmasbells don't ring anymore, only easterbells like cowbells, and there are cowboys on the shores Sometimes I want to scream to God, but who is he ? He's just a puppet from a madman's diary Madmen on the street Madmen in the skies Madmen all over me On hell's tv today, a brother searching for his sister, searching her for she could pray, he doesn't have a voice and a conscience Brothers on the streets today, searching for their sisters, for they could pray, while they were too far away Can I have just one prayer out of your mouth, can you write it down for me, before I take the road into the deep On hell's tv today, sharks come out of their cages, cows are on the roads today, where are the trains And lucifer is smiling, because he has a great day, for his god is dying, and now he can take the other way Is this the end of all our prayers, is this the end of all our christmasses anyway On hell's tv tomorrow a little voice will do it's prayer, but then satan comes to break the last snare Satan can you rise, you had these puppetmarkets in disguise, you had these churches on your back, your marionets moving by your strings, tell them all their god is in a free fall flying towards seas of fire satan will burn them all just a madman's carnival There's urine on the stairs Satan smiles today He has burnt some of his puppets, the ones who used to pray ... When will this nightmare ends, no one understands No one will pick something up from it It's just a madman's play While the idiots are still following his diary On hell's tv yesterday ... Someone lost it on his way He's crying looking for his children His wife took them away She was the puppet of a madman's diary the puppet of a strange strange society Can we help her today, can we cut the strings and take her away For when her husband will find her, she will be meat on the plate Please, madman do something, or it will be too late (It's already too late) ... Go there or it will be too late (It's already too late) Please, go there, or it will be too late (It's already too late)

Spear

She stood there before me, the picture had been frozen, while I was staring, such a naked sight, could see her bones through her skin She watched me like she would watch sharks, she shivered ... and then she took a knife and ran towards me to kiss me, and then she moved like an idiot all over me Who's up who's under who's sun who's thunder who's winter who's summer it's burning anyway why do you scream why do you yell this pretty dream is just the hell's shell You still play with toys girl, still play with rabbits and teddybears You have to ride a horse, and growing into a spear

No complaints

There are heads on the water, men in a boat ... These are the idiots, everyone is dying Everyone is shivering Pictures get frozen in the heads like seconds take a thousand years Where are all your criminals now, did they hide this year ? People screaming to their gods, but only sharks are coming forth. There are heads on the water, men in a boat, these are the idiots, you better stop talking, better stop dreaming, better stop lying ... They hear everything, they slide through your walls but in the end they crash down in their falls first they cry a lot, crying loud, and then they scream your name, these are the idiots, think twice before you start to complain.

Sacrifice

I have a wound, I was on hell's tv today, people were buying their heads away It was dope, so that they didn't have to pray ... Then they took their glasses Staring into the crowds below them, while spitting loud And I have a wound, like a big tattoo All I do is scream but it's only a dream Idiots came to me today They raised me up, they gave me power, but at the end of the day I gotto take a shower while everything was in delay My ornament was burning, turning My ornament screamed my name, like I was in big fame I was like a president, throwing my crown away And now I am the idiot of idiots Now I am searching for prey like them but it was just my way to tell them about another day I am an idiot of prey, since you stared at me since you took my breath away You raised me high, and then you let me fall, to be a part of your carnival Didn't know you would be so creative after all And now I have the tattoo I was on hell's tv And I met you again Like the power of some superwoman You're drawn by the thunder I was drawn by the sky In us the sun went down under While we were laughing, telling each other goodbye Goodbye for the last time Hope I will never see you again I met you in disguise so many other times Even after the sacrifice

Idiots of Brasil

Finally I reached hell in my death Finally I could take the bridge to leave this shell It had bothered me throughout the years Finally I was in hell to watch your tear I took a dive, and told you : honey, you will survive For we are with the idiots Idiots are growing in us Idiots take our souls away On hell's tv I met you We're waiting for the next day We watch the cows below us, they're running to make way turning everything backwards searching for prey These are the cows of prey Raised by the idiots of Spain And there are French idiots on their way, to take the last train

Idiots of Spain they're marching, having no mercy, only cruelty is flowing through their veins ... While someone is crying, they only push the spear deeper They have lost their way While Indian idiots with so many flags, colourfull, while someone's vomitting, someone's breathing hard and loud, while someone's kicking harder Are we in a classroom today The teacher's voice is slowly fading away They are the truants, they never love us Teacher tells goodbye They're teasing us by their soft lies, about paradises too far away for our understandings, well I will take the road to hell instead, on a shimmering tv-day My hero fell out of the machine today I have taken his hand taking him away Paradise will never be the same

Idiots and Donkeys (No Choice)

You have a mind on your own, and I cannot follow it, for it's always changing, always shifting before my eyes, you try to make me insane ... So I rather choose the road to hell To scream with idiots and donkeys All what it takes to quench your voice ... It's penetrating me I do not have another choice All what takes to bring you down, all what takes to quench your voice, I swear on my mothers grave ... I do not have another choice Than to scream with idiots and donkeys.

Sarcasm

He walks with bones around his arms, With muscles on his back and chest, But these aren't his, He's a vampire boy on his way to sarcastic bliss, Through your mouth he speaks, He takes your head and then he bleeds

Knife in the Middle

Put the knife in the middle, Where the cake is soft, where meat is hiding, Everyone is sliding away Put the knife in the middle, where girls stand tall they have raised their nipples, Where all the milk flows, something grows, Or is it me becoming wise, is it me opening my eyes, Nothing is moving anymore, I'm sliding over frozen statues, Over roofs and through the darkness, only my own lights form these grey moving pictures, Of a song once died out Close your eyes, get the picture, We've been tied to a wheel, Another point of view, higher flames than this, it's over between me and you, I found another prince, This prince of june, He's a vampire's heart, he's a tale unheard, he's speaking where you can never hear him, All he wants to do, is taking a part away from you Put the knife in the middle, Where it's easy to cut and slide, Where the mud has sunk much deeper, In a tale where we will unite, As a prince with his princess, oh so wise, oh so wise, but the queen and king are just knives in disguise, run away, for it's the day of sacrifice

Kiss of Prey

Covered by skulls, covered by rotting meat, He kisses the bride, and it all slides away, It is the kiss of prey Slowly he comes near, When he leaves there's death all around, When he kisses it's the first and the last time, Kisses of prey, their shadows always stay I said go away, I said don't you come here anymore, I know what you are all about, Baby, you're a kiss of prey, Once showing yourself

you slowly turn your head away, It's like the fire is burning, We cannot control this love, Kisses of prey, always taking everything away

My Lullaby

Thought I would call this new girl, She's so damned insecure, When you're shy, keep fading away, To the land high in the sky, Making us all wondering why So I called this new girl, So damned insecure, She stuttered on the phone, And I said baby I will lead you home, And then she started to cry her mother died today, And her lover decided to slide slowly away When morning comes everything will be over, Everything will appear so insane, When morning comes hell will be frozen over, Come with me, my lullaby, no one will know why

Float Away

Tell me what is important, The sky is full of fools, One day we will break through, Everything will disappear, Everything will be forgotten, A new year is coming near Tell me what is of use, The waters are full of fools, Telling we are criminals, Everything will be frozen, Everything will fade away and float away I want to forget about it all, To lay it down and freeze it all, It has to stop now it's breaking my mind I want to leave it all behind, I'm in this prison, like an eternal night, I cannot see you, but you're standing there, You're arms wide open, touching my sensitive snare Can you take me away, To another point of view, please tell me it wasn't true, Can you take me away, can you change to pictures in my head, Can you crash my memory Your dress is whiter than the whitest white, It's getting clear to me, you're washing my memory, Your inner healing is shining through, there's fantasy between me and you, stronger than death, stronger than life, stronger than my memory, I will survive I cannot change time, but i'm fighting against it in a hopeless arena, Is this my fate, take me away, is there any chance to escape ? I cannot change time, I'm broken inside, but time's a trickster, I must lead my own life

Delirium

You must wake up, my child, Everything is growing outside, We have conquered conscience, We have travelled through the night, You must wake up, my love, Everything is growing inside, It's the last delight, and then the morning comes, We will be in the fields together, They won't take us away, for we are dreaming, fading, Growing inside, like a lucifer in a darker night, Coming up from the morning to take our space away, dogs and horses are running, baby, let us be weak, Baby, it's already time to sleep, Hold my hand, we have conquered time and thinking, We have stopped it all, we can take the train for another fall, Deeper inside, only deeper inside, we do not need anything coming from behind, We're deeper inside, deeper inside, baby let's hide in the night, Here we will get our pictures clear, Everything looks so insane, delirium takes us into another year

The System Left You

She said
The system left you,
you gonna need the harder times,
The system left you,
and it will bite you out of line
The system left you,
gotta need the harder hit,
The system left you,

Mother's Sky

These creatures looking for a place to hide,
lay them down, deep inside
These creatures need some place to sleep,
They are running to the night,

The creatures in the sky,
lay down, deep inside,
the creatures in the sky,

lay them down, far behind

Don't you know when mother's speaking,
got to know the mother's sky

Enchanting the Marionet

Cry for the urban renewal,
cry for a heart full of tears,
these waterfalls, these waterfalls,
they bring water to all who hears.

Remember my name,
when your dreams are over,
I will lead you to the finishline,
these boys from lynx bring you over the hills,
in a green car, in a strange household,
where all materials move.

Remember my name,
when your dreams are over,
I will lead you to the finishline,
these boys from lynx bring you over the hills,
in a green car, in a strange household,
where all materials move.

It's a strange sort of glue ...
it's horror, but that's all hardening them,
no problem for echo ...
this boy designed by harems
your mother sewed in your suit
all sifted by the kettles,
she's still .. enchanting the marionet ...
in strange lipsticks' rythm
she's enchanting the marionet ...
until he's home again

still the hard spray in your mind ...
dim lights in the night,
from the dark chrystal,
your mother sewed in your suit ...
no problem for echo ...
this boy designed by harems
marching under lipsticks' rythms,
enchanting the marionet

in black sand he lives,
sending prisoners downstairs,
it's horror, but that's all hardening them,
they will be sold by a public's touch,
no problem for echo ...

this boy designed by harems
marching under lipsticks' rythms,
enchanted the marionet

Remember my name,
when your dreams are over,
I will lead you to the finishline,
these boys from lynx bring you over the hills,
in a green car, in a strange household,
where all materials move.

Remember my name,
when your dreams are over,
I will lead you to your destiny,
these boys from lynx bring you over the hills,
in a green car, in a strange household,
where all materials move.

Ornament of Speech

Chrystal dreamers, walking from the top of spring,
Chrystal dreamers walking from the top of spring,
to all nations,
chrystal dreamers flow to the sunlight,

dreams cannot be forgotten there,
where nations fall in the night,
where the sun let them down,
but tomorrow there will be sun's grip again,
on the ornament of speech

Chrystal dreamers, going down under,
waiting for the sun to touch their waters,
Chrystal dreamers going down under,
searching for the white pink,
standing on aldan's coasts,
riding the white rabbits,

the mysterious pipers,
attracting the doves from their roofs ...

Tucan boys,
They know the sensitive spots,
They still throw stones in them,
watching the waves
their clothes are getting older

they are loved in schools, they are loved in bed,
with sentimental juices,
gliding through their brains,
touching their hidden horizons,

they are loved in schools, they are loved in bed,
when their sentimental ornaments start to get shy,
these ornaments of speech,
these ornaments of whispers without words.

i am watching my brains today,
i am watching my ornament of speech,
gliding through the day,
like a snake hunting

Their boots are wet, their heads and hands are cold, grasping like rats
hearts are warm, for flames burn there ...
masters of the veils of illusion ...
Soothing the mass into sleep at the ends of the days and seasons

Prince of Autumn

She's sewing her son's beard on his face again
..... I can see the mosaic of the old church again
A cathedral in the forest again
The tall windows still speak to my mind again ...
and again ... and again ... and again and again ... and again

They all live in that old church again ...
the old spinners, ravens beyond the faery's world
They are gathering my old dreams in the forest again ...
The cuckoo is staring at me again ...
and again ..and again ..and again ..and again ... and again ...

I'm hearing the echo's of the embroiderer she's standing tall in the tall church of the old little town Everything is small there, I see small trains and small stations with little conductors Where is she going to ? I see her going to the sea, fishing at the drowned little people and toy-trains they are like little tin soldiers but I also see little bank-managers She gathers them in her hat, and dives in the ocean to become a mermaid

The lion loves to see her swimming It reminds him of the time he could swim Now he's sick, lying in his bed day in day out He never wants to go back to the sea, although he had a good time there Now he's writing night-tales, and listening to his birds all the time ... The lion has a warm heart for her, he loves to dry her with his tall towels bringing her to the tower-attic again There she spins his dreams old champions

Sick lions are wandering through the streets of Virgo There she slides through the Northern wind She changes into an icycle

Maria Magdalena finally finds her son, he almost died in the rain Now he's autumn's prince, riding the horse of spring finding a pair of lady's shoes with high heels in the forest Kissing them and bringing them to his mother She smiles deep, now she can run through the forest

A bunny is gathering the acorns for the winter, disappearing in the summer's rain

In first day of spring, I saw an octo smiling,
he finally reached the forest, he finally reached the wet dresses,
singing in the rain,
the ornament is swelling on his finger,
it's now an autumn's prince

it's such a pretty autumn's town,
you're spinning around like mud on tables,
raising the forest,
for another day near the beach

You're such a pretty autumn's prince,
you're spinning around like classroom tables,
spinning around like deserts in a dream ...

Black and White

What's this dress,
my hands are full of shatters,
heritage from the crash,
she didn't want to die

What's this dress,
Can you give it some emotion,
can you give it some colour,
it's a heritage from my mother,
and my sister doesn't live anymore ...

A spanish dream took her away,
on clouds so high i couldn't reach it,
this animal didn't want to die,
oh far away from these places,

she still lives in a dream,
she showed me the beak of a swan.

You, oh prince, you came from white mountains, wrapping snow-clouds
around your shoulders, breathing snowflakes in and out. You, oh
prince, your mother didn't raise you, but a white blanket did.

Now this ornament looks pale, now this ornament looks tender, while
the sophisticated men walk so tall. Now this ornament is shy, now this
ornament grows greyer, for the sophisticated men wanted to be black
and white.

Now this ornament looks pale, now this ornament looks tender, while
the sophisticated men walk so tall. Now this ornament is shy, now this
ornament grows greyer, for the sophisticated men wanted to be black
and white.

You oh prince of satin, you oh prince of green, walking in solutions, you
think you have seen, walking in tall leather, walking side by side,
screaming like there is no other day. Satin scream, broken dream, when
you will reach the city, my son, they will burn your velvet ships sink.

But they will give you the treasures.

Now this ornament looks pale, now this ornament looks tender, while
the sophisticated men walk so tall. Now this ornament is shy, now this
ornament grows greyer, for the sophisticated men wanted to be black
and white.

Now this ornament looks pale, now this ornament looks tender, while
the sophisticated men walk so tall. Now this ornament is shy, now this
ornament grows greyer, for the sophisticated men wanted to be black
and white.

Now I Have No Time To See It

You said the show was over,
You said the cold was over,
You said your dog was bleeding,
but now I have no time to see it,
You said it's never ending,
You said our rooms were blending,
You said it's never leaving,
but now I have no time to see it.

You said you're mother's screaming,
You said no time for leaving,
You said that now you're hurt,
but now I have no time to see it,
You said the tears you're crying,
It's like they're never dying.
You said this hour there's hope,
but now I have no time to see it

You said the snow had ended,
you said the cold had ended,
you said the trees were burning,
but now I have no time to see it,
You said your mother turned it,
you said a miracle's through it,
you said no time to leave,

but now I have no time to see it

Proclaimed Rights

Paralyzing fires, ornament dreams, hunter comes closer,
dances and screams, hunter takes place, on his beast,
witches are dying, for they don't belief,
but hey this girl is crying, hey this girl she stopped denying,
ride with the hunter to everlasting sights

Paralyzing lives, paralyzing fires, snakes are rising,
Won't listen to me, I am on one knee,
Paralyzing desires, tender nights, it cannot save you this time,
for there are hunters with their lights,
Stretching the leather, sweeping the dust, with their nights the lust

Watchfull ornament, piercing cry, he tries but she's breaking his lies,
Hunter comes closer, changing the sights, in blood always denied,
Raising his sword to come through

I was an archer all my life, but now I only use a dagger,
Come to me and I will set you free, on dark horses we find the night,
With their nights the lust, proclaim my rights

On Black Horses

On horses too tall, the art of hunting, wake up call,
Bloodflies, side by side, swarms deep in the night,
proclaimed my rights

On horses tall they enter the lights and the fires,

vanishing before my eyes, like the invisible strike,
in mornings dark fires, the blood of the cry

On horses they sit and then they fall, art of hunting is raising them tall,
So many wounds, and scars never seem to fit, this land is dying,
the hunter is crying, hunter hunter, martyr

On black leather, sands of the grey, sands of the water,
Take me away, on black roads, mud between the fire,
Faces are haunting I cannot deny,
Take me through the flames, through the dark dark nights,
On black black roads, on black black desires,
Suffering instead of lying,
Gotto be honest with myself, the art of hunting is crying,
Cannot leave this girl, but she's eversliding

On black horses she rides,
Guns are tall, a wicked harpoon, better days before me,
Better words, shadows in the nights, luring me deeper inside,
Look, I'm in a torn decision, hear my cry, my desperate cry,
On black horses she rides, giving me her sights,
Shapeshifting in the night, these bloody nights

Soldier Rise

On torn clothes I slide, forest didn't have mercy on me,
Still on one knee, still with half desires, taking me away in the nights,
Half delights, causing blood and misery, art of hunting, rise, be my destiny,
How can you be humble among these beasts, as they will eat you alive and enslave you,
Better be pride and bitter, take it to your belief

Stand up for your rights, powersoldiers are speaking,

The art of sitting is done, the art of suffering is gone,
Claim the hunter, claim his desire, or we can't make it through the night,
All these beasts raise tall, but who are we, we are too humble,
Mixed up by christian fairytales, oh soldier rise

Come with Me

Can I take you there, high in the sky,
There's a rabbit kingdom, we will always smile,
Those waterfalls will wash your tears away,
Can I take you there, so high in the sky,
On horses we will go there,
They have their wings wide,
They have always covered you,
But come now, with me, into the skies,
There's a rabbit kingdom waiting, we will always smile

And the waterfalls will wash your tears away,
will wash your brains of memories,
will wash away your days,
And the waterfalls will wash your thoughts away,
let us go insane, let us go insane,
for our sanity is eating us away

Smile Away Forever

Someone's knocking on my door,
Telling me the tears are over,
Let's smile forever,

Someone's knocking on my door,
Telling all our fears are over now,
She leads me into the skies

There is a way to find me deep in your dreams,
There is a way to glide into my streams,
There is a way to hold it close to you,
Let's smile away forever, let's smile away together

Someone's knocking on my door,
Telling me the tears are over,
Let's smile forever, wipe the tears from your eyes,
Come with me across the skies

There is a way to find me deep in your dreams,
There is a way to glide into my streams,
There is a way to hold it close to you,
Let's smile away forever, let's smile away together

The Letter

Cities, full of rabbitfeathers,
Cities, full of rabbitmarkets and fairygrounds,
While trains are moving loud,
In the distance grasp the letter,
Read it by your mind,
You have the rabbit eye so deep inside,
Watching all the colours,

Of the world that is to come,
In a Rabbit Kingdom we will all stand strong

So dance with me, ballerina, let us sing the song again,
Let us bow down to the stories in the sand,
So dance with me, ballerina, let us sing the song again,
Let us build our precious sandcastles to live there without end

She wrote you a letter,
About a kingdom so far away,
She is living there all alone,
Why don't you let her take you away,
And all your friends,
It can be fun living in the sands

So dance with me, ballerina, let us sing the song again,
Let us bow down to the stories in the sand,
So dance with me, ballerina, let us sing the song again,
Let us build our precious sandcastles to live there without end

You Are My Fantasy

You are my light when I stand up,
You are my light, you are my beach,
You are my light that keeps me going,
You are like my sands of time,
You are my lights in the sky,
Covering me, always letting me dream,

Never waking me,
Dreaming, never waking, dreaming never waking,
You are my fantasy,
of a rabbit kingdom deep inside of me

Baby, It's Me

I know you have the strength to build this world,
You carry the seed, the fantasy,
You found it once on the shore,
Of a fairytale deep down there in your heart,
You found it when you broke apart,
Now you are like the fountain,
Now you are like the summer's stream
You are full of creativity,
Baby, it's me

Change So Fast

You must forget about your past,
There's nothing fun there,
The lights of venus will wash our memories away,
They will do it layer by layer,
They're building step by step,
There's nothing worthy to remember,
Everything will change,
change so fast

The Water

In the morning I wake up,
To see your lovely face,
We will never fall asleep again,
I'm holding you tight

Drink some water, drink some water, from the venus fountain,
Step on sand and step in water,
It's flowing there to make a new world

Come to the water, let it wash you brandnew,
Slide into the water, and let it cover you,
Let it come over you,
We will never fall asleep again

yesterday

evolution flower, evolution friend,
evolution waters, evolution's coming to an end,
as we rise, delivered from the cage, transformed and taken by the flame,
evolution fire, died out at the end of the day,
the night is falling upon us, it's screaming loud, there's a tender one among us,
it's preaching like the waterfall, in tender rivers we fall, away, in endless days

where are the sunlights of this morningship, it looks so grey it takes us away,
back to the night again, we cannot stop it, we cannot stop from falling,
we cannot reach out for tomorrow, like the night has swallowed us,
it's yesterday showing us the loss,
oh yesterday i'm falling in your arms again,
oh yesterday you smile and make us understand,

oh yesterday it's killing me again, when lovers will be friends,
lovers only friends
where are the sunbeats of the morningsky, it's never there,
taking us back to all the pain, until we understand,
we cannot stop from going back, we cannot stop from falling down,
to yesterday, i'm falling in your arms again,
oh yesterday like killing time, killing all the other sides,
tomorrow never comes, it's yesterday where we belong,
and yesterday we're growing to the night again, until we understand,
we cannot stop from going back,
and yesterday, we're growing strong, we're growing in the morningside,
watching all these lights fading away

ordinary day

i am your lover many lightyears away,
i was your lover many times away,
in the morningsky, aha,
i was your tender cigaret when morning faded away,
caught by the afternoon, it's playtime fool,
and in the evening i caught your smile, please play with me again,
let's shoot the butterflies by sand,
for there is no other way, there is no other play, there is no other cocoon,
there is no better way, on this ordinary day

ordinary day, not so far away,
ordinary day, reach out, ordinary day,
until it flies away, shoot the butterflies by sand,
make them understand,
ordinary day, don't kill our butterflies,
take them away by an ordinary day

ordinary day, ordinary day, ordinary day, an ordinary day

trembling in the skylight, standing wide, blocking all these trains,
i'm trembling in daylight, till evening light will overcome,
when we know where we belong,
ordinary day, take us away

troll

they came from far away, taking us by surprise,
in their trains of light, dancing like a fool, you always played it cool,
now my head's on fire

take a train, a train of view,
don't be shy, we got things to do,
don't throw it away, baby, don't play the fool, gotta dance with you,
take a train, a train of view,
don't be shy, got a lot of things to do,
so baby, don't you throw it all away, don't play the fool, i gotta dance with you

labyrinth of love

where deep inside the waterfalls are flowing, can you hear my voice,
i'm in trouble, tro-o-ouble, come out and watch me, watch my lights, i sing for you,
in these trafficlghts, on these stairwaylights, i want to be with you,
don't go away, don't be swallowed by the day,
where your diamonds, where your plays are covered by my hand,
i'm speaking to you, your inner friend,
hey hello, can you hear me, can you hear my voice through the waterfall,
don't be swallowed by the day, don't be swallowed by the days,
come away with me, let us flee, to the inside world, to watch the inside world,
there's nothing worthy outside, all illusion, find the riddle speaking,

riddles to the doorways inside, come with me, let us hide,
in this labyrinth of love, can i hold you, can you find me,
can you come along with me, in the fire we go strong, in the fire we belong,
let's shapeshift into another dream, for we are the key, we are the key of love

labyrinth of love, oh labyrinth of love, let us see,
labyrinth of love, coming from beyond, swallowing it all away,
hunting for it's prey, you and me, we're finally, together we are strong,
you are my key, you are my force and glory, you are my destiny,
don't slip away, baby, don't laugh away, we gotta find the way,
you are the key, baby, you are the key of love, please answer me,
you are the key, i'm finally, finally growing, growing strong,
to these days i belong

can you find me in this labyrinth of love,
i have searched for you a thousand time, but you were never home,
always wild, always like the fire, baby, always like the haunting key,
in this labyrinth of love, always changing, always moving, like the dance of love,
coming from beyond

delight

i remember, on a day so bright, stars were falling, saw you in delight,
saw you moving your body by the wind, this wind of love, are you kidding me,
are you kidding me, you look like a marionet, like a supertroll, wide eyes, mouth open,
tongues are reaching out to me, speaking about so many things, can't you shut your mouth,
i try to dream away, i try to take the last train, trains away from you, closing all these doors,
to finally come through, i remember on a day so bright, stars were falling, you were in such a
delight

all washed away

when circles end, when will you understand,
you're playing girl, with the dolls to be a thrill,
like the marionet, trying to take my life away,
you're playing girl, dangerous girl, you pushed the knife so deep inside,
what can i say to you, on a day like this, i'll remember it for always,
remember it for always, i'm now a desperate witch,
you made me like this, like the beast underwater, waiting for the flame,
to take it all away, my dreams don't have a meaning, so burn it all away,
bright days come to take it all away, girl, take it all away,
for the bright lights will take it all away, so take it all away,
it's a neverending play, this neverending play, so put up your make-up, put up your sentiment,
put on the sand, and be the baby, there is nothing to lose,
put up the stare, cold as ice, put up the bloody desire, and spread your lies,
for days so bright like this will take it all away, so take your chance, baby, wash these dreams all
away,
for bright lights come today, shoot for the last time, shoot to make your prey, for then it will be all
washed away,
for then it will be all washed away, all washed away

sad

i sat on the morning with my only friend,
he said baby why are you so sad,
i turned around, and then i smiled, and took an arrow from my quiver,
and he said loud, he was proud, he said : shout

i speak to masses in my dream,
they never listen, they only scream,
i bring the fire, but they never lose their cold,
i bring desire, but they never seem to grow
i speak to masses, i speak to masses, but they never understand,
they never understand, they never understand, when will they understand,

that i'm in loss again, showing my teeth to the wind,
showing the sharks on my back, showing dragons on my leg,
i feed the masses, but they never understand, they're always hungry,
and they never seem to get it done, why don't you stop and cry no longer,
i feed the masses, when will i be strong, i feed the masses, don't know where i belong,
but i will be strong, flying away one day, to another fire, to another cold desire

i sat on the morning with my only friend,
he said baby why are you so sad

s-machine

entering the fire, soon it washes away the night,
soon it washes away my pride, to enter another delight,
so humble was your spell, i could open the shell,
so don't you run away, i'm almost close,
so don't you hide, the fire has almost washed away the night

i hear you breathing, hold on,
i hear you screaming, hold on,
i hear your tenderness, be strong, be strong,
with you i belong, like an s-machine,
all day long, all day long, all day long

Marionet

I'm a marionet, I'm so lost and lonely,
Am a marionet, but there's a coming crowning,
For marionets always win, marionets always win

I'm a marionet, always down under, always in might,
Always stringed by light, ensnared by the symmetry

I'm a marionet, I'm dreaming instead,
Leaving the world behind, leaving the world in my pride,
I'm a marionet, it's a lie to be humble among the predators,
Among the wolves, among the tigers, I will be proud

I'm a marionet, I'm a balletdancer, I'm a skater, I'm an icebreaker,
I'm a marionet, I'm a silly dreamer, I like to be so proud among the wild ones,
I'm a marionet, it's a lie to be humble, to be humble instead,
For I'm a marionet, I wasn't made for that,
I was made for love, I was made for you, I was made for you so tenderly,
What must I do

I'm a marionet, always breaking free from strings, always ensnared by your lovehand,
I'm a marionet, I'm a marionet, I'm a marionet, I'm a marionet

No Use In Being Humble

There is no use in being humble,
I do not have to say anything to the world,
But I speak to you my tender ballerina,
For I know you are a marionet too,
I promised you to be your baby,
Promised you to be your boots,
Promised you to bring you across the river,
Promised you to be so cool

Hey, I wished you were my tender snare,
Close to me, I would play you, like marionets do,
Hey, I wished you were my everlasting dream,
I would follow you, follow you, follow you

There is no use in being humble,
Don't have anything to say to the world,
Don't have anything to show them,
But I tenderly belief in you,
The one that's shining through

The Dance

A marionet knows how to suffer,
He knows that suffering makes him tender,
He knows that tenderness makes her eyes open,
The wilder he looks, she asks him to dance,
The wilder he looks, she asks him to dance

A marionet knows how to suffer,
A marionet knows how to use his sword,
But when it comes to her,
He knows how to ride his horse,
The wilder he rides, the more she loves to dance,
The wilder he rides, the more she loves to dance

A marionet knows how to dance,
A marionet knows how to suffer,
A marionet knows how to hang

Like Marionets Do

Through the mortalizing lights I slide,
To the pirateship I glide, to be immortal in disguise,
I play the mask open wide,
Through the blood and the fire, I hold your hand,

I wander through the sand with you,
Like marionets do, like marionets do

He didn't like my golden speech of diamond grief,
He didn't like my battle-art,
He didn't like my dance on the tables,
He didn't like my name nor my torn clothes and scars

Through the blood and fire, I hold your hand,
I wander through the sand with you,
Like marionets do, like marionets do

He didn't like my salty mornings,
He didn't like my horses and my pride,
He didn't like my kisses on leather,
But he did like you,
And that's why I'm coming to you, coming to you,
Like marionets do

He didn't like my earrings,
He didn't like my jewelry,
He didn't like my dusty treasures,
But he did like you,
I'm coming to you, coming to you,
Through blood and fire,
I'm coming to you,
Like marionets do

Land of the Marionet

Should I make him mad,
He's someone who never understands,

I have been in his cage too long,
But this marionet is strong

Should I make him cry,
He's someone making me depressed,
Pirates of fire, pirates of blood,
Let me sleep again, make my days short,
Pirates of lies, pirates of symphatize,
Let me sleep again, and make my days short

I'm a sleep, sleepwalker,
Leaving the ship by a boat,
Inside they quench their fires,
But lights here are overloaded,
I a dream I find you again,
It's now between you and me,
I make you understand,
This is the land of the marionet,
These pirates are proclaimed dead

Unite

Listen to their cries, wolves in the night,
Be silent, don't move, I'm coming closer to you,
Don't you understand, you are my best friend,
Take my hand, come to my ship,
I am the marionet, I'm having you in a safe grip,
Don't be afraid, don't come in disguise,
In this night we all must unite

Unite in love and pride

Kiss of Insanity

I must try to get rid of my lies,
Everyone has another point of view,
We can never hit the spot,
We are doomed to misunderstanding,
We do not know the art to shoot right in the middle,
We all go astray in trying to understand each other

And we will never understand, we will never understand,
So baby let's bend, lie with me in the sand,
We will never have the same point of view,
We will never understand, we are doomed to lose each other when the waves swallow the sand

We will never understand, we are doomed to lose each other

I hear you calling but I misunderstand,
And you misunderstand me, we hate each other,
We are doomed to fight each other,
Strange gladiator-machine, in which I will hate you forever

And we will always misunderstand, until we break inside,
Where oblivion is a bliss, where the kiss of insanity breaks us free

There's a small part in my life which isn't broken,
It never breaks, it only grows, it is stronger than the breaker,
It's the kiss of insanity, it has set me free,
Although I will never understand you, as there was no you and me,
You were just my wrong belief,
I think I do not belong to that sect anymore, as I now believe in the kiss of insanity

When I fight you, I will never win, only lose, as you aren't real,

I don't belief in you anymore, don't belief in a you and me

Today I am happy, as I lost my belief in you,
You were a strange religion, a superstition,
Now oblivion is my bliss, I can finally forget

There is no separation between a self and an other,
There is only being, awakening to the oneness of everything

I lost my belief in a self, lost my belief in an other,
A strange gladiator-machine, a strange strange superstition,
Now I have been awoken by the kiss of insanity

Lilith

In the Garden you are crying,
Momma was full of denying,
She never gave you anything,
She never left her London Tower,
Growing there, blooming there,
like the last Eeden flower

I wished to see paradise,
But now I only want to watch hell,
I wished to see paradise,
But it's so far away, I only want to watch hell,
To search for the lost flame

You ride like a horserider in the night,
Lost in flames, but full of fame and mystery,
You are the famous one, written in a sacred book,
notorious, suspicious, and so paranoid,

throw all your answers overboard

Bring me back to the garden,
Burn my mind away

In heaven they march, far away,
Crown our maidens, crown our desires,
The first time I watched Lilith smile

The Name

I still have problems to come here,
It's like it belongs to someone else,
It's like it is forbidden domain,
And the voices here are scary

Is there any way to get behind the curtain,
Is there any way to forget about the name they gave me here,
I still live in fear and mixed emotions, or does it have to be this way,
Is there any way to get behind the curtain,
Is there any way to get to your burden,
Is there any way to erase the name they gave to you and me

The Snakes (What No One Told)

I am wondering, do you like it here at all,
The streets are always empty,
The snakes doing what no one told them to do,
I am wondering is there any place where I can remember the things you said,
Is there any place to bow down for the altars of your strange strange views,
What no one told you to do

And the snakes are still here, after all these years,

You've grown so old, I've grown so empty,
Is there any place to hear your story again,
Or is it dying like the last well, speaking what no one told

Camouflage Girl

Stories, stories, always fading,
When you're passing by,
I see the flames are in your hair,
A treasure in the sky,
I see you walking down that old old road,
To give a name to the nameless,
To flow away through their minds

But you are just a camouflage girl,
You are no whore like that,
You bear the camouflage, a heavy threat,
You are just a camouflage, a camouflage girl

Camouflage girl, camouflage girl, camouflage girl,
Camouflage girl, camouflage girl, camouflage girl,
You're just a camouflage girl

Ireland

The bitter fruit takes me away, oh Ireland,
I still love you so, but I had to go,
I built a place for us so far away, where we both will be safe,
Ireland, don't cry anymore

Ireland, a lost fairytale,
It burns, it cries, it's just too much to say goodbye,
I know a place where we both will be safe,
Ireland, a beautiful girl, she burns, she cries, she cannot take the lies,

It's just too much to say goodbye,
I know a place where we both will be safe

Frozen Boy

Be proud of your shame,
It's all I have, this frozen boy

A cat without wings and space,
He chose for love, and now he's an aeroplane,
in sweet vain, in sweet vain
A cat without wings and space,
He turned around, and now he's an aeroplane, an aeroplane

So many shames in this world,
He kills a liar from above,
So many liars in this world,
so many dying in this world

A cat without wings and space,
he turns around and now he's an aeroplane,
in sweet vain, in sweet vain,

He's going on, this frozen boy,
He's changing without moving,
This vehicle in soft rage
He went down where everything's soft and green,
Where grey knows your name, it's cleaned in a million years,
And suddenly, they are you and me

A mouse without wings and space,
He turns around, and now he's an aeroplane,

this frozen boy, like this frozen boy,
he's hugging all his shames,
so proud of his fairytales

Amsterdam

Amsterdam, gathering money for the birds,
in an old hat, it's just an old hat,
my father bought yesterday,
Goodbye yesterday, goodevening tomorrow,
we're gonna live with you today,
you will guide us to the next stage

Amsterdam, an old hat,
gathering money for the birds,
all these kings of yesterday,
will finally make the big tomorrow,
in Amsterdam's fame

Under the Brown

He made a trip,
to the big place,
saw all the cakes laid down there,
a pretty sight, but she wasn't aware,
she was caressing her roses,
since Jupiter had died

He made a trip to the end of the world,
watching the stars, so many things to move your arms to,
He sent robots to the mountains, like old memories,
the blood he denied, this train needed a ride,
Ride on, honey, ride on, since jupiter died,

you caress her roses, as kings of rippled peaches,
of waters under the brown

One and Only

The rose is stinging me, I hear her voice,
She is crying, she is lying, such a strange strange force,
It always puts me down, tears me to pieces,
I'm standing on the wall, to be her watcher the whole night,
But she doesn't exist after all

She's just the voice of my misunderstanding,
She's just the voice of a strange belief,
Of a strange strange superstition,
Of a strange strange make-belief,
in a you and a me,
in a strange gladiator-machine

Today I'm breaking free, free of the belief in a separation between a you and a me,
Today I'm breaking free, free of the sect believing in a you and a me,
There was never a you and a me, never a separation, as all is oneness,
And everything is being, believing in the one and only

The rose is stinging me, rose is stinging me, today,
But there was never a you and a me,
This strange sect of a gladiator-machine,
But what kind of a machine is taking me away,
It is the one and only

